

seems a new feeling to me. Then, in that case, all the rest, all that I thought I thought and all that I felt I felt, all the rest before now, in fact. . . . O, give it up, old chaps! Sleep it off!

16 April: Away! Away!

The spell of arms and voices: the white arms of roads, their promise of close embraces and the black arms of tall ships that stand against the moon, their tale of distant nations. They are held out to say: We are alone. Come. And the voices say with them: We are your kinsmen. And the air is thick with their company as they call to me, their kinsman, making ready to go, shaking the wings of their exultant and terrible youth.

26 April: Mother is putting my new secondhand clothes in order. She prays now, she says, that I may learn in my own life and away from home and friends what the heart is and what it feels. Amen. So be it. Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.

27 April: Old father, old artificer,<sup>9</sup> stand me now and ever in good stead.

Dublin 1904  
Trieste 1914

1916

**Ulysses** From the vantage point of the twenty-first century, *Ulysses* (1922) is often singled out as the greatest novel of the twentieth century, and so it may be hard to understand the scandal it aroused upon publication. After parts of it first appeared serially in the American journal *The Little Review* from 1918 and the English journal *The Egoist* in 1919, coarse language, masturbation, and other sexual content led to legal prosecution and to the banning of *Ulysses* as obscene in both the United States and the United Kingdom until the 1930s. New York district judge John M. Woolsey's 1933 ruling that the book, "in spite of its unusual frankness," was not pornographic but an "amazing *tour de force*" set an important precedent in obscenity law. In his perceptive appraisal of *Ulysses*, Woolsey explained Joyce's sexual frankness by saying that the novelist had attempted "to show exactly how the minds of his characters operate" and "to tell fully what his characters think about," conveying "the screen of consciousness with its ever-shifting kaleidoscopic impressions"—that is, not only each character's observations of the present but also the residue of "past impressions, some recent and some drawn up by association from the domain of the subconscious."

*Ulysses* opens at eight o'clock in the morning of June 16, 1904. Stephen Dedalus (the same character as in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, but two years after the last glimpse of him there) has been summoned back to Dublin by his mother's fatal illness. The first three episodes of *Ulysses* concentrate on Stephen, the aloof, uncompromising artist, but the fourth introduces the novel's central character, Leopold Bloom. A somewhat frustrated and confused Jewish outsider in Irish society, Bloom emerges as a humane champion of kindness and justice. We follow closely his every activity: attending a funeral, transacting business, eating lunch, walking through the Dublin streets, worrying about his wife's infidelity with Blazes Boylan, even defecating and masturbating—and at each point the contents of his mind, including retrospect and anticipation, are revealed. Finally, late at night, Bloom and

Stephen, who have been just missing each other all day, get together, Stephen having had too much to drink. Bloom is moved by a paternal feeling toward Stephen, in part because his own son, Rudy, died in infancy, and in a symbolic way Stephen takes Rudy's place; Bloom follows Stephen during subsequent adventures in the role of fatherly protector. The climax of the book comes when Stephen, far gone in drink, and Bloom, worn out with fatigue, succumb to a series of hallucinations, during which their unconscious minds surface in dramatic form and their personalities are disclosed with extraordinary frankness. Then Bloom takes the unresponsive Stephen home and gives him a meal. After Stephen's departure Bloom retires to bed, while his wife, Molly, lying in bed, ends the novel with a long monologue in which she recalls her romantic and other experiences.

On the level of realistic description, *Ulysses* pulses with life and can be enjoyed for its evocation of early twentieth-century Dublin. On the psychological level, it profoundly and movingly reveals the personalities and consciousnesses of Leopold Bloom, Stephen Dedalus, and Molly Bloom. It explores the paradoxes of human loneliness and sociability (Bloom is both Jew and Dubliner, both exile and citizen), and it examines problems in the relations between parent and child, between the generations, and between the sexes. On the level of style, it shimmers with linguistic virtuosity, with many an episode written in a distinctive way that reflects its subject—e.g., headlines intruding in a chapter set in a newspaper office (the "Aeolus" episode); the sentimental language of women's magazines dominating a chapter set on a beach where girls are playing ("Nausicaa"); and the pastiche of styles of English literature from its Anglo-Saxon birth to the twentieth century in a chapter set in a maternity hospital ("Oxen of the Sun"). Through its use of themes from Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and from other works of literature, and from philosophy and history, the book weaves a subtle pattern of allusion and suggestion.

Those who come to *Ulysses* with narrative expectations drawn from Victorian novels or even twentieth-century novelists such as Conrad and Lawrence will find much that is at first puzzling. In the novel's stream of consciousness method, also known as interior monologue, Joyce presents the consciousness of his characters directly, often without authorial comment. Past and present mingle in the texture of the prose because they mingle in the texture of consciousness; this interweaving can be indicated by puns, by sudden breaks in style or subject matter, or by other devices for keeping the reader constantly in sight of the shifting, multilayered nature of human awareness.

"Penelope" is the last of the eighteen episodes that make up *Ulysses*. It is two o'clock in the morning on June 17, 1904, and Bloom has returned home and joined his wife, Molly, in bed. His return both parallels and differs from Odysseus's return after twenty years' absence to Ithaca, in book 23 of Homer's *Odyssey*, in which he slays all the suitors who have occupied his house and attempted to woo his patient and faithful wife, Penelope. In Joyce's novel, the "Penelope" episode shifts the narrative focus of *Ulysses* from Stephen's and Bloom's male voices to the female voice of Molly Bloom, whose thoughts appear as an interior monologue, unpunctuated until the very end. In this episode, as also at the diaristic end of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, there is no third-person narrator. The monologue, often called "Molly Bloom's soliloquy," unfolds in eight flowing, run-on sentences, including the final sentence (or paragraph) printed below, which culminates at the book's end in a resonant affirmation, a memory of her response to Bloom's marriage proposal and ultimately to life itself: "and yes I said yes I will Yes."

In this excerpt, Molly, lying head to toe in bed with the sleeping Bloom, contemplates her relationships with men and often shifts from one "he" to another, from past to present, reality to fantasy, without explicitly marking the change in reference. Although she intermittently tries to quiet her mind ("let me see if I can doze off 1 2 3 4 5"), her thoughts often rapidly tumble forward over memories and hopes and worries, sometimes slowing down to linger over a single point. She recalls the

9. Daedalus, the father of Icarus. On the term "race," see p. 2334, n. 7.

clearly appreciative Bloom's shortcomings as a lover, and fantasizes about finding both maternal and erotic fantasies about him, and she remembers the conception and Bloom's sexual relationship. She also recalls her girlhood in the colorful, culturally diverse Gibraltar. Reflecting on men and women, she contemplates the differences in their anatomies, sexual natures, freedoms and constraints, and capacities to bring world peace. She decides to give Bloom one more chance to prove himself sexually, and if he cannot pass her test, she will tell him about her affair with Boylan (in Homer's *Odyssey*). Penelope also tests the returning Odysseus to prove he is who he claims to be; her final tests involve knowledge of their bed's construction. Finally, Molly returns to the memory of the day she first gave fully of herself to Bloom, when they lay together on Howth Hill and Bloom proposed to her and she agreed to marry him, a memory infiltrated by and layered with memories of other love interests. All these thoughts and remembrances highlight the differences between Molly and the novel's two other main characters, since Molly's thoughts are neither as abstract as Stephen's nor as concrete as Bloom's, but combine elements of the two, as well as a measure of frank sexuality. Joyce provides an exquisitely detailed and textured portrait of the intricate movements of human consciousness, perhaps more so than can be found in any previous literary work, as Molly swings from the imaginative to the mundane from regret and longing to a rhapsodic embrace of the world in all its multifariousness, her vital and passionate voice bringing *Ulysses* to a resounding culmination.

Molly Bloom's soliloquy  
FROM Ulysses  
FROM PENELOPE  
8 returns  
Peace - mmm +

no that's no way for him! has he no manners nor no refinement nor no nothing in his nature slapping us behind like that on my bottom because I didn't call him Hugh the ignoramus that doesn't know poetry from a cabbage that's what you get for not keeping them in their proper place pulling off his shoes permission and standing out that vulgar way in the half of a shirt they wear to be admired like a priest or a butcher or those old hypocrites in the time of Julius Caesar? of course he's right enough in his way to pass the time as a joke sure you might as well be in bed with what with a lion God! I'm sure he'd have something better to say for himself an old lion would? O well I suppose it's because they were so plump and tempting in my short petticoat he couldn't resist they excite myself sometimes it's well for men all the amount of pleasure they get off a woman's body were so round and white for them always I wished I was one myself for a change just to try with that thing they have swelling upon you so hard and at the same time so soft when you touch it my uncle John has a thing long I heard those cornerboys saying passing the corner of Marrowbone lane my aunt Mary has a thing hairy because it was dark and they knew a girl was passing it didn't make me blush why should it either/its only nature and he puts his thing long into my aunt

1. Blazes Boylan.
2. Perhaps Julius Caesar's assassins. Together wearing Marcus Brutus, together with other conspirators, killed his close friend Caesar and then stood before the public professing his love for him, as dramatized in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* (3.1-2).
3. Penelope calls Odysseus "my lord, my lion heart" in Homer's *Odyssey*.

Mary's hairy crotch and turns out to be you put the handle in a sweeping brush? men again all over they can pick and choose what they please a married woman or a fast widow or a girl for their different tastes like those houses round behind Irish street? no but were to be always chained up they're not going to be chaining me up no damn fear once I start I tell you for stupid husbands jealousy why can't we all remain friends over it instead of quarrelling her husband found it out what they did together well naturally and if he did can he undo it he's coronado anyway whatever he does and then he going to the other mad extreme about the wife in Fair Tyranny? of course the man never even casts a 2nd thought on the husband or wife either it's the woman he wants and he gets her what else were we given all those desires for I'd like to know I can't help it if I'm young still can I it's a wonder I'm not an old shrivelled hag before my time living with him? so could never embracing me except sometimes when he's asleep the wrong end of me not knowing I suppose who he has any man that'd kiss a woman's bottom I'd throw my hat at him after that he'd kiss anything unnatural where we haven't a atom of any kind of expression in us all of us the same 2 lumps of hard before ever I'd do that to a man pfooh the dirty brutes the mere thought it's enough I kiss the feet of you senorita there's some sense in that didn't he kiss our hallway? yes he did what a madman nobody understands his cracked ideas but me still of course a woman wants to be embraced 20 times a day almost to make her look young no matter by who so long as to be in love or loved by somebody if the fellow you want isn't there sometimes by the Lord God I was thinking would I go around by the quays there some dark evening where nobody'd know me and pick up a sailor off the sea that'd be hot on for it and not care a pin whose I was only to do it off up in a gate somewhere or one of those wildlooking gipsies in Rathfarnham had their camp pitched near the Bloomfield laundry to try and steal our things if they could I only went mine there a few times for the name model laundry? sending me back over and over some old ones odd stockings that blackguardlooking fellow with the fine eyes peeling a switch attack me in the dark and ride me up against the wall without a word or a murderer anybody what they do themselves the fine gentlemen in their silk hats that K. C. lives up somewhere this way coming out of Hardwicke lane! the night he gave us the fish supper on account of winning over the boxing match of course it was for me he gave it I knew him by his gaiters? and the walk and when I turned round a minute after just to see there was a woman after coming out of it too some filthy prostitute then he goes home to his wife after that only I suppose the half of those sailors are rotten again with disease O move over your big carcass out of that for the love of Mike listen to him the winds that waft my sighs to

4. Molly recalls a dirty riddle about Uncle John putting his "thing long" into Aunt Mary's "thing hairy" which actually turns out to be about putting a handle in a sweeping brush. "Marrowbone Lane": a street in southeastern Dublin.
5. I.e., Irish Town in Gibraltar, which Molly implies was the location of prostitutes' houses.
6. Supposed title of a novel by James Loveloch, who published under this pseudonym in the early twentieth century but is not known to have written anything with this title. "Coronado": tornad (Spanish), but Molly probably means "cornudo" or cuckolded.
7. Leopold Bloom.
8. Customary Jewish gesture of kissing or touching the mezzuzah, a parchment inscribed with religious text and attached to the doorpost of the house. Since there appears to be no parchment affixed to the Bloom's door, it seems that Bloom has secularized the custom. "Kiss the feet of you senorita" [for *senorita*: translation of a Spanish expression of courtesy or thanks.
9. Model Laundry, Bloomfield. Stearns Laundry Company, Ltd., in Rathfarnham, a village four miles south of the Dublin city center.
10. A street to the east of the Bloom's house in Dublin. "K. C.": King's Counsel, a senior barrister or lawyer.
11. Coverings of cloth or leather for the ankle and lower leg.



know what Ill do Ill go about rather gay not too much shying a bit now and then mi fa pieta Masetto then Ill start dressing myself to go out presto non son più forte<sup>8</sup> Ill put on my best shift and drawers let him have a good eye-fall out of that to make his micky stand for him Ill let him know if thats what he wanted that his wife is fucked yes and damn well fucked too up to my neck nearly not by him 5 or 6 times handrinning theres the mark of his spunk on the clean sheet I wouldnt bother to even iron it out that ought to satisfy him if you dont believe me feel my belly unless I made him stand there and put him into me Ive a mind to tell him every scrap and make him do it in front of me serve him right its all his own fault if I am an adulteress as the thing in the gallery said O much about it if thats all the harm ever we did in this vale of tears<sup>9</sup> God knows its not much doesnt everybody only they hide it I suppose thats what a woman is supposed to be there for or He wouldnt have made us the way He did so attractive to men then if he wants to kiss my bottom Ill drag open my drawers and budge it right out in his face as large as life he can stick his tongue 7 miles up my hole as hes there my brown part then Ill tell him I want £ 1 or perhaps 30/! Ill tell him I want to buy underclothes then if he gives me that well he wont be too bad I dont want to soak it all out of him like other women do I could often have written out a fine cheque for myself and write his name on it for a couple of pounds a few times he forgot to lock it up besides he wont spend it Ill let him do it off on me behind provided he doesnt smear all my good drawers O I suppose that cant be helped Ill do the indifferent 1 or 2 questions Ill know by the answers when hes like that he cant keep a thing back I know every turn in him Ill tighten my bottom well and let out a few smutty words smell-rump or lick my shit or the first mad thing comes into my head then Ill suggest about yes O wait now sonny my turn is coming Ill be quite gay and friendly over it O but I was forgetting this bloody pest of a thing? plooh you wouldnt know which to laugh or cry were such a mixture of plum and apple<sup>10</sup> no Ill have to wear the old things so much the better ill be more pointed hell never know whether he did it or not there thats good enough for you any old thing at all then Ill wipe him off me just like a business his omission<sup>4</sup> then Ill go out Ill have him eying up at the ceiling where is she gone now make him want me thats the only way a quarter after<sup>5</sup> what an unearthly hour I suppose theyre just getting up in China now combing out their pigtails for the day well soon have the nuns ringing the angelus<sup>6</sup> theyve nobody coming in to spoil their sleep except an odd priest or two for his night office the alarmclock next door at cockshout clattering the brains out of itself let me see if I can doze off 1 2 3 4 5 what kind of flowers are those they invented

8. Quick, my strength is failing (Italian). "Mi fa pieta Masetto": I'm sorry for Masetto (Italian). Lines from the opera *Don Giovanni* (1787) by Austrian composer Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791), which Molly practices in her capacity as a professional singer.  
 9. Phrase from *Psalms* 84.6 (or *Psalms* 83 in the Douay Bible). "As the thing in the gallery said": during a performance of the play *The Wife of Scyth* (1897), which Molly attended and which she recalls earlier in "Penelope," a man sitting in the gallery hissed at the protagonist, calling her "a woman adulteress." The play—an English version by G. A. Greene of an Italian drama, *Tristi amore*, by Giuseppe Giacomini (1847-1906)—appears to

condone the title character's adultery by making her husband an unsympathetic character.  
 1. Thirty shillings; i.e., one pound, ten shillings.  
 2. Her menstrual period.  
 3. A mixture of good and bad things. In slang usage, a plum is a desirable thing, and the apple is the apple plucked by Eve that caused the fall of humankind.  
 4. I.e., Bloom's emission, or ejaculation.  
 5. A clock rings a quarter after the hour: it is now 2:15 A.M., and Molly ruminates on the activities of various people at this hour.  
 6. Devotional exercise commemorating the Incarnation, announced by the ringing of a bell.

like the stars the wallpaper in Lombard street<sup>7</sup> was much nicer the apron he gave me was like that<sup>8</sup> something only I only wore it twice better lower this lamp and try again so as I can get up early Ill go to Lambes there beside Findlars<sup>9</sup> and get them to send us some flowers to put about the place in case he brings him<sup>10</sup> home tomorrow today I mean no no Fridays an unlucky day first I want to do the place up somehow the dust grows in it I think while Im asleep then we can have music and cigarettes I can accompany him first I must clean the keys of the piano with milk whatll I wear shall I wear a white rose or those fairy cakes in Liptons<sup>2</sup> I love the smell of a rich big shop at 7 1/2 d a lb or the other ones with the cherries in them and the pinky sugar I d a couple of lbs<sup>3</sup> of course a nice plant for the middle of the table Id get that cheaper in wait wheres this I saw them not long ago I love flowers Id love to have the whole place swimming in roses God of heaven theres nothing like nature the wild mountains then the sea and the waves rushing then the beautiful country with fields of oats and wheat and all kinds of things and all the fine cattle going about that would do your heart good to see rivers and lakes and flowers all sorts of shapes and smells and colours springing up even out of the ditches primroses and violets nature it is as for them saying theres no God I wouldnt give a snap of my two fingers for all their learning why dont they go and create something I often asked him atheists or whatever they call themselves go and wash the cobbles<sup>4</sup> off themselves first then they go howling for the priest and they dying and why because theyre afraid of hell on account of their bad conscience ah yes I know them well who was the first person in the universe before there was anybody that needed<sup>11</sup> all who ah that they dont know neither do I so there you are they might as well try to stop the sun from rising tomorrow the sun shines for you he said the day we were lying among the rhododendrons on Howth head<sup>12</sup> in the grey tweed suit and his straw hat the day I got him to propose to me yes first I gave him the bit of seedcake out of my mouth and it was leapyear like now yes 16 years ago my God after that long kiss I near lost my breath yes he said I was a flower of the mountain yes so we are flowers all a womans body yes that was one true thing he said in his life and the sun shines for you today yes that was why I liked him because I saw he understood or felt what a woman is and I knew I could always get round him and I gave him all the pleasure I could leading him on till he asked me to say yes and I wouldnt answer first only looked out over the sea and the sky I was thinking of so many things he didnt know of Mulvey and Mr Stanhope and Hester and father and old captain Groves and the sailors playing all birds fly and I say stoop<sup>6</sup> and

7. A street in Dublin where the Blooms had their first house, which Molly remembers fondly.  
 8. The apron Bloom gave her when they lived at Lombard Street.  
 9. Alexander Findlater and Company, Ltd., the tea, wine, and spirits store on Sackville Street (now in Dublin, "Lambes"; the fruit and flower shop next to Findlater's store.  
 10. Bloom brings Stephen.  
 11. Lipton's Ltd., a grocery store in Dublin. "Shall I wear a white rose": lyrics from the song "Shall I Wear a White Rose or Shall I Wear a Head?" by H. S. Charles and E. B. Farmer, quoted by Molly earlier in the episode. "Fairy cakes": cupcakes.  
 12. Haven power for two pounds. "7 1/2 d a lb": seven and a half pence per pound.

4. Lumps or blemishes (dialect English).  
 5. Headland on Dublin Bay, about 9 miles north-east of Dublin, where Leopold and Molly were picnicking on September 10, 1888, the day he proposed to her. Bloom recalls the same moment with the seedcake in "Cestrygonians."  
 6. A game, which probably depends, like "all birds fly," on the players' ability to obey commands. "Mulvey": Lieutenant Jack Mulvey, Molly's first suitor, whom she recalls at length earlier in the episode. "Mr. Stanhope and Hester": a childhood friend of Molly's and the friend's husband. "Father": Molly's father, Major Brian Cooper Tweedy of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. "Old captain Groves": a friend of Molly's father.

passer  
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washing up dishes they called it on the pier and the sentry in front of the governors house with the thing round his white helmet poor devil half and the auctions in the morning<sup>7</sup> the Greeks and the Jews and the Arabs and the fowl market all clucking outside Larby Sharons and the poor donkeys slipping half asleep and the vague fellows in the cloaks asleep in the shade thousands of years old yes and those handsome Moors all in white and tur-bans like kings asking you to sit down in their little bit of a shop and Ronda with the old windows of the posadas glancing eyes a lattice hid for her lover to kiss the iron and the wineshops half open at night and the castanets and the night we missed the boat at Algebras<sup>9</sup> the watchman going about serene with his lamp and O that awful deepdown torrent O and the sea the sea Alameda gardens<sup>1</sup> yes and all the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses and the rosegardens and the jessamine and geraniums and cactuses and Gibraltar as a girl where I was a Flower of the mountain yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used<sup>2</sup> or shall I wear a red<sup>3</sup> yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall<sup>4</sup> and I thought well as well him<sup>5</sup> as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again well and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes.

*Trieste-Zurich-Paris,  
1914-1921.*

1922

7. The daily auction in Commercial Square in Gibraltar. "The thing round his white helmet": a band marking the sentry as a military policeman.  
8. The Moorish castle on the Rock of Gibraltar, built in 725 C.E. "Poor donkeys": donkeys were used for carrying supplies up the slopes of the Rock. "Carts of the bulls": carts used for transporting animals for bullfighting.  
9. Town in Spain on the opposite side of the Bay of Algebras from Gibraltar. "Ronda": a town in southern Spain about 40 miles northeast of Gibraltar, with well-preserved Moorish architecture. "Posadas": inns (Spanish). "Eyes a lattice hid": lyrics from the song "In Old Madrid," with words by Clifton Bingham (1889-1913) and music by Henry Trotter (1885-1912). "For her lover" is

kiss the iron," according to Gifford. "A Spanish colonialism for a conventional gesture of courtship, since the ground-floor windows of courtyards, houses were usually defended by iron grilles."  
1. Garden promenade on Gibraltar.  
2. Girls from Andalusia, the southern region of Spain ruled by Muslims, or Moors, in the Middle Ages but also including Christians and Jews.  
3. More lyrics from the song "Shall I Wear a White Rose or Shall I Wear a Red?"  
4. Wall at the center of the plateau on the upper slopes of the Rock of Gibraltar and the site of Molly's first kiss from Lieutenant Mabeley, which she recalls earlier in the episode. "he was the first man kissed me under the Moorish wall."  
5. Leonard Bloom.

## D. H. LAWRENCE

1885-1930

David Herbert Lawrence was born in the midland mining village of Eastwood, Nottinghamshire. His father was a miner; his mother, better educated than her husband and self-consciously genteel, fought, all her married life, to lift her children out of the working class. Lawrence was aware from a young age of the struggle between his parents, and allied himself with his mother's delicacy and refinement, resenting his father's coarse and sometimes drunken behavior. In his early novel *Sons and Lovers* (1913), against a background of paternal coarseness conflicting with maternal refinement, Lawrence sets the theme of the demanding mother who has given up the prospect of achieving a true emotional life with her husband and turns to her sons with a stultifying and possessive love. Many years later Lawrence came to feel that he had failed to appreciate his father's vitality and wholeness, even if they were distorted by the culture in which he lived.

Spurred on by his mother, Lawrence escaped from the mining world through education. He won a scholarship to Nottingham high school and later after working first as a clerk and then as an elementary-school teacher, studied for two years at University College, Nottingham, where he obtained his teacher's certificate. Meanwhile he was reading on his own a great deal of literature and some philosophy and was working on his first novel. Publishing a group of poems in 1909, his first short story and his first novel, *The White Peacock*, in 1910, he was regarded in London literary circles as a promising young writer. He taught school from 1908 to 1912 in Croydon, a southern suburb of London, but he gave this up after falling in love with Frieda von Richthofen Weekley, the German wife of a professor at Nottingham. They went to Germany together and married in 1914, after Frieda's divorce.

Aboard with Frieda, Lawrence finished *Sons and Lovers*, at which he had been working off and on for years. The war brought them back to England, where Frieda's German origins and Lawrence's pacifist objection to the war gave him trouble with the authorities. More and more—especially after the almost immediate banning for indecency of his next novel, *The Rainbow*, in 1915—Lawrence came to feel that the forces of modern civilization were arrayed against him. As soon as he could leave England after the war, he sought refuge in Italy, Australia, Mexico, then again in Italy, and finally in the south of France, often desperately ill, restlessly searching for an ideal, or at least a tolerable, community in which to live. He died of tuberculosis in the south of France at the age of forty-four.

In his poetry and his fiction, Lawrence seeks to express the deep-rooted, the elemental, the instinctual in people and nature. He is at constant war with the mechanical and artificial, with the constraints and hypocrites that civilization imposes. Because he had new things to say and a new way of saying them, he was not easily or quickly appreciated. Although his early novels are more conventional in style and treatment, from the publication of *The Rainbow* the critics turned away in bewilderment and condemnation. The rest of his life, during which he produced about a dozen more novels and many poems, sketches, and miscellaneous articles, was, in his own words, "a savage enough pilgrimage," marked by incessant struggle and by periods of frustration and despair. Phrases such as "supreme impulse" and "quickening spontaneous emotion" were characteristic of Lawrence's belief in intuition, in the dark forces of the inner self, that must not be allowed to be swamped by the rational