

# **UCD Humanities Institute Podcast Series**

**2016**

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## **Wartime Attachments: essays on pain, care, retreat and treatment in the First World War.**

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**UCD Humanities Institute  
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**IRISH RESEARCH COUNCIL**  
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## **Attachments and coping towards the end of the First World War: D. H. Lawrence's *Bay* (1919)**

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It's not going to come as any surprise to you, I suspect, to reveal that D. H. Lawrence's status as outsider is a key factor in the arguments I'm going to make as this talk unfolds. His progress from a working-class Nottinghamshire family meant that he was never quite in step with the literary establishment, and to some extent he cultivated that persona. Indeed, John Worthen's excellent one-volume biography is entitled *Life of an Outsider*; Mark Kinkead-Weekes's second volume of the Cambridge biography, covering the making of his literary reputation from 1912-1922 charts his journey from *Triumph to Exile*.<sup>1</sup>

*Bay* is an outlier even in Lawrence's oeuvre. The poems are mostly from the darkest days of the war, written in late 1917 and early 1918. By early 1918 Lawrence had been ejected from Cornwall on the grounds of national security, and had now left London for the sanctity of Middleton-by-Wirksworth in the Derbyshire hills not far from where he grew up. This return precipitated reflection and reconsideration, all the while looking to the future – to an improvement in his own situation, and the end of the war. A causal link seemed likely; he was in a perilous, penurious position after the suppression of *The Rainbow* (1915), which wasn't helping his current prose manuscript find a publisher. That turned out to be his masterpiece, *Women in Love* (1920). He'd applied to the Royal Literary Fund for money to live, so the £10 he was offered for *Bay* seemed better than nothing. However, Cyril Beaumont's fine press first edition didn't appear until late 1919, after the Armistice was signed and the peace treaties ratified. Lawrence did not receive his copy until the early days of 1920. It's fair to say that he wasn't impressed with Beaumont, whose mistakes included altering the sequence of poems, printing one of the Anne Estelle Rice's

illustrations upside down, and failing to include the dedication that the author had promised to Cynthia Asquith.

*Bay* was already an untimely volume by the time it appeared, doubling down on the already limited likelihood of it attaining a wide readership. It has remained, mostly, an elision in Lawrence scholarship. The author started that trend himself. In his 1928 *Collected Poems*, Lawrence separated out the four poems in *Bay* that are revisions of early work from the wartime compositions.<sup>2</sup> This broke the narrative sequence and effectively gave authorial sanction to 'hide' the volume as a coherent, discrete entity. This pattern has continued in later editions. Vivien de Sola Pinto and F. Warren Roberts's 1964 *Complete Poems* doesn't include *Bay* as a separate heading.<sup>3</sup> Neither does David Ellis's Wordsworth *Complete Poems* (2002).<sup>4</sup> Neither, most surprisingly, does Christopher Pollnitz's recent magisterial Cambridge edition of the poems, which even treats the unpublished sequence *All of Us* as a separate work.<sup>5</sup> It's an elision that carries forward into critical work. Even sympathetic major studies of Lawrence's poetry, such as Sandra M. Gilbert's *Acts of Attention* (1972) gloss over *Bay*.<sup>6</sup> Keith Cushman has written a couple of articles about the collection, and Holly Laird gives it ten pages in *Self and Sequence* (1988).<sup>7</sup> I want to build on their attempts to recuperate *Bay* for the Lawrentian canon, and also suggest that it has a contribution to make to a wider canon of war poetry.

It's in the context of coping emotionally with the privations of the latter stage of the war, both physical and mental, that I want to talk about some of the poems in *Bay*. In doing so, I'm going to talk about wartime writing as a category that should be separated from war writing. To analyse this, I'm going to build on Raymond Williams's concept of 'structures of feeling', notably discussed in *The Long Revolution* (1961) and *Marxism and Literature* (1977).<sup>8</sup> In setting this out, Williams discusses the difficulty of reclaiming the ripples and cross-currents of any historical moment. I argue that this is particularly the case in wartime, where official narratives are skewed by propaganda, and personal narratives are affected, even more so than usually, by the desire for the current situation to be resolved. I see this as the very early stage of a move towards affective and emotional histories, which I invoke in passing throughout this talk. I'll then go on to look at *Bay* in order to talk about some specific examples of the ways in which authors adapt literary forms to participate in the sorts of challenges to the dominant structures of feeling that Williams posits emerge in the process of response. In doing so I'll address the problems and, indeed, the possibilities, that Lawrence sees resulting from the war.

So, let's go back to that definitional point. The more war literature I read, the more I'm convinced that there are lines we don't draw, for the sake of convenience and synopsis. The most important of those is between war writing and wartime writing. I take war writing to discuss directly, in a very broad sense, the action or impact of the war, material or psychological. Wartime writing does what it says on the tin: it is writing produced in a nation at war during the conflict. In the overlap of the Venn diagram there is wartime war writing (although this perhaps isn't as large a category as we might think). Conversely, I would argue that although wartime writing isn't necessarily war writing, in detailing directly (and that for me is a key word, here) the impact of the current conflict, it certainly benefits from being read in the context of the war. There are some very grey areas around the points of intersection of these categories. For example, should writings about mass culture during wartime be considered wartime war writing? That's arguable, I think. The most important point for me, though, is that wartime writing has a different tone and narrative shape to post-war war writing or, indeed, peacetime writing. It tends to focus on the present. Survival is the ongoing aim of those fighting, while civilians in mass warfare are always waiting to know the success of that; all tend to experience the present as a point in the drive towards completion of the war. *Bay* is in the unusual position, to pursue the diagrammatic metaphor, of being on the line between categories. By publication it is peacetime writing; by composition it is wartime writing. I'll keep developing these definitions and probing at the edges of them as we go.

Recent scholarship has started to recuperate the immediate experience of being at war through the series of intimate and emotional histories that have appeared in an increasing flow throughout the last twenty years. Joanna Bourke's *An Intimate History of Killing* (1999) was a trailblazer, following her excellent *Dismembering the Male* (1996), on masculinity and the First World War.<sup>9</sup> Stephanie Downes, Andrew Lynch and Katrina O'Loughlin make the bold claim in the introduction to their collection *Emotions and War: Medieval to Romantic Literature* (2015) that:

Throughout history emotions have not just started wars, but been firmly entrenched within them, and are a heightened condition of their narrative aftermath. The history of emotions must necessarily therefore take this long written history of war and violent conflict into account.<sup>10</sup>

I like the boldness of the claim, although I think the point about starting wars rather overplays the case. Certainly, however, I think we can agree that war precipitates a heightened emotional state, both at the time and in its aftermath.

Recently, in the case of First World War scholarship, we've had Michael Roper's excellent *The Secret Battle* (2009), which examines the way that soldiers on the Western Front connected with their families, particularly their mothers.<sup>11</sup> Jason Crouthamel's *An Intimate History of the Front* (2014) again focuses on soldiering, although with a more theoretical account of masculinity in that context.<sup>12</sup> Peter Englund's *The Beauty and the Sorrow: An Intimate History of the First World War* (2011) was perhaps the popular endpoint. He wrote in his note to the reader about the difficulty for those in the midst of war experience to parse it, but noting the value of their experience:

This is a book about the First World War. It is not, however, a book about what it was – that is, about its causes, course, conclusion and consequences – but a book about what it was like. In this volume the reader will meet not so much factors as people not so much events and processes as feelings, impressions, experiences and moods.<sup>13</sup>

Implicit in what Englund is saying is the distinction I outlined – the difference between retrospective analyses and the experience of the moment. While it's important to learn appropriate lessons from the war, we mustn't slip only into seeing it as a teaching moment. To assume that we know better than those people who fought in the war and believed that their sacrifice was worthwhile is just as disrespectful. There's also an element of self-aggrandisement: it assumes our own ability to see and resist ideology.

That's probably a good point to shift to talking about Williams. Part of the reason for his coinage of the term 'structures of feeling' to define something like the zeitgeist is to avoid using Marxist terms such as ideology, base and superstructure. First using the term in the early 1950s as a challenge to Marxist orthodoxies, as John Higgins has pointed out, he develops the idea in *The Long Revolution* (1961) and *Marxism and Literature* (1977).<sup>14</sup> In the former, Williams writes that the term:

is as firm and definite as 'structure' suggests, yet it operates in the most delicate and least tangible parts of our activity. In one sense this structure of feeling is the culture of a period: it is the particular living result of all the elements in the general organization. [...H]ere, in the only examples we have of recorded communication

that outlives its bearers, the actual living sense, the deep community that makes the communication possible, is naturally drawn upon. I do not mean that the structure of feeling, any more than the social character, is possessed in the same way by the many individuals in the community. But I think it is a very deep and very wide possession, in all actual communities, precisely because it is on that communication depends.<sup>15</sup>

Williams views it as something intuitive, not consciously learned, and something with which one is always in dialogue. While aspects are shared to communicate, it is also something that is in constant flux. In developing the term in *Marxism and Literature*, he states that:

no generation speaks quite the same language as its predecessors. The difference can be defined in terms of additions, deletions, and modifications, but these do not exhaust it. What really changes is something quite general, over a wide range, and the description that often fits the change best is the literary term 'style'.<sup>16</sup>

The concept clearly interlinks with Williams's conception of the residual, dominant and emergent, which he had earlier delineated in 'Base and Superstructure in Marxist Cultural Theory' (1973).<sup>17</sup> It's particularly apposite for talking about the heightened emotions of wartime writing, even more so in the First World War, as emergent forms and new experiences were being negotiated within dominant and residual structures of feeling that continued to owe much to Victorian ideas and ideals.

Indeed, Williams presages the argument of his later works on structures of feeling in his discussion of Lawrence in *Culture and Society*. He discusses Lawrence's efforts to escape being interpellated:

his first social responses were those, not of a man observing the processes of industrialism, but of one caught in them, at an exposed point, and destined, in the normal course, to be enlisted in their regiments. That he escaped enlistment is now so well known to us that it is difficult to realize the thing as it happened, in its living sequence. It is only by hard fighting, and, further, by the fortune of fighting on a favourable front, that anyone born into the industrial working class escapes his function of replacement.<sup>18</sup>

The military metaphor leaps out. Lawrence saw quickly that the war wasn't a ghastly aberration, a rupture from what had gone before; it was exactly the processes of industrialisation that found an extreme symptom in mechanised warfare. For Williams, Lawrence is conscious of the series of defeats and rejections that underlie his victories – and we might well see *Bay* as a defeat. Lawrence signals this consciousness particularly in his late, reflective essay 'Nottingham and the Mining Country'.<sup>19</sup> Lawrence isn't a misanthrope, though. He craves connection. Indeed, I'd argue that his fiction examines the ways in which industrial capitalism undermines the interpersonal relations that form its foundations. But he wants to live by a different set of principles to the majority of people, exemplified by his attempt to gather like-minded folk for a utopian community called Rananim. (The significance of this moment in Lawrence's thought has perhaps been overplayed in Lawrence scholarship.)

*Bay* is unusual because it doesn't seem emotional in a typical Lawrentian sense. His previous volume of poetry, *Look! We Have Come Through* (1917), which is now acknowledged as a fine and moving collection, appeared to censorious or, worse, underwhelmed response. John Gould Fletcher, reviewing the collection in *Poetry* magazine, described it as the work of a 'fine, intolerant fanatic. That is his value for our present day, so rich in half-measures and compromises.'<sup>20</sup> On finally getting hold of a copy of the volume which had (just about) been dedicated to her, Cynthia Asquith expressed her relief that the poems were 'not erotic'. Lawrence suffered from a reputation for fleshliness; I'm not going to discuss that here, but it's worth considering as a head-on challenge to contemporary mores about content, at a time when formal dissonance seemed more acceptable. Both the free verse form and the intimate subject matter contrast markedly with *Bay*, which shows more clearly a loyalty to existing forms and, on the whole, a more measured tone. It still, however, challenges poetic orthodoxy.

Lawrence is conscious of the need for immediacy in writing about the war. In his introduction to *New Poems* (1920), which is dated 1919, and which he claims should have come out as a preface to *Look! We Have Come Through*, Lawrence addresses the need for verse to be of the moment, but also to be conscious of its position in relation to previous forms and that which is to come. He admires: 'The poetry of the beginning and the poetry of the end [which] must have that exquisite finality, perfection which belongs to all that is far off. It is in the realm of all that is perfect.'<sup>21</sup> But it is the poetry of the present that concerns him most of all. I've not put this on a slide, firstly because it's too long, and secondly, it's the sort of prose that deserves to be listened to rather than stared at:

In the immediate present there is no perfection, no consummation, nothing finished. The strands are all flying, quivering, intermingling into the web, the waters are shaking the moon. There is no round, consummate moon on the face of running water, nor on the face of the unfinished tide. There are no gems of the living plasm. The living plasm vibrates unspeakably, it inhales the future, it exhales the past, it is the quick of both, and yet it is neither. There is no plasmic finality, nothing crystal, permanent. If we try to fix the living tissue, as the biologists fix it with formation, we have only a hardened bit of the past, the bygone life under our observation.<sup>22</sup>

Life is ever-present in both senses: always current, but also eternal. Life, for Lawrence is art: creative production is integral to life itself. I'll come back to that idea towards the end of the talk. These words suggest the experience of the recent war, in which the present is utterly dominant. For Lawrence, even in the post-war the now is crucial; now it is about making the most of having survived, having Come Through.

I want to say a little about Lawrence as a poet. His outsider status means that he doesn't tend to be seen, with justification, as either an Imagist or a Georgian (there's a false antithesis I don't have time to unpack). He was featured in both anthologies, though. He's trying to do something different, something individual, rather than following the implicit or explicit programme of each of those movements. This means that he's often seen as out of touch or, worse, writing bad poetry. Fletcher's review of *Look! We Have Come Through* advises the potential reader that 'his poetry, though it may often be badly written, is never without a sense of power'.<sup>23</sup> Sandra M. Gilbert, a sympathetic critic, observes that his poetry is often excused by his prose, critics preferring to do so rather than understand what Lawrence tries to achieve by the dissonances of his poetry.<sup>24</sup> Even in studies of First World War poetry, it's Lawrence's prose that recurs: the touchstones of the Lawrentian war canon such as *Women in Love*, the 'Nightmare' chapter of *Kangaroo*, and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* are used for context, rather than looking at his poetry (or, indeed, considering those texts as fictions). It's in the distinctive ways that Lawrence plays with form in *Bay* that we see him searching for a way to respond to the changes wrought by modernity. The very fact that his methods are unusual makes them worthy of attention.

Let's get into *Bay* and have a look at a few examples. The collection does have a narrative sequence. We go from the opening poem, 'Guards: A Review in Hyde Park 1913', through titles such as 'Bombardment', 'The Attack', 'Ruination', 'Tommies on the Train' and 'Rondeau of a Conscientious Objector', to a closing pair of poems that look forwards and backwards respectively, while remaining firmly in the present: 'War-Baby' and 'Nostalgia'. I'm going to talk about these last three that I've mentioned. But if you were to form a judgement of the likely content of the poems based on their titles, it's safe to say that your first reading of them would come as a surprise. Even taking into account the fact that I've cherry-picked titles here, and more suggestive ones about the experience of modernity punctuate the collection, the war is not directly confronted in the manner of the soldier-poets. That's not to say that Lawrence refuses to confront the violence of the war. The 1915 version of his short story 'England, My England' is remarkable for its closing scene. I won't spoil it for you if you haven't read it.<sup>25</sup> He wrote in 1917 to Edward Marsh, patron of Georgian Poetry, at that time Private Secretary to Winston Churchill and Assistant Private Secretary to H. H. Asquith until the fall of the Coalition Government in December 1916:

I am not a pacifist. I have come to the conclusion that mankind is not one web and fabric, with one common being. That veil is rent for me. I know that for those who make war, war is undeniably right, it is even their vindication of their being. I know also, that for me, war, at least this war, is utterly wrong, a ghastly and unthinkable falsity.<sup>26</sup>

He is not against war, but against this war: a war that he sees as complicit in all of the ills of industrial modernity that he continues to rail against throughout his poetry, fiction and prose. Check out his late poem 'Wages' if you want an extreme example of that mindset – and, of course, the end of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.<sup>27</sup>

One of the ways in which we see Lawrence as an outlier in the structure of feeling is in the way that he implicitly situates several of these poems against the emerging canon of First World War poetry. Perhaps the most strikingly dissenting poem in the collection is 'Rondeau of a Conscientious Objector'. Its formal structure alludes to Lawrence's opinion about the structure of the war. The rondeau is a circular form (more accurately, I suppose, a spiral), repeating the first words of the poem as a refrain. The notable example of this composed

during the war was the Canadian doctor John McCrae's 'In Flanders Fields', a massive popular success that continues to be anthologised and invoked. The famous first and second stanzas evoke loss movingly, but the pugilistic, war-mongering tone of the final stanza exemplifies the attitudes towards the war that Lawrence rejects. The dead, here, do not resent their demise, or seek for it to lead to the end of the war. The regularity of the iambic tetrameter that is the underlying metre speaks to the need to carry on the fight, and the insistent togetherness that the speaker advocates:

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
 To you from failing hands we throw  
     The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
 If ye break faith with us who die  
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
     In Flanders fields.<sup>28</sup>

The carrying of the torch evokes the classical ideal that has come to sound so hackneyed as a result of Wilfred Owen's 'Dulce et Decorum Est'. The fourth line of this stanza breaks the rhythm in making the threat to survivors with the two spondees that start the line. Faith is needed here to continue the war; the fact that this is in moving towards a resolution is unspoken, and easy to miss in the bloodthirsty conclusion.

Lawrence's rondeau, predictably, is not exactly what it claims to be: it is, in fact, a rondeau redoublé. Sort of. This form uses each successive line of the four in the first stanza as a refrain to the subsequent stanzas, before concluding with a final stanza that returns to the opening words. Lawrence refuses the cyclicity of the form and the possibility of returning to the beginning. He refuses to see consolation in either togetherness or vengeance, as McCrae's speaker does. The first stanza, which is repeated piecemeal, strikes a sombre and antagonistic tone:

The hours have tumbled their leaden, monotonous sands  
 And piled hem up in a dull grey heap in the West.  
 I carry my patience sullenly through the waste lands;  
 To-morrow will pour them all back, the dull hours I detest.<sup>29</sup>

The first line attests to the monotony of the war, the wearying rhythm evoked by the pentameter and hexameter lines, disrupted by irregularities such as the 'dull grey heap' and the close of the stanza, which conceivably might stress six of the last eight syllables. The staggering rhythm implies weariness and the proximity of demise, speaking to the leadenness and sullenness of this moment of the war. It's this that critics have taken as 'bad poetry'. But Lawrence would argue, I think, that this is totally appropriate. The poem seems on the cusp of a regular rhythm, but it's one that is slowed down, made uneven. That slowing speaks to the seemingly interminable nature of the war, just as the rhythm evokes the uneven bursts of clangour in battle. Lawrence is searching for a formal way to represent new experiences just as much as, say, Eliot, or the Imagists, but part of his project, just as in his novels, is to do so by adapting existing forms to a modern purpose, showing the continuing presence of residual ways of thinking, and the inherent conservatism of the dominant wartime structure of feeling.

Lawrence concludes with his own act of symbolic violence. He refuses the conventional end to the *rondeau redoublé*, in which he would return to the perpetual motion of the tumbling hours. Instead, the hours are themselves vilified:

The hours have ceased to fall, and a star commands

Shadows to cover our stricken manhood, and blest

Sleep to make us forget: but, he understands:

To-morrow will pour them all back, the dull hours I detest.<sup>30</sup>

The opening line of this final stanza gestures in reverse to the first line of the poem. But this is only a momentary pause. Darkness veils the stricken manhood of modernity – and Lawrence's later essay 'On Being a Man' makes his view on that very clear.<sup>31</sup> The star, here, is not what controls the passing of time, but time itself. The last lines make clear that it is repetitious, monotonous work which must be the object of censure. The final line starts the sands pouring the other way in the hourglass, returning thematically to the opening stanza, but pointedly taking us back only to its end, refusing the perfection of completing the circle. In Beaumont's edition, an accident of typography adds extra weight to Lawrence's words, 'I detest' separated out onto a separate line and therefore acting as a heavy, final act of punctuation that concludes the poem. The Conscientious Objector is returned to marking the hours until the war is over, and his current status will no longer exist, nor be a primary way of defining him.

This suggests that, while Lawrence did not see himself as a conscientious objector, he was also acutely aware of the structural similarities with his own position. If it hadn't been for his health, he might also have been forced into the choice that faced people like Russell.

Just as the Conscientious Objector looks forward to the end of the war to be released from that status, the poems in *Bay* also look back. I'm going to finish, appositely, by talking about the final poem of the collection, 'Nostalgia'. I view nostalgia as a key characteristic of wartime writing. There is a need to look away from the focus on the day-to-day, moment-to-moment living – survival. Wartime writing tends to gesture forward: most people desire the end of the war, even if few, after the initial phase, want to or can imagine it. Looking back, then, becomes both a way of looking for consolation and security outside the war and, implicitly, a way of looking forward by imagining peace as it once was – even if the likelihood of returning to a peace structured in the same way seems minimal. For most people, nostalgia is selective, a rose-tinted past. Lawrence's poem of that title, though, continues to examine the darkness, represented here by night. In a poem that is all about fading, death, and arrest, darkness is a double-edged sword. To pick up the violence of that metaphor, darkness is in one sense death. This is from the third stanza:

My father suddenly died in the harvesting corn  
 And the place is no longer ours. Watching, I hear  
 No sound from the strangers, the place is dark, and fear  
 Opens my eyes till the roots of my vision seems torn.<sup>32</sup>

The slow passing of time is emphasised by the shift from a sprung pentameter in the first line to the stodgy second line, in which it is feasible to read seven stresses. Lawrence's lines vary greatly in the possibilities for their scansion, gravitating towards the typical English pentameter, but often with an insistent, slowing, even ponderous rhythm – as we also saw in 'Rondeau'. Many lines suggest a sprung rhythm, before the poetry of Gerard Manley Hopkins had been published. Death in the service of industry, recalling Lawrence's classic early short story 'Odour of Chrysanthemums', begets silence and dark in the house where the speaker was born, and the implicit safety of a womb-like environment becomes a fearful place:

The place is palpable me, for here I was born  
 Of this self-same darkness. Yet the shadowy house below

Is out of bounds, and only the old ghosts know

I have come, I feel them whimper in welcome, and mourn.<sup>33</sup>

Darkness offers a touchable version of the speaker, but one which is inaccessible. In each stanza that inaccessibility is highlighted by a short clause or a half line. Nostalgia is of course per definition inaccessible. Here, though, that inaccessibility produces ghosts with whom it is possible to connect. Darkness offers, for Lawrence, the possibility of spiritual connection, which is gestured to here by the interplay between the speaker and the ghosts: the sound of whimpering creates a bodily response. It's an image he returns to in *The Ladybird* (1923), an expanded version of the wartime short story 'The Thimble' (1916). The primitive Dionys and the aristocratic Daphne connect:

The darkness inside the room seemed alive like blood. He had no power to move. The distance between them seemed absolute.

Then suddenly, without knowing, he went across in the dark, feeling for the end of the couch. And he sat beside her on the couch. But he did not touch her. Neither did she move. The darkness flowed about them thick like blood, and time seemed dissolved in it. They sat with the small, invisible distance between them, motionless, speechless, thoughtless.<sup>34</sup>

Darkness obscures conventional spatial limits. Dionys and Daphne do not touch, but the distance between them is invisible and cannot be crossed by thought. Solitude and modern spaces are equated: the isolation of the individual is also found outwith the city. Kirsty Martin talks about Lawrence, connection and the body in her very interesting *Modernism and the Rhythms of Sympathy* (2013), although I'm surprised that she doesn't say a little more about the war than in a couple of pages on *Women in Love*.<sup>35</sup> This evokes Lawrence's concept of the 'blood-consciousness' which is about breaking from and surpassing the atrophied social connections that dominate in the current structures of feeling – looking, indeed, to restructure feelings in a more connected, vital mode.<sup>36</sup>

Lawrence's final lines in the collection, appositely, allude to destruction. For him, though, this is not as simple as the vividness of the last lines suggests:

I kiss the stones, I kiss the moss on the wall,

And wish I could pass impregnate into the place.

I wish I could take it all in a last embrace.

I wish with my breast I here could annihilate it all.<sup>37</sup>

While the memorable last line suggests a nihilism that is not at all typical of Lawrence, the stanza as a whole suggests something more positive. The speaker starts by communing with nature, the romance and tender tactility of the kiss also offering, in the moss, the possibility of the transfer of biological material. Moss thrives in fecund areas, evokes darkness, dampness: a form of sublimation seems desirable. The eschatology of the final lines suggests also the need to start rebuilding from the very beginning.

At this point, Lawrence is coming to the view that man must create the conditions for revitalisation by destroying the mechanised world – and its people. He continues to work through this in his later writings. In *The Ladybird*, Dionys worships 'The blessed God of destruction. [...] The God of anger, who throws down the steeples and the factory chimneys. Ah, Lady Daphne, he is a man's God, he is a man's God'.<sup>38</sup> His god destroys the phallic representations of industrial modernity, which symbolise the atrophied versions of masculinity against which Lawrence consistently rails. Similarly, in *Kangaroo* Richard Somers longs 'for a smash up in this social-industrial world we're in'.<sup>39</sup> The decline of civilisation can, for Lawrence, be arrested by relinquishing mechanisation in favour of individual vitalism. However, the end of the war is not an end to conflict: the hegemony of industrialism and its practices continues. The commentator A. G. Gardiner wrote that 'Europe is strewn with the wreckage of civilization',<sup>40</sup> but it was only the material manifestations of the civilisation that were destroyed. Survival, both in wartime and after it, must come from a close examination of one's own values and consideration of one's complicity in the structures of feeling that support the war. Lawrence implicitly criticises attempts to cling to narratives about glorious victory and, with it, English particularism. The title *Bay* reminds us of this. Beaumont and Rice took it to mean the laurels of victory. If they'd thought a bit more, perhaps, about Lawrence's writing more generally they'd have seen how unlikely this was. Chris Pollnitz elucidates for us: 'what the title signified, as indicated in "Obsequial Ode", was coming into harbour after the storm of war'.<sup>41</sup> While it was the conclusion of this particular journey, for Lawrence, it did not solve the underlying problems: the conditions which led to the war were still in place. He continued to push at the limits of conventional acceptance, trying to shift the structure of feelings by the very fact of asking people to engage directly with their inner selves, to connect with each other. It's only by understanding oneself and

one's own position in relation to what exists already, he suggests in the poems of Bay – along with much of his other writing – that there's the possibility of change. That still seems, to me, an important message.

<sup>1</sup> John Worthen, *D. H. Lawrence: The Life of an Outsider* (London: Penguin, 2006); Mark Kinkead-Weekes, *D. H. Lawrence: Triumph to Exile, 1912-1922*, vol. 2 of the Cambridge Biography (3 vols) (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996). Worthen's subtitle was a suggestion from the publisher.

<sup>2</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *Collected Poems* (London: William Heinemann, 1928).

<sup>3</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *Complete Poems*, ed. by Vivian de Sola Pinto and F. Warren Roberts (New York: Viking, 1964).

<sup>4</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *Complete Poems*, ed. by David Ellis (Ware: Wordsworth, 2002).

<sup>5</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *Complete Poems*, ed. by Christopher Pollnitz, The Cambridge Edition of the Works of D. H. Lawrence (2 vols; Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2013).

<sup>6</sup> Sandra M. Gilbert, *Acts of Attention: The Poems of D. H. Lawrence* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1972), p. 20.

<sup>7</sup> Keith Cushman, 'Bay: the Noncombatant as War Poet', in Gamini Salgado and G. K. Das (eds), *The Spirit of D. H. Lawrence: Centenary Studies*, intro. by Raymond Williams (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1985), pp. 181-98; Keith Cushman, 'Lawrence at Bay: "Hand-printed and beautiful, 7/6 a copy"', *Journal of D. H. Lawrence Studies*, 2:1 (2009), 103-23; Holly A. Laird, *Self and Sequence: The Poetry of D. H. Lawrence* (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1988), pp. 112-20.

<sup>8</sup> Raymond Williams, *The Long Revolution* (1961; Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1975); Raymond Williams, *Marxism and Literature* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1977).

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<sup>14</sup> John Higgins, *Raymond Williams: Literature, Marxism and Cultural Materialism* (London: Routledge, 1999), ch. 2.

<sup>15</sup> Williams, *The Long Revolution*, pp. 64-5.

<sup>16</sup> Williams, *Marxism and Literature*, p. 131.

<sup>17</sup> Raymond Williams, 'Base and Superstructure in Marxist Cultural Theory', *New Left Review*, 1/82 (Nov-Dec 1973), 3-16.

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<sup>20</sup> John Gould Fletcher, 'A Modern Evangelist', *Poetry*, 12 (1918), 269-74 (p. 270).

<sup>21</sup> D.H. Lawrence, Preface to *New Poems* (New York: Huebsch, 1920), pp. i-x (p. ii).

<sup>22</sup> Lawrence, Preface to *New Poems*, p. iii.

<sup>23</sup> Fletcher, 'A Modern Evangelist', p. 271.

- <sup>24</sup> Gilbert, *Acts of Attention*, pp. 1-3.
- <sup>25</sup> D. H. Lawrence, 'England, My England' (1915), in *England, My England and Other Stories*, ed. Bruce Steele (1922; Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), pp. 219-32. The 1915 version is strikingly more bloodthirsty in its remarkable conclusion than the version revised in 1921 (pp. 5-33). Note that the 1995 Penguin edition uses the Cambridge text, although later reprints do not.
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- <sup>30</sup> Lawrence, 'Rondeau', p. 36.
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- <sup>33</sup> Lawrence, 'Nostalgia', p. 42.
- <sup>34</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *The Ladybird*, in *The Fox; The Captain's Doll; The Ladybird*, ed. Dieter Mehl (1923; Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1992), pp. 157-221 (p. 215).
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- <sup>36</sup> See, for example, Lawrence to Bertrand Russell, 8 December 1915, *Letters*, 2, p. 470. See also Lawrence to J. D. Beresford, 1 February 1916, *Letters*, 2, p. 520; Lawrence to Lady Ottoline Morrell, 15 February 1916, *Letters*, 2, p. 539. Dolores LaChapelle discusses blood-consciousness as a philosophy in *D. H. Lawrence: Future Primitive* (Denton: University of North Texas Press, 1996), pp. 81-99.
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- <sup>38</sup> Lawrence, *Ladybird*, p. 186.
- <sup>39</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *Kangaroo*, ed. Bruce Steele (1923; Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994), p. 180.
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