"FAMILIAR MATERIALS": JOYCE AMONG EUROPEANS

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Reminiscing in 1941 about James Joyce, Eugene Jolas described his friend as "a man of the megapolis" and, by way of illustration, recounted "a sort of ritual" which Joyce conducted in the summer of 1931, in a "little frontier town in the mountains of Austria":

> At half past seven, he would race suddenly for the railroad station, where the Paris-Vienna Express was due to stop for ten minutes each day. He would quietly walk up and down the platform [...]. When the train finally came in, he rushed to the nearest car in order to examine the French, German and Yugo-Slav inscriptions, palped the letters with the sensitive fingers of defective vision. Then he would ask me questions about the persons getting on or off the train. He would try to listen to their conversations. [...] When the train continued on its way into the usually foggy night, he stood on the platform waving his hat, as if he had just bid godspeed to a dear friend. (1941: 88)

This ritual acquired greater significance on the evening that Joyce pointed across the railway platform and said to Jolas, "Over on those tracks there [...] the fate of *Ulysses* was decided in 1915" (1941: 87-88). The fate to which he referred was effectively that of himself and his own family. In 1915, after a long bureaucratic struggle with the Austrian authorities to secure a permit to leave Trieste for neutral Zurich, the Joyces were detained at Innsbruck (the small border town featured in the Jolas anecdote), when the train on which they were travelling was obliged to stop to allow the Emperor's train to pass.[1]

He never forgot that lucky escape, nor the fact that he had to defer to blue blood. Joyce's deference was usually reserved for the spoken word. "He

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seemed constantly *à l'affut*, always to be listening rather than talking. "Really, it is not I who am writing this crazy book", he said in his whimsical way one evening. "It is you, and you, and you, and that man over there, and that girl at the next table"" (1941: 90). The "crazy book" was *Finnegans Wake* (known during its composition as "Work in Progress" to everyone but Joyce and Nora), into which he worked fragments of languages known and of languages studied, scraps of conversation, slips of the tongue, foreign pronunciations of familiar words, mangled and mimicked.[2] Joyce, prone equally to self-dramatisation and to melancholy reflection, occasionally spoke about his art in demystificatory terms, as in this exclamation to Jacques Mercanton from 1938:[3]

> "Why should I regret my talent? I haven't any. I write with such difficulty, so slowly. Chance furnishes me with what I need. I am like a man who stumbles along; my foot strikes something, I bend over, and it is exactly what I want." He mimed what he said to make it sound funny. (Potts 1979: 213)

The statement echoes the point made to Jolas about the collective writing of the "crazy book". The motif of chance as substitute for authorial intention, as a disembodied, or rather, multi-bodied muse and amanuensis in one, suggests a very different authorial persona from the one normally associated with Joyce.[4] Led by fate rather than faith, the author as "a man who stumbles along" is deprived of intention or even invention. More Baudelairean *flâneur* than supreme artificer, he writes as he lives, or, as Paul Léon put it,

> [H]e seeks to do away with writing that merely aims at covering the blank page, to do away with conventional self-expression, to do away with the very body which intervenes between the most secret "I" [...] and the exterior world. He also seeks to do away with the writing hand, the listening ear, the seeing eye. (Jolas 1949: 118)[5]

Living one's life precariously, because of the belief in the ultimate wisdom of chance, may sometimes mean that writing amounts to a confrontation with the contingent, a taking of risk. In one of the conversations recorded by Arthur Power, Joyce seems to have suggested as much:

> In writing one must create an endlessly changing surface, dictated by the mood and current impulse in contrast to the fixed mood of the classical style. This is "Work in Progress". The important thing is not what we write, but how we write, and in my opinion the modern writer must be an adventurer above all, willing to take every risk, and be prepared to founder in his effort if need be. In other words we must write dangerously [...]. A book, in my opinion, should not be planned out beforehand, but as one writes it will form itself, subject, as I say, to the constant emotional promptings of one's personality. (1974: 95)

This collaboration between chance and "constant emotional promptings" may emerge in the Joycean ritual reported by Jolas earlier. In what may be considered an emblematic scene, Joyce directs himself in a pursuit of chance recognitions, amid strangers, and at the same time (perhaps responding to an emotional prompting), he acts on the desire to invoke and reinforce the good fortune that "the fate of *Ulysses* was decided here". Hence, on revisiting the scene of his lucky escape, Joyce once more places his faith in the arbitrariness of chance —an essential act, since, as a man of superstition, he needs no reminder that benevolent powers might not always be in attendance. There seems to be an added *frisson* to this ritual, however: the reliving of the precarious moment of the family's exodus sweetly coincides with the necessary retuning of the ear to the sound of many languages spoken simultaneously in transit. Joyce's regular visit to the Innsbruck railway station thus acknowledges the debt owed to that little Babel.

Arguably, however, this very same scenario might be understood simply as the acquired behavioural tic of the exile. According to Edward Said's interpretation of this condition, for example,

> The exile [...] exists in a median state, neither completely at one with the new setting nor fully disencumbered of the old, beset with half-involvements and half-detachments, nostalgic and sentimental on one level, an adept mimic or a secret outcast on another. (1994: 36)

Even more fittingly for Joyce, Said cites one of Theodor Adorno's *adagia* as a further insight into the psychology of the deracinated: "For a man who no longer has a homeland, writing becomes a place to live" (1994: 43). These are eloquent accounts, poignant in their melancholy evocation of their authors' own "emotional promptings", but perhaps they overstate the case for the work of compensation. Lines attesting to the ambiguous predicament to which Adorno refers are to be found in *Giacomo Joyce*, that "expatriated [...]

so little impersonalized" of Joyce's texts, as Richard Ellmann puts it: "Youth has an end: the end is here. It will never be. You know that well. What then? Write it, damn you, write it! What else are you good for?" (1983: 16). One could argue, however, that it is the "voice" of Stephen Dedalus that articulates such a double anxiety of homelessness and loss of youth, and as such, it is to be worked through and alleviated later, in *Ulysses*.[6]

If "exile is one of the saddest fates" (Said 1994: 35), Joyce's displacement was unorthodox. His life in Europe, from its uncertain beginnings to its untimely end, was mostly lived in bustling cosmopolitan cities —"Trieste-Zurich-Paris, 1914-1921"— in which he was awakened to the joys of multilingual communication, the simple magic of the simultaneity of spoken languages. Carola Giedion-Welcker observes:

> James Joyce stood in a personal and direct relationship to the structure and the myth of cities. They seemed to him like a collective individual, a story in space-dimension, a great coalescence of life. He embraced them from their past to their present as growing organisms, edifices of history built brick by brick. Even when on a temporary visit, he sought to penetrate into the nature and laws of a city's complex substance, and to listen to its eternal rhythms. To be lord of a city, to hold the threads of its being in his hands, seemed to him direct vitality, and he considered it "more organic" to be mayor of a town than king of a nation. Just as he could master countless tongues and dialects of the world, so he also knew its wines, dishes and sweetmeats. His interest ranged down to the special cakes of a provincial town, which he carefully fitted, as a regional characteristic apparently due to chance, into the general and coherent unity of landscape and history. (1948: 207-208)

As well as tongues, cultures, customs and cuisine all feature as distinct, though meaningfully connected, entities in this urban scene. So far as Joyce was concerned, however, not all of these interconnections favoured the making of literature. As he reportedly argued to Power, "to produce literature a country must first be vintaged, have an odour in other words. What is the first thing you notice about a country when you arrive in it? Its odour, which is the gauge of its civilization, and it is that odour which percolates into its literature" (1974: 93). It seems that Ireland fulfilled that olfactory criterion and Joyce duly captured in his work some of the smells of Dublin, still potent in his memory.[7] As he put it in 1906 in one of his ultimately defiant but exasperated letters to Grant Richards, the reluctant publisher of *Dubliners*:

> It is not my fault that the odour of ashpits and old weeds and offal hangs round my stories. I seriously believe that you will retard the course of civilisation in Ireland by preventing the Irish people from having one good look at themselves in my nicely polished looking glass. (1957: 63-64)

To pursue and mix the metaphor further, however, one could argue that it was to the prolonged exposure to a variety of such collective human and cultural "odours" that Joyce owed the maturity of his palate and the resulting vintage of his style.[8] As he himself defined it, "a living style should be like a river which takes the colour and texture of the different regions through which it flows" (Power 1974: 79),[9] and sure enough the fluent colours and textures of that style were deposited alluvially in Joyce's book of rivers, *Finnegans Wake*.

In the course of his life in Europe, Joyce was both a teacher and a student of languages, and both vocations informed his writing. Hugh Kenner famously describes *Ulysses* as "a Berlitz classroom between covers: a book from which we are systematically taught the skills we require to read it" (1984: 198). Kenner traces the smooth progress from pupil to pedagogue in terms of geography: "From Trieste, from Zurich, finally from Paris the Irish Jesuits' most cunning pupil had silently made the literate world his classroom. The subject of study was the English Dean of Studies' native tongue" (1984: 198). In Kenner's terms, however, this role reversal, of erstwhile "pupil" into teacher, is only a metaphor of that agonistic relationship with the English language in which the Irish Joyce was always involved. The "practice" of tutoring English as a foreign language, which was Joyce's livelihood for most of the *Ulysses* years, is thus subtly elided. Still, by mentioning the Berlitz school, Kenner's formulation does at least imply that Joyce's professional situation would have sharpened his sense of irreverence and detachment, although, arguably, it achieved much more. Living and working among language students, or non-native English speakers (of whom, in a sense, he was one), or polyglots (many of whom were his closest friends), Joyce added layers of foreignness to the "English Dean's native tongue", so as to nullify the cultural arrogance it represented. If his early experience of such cultural and linguistic domination provided Joyce with the motive for a fight, his life in exile held in store rewards which far surpassed that initial plan of vindication. Transposed into *Ulysses*, this lived experience, and the knowledge it afforded, contributed to the formation of Leopold Bloom, a character whose maturity, in contradistinction to that of Stephen Dedalus, lay beyond "the classroom" and the struggle over the command of English. As Declan Kiberd argues,

> Finding himself nowhere, Stephen attempts to fabricate an environment [...]. But the problem is that his learning is more dense than his setting [...]. His world, like that of his colleagues later in the National Library, is a parade of second-hand quotations, of gestures copied from books, of life usurped by art. Joyce may have used English with a lethal precision impossible to most of his English rivals, but he was well aware of the humiliation felt by the *assimilé* who speaks the language with a degrading, learned correctness: and he had a corresponding sense of the ways in which such persons softened raw realities by the euphemisms of art. (1996: 346)

By the time Bloom's character was complete, Joyce had moved out of the library and begun a new life, which demanded a different kind of learning. More than could have ever been possible in Dublin, in cities like Trieste and Zurich Joyce discovered that there were other worlds and other battles, as well as other ways for cultures and languages to co-exist.

"Strangers are contemporary posterity". Joyce recorded in his Pola notebook this aphorism by the eighteenth-century philosopher Chamfort, which encapsulated the ambiguous value of displacement (Gorman 1941: 136). A displaced person himself, Joyce learned from strangers. To reinforce a point made in most of the accounts and recollections of the author in Europe, Fritz Senn offers the following observation:

> Foreigners are underprivileged, but they have one advantage: they know that the language is strange and has to be looked at very closely [...]. Anything watched from a distance, from outside can be exotically fascinating. Joyce felt this fascination himself and made others feel it. He profited from it. He fared better, on the whole, with friends in Trieste, international refugees in Zurich, or a mixed clique in Paris than with his compatriots. (1983: 82)

Directly or indirectly, most of these friendships would provide material for Joyce's work, often confirming his views on the organic relationship between language, race and culture. Based on linguistic competence and social observation, with equal measures of irrational fixation and *cliché*, his opinions were strongly held. "The history of people is the history of language", Mercanton reports him as proclaiming (Potts 1979: 207). He also notes Joyce's "general antipathy to the Germans and their language, the confusion of which he considered insufferable", not to mention its "absurd and barbarous syntax" (Potts 1979: 224). Conversely, Italian was for Joyce the most musical of languages, commended also for "its wealth of profanity:

evidence of a devout, civilized, and ancient people" (Potts 1979: 229). Italian was also the Joyces' adopted family language. It was spoken in the home and, retaining its Triestine inflection, was the affectionate idiom in which Joyce wrote to his children.[10] Furthermore, Joyce's political views were partly shaped by direct involvement with Italian debates, both in Rome and in Trieste.[11]

There were other languages and types, too. Joyce wrote to Harriet Shaw Weaver on 24 June 1921:

> I forgot to tell you another thing. I don't even know Greek though I am spoken of as erudite. My father wanted me to take Greek as third language, my mother German and my friends Irish. Result, I took Italian. I spoke or used to speak modern Greek not too badly (I speak four or five languages fluently enough) and have spent a great deal of time with Greeks of all kinds from noblemen down to onionsellers, chiefly the latter. I am superstitious about them. They bring me luck. (1957: 167)

His sentimental attachment to Greeks and their language manifested itself in various ways; best-known is his choice of the colours of the Greek flag for the cover of *Ulysses*, but that was unusually deliberate.[12] More typically that attachment was dependent on coincidence and chance. Herbert Gorman offers this account of Joyce's flight from Austria in 1914:

> It was then that two of his students, both Greeks and both of noble birth, Baron Ambroglio Ralli and Count Francesco Sordina, came to his aid. Through their influence, and after giving his Parole not to take part in the conflict, the Austrian military authorities gave him and his family permission to leave Trieste and go to the neutral country of Switzerland. (1941: 227-228)

Ellmann confirms (1983: 386) that it was Joyce who, in the following footnote, elaborated on Gorman's statement of fact:

> Sordina was one of the greatest swordsmen in Europe and during the brief transition period of Triestine severance from Austria before its attachment to Italy was first and last Chief Magistrate of the once Immediate City. Both Ralli and Sordina are now dead but till the times of their deaths, which took place in the last few years, they regularly received (and replied) at Christmas and the New Year messages of grateful remembrance from the writer whose life they had possibly saved. (Gorman 1941: 227)

As the Jolas anecdote establishes, Joyce never forgot the debt he owed to the two Greeks of the diaspora, and subsequently he was to consider the presence of Greeks around him a sign of good fortune. His life in Zurich offered a host of opportunities for such encounters, and in the most colourful and complete account of Joyce's Zurich period, Frank Budgen names some of Joyce's Greek friends (1937: 174-175). These were: Nicolas Santos, known to Joyce already from Trieste, the "ignorant Corfiote", as Joyce called him in a footnote to the Gorman biography, who could, nevertheless, recite by heart long passages of the *Odyssey* and whose buxom wife served as a part model for Molly Bloom;[13] Pavlos Phokas, the clerk who "bore the name of a Byzantine emperor";[14] Antonios Chalas, the cosmopolitan and polyglot author of numerous treatises on theosophy, the occult, Pythagorean philosophy, science and modern Greek poetry;[15] and finally Paulo Ruggiero, a "resourceful and amiable" bank employee, whose culinary skills were so invaluable on Joyce's birthday celebrations, and who yearned to return one day to his native land.[16]

Joyce "attached greater weight to race, nation, and to some real yet indefinite thing one might call type". More specifically, he believed that "the best gate of entry to the spirit of ancient Greece was the modern Greek" (Budgen 1937: 175, 174). The fact would not have been lost on Joyce that, in his personal experience, "the modern Greek" man was (to use the Homeric epithet) "polytropic", ranging from the nobleman and the *dilettante* sage to the clerk and the onionseller. Individually and collectively, privately and professionally, they were all invaluable to him; as Budgen puts it, "Joyce associated a good deal with such Greeks as were available in war-time Zurich, for he thought they all had a streak of Ulysses in them" (1955: 10). Furthermore, the collective "type" formed by this varied group of individuals was associated in Joyce's mind with another race. Budgen, bemused at the mighty noise a "table full of Greeks" was making, records Joyce's reaction to his observation:

> "Aren't they strangely like Jews?", I said. "They look like Jews, and they all talk at once and nobody listens".
> "Not so strangely," said Joyce. "Anyway, they are Greeks. And there's a lot to be said for the theory that the *Odyssey* is a Semitic poem". (1937: 174)

At first sight, this is not far from the sentiment revealed in that well-glossed line from *Ulysses*: "Jewgreek is greekjew" (1993: 474),[17] a key hybridic formulation which Richard Ellmann has contextualised in the following terms:

> In Stephen Dedalus he had invented a Greek-Irishman, in Bloom he could invent another, who would also be a "jewgreek". The comparison of the Irish to the Israelites was a familiar one in Irish rhetoric, and even Gladstone compared Parnell to Moses. For adding a Greek component Joyce might have claimed that the Jews, probably unlike modern Greeks, can trace themselves back to Homeric times. He was more interested in a theory he encountered in Victor Bérard's *Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée* (1902) that the *Odyssey* had Semitic origins. It was a scholarly confirmation for what he had already determined to do.[18] (1972: 3)

Yet the implications of Budgen's anecdote, the insight it offers into Joyce's mind, are curiously elided by Ellmann; and, furthermore, the connections made here are prefaced by a misapprehension:

> Why then did Joyce not make his Ulysses a modern Greek? For someone who relied heavily on familiar materials, the fact that he did not have a modern Greek at hand was a deterrent. But even if he had one, the parallel was to be sought elsewhere than in racial continuity. (1972: 3)

Indeed, even in his revised edition of the biography, and despite Budgen's eloquent testimony, Ellmann does not fully explore the possibility that Joyce's personal acquaintance with expatriate Greeks could have influenced the creation of Bloom, or that the "familiar materials" of Joyce, the Irishman making his life in Europe, were open to chance and drawn from the living.[19] "I prefer people who are alive", he wrote to his brother Stanislaus in 1906 (1966: 193), hinting at a conviction which would sustain him later, during the war years and the changing fortunes of *Ulysses*. With his firm belief in auspicious detail and an ear trained to decode the sounds strangers make, Joyce made sense of his own and others' displacement, and created a world whose familiarity may still be underestimated.

NOTES

[1] Richard Ellmann mentions the episode in his biography of Joyce (1983: 386).

[2] When the book was finished Joyce told Jolas, "I felt so completely exhausted [...] as if all the blood had run out of my brain. I sat for a long while on a street bench, unable to move" (1941: 93).

[3] An associated meditation concerned the status of his art: according to Jolas, "He read Coleridge and was interested in the distinction he made between imagination and fancy. He wondered if he himself had imagination" (1941: 90-91).

[4] One of the commonplaces of recent Joyce criticism assumes the undisputed "paternal" authority controlling his work. For discussions of this supposition, see Vicki Mahaffey, "The Myth of a Mastermind" (1988: 23-50); Jean-Michel Rabaté, "A Portrait of the Author as a Bogeyman" (1991: 150-184). These are distinct from analyses of the theme of paternity and the construction of identity in Joyce's work, such as, for example, Maud Ellmann's essay "Polytropic Man: Paternity, Identity and Naming in *The Odyssey* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*" (in MacCabe 1982: 73-104).

[5] Léon's observation in the same piece that Joyce "made no distinction between actual life and literary creation" (Jolas 1949: 117) is corroborated by Philippe Soupault, another of Joyce's closest friends and collaborators: "Every act, everything he read or studied, every moment of enjoyment or sorrow, became part of his work [...]. Indeed, the reader is obliged to take this life into account" (Jolas 1949: 129).

[6] See, for example, Declan Kiberd's reading of the emotional significance conveyed by the difference between Bloom's "oral" and Stephen's "writerly" language: as a corrective to "the tragedy of the interior monologue", which exists in "the counterpoint between the richness of a person's thoughts and the slender opportunities for sharing those thoughts in conversation", "like all adepts of an oral culture, [Bloom] uses balanced, rhythmic language and cites proverbs and old saws as an aid to memory and adjudication" (1996: 347-348).

[7] An instance of the powerful association between memory and smell occurs in the "Telemachus" episode of *Ulysses*, when Stephen remembers his mother: "Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown grave-clothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes" (1993: 28).

[8] So much so that, as in the case of Homer's birthplace, the provenance of his style is a matter of polite dispute among various cities and settings which lay claim to his formation. See, for example, Giani Stuparich's description of Trieste as the city where "European and universal spirits" such as Joyce "italianised" (*s'italianizzavano*). According to Stuparich, Joyce absorbed the multilingual and hybridic merchant port atmosphere of the city, in other words, became a "*triestinizzato*" (1948: 9). See also Italo Svevo's recollection of his Triestine friend (1994: 15-20).

[9] Rivers feature with analogous importance in the life and the work. Paul Léon noted that "Joyce's feeling for all bodies of water amounted almost to nostalgia [...]. Wherever he went on holiday, he immediately looked for a river, a stream, or even a brook" (Jolas 1949: 121). See also Joyce's comment about the *Wake* to Harriet Shaw Weaver in a letter dated 28 October 1927: "Hundreds of river names are woven into the text. I think it moves" (1957: 259).

[10] The anglicisation of their names was forbidden by Joyce and they were always known as Giorgio and Lucia.

[11] As Giorgio Melchiori notes, "for at least five years of his life Joyce was exclusively an Italian writer. From 1907 to 1912 all his public pronouncements (lectures and articles) were in Italian [...]. For Joyce English is the language of creation while Italian is the language of everyday life and of his production in the fields of history, politics and literary criticism, three fields strictly interconnected: his lectures at the Universit^ Popolare of Trieste, though ostensibly on literary subjects, are permeated with a sense of history and of the political debate" (1995: 109).

[12] Carola Giedion-Welcker stated that Joyce's next project was to be "a drama on the "revolution of the modern Greeks"" as their struggle against the Italians in 1940 had impressed him deeply (Potts 1979: 279-280). According to Giedion-Welcker, at the time of his death, on his desk lay a Greek dictionary "marked with fresh notes" (1948: 211-212).

[13] See Joyce's *Ulysses* notesheets (Herring 1972: 494) and the Ellmann biography (1983: 375-376).

[14] Phokas was also Joyce's tutor in modern Greek. The "Zürich Notebooks" in the collection of the Lockwood Library at the University of Buffalo (see Spielberg 1962) are the record of these lessons. For discussions of their content and for indications as to how Joyce may have made use of them, see Aravantin (1977) and Schork (1998).

[15] As Budgen reports, "Antonio [*sic*] Chalas had written a book proving that the centre of gravity of the earth passed through Athens, and that therefore the

great powers should guarantee the perpetual immunity of Greece". Joyce sent a copy of this book to President Wilson, "but whether his opus played any great part in subsequent international councils is not recorded" (1937: 174). In 1919, Joyce also wrote to B. W. Huebsch, his publisher in New York, on behalf of Chalas, though, again, the outcome of this favour is not known (1957: 124).

[16] More than an indispensable part of the Joyce's birthday festivities, Ruggiero remained a friend in less happy times, notably when, as guarantor, he interviewed with the Swiss authorities to allow Joyce and his family to enter the neutral country in 1940.

[17] See, for example, Ira Nadel's contention that "Joyce increasingly found the division between Jew and Gentile artificial and consciously sought to Hellenise Judaism and Judaise Hellenism" (Nadel 1989: 1). See also Cheyette (1992: 32-56), and Connor (1995: 219-237).

[18] For the most thorough discussion of the Berardian provenance of Joyce's text, see Seidel (1976). See also Ellmann's further comments on the subject of Semitic connections (1977: 34-39).

[19] In the New and Revised Edition of *James Joyce*, Ellmann offers more detailed accounts of Joyce's encounters and friendships with Greeks (1983: 395, 407-408), yet in his discussion of the prototypes for Bloom (373-375), he curiously neglects to cite the appropriate footnote from the Gorman biography: "Mr. Hunter of Dublin was only one of the living models who served for the character of Leopold Bloom in *Ulysses*. There were two others, one in Trieste and the other in Zurich, the former a Greek and the latter a Hungarian" (Gorman 1941: 176).

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THE ODYSSEY OF D. H. LAWRENCE: MODERNISM, EUROPE AND THE NEW WORLD

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On February 2, 1922, in an Italian restaurant in Paris, an Irish writer was delivered of a son, *Ulysses*. Swaddled in Greece's national colours, the prodigious infant bore on its rump the birthmark "Trieste-Zurich-Paris", a record of James Joyce's travels during the seven year gestation period. On that same day, in Taormina, Sicily, D. H. Lawrence was planning a journey: "I'm tired of here", he wrote to S. S. Koteliansky, "You know that I must go away, away, away" (Roberts, Boulton and Mansfield 1987: 185). While the multinational cluster of associations situated *Ulysses* firmly within Europe, Lawrence's proposed travels involved leaving that continent. He had recently completed *Aaron's Rod*, proclaiming it to Thomas Seltzer as "the last of my serious English novels —the end of *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love* line" (Roberts, Boulton and Mansfield 1987: 92). But *Aaron's Rod* also signalled for Lawrence his own estrangement from the Europe in which he had spent several years after the end of the First World War. "I am tired of Europe", he told Seltzer, "it is somehow finished for me —finished with *Aaron's Rod*" (Roberts, Boulton and Mansfield 1987: 93). "Away" in the first instance meant Ceylon, and later in February Lawrence and Frieda set sail, appropriately enough, on the "Osterley". The odyssey begun would not see them return permanently to Europe for four years.

Expatriates function as something akin to modernist identikit figures, so that one might easily imagine the docks and railway terminals of Europe permanently seething with writers, painters, musicians, and *poseurs*. Even if the reality was more humdrum, Europe nevertheless enjoyed an unprecedented intermingling of global talent in the early years of this century. Travel broadened individual and collective minds: cubism might begin in Paris,

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