But there, they are always like that, the little critics. If the critics are not less than the authors they criticize, they will at once burst into equal authorship. And being less than the authors they criticize, they must diminish these authors. For no critic can admit anything bigger than himself. (18 December 1914, p. 82)\(^1\)

でも、彼らはいつもそのような浅薄なことばかり書くのです。もし批評家連中が、その批評の対象である作家のごとき存在であれば、すくさま同じような創造的精神を発揮するのでしょうか。自分たちが批評する作家よりも劣っているが故に、作家の名誉を賛めるのです。というのも、自分たちよりすぐれた人物を認めたがらないからです。(85)\(^2\)

These words, written by towering British novelist, poet and painter D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930) in encouragement of a fellow artist, stare down at the would-be reviewer in defiant accusation. The scholarship under discussion here, the Japanese translation of The Selected Letters of D. H. Lawrence indeed extends well beyond the grasp of any "little critic." Frieda Lawrence and Aldous Huxley began planning the task of publishing Lawrence’s letters almost immediately after his death, so to say that the Japanese translation represents the culmination of a century of artistic and scholarly endeavors is no
Appraising Lawrence’s Art and Letters

Unquestionably, the most important period for the scholarship at hand began in the 1970s when Cambridge University Press determined to edit and publish Lawrence’s letters in full, a project that would run to eight volumes and number 5,453 pages. From over 5,000 letters, James Boulton, the primary editor of the series, selected 330 for publication in 1997, now superbly translated along with Boulton’s section-by-section introductions. It is impossible to overstate the importance of the translation to Lawrence’s Japanese readers. For the first time, they have readily available a superbly selected representation of the writer’s epistolary efforts, the aspect of his writing to which he remained unflaggingly dedicated from his first days as a budding artist until three days before tuberculosis cut short his life. During the last months when he seemed to hover precariously close to death, the writer continued to find the strength to pen letters marked by astonishing passion and craftsmanship. The letters participate in dialogs with the artist’s paintings, published writings and other texts, yet until now much of the conversation has been denied Japanese readers.

The age of the great English modernists – including with Lawrence W. B. Yeats, James Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, Virginia Woolf and T. S. Eliot – produced letters whose quality may be unrivaled in the history of the English language, a height in scant danger of being surpassed in our own digital day of endless tweeting and texting. Even among such company, Lawrence looms large. One scarcely knows what to make of him. Reading through this selection is like stumbling into a strange, marvelous restaurant and finding on the menu delicacies from dark corners of the earth, some to be savored delicately, others shocking for their audacity, a few simply sublime. And as often happens with unknown cuisines, some items are equally repulsive and fascinating. The feeling one takes home, however, is singular and utterly unforgettable.

The unique experience of diving into Lawrence’s letters presents a challenge to his intrepid translators. How can even the most gifted alchemists transmute the variety of unbridled rage and philosophic insight, spiritual yearning and searing diatribes into Japanese gold? Lawrence’s language, for all
of his globe-trotting and despite an impressive command of continental idioms, is stubbornly British, down to the parting complaint in the last letter of the collection: “It’s beastly weather” [27 February 1930, p. 491, ひどい天気です。] (p. 488). Even this brief comment suffices to show that when Lawrence becomes ロレンス, a transformation takes place, not translation-as-treason but as reincarnation, a new addition to the myriad Lawrentian fragments already swirling about – the birth of the Japanese Lawrence.

In assuming custody over one of the literary giants of British letters, a man of great lyricism and appetite, the three Japanese scholars – Professors KIMURA Koichi, KURATA Masami and ITO Yoshiko – have taken on an arduous a task, as Boulton’s summation suggests:

Lawrence achieved a fresh, frank and vivid communication (...) which would make a memorable impact on his correspondent’s mind and feelings ... Lawrence could be astringent and sometimes imperious; but he was capable of tact and tenderness, laughter as well as love; and under virtually all circumstances he eschewed dullness and insipidity. (xli)

[ロレンスは手紙を通じて爽やかで包み隠しのない活き活きとした関係を打ち立てることが出来た（中略）。文通相手の精神や感情に重大な衝撃を与えることにもなった。（中略）辛辣で、時には横柄でもあったロレンスはまた愛情を注ぐばかりでなく、機転が利き、優しく、人を笑い飛ばすこともできた。実際に、ありとあらゆる事情にあって、彼は愚鈍さと味気無さを嫌ったのです。] (xxxix)

Appreciators of Lawrence’s compositional style insist that the letters be read with the novels and poems as works of art in their own right. Those under review support the claim, not only for their expressiveness, but also for their breadth of scope: the ardent love of youth; persecution and rebellion during the war; brilliantly evoked landscapes; moments of unabashed racism, anti-Semitism and misogyny; fulminations against modernity; and an absolute refusal to yield to censorship. Refusing to be pinned down as cultural artifacts, Lawrence’s letters move, irritate, dumbfound and enthral.

The letters show Lawrence railing against industrialization, condemning country, and issuing bombastic proclamations from a pedestal of white, male authority. Even at his most hubristic, however, the poet within never abandons
him. He sometimes repels, but never bores. The irrepressible impetuosity that drives his pen brings forth a multitude of inimitable voices, moments larger than life, quiet meditations limned with unmistakable craft – and the artfulness redeems. As Lawrence writes at the young age of 23,

I seem to have had several lives, when I think back. This is all so different from anything I have known before. And now I feel a different person. It is all queerer than novels. It is enough to make one take life carelessly, it behaves so topsy-turvily. Life unsaddles one so often” (29 May 1913, p. 59).

Note how the hip-hop cadence of “carelessly” and “topsy-turvily” is nicely echoed in the 「減茶苦茶」 of the translation. The choice of 「僕」 for “I” ascribes to ロレンス a self-consciousness with regard to gender, age and class. The writer also emerges in the Japanese 「もうたくさん」 as more decisive, less perplexed. The translation, in producing a text that is the-same-but-not-the-same, lays bare the essential truth that every act of reading is an act of translation, producing infinite variations of meaning.

Recognition of multiplicity and rejection of unified voice inflect all of Lawrence’s writing. The letters hint at the ‘many lives’ the writer would pursue in the years to come, a variation that subsequently opened his art to attack from wildly divergent positions. For a time beginning in the late 1960s, Lawrence’s iconic status as a representative of the rise of English literature, which was itself the hallmark of British civilization, his canonical position within the tradition, led to his becoming a center of cultural wars over patriarchy and critical theory. Even before the tumultuous decade, Lawrence criticism had veered often among reductive and contradictory extremes. While some critics saw him as a moralist, others were outraged by his lack of public morality; some celebrated him as the first-working class writer whereas others lamented his ambivalence
over his working-class origins. He has been seen alternately as a proto-fascist, an early advocate of sexual liberation, and an unreformed misogynist.  

Robert Burden, in response, makes a compelling argument for how the act of rereading Lawrence, using approaches opened up by critical (post-structuralist, psychoanalytic and Bakhtinian) theory may be seen as a return to reading the writer “on his own terms,” words invoked in previous decades by traditional Lawrence critics bent on “monologic and essentialist” biographical analyses of the novels.  

As Gerald Doherty has pointed out, “Lawrence in certain contexts ... like Derrida, is an ardent deconstructor of logocentric modes of completion and closure.” The French critic and British writer share “a disarticulation from within the Western ontotheological tradition which determines how the human mind constitutes itself and how things are known.”  

Burden similarly discovers “fragile senses of self” in Lawrence’s novels that result in epistemological restructuring of the genre: “The instabilities of writing ... transform the novels into sites for the play of meaning. Therefore, just as Lawrence was becoming more doctrinaire, especially in his turn against women and his advocacy of male leadership, the fiction was becoming more experimental. ... [The] fiction writing has deconstructive effects on the doctrine.” For Burden, applying post-structuralist criticism to Lawrence is a method of reinstating Lawrence’s own understanding of his literary works as “thought-adventure.”  

If one accepts such appraisal, the novels work at odds with ideas put forth in the letters, complicating and undermining them. Instead of the letters illuminating the art, Lawrence’s novels throw into question the strident certainty found in his epistolary pronouncements. The two sets of texts exist in tension, refusing integration.  

Multiple Lawrences  

The pages that follow provide a series of kaimami of Lawrence’s life and art, voyeuristic peeks at letters, refracted through a Japanese lens that illuminates issues of reception and intertextuality, creating new interpretative possibilities for ロレンス。The writer’s transformation, as I will show, occurs not only as a result of the interpretative act of translation, but also because of the creation of a new readership who can be expected to bring to the writer new concerns that
arise from a wholly different cultural context. The transformation of Lawrence is eminently fitting, as I have suggested, for the writer’s early rejection of a unified individual will and his acceptance of fragmentation and contradiction anticipate certain postmodern articulations. In his famous “carbon letter,” for example, he offers a post-structuralist blueprint for intertextual critique:

You mustn’t look in my novel for the old stable ego of the character. There is another ego, according to whose action the individual is unrecognizable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we’ve been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same single radically unchanged element. (Like as diamond and coal are the same pure single element of carbon. The ordinary novel would trace the history of the diamond — but I say ‘diamond, what! This is carbon.’ And my diamond might be coal or soot, and my theme is carbon.) (5 June 1914, p. 78)

The act of translation interestingly intersects with one of Lawrence’s clearest statements of artistic intent. The translation becomes yet another of infinite variations of ‘the same pure single element,’ that might appear as diamond or coal, but which remains carbon. The writer’s caution against looking for stable characters in his fiction suggests that we should similarly refrain from seeking to thematically synthesize his life, based on assumptions of an “old stable ego.” The use of carbon as a metaphor also recalls Lawrence’s familial connection to coalmining and foretells the radical transitions he would undergo in his lifetime: his early move from the provincial working class to the elite circles of artists and intellectuals circulating in London, for example,
and his early notoriety after falling in love with the married Frieda Weekly and running away with her to the continent.  

Lawrence’s suspicion of presumptions of self-knowledge and understanding, his fascination with the unconscious and with mysticism, are further attested in the following famous testimonial:

My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true. The intellect is only a bit and a bridle. What do I care about knowledge. All I want is to answer to my blood, direct, without fribbling intervention of mind, or moral, or what not. I conceive a man’s body as a kind of flame, like a candle flame forever upright and yet flowing: and the intellect is just the light that is shed onto the things around. ... And there the poor flame goes on burning ignored, to produce this light. And instead of chasing the mystery in the fugitive, half lighted things outside us, we ought to look at ourselves, and say ‘My God, I am myself!’ ... The real way of living is to answer to one’s wants. Not ‘I want to light up with my intelligence as many things as possible’ – but ‘For the living of my full flame – I want that liberty, I want that woman, I want that pound of peaches, I want to go to sleep, I want to go to the pub. And have a good time, I want to look a beastly swell today, I want to kiss that girl, I want to insult that man’ – Instead of that, all these wants, which are there whether-or-not, are utterly ignored, and we talk about some sort of ideas. (17 January 1913, p. 53, 54)
Lawrence makes plain his distrust of intellect and the moral codes that curb primary human drives. We see his yearning to peel away the repressive civilizing forces that keep him from knowing himself, his rejection of political, social and economic forces that sweep individuals into faceless collectives, and a profound skepticism toward the project of modernity. Lawrence explores spiritual mysticism, denounces delusional faith in reason and insists on the centrality of desire, a stance closely linked to his concern with sexuality. Such preoccupation becomes more apparent in the choice of ’男性の肉体’ for “man’s body,” the Japanese phrase drawing attention to Lawrence’s aggressive sexuality/sexism; to the phallic candle that burns with desire for a woman, for peaches, for an occasion to kiss a girl, to insult a man. In contrast, the use of ダンディー (dandy) – with its overt connotations of class aspiration – to parse “beastly swell” reminds readers of the constructed nature of desire, undermining Lawrence’s insistence on locating its origins in primal blood. The translators’ choices reconstruct and re-contextualize Lawrence, transforming him yet again.

Young Lawrence

Lawrence admission in 1913 as to how “life unsaddles one” serves as a reminder of the stunning speed with which he metamorphosed from a rural, working-class son of a barely literate miner to a successful writer hobnobbing in London’s most exclusive circles of aesthetes and elites. His writing propelled him, filling him with the confidence shown in his proclamations on art and religion. How charming and tender, in contrast, Lawrence’s earlier description of a romantic moment shared with the local school teacher Louie Burrows feels:
‘And what do you think you’ll do, Bert,—after Christmas?’ said Louie. I said I didn’t know. ‘What would you like to do?’ she asked, and suddenly I thought she looked wistful. I said I didn’t know—then added ‘Why, I should like to get married’—She hung her head. ‘Should you?’ I asked. She was much embarrassed, and said she didn’t know. ‘I should like to marry you’ I said suddenly, and I opened my eyes, I can tell you. She flushed scarlet. —‘Should you?’ I added. She looked out of the window and murmured huskily ‘What?’—‘Like to marry me?’ I said. She turned to me quickly and her face shone like a luminous thing. ‘Later’, she said. I was very glad. (5 December 1910, p. 25)

The Japanese [君は？]「何が？」effectively replicates the use of repetition to suggest constrained emotion in the original. Sensing perhaps that his childhood friend and lover waits for some sign of commitment, the young Lawrence, age 25, makes an impromptu, shyly delivered proposal. The delicate feeling expressed in brief whispers captures an innocently hopeful Lawrence destined soon to disappear from the letters. A little over a year later, Lawrence was to fall in love with German-born Frieda Weekley, married at the time, and the two eloped to Germany, an act that dramatically altered the writer’s life. After a honeymoon south of Munich, Frieda and Lawrence walked over the Alps to Italy where they lived until the onset of war drove them back to Britain in July 1914.

Lawrence’s attachment to Frieda is celebratory and defiant: “The world is wonderful and beautiful,” he writes, “and good beyond one’s wildest
imagination. Never, never, never could one conceive what love is beforehand, never. Life can be great — quite god-like.” (2 June 1912, pp. 41, 42). [世の中は、人間の荒唐無稽な空想にもまして、驚くほど美しく善意に満ちています。決して、決して、人は愛がどのようなものか、前もって想像することはできません、決して。人生は素晴らしい豊かなものになり得るのです — まるで神の如く。 (43)] The delightful choice of 彼岸無稽な空想 is itself an imaginative act that cleverly realizes the quality it translates. Lawrence’s travels in Europe with Frieda, coupled with the success of his writing, instilled in him a conviction of the importance of his artistic and spiritual quests. Suddenly, the writer has become 神の如く, God-like, a shift perhaps reflected in the translator’s shift from vernacular idiom to a more formal Japanese prose (です・ます調). Gone forever is the youth who a few years earlier proposed so reticently to Louie Burrows.13

Lawrence and the Great War

The scandalous affair with Frieda brought Lawrence a great deal of notoriety and changed forever how he thought about his native country, the violence of his love turning to rage as militant nationalism hemmed the couple in from every side. Having been briefly detained under suspicion of spying in Germany, back in England Lawrence faced accusations of secretly signaling German submarines off the coast of Cornwall. The censorship of his novel Rainbow and the difficulty of finding a publisher for Women in Love pushed him to near destitution. The experiences with militarism — the medical examinations that declared him unfit, the suspicions of treason and denial of a passport, the banishment from his Cornwall home, and the deafening ideology of violence — produced in Lawrence a contempt for state authority and the lemmings that followed it:14

“I must say I hate mankind. ... When I see people in the distance, walking along the path through the fields to Zennor, I want to crouch in the bushes and shoot them silently with invisible arrows of death. I think truly the only righteousness is the destruction of mankind, as in Sodom. ... Oh, if one could but have a great box of insect powder, and shake it over them, in the heavens, and exterminate them.” (4 Sept. 1916, p. 134)
Of course, Lawrence could not have foreseen the genocidal campaigns of World War II, but it is difficult now to read his dehumanizing prayer for indiscriminate destruction without associating it with the mass violence we have witnessed time and again in the decades following his death. In the Japanese context, Lawrence’s words invoke an image used in Allied propaganda that preceded the dropping of the atomic bombs on civilian populations, in particular, the racist depiction of Japanese people as vermin, a metaphor that unsettlingly reverberates with Lawrence’s own ideas about ‘the darker races’ discussed below.¹⁵

Lawrence’s bitter frustration over modern humanity derived not only from being buffeted by the war, but also from having come of age in a coal mining town in Nottinghamshire, a region to which he returned in 1915. The region was instrumental in the formation of his belief that the industrial age squelches life, forcing people to live in mindless accord with rigid guidelines. Lawrence’s homecoming brought to the fore the obsessions that tore him from within:

Altogether the life here is so dark and violent: it all happens in the senses, powerful and rather destructive: no mind nor mental consciousness, un-intellectual. These men are passionate enough, sensuous, dark – God, how all my boyhood comes back – so violent, so dark, the mind always dark and without understanding, the senses violently active. It makes me sad beyond words. These men, whom I love so much – and the life has such a power over me – they understand mentally so horribly: only industrialism, only wages and money and machinery. They can’t think anything else. ... The strange, dark, sensual life, so violent, and hopeless at the bottom, combined with this horrible paucity and materialism of mental consciousness, makes me
so sad, I could scream. They are still so living, so vulnerable, so darkly passionate. I love them like brothers – but my God, I hate them too. (27 December 1915, pp. 114, 115)

Lawrence’s use of “dark” and “darkly,” repeated five times in the passage, strongly suggest life underground, forgotten in rural enclaves, ignorant and degenerate. His choices of “understand horribly” and especially his transitive use of ‘think’ in “can’t think anything else” paint a scene of men so stunted by the pernicious effects of capitalism as to be incapable of introspection. Having escaped from the backwater, Lawrence looks down on his past. Returned home, the now cosmopolitan son wants to embrace these working-class men and women from whose ranks he is drawn, but is instead overcome with revulsion. One senses a source of great contradiction, the raw wound that will not heal — an erotic yearning for the violent, the passionate, the sensuous and the dark; but an equally powerful desire to rise above his class origin and become free physically, intellectually and imaginatively.

The use of 邪悪 and 凶悪 for “dark” paints the men in particularly sinister shades in Japanese, raising questions as to the origin of their evil. The translation also accentuates how Lawrence premises his ideas on a Western tradition that reflexively opposes mind and body. The hometown boys, lacking
in mind (spirit, intellect, understanding and consciousness), are consumed by body (dark, violent sensuality). The awkwardness of Lawrence’s abstractions in Japanese underscores the vagueness of the original:「正気でなく，精神的な自覚もなく，聰明さに欠けています」(no mind nor mental consciousness, unintellectual), 「精神的に納得」(understand mentally), 「精神的意識の貧弱さ」 (paucity of mental consciousness, 「邪悪なほどに情熱的」 (darkly passionate)

What does it mean to claim that men have no mind? What is mental consciousness, as opposed to plain consciousness? The same doubts may be raised about ‘mental understanding’ and ‘darkly passionate’ behavior. The fuzziness of Lawrence’s attacks suggests his propensity to project ideas onto whatever anonymous faces surround him, a quality that would stay with him throughout his life.

The artist’s growing misanthropy coincides with a fierce opposition to any “idea of democratic control.”16 “Let us submit,” he insists, “to the knowledge that there are aristocrats and plebeians, born, not made. Some amongst us are born fit to govern, and some are born only fit to be governed” (16 August 1915, p. 102). [民主主義政治思想を葬り去ろう。貴族や平民にしても，作り出されるのではなく，生まれながらのものだとする知識に従おう。] (105). In this and other typically elitist declarations, one can find, in addition to unmistakable hubris, signs of the writer’s frustration with militarism. This sense of aggrievement fueled the passion with which Lawrence denounced his embattled country. The ferocity of his censure retains the power to astonish even now, nearly a century after it was written:

But one is impotent, and there is nothing left but to curse. Only, how one hates One’s King and country: what a sickening false monster it is! How one feels nauseated with the bloody life, one stodge of lies, and falsehood. I don’t care one straw what Germans do. Everything that is done, nationally, in any sense, is now vile and stinking, whether it is England or Germany. (18 April 1916, p. 128)

ともかく，人間は無力です。呪おうこと以外に何もできません。ただ，自分の国と国王を憎むだけです。それは何とむかかかさせる偽りの怪物なのでしょう？嘘で固めた欺瞞で残虐な生活に，人はすっかり嫌気がさしていま

す。私はドイツが何をしようとも全く気にしません。今やイングランドで

あれば，ドイツであれ，いかなる意味でも，恥すべきらくでもないことだ
Lawrence was ideologically isolated. His refusal to yield, his
determination to hold steadfast to ideas abhorred by his society, attests to the
great courage of his convictions. One struggles to think of a writer of similar
stature who responded in like fashion against the forces of fascism that arose
in Japan during the Second World War. At his worst, he spouted venomous
hatred at the world around him, but, at his best, Lawrence boldly demanded to
live creatively, celebrating beauty and life.

The writer’s state of mind during the warring years gave him a
perspective that at times approaches the unfathomable. Imagine, for example,
being attacked and watching bombs explode out of the sky, killing the
unfortunate and terrorizing the rest. Now, read Lawrence’s description of the
German Zeppelin attack on London of 1915.

Then we saw the Zeppelin above us, just ahead, amid a gleaming of
clouds: high up, like a bright golden finger, quite small, among a fragile
incandescence of clouds. And underneath it were splashes of fire as the
shells fired from earth burst. Then there were flashes near the ground —
and the shaking noise. It was like Milton — then there was war in heaven.
But it was not angels. It was that small golden Zeppelin, like a long oval
world, high up. It seemed as if the cosmic order were gone, as if there had
come a new order, a new heavens above us: and as if the world in anger
were trying to revoke it. ...  
So it seems our cosmos is burst, burst at last, the stars and moon blown
away, the envelope of the sky burst out, and a new cosmos appeared, with
a long-ovate, gleaming central luminary, calm and drifting in a glow of
light like a new moon, with its light bursting in flashes on the earth, to
burst away the earth also. So it is the end — our world is gone, and we are
like dust in the air. (9 September 1915, p. 106)
The disturbing beauty of this unforgettable passage — wonderfully rendered in the Japanese — attests to Lawrence’s seduction by a new technology capable of previously unimaginable violence. The writer turns to mythic imagery and the loftiest of rhetoric in order to welcome in the destruction of England and perhaps, in a larger sense, all of warring Europe. The enemy is not Germany but aggressive nationalism. Here we glimpse Lawrence as “the prophet of doom and apocalypse, the promoter of the demonic and Dionysian in his rage against the conformities of modern civilized existence.”

Lawrence seems all too prescient in his insistence that the old order has crumbled. The Nazi bombing of Guernica, the Japanese bombing of Chinese cities, the incendiary carpet bombing on German and Japanese civilian populations, the subsequent reliance on aerial warfare in the Korean war, the increase in aerial bombing of Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos to a level greater than all the firepower of World War II, the “Shock and Awe” campaign against the population of Baghdad, and the use of unmanned drones in Afghanistan — an ever-lengthening list attests to the truth of Lawrence’s assertion that the cosmos belong no longer to Christian myth (a force with the moral potential to curb human cruelty) but to ruthless military technology. The seductive power of violent technology depicted by Lawrence continues to enthral supportive onlookers as its victims turn to dust.

On the other hand, reading the Japanese translation of Lawrence’s allusion to Milton brings to the fore the cultural boundaries that circumscribe the writer’s universe. “Milton” and “Zeppelin” are each rendered twice,
the second time in Roman letters, marking the foreignness of the terms and causing them to leap off the page. The Roman letters make clear the original spellings, but also reveal the distance of the terms to contemporary readers. Japanese readers, in the main, lead lives as distant from the ‘cosmos’ depicted by “that Milton” (あのミルトン) as from the military threat of the Zeppelin, so the destruction of the former may seem more exotic than globally cataclysmic. Lawrence’s assertion of a universe centered in Christian mythology constitutes a grand narrative, an epistemological claim to universal truth that, in other contexts, justifies European violence. The foundational idea of European imperialism “is tangibly and masterfully accomplished by elevating European historicity, the ‘pre-text’ (i.e. the text that comes before the text of humanity, as it shows itself in its multiple heterogeneity) to the status of true human history par excellence.”¹⁹ The Japanese translation, however, acts as a counter-narrative through which Lawrence’s ‘cosmos’ are revealed to be an indigenous myth believed by natives of the region (Europe).

Amid his railings against the violence around him, Lawrence also finds, while standing in a recruiting line in Hampstead, hope that a slumbering lion in the “very decent” men is going to wake.

“Let us only be still,” Lawrence counsels, “and know we can force nothing, and compel nothing, can only nourish in the darkness the unuttered buds of the new life that shall be. That is our life now: this nourishing of the germs, the unknown quicks where the new life is coming into being in us and in others” (12 December 1915, p. 112).

The evil (邪悪) darkness infecting the miners in the earlier Japanese passage fitfully gives way here to the less morally charged (暗黒). Even as one Lawrence foretells the flood of violence overrunning the world, another awaits the new life that will come just as surely.
Lawrence and the Other

The hope Lawrence holds for the future does not hinder him from condemning the masses wherever he goes. Essentialist stereotypes confront readers in letter after letter, which can repel, fascinate or amuse, depending on one’s point of view. Editor and critic James Boulton, in ignoring the less commendable aspects of the letters – including misogynistic, racist, imperialist, homophobic and anti-Semitic remarks – commits a great sin of omission. Heaping praise on Lawrence’s literary talents while declining to comment on his bigotry sterilizes the writer and absents him from history, robbing him of much of his relevance to our times. Boulton might have complicated Lawrence’s convictions, for example, by mentioning the violence associated with them. Lawrence obviously cannot be held accountable for the Holocaust, which takes place more than a decade after his death, but the anti-Semitism he expresses deserves to be situated within the European history that leads to it. Lawrence’s interpretation of the ‘darker races,’ viewed in the context of his travels, likewise illustrates how the construction of race is deployed to justify imperial violence and control.

The writer’s defamation of various national groups seems less disturbing when splashing around Europe and European settler nations. Consider a description of Majorca written near the end of his life. The consumptive Lawrence insists that he loathes the place even while admitting that “the sea is usually a most heavenly blue, and the old town lies round the bay, pale phantom in the strong light, all a funny heavy-heap of buff and white – and the flowers are nice.” 「海は神々しく青く輝き、旧い街並みが薄い黄褐色と白の奇妙な積み重なりとなって、強い光を浴びて青白い幻影のように見える入り江を囲んでいます——花々も美しく」 (p. 445). The food is excellent, he confesses, though too much. On the other hand, Spanish wine “is foul, cat-piss is champaign compared, this is the sulphurous urination of some aged horse” 「いやはや、ひどいもので、シャンパンが猫の小便ならば、こちらは老いた馬の硫黄色の尿のよう」. After confessing his general feelings of irritation, the convalescent adds, “the people are dead and staring, I can’t bear their Spanishy faces, a bit like city English – and my malaria came back ...” 「人々には生気がなく、目は空を凝視しています。彼らのスペイン風の顔、生気がない不愉快な仮面は、都会に住むイングランド人にちょっと似ており、私には耐えられません。マラリアが
Lawrence concludes, “I hope you hate the thought of Spain and Majorca, sufficiently” (25 April 1929, p. 446-447)「スペインとマヨルカへ行きたいという気持ちがすっかり冷めてしまいましょうように」(p. 446). In a letter dripping with irony – including execrating Spaniards for their ‘Spanishy faces’ – Lawrence clearly lashes out at the world about him in retaliation for the pain brought about by his rebellious lungs. The inclusion of city English typifies how Lawrence shovels his invective evenly, lessening its impact wherever it lands. Indeed, the possibility of an ironic reading opens up a space for readers to delight in Lawrence’s inimitable ability to conjure unforgettable images – rendered with equal flare in Japanese – even as his body betrays him.

As if trapped in a cheap horror flick, Lawrence finds dead people wandering the streets not only in Spain but everywhere he goes. Australians, for example, are “healthy, and to my thinking almost imbecile. That’s what life in a new country does to you: it makes you so material, so outward that your real inner life and your inner self dies out, and you clatter round like so many mechanical animals” (13 June 1922, p. 244).「人々は健康そうで、私には愚鈍のようにさえ思えます。これが新しい国での生活が人々に及ぼす影響です。あまりに物質的、あまりに外的なので、人々の真の内面的性格や自我は死滅し、多くの機会仕掛けの動物のようにカタカタと音を立てているだけです。」(p. 245). The people in America likewise are “inside dead, outside bustling (sometimes). Anyhow dead and always on the move.” (17 December 1922, p. 250).「人々の内面は死んでいて、外面がせわしく動き回っているのです（時として）。とにかく、死んでているのにいつも動いているのです。」(p. 251).

In the last sentence, the translation understandably substitutes the contrasting conjunction のに (but), for the non-contrasting ‘and’ of the English, inadvertently drawing attention to the peculiar relationship of what is being conjoined. “Dead, but on the move” supplants the oxymoronic “dead and on the move.” Lawrence’s idea that constant movement signifies death rather than contradicting it leads him to a place of apparent contradiction. The translators must struggle to convey Lawrence’s unconventional reality while meeting the anticipated demand of Japanese readers that academic translations be readily comprehensible.

A similar tension arises in another letter in which Lawrence expounds on national character traits. Inside most American men, he explains, there lives “a weird little imprisoned man-gnome with a grey beard and a child’s quickness,
which knows, knows so finally, imprisoned inside the man-mountain, while the
man-mountain goes on so lively and cheery-o! — without knowing a thing. Till
the little sprite ceases to live, and then the man-mountain begins to collapse.”
(28 September 1925, p. 301) 「ほとんどのアメリカ人男性の内奥には、灰色の
口髭を生やした子供のような俊敏さを持つ奇妙で小さく、拘束された小鬼が潜
んでいると私はいつも思っていて、それは人間という山中に決定的に囚われて
いることを知っていて、一方で、その人間という山はとても元気に陽気に歩み
続けています——何も知らないで。やがてその小鬼は生きるのを止め、人
間の山は崩壊し始めるのです。」(p. 302). Just what is it that the man-gnome
“knows, knows so finally?” The lack of an implied object results in irresolvable
ambiguity. The translation, however, must somehow resolve the question,
which it does by implying that what the sprite knows is his condition of being
trapped inside the man-mountain. In English, on the other hand, Lawrence,
free from any expectation of comprehensibility, can wax mystical, as in his
earlier discussion of what the “blood feels and believes.” Questions raised by
the translation of passages such as these bring to the fore Lawrence’s counter-
intuitive, radically idiosyncratic language.

Never one to mince words, Lawrence confessed near the start of the
war that he would like to kill one or two million Germans (14 May 1915,
p. 101). Earlier, while residing in southern Europe, the writer had described
how, after an unsatisfactory encounter with local workers, he had “cursed the
Italians left and right.” He concluded: “I hate them and want to stamp on
them” (18 November 1913, p. 69). 「そこで、私は手当たり次第にイタリア
人を呪いました。彼らを踏み潰ってやりたい気持ちになりました。」(72). Not
how the Japanese limits the object of Lawrence’s stomping to those involved
in the encounter and restricts his anger to the time of the incident. In English,
on the other hand, the shift to present tense in the final sentence indicates
that Lawrence’s hatred continues into the future, expanding to encompass all
Italians. The translation suggests, on the other hand, that Lawrence’s bombastic
belligerence need not be taken at face value, that his bigoted attacks may be less
than meets the eye. In support of such a choice, a combination of repetition and
aggrandizement causes Lawrence’s excoriations of various citizenries to come
across often as little more than hyperbolic flatulence, giving momentary release
to the frustration pent-up within him before quietly dissipating.20 Fierce ethnic
denunciations consequently are often contradicted, sometimes in the same
paragraph, with words of praise.

The writer’s anti-Semitism, however, follows a more troubling pattern, in which he expresses admiration in correspondence with Jews, but disdain elsewhere.¹ In a letter to Jewish novelist Louis Golding, Lawrence writes of his frank desire to understand: “What is there at the bottom of a soul of a Jew which makes him a Jew?” 「ユダヤ人をユダヤ人たらしめている魂の根底には何があるでしょうか？」 He goes on to explain, “I sort of feel there is a gulf (between Jew and Gentile). ... I am tired of sympathy and universality — I prefer the sacred and ineradicable differences between men and races: the sacred gulfs” (23 March 1921, p. 202). 「ユダヤと非ユダヤの間に）溝があるような気がします。（中略）僕は共感とか普遍性とかにうんざりしています——僕は人間と民族との神聖で根深い相違を好みます。」 Such essentialism should not be seen as a quirk of the writer, but understood instead within the racial discourse in Europe and America. When Lawrence discusses a man who is “the only white publisher in New York,” as his friends are always telling me,” he reminds us that Jews were still denied the ‘privilege’ of whiteness in the 1920s. The peculiar history surrounding the construction of whiteness undoubtedly explains in part the shift between the translation and the original: 「ニューヨークで唯一白人の出版業者だ」と彼の友達が絶えず手紙で書いています。」 (p.188). Even were the translators to translate “white” as Caucasian (白人) rather than scrupulous (潔白), few readers could be expected to have the background knowledge needed to intuit that the publisher is being praised here solely for not being Jewish. Boulton’s failure to provide an explanatory note ensures that the passage will remain indecipherable for many, causing the casual anti-Semitism of the period to be erased.

Readers aware of the historic construction of race, on the other hand, will not be surprised to hear Lawrence, whose sense of self is so clearly implicated in white privilege, confess, “I don’t really like Jews” (7 June 1920, p. 188) 「私は実際はユダヤ人が好きではありません。」 (189), or to come across a description of “a little Jew in a big overcoat – a bit furtive” (10 October 1929, p. 473). 「大きな外套を着た小さなユダヤ人——少々胡散臭い感じで」 (471). Within such a worldview, books also come in for criticism for being, “sort of

¹ Paul Delany. "In any letter he writes to a Jew, we must read between the lines, supplementing the text with letters written to gentiles" (p.180).
Jewish: not quite true” (5 February 1929, p. 436). Jewish: not quite true” (5 February 1929, p. 436). In Lawrence’s eyes, the reason that the Spaniards described above, are “dead-bodied people with rather ugly faces, and a certain staleness” despite living in the invigorating Mediterranean lies in their blood: “they say there is a large Jewish admixture” (9 May 1929, p. 448). “大きな民族的相違というものは乗り越えられないものです。」(447).

Lawrence’s belief in a gulf separating Jews and non-Jews is representative of his conception of racial hierarchy. “[The] great racial differences are insuperable,” he insists, “[no] more unison among man than among the wild animals” (4 July 1924, p. 280). As we have seen with regard to Jews, such conviction of absolute difference inevitably leads to assertions as to the inferiority of the Other.

In India, Lawrence’s usual insistence on drawing an absolute boundary between himself and the masses of people that surround him takes on a more menacing, dehumanizing tone:

But all this ‘nationalism’ and ‘self-government’ and ‘liberty’ are all tripe. They’ve no more notion of liberty than a jackal has. It’s an absolute farce. ... And anyhow, the dark races don’t have any sense of liberty, in our meaning of the word. They live and move and have their being according to the inspiration of power – always power, whether private or public, just or unjust. They can’t understand the stuff we mean by love or liberty.” (26-30 May 1922, p. 241)

しかし、こうしたすべての「国家主義」「民主政治」「自由」は全くのたわごとです。 彼らにはジャッカル同様、自由の概念ありません。全くの茶番です。」(447) さらに、中略）とくに、未開の民族には私たちの意味する自由の概念が無いのです。彼らは権力のインスピレーションにしたがって生き、行動し、存在しています —— 私的、公的、又、正しい、正しくないを問わず、絶えず権力なのです。彼らには、私たちの言う愛とか自由とかは理解できないのです（243）。

Lawrence insistence that Indians are driven solely by a will to power irredeemably blinds him to his own relation to British imperialism. By defining
liberty as a problem only for Europeans, he allows himself to coldly ignore opposition to British tyranny. Untroubled faith in white supremacy allows him to dismiss the call for self-government out of hand. His assertion that Indians are incapable of love, coupled with the use of animal imagery, makes clear Lawrence’s view of the colonized as subhuman. Consequently, he repeats the word ‘liberty’ four times only to assure his reader of its irrelevance. The need to justify British power seems to erase from the writer’s mind all trace of his previous abhorrence of the miners of Nottinghamshire, race and geography trumping class as South Asians supersede the miners as objects of his scorn.

The translator’s choice of ‘underdeveloped peoples’ (未開の民族) blunts for a Japanese readership the denigration of all Asians inherent in the English expression ‘darker races.’ Even at the time of Lawrence’s writing, Japanese had clearly escaped from the category of ‘the underdeveloped,’ at least in part by transferring the belittling label onto (colonized) Asian neighbors. The idea of ‘underdevelopment,’ though based on a teleological assumption of universal assimilation to Western-driven modernity, is a temporal category that, in addition to justifying colonial rule, theoretically allows groups to join by ‘catching up.’ In contrast, the term ‘darker races’ is premised on a bifurcated world of us and them, whites and non-whites, separated by timeless and ineradicable blood. The translation allows Japanese readers, if inclined, to embrace Lawrence’s bigoted ideology, mirroring perhaps the experience of Lawrence’s originally intended white reader American Journalist Robert Mountsier. In achieving this effect, however, it effaces a construction of whiteness that historically excludes Japanese people.

In a typical colonizing gesture, Lawrence conflates cultural difference with temporal lag, experiencing Ceylon, for example, as inextricably bound to a primitive past:

The east is not for me. — the sensuous spiritual voluptuousness, the curious sensitiveness of the naked people, their black, bottomless, hopeless eyes ... [The] tropics have something of the world before the flood — hot dark mud and the life inherent in it: makes me feel rather sick. ... [By] mere proximity with the dark Singhalese one feels the vastness of the blood streams. ... I don’t believe in Buddha — hate him in fact — his rat-hole temples and his rat-hole religion. Better Jesus. (30 April 1922, p.238,
239)
How ironic to find Lawrence, the torch-bearer for sexual and bodily awareness when confronting the prudery of Victorian England, so appalled by the ‘sensuous’ and ‘naked’ Sinhalese. In Lawrence’s eyes, Sinhalese are transformed into a hopeless people who live like rodents. The ‘dark Sinhalese’ are here translated as ‘black’ (黒い) rather than ‘underdeveloped’ (未開), a choice which links them to Africans, distancing them from East Asians. Historically, the enslavement of Africans and the oppression of their descendents were rationalized by positing them at the lowest level of a racial pyramid beneath other ‘dark’ races, an ideological hierarchy exported to Japan through modernity. Lawrence’s mention of the “vastness of the blood streams” makes explicit the depth of his racist fantasy and is consistent with his idea, expressed earlier, of a gulf separating Jews and Gentiles.

A brief sojourn in South Asia is all that is needed for Lawrence to claim affinity with countrymen he so disparages elsewhere.

“I break my heart over England when I am out here. Those natives are back of us – in the living sense lower than we are. But they’re going to swarm over us and suffocate us. We are, have been for five centuries, the growing tip. Now we’re going to fall. But you don’t catch me going back on my whiteness and Englishness and myself.” (30 April 1922, p. 239)

ここにいると、イングランドに対して心が打ちひろげる思いです。ここ
の原住民たちは私たちよりも後方にいます——生きているという点で私たち
より低いのです。しかし、彼らは私たちに押し寄せ、私たちを窒息させよ
うとしています。私たちは過去5世紀の間、発展の先端にいて、現在もい
ます。そして今、凋落しようとしています。だが、私が白人であり、イン
グランド人であり、私自身であることを否定などしません。（240）
Lawrence’s description displays the conflicted feelings of megalomania and paranoia that typically accompany the imperial quest. By degrading the local inhabitants as animalistic mud-dwellers stuck in the primordial past, he elevates British power, imagined to extend across centuries. In the same breath, however, he is traumatized by the overwhelming signs of the limits to that authority, a feeling that Anne McClintock has termed the fear of engulfment. The writer’s description of the Prince of Wales viewing the religious festival of the Kandy Perahera is revealing. He portrays the prince as a “lonely little white fish” watching before him the “swirl of the East”, surrounded by “black eyes and black bright sweating bodies of the naked dancers under the torches” (238) and “松明の下には裸の踊り手たちの黒い眼と黒く輝く汗にまみれた肉体” (240). The Japanese expression 混沌 (chaos) brings into relief the threat to order inherent in the ‘swirl of the East’. The paranoid rage that results from such a threat helps explain the hatred Lawrence expresses toward Buddhism and its rat-hole temples. His defensive promise that, come what may, he will never abandon his British whiteness belies a fear of cultural contamination from cultural or racial trespassing.

Recently, Madhusree Mukerjee has convincingly demonstrated how the racism of Winston Churchill (1874-1965), whose life largely overlaps with Lawrence’s, intensified the severity of the Bengal famine in India of 1943, in which millions died. Japanese contributed to the famine by occupying Burma and cutting off export of rice to India. Setting the calamity within the context of imperialism, Mukerjee demonstrates how Britain’s prime minister could have greatly lessened the amount of suffering and death caused the catastrophe without detracting from the war effort by sending relatively small amounts of stockpiled wheat to Bengal. Unfortunately, this never happened. Adopting a stance strikingly similar to that of Lawrence, Churchill considered Indians “a beastly people with a beastly religion.” The racism of Lawrence and Churchill needs to be contextualized and understood within the historical violence of British imperialism.

In a persuasive analysis of the sociology of cultural nationalism in Japan, Yoshino Kōsaku has described how an imagined genetic difference is frequently employed in the racialization of Japanese identity. “In Japanese language, aspects of Japanese-ness imagined to be ‘unchanging’ or ‘naturally
constituted’ are expressed through an imaginary conception of ‘Japanese blood.’ ” 24 (145). The central role of blood in the construction of Japanese national identity suggests that a substantial readership may be inclined to accept uncritically Lawrence’s ethnic stereotypes, anti-semitism and racism, which are similarly linked to the writer’s own belief in blood as key to understanding cultural difference. On the other hand, when critically introduced, Lawrence’s views provide a wonderful opportunity to examine the complex intertwining of race, gender, class, culture and power in a manner that intimately links him to the present. Moreover, as I hope to have shown, categories of race and ethnicity are constructed through language in quite specific ways that are altered through the process of translation. The act of translation consequently reveals how such concepts, which in other contexts appear natural and universal, are, in fact, connected to particular places, periods and discourses.

No ‘Fucks,’ ‘Shits’ or Addresses to the Penis: Lawrence’s Fight for Artistic Freedom

One cannot read through Lawrence’s letters without admiring the writer’s unflagging struggle against censorship on behalf of the freedom of artistic expression, waged throughout his last years when tuberculosis increasingly ravaged his body. Lawrence’s frank emphasis on the body anticipates (and participates in) the sexual revolution of the 1960s, decades after his death when an unexpurgated edition of Lady Chatterley’s Lover finally becomes widely available in the US and Britain. His novel strikes at the heart of Victorian mores and the strictures against frank discussion of sex and sexual desire. In an early discussion of the manuscript, Lawrence poignantly articulates his motivation:

It’s what the world would call very improper. But you know it’s not really improper – I always labour at the same thing, to make the sex relation valid and precious, instead of shameful. And this novel is the furthest I’ve gone. To me it is beautiful and tender and frail as the naked self is, and I shrink very much even from having it typed. (12 April 1927, p. 345)
The quest for balance between the spiritual and the physical drives the novel, and Lawrence’s metaphor of the body is aptly revealing. In lines laden with wonderful contradiction, the writer confesses to his feeling of shyness at the thought of his tender naked text being exposed to a strange typist, who may be reluctant to type a work that demonstrates there is nothing shameful about the body.25

The heart of the writer’s concern has always been broadening awareness. In correspondence with poet and trades-unionist Charles Wilson on the problems facing miners, Lawrence writes: “And meanwhile, we can all go ahead with the deepening and widening consciousness (sic), which is the great job for each of us” (15 January 1928, p. 379). Addressing the miners directly, Lawrence decries the modern obsession with money as “a form of idiocy” (愚かしい形式) and urges the men to devote themselves instead to developing consciousness, the “real activity of life” (28 December 1928, p. 428); (生命の真の活動 (p. 428)). Whatever the miners may have thought of such a message, Lawrence’s own devotion to the expansion of consciousness pushed him into conflict with state censorship.

In the following excerpt from a letter to Lady Ottoline Morell, Lawrence explains his intention for Lady Chatterley:

“But I want, with Lady C, to make an adjustment in consciousness to the basic physical realities. I realise that one of the reasons why the common people often keep — or kept the good natural glow of life, just warm life, longer than educated people, was because it was still possible for them to say shit! Or fuck without either a shudder or a sensation. If a man had been able to say to you when you were young and in love: an’ if tha shits, an’ if tha pisses, I’m glad, I shouldna want a woman who couldna shit nor piss — surely it would have been a liberation to you, and it would have helped to keep your heart warm.” (28 December 1928, p. 429)
Lawrence feels free to ponder how Lady Morell’s own life might have been different had she been sexually liberated by a man during her youth. The writer has just explained the superior consciousness of the less educated, common people. The letter may be read as a synopsis of the work it purports to describe. Lawrence’s depiction of commoners who preserve the ‘natural glow of life’ stands in marked contrast to his earlier characterization of miners — and his youthful self — as ‘dark and without understanding.’ The elevation of regional dialect, quite effectively mirrored in the Japanese translation, shows Lawrence, in the twilight of his life, embracing aspects of his class origins that have revolted him in the past.

Lawrence’s words provocatively resonate with sentiments expressed by playwright Eve Ensler, author of the play “The Vagina Monologues” (1996), whose performances have been enmeshed in similar struggles against censorship. Ensler, on American college campuses at least, has done for the vagina, through events such as “V-Day,” what Lawrence did for the penis, bringing before the public a conversation that had previously taken place, if at all, in dark, hushed corners. She insists that “women’s empowerment is deeply connected to their sexuality.” Her advice to mothers likewise mirrors Lawrence’s focus on consciousness: “I would encourage mothers to encourage their daughters to talk about their sexuality, to be proud of their sexuality.”

The inability of censors to comprehend the role of sexuality in Lawrence’s art was inadvertently exposed by a proposal put forth by the writer which successfully led to the publication of a bowdlerized version of Lady Chatterley’s Lover in the US: “Suddenly I have the bright idea that the first version of Lady C. may be the right one for Knopf and Secker. I believe it has
hardly any fucks or shits and no address to the penis.” (22 July 1929, p. 458). 「レディー C」の第1稿はクノップフとセッカーにうってつけではないかという素晴らしい考えが浮かびました。第1稿には、ファックとかクソといった言葉はほとんどないと思います。もちろん、ペニスへの挨拶はありません」(p. 457). Lawrence’s list of items slated for removal - ‘fucks,’ ‘shits’ and an address to the penis - appears rather ludicrous in its arbitrary simplicity.

The choice to transliterate ‘fuck’ (ファック) in the translation rather than provide a Japanese equivalent results in the quarantining of Lawrence’s ability to shock and offend. The transliteration has little recognition or history in Japanese society. Such a choice leads to two equally provocative suggestions: Either no satisfactorily equivalent exists in Japanese, no word for the sex act that violates taboo with equal violence; or else such a word exists, but the taboo forbidding its utterance is so powerful that the translators refrained from writing it, even in translation. Based on the general absence of sex education, one could argue that the taboo against explicit sexual discussion continues to operate very powerfully in Japan. Consider that ‘how beastly!’ (こんちくしょう), the word chosen to translate ‘fuck’ in the letter to Lady Morrell above, while conveying something of the potential to offend (lost in my English rendering), has no association with the body, so all-important for Lawrence (and for feminist thought). The problem of translation reminds us of just how powerful the strictures against printing the word ‘fuck’ in English remain more than 80 years after Lawrence’s death, suggesting that, even after the sexual revolution, consciousness has not expanded as much as the writer may have hoped.

Ironically, just a few years after Lawrence’s death, the system of censorship in Japan unintentionally operated to contrary effect, facilitating Kawabata Yasunari’s depiction of male sexuality. In “Mirror of the Evening Scenery” (1935), Kawabata’s protagonist Shimamura may not directly address his sex organ, but he does appear to stare at it as it remembers his lover. Kawabata uses fuseji – marks such as Xs that replaced words that could arouse the ire of censors – in a scene in which Shimamura thinks longingly of the woman he is travelling to meet: “Only the x in his left hand remembered her well. Shimamura gazed at his x as if it were a strange, mysterious object. It was a living creature existing totally apart from him.” The last lines resemble Oliver Mellors’ thoughts on his penis in Lady Chatterley: “Ay, he’s got a will of his own, an’ it’s hard to suit him.” In Kawabata’s revised text, incorporated into
Snow Country, which was republished after the war, the fuseji were replaced, somewhat disappointingly, with the word ‘finger,’ the last line being omitted altogether.

With regard to Lawrence and Kawabata, the phallic focus of the censorship underscores the demand of the state to manage human sexuality and makes plain how bizarre censorship rules can appear when viewed across temporal and cultural boundaries. “Damn it,” Lawrence protests in disbelief, “do you think the young are going to knock their knees together at the sound of the word penis, in terror! What rot! ... I defy any human being to find any human being to find my novel anything but wholesome and natural” (17 March 1928, p. 386).

For Lawrence, censorship constitutes a system of thought control that threatens not only him, but all of humanity. The oppressive exercise of state power infuriates him, and he rails passionately against it.

“Our civilisation cannot afford to let the censor-moron loose. The censor-moron does not really hate anything but the living and growing human consciousness. It is our developing and extending consciousness that he threatens — and our consciousness in its newest, most sensitive activity, its vital growth.” (10 November 1928, p. 414)

Just as during the war years, Lawrence is incredulous at the willingness of citizens to yield so willingly to government control over the most intimate aspects of their lives. He expresses amazement at the pusillananimity of Americans under the “tyranny of cretins and morons” (6 September 1928, p. 410). The inability to exhibit his paintings in England — “a nation of poltroons, in the face of life!” — leaves him “depressed and nauseated.”

Lawrence’s accusations against citizens who fail to resist the unjust exercise of state power, who too often appear little more than wage slaves unable to conceive of life in any but monetary terms, are as unsettling now as when he first penned them. The translation, moreover, reenacts the anxiety over linguistic transgression provoked in the original. The story, however, changes with the context. The consumption of Lawrence’s letters in Japan may be expected to be as distant from Europe and America as is the history of Japanese sexuality and its relation to the construction of the modern state. A new world
of interpreters are coming.

Conclusion

Lawrence pushes us to contemplate the meaning of art in our lives and in our societies. These newly translated letters are an immense aid in this endeavor, allowing Japanese readers to pull his novels from their bindings and rip his pictures from their frames. They provide intimate details of how Lawrence’s art splashes against the age in which he lives, revealing the social cataclysm, personal relationships and contemporary texts that flow through his work. Because letters are, by their nature, unfinished – in perpetual dialog not only with recipients, but also with Lawrence’s published writings – they invite readers to a more intertextual appraisal. They greatly assist in the contextualizing of Lawrence as a ‘dialogic author,’ which, in the words of critic Robert Burden, “allows us to grant him agency in the production of the text, in a return to first contexts, even while bringing into play subsequent contexts of reading, and continuing to work with Barthes’ definition of a text as ‘a multidimensional space in which a variety of writings, none of them original, blend and clash. The text is a tissue of quotations drawn from innumerable centres of culture’ ” (8, 9). If we think of Lawrence himself as a ‘tissue of quotations,’ we now, as a result of this translation, suddenly have a greatly expanded body to gaze upon.

Works Cited


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1 Boulton (1997). All Lawrence quotations, unless otherwise noted, are taken from this volume.

2 Boulton (2011). All Japanese translations are taken from this text.

3 Stevens (2006), p. 82.


Believe in the elect: the elect ought to build a world: not the masses."

In fact, Lawrence had difficulty finding a typist and was forced to rely on help from friends. Lyon (1993), p. 8.

Ensler’s feelings about balancing focus on the intellect with attention to the body also...

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11 Stevens (2006), p. 84.
12 Stevens (2006), p. 84.
15 Dower (1986), pp. 77-93.
18 Selden. “Every US president from Franklin D. Roosevelt to George W. Bush has endorsed in practice an approach to warfare that targets entire populations for annihilation, one that eliminates all vestiges of distinction between combatant and noncombatant. The centrality of the use of air power to target civilian populations runs like a red line from the US bombings of Germany and Japan 1944-45 through the Korean and Indochinese wars to the Persian Gulf, Afghanistan and Iraq wars.”
19 Serequeberhan (1995), pp. 89-92. “Europe invents, throughout the globe, ‘administrated replicas of itself and does so in ‘an an air of normality.’ This normality, as Said pointed out, is grounded on an ‘idea, which dignifies [and indeed hastens] pure force with arguments drawn from science, morality, ethics, and a general philosophy.’ This idea, this ‘general philosophy,’ is, on the one hand, the trite and bland prejudice that European existence is, properly speaking, true human existence per se” (90).
20 Lawrence himself realized that he frequently engaged in what psychologists term ‘projection.’ Henzy (1999), p. 82.
21 For discussion of the history of racial hierarchies, see McClintock (1995), pp. 38, 39. The extensive history of constructing race in Europe and America has led to a discourse in which ‘dark,’ in addition to its other meanings, can be made to signify ‘non-white’ races (i.e. the non-European world). In Japanese, on the other hand, no shade or color has a similar meaning. The obsolete ‘colored’ (有色) signifies racial boundaries in ways similar to the English, so ‘colored races’ (有色人種), which historically includes East Asians, provides a possible alternative translation, though the word has never has much usage. The term, moreover, could not modify skin color as in the expression ‘dark Sinhalese.’ In short, racial boundaries to not translate easily from English to Japanese.
23 Mukerjee (2011).
25 In fact, Lawrence had difficulty finding a typist and was forced to rely on help from friends. Lyon (1993), p. 8.
echo Lawrence: “There are some women who say, “Well, what about the brain?” Look, I’m not anti-intellectual. I’m not saying women don’t need to think. But I am saying that you can think all you want to and have all the great ideas and theories, but nothing changes. I completely lived in my head for years and years and nothing changed. It was only when I began to live in my vagina that the world really changed.” http://www.randomhouse.com/features/ensler/vm/qna.html
