

columns of Victorian newspapers, and of the people who masquerade behind such titles as "respectable elderly lady" and "City gentleman of convivial disposition". Mayhew's eye is still sharp and scathing, and he allows himself a style of full-blown satire, a sarcastic orotundity which is new in his work. On the lady housekeepers of Belgravia, he meticulously documents their accounts, tells one exactly how to set about getting a cut-price ostentatious carriage, goes fascinatingly into the details of mistress-servant ritual relationships. The subject should have been perfect for Mayhew, but something is drastically wrong. A quotation from the general introductory section of "Housekeeping in Belgravia" shows the shift in his tone:

Oh railroads! much have ye to answer for. Twenty years hence we may look in vain for the social, kindly, hospitable country life now only to be met with in remote counties, in Cornwall, in Scotland. Already have you made the "Great Houses" independent of their neighbours. Their fish and their friends come down from town together. And the squire, the small proprietor despairing of husbands for his girls or his rubber for himself, where the doors around are closed nine months in the year, leaves his acres in the care of his bailiff and takes refuge in the nearest watering-place, or yields to his wife's solicitations, and launches also into the

cares and troubles of HOUSEKEEPING IN BELGRAVIA. . . .

The trouble is that Mayhew here has no one to impersonate. He aspires to the most dangerous of all satirist's tones, that of patrician irony, the lordly aristocrat condescending to the lesser life beneath him. Accuracy turns into mere knowingness; the alert eye, though it still sees, is bored with the view. Mayhew made a good travesty-gentleman because, in 1851, he had a thorough-going contempt for gentility. But the new, quasi-aristocratic Mayhew has a plaintive earnestness; one feels him straining for the right to condescend.

PERHAPS THE EFFORT of holding all of London in his head had told on him; perhaps he was searching for a secure identity—a dignity commensurate with his sense of the importance of what he had already achieved. It is a pity that such an intensely productive bohemianism should have turned so easily—as it turns so often—into snobbery. And there is a deep irony—which Mayhew himself might have appreciated—in the fact that the invisible man, crossing and recrossing the city in borrowed clothes, striving to become the soul of London, should have finally revealed himself as a parvenu.

The Chameleon & the Kilt

The Complexities of Roger Casement—By DAVID RUDKIN

WHEN, IN THE COURSE of researching my recent Casement play, I was at last granted official access to the Public Records Office classified sector, and to the little strongroom where the Casement Diaries are kept (all notes to be taken in pencil only, and a member of the staff to be in the room with me all the time), someone remarked that Mr Brian Inglis had preceded me, researching for his new biography the week before. My reaction was mixed. A full, comprehensive (and untendentious) account of Casement the man, his activities, and the political backgrounds against which he moved, was long overdue. That I welcomed. But there was a twinge of professional jealousy. My play was also (my fault) long overdue; was I now to be pipped to the post? For I had a particular theory about Casement's psychology, a theory I had not seen anywhere else advanced, and I wondered if the old *Two on a Tower* irony was not about to happen again: that all the time I had been nurturing it, my peculiar "insight" had in fact been shared,

and this other man was going to publish it ahead of me.

My anxiety, I must confess, increased a little during the months that followed. For my play, though after long gestation swiftly written, was "held over" by the BBC, for obvious external political reasons—plus, I gather, certain less obvious internal reasons of the Corporation's own. Not that it really mattered in the end: if Mr Inglis and I had both hit on the same "truth", well, that "truth" was more important than my discoverer's pride—the full rich meaning of Casement's example in modern schismatic Ireland is what counts. But my meaner professional self was again aroused when, the BBC having at last given me a broadcast date, two weeks ahead of it the first of two Sunday newspaper extracts from the forthcoming Inglis biography appeared. But the sections chosen, to be honest, did not look very impressive: they had a rather bald, *summarising* quality, and seemed to add nothing, by way of insight or fact, to what was already fairly well

known about the events described. (This impression, I hasten to emphasise, is immediately contradicted by a reading of the book itself.¹ It is, as far as I can judge, likely to remain the definitive Casement biography for a very long time.)

In any case, as far as my precious "insight" was concerned, I need not have worried. The night after my play was broadcast, Mr Inglis was, inevitably enough, heard taking part in a radio discussion of some of the facts and issues about Casement and Ireland raised in it. My "thesis" about Casement's sexuality (of which more below) he described as crazy. Well, put as Mr Inglis on that occasion put it, my suggestion that Casement's nationalism arose *out of* his homosexuality is crazy. But that is not really what the play proposed. It seems to me that this misunderstanding arises out of a misunderstanding of the essential, qualitative difference between a Casement dramatised against a background of 1970s Ireland, and a Casement sedulously biographised within a strictly documented context of his contemporaneous own. If I have any right to go into print about Mr Inglis' excellent biography it must surely be because I am uniquely placed to argue the morality of my more schematic, polemical approach, as compared with this particular historian's more orthodox scrupulousness.

What struck me, indeed, as I began to read the book (it is 400 pages long, and deserves to be taken very carefully and slowly), was how similar Mr Inglis' consciousness seemed to mine—that the thorny and bitter story of Casement is one from which an urgent Irish moral must be drawn. He knows he is writing a timely book. He is at pains to avoid writing an explosive one. Yet his historian's approach is informed with a peculiarly Anglo-Irish passion. The Anglo-Irish bed has never really been a quiet one to lie on. Mr Inglis was brought up as a Dublin Protestant. His family and Casement's were acquainted. When World War II broke out

like most of my Irish friends I joined the British forces as a matter of course, yet remained *sufficiently Irish* [my italics] to realise that if a conflict of loyalties arose—as one nearly did, over rumoured plans for British invasion of Ireland in 1940, to secure the use of her ports—I would take the Irish side.

This loyalty within a loyalty is perfectly natural. It is common anywhere in the world where similar "overlaps" obtain. It is not even altogether a thing of the past in the Republic of Ireland now. It will not endear the author to an absolute separatist; but it is honest. It is also the key to

¹ *Roger Casement*. By BRIAN INGLIS. Hodder & Stoughton, £4.50.

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Mr Inglis' own sense of (conditional) identification with Casement and with the posture Casement eventually took. Mr Inglis well knows that nationality in a people is no simple matter. He knows also that an abused, minority, subject people like the people of Ireland (I do not say "the Irish" for who really *are* the "Irish"?)—such a people will naturally cling to an inflamed mythographical notion of their own nationhood. A people like the people of England, who have always been on top in their own country (and in several others as well), won't really worry if they are told they are an unholy ethnic mixture: their basic national identity has never been in doubt. In Ireland this can never, for centuries yet, be really so. Casement, therefore, of 18th-century Franco-Manx stock, a Dublin-born (Sandycove, in fact, where *Ulysses* begins), Antrim-reared Presbyterian whose Catholic mother secretly baptised him at a very early age, was born into a typical cross-texture of Irish cultural inheritance. He seems, indeed, to personify not only Ireland's inner racial and religious schisms, but also that enduring alchemy by which Ireland absorbs all comers into her own mysterious anima-like self. But Mr Inglis knows that there were other political and cultural factors in Casement's own world that won't fit at all into the simple Ulsterman-turned-Green mythology that modern Ireland might wish to make for him. He knows also that over this hero's head there hangs an uglier question mark than ever hung over Parnell. And so I detect in his book, for all its anxious non-contentiousness, a contained but passionate address to the people of Ireland to draw from the story some timely lessons in the matter of national identity and, less emphasised but there, in Mr Inglis' factual acceptance of the darker side of Casement's life, in the matter of a man's morality.

CASEMENT, AT THE OUTSET, functioned within a context in which most Irishmen experienced no conflict at all between their overlapping British and Irish selves. To serve the Crown was *a priori* to serve Ireland, because Ireland was part of the Crown. There are many ironies in Casement's life, many cruel pre-echoes in his youth of the tragedies of his last dark years; but can there be one that, if an Ibsen had written it in a play, would have seemed more artificial and contrived, "planted" indeed, than the fact that Casement's first major explosion of professional wrath is over the head of a certain "renegade Major MacBride" who in Boer War prison-camps has been trying to "seduce Irish prisoners from their allegiance to their Queen" and to suborn them into being "false to their oaths"? As this, *mutatis mutandis*, is what

Casement himself was ostensibly hanged for doing, sixteen years later, any dramatist worth his salt is going to see that here, as it were, stand the twin poles of Casement's political evolution. And in my own play, in fact, I state them as such. Now, a Mr Inglis is entitled to object that this is not historically exact: Casement, he will argue, already had a strong Irish separatist streak in him long before he sent that angry MacBride dispatch. (MacBride, incidentally, was an Antrim Protestant as well—which makes the pre-echo even more extraordinary.) I not only accept that Mr Inglis has got his *facts* right: of course to present Casement as an out-and-out jingo at the play's start is historically imprecise. But even when I wrote that scene, I knew there was already a "separatist in Casement's heart." We have Casement's own words for that. Even if there had not, on that very same page of the play, been a remark about Casement's "consular shell" hiding an inner "rebel seed", even if I had ignored the rebel seed altogether and presented Casement there as an outright jingo with no qualification, there would still be the sense in which that figure were essentially true. For, unlike the subject of a biography, the hero of a play travels across an inner *evolutionary* distance; he cannot always be seen as humping contradictory baggages across the years.

This brings me to what, for all its industriously related relevant detail, was a sense of something missing from the book. I could not put my finger on this till a day or so after I had finished reading it. And I suspect that my nagging dissatisfaction has something to do more with the problem of writing a biography of Casement at all, than with this particular book as such. And I wonder also whether this isn't the dramatist in me asking for something more speculative and intuitive than Mr Inglis feels the concrete evidence entitles him to give. But what I think is missing is a living sense of Casement *the man*. The one essential continuum that Casement personally was seems in these pages as fragmented and elusive as ever. I'm reminded of the image of the chameleon on the kilt. Mr Inglis charts with immense thoroughness his subject's course across the changing sectors of background: Belgian and Portuguese commercial politics, the wiles of the devious King Leopold and Jules Arana, the landed hypocrisy of Tory High Morality (*plus ça change . . .*), the rise of Carsonism, the deep waters closing far above the O'Scrodge's poor head in Wilhelmstrasse Germany. The weave and texture of all this kilt have never been more clearly or solidly presented; but I felt Casement's personal presence dissolving upon it.

TRUE, THE KILT in places has long needed this sharpness of focus. There are notorious episodes

in Casement's life that can all too easily be presented as ludicrous misjudgments—there was a Quixote in him, and a paranoid. Take, for instance, Casement's endeavours, on the eve of World War I, to manipulate the Hamburg Amerika line into adopting Queenstown (now C  bh) as a port of transatlantic call. It is easy to see that Casement here is exhibiting symptoms of a Germanophile romanticism of a somewhat *lederhosen* sort, especially in some of the details of the civic reception he hoped to organise for the inauguration of the project. It's also easy to see that he wanted to engineer the cocking of an Irish snook at England. But we owe it to Mr Inglis that this pathetic failure of a scheme is at least placed securely within the context of Casement's own lifelong, almost donnish involvement in the study of Ireland's aborted mercantile past (he had an "insight" or two of his own, into Great Power use and abuse of the sea).

There is another area of the kilt where earlier biographers have not been helpful, and where I myself had taken a misleading superficial view. This is the matter of Casement's attitude to the Ulster Volunteers. I had assumed that Casement dreaded Carsonite secessionism from the start, seeing in it a Tory weapon against Ireland's independence. It indeed became so; but there was

a period, I now realise, during which there was a possibility that Carsonism might instead ignite the process of bringing actual Separation about. I need therefore to correct the line in my play that says Casement toured southern Ireland recruiting "Southern Volunteers" as a "counter" to Craig's army in the North. At this stage he wanted the South to follow Ulster's example. Which of course makes complete sense of the otherwise inexplicable "three cheers for Carson!" rally in Cork. (In fairness, it didn't make much sense to the Corkonians either.) It is also in harmony with the abiding message of Casement, on which Mr Inglis and I entirely agree, and to which I return below: that North and South have no real future, until they discover their own shared common Irishness. It makes ironic sense especially now: my suspicion is that a William Craig will do more, in spite of himself, to help bring "unification" about, than a MacStiofain ever might.

Yet I would have liked the picture of the chameleon himself to have been as solid in texture as Mr Inglis makes the kilt. The book would feel fuller and rounder with more of a dimension of Casement the man, and more delving into the substance of what made him personally tick. The innocuous parts of the diaries are rich in Joycean "epiphanies." There's his

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increasing use of Ulster vernacular, gradually shedding the apology of inverted commas; his fond notation of Ulster idiom used by boys he has been with ("Like it rightly"); his (a moving moment) first clumsy attempts at Gaelic calligraphy. In transcribing the diaries, Mr Inglis legitimately makes Casement's spelling and orthography consistent: this deprives us of at least one, I think salient, illumination—

... Egyptian Ibis ... in full flight over us from his Home in the woods below. (July 2nd 1903).

That capital H in "Home" was one of my "ways into" Casement in writing the play; lapse of the pen or not, it is revealing. I thought it somewhat impersonal of Mr Inglis to have minusculed the H without comment. There also survived into Casement's adult language (typically enough, given his professional environment) some rather schoolboyish terms: an Irish opera, *Eithne*, he describes in a pencilled addition as "rotten"; on another visit to the theatre he sees an "awfully stupid" piece—and "stupid" is elsewhere immaturely used as an incongruous term of disparagement ("stupid dinner", "stupid town"); most regressive of all, for a man of 45, seems "Lunch with the Pogsons, vile grub." Along with this, there went what seems a limited aesthetic universe. Mr Inglis informs us *obiter* that Casement found the *Tales of Hoffmann* Barcarolle "heavenly", and points out that his reading was often confined to what was available in ships' libraries and the like. Yet I find (odd, in an educated Irishman) no allusion anywhere in Casement's writing to suggest he knew the works of Shakespeare. Casement's quotations, indeed, are often drawn from sanctimonious hymnlike verse:

*His work was done, and like a warrior olden,
The hard fight o'er, he laid his armour down,
And passed all silent through the portal golden
Where glows the victor's crown.*

(Casement's pen slipped here too: he first wrote "victim's crown"! Or, in 1903, ironically prophetic (as much else):

*This is some vast design, some holy strife
That leads us soon to a larger life.*

Another—minimally significant, but *human*—aspect of Casement that gets no mention is his depression at his dismal gift for games. "Played billiards. Lost." "Tennis—played very badly." "Tennis—played badly." "Billiards very badly." "Billiards with McKay, he beating me badly." "Won one game. . . ." "Tennis—missed winning. . . ." "Still nervous at the service. . . ." All these within one week or so in 1903. His bridge seems little better: "Stupid day. . . . Lost

four rubbers." Nor does Mr Inglis draw attention to Casement's characteristic mordant humour: "(Scoundrelly murderer Jimenez) saw us off and waved his cap; pity we cannot wave his head."

THERE ARE ALSO A FEW RIDDLES. Why, for instance, has the 1903 diary a printed 4/- price and a pencilled 3/- one? Presumably it was remaindered, and Casement bought it some way into the year. What makes this natural explanation a trifle uneasy for me is the fact that the first six weeks of this diary are missing. We can see the stubs of written pages. Were the pages themselves those shown to the Press in 1916? And why did Casement keep those newspaper cuttings now folded for ever into the innocuous notepad of 1901? They contain nothing but advertisements: Brown's Bronchial Troches, Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge (a Health Bringer), Evans Vacuum Cap Company St Louis Missouri, "Teach the children: a delicious dentifrice makes the toothbrush lesson easy", "Acquire the Cocoa Habit" and so on. A third thing, that briefly puzzled Rene MacColl but which Mr Inglis doesn't mention, is the extraordinary frequency of Casement's visits to the Earls Court Exhibition (May 14, 16, 17, 18; June 22 on return to London; June 27. Then, after Putamayo expedition, March 31, April 1, April 6; on return from Ireland, May 17, 19, 20, 22, 27, 31; June 24, 27, 28, 30; July 3, 4, 11, 13, 14, 17, 18, 19; August 3). On this, a contentious possibility does suggest itself to me. There are a number of references on these pages to 'Formosan and Japanese wrestlers', and a Japanese name here and there. Did Casement find, somewhere in the Exhibition, an outlet, practical or voyeuristic, for the homosexual in him?

So now we come to the thorn. Mr Inglis devotes a section to a summary of the main arguments as to whether the diaries have been tampered with or not. Until such time as an independent forensic inquiry shall establish the handwriting's genuineness or otherwise, Mr Inglis has (I think rightly) seen that the only argument we have is the internal argument from psychology. This is where, in degree, he and I differ. Mr Inglis concerns himself mainly with countering Professor MacHugh's thesis that private Diarist and public Casement are not consonant. Mr Inglis, arguing that in fact they harmonise, cites Gide and "de Charlus" as parallels. I think the truth is more complex, and that Casement's particular sort of sexuality would exercise a profounder influence on his political and moral development than Mr Inglis would allow. The diary exhibits what a Freudian might call "emancipated anality", something that can, in Freudian

theory, have quite far-reaching psychological implications.

Our anal pleasure is something from which, for social reasons, we are alienated very early. In most cases, anyway, it is sooner or later superseded by a "genital stage." Male homosexuality can be seen as an arrested development; a passive homosexual, like the Diarist, as one in whom the anal stage has not been passed. Now, one of the principal Freudian criticisms of the Western Ethic is that it is anti-anal: that our forbidden anal pleasure has been instead projected into a monstrous sublimation-complex—a fanatical obsession with tidiness, category, "order"; pathological industriousness and concern with minutiae; and—excretion's more "tasteful" counterpart—the amassing of wealth (as the suggestive phrase has it, "making our pile"). The innocuous parts of Casement's diary exhibit conspicuously anal characteristics. His account-keeping is that, not of a miser (he was never that), but of an obsessive: the 1911 ledger, for instance, has literally every penny accounted for, in running monthly totals. Then there are Casement's obsessional calculations and back-calculations, on long journeys, of distances covered and distances yet to cover, of mileages, speeds and times. (Who else could enter "Left camp at 6.58½"?) His voluminous compilations of report, dispatch and documentation

enhance this aspect of his character. His need to categorise drove right down into the mire and substance of his life, giving it at times an appearance of fragmentedness. At critical stages—especially when he is in London, where his several selves seem called upon to function all at once—distinct handwritings erupt for each persona. Hereabouts the diary is a calligraphic mosaic: Foreign Office gentleman and Knight, amateur reformer, nationalist buying only from the Irish Shop—each has his own distinctive hand. The hand that writes "Grenadier. Huge" is a fourth.

BEING HOMOSEXUAL does not necessarily make one a rebel. But if someone has found the self-acceptance, and sufficient opportunity and means, to enjoy his own anus as violently as Casement seems to have done (it is the "splendid", "enormous" or "gorgeous" phallus he lives for, its "deep thrust" and "screw to hilt" in him—though he sometimes paid the price, in anal bleeding and piles), then the unconscious drive to sublimate his anality will lose some of its force. At which point a man's psychic engagement in Western substitutes—punishment, industry, capitalism itself—may well break down. Casement was pathologically industrious, but in the service of the unfortunate. He had no interest in wealth for

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its own sake. As for "punishment", he saw more than enough of that, in Africa and Peru, not to know it for the psycho-sexual delirium it is. It is no diminishment of the utter and noble selflessness of the man to relate it to the fact that he was in absolute sensual harmony with his own backside. This "subversive content" of sodomy is something of which the orthodox are uncomfortably aware. Mr Inglis might have cited Genet, as well as Gide and Proust.

For all this, Casement viewed his homosexuality as an affliction. He felt alienated by it. Then there is the fact that a man of Casement's particular "pathic" fixation will tend to idealise certain classes or races of men as being superior in nature; he may well project upon such manlier or more natural beings a certain political romanticism also. Thus, an erotic element would doubtless inflame his moral rage at what the white man had visited upon the "splendid types" of the Putamayo and the Congo: "Young Cholo with erection about 6"-8". They are far too good for their fate." I think also it compounded his nagging Ulster sense of not fully belonging among the people of his own land. "Glorious boys of Erin, big and fair" expresses this complexity with less strain and verbiage than any of his "proper" poetry.

There is no tone of reprehension in any of this.

This interpretation of Casement led me toward a basic human paradox I feel to be at the core and root of his heroic nature: where Yeats said Love had built his mansion, I think Casement's saintliness built his. Obviously, then, I would "put into" my Casement's mouth certain images and utterances that a strict historian would find anachronistic and puzzling. From these darker waters, Mr Inglis' psychological presentation of Casement the homosexual does inevitably strike me as unsatisfactory and oblique, insufficiently drawn from Casement himself.

I DO, HOWEVER, LEAVE until last that aspect of the book that strikes me as being of the most profound contemporary value. This is Mr Inglis' rightful emphasis on the "Ulster Dimension" within which Casement's evolution as an Irishman took place. It is something not every Englishman can easily grasp, and something too easily forgotten in both sectors of Ireland now—that the Ulster Dissenter had played a significant part in Ireland's cultural renaissance, and had been active in her *rebel* history too. As a child, I had it drummed into me how many US Presidents had "come from Ulster" and so on; yet it was left to me to find out much later for myself how many Gaelic Leaguers and Sinn Féiners had been

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Ulster Protestant. Mr Inglis does well to point out that one of the most thriving branches of the early Gaelic League was in black Belfast, and one of its leading lights a local Orangeman. (Come to think of it, my own grandfather, a Slieve Gullion Orangeman of the—very hard—working class, would come back home from beating drums at the mock battle of Scarva every Thirteenth of July, his knuckles dripping blood; yet he used phrases of Gaelic quite naturally to me as a child.) To this extent, my notion of Casement wishing to “counter” the Ulster Volunteers was not entirely, in the long term, mistaken: he did perceive what would follow, if the old Reformationist mirage once more beset the North. Casement’s hope, and Mr Inglis’ (implied in the very fact of his writing the book), and mine, more schematically embodied in the play, are one and the same: that all people of

Ireland can see their way to subsuming their apocalyptic (and provincial) differences in a new, honestly mixed Irishness. To this end, I hope Mr Inglis will not mind if I appropriate one little salient detail from this part of his book that I did not know, and use it in my revision of the play: that the Home Rule meeting at which Casement made his Irish political début had been organised by a Ballymoney *Presbyterian minister*. In the light of recent events, that seems impossible. In the light of earlier pogroms of Ulster Dissenters ordered by an English (half German, really) King, it seems only logical. The ghost of Roger Casement still has work to do. I know from audience research that my play has already opened, in some at least, a surprised new eye. The book, the kilt of it at least, can only do timely human good. I think that is its author’s wish.

Lawrence’s Aphrodite

The Life of Frieda von Richthofen—By MARGARET DRABBLE

ROBERT LUCAS, in his biography of Frieda Lawrence,¹ says that he finds it curious that there have been no previous works devoted to her, whereas books on her husband, D. H. Lawrence, multiply every year and fill shelves in public libraries. He has set himself to remedy the omission, and has produced a very strange biography. It is interesting, entertaining, gossipy, but it can hardly claim to be about its subject, Frieda. Never, surely, did a biography devote so little space to its main character, and so much to surrounding people and episodes. Some of the digressions are fascinating in themselves—we are told stories about Norman Douglas, about scandals on Capri, about the unfortunate fate of the homosexual Maurice Magnus whom Lawrence is said to have used for a model for Mr May in *The Lost Girl*. Other stories are attached so tenuously to the main plot that one is astonished by the author’s temerity in including them: for instance, we are given pages on Byron and Newstead Abbey, simply because Frieda happened to live in the vicinity and must have been interested in her dead and famous neighbour. But the book’s chief bias is, inevitably, towards Lawrence himself. So was Frieda’s, and she would not have minded the chapters devoted to him in which she features hardly at all. Her role

was that of the wife of a famous man, and she seems most of the time to have played it with enthusiasm, though she had her brief aberrations. She might have objected more to some of the clichés with which this book is littered: the style is relentlessly banal, and one gets tired of hearing about “lovely Hampstead homes”, “good washerwoman”, “father’s special pride and joy,” etc, etc. Why should the washerwoman in question have been good? She may have been, but certainly Dr Lucas can hardly have been in a position to say so. However, it might be unfair to lay all these infelicities to Dr Lucas’s charge, as the book has been translated from the German, and may have suffered on the way.

There are so many surrounding anecdotes, some of which have been told many times before, that it is hard to decide how much this book really adds to our knowledge of Frieda Lawrence. She was an amazing woman, and well worth remembering. Her childhood, as the middle daughter of Baron Friedrich von Richthofen, is well evoked. Her father had won the Iron Cross in the Franco-Prussian war, and had been so badly wounded that he could no longer continue his career as a soldier: instead, he settled down in Metz, as a member of the civil administration. He was weak, generous, and a gambler: apparently he warned his three daughters that they must not marry “a Jew, an Englishman, or a gambler.” Of course, all three went off and did precisely what they had been told not to do, and all three

¹ *Frieda Lawrence*. By ROBERT LUCAS. Translated by GEOFFREY SKELTON. Secker & Warburg, £3.75.