D. H. Lawrence in his novels

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D. H. LAWRENCE

in

HIS NOVELS

by

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Preface

No biography of D. H. Lawrence has as yet been written. It was necessary, before undertaking this study, to know as thoroughly as possible the life of Lawrence in order to recognize the man in his novels. Although I have leaned most heavily for this knowledge upon The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, published in 1932 by Aldous Huxley, I am greatly indebted to John Middleton Murry's Son of Woman and Catherine Carthew's Savage Pilgrimage. I have also gained information and impressions about Lawrence's life from Mabel Dodge Luhan's book, Lorenzo in Taos, published in 1932, and Dorothy Brett's Lawrence and Brett, which has just come off the press. To other authors from whom I have gained material, I have given credit in the footnotes.

I have dealt fully with the six best novels of D. H. Lawrence. (I have not included Lady Chatterley's Lover, which a number of critics consider one of his best, because the theme of it seemed to me merely an embroidery upon better works). Those considered are: Sons and Lovers, The Rainbow, Women in Love, Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo, and The Plumed Serpent. I have chosen these also because they show the development of the different experiences in Lawrence's life as they occurred. I have dealt with the novels in the order in which they were written as the experiences have been treated in the novels in the same chronological order as they occurred in his own life.
All letters, with their page references, unless otherwise indicated, have been taken from the collected volume edited by Huxley.
II. Introduction

Every novelist puts something of himself into his novels. His ideas, emotions, and feelings are often expressed through his works. Critics have taken it for granted that from Sons and Lovers to Lady Chatterley's Lover there is a record of Lawrence's personal life.

William Troy, in a review of the Letters asserts that "It would be possible in a longer study to make an interesting correlation between the various sections of the letters and the corresponding periods in Lawrence's writing career." He further asserts that Lawrence has accepted and rejected, in turn, the ideas of love and friendship, and abandoned himself finally to the "non-human sources of energy in the blood — 'the Dark Gods.'"

It is the purpose of this paper to discover to what extent the correlation can be made between the life of Lawrence as particularly shown through his letters and the sections of his novels which correspond to his own life.

When one reads the novels, there comes to him a feeling that the experiences, ideas and emotions found therein were truly Lawrence's own. It was, therefore, with great interest that I

studied the letters of Lawrence to find whether or not the correlation could be made. That correlation would determine, of course, how fully Lawrence entered his own work as a character and how completely he set forth his own experiences, ideas and emotions.

I chose to divide this study into six main parts in order to find whether or not his novels followed closely and chronologically the events that were taking place in his life during his writing career. These divisions are: the mother-child relationship, the man-woman relationship, the man to man relationship, the man to the group relationship, the leader-follower relationship, and the man to the 'Dark Gods' relationship. A chapter of attitudes is inserted for the purpose of forming a more complete picture of Lawrence, the man. I made such a division for the reason that Lawrence was especially interested in human relationships and felt that he could not exist without them. In an article entitled "We Need One Another", he wrote, "People cannot exist as individualists absolute and independent from any ties or relationship. ... A man who has never had a vital relationship to any other human being doesn't really have a soul. A soul is something that forms and fulfills itself in my contacts, my living touch with people I have loved or hated or truly known."

III. MOTHER-CHILD RELATIONSHIP

David Herbert Lawrence was born on September 11, 1885, in Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, a mining village of "some three thousand souls". It was a hilly country, looking west toward Crich and Matlock. Here Lawrence spent the greater portion of his early years. It is not unusual for a novelist to lay the setting for his novels in his native village or environs. Lawrence, however, has described, at length, the exact situation of the cottages in the novel Sons and Lovers as being that of his own home. His home was in the Breach, which was the section containing the second from the lowest class of houses. The same section in the novel is given the name of the Bottoms. The two novels which follow are set in the hill country about Crich, while the fourth is again set in the mining village.

Lawrence himself asserts that this novel, Sons and Lovers is autobiographical. Paul Morel, in the story, is the character who is made to carry Lawrence's experiences and feelings. In physical appearance he was like Lawrence. We have this description of the author from Catherine Carswell. "I was sensible of a fine, rare beauty in Lawrence, with his deep-set jewel-like eyes, (I always thought Lawrence's eyes were grey not blue, but I am assured on good authority that I was wrong, also that toward the end of his life they became intensely blue), thick dust-coloured hair, pointed

2. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, p. 3 ff.
underlip of notable sweetness, fine hands, and rapid but never restless movements."

Maurice Lesemann in his sketch, "D. H. Lawrence in Mexico", says that Lawrence was very slight, almost frail of body. He had a red beard and small, bright blue eyes.

This frailness of body and delicacy of health often attached itself to the man who, in each of his novels, was most like Lawrence.

Paul Morel, in Sons and Lovers, is described thus: "Paul would be built like his mother, slightly and rather small. His fair hair went reddish, and then dark brown; his eyes were grey. He was a pale, quiet child, with eyes that seemed to listen, and with a full dropping underlip."

One critic has said that "Hatred of the father and too much love for the mother are leit-motifs of everything this author has written." The novel, Sons and Lovers brings out this feeling more decidedly than any of the other novels. We find that even Paul's mother had a hatred for her own father. She "hated his overbearing manner towards her gentle, humorous, kindly-souled mother." Then we can see that this feeling of hatred was engendered in at least one generation previous to the young Paul's.

1. Catherine Carswell, Savage Pilgrimage, p. 15.
5. Sons and Lovers p. 11.
Lawrence's father was a miner, and, from the brief accounts that we have of him, it is safe to assume that the Mr. Morel of the novel is he. Lawrence gives us this experience from his own life with the father: "when he would come home from pit in his pit-dirt, bang-bang his bag down in the scullery, drop heavily into a chair to take off his pit-boots, ask if anyone had brought his trousers down, and change from his moleskins before the kitchen fire. How I hated him as he stood there in his singlet and waistcoat!"

In the novel, the father's home-coming is given realistically and we have the additional information of the cruelty of the father to the mother. "Often Paul would wake up, after he had been asleep a long time, aware of thuds downstairs. Instantly he was wide-awake. Then he heard the booming shouts of his father, come home nearly drunk, then the sharp replies of his mother, then the bang, bang of his father's fist on the table, and the nasty snarling shout as the man's voice got higher."

There are a number of instances where the difference of attitude toward the parents is shown. "All the children, but particularly Paul, was peculiarly against their father, along with their mother," and "Conversation was impossible between the father and any other member of the family. He was an outsider. He had denied the God in him."

2. Sons and Lovers pp. 33, 35.
3. Ibid. p. 76.
4. Ibid. p. 74.
5. Ibid. p. 80.
Morel was strict with his children. If he were told that they had misbehaved in any way, he would invariably go home to beat them unmercifully, without giving them any opportunity to explain their side of the story. Lawrence implied the same attitude in his own father in this statement to Edward Garnett about one of his early novels. "I am always ready to believe the worst that is said about my work, and reluctant of the best. Father was like that with us children."2

The feeling for the mine that Lawrence's father had was attributed to Morel. Both men loved the pit; it was their element. Lawrence said, "My father loved the pit. He was hurt badly more than once, but he would never stay away. He loved the contact, the intimacy, as men in the war loved the intense male comradeship of the dark days."3

Morel was always getting hurt. These lines tell of the general procedure each time the event occurred. "Morel was rather a heedless man, careless of danger. So he had endless accidents. Now, when Mrs. Morel heard the rattle of an empty coal-cart cease at her entry-end, she ran into the parlour to look, expecting almost to see her husband seated in the waggon[sic], his face grey under his dirt, his body limp and sick with some hurt or other. If it were he, she would run out to help."4

1. **Sons and Lovers** p. 65.
4. **Sons and Lovers** p. 105.
Having found the setting, the environment of the home and the
countryside of this novel to be almost exactly Lawrence's own, we
are prepared to consider the relationship of the son to the mother.

We have very little in the *Letters of D.H.Lawrence* concerning
his mother or their relationship to each other. We have only
written
one letter published before 1910, the year of her death. And
there are not many references to her. From the things which Law-
rence does say, we know that the attachment between the two was
very strong. Critics of Lawrence take this for granted. Mrs.
Carswell merely mentions the fact that Lawrence had a mother-
fixation which showed itself in almost every piece of work he did.
Murry insists that Lawrence felt for his mother what he should
have felt for the girl of his choice. He details at great length
instances showing an abnormal attachment between mother and son.

Louis Untermeyer writes that Lawrence "begins life in a rural
mining district with a deeply-cored love of his mother, an attach-
ment which conditions and almost cripples his adult love-life.
This bond and the mother's early death, which instead of freeing
him causes the 'long haunting death-in-life', continues to the end.

Lawrence, throughout his work, expresses the idea of the

2. "Hot Blood's Blindfold Art", *Sat. Rev. of Literature* Vol. 6
   Aug. 3, 1929 p. 17 f.
   *The Rainbow* p. 200.
   *Fantasia of the Unconscious* p. 176.
mother being fulfilled in the child. He thought that when a woman bears a child, she is fulfilled within herself and no longer requires her husband. Or else she demands more love and takes her son as her lover. He wrote to Edward Garnett in January 1913 and submitted to him a Foreword to *Sons and Lovers* in which he voiced this thought: "The old son-lover was Aedipus. The name of the new one is legion. And if a son-lover take a wife, she is only his bed. And his life will be torn in twain, and his wife in her despair shall hope for sons, that she may have her lover in her hour."

In the story, Mrs. Morel, who was a refined, sensitive woman, began to despise her collier husband who cared nothing at all for intellectual things. She then turned to her sons. She was closely attached to her eldest son, William. However, "her intimacy with her second son [Paul] was more subtle and fine, perhaps not so passionate as with her eldest."

Throughout the novel we are shown the strong love of the mother for her sons and their intense love for her. This love, however, reached an abnormal stage when Paul had grown to manhood. We see him struggling between the love for his mother and that for his first girl love, Miriam. But he found that "somewhere in his soul", he still loved his mother more. "He had come back to his mother. Here was the strongest tie in his life. ... There was one place in the world that stood solid and did not melt into unreality: the place where his mother was. ... It was as if the

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pivot and pole of his life, from which he could not escape, was his mother.

And in the same way she waited for him. In him was established her life now."

Paul loved to paint and draw, when he could, for pastime. He did several good things and received prizes for them. "From his mother, he drew the life-warmth, the strength to produce; Miriam urged this warmth into intensity like a white-light."

Lawrence similarly liked to sketch for relaxation and pastime. He wrote to Ernest Collings, "I sketch in water-colour myself, as a hopeless amateur. But it is such healing work, I find, to paint a bit, even if it is only to copy, after one has frayed out one's soul with damned emotional drawing."

Lawrence needed encouragement for his writing as Paul did for his painting. The girl Miriam, we are told, was one who played an important role in the life of Lawrence. Mrs. Carswell states that "It was not Lawrence's mother, but the girl he was in love with—the Miriam of Sons and Lovers—that had encouraged his writing."

Murry says that "...when Lawrence was sixteen, he met the girl Miriam, whose destiny was to be linked with his own for the next ten years, until his mother's death." We have Lawrence mentioning in the letters only one love affair previous to his meeting with Frieda Wellesley. He makes no definite statements and refers

L. Sons and Lovers p. 274.
2. Ibid. p. 196.
to her simply as L. The tone of the letter, however, shows their relationship to have been a very intimate one. It seems as though he had tired of her or had realized that the could not be mated, as he refused her invitation to the country and we hear no more of her.

In the novel, the mother does finally win out over the girl. Paul told his mother that he would never marry while he had her. And Lawrence did not marry while his mother lived. We find the sons trying hard to pull away from the mother's influence. Sometimes Paul hated his mother and pulled at her bondage. "His life wanted to free itself of her. It was like a circle where life turned back on itself, and got no further. She bore him, loved him, kept him, and his love turned back into her, so that he could not be free to go forward with his own life, really love another woman. At this period, unknowingly, he resisted his mother's influence. He did not tell her things. There was a distance between them."

We find the same thought expressed in a letter from Lawrence to Garnett, March 11, 1913. "...I had a devil of a time getting a bit weaned from my mother, at the age of 22. She suffered, and I suffered, and it seemed all for nothing, just waste cruelty. It's funny. I suppose it is the final breaking away of independence."

3. Ibid. p. 425.
4. Letters p. 113 f.
After Paul Morel becomes dissatisfied with the girl Miriam, he turns to a woman much older than himself, a woman who is married, but who has never really loved. He thinks that he will find complete fulfillment in her. This affair turns out even worse than the one with Miriam. It is implied in Murry's *Son of Woman* that Lawrence had affairs with a number of women before he finally met the one whom he later married. There was the Miriam of *Sons and Lovers*, the Helen of the poems, and a suggestion of at least two others. However that may be, we know that none of them could hold him while he had his mother.

The Clara of *Sons and Lovers* is the one with whom we judge Paul to have had an affair after the one with Miriam. We can compare this with Lawrence's own affairs by the following quotation from Mrs. Carewell. She is speaking of his first meeting with Professor Ernest Weekley and his wife. "...there had been a love affair with a married woman older himself in his home district. But it was an affair in which the woman had set the course and marked the end. When Lawrence met Frieda Weekley he was free, and this time would lead." She also states that Lawrence "spent the early summer going from place to place alone, suffering intensely ... working on *Sons and Lovers* (which already belonged wholly to the past)."

Lawrence's intensity of feeling for the woman in his novel is expressed, I think, by comparing the two following quotations. The first is from the novel; Paul is speaking to his mother in

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1. p. 56 f.
3. Ibid. p. 9.
defense of Clara. "... she's awfully nice, mother; she is really! You don't know. ... Don't be mean about her! ... If you think a horrid thing about her, I shan't forgive you."

The second comes from a letter describing Frieda to Edward Garnett. "She is ripping - she's the finest woman I've ever met. you must above all things meet her ... she's splendid, she is really." In a later letter, he continues: "She is a million times better than you imagine. You don't know her. ... If you say a word about her, I hate you."

Despite this attitude toward the woman, Paul is troubled by his feelings, which are shown in this conversation with his mother.

"I feel sometimes as if I wronged my women, mother. ... I couldn't belong to them. They seem to want me, and I can't ever give it them."
"You haven't met the right woman." 
"And I never shall meet the right woman while you live."

Then we see the final collapse of Paul after the death of his mother. Mrs. Morel had been spending the holiday of Whitsun-tide with her daughter, Annie. Paul went there to see her, not knowing that she had become seriously ill. When he questioned her, he found that she had been troubled with a large lump at her side for a long time. She said that it was "only a bit of a tumour". After her death, he felt that "his soul could not leave

1. Sons and Lovers p. 388 f.
2. Letters p. 34 f.
3. Ibid. p. 44.
5. Ibid. p. 436.
her, wherever she was." * 

"Now she was gone abroad into the night, and he was with her still. ... He could not bear it. On every side the immense dark silence seemed pressing him, so tiny a spark, into extinction, and yet, almost nothing, he could not be extinct. ...

'Mother!' he whimpered — 'Mother!'

She was the only thing that held him up, himself, amid all this. And she was gone, intermingled herself. He wanted her to touch him, have him alongside with her.

But no, he would not give in. ... He would not take that direction, to the darkness, to follow her. He walked toward the faintly humming, glowing town, quickly."*1

Here, to be sure, we have Lawrence's inner struggle and there is not the slightest doubt but that all of this experience was Lawrence's. One of the first letters of the collection contains this information:

"Mother is laid-up here, and I must certainly stay with her until Saturday. She came for a holiday, with my Aunt, and whilst here a tumour or something has developed in her abdomen. The doctor looks grave and says it is serious. I hope not. But you will understand, will you not, why I cannot keep my promise [to come to tea] for tomorrow."*2

His mother is mentioned only twice after this. The one letter has been quoted from, in which he tells of the hard time he had in breaking away from her. The other simply states that his mother died a few days before the publication of his first novel, The White Peacock.3 Anyone familiar with the tone of his work can note the feeling of grief at this circumstance. Mrs. Luhan tells us that his mother's death almost killed him. She said, "He had such a frightful mother-complex, and still has, I fancy, that the book [Sons and Lovers] had to be written. His wife told me that when he wrote the death of his mother, she had a perfectly terrible

time with him for many weeks."  

Lawrence treats this son-lover relationship in much of his work. We find it to some extent even in his letters. There is one comment, written to Lady Cynthia Asquith, which would sound extraordinary if great stress were placed upon it. He wrote:

"Frieda went to London and saw her children; and began to realize, I believe, that the mother-child relation is not so all-important; indeed, not profoundly important at all, touching the quick of being. It is, in real truth, one of the temporal, almost accidental connections, the connection between parent and children. But I suppose you will not agree to this at all."  

Lawrence himself would not agree to this either, I am sure. It was included in his letter just as a passing remark; and since he was impulsive and since the rest of the letter makes nothing of the statement which is found only this once in all his works, it would be unsafe to assume that Lawrence was the least bit convinced himself of the truth of it. One acquires the feeling that he would like to think of the mother-child relation in that light concerning Frieda, who was now his wife, but whose children were not his. He evidently wished to think of her former marriage and her children as temporary accidental connections. The relationship between him and her he wished to be the only spiritual connection.

And there is evidence, as the following illustrations will prove, to show that the "mother-child relation" played an important part in his thought. Two years later, he wrote to Lady Asquith in this vein.

1. Mabel Dodge Luhan, Lorenzo in Taos p. 41.
"I am surprised how children are like barometers to their parent's feelings. There is some sort of queer, magnetic, psychic connection...something a bit fatal, I believe. I feel I am all the time rescuing my nephew and my niece from their respective mothers, my two sisters...The phenomenon of motherhood, in these days, is a strange and rather frightening phenomenon."

In speaking of this relationship in his Fantasia of the Unconscious, Lawrence makes a strong point of the fact that an unhappy or unfulfilled wife will turn from her husband to her son.

"The unhappy woman beats about for her insatiable satisfaction, seeking whom she may devour. And usually she turns to her child. Here she provokes what she wants. Here, in her own son who belongs to her, she seems to find the last perfect response for which she is craving. He is a medium to her, she provokes from him her own answer. So she throws herself into a last great love for her son, a final and fatal devotion, that which would have been the richness and strength of her husband and is poison to her boy."

Lawrence was constantly aware of the effect that this attachment caused. He could almost tell at a glance whether a man had experienced this relationship with his mother. In describing Rosalino, an Indian boy as being different from the other boys, he said, "The difference lies in a certain sensitiveness and aloneness, as if he were a mother's boy."

If as this statement indicates, he attributed the two qualities of sensitiveness and aloneness to this relation to the mother, then we know that he considered the connection an "all-important" one. These two factors together caused the tragedy of his own life. And more than that, he realised the tragedy of it himself.

1. Letter June 3, 1918, p. 447.
2. p. 177 f.
After giving a short synopsis of his book *Sons and Lovers* to Edward Arnott, he wrote, "It is a great tragedy, and I tell you I have written a great book. It's the tragedy of thousands of young men in England... I think it was Ruskin's and men like him."

We are constantly reminded of the hypersensitiveness of Paul Morel as a child. "He was so conscious of what other people felt, particularly his mother. When she fretted, he understood, and could have no peace. His soul seemed always attentive to her."

And as was shown by former illustrations and from his letters as a whole, we know that Lawrence was extremely sensitive in all his relationships. He had that feeling of awareness of people as well as objects. "He could feel the spark of a living relationship between himself and a wardrobe trunk (which has its own queer little ways... which have to be learned and respected) or a black iron stove that sometimes smoked and sometimes didn't."

We find that in *The Rainbow* the relationship of mother to child is touched but not dwelt upon. Lawrence's mental attitude seemed at this time to be in a state of transition. We first see Tom Brangwen as a youth. His love for his mother was so strong that he thought all womanhood pure and noble as she was; and he was profoundly shocked when he came into contact with a loose woman. "Then when he was twenty-three, his mother died, and he

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2. *Sons and Lovers* p. 72.
was left home with Effie. His mother's death was another blow out of the dark. He could not understand it, he knew it was no good his trying. One had to submit to these unforeseen blows that come unawares and leave a bruise that remains and hurts whenever it is touched. He began to be afraid of all that which was up against him. He had loved his mother. Here again, one can hear Lawrence saying these things and one can realize the most intense feeling which impregnates the whole speech.

After Tom marries Lydia Lensky, a Polish woman with a small child, Anna, there is a feeling of hatred and jealousy between Tom and the child. Anna did not want to stay with him; she would have nothing to do with him. She put first claim on her mother and was with her always. She was an extremely sensitive child and often, while playing out in the yard or in the fields, she would feel that all was not just right with her mother, and run indoors to enquire of her. So we find in the relationship that strong tenderness and strange attachment which Lawrence knew for his own mother.

To that mother love, abnormal and disastrous as it proved to be to his later relationships, Lawrence pays tribute in this tender and passionate utterance:

The Virgin Mother

My little love, my darling.
You were a doorway to me;
You let me out of the confines
Into this strange ca ntrile
Where people are crowded like thistles
Yet are shapely and comely to see.

2. Ibid. p. 60ff.
My little love, my dearest,
Twice have you issued me,
Once from your womb, sweet mother,
Once from your soul, to be
Free of all hearts, my darling,
Of each heart's entrance free.

And so, my love, my mother,
I shall always be true to you.
Twice I am born, my dearest:
To life, and to death, in you;
And this is the life hereafter
Wherein I am true.

I kiss you good-bye, my darling,
Our ways are different now;
You are a seed in the night-time,
I am a man, to plough
The difficult glebe of the future
For seed to endow.

I kiss you good-bye, my dearest,
It is finished between us here.
Oh, if I were as calm as you are,
Sweet and still on your bier!
Oh God, if I had not to leave you
Alone, my dear!

Is the last word now uttered?
Is the farewell said?
Spare me the strength to leave you
Now you are dead,
I must go, but my soul lies helpless
Beside your bed.

I. Lawrence, Amores p. 51.
IV. MAN - WOMAN RELATIONSHIP

After his meeting with Mrs. Weekley, Lawrence had a different sort of struggle. His mother was not there to come between him and the object of his love. However, in that particular instance, society took her place. Mrs. Carswell says that when Lawrence met Frieda Weekley he was free, and this time would lead. Never again would he be mothered by any woman. He would even put behind him that first mothering that had meant more than anything else to him.

Frieda left her husband and three children to go with Lawrence, and society condemned her for that action. Lawrence wrote to Garnett in July of 1912:

"There are storms of letters from England imploring her to renounce forever all ideas of love, to go back and give her life to her husband and her children. She would have her back, on those conditions. The children are miserable, missing her so much. She lies on the floor in misery and then is fearfully angry with me because I won't say 'stay for my sake'. ... I do love her. If she left me, I do not think I should be alive six months hence. And she won't leave me. I think. God, how I love her - and the agony of it." 2

Earlier he had written in the same way of this same love for Frieda. He says, "I love Frieda so much, I don't like to talk about it. I never knew what love was before. ...

The world is beautiful and wonderful 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. It can be so. God be thanked I have proved it." 3

2. Letters, p. 47.
3. Ibid. p. 41-43.
It would seem that, for the first time in his life, Lawrence really experienced the love of man for woman. His letters during the year 1912 deal with the subject to a great extent. For instance, he wrote to Mrs. S.A.Hopkin in August of that year:

"Things have been hard, and worth it. There has been some sickening misery. ... F. is to see the children, and stay with them, next Easter. It has been rather ghastly, that part of the affair. If only one didn't hurt so many people.

For ourselves, Frieda and I have struggled through some bad times into a wonderful naked intimacy, all kindled with warmth, that I know at last is love. I think I ought not to blame women, as I have done, but myself, for taking my love to the wrong woman, before now. Let every man find, keep on trying till he finds, the woman who can take him and whose love he can take, then who will grumble about men or about women. But the thing must be two-sided. At any rate, and whatever happens, I do love, and I am loved. I have given and I have taken — and that is eternal. Oh, if only people could marry properly; I believe in marriage."

It is reasonable, then, to expect the novels written during these early years of his life with Frieda, to be primarily concerned with love. And we have, in that period, two novels dealing with love and sex relationships. The Rainbow, published in 1915 and Women in Love in 1920.

Murry asserts that The Rainbow is the history of Lawrence's final sexual failure. He sees this failure in the story of Will Brangwen in the novel.

The Rainbow recounts the love conflicts of three generations. The first is between Tom Brangwen and Lydia Lensky, a Polish woman.

1. Letters p. 57
2. Son of Woman p. 88.
3. Ibid. p. 82.
Her daughter, Anna, undergoes a struggle with the nephew of Tom Brangwen, Will Brangwen. These two marry and it is in the story of their lives that we get most of Lawrence and Frieda. Their honeymoon is described at great length. Their growing accustomed to each other's habits is similar to the Lawrence's. Murry says that this is a reproduction of their first attempt at living together. For instance, Will felt guilty about lounging around during the morning hours with Anna. He thought that one should be up and doing early. Lawrence wrote to Warren, "I generally get up about 8.0 and make breakfast, but Frieda stops in bed, and I have to sit and talk to her till dinner time. I am a working man by instinct, and I feel as if the Almighty would punish me for slacking.

Will is helpless without Anna. Unless he knows that she is right with him, he can do nothing. Lawrence admits to Ernest Collings that it is hopeless for him to try to do anything without having a woman at the back of him.

Later, Anna and Will are dropped and the attention is placed on the third generation with Ursula, the offspring of the marriage of Anna and Will.

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1. Murry, Son of Woman, p. 75 ff.
2. The Rainbow p. 139.
4. The Rainbow, p. 79.
5. Letters, p. 95.
Ursula endures a terrible struggle of love and passion with Anton Strebensky. She suffers as we know Lawrence has suffered. He has come to the realization that there must be a balance of love and that passion is not perfect love. Ursula believed that love was "a way, a means, not an end in itself, ... And always the way of love would be found." She says that "Passion is only part of love. And it seems so much because it can't last. That is why passion is never happy."

Lawrence saw a greater love than passion alone. He wrote to Mrs. Hopkin, "Once you've known what love can be, there's no disappointment any more, and no despair. If the skies tumble down like a smashed saucer, it couldn't break what's between Frieda and me. I think folk have got sceptic about love - that's because nearly everybody fails. But if they do fail, they needn't doubt love. It's their own fault. I'll do my life work, sticking up for the love between man and woman."

He wrote to Mrs. S.A.Hopkin about the same time. "We've had a hard time, Frieda and I. It is not so easy for a woman to leave a man and children like that. And it's not so easy for a man and woman to live alone together in a foreign country for six months, and dig out a love deeper and deeper. But we've done it so far, and I'm glad. ... I shall do a novel about Love Triumphant one day. I shall do my work for women better than the Suffrage."

We can see that his two novels are efforts towards the development of this idea of complete love. And from the tone of his letter to J.R. Pinker when *The Rainbow* has been sent in for publication, we know that the experiences therein are Lawrence's. He says, "My beloved book, I am sorry to give it to you to be printed. I could weep tears in my heart, when I read these pages. If I had my way, I would put off the publishing yet awhile." 

Lawrence, whatever may be said of him, seems to be sincere in his hope for a complete relationship in marriage. He wrote to Collings, July 22, 1913:

"There seems to be a big change in England even in a year; such a dissolving down of old barriers and prejudices. But I look at the young women, and they all seem such sensation-alists, with half a desire to expose themselves. Good God, where is there a woman for a really decent earnest man to marry? They don't want husbands and marriage any more—only sensation."2

He gave to Lady Morel his idea of marriage. He wrote:

"I don't see why there should be monogamy for people who can't have full satisfaction in one person; because they themselves are too split, because they act in themselves separately. Monogamy is for those who are whole and clear, all in one stroke. But for those whose stroke is broken into two different directions, then there should be two fulfillments. For myself, thank God, I feel myself becoming more and more unified, more and more a oneness."3

In the sequel to *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love*, he also sets forth his ideas of love and fulfillment in marriage.

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2. Ibid. p. 67.
Some of the characters in *Women in Love* are said to be representations of real acquaintances of Lawrence. The two women, Hermione and Gudrun, represent Lady Ottoline Morell and Katherine Mansfield. The first must have been a true depiction as Mrs. Carswell states that Lady Morell, Lawrence's most powerful and enthusiastic patroness, taking the character of Hermione as herself, felt herself outraged and turned into a fury against him.

Of Gudrun, Murry says, "I have been told by one who should know, that the character of Gudrun in *Women in Love* was intended for a portrait of Katherine. If this is true, it confirms me in my belief that Lawrence had curiously little understanding of her." He goes on to say, however, that the incident described in the chapter "In the Pompador" is true of Katherine Mansfield. In the novel, a group of men who have been drinking are gathered about a table reading aloud and commenting upon a letter written by Rupert Birkin in which he has revealed his inmost thoughts. Gudrun promptly walks over to the table, asks to see the letter, and leaves the cafe with it in her possession. The same thing happens to Katherine Mansfield, the object being a volume of Lawrence's poems, "Amores."

The character of Halliday, the chief offender in the incident

just mentioned, is said by Mrs. Carswell to be Philip Heseltine. Heseltine recognized it as his own portrait as he threatened a libel action against the publisher of the novel, Martin Seeker. Mrs. Carswell states that Lawrence modified the character for the English edition and altered the color of his hair. "In law, I believe, Heseltine had not a leg to stand on: but there was already trouble enough about the book, and for peace' sake Seeker paid him fifty pounds as solatium for injury to feelings and reputation."

Lawrence mentions Heseltine in his letters only once. He is writing to Lady Morell:

"Heseltine is here also. I like him, but he seems empty, uncreated. That is how these young men are. ... poor Philip Heseltine, ... really seems as if he were not yet born, as if he consisted only of echoes from the past, and reactions against the past. But he will perhaps come to being soon: when the new world comes to pass." 2

We have this description of Halliday in the novel:

"Gerald looked at Halliday for some moments, watching the soft, rather degenerate face of the young man. Its very softness was an attraction; it was a soft, warm, corrupt nature, into which one might plunge with gratification." 3

We are led to suppose, from the comments of Murry as well as from the descriptions of feelings and thoughts, that Rupert Birkin is the representation of Lawrence. In physical appearance, he was much the same. He was thin, pale, and ill-looking.

"His figure was narrow but nicely made. He went with a slight trail of one foot, which came only from self-consciousness. Although he was dressed correctly for his part, [that of best man at a wedding ceremony] yet there was an innate incongruity which caused a slight ridiculousness in his appearance. His nature was clever and separate, he did not fit at all in the conventional occasion. Yet he subordinated himself to the common idea, travestied himself."

Lawrence's chief concern, during this period of his life, was a fulfillment of a perfect love. Perhaps we have the most complete expression of his doctrine in 1914.

"One must learn to love, and go through a good deal of suffering to get to it, like any knight of the grail, and the journey is always towards the other soul, not away from it. Do you think love is an accomplished thing the day it is recognized? It isn't. To love, you have to learn to understand the other, more than she understands herself, and to submit to her understanding of you. ... You mustn't think that your desire or your fundamental need is to make a good career, or to fill your life with activity, or even to provide for your family materially. It isn't. Your most vital necessity in this life is that you shall love your wife completely and implicitly and in entire nakedness of body and spirit. Then you will have peace and inner security, no matter how many things go wrong. And this peace and security will leave you free to act and to produce your own work, a real independent workman.

You asked me once what my message was. I haven't got any general message, because I believe a general message is a general means of side-tracking one's own personal difficulties: ... But this that I tell you is my message as far as I've got any."2

One can see the working of Lawrence's own love life through his first three novels. In Sons and Lovers we see the woman absorbing all of the man. Lawrence wanted a mutual love, a give and take experience. We hear Paul's accusation of Miriam in the novel:

"...You wheedle the soul out of things...You're always begging things to love you. ... You don't want to love your eternal and abnormal craving is to be loved. ... You absorb, absorb, as if you must fill yourself up with love, because you've got a shortage somewhere."\(^1\)

Later, in *The Rainbow*, there is voiced a feeling which we can assume to be Lawrence's own feeling in regard to Frieda. He and Frieda were having a difficult time of it as we have seen earlier. He was often a little uncertain as to whether or not she would stay with him. We have Tom Frangwen, the husband of the Polish woman, expressing that same feeling. "He realized with a sharp pang that she belonged to him, and he to her. He realized that he lived by her. Did he own her? Was she here for ever? Or might she go away? ... She belonged elsewhere. Any moment she might be gone. ... he could never quite be satisfied, never be at peace, because she might go away."\(^2\)

We see in the two books, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, a complete cycle which must have taken place in Lawrence's own experience. In the second book, the idea is expressed that love is merely one of many emotions, and is not necessarily an end in itself.

"Love is one of the emotions like all the others - and so it is all right what you feel it. But I can't see how it becomes an absolute. It is just part of human relationship - no more. And it is only part of any human relationship. And why one should be required always to feel it, any more than one always feels sorrow or distant joy, I cannot conceive."\(^3\)

1. Sons and Lovers p. 269.
2. The Rainbow p. 52.
Again Ursula Says, "I believe in something inhuman, of which love is only a little part. I believe what we must fulfill comes out of the unknown to us, and it is something infinitely more than love. It isn't so merely human." This, of course, brings out the phallic conception that there is an unknown source—an "otherness".

Lawrence writes to Murry and Katherine Mansfield in 1916:

"I am very glad you are happy. That is the right way to be happy—a nucleus of love between a man and a woman, and let the world look after itself. It is the last folly to bother about the world. One should be in love and be happy—no more."

This idea is held until almost the end of the novel, Women in Love. Then, we find, on the last page, Birkin wanting something more than just his love for Ursula. She asks him if he needs his friend Gerald and he answers in the affirmative, asserting that she is enough as far as a woman is concerned, but that he desires a man friend in as eternal a relationship as theirs is eternal. He says, "Having you, I can live all my life without anybody else, any other sheer intimacy. But to make it complete, really happy, I wanted eternal union with a man too: another kind of love."

And this brings us to the third stage of the attempt to live completely in the man to man friendship.

1. The Rainbow, p. 469 f.
V. MAN - MAN RELATIONSHIP

The germ of the friendship of one man for another may be seen in as early a work as Sons and Lovers. It grows gradually until it reaches its height in the two novels, Aaron's Rod and Kangaroo, published in the years 1922 and 1923, respectively.

Lawrence, in speaking of the feelings of the Leivers family in Sons and Lovers, seems to give us his own feeling.

"They could not establish between themselves and an outsider just the ordinary human feeling and unexaggerated friendship; they were always restless for the something deeper. Ordinary folk seemed shallow to them, trivial and inconsiderable. ... They wanted genuine intimacy, but they could not get even normally near to anyone, because they scorned to take the first steps, they scorned the triviality which forms common human intercourse."1

In 1918 we find Lawrence writing to Katherine Mansfield and expressing practically the same feeling. He said:

"I do believe in friendship, I believe tremendously in friendship between man and man, a pledging of men to each other inviolably. But I have not ever met or formed such friendship. Also I believe the same way in friendship between men and women, and between women and women, sworn, pledged, eternal, as eternal as the marriage bond, and as deep. But I have not met or formed such friendship."2

It is necessary to keep in mind these words of Lawrence's because many of the varied experiences in the novels as well as those in his life, hinge upon the feeling expressed here.

Further on, in this same novel, we find a strange relationship between Paul Morel and Baxter Dawes, Clara's husband. There is enmity between the two men because of their connections with Clara.

1. p. 184.
But the same thing which causes them to come to blows draws them together. When Dawes is ill in the hospital, it is Paul who comes with fruit and candy to him. There is no outward manifestation of friendship; there is a secret, somewhat mystical bond between them. We find this experience of one man caring for another during Aaron's illness in Aaron's Rod.

The Rainbow contains only a suggestion of friendship between men. It takes place when Tom Brangwen is a boy. It is enlightening because again it is Lawrence whom we see pleading for friendship. Tom "had loved one warm, clever boy who was frail in body, a consumptive type. The two had an almost classic friendship, David and Jonathan, wherein Brangwen was the Jonathan, the server." However, the same depth of feeling comes out in the connection between Ursula Brangwen and her school-mistress, Winifred Inger. These two women became very intimate. They wanted always to be together. An almost passionate love sprang up and they were fused into one, inseparable.

The novel, Women in Love, as has been pointed out, contains the real beginnings of the struggle of man with man. We see here the workings of the Lawrence-Murry friendship. Gerald and Birkin, although they both have women with whom they are in love, are not satisfied. They have a strong attraction for each other. We can

1. Sons and Lovers p. 496.
2. The Rainbow p. 11.
3. Ibid. p. 321.
feel the whole experience of years between Lawrence and Murry in this passage:

* There was a pause of strange enmity between the two men, that was very near to love. It was always the same between them; always their talk brought them into a deadly nearness of contact, a strange, perilous intimacy which was either hate or love, or both. They parted with apparent unconcern, as if their going apart were a trivial occurrence. ... Yet the heart of each burned from the other. They burned with each other, inwardly. This they would never admit. They intended to keep their relationship a casual free and easy friendship. They were not going to be so unmanly and unnatural as to allow any heart-burning between them. They had not the faintest belief in deep relationship between men and men, and their disbelief prevented any development of their powerful ... friendliness."

We have seen from previous quotations taken from Lawrence's letters, that he did believe in a classic friendship, a Blutbruderschaft. The explanation of the last sentence of the passage just quoted would be the desire of the two men to keep from each other the real depth of their feelings. We find it here when Birkin suddenly saw another problem confronting him — "the problem of love and eternal conjunction between two men. Of course this was necessary — it had been a necessity inside himself all his life — to love a man purely and fully. Of course he had been loving Gerald all along, and all along denying it." He continues speaking to Gerald: "You know how the old German knights used to swear a Blutbruderschaft, ... That is what we ought to do. ... We ought to swear to love each other, you and I, implicitly, and perfectly, finally, without any possibility of going back on it."

2. Ibid. pp. 234-235.
Later we find an expression of still more intense feeling — that of Gerald for Birkin. He is talking about love and says that he has been fond enough of women, but has never really felt love. He says, "I don't believe I've ever felt as much love for a woman, as I have for you — not love."

Lawrence wrote to Murry after the first part of their friendship, "You shouldn't say you love me. You disliked me intensely when you were here, in Cornwall and also at Mylor. But why should we hate or love? We are two separate beings representing what we represent separately. Yet even if we are opposites, even if at the root we are hostile — don't say we are — there is no reason why we shouldn't meet somewhere."

Lawrence seemed to be drifting away from Murry here. He had been waiting a long time for Murry to come to him and Murry evidently could not. He had written earlier: "I've waited for you for two years now, and am far more constant to you than ever you are to me — or ever will be. ... I believe in you, and there's an end of it. But I think you keep far less faith with me than I with you, at the centre of things."

For several years, Murry and Lawrence had been trying to get together. They seemed to have a personal affinity for each other, but their beliefs were different. Murry said himself that they could accept Lawrence, the person and writer, but Lawrence the prophet they were all against. They couldn't go all the way with

him in his experiences.

Lawrence wrote the same thing to Lady Asquith. Murry says that "he believes in what I say because he believes in me, he might help in the work I set out to do because he would be believing in me. But he would not believe in the work. He would deplore it. He says the whole thing is personal: that between him and me it is a case of Lawrence and Murry, not of any union in an idea."

Lawrence's great desire for friendship comes out in Aaron's Rod. We see Lawrence characterized in the person of Lilly. He projects his love for Murry into the man Sisson. Aaron Sisson is a flautist who, becoming unhappy as a miner in a colliery town, leaves his wife and family for no apparent reason. He simply says, "I just left them." When asked if it were mere caprice, he answered, "If it's a caprice to be begotten and a caprice to be born and a caprice to die then that was a caprice, for it was the same."

Aaron became ill with influenza and Lilly was taking care of him in his apartment. Lilly stayed right by him until he regained strength, although Aaron was indifferent about his own life and did nothing to get well. At that time, Lilly wished that there could be something to bind them together. However, Aaron was too independent to be dominated by him. When Aaron was leaving the apart-

ment, he said suddenly, "It's all one to you then ... whether we ever see one another again?" "Not a bit," answered Lilly, "I very much wish there might be something that held us together."

All this is an exact reproduction of the experience as it occurred in Lawrence's life. Murry was ill at the Lawrence home. He related his experiences in "Reminiscences":

"Lawrence was in his element looking after someone, especially someone rather stupid about his body. ... There is no more perfect likeness of the man I knew than the picture of Lilly looking after Aaron Sigson in the little flat near Covent Garden, in Aaron's Rod."¹

Murry says elsewhere that there is more of Lawrence in this than in any other of his novels. Lawrence was a man who wanted love. "Lawrence during all his life would have bitten his tongue out rather than confess that what he wanted was more love: he preferred to say aloud and to persuade himself that of all things the one he hated most was love. If he had said 'of all words', it might have been true. He was a man who did not find enough love in the world. He was a disappointed lover of humanity: and he always found it better indeed to face the simple truth about himself."²

This same feeling is expressed in Kangaroo when Somers is talking to the "political boss". He says, "In a way I love you, Kangaroo, ... Our souls are alike somewhere. But it is true, I don't want to love you."³

¹ Aaron's Rod, p. 124.
³ Son of Woman, p. 220.
⁵ Kangaroo, p. 383.
It is quite true that a sincere longing for friendship and love is shown in *Aaron's Rod*. It was at the particular time in Lawrence's life when he desired a true friendship, an Utopian community in which he would be the leader, and the others his disciples. This was a real desire with him. We have in *Aaron's Rod* this expression: "What is life but a search for a friend? A search for a friend — that sums it up."

With *Kangaroo* we have the man with man relationship stressed, and we have also a development of another phase in Lawrence's personal doctrine — that of one man being the leader in a community or project. This book, again, is distinctly autobiographical as can be shown from the letters. Many of the experiences correlate exactly. However, we will concern ourselves here with only the friendship between Richard Lovatt Somers and Jack Calcott. Somers is Lawrence in every respect. Of his appearance upon his entrance to Australia, we have this description. A man in overalls, who turned out to be Jack Calcott, looked up to see two strangers approaching across the lawn.

“One was a mature, handsome, fresh-faced woman, who might have been Russian. Her companion was a smallish man, pale-faced, with a dark beard. ... Seeing the strange, foreign-looking little man with the beard and the absent air of self-possession walking unheedingly over the grass, the workman instinctively grinned. A comical looking bloke! Perhaps a Bolshevik.”

His reason for coming to Australia is the same as Lawrence's.

*He was a man with an income of four hundred a year, a writer of poems and essays. In Europe, he had made up his mind that every-

1. *Aaron's Rod*, p. 252.
thing was done for, played out, finished, and he must go to a
new country. The newest country: young Australia! Now he had
tried Western Australia! ... And the vast, uninhabited land fright-
ened him. It seemed so hoary and lost, so unapproachable. The
The Somers' located near Sydney in a cottage "Torastin". The
Calcott's cottage was called "Wyewurk".

We can see the parrallelism of all this going as far as the
feeling for Australia. A letter written to Mrs. A. J. Jenkins
on May 28, 1922, from "Wyewurk", the Lawrence's cottage in
Australia, reads like this: "Well, here we are in a little
house to ourselves on the edge of the cliff some 40 miles from
Sydney. It's a weird place _ with coal-mines near." In June
of the same year, he wrote to Mrs. Carswell. "It is a weird
place. In the established sense, it is socially nil. ... there
seem to be no inside life of any sort: just a long lapse and
drift,. A rather fascinating indifference, a physical indifference
to what we call soul or spirit. It's really a weird show. The
country has an extraordinary hoary, weird attraction."

When the Somers and the Calcotts live side by side and the
two men enter into a so-called friendship, we can safely assume
that these experiences were real to Lawrence. We immediately re-
call the fact that the Lawrence's and the Murry's tried living
together in much the same manner in Cornwall. Lawrence begged the
Murry's to come and take the little cottage next to theirs. Just

3. Ibid. p. 555.
at this time, the Murry's were spending the happiest moments of their lives, "stolen in the teeth of circumstance" in Villa Paulina, Southern France. However, they allowed themselves to be persuaded into going to Zennor where the Lawrence's were.

"From the beginning, the experiment was a failure" Lawrence was going through that period which he described so well in Kangaroo. He would call out during the night, "Jack is killing me" and similar exclamations until the Murrys could stand it no longer. Murry says that Lawrence wanted a blood-relationship - some sort of sacrament with him. And he could not meet him there. So, the Murrys moved away, giving as their reason a dislike for the country. The whole experiment lasted, judging from the dates of Lawrence's letters, about two months, from April to June, 1916.

Lawrence wrote to Lady Morrell on May 24, 1916, "Unfortunately the Murry's do not like the country - it is too rocky and bleak for them. ... I am very sorry they don't like it, because I like this country and my little cottage so much."

It is interesting to note the similarity of the two characters in the book to Lawrence and Murry. This is describing the two men as they walk along together on a Sunday morning.

"Somers, in a light suit of thin cloth, made by an Italian tailor, and an Italian hat, just looked a foreign sort of little bloke - but a gentleman. The chief difference was that he looked sensitive all over, his body, even its clothing, and his feet, even his brown shoes, all equally sensitive with

his face. Whereas Jack seemed strong and insensitive in the body, only his face vulnerable. ... Jack strode along; Somer seemed to hover along. There was decision in both of them, but, oh, of such different quality. And each had a certain admiration of the other, and a very definite tolerance. Jack just barely tolerated the quiet finesse of Somers, and Somers tolerated with difficulty Jack's facetious familiarity and heartiness."

And so the life between these two went on as it did between the men in real life. It seemed as though Lawrence and Murry were always wishing for a close, intimate friendship. At the same time, they could never go quite all the way. When one was ready, the other was not. And something always frustrated a complete union. To Somers is attributed Lawrence's own thoughts, after Jack's proffer of friendship. ...

"All his life he had cherished a beloved ideal of friendship—David and Jonathan. And now, when true and good friends offered, he found he simply could not commit himself, even to simple friendship. ... He had all his life had this craving for an absolute friend, a David to his Jonathan, Pylades to his Orestes; a blood-brother. All his life he had secretly grieved over his friendlessness. And now, at last when it really offered—and it had offered twice before, since he left Europe—he didn't want it, and he realised that in his innermost soul he had never wanted it."2

We find that later, in 1926, the friendship idea still being predominant in his mind, Lawrence wrote the play, "David", in which the classic idea of friendship could take first place.

This brings us to the point where Lawrence begins to feel that a group is necessary. He could not find, as we have seen, one man with whom he could join wholly in spirit and in doctrine.

2. Ibid, p. 120 f.
VI. MAN - GROUP RELATIONSHIP

From the year 1915 until the publication of Kangaroo in 1923, Lawrence was anxious to get together a group who would go and live apart from the rest of the world. He wrote to W.R. Hopkin on Jan. 15, 1915, about this plan.

"We will also talk of my pet scheme. I want to gather about twenty souls and sail away from this world of war and squalor and found a little colony where there shall be no money but a sort of communism as far as necessaries of life go, and some real decency. It is to be a real colony built upon the real decency which is in each member of the community. A community which is established on the assumption of goodness in the members, instead of the assumption of badness."

The whole idea and plan is given in detail to Lady Morell in the same year. We find in Women in Love, a suggestion of a community consisting of the four main characters when they go away together to the mountains. However, the spirit of the undertaking seems to come out more in Kangaroo than in any other novel. It is rather a surprise to find that more attention is not given to group life in the novels, since Lawrence desired it so much himself. It is reasonable to believe, however, that since practically everything in the novels comes out of his own experience, there would be little done about this plan, because he had no chance to work it out. The only time that it was tried before 1920 was with the Murry's. And we have that experience in Kangaroo. It is in Kangaroo that the desire is expressed. It comes out here with the continuation of the quotation just taken from the novel.

knew that he did not want a blood-brotherhood. He did want some other living relationship. But what?

"Perhaps the thing that the dark races know: that one can still feel in India: the mystery of lordship. ... The other mystic relationship between men, which democracy and equality try to deny and obliterate. Not any arbitrary caste or birth aristocracy. But the mystic recognition of difference and innate priority, the joy of obedience and the sacred responsibility of authority."

Finally it appears — Lawrence's desire for leadership. He was oppressed by his feeling of "aloneness". He wanted a group to act and feel in conjunction with him. Throughout his life, although he tried many times to secure a group which would follow him, he remained an isolated being. He could not have a close relationship with humanity. This comes out strongly in Kangaroo. He knows that there must be relationships. Yet he cannot establish them. He says in Kangaroo:

"Yet one cannot live a life of entire loneliness, ... There's got to be meeting: even communion. "Well then, let us have the communion. _ 'This is thy body which I take from thee and eat _ as the priest, also the God, says in the ritual of blood-sacrifice. The ritual of supreme responsibility, and offering Sacrifice to the dark God, and to the men in whom the dark God is manifest. Sacrifice to the strong, not to the weak. In awe, not in dribbling love. The communion in power, the assumption into glory. _ La gloire._"

As Nin has said in his study of Lawrence, there is always Lawrence the individualist struggling for isolation on the one hand, and on the other, Lawrence the man tormented with pity, with his feeling of kinship, with a desire for understanding of his fellow-men. However, as the novels and the letters show, there can never be a perfect relationship between people. We are doomed to a solitariness.

2. Ibid. p. 332. 4. Ibid. p. 29.
This feeling of aloneness I wish to point out. As early as 1913, just about a year after his mother's death, Lawrence wrote to Garnett:

"I hope you will stand by me a bit; I haven't a man in the world, not a woman either, besides Frieda, who will. Not that anyone else has, I suppose, who goes his own way. But I haven't yet got used to being cut off from folks — inside a bit childish."¹

The following year he expressed the same desire for the company of other people. He was writing of another person, yet we can see his own feelings here.

"I am sorry Paddy is still so seedy. He is a strange boy, I think he will need a lot of love. He has a curious heavy consciousness, a curious awareness of what people feel for him. I think he will need a lot of understanding and a lot of loving ... But he will suffer a great deal, and he will want a lot of love to make up for it."²

"He cannot help feeling that this is Lawrence crying out for love from the depths of his loneliness because, as Murray has said, Lawrence himself needed a great deal of loving.

From this time on, we see the workings of the growing sense of isolation in his novels. Lawrence seems to be torn, as has been stated before, between the two feelings — one of wishing to be alone; the other of fearing to be alone. Of Will Brangwen in The Rainbow, he wrote,

"He could be alone now. He had just learned what it was to be able to be alone. It was right and peaceful. ... He had come into his own existence. ... He was born for a second time, born at last unto himself, out of the vast body of humanity. Now at last he had a separate identity, he existed alone, even if he were not quite alone. Before he had only existed in so far as he had relations with another being."

¹ Letter to W. Garnett, July 7, 1914.
² Letters, p. 127.
⁴ The Rainbow, p. 178.
Lawrence desired to be happy when alone, but his sense of relationships with people would not permit it. He wrote to Rolf Gardiner in July, 1926:

"I should love to be connected with something, with some few people, in something. As far as anything matters I have always been very much alone, and regretted it. But I can't belong to clubs or societies, or Freemasons, or any other damn thing. So if there is, with you, an activity I can belong to, I shall thank my stars. But, of course, I shall be wary beyond words, of committing myself.

Everything needs a beginning, though and I shall be very glad to abandon my rather meaningless isolation, and join in with some few other men, if I can."1

We hear Ursula, in The Rainbow, speaking of her isolation; yet one can see Lawrence's own situation outlined in these words:

"I have no father nor mother nor lover. I have no allocated place in the world of things. I do not belong to Beldover nor to England, nor to this world, they none of them exist. I am trammled and entangled in them, but they are all unreal. I must break faith out of it like a nut from its shell which is an unreality."2

This sense of aloneness grows in Women in Love. There we see Birkin almost afraid to mingle in society. Lawrence, as author, is talking of Birkin:

"What a dread he had of mankind, of other people. It amounted almost to horror, to a sort of dream-terror, his horror of being observed by some other people. If he were on an island ... with only the creatures and the trees, he would be free and glad, there would be none of this heaviness, this misgiving. He could love the vegetation and be quite happy and unquestioned, by himself."3

Just a bit farther on, Birkin says that

"At the very last, one is alone, beyond the influence of love. There is a real impersonal me, that is beyond love, beyond any emotional relationship. So it is with you, but we want to delude ourselves that love is the root. It isn't.

1. Letters, p. 678.
It is only the branches. The root is beyond love, a naked kind of isolation, an isolated me, that does not meet and mingle, and never can...
There is ... a final me which is stark and impersonal and beyond responsibility.  

Lilly, in Aaron's Rod, asserts, however, that "a man may come into possession of his own soul at last, as the Buddhists teach, but without ceasing to love, or even to hate. One loves, one hates, but somewhere beyond it all, one understands, and possesses one's soul in patience and in peace ... And it isn't a negative Nirvana either."

Lilly said that the self, one's own self must take the responsibility for every action. He said, "There's no goal outside you, and there's no God outside you. ... There is only one thing, your very own self. So you'd better stick to it. ... But remember, all the time, the responsibility is upon your own head, it all rests with your own lonely soul, the responsibility for your own action."

This sense of isolation created in Lawrence a spontaneous and erratic impulse to embrace anyone who leaned the least bit towards him. In Kangaroo, Somers felt that there was something deeper than love of mate for mate. Kangaroo, the social leader, wanted his love. He could not give in to it. "Was it just fear that made him hold back from admitting his love for the other man?"

2. Aaron's Rod, p. 110.
3. Ibid. p. 308 f.
"Fear? Yes, it was fear. But then, did he not believe also in the God of Fear? ... There was not only the God of love, ... he believed in the God of fear, of darkness, of passion, and of silence, the God that made a man realise his own quest of aloneness. If Kangaroo could have realised that too, then Richard felt he would have loved him, in a dark, separate, other way of love. But never this all-in-all thing. ... If love was all-in-all, then the great range of love was complete as he put it: a man's love for wife and children, his sheer, confessed love for his friend, his mate, and his love for beauty and truth. Whether love was all in all or not, this was the great, wonderful range of love, and love was not complete short of the whole."

But—but something else was true at the same time. Man's isolation was always a supreme truth and fact, not to be forewarned. And the mystery of apartness. And the greater mystery of the dark God beyond a man, the God that gives a man passion, and the dark, unexplained blood-tenderness that is deeper than love, ... this dark, passionate religiousness and inward sense of an insulating magnificence, ... this filled Richard's heart first, and human love seemed such a fighting for candle-light, where the dark is so much better."

This battling of loves forms the whole conflict between Richard Somers and Kangaroo. And it is the strongest outpouring of the feeling that human love is not in itself enough. The person is still an isolate being. He can commune with only the dark Gods. This is expressed by Lilly, in Aaron's Rod. "He says,"

"... can't one live with one's wife, and be found of her; and with one's friends, and enjoy their company; and with the world and everything, pleasantly; and yet know that one is only alone? ... In so far as he is a single individual soul, he is alone, ipso facto. In so far as I am I, and only I am I, and I am only I, in so far, I am inevitably and eternally alone, and it is my last blessedness to know it, and to accept it, and to live with this as the core of my self-knowledge."

This bears directly upon the discussion of Man's relationship to the dark Gods. The novel dealing with that phase is The Plumed Serpent. From it we get Lawrence's whole concept of the mystic universe—the man-like Gods and the phallic sense.
VII. LEADER - FOLLOWER RELATIONSHIP

There was indeed a lasting effect produced within Lawrence by the war. We shall notice his experiences in detail later. Until the war his letters show faith and hope. He has been sure that a new life would be possible. During the war, this hope of a new life burns fitfully in letters that are among the most interesting of the collection, but are also of a profound sadness and a growing sense of isolation.

Lawrence had, at that time, a definite urge to become a leader. He had it throughout his life; it shows itself in all of his novels, often in the form of a desire for mastery over the woman. Paul Morel is typical of Lawrence's men in his unwillingness to give himself fully to the woman; whereas Miriam is typical of his women in her passion to absorb the man completely.

We see Miriam's resistance to Paul's domination.

"She knew she felt in a sort of bondage to him, which she hated because she could not control it. She had hated her love for him from the moment it grew too strong for her. And, deep down, she had hated him because she loved him and he dominated her."

The two men in The Rainbow who have succumbed to the woman are one man, Lawrence himself.

In Women in Love, the idea recurs strongly in the struggle between Gerald and Gudrun.

"But he kept the idea constant within him, what a perfect voluptuous consummation it would be to strangle her, to strangle every spark of life out of her, till she lay com-

2. Sons and Lovers, p. 266.
pletely inert, soft, relaxed for ever, a soft heap lying dead between his hands, utterly dead. Then he would have had her finally and forever;"

We find that Aaron "too would never yield. The illusion of love was gone forever. Love was a battle in which each party strove for the mastery of the other's soul. So far, man had yielded the mastery to woman. Now he was fighting for it back again." He expressed this feeling with regard to his wife, Lot-tie. "... on this Sunday evening in the strange country, he realised that he had never intended to yield himself fully to her or anything: ... his intrinsic and central aloneness was the very centre of his being."

The Plume: Serpent is greatly concerned with the man and woman yielding to each other and to the third thing - the spark. We shall soon consider that novel.

Lawrence himself fully believed that this desire for mastery over another individual was a great problem. He wrote to Katherine Mansfield, in Dec. 1918, about Jung's Psychology of the Unconscious

\[\text{his mother-incast idea can become an obsession. But it seems to me there is this much truth in it: that at certain periods the man has a desire and a tendency to return unto the woman, make her his goal and end, finds his justification in her. ... }\]

\[\text{But Frieda says I am antediluvian in my positive attitude. I do think a woman must yield some sort of precedence to a man, and he must take this precedence. I do think men must go ahead absolutely in front of their women, without turning round to ask for permission or approval from their women. Consequently the women must follow as it were unquestioningly. I can't help it, I believe this. Frieda doesn't. Hence our fight.}\]

1. p. 525.
2. Aaron's Rod, p. 135.
3. Ibid. p. 173.
As Lawrence felt about having mastery over woman, so he felt about being a leader of men. One writer says that through his desire to escape from absorption by the woman there came about the consummation of a supplementary friendship with a man:

"and it grows more and more clear that this friendship — which Lawrence vainly sought, himself, in his own life — was to be the impersonal friendship of teacher and disciple. Here, if you like, is where the crazy streak comes out. For this very great artist was determined to be a leader and saviour of men. Not content with the 'sublimation' of art, he must also further satisfy his unfulfilled emotional life by taking on him the mantle of a prophet."

There is much evidence that Lawrence wanted to be a leader among men. Murry felt that he was the man for Lawrence and really wanted to accept him as a leader, but their ways just did not lie together.

Lawrence's opinion comes out in Aaron's Rod.

"We must either love or rule. ... and men must submit to the greater soul in a man, for their guidance; and women must submit to the positive power — soul in man, for their being." You'll get this state when "All men say they want a leader, they mean they want an instrument, like Lloyd George. ... But it's more than that. It's the reverse. It's the deep, fathomless submission to the heroic soul in a greater man. ... It is life-submission. And you Aaron know it. But you kick against the pricks. And perhaps you'd rather die than yield. And so, die you must. It is your affair."3

There is a finality about Lawrence's own feelings in the matter and we can see that it was a vital issue with him. It was his wish to create a new world or something marvellous. He says as much in Fantasia when writing about Freud. He asserts that what

1. Beach, 379.
3. Aaron's Rod p. 312.
Freud writes is partly true: yet there is another side. Sex is not all. There is still another greater dynamic power—the impulse to create a world or something wonderful. "That is, the essentially religious or creative motive is the first motive for all human activity. The sexual motive comes second. And there is a great conflict between the interests of the two, at all times."

Possibly the chief cause for the break between Lawrence and Murry was the desire of Lawrence to be the leader. Lawrence always felt himself a superior being. He wrote to Cecil Gray in 1918: "The chief feeling is, that men were always alike, and always will be, and one must view the species with contempt first and foremost, and find a few individuals ... to rule the species. It is proper ruling they need, and always have needed."

Lawrence felt that he could never dominate Murry, although he wished to very much. In Aaron's Rod the statement is made that "People who make calls on other people's souls are bound to find the door shut." Lawrence was always making such calls and when he received no response, he felt that other people were letting him down. Later in the same novel he says, "You've got to have a sort of slavery again. People are not men: they are insects and instruments, and their destiny is slavery. ... I mean a real committal of the life-issue of inferior beings to the responsibility of a superior being. ... It is written between a man's brows, which he is."

3. p. 128.
In *Fantasia*, Lawrence asserts that mankind craves leaders. There is a need for some one to be increasingly responsible for the whole. Once a leader is chosen, the others must obey him body and soul. This leader should not be chosen from personal affection but for life's sake only.

That seemed to be the whole trouble between Lawrence and Murry. Murry could have followed out of personal attachment, not out of belief. Murry states that what Lawrence really wanted was to lead one man—and of course we can presume who that man was. Leadership and power were only names given to the relation with a man for whom he hungered. Murry believed, however, that Lawrence was a leader, or rather that in generations to come he will be found to be a leader and will be considered as such. "But he was not at all a leader in the mode which he dreamed. ... He was a leader after the fashion of the man who leads because he suffers, who leads because he is crucified. 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'"

After the publication of *Aaron's Rod* and *Fantasia*, Murry became enthusiastic over Lawrence. He felt that a pinnacle had been attained and that Lawrence had really gotten hold of something worthwhile. "It was his plan, then, to found *The Adelphi*. Lawrence was to have sole charge of the magazine and Murry began by publishing the essential chapters of *Fantasia*. Murry writes,

1. *Fantasia*, p. 113.
2. *Son of Woman*, p. 234.
"I neither desire nor intended to remain editor of it. I was in my own eyes locum tenens, literally lieutenant, for Lawrence; and I waited eagerly for his coming. I was a little dashed when his letters began to arrive." We will look at these letters when discussing Lawrence's attitude toward England. They state that he could not go back until something happened inside him. He felt that his country had insulted him and he mistrusted it too much to again become identified with it. Such letters made Murry more and more perplexed. He felt himself made a dupe by Lawrence. When Lawrence finally went back to England, his ideas seemed, to Murry at least, to have changed considerably and he could not understand. Lawrence felt that he could not remain in England and wanted Murry to return with him to New Mexico. There was no point in Murry's leaving England except as a personal favor to Lawrence. He had no belief in the foundation of a new society. Lawrence would not accept him in that spirit. Consequently, the outcome of the whole matter was that Lawrence returned to New Mexico alone. From this time on, the bond between the two gradually became weaker until the final break three years later in 1926 when Lawrence had left America and settled in Italy.

The essence of the last letter from Lawrence and Murry was to the effect that they could never again come together. He wrote "Even when we are immortal spirits, we shall dwell in different Hades."

1. Son of Woman, pp. 328 ff.
Lawrence proved to his own satisfaction the futility of trying
to lead. He wrote just two years before his death,

"I'm afraid the whole business of leaders and followers
is somehow wrong, now. ... Even leadership must die, and be
born different later on. ... When Leadership has died, it
is very nearly dead, save for Mussolini and [Rolf Gardiner]
and White Fox and Annie Besant and Gandhi ... then it will be
born again, perhaps, new and changed, and based on reciprocity
of tenderness. The reciprocity of power is obsolete.
When you get down to the basis of life, to the depth of the
warm creative stir, there is no power."¹

It is for the fulfillment of this religious, creative motive
that he writes *The Plumed Serpent*. He cannot in reality be the
leader he desires to be; so he gains some satisfaction through a
fictitious creation. He could appreciate that too, as he says
himself that a life in his characters is better than reality.
He says, "When one is shaken to the very depths, one finds reality
in the unreal world. At present my real world is the world of
my inner soul, which reflects on to the novel I write. The outer
world is there to be endured, it is not real _ neither the outer
life."²

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VIII. MAN - DARK GODS RELATIONSHIP

After the war, Lawrence seemed, more and more, to turn from humanity and towards the darkness. In 1915, he wrote to Lady Morell: "I have had a great struggle with the Powers of Darkness lately. I think I have just got the better of them again. Don't tell me there is no devil: there is a Prince of Darkness. Sometimes I wish I could let go and be really wicked - kill and murder - but kill chiefly. I do want to kill. But I want to select whom I shall kill. Then I shall enjoy it. The war is no good. It is the black desire I have become conscious of."

The conception of the phallic source as being the centre of things comes out in Sons and Lovers. Paul says that one must have "the real, real flame of feeling through another person - once, only once, if it lasts three months". Miriam pondered this and realized what he was seeking - a sort of baptism of fire in passion, it seemed to her." In later novels, we have a great deal made of the phallic conception.

In Fantasia Lawrence says that "The life of individuals depends directly upon the moon. The moon is the mother of darkness." In several instances Lawrence uses the moon. The condition of the weather and nature is always symbolic of the mental states of the characters. In The Rainbow, Tom Prangwen often has the feeling of Lydia's spiritual absence although she is physical-

3. Fantasia p. 265.
ly present. We see him in that state of mind.

* He went out into the wind. ... And all the sky was teeming and teeming along, a vast disorder of flying shapes and darkness and ragged fumes of light and a great brown circling halo, then the terror of a moon running liquid-brilliant into the open for a moment, hurting the eyes before she plunged under cover of cloud again."1

Ursula Brangwen is seen in the same mental state.

"Waves of delirious darkness ran through her soul. She wanted to reach and be amongst the flashing stars, she wanted to race with her feet and be beyond the confines of this earth. ... The darkness was passionate and breathing with immense, unperceived heaving. It was waiting to receive her in her flight.

She turned and saw a great white moon looking at her over the hill. And her breast opened to it, she was cleared like a transparent jewel to its light. She stood filled with the full moon, offering herself. ... She wanted the moon to fill in to her, she wanted more, more communion with the moon, consummation. ...

She stood for some moments out in the overwhelming luminosity of the moon. She seemed a beam of gleaming power. She was afraid of what she was."2

Birkin, as well, felt all too conscious of the moon. One evening, upon seeing its reflection in the pond, "He got large stones, and threw them, one after the other, at the white-burning centre of the moon, till there was nothing but a rocking of hollow noise, and a pond surged up, no moon any more, only a few broken flakes tangled and glittering broadcast in the darkness, without a aim of meaning. ..."

Many times the powers of darkness are spoken of in the novels. The characters speak about the great dark knowledge that one can't have in his head — the dark involuntary being. It is death to oneself — but it is the coming into being of another.

1. The Rainbow p. 42.
2. Ibid. p. 302.
One character asks how you can have knowledge not in your
head. The answer is: "In the blood, ... when the mind and the
known world is drowned in darkness — everything must go —
there must be the deluge."

Lawrence wrote to Ernest Collings January 17, 1913:

"My great religion is a belief in the blood 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."

Two years later he wrote to Lady Morell:

"It is not your brain you must trust to, nor your will —
but to that fundamental pathetic faculty for receiving the
hidden waves that come from the depths of life, and for
transferring them to the unreceptive world. It is something
which is unrecognized and frustrated and destroyed."

His linking up of man with the universe is a doctrine which
plays an important role in Lawrence's life. "He thought that one
should strive for the fulfillment of all desires, down to the
deepest and most spiritual desires. He says, "... And I shall
find my deepest desire to be a wish for pure, unadulterated relation-
ship with the universe, for truth in being."

Mrs. Carrewell says of him, "He wanted above everything a
world of living relationships — 'Fifty per cent me, fifty per cent
thee: and the third thing, the spark. ...Either this or less
than nothing'. And relationships not merely with men and women,
but with birds, beasts, flowers, reptiles, stones, stars, suns and
manufactured articles."

2. Letters p. 95.
Lawrence was truly aware of every living thing and saw a living daemon in every tree. He seemed to think that the dark races come much closer to the centre of the universe and its mystery than does the white. He said,

"The old dark religions understood. 'God enters from below' said the Egyptians, and that's right. Why can't you darken your minds and know that the great gods pulse in the dark, and enter you as darkness through the lower gates, not through the head. Why don't you seek again the unknown and invisible gods who step sometimes into your arteries, and down the blood vessels to the phallos, to the vagina, and have strange meetings there? There are different dark gods, which are the dark promptings and passion-motions inside you, and have a reverence for life."

He wrote to J. D. Peresford that the Cornish people had an attraction for him. They seemed to reveal the dark gods, although they were too much concerned about the trivialities of life.

"Nevertheless, the old race is still revealed, a race which believed in the darkness, in magic, and in the magic transcendency of one man over another, which is fascinating. Also there's left some of the old sensuousness of the darkness, a sort of softness, a sort of flowing together in physical intimacy, something almost negroid, which is fascinating."

He wrote to Harry much later telling of his intention of returning to England from New Mexico and of the fact that there must be two ends of a rope to tie together. England to him was only one end of the broken rope. He said, "There's another end to the outreach. One hand in space is not enough. It needs the other hand from the opposite end of space, to clasp and form the bridge. The dark hand and the white."

1. Letter to Willard Johnson 1922 from New Mexico p. 564.
Feeling thus strongly about the dark races, he would enjoy living close to and being able to observe the Mexican people.

Murry says of this novel "The most obviously significant thing in The Plumed Serpent is negative; it is that Lawrence does not appear in it. The Man disappears, The Woman remains." It is true that Lawrence does not appear as a character; that is, there is no one who, in physical appearance, resembles him. Doubtless, that is what Murry meant. The characters are Mexican; the spirit of Lawrence, however, permeates the entire book. His own thoughts are embodied therein and one has the feeling that the whole struggle is Lawrence's. He is constantly present.

Mrs. Carrwell says, "And surely here is the most ambitious and the most impressive novel of our generation. ... Only the pinions of faith could have carried home such a theme. And more than faith. For this tale Lawrence needed not only all his genius, but all his long discipline and all his savage pilgrimage. So far from showing 'disintegration' it creates. In it Lawrence's powers as a novelist are established and his thoughts as a man are embodied to that extent that it would have assured him his place without further production. Indeed it may be said that all later works ... are embroideries on themes contained in the Mexican novel."

The experiences in Mexico are true to Lawrence's own. Mrs. Luhan states that he has just transported Taos down to Old Mexico.

1. Son of Woman p. 303.
2. Savage Pilgrimage, p. 133.
We can be sure that all of his knowledge of Indians and the drums he learned while at Taos. And as has been indicated, he felt that the dark races possessed that divine spark between man and the universe, which to him was the "real thing" in life.

He wrote in 1930, "The young men know now that most of the 'benevolence' and 'motherly love' of their adoring mothers was simply egoism again, and an extension of self, and a love of having absolute power over another creature." He asks the question what is the real thing in life and says that that is the great problem. His own answer is: to get into contact with the living centre of the cosmos. But how? He felt that the Mexicans had the solution to that problem. In an article on New Mexico, written in 1931, he said,

"I think New Mexico was the greatest experience from the outside world that I ever have had. It certainly changed me for ever." The "whole life-effort of man was to get his life into direct contact with the elemental life of the cosmos, mountain-life, cloud-life, thunder-life, air-life, earth-life, sun-life. To come into immediate felt contact, and so derive energy, power, and a dark sort of joy." He went on to say that the Mexican's religion is greater than the god-religion. It has a full meaning of life."

As we have observed, Lawrence was desirous of being a leader. In The Plumed Serpent, he had his chance to create and lead an entire new movement. He accomplished the overthrow of the church and made the religion of his men-gods the national one. The President declared the old Church illegal in Mexico, and caused a law to be passed, making the religion of CHUIZALCOATL the national

2. Survey May 1931, pp 153-155
religion of the Republic. All churches were closed. All priests were compelled to take an oath of allegiance to the Republic, or condemned to exile. ...

The whole country was thrilling with a new thing, with a release of new energy."

Lawrence regretted his isolation, as we have seen, and here he found fulfillment in allowing his characters to become gods while men and let their souls lead a multitude of people.

In the phallic sense, one can be detached from all mechanical and even mental contacts, if he be in direct accord with the elemental flow of the universe - a truly dark knowledge.

The woman in The Plumed Serpent dreaded this casting off of humanity. She cried to her own soul: "Let me still believe in some human contact. Let it not be all cut off from me!"

"But she made up her mind, to be alone, and to cut herself off from all the mechanical widdershins contacts."

Lawrence knew that this casting off of material things and accepting only the elemental flow was farther than humanity in general could go. He knew that mankind was not great enough to countenance it. Lawrence was on the side of the instincts and against all forms of society. He identified himself with nature. His difficulties were great. Edwin Muir says, in a short article on Lawrence, that "He had to translate into a conscious thing, language, states which are fluid and unconscious, and cannot be directly denoted."

1. The Plumed Serpent, p. 420 f.
2. Ibid. p. 101.
Lawrence wrote from New Mexico to Dr. Trigant Burrow: "I'm not going to bother any more about that side of things. People are too dead and too conceited. Man is the measure of the universe. Let him be it; idiotic foot-rule which even then is nothing. In my opinion, one can never know: and never, never understand. One can but swim, like a trout in a quick stream."

Nevertheless, he still believed that the dark relationship was the only thing. In The Plumed Serpent he says of Kate,

"Alone, she was nothing. Only as the pure female corresponding to his pure male, did she signify.
As an isolated individual, she had little or no significance.
As a woman on her own, she was repulsive and ever evil, to him. She was not real till she was reciprocal.
To a great extent this was true, and she knew it. To a great extent the same was true of him, and without her to give him the power, he too would not achieve his own manhood and meaning. With her or without her, he would be beyond ordinary men, because the power was in him. But failing her, he would never make his ultimate achievement. "We would never be whole. . . ."

"Put that little star of her own single self, would he ever recognize that? Kay, did he even recognize any single star of his own being? Did he not conceive of himself as a power and a potency on the face of the earth, an embodied will, like a rushing dark wind? And hence, inevitably, she was but the stone of rest to his potency, his beastly sleep, the cave and lair of his male will."

He wrote again to Dr. Burrow in 1927, still believing in the non-mental flow as in the passage just quoted. He said,

"I'm not sure if a mental relation with a woman doesn't make it impossible to love her. To know the mind of a woman is to end in hating her. Love means the pre-cognitive flow—neither strictly has a mind—it is the honest state before the apple. Bite the apple, and the love is killed. Between man and woman it's a question of understanding or love. I am almost convinced."

2. The Plumed Serpent, p. 386 f.
About Lawrence's last great novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, there need be little discussion. It is, as Mrs. Carrawell has said, and as I believe as well, embroideries on former themes. The social ideas are those expressed in *Women in Love* and *Kangaroo*. And it is a phallic novel; but one without the horrors of the Mexican novel. It is a novel of deep sincerity and tenderness. Lawrence himself says of it:

"It is a nice and tender phallic novel — not a sex novel in the ordinary sense of the word. I don't know how much you sympathize with my work — perhaps not much, but anyhow, you know it is quite sincere, and that I sincerely believe in restoring the other, the phallic consciousness, into our lives: because it is the source of all real beauty, and all real gentleness. And those are the two things, tenderness and beauty, which will save us from horrors. ... in my novel I work for them directly, and direct from the phallic conscious-ness, which, you understand, is not the cerebral sex-consciousness, but something really deeper, and the root of poetry, lived or sung."

He wrote to Curtis Brown the same day.

"I believe in the phallic consciousness, as against the irritable cerebral consciousness we're afflicted with: and anybody who calls my novel a dirty sexual novel is a liar. It's not even a sexual novel: it's a phallic. Sex is a thing that exists in the head, its reactions are cerebral, and its processes mental. Whereas the phallic reality is warm and spontaneous ..."

It is only natural to wonder why Lawrence felt such an awareness of nature and such a close ness to the earth. He almost takes us underground in some of his emotional discussions. In *The Plumed Serpent*, for instance, he reveals to us his earth,

"At the heart of the earth sleeps a great serpent, in the midst of fire. Those that go down in mines feel the heat and the sweat of him, they feel him move. It is the living fire of the earth, for the earth is alive. The snake of the world is huge, and the rocks are his scales, trees grow between them. I tell you the earth you dig is alive as a snake that sleeps. So vast a serpent you walk on, this lake lies between his folds as a drop of rain in the folds of a sleeping rattlesnake. Yet he none the less lives. The earth is alive."

Rebecca West in an elegy says that "It appeared to some that Lawrence saw life as a flaming mystery because he suffered from tuberculosis ... It appeared to them that he wanted to crack the crust which society has allowed to form on the surface of its existence and look underneath, because he was a miner's son and had an inferiority complex about the respectable."

I should not care to go that far; however, I do think that Lawrence's childhood environment must have had a great deal to do with the later development of his ideas. In fact, he gave one description of the life of the miner which has practically enough evidence therein to show that he was deeply influenced by the life underground. He said,

"Under the buttly system, the miners worked underground in a sort of intimate community, they knew each other practically naked, and with curious close intimacy, and the darkness and the underground remoteness of the pit 'stall', and the continual presence of danger, made the physical, instinctive and intuitional contact between men very highly developed, a contact almost as close as touch, very real and very powerful. This physical awareness and intimate togetherness was at its strongest down pit. When the men came up into the light they blinked. They had, in a measure, to change their flow. Nevertheless, they brought with them above-ground the curious dark intimacy of the mine, the naked sort of contact, and if I think of my childhood, it is always as if there was a lust-

1. p. 195.
rous sort of inner darkness, like the gloss of coal, in which we moved and had our being."

Although there can be no doubt in the minds that Lawrence formed these impressions later in his life, that last sentence, I think, shows clearly why he had such an unusual consciousness of the earth and darkness. It makes his feelings and his words translatable to himself as well as to us.

IX. MINOR EXPERIENCES IN THE NOVELS

In four of the novels there are experiences, Lawrence's own, which do not fall under any of the relationship headings, nor do they strictly belong to the attitudes which make up the next chapter. Consequently, I have given them place here.

Sons and Lovers

Under the Mother-child relationship, we have seen that the family of Morels of the novel were surely Lawrence's own. The attitude in the home was the same. Both men were colliers, not interested in intellectual things. The women were finer, although more materially and practically minded about the matters of home-making.

"Morel was sensual. She [Mrs. Morel] was intellectual. She would try to nag him into stopping his drunkenness." In the article about the Nottingham countryside, from which we have quoted, Lawrence says that "The colliers fled from the nagging materialism of their wives. They had no intellectual life whatsoever."

Paul, who represents Lawrence, from early childhood had a tendency toward the esoteric. It seems significant that Mrs. Morel thought that "perhaps her son would be a Joseph" and she called him Paul, not knowing why. His brother, William, called him 'Postle. Lawrence has been generally given the name of prophet. Murry attributes that name to him.

The suffering which Paul undergoes from attacks of bronchitis and pneumonia are Lawrence's. All his life he was troubled with bronchitis and had two severe attacks of pneumonia. His ill health

1. pp. 29-34.
was the cause of his leaving a position in a manufacturer's office as well as his position as schoolmaster later on.

It is reasonable to believe that the account of Paul at the Surgical factory with the full description of details was that of Lawrence himself. Mrs. Carswell states that, at the age of sixteen, Lawrence worked for a short time in a manufacturer's office at thirteen shillings a week. He remained there until he became seriously ill with pneumonia.

Frequently in the novels we have reference to swimming and bathing. In *Sons and Lovers* Paul and Clara go together to the seaside. "He loved the Lincolnshire coast, and she loved the sea. . . . He was a poor swimmer, and could not stay long in the water. She played round him in triumph, sporting with her superiority, which he begrudged her."

Lawrence was evidently not a good swimmer, and the instance could very well apply to him. The Murry's and the Lawrence's often bathed together. Murry gives us this comment about it. "Katherine Mansfield was a superb swimmer, I a good one. It is the only thing I could ever do better than Lawrence did it."

Thus, in this one novel, *Sons and Lovers*, we have an autobiography of Lawrence's life from his *birth* to the death of his mother in 1910. He met Freida Weekley in 1912 and was entering into his relationship with her in 1913 when this book was published.

3. *e.g. Kangaroo*, p. 96.
5. p. 441.
Women in Love

One minor experience in this novel is strikingly similar to Lawrence's. It is a quarrel between Birkin and Hermione. She became so thoroughly exasperated that she "brought down the ball of jewel[1] which was near[1] with all her force, crash on his head."

Lawrence, according to Mrs. Carswell, after a quarrel to the finish with Freida over some slight matter, began to sing. "His unconcerned roundelay after what had just passed" so enraged Freida that she brought down upon the singer's head a heavy stone dinner plate which she was carrying. Lawrence evidently had this in mind when he wrote the incident of the novel. The wound that Birkin received was real to the author.

Aaron's Rod

There are two minor parallelisms in Aaron's Rod. In the first chapter we are shown Aaron's attitude toward Christmas through his manner of treating his wife and children. They ask for Christmas tree candles and for candy. He reluctantly buys them, puts them in his pocket and goes away to return home no more. He is thoroughly out of sympathy with their idea of Christmas. Lawrence wrote a letter in 1918 at Christmas saying that "...Christmas is an institution that really should be abolished."

Then when the war is discussed, Lilly says,

"There was a wakeful, self-possessed bit of me which knew that the war and all that horrible movement was false for me. And so I wasn't going to be dragged in. The Germans could have shot my mother or me or what they liked: I wouldn't have joined the war. I would like to kill my enemy. But become a bit of that huge obscene machine they called war, that I never would."
**Kangaroo**

*Kangaroo* carries on this idea of war and tells Lawrence's own experiences throughout the whole siege.

Lawrence wrote first to Garnett in May 1912. He had gone to Metz with Frieda. He said, "I had to quit Metz because the damn fools wanted to arrest me as a spy. ... There was such a to-do. It wanted all the fiery little Baron von Richthofen's influence ... to rescue me."

Of Somers we have this:

"He had been in Germany [imagine something] how much he detested the German military creatures: mechanical bullies they were. They had once threatened to arrest him as a spy, and had insulted him more than once. ... But then how much humiliation had Richard suffered, trying to earn his living! How they had tried with their beastly industrial self-righteousness, to humiliate him as a separate, single man!"²

Somers was called to a recruiting office. "He never forgot that journey up to Podmin, with the other men who were called up. They were all bitterly, desperately miserable, but still manly: mostly very quiet, yet neither sloppy nor frightened." Somers was examined and rejected.

Lawrence wrote to Edward Marsh in June 1917, "I got myself rejected again at Podmin on Saturday: cursed the loathsome performance. As for flourishing, I should like to flourish a pistol under the nose of the fools that govern us."

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1. Letters, p. 37 f.
3. Ibid. p. 252.
The couple, in both instances, was treated as suspects. The women had the habit of singing German songs in a high voice which action did not help matters any. The bitterness Somers and Harriet showed in the novel was perfectly true of the Lawrence's. Their house was ransacked; they were constantly being called upon to deliver up papers and packages and were under suspicion at every turn.

Both men were called up for re-examination. They were put in Grade 3 unfit for military service. Lawrence wrote to Lady Asquith in Sept. 1918: "These accursed people have put me in Grade 3. It kills me with speechless fury to be pawed by them. They shall not touch me again_ such filth." 2

Somers was re-examined and "put in class C3_ unfit for military service, but conscripted for light non-military duties." 3

After the Somers' moved down to Cornwall, he started to work as a farm-labourer, binding corn." ... he loved working all day among the corn beyond the high-road, with the savage moors all round, and the hill with its pre-Christian granite rocks rising like a great dark pyramid on the left, the sea in front." 4

Lawrence, of course, worked as a farm-labourer during a part of the war. He wrote to Lady Asquith, "I am busy in the harvest, 5 binding corn."

4. Ibid. p. 277.
Finally, officers came to the Somers home in Cornwall, searched through everything, took a few papers and served them an "insolent notice to quit the area of Cornwall." 1

This was the exact experience of the Lawrence's. This is from a letter to Lady Asquith.

"Now comes another nasty blow. The police have suddenly descended on the house, searched it, and delivered us a notice to leave the area of Cornwall, by Monday next. ... I cannot even conceive how I have incurred suspicion — have not the faintest notion. ... And we must leave Cornwall, and live in an unprohibited area, and report to the police. It is very vile. ... They have taken away some of my papers — I don't know what." He discovered what had been taken a little later as he wrote to Montague "herman: "A fortnight ago the police suddenly descended on us in Cornwall... We don't know in the least why this has taken place. Of course my wife was corresponding with her people in Germany, through a friend in Switzerland — but through the ordinary post. When the house was searched, the detective dogs took away, as far as I can tell, only a few old letters in German from my mother-in-law, and such trifles — nothing at all." 3

The Somers' immediately proceeded to London where they were compelled to report to a police-station. "The police at the station knew nothing about them and said they needn't have come." 4

The Lawrence's also moved from Cornwall to London. He wrote to Cecil Gray:

"London is not to be thought of. We reported to police here— they had heard nothing about us, and were not in the least interested—I couldn't quite see why we report at all. It is evident they work none too smoothly with the military." 1

The dreadful mental agony Somers had to undergo in the chapter "The Nightmare" was all Lawrence's. Somers had a feeling that he was being killed—spiritually. People at the barracks were viler than in the South, even than in Cornwall. They had a universal desire to take life and grind it down to those horrible machine people, those iron and coal people. They wanted to set their foot absolutely on life, grind it down and be mastered.

Lawrence wrote to Mrs. Carswell:

"I had to... spend a night in barracks with all the other men, and then be examined. It was experience enough for me, of soldiering. I am sure I should die in a week, if they kept me. It is the annulling of all one stands for, this materialism, the nipping of the very germ of one's being." 3

Many other letters deal with his hatred of the war as an institution, as something to kill the spirit in one. This whole novel, then, is the story of Lawrence's own life during the years of the World War.

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1. Letters, p. 422.
4. e.g. To Lady Asquith pp. 230, 233, 295.
   To Mrs. Nancy p. 458.
   To Lady Asquith p. 288.
There are a few additional subjects that I wish to treat under this heading — feelings that Lawrence possessed all through his life, never, as with the feelings formerly considered, strikingly dominant at a given period.

Of Restlessness

As we have seen, Lawrence was an isolate being who could not make the proper contacts in any human relationship. He could neither be happy within himself nor in the company of others. So he went from one place to another throughout his entire life, trying to find peace and satisfaction. He wrote to Lady Morell in 1915,

"today you will be going to Buxton, through this magnificent sunshine. I almost wish it were my turn to rise up and depart. My soul is restless and not to be appeased. One walks away to another place, and life begins anew. But it is a midge's life."¹

A few days later he wrote again to her, "I know I shall be restless all my life. If I had a house and home I should become wicked. I hate any thought of possessions sticking on to me like barnacles, at once I feel destructive. And wherever I am, after a while I begin to all me to go away."²

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2. Ibid. p. 238.
Of Possessions

This hatred of possessing things Lawrence often couples with the feeling of restlessness in his letters. To Lady Asquith he wrote, "One must destroy the spirit of money, the blind spirit of possession."

Again to Lady Morell,

"I am quite afraid, I feel as if I would run away—I don't know from what. But one can't run away from fate. The thought of fate makes me grin in my soul with pleasure: I am so glad it is inevitable, even if it bites off my nose."

He wrote to Lady Asquith telling her that he should like to go to Florida without first going to New York. He said, "I would like to go to a land where there are only birds and beasts and no humanity, nor inhumanity masks."

To T.D.D. he wrote, "We are leaving here directly—my proverbial restlessness. We took and furnished this little flat in June—now I have transferred the lease and sold the furniture. I can't bear having a house on my head. ... I find it impossible to sit still in one place."

By 1918, this feeling had grown and he wrote to David Gertler.

"I don't want to act in concert with any body of people. I want to go by myself—or with Frieda—something in the manner of a gipsy, and be houseless and placeless and homeless and landless, just move apart. I hate and abhor being stuck on to any form of society."

He wrote to Cecil Gray in the same tone. He was wishing for a caravan and a horse so that he could keep moving on forever.

1. Letters, p. 250.
2. Letter July 1915 p. 244.
He envied the gypsies their camps and mode of life. He wrote,

"But I do loathe possessing things, and having another house. If only one could be an animal, with a thick warm hide, and never a stitch or rag besides. Nobody ought to own houses or furniture — any more than they own the stones of the highroad.

In June of the same year he wrote to Mark Gertler,

"I am very restless and at the end of everything. I don't work — don't try to — only just endure the days. There will either have to come a break outside or inside — in the world or in oneself."

Mrs. Carswell writes of him, "Lawrence disliked an air of everlastingness about a home. For him it must have something of the tent about it, though he liked everything to be seemly and clean and he approved of a few household gods."

Lawrence portrays in his characters the same restlessness as he possessed himself. Houses and furniture and clothes, they are all terms of an old base world, a detestable society of man.

... It is all possessions, possessions, bullying you and turning you into a generalisation."

Aaron says, when Lilly is anxious to get away and is planning to go to Malta: "But what's the good of going to Malta? Shall you be any different in yourself, in another place? You'll be the same there as you are here. ... You're all the time grinding yourself against something inside you. You're never free."

Lawrence realized this spirit within himself. Sincerely, he did not wish to be free. He wrote in a letter to Harriet Monroe:

2. Letter to Gertler p. 452.
5. Aaron's Rod p. 169
"Thank God I am not free, any more than a rooted tree is free."  

Aaron's hatred of possessions is expressed when he was being driven in the expensive and heavily upholstered car of a friend. "He was glad to get out into the fresh air of the common crowd."  

In Kangaroo we have the idea of impermanence stressed. Kangaroo said,

"But our divine flowers ... they don't want to immortalise themselves into stone. If they turned into stone on my table, my heart would almost stop beating, and lose its hope and its joy. But they won't. They will quietly, gently wither. And I love them for it. And so should all creeds, all gods, quietly and gently curl up and wither as their evening approaches. That is the only way of true holiness, in my opinion."  

He hated anything which would last. He liked adobe houses best because they could not endure. As late as 1923 we find him writing to Mrs. Carswell from New Mexico, where he expressed the feeling he had about never being satisfied anywhere.

"It is queer, all the way down the Pacific coast, I kept thinking: Best go back to England. And then, once across the barranca from Ixtlan, it was here again, here in Mexico, in Jolisco, that I wanted to be. But let us watch; things when they come, come suddenly. It may be my destiny is in Europe."  

I think that it was his desire to be ever on the move, his wish for impermanence and his hatred of possessions which made Lawrence see the ugliness of England. He said that he particularly saw

ugliness in the idea of "my own little home". This idea was present throughout England and most especially did it show itself in the smaller villages such as the one in which Lawrence lived. He showed a thorough contempt for the sordidness of villages, cottagers and all England because he said that it had no sense of a real city.

Of England and Humanity

Thus we find him hating England, society and regulated institutions. In 1912 when he was writing Sons and Lovers he wrote from Germany, "I loathe the idea of England, and its enervation and misty miserable modernness. I don't want to go back to town and civilization."

His distrust of all mankind is brought out in Aaron's Rod. After Aaron has been robbed of his pocket-book in the street, he soundly berates himself for not being on his guard. He says, "It serves everybody right who rushes enkindled through the streets, and trusts implicitly in mankind and in the life-spirit, as if mankind and the life-spirit were a playground for enkindled individuals."

And towards the end of the book, Lilly says, "

"The ideal of love, the ideal that it is better to give than to receive, the ideal of liberty, the ideal of the brotherhood of man, the ideal of sanctity of human life, the ideal of what we call goodness, charity, benevolence, public spiritedness, the ideal of sacrifice for a cause, the ideal of unanimity—all the lot—all the whole beehive of ideals—has all got—the modern bee-disease, and gone putrid, ...""
Instead of ignoring the affairs of England and mankind everywhere, Lawrence concerned himself with ideas of improvement. He wrote in 1913:

"And I do so break my heart over England when I read the New Machiavelli. And I am so sure that only through a readjustment between men and women, ... will she get out of her present atrophy. Oh, Lord, and if I don't subdue my art to a metaphysic; as somebody very beautifully said of Hardy, I do write because I want folk _ English folk _ to alter, and have more sense."

In 1915 he was quite consistently concerned with affairs of state. He wrote to Lady Morell January 3,

"I am no democrat, save in politics. I think the state is a vulgar institution. But life itself is an affair of aristocrats. In my soul I'd be as proud as hell. In the state, let there be the Léberté, Égalité business. ... In so far as I am myself, Fierté, Inégalité, Hostilité.

It doesn't sound very French, but never mind. I think the time has come to wave the oriflamme and rally against humanity and H.O., Ho! St. John and the new Jerusalem." Later he wrote to her, "... I don't believe in the democratic electorate. The working man is not fit to elect the ultimate government of the country. And the holding of office shall not rest upon the choice of the mob: it shall be almost immune from them."

He wrote in the same manner to Lady Asquith. He felt that the democratic (republican) form of election was wrong. The artisan was fit to elect for his immediate surroundings, but for no ultimate government. He thought that woman should not vote equally with men, but for different things. If things should work up to a Dictator of national affairs, then there should be a Dictatrix of private affairs. And furthermore, he said, "We must not have Labour in power, any more than Capital."

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1. Letter to McLeod, April 26, p. 121 f.
3. Ibid. p. 239.
Lawrence believed completely in individual liberty. He thought that man should move according to his own conscience and that any government which compelled a man to do things against his conscience was a cowardly concern.

As individuals, mankind, I think, was thought of tenderly and perhaps pitiingly by Lawrence, but en masse, humanity was hated by him. He wrote late in 1916 to Lady Asquith, "...I hate humanity so much, I can only think with friendliness of the dead. They alone, now at least are upright and honorable. For the rest _ pfui!"

During the next six years, Lawrence's principal interest was in trying to get together a group of men and women that would follow him to some other country and, leaving the old world behind, create an entirely new order. As we have seen, his efforts in forming a new world completely failed. By 1922 he had decided that to return to England and again assume responsibility for her welfare was his duty. He wrote a letter to Robert P. Barlow:

"After all, Taormina, Ceylon, Africa, America — as far as we go, they are only the negation of what we ourselves stand for and are; and we're rather like Jonahs running away from the place we belong. That is the conclusion that is forced on me. So I am making up my mind to return to England during the course of the summer. I really think that the most living clue of life is in us Englishmen in England, and the great mistake we make is in not uniting together in the strength of this real living clue..."

But this I know: the responsibility for England, the living England, rests on men like you and me and Cunard — probably even the Prince of Wales — and to leave it all to Bottomleys, etc. is a worse sin than any sin of commission."

Nevertheless, he could not make up his mind to go back, although he threatened to, and promised Murry that soon he would. He went to Ceylon, to Australia, and to New Mexico after this letter to Barlow and by Feb. of 1923 was just as far away from his capability of going back to England as ever. He wrote to Murry, "And at the moment I can't come to England. Something inside me simply doesn't let me. I mistrust my country too much to identify myself with it anymore. And it still gives me a certain disgust. But this may pass. I feel something must happen before I can come back." That something inside him at this time very probably had a definite relation to his split with Murry. And we must remember that Katherine Mansfield, for whom Lawrence had the utmost regard, had died just about three weeks before this writing.

Hatred of democracy and of all England is given treatment in the novels. Ursula says "I shall be glad to leave England. Everything is so meagre and paltry, it is so unspiritual. I hate democracy....

Only the greedy and ugly people come to the top in a democracy because they're the only people who will push themselves there. Only degenerate races are democratic....I'd far rather have an aristocracy of birth than of money." Even though the people elect

1. Feb. 25, 1923 to Murry p. 570
the government, each is a money interest. "I hate it, that anybody is my equal who has the same amount of money as I have. I know I am better than all of them. I hate them. They are not my equals."¹

Those feelings are truly Lawrence's. He felt the moneyed interest more in America though than in England. And he hated America, after living there for a time, for its industrialism and commercialism. He wrote from New Mexico to Catherine Carswell, "America lives by a sort of egoistic will, shove and be shoved."² The following year he wrote to Knud Merrild, that the Mexicans were Americans in that they would rather pull life down than let it grow up.³

Aaron's Rod contains much of Lawrence's bitterness toward humanity and country. Jim Brecknell hates the British, hates their beastly virtue and believes that there is nobody more vicious underneath.⁴ Birkin in Women in Love says, "I loathe myself as a human being. Humanity is a huge aggregate lie, and a huge lie is less than a small truth. Humanity is less, far less than the individual, because the individual may sometimes be capable of truth, and humanity is a tree of lies.... I abhor humanity. I wish it was swept away.

¹. The Rainbow, p. 434-5
². Sept. 29, 1922, p. 562
³. June, 27, 1923, p. 576
⁴. Aaron's Rod, p. 81
...I much prefer to think of the lark rising up in the morning upon a humanless world. Man is a mistake, he must go.\(^1\)

Lawrence was in that spirit when he wrote *Women in Love*. The same idea is expressed in his letters of that time. He wished that an earthquake would come and swallow everybody except a few people— he being among the remaining few, of course.

Pirkin in the novel carries on the idea: "I don't believe in the humanity I pretend to be part of, I don't care a straw for the social ideas I live by. I hate the dying organic form of social mankind—so it can't be anything but trumpery, to work at education."\(^2\)

Although Lawrence was a school-teacher, he did not believe in the existent system of education

**On Education**

Ursula, in *The Rainbow*, is made to carry much of Lawrence's experiences in schoolmastering and his disappointment with the University. Ursula suffered intensely in her teaching; she wanted to be more personal, to have the children love her. Her efforts towards this condition did away with all idea of order and discipline.\(^3\)

Lawrence taught at the Davidson Road Elementary School at Croydon. He was there when his mother died. After her death, he remained another year at Croydon, but after a second attack of pneumonia he decided to leave schoolmastering for good.

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3. cf. note 1., this page.  
We find Lawrence's own feeling about this illness in a letter to Garnett. He said, "I feel my life burn like a free flame floating on oil—waving and leaping and snapping. I shall be glad to get it confined and conducted again.

The doctor says I must get go to school again or I shall be consumptive."

His true hatred of school comes out the following year, after he has given up teaching. He wrote to A.D. McLeod, who had evidently been at Davidson with him:

"When I awoke this morning—... I wondered what day it was. It took me ages to recollect it was Monday, then bang-slap went my heart—half past eight on Monday morning—school. You've no idea what a nightmare it is to me, now I have escaped."2

Again he wrote:

"I still dream I must teach—and that's the worst dream I ever have. How I loathed and raged with hate against it, and never knew."3

In November of 1912 he wrote to Ernest Collings, "I was, but am no more, thank God—a schoolteacher—I dreamed last night I was teaching again—that's the only bad dream that ever afflicts my sturdy conscience."4

It is plain to be seen that the recollection of his past experiences were anything but pleasant and that they must have been the same as those Ursula suffered.

1. Letter Dec 17, 1911 p. 16.
3. Letters, no date given p. 62.
In *Women in Love* Birkin asks, "Hadn't they[the children] better be animals, simple animals, crude, violent, anything, rather than this self-consciousness, this incapacity to be spontaneous."

Lawrence elaborated upon this idea in *Fantasia*. He said that children should be taught through gestures, touch, and facial expression, and not through theory. The child should be treated as a little soul. He thought that schools should be closed and workshops started for children above ten years of age. Then they could find out for themselves their likes and dislikes in occupation and a life-work. He said that we have no right to inject our ideas into the children. They should be allowed to live dynamically from the Source. He goes on to say "But why every Tom, Dick and Harry should have the why and wherefore of the universe rammed into him ... I don't know."

Of course, the only substitute that he suggests is the workshop. And he does nothing with the child under ten years. His hatred of institution and lack of choice in life comes out strongly against education as it does against government.

**On Religion**

We cannot, for a moment, believe that Lawrence accepted Religion and the church as instituted. He did believe in a God.

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2. *Fantasia* pp. 102 ff.
He wrote to Lady Asquith,

"For yourself, you must learn to believe in God. ... We, the English people, shall unite in our knowledge of God, not perhaps in our expression of God but in our knowledge of God: and we shall agree that we don't want to live only to write and make riches, that England does not care only to have the greatest Empire or the greatest commerce, but that she does care supremely for the pure truth of God, which she will try to fulfill. It is not our wickedness that kills us. It is our unbelief."

Lawrence could not accept the Holy Ghost as Love. He said that in the relation between Father and Son, there could be no love unless they were different beings. And if they were divinely different, they would then be divine opposites. This would make for eternal opposition, whereas the expression, love, shows eternal attraction. "In his purest moments, Christ knew that the Holy Spirit was both love and hate — not one only."

Lilly says, "If I believe in an Almighty God, I am willing to sacrifice for Him. That is, I'm willing to yield my own personal interest to the bigger creative interest. But it's obvious Almighty God isn't mere Love."

Lawrence's doctrine came out in Paul Morel as well:

"Religion was fading into the background. He had shovelled away all the beliefs that would hamper him, had cleared the ground, and came more or less to the bedrock of belief that one should feel inside oneself for right and wrong, and should have the patience to gradually realize one's God."

LydiaJLensky also had some undefined beliefs. She worshipped God as a mystery.

3. Aaron's Rod p. 82.
4. Sons and Lovers p. 316.
"And inside her, the subtle sense of the Great Absolute wherein she had her being was very strong. ... Through it all she felt the great Separator who held life in His hands, gleaming, imminent, terrible, the Great Mystery, immediate beyond all telling."

The girl Ursula was concerned about Christianity.

"'Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor'. One could not do it in real life. How dreary and hopeless it made her! Nor could one turn the other cheek. ... There was something unclean and degrading about this humble side of Christianity." And yet: "The passion rose in her for Christ, for the gatherin under the wings of security and warmth."2

I think that the cathedral had quite an attraction for Lawrence. He introduced it in at least four of these six novels. Either the characters simply go there to admire the edifice, or else they are in Church, as in the case of Will brangwen in The Rainbow. In all of these instances, we feel that Lawrence is marveling at the ritual and the beauty of the buildings, probably obviously as artistry, but subtly as something deeper, mystical.

At the beginning of Lawrence's thirtieth year, he wrote to Lady Asquith:

"I want to begin all over again. All these 'setsesemane, Calvary and Sepulchre stages must be over now: there must be a resurrection - resurrection: a resurrection with sound hands and feet and a whole body and a new soul: a resurrection. It is finished and ended, and put away, and forgotten, and translated to a new birth, this life, these thirty years. There must be a new heaven and a new earth, and a new heart and soul: all new: a pure resurrection."3

During the war Lawrence expressed his attitude towards religion and life to Lady Morell. He wrote:

1. The Rainbow p. 94.
2. Ibid. p. 269.
"The only thing now to be done is either to go down with the ship, sink with the ship, or, as much as one can, leave the ship, and like a castaway live a life apart. As for me, I do not belong to the ship; I will not, if I can help it, sink with it. ... As far as I possibly can, I will stand outside this time. I will live my life and, if possible, be happy, though the whole world slides in horror down into the bottomless pit. There is a greater truth than the truth of the present, there is a God beyond these gods of today. Let them fight and fall round their idols, my fellow-men: it is their affair. As for me, as far as I can, I will save myself, for I believe that the highest virtue is to be happy, living in the greatest truth, not submitting to the falsehood of these personal times."¹

Lawrence felt strongly that one's own integrity was the supreme aim in life. He wrote to Mrs. Carswell:

"Christianity is based on the love of self, the love of property, one degree removed. Why should I care for my neighbour's property, or my neighbour's life, if I do not care for my own? ... Property, and power, which is the same, is not the criterion. The criterion is the truth of my own intrinsic desire, clear of ulterior contamination."²

Just a week later he again wrote to her:

"I want people to be more Christian rather than less: only for different reasons. Christianity is based on reaction, on negation really. It says, 'Renounce all worldly desires, and live for heaven.' Whereas I think people ought to fulfill sacredly their desires. And this means fulfilling the deepest desire, which is a desire to live unhampered by things which are extraneous, a desire for pure relationship and living truth. ... But I count Christianity as one of the great historical factors, the has-been. That is why I am not a conscientious objector: I am not a Christian. Christianity is insufficient in me. ... The great Christian tenet must be surpassed, there must be something new; neither the war, nor the turning the other cheek.

What we want is the fulfillment of our desires, down to the deepest and most spiritual desire. ... And I shall find my deepest desire to be a wish for pure, unadulterated relationship with the universe, for truth in being. ..."

³.
It is this establishing of pure relationships which makes heaven, wherein we are immortal, like the angels, and mortal, like men, both. And the way to immortality is in the fulfillment of desire.\(^1\)

Lawrence knew, from his own symbol, the phoenix, believed in immortality. In *The Rainbow* he says in his own right, "Alas, that a risen Christ has no place with us! Alas, that the memory of the passion of Sorrow and death and the Grave holds triumph over the pale fact of Resurrection."\(^2\)

To Katherine Mansfield, upon the event of the death of her brother in 1915, he wrote telling her not to be sad because "for us there is a rising from the grave, there is a resurrection, and a clean life to begin from the start, new, and happy. Don't be afraid, don't doubt it, it is so."\(^3\)

Upon Katherine's death in 1923, he wrote to Murry saying that perhaps death was the only thing for her after all. And they can all keep faith because death only strengthens faith between those who have it. He said, "The dead don't die. They look on and help."\(^4\)

**On Children**

We have seen, in a general way, Lawrence's attitude toward the institution of marriage and that toward children. He believed in marriage and nowhere does he say anything against children. He does stress the fact that mothers are fulfilled when they bear

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children and that the husband is partially left out. This was shown in the first two novels studied. Joseph Warren Beach says that "A great cause of sexual conflict lies in the fact that the woman is fulfilled through child-bearing, while the man continues to crave an intense fulfillment through the woman." This idea emerges most strongly in the case of Anna and Will Brangwen in The Rainbow.

In Aaron's Rod, Lilly says that

"There's something wrong with marriage altogether, ... Two people, one egoism. ... I want children badly. I don't. ... I think of them as a burden. Besides, there are such millions and billions of children in the world. And we know well enough what sort of millions and billions of people they'll grow up into. ... When a woman has got children, she thinks the world wags only for them and her. ... And myself I'm sick of the children stunt. Children are all right, so long as you just take them for what they are; ... But I'll be hanged if I can see anything high and holy about children." 2

One feels that this is pretty much Lawrence's honest opinion.

He had no children. Critics conjecture as to the reason. Beach would like to know whether Lawrence's impotence was a physical or a sentimental one. Murry remains hopelessly obscure on that point. Murry does state that Lawrence was not a physically passionate man; far less passionate than the ordinary man almost a sexual weakling, and that the childless Lawrence would like to have convinced himself that it was due to his perfected manhood that he had no children.

Louis Untermeyer asserts that the pathos of D. H. Lawrence was the tragedy of "immanence at war with impotence".

Lawrence wrote to Murry in October of 1924 that perhaps Murry would find fulfillment in a baby. He wrote, "Myself, I am not for postponing the next generation — and so ad infinitum. Frieda says every woman hopes her BABY will become the Messiah. It takes a man, not a baby. I'm afraid there'll be no more Son Saviours. One was almost too much, in my opinion."

Thus we seem to have nothing really definite as to his true idea of children. He gives directions for their training in Fantasia, but is not concerned with them as children nearly as much as what their childhood training will do for them after they have reached maturity.

XI. CONCLUSION

The nature of the correlations between the experiences of D. H. Lawrence and the experiences in his novels has been a matter of relationships between Lawrence and the rest of the universe. There is, in the novels, a development of ideas and experiences in the same order as they occurred in his life most strongly as ideas and most frequently as experiences.

Although he never lost sight of the mother-fixation, which he himself possessed, it lost much of its importance to him personally within a few years after his mother's death. He recognized the experience, when he saw it in other men, as one of importance. The mother-child relationship was considered in Fantasia; but to Lawrence, at that time, it was a past experience.

With The Rainbow comes the story of Lawrence's love conflicts and his struggle against sexual failure. Women in Love is a continuation of the Man-Woman relationship and considers as well the idea which began to play an important part in his thinking about 1915, that of forming a community in which a congenial group could live according to its own laws and regulations. Although the desire to live in a group remained with him always, it was most predominant in his thought at that time. Scarcely a letter from his pen during the years 1915 and 1916 does not contain some reference to his colony scheme.
The first letter to Murry, in the collected volume, dates the year 1913. That was two years before the publication of the first of these novels. The relationship between the two men seems to cause an elaboration of the friendship ideal as it progressed. We have, in *Sons and Lovers*, the relationship between Paul Morel and Baxter Dawes, and in *The Rainbow*, we have mention of a David to Jonathan friendship. *Women in Love*, however, published in 1920 considers more seriously the man-man friendship and his two following novels, *Aaron's Rod* and *Kangaroo*, were concerned with the dependence of one man upon another. The play, *David*, which came out in 1926, of course, was again concerned with the classic friendship.

The novels that are most autobiographical in physical experience are *Sons and Lovers*, which takes up the story of his early manhood, and *Kangaroo*, the account of his and Frieda's experiences during the World War. The other four novels are concerned rather with mental and spiritual experiences.

*The Plumed Serpent* is the only one of the six novels in which Lawrence does not appear as a character. We see his own ideas and feelings in both Don Cipriano and Don Ramon; we cannot, however, point to either of them as a presentation of Lawrence's own experiences. Lawrence's desire to lead showed itself in all of these novels. In the first three novels considered it is in the attem...
to gain mastery over the woman. In *Aaron's Rod* and *Kangaroo* it is the wish to have as his follower a man or group of men. The desire is fulfilled in *The Plumed Serpent* when men are worshipped as gods. For that reason, it seems significant to me that *Lawrence* did not enter that novel as a character. We have seen a letter in which he stated that it was vain to try to lead. We see the fulfilment of one of his greatest desires in the novel, but not in his own projected character any more than in his own life. In order to keep his own integrity, of which one is keenly aware while studying his works, he could not in honesty place himself in the position of Don Ramon of the novel.

Every important relationship in his life, *Lawrence* has portrayed in the novels. The three most important to him were the mother-child relationship which concerned him personally most greatly when he wrote *Sons and Lovers*; the man-man relationship, and the group relationship, both of which lasted with periods of increasing and decreasing importance in their place in his thought, until his death. The group idea, with which he was possessed for a number of years, has the least consideration in the novels. That his desire of living in a select society was never fulfilled to his satisfaction gives us a possible explanation for his not writing in detail about it as his own experience. Had he detached himself, as he did in *The Plumed Serpent*, perhaps he could have written a novel giving his own idea of an Utopia. The man-woman
relationship concerned him during his early years with Freida—the period in which he wrote his two love novels. This idea was almost completely eclipsed in later years by the man-man and leader-follower relationship.

D. H. Lawrence died at Vence, Italy, on March 2, 1930. The grave is nameless, but his symbol, the phoenix, is reproduced in mosaic on the headstone. This mosaic was made of local stones by a peasant who loved him.
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