

CHAPTER-I

D.H. LAWRENCE'S CONTRIBUTION TO LITERARY CRITICISM

D.H. Lawrence's criticism began with his friend J. M. Murrey, and it was supported by E. M. Forster, Aldous Huxley, and even T. S. Eliot. W. T. Andrews thinks it began with D.H. Lawrence's novel *The White Peacock* in 1811. Mark Spilka's *D.H. Lawrence* (1963) is a fundamental work of details in this regard. Andrew's edition *Critics on D.H. Lawrence* (1994) is a sequel to it. D.H. Lawrence was an Englishman even in the teeth of opposition as D.H. Lawrence critic F. R. Leavis puts it, Andrews thinks, "D.H. Lawrence's emotional and intellectual horizons were obviously far wider and remain wider today, despite jet-travel facilities."¹ He is truly an international writer. In fact, best critical work on him is coming from the USA and Australia. D.H. Lawrence's home criticism of his life-time is undoubtedly prejudiced. It is said, "D.H. Lawrence was recognized, even though his faults as a novelist (his formlessness, for example) were-increasingly urged against him at the stage when both his patriotism and his morality seemed in question. Even so, his worst enemies were forced by their recognition of his genius to be in two minds about him. Take Middleton Murry. The record shows that Murry was honestly out of his depth in his attempts to understand D.H. Lawrence: he loved and hated D.H. Lawrence, and appreciated or reviled his work, merely as his own temporary whims dictated."²

One of the important functions of the novelist is to perplex and disturb. It remains to be added that, for as long as D.H. Lawrence continues to puzzle and provoke his world-wide audience, interest in him will survive. As implicit in the nature of his work, there are still plenty of problems which the modern critical renaissance has failed to settle, and is unlikely to settle in the future, his reputation seems safe - paradoxically much safer than that of his more orthodox literary rival, T. S. Eliot.

Richard Foster thinks that D.H. Lawrence is a different kind of critic. He is a radical/violent critic like Dante, Voltaire, Thoreau, Dr. Johnson, Gide, Shaw and Pound. These critics are original, intellectuals and radicals. They possess compulsively responsive moral natures. For example, D.H. Lawrence said, "The essential function of arts is moral. Not aesthetic, not decorative, not pastime, or recreative."³ One thing about these critics is that they are not disciplined, not specialists, but amateurs. Foster observes,

"But these men have more perfectly 'whole' sensibilities than their contemporaries, for almost nothing relating to the human condition in their times seems to escape them. Their wholeness consists in this personal moral confrontation of the whole range of possible and actual human experience; and if they survive history at all, they survive 'alive' in this sense. I think this is the way D.H. Lawrence will survive-his

wholeness as a man surviving more importantly and permanently than his novels or his poetry, or than himself as a fact and cause of literary history as such.”⁴

Literature was to D.H. Lawrence a vast expressive record of the intellectual and emotional --and so, to him, moral errors of mankind. Perhaps the place to begin with D.H. Lawrence as critic, then, is with the essential D.H. Lawrence-- those raw, uncut, and unspoiled responses to literature that take the form of sudden and fierce moral assaults upon it.

Classic figures, old or modern, were not sacred to D.H. Lawrence because of their status: Blake was to him one of those ‘ghastly, obscene knowers’; Richardson ‘with his calico purity and his underclothing excitement sweeps all before him’; *The Scarlet Letter* was a ‘masterpiece, but in duplicity and half-false excitement’; and *The Marble Faun* ‘one of the most bloodless books ever written.’ He called Dostoevsky ‘a lily-mouthed missionary rumbling with ventral howls of derision and dementia’; Chekhov, a ‘second-rate writer and a willy wet-leg’; and Proust, ‘too much water-jelly.’ Many of D.H. Lawrence’s nearer contemporaries received the same kind of sudden vitriol. Wells’s work showed ‘a peevish, ashy indifference to everything, except himself, himself as the center of the universe’; Galsworthy’s novels, read together, ‘just nauseated me up to the nose’; Huxley was only ‘half a man’ as a writer, ‘a sort of precious adolescent’; and Thomas Mann ‘is old and we are so young ... the man is sick, body and soul.’

Such are the characteristic moments of his frank rage, many of them expressed to in the privacy of personal letters. And some of these same writers Huxley, for example, occupied more favorable positions in the longer run of D.H. Lawrence's judgment.

D.H. Lawrence seconded the greatness that tradition had conferred upon Shakespeare, Homer, and the Greek tragedians, but he wrote nothing about them. D.H. Lawrence liked Melville, Whitman, Rolfe and Vargo. He called Rolfe's book *Hadrian the Seventh* a clear and definite book of our epoch, not to be swept aside."⁵ D.H. Lawrence seems to have had an entirely unalloyed admiration for Robert Burns. He loved Burns 'as a brother' because Burns despised 'society,' affirmed life, and accepted the flesh. He admired Burns so much, in fact, that he once considered writing a novel about him.

According to D.H. Lawrence, writers must have a moral purpose. He says that arts are enactments, not sermons. It is said, These are the things D.H. Lawrence meant when he said, in *Assorted Articles*, that 'art is a form of religion, minus the Ten Commandments business, which is sociological.... a form of supremely delicate awareness and atonement-meaning at-oneness, and in *'Morality and the Novel'* that 'the business of the novel is to reveal the relation between man and his circumambient universe, at the living moment; and in 'Why the Novel Matters' that 'if you're a parson, you talk about souls in heaven. If you're a novelist, you know that paradise is in the palm of your hand, and on the end of your nose, because both are alive....' D.H. Lawrence, of course, believed his own work as a novelist to be a dedication of art to the

moral experience of man. As early as 1913, he wrote in a letter of England's need for a 'readjustment between men and women, and making free and healthy of this sex ...' "Oh, Lord," he cried, "and if I don't subdue my art to a metaphysic, as someone very beautifully said of Hardy, I do write because I want folk-English folk-to alter, and have more sense."⁶

D.H. Lawrence necessarily had a view of criticism which prescribed that critics be 'alive' in much the same sense as artists. This was a difficult affair, for it required in the critic both an intense moralism of purpose and a total freedom and openness of sensibility.

D.H. Lawrence wrote in his essay on Galsworthy that the critic must be not only 'emotionally alive in every fibre,' but also 'intellectually capable and skillful in essential logic, and then morally very honest.'⁷

'To my way of thinking,' he once said in a review, 'the critic, like a good beadle, should rap the public on the knuckles and make it attend during divine service. And any good book is divine service.' There could be no more satisfactory image than this of D.H. Lawrence's own activity as critic, unless it were to be that of D.H. Lawrence as messianic scourge whipping out of the temple various perpetrators of literary fraud and sacrilege.

D.H. Lawrence did find much good literature. What he saw was the expression of the bourgeois society. All forms of society-worship, from Galsworthy's middle-class conscience to Shaw's polemic socialism to Tolstoy's and Dostoevsky's evangelical Christianity to Whitman's metaphysical impulse to merge his identity with that of others, were to D.H.

Lawrence disease symptoms of the bourgeois spirit, and were thus heresies against the life-force and the sacredness of man alive.

The abstract social reason merges into another dimension of the bourgeois spirit: sentimental humanitarianism. D.H. Lawrence once jeered at the social pity of Wells, Murry, and Barrie for 'all other unfortunates' as 'elderly bunk': 'It's courage we want, fresh air, not suffused sentiments.'

D.H. Lawrence insisted on healthy literature as Whitman did in America.

D.H. LAWRENCE AND THE NOVEL

As a great novelist, D.H. Lawrence has meditated upon the art of fiction. Some of his essays in this regard are “Why the Novel Matters?” “Morality and the Novel,” “Surgery for the Novel—or a Bomb,” “The Novel,” “The Novel and the Feelings,” “Art and the Individual” and “Art and Morality.”. A brief yet critical analysis of D.H. Lawrence’s views on the art of the fiction are as follows.

“Why the Novel Matters?” D.H. Lawrence’s essay “Why the Novel Matters?” was first published in *Phoenix* in 1936. D.H. Lawrence lived life in its all ramifications. He says one must face life and one must live in the present. Even for an artist, a novelist, ‘nothing is important but life.’ According to his the novel is one bright book of life. The novelist is superior to others. D.H. Lawrence writes, “For this reason I am a novelist. And being a novelist, I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher and the poet, who are all great masters of different bits of man alive, but never get the whole hog.”⁸

The function of the novel is important. Like the Bible, it should communicate with the living and affect the man. The characters must be life-like. We must, likewise, live or we are nothing. D.H. Lawrence writes, “To be alive, to be man alive, to be whole man alive, that is the point. And at its best, the novel, and the novel supremely, can help you. It can help you not to be dead man in life.

But in the novel you can see, plainly, when the man goes dead, the woman goes inert. You can develop an instinct for life, if you will, instead of a theory of right and wrong, good and bad.”⁹

In “Why the Novel Matters?” I expresses his conviction that the novel can do more to make the ‘whole man’ more sensitively aware of life than can any other medium, even poetry.

“Morality and the Novel”: D.H. Lawrence’s essay “Morality and the Novel” first appeared in *Calendar of Modern Letters* in December 1925. He begins the essay thus: “The business of art is to reveal the relation between man and his circumambient universe, at the living moment. As mankind is always struggling in the toils of old relationships, art is always ahead of the times, which themselves are always far in the rear of the living moment.”¹⁰ This perfected relation between man and his circumambient universe is life itself. D.H. Lawrence writes,

“If we think about it, we find that our life consists in this achieving of a pure relationship between ourselves and the living universe about us. And morality is that delicate, for ever trembling and changing balance between me and my circumambient universe, which precedes and accompanies a true relatedness. Now here we see the beauty and the great value of the novel.”¹¹

The novel is the highest example of subtle inter-relatedness. Morality is the trembling instability of the balance. D.H. Lawrence believes that the novel

has a moral purpose. It should reveal true and vivid relationships as it is a moral work. D.H. Lawrence concludes the present essay, “The novel is a perfect medium for revealing to us the changing rainbow of our living relationships. It can help us to live, as nothing else can: no didactic scripture, anyhow.”¹²

“Surgery for the Novel – or a Bomb” : D.H. Lawrence’s essay “Surgery for the Novel – or a Bomb” formerly “The Future of the Novel” first appeared in *International Book Review* in April 1923. D.H. Lawrence feels that the modern novel is derailed: “There he is, the monster with many faces, many branches to him, like a tree: the modern novel.”¹³ And there is the serious novel. Some convulsion will have to get this serious novel out of its self-consciousness. The last great war made it worse. What’s to be done? Because, poor thing, it is really young yet. The novel has never become fully adult. It has never quite grown to years of discretion. It has always youthfully hoped for the best, and felt rather sorry for itself on the last page. The childishness has become very long-drawn-out. So very many adolescents who drag their sixties! There needs some sort of surgical operation, somewhere.

D.H. Lawrence thinks of the popular novels -- the *Sheiks* and *Babbitts* and Zane Grey novels. They are just as self-conscious, only they do have more illusions about themselves. It is a funny sort of self they discover in the popular novels.

D.H. Lawrence worried about the future of the novel. Poor old novel, it is in a rather dirty, messy tight corner. And it is either got to get over the wall

or knock a hole through it. He asks, ‘Supposing a bomb were put under the whole scheme of things, what would we be after? What feelings do we want to carry through into the next epoch? What feelings will carry us through? What is the underlying impulse in us that will provide the motive power for a new state of things? What next? That is what interests him as a great writer.

D.H. Lawrence says, “If you wish to look into the past for what-next books, you can go back to the Greek philosophers. Plato’s Dialogues are queer little novels. It seems to me it was the greatest pity in the world, when philosophy and fiction got split. They used to be one, right from the days of myth. Then they went and parted, like a nagging married couple, with Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas and that beastly Kant. So the novel went sloppy, and philosophy went abstract-dry. The two should come together again-in the novel.”¹⁴ We have got to find a new impulse for new things in mankind, and it is really fatal to find it through abstraction.

“Art and the Individual”: D.H. Lawrence in his essay “Art and the Individual” speaks of art for individuals. This paragraph from a Socialist Member of Parliament is fairly well known: “The present aim of socialists is to find work for the unemployed, food for the hungry, and clothes for the naked. After that it will make the conquest of the intellectual and artistic world.”¹⁵ D.H. Lawrence thinks man needs art and beauty as much as truth for a good commonwealth. Accordingly, the ultimate goal of education is to produce an individual of high moral character. D.H. Lawrence discusses the empirical, speculative, aesthetic, sympathetic, social and religious aspects of education. He gives the example of swan in the lake, and a primrose plant in evening, as the objects of beauty.

D.H. Lawrence remarks how the scale of interests rises. The Aesthetic and the Religious are in their two groups. Consider “Aesthetic Interest” and its definition. It is not satisfactory to us as it stands; it is too intellectual. Beauty comes under the shelter of Aesthetics, and our appreciation of Beauty is very often not appreciation, but a strong mingled emotion. Beauty is the expression of the perfect and divine Idea. Harmony is the name we give to a certain emotional state roused by certain blended component. It is Art which opens to us the silences, the primordial silences which hold the secret things, the great purposes, which are themselves silent; there are no words to speak of them with, and no thoughts to think of them in, so we struggle to touch it. The triumph of Art? ‘The chief triumph of Art’ says Hume, ‘is to insensibly refine the temper, and to point out to us those dispositions which we should endeavour to attain by constant bent of mind and by repeated habit.’

“Art and Morality”: D.H. Lawrence in this essay writes, ‘It is part of the common clap-trap, that art is immoral, for the bourgeois is supposed to be the fount of morality. Myself, I have found artists far more morally finicky.’ Man has learnt to see himself. So now, he is what he sees. He makes himself in his own image.

Previously, even in Egypt, men had not learned to see straight. They fumbled in the dark, and did not quite know where they were, or what they were. Like men in a dark room, they only felt their own existence surging in the darkness of other existences. He thinks we, however, have learned to see ourselves for what we are, as the sun sees us. We have achieved universal

vision. According to D.H. Lawrence, 'What art has got to do, and will go on doing, is to reveal things in their different relationships.'

The true artist does not substitute immorality for morality. On the contrary, he always substitutes a finer morality for a grosser. And as soon as we see a finer morality, the grosser becomes relatively immoral. A new relationship between ourselves and the universe means a new morality.

"The Novel": D.H. Lawrence's essay "The Novel," begins with a foregrounding device of surprise: 'Somebody says the novel is doomed. Somebody else says it is the green bay tree getting greener. Everybody says something, so why shouldn't I!' Mr Santayana sees the modern novel expiring because it is getting so thin;-which means, Santayana is bored. He thinks, 'It becomes harder to read the whole of any modern novel. One reads a bit, and knows the rest; or else one doesn't want to know any more.' This is sad. D.H. Lawrence thinks it is the novel's fault, rather of the novelist's.

One can put anything one likes in a novel. So why do people always put on the same thing. The novel is a great discovery: far greater than Galileo's telescope or somebody else's wireless. The novel is the highest form of human expression so far attained. In a novel, everything is relative to everything else, if that novel is art at all. There one has the greatness of the novel itself. It will not let one tell didactic lies, and put them over. In every great novel, who is the hero all the time? Not any of the characters, but some unnamed and nameless flame behind them all. Just as God is the pivotal interest in the books of the Old Testament. But just a trifle too intimate, too *frère et cochon*, there. In the great

novel, the felt but unknown flame stands behind all the characters, and in their words and gestures there is a flicker of that presence. This we can call the omniscient author. And the sum and source of all quickness, we will call God. And the sum and total of all deadness we may call human. Secondly, the novel contains no didactic absolute. All that is quick, and all that is said and done by the quick, is, in some way, godly.

The novel itself lays down these laws for us, and we spend our time evading them. The man in the novel must be quick. And this means one thing, among a host of unknown meanings.

Here we come upon the third essential quality of the novel. Unlike the essay, the poem, the drama, the book of philosophy, or the scientific treatise: all of which may beg the question, when they do not downright filch it; the novel inherently is and must be:

1. Quick.
2. Interrelated in all its parts, vitally, organically.
3. Honorable.

“The Novel and the Feelings”: We think we are so civilised. D.H. Lawrence asks wherein are we educated? Come now, in what are we educated? In politics, in geography, in history, in machinery, in soft drinks and in hard, in social economy and social extravagance: ugh, a frightful universality of knowings. But it is all France without Paris, Hamlet without the Prince, and bricks without straw. For we know nothing, or next to nothing, about ourselves. We are hopelessly uneducated in ourselves. Man is the only creature who has deliberately tried to tame himself. He has succeeded. But alas, it is a process you cannot set a limit to.

This is how D.H. Lawrence writes about the art of fiction. His essays as discussed above deal with novel as an artistic form of expression of man's life.

D.H. LAWRENCE'S ESSAYS:

D.H. Lawrence has written several essays, many of them on special issues like fantasy, unconsciousness, sex, contemporary writers and their works, pornography and obscenity and apocalypse. Some of his essays are of general nature. A Penguin edition of this kind of selected essays is available. Richard Aldington has written an enlightening introduction to it. He admires D.H. Lawrence's diversity and originality.

Aldington classifies D.H. Lawrence's essays into three categories. The first and best category "Love and Life" has D.H. Lawrence's journalistic pieces like "Sex v/s Loveliness," "Love," "Books" etc. The second section "The Spirit of Place" has D.H. Lawrence's essays on nature, travel and foreign countries. The third section "Writings and Painting" has essays on American topics. The last section has a typical letter.

D.H. Lawrence is a great writer. Apart from fiction he attempted so many things like criticism, essay, poetry and drama. His essays are too many and they focus on diverse things. Some of them are about art, literature, travel and religion. Anyway his travel essays are subsumed in a separate chapter.

The present section deals with D.H. Lawrence's essays. As we know, he wrote many essays and he published them in several journals and magazines, even newspapers and in different countries and under different circumstances. Two prominent volumes that contain D.H. Lawrence's essays are *Assorted Articles* (1930) and *Phoenix* (1936).

Richard Aldington in his introduction to D.H. Lawrence's *Selected Essays* writes,

“‘Essays’ is a poor word for these brilliantly-varied writings, since ‘an essay’ unhappily implies something formal and academic and highbrow, whereas D.H. Lawrence was always intensely personal and spontaneous, with such a horror of pedantry and the university manner that he vastly preferred to be slangy and jaunty. ‘Non-fictional prose’ is worse than ‘essay,’ so until somebody coins a better word we must stick to essay, though in D.H. Lawrence’s case the word is more like a reference number than a description of literary form.”¹⁶

D.H. Lawrence at times, has a tendency to hold forth in a didactically moral way. He was a persistent metaphysical and reforming thinker, and produced works which he loosely called philosophical. But in trying to express ideas D.H. Lawrence never bothered to acquire the language of philosophy, and almost always discussed abstract ideas in terms of myth and symbol. Interesting and sometimes beautiful as these writings are, they are baffling and irritating to any unprepared reader. Mark Schorer thinks how D.H. Lawrence lacked a form for writing.

The following critical analysis is focused on D.H. Lawrence’s body of essays with a special emphasis on these two volumes *Assorted Articles* and *Phoenix*.

D.H. Lawrence's scattered essays were collected in the form of *Assorted Articles* in 1930. The book contained essays like "Sex versus Loveliness," "Give Her a Pattern," "Cocksure Women and Hensure Men," "The State of Funk," "Insouciance," "Dull London," and "Making Pictures." Many of these essays have appeared in Aldington's Penguin volume and the textual references are the collection assorted.

D.H. Lawrence wrote "Sex Versus Loveliness" in 1928 and it first appeared in *Sunday Dispatch* in 1928 and then in *Assorted Articles*. He begins his essay, "It is a pity that sex is such an ugly word. Science says it is an instinct. Where life is, there it is. Again, they talk of sex as an appetite, like hunger. An appetite; but for what? An appetite for propagation? It is rather absurd."¹⁷ There is a hidden will behind all theories of sex. And that is the will to deny, to wipe out the mystery of beauty. D.H. Lawrence thinks sex and beauty are one thing, like flame and fire. If you hate sex you hate beauty. If you love living beauty, you have a reverence for sex. Of course you can love old, dead beauty and hate sex. But to love living beauty you must have a reverence for sex.

Sex and beauty are inseparable, like life and consciousness. The great disaster of our civilization is the morbid hatred of sex. There is a whole world of life that we might know and enjoy by intuition, and by intuition alone. This is denied us, because we deny sex and beauty. D.H. Lawrence thinks 'sex is the root of which intuition is the foliage and beauty the flower.' Now beauty is a thing about which we are so uneducated we can hardly speak of it. Beauty is an

experience, nothing else. But our sense of beauty is so bruised and clumsy, we do not see it, and do not know it when we do see it. Nothing is more ugly than a human being in whom the fire of sex has gone out.

But while we are fully alive, the fire of sex burns in us. In youth it flickers and shines; in age it glows softer and stiller, but there it is. He writes,

“If only our civilization had taught us how to let sex appeal flow properly and subtly, how to keep the fire of sex clear and alive, flickering or glowing or blazing in all its varying degrees of strength and communication, we might, all of us, have lived all our lives in love, which means we should be kindled and full of zest in all kinds of ways and for all kinds of things...”¹⁸

D.H. Lawrence wrote “Give Her a Pattern” in 1928 and it was published in his *Assorted Articles*. It begins:

“The real trouble about women is that they must always go on trying to adapt themselves to men’s theories of women, as they always have done. When a woman is thoroughly herself, she is being what her type of man wants her to be. When a woman is hysterical it is because she doesn’t quite know what to be, which pattern to follow, which man’s picture of woman to live up to. The noble woman, the pure spouse, the devoted mother took the field, and was simply worked to death. Our own poor mothers were this sort. So we younger men, having

been a bit frightened of our noble mothers, tended to revert to the child-wife. We weren't very inventive. Only the child-wife must be a boyish little thing - that was the new touch we added. Because young men are definitely frightened of the real female. She's too risky a quantity. She is too untidy, like David's Dora. No, let her be a boyish little thing, it's safer. So a boyish little thing she is."¹⁹

D.H. Lawrence thinks, 'man is willing to accept woman as an equal, as a man in skirts, as an angel, a devil.' The one thing he will not accept her as, is a human being, a real human being of the feminine sex. The worst of it is, as soon as a woman has really lived upto the man's pattern the man dislikes her for it. When it comes to marrying, the pattern goes all to pieces. The boy marries the Eton-boy girl, and instantly he hates the type.

Modern woman is not really a fool. That seems the only plain way of putting it. The modern man is a fool, and the modern young man a prize fool. He makes a greater mess of his women than men have ever made. Because he absolutely does not know what he wants her to be. The women are not fools, but they must live upto some pattern or other. They know the men are fools. They do not really respect the pattern. Yet a pattern they must have, or they cannot exist. D.H. Lawrence thinks for the fact of life is that women must play upto man's pattern. And she only gives her best to a man when he gives her a satisfactory pattern to play upto. He writes, "Bah! Men are fools. If they want anything from women, let them give women a decent, satisfying idea of womanhood – not these trick patterns of washed-out idiots."²⁰

D.H. Lawrence wrote “Cocksure Women and Hensure Men” in 1928 and it appeared in *Assorted Articles*. It seems there are two aspects to women. There is the demure and the dauntless. Men have loved to dwell, in fiction at least, on the demure maiden whose inevitable reply is: ‘Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir!’ The demure maiden, the demure spouse, the demure mother - this is still the ideal. A few maidens, mistresses and mothers are demure. According to him,

“With the two kinds of femininity go two kinds of confidence: there are the women who are cocksure, and the women who are hensure. A really up-to-date woman is a cocksure woman. She doesn’t have a doubt nor a qualm. She is the modern type.”²¹

It is the tragedy of the modern woman. She becomes cock-sure, she puts all her passion and energy and years of her life into some effort without ever listening for the denial which she ought to take into count.

“The State of Funk” appeared in 1929 in *Assorted Articles*. He begins, “What is the matter with the English, that they are so scared of everything? They are in a state of blue funk, and they behave like a lot of mice when somebody stamps on the floor.”²² Or again, as an adequate summary of the whole venture into consciousness: ‘Our civilization has almost destroyed the natural flow of common sympathy between men and men. And it is this that I want to restore into life.’

D.H. Lawrence thinks England is on the brink of great changes. Change in the whole social system is inevitable not merely because conditions change – though partly for that reason – but because people themselves change. He says,

“I am convinced that the majority of people to-day have good, generous feelings which they can never know, never experience, because of some fear, some repression. The whole trouble with sex is that we daren’t speak of it and think of it naturally. And it is this that I want to restore into life: just the natural warm flow of common sympathy between man and man. What you have to do is to get out of the state of funk, sex funk. And to do so, you’ve got to be perfectly decent, and you have to accept sex fully in the consciousness.”²³

D.H. Lawrence’s essay “Insouciance” which appeared in *Assorted Articles* (1930) is about our reticence in public life. He begins thus,

“My balcony is on the east side of the hotel, and my neighbours on the right are a Frenchman, white-haired, and his white-haired wife; my neighbours on the left are two little white-haired English ladies. And we are all mortally shy of one another”²⁴

D.H. Lawrence wrote ‘Dull London’ in 1928 and it first appeared in *Evening News* and then in *Assorted Articles*. He writes,

“This is the nightmare that haunts you the first few weeks of London. No doubt if you stay longer you get over it, and find London as thrilling as Paris or Rome or New York. But the climate is against me. I cannot stay long enough. Of course, England is the easiest country in the world, easy, easy and nice. Everybody is nice, and everybody is easy. The English people on the whole are surely the nicest people in the world, and every-body makes everything so easy for every-body else, that there is almost nothing to resist at all. But this very easiness and this very niceness become at last a nightmare.”²⁵

D.H. Lawrence’s essay “Making Pictures,” that appeared in the *Assorted Articles*, begins thus, “One has to eat one’s own words. I remember I used to assert, perhaps I even wrote it: Everything that can possibly be painted has been painted, every brush-stroke that can possibly be laid on canvas has been laid on. The visual arts are at a dead end. Then suddenly, at the age of forty, I begin painting myself and am fascinated. At least, so my first picture happened – the one I have called ‘A Holy Family.’ In a couple of hours there it all was, man, woman, child, blue shirt, red shawl. Pale room – all in the rough, but, as far as I am concerned, a picture. The struggling comes later. But the picture itself comes in the first rush, or not at all. It is only when the picture has come into being that one can struggle and make it grow to completion.

Ours is an excessively conscious age. We know so much, we feel so little.

Myself, I have always loved pictures, the pictorial art. I never went to an art school, I have had only one real lesson in painting in all my life.

I learnt to paint from copying other pictures – usually reproductions, sometimes even photographs.

It needs a certain purity of spirit to be an artist, of any sort.

All my life I have from time to time gone back to paint, because it gave me a form of delight that words can never give.

To me, a picture has delight in it, or it isn't a picture."²⁶

D.H. Lawrence's next volume *Phoenix* published in 1936 is more important than the *Assorted Articles* (1930), because it has more essays and they are significant. The book has several essays like "Love," "Books," "Climbing Down Pisgah," "Democracy" and a host of them.

D.H. Lawrence wrote the essay "Love" in 1917 and it first appeared in *English Review* in 1918 and then in *Phoenix*. He writes,

"Love is the happiness of the world. But happiness is not the whole of fulfillment. Love is a coming together. But there can be no coming together without an equivalent going asunder. In love, all things unite in a oneness of joy and praise."²⁷

Love is a traveling, a motion, a speed of coming together. Love is the force of creation. So with love. Love is the hastening gravitation of spirit towards spirit, and body towards body, in the joy of creation. This has been our idea of immortality, this infinite of love, love universal and triumphant.

Love is progression towards the goal. Therefore it is a progression away from the opposite goal. Love travels heavenwards. What then does love depart from? Hellwards, what is there? Love is at last a positive infinite. There must be two in one, always two in one – the sweet love of communion and the fierce, proud love of sensual fulfillment, both together in one love. There must be brotherly love, a wholeness of humanity. Lastly, there is the love of God; we become whole with God.

The next essay “Nobody Loves Me” begins thus: “Last year, we had a little house up in the Swiss mountains, for the summer. A friend came to tea: a woman of fifty or so, with her daughter: old friends. And how are you all?’ I asked, as she sat, flushed and rather exasperated after the climb up to the chalet on a hot afternoon, wiping her face with a too-small handkerchief. ‘Well!’ she replied, glancing almost viciously out of the window at the immutable slopes and peaks opposite, ‘I don’t know how you feel about it - but -these mountains! - well! – I’ve lost *all my cosmic consciousness* and *all my love for humanity*.’²⁸ D.H. Lawrence thinks the wonder to him was that the young do seem to get on without any ‘cosmic consciousness’ or ‘love of humanity.’ He thinks the last generation, and the one before that insisted on loving humanity. And it was a great deal of it fake, self-conceit, self-importance. The bottom of it was the egoistic thought: ‘I’m so good, I’m so superior, I’m so benevolent, I care intensely about the poor suffering Irish and the martyred Armenians and the oppressed Negroes, and I’m going to save them, even if I have to upset the English and the Turks and the Belgians severely.’ This love of mankind was half self-importance and half a desire to interfere and put a spoke in other people’s wheels.

D.H. Lawrence thinks the cosmic consciousness has collapsed upon a great void. The egoist sits grinning furtively in the triumph of his own emptiness. And now what is woman going to do? Now that the house of life is empty, now that she is thrown all the emotional furnishing out of the window, and the house of life, which is her eternal home.

The essay “Books” is about D.H. Lawrence’s ideas on books and reading. He writes, “Are books just toys? the toys of consciousness? Then what is man? The everlasting brainy child? Is man nothing but a brainy child, amusing himself for ever with the printed toys called books?”

That also. Even the greatest men spend most of their time making marvelous fine toys. Like *Pickwick* or *Two on a Tower*. But there is more to it.

Man is a thought-adventurer. Man is a great venture in consciousness.”²⁹ Man is brave. He has thought his way down the far ages. He used to think in little images of wood or stone. Then in hieroglyphs, on obelisks and clay rolls and papyrus. Now he thinks in books, between two covers. This is his long adventure with consciousness. The life of man is an endless venture into consciousness. He writes,

“This we may be sure of: all talk of brotherhood, universal love, sacrifice, and so on, is a sentimental pose for us. We reached the top of Pisgah, and looking down, saw the graveyard of humanity. Those meager spirits who could never get to the top, and are careful never to try, because it costs too much sweat and a bleeding at the nose, they sit below and still snivellingly invent Pisgah-sights. But strictly, it is all over. The game is up.”³⁰

D.H. Lawrence thinks it is the Pisgah of oneness, the oneness of mankind, the oneness of spirit. It is an adventure.

One of D.H. Lawrence's important essays is "Democracy" first published in *Phoenix*. D.H. Lawrence writes, "Whitman gives two laws or principles for the establishment of Democracy. We may epitomize them as:

(1) The law of the Average; (2) The Principle of Individualism, or Personalism, or Identity.

The Law of the Average is well-known. Upon this law rests all the vague dissertation concerning equality and social perfection. Rights of Man, Equality of Man, Social Perfectibility of Man: all these sweet abstractions, once so inspiring, rest upon the fatal little hypothesis of the Average.

What is the Average? As we are well aware, there is no such animal. It is a pure abstraction. The Average Man is somehow very unsatisfactory. He is not sufficiently worked out. It is astonishing that we have not perfected him before. The Average is much easier to settle and define than is Individualism or Identity. What has Identity got to do with Democracy? It can't have anything to do with politics and governments. It can't much afford one's love for one's neighbour, or for humanity. Yet, stay - it can. Whitman says there is One Identity in all things."³¹

D.H. Lawrence thinks each human self is single, incommutable, and unique. This is its first reality. Each self is unique, and therefore incomparable. It is a single well-head of creation, unquestionable: it cannot be compared with another self, another well-head, because, in its prime or creative reality, it can never be comprehended by any other self.

The living self has one purpose only: to come into its own fullness of being, as a tree comes into full blossom, or a bird into spring beauty, or a tiger into luster. This could be the right example of imaginative criticism of D.H. Lawrence.

For D.H. Lawrence, the affirmation led on to an interesting declaration of faith in democracy, but this was something rather different from the democracy of, say, a Utilitarian:

“So, we know the first great purpose of Democracy: that each man shall be spontaneously himself—each man himself, each woman herself, without any question of equality or inequality entering in at all; and that no man shall try to determine the being of any other man, or of any other woman.”³²

In this, D.H. Lawrence is very close to the socialism of a man like Morris, and there can be little doubt that he and Morris would have felt alike about much that has subsequently passed for socialism.

D.H. Lawrence’s attitude to the question of equality springs from the same sources in feeling. He writes:

“Society means people living together. People *must* live together. And to live together, they must have some Standard, some *Material* Standard. This is where the Average comes in. And this is where Socialism and Modern Democracy come in. For Democracy and Socialism rest upon the Equality of Man, which is the Average. And this is sound enough, so long as

the Average represents the real basic material needs of mankind: basic material needs: we insist and insist again. For Society, or Democracy, or any Political State or Community exists not for the sake of the individual, nor should ever exist for the sake of the individual, but simply to establish the Average, in order to make living together possible: that is, to make proper facilities for every man's clothing, feeding, housing himself, working, sleeping, mating, playing, according to his necessity as a common unit, an average. Everything beyond that common necessity depends on himself alone."³³

In "Democracy" D.H. Lawrence argues that the state (whatever political form it takes) and Leagues of Nations are concerned only with the means of life. He ridicules the concept of the average man; this idea illustrates the idealism which hampers progress. He sees it in the One Identity, the En-Masse of Whitman's democratic vision. One man is neither equal nor unequal to another; he is different, unique. When men attain their true selves, the material necessities of life can easily be adjusted to give general satisfaction. The principal aim of government should be to ensure the maximum freedom for the spontaneous development of the individual until he reaches fulfilment of life.

D.H. Lawrence's essay "Whistling of Birds" begins thus,

"The frost held for many weeks, until the birds were dying rapidly. Everywhere in the fields and under the hedges lay the

ragged remains of lapwings, starlings, thrushes, redwings, innumerable ragged bloody cloaks of birds, when the flesh was eaten by invisible beasts of prey.”³⁴

D.H. Lawrence describes the beauty of the landscape and writes, “There is another world. It is strange, the utter incompatibility of death with life. Whilst there is death, life is not to be found.

Death takes us, and all is torn redness, passing into darkness. Life rises, and we are faint fine jets of silver running out to blossom.

We are lifted to be cast away into the new beginning. Under our hearts the fountain surges, to toss us forth.

In the essay “Nottingham and the Mining Country,” D.H. Lawrence speaks of his native place with a diatribe for it is too much industrialized. He writes in an autobiographical mode: “I was born nearly forty-four years ago, in Eastwood, a mining village of some three thousand souls, about eight miles from Nottingham, and one mile from the small stream, the Erewash, which divides Nottinghamshire from Derbyshire. It is hilly country. The string of coal-mines of B.W. & Co. had been opened some sixty years before I was born, and Eastwood had come into being as a consequence. My grandfather settled in an old cottage down in a quarry-bed, by the brook at Old Brinsley, near the pit. A mile away, up at Eastwood, the company built the first miners’ dwellings.”³⁵

So that the life was a curious cross between industrialism and the old agricultural England of Shakespeare and Milton and Fielding and George Eliot. The dialect was broad Derbyshire, and always ‘thee’ and ‘thou.’ The people

lived almost entirely by instinct, men of my father's age could not really read. And the pit did not mechanize men. The collier fled out of the house as soon as he could, away from the nagging materialism of the woman.

D.H. Lawrence says, "The real tragedy of England, as I see it, is the tragedy of ugliness. The country is so lovely: the man-made England is so vile."³⁶

Raymond Williams thinks D.H. Lawrence has studied Thomas Carlyle closely, and the two writers sailed in the same boat. On the other hand, F. R. Leavis in his influential work *D.H. Lawrence: Novelist* compares D.H. Lawrence with Desmond MacCarthy. Williams thinks both Carlyle and D.H. Lawrence were the harsh critics of industrialism. For example, D.H. Lawrence said, "The industrial problem arises from the base forcing of all human energy into a competition of mere acquisition."³⁷ He criticizes industrialization and deplores the death of the human intuitive faculty.

Or again:

"The blackened brick dwellings, the black slate roofs glistening their sharp edges, the mud black with coal-dust, the pavements wet and black. It was as if dismalness had soaked through and through everything. The utter negation of natural beauty, the utter negation of the gladness of life, the utter absence of the instinct for shapely beauty which every bird and beast has, the utter death of the human intuitive faculty was appalling...."³⁸

D.H. Lawrence speaks about energy or vitality for man. He thinks rural life, whether industrialized, or pastoral, has this vitality. He also said,

“The bridge across which he escaped was, in the widest sense, intellectual. He could read his way out in spirit, and he could write his way out in fact. It has recently been most rightly emphasized by F. R. Leavis, that the provincial culture which was available to him was very much more rich and exciting than the usual accounts infer. The chapel, the literary society attached to it, the group of adolescents with whom he could read and talk: these were not the drab, earnest institutions of the observers’ clichés, but active, serious, and, above all, wholehearted in energy. What they lacked in variety and in contact with different ways of living was to a large extent balanced by just that earnestness which is so much larger and finer a thing than the fear of it which has converted the word into a gesture of derision. D.H. Lawrence’s formal education, it must be remembered, was also by no means negligible.”³⁹

“Lowery Tuscany” is a travel essay where D.H. Lawrence describes Tuscany and its flowers. He writes, “Each country has its own flowers, that shine out specially there. In England it is daisies and buttercups, hawthorn and cowslips. In America, it is goldenrod, stargrass, June daisies, Mayapple and asters, that we call Michaelmas daisies. In India, hibiscus and datura and

champa flowers, and in Australia mimosa, that they call wattle, and sharp-tongued strange heath flowers.” He speaks of environmental issues when he writes,

“Tuscany is especially flowery, being wetter than Sicily and more homely than the Roman hills which shows that it *can* be done. Man *can* live on the earth and by the earth without disfiguring the earth. It has been done here, on all these sculptured hills and softly, sensitively terraced slopes.”⁴⁰

“Man Is a Hunter” is a record of D.H. Lawrence’s views on hunting habits. He writes, “It is a very nice law which forbids shooting in England on Sundays. Here in Italy, on the contrary, you would think there was a law ordering every Italian to let off a gun as often as possible. Man is a hunter! *L'uomo è cacciatore*: the Italians are rather fond of saying it. It sounds so virile.’

“Mercury” speaks of D.H. Lawrence’s views on holidaying. He writes “It was Sunday, and very hot. The holiday-makers flocked to the hill of Mercury, to rise two thousand feet above the steamy haze of the valleys. For the summer had been very wet, and the sudden heat covered the land in hot steam. When you arrived at the top there was nothing to do. The hill was a pine-covered cone. There was nothing to do. In all the world, there was nothing to do, and nothing to be done.”⁴¹

Phoenix also contains many letters like “A Letter from Germany,” “Accumulated Mail,” “Just Back from the Snake Dance,” and “The Late Mr Maurice Magnus: A Letter” which will be discussed in detail in the chapter about D.H. Lawrence’s Letters.

“New Mexico” is about D.H. Lawrence’s understanding of the Red Indian. D.H. Lawrence speaks about globalization discreetly. He writes,

“Superficially, the world has become small and known. Poor little globe of earth, the tourists trot round you as easily as they trot round the Bois or round Central Park. There is no mystery left, we’ve been there, we’ve seen it, we know all about it. We’ve done the globe, and the globe is done.

New Mexico is part of the U.S.A. New Mexico, the picturesque reservation and playground of the eastern states, very romantic, old Spanish, Red Indian, desert mesas, pueblos, cowboys, penitentes, all that film-stuff. Very nice, the great South-West, put on a sombrero and knot a red kerchief round your neck, to go out in the great free spaces!”⁴²

That is New Mexico wrapped in the absolutely hygienic and shiny mucous-paper American civilization. The author’s visit to New Mexico comforted him as if a revelation.

But this experience was fleeting and he had no permanent feeling of religion till he came to New Mexico and penetrated into the old human race-experience there. D.H. Lawrence writes,

“For the Red Indian seems to me much older than Greeks or Hindus or any Europeans or even Egyptians. The Red Indian, as a civilized and truly religious man, civilized beyond taboo and totem, as he is in the south, is religious in perhaps the oldest sense, and deepest, of the word. That is to say, he is a remnant of the most deeply religious race still living.”⁴³

In the essay “Indians and an Englishman” D.H. Lawrence talks of his country with pride. He writes, “Supposing one fell onto the moon, and found them talking English, it would be something the same as falling out of the open world plump down here in the middle of America. ‘Here’ means New Mexico, the Southwest, wild and woolly and artistic and sage-brush desert. And here am I, a lone lorn Englishman, tumbled out of the known world of the British Empire on to this stage: for it persists in seeming like a stage to me, and not like the proper world.

The Apaches have a cult of water-hatred; they never wash flesh or rag.

I don’t want to live again the tribal mysteries my blood has lived long since. I don’t want to know as I have known, in the tribal exclusiveness.”⁴⁴

D.H. Lawrence elaborated these views in “The Lemon Gardens” and “The Theatre.” The disappointment of Signor di Paoli in having no children gives D.H. Lawrence the opportunity to preach and underscore his predilection

for a people who live the life of the senses. The northern nations feel superior, with their science, industrialization, social reform, and education. But the will which dominates and drives us towards the great mechanized society exhausts and dehumanizes us. Education serves to promote the same process of self-reduction.

D.H. Lawrence's contention is that the tragedy of our time, for, as he argued in "The Crown," the suppression of one or the other consciousness meant the virtual extinction of vitality. D.H. Lawrence, it should be added, thought too much in terms of eternity for the anti-metaphysical Russell; and his assertion at this time that the early Greeks had clarified his soul, and that he was rid of his Christian religiosity, is significant.

"Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine:" D.H. Lawrence wrote this essay in 1925 and it appeared in *Philadelphia*, December, 1925.

"There are many bare places on the little pine trees, towards the top, where the porcupines have gnawed the bark away and left the white flesh showing. And some trees are dying from the top."

Everyone says, porcupines should be killed, the Indians, Mexicans, Americans all say the same. At full moon a month ago, when I went down the long clearing in the brilliant moonlight, through the poor dry herbage a big porcupine began to waddle away from me, towards the trees and the darkness.

He must have had thirty quills, or more, sticking out of his nose, all the way round: the white, ugly ends of the quills protruding an inch, sometimes more, sometimes less, from his already swollen, blood-puffed muzzle. We were

alone on the ranch. Madame went out into the clear night, just before retiring.”⁴⁵ This is the truth behind the survival of the fittest. Every cycle of existence is established upon the overcoming of the lower cycle of existence. The real question is, wherein does fitness lie? Fitness for what? Fit merely to survive? That which is only fit to survive will survive only to supply food or contribute in some way to the existence of a higher form of life, which is able to do more than survive, which can really live. D.H. Lawrence writes further as if in a poem, Life is more vivid in the dandelion than in the green fern, or than in a palm tree.

Life is more vivid in a snake than in a butterfly.

Life is more vivid in a wren than in an alligator.

Life is more vivid in a cat than in an ostrich.

Life is more vivid in the Mexican who drives the wagon, than in the two horses in the wagon.

Life is more vivid in me, than in the Mexican who drives the wagon for me.

We are speaking in terms of *existence*: that is, in terms of species, race, or type.

The dandelion can take hold of the land, the palm tree is driven into a corner, with the fern.

The snake can devour the fiercest insect.

The fierce bird can destroy the greatest reptile.

The great cat can destroy the greatest bird.

The man can destroy the horse, or any animal.

One race of man can subjugate and rule another race.

All this in terms of *existence*. As far as existence goes, that life-species is the highest which can devour, or destroy, or subjugate every other life-species against which it is pitted in contest.

This is a law. There is no escaping this law. Anyone, or any race, trying to escape it, will fall a victim: will fall into subjugation.

This brings us to the inexorable law of life.⁴⁶

STUDY OF THOMAS HARDY:

D.H. Lawrence liked Thomas Hardy, his senior contemporary, for the reason, he followed Hardy. Critics think D.H. Lawrence's *Rainbow* starts when Hardy's *Jude the Obscure* ends. D.H. Lawrence liked Emily Bronte and Hardy for their contemporaneity. All these writers are sensitive to nature.

These writers want to capture life as a whole. Yet the sharp difference is that both Bronte and Hardy found hostility in nature towards man, which D.H. Lawrence asked for avoidance.

In 1914, a London publisher James Nisbet and Co. asked D.H. Lawrence for an interpretative book on Hardy in about 15,000 words. This would be part of the series "Writers of the Day." D.H. Lawrence asked his friends Arthur McLeod and Edward Marsh for Hardy's books. He read Abercrombie's book on Hardy, though he did not find Abercrombie very sensible. Both met several times.

D.H. Lawrence read Hardy's works and works on Hardy, and wrote and re-wrote his draft in 1914, and his Russian friend Koteliansky typed it for him. D.H. Lawrence calls this writing as 'queer' or 'rum stuff.' In his letter to Garnett, he wrote, "I have been writing my book more or less very much less – about Thomas Hardy."⁴⁷

During November, as the work was nearing completion, D.H. Lawrence confided in Amy Lowell, the American poet and writer whom he had met in London on the eve of the war: "I am just finishing a book, supposed to be on Thomas Hardy, but in reality a sort of confessions of my heart. I wonder if ever it will come out - and what you'd say to it." From this it might be inferred that Christian or Pinker had seen part of the work and been discouraging. On the other hand, on 3 December D.H. Lawrence urged Koteliansky: "Do please get my typing done. If I can send it in, I may get a little money for it."⁴⁸ It remains uncertain at what point the Nisbet proposal was abandoned, and whether Pinker was inclined to try other publishers. Catherine Carswell, one of D.H. Lawrence's early biographers, states clearly that the book represented a commission that failed to please, and adds, but without supporting evidence, that the book was everywhere rejected at the time.

It was the working out of D.H. Lawrence's philosophy, nourished by, and also stimulating his imaginative reading of Hardy, which gave D.H. Lawrence not only the impetus he needed to rework *The Rainbow*, but a clearer metaphysical structure which would subserve the artistic purpose. In the conclusion of 'Hardy' D.H. Lawrence is virtually challenging himself to

produce a novel in which the spirit of his knowledge and the body of his artistic purpose are reconciled: equal, two-in-one, complete. This is the supreme art, which yet remains to be done. Some men have attempted it. But it remains to be fully done. Bruce Steel observes, "His typically personal readings of the novels of Thomas Hardy helped greatly. The interpretations of the characters and relationships particularly in the great novels, *The Return of the Native*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*, recorded in the Hardy book, while always either exciting or infuriating for the reader of Hardy, are most remarkable in the end as demonstrations of D.H. Lawrence's own approach to characterisation and the relationships between men and women."⁴⁹ This appears to have been his aim: to lay down a philosophy of character and relationships in terms of the fundamental, opposed and opposing forces which, he asserted, underlie all life; a philosophy which had been growing steadily from his Foreword to *Sons and Lovers*. Man-woman relationship is very fundamental to D.H. Lawrence's philosophy. And also a balance between philosophy and its embodiment in the work of art.

But D.H. Lawrence was also concerned with a more specific problem: the proper relation between an artist's metaphysic or philosophy and its embodiment in the work of art itself, a problem exemplified by the imbalance which, he asserted, marred both Tolstoy's and Hardy's novels. One immediate spur to his thought in this direction must have been Abercrombie's *Thomas Hardy* where the argument centred on that very question. D.H. Lawrence wrote:

“The highest art must have a metaphysic; the final satisfaction of man’s creative desire is only to be found in aesthetic formation of some credible correspondence between perceived existence and a conceived absoluteness of reality. Only in such art will the desire be employed to the uttermost; only in such art, therefore, will conscious mastery seem complete. And Thomas Hardy, by deliberately putting the art of his-fiction under the control of a metaphysic, has thereby made the novel capable of the highest service to man’s consciousness.”⁵⁰

D.H. Lawrence’s work on Hardy has many interesting, yet abstract matters like discussion. He speaks of many things there though such things are unrelated to Hardy. For example, see the essay ‘Maleness and Femaleness in Art! In this piece, the author uses architectural idiom and speaks of the male-female union. He writes,

“The goal of the male impulse is the announcement of motion, endless motion, endless diversity, endless change. The goal of the female impulse is the announcement of infinite oneness, of infinite stability. When the two are working in combination, as they must in life, there is, as it were, a dual motion, centrifugal for the male, fleeing abroad, away from the centre, outward to infinite vibration, and centripetal for the female, fleeing in to the eternal centre of

rest. A combination of the two movements produces a sum of motion and stability at once, satisfying. But in life there tends always to be more of one than the other.”⁵¹

It is the body which attaches us directly to the female. - Sex, as we call it, is only the point where the dual stream begins to divide, where it is nearly together, almost one. An infant is of no very determinate sex: that is, it is of both. Only at adolescence is there a real differentiation, the one is singled out to predominate. In what we call happy natures, in the lazy, contented people, there is a fairly equable balance of sex.

The pure male is himself almost an abstraction, almost bodiless, like Shelley or Edmund Spenser. But, as we know humanity, this condition comes of an omission of some vital part. In the ordinary sense, Shelley never lived. He transcended life. But we do not want to transcend life, since we are of life.

In the degree of pure maleness below Shelley are Plato and Raphael and Wordsworth, then Goethe and Milton and Dante, then Michelangelo, then Shakespeare, then Tolstoi, then St. Paul. D.H. Lawrence admits that his study of Hardy's fiction is the study of Hardy's characters who struggle for love and completeness. Hardy's men and women except Jude do unreasonable things. Of course, they care for self-preservation.

D.H. Lawrence writes,

“This is the tragedy of Hardy, always the same: the tragedy of those who, more or less pioneers, have died in the wilderness, whither they had escaped for free action, after having left the walled security, and the comparative imprisonment, of the established convention.”⁵²

D.H. Lawrence examines Hardy's novels *Desperate Remedies*, *Under the Greenwood Trees*, *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, *The Hand of Ethelberta*, *The Return of the Native*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*.

D.H. Lawrence's sketch of Clym's role *The Return of the Native* provides some insight. He writes,

"Clym has found out the vanity of Paris and the *beau monde*. What, then, does he want? He does not know; his imagination tells him he wants to serve the moral system of the community, since the material system is despicable. He wants to teach little Egdon boys in school. There is as much vanity in this, easily, as in Eustacia's Paris. For what is the moral system but the ratified form of the material system? What is Clym's altruism but a deep, very subtle cowardice, that makes him shirk his own being whilst apparently acting nobly; which makes him choose to improve mankind rather than to struggle at the quick of himself into being."⁵³

This is a constant revelation in Hardy's novels: that there exists a great background, vital and vivid, which, matters more than the people who move upon it. Against the background of dark, passionate Egdon, of the leafy, sappy passion and sentiment of the woodlands, of the unfathomed stars, is drawn the lesser scheme of lives: *The Return of the Native*, *The Woodlanders*, or *Two on a Tower*.

D.H. Lawrence thinks this is the quality Hardy shares with the great writers like Shakespeare or Sophocles or Tolstoy, this setting behind the small action of his protagonists the terrific action of unfathomed nature.

D.H. Lawrence's comment on *Tess of the D'Urberville* is quite balanced. He thinks Tess, despising herself in the flesh, despising the deep female she was, because Alec d'Urberville had betrayed her very source, loved Angel Clare, who also despised and hated the flesh. She did not hate d'Urberville. What a man did, he did, and if he did it to her, it was her look-out. She did not conceive of him as having any human duty towards her. The same with Angel Clare as with Alec d'Urberville. She was very grateful to him for saving her from her despair of contamination, and from her bewildered isolation. But when he accused her, she could not plead or answer. For she had no right to his goodness. She stood alone.

D.H. Lawrence, as a wizard of letters, thinks of *Jude* interestingly. He thinks Jude is only Tess turned round about. Instead of the heroine containing the two principles, male and female, at strife within her one being, it is Jude who contains them both, while the two women with him take the place of the two men to Tess. Arabella is Alec, Sue is Angel. According to D.H. Lawrence these represent the same pair of principles.

D.H. Lawrence's criticism subjective, though perspective; and is impressionistic at the most that is, objective. Disinterested criticism is rare in D.H. Lawrence; and few would have it otherwise, for his interpretations and judgments are most alive when they express his own views. Nowhere are they

more remarkable and false than in his *Study of Thomas Hardy*, an early work in which D.H. Lawrence elaborated his philosophy of life with supreme assurance.

Much of his reading must have been as hasty as his writing; twice he announces important intentions which are never fulfilled. Not one of the analyses of Hardy's first six novels (the rest are overlooked) is wholly acceptable; it is D.H. Lawrence, for example, who starts the irrelevant and specious conclusion that Dick Dewy will have a bad time in marriage. He is inaccurate, making Manston a murderer, Eustacia of Italian descent, and Tess and Alec kinsfolk.

It does not occur to him that Hardy's 'primal morality' is more comprehensive than his own; more than three years later he writes of *The Woodlanders* country as if it were idyllic. For the individualistic D.H. Lawrence, everyone needs to follow his passional self. The force of chance, or circumstance and heredity, which weighed so heavily with Hardy, is ignored.

D.H. LAWRENCE'S CRITICISM OF THE CONTEMPORARIES

GALSWORTHY AND WELLS:

Anthony Beal in his critical study of D.H. Lawrence's criticism, divides D.H. Lawrence's critical crops into six divisions: Autobiographical, Puritanism and the arts, verse, contemporaries and the importance of the novel, continentals and Americans. In a way, this is a good categorization.

As D.H. Lawrence, like Hardy, was a great novelist primarily, he has

written much on his contemporaries whether of England, (about John Galsworthy, Maughan, and Hardy), America (Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville, Doss Passos and Hemingway) or the continent (Thomas Mann, Rozanov and Shestov).

In his essay on John Galsworthy D.H. Lawrence thinks criticism cannot be a science, as it is personal and as it advocates different values that science does not. A work of art is a matter of its effect. A critic must feel the impact of a work in its complexity and force. Such a man must be of good faith. D.H. Lawrence examples Sainte Beuve as a fine critic as per these standards.

D.H. Lawrence calls Macaulay dishonest. 'A critic must be emotionally alive in every fibre, intellectually capable and skilful in essential logic, and then morally very honest. D.H. Lawrence writes of this about Galsworthy's fiction :

"When one reads Mr. Galsworthy's books it seems as if there were not on earth one single human individual. They are all these social beings, positive and negative. There is not a free soul among them, not even Pencyce, or June Forsyte. If money does not actively determine their being, it does negatively. Money, or property, which is the same thing. Mrs. Pencyce, lovable as she is, is utterly circumscribed by property. Ultimately, she is not lovable at all, she is part of the fraud, she is prostituted to property. And there is nobody else. Old Jolyon is merely a sentimental materialist. Only for

one moment do we see a man, and that is the road-sweeper in *Fraternity* after he comes out of prison and covers his face. But even *his* manhood has to be explained away by a wound in the head: an abnormality.”⁵⁴

Galsworthy's Forsytes seems to be a social being fallen to a lower level of life. This debasement is explicit in the satire in the book. Galsworthy treats passion as doggish amorousness. It is when he comes to sex that Galsworthy collapses. D.H. Lawrence thinks that 'Galsworthy's treatment of passion is shameful.' He even sentimentalizes and glorifies sex. His characters are exhibitionist.

D.H. Lawrence writes at length:

“In Mr. Galsworthy's novels we see the nine, the ninety-nine, the nine hundred and ninety-nine slinking back to solid comfort; we see an odd Bosinney go under a bus, because he hadn't guts enough to do something else, the poor *anti*? but that rare figure sidetracking into the unknown we do *not see*. Because, as a matter of fact, the whole figure is faulty at that point. If life is a great highway, then it must forge on ahead into the unknown. Sidetracking gets nowhere. That is mere *anti*. The tip of the road is always unfinished, in the wilderness. If it comes to a precipice and a canon-well, then, there is need for some exploring. But we see Mr. Galsworthy, after *The Country House*, very safe on the old highway, very

secure in comfort, wealth, and renown. He at least has gone down in no bog, nor lost himself striking new paths. The hedges nowadays are ragged with gaps, anybody who likes strays out on the little trips of un conventions. But the Forsyte road has not moved on at all. It has only become dishevelled and sordid with excursionists doing the *anti* tricks and being unconventional, and leaving tin cans behind.”⁵⁵

D.H. Lawrence writes about in the three early novels, *The Island Pharisees*, *The Man of Property* and *Fraternity*, It appeared to D.H. Lawrence as if Mr. Galsworthy might break through the blind end of the highway with the dynamite of satire, and help us out on to a new lap. But the sex ingredient of his dynamite was damp and muzzy, the explosion gradually fizzled off in sentimentality, and we are left in a worse state than before.

D.H. Lawrence’s another great contemporary was H. G. Wells, a great journalist, and science fiction writer. D.H. Lawrence had a chance to review Wells’ novel *The World of William Clissold* in *Calendar of Modern Letters* in 1926.

D.H. Lawrence considers Wells’ *Tono-Bungay* as a novel, but not *William Clissold*. The first volume of the novel tells us that *William Clissold* is first of all a novel. D.H. Lawrence still finds it all words about Socialism and Karl Marx. The storyline is as follows:

“The frame consist of William informing us that he is an elderly gentleman of fifty-nine, and that he is going to tell us

all about himself. He is quite well off, having made good in business, so that now he has retired and has bought a house near Cannes, and is going to tell us everything, absolutely everything about himself: insisting rather strongly that this is and always has been a somewhat scientific gentleman with an active mind, and that his mental activities have been more important than any other activity in his life. In short, he is not a 'mere animal', he is an animal with a ferocious appetite for 'ideas,' and enormous thinking powers."⁵⁶

He hates doctrines for spoil art and art work.

D.H. Lawrence thinks Mr. Clissold is amateur. The story does not get on very fast and it is quite sketchy. The elderly Mr. Clissold is bored by it himself. The critic D.H. Lawrence thinks Clissold's wife Clementina is a life like figure, and she should have written this novel.

Two of D.H. Lawrence's reviews discuss the novel's form and substance. Unlike *Tono-Bungay*, Wells's *The World of William Clissold* is not a novel because it contains none of the passionate and emotional reactions which are at the very root of all thought; it is all words, words, words, about Socialism and Karl Marx, bankers and cave-men, money and the super-man. One would welcome any old scarecrow of a character on this dreary, flinty hillside of abstract words.

D.H. Lawrence's essay ends with these words: 'after all, Mr. Wells is not Mr. Clissold, thank God.' The critical essay is witty and enlightening.

D.H. LAWRENCE'S REVIEW OF FOUR CONTEMPORARY BOOKS:
The Station: Athos, Treasures and Men (by Robert Byron), *England and the Octopus* (by Clough Williams-Ellis), *Comfortless Memory* (by Maurice Baring), and *Ashende* (by Somerset Maugham):

D.H. Lawrence's review of "Four Contemporary Authors," first appeared in *Vogue*, London, on 20 July 1928.

The first book is *The Station: Athos, Treasures and Men* by Robert Byron. The youthful revelation of ancient Athos is charming here. Athos is an old place, and Byron is a young man here. Then what follows in the story is this: "The four young men set out from England with a purpose. The author wants to come into closer contact with the monks and monasteries, which he has already visited; and to write a book about it. He definitely sets out with the intention of writing a book about it. He has no false shame. David, the archaeologist, wants to photograph the Byzantine frescoes in the monastery buildings. Mark chases and catches insects. And Reinecker looks at art and old pots. They are four young gentlemen with the echoes of Oxford still in their ears, light and frivolous as butterflies, but with an underneath tenacity of purpose and almost a grim determination *to do something*."⁵⁷ D.H. Lawrence thinks the monasteries of Mt. Athos are no paradise. The place of the monks is a hell. It is hot and dusty. Monks have a special gift of tormenting people. Then, disembodied, we should like to go and see the unique place, the lovely views, the strange old buildings, the unattractive monks, the paintings, mosaics, frescoes of that isolated little Byzantine world.

D.H. Lawrence reviews Clough Williams- Ellis' book *England and the Octopus*. It is a depressing theme, and the author rubs it. The work is about rural England. D.H. Lawrence writes:

“His little book is excellent: sincere, honest, and even passionate, the well-written, humorous book of a man who knows what he's writing about. Everybody ought to read it, whether we know all about it beforehand or not. Because in a question like this, of the utter and hopeless disfigurement of the English countryside by modern industrial encroachment, the point is not whether we can do anything about it or not, all in a hurry. The point is, that we should all become acutely conscious of what is happening, and of what has happened; and as soon as we are really awake to this, we can begin to arrange things differently.”⁵⁸

D.H. Lawrence reviewed Maurice Baring's book *Comfortless Memory*. This novel is about faked seriousness and it is boring. D.H. Lawrence sums up his arguments:

“A dull, stuffy elderly author makes faked love to a bewitching but slightly damaged lady who has ‘lived’ with a man she wasn't married to!! She is an enigmatic lady: very! For she falls in love, violently, virginally, deeply, passionately and exclusively, with the comfortably married stuffy elderly author. The stuffy elderly author himself tells us so much to his own satisfaction.”⁵⁹

Somerset Maugham is a great Georgian writer. But he is also depressing. This book is *Ashende*, about the dirty spying business. Mr. Ashenden is an elderly author, so he takes life seriously, and takes his fellow-men seriously, with a seriousness already a little out of date. He has a sense of responsibility towards humanity. It would be much better if he hadn't. For Mr. Ashenden's sense of responsibility oddly enough is inverted. D.H. Lawrence thinks Ashenden's story is a fake story. Maugham's characters are nothing but puppets, instruments of the author's pet prejudice. The book's humor is rancid.

CONTINENTALS:

Frederick Rolfe's *Hadrian the Seventh*, Frederick Carter's *The Dragon of the Apocalypse*, Dostoievsky's *The Grand Inquisitor*, Leo Shestov's *All Things are Possible*, V. V. Rozanov's *Solitaria*, Thomas Mann's *Der Tod in Venedi*, E. D. Dekker's *Max Havelaar*, Giovanni Verga's *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*, and Grazia Deledda's *The Mother*

D.H. Lawrence was a globe-trotter. Once he shook the dust of England at the start of World War I, he traveled to various European countries, and wrote of continental life and art. He studied the literatures in France, Germany and Russia and wrote of Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Mann, and many others.

Frederick Rolfe's *Hadrian the Seventh*: D.H. Lawrence reviewed *Hadrian the Seventh* in *Adelphi*, edited by J. Middleton Murry, December 1925.

Hadrian the Seventh is, as far as his connexion with the Church was concerned, largely an autobiography of Frederick Rolfe. It is the story of a young English convert, George Arthur Rose (Rose for Rolfe), who has had bitter experience with the priests and clergy, and years of frustration and disappointment, till he arrives at about the age of forty, a highly-bred, highly-sensitive, super-aesthetic man, ascetic out of aestheticism, athletic the same, religious the same. He is to himself beautiful, with a slim, clean-muscled grace, much given to cold baths, white-faced with a healthy pallor, and pure, that is sexually chaste, because of his almost morbid repugnance for women. He had no desires to conquer or to purify. Women were physically repulsive to him, and therefore chastity cost him nothing, the Church would be a kind of asylum.

The first part of the book describes the lonely man George Arthur Rose in a London lodging. Then he is elected head of all the Catholic church. He becomes Pope Hadrian the seventh. Then the fantasy and failure begins, because this Pope though consistent in action lacks vigour to change the world. D.H. Lawrence says the book remains a clear and definite book of our epoch, not to be swept aside.

Frederick Carter's *The Dragon of the Apocalypse*: When D.H. Lawrence was in Mexico, he received Fredrick Carter's manuscript of the above book. D.H. Lawrence wrote an introduction to it which appeared in *London Mercury* in July 1930.

The book is about astrology rather. Then dealing with St. John's *Revelation*. The book is about space, about release when 'one can move, though one cannot be.'

This can be an experience. The book was enlarged later as D.H. Lawrence attests this. D.H. Lawrence sums up the burden of the text:

“What does the Apocalypse matter, unless in so far as it gives us imaginative release into another vital world? After all, what meaning *has* the Apocalypse? For the ordinary reader, not much. For the ordinary student and biblical student, it means a prophetic vision of the martyrdom of the Christian Church, the Second Advent, the destruction of worldly power, particularly the power of the great Roman Empire, and then the institution of the Millennium, the rule of the risen Martyrs of Christendom for the space of one thousand years: after which, the end of everything, the last Judgment, and souls in heaven; all earth, moon and sun being wiped out, all stars and all space. The New Jerusalem, and Finis!”⁶⁰

D.H. Lawrence thinks this book is both allegorical and symbolical. It has many meanings.

D.H. Lawrence has remarkably little to say in favour of ‘classic’ Russian writers and their general exaltation of quite commonplace people. Although strongly opposed to his Christian socialism, he recognized the artist in the Tolstoy who ‘worshipped ... every manifestation of pure, spontaneous, passionate life.’

Dostoyevsky’s *The Grand Inquisitor*: D.H. Lawrence reviews Dostoyevsky’s book *The Grand Inquisitor* which his friend S. S. Kotliansky

translated into English. D.H. Lawrence read Dostoyevsky's *Brothers Karamazov* in 1913, and he could not understand it. His friend Murry asked him to read *The Grand Inquisitor* which has clues to understand both Dostoyevsky and his novel.

D.H. Lawrence sums up the gist of *The Grand Inquisitor*, "The story seemed to me just a piece of showing off: a display of cynical-satanical pose which was simply irritating. The cynical-satanical pose always irritated me, and I could see nothing else in that black-a-vised Grand Inquisitor talking at Jesus at such length. I just felt it was all pose; he didn't really mean what he said; he was just showing off in blasphemy."⁶¹ D.H. Lawrence thinks it is reality versus illusion, and the illusion was Jesus, while time itself retorts with the reality.

D.H. Lawrence enlightens us about the text as follows:

"If there is any question: Who is the grand Inquisitor?-then surely we must say it is Ivan himself. And Ivan is the thinking mind of the human being in rebellion, thinking the whole thing out to the bitter end. As such he is, of course, identical with the Russian revolutionary of the thinking type. He is also, of course, Dostoyevsky himself, in his thoughtful, as apart from his passional and inspirational self. Dostoyevsky half hated Ivan. Yet, after all, Ivan is the greatest of the three brothers. The passionate Dmitri and the inspired Alyosha are, at last, only offsets to Ivan."⁶²

And what are the limits? It is Dostoevsky's first profound question.

The limits are, says the Grand Inquisitor, three. Mankind in the bulk can never be 'free,' because man on the whole makes three grand demands on life, and cannot endure unless these demands are satisfied.

1. He demands bread, and not merely as foodstuff, but as a miracle, given from the hand of God.
2. He demands mystery, the sense of the miraculous in life.
3. He demands somebody to bow down to, and somebody before whom all men shall bow down.

These three demands for miracle, mystery and authority, prevent men from being 'free.'

He admired Dostoevsky greatly at first but, on discovering that all his characters were 'fallen angels,' became bored with them. His notes to Murry are of special interest; once again, it can be seen that D.H. Lawrence's anti-Christianity was the principal reason for his condemnation, though there can be little doubt that Murry's defence of Dostoevsky increased his distaste; Murry had sent D.H. Lawrence his book on Dostoevsky the previous September. Dostoevsky's art shows that he is 'a little horror,' posing as a sort of Jesus. Yet late in his life D.H. Lawrence found 'the final and unanswerable criticism of Christ' in 'The Grand Inquisitor'; it confirmed his belief that wisdom belongs only to the specially gifted few.

Leo Shestov's *All Things are Possible*: Leo Shestov's book speaks of the Russians' wrong imitation of the west (Europe). He thinks, 'European

culture is a rootless thing in the Russians.’ D.H. Lawrence writes,

“What is valuable is the evidence against European culture, implied in the novelists, here at last expressed. Since Peter the Great, Russia has been accepting Europe, and seething Europe down in a curious process of catabolism. Russia has been expressing nothing inherently Russian. Russia’s modern Christianity even was not Russian. Her genuine Christianity, Byzantine and Asiatic, is incomprehensible to us. So with her true philosophy. What she has actually uttered is her own unwilling, fantastic reproduction of European truths. What she has really to utter the coming centuries will hear. For Russia will certainly inherit the future. What we already call the greatness of Russia is only her pre-natal struggling.”⁶³

V. V. Rozanov’s *Solitaria*: The review of Rozanov’s *Solitaria* is more antipathetic to Dostoevsky than D.H. Lawrence’s’ later introduction to Koteliansky’s translation of *The Grand Inquisitor*. Rozanov has a lust-ascetism complex or Dostoevskian duality, and his attack on Christianity reveals a genuine pagan or ‘phallic’ vision.

D.H. Lawrence’s review of Rozanov’s *Solitaria* appeared in *Calender of Modern Letters*, in July 1927. D.H. Lawrence and Dostevsky, feel bored of Rozanov. He has already read his *Fallen Leaves*. Rozanov is ‘self-divided, *gamin*-religious Russian.’ These Russians do no like Europe, Christianity and all that.

They make the inevitable recantation; they whine, they humiliate themselves, they seek unspeakable humiliation for themselves, and call it Christ-like, and then with the left hand commit some dirty little crime or meanness, and call it the mysterious complexity of the human soul. It's all masturbation, half-baked, and one gets tired of it. One gets tired of being told that Dostoevsky's *Legend of the Grand Inquisitor* "is the most profound declaration which ever was made about man and life."⁶⁴

Roazanov's *Solitaria* is a sort of philosophical work. It is about the author's own life, art and ideology. D.H. Lawrence thinks, "Roazanov had been a real man in him, and it is true, what he says of himself, that he did not feel in himself that touch of the criminal which Dostoevsky felt in himself. Roazanov was not a criminal. Somewhere, he was integral, and grave, and a seer a true one, not a gamin.

The book is an attack on Christianity, and as far as we are given to see there is no canting in it. It is passionate, and suddenly valid. It is the voice of the new man in him. So Roazanov matters for the future.

Thomas Mann's *Der Tod in Venedi* : Thomas Mann is perhaps the most famous of German novelists now writing. He, and his elder brother, Heinrich Mann, with Jakob Wassermann, are acclaimed the three artists in fiction of present-day Germany.

Thomas Mann has written many works of fiction. He is a literary artist. D.H. Lawrence thinks Mann is known for individualism.

Now the Germans, like the French, want form in fiction. They are

conscious of narrative technique. D.H. Lawrence quotes a relevant passage from Mann's *Der Tod in Venedig*:

“For endurance of one's fate, grace in suffering, does not only mean passivity, but is an active work, a positive triumph, and the Sebastian figure is the most beautiful symbol, if not of all art, yet of the art in question. If one looked into this portrayed world and saw the elegant self-control that hides from the eyes of the world to the last moment the inner undermining, the biological decay; saw the yellow ugliness which, sensuously at a disadvantage, could blow its choking heat of desire to a pure flame, and even rise to sovereignty in the kingdom of beauty; saw the pale impotence which draws out of the glowing depths of its intellect sufficient strength to subdue a whole vigorous people, bring them to the foot of the Cross, to the feet of impotence; saw the amiable bearing in the empty and severe service of Form; saw the quickly enervating longing and art of the born swindler: if one saw such a fate as this, and all the rest it implied, then one would be forced to doubt whether there were in reality any other heroism than that of weakness. Which heroism, in any case, is more of our time than this?”⁶⁵

D.H. Lawrence regards Thomas Mann as a disciple of Flaubert in his devotion to art. Writers such as Shakespeare and Goethe had to ‘give themselves to life as well as to art,’ and D.H. Lawrence concludes that ‘carving for form is the outcome, not artistic conscience, but of a certain attitude of life.

E. D. Dekker's *Max Havelaar*: D.H. Lawrence's preface to Dekker's *Max Havelaar* first appeared in New York, 1927. Dekker's *Max Havelaar* is a Dutch classic. This was a book with a purpose.

On the surface, *Max Havelaar* is a tract or a pamphlet very much in the same line as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Instead of pity the poor negro slave we have to pity the poor oppressed Javanese; with the same urgent appeal for legislation, for the government to do something about it. Interestingly the government did something about negro slaves, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* fell out of date. The Netherland government is also said to have done something in Java for the poor Javanese, on the strength of Dekker's book. So that *Max Havelaar* became a back number.

D.H. Lawrence considers *Max Havelaar* a tract-novel. He thinks it is a better book than *Old People*, another Dutch classic. But people neglect it. D.H. Lawrence says, "The critic, like a good beadle, should rap the public on the knuckles and make it attend during divine service. And any good book is divine service."⁶⁶ Dekker (Multatuli) was a missionary in Java. His book is really a satire and its author a satirical humorist. Dekker's sympathy with a Javanese is genuine.

Giovanni Verga's *Mastro-Don Gesualdo*: D.H. Lawrence's review of Giovanni Verga's *Mastro-Don* appeared first in *Phoenix*. His review of the same author's *Cavalleria Rusticana* appeared in the same book. Verga is an Italian author. If Manzoni was Italy's first greatest novelist, Verga the second greatest. Verga is a modern writer. His fame rests on two long Sicilian novels *I*

Malavoglia and *Mastro-don Gesualdo*. The present novel *Mastro-Don Gesualdo* is not as great as *I Malavoglia*. If *I Malavoglia* deals with poverty as tragedy, the other deals with richness and its tragedy. In D.H. Lawrence's words, "Mastro-don Gesualdo started life as a barefoot peasant brat, not a don at all. He becomes very rich. But all he gets of it is a great tumour of bitterness inside, which kills him."⁶⁷

"Richard Taylor": D.H. Lawrence writes about a woman called Richard Taylor as a young good poetess. She is a Scotch-woman. Brought up lonely as a child, she lived on the bible, on the Arabian Nights, and later, on Malory's *King Arthur*. Her up-bringing was not Calvinistic. Left to herself, she developed as a choice romanticist. She lived apart from life, and still she cherishes a yew-darkened garden in her soul where she can remain withdrawn, sublimating experience into odours."⁶⁸

Some of these sonnets are very fine: they stand apart in an age of "Open road" and Empire thumping verse.

"A British Has a word with an Editor" is a small piece of writing about British and American viewpoints about poetry.

D.H. LAWRENCE'S INTRODUCTIONS AND PREFACES:

D.H. Lawrence wrote many introductions both to his works and to others' works. Some of such insightful criticism from this kind of writings is sampled below.

D.H. Lawrence's introductions to two volumes of his Verga translations make interesting reading. The *Cavalleria Rusticana*, collection of stories marks a turning-point in Verga's literary career, and a recoil from the *beau monde* of Italy, with genuine sympathy for Sicilian peasant life.

Introduction to his Paintings: D.H. Lawrence wrote an introduction to his paintings in 1929 and this piece of criticism first appeared in *Mandrake Press* in 1929 and finally in *Phoenix* (1936).

D.H. Lawrence writes,

“The reason the English produce so few painters is not that they are, as a nation, devoid of a genuine feeling for visual art: though to look at their productions, and to look at the mess which has been made of actual English landscape, one might really conclude that they were, and leave it at that. But it is not the fault of the God that made them. They are made with aesthetic sensibilities the same as anybody else. The fault lies in the English attitude to life.”⁶⁹

D.H. Lawrence thinks the English, and the Americans following them, are paralysed by fear. It is an old fear, which seemed to dig into the English soul at the time of the Renaissance. Almost a horror of sexual life. The Elizabethans, grand as we think them, started it. The real ‘mortal coil’ in Hamlet is all sexual.

This, no doubt, is all in the course of the growth of the 'spiritual-mental' consciousness, at the expense of the instinctive-intuitive consciousness. Man came to have his own body in horror, especially in its sexual implications.

D.H. Lawrence's Preface to the American edition of his poems was written in 1920 and it appeared in *Phoenix* in 1936.

So it is with poetry. Poetry is, as a rule, either the voice of the far future, exquisite and ethereal, or it is the voice of the past, rich, magnificent. When the Greeks heard the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, they heard their own past calling in their hearts.

D.H. Lawrence writes,

"The poetry of the beginning and the poetry of the end must have that exquisite finality, perfection which belongs to all that is far off. It is in the realm of all that is perfect. It is of the nature of all that is complete and consummate. This completeness, this consummateness, the finality and the perfection are conveyed in exquisite form: the perfect symmetry, the rhythm which returns upon itself like a dance where the hands link and loosen and link for the supreme moment of the end. Perfected bygone moments, perfected moments in the glimmering futurity, these are the treasured gem-like lyrics of Shelley and Keats."⁷⁰

This applies to the form of the novel also it has no finished crystallization. There is poetry of this immediate present, instant poetry, as well

as poetry of the infinite past and the infinite future. The seething poetry of the incarnate Now is supreme, beyond even the everlasting gems of the before and after.

D.H. Lawrence thinks Whitman's is the best poetry of this kind. Without beginning and without end, without any base and pediment, it sweeps past for ever, like a wind that is for ever in passage and unchainable. Whitman truly looked before and after. But he did not sigh for what is not.

Grazia Deledda's *The Mother*: D.H. Lawrence's review of Deledda's *The Mother* appeared as preface to the text in English in 1928. This lady Grazia though not as great as Fogazzaro and d'Annunzio, her work is more effective than theirs.

The reason is that, though she is not a first-class genius, she belongs to more than just her own day. She does more than reproduce the temporary psychological condition of her period. She has a background, and she deals with something more fundamental than sophisticated feeling."⁷¹ Grazia writes of Sardinia of Italy, about which D.H. Lawrence has written substantially. He thinks Grazia's novel is a continental novel.

STUDIES IN CLASSIC AMERICAN LITERATURE (1923):

D.H. Lawrence loved America, its democracy, people, art and literature. He stayed in Mexico for years, and visited America often.

The New York Evening Post described him as 'Americano.' He has a messianic purpose in his attitude to that country. His *Studies in Classic American Literature* has a thesis.

Stuart Sherman in his review of D.H. Lawrence's present book calls him a cave-man. He writes, "In book before us Mr. D.H. Lawrence attempts to justify his instincts by demonstrating the presence of a latent, suppressed, and disguised cave philosophy in all the vital part of American literature."⁷² D.H. Lawrence starts his review of American literature. He dismisses the pioneers like Benjamin Franklin as materialists.

Next, he seizes upon Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur, and explains why with all his faults, he takes to 'Hector.'

In Fenimore Cooper, two men: outside, a simulacrum of a man, a white man, an American citizen, a democrat and equalitarian, inflated by a hobnobbing with European aristocracy, a faithful American husband, the uxorious author of the white novels; inside, a real man, a cave: and hungry for the untamed wilderness, scornful of the molly-coddledom of domestic ties, projecting the unfulfilled passion of his innermost self into the feigned adventures of the Leatherstocking novels-poetic escape from the vast unendurable humbug of the Founders of the Republic. Cooper's 'white' novels comprise both of these archetypes: sex is just sentiment, and living human beings get 'pinned down... transfixed by the idea or ideal of equality and democracy, on which they turn loudly and importantly, like propellers propelling.' But there is a counterimpulse in Cooper's Leatherstocking novels, an impulse which is prophetic of the coming Natural Man: 'Natty was Fenimore's great Wish. Fenimore, in his imagination, wanted to be Natty Bumppo, who belched after he had eaten his dinner.' In Cooper, then, there is both the 'sloughing-off of old consciousness' and the forming of a new one.

Then one can think of Poe. In *Ligeia*, in *Eleanora*, in *The Fall of the House of Usher*, Poe unconsciously proved the necessity for the return and revival of cave-man philosophy by demonstrating the ghastly stench of decaying personality which results from the abandonment of it.

In his essay "Edgar Allan Poe," D.H. Lawrence wonders at Poe's morbid tales as the disintegration of the old. Poe wrote them to strip even of himself. D.H. Lawrence writes, "His best pieces, however, are not tales. They are more. They are ghostly stories of the human soul in its disruptive throes. Moreover, they are 'love' stories. *Ligeia* and *The Fall of the House of Usher* are really love stories."⁷³

D.H. Lawrence thinks 'Eleanora is a fantasy revealing the sensational delights of the man in his early marriage with the young and tender bride.' D.H. Lawrence with reference to *The Fall of the House of Usher* thinks human tragedy is caused by our love of the spiritual. Poe shows only one of these-that of the dying consciousness, projected through a fascinatedly morbid mental dissection of diseased love. But D.H. Lawrence seems to see Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* as a kind of sociological counterpart to Poe's more purely psychological 'Ligeia.'

D.H. Lawrence in his essay on Hawthorne's Puritan novel *The Scarlet Letter* tells us that the novel is not a romance, but a parable, an earthly story with hellish meaning. According to him 'the secret chrysalis of *The Scarlet Letter* (is) diabolically destroying the old psyche inside.' Like every critic, D.H. Lawrence thinks *The Scarlet Letter* is about adultery and sin. His analysis

is this:

The Scarlet Letter gives the show away.

You have your pure-pure young parson Dimmesdale.

You have the beautiful Puritan Hester at his feet.

And the first thing she does is to seduce him.

And the first thing he does is to be seduced.

And the second thing they do is to hug their sin in secret, and gloat over it, and try to understand.

Which is the myth of New England.”⁷⁴

D.H. Lawrence writes of Hawthorne:

“Hawthorne, you little *blue-eyed darling* you were a cave-man; but you fooled them. Your *Scarlet Letter* was conceived in irony, in deep satirical irony, which passed over the heads of your commentators, leaving them blandly unscathed. *The Scarlet Letter* is not a tract on behalf of irretrievable marriage. It is a strange, symbolical, yearning plea of the blue-eyed darling’s suppressed hunger for passion, voluptuousness, Oriental richness and colour.”⁷⁵

D.H. Lawrence sees Hawthorne’s novel as an unconscious but colossal satire on male-female relationships in America; it is ‘one of the greatest allegories in all literature,’ an allegory-unwitting, of course-of how the honest fact of sexual passion turns to ‘in’ through ‘self-watching, selfness.’”

Dana and Melville, who came so close to the life-force in their dealings with the sea, were also led astray by 'self-consciousness.' As Tolstoy and Hardy and Verga ultimately failed with the soil-male principle, Dana fails with the sea-female principle. He wants to 'know' the sea: 'Dana sits and Hamletizes by the Pacific-chief actor in the play of his own existence.' Similarly, *Moby Dick* is the 'deepest blood-being of the white race hunted by the maniacal fanaticism of our white mental consciousness.'

D.H. Lawrence likes Dana and Melville. Brothers, they were of his blood. In their youth, at any rate, the heavy chains of intellectualizing, conventionalizing, idealizing New England could not hold them. With wild young lustihood they rushed from the sugary palaver of democracy into the savage tyranny of life before the mast. They recovered the hunter's elemental joy in a naked fighting experience with the deep. They mixed with savage islanders of the southern seas. They cruised under a fanatical captain (i.e., Puritanism) in quest of *Moby Dick*, the White Whale-here interpreted as the deepest blood-being of the white race.

D.H. Lawrence's criticism of Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* is this:

Moby Dick, or the White Whale.

A hunt. The last great hunt.

For what?

For *Moby Dick*, the huge white sperm whale: who is old, hoary, monstrous, and swims alone; who is unspeakably terrible in his wrath, having so often been attacked; and snow-white.

Of course he is a symbol.

Of what?

I doubt if even Melville knew exactly. That's the best of it. He is warm-blooded, he is lovable. He is lonely Leviathan, not a Hobbes sort. Or is he?

He's not a dragon. He is Leviathan. He never coils like the Chinese dragon of the sun. He's not a serpent of the waters. He is warm-blooded, a mammal. And hunted, hunted down.

It is a great book."⁷⁶

In Melville he, recognizes the greatest seer and poet of the sea, a blue-eyed Viking who turned away from life to the abstract, to the elements. His *Typee* (which elicits D.H. Lawrence's comment that cannibalism is more valid than the Christian sacrament) reveals a Pacific paradise, but he could not stay there, any more than D.H. Lawrence could. All his life, however, Melville was pinned down and tortured by the idealism of perfect relationship, possible perfect love, a desire which for D.H. Lawrence is just a vicious unmanly craving.

It seems D.H. Lawrence resembles Walt Whitman most. Whitman, a good grey poet had his ego, and had his will, and his ego and will kept him alive. D.H. Lawrence's undisciplined yet powerful criticism of the great poet is this:

"This awful Whitman. This post-mortem poet. This poet with the private soul leaking out of him all the time. All his privacy leaking out in a sort of dribble, oozing into the universe.

Walt becomes in his own person the whole world, the whole universe, the whole eternity of time, as far as his rather sketchy knowledge of history will carry him, that is.”⁷⁷

D.H. Lawrence likes Whitman. In him again, two men, one detestable, the other a captain to follow into the unknown. The detestable Whitman is the enamoured democrat, the intoxicated equalitarian, the decadent lustre for the ecstasy of dissolution into union with anything and everything.

But D.H. Lawrence sees Whitman, finally, as the great unconscious prophet of a new life for the race. Though Whitman’s merging is a kind of death-agony of the old, specifically because it confuses love with salvation in a societal charity, it is also an unconscious recognition of a new morality that smashes the old moral idea that ‘the soul of man is something ‘superior’ and ‘above’ the flesh.’ After Whitman’s death-rhapsodies we have only to await the Phoenix-fires.

D.H. Lawrence’s disregard for literary criticism may be seen in his concluding essay on Whitman. It is easy to ridicule an author by facetious comments on snippets, and this D.H. Lawrence does. If Whitman drove an automobile with a very fierce headlight along the track of a fixed idea, D.H. Lawrence with a few fixed ideas drove his with fiercer headlights.

D.H. Lawrence’s opinion about Ernest Hemingway’s earliest best book *In Our Time* is also fine. He writes,

“*In Our Time* calls itself a book of stories, but it isn’t that. It is a series of successive sketches from a man’s life, and

makes a fragmentary novel. The first scenes, by one of the big lakes in America-probably Superior-are the best; when Nick is a boy. Then come fragments of war-on the Italian front. Then a soldier back home, very late, in the little town way west in Oklahoma. Then a young American and wife in post-war Europe; a long sketch about an American jockey in Milan and Paris; then Nick is back again in the Lake Superior region, getting off the train at a burnt out town, and tramping across the empty country to camp by a trout-stream. Trout is the one passion life has left him and this won't last long.

It is a short book: and it does not pretend to be about one man. But it is.”⁷⁸

D.H. Lawrence's criticism of the American writers is perceptive, receptive, inquisitive, sincere, violent, and vengeful. His appreciation of the fine wild things in the American genius is perhaps unequalled by any American writers except Whitman. His book will doubtless stimulate other explorers to a fresh psychoanalysis of the national spirit. It will probably be welcomed by all American critics.

A kind of generalization applies to *Studies in Classic American Literature*. Taken for what it is, it affords some delightful, impudent reading; it is not quite a masterpiece, but it is a work *per se*. D.H. Lawrence tells us that by the end of September 1919 he had been preparing it, for five years. From 1917 to the winter of 1923 he wrote and modified it considerably, jettisoning

most of his heavy philosophical load, becoming increasingly anti-American, and adopting the devil-may-care style of a freebooter. He found more truth in classic American authors than in modern, but they needed to be divested of their democratic and idealistic clothes for its revelation.

J.I.M. Stewart observes, “*Studies in Classic American Literature* is a sensitive and perceptive book.”⁷⁹ D.H. Lawrence subordinated method to substance. His method was quasi-method. He used it not consciously. In his *Studies in Classic American Literature*, he said, ‘Never trust the artist. Trust the tale. The proper function of the critic is to save the tale from the artist who created it.’ D.H. Lawrence’s method may be described, then, as a kind of literary psycho-interpretation in which the critic goes beneath the surface excrescences of a writer’s distorted psyche in order to illuminate the life-truths inevitably present in the subconscious levels of his work. D.H. Lawrence the critic thus discovers in literary works the real truths that their creators were themselves unaware of.

But D.H. Lawrence was not always correct. He was radical, violent and at time vituperative. Richard Foster observes, “But it must not be concluded that D.H. Lawrence was merely an eccentric subjectivist who perversely misunderstood everybody else’s work in terms of his own.”⁸⁰

It is perhaps a commonplace about D.H. Lawrence that one is either for him, like F. R. Leavis, or against him, like T. S. Eliot. But no one can mistake the fact that everywhere in his work, mind and conscience are in strenuous encounter with the blank neutrality of existence. It is D.H. Lawrence’s fierce

integrity that makes him so necessary to us now-necessary perhaps especially as a critic, because in our time critics characteristically choose or are taught to be less than he is: a man alive who illuminates literature in an infinity of directions with his powerful vision of its moral relationship to all human experience.

PORNOGRAPHY AND OBSCENITY (1929):

This is a pamphlet published by Messers Faber and Faber. D.H. Lawrence's pamphlet is profound and original. It studies the problem related to pornography and obscenity. It is said, "It is a real masterpiece of fundamental analysis written by a man of genius from the very bottom of his heart. Mr. D.H. Lawrence in our opinion is abnormally obsessed with all those questions which centre round the crude facts of sex. But his very obsession makes him in some respects clearer-sighted than most of us are on these subjects. He writes with a freedom which very few of us would venture, as well as with a veracious insight which very few of us possess. His definition of pornography, though not comprehensive, is admirably simple and convincing. He says in effect that pornography is that sort of writing or painting which tends to stimulate or encourage the practice by either sex of private masturbation.

D.H. Lawrence's definition explains succinctly what has puzzled many people, namely, why Rabelais and Boccaccio and Ovid and all the other great indecent writers are somehow not pornographic. Their works are calculated to produce perhaps a certain amount of sexual excitement, but it is of the right

sort, not of the wrong sort; such books, frank as they are, could not injure the mind of a child. What does injure the minds both of children and of adults is the secrecy with which Victorian manners have sought to surround the whole subject of sex-the dirty little secret.”⁸¹

D.H. Lawrence thinks pornography must be avoided but not indecency. This pamphlet is the work of a profound thinker. D.H. Lawrence's pamphlet is a pamphlet which, if it wins understanding, may we mark an epoch in the history not only of censorship but of the reasonable appreciation of the realities of sexual morality and sexual honesty and decency. Perhaps Mr. D.H. Lawrence has never before written anything quite so powerful or so effective. We all know his passionate sincerity, but here there is real understanding as well. He has probed to the very heart of the problem, and if his language is not always that which is employed in polite society that is merely because the almost pathological prudery of the nineteenth century cannot be adequately discussed in polite language. The whole question, he says, of pornography seems to me a question of secrecy. Without secrecy there would be no pornography. And again sentimentality is a sure sign of pornography.

D.H. Lawrence gives this illustration:

“My love is like a red, red rose only when she is not like a pure, pure lily. And nowadays the pure, pure lilies are mostly festering anyhow. Away with them and their lyrics. Away with the pure, pure lily lyric, along with the smoking-room story. They are counterparts, and the one is as pornographic

as the other.... If only Robert Burns had been accepted for what he is, then love might still have been like a red, red rose.”⁸²

The reader must of course take his choice. He may prefer ‘Jix’ to D.H. Lawrence-the pure or demi-pure lily to the red rose. But in our view at any rate D.H. Lawrence wins hands down. His frank and startling pamphlet is one of the most vigorous and effective pieces of polemical writing that have appeared in recent times.

British Home Secretary Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Viscount Brentford (known as ‘Jix’) wrote his reaction, to D.H. Lawrence’s pamphlet, called ‘Do we Need a Censor?’ in 1929. He disagrees with D.H. Lawrence and found that both parties have two characteristics in common. Forster says, “The first common characteristic is an emotional uncertainty which threatens them whenever they generalize about the public. Most men and women have, to put it bluntly, no opinions at all about indecency, sex, pornography, the censorship, etc. They have habits, but no opinions.

Their second common characteristic is that each of them detests indecency, and desires to suppress it. Lord Brentford's opinion is familiar, but it is Mr. D.H. Lawrence, not he, who writes, ‘I would censor genuine pornography, rigorously.’ Of course, as soon as we try to define ‘genuine pornography’ the battle opens; still, both disputants feel that there is something in sex which ought to be prohibited.

E. M. Forster writes:

“What, then, is our remedy? Free speech? Not altogether. To say, as - has been said above, that by defining filth Mr. D.H. Lawrence hopes to sterilize it, is not quite to express his attitude. He does not wholly believe in free speech, for the reason that it never leads further than Dr. Marie Stopes. However much we speak out and denounce our repressors, we shall still be imprisoned in the circles of selfness, we shall merely be the grey denouncing the grey. To escape into salvation and colour, something further is needed: freedom of feeling, and how is that to be attained? He does not tell us, except by mystic hints which only the mystic can utilize, and in this direction his pamphlet comes to a standstill. But as a polemic it is remarkable. He has brought a definite accusation against Puritanism, and it will be interesting to see whether Puritanism will reply.”⁸³

So this debate is quite interesting, as both D.H. Lawrence and Lord Brentford speak of emotional uncertainties in man’s life. D.H. Lawrence seems to think that sex as well as love is part of life. D.H. Lawrence’s ideology is this: “The same with the word *obscene*: nobody knows what it means. Suppose it were derived from *obscena*: that which might not be represented on the stage; how much further are you? None! What is obscene to Tom is not obscene to Lucy or Joe, and really, the meaning of a word has to wait for majorities to decide it.”⁸⁴ Still D.H. Lawrence is of the opinion that pornography is something base, something unpleasant. In short, we do not like it. Because it arouses sexual feelings.

D.H. Lawrence writes,

“Even quite advanced art critics would try to make us believe that any picture or book which had ‘sex appeal’ was *ipso facto* a bad book or picture. This is just canting hypocrisy. Half the great poems, pictures, music, stories of the whole world are great by virtue of the beauty of their sex appeal.”⁸⁵

Then what is pornography, after all this? It isn’t sex appeal or sex stimulus in art. It isn’t even a deliberate intention on the part of the artist to arouse or excite sexual feelings. There’s nothing wrong with sexual feelings in themselves, so long as they are straightforward and not sneaking or sly. The right sort of sex stimulus is invaluable to human daily life. Without it the world grows grey. D.H. Lawrence writes, ‘The law is a mere figment. In his article on the ‘Censorship of Books,’ in the *Nineteenth Century*, Viscount Brentford, the late Home Secretary, says: ‘Let it be remembered that the publishing of an obscene book, the issue of an obscene postcard or pornographic photograph-are all offences against’ the law of the land, and the Secretary of State who is the general authority for the maintenance of law and order most clearly cannot discriminate between one offence and another in discharge of his duty.’

So he winds up *ex cathedra* and infallible. But only ten lines above he has written:

“I agree, that if the law were pushed to its logical conclusion, the printing and publication of such books as *The Decameron*, Benvenuto Cellini’s *Life*, and Burton’s *Arabian Nights* might

form the subject of proceedings. But the ultimate sanction of all law is public opinion, and I do not believe for one moment that prosecution in respect of books that have been in circulation for many centuries would command public support.”⁸⁶

This is what in *Pornography and Obscenity* D.H. Lawrence called ‘the dirty little secret’ until writers and their readers alike had come to despise the body’s health with the dirtiness of their own minds. Richardson, George Eliot, Hawthorne, Charlotte Brontë, Goethe (one of the ‘grand orthodox perverts’), Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Strindberg-these were some of the older writers D.H. Lawrence accused of playing with mentalized sex, and then either rarefying it into bloodless ideality or scourging it as ineluctable sin.

D.H. Lawrence seems to have believed that self-consciousness had desiccated not only the life-content of literature but its life-form as well. He hated, for example, any and all conscious rules for metrical scansion, and he found the poetry of Poe, one of the most relentless of mentalizers, hopelessly ‘mechanical.’

D.H. Lawrence’s artistic faith, like that of the great Romantics, clearly centered on the idea of ‘organic’ or ‘expressive’ form--a faith, alas, that can cover a multitude of incompetencies. So D.H. Lawrence concludes his essay with an advocacy for healthy sex, or we produce idiocy.

**PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS and FANTASIA OF
THE UNCONSCIOUS (1922):**

D.H. Lawrence was concerned with the human mind. He would say consciousness is life as the Hindu rishis talked of *chit* as life. He knew Freud and Jung, and critics read his novel *Sons and Lovers* as a Freudian text. Of course, he did not like it.

D.H. Lawrence published in 1922 two books *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, first published in New York. The critic John Middleton Murry, for a time a close friend of D.H. Lawrence, rated *Fantasia* more highly than *Psychoanalysis*. It is said, “These two books stand in intimate relationship to the thinking which informs his major novels.”⁸⁷

Fiona Becket thinks D.H. Lawrence rejected Freud’s theories of dream, and infant sexuality. The tone of D.H. Lawrence’s books from the beginning is, however, suspicious of Freud. To underline this fact commentators are fond of quoting anti-Freud statements from the books: at the opening of *Psychoanalysis* Freud is ‘the psychiatric quack.’ He is disapprovingly represented as an adventurer (and trespasser) in search of human origins, origins that explain our behaviour and sicknesses: Suddenly he (Freud) stepped out of the conscious into the unconscious, out of the everywhere into the nowhere, like some supreme explorer. What he finds in his cavern of dreams, suggests D.H. Lawrence, is nothing but a huge slimy serpent of sex, and heaps of excrement, and a myriad repulsive little horrors spawned between sex and excrement. In

place of this sack of horrors, repressed material, D.H. Lawrence wishes to substitute what he calls the pristine unconscious, origin of non-deliberate physical and emotional impulses which underpin his own fictional representations of strong feelings like love and hate. So *Psychoanalysis and Fantasia* does not represent merely a complaint against psychoanalysis. More centrally, they form part of his long-running preoccupation with unconscious, or non-deliberate, aspects of human feeling which, crucially, pre-dated his introduction to Freudianism. This preoccupation is evident in even his earliest discursive writing, the early non-fiction such as the Foreword to *Sons and Lovers* (written in 1913 and never intended for publication), *Study of Thomas Hardy* (written in 1914 and published posthumously) and “The Crown” (begun in 1915). These works offer preliminary sketches in which D.H. Lawrence articulates, often in a highly metaphorical language, his own pre-occupation with the birth of the self, most frequently as the result of an encounter with the other.

D.H. Lawrence rejected Freud’s theories of dream, and infant sexuality. He felt appalled that the first critics of *Sons and Lovers* should interpret its central relationship between mother and son as an Oedipal drama, and further seek by implication to identify Paul Morel with D.H. Lawrence himself. To his admirers D.H. Lawrence’s work confirmed Freud’s opinion that aesthetic representation often anticipated psychoanalytic observations.

His case is that psychoanalysis is out, under a therapeutic disguise, to do away entirely with the moral faculty in man, and he thinks it is time the white

garb of the therapeutic cant was stripped off the psychoanalyst. He had been impressed by Trigant Burrow's assertion that Freud's unconscious represents our conception of conscious sexual life as this latter exists in a state of repression. Sin enters when sex becomes mental; the incest motive, for example, is not a pristine impulse, but an idea which has been applied to 'the affective-passional psyche' by the mind of modern man. 'The Freudian unconscious is the cellar in which the mind keeps its own bastard spawn,' but the true unconscious derives from the God who bade Adam and Eve not to eat from the tree of knowledge.

This book contains six essays: Psychoanalysis vs. Morality, The Incest Motive and Idealism, The Birth of Consciousness, The Child and his Mother, The Lover and the Beloved and Human Relations and the Unconscious. J.I.M. Stewart observes, "*Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (1912) and *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (1912) pursue important speculative interests – the first with lucidity and the second with a kind of cloudy pungency equally difficult either to describe or to forget."⁸⁸

Fiona Becket observes

"The title of *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* echoes the English title of C. G. Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious* (1919) where, appropriately for D.H. Lawrence, Jung spells out his departure from Freud. D.H. Lawrence's sequel study, *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, continues the ironic tone of his attacks on the psychoanalytic enterprise. Although in

Fantasia D.H. Lawrence counts Jung and Freud among those who have helped to kick-start his polemic, he can no more be properly called a Jungian than a Freudian.”⁸⁹

The importance of *The Birth of Sex* chapter is in its clear but unavowed formulation of D.H. Lawrence’s main purpose as a writer. Many readers will have wondered how a civilization can be made whole through sexual fulfilment. D.H. Lawrence argues that it makes man purposive, and that only when, ‘the sex passion submits to the great purposive passion’ is a man truly fulfilled.

D.H. Lawrence’s cosmic fantasies are more amazing than his elaboration of planes of consciousness and sex in terms of polarization, circuits, magnetism, and electricity, but the main ideas of *Fantasia of the Unconscious* cover old grounds and take us no further than *Aaron’s Rod*.

One of D.H. Lawrence’s principal aims in his writing of six little essays on Freudian Unconscious was to re-locate unconscious functioning or feeling, in the body challenging the psychoanalytic emphasis on mind.

In the sixth chapter of *Psychoanalysis* D.H. Lawrence is quite unequivocal about this. We can quite tangibly deal with the human unconscious. We trace its source and centres in the great ganglia and nodes of the nervous system. We establish the nature of the spontaneous consciousness at each of these centres; we determine the polarity and the direction of the polarized flow. In fact these centres are ambivalently present in the body as D.H. Lawrence closes the distinction between the literal and the metaphorical

in pursuit of his philosophy of feeling. What is evident from this statement is D.H. Lawrence's refusal to polarise conscious and unconscious functioning. For Freud the two states are in opposition: that which is unconscious may become conscious. For this to happen a shift must take place; something must be transformed. D.H. Lawrence has an investment in bringing the two realms much closer, hence in his writing the words conscious and unconscious are often interchangeable in ways they cannot be in psychoanalysis.

Fantasia of the Unconscious (1923) is D.H. Lawrence's critical essay. Here as in the other *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, D.H. Lawrence discusses the unconscious as only another word for life. Awakened by Sigmund Freud's resurrection of the unconscious, he describes its biological nature, shows how both society and the individual have failed to exploit it, and suggests revolutionary changes in education to accommodate and develop it.

The long essay (or booklet) *Fantasia of the Unconscious* has the following chapters: The Holy Family; Plexuses, Planes and so on; Trees and Babies and Papas and Mamas; The Five Senses; First Glimmerings of Mind, First Steps in Education; Education and Sex in Man, Woman and Child; The Birth of Sex; Parents Love; the vicious Circle; Litany of Exhortations; Cosmological; Sleep and Dreams; and The Lower self.

D.H. Lawrence in his 'Foreword' tells us that *Fantasia of the Unconscious* is a continuation from *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*. He says this book is not for the generality of readers. Although he has read great men and books and things, what he is to speak here is from intuition.

D.H. Lawrence is speaking about 'subjective science,' while the so called objective science is dead already. This great science was once universal, esoteric, invested in large priesthood. He writes of the old world. D.H. Lawrence does not believe in just evolution, but in the strangeness and rainbow-change of ever renewed creative civilization. D.H. Lawrence thinks 'the Spark is from dead Wisdom, but the fire is life.'

D.H. Lawrence's metaphysical criticism can safely be described as 'pollyanalytics.' He speaks of the unconscious as life itself. He thinks man's vision or consciousness is collapsing. He attributes this to science.

J. Middleton Murry in his insightful review of D.H. Lawrence's present book in *Algemeen Handelsblad*, 31 March 1923, thinks that the book declares D.H. Lawrence as a genius and he is distinct from his contemporaries.

Murry notes a few things – one D.H. Lawrence has rebelled against his native land. He observes, "I felt, and I said, that he was an enemy of civilization. It was perfectly true. He is the conscious and deliberate, yet passionate and potent enemy of modern civilization. If our modern life, our modern civilization, is fundamentally good and true and valuable, then indeed the cry must be raised against D.H. Lawrence."⁹⁰ Murry's criticism of D.H. Lawrence is affirmative all the while because he thinks D.H. Lawrence is the most real and powerful personality, the most naturally gifted man, among his contemporaries. D.H. Lawrence is the first European writer to speak of psychoanalytical aspects of modern life.

This knowledge he had not as a student of Freud or Jung, but directly and instinctively by his own intuitive apprehension of life. The language and conceptions of the psycho-analysts were useful to him sometimes in giving expression to his own discoveries; but his discoveries were his own: they were also far in advance of anything the professional psycho-analysts had reached. For D.H. Lawrence knew, as a creative artist delving into his own depths for the life of his characters, what the professional psycho-analysts even now are only dimly aware of, that the problem they have (almost inadvertently and almost ignorantly) touched is the central problem of life—the problem to which all religions are in some sort attempted answers: what shall a man live by?’

The professional psycho-analysts had discovered that in modern ‘civilization’ some great primal urge—‘Sex’ for Freud, something less simple, *Libido*, for Jung—was thwarted and contorted with disastrous results to the individual. They began, clinically, to elaborate a subtle technique for liberating these suppressions. They have only just begun to see that when the suppressions are liberated, the problem of life remains, only more conscious and urgent than before. For the victim of neurosis the man who cannot live in modern life, has at least a *modus vivendi* in the framework and among the compulsions of our industrial civilization. If he becomes a machine, he also acquires some of the numbness of a machine. To make him aware of his own deep discomfiture his lack of true satisfaction, his poverty of being, is only to increase his pain and his impotence, unless you can give him something new and true to live by. Psycho-analysis, without knowing what it is doing, has assumed the responsibilities of a religion without having religious duties to impose or religious satisfactions to offer.

The language of the body developed most extensively in *Fantasia* does more than correct the implausibilities of the mind/body opposition that D.H. Lawrence perceives in psychoanalysis (an opposition variously described by him as the difference between light and dark where dark is positive). It represents the importance in D.H. Lawrence's personal philosophy of the lower body.

Chapters 7 and 8 of *Fantasia*, 'First Steps in Education' and "Education and Sex in Man, Woman and Child," continue earlier themes in D.H. Lawrence's discursive writing although his position on education is never fixed. In the context of a work which is notionally about psychology and sex, his pre-occupations with education become the basis for some stridently expressed opinions about the fundamental incompatibility of men and women in this over-conscious culture, and the subsequent need to treat their education differently.

Another level of anxiety is associated with the body in *Fantasia*, more specifically the sick body. D.H. Lawrence was troubled for most of his life by diseases of the lungs and respiratory system. It would appear from his letters that he went into denial about his own afflictions when he could. Consequently, he was squeamish about tuberculosis when he had to confront it in others, most notably in his friend Katherine Mansfield. He pays some attention in his writings on the unconscious to the sicknesses of the physical body as psychosomatic symptoms. In the five senses chapter of *Fantasia*, in a spirit perhaps of self-diagnosis, he bizarrely attributes illnesses of the lungs in

children to their parenting: children who have been induced to love too much are susceptible to lung and heart ailments which are fatal in the long term: It means derangement and death at last. Kidney failure, anaemia, diarrhoea and bad teeth are ascribed to excesses of feeling, forced, in the first instance, from the child by its demanding parents.

There is another possibility aligned to the emphases in *Fantasia* on manliness: that D.H. Lawrence felt himself emasculated, feminised, by his illnesses in some fundamental way which might nourish his often strident assertions in that book about masculine singleness and masculine value. He may have seen himself in the increasingly sickly Katherine Mansfield to whom he wrote in 1918, ‘-on ne meurt pas: I almost want to let it be reflexive - on ne se meurt pas: *Point!*’

In his point in his writing, at least in his revision of *Fantasia*, that D.H. Lawrence exhibits an increasing tendency to demonise the mother figure. In the ‘Parent Love’ chapter, he inverts the one relationship described by Freud making the mother into the prime mover.

D.H. Lawrence introduced a “Sleep and Dreams” to *Fantasia*. This chapter begins an example of D.H. Lawrence’s work on individuality as something that runs modern mass culture. He builds on the content of the chapter which has little to do with psychoanalysis and do with the establishment of a D.H. Lawrencean myth-system, a narrative pressed into the service of philosophy of harmony between the individual and the earth. It is into this schema that his representation of sleep and dream fits. Amplifying his

emphasis on flows of energy through the body via the material centres of plexuses and ganglia, which many commentators have likened to chakras he develops the notion of an ‘earth-current,’ a transforming medium which passes through the sleeping individual. From this position, D.H. Lawrence manages obliquely to offer a criticism of, the formal and narrative preoccupations of his contemporaries writing fiction.

D.H. Lawrence did not write explicitly or extensively about the discipline of psychology or psychoanalysis after *Fantasia*. In 1927 he published the essay “A Theory of Neuroses” and references were made to the psyche and what is referred to as subjective-objective consciousness in a discussion of individuality. Nevertheless, after 1922, that watershed year for literary modernism, D.H. Lawrence was committed to writing discursively and developed themes and debates begun or extended in his books on the unconscious. Of particular interest are the writings on manliness and gendered identities in many of the essays that were revised and collected in *Assorted Articles*. “Enslaved by Civilization” takes up the debate about the education of boys; “Matriarchy” is where D.H. Lawrence refers to social responsibility in the hands of women and posits a social space for men freed up to bond in brotherhood; there is a raft of essays on modern women including “Insouciance,” “Give Her a Pattern,” “Do Women Change?” and “Cocksure Women and Hensure Men.” In *Assorted Articles* and elsewhere, debates on masculinity developed in *Psychoanalysis and Fantasia* are combined with discussions of civilization, as in “Is England Still a Man’s Country?” “Germans

and English,” “The State of Funk” and “On Coming Home.” “On Being a Man” and “On Human Destiny,” written shortly after the publication of *Fantasia*, combine some of these themes with reference to states of human consciousness explored in the books on the unconscious but on the whole the debates and, crucially, D.H. Lawrence’s mode of expression, have moved on.

That D.H. Lawrence was troubled by the popularity of psychoanalysis cannot be denied. That he was frequently scathing about its fundamental premises, as he understood them, is a matter of record. What is less frequently asserted, and what may usefully be borne in mind, is D.H. Lawrence’s concern with the language of psychoanalysis, the given terms with which to articulate the complexity of the unconscious life.

Many great people, may be futurologists, theosophists, astrologists, Satanists and many other prophets have spoken of the future of the world. ‘Signs are taken for wonders’ declared Eliot’s *Gerontion*, that dull head among the windy spaces of the pre-‘postmodern,’ or as Yeats so infamously put it, ‘The best lack all conviction, while the worst, are full of passionate intensity.’ ‘Are we nothing, already, but the lapsing of a great dead past?’ asked D.H. Lawrence in “To Let Go or To Hold On -?” one of his late *Pansies*. Even here the modernists would seem to have anticipated us and thus trumped us in their trumpeting of doom as well as of transformation.

APOCALYPSE:

D.H. Lawrence was a fine creative critic. His book *Apocalypse* is something like release of the imagination, strength and vitality. For the

ordinary biblical student, it means a prophetic vision of the martyrdom of the Christian church, the second Advent, the destruction of worldly power, the institution of the Millennium, the last judgment, and souls in heaven.

Christian *Apocalypse* has many meanings, one meaning against the other. John of Patmos made it into an allegory. It has symbols as organic units of consciousness with a life of their own. Here allegory is narrative description using, as a rule, images to express certain definite qualities. The image of myth is a symbol. The symbol stands for a unit of human feeling, or experience. Anthony Beal thinks *Apocalypse* has many splendid old symbols. The symbol is astrological. This phenomenon is a complex imaginative experience.

Apocalypse wakes us up, wakes our imagination and provides us moments for true life. Anthony Beal writes, “No, for me the Apocalypse is altogether too full of fierce feeling, fierce and moral, to be a grand disguised star myth.”⁹¹ Beal thinks D.H. Lawrence’s *Apocalypse* provides us new interpretation of the Christian work.

Apocalypse was D.H. Lawrence’s last blast against materialism and intellectual modern man. His poetical commentary on the Book of Revelation condemns the envy of the mediocre masses and upholds the instinctive pagan values destroyed by Christianity, science and democracy. Perhaps the breathless interpretation of symbols, beasts and numbers tells us more about D.H. Lawrence than about Revelation: nevertheless there is power and poignancy in D.H. Lawrence’s dying plea for the joy of living ‘breast to breast with the cosmos.’

D.H. Lawrence was a creative artist. He loved life in its all aspects. He was a free spirit who loved life. Katherine Mansfield admired 'his eagerness, his passionate eagerness of life.

In his introduction to D.H. Lawrence's Penguin edition of *Apocalypse*, Richard Aldington observes

"Like every creative man, D.H. Lawrence suffered from the hundreds of people who would like to create, and can't. The unconscious envy of this type disguises itself as 'critical standards' and its attack is always against the essentially creative and original artist."⁹²

D.H. Lawrence was a gentleman. He was a noble savage. His life was a savage pilgrimage, as he had to face harshest critics in his time. People did not like him, because he was primitive yet clean, harsh but truthful. D.H. Lawrence detested the modern, industrialized, corrupt civilization. He loved the primitive like the Etruscan or Mexican. Perhaps it is only poet's dream, a transference to the remote past of an ideal he despaired of finding in the present.

This conception comes up again in *Apocalypse*, and indeed runs through much of his work. In *Apocalypse* the Etruscans have fallen into the background, as rather belated specimens of the 'great Aegean civilization' which existed before 1000 B.C., of which the Etruscans are quite possibly an off-shoot. Whether imagined or not, here at least were civilizations which D.H. Lawrence felt he could love, nations of men and women living an intense physical life without too much restless intellect and hatred. And in Etruria at

any rate the women enjoyed great liberty and consideration, while the idea of sex and sexual desire as shameful things had never been thought of - that was an importation of the puritan Romans.

D.H. Lawrence's book *Apocalypse* reads like an expression of his latest feelings about Jesus, as an incarnation of love. He did not doubt love. Love is the theme of his books. Richard Aldington observes,

“In several of D.H. Lawrence's novels we see the conflict between this mysterious dark consciousness, this sense-awareness, and the intellectual consciousness of the modern world, which he felt was utterly hostile and destructive to the other and (for him) deeper and more vital way of living. There, he used human characters as symbols. In *Apocalypse* he uses strange primitive symbols, such as you find in pre-Christian art and, oddly enough, in the Book of Revelation. *Apocalypse* is a kind of last testament, a last effort to make himself understood by the very many who had either not listened to him or had failed to understand him. The despair of *The Man Who Died* has disappeared, and it is significant that he could not help trying just once more to do something for the humanity he so obviously loved if only because he scolded it so much. *Apocalypse* is essentially a book of hope and life, although it condemns so completely all our contemporary ways of living.”⁹³

The book provides us clues to the kind of life D.H. Lawrence felt he had discovered. The book is rather the revelation of D.H. Lawrence himself (rather than John of Patmos). Here he speaks of the cosmos as a living thing with which man may commune and which will commune with him. D.H. Lawrence writes, “We and the cosmos are one. The cosmos is a vast living body of which we are still parts. The sun is a great heart whose tremors run through our smallest veins. The moon is a great gleaming nerve-centre from which we quiver for ever.’ But, “We have lost the cosmos. The sun strengthens us no more, neither does the moon.’ And that was because the old vital religions were rejected by intellectuals like Aristotle and all who derive from him and by the Christians. The cosmos became anathema to the Christians, though the early Catholic Church restored it somewhat after the crash of the Dark Ages. Then again the cosmos became anathema to the Protestants after the Reformation. They substituted the non-vital universe of forces and mechanistic order, everything else became abstraction, and the long slow death of the human being set in. This slow death produced science and machinery, but both are death products.

It is said, “I believe that *Apocalypse* perfectly rounds off the long series of D.H. Lawrence’s writings, is a splendid valediction. It protests against the dehumanizing of men and women by Christianity, which promises them an imaginary heaven after they are dead, if they are good. And it protests against their dehumanizing by science, which has taken the gods out of heaven and the heart out of men. And by implication it protests against the puerile conceptions

of men like Bernard Shaw, with their ridiculous tyrannical organizations and equal incomes. As if life were a matter of income! It may be said that the experience behind *Apocalypse* - or rather the conception of life and consciousness expressed in the book - is a purely mystic one".⁹⁴ Great men like Socrates, Rousseau, Wordsworth and Emerson lived this kind of life. *Apocalypse* expresses his beliefs. It is a living book.

D.H. Lawrence provides six points: These points speak of D.H. Lawrence's ideology about human world. He concludes the book with this,

- (1) No man can be a pure individual.
- (2) The State, or what we call society as a collective whole, cannot have the psychology of an individual.
- 3) The State cannot be Christian.
- (4) Every citizen is a unit of worldly power.
- (5) As a citizen, as a collective being, man has his fulfillment in the gratification of his power-sense.
- (6) To have an ideal for the individual which regards only his individual self and ignores his collective self is in the long run fatal.⁹⁵

These points speak of D.H. Lawrence's ideology about human world. He concludes the book with this

“What man most passionately wants is his living wholeness and his living unison, not his own isolate salvation of his soul. Man wants his physical fulfilment first and fore-most, since now, once and once only, he is in the flesh and potent. For

man, the vast marvel is to be alive. For man, as for flower and beast and bird, the supreme triumph is to be most vividly, most perfectly alive. Whatever the unborn and the dead may know, they cannot know the beauty, the marvel of being alive in the flesh. The dead may look after the afterwards. But the magnificent here and now of life in the flesh is ours, and ours only for a time. We ought to dance with rapture that we should be alive and in the flesh, and part of the living, incarnate cosmos. I am part of the sun as my eye is part of me. That I am part of the earth my feet know perfectly, and my blood is part of the sea. My soul knows that I am part of the human race, my soul is an organic part of the great human soul, as my spirit is part of my nation.”⁹⁶

D.H. Lawrence’s comparatively straightforward imaginings of a personal as well as a cultural apocalypse marked by death and transfiguration may help explain why in the 1980s and 1990s he was deemed unfashionable in some academic quarters. D.H. Lawrence took his own and his society’s life - and after-life - so seriously that his reputation, in a sense his afterlife as a writer, has probably suffered. Because he is perhaps the ultimate prepostmodernist in his repudiation of the hopeless, horizonless aesthetic cultivated by disciples of, say, Baudrillard or Beckett or even Judith Butler, D.H. Lawrence offers us a vision many *au courant* intellectuals find embarrassing to espouse.

D.H. Lawrence was a prophet of primitivism. He was the priest of spontaneity, and the sage of sacred sex. He is the acolyte of intuition, of blood wisdom, of mystical ‘lappings’ from consciousness impassioned enemy of mechanized rationality in a thought-tormented, computerized, hyper textual, theory-driven culture.

Frederick Carter’s manuscripts on St John’s ‘Revelation’ prompted D.H. Lawrence to write *Apocalypse* and an introduction designed for the publication of Carter’s work. Commenting on the loss of the old cosmic awareness in this essay, D.H. Lawrence reflects on the miserable thought-forms which education has substituted for the wonders of the natural world. The moon that pulls the tides is not dead, but maybe we are dead, half-dead little modern worms stuffing our damp carcasses with thought-forms, that have no sensual reality. D.H. Lawrence is on the side of Rousseau, Wordsworth, and Keats; and he has excellent support from the philosopher A. N. Whitehead, particularly in the last chapter of his *Science and the Modern World* (1926).

J.I.M. Stewart thinks this book, his last prose work contains his final witness to the naturalism and vitalism by which he lived. T. S. Eliot liked this book, after reading J. Middleton Murry’s work *Son of Woman* on D.H. Lawrence.

Raymond Williams in his thought-provoking essay “D.H. Lawrence’s Social Writings” thinks that D.H. Lawrence has written a substantial body of works of socio-political intent. As he is most misunderstood, it is difficult to place such writings in their proper perspectives. D.H. Lawrence has touched on social topics like, sex, blood, vitality, spontaneity and relationships.

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