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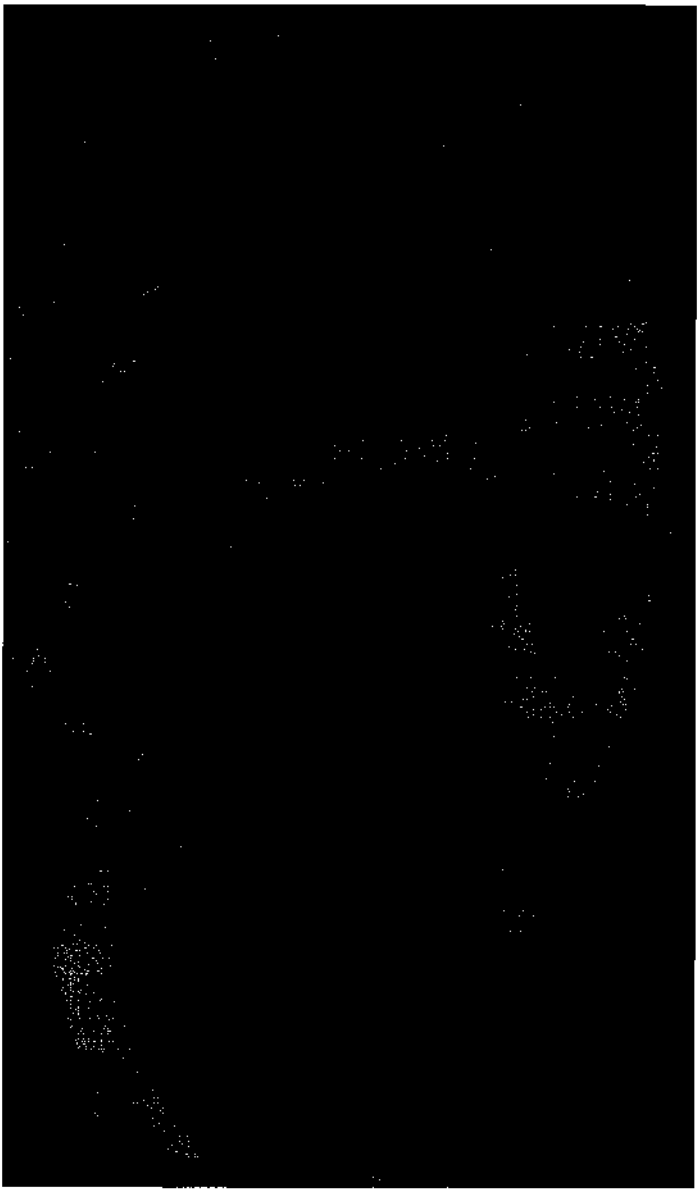

D. H. LAWRENCE

by

HUGH KINGSMILL

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CONTENTS

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D. H. LAWZRENCE

Chapter One

YOUTH

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE was born at Eastwood, a Nottinghamshire mining-village, on September 11, 1885. He was the fourth child of John Arthur Lawrence, a coal miner who had worked at Brinsley Colliery since the age of seven.

In his autobiographical novel, *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence drew his parents at full length as Walter and Gertrude Morel, and himself as Paul. Walter Morel, at the time of his marriage, was happy and unreflecting, a great dancer, friendly with every one, uninterested in books and ideas, but very clever with his hands, able to make or mend anything. Gertrude was serious and puritanical, fond of discussions about politics and religion, contemptuous of dancing, and subdued in her dress. For some months after their marriage they were very happy, but as the glow faded Mrs. Morel began to be jarred by her husband, to whom she felt socially superior and who was unable to discuss anything serious, though respectfully attentive when she talked about matters beyond his understanding. Gradually she drew away from him, and he took to staying out late, and sometimes returned the worse for drink. After the birth of their first child the estrangement became complete, for Mrs. Morel, as Lawrence unconsciously shows throughout,

was the kind of woman who looks on her husband simply as an instrument for producing children and aggrandizing the family. Morel stayed out more frequently and to later hours, and when he came back his wife would flay him with her tongue, in a restrained sarcastic way which intimidated him.

By the time Paul was coming, Mrs. Morel hated her husband, who still loved her and tried clumsily to make up for his drinking and extravagance by doing odd jobs during her pregnancy—* He would bustle round in his slovenly fashion, poking out the ashes, rubbing the fire-place, sweeping the house before he went to work. Then, feeling very self-righteous, he went upstairs', where he would be greeted less gratefully than he had hoped. Gradually Mrs. Morel and her children formed a solid front against him. The Morels moved from their old home to a house on the brow of a hill, and during their first winter there the disputes between husband and wife were unusually bitter—

> The children played in the street, on the brim of the wide, dark valley, until eight o'clock. Then they went to bed. Their mother sat sewing below. Having such a great space in front of the house gave the children a feelmg of night, of vastness, and of terror. . . . Often Paul would wake up, after he had been asleep a long time, aware of thuds downstairs. Instantly he was wide awake. Then he heard the booming shouts of his father, come home nearly drunk, then the sharp rephes of his mother, then the bang, bang, of his father's fist on the table. . . .

A silence would follow, and the children lay wondering what had happened, and could not go to sleep until they heard their father throw down his boots and tramp upstairs in his stockinged feet.

The children told their mother about everything that happened to them, but as soon as their father came in they stopped talking—' Conversation was impossible between the father and any other member of the family. He was an outsider.' Of all the children Paul hated his father most. He was disgusted by the way in which his father ate, by his black hair slightly soiled with grey, his grimy face, and his weary sullen look. Only when he was at work on something, cobbling boots or mending the kettle or his pit-bottle, was Morel momentarily in favour with his children. What they enjoyed most was when he made fuses, setting a heap of gunpowder in the middle of the table, and a little pile of black grains upon the white-scrubbed board, and making and trimming the straws while the children filled and plugged them. ' Paul loved to see the black grains trickle down a crack in his palm into the mouth of the straw, peppering jollily downwards till the straw was full.'

In spite of Lawrence's hatred of his father, Morel's love for his children breaks through in several scenes. When Paul had bronchitis, Morel came into the bedroom, and asked' Are ter asleep, my darlin' ? ' Paul replied irritably. It got on his nerves having his father standing undecidedly on the hearthrug, and he sent him out two or three times to fetch his mother, who was busy ironing below. At last Morel, after having stood looking at his son for some time, said softly—* Good night, my darlin'', and Paul turned round in his relief at being alone. The eldest son, William, dies in London, and Paul takes the news to his father at the pit-head.

' Is it thee, Paul ? ' Morel exclaims. ' Is 'e worse ? '

' You've got to go to London.'

' 'E's niver gone, child ? '

' Yes.'

Morel walks on a few strides, then leans against a truck-side, his hand over his eyes—' Paul stood looking round, waiting. On the weighing-machine a truck trundled slowly. Paul saw everything, except his father leaning against the truck as if he were tired.'

Morel's habits grew worse as the years passed ; and as he was more and more thrust out from the family circle, Paul drew closer to his mother, the death of her eldest son still further intensifying the feeling between them. Once, when he was dangerously ill in his late teens, and his mother was sleeping with him, he felt that he was dying and called to her. She hfted him in her arms, crying in a small voice, ' Oh, my son—my son !'

' That brought him to. He realized her. His whole will rose up and arrested him. He put his head on her breast, and took ease of her for love.'

Paul became friends with a neighbouring girl, called Miriam, and there were bitter scenes between mother and son. One evening she burst out against him, and when he said that she wasn't interested in Herbert Spencer and the other authors he and Miriam discussed, she cried—' How do you know I don't care ? Do you ever try ? ' Her agony grew, and he suddenly could not bear it any longer. He stooped to kiss her, and she threw her arms round his neck, hid her face in his shoulder, and whimpered—' I've never—you know, Paul—I've never had a husband—not really.' Paul stroked his mother's hair, and kissed her throat, and his mother responded with a long fervent kiss. As he was gendy stroking her face,

Morel came in, walking unevenly, and said bitterly, ' At your mischief again ? '

His mother, Paul realized, wanted him to climb into the middle classes, and one of her objections to Miriam was that she was not a lady. Paul tried to persuade his mother that he liked ' common people ' best. From the middle classes, he said, one got ideas, but from the common people life itself, warmth. Why, then, Mrs. Morel asked him, didn't he go and talk with his father's pals ? They, Paul replied, were rather different. ' Not at all. They're the common people. After all, whom do you mix with now—among the common people ? Those that exchange ideas, like the middle classes. The rest don't interest you.'

Mrs. Morel fell ill, and after a period of uncertainty it was discovered she had cancer. She did not want her husband near her, and when he was with her he was awkward and humble, and looked at her as if he wanted to run away. She resisted death, and when the parson said that she would have her parents and sisters and dead son in the Other Land, she retorted that she had done without them for a long time, and could go on doing without them—' It is the living I want, not the dead.' She would lie, thinking of the past, her mouth in a hard line, and sometimes she talked to Paul about her, husband, whom she hated and would not forgive.,' As she was dying, Paul put his arms round her, whispering, ' My love, my love, oh, my love ! ' and after her death he went to look at her—

She lay like a girl asleep and dreaming of her love. . . . He looked again at the eyebrows, at the small winsome nose a bit on one side. She was young again. Only the hair as it arched so

beautifully from her temples was mixed with silver. . . . She would wake up. She would lift her eyelids. He bent and kissed her passionately. But there was coldness against his mouth. He bit his lip with horror. Looking at her, he felt he could never, never let her go.

The book ends with Paul struggling against his desire to follow his mother into the darkness—

Beyond the town the country, little smouldering spots for more towns—the sea—the night—on and on ! And he had no place in it ! Whatever spot he stood on, there he stood alone. From his breast, from his mouth, sprang the endless space, and it was there behind him, everywhere. The people hurrying along the streets offered no obstruction to the void in which he found himself. They were small shadows whose footsteps and voices could be heard, but in each of them the same night, the same silence. . . . His soul could not leave her, wherever she was. Now she was gone abroad into the night, and he was with her still. They were together still. But yet there was his body, his chest, that leaned against the stile. They seemed something. Where was he ?—one tiny upright speck of flesh, less than an car of wheat lost in the field. He could not bear it. . . . ' Mother ! ' he whispered —' Mother !' . . . But no, he would not give in. Turning sharply, he walked towards the city's gold phosphorescence. His fists were shut, his mouth set fast. He would not take that direction, to the darkness, to follow her. He walked towards the faintly humming, glowing town, quickly.

Lawrence's intense bias in favour of his mother, and his hatred of his father, were not strong enough to obliterate his sense of reality where the first and strongest impressions of his life were concerned. The reader receives a different impression from *Sons and Lovers* from that which Lawrence wished to convey. Mrs. Morel, dying of cancer, does not emerge as her husband's

victim, but as a person who has been devoured by her own maternal possessiveness and social ambitions. Her husband had attracted her physically, but as soon as that attraction is exhausted she makes him pay for her disappointed aspirations, social and intellectual, by turning him into the pariah of the home circle. With her sons she is equally ruthless, trying to centre their emotions on herself by her ceaseless self-pity, and struggling to monopolize their love at the expense not only of their father but also of the girls by whom they are attracted. Morel, jovial and loving, lacks his wife's force, tenacity and quick-wittedness, and is to that extent her inferior. He needs to be supported by affection, and as he receives nothing but contempt he loses his self-respect and, outlawed by his wife and children, retaliates by exaggerating the coarse habits which offend their gentility. The tragedy of Gertrude and Walter Morel is that all the will is on one side and all the heart on the other.

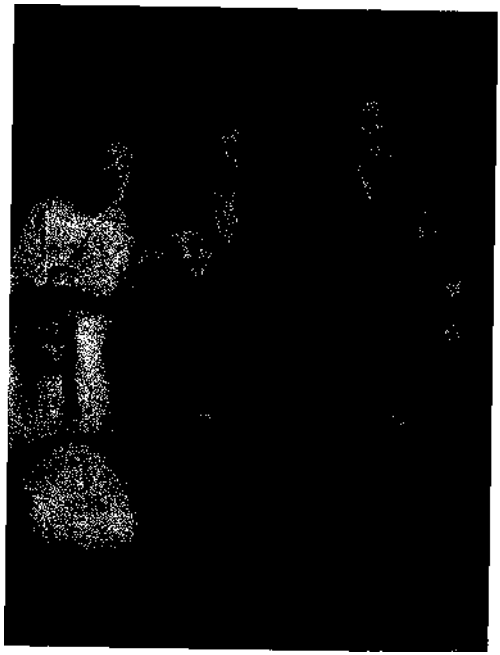
In the reminiscences of Lawrence by his sister, Mrs. Ada Clarke, we get the same impression of Lawrence's parents as in *Sons and Lovers* ; but although Mrs. Clarke sides with her mother, whom she idolized for her ladylike behaviour and admired for her resourcefulness in keeping the home together on less than two pounds a week, she concedes that if the children had tried to interest themselves in the things for which their father cared, they would have been spared many unhappy and sordid scenes. Mrs. Clarke gives a photograph of the family, taken when Lawrence was a small boy. Mrs. Lawrence is in the centre, forcing a pained smile, and Lawrence is standing between her and her husband, who though in his best suit and on his best behaviour

looks with his curling beard and friendly eyes as genial as the inauspicious circumstances will permit.

The photographs of Lawrence as a small boy, of which Aldous Huxley[1] gives one, and Middleton Murry[2] another, showing him with limp sausagey ringlets fresh from the curling-tongs, are of a spoilt fretful child, who excites more sympathy than dislike because of the wretched look in his eyes. If his mother's hatred of her husband had made her indifferent to Lawrence, he would at least have been free from her, but the effect of her hatred was to make her determined not to share him with her husband or any one else. She wished to keep him to herself, not to give him to the world, and so he was not fully born into life. There was an unfledged look about him, the Miriam[3] *of Sons and Lovers* says, something incomplete. This grip of his mother's upon him, which he attributed to tenderness not to egotism, is reproduced by Lawrence in a scene at the beginning of Sows *and Lovers.* One afternoon, shortly after Paul was born, Mrs. Morel went out with him, and seating herself looked down at the baby—

> She noticed die peculiar knitting of the baby's brows, and the peculiar heavmess of its eyes, as if it were trying to understand something that was pain. . . . She had not wanted this child to come, and there it lay in her arms and pulled at her heart. She felt as if the navel string that had connected its frail litde body with hers had not been broken. She held it close to her face and breast. With all her force, with all her soul, she would make up to it for having brought it into the world unloved. She would love it all the more now it was here ; carry it in her love.

[1] *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence.* [2] *Son of Woman.*
[3] *D. H. Lawrence: A Personal Record hy E. T.*



LAWRENCE (THE SMALLEST OF THE BOYS)
AND HIS FAMILY

The conflict set up in a child who is conceived and born in disharmony was peculiarly rending in Lawrence, because while his will repudiated his father absolutely, and attached itself fiercely to his mother, it was from his father that he inherited what was glowing and tender in his nature. The Dark Unconscious, the Dark God, the dark otherness, which he preached, was the pre-natal state from which he had never fully emerged, and into which he longed to be absorbed again. With this craving the love of life inherited from his father fought a ceaseless battle, driving him all over the world in search of something to which he could attach himself, until at last he abandoned the fight and died. It is this search which is prefigured at the close of *Sons and Lovers*, when he turns from the darkness, and walks quickly towards the distant glowing town, impelled rather by revulsion from what lay behind than by any hope of what lay before.

The division in Lawrence's character appears in the first incident which he describes in the childhood of himself as Paul Morel. One day Paul accidentally broke Arabella, his sister Annie's doll, and was as miserable about it as she, but when they had both recovered he proposed that they should make a sacrifice of the doll. Though horrified, Annie gave her consent, and he drenched Arabella in paraffin—

> So long as the stupid big doll burned he rejoiced in silence. At the end he poked among the embers with a stick, fished out the arms and legs, all blackened, and smashed them under the stones. * That's the sacrifice of Missis Arabella,' he said. * An' I'm glad there's nothing left of her.' Which disturbed Annie inwardly. . . . He seemed to hate the doll so intensely, because he had broken it.

In a somewhat later incident, Paul and his mother are worrying because Morel is late back, and again Paul's sympathy turns to rage, and he almost hates his mother for suffering because his father did not come home from work.

These quick changes of feeling went with a frail physique and unsubstantial frame. He had been a pale quiet baby, who sometimes had long crying fits, and as he grew older he was only happy under the wing of his mother or sister—' Paul was towed round at the heels of Annie, sharing her game. . . . He was quiet and not noticeable. But his sister adored him.' On fine winter evenings, after the colliers had gone home and the street was deserted, he used to go out with Annie and his little brother Arthur, to play with two or three friends, Annie sometimes sending them on ahead—

> The children looked anxiously down the road at the one lamp-post, which stood at the end of the field path. If the little, luminous space were deserted, the two boys felt genuine desolation. They stood with their hands in their pockets under the lamp, turning their backs on the night, quite miserable, watching the dark houses. Suddenly a pinafore under a short coat was seen, and a long-legged girl came flying up. ' Where's Billy Pillins an' your Annie an' Eddie Dakin ? '—' I don't know.' But it did not matter much—there were three now. They set up a game round the lamp-post, till the others rushed up. Then the play went fast and furious.

When he was fourteen, Paul went to work in Nottingham, in a factory which manufactured surgical appliances. His mother accompanied him to his first interview with Ins future employer, whom Paul at once hates. Afterwards his mother tells him he mustn't mind people so much—' They're not being disagreeable to *you*—it's their

way. You always think people are meaning things for you. But they don't/ Paul kept himself apart from the men workers at the factory, who seemed to him common and dull, but the girls all took to him, often gathering in a little circle while he sat on a bench and held forth, ' so serious, yet so bright and jolly, and always so delicate in his way with them'.

A little later Paul and Miriam became friends, and it is with the story of their relationship that the second part of *Sons and Lovers* is chiefly concerned. Miriam has given her own account of this relationship in *D. H. Lawrence : A Personal Record,* a wonderful picture of Lawrence as a boy and young man, vivid in its details, and magnanimous and profound in its spirit.

It was on a day in early summer, Miriam narrates, that Lawrence first came to Hagg's Farm, where she lived with her parents and brothers. His mother was with him, and after Mrs. Lawrence had greeted Miriam's mother, they sat down to an early tea before the rest of the family returned. Miriam had to go into the kitchen to boil eggs, and was surprised when the tall, fair boy followed her, and stood silently looking about him in a curious, intent way. After tea they all went out, and the two mothers moved away together, Mrs. Lawrence talking with a tinge of patronage in her voice. Lawrence was silent with Miriam, they walked into a field, and Lawrence stood there quite still, as if fascinated by the view of the Annesley Hills and High Park wood, with the reservoir gleaming below. Miriam, who knew that he had been at the High School and had studied French and German, suddenly felt conscious of her own

deficiencies, and to bring him down from his heights asked him abruptly how old he was—

'Fifteen.'

'I thought so. I'm fourteen. . . . You go to school?'

'Yes, to the High.'

A pause.

'I don't care for the name Bertie. It's a girlish name. Do they call you Bertie at school?'

'No, of course not. They call me Lawrence.'

'That's nicer, I think. I'd rather call you Lawrence.'

'Do call me Lawrence,' he replied quickly, 'I'd like it better.'

They returned to the farm, and Miriam, to show her indifference, put on her hat and cloak to visit a friend on the opposite side of the wood. Meeting her at the door, Lawrence exclaimed, 'Are you going out?' She told him where she was going, and he asked excitedly, 'How do you get there? Which way do you go?' and when she said through the wood, he echoed her eagerly, and nodded towards it.

After this visit Lawrence came out to the farm nearly every week, but he was slow at making friends with Miriam and her brothers, and found more in common with her father, who used to talk with him almost as though he were grown up. When the summer ended, Lawrence left school and went to work in Nottingham. His brother Ernest died in the late autumn, and a few weeks later he himself was dangerously ill. 'I don't know,' Miriam's mother said, 'whatever Mrs. Lawrence will do if that son's taken from her. She told me when She was here with him that however much she loved

Ernest it was nothing to what she felt for the one she brought with her.'

One day in early spring when Lawrence was convalescent, Miriam's father drove him out to the farm on the milk-float. He was pale and thin, but delighted to be with them again. From this time on he was almost one of the family, and once in later years said that in these days he was only happy when he was at the farm or on his way to it, and that his mother had told him he might as well pack his things and stay there for good.

Lawrence was extraordinarily kind and willing to help with whatever task was afoot. He was most considerate to mother, with her big, unruly family, so hard to manage, each of us at a different stage of development. . . . Several times when he came in and found her with more to do than she could get through he fetched water for the boiler, tidied up the hearth, and made a fire in the parlour. . . . I well remember a basket of tiny pickling onions that stood on the stone slab outside the back door, waiting to be peeled. They suddenly disappeared, and mother said that Bert had peeled them ; he just sat down and did them without a word to any one. . . . It was the same at harvest-time. Lawrence would spend whole days working with my father and brothers in the fields at Greasley. These fields lay four miles away, and we used to pack a big basket of provisions to last all day, so that hay harvest had a picnic flavour. . . . I heard father say to mother : ' Work goes like fun when Bert's there, it's no trouble at all to keep them going.' . . . *One* could not help being affected by his vitality and charm. Mother made a remark that set me speculating. She said : ' I should like to be next to Bert in heaven.'

Miriam was discontented and rebellious at this time. She was the family drudge, and was humiliated by her lack of education. There were frequent quarrels with

her brothers, who tried to order her about. She felt an Ishmael, with no one to understand and sympathize with her—

I did not know that Lawrence was aware of my state of mind, but one day he suddenly took an end of chalk from his pocket and wrote on the stable door : ' Nil desperandum.' ' What does it mean ? ' I asked, although I knew. ' Never despair,' he replied, with an enigmatic smile, and ran away.

Eventually Miriam was sent back to school, and became a pupil-teacher. She was happier now, and her friendship with Lawrence became more intimate. They often walked in the neighbouring wood, where there was hardly a flower or even weed whose name and qualities Lawrence did not know. At first Miriam was sceptical of his knowledge, and asked him how he could always be so certain. He knew, he answered. ' But *how* do you know ? You may be wrong.'—' I know *because* I know. How dare you ask me how I know ? ' *One* day she took him to see a colony of tall foxgloves she had come across. They stood there like Red Indian braves, she said, but he ignored this fancy, and looked at the foxgloves with his usual intent glance.

He did not like growing up, and was most reluctant to begin shaving, to which he had to be forced by severe criticism. Lawrence, Miriam says, found the present so good he wanted it to last.

There were parties at one house or another during the holidays, and always thrilling charades at our house, with Lawrence directing things, and father joining in the play like one of us. Then towards midnight, to escort our friends through the Warren and over the dim field path, singing, with the stars flashing above the silent

woods, and the pale light over the water, was perhaps the most wonderful bit of all. We seemed to be living in a world within a world, created out of the energy of the imagination.

Lawrence did not return to the warehouse in Nottingham after his illness ; from seventeen till twcnty-tliree he was training to be a teacher, and spent the last two years of this period at Nottingham University. It was from seventeen to twenty that he and Miriam were happiest together. They read all the same books, beginning with Louisa Alcott's *Little Women,* Rider Haggard and Anthony Hope, and passing on to Dickens, in whose David Copperfield Lawrence felt a great likeness to himself, Tennyson, George Eliot, Browning and Balzac. Lawrence was now beginning to realize that he was out of the ordinary, and he and Miriam used to discuss his future. ' Every great man.' he said to her, ' is founded in some" woman. Why shouldn't *you* be the woman I am founded in ? ' He told her about Blake, how he made pictures and wrote poems that were interdependent, and did the painting and engraving himself, producing the book entirely by his own hands, and how his wife was a poor girl whom he taught to read and also to print and engrave, and what a marvellous helpmate she was to him—' For a little time we lived with Blake and his wife.' A man with special gifts, he said, must share them with others, and perhaps he might have a big house, with gardens and terraces, like the ones in the Park, and they could all live there together. ' Wouldn't it be fine . . . mother and all the people we like together ? Wouldn't it be fine ? ' Miriam doubted whether a number of people all living in the same house would agree, and Lawrence was vexed. ' It *would* be all right, I'm

sure it would. People aren't really bad, not when you get to know them.'

On Friday evenings she used to visit his home for French lessons, and when the door closed behind Mrs. Lawrence, going marketing, they had a magical sense of being alone together, and often put the lesson aside to talk of other things. Once they discussed the differences in their characters, and Lawrence said Miriam was high and very deep, whereas he was very broad and comparatively shallow—' Your impulse,' he said, ' is to go higher and higher, towards perfection, and mine is to go forward, on and on, for aeons and aeons.'—' What is an aeon ? '—' Time past all reckoning. Beyond for ever and for ever,' he replied with shining eyes.

The turning-point in their relations came when Lawrence was twenty. *On* Easter Sunday Miriam went with him to his home after chapel. His mother and eldest sister, Emily, were in the house, and Miriam felt as always their hostility to her. Emily, who was married, asked Lawrence petulantly when he was coming to see her, and Lawrence, with a quick smile at Miriam, replied, 'Jamais', adding, when Emily asked what he meant, ' Oh, I'll come some time.' Lawrence left with Miriam, and as they parted leant towards her and said, ' I shall come up to-morrow—early.'

Miriam expected him about midday, but it was late in the afternoon before he arrived, and he avoided her glance. After tea they read French together for a short time, then he closed the book, and in a strained voice began to discuss their friendship—' Is it keeping even. . . . Is it getting out of balance, do you think ?' Miriam said she did not know what he meant. ' I was afraid,'

he went on, with difficulty, ' that the balance might be going down on your side. You might, I thought, I don't know, you might be getting to care too much for me.' Miriam in deep dismay asked why he was saying this, and he replied that his mother and Emily had been talking about them the previous evening, and agreed they ought either to be engaged or not go about together. ' Ah, I always thought your mother didn't like me,' Miriam said, but Lawrence denied this eagerly —' It's for your sake she spoke. She says . . . I may be preventing you from getting some one else.' He paused, and went on with an effort—' She says I ought to know how I feel. I've looked into my heart and I cannot feel that I love you as a husband should his wife. Perhaps I shall, in time. If ever I find I do, I'll tell you. What about you ? If you think you love me, tell me, and we'll be engaged. What do you think ? '

[6]1 was conscious of a fierce pain, of the body as well as the spirit,' Miriam says. ' As clearly as if in actuality I saw the golden apple of life that had been lying at my finger-tips recede irretrievably.'

She could not speak for some time, but when she had collected herself she said that they must not meet again. Lawrence protested vehemently—' We can't give it all up. There's the question of writing, we want to talk about that. And there's the French. . . .' They could go on reading in the house, he said, where the others could see them. They could still go to chapel together —that was important; and the youngsters could accompany them on their walks. Miriam, who perceived that he had come up with this plan of chaperonage all worked out, did not answer, and after a pause Lawrence asked

her if she would tell her mother. It had nothing to do with her mother, Miriam said, and added, 'I manage ray own affairs.'

> In all that he had said one sentence alone had significance for me—the words . . . 'I have looked into my heart and I cannot find that I love you as a husband should love his wife.' . . . I was too ignorant and unacquainted with life to understand that Lawrence used the word 'love' in a restricted and special sense. I understood the word only in its total application. . . . My instinct was to break off completely.

Lawrence would not give her up, and the routine of their friendship was soon re-established, but the old naturalness was gone. He became very critical of her, and was irritated if she stooped to touch a flower, or took her little brother in her arms and hugged him—'Why must you *touch* in order to enjoy? What you need to cultivate is detachment.' She felt that he was trying to turn her into an abstraction, so that their friendship might continue without emotional eddies, but she realized that he was even more tormented than herself, for she was consoled by her love for him, and was not racked by a divided nature.

The deepest cause of Lawrence's exasperation can be inferred at various points of Miriam's narrative. Now that he was passing out of adolescence into early manhood he wanted to be reassured about his physical attractiveness and to be relieved from his growing fear that he did not feel as normally about women as the other young men he knew. When she touched a flower or hugged her little brother, it seemed a reflection on himself, with whom she appeared content to share only intellectual pleasures. In his resentment he put the

blame for the nature of their relationship entirely on her. She was too introspective and intense, he said ; she was unlikeable owing to her intense self-absorption, she had no sense of humour, and, above all, she was absolutely lacking in sexual attraction. It was useless to try to divert him from this dismembering of herself, which exhausted her and made her intensely wretched—' I would often wake with a start just before dawn when the air was filled with the unearthly twitterings of the birds, and, realizing instantly the blight that had settled on my life, feel like a castaway on some inhuman shore.'

On her twenty-first birthday Lawrence wrote her a long letter in which he said that it was not the kissable and embraceable part of her that attracted him, although it was so fine with the silken toss of hair curling over her ears. She was a nun to him, and he gave her what he would give a holy nun, but she must let him marry a woman he could kiss and embrace and make the mother of his children. Love, he explained, when they discussed this letter, was divided into physical love and spiritual love. His love for her was spiritual, but for marriage physical love was the prime necessity. ' Most men marry in the animal way—at least nearly all men of intellect do,' he said, and told her that he had found a girl who would satisfy his physical needs, which he implied were strong. ' Quant a moi,' he wrote about this time in the French diary Miriam kept, 'je suis grand animal', and when she was puzzled by this claim he insisted—' Yes, yes, I *am.'*

It was in Schopenhauer's essay on sex he had found the view that men of intellect marry from a purely sensual impulse. As his doubts about his sexual nature

increased, he was driven increasingly towards materialism as a refuge from the sense of his own fragility, and swallowed Huxley and Haeckel with an avidity which Miriam saw to be out of accord with his real sympathies.

There were still times when they were happy together. Lawrence brought her his first experiments in writing, and she would tell him whether his characters were developing naturally, and if their talk was lifelike. Sometimes his love for her would flash out with the old spontaneity. She used to spend her annual holiday with the Lawrences on the Lincolnshire coast. One morning it was windy, and she tied her hat on with a broad silk scarf-

> Lawrence was looking at me with shining eyes. 'Does it suit me?' I asked, laughing. He turned to his mother. 'Look at her, mother. She says, does it suit her?' His mother gave me a bitter glance, and turned away, and the light died out of Lawrence's face.

That evening he and Miriam walked by the sea, and as the moon rose Lawrence broke into wild reproaches, upbraiding her bitterly, and then blaming himself still more passionately. Two summers later, when they were again by the sea, he had a still wilder outburst, skipping from boulder to boulder in a frenzy which almost made her doubt if he were human—'I was really frightened then—not physically, but deep in my soul. He created an atmosphere not of death, which after all is part of mortality, but of an utter negation of life, as though he had become dehumanized.'

In the autumn of 1908, when he was twenty-three, Lawrence left Eastwood for Croydon, where he had

been given a post at the Davidson Road School. His mother resented him going away—'And where,' she exclaimed fiercely to Miriam, 'would he have been without me to call him up in the morning, and have his porridge and everything ready for him? He'd never have got off to College every day if I hadn't seen to things.' Lawrence went out to the farm to say good-bye, and after supper Miriam accompanied him to the beginning of the field path along which he used to come to the farm—'"La derniere fois," he said, inclining his head towards the farm and the wood. I burst into tears, and he put his arms round me. He kissed me and stroked my cheek, murmuring, "I'm so sorry, so sorry, so sorry."'

On his second day in Croydon Lawrence wrote Miriam a letter which was 'like a howl of terror'. How could he live away from them all?—he dreaded morning and the school with the anguish of a sick girl—he would grow into something black and ugly, cut off from them all, like some loathsome bird. In a postscript he told her not to say anything of this to his mother, to whom he had written that everything was all right, and that he was getting on well. After a week or two his letters became calmer, he began to explore London, and wrote to Miriam about the lights that flowered when darkness came. He liked the family he was living with, a Lancashire man and his wife, with two children, one a baby a few months old, whom he sometimes sang to sleep. 'I was glad when I knew there was a baby,' Mrs. Lawrence said to Miriam. 'It will keep him pure.'

Lawrence was now writing poems, which he sent to Miriam, and in the June of 1909 she selected some of them, and with Lawrence's permission sent them to the

editor of the *English Review,* Ford Madox HuefFer, saying that the author was a young man who had been writing for a number of years, and would be grateful for any recognition. HuefFer replied with an invitation to Lawrence to come and see him, and in September Lawrence called on him, and found him ' fairish, fat, about forty, and the kindest man on earth '.

A little later Miriam went up to London to see Lawrence, who wanted to discuss his Uterary projects with her, and to show her a girl he was thinking of marrying. Miriam knew of her already, for in an earlier letter Lawrence had written—' It is snowing ; and I ought to be out on Wimbledon Common with a girl, a teacher here . . . I have almost made up my mind to marry her. I think I shall. I am almost sure I shall.' Miriam stayed the night with the family where Lawrence was living, and she and Lawrence sat in the parlour after the others had gone to bed. She was tired, having left home at six in the morning, and it was now one, but he pressed her to remain a little longer. She consented, and he began by asking her in a very earnest tone what she expected from life, what she hoped for. She didn't hope for anything much, she replied, bending her head, while her tears fell into her lap, but she would get along somehow. He looked hard at her, and went on to say what a terrible strain he found the new life, the excitement, and the meeting with such different people. He needed to be married, it was so difFicult to bear the stress of life alone. ' You know,' he said softly, ' I could so easily peg out.'—' Well,' Miriam replied, ' you have only to make a choice.' He reflected on this for a time, and then said that he had no money, and wouldn't

be able to marry for ever so long—' I think I shall ask some girl if she will give me . . . that . . . without marriage. Do you think any girl would ? '—' I don't know,' Miriam answered. ' The kind of girl who would I think you wouldn't like.'—' Would you think it wrong ?'—' No, I wouldn't think it wrong. But all the girls I know would.'—' But *you* wouldn't ? ' he insisted, and she replied, ' Not *wrong.* But it would be very difficult.' After a pause he said he thought he would ask the girl of whom he had told her, and there was another silence, which she broke at last by saying that it was two o'clock, and she was really tired now. ' It's two o'clock,' he repeated, ' it's two o'clock. *Must* you go to bed ? ' She said she must, and rose. ' Very well. I'll let you go. You shall go.'

The next morning Lawrence introduced her to his friend, a girl with auburn hair, who talked to Lawrence rather like an elder sister, to which Lawrence responded with an air of bravado, covering a lack of self-confidence. The girl greeted Miriam warmly, pinning a spray of red berries in her coat, and left them after Lawrence had fixed a date for their next meeting. Lawrence and Miriam went up to town, where they lunched with Violet Hunt and Hucffer, and Hueffer walked with them part of the way to King's Cross. He was kind and sympathetic, and Miriam was touched by the interest he showed in them both, but when he left them Lawrence exclaimed, ' Isn't he fat, and doesn't he walk slow ! He says he walks about London two hours every day to keep his fat down. But he won't keep much down if he always walks at that pace.'

Shortly after Miriam's return from London, Lawrence sent her a short poem, 'Aware', in which he compared her to the moon rising out of a mist—

> . . . and I in amaze
> See in the sky before me, a woman I did not know
> I loved, but there she goes, and her beauty hurts my heart;
> I follow her down the night, begging her not to depart.

When he came home at Christmas he told her that he had given up the idea of marrying the girl at Croydon, and that everything was over between them. He loved Miriam, he had been mistaken all these years about his feelings, and now realized that he must have loved her all along without knowing it. They must be engaged, but must keep it secret for the present. In spite of her desire to believe in this declaration and in the poem, Miriam felt in both the forced note always present in his attempts to resolve his internal conflict. She consented to the engagement, however, and for a short time Lawrence, who was revising *The White Peacock,* his first novel, was more tranquil than he had been for some years. He had occasionally in the past been remorseful over taking up so much of Miriam's time, but now he felt that she would fulfil her destiny in marriage with him, and said to her one day during the Easter holidays that he was doubtful if she would ever be a writer—'You have a *wonderful* sympathy, and that's perhaps your gift. I think God intended you to make a *good* wife—and not much more. Do you mind?' Miriam replied that she was well content, but a week or two later he wrote from Croydon to tell her about a school-teacher with whom he had begun an affair, and who was to

be the heroine of his second novel. He dashed off this novel, *The Trespasser,* between the Whitsuntide and midsummer of 1910, and wrote to Miriam that she must not attempt to hold him—'I need Helen (the heroine of the novel), but I must *always* return to you, only you must always leave me free.'

They discussed the situation when he came home in August—

I could not move from my old standpoint of all or nothing, even when Lawrence said, 'Then I am afraid it must be nothing.' We agreed not even to correspond. Within a week there came an importunate note from him: '*Do* read Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy* and *Tommy and Grizel,* I've just had them out of the library here. They'll help you to understand how it is with me. I'm in exactly the same predicament.'

His mother fell ill before the end of the holidays, and he came from Croydon on alternate week-ends to see her. Miriam and he met occasionally, but she could not pierce the absorption of his misery; he seemed completely shut off in his grief. *On* the day before his mother's funeral, he sent for her, and they went for a walk. It was a grey December day, they hardly spoke and at last remained standing in silence by a railway track leading down to the pits.

'You know,' Lawrence said suddenly, speaking with great difficulty, 'I've always loved my mother.'

'I know you have.' Miriam replied.

'I don't mean that,' he returned quickly. 'I've *loved* her, like a lover. That's why I could never love you.'

During the year which followed his mother's death, Lawrence and Miriam met only three or four times.

He was lost and **miserable, without any direction in** life-

I am not strong like you [he wrote to Miriam]. You can fight your battle and have done with it, but I *have* to run away, or I couldn't bear things. I have to fight a bit, and then run away, and then fight a bit more. So I really do go on fighting, only it has to be at intervals. . . . At times I am afflicted by a perversity amounting to minor insanity. But the best man in me belongs to you. One me is yours, a fme, strong one . . . I have great faith still that things will come right in the end.

His mother's hold on him seemed to Miriam to have been strengthened by her death, and in the hope that if he could be made to sec how it had worked against his happiness he might shake it off, she sent him an account of the day, five years earlier, when he told her he did not love her as a husband should love his wife. In an agonized reply, he wrote, ' They tore you from me, the love of my life. . . . It was the slaughter of the foetus in the womb', but her effort had no other effect, and he continued his friendship with Helen of *The Trespasser,* and a lackadaisical engagement to a woman who lived near his home. Some months later, he met Miriam and they had a long talk. His engagement was over, he said, and he asked her whether, if they married, she would expect him to stay at home. Home, she said, was the place one works in, but he replied that he didn't want a home, he wanted to be free, and would probably go abroad, down the Rhine, and then farther afield. ' I saw his utter loneliness,' Miriam writes, ' his separation, as it seemed, from everything else in life ; and, as always, I was overcome with pity. I slipped my hand into his that was hanging limp.'

It was this meeting that Lawrence commemorated in After Many Days'—

> Long have I waited, never once confessed,
> Even to myself, how bitter the separation :
> Now, being come again, how make the best
> Reparation ?
> If I could cast this clothing off from me,
> If I could lift my naked soul to you,
> Or if only you would repulse me. . . .
>
> But that you hold me still so kindly cold
> Aloof, my flaming heart will not allow ;
> Yea, but I loathe you that you should withhold
> Your greeting now.

Lawrence was now rewriting *Sons and Lovers.* In its first form it had been stilted and unreal, and Miriam, partly for the sake of the book and partly in the hope of freeing him from his obsession with his mother, advised him to write it again, and keep it true to life. As he revised it, he sent her the manuscript, and they met fairly often, for he was on sick leave from Croydon after a severe illness, and was doubtful if he would go back. The simple vivid earlier pages delighted her, but

> the break came in the treatment of Miriam. . . . I had not doubted that he would work the problem out with integrity. But he burked the real issue. . . . His mother had to be supreme, and for the sake of that supremacy every disloyalty was permissible.

Lawrence asked for her comments, but she would not give them, they ceased to meet, and he sent her the manuscript by post, as he wrote it.

The years of happiness, when they were both in their teens, are slurred over in *Sons and Lovers,* and Lawrence's

love for the farm which was so long the centre of his life comes out only in two or three passages, in one of which he writes—

> The farm had originally been a labourer's cottage. And the farmhouse was old and battered. But Paul loved it—loved the sack-bag that formed the hearthrug, and the funny little corner under the stairs, and the small window deep in the corner, through which, bending a little, he could see the plum-trees in the back-garden and the lovely round hills beyond.

Miriam, when she first appears, is shy with Paul. She looks after the pigs, and this makes her ashamed, for she is a great reader, living in a dream of herself as a heroine of romance, and is afraid that Paul, ' who looked something like a Walter Scott hero '. might see her simply as a swine-girl, and not divine the princess beneath. Like Paul, who shrank from the common men at the warehouse, Miriam ' quivered in anguish from the vulgarity of the other choir-girls '. Paul attracts her—

> On the whole, she scorned the male sex. But here was a new specimen, quick, light, graceful, who could be gentle and who could be sad, and who was clever, and who knew a lot. . . . Yet she tried hard to scorn him, because he would not see in her the princess but only the swine-girl. And he scarcely observed her.

Lawrence passes quickly to that stage in their intimacy when he became savagely critical of her—' Her intensity . . . irritated the youth into a frenzy. . . . He was used to his mother's reserve. And on such occasions he was thankful in his heart and soul that he had his mother, so sane and wholesome.' All Miriam's life, he says, was in her eyes. Her body was not flexible and

living, the life which shone in her eyes did not flow into her limbs and body. Very occasionally the bitterness with which he pursues her throughout the book vanishes, and he reveals the feeling which drew them together over so many years. He tells how in chapel on Sunday evening he used to wait for her to appear—

> He was anxious for fear she would not come : it was so far, and there were so many rainy Sundays. Then, often very late indeed, she came in, with her long stride, her head bowed. . . . Her face, as she sat opposite, was always in shadow. But it gave him a very keen feeling, as if all his soul stirred within him, to see her there. It was not the same glow, happiness, and pride, that he felt in having his mother in charge : something more wonderful, less human, and tinged to intensity by a pain, as if there were something he could not get to.

The same feeling used to overpower him when he was taking her home at night, and they stood and watched the constellations, and especially Orion, gazing at him in these ' strange surcharged hours, until they seemed themselves to live in every one of his stars'. On his way home, after leaving her, he would have a violent revulsion against her—

> Why did his mother sit at home and suffer ? He knew she suffered badly. . . . And why did he hate Miriam, and feel so cruel towards her, at the thought of his mother. If Miriam caused his mother suffering, then he hated her—and he easily hated her. Why did she make him feel as if he were uncertain of himself, insecure, an indefimte thing, as if he had not sufficient sheathing to prevent the night and the space breaking into him ? How he hated her ! And then, what a rush of tenderness and humility !

She made him feel so spiritual, he once complained, ' and I don't want to feel spiritual !' The ' blanched

and chaste fashion' in which their friendship progressed hurt his vanity. He wanted her to recognize the male in him, he simmered while they ' read Balzac, and did composition, and felt highly cultured ', and frequently broke into rages, in one of which he threw his pencil in her face, exasperated by its eager, silent, almost blind look. She made him feel insubstantial, obscurely contemptuous of himself, and so his hostility to her deepened, and sometimes when he visited her there was ' a cold correctness' in the way he put his bicycle in its place which made her heart sink—' She knew him well by now, and could tell from that keen-looking, aloof young body of his what was happening inside him.' On these occasions he turned to Miriam's mother to have his pride salved. She ' did him the great kindness of treating him almost with reverence '. He would be gentle and humble with her, and ' could have wept with gratitude that she was deferential to him '. If the mother was not about there was Miriam's eldest brother, with whom for a time he was very friendly.

In the last part of *Sons and Lovers* Lawrence invented freely in order to soothe the vanity which Miriam had wounded. He had been too afraid of his mother to marry Miriam, and of Miriam to ask her to be his mistress. Their talk at Croydon shows that he desired this in his fitful undetermined way, and in one of his poems he writes—

> I wonder if only
> You had taken me then, how different
> Life would have been ? Should I have spent
> Myself in anger, and you have bent
> Your head through being lonely ?

What he could not obtain in reality, he imagined in *Sons and Lovers.* From a brief affair with Miriam, Paul passes to another woman, Clara Dawes, who has a strong form that seems to slumber with power. Paul loves her for ' being so luxuriously heavy, yet so quick. Himself was light; she went with a beautiful rush '. This affair also fades out, and the book closes with a final parting from Miriam, because she cannot ' take him and relieve him of the responsibility of himself.

The shock of *Sons and Lovers,* Miriam says, gave the death-blow to their friendship—' I had a strange feeling of separation from the body. The daily life was sheer illusion. The only reality was the betrayal of *Sons and Lovers.'* What hurt her most was that he had left out altogether the years of devotion to the development of his genius, ' a devotion that had been pure joy '.

> What else but the devotion to a common end had held us together against his mother's repeated assaults ? . . . The one gleam of light was the realization that Lawrence had overstated his case ; that some day his epic of maternal love and filial devotion would be viewed from another angle, that of his own final despair.

After Miriam had finished the manuscript, Lawrence tried to find out what she thought of it, and it was finally arranged that he should meet her at the house of her married sister. Miriam and he went for a short walk. It was a day in March, and Lawrence kept a sharp look-out for violets in the hedgerows. He said there must be some about because his sister had seen youths coming home from the pit with bunches of violets and celandines in their hands.

At the mention of violets and celandines I had hard work to keep the tears back. . . . Until then his manner had been bleak and forbidding, but now he softened a little and said almost wistfully, ' I thought perhaps you would have sometliing to say about the writing.' I felt as if I was sinking in deep water. But . . . the time for speaking had gone by, and I merely replied, ' I've put some notes in with the manuscript '. and he rephed quietly, as though he was suddenly out of breath,' Oh, all right. I thought you might like to say something. That's all.'

They returned, and at tea Lawrence's manner was much easier, but after Miriam had gone, he said to her sister, ' She's wild with me, isn't she ? She's angry about something', and he would not accept the sister's denial, insisting, ' She is, she's angry. Hasn't she told you about it ? '

Some weeks later, on the last Sunday in April, 1912, Miriam and Lawrence met for the last time, at her sister's cottage, where Lawrence was spending the week-end. Miriam's father was with her, and after tea Lawrence drove part of the way with them, but there was little talk, and Miriam noticed that he winced at her father's casual tone, so different from the warmth of old days. Lawrence, who had met his future wife, Mrs. Frieda Weekley, some weeks earlier, and was now about to leave England with her, mentioned that he was going to Germany in a few days.

On the level above Watnall Hill he got out of the trap to return by the footpath over the fields. We shook hands and said good-bye like casual acquaintances, and father hoped he would manage to keep in better health. . . . Before we disappeared round a bend in the road I turned and saw him still standing where he had alighted, looking after us. I waved my hand and he raised his hat with the familiar gesture. I never saw him again.

Lawrence returned to the cottage. He was subdued during the midday meal, but in the afternoon, as he and Miriam's brother-in-law were lying out in the field on rugs, he suddenly exclaimed, 'Bill, I like a *gushing* woman.'

In the spring of the following year, Lawrence sent Miriam his first book of poems through the publisher. She replied, and a little later received a bulky parcel containing the proof-sheets of *Sons and Lovers*, and a letter in which Lawrence said—

> This last year hasn't been all roses for me. I've had my ups and downs with Frieda. But wc mean to marry as soon as the divorce is through. . . . Frieda and I discuss you endlessly. We should like you to come out to us some time, if you would care to. . . .

After Miriam had read the letter, she looked at the proofs to see if he had softened or cut out any of the worst passages, but he had changed nothing. After long hesitation and with some misgiving, Miriam decided to return the proofs and the letter—'I thought it was just possible that he would write and say he hadn't meant to be so stupid. But he never wrote to me again, and I never really wished him to, nor did I ever write to him.'

During the ten years with Miriam, Lawrence was fighting to integrate his nature, so that he might be able to develop the genius which he felt he possessed. But his mother's will, imposed on him before he was born, proved too strong for the imaginative and spiritual element to which Miriam appealed, as it had previously

proved too strong for the tenderness he inherited from his father. The spell which his mother exercised over him was not the physical one he pretended to Miriam when he said he had loved his mother like a lover. That was an attempt to lay his doubts about his claim to be 'grand animal'. His subjection to his mother was less melodramatic and far deeper. He needed her to protect him against the fear which overwhelmed him when he rose above the will into the imagination. She had wrapped him round in her will, and Miriam took the wrappings off, and so his need of Miriam was always followed by a recoil of fear—'Why did she make him feel uncertain of himself, insecure, an indefinite thing, as if he had not sufficient sheathing to prevent the night and the space breaking into him?' Miriam describes the same recoil—

> There were moments, too, in our desperate struggle, when we seemed to touch another sphere of existence, and it flashed upon me that never here in this life, but somewhere beyond the human bourne lay the unity we were striving for. He perhaps felt something similar, because he once exclaimed, 'You push me beyond the very bounds of human consciousness.'

Unable to develop normally, he needed a woman who could give him at least a momentary sense of being her lover, while really restoring to him some of the security he had felt when he rested without consciousness in his mother's womb.

Chapter Two

MARRIAGE

LAWRENCE inherited a good deal of his mother's pluck and toughness, as well as her quick intelligence. In spite of his delicate health, he came out first in all England and Wales in the Uncertificated Teachers' Examination, and during his three and a half years at the Davidson Road School, Croydon, he was far above the average as a teacher. The boys ragged him at first because he started with a theoretical disbelief in discipline, but as soon as he discarded this theory all went well. As he put it, less prosaically, in a letter to a woman friend—'Once I said to myself: "How can I blame—why be angry?" Then there came a hideous state of affairs. Now I say: "When anger comes with bright eyes, he may do his will."' The testimonial the headmaster gave him on leaving proves his exceptional ability, for it is not merely stereotyped in its praise—

> His methods are wholly modern, and have the great merit that they are particularly adapted to obtain results in face of the limitations imposed by the elementary school curriculum. I am convinced that his genial manners, and his well-conceived methods of obtaining ready obedience in his class, could be extended with the greatest success to any school placed under his direction.

The school appears in several of the poems he wrote during these years. In one poem he pictures himself

looking through the open window of the classroom towards Norwood Hill. The boys are all still, ' in a wistful dream of Lorna Doone '. while for himself the old romance of David and Dora Copperfield glows from Norwood through the mellow veil of the afternoon. In another poem he describes the great school rising red out of the snow, a ' rock in this weary land the winter burns and makes blind '. He did not like his work, and often complains about it, but his pupils brought out the strain of tolerance and good sense in his nature. ' My pack of unruly hounds ' he calls them almost jovially in one poem, and continues—

What does it matter to me, if they can write
A description of a dog, or if they can't ?
What is the point ? To us both, it is all my aunt !
And yet I'm supposed to care with all my might.

I do not, and will not; they won't and they don't; and that's all!
I shall keep my strength for myself; they can keep theirs as well.
Why should we beat our heads against the wall
Of each other ? I shall sit and wait for the bell.

Throughout his time at Croydon Lawrence lived with Mr. Jones, a Lancashire man, who was the School Attendance Officer. Mr. Jones, who has now retired, has given me a very interesting account of Lawrence during this period. Though Lawrence disliked teaching, Mr. Jones said, he was conscientious about it, and got on well with the boys. He was good with children of any age, and when Hilda, Mr. Jones's daughter, was six months old, Lawrence used to walk her up and down, exclaiming, ' You *shall* walk ! You *shall* walk !' Mr.

Robertson, the Inspector, an elderly Scotsman, and somewhat pompous, did not like Lawrence. When he came into the classroom, and the boys stood up, saying 'Good morning, sir,' Lawrence used to scowl, and would not 'sir' him.

I asked Mr. Jones, who had been a professional footballer, what he thought of Lawrence's physique, and he said he was strong enough, and did his daily dozen in the bathroom, but already had trouble with his chest. Most men, Mr. Jones added, thought Lawrence rather effeminate, but there was something about him which appealed to women. Some of them, his particular friends, used to call him Bert, but he was always Lawrence to men. Mr. Jones knew the auburn-haired schoolmistress Miriam mentions—he spoke of her as red-haired—and said that Lawrence was very bitter against her because she would not fall in with his wishes.

Lawrence generally stayed in in the evenings, sitting with a pad on his knee in front of the fire, writing his novels, but occasionally he went out with Mr. Jones, and Mr. Jones particularly remembered an evening when they went to the *Greyhound* after a visit, cut short by Lawrence, to a billiard saloon. At the *Greyhound* Lawrence asked for absinthe, and got into conversation with the French barmaid there, airing his French. On Sunday mornings he and Mr. Jones used to paint together, copying from reproductions. Lawrence fancied classical subjects—one which Mr. Jones remembered was of the Greek god Hermes with a young girl in a wood, some poppies lying about on the ground. There was a landscape by Lawrence in Mr. Jones's drawing-room. Trying to get the clouds right, he had grown impatient and

dabbed white paint on with his thumb. The thumb-marks showed clearly.

He smoked very seldom, perhaps five cigarettes a week, and hardly drank at all, and if he did take a glass of Mr. Jones's beer, he insisted on providing a bottle in return. They used to argue a lot, especially about religion, against which Lawrence was very bitter, getting so worked up sometimes that he used to sit with his mouth open, so excited he couldn't say a word.

Lawrence was devoted to his mother, Mr. Jones said, and became very morose after her death, but he had nothing good to say about his father, and it was really horrible the way he spoke about him. His brother came on a visit once, and Lawrence was patronizing with him. Some London writers had recently taken Lawrence up, and when he came back from a week-end with them he used to speak with a different accent. On one of these occasions Mr. Jones interrupted him with ' That's not your usual form of talk ', to which Lawrence haughtily replied, ' I don't understand what you mean.'

It was one of these week-ends which led to his leaving the Davidson Road School. He arrived back on the Sunday evening looking as if he was suffering from a frightful hang-over. The next morning he tried to get up for school, but was unable to, developed double pneumonia and nearly died. He went to Bournemouth to convalesce and sent in his resignation a bit later. Mr. Jones, I gathered, had had as much of Lawrence at the end of three and a half years as he could stand, and had decided not to have him back if he returned to Croydon. The Joneses heard from him only once again, some months later, when he wrote mysteriously that

something had happened which he was not at liberty to divulge, but which would become known in due course. ' It was the German lady,' Mr. Jones said.

The first of Lawrence's literary friends was Ford Madox Hueffer, whose services Lawrence summarized as follows in a letter to an admirer of his work—

> Ford Madox Hueffer discovered I was a genius—don't be alarmed, Hueffer would discover *anything* if he wanted to—published me some verse and a story or two, sent me to Wm. Heinemarm with *The White Peacock,* and left me to paddle my own canoe. I very nearly wrecked it and did lor myself. Edward Garnett, like a good angel, fished me out.

Much-mothered children soon attract support and encouragement. It is natural to provide a leaning wall with a prop. Cervantes and Johnson passed most of their lives in struggle and obscurity ; Barrie and Kipling were famous in their middle twenties, and Lawrence, though too peculiar in his temperament to become universally popular, was helped in one way or another throughout his career. His attitude towards those who helped him was ungracious. He took what they did for him as his due, and was bitter about them when they were unwilling or unable to serve him any longer. Hueffer, who placed Lawrence's first novel, and published his work in the *English Review,* did not like his second novel, *The Trespasser,* so Lawrence wrote to Edward Garnett—' Your letter concerning the Siegmund book *(The Trespasser)* is very exciting. I will tell you what Hueffer said, then you will see the attitude his kind take up.' Austin Harrison, who succeeded Hueffer on the *English Review,* wrote to Lawrence asking him

to call, and Lawrence complained to Garnett that Harrison's letter was only two lines long. Even when a friend of Mrs. Thurston, the novelist, told Lawrence after her death how greatly she had enjoyed *The White Peacock,* Lawrence's chief emotion was a pained surprise at a system of things which did not provide for the longevity of his admirers—' It seems very strange that a discriminating soul like Mrs. Thurston's has read *The White Peacock* and now is gone away into death. It makes me wonder at life.'

In due course Edward Garnett, the most helpful of all Lawrence's literary friends, also fell from favour, but during the critical first years of Lawrence's career, Lawrence turned to Garnett in all his difficulties, whether with publishers or with his work, which he used to send to Garnett with this kind of accompanying note—' I wrote this story last week, in bed—before I could sit up much. You'll find it perhaps thin—*maladif.* I can't judge it at all—one reason why I send it.' After he had recovered from this illness, which was the double pneumonia he contracted at the end of his time in Croydon, Lawrence went home, and his letters to Garnett now became more intimate. His meeting with Frieda Weeklcy was a few weeks ahead, and he was still engaged in a rambling affair with a woman who seems to have given him some of the material which he worked up into the grand passion Paul Morel feels for Clara Dawes.

I saw L——yesterday [he wrote to Garnett]—she was rather ikey *(adj.*—to be cocky, to put on airs, to be aggressively superior). . . . If she'd been wistful, tender and passionate, I should have been a goner. I took her to the castle, where was an exhibition from die Art School—wonderfully good stuff. She stared at the

naked men till I had to go into another room . . . (she) could not remember, oh no, had not the ghost of a notion when we had last visited the castle together, though she knew perfectly : thought me a fool for saying the shadow of the town seen faintly through a fog was startling—and so on. . . . The sequel—which startled *me*—I will tell you personally some time. It cannot be committed to paper.

Some days later Lawrence wrote again, giving Garnett an account of a dance in a mining village—

My sister found me kissing one of her friends good-bye—such a ripping little girl—and we were kissing like nuts—enter my sister—great shocks all round, and much indignation. But—life is awfully fast down here.

In another letter Lawrence told Garnett that

there were more ' drunks ' run-in from the *Crown* and the *Drum* here last week-end than ever since Shirebrook was Shirebrook. Yesterday I was in Worksop. It is simply snyed with pals. Every place was full of men, in the larkiest of spirits. I went into the *Golden Crown* and a couple of other places. They were betting like steam on skittles—the ' seconds' had capfuls of money. There is some life up here this week, I can tell you.

In this picture of himself as a wenching sporty proletarian, a Robert Burns of the Midlands, Lawrence was partly reassuring himself and partly playing up to the romantic middle- and upper-class view of the working-classes to which he chiefly owed his quick reception as a writer. He wanted to be sincere, and once lamented his tendency to be ' a bit false '. but with his divided uncertain nature he was easily tempted to play up to any one with whom he was in close contact, generally with the after-effect of a violent revulsion against the influence to which he had submitted.

His books, written hastily in the emotion of the moment, and sometimes as hastily revised in the emotion of another moment, reveal the influences, external and internal, under which each was written. *The White Peacock,* his first book, was shown to Miriam as he wrote it. There is a good deal of tinsel in it, as in most of Lawrence's work. Lawrence appears to have been reading Meredith at this time, and so there are such sentences as ' She waved me a lace mitten, then glinted on like a flower' and ' This autumn fruited the first crop of intimacy between us '. Like all his novels, it meanders diffusely along, and stops not because it has reached any conclusion but because no conclusion shows any sign of coming into sight. But as its theme is Hagg's Farm, and the memories out of which it is written were the happiest of his life, it has a charm and freshness which do not appear again in his writing. He was still able to look at life with the detachment of a poet and even, as the following passage shows, of a humorist. He is describing eleven young pigs struggling round a trough. Ten have fought for a place, but the eleventh has fought in vain, and screams in baffled rage in the rear.

The ten little gluttons only twitched their ears to make sure there was no danger in the noise, and they sucked harder, with much spilling and slobbing. George laughed like a sardonic Jove, but at last he gave ear, and kicked the ten gluttons from the trough, and allowed the residue to the eleventh. This one, poor wretch, almost wept with relief as he sucked and swallowed in sobs, casting his little eyes apprehensively upwards, though he did not lift his eyes from the trough, as he heard the vindictive shrieks often little fiends kept at bay by George. The solitary feeder, shivering with apprehension, rubbed the wood bare with his snout, then, turning up to heaven his eyes of gratitude, he reluctandy left the trough.

I expected to see the ten fall upon him and devour him, but they did not; they rushed upon the empty trough, and rubbed the wood still drier, shrieking with misery.

His second novel, *The Trespasser*, commemorated a visit to the Isle of Wight with the friend whom he calls Helen. Lawrence's treatment of passion, like Swinburne's, shows intense mental excitement, but suggests very little body. In the sixties of the nineteenth century Swinburne was thought of by the respectable as a resurrected Nero, presiding at unspeakable orgies, and Lawrence had the same kind of undeserved reputation in the decade after the war. Rasputins do not write about lust, at least until they are too old to practise it. Where Swinburne differs from Lawrence is that he seldom gives his raptures to an embodiment of himself. They are even less real than Lawrence's, and arc never followed by Lawrence's self-questioning about the powers he has been claiming.

At the beginning of *The Trespasser*, the hero, Siegmund, gives a short laugh and presses Helena to his breast.

He crushed her to him—crushed her in upon the ache of his chest. His muscles set hard and unyielding ; at that moment he was a tense, vivid body of flesh, without a mind ; his blood alive and conscious, running towards her. . . . She was hurt and crushed, but it was pain delicious to her. It was marvellous to her how strong he was, to keep up that grip of her like steel. She swooned in a kind of intense bliss. At length she found herself released, taking a great breath, while Siegmund was moving his mouth over her throat, something like a dog snuffing her, but with his lips. Her heart leaped away *in* revulsion. His moustache thrilled her strangely. His lips, brushing and pressing her throat beneath the ear, and his warm breath flying rhythmically upon her, made her vibrate through all her body. Like a violin under the bow, she thrilled beneath his mouth, and shuddered from his moustache. Her heart was like fire in her breast.

The incident ends there, and one has to take Lawrence's word for it that it is Helena, not Siegmund, with whom ' passion exhausts itself at the mouth '. But later in the book Siegmund admits to himself that he had failed with Helena—

> No matter how he contradicted himself, and said it was absurd to imagine he was a failure as Helena's lover, yet he felt a physical sensation of defeat, a kind of knot in his breast which reason, nor dialectics, nor circumstance, not even Helena, could untie. He had failed as lover to Helena.

Siegmund's feeling of physical inferiority with Helena reappears in Paul Morel's feeling with Clara Dawes. Paul is a poor swimmer, and cannot stay long in the water, and Clara plays round liim in triumph, ' sporting with her superiority, which he begrudged her'. Siegmund also is a poor swimmer. He runs laughing over the sand, and wades in, ' thrusting his legs noisily through the heavy green water '. But the sea is cold, and though he ruffles his way through the water and tells himself that it is splendid to play with the sea, he comes out quickly. As he dries himself, he takes pride in his whiteness, and reflects—' I am at my best, at my strongest. She ought to be rejoiced at me, but she is not; she rejects me as if I were a baboon under my clothing.' To reassure himself, he glances at ' his whole handsome maturity, the firm plating of his breasts, the full thighs, creatures proud in themselves '. This sense of his thighs as existing in their own right is a peculiarity of Lawrence's which recurs throughout his writings in connexion with his various limbs and organs. Physically as well as emotionally he was born un-unified, from which perhaps sprang his sensibility to animals and plants, as

though his uncompleted organism were nearer than ordinary men's to theirs. Many of the best touches in his work express this sensibility. In this overblown description of Siegmund sporting on the sand and ruffling through the water, for example, there is an imaginative moment when he peers from the sea towards the land, ' taking a seal's view of the cliffs'.

His verse also at this time is largely concerned with his self-questionings over his physical relations with women. In one poem he writes—

> Am I doomed in a long coition of words to mate you ?
> Unsatisfied ! Is there no hope
> Between your thighs . . . ?

In another poem—

> I ache most earnestly for your touch,
> Yet I cannot move, however much
> I would be your lover. . . .
> Will you open the amorous aching bud
> Of my body . . . ?

The phallic cult which fills so much of his writing originated in his diffidence with women. It is not the phallus which focuses the emotion of the normal man ; but Lawrence, as the poem ' Virgin Youth ' shows, found more inspiration in his own person than in a woman's.

> A lower me gets up and greets me ;
> Homunculus stirs from his roots . . .
> He stands, and I tremble before him.
> —Who then art thou ?—
> He is wordless, but sultry and vast . . .
> How beautiful he is ! without sound,
> Without eyes, without hands;
> Yet, flame of the living ground
> He stands, the column of fire by night.

. . . I salute thee
But to deflower thee. . . .
Pardon me !

The whole poem, and especially the courteous conclusion, illustrates Lawrence's tendency to endow the various parts of his body with a separate existence. It was this dissociated feeling which made him uncomfortable with women, and it was from this dissociated feeling that he hoped some woman would deliver him.

Lawrence met Frieda Weekley at the beginning of April, 1912, and a fortnight later wrote to Garnett—

She is ripping—she's the finest woman I've ever met—you must above all things meet her. . . . She is the daughter of Baron von Richthofen, of the ancient and famous house of Richthofen —but she's splendid, she is really. How damnably I mix things up. (She) is pcrfecdy unconventional, but really good—in the best sense.

Lawrence suffered acutely from his feeling of social f inferiority, a form of suffering usually dismissed asi trivial, for there is almost as much dishonesty about what is called snobbishness as about sex. By giving a deep and universal passion a ridiculous name, Thackeray provided the English with yet another device for concealing from themselves the passions by which human beings are impelled. Snobbishness is the assertion of the will in social relations, as lust is in sexual. It is the desire for what divides men, and the inability to value what unites them. What Thackeray called snobbishness is the theme of Macbeth, the discord which Christ tried to resolve in the Sermon on the Mount, the mainspring

of the careers of dictators and millionaires, and the reef on which plans for the betterment of society founder.

Born and reared in the atmosphere of his mother's social cravings, Lawrence was as vulnerable socially as sexually. 'Bourgeois' as a term of abuse is scattered throughout his writings, for to despise the class immediately above him seemed to him, as it has seemed to many poor men of ability, proof that he was by nature an aristocrat. The only friendly word he has for the bourgeoisie is when he writes that Mrs. Morel 'came of a good old burgher family', which is presumably the same as coming of good old bourgeois stock. What effect Frieda Weekley's origin had on Lawrence comes out in his letter to Garnett, and is still more obvious in an anecdote told by Catherine Carswell in her life of Lawrence, *The Savage Pilgrimage.* In the early days of Lawrence's marriage Ivy Low, now Madame Litvinov, wrote to him to express her enthusiasm for his work. Both his replies were on coroneted notepaper, and each time he put a pen stroke through the coronet, and wrote beside it—'My wife's father is. a baron.'

The personality of Frieda Weekley was even more overwhelming to Lawrence than her origin. Mrs. Lawrence is still alive, but few famous women of the past have been described in such detail and from so many angles. She dominates most of Lawrence's work, his women friends give us many glimpses of her in their reminiscences of her husband, she has written her own reminiscences, Murry has woven her into the pattern of his argument that Lawrence should have become a eunuch for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven, and Aldous Huxley has painted her in *Point Counter Point* as

an incarnation of the joy and richness of existence. The material for estimating her place in her husband's life is therefore plentiful.

She was in the early thirties when Lawrence met her, some years older than he and the mother of three children. Physically she was impressive, of ample Teutonic build, with greenish eyes radiating will. Her husband was a professor at Nottingham University, and doubtless whatever romance England had for her when she was a girl in Germany had long since evaporated in an Enghsh provincial town. Catherine Carswell tells us that Frieda ' lived in a placid dream, winch was variegated at times by love-affairs that were almost equally unreal '. There seems too much of the Lady of Shalott in this ; but in any case an explosion was inevitable, and Lawrence provided the spark. In her reminiscences, *Not I, But the Wind,* Mrs. Lawrence describes their first meeting. Lawrence, who when he was at Nottingham University had been coached in French by Professor Weekley, called on him to discuss the chance of a lectureship in a German University. During the half-hour before lunch Lawrence and Frieda talked by the window of her room, while the children played on the lawn. Frieda was struck by his long, thin figure and light sure movements, and interested by his denunciation of women. He had finished, he told her, with his attempt at knowing them. *On* leaving her he went home on foot, a walk of over five hours. He had found what he had lacked since his mother's death, some one in whom he could take cover from himself.

They met several times within the next week or so. He told her almost at once that she was quite unaware

of her husband, and that she was the most wonderful woman in England, and she on her side felt that she had met some one who understood her. One day they went into the country, with Frieda's two small girls. Lawrence made paper boats for the children, with matches for masts, and Frieda, seeing that he was absorbed in the children and had forgotten her, felt a movement of tenderness towards him. A few days later she suggested that, as her husband was away, Lawrence should stay the night. Lawrence said he would not stay in her house while her husband was away, and added, 'But you must tell him the truth and we will go away together, because I love you.'

Frieda was leaving for Germany to stay with her family during the Easter vacation, and on April 30th Lawrence wrote to her asking if she was going the next day—'What time are you going to Germany, what day, what hour, which railway, which class?' He could not breathe, he said, while they were in England. He was afraid of something low, like an eel which bites out of the mud, and hangs on with its teeth.

On Friday, May 3rd, 1912, they left for Germany together, Frieda not yet definitely committed to breaking with her husband. It was Lawrence's first visit to the Continent. The mood in which he began the odyssey which ended only with his death appears in *Women in Love*, in his account of Ursula and Birkin standing on the platform at Ostend—

> There was a coffee-wagon on the platform. They drank hot, watery coffee, and ate the long rolls, split, with ham between, which were such a wide bite that it almost dislocated Ursula's jaw; and they walked beside the high trains. It was all so strange,

so extremely desolate, like the underworld, grey, grey, dirt grey, desolate, forlorn, nowhere—grey, dreary everywhere. At last they were moving through the night. . . . Flat fields, the wet flat dreary darkness of the Continent. They pulled up surprisingly soon—Bruges ! Then on through the level darkness, with glimpses of sleeping farms and thin poplars and deserted high roads.

Lawrence spent a few days at Metz, Frieda's home, he in a hotel, she with her family. Frieda's sisters were impressed by Lawrence as a man Frieda could trust, but her parents were naturally perturbed. Baron Richthofen offered Lawrence a cigarette when he called, but ' the pure aristocrat', to quote Frieda, did not hit it off with ' the miner's son '. The separation from Frieda preyed on Lawrence, and he wrote to her from his hotel to say that she must be frank with her husband—' no more subterfuge, lying, dirt, fear. I feel as if it would strangle me. What is it all but procrastination ? ' Unable to stand Metz any longer, he went to Trier, down a valley full of apple-trees in bloom, ' and then bristling vine sticks, so that the hills are angry hedgehogs'. The kindliness of the hotel-keeper at Trier made him some amends for the feeling that Frieda was neglecting him, and he wrote to her that the hotel-keeper ' would do what my man friends always want to do, look after me in the trifling, physical matters'. At the end of the letter he said that life would always be a battle for them, ' so we'll never fight with each other, always help '. He wrote also to a Davidson Road School colleague, A. W. MacLeod—

Oh, fearful and wonderful things are happening. . . . I sit among the blossoming apple-trees, above the vineyards of the Moselle, above the ancient town of Trier, hearkening to the

cuckoo sing, and thinking of Davidson and of thee. I would not be *in* Davidson—no, not for anything. Escape, my dear, escape. . . .

From Trier he went to Waldbroel, where he stayed some days. The hotel-keeper here was unresponsive, but his wife, Lawrence wrote to Frieda, was already quite fond of him, and had confided that she did not love her husband, and had married only because time was going by. In her reply Frieda told Lawrence about a friend of hers, H——, and Lawrence tried not to be jealous, and said that if she wanted H——, or anybody else, she must have him. 'But I don't want anybody, till I see you. But all natures aren't alike. But I don't believe even *you* are at your best, when you are using H——as a dose of morphia.' Frieda, who seems always to have defended herself by attacking, retorted that Lawrence had left her in the lurch, but she consoled him by saying that she was going to Munich and suggesting that he should join her there at the end of the week. After getting this letter, Lawrence wrote at length to Garnett, needing to pour himself out after the suspense of the previous fortnight. To live, he said, one must hurt people—a reference to Professor Weekley, with whom Frieda had been exchanging letters.

One has to make up one's mind, it must be so. . . . I am going to Munich directly—perhaps Saturday. The soles of my feet burn as I wait. Here, the slow oxen go down the main street, drawing the wagons, under my window. . . . My cousin is newly married—and wishes she weren't. She's getting in love with me. Why is it women *will* fall in love with me? . . . These slow, buff oxen, with their immense heads that seem always asleep, nearly drive me mad as they step tinkling down the street.

Lawrence met Frieda in Munich on Friday, May 24th, and the next day they began their life together, in Beuerberg, a village in the Bavarian highlands. ' First Morning ', a poem which commemorates their happiness on their first morning at Beuerberg, as they sat in the sunshine and looked at the mountains, opens—

The night was a failure
But why not ?

This carefree acceptance of what was the chief source of his chagrin in marriage was only a passing mood, but the mood recurred fairly often during their Bavarian honeymoon. In a letter to an EngUsh friend he described their stay at Beuerberg—

In the morning we used to have breakfast under the thick horse-chestnut trees, and the red and white flowers fell on us. The garden was on a ledge, high over the river, above the weir, where the timber rafts floated down. The Loisach is pale jade-green, because it comes from glaciers. It is fearfully cold and swift. . . . Every day, we went out for a long, long time. There are flowers so many they would make you cry for joy—Alpine flowers. . . . Now Frieda and I arc living alone in Professor Weber's flat. It is the top storey of this villa—quite small—four rooms beside kitchen. . . . I've just had to run into the kitchen—a jolly little place—wondering what Frieda was up to. She'd only banged her head on the cupboard. So we stood and looked out. Over the hills was a great lid of black cloud, and the mountains nearest went up and down in a solid blue-black. Through, was a wonderful gold space, with a tangle of pale, wonderful mountains. . . . I love Frieda so much, I don't like to talk about it. . . . Life *can* be great—quite god-like. It *can* be so. God be thanked I have proved it.

In her account of these days, Frieda says that they had very little money, about fifteen shillings a week, and

lived chiefly on black bread and fresh eggs, and the strawberries, raspberries and bilberries they found in the woods. Lawrence would do most of the work in the small flat, and bring in Frieda's breakfast to her with a bunch of flowers, left on the milk-jug by the woman who had the shop on the ground floor. They used to tell each other about their lives before they met, Lawrence describing his mother—' such a queen in her little house ' —and his father down at the pit, sharing lunch with the pit-pony, and Frieda picturing herself as a wild child at a convent school, dashing into class in her Hessian boots, while the nun teacher murmured, ' Toujours doucement, ma petite Frieda.'

When she asked him what she gave him that he had not found with other women, he said, ' You make me sure of myself.' With her near by he could work easily, pouring out the words in an effortless stream, and at night, when he was content to be a child and she resigned to be a mother, he was at peace—

All day long I am busy and happy at work
I need not glance over my shoulder in fear of the terrors that lurk
Behind. I am fortified, I am glad at my work.

. . . And I hope to spend eternity
With my face down-buried between her breasts
And my still heart full of security
And my still hands full of her breasts.

This harmony was often broken, and there was little disinterested love on either side to calm explosions. The attraction of Lawrence for Frieda was partly that he quickened her sensibilities, and partly that he heightened

her self-esteem. Unfortunately, in stimulating her self-esteem he inflamed her readiness to fall out with him. They had been together only five weeks when Lawrence wrote to Garnett—

> You needn't think we spend all our time billing and cooing, and nibbling grapes and white sugar. Oh no—the great war is waged in this little flat on the Isarthal, just as much as anywhere else. . . . I think the real tragedy is in the inner war which is waged between people who love each other.

Lawrence's self-love was at least as great as Frieda's, and was equally responsible for the war that raged between them. ' Storms of letters,' he told Garnett, were arriving from England, imploring Frieda to return to her husband and children—

> She is a woman . . . who makes a man suffer by being blind to him when her anger and resentment is roused. . . . The letters to-day have nearly sent us both crazy. I didn't know life was so hard. But really, for me, it's been a devilish time ever since I was born.

This last reflection shows that he had not much sympathy to spare for Frieda who, he goes on to say, was bitter because he would not ask her to stay for his sake. She must, he had told her, decide for herself whether she wanted more to live with him and share his rotten chances, or go back to her children and security. This pose of self-sufficiency from Lawrence, who had told her he couldn't breathe while he and she were in the same country as her husband and children, naturally enraged Frieda. Bold and wilful as she was, she shrank from making her will the sole motive for her action. She would have liked to feel that some altruism had entered into her decision to join up with Lawrence, but

Lawrence was too vain to appeal to her heart, and thus admit his dependence on her. Probably he also felt a rather belated reluctance to come between a husband and wife. So, for one reason or another, he left her to shoulder all the responsibility.

Another source of bitterness was her suffering over her children. Lawrence resented it savagely and, not being dumb like his father, denounced mother love in these terms—

The mother in you, fierce as a murderess, glaring to England,
Yearning towards England, towards your young children,
Insisting upon your motherhood, devastating.

. . . The curse against you is still in my heart
Like a deep, deep burn.
The curse against all mothers.
All mothers who fortify themselves in motherhood, devastating the vision.
They are accursed, and the curse is not taken off;
It burns within me like a deep, old burn,
And oh, I wish it was better.

Miriam was a further occasion for recrimination. 'Frieda and I discuss you endlessly,' he told Miriam, and some idea of the tone of these discussions may be gathered from *Women in Love,* when Ursula rages against Birkin's feeling for Hermione.

'I *was* wrong', Birkin replies, 'to go on all those years with Hermione—it was a deathly process. But after all, one can have a little human decency. But no, you would tear my soul out at the very mention of Hermione's name.'—'I jealous!' Ursula cries. '.'jealous! You *are* mistaken if you think that. I'm not jealous in the least of Hermione, she is nothing to me, not *that*! . . . No, it's you who are the liar. It's you who must return

like a dog to his vomit. ... Go to your spiritual brides—but don't come to me as well, because I'm not having any, thank you. You're not satisfied, are you ? Your spiritual brides can't give you what you want, they aren't common and fleshy enough for you, are they ? So you come to me, and keep them in the background ! You will marry me for daily use. But you'll keep yourself well provided with spiritual brides in the background. I know your dirty little game.'

Birkin, reflecting on this attack, comes to the conclusion that Hcrmione and Ursula are equally destructive of him.

Fusion, fusion, this horrible fusion of two beings, which every woman and most men insisted on, was it not nauseous and horrible anyhow, whether it was a fusion of the spirit or of the emotional body ? Hcrmione saw herself as the perfect Idea, to which all men must come : And Ursula was the perfect Womb, the bath of birth, to which all men must come ! And both were horrible. Why could they not remain individuals, limited by their own limits ? . . . Why not leave the other being free, why try to absorb, or melt, or merge ?

Yet when Frieda was not in the humour for melting and merging, Lawrence became frenzied—' He felt he wanted to break her into acknowledgment of him, into awareness of him. It was insufferable that she had so obliterated him. He would smash her into regarding him. He had a raging desire to do so.'

Frieda, a vital powerful woman, wanted life, whereas Lawrence was a bundle of conflicting desires, the deepest of which was a longing for night and oblivion. In a poem called ' In the Dark' he has expressed this fundamental opposition—

My dear, the night is soft and eternal, no doubt
You love it!—*It is dark, it kills me. I am put out.*

My dear, when you cross the street in the sunshine, surely
Your own small night goes with you. Why treat it so poorly ?

No, no, I dance in the sun. I'm a thing of life—
Even then it is dark behind you. Turn round, my wife.

No, how cruel you are, you people the sunshine
With shadows !—With yours I people the sunshine, yours and mine—

In the darkness we arc all gone, we are gone with the trees
And the restless river ;—we are lost and gone with all these.

But I am myself, I have nothing to do with these.
Come back to bed, let us sleep on our mysteries...
. . . Nothing matters, save sleep ;
Save you, and me, and sleep ; all the rest will keep.

During their Bavarian stay, Frieda's mother came to sec them, and took a great liking to Lawrence, after she had vented her annoyance with an upsetting situation.

She suddenly whirled in here [Lawrence wrote to Garnett] on her way from Tyrol to Constance, stayed an hour, and spent that hour abusing me like a washerwoman—' Who was I, did I think, that a Baroness should clean my boots and empty my slops : she, the daughter of a high-born and highly cultured gentleman. No decent man, no man with common sense of decency, could expect to have a woman, the wife of a clever professor, living with him like a barmaid, and he not even able to keep her in shoes.'

A few days later Frieda's sister, Else, wrote to say that her mother thought Lawrence lovable and trustworthy, and this was the beginning of a long and very affectionate friendship.

From Bavaria Lawrence and Frieda, walking most of the way, went through Tyrol into Italy, where they

settled down for the winter at Gargnano on Lake Garda. It was a tumbledownish place, he wrote to Garnett, only accessible by steamer, because of the steep mountains at the back. There were vineyards and olive woods and lemon gardens, and a little square where the inhabitants gossiped—

> F. and I arc hugging each other with joy at the idea of a *manage,* and gorgeous copper pans in the kitchen, and steps down from the dining-room to the garden, and a view of the lake, which is only fifty yards away.

To MacLeod, for whom term had begun again in the Davidson Road, Lawrence wrote that he couldn't bear England after Italy—' What does it matter if one is poor, and risks one's livelihood and reputation? One *can* have the necessary tilings, life, and love, and clean warmth. Why is England so shabby?' His neighbours, he said, were very poor, but

> they are healthy and they lounge about in the little square where the boats come up and nets are mended, like kings. And they go by the window proudly, and they don't hurry or fret. And the women walk straight and look calm. . . .

In another letter to Garnett, he gives a beautiful little picture of the lake at evening—' The tops of the mountains across are rose-coloured. In the twilight on the lake below the fishers row standing up. One is drawing in his line, and there are glints of silver. It is so still.' A new moon was rising, and he wondered how much more misery they would have been through before it was all nibbled away again. The letter ends amusingly, for the fragments of a humorist lay about in the dark otherness of Lawrence's interior, and sometimes gave out a sudden gleam—

We found a scorpion in the spittoon—I don't know *why* we have a spittoon—it stands on F's side of the bed because she smokes. . . . F. fled for her life and I tackled the beast with a toothbrush. Instead of calling me St. Lawrence or St. George, she said it had come because birds of a feather flock together. As if I could bite with my tail.

Lawrence was now rewriting *Sons and Lovers,* and Frieda helped him. 'I had', she says, 'to go deeply into the character of Miriam and all the others.' Towards the close she 'got fed up . . . and wrote a skit called "Paul Morel, or His Mother's Darling". He read it and said, coldly, "This kind of thing isn't called a skit."' Indirectly, if not directly, Frieda's chief contribution to the book must have been in the revision of Paul's affair with Clara Dawes. In the first draft this was an amalgam of Lawrence's experiences with Helena and the friend in the Midlands about whom he confided to Garnett. But neither of these women gave Lawrence that momentary escape from himself which Frieda gave him, and which he was henceforth to attempt to shape into an adequate philosophy of life.

To know their own nothingness [Lawrence writes of Paul and Clara], to know the tremendous living flood which carried them always, gave them rest within themselves. If so great a magnificent power could overwhelm them, identify them altogether with itself, so that they knew they were only grains in the tremendous heave that lifted every grass-blade its little height, and every living thing, then why fret about themselves? They could let themselves be carried by life, and they felt a sort of peace each in the other.

A little later the spell begins to weaken—

Gradually, some mechanical effort spoilt their loving, or, when they had splendid moments, they had them separately, and not so satisfactorily. . . . Gradually they began to introduce novelties,

to get back some of the feeling of satisfaction. . . . And afterwards each of them was rather ashamed. He began to despise her a little, as if she had merited it !

Lawrence refused, however, to draw the obvious conclusion from the disillusionment of Paul and Clara. If he had been physically vigorous, like his hero Burns, he would have been as ready as Burns to admit that lust and love are not the same, and that desire is not satisfied by being indulged. Conscious of his own incompleteness, and craving the satisfaction he was unable to attain, he made a deity of the physical desire which stronger men try to transmute. He stood at the starting-point of experience, and announced that he had reached the gqal.

Eight months after he and Frieda had settled down together, he sent Garnctt a manifesto setting forth his philosophy, which had flowered quickly through his association with Frieda, and was to remain essentially unchanged for the rest of his life. Lawrence begins by objecting to St. John's ' The Word was made Flesh '. ' Why should he turn things round ? ' he asks, and goes on to say that the Father was Flesh, and the Son became Word, ' for the Word is but fabric builded of the Flesh. And when the fabric is finished, then shall the flesh enjoy its hour.' Lawrence's hostility to the Word, so far as it can be clarified out of pages of turgid rigmarole, is the hostility he felt towards the love he had denied his father, and towards the imagination Miriam had stimulated too intensely for his tranquillity ; and his deification of the Flesh is an attempt to align himself with the will which beat so fitfully though fiercely in himself, but had been so tenacious in his mother, and

was now so exuberant in his wife. Had he not been crippled from birth, he had genius enough to understand that the Word becoming Flesh signifies the separation we suffer in this life from the unity which the imagination reveals to us.

The passage most frequently quoted from this manifesto is—

> And God the Father, the Inscrutable, the Unknowable, we know in the Flesh, in Woman. She is the door for our m-going and our out-going. In her we go back to the Father : but like the witnesses of the Transfiguration, blind and unconscious.

This passage, which is of great importance to the understanding of Lawrence's reputation as a seer, is a perfect example of pseudo-mysticism. The pseudo-mystic, whether Lawrence with an audience of thousands, or Lenin and Hitler addressing millions, appeals to the will in language borrowed from the spirit. He tells the multitude that the broad way they are treading leads to the straight gate into salvation, and the multitude are relieved and flattered on learning that the appetite for power, money or women is a religious appetite. For an appeal to the will to succeed it must be totally devoid of reason. The sayings of a great thinker, however difficult, as, for example, ' Whosoever will save his life shall lose it', are based on experience, and ultimately verifiable by common sense. The slogans of the charlatan cannot make any concession to reality, for that would start an unravelling process. The coupon election of 1918 could not have been won on encouraging the expectation that Germany would be made to pay half the cost of the war, nor would Lenin have entered the

Kremlin on a promise to make half the proletariat dictators. The passage quoted from Lawrence has the same sweeping imbecility as the programmes of dictators and demagogues. The sexual act has been performed by millions of human beings daily for hundreds of thousands of years. If contact with God could be established in this way, every one would be saved except for a relatively small number of celibates and a rather larger number of perverts and impotents.

Aldous Huxley has attempted to give some meaning to this passage—' Yes,' he writes,' blind and unconscious ; otherwise it is a revelation, not of divine otherness, but of very human evil ', and he goes on to quote from Lawrence's essay on Poe—

> The embrace of love, which should bring darkness and oblivion, would with these lovers (the hero and heroine of one of Poe's talcs) be a daytime thing, bringing more heightened consciousness. . . . The evil thing that daytime love-making is, and all sex-palaver !

It would have been wiser to leave Lawrence's rhapsody in its original obscurity than to try to establish the proposition that divinity reveals itself to a man and woman if they go to bed together after supper, but not if they go to bed together after lunch. The darkness and oblivion for which Lawrence craved are at the opposite extreme of human experience from the rare illuminated moments when we are conscious of the unity beyond the division of the will. In all poetry and art light is the symbol of perfection, and darkness of the will out of which life rises and sets out on its long journey. To Lawrence, always lapsing back towards the pre-natal

state, light was a symbol not of perfection but of ordinary human consciousness, from which he shrank. To be blind and unconscious was his deepest desire, and so he tried to believe that it was the goal of experience—'Like the witnesses of the Transfiguration, blind and unconscious.' The witnesses of the Transfiguration were not blind and unconscious, and Christ was enveloped in light not darkness—

> And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light. And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him. Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here. . . .

At about the same time as the Garnett manifesto, Lawrence expounded his philosophy of the will to an admirer called Ernest Collings—

> My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true. The intellect is only a bit and a bridle. What do I care about knowledge. All I want is to answer my blood, direct, without fribbling intervention of mind, or moral, or what-not. . . . The real way of living is to answer to one's wants. Not 'I want to light up with my intelligence as many things as possible'. but 'For the living of my full flame—I want that liberty, I want that woman, I want that pound of peaches, I want to go to the pub and have a good time, I want to look a beastly swell to-day, I want to kiss that girl, I want to insult that man'. Instead of all that, all these wants, which are there whether or not, are utterly ignored, and we talk about some kind of ideas.

This exposition contains the essence of what Lawrence was to spend the rest of his life expressing in various

forms. Having sunk himself in the will, he tried to formulate a completely materialistic philosophy, with the flesh or blood as the originating force in a man, the mind as a rather unnecessary and officious adjunct, and the heart and spirit omitted altogether. The statement that the blood feels and believes and sees is another example of the pretentious imbecility into which the pseudo-mystic slides so easily, but Lawrence is on surer ground when he says that we can go wrong in our minds, for no one exemplified the truth of this statement more thoroughly than himself. The mind is not an originating organ, and when it spins systems of thought out of itself, the results are valueless. Its function is to formulate what the whole being of a man, will, heart and spirit, has experienced. Where, as with Lawrence, will, heart and spirit are all dislocated, the mind is hke wheels which cannot grip the rails—immense activity and no progress. Lawrence is right also when he dismisses knowledge as an end in itself. The accumulation of facts is the well-paid pastime of professors, not an activity which furthers thought or poetry. But the context shows that Lawrence believes the accumulation of facts to be the chief business of the intellect.

The Bank Holiday of the will pictured in the rest of the letter is Lawrence's urbanized version of the noble savage, the natural man, the happy peasant and all the other projections of the illusion that somewhere in the life of the senses the spirit can find lasting satisfaction. Here is the last ditch of materialism, in which in every age a few desperate persons, sick of society and the world, but still tied to the will, fight to promulgate the idea that happiness depends on an absence of ideas.

Chapter Three

FRIENDS

LAWRENCE and Frieda stayed at Gargnano till April, 1913, and then, after a few weeks in Bavaria, returned to England in June, in connexion with her divorce. During the months on Lake Garda Frieda kept on hoping that her children might join her—' I was like a cat without kittens, and always in my mind was the care—" Now if they came where would I put them to sleep ? " I felt the separation physically. . . .' Frieda felt most things physically. It was unreasonable of her to expect her husband to send his children after his wife, but Lawrence's bugbear, ' mental consciousness', was not her strong point, otherwise she would not have found herself with Lawrence on the shores of Lake Garda. ' I couldn't for the life of me understand', she writes, ' how the whole world couldn't see how right and wonderful it was to live as we did ; I just couldn't.' She wanted both the excitement of living with Lawrence and the satisfaction of having her children near her, and said so, making no attempt to turn her urgent desire to have everything her own way into a philosophy of life. The reader of Lawrence's novels should remember that the delirious phantoms in whom he from time to time embodied Frieda are no more like Frieda than Poe's Eleanora and Ligeia are like the Wife of Bath.

In their last months on Lake Garda Lawrence was writing the novel later called *The Rainbow*. ' I am doing a novel which I have never grasped,' he told MacLeod. ' Damn its eyes, there I am at page 145, and I've no notion what it's about.' Having subsided into the will, Lawrence wrote *The Rainbow* in a sort of coma, his imagination projecting his impulses automatically as in a dream. In the earlier part of *Sons and Lovers*, his imagination was on the whole free from his will, the first condition of art. Even in the last half of *Sons and Lovers*, he is sometimes detached, but *The Rainbow*, thrown up from the vortex of his first year with Frieda, bears the same relation to a work of art that *King Lear*, had it been written by King Lear, would have borne to the same play written by Shakespeare.

The book is, however, extremely interesting as a revelation of Lawrence's desires and chagrins, social as well as sexual It opens in a village of the Midlands, called Cossethay, and here is Lawrence's account of the spell cast by the vicar and the local peer on the women of the village—

The male part of the poem was filled in by such men as the vicar and Lord William, lean, eager men with strange movements, men who had the command of the farther fields, whose hves ranged over a great extent. Ah, it was something very desirable to know, this touch of the wonderful men who had the power of thought and comprehension. The women of the village might be much fonder of Tom Brangwen, and more at their ease with him, yet if their lives had been robbed of the vicar, and of Lord William, the leading shoot would have been cut away from them, they would have been heavy and uninspired and inclined to hate. So long as the wonder of the beyond was before them, they could get along, whatever their lot. And Mrs. Hardy (the lady

of the manor), and the vicar, and Lord William, these moved in the wonder of the beyond, and were visible to the eyes of Cossethay in their motion.

Lydia Lensky, widow of a Polish patriot and daughter of a Polish aristocrat, comes to Cossethay as housekeeper to the vicar, who suddenly, as in a dream, ceases to be lean and eager, with strange movements and a command of the farther fields, and fades into the background as a droning old man. Tom Brangwen—Lawrence disguised as a farmer—falls in love with Lydia Lensky. Tom has for some time been longing for intimacy with * fine-textured, subtle-mannered people . . . and amidst this intimacy was always the satisfaction of a voluptuous woman '. Cossethay gets on his nerves, but he is uncertain whether he has the qualities to get out of it—' Was he a dunderheaded baby, not man enough to be like the other young fellows who drank a good deal, and wenched a little without any question, and were satisfied ?'

Lydia is not immediately attracted to Tom, but one day she looks at him, ' the stranger who was not a gentleman, yet who insisted on coming into her life, and the pain of a new birth in herself strung all her veins to a new form '. To Tom she represents what he cannot find in Cossethay—' It was to him a profound satisfaction that she was a foreigner. . . . In Poland she was a lady well born, a landowner's daughter/ They marry, and when they are in bed together he feels that there is no connexion between them. She is back in her childhood, and he is ' a peasant, a serf, a servant, a lover, a paramour, a shadow, a nothing'—a combination of characters in which the odds seem to be against the lover and paramour asserting themselves to much effect.

However, Lydia gradually returns to the present, and while Tom waits for her ' his limbs seemed strong and splendid to him, his hands seemed like passionate servants to him, he felt a stupendous power in himself, of life, and of urgent, strong blood'. When she touches him, ' her hands on him seemed to reveal to him the mould of his own nakedness, he was passionately lovely to himself. This preoccupation with himself annoys Lydia—

She wanted his active participation, not his submission. . . . And it was torture to him that he must give himself to her actively, participate in her, that he must meet and embrace and know her, who was other than himself. . . . Blind and destroyed, he pressed forward, nearer, nearer, to receive the consummation of himself, be received within the darkness which should swallow him and yield him up to himself. If he could come really within the blazing kernel of darkness, if really he could be destroyed, burnt away till he lit with her in one consummation, that were supreme, supreme.

Lydia, overwrought, tells Tom that her first husband used to come and take her like a man.

Tom and Lydia fade into the background of the novel, and Lawrence assumes another form, that of Will Brangwen, Tom's nephew. There is something of the cavalier about Will, he is well dressed and interested in church architecture. Will falls in love with Anna, Lydia's daughter by her first husband, but though Lawrence speaks of Will's dark seething potency as a husband, and compares him to a tiger watching his victim as the light creature drinks at a waterfall, Anna finds Will as unsatisfactory as Lydia found Tom.

And she hated him, because he depended on her so utterly. . . . Why (he asks himself) could he not leave her ? . . . He could

not, he could not. . . . Upon what could he stand, save upon a woman? Was he then like the old man of the seas, impotent to move save upon the back of another life? Was he impotent, or a cripple, or a defective, or a fragment?

One day Will and Anna visit Lincoln Cathedral, symbol of spiritual aspiration. It irritates Anna, as a thing of the past, obsolete, and she draws Will's notice to the gargoyles—'The sly little faces peeped out of the grand tide of the cathedral like something that knew better. They knew quite well, these little imps that retorted on man's own illusion, that the cathedral was not absolute.' Anna and the gargoyles between them destroy Will's faith in the cathedral—'That which had been his absolute, containing all heaven and earth, was become to him as to her, a shapely heap of dead matter—but dead, dead.'

After Anna has borne him four children, Will begins to go out on his own. One evening in a music-hall in Nottingham he gets into talk with a girl, whose open mouth revealing rather prominent teeth appeals to him. After the show they go into the park, and he puts his arms round her, 'patiently working for her relaxation, patiently, his whole being fixed in the smile of latent gratification, his whole body electric with a subtle, powerful, reducing force upon her'. There is 'a moment of inaction, of cold suspension. . . . The pure zest had gone.' Will becomes sarcastic, the girl sulky, and they part with mutual relief. On reaching home again, Will finds that he is raging with desire, and he and his wife abandon themselves to an orgy which lasts apparently for some weeks. It is an orgy of the circumference rather than the centre. During the day

Will meditates on details of his wife's person, reflecting that at night he will know the little hollow under her ankle, and feeling that he would forfeit

anything, anything, rather than forgo his right even to the instep of her foot, and the place from which the toes radiated out, the little, miraculous white plain from which ran the little hillocks of the toes, and the folded, dimpling hollows between the toes. He felt he would have died rather than forfeit this.

One result of this experience is that the children become less important to their parents, and another result is that Will develops out of his ' profound sensual activity' a ' real purposive self. Education, and especially the new Swedish methods, begin to interest him, and he starts night-classes in Cossethay to teach the village boys carpentry, joinery and wood-carving.

Will and Anna fade into the background of the novel, and Lawrence assumes another form, that of Anton Skrebcnsky, son of Baron Skrebensky, a Polish exile who had taken orders, receiving from Mr. Gladstone a small country living in Yorkshire. Anton Skrebensky, who is an officer in the Royal Engineers, falls in love with Ursula, eldest daughter of Will and Anna. Ursula is proud of Anton as he ' lounged in his lambent fashion in her home', but difficulties arise as soon as he begins to make love to her. They kiss after a dance—' If he could but net her brilliant, cold, salt-burning body in the soft iron of his hands, net her, capture her, hold her down, how madly he would enjoy her.' He does his best, but when she presses on him a kiss which is hard and fierce and burning corrosive as the moonlight he swoons, and on coming to feels that his triumphant,

flaming, overweening heart of the intrinsic male will never beat again.

They go to London and Paris together, and Ursula towards the end of the book is expecting a child, but Anton has married another woman, with whom he sails for India, to rejoin his regiment. He leaves Ursula not out of callousness but because he is frightened. One evening when they were walking by the sea, she screamed in a high, hard voice, like a gull, ' I want to go.' Where, he asked her. She replied that she didn't know, and seizing hold of him gave him a fierce, beaked, harpy's kiss.

> He knew what she wanted . . . and led her back to the sand-hills. . . . She lay motionless, with wide-open eyes looking at the moon. He came direct to her, without preliminaries. She held him pinned down at the chest, awful. The fight, the struggle for consummation was terrible. It lasted till it was agony to his soul, till he succumbed, till he gave way as if dead, and lay with his face buried, partly in her hair, partly in the sand, motionless, as if he would be motionless now for ever, hidden away in the dark, buried, only buried, he only wanted to be buried in the goodly darkness, only that, and no more.

On coming to, he sees her face in the moonlight, the eyes wide-open, rigid. Choosing his moment, he crawls off, and on reaching the open foreshore plunges away

> on and on, ever farther from the horrible figure that lay stretched in the moonlight on the sands with the tears gathering and travelling on the motionless, eternal face. He felt, if ever he must see her again, his bones must be broken, his body crushed, obliterated for ever.

Edward Garnett did not like *The Rainbow*, which he read in manuscript, and Lawrence defended it at length, explaining that he no longer believed in the old-fashioned

way of conceiving a character in a certain moral scheme. That which was non-human in humanity now appealed to him more than the old-fashioned human element. He did not care about what a woman felt, but about what she was, inhumanly, physiologically, materially, what she was as a phenomenon, representing some greater, inhuman will. Diamond and coal were the same pure single element of carbon, and the ordinary novel would trace the history of the diamond. 'But I say, "Diamond, what! This is carbon . . . my theme is carbon.'

The Rainbow is not all carbon, some diamond dust is scattered over its dehumanized landscape. Tilly, the grumbling servant at the farm, is drawn with considerable humour, there is both tenderness and humour in the relations between Anna as a child and her stepfather, and there are occasional gleams of living beauty—

> Everything delighted her. She took up the rug and went to shake it in the garden. Patches of snow were on the fields, the air was light. She heard the ducks shouting on the pond, she saw them charge and sail across the water as if they were setting off on an invasion of the world. She watched the rough horses, one of which was clipped smooth on the belly, so that he wore a jacket and long stockings of brown fur, stand kissing each other in the wintry morning by the church-yard wall.

The Lawrences reached England in the middle of June, 1913, and stayed for a few days at Garnett's home, The Cearne, near Edenbridge in Kent. Before leaving Germany, Lawrence wrote to Garnett—'I hope you will stand by me a bit; I haven't a man in the world, not a woman either, besides Frieda, who will.' At this date Garnett had seen only portions of *The Rainbow*, and his

failure to applaud Lawrence's recarbonization of diamonds was still in the future, but the rift which immediately opened between Lawrence and any friend whose enthusiasm for Lawrence showed signs of fatigue, however momentary, had already started. It may have been widened by Mrs. Edward Garnett, who looked after the Lawrences in her husband's absence, for it appears from a letter Lawrence wrote to Garnett in the following April that Mrs. Garnett viewed him critically—

> You tell me I am half a Frenchman and one-eighth a Cockney. . . . But primarily I am a passionately religious man. . . . You should see the rehgious, earnest, suffering man in me first, and then the flippant or common things after. Mrs. Garnett says I have no true nobihty—with all my cleverness and charm. **But that** is not true.

It was during this visit to England tnat Lawrence met Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield, and was at once attracted to Murry.

Much has been written about Murry, by others and by himself. Catherine Carswell's *Savage Pilgrimage* owes at least as much of its savagery to her treatment of Murry as to the world's treatment of Lawrence ; Lawrence put Murry into several short stories, and Aldous Huxley has drawn what Murry mildly calls ' a distinctly pointed ' portrait of him. ' All these portraits', Murry says in his autobiography, *Between Two Worlds,* ' are hostile : which is significant.' Of what, he does not explain. The hostility he has evoked, he says elsewhere, appears to be due to a mysterious personal charm which others find in him, and which they resent after they have succumbed to it.

The first time I heard Murry's name was at Oxford

when two friends of mine were discussing him with a certain amount of exasperation which, however, did not appear to be due to any revulsion from his charm. A few months later I met him in Dan Rider's bookshop, where admirers of Frank Harris used to assemble to hear him talk. This was in the autumn of 1911, and I saw Murry and Katherine Mansfield quite often during the next two years, until I left London in the spring of 1913. Our relations were friendly, though not intimate. In talk he was nearly always on his guard, explaining in his autobiography that he assumed this reserve partly to give an impression that he was conversant with whatever was being discussed, and partly to hold his own in a social environment different from the one into which he was born. But there were times when he dropped his guard, as though he had momentarily reversed the flow of his feelings, which in general were turned in upon himself; and then there was something sympathetic and delightful about him. The impulse to attach his feelings to something outside himself is probably one of the causes of the strange assertions which stud his writings, that Frank Harris was as great as Shakespeare, and James Stephens greater than Milton, and D. H. Lawrence a man of the same order as Christ. His hero-worship could be explained on other grounds, as partly due to the vanity of pretending to a special sensibility, and partly to a desire to fix the attention of his audience. Reading Murry is often like listening to an auctioneer. One has the feeling that an unguarded nod may leave one with an unimportant fragment of Keats or an unintelligible fragment of Blake on one's hands. In much of his writing, however, unusual intellectual power is

apparent, and a confused longing to be disinterested which sometimes crystallizes into imaginative insight.

He had fine eyes and regular features. ' I was very much my mother's son,' he writes. ' She was a beautiful woman.' But he looked dejected. Standing or sitting, his posture was crumpled. He seemed to be bending over himself, as though he were his own mother, huddling her child from the blasts of life. In his different way he, like Lawrence, stirred a protective feeling in others. People used to worry about him, and wonder if he would be happy with Katherine Mansfield. Sturdy, dark-haired, with a fringe over her forehead, and dark hostile eyes, she seemed, in her short jacket and a skirt considered short in those days, a formidable partner for Murry, as he ambled beside her, also in a short jacket. They called one another ' Tiger', and were known collectively as ' The Tigers'. Like Marie Bashkirtseff, to whom she bore a remarkable physical resemblance, Katherine Mansfield craved for experience and a name, but for a name even more than for experience. One felt a smouldering restlessness in her silence while others were talking, but her hidden fires warmed Murry, and when he was about to deliver an opinion he used to look across at her and then, straightening himself, gaze past one at an unseen audience—' Keats ? Isn't he rather Fry's Chocolate ? ' ' Arnold Bennett ? Footballers read him, don't they ? '

One evening in their flat, in late spring, when the light was still in the sky, Katherine Mansfield suddenly sprang to her feet and ran to the window, overlooking Gray's Inn Road. ' Oh, wouldn't you love to be running by the sea,' she cried, ' with the sand trickling between your

bare toes !' I muttered ' Rather !' and with a weary shrug she sat down again. Towards the end of my acquaintance with her, she became more companionable, and talked more freely, with many flashes of wit and imagination. I remember especially a remark on Compton Mackenzie's novels of childhood—

He gives us all the details, what they had for breakfast, and the colour of the porridge plates, and how long it took them to get to the park, but he never gives the real feeling a child has about anything, like waking up very early, when there was just a little light in the room, and the chest of drawers was breathing at one.

(' Lawrence and Frieda met Murry and Katherine Mansfield in a little flat in Chancery Lane, where they lived and edited the *Blue Review*, a literary monthly. Murry was in difficulties with the magazine, and had *no* money to spare, and when Lawrence asked him and Katherine to come down to Broadstairs for a week-end, he felt he could not afford it, but accepted the invitation out of courtesy, not supposing that it was meant very seriously. Lawrence was acutely disappointed when they did not turn up, and in the correspondence that followed insisted that they must come, and enclosed a sovereign, having heard from Edward Marsh that Murry was hard up. Edward Marsh, who was then, and perhaps still is, an enthusiast over unrecognized literary talent, had published a poem of Lawrence's in an anthology. He was now staying with Herbert Asquith and his wife, Lady Cynthia Asquith, at Broadstairs, and it was through him that Lawrence met the Asquiths, and formed a friendship with them.

Murry and Kadierine went to Broadstairs, where,

Murry narrates, the four of them bathed naked on the deserted sand, Lawrence darting like a schoolboy in and out of the waves, while Katherine, a superb swimmer, and Murry, a good one, went farther out. Before parting Lawrence asked Murry and Katherine to join them in Italy. Frieda as well as Lawrence had taken to Murry and Katherine. She fell for them, she writes, when she saw them making faces at each other on the top of a bus, and putting their tongues out. It was natural that the Lawrences should want congenial friends to share their exile, but it was an impracticable suggestion, though Murry agreed to it at the time. When Lawrence was back in Italy Murry wrote that joining him would mean living on Katherine's allowance of a hundred a year, and this he could not do. He also explained that he was dependent on literary journalism for an income, and not having written any books could not expect an advance from a publisher. Lawrence answered at length, criticizing Murry for being unselfish with Katherine. Murry had said he could not bear to deprive Katherine of the little luxuries she needed, and Lawrence replied, 'Don't pander to her—stick to *yourself—do* what you *want* to do—don't *consider* her. . . .' Katherine, he said, must ask herself if she could live 'in a little place in Italy, with Jack, and be lonely, have rather a bare life, but be happy'? Unless she could, Murry must leave her for a time. 'Get up, lad, and be a man for yourself. It's the man who dares to take, who is independent, not he who gives. I think Oxford did you harm.'

To this bluster Murry, who calls the letter 'very wise' in his reminiscences of Lawrence, did not reply for some months. When he did, he doubtless maintained the

high level of his first letter, and gave no personal reasons for his reluctance to live on a hundred a year, shared with another person. Lawrence wrote back in the delightful unpretentious mood which often followed on a spasm of bravado—' I did think you didn't want to write to me any more—that I'd trampled in forbidden places. But it doesn't matter, does it ? I mean I think I did trample in forbidden places.' He went on to say that he and Frieda were really very deeply happy, but that he was a tiresome tiling to himself and to everybody else. He found it so difficult to keep a proportion in his life. He was always going in headlong and crawling out ignominious and furious, mostly with himself ' But when one is furious with oneself, one *does* make everybody else's life a misery.' His longing for friends in his exile comes out at the close—' It is spring, with puffs of pear blossom among the olive-trees. But I know your war-cry now is work.' They would all have money enough later—' I do look forward to the time when we can all be jolly together. I'm fed up with miseries and sufferings.' In a postscript he added—' I'm awfully glad you wrote.'

A month later, in May, 1914, he told Murry that he had nearly finished his novel *(The Rainbow).* He felt cruelly the want of friends who would believe in him a bit. People thought him a sort of queer fish who could write. There wasn't a soul cared a damn for him except Frieda, and it was rough to have all the burden put on her.

Since the September of the previous year, Lawrence and Frieda had been at Lerici on the Gulf of Spezia, or, as Lawrence preferred to call it, the Golfo della Spezia. Almost as soon as his foot first touched European soil,

his letters began to be sprinkled with foreign words—'Une bonne poignec', 'Tanti saluti', 'Viele Griisse',[1] Hosentragen', 'Auf Wiedersehen', 'Tanti saluti affctuose', 'L'ltalia—ah che bcl sole !—e gli uccellini ! !', 'A rivederci', and even, in a perfunctory mood, 'Au rcvoir'. For postal purposes the Golfo della Spezia was perhaps to be preferred to the Gulf of Spezia, but there seems no sufficient reason why Lawrence should have dated letters to English friends 'Maggio' and 'Junio'.

On their way to Lerici, the Lawrences stayed a few weeks in Bavaria. While there Lawrence wrote his first letter to Lady Cynthia Asquith, a daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March, and known nowadays for her intimate biographical studies of members of the Royal Family. In Huxley's edition of Lawrence's letters, if one excludes Garnett, to whom Lawrence often wrote briefly and on business, Lady Cynthia and Catherine Carswell tie for the first place, each with fifty-eight letters.

In his. letter to Lady Cynthia, Lawrence complained that Edward Marsh would hold it as a personal favour 'if I will take more care of my rhythms'. Having discharged this grievance, he gave one of those little pictures of his surroundings which are frequent in his correspondence, revealing the poetry that his emotionalism usually submerged in his books—'But it rains—oh, Lord! . . . Sometimes one sees the deer jumping up and down to get the wet out of their jackets, and the squirrels simply hang on by their tails, like washing.' Two months later, from Italy, he wrote to Lady Cynthia again. Mountains, which in his first days in Bavaria had delighted him, now got on his nerves. He had walked across Switzerland, he said, and was cured of

that little country for ever—' As for mountains—if I stick my little finger over my head, I can see it shining against the sky and call it Monte Rosa.' Mountains were always in the way, they were stupid, never moving and never doing anything but obtrude themselves.

Meanwhile he had entered on a correspondence about poetry with Edward Marsh. Having no coherent view of anything, Lawrence sometimes wrote about art as though he believed it revealed a reality beyond flesh and blood—

> I often think one ought to be able to pray before one works —and then leave it to the Lord. . . . I always feel as though I stood naked for the fire of Almighty God to go through me. . . . It's rather an awful feeling. One has to be so terribly religious to be an artist.

With this gush one may contrast Cezanne—

> I work stubbornly. I see the promised land. Shall I be like the great Hebrew chief or shall I enter it ? I make some progress, but why so late and so painfully ? Art is indeed a priesthood which demands the pure who shall give themselves up to it completely.

In art, as in life, Lawrence held on the whole that one should indulge the mood of the moment, and that art was there to relieve congested feelings—' I always say my motto is " Art for *my* sake ". If I *want* to write, I write—and if I don't want to, I won't. . . . Work is produced by passion with me, like kisses. . . . Wants to take.'

Edward Marsh having objected to the formlessness of Lawrence's verse Lawrence replied, ' Skilled verse is dead in fifty years—I am thinking of your admiration of Flecker.' In another letter he said that Flecker's *Golden Journey to Samarcand* pleased Marsh because it

fitted his habituated ear—' This is the constant war, I reckon, between new expression and the habituated, mechanical transmitters and receivers of the human constitution.' This argument, like many other arguments, aesthetic and moral, in the last thirty years is based on the assumption that there are only two attitudes to life, the Victorian and the anti-Victorian. By ' skilled forms' Lawrence means imitation Tennyson, Rossetti or Swinburne, and therefore condemns them, in spite of the fact that every great poet from Homer to Wordsworth has written within the limits of a defined form.

Lawrence's verse, which became progressively more spasmodic and broken-backed, tallied with his philosophy that the real way of living is to answer to one's wants, or, as he put it elsewhere, that ' man . . . has only to express himself, to fulfil his desires, to satisfy his supreme senses'. If he wanted a line of thirty to forty syllables, he wrote—' Hence he uncovers his big ass-teeth and howls in that agony that is half insatiable desire and half unquenchable humiliation.' If a line of one syllable, he wrote ' Bats ! ' Formlessness in literature and in life marks the last phase of materialism, which expresses itself first through money and power and a rigid framework of conduct, and when money and power leave desire unsatisfied collapses into general licence, from which it extricates itself to tread the circle again. In the springtime of nineteenth-century materialism its adherents wrote precisely, like Macaulay; in its autumn loosely, like Wells; in its winter wildly, like Lawrence, whose undisciplined writing expressed his longing to believe that life is a self-contained experience, capable of gratifying every desire, as soon as all barriers are overthrown.

Every human being will then be like a flower, untrammelled.
Every movement will be direct.
Only to be will be such delight, we cover our faces when we think of it
Lest our faces betray us to some untimely fiend.

Every man himself, and therefore, a surpassing singleness of mankind.
The blazing tiger will spring upon the deer, undimmed,
the hen will nestle over her chickens,
we shall love, we shall hate,
but it will be like music, sheer utterance,
issuing straight out of the unknown,
the lightning and the rainbow appearing in us unbidden, unchecked,
like ambassadors.
We shall not look before and after.
We shall *be, now.*
We shall know in full.
We, the mystic NOW.

In his prose also Lawrence is formless and diffuse, and therefore most satisfying in short stories, or in a self-contained chapter, like *The Nightmare* in *Kangaroo.* There are many vivid and delicate impressions, chiefly of nature, in his work, but they are fleeting and disconnected, though sometimes strangely fascinating. When the emotion roused in him cannot be caught in a single image, he flounders along, hitting the edge of the target half a dozen times—

A flat, shallow, utterly desolate valley, wide as a bowl under the sky, with rock-slopes and grey stone-slides and precipices all around, and the zigzag of snow-stripes and ice-roots descending, and then rivers, streams and rivers rushing from many points downwards, down in waterfalls and cascades and threads, down

into the wide, shallow bed of the valley, strewn with rocks and stones innumerable, and not a tree, not a visible bush.

When his emotion is personal, he becomes still more diffuse and repetitive, lapsing back into infantilism, nestling into his theme like a baby glug-glugging at the breast—

After a lapse of stillness, after the rivers of strange dark fluid richness had passed over her, flooding, carrying away her mind and flooding down her spine and down her knees, past her feet, a strange flood, sweeping away everything and leaving her an essential new being, she was left quite free, she was free in complete ease, her complete self. So she rose, stilly and blithe, smiling at him. He stood before her, glimmering, so awfully real, that her heart almost stopped beating. He stood there in his strange, whole body, that had its marvellous fountains, like the bodies of the sons of God who were in the beginning. There were strange fountains of his body, more mysterious and potent than any she had imagined or known, more satisfying, ah, finally, mystically-physically satisfying. She had thought there was no source deeper than the phallic source. And now, behold, from the smitten rock of the man's body, from the strange marvellous flanks and thighs, deeper, farther in mystery than the phallic source, came the floods of ineffable darkness and ineffable riches.

The months on the Gulf of Spezia were, to use Johnson's phrase about his own life, ' radically wretched '. for nothing could resolve the disharmony inherent in Lawrence's nature.

You say we're happy—per Bacchino ! [he wrote to Lady Cynthia]. If you but knew the thunderstorms of tragedy that have played over my wretched head, as if I was set up on God's earth for a lightning conductor, you'd say, ' Thank God I'm not as that poor man.' . . . If ever you hear of me in a mad-house, and Frieda buried under a nameless sod, you'll say, ' Poor things, no wonder, with all they've gone through.'

But though unhappy he was never dull, and his tingling sensibility gave him moments of felicity, some of which are recorded in his letters—

' The wind is now cold—there is snow on the mountains over Carrara—but still at night a glow-worm shines near the door, and sometimes a butterfly, a big black and red one, wanders to the remaining flowers—wild pinks and campanulas' ; ' Very beautiful the dawn on the water, and rocks that are afire and yet don't burn ' ; ' Tiny scatterings of villages, like handfuls of shells thrown on the beach' ; ' You have no idea how beautiful ohves are, so grey, so delicately sad. . . . I am always expecting when I go to Tcllaro for the letters, to meet Jesus gossiping with his disciples as he goes along above the sea.'

Frieda borrows this fancy in her reminiscences, but gives it a twist which shows her aggressive nature—' I wouldn't have been surprised meeting Christ and his disciples—it may be just as well that I didn't.' She wanted to be to the front in every picture, and would no doubt have tried to bandy words with Christ. Having a German respect for literature, she was proud of being Lawrence's wife, but it exasperated her that she had to depend on some one else for any portion of her self-esteem, and there were times when she did not care if she depreciated her own status as Lawrence's wife, if only she could take some of the conceit out of him. One day at Lerici she was standing on the shore near their little cottage, and Lawrence was rowing through the surf in a flat-bottomed boat. Shelley was drowned not far away, and Frieda yelled after Lawrence—' If you can't be a real poet, you'll drown like one, anyhow.' Brought up on simple German lyrics, Frieda's instinctive feeling about Lawrence's verse was sound, but apart from

this flash she does not appear, either in Lawrence's letters or in her reminiscences, to have had much understanding of literature. Her chief pleasure was reading modern fiction—' She's a cormorant of novels', Lawrence wrote to Garnett, ' and it's the only way of keeping her good.' Most of Lawrence's fiction must have affected her like his verse, but as so much of it was permeated by her, that must have helped her to wade through it, and as it was her husband's she praised it to others. There was an account of a wedding in *The Rainbow,* she told Murry, that was genuinely English, in the style of Marlowe and Fielding. As may be inferred from this tribute to the joint-authors of *Tom Tamburlaine,* Frieda's incursions into the literature of the past were hurried. She compares Alice Meynell, led across a lawn in her old age by her husband, to Beatrice being led by Dante, an incident about which Dante maintains a strict reserve ; and she says it is when reading Aeschylus and Sophocles that she knows Lawrence is great—a roundabout way of arriving at an erroneous conclusion.

Frieda's real feeling about Lawrence as a writer was that he belonged to her, and that no one was going to get him away. Referring to his feminine admirers, she says—' I laugh when they write of him as a lonely genius dying alone. It is all my eye.' One of these admirers, Mabel Dodge Luhan, who was intermittently hostess to the Lawrences in Mexico, tried to write a book with Lawrence, but Frieda intervened—

' I did not want this. I had always regarded Lawrence's genius as given to me. I felt deeply responsible for what he wrote. And there was a fight between us, Mabel and myself. . . . I was thoroughly roused and said, ' Try it then yourself, living

with a genius; sec what it is like and how easy it is; take him if you can.'

This was a fair retort to Mabel Luhan's suggestion that she was Lawrence's true helpmate. It was a stupendous feat of Frieda's to live for close on twenty years with the author of *The Rainbow,* and emerge still solidly planted on the earth, quite apart from the material worries which harassed them for many years and were acute during the war. Lawrence had only a few pounds when he and Frieda settled down together. While he was still a schoolmaster, he took a high line about royalties in advance of publication, writing to Garnett that he did not want any advance on *The Trespasser,* and must not be presented to Duckworth as a beggar. Wandering down the Rhine, waiting for Frieda to join him, he felt differently, and asked Garnett if Duckworth would let him have £10. The months on Lake Garda brought his precarious position home to him, and at one time he even considered applying for a school in the English country—' But I don't want to bury Frieda alive. Wherever I go with her, we will have to fall into the intelligent, as it were, upper classes.' A little later he told Garnett that he was anxious down to his vitals about the sale of his first volume of poems, and didn't mind if Duckworth crossed out a hundred shady pages in *Sons and Lovers* —' It's got to sell, I've got to live.' The poems were a failure, and ' Frieda is very cross.' During his months at Lerici, he welcomed every addition to what was being advanced on his books, mentioning with delight three pounds received from Edward Marsh on a poem, thirty-six dollars on two poems from the States, and .£25 from the *English Review* for some Italian sketches. ' Think if

I couldn't afford to pay her wages,' he wrote to Edward Marsh about his Italian maid. ' I would take my last bathe.'

Even allowing for Frieda and Lawrence having no children, and having a remarkable number of friends with cottages and ranches and portions of town flats to spare, they went through a great deal of worry and some hardship. ' The simple animal stoicism in the face of pain and discomfort', which Catherine Carswell noted in Frieda, was her best quality as Lawrence's wife.

In June, 1914, Lawrence and Frieda returned to England, and on July 13th were married at a registry-office. The witnesses were Murry, Kathcrine Mansfield, and a friend of theirs, Gordon Campbell, a barrister, who put the Lawrences up for some weeks in his house in Kensington. Campbell's love of Ireland, his country, amused Frieda—' " Areland " he called it. At breakfast always sad and cross about " Areland ".' However, the Lawrences bore with the idiosyncrasies of their host, in spite of what Frieda calls ' a ghastly afternoon ', when she, Lawrence, Murry, Katherine and Campbell went for a pleasure jaunt to Richmond—

> The Thames mud seemed to soak into our very souls and soon we could stand it no more and left the boat and got a bus to go home. Campbell, a dignified person, trod on the conductor's toe going on top and the conductor said, ' Hallo, clumsy', to Kathenne's and my joy.

Sons and Lovers, although it did not sell widely, had made Lawrence well known, and in the months after his return he met H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell, Lady Ottoline Morrell, and many of the younger writers, J. D.

Beresford, Gilbert Carman, Rupert Brooke and others. Murry and Katherine were touchy about Lawrence's good fortune. In the first place, he had delayed some days before calling on them, and when he and Frieda did call it was with the news that he was receiving an advance of £300 on *The Rainbow*. Murry and Katherine were in low water after an unsuccessful attempt to establish themselves in Paris, they were living cheaply in rooms off the Fulham Road, and Katherine's bitterness broke out in front of the Lawrences. The scene is well described by Murry, how Katherine inveighed against the dirty staircase, the w.c. common to the whole house, the smell of unwashed socks and cabbage-water that clung about the dark varnished hall, and how he listened in gloomy resentment, and when the Lawrences had gone upbraided Katherine for not keeping up appearances. Their friendship with the Lawrences was, however, strengthened by this scene, for Lawrence, on one side of his nature, preferred his associates not to be too harmonious among themselves. They saw him frequently at Campbell's home, and discussed incest at length. *Sons and Lovers* had attracted the psycho-analysts, it illustrated some of their theories, and Dr. Eder came more than once to confer with Lawrence about the Oedipus-complex. Lawrence was always anxious to believe that his feelings towards his parents were normal, and in due course managed to persuade Murry that his sensuous nature would have been more fully developed but for his father, a clerk in Somerset House, who had made great sacrifices to give Murry a better education than his own. In his diary, after an evening with Lawrence, Murry noted that his sensuousness had been terribly stunted in his childhood,

' and by my father '. Lawrence, he added,' surprised me by a far more passionate indignation against my father than I had ever been able to summon up in myself'.

Murry and Katherine were jealous of the new friends and acquaintances Lawrence was making, and once, when they were asked to a party the Lawrences were also attending, seem to have added considerably to Lawrence's nervous irritation. The party was at H. G. Wells's, and Lawrence, who had recently bought evening clothes, insisted on wearing them, against the protests of Murry who wished, he says, to go in grey flannels. Lawrence being obdurate, Murry attired himself, and then went round to help Lawrence with his tie. As the four of them set out, Lawrence looked, in Murry's phrase, ' like a callow acolyte of the Reverend Mr. Stiggins'. Murry and Katherine were in a whimsical mood which further unnerved Lawrence, he did not enjoy the party, and on the way back denounced Wells—' But when Katherine pointed out that one or two of the effusive ladies had had, on that evening, not much of their effusiveness to spare for him, but had lavished it on H. G. Wells, his anger fairly boiled over.'

Another day Murry, Katherine and Campbell accompanied the Lawrences to call on Mrs. Cars well and Ivy Low. ' We were a little suspicious of the new Hampstead galaxy,' Murry says, and their suspicions were confirmed when, as they climbed up from the Tube, Ivy Low, crying ' Lawrence !', came rushing down the hill, arms outstretched. When Lawrence turned round to introduce them to Miss Low, they had gone.

Lawrence's friends usually disliked, and frequently

loathed, one another. Most of them had both talent and self-love above the average, and, so were attracted to him by conflicting impulses, which corresponded with the division in his own nature. It was his flickering genius which caught their eye, but it was his clamorous egotism which dazed them into the belief that he must be on the trail of something capable of allaying their own unsatisfied cravings. So they straggled after him, keeping a watchful eye on one another, more like the henchmen of a would-be dictator than the friends of a poet. Perhaps the most fervent of those who saw Lawrence as a kind of rarefied Hitler was Catherine Carswell, whose finer qualities are largely in abeyance in her book on Lawrence.

I believe [she says in the introduction to *Savage Pilgrimage]* that there not only may be, but must be, a new way of life, and that Lawrence was on the track of it. . . . That there can be indeed a new way of life—though possibly only by a recovery of values so remote that they are fecund from long forgetting, and as far out of mind as they are near to our blind fingers—is the single admission he seeks from his readers, as it was the belief that governed Ins actions.

One is reminded of the company promoter at the time of the South Sea Bubble who invited money from the public for ' a project to be communicated hereafter '. Catherine Carswell's faith in Lawrence's new way of life, on which he began to brood soon after the outbreak of war, would have lost its bloom had she invested heavily in Lawrence by involving herself in the complications of his and Frieda's existence. But her husband, Donald Carswell, who admired Lawrence within reason, was kept in London by his work, they had a son to whom

they were both devoted, and there was a good deal of Scotch shrewdness as well as fanaticism in Catherine Carswell—

I have a cowardly dread of a mess [she writes]. It was necessary, I believe, for Lawrence to create a great deal of mess in his human contacts—necessary to his work. His marriage with Frieda was a step which inevitably created a morass about the paths of friendship. I saw one person after another flounder in that morass. For me, I preferred to signal across it.

One of the messages she flashed across was her disapproval of most of his friends. They were, she said, so sophisticated and 'artistic' and spoiled, that it could hardly matter what they did or said. Lawrence replied that it was only through such people that one could discover whither the general run of mankind, the great unconscious mass, was tending. There, at the uttermost tips of the flower of an epoch's achievement, one could already see the beginning of the flower of putrefaction which must take place before the seed of the new was ready to fall clear. Catherine Carswell pressed the attack—

I gave it as my opinion that, whatever the value of the putrefying petals to him as a writer, he would not find the human beings representing them much use either as friends or in the formation of a group for the furthering of new life.

Lawrence, becoming restive, asked, 'Whom then would you suggest? What kind of people?' Herself precluded from helping Lawrence to put a new way of life on its feet, Catherine Carswell replied, 'You will have to be alone, I am afraid, all through and in the end, alone.' Lawrence dropped his head, impressed though

not entirely convinced by her verdict on his putrefying friends, and her implied view of his wife.

In his first volume of short stories, published in December, 1914, there is one, *The Shades of Spring,* which clearly was written when Lawrence heard of the engagement of Miriam, who married in 1915. Syson (Lawrence) goes back to the scenes of his youth—

> There was not the least difference between this morning and those of the bright springs, six or eight years back. . . . Between the two thick holly-bushes in the wood-hedge was the hidden gap, whose fence one climbed to get into the wood ; the bars were scored just the same by the keeper's boots. He was back in the eternal. . . . Like an uneasy spirit he had returned to the country of his past, and he found it waiting for him, unaltered. . . . He was curiously elated, feeling himself back in an enduring vision.

Syson is accosted by a keeper, they talk, and it comes out that the keeper is courting Hilda Millership (Miriam). Learning that Syson is married, the keeper asks him why he keeps on writing to Hilda, sending her poetry books and tilings, and Syson, in a spasm of self-contempt, thinks—' What right *have* I to hang on to her ? ' Evading the keeper's question, he walks away towards Hilda's home. At the farm, Hilda's father greets him coldly, and when Hilda asks if he has had any dinner, her eldest brother says ironically, ' You call it lunch, don't you ?' Syson goes into the orchard—' He loved the place extraordinarily. . . . To his last day, he would dream of this place, when he felt the sun on his face, or saw the small handfuls of snow between the winter twigs, or smelt the coming of spring.' Hilda joins him, and he feels foolish,

almost unreal beside her. ' She was so static.' He sees tears in her eyes, and a strange light, and at the back of all calm acceptance of herself, and triumph over him.

Astonished and deeply hurt by her engagement, Lawrence pictures Hilda-Miriam as hard, brilliant and rather arrogant, and feels that he now knows her for the first time. She had used him, he tells her, to satisfy her own ambitions through him.

> You wanted me to rise in the world. And all the time you were sending me away from you—every new success of mine put a separation between us, and more for you than for me. You never wanted to come with me ; you wanted just to send me to see what it was like. I believe you even wanted me to marry a lady. You wanted to triumph over society in me. . . . And I am a success, and I know it, and I do some good work. But—I thought you were different. What right have you to a man ?

Mixed with his resentment against her, and special pleading on his own behalf, are touches evoking their past happiness. As he listens to her, he feels a quick change beginning in his blood. ' It was the old, delicious sublimation, the thmning, almost the vaporizing of himself, as if his spirit were to be liberated' ; and she tells him that the stars aren't the same now—' You could make them flash and quiver, and the forget-me-nots come up at me like phosphorescence. You could make things *wonderful.*' The keeper joins them, they go down a gloomy path, and Syson quotes ' Qu'il etait bleu, le del, et grand respoir.'

Lawrence does not finish the quotation—' L'espoir a fui, vaincu, vers le ciel noir ', but after Syson has left Hilda and the keeper, the sunny country darkens—' He felt as if it were underground, like the fields of monotone hell.'

Chapter Four

THE WAR

IN Lawrence's first volume of short stories there are two with a German setting, *The Prussian Officer* and *The Thorn in the Flesh.* Both are reminiscent of *The Rainbow.* The Prussian officer is a haughty and overbearing aristocrat, whose mother was a Polish countess; but neither his horsemanship—he is ' one of the best horsemen in the West'—nor his military duties can divert him from an overmastering hatred for his orderly, a simple young peasant who embodies the warm flow of unconscious living. After suffering many humiliations, which probably mirror Lawrence's social discomfort when he first met the Richthofens, the orderly breaks the officer's neck, while a lieutenant is exercising the company near by. Standing beside the dead officer, the orderly listens to the lieutenant, 'who has no gift of expression '. He feels he has finished with all that, and must go away—' He could not bear contact with any one now.'

In *The Thorn in the Flesh* a young recruit in barracks at Metz is ' violated' by the brutal face of his sergeant, whom he knocks into a moat, the rest of the company standing by, and then ' with immediate instinctive decision' walks off. He feels ' an agony of need . . . for absolute, imperious freedom', but is arrested the

next day, after a night with his sweetheart—' He buried his face . . . into the terrible softness of her belly. And he was a flame of intense passion about her.'

The theme of the next story, *Daughters of the Vicar,* is in accord with the position Lawrence had taken towards the intellect, but the details recall *Sons and Lovers* more than *The Rainbow.* Mary, the eldest daughter of the vicar, marries a clergyman ; Louisa, the younger daughter, marries a collier. The clerical husband of Mary, as a result of having a philosopliical mind, is ' a small chctif man '. who pads silently round the house, or sits in the dining-room, looking nervously from side to side, ' always apart in a cold, rarefied little world of his own '. Louisa's choice, a collier who had been a sailor, is meant to embody the instinctive way of life, but Lawrence projects himself into the sailor-collier, who feels in his innermost soul that he is not a man, and in a drinking-housc in Genoa looks with envy at the ' easy-passion ate' Italians. Going away, he solaces himself by imagining ' sexual scenes between himself and a woman '. In the pit, after he has left the sea, he pretends to be more manly than he is, and is surprised by the ease with which the others are deceived.

The same deep self-mistrust shows itself in *The Shadow in the Rose Garden,* the story of a man married to a woman of superior social position, with whom he visits a place where she once had a love-affair. ' Though he had not known it, yet he had never really won her, she had never loved him. She had taken him on sufferance. This had foiled him. He was only a labouring electrician in the mine, she was superior to him.' At the end of the story, when he learns her reason for choosing this

place for their holiday, he stands 'with expressionless, almost childlike set face, revolving many thoughts, whilst his heart was mad with anguish'. This is real and moving; but earlier in the story the woman meets her old lover, who smokes an expensive brand of tobacco, and has a waxed moustache and a gentlemanly, military voice, and since their last meeting has become a lunatic. Like Anton Skrebensky, with whom he has a good deal in common, he had served in the Boer War, and it was there he lost his reason after a sun-stroke.

Not all the stories are concerned with mental officers, intellectual parsons and continental peasants. The volume contains some early work, as vivid as the best parts of *Sons and Lovers*. Lawrence could express anguish, of pain or fear, wonderfully, and in *A Sick Collier* he makes the agony of the man still more vivid against the wife's distress and the concern felt for the wife by one of the bystanders.

'They let me lie, Lucy, they let me lie two mortal hours on th' sleek afore they took me outer th' stall. Th' peen, Lucy, th' peen; oh, Lucy, th' peen, th' peen!'

'I know the pain's bad, Willy, I know. But you must try and bear it a bit.'

'Tha manna carry on in that form, lad, thy missis'll niver be able to stan' it.'

'I canna 'clp it, it's th' peen, it's th' peen.'

In *Odour of Chrysanthemums*, the wife of a collier who has been killed in a pit accident is waiting for him to come home, and is beginning to feel frightened.

The clock struck eight and she rose suddenly, dropping her sewing on her chair. She went to the stairfoot door, opened it, listening. Something scuffled in the yard, and she started, though

she knew it was only the rats with which the place was overrun. The night was very dark. In the great bay of railway lines, bulked with trucks, there was no trace of light, only away back she could see a few yellow lamps at the pit-top, and the red smear of the burning pit-bank on the night. She hurried along the edge of the track, then, crossing the converging lines, came to the stile by the white gates, whence she emerged on the road. . . . People were walking up to New Brinsley ; she saw the lights in the houses; twenty yards farther on were the broad windows of the *Prince of Wales,* very warm and bright, and the loud voices of men could be heard distinctly. What a fool she had been to imagine that anything had happened to him ! He was merely drinking over there at the *Prince of Wales.*

Lawrence was correcting the proofs of this volume in October, 1914, and wrote to Garnett—' How good my stories are. . . . It really surprises me. Shall they be called *The Fighting Line* ? After all, this is the real fighting line, not where soldiers pull triggers.'

The war was getting on Lawrence's nerves. On August 10th he had written to his literary agent ' Here is a state of affairs—what is going to become of us ? ', and a few weeks later he told Harriet Monroe, who was editing *Poetry,* that he wouldn't go in for a competition for a war poem—' The nearest I could get to it would be in the vein of

> ' The owl and the pussy cat went to sea
> In a beautiful pea-green boat.'

He was, he continued, sitting like a wise rabbit with his pen behind his ear, listening to distant noises—' I think I am much too valuable a creature to offer myself to a German bullet gratis and for fun.' He was able, however, to appreciate martial fervour as far away as Germany,

and wrote to Garnett—' We hear now and then from Germany : every German heart full of the altar-fire of sacrifice to the war : two of the Richthofen intimate officer-friends killed, " der gute Udo von Henning ist am 7 Sept. bei Charleroi gefallen "—that is the spirit.'

Lawrence spent the autumn and early winter in a cottage at Chesham, and at the end of October Murry and Katherine Mansfield settled near by. Murry had been on the move for over two months. In August Douglas Jerrold and I had called on him, and suggested that he should come along with us and enlist in a cyclist battalion at Putney. The cycles, he says in his autobiography, seemed to put a more human complexion on the war, which hitherto had bewildered him. So he accompanied us to Putney. On further reflection he decided that he must find a more substantial motive for action than a mere surrender to the tide. Technically, however, he was now a soldier, and he told me after the war that for over a year he went about with an uneasy expectation of a heavy hand descending on his shoulder, and a sergeant-major's voice announcing that he was under arrest. To regularize his position as far as possible, he obtained a medical certificate stating that he had recently had pleurisy, and might presently develop consumption. Having posted this to Putney, he took train for Cornwall, which a few weeks later he left for Udimore near Rye.

On reaching Chesham, he found that Lawrence had grown a beard. In a letter to Catherine Carswell, Lawrence said that he looked hideous in his beard, but that it was so warm and complete and such a clothing to his nakedness that he liked it and would keep it. It was,

Mrs. Carswell says, quite different in colour from the hair of his head—' a deep glowing red in the sun, and in the shade the colour of strong tea '. That it was grown as a protest against the false standards of manhood set up by the war appears in *Kangaroo,* where Lawrence says that he identified his beard with his ' isolate manhood '.

By Christmas, Murry says, the war had fairly laid hold of Lawrence. *One* winter afternoon he came into Murry's room with a dull ' Hullo ', and seating himself on a wooden chair relapsed into silence, broken at rare intervals by a moan. If ever a man suffered from the war, Murry says, it was Lawrence. To escape with a few chosen spirits now began to attract him as a possible enterprise. ' We would get away to an island,' Murry writes, ' Lawrence, Frieda, Katherine, Koteliansky and I.' Koteliansky had met Lawrence in July, and was at once drawn to him. He was a Pole, knew Hebrew, and gave the island the name of Rananim. Lawrence outlined the new life they would lead there, Murry considered what kind of a ship would carry them there, and what equipment they would need, and Katherine embroidered Murry's suggestions with fanciful details. ' By the hour we could talk Rananim,' says Frieda. One day Katherine appeared with a mass of details about actual islands. Lawrence, Koteliansky told Mrs. Carswell, fell sadly silent, and Rananim was not mentioned again.

On Christmas Day the Lawrences hung the cottage with holly and mistletoe, and prepared a dinner which was attended by Campbell, Mark Gertler, and Gilbert and Mary Carman, in addition to Koteliansky, Murry and Katherine. After dinner Koteliansky sang a Hebrew

chant—' Ranani zadikim l'Adonoi '. and Katherine a French song—

Ton sirop est doux, Madeleine,
Ton sirop est doux.
Ne crie pas si fort, Madeleine,
La maison n'est pas a nous.

Frieda liked this quatrain, and began to sing it, but was stopped by Lawrence—' It was too " fast " for him,' Frieda says.

In January, 1915, the Lawrences moved to Greatham in west Sussex, where they lived till August in a cottage lent them by Viola Meynell. It was a beautiful cottage, Lawrence wrote to Lady Ottoline Morrell, a converted barn, long and narrow like the refectory of a little monastery.

Lady Ottoline Morrell, wife of Philip Morrell, M.P., lived near Oxford, at Garsington Manor, where the Lawrences visited her. Her profound culture, Frieda says, her beautiful home and her social power all meant much to Lawrence, who for a time contemplated settling in a cottage in her grounds. During the greater part of 1915 he hoped that she would assist him in forming a new community. Increasingly weighed down by the war, he felt the need of some kind of action, and wrote her a long letter setting forth his ideas about a new life, in which the only riches would be integrity of character —' I do believe that there are enough decent people to make a start with. . . . We must go very, very carefully at first. The great serpent to destroy is the will to Power : the desire for one man to have some dominion over his fellow-men.' From this standpoint he veered

at the close of the letter to the opposite standpoint—' We will be aristocrats. . . . We will deal cunningly with the mob, the greedy soul, we will gradually bring it to subjection. We will found an order, and we will all be Princes. . . .'

Lawrence was dashed by Lady Ottohne's reply—' You were quite cross with me. . . . Never mind—don't let us bother. . . . I wish I were going to Thibet—or Kamschatka—or Tahiti—to the ultima, ultima, ultima Thule. I feel sometimes I shall go mad, because there is nowhere to go, no " new world 'V A fortnight later he told her that he was suffering from a succession of dreams in which he struggled to wake up, but could not. England was going mad with hate, and he, too, hated the Germans so much he could kill every one of them—' I would like to kill a million Germans—two millions.' A letter from Bertrand Russell, whom he had met at Garsington, revived his hope—' I feel a real hastening of love to him,' he told Lady Ottoline, and went on to say, in Nietzschean phraseology, that he was glad she was returning to the country, where she could give herself to the dream of the new hfe, the dream of the greater truth, the profoundest wisdom. Russell's next letter was disappointing, and Lawrence told Lady Ottoline to tell Russell not to write him lachrymose letters of disillusion and disappointment and age.

Russell went to Greatham, and he and Lawrence planned a series of lectures, Russell to speak on ethics and Lawrence on immortality. They would be delivered in London in the autumn, Lawrence told Lady Ottoline ; Murry must come in, and Gilbert Carman, and, perhaps, Campbell. Murry had a genuine side to his nature, so

had Mrs. Murry, and Lady Ottoline was not to mistrust them. There must also be meetings at Garsington—

> Garsington is wonderful for that. It is like the Boccaccio place where they told all the Decamerone. That wonderful lawn, under the ilex-trees, with the old house and its exquisite old front—it is *so* remote, so perfectly a small world to itself. . . . We must draw together. Russell and I have really got somewhere . . . Frieda will come round soon. . . . It is the same thing with her as with all the Germans—all the world—she hates the Infinite —my immortality.

Russell sent Lawrence a synopsis of his lectures, and Lawrence wrote to Lady Ottoline that he rather quarrelled with Russell's lectures, though not with Russell himself—' He won't accept in his philosophy the Infinite, the Boundless, the Eternal as the real starting-point.' A little later Lawrence told Lady Cynthia Asquith that he and Russell were estranged, because he had piqued Russell's vanity by saying that his lectures ' *must* be different. He cannot stand the *must.* . . .' He had hoped, he continued, to get a little nucleus of living people together, but it was no good. He must start direct with the open public, without associates. To Lady Ottoline he complained that Russell wanted ' his own personal and private fling. . . . Individuals do not *vitally* concern me any more. Only a *purpose* vitally concerns me.'

With this desire to extend his will over others under the guise of rising above egotism, was mixed a revulsion from his philosophy of the mystic NOW. Russell, he says, stands too much on the shore of this existing world ; he must get into a boat and preach from out of the waters of eternity. He must set out on the journey

towards ' Truth and the real end '. The war as an outlet for lust and destructiveness, an escape from ' fribbling intervention of mind, or moral, or what-not', frightened and disgusted Lawrence, even to the extent of making him decry lust and exalt love. After a visit to Worthing, he compared the soldiers there to insects in their lust—' One insect mounted on another—oh, God ! . . . They remind me of lice or bugs. . . . They will murder their officers one day. They arc teeming insects. What massive creeping hell is let loose nowadays.' In his recoil from a world given over to the will, he wrote—

> What matters any more, but only love ?
> There's only love that matters any more.
> There's only love, the rest is all outspent.

As always when life was too much for him, he sank back into a coma in which the clash of separate wills was narcotized, not transcended—' Only drift and let go,' he wrote to Lady Ottoline, ' let go entirely, and become dark, quite dark. . . . Let your will lapse back into your unconscious self, so you move in a sleep, and in darkness, without sight or understanding.'

All this must have meant very little to Lady Ottoline Morrell, for whom neither the dark unconscious nor a lean-to on Ultima Thule can have been an alluring substitute for life as a literary-political hostess in an English country house. Dr. Johnson accompanied the Thrales, and Carlyle accompanied the Ashburtons, as far as Paris, and farther than Paris no sage or prophet should expect his patroness to venture. The correspondence between Lawrence and Lady Ottoline dwindled away,

and after May, 1916, he did not write to her again till within two years of his death. Some idea of how they affected one another may be gathered from Women *in Love,* on which Lawrence was at work in 1916. One of the characters, Lady Hermione Roddice, is, so far as she is a human being at all, Lady Ottoline with the relationship between Lawrence and Miriam grafted on to her. Birkin (Lawrence) visits her at her home, Brcadalby, by which he is charmed—' There seemed a magic circle drawn about the place, shutting out the present, enclosing the delightful, precious past, trees and deer and silence, like a dream.' The talk of the guests wearies Birkin, it is like a rattle of small artillery, sententiousness seasoned with witticisms. Hermione is hostile to Birkin, ridicules him incessantly, and makes him ignominious in the eyes of everybody ; nor docs her husband make him feel more at ease, a rather jaunty M.P., tall and handsome like a hero in Meredith, who brings with him an atmosphere of the House of Commons—' The Home Secretary had said such and such a thing, and he, Roddice, on the other hand, thought such and such a thing, and had said so-and-so to the P.M.' Joshua Matheson, presumably Bertrand Russell, adds to Birkin's depression. As he listens to Matheson talking in his harsh yet rather mincing voice, endlessly, endlessly, always with a strong mentality working, yet never saying anything unexpected, Birkin feels a madness, a sensation as if he were a figure in the hall of kings in some Egyptian tomb, where the dead all sat immemorial and tremendous. Continuing the narrative in this Egyptian mood, Lawrence represents Hermione as so overcome with hatred and loathing of all Birkin says that when he goes into her boudoir, and

becomes absorbed in a volume of Thucydides, she picks up a paper-weight, a ball of lapis lazuli, and brings it down on his head. She raises her arm again, but the second blow is caught on the volume of Thucydides, which he interposes, hurriedly, with a burrowing motion, between the paper-weight and his head. Collecting himself, he tells her to stand away and let him go. His movements are coherent and clear, his soul entire and unsurprised. Hermionc staggers to a couch, Birkin leaves the room, and Hermionc, on awaking, decides that she was perfectly right—' In her own infallible purity, she had done what must be done. She was right, she was pure. A drugged, almost sinister religious expression became permanent on her face.'

In August, 1915, the Lawrences left Grcatham for 1 Byron Villas in the Vale of Health, Hampstead. Lawrence, Mrs. Carswell says, was in a gay and careless mood, and ' asked us all for contributions—as small and cheap as possible—for the new home. I gave them an old-fashioned gilt mirror.' *The Rainbow* was appearing shortly, and Lawrence hoped that by the late autumn he would be established as a writer and the war would be over. Early in November, as a result of several strongly hostile reviews, *The Rainbow* was condemned at Bow Street, as obscene, the publishers were ordered to destroy their stock, and the book was withdrawn from circulation. ' I am not very much moved,' Lawrence wrote to his agent : ' am beyond that now. I only curse them all, body and soul, root, branch and leaf, to eternal damnation.' For a time Lawrence hoped that the magistrate's decision might be reversed. He wrote to his

agent that John Drinkwater had just called and was anxious to help. Could not a public protest be organized ? What did Henry James and Arnold Bennett think of the book ? ' I should like to know. And if they would give me a little money, I should be glad.' Philip Morrell was going to ask a question in Parliament, and Henry James might be very useful if he would write Morrell a letter.

Donald Carswell wanted Lawrence to fight the case in court, but Lawrence shrank from prolonging the pain the affair had caused him. He was in poor health, and had for some time been planning a journey to a warmer climate. Some one had offered him a cottage in Florida. Fort Myers, his destination, was, he told Lady Cynthia, a little town of five thousand inhabitants, half of them negroes. It was on a river one and a half miles wide, and was backed by orange groves and pine forests. He had letters of introduction to the important townspeople there, and would try to start a new school there, a new germ of a new creation. Lady Cynthia, he hoped, would reserve to herself the choice of joining him in due course, with her children, whom she must not allow to be drawn into the slow flux of destruction and nihilism in England. About Herbert Asquith, Lawrence was less sanguine—' Perhaps now he is beaten. Perhaps now the true living is defeated in him.'

The money for the voyage and for the installation of the Lawrences on arrival was found by Lady Ottoline Morrell, who contributed .£30, by Edward Marsh, who contributed £20, and by Lawrence's agent, Mr. J. B. Pinker, who was always helpful and at this critical moment produced £40 out of nowhere in particular. At the

instance of the Morrells Bernard Shaw added five pounds to their thirty.

Lawrence wrote to Murry also about Florida. So far as he had a constant feeling for any one, Murry was the friend he longed for most, and at the close of November, although Katherine and Murry were now in the south of France, he wrote to them—' If only we can get there and settle, then you will come, and we will live on no money at all.' There is a glow in this letter not present in the one to Lady Cynthia—

If only it will all end happily, and we live blithely by a big river, where there are fish, and in the forest behind wild turkeys and quads : there we make songs and poems and stories and dramas, in a Vale of Avalon, in the Hespcndes, among the Loves.

The complex relationship between Murry and Lawrence had passed through several phases during the year which was now nearly over. In February, Murry visited Lawrence at Greatham. He was suffering from influenza, and Lawrence put him to bed at once. Lawrence, Murry says, was in his element looking after some one, especially some one rather stupid about his body, and he adds that there is no more perfect likeness of the man he knew than the picture, in *Aaron's Rod*, of Lilly nursing Aaron. So the following description may be taken as an approximate account of Lawrence combating Murry's influenza—

Suddenly Lilly rose and went to the dressing-table. ' I'm going to rub you with oil.' he said. ' I'm going to rub you as mothers do their babies whose bowels won't work.' Aaron frowned slightly as he glanced at the dark, self-possessed face of the little man. ' What's the good of that ? ' he said irritably. ' I'd rather be left alone.'—' Then you won't be.'

Quickly he uncovered the blond lower body of his patient,

and began to rub the abdomen with oil, using a slow, rhythmic circulating motion, a sort of massage. For a long time he rubbed finely and steadily, then went over the whole of the lower body, mindless, as if in a sort of incantation. He rubbed every speck of the man's lower body—the abdomen, the buttocks, the thighs and knees, down to the feet, rubbed it all warm and glowing with camphorated oil, every bit of it, chafing the toes swiftly. . . .

During Murry's visit, he and Lawrence discussed the revolution of the conditions of life necessary before it would be possible to write work of real value. Lawrence said that he looked upon himself as a forerunner, like John the Baptist, and seemed half inclined to think that Murry might be his successor. He was, he said, only conscious that the new conditions, the new vitality were really in existence, when he and Frieda, Katherine and Murry were all together. Later in the year, when Lawrence's hopes of Lady Ottolinc and Bertrand Russell were fading, he turned to Murry again. Koteliansky had found a Jewish printer in the Mile End Road, who agreed to print, for five pounds an issue, a fortnightly magazine, to be called *The Signature.* Lawrence was to expound his philosophy of the new life in it, and Murry was to be introspective. There were also to be club meetings. Perhaps by Christmas, Lawrence wrote to Lady Cynthia, they would have got a footing, and he could be reconciled to all his friends, and there could be a bigger paper, a bigger effort, and Russell could give his lectures.

The Signature ceased publication after three numbers. The public did not hear of it, and those of Lawrence's friends not associated with its management declined to support it, though Mrs. Carswell relented so far as to

send a floor-rug to the editorial premises, which were at 12 Fisher Street, Red Lion Square. From a letter of Lawrence's to Lady Cynthia, it seems that she was nervous of the attitude the paper took to the war. ' *The Signature* '. Lawrence told her, ' will get *worse,* not better, from the standpoint of comfortlessness with regard to the war, etc. So please, if you think we had better *not* send it to any of your responsible addresses, let me know.'

Ten years later, in a volume of essays entitled *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine,* Lawrence referred to *The Signature* as ' a little escapade', and implied that he had taken part in it to humour the over-earnest Murry. The only thing about it which made an impression on him, he said, was the editorial room, up a narrow staircase over a greengrocer's shop, or a cobbler's—

> In a great issue like the war, there was nothing to be ' done ' in Murry's sense . . . Little magazines mean nothing to me ; nor groups, nor parties of people. I have no hankering after quick response, nor the effusive, semi-intimate backchat of literary communion.

At the time, the failure of *The Signature* does not appear to have caused any particular ill-feeling between Lawrence and Murry, but even during the brief life of the paper their co-operation was not whole-hearted, for neither Katherine nor Murry would attend the club meetings—' That,' Murry says, ' was not our affair.' More serious was the attitude of Murry and Katherine to *The Rainbow.* Neither liked it, and Katherine was disgusted by the scene where the pregnant Anna dances naked before a mirror. They blamed Frieda for these excesses in Lawrence's work, and whenever Frieda announced to them

that something Lawrence was writing was magnificent, their hearts sank. Unable to give Lawrence their full support, they were uneasy when he looked for encouragement elsewhere—' When we went to his little ground-floor flat in the Vale of Health, we found the room full of new faces . . . Philip Heseltine—" Peter Warlock "—came to the fore at this moment.'

The turbid relations between Lawrence and Heseltine, a musical composer of great talent, have been shrewdly and impartially described by Heseltine's friend, Cecil Gray.[1] At the beginning of the war Heseltine was twenty, just down from Oxford, and full of hatreds and enthusiasms. I met him two or three times, once when he was in great excitement over a poem of Lawrence's, which, he said, described the seduction of a young policeman, a virgin, by a middle-aged woman. When I said that I thought W. W. Jacobs's night-watchman was the right man for a virgin policeman, and that I could hear him saying, ' It's a rum start, that there chastity. Did I ever tell you about a young chap wot lived in these parts . . . ? ', Heseltine's face darkened, and he withdrew into himself. It was a year later that he met Lawrence, who, disillusioned about Russell and dubious of Murry, felt that something might be done with this young man, and his friend Robert Nichols. ' Heseltine wants to come with us, when we sail, if possible—and failing that as soon after as he can,' Lawrence told Lady Cynthia ; and to Katherine Mansfield, whom Murry had left in the south of France, Lawrence wrote—' We have met one or two young people, just one or two, who have the germ of the new life in them. It doesn't matter

[1] ***Peter Warlock: A Memoir of Philip Heseltine,*** **by Cecil Gray.**

what they are personally. Murry dismisses them with a sneer.'

The letters which Heseltine wrote to Delius, the composer, reveal the various stages of his feelings about Lawrence. Towards the close of 1915 he told Delius that he had met Lawrence, who was already far gone with consumption—' His last book—a perfectly magnificent work—has just been suppressed by the police for supposed immorality (! !).' A week or so later, explaining why he proposed to accompany Lawrence to Florida, he wrote—

> I feel that I am, and have been for years past, rolling downhill with increasing rapidity into a black, shiny cesspool of stagnation. . . . I have never yet lived at all, and that is why I am going away—to Florida, Tahiti, anywhere—to have at least a year or two of real life to try and make something out of it.

Lawrence, he continued, was keen that a small group of enthusiasts should detach themselves from harassing surroundings and endeavour for a while to till the soil of their natures in a congenial atmosphere. If, Heseltine added, his mother proved amenable, and continued his allowance of three pounds a week, he would be able to go, for he had at last obtained a medical certificate of unfitness for military service.

Lawrence, taking Heseltine's vehement surrender to him as a sign that he could do what he hked with Heseltine, attempted to marry him off to a girl who was as little interested in Heseltine as he in her. Robert Nichols, the poet, used to accompany Heseltine to the Vale of Health, and was marked down by Lawrence and Frieda as this girl's husband, if Heseltine proved unacceptable. Nichols has told the story in Cecil Gray's

Memoir, where he speaks of ' Lawrence's disconcertingly-personal questions and sequent advice so urgently and persuasively offered out of a full heart, a heated fancy, and a brain teeming with semi-mystical theories '. Some of Lawrence's friends were flattered when he nagged and scolded them, but Hescltine had been attracted to Lawrence the poet, not to Lawrence the waterlogged dictator, denouncing personal life and trying to manage the personal concerns of every one he met. He agreed, however, to accompany Lawrence to Cornwall when the emigration to Florida was postponed.

The postponement was due partly to Lawrence's health and partly to difficulties over Frieda's passport. Being of German origin, Frieda was considered by the officials to be a person whose right place was England. It was a bad time for Frieda—' He didn't like the Vale of Health,' she writes, ' and he didn't like me or anybody else.' She saw her children sometimes, to the irritation of Lawrence, when they were going to or from school, but his chief grievance against her seems to have been that she was a German. So much may be inferred when she writes of Lady Ottoline—' I felt in those days : " Perhaps I ought to leave Lawrence to her influence ; what might they not do for England ? I am powerless, and a Hun, and a nobody." ' It is, too, most unlikely that when Lawrence felt a desire to kill a million or so of Germans, he kept it from her, or gave her any hope that she would not be included in the holocaust. Frieda may have retorted that if he wished to kill Germans, he would find plenty in France, for he wrote to Lady Cynthia —' She hates me for the present. But I shall not go to the war.'

During their first two months in Cornwall, the Lawrences lived in a cottage lent them by the novelist J. D. Beresford, for whose work Lawrence did not care, writing to Katherine Mansfield—[4] There are Gilbert Cannans and Beresfords, but I have nothing to do with them.' Before setting out for Cornwall, he told Lady Cynthia that some members of the Florida expedition were joining him there—' We begin the new life in Cornwall. It is real. . . .'

After he had been in Cornwall a week, he wrote to Lady Ottoline that he was very glad she liked Murry, who was one of the few people he counted on. As it was only a few weeks since he had told Katherine Mansfield that he was irritated and falsified by Murry, this jet of enthusiasm may have been largely due to seven days of Heseltine.

> I like him [Lawrence told Lady Ottoline], but he seems empty, uncreated. . . . To-morrow Kouyoumdjian is coming down for a while. I hope we shall like him. He is at any rate more living than poor Philip Heseltine, who really seems as if he were not yet born.

Kouyoumdjian, whom Lawrence had recently characterized as rather blatant and pushing, though with a good core, did not stay long in Cornwall. He had a new life of his own to look after, and must soon have realized that Lawrence could not help much in transforming Kouyoumdjian into Michael Arlen. Meanwhile Heseltine was drawing up a scheme for publishing musical and literary masterpieces privately. The enterprise was to be called *The Rainbow Books and Music*, and its aims were set out in a prospectus. It was monstrous, the

prospectus said, that the herd should lord it over the uttered word. The swine had only to grunt disapprobation, and the very angels of heaven would be compelled to silence. It was proposed to issue privately such books and musical works as were found living and clear in truth ; such books as would either be rejected by a publisher, or else overlooked when flung into the trough before the public—

> It is proposed to print first *The Rainbow,* the novel by Mr. D. H. Lawrence, which has been so unjustly suppressed. If sufficient money is forthcoming, a second book will be announced ; either Mr. Lawrence's philosophical work, *Goats and Compasses,* or a new book by some other writer.

Those who wished to support the scheme were asked to sign a subscription form accompanying the prospectus, and send it at once to Philip Heseltinc.

Lawrence's disloyalty, or rather lack of loyalty, for he was not enough aware of loyalty to violate it consciously, is well illustrated in his letters to Murry and Katherine Mansfield about Heseltine's enterprise. Murry had rejoined Katherine in the south of France, and in the second week of February Lawrence wrote to them, saying he had been thinking of them with much affection and some longing. Would they not join him in Cornwall? Heseltine was with him at present, but would probably leave in March, and it would perhaps be jolliest if they four were alone. Heseltine was talking of a pubhshing scheme—' He would combine with you.' The Murrys, who had discussed a similar scheme with Lawrence in connexion with *The Signature,* were hurt at the intrusion of Heseltine, and Lawrence wrote to reassure them. The

publishing scheme, he said, had not yet become at all real or important to him. Heseltine was mad to begin it, and was sending out a thousand copies of his prospectus ('Heseltine pays for all this'). The subscription was 75. 6*a*[1]., and *The Rainbow* was to be the first publication ('I want to announce your book after *The Rainbow*'). Heseltine had gone to London.

> You see it is Heseltine's affair so far. I feel that lie is one of those people who are transmitters, and not creators of art. And I don't think we are transmitters. . . . We will fight together when you come. Meanwhile let Heseltine take the vanguard.

Shortly after arriving in Cornwall, Heseltine wrote to Delius that Lawrence, though a very great artist, was hard and autocratic in his views—'His artistic canons I find utterly and entirely unsympathetic to my nature.' Another source of exasperation was that Lawrence persisted in advising Heseltine about his private affairs ; and on March 8, a week or two after his return to London, Heseltine wrote to Delius that although he still admired Lawrence as a fine thinker and consummate artist, he would not go back to him—'He has no real sympathy. All he likes in one is the potential convert to his own reactionary creed.' His bitterness grew quickly, perhaps fanned by the small response to his prospectus, for there were only thirty replies to the six hundred he sent out, and towards the close of April he told Delius that personal relationship with Lawrence was quite impossible—'He acts as a subtle and deadly poison. . . . The man really must be a bit mad.' In the same letter he said that Kouyoumdjian, on returning from Cornwall, had written a satirical sketch of Lawrence in *The New Age.*

Lawrence meanwhile was urging the Murrys to leave the south of France for Cornwall. Murry, who had been jealous of Katherine's grief over her brother's death at the front, was now reconciled to her, and they were enjoying their happiest time together, in a Uttle villa at Bandol. They had every reason to prefer remaining where they were. Lawrence's insistence that their relationship was to be impersonal, mixed with appeals to their affection for him, exasperated them ; they did not wish to be involved in the constant scenes between him and Frieda ; they did not look forward to the sporadic bobbing up of new disciples ; and, at peace with one another by the warm Mediterranean, they were repelled by the thought of the Cornish coast, as pictured by Lawrence, whose first impressions of it were intimidating. To Lady Ottoline he wrote of the sea raging under the black rocks, of black and terrible winds rushing with such force that the house shuddered, in spite of its thick solid walls. To Bcrcsford he wrote of terrifying rocks, like solid lumps of the original darkness, and of the ponderous cold light of the sea, a terrific abstraction, far beyond all life, which is merely of the sun, warm. To the Murrys he wrote that the landscape was bare, yellow-green and brown, dropping always down to black rocks and a torn sea, a picture which stuck in their minds even when, with the coming of spring and a desire for their companionship, he modulated into a minor key.

At the beginning of March Lawrence and Frieda moved into a Uttle cottage, for which they paid five pounds a year, at Zennor, near St. Ives. Very close by there was another cottage. ' I call it already Katherine's cottage.' Lawrence wrote to the Murrys. ' . . . It is only twelve

strides from our house to yours : we can talk from the windows.' It was still cold, he said, but would be warm by the end of April, when they arrived. The gorse bushes smelt hot and sweet when the sun shone, flocks of birds were flying by, towards the Scilly Isles to nest, and the blackbirds sang in the chill evenings. ' There are many lambs under your house. They are *quite* tame. They stand and cock their heads at one, then skip into the air like little explosions.' The rent would be very small. Katherine would have the tower-room with big windows and panelled walls, done in black and white stripes, and Jack would have the study below. ' It would be *so splendid* if it could but come off; such a lovely place ; our Rananim. . . . We count you two as our only *tried* friends, real and permanent and truly blood kin. I know wc shall be happy this summer ; *so* happy.'

It was impossible, Murry says, even for Katherine to resist this urgency, though she never concealed her misgivings, and he himself had lost his qualms, except for a faint uneasiness about Heseltine. On a cold day early in April Lawrence met them at St. Ives, and the three of them drove out to the *Tinner's Arms* at Zennor, where the Murrys were to stay until they had furnished their cottage. ' I shall *never* like this place,' Katherine said, as soon as she and Murry were alone.

Lawrence, who had already furnished his own cottage, himself making a dresser, with a cupboard below, and bookshelves painted royal blue, took Murry down to Benny's sale-room at St. Ives, where they picked up a wooden bedstead for a shilhng, and six chairs for eighteenpence apiece ; and later, during what Murry calls a happy interlude when a Spanish coaling-ship ran aground

on the rocks below, there were one-shilling bargains at cottage sales. But Katherine's depression infected Murry, and going to the patch of grass between the two cottages he painted his six chairs a funereal black, while Lawrence, Frieda and Katherine looked on, all, even Katherine, in some dismay.

Katherine withdrew into herself—' I am very much alone here,' she wrote to Koteliansky. ' It is not really a nice place. It is so full of huge stones. . . .' Murry felt that the happiness they had enjoyed at Bandol was vanishing beyond recovery, Katherine meant more to him than Lawrence, and he drew away from Lawrence in an attempt to recover the lost harmony between himself and Katherine. This exasperated Lawrence, and he began to talk to Murry about the blood-brotherhood between them, and the need of some inviolable sacrament which should bind them together, some pre-Christian blood-rite in keeping with the primeval rocks about them. His vagueness made the proposal the more alarming. Murry imagined ' some sort of ceremony of black magic to be performed amid the great stones of the eerie Cornish moors ', and, with a vision of Lawrence brandishing a jagged flint over a basin-shaped sacrificial stone, may have felt a momentary nostalgia for the more haphazard form of blood-sacrifice taking place across the Channel.

Since his arrival in Cornwall, Lawrence had been brooding intermittently on the occult, which appealed to him not only as a retreat from ordinary life, but also as a means of exercising power over others. The Cornish people, he told Beresford, attracted him, not in themselves, for they were full of an ugly, scaly, insect-like,

unclean selfishness, and ought all to die, but as the remnant of an anti-social, pre-Christian race, a race which believed in the darkness, in magic, and in the magic transcendency of one man over another, ' which is fascinating '. Lawrence's objection to the war, and to the political and episcopal Druids who presided over it, was an objection to a human sacrifice in which he himself might be included. It did not spring from an aversion to violence and domination in themselves. Had the war been moved back a few thousand years, he would have approved it.

I cannot tell you [he wrote to Lady Ottolmc, after reading a history of the East], the joy of ranging far back there seeing the hordes surge out of Arabia. . . . The world is very big, and the course of mankind is stupendous. What does a crashing down of nations and empires matter, here and there ! What is death, in the individual ! I don't care if sixty million individuals die.

It was the hypothetical death of the sixty-million-and-oneth individual which shocked him, and he told Lady Cynthia that he would be mortally indignant if the war cost him his life, or even too much of his liberty.

Frieda [he said at the end of this letter to Lady Cynthia], is boiling the washing in a saucepan. I am, for the moment, making a portrait of Taimur-i-lang—Tamerlane, the Tartar : copying it from a fifteenth-century Indian picture. I like it very much. *Mila salute di cuore.*

Murry's evasion of Lawrence's attempts to establish a magic transcendency over him exasperated Lawrence. ' If I love you, and you know I love you, isn't that enough ?' Murry asked, and Lawrence retorted that it wasn't—there must be some mingling of their blood, so that neither could go back on the bond between them.

No compromise suggesting itself between the Christian and pre-Christian standpoints, Lawrence's temper became increasingly irritable, and the scenes between him and Frieda more frequent and more violent. The form they usually took, Murry says, was a defence by Frieda of Shelley or Nietzsche, or some other discarded prophet of Lawrence's, against one of his sudden outbursts. 'That's false!' Lawrence would cry. 'What do you know about Shelley? What do you care? If you *dare* to say another word about Shelley, I'll . . .' When the Murrys were not present, more intimate and wounding things would be said, and one evening when Murry and Kathcrine were sitting in their cottage, they heard a shriek. The door flew open, and Frieda rushed in, crying, 'He'll kill me!' It was a long room, destined by Lawrence for the meetings of the community that would be established when the Murrys came to him from Bandol. There was a table down its centre, and round this table Frieda hurtled, followed by Lawrence, shouting, 'I'll kill her, I'll *kill* her!' Chairs were overturned, but Murry managed to save the lamp. In spite of a conviction that Lawrence would kill Frieda, Murry felt no impulse to intervene; nor did Katherine move from her place by the fire. Suddenly Lawrence sank into a chair, Frieda into another, and there was a long silence, momentarily broken when Frieda rose and went back to her cottage. Silence again, until Lawrence, rising shakily to his feet, said 'Good night', and retired. The next morning Murry and Katherine, uneasy and apprehensive, went to the Lawrences' cottage, and found them sitting side by side, Lawrence trimming a hat for Frieda.

Towards the close of May, Lawrence wrote to Lady Ottoline that the Murrys did not like Zennor—it was too rocky and bleak for them, they should have a soft valley, with leaves and the ring-dove cooing. A few weeks later he told Catherine Carswell that the Murrys had gone to the south side of Cornwall, about thirty miles away—' And Murry and I are not really associates. How I deceive myself. I am a liar to myself about people.' He had been angry, he said, with her criticism of his ' friends ', but she had been right—' They arc not much, any of them. I give up having intimate friends at all.'

One night towards the close of their stay, Murry heard Lawrence crying out in his cottage that Murry was an obscene bug who was sucking his life away. By day they were not openly hostile, Lawrence helped the Murrys to pack and came over to see them on the south coast, and they returned the visit ; but Lawrence continued to be enraged that Murry would not submit to his transcendency, and Murry to be hurt that his personal affection for Lawrence should be treated as a despicable emotion.

In *Son of Woman* Murry suggests that there was a homosexual strain in Lawrence—' Lilly (Lawrence) wants a homosexual relation with Aaron to complete his incomplete heterosexual relation with Tanny. This he calls " extending " marriage. Other people might find another name for it.'

There are several passages in Lawrence's writings which could be construed to support Murry's view. In *The White Peacock* Cyril (Lawrence) goes bathing with Edgar (Miriam's eldest brother). Edgar rubs Cyril down after the bathe—

I left myself quite limply in his hands . . . he put his arm round me and pressed me against him, and the sweetness of the touch of our naked bodies against each other was superb. . . . Our love was perfect for a moment, more perfect than any love I have known since, either for man or woman.

In *Women in Love,* where Gerald was meant by Lawrence to represent Murry, there is a chapter called' Gladiatorial', in which Gerald and Lawrence-Birkin have a wrestling match. 'We arc mentally, spiritually intimate.' Birkin says to Gerald, 'therefore we should be more or less physically intimate too—it is more whole.' So, taking their clothes off, Birkin and Gerald get to grips—

Both were white and clear, but Gerald flushed smart red where he was touched, and Birkin remained white and tense. He seemed to penetrate into Gerald's more solid, more diffuse bulk, to interfuse his body through the body of the other. . . . It was as if Birkin's whole physical intelligence interpenetrated into Gerald's body, as if his fine, sublimated energy entered into the flesh of the fuller man, like some potency, casting a fine net, a prison, through the muscles into the very depths of Gerald's physical being.

This passage, if read out in a police court, would tell against Lawrence, but taken in connexion with his peculiar physical and emotional constitution, it is one more proof of his craving to break away from the only form of physical contact which was instinctive in him, that of the baby at the breast. However much he flogged his imagination, it was always to the nestling baby that he returned as the image of his real desire. One instance will more than suffice to establish this. Kangaroo, in the novel of that name, an Australian political idealist, is described by Lawrence as 'really ugly', with a pendulous Jewish face, forward shoulders, round stomach

contained in an expensively tailored waistcoat and dark grey-striped trousers, and very big thighs. Dining with this phenomenon, Somers (Lawrence) feels as if he were cuddled cosily on Kangaroo's breast, in the soft glow of his heart, and as if his feet were nestling on Kangaroo's ' ample, beautiful " tummy

Lawrence brooded over homosexuality as he brooded over incest. Ursula in *The Rainbow* is blinded by passion when she is swimming with a schoolmistress ; and *Goats and Compasses,* the philosophical work which Heseltine wished to publish, dealt largely with homosexuality, according to Cecil Gray, who says that Heseltine, after his final quarrel with Lawrence, destroyed the manuscript piecemeal, enduring a slight discomfort each morning over some weeks rather than forgo a gesture of decisive repudiation. But Lawrence was no more homosexual than he was incestuous. Of sexual desire for a man, as opposed to a groping desire for an experience to which he might prove more adequate than to normal intercourse, there is no evidence in his writings.

Lawrence was writing *Women in Love* while the Murrys were with him, and completed it in its first form within a few weeks of their departure. ' It comes rapidly, and is very good,' he told Lady Ottoline. ' When one is shaken to the very depths, one finds realities in the unreal world.' This was his last letter to Lady Ottoline for many years, unless there was some hitherto-unpublished correspondence when Lady Ottoline read about the paper-weight and the volume of Thucydides—an incident compounded out of two unrelated happenings in the spring of 1916. In April Lady Ottoline sent Lawrence a volume of Thucydides, and about the same

time Frieda, in one of their differences, broke a stone dinner-plate on his head.

Women in Love continues the story of Ursula in *The Rainbow,* on a higher social level. The four chief characters are Ursula, Birkin, Gudrun and Gerald. Ursula (Frieda) and Birkin (Lawrence) occasionally, for half a page or so, resemble their originals. Gudrun never, and Gerald only in a few momentary gleams, resemble Katherine and Murry, from whom they were drawn, as Frieda told Murry some years later. Gerald, a soldier, explorer and ' Napoleon of industry', is equally unlike Murry and unlike a soldier, explorer and Napoleon of industry. Gudrun is like no one except herself.

That Lawrence was attracted by Murry's appearance is evident when he writes of Gerald's ' gleaming beauty, maleness, like a young, good-humoured, smiling wolf, but it was Murry's struggle to develop his spiritual and imaginative nature that drew Lawrence most strongly. Murry was the nearest equivalent to Miriam that Lawrence could find among his new associates, and Lawrence's attempt to establish a transcendency over him was the old ronflirt between his will and his imagination. Having failed to subdue Murry in life, he transferred the contest to the phantasmagorical world of his novel. Ursula and Birkin find completion in one another, Gerald and Gudrun are mutually destructive, the first pair representing mindless sensuality, and the second mental consciousness.

There were [Lawrence writes of Birkin and Ursula] strange fountains of his body, more mysterious and potent than any she had imagined or known. . . . She had thought there was no source deeper than the phallic source. And now, behold, from

the smitten rock of the man's body, from the strange marvellous flanks and thighs, deeper, farther in mystery than the phallic source, came the floods of ineffable darkness and ineffable riches. . . . She had her desire fulfilled. He had his desire fulfilled. For she was to him what he was to her, the immemorial magnificence of mystic, palpable, real otherness.

When Gudrun and Gerald embrace, Gudrun lies awake afterwards in a state of ' violent, active superconsciousness . . . till she was weary, aching, exhausted, and fit to break'. Gerald's mental consciousness operates differently, but in the long run no less harmfully. He can fall asleep after an embrace, but his approach to women is artificial, and finally revolts Gudrun who reflects—

His very ignoring of the women is part of the game. He is never *unconscious* of them. He should have been a cockerel, so he could strut before fifty females. . . . He bores me, you know. His maleness bores me. Nothing is so boring, so inherently stupid and stupidly conceited.

Gudrun turns from Gerald to an Austrian Pole, a sculptor, and Gerald, after nearly strangling her, goes off on skis above the Tyrol resort where they are staying. He surges painfully up, he has ' no alpenstock, nothing', and in this unequipped state he comes to grief. ' Something broke in his soul, and immediately he went to sleep.'

The superiority of Birkin to Gerald is, however, not sustained throughout the book. It is only at intervals that Birkin can bluff himself into believing that he has tapped some reservoir of energy deeper than the phallic source, and become in consequence a portent out of whom a preterhuman bliss flows into the woman, with a reciprocal backwash into himself. Ursula and Birkin

have many violent quarrels, and Birkin tries to build up a relationship with Gerald which will make up for his unhappiness with Ursula. Marriage in the old sense, he tells Gerald, seems repulsive to him—each couple in its own little house, watching its own little privacy. A permanent union between a man and a woman is right, but it needs to be supplemented by something broader—'1 believe in the *additional* jpexfect relationship between man and man.' A man must enter into a bond of pure trust and love with another man, and then subsequently with the woman—' If he pledged himself with the man he would later be able to pledge himself with the woman : not merely in legal marriage, but in absolute, mystic marriage.' Gerald is represented as strangely elated by this proposal, yet still more elated when he rejects it.

Ursula's view of it is given in a scene which reads like a reproduction of some actual dialogue in the cottage at Zennor, with the Murrys in the other cottage.

'You've got me. Why should you need others?' Ursula says. 'Why must you force people to agree with you? Why can't you be single by yourself, as you are always saying? You try to bully Gerald—as you tried to bully Hermione. You must learn to be alone. And yet you want to force other people to love you as well. . . . And even then, you don't want their love.'

Birkin is deeply perplexed—

> I *know* I want a perfect and complete relationship with you : and weVe nearly got it—we really have. But beyond that. *Do* I want a real, ultimate relationship with Gerald? Do I want a final, almost extra-human relationship with him—a relationship in the ultimate of me and him—or don't I?

In April, after conscription had been introduced, Lawrence wrote to Lady Cynthia, saying that if he had to serve he would, but he had no conscience in the matter, and would like a job that was at least sufFerable. Would she advise him, or ask Herbert Asquith to tell him what to do? Lady Cynthia did not reply, and at the end of June, Lawrence had to go to Penzance to attest. His experience on this occasion, and his other experiences during the remainder of the war, are described in *Kangaroo,* in the chapter called 'The Nightmare', one of the best things he has written, and far less of a nightmare than his excursions into the realm of preterphallic energy.

Frieda and he were driven into Penzance, where he learnt that he would have to go to Bodmin, sixty miles away, with sixteen or seventeen other fellows, farm hands and working men. So Frieda had to return to the cottage alone, while he went on to the barracks at Bodmin. The evening meal disgusted him, but the terrier-like sergeant made them an encouraging little speech, and was not a bad chap. Not having brought pyjamas, Lawrence had to sleep in his woollen pants, and was ashamed of the patches on the knees, but no one said anything. They were all quiet, gentle and inoffensive, except for one fat chap, who the next morning, when Lawrence was waiting to be examined, pointed with a jeer at his thin legs. Lawrence was rejected. As he left the barracks, he realized that the sun was shining—

> That hill beyond—he had seemed to look at it through darkened glass before. . . . Ah, God, he was out, free. The road with trees went downhill to the town. He hastened down, a free human being . . . the grey glaze gone from his eyes.

He telegraphed ' the ignominious word " Rejected to Frieda, some humiUation mixing with his relief.

Let them label me unfit [he reassured himself]. I know my own body is fragile, in its way, but also it is very strong, and it's the only body that would carry my particular self. Let the fools peer at it and put me down undeveloped chest and what they like, so long as they leave me to my own way.

After his rejection, he wrote two long letters to Mrs. Carswell, explaining why on the one hand he felt no obligation to fight, and on the other no obligation to become a conscientious objector. He did not condemn fighting. A man must fight if he wanted to. The way to immortality was in the fulfilment of desire. He would never forbid any man to make war—' Only I would say, " Oh, if you don't spontaneously and perfectly *want* to go to war, then it is wrong to go. . . ." ' The men at Bodmin had not wanted to go. They went only because they felt they must share the risks others were facing—' They must stand by their fellow-man : that is the motto. That is what Christ's weeping over Jerusalem has brought us to, a whole Jerusalem offering itself to the Cross.' He was not a Christian : ' Christianity is based on the love of self, the love of property, one degree removed. Why should I care for my neighbour's property, or my neighbour's life, if I do not care for my own ?'

It was characteristic of Lawrence that he could not keep out of the war without making it an issue between himself and Christ. Christianity is not based on the obligation to defend one's neighbour's property and life, neither of which would be attacked if men were Chris-

tians ; nor does comradeship in danger derive from Christ's sorrow over Jerusalem. It was as present in the armies of Taimur-i-lang as in those of Douglas Haig. How Lawrence reconciled his delight on escaping military service with his claim that he was indifferent to his own life, does not appear in either of these letters.

The fifteen months between Lawrence's first examination at Bodmin and his departure from Cornwall, by-order of the police, in October, 1917, were increasingly painful. In *Kangaroo* he speaks of this time as a period of suspense which changed his life for ever—

> If the postman was coming plunging downhill through the bushes over the moor, the first thought was : ' What is he bringing now ? ' The postman . . . had a chuckle of pleasure in handing out those accursed *On His Majesty s Service* envelopes which meant that a man was summoned for torture. . . . Again, if there was a glint of a bicycle on the moor road, and if it turned down the bypath towards the cottage, then Somers strained his eyes to sec if the rider were fat and blue, or tall and blue. Was it the police sergeant, or the police constable, coming for more identification proofs.

In the growing atmosphere of suspicion and hostility generated by the war, Lawrence came to be looked upon as a dangerous person, partly because he wrote and had a beard, and partly because his wife was German. One wintry afternoon, when he and Frieda were going home, with their knapsack, two officers stopped them and asked what they were carrying. A few groceries, Lawrence replied. One of the officers insisted on examining the contents, and pulling out what he thought to be a camera discovered it was a pound of salt. Two Ameri-

cans, a man and a woman, visited Lawrence, and a police sergeant was sent round by the military to examine their papers, and when they returned to London, the man was taken to Scotland Yard, stripped and put in a cell for the night. The country people began to spy on the Lawrences : Frieda could not hang a towel on a bush, or carry out the slops without her movements being watched. When Lawrence had the chimney tarred to keep out the damp, the countryside agreed that it was a signal to the Germans. He and Frieda were supposed to supply German submarines with food, and with petrol stored in some recess of the cliffs. Cecil Gray came down to Cornwall, the Lawrences visited him, and one evening, while Lawrence was singing German songs to himself rather to Gray's discomfort, an officer banged on the door and strode in, followed by three local spies. The spies had reported a light seen through an uncurtained window, and though it turned out to be a candle held by the housekeeper on her way to her room, Cecil Gray was fined twenty pounds.

This niggling persecution wore Lawrence's nerves very thin. One day, when he and Frieda were sitting on some rocks by the sea, Frieda, exhilarated by the air and sun, jumped up and ran along, her white scarf streaming in the wind, while Lawrence screamed—' Stop it, stop it, you fool, you fool ! Can't you see they'll think you're signalling to the enemy !' But he would not leave Cornwall, and go inland where people were less jumpy and suspicious. There was a farm near the cottage, and he became friendly with the farmer's eldest son, and for some months worked on the farm all day, and did

not return to Frieda till late at night, angry with her for being left alone, and resentful against his friends at the farm for their indifference to her plight—' The farm people', he says in *Kangaroo,* ' didn't mind how long *she* was left alone, at night too, in that lonely little cottage, and with all the tension of fear upon her.' Frieda fell ill, with ptomaine poisoning, and when Lawrence, who had gone up to London for a week or so. came back, he found that she had inflammation of the bowels, from which painful disorder she took a long time to recover.

During the autumn of 1917 Lawrence and John Thomas, as he calls the farmer's son in *Kangaroo,* used to linger talking, while they put the sheaves up—

> John Thomas, with his nervous ways and his quick brown eyes, was full of fear : fear of the unseen, fear of the unknown malevolencies, above all, fear of death. So they would talk of death, and the powers of death. . . . And Somcrs seemed to come home like an enemy . . . with that pregnant malevolency of Cornwall investing him. It was a bitter time, to Harriet.

In'June he had had to go to Bodmin, where he was again rejected, and after this he felt fairly secure, but one day in October, when he and Frieda were both out, the cottage was searched, and some papers and a book removed. The next morning an officer, a police sergeant and two local men called, and the police sergeant read out an order from W. Western, Major-General i.'c Administration, Southern Command, Salisbury, that Lawrence and his wife were to leave Cornwall for an unprohibited area, where they must report to the police on arrival. The officer was as considerate as possible, and the police sergeant, as always with the country police,

who resented being put on to these jobs by the military, was apologetic. It was a Friday, and they had to go by Monday. They packed only necessaries, leaving the books on the shelves, for Lawrence resolved that he would return—

> He loved the place so much. Ever since the conscription suspense began he had said to himself, when he walked up the wild, little road from his cottage to the moor: shall I see the foxgloves come out? If I can only stay till the foxgloves come. . . . Then it was the heather—would he see the heather? And then the primroses in the hollow down to the sea: the tufts and tufts of primroses, where the fox stood and looked at him.

On the day when the cottage was searched, Lawrence had been in a market town some miles away with John Thomas. John Thomas went off on his own, and turned up, to drive Lawrence back, two hours later than he promised. This seemed to Lawrence a deliberate insult, and he felt that he could never trust John Thomas again, but when the young farmer came to the station to say good-bye, and wondered when they would meet again, Lawrence cried, 'Soon. We will *make* it soon. We will *make* it soon. And you can come to London to see us.' On the way to town Lawrence sat white and silent, 'with the immobile face of a crucified Christ', he says in *Kangaroo,* This vexed Frieda, who was in good spirits, partly at getting away from Cornwall, and partly at not being separated from Lawrence, for one of her constant fears was that she would be interned in some camp. Lawrence, however, did not relax his' still, fixed, crucified face '. and Frieda fumed in vain.

Lawrence was extremely hard up when he arrived in London. The suppression of *The Rainbow* had frightened

publishers off *Women in Love,* which did not appear in England until 1921. Between the beginning of 1916 and the end of the war he does not appear to have received from any publisher a larger sum than the twenty guineas Chatto & Windus advanced him on a volume of his poems. There was a trickle of cash during these years from stories, poems and essays, but the main contributions to his support were .£50 advanced by Mr. Pinker while Lawrence was writing *Women in Love* ; £25 lent by Arnold Bennett, to whom Mr. Pinker wrote at Lawrence's request; £60 from Amy Lowell, who met Lawrence early in the war ; and £50 from the Royal Literary Fund, which had already made Lawrence one grant. ' The Sec. of the Literary Fund', Lawrence wrote in the summer of 1918, ' will lay my application before his committee on July 10th—curse him.' There were also smaller contributions, gifts or loans, from Mr. Montagu Shearman, Alfred Sutro, Kotehansky and others.

From the middle of October till shortly before Christmas, 1917, the Lawrences remained in London, where they were put up by Mrs. Radford in Hampstead, by Hilda Aldington in Mecklenburgh Square and by Cecil Gray's mother in Earl's Court. Lawrence was homesick for Cornwall—

> In his eyes he saw the farm below [he writes in *Kangaroo]*—grey, naked, stony, with the pale-roofed new barn—and the network of dark green fields with the pale grey walls—and the gorse **and** the sea. . . . He wrote passionately to John Thomas.

Two demands which he sent to Salisbury requesting permission to return to Cornwall were without effect,

and from John Thomas there was only one letter, and then silence.

Detectives lumbered after Lawrence while he was in London. England in the last two years of the war was verging towards totalitarianism, with Lloyd George, Northcliffe and Horatio Bottomley tentatively blooming into the English equivalents of Hitler, Goering and Goebbels. Lawrence, as the author of a suppressed book and married to a German, inevitably came in for some attention from the authorities. Cecil Gray, when Lawrence was staying at his mother's flat, had to interview several detectives, and Richard Aldington intercepted a detective who was on Lawrence's track. Reassured by Aldington's uniform, the sleuth became confidential, and said he had read several of Lawrence's books, and didn't think much of them. Hearing about one of these visits from Gray, Lawrence wrote to Lady Cynthia, asking her to find out from a friend at Scotland Yard why he was being persecuted, but Lady Cynthia was unable to help.

Disgusted with London, Lawrence decided to go into the country. Shortly after coming up from Cornwall, he had planned a migration to the eastern slopes of the Andes. Cecil Gray was to find a thousand pounds, Dr. Eder, who knew the country, was to be in charge of the exodus, and among those earmarked as the nucleus of the future colony were Hilda Aldington, Koteliansky and William Henry, the John Thomas of *Kangaroo*. 'This plan at last *will come off,*' Lawrence told Mrs. Carswell. 'We shall go. And we shall be happy. . . . What about your coming with Don?—how do you feel? The coming of a baby is a complication.' The

scheme fell through—' I have been expecting to hear from you,' Lawrence wrote to Cecil Gray. ' You are so queer and evanescent, one feels one loses you a bit.' Recovering from this disappointment, Lawrence occupied himself for a time with plans for publishing *Women in Love* privately, under the auspices of Arnold Bennett and Galsworthy, or else in Dublin. ' I think I'll call it *Noah's ArkJ* he wrote to an Irish acquaintance who he hoped would negotiate its publication in Dublin ; but this Noah's Ark, like the Andes one, refused to be launched, and Lawrence, after a few days in the Midlands with his sister, Mrs. Ada Clarke, retired to a cottage at Hermitage, near Newbury in Berkshire. The cottage belonged to Mrs. Radford, to whom Lawrence paid a small rental.

There had been several air-raids while the Lawrences were in London, and once while they were in Mecklenburgh Square a bomb smashed all the windows in the house. But Lawrence would not retreat to the cellar. ' I spent my time during air-raids', Frieda says, ' running up and down stairs imploring Lawrence to come to the cellar. But he'd never do it.' It was not the risk of death but the indignity and suspense of being spied on that wore Lawrence down. Even in Berkshire, where the police were affable, Lawrence had the feeling that he was being watched. Strange men, he says in *Kangaroo,* questioned the cottage woman next door about him. He fell ill, and lying in his tiny bedroom, looking at the wintry sky and the thick thatch on the neighbouring cottage, he cursed the mob and its rulers—

I refuse their imputations. I despise them. They are canaille, carrion-eating, filthy-mouthed canaille. . . . I wish to God I

could kdl them. I wish I had power to blight them, to slay them with a blight, slay them in thousands and thousands.

The trees beyond the thatched cottage soothed him after these outbursts, and he wrote to Gray that he no longer wanted the sea. Spring came—

It was a lovely spring : and here, in the heart of England—Shakespeare's England—there was a sweetness and a humanness that he had never known before. The people were friendly and unsuspicious, though they knew all about the trouble. The police too were delicate and kindly. It was a human world once more, human and kindly.

In February Lawrence wrote to Lady Cynthia that Mrs. Radford's daughter wanted the cottage shortly, so he and Frieda would once more be on the streets. Miss Radford must either have relented, or squeezed herself into some cranny, for the Lawrences did not leave Hermitage till the end of April. Mrs. Ada Clarke asked Lawrence to stay with her while he was looking for a new home, but Lawrence, as he told Mr. Hopkin, an old friend in the Midlands, was annoyed that his sister did not find a cottage for him and Frieda without putting them to the inconvenience of living with her—' It is a real purgatory to be in her little house, with everybody and everything whirling round.' Somewhat later Lawrence told Gray that he had been on a visit to his sister, who was negotiating for a little place for him, for which she would pay. At the beginning of May he and Frieda moved to Mountain Cottage, Middleton-by-Wirksworth, in Derbyshire. It was an out-of-the-way spot, and he may have hoped that he would escape notice, but in September he was called up for another examination.

The first two examinations, at Bodmin, had been carried through with reasonable consideration, but the authorities at Derby were hostile to Lawrence. Murry, in *Son of Woman*, speaks of the insane fury with which Lawrence referred in *Kangaroo* to this examination, and quotes an outburst which would seem less insane if Murry had summarized the narrative leading up to it—

> Not while life was life should they lay hold of him. Never again. Never would he be touched again. And because they had handled his private parts, and looked into them, their eyes should burst and their hands should wither and their hearts should rot.

On reaching the recruiting station at Derby, Lawrence waited in an anteroom for an hour. He was then told to strip, put on his jacket and go into the next room, a big room with a long table at the far end, where some elderly officers and two or three clerks were sitting. At intervals down the room were screens imperfectly concealing doctors engaged in examining recruits. One of the recruits was a huge gaunt collier, another a youth who fancied his physique, puffing out his chest and when told to cough throwing his head back, and coughing with needless vigour. Feeling ' a sight for any gods' in his jacket, with his thin legs and beard, Lawrence waited his turn. The officers kept on calling out facetious remarks to the doctors, and the jokes redoubled when Lawrence came to be examined. They knew him as the author of a novel suppressed for obscenity, and whatever they had expected a raging voluptuary to look like, it must have been something very different from Lawrence. After he had hopped, first on one foot, then

on the other, he was questioned about his health. 'What doctor said you were threatened with consumption? Give his name.' the doctor rapped out, while the whole room listened. From this man Lawrence passed to a young fellow who kept on cracking jokes for the benefit of the long table, while pulling Lawrence about, and making him place his feet wide apart and bend forward as far as possible. The medical examination over, he sat on a bench, until he was summoned to the table, where an officer asked him his name, and when he replied 'Lawrence' said with a sneer 'Lawrence—David Herbert'. 'You describe yourself as a writer?' the officer continued. Lawrence did not answer, and the officer told him to specify what he wrote. 'Books, essays.' said Lawrence.

Oh, yes, they intended to make him feel they had got their knife into him. They would have his beard off, too! But would they! He stood there with his ridiculous thin legs, in his ridiculous jacket, but he did not feel a fool. Oh, God, no. The white composure of his face, the slight hfting of his nose, like a dog's disgust, the heavy, unshakable watchfulness of his eyes brought even the judgment-table to silence; even the puppy doctors. It was not till he was walking out of the room, with his jacket about his thin legs, and his beard in front of him, that they lifted their heads for a final jeer.

He was put in C.3, and fearing he might be called up for some kind of duty wrote to Lady Cynthia, saying he wanted a job as a schoolmaster, and suggesting she should approach Herbert Fisher, the Minister of Education. It is unlikely that Lady Cynthia approached Mr. Fisher. As a colleague of Lloyd George, Mr. Fisher was not in a position to exert his influence on behalf of

some one recommended by an Asquith, unless the person were exceptionally suitable, and Mr. Fisher would not have regarded the author of *The Rainbow* as cut out for a scholastic appointment. The Armistice, a few weeks after his examination, dispelled Lawrence's desire to return to schoolmastering, and he went back to his Derbyshire cottage, which he had left when the threat of military service was over him. There he remained till Christmas, alone, for Frieda wanted a little distraction in London after all their troubles, but Lawrence wanted the darkness and solitude of his cottage on the hills.

Chapter Five

R. L. S.

THE clash between Lawrence and Murry over blood-brotherhood and the respective efficacy of Christian love and pre-Christian magic was not the only cause of their estrangement. From Zennor onwards there appears to have been some hostility between them on the more banal ground of a rivalry in personal charm. That Murry's charm annoyed Lawrence appears in Gudrun-Katherine's ' He should have been a cockerel, so he could strut before fifty females', and in various short stories written in later years. That Lawrence's charm depressed Murry comes out, less directly, in Murry's account of the visits Lawrence paid him and Katherine when he was in London between the examination at Derby and the Armistice. Lawrence was still angry with Murry, but with Katherine he was friendly and vivacious.

I loved him [she wrote to a friend]. He was just his old, merry, rich self, laughing, describing things, giving you pictures, full of enthusiasm and joy in a future where we all become ' vagabonds '. . . . We kept to things like nuts and cowslips and fires in woods and his black self *was* not.

Murry felt out of it, and speaks of a particular afternoon when he found them talking gaily together, and was

conscious that he weighed on them like a lump of lead.

On returning to Derbyshire, Lawrence wrote Katherinc several letters. In one of them, referring to a book by Jung, he warned her against the mother-incest idea. There were, he said, certain periods when a man had a desire and a tendency to return unto the woman, casting himself, as it were, into her womb, and this was a kind of incest. This, he thought, was what Murry did to her, to her mixed repulsion and fascination. He, too, had done it, but was now struggling with all his might to get out. Frieda, in a way, was the devouring mother, and it was hard, once the sex relation had gone that way, to recover. But one must recover or die. The woman must yield some sort of precedence to the man, she must follow unquestioningly, as it were. ' I believe this. Frieda doesn't. Hence our fight.' Further, he believed tremendously in friendship between man and man, a pledging of men to each other inviolably, and this he said particularly to Jack (Murry).

In a postscript he quoted some verses from Heine about the magic land of fairy-tales where great flowers languish in the golden evening light, and look sadly upon one another with bridal faces. The verses were fascinating, he said, though he objected to ' sadly '. ' Sadly '. which is his own misquotation for ' tenderly', expressed Lawtence's real feeling about bridal nights, and his objection expressed his assumed feeling.

It is unlikely that Katherine found much pleasure in this mixture of incest and pantomime scenery, but the correspondence went on—' We must find some way, next year ', he wrote, ' of getting *out* of the world : and

if Jack doesn't want to go, let him stay and write for *The Nation.* . . . We'll stand free and swear allegiance, anyhow, shall we ? '

He asked them to Derbyshire for Christmas, but Katherine was ill—' Lawrence, as was his habit', Murry says, ' felt that she could have come if she had really wanted to.' The brief fraternization between him and Katherine dwindled away, though his last letter to her, in the following March, shows that she had, however spasmodically, a certain fascination for him—

I dreamed such a vivid little dream of you last night. . . . It was night, and very starry. We looked at the stars, and they were different. All the constellations were different, and I, who was looking for Orion, to show you . . . was very puzzled by these thick, close, brilliant new constellations. Then suddenly we saw one planet, so beautiful, a large, fearful, strong star. . . . I said, ' That's Jupiter'—but I felt that it wasn't Jupiter—at least not the everyday Jupiter. . . . It was a star that blazed for a second on one's soul.

At the beginning of April, 1919, Murry became editor of the *Athenaeum,* and Lawrence, who was earning very little and had been ill during the severe winter, hoped, he told Mrs. Carswell, for ' a little weekly money ' from the new paper. Murry accepted his first article, on the whistling of birds, but the second article was a savage one, and Murry rejected it. When it came back, there was what Frieda in a letter to Katherine called a' rumpus '. but Katherine was unmoved—

I see this ' rumpus' [she wrote to Murry] . . . a very large prancing imaginary animal. . . . It is evidendy bearing down on me with F. for a Lady Godiva on its back. But I refuse to

have anything to do with it. I have not the room nowadays for rumpuses. My garden is too small. . . .

A few weeks later Murry visited Lawrence at Hermitage, to which he had recently moved from his Derbyshire cottage, but they were constrained with one another. A new life in a new country, Lawrence said, was the only hope ; industrial England was slowly and greasily melting like a dead thaw. As an editor whose salary ultimately depended on industrial England not liquefying, Murry was unresponsive, and they parted glumly, not to meet again for some years.

Mrs. Carswell, who had visited the Lawrences in Cornwall after Murry's retreat from Zennor, now visited them again, with her husband and infant son, John Patrick. Lawrence took rooms for them at the local midwife, who procured milk for the recently weaned John Patrick from a white she-goat that was tethered in her back-garden.

Between whiles [Mrs. Carswell writes] we went wooding with a rickety push-chair among the sheets of bluebells, which were just past their best, and so were outshone by the suits of bright blue coarse linen worn by the Lawrences. Frieda and Lawrence were jusdy proud of these suits, which they had themselves cut out and made.

Lawrence's failure with the *Athenaeum,* Mrs. Carswell says, had given him an additional shove towards the wilderness. He was hoping, that is, to receive enough money from Mr. Hucbsch, the American publisher, to enable him to visit the States. Since the suppression of *The Rainbow,* he had been pondering how to establish himself in America as a writer and also in person ; and

as a first step he had written a number of essays on American authors. In 1923 these were published in New York in book form, and as Lawrence revised them after reaching America, they reflect his emotional condition both during the war and in the years immediately after.

Their theme is blood-consciousness versus mental, ideal consciousness. Nathaniel Hawthorne having said that Hester Prynne, the heroine of *The Scarlet Letter,* had in her nature a rich, voluptuous, oriental characteristic, Lawrence infers that the Mormons are probably the forerunners of the coming, the real America, in which the images of sex-worship will be erected once more, and women be again submissive. He had once, he says, met the eyes of a gipsy woman in an English crowd—[4] She knew, and I knew. What did we know? I was not able to make out. But we knew. Probably the same fathomless hate of this spiritual-conscious society. . . .' Dimmesdale, in *The Scarlet Letter,* is a representative of this spiritual-conscious society, but, as Lawrence puts it, goes flop over Hester Prynne.

> We are so pure in spirit. Hi-tiddly-i-ty !
> Till she tickled him 111 the right place, and he fell.
> Flop.
> Flop goes spiritual love.

At the opposite extreme from Dimmesdale is Fenimore Cooper's Deerslayer, a stark enduring backwoodsman, and an unerring shot. He does not, however, entirely satisfy Lawrence—' He is a moralizer. . . . He says : " Hurt nothing unless you're forced to." Yet he gets his deepest thrill of gratification, perhaps, when he puts

a bullet through the heart of a beautiful buck, as it stoops to drink at the lake.'

In Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast,* the scene which pleases Lawrence most is the flogging of a sailor, Sam, whose laziness has annoyed the captain—

> From the poles of will in the backbone of the Captain, to the ganglia of will in the back of the slouchcr Sam, runs a frazzled, jagged current, a staggering circuit of vital electricity. This circuit gets one jolt too many, and there is an explosion. . . . Whack ! down on the back of that slouchcr Sam comes the cat. . . . The man Sam has a new clear day of intelligence, and a smarty back. . . . There is a new equilibrium, and a fresh start. The *physical* intelligence of Sam is restored, the turgidity is relieved from the veins of the Captain. It is a natural form of human coition, interchange.

Dana, who witnessed this flogging, turned sick, and vomited over the side of the vessel. ' To him ', Lawrence comments, ' Sam was an " ideal" being, who should have been approached through the mind, the reason, and the spirit. That lump of a Sam ! '

Herman Melville is criticized by Lawrence for being unable to accept the fact that there are no perfect relationships.

> Marriage was a ghastly disillusion to him, because he looked for perfect marriage. Friendship never even made a real start in him. . . . Right to the end he could never accept the fact that *perfect* relationships cannot be. . . . Each soul *should* be alone. And in the end the desire for a perfect relationship is just a vicious, unmanly craving.

Melville's *Moby Dick* has a chapter to itself. In the dislocated post-war decade *Moby Dick,* a remarkable but chaotic book, had a great fascination for persons in

search of symbols that might elucidate their spiritual confusion. Lawrence interprets *Moby Dick* as the hunting of the blood-being of the white race, embodied in a whale, by the maniacal fanaticism of the white mental consciousness, embodied in the crew of the *Pequod*—' The last phallic being of the white man. Hunted into the death of upper consciousness and the ideal will. . . . Oh God, oh God, what next when the *Pequod* has sunk ? She sank in the war, and we are all flotsam.' As the *Pequod* symbolizes for Lawrence the mental, spiritual consciousness he condemns, it is not clear why he should be upset by its sinking. But it is useless to expect clarity from Lawrence when he starts clashing his symbols. ' In the first centuries', he says at the close of the *Moby Dick* chapter, ' Jesus was Cetus, the Whale. And the Christians were the little fishes. Jesus, the Redeemer, was Cetus, Leviathan. And all the Christians all his little fishes.' The slightly facetious tone in this passage is more marked elsewhere in the book, and especially in the essay on Whitman. After quoting Whitman's saying that a man without sympathy is walking to his own funeral, Lawrence comments—' Take off your hat then, my funeral procession of one is passing.' Of Whitman's attitude to sex, Lawrence writes—' If I'd been one of his women, I'd have given him Female, with a flea in his ear. Always wanting to merge himself into the womb of something or other.' Whitman's universal democracy is ridiculed in—' AIXNESS ! shrieks Walt at a cross-road, going whizz over an unwary Red Indian.' There is a good deal of this perky fun in Lawrence after the war, most of it springing from a momentary sense of the contrast between his fretful haphazard existence

and his tumid utterances as prophet and deUverer. His humour, sometimes forlorn and rather endearing, is for the most part uneasy and impudent, like an undersized, undernourished urchin who, though quick to resent airs in others, is always ready to put on airs himself. This is how he writes to Lady Cynthia on hearing that she has had a baby whom she is calling Simon—

> Will Simon be called Peter, and *super hanc Petram* shall you found your fortress ? I suppose we shall have to see you Madonnamg in the penny pictorials for a while. . . . What other news, save Simon ? . . . Are you preparing to sally forth into the *tnondc* as a sort of matron ? Pfui ! ! Ah, bad ! What is the new line ? You'll have to have a new line. *Mere de trois.* It's a bit of a quandary. Capitoline Juno ? Ox-eyed Hera ? *Ficherie ! Mais toujours mere de trois.*

Frieda, he goes on to tell Lady Cynthia in this letter, which was written in the autumn of 1919, weeps or is very cross when she gets news from Germany. The Richthofens were hard-up and, owing to the blockade, in want of necessaries. Frieda was waiting for her passport, about which there were difficulties, and Lawrence seems not to have been very sympathetic to her longing to see her people again. In October the passport came, and Lawrence saw her off at Liverpool Street. She had, he says in *Kangaroo,* a look of almost vindictive triumph as the train drew out. It was more than five years since she and Lawrence had returned to England from Italy, and after all she had gone through in the intervening period it was natural she should feel some pleasure at the thought of being out of England and away from Lawrence.

Two or three weeks later, America not being practicable

yet, Lawrence went to Italy. Though he had been earning a little from short stories, he would have found it difficult to leave England but for a legacy of ^20 from Rupert Brooke, which he had received in May, and laid on one side for this journey. The legacy was sent him by Edward Marsh, to whom he wrote—' I have a great belief in the dead—in Rupert dead.'

Norman Douglas had found a room for him in Florence, and as he was going along to it he met Douglas with his friend Maurice Magnus. Maurice Magnus^ who was the occasion of what Lawrence considered his best piece of writing, his introduction to Magnus's *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion,* was a German-Anierican Jew, who claimed to be a grandson of the German Emperor, William the First. In the pamphlet which Douglas wrote in defence of Magnus's character against Lawrence, Douglas says that his first meeting with Magnus was on Capri. Magnus, at that time a slender youth, came up to Douglas and asked for a loan. Douglas gave him thirty-seven francs, and when they met again some years later, in Rome, Magnus insisted on taking Douglas to his rooms, and putting him up there as his guest. He was well-off at the moment, and able to indulge his tastes, which included the finest cambric handkerchiefs, cut-glass bottles, pomades and powders, and silver-studded suitcases.

Magnus had put on flesh by the time Lawrence met him—' He stuck his front out tubbily,' Lawrence says, ' like a bird, and his legs seemed to perch behind him, as a bird's do.' His manner struck Lawrence as patronizing, and when Lawrence called on him he was annoyed by the way Magnus minced about in demi-toilette, and by his expensive and finicking toilet requisites. Douglas's

bedroom was as little congenial to Lawrence as Magnus's, owing to Douglas's belief that air improves by keeping. Half stifled, Lawrence reflected that at any rate he had got away from the war, so why care about anything else ?

Frieda arriving from Germany, Lawrence and she went on to Rome, where a friend of Mrs. Carswell put them up for some days as her guests. By the end of December they were in Capri, where they were welcomed by Compton Mackenzie. After a few weeks of Capri, Lawrence wrote to Mrs. Carswell that he was very sick of the place ; it was a stew-pot of semi-literary cats ; he liked Compton Mackenzie as a man, but not as an influence, and could not stand his island. While he was at Capri, Lawrence sent Magnus five pounds. His carefulness about money had, he realized, seemed rather contemptible to Douglas and Magnus—' So partly out of revenge, perhaps, and partly because I felt the strange wistfulness of him appealing to me, I sent him five pounds, saying perhaps I was mistaken in imagining him very hard up.' Magnus, whose appeal to Lawrence had been telepathic, not in writing, at once laid Lawrence's doubts about the propriety of his gift—' You have saved my life,' he replied, and begged Lawrence to visit him at Monte Cassino, where he was staying at the monastery. Though Lawrence wanted to see the famous monastery, he did not want to see Magnus. He seems, however, to have been bewildered on finding himself in the position of some one else's benefactor, and yielded to Magnus's insistence, while taking the precaution to travel with a very small surplus of cash above what he absolutely required.

His description of the monks at Monte Cassino is

unusually affectionate for him, in spite of a reference to his sense of the silent, suppressed scheming struggle of life going on still in that sacred place. He speaks of a fat, smiling, nice old lay-brother who brought him his water in the morning, and he gives a delightful account of his departure—

> It was a cloudy morning. In the green courtyard the big Don Anselmo had just caught the little Don Lorenzo round the waist and was swinging him over a bush, like lads before school. The Prior was just hurrying somewhere, following his long fine nose. He bade me good-bye ; pleasant, warm, jolly, with a touch of wistfulness in his deafness. I parted with real regret from Don Bernardo (the guest-master).

Monte Cassino itself depressed him. The view thrilled him on the first evening—' From the window one saw the world far below, like a pool the flat plain, a deep pool of darkness with little twinkling lights.' Later he reflected that it was a bitter, barren world down there, with its democracy, industrialism and socialism, barren like the black cinder-track of the railway, with its two steel lines. Yet Monte Cassino was even worse—' And here above, sitting with the little stretch of pale, dry thistles around us, our backs to a warm rock, we were in the Middle Ages. Both worlds were agony to me. But here, on the mountain-top, was the worst.' The peasants on Monte Cassino disgusted him with their hard, small bony heads, deep-lined faces and utterly blank minds—' I don't give much for the wonderful mystic qualities in peasants. Money is their mystery of mysteries, absolutely.' The monastery, too, soon got on his nerves—' I was tired, cold and sick among the books and the illuminations. I could not bear it any more.'

Magnus did not make it easier to bear. Before showing Lawrence round the church, he put Lawrence into one of his overcoats, a very expensive one from New York —' He liked', Lawrence says, ' to give the impression that he dealt with the *best* shops, don't you know, and stayed in the *best* hotels, etc.' In front of each altar in the church, as he piloted Lawrence round, Magnus

did a wonderful reverence, which he must have practised for hours, bowing waxily down and sinking till his one knee touched the pavement, then rising like a flower that rises and unfolds again, till he had skipped to my side and was playing cicerone once more. Always in his grey overcoat, and in whispers : me in die black overcoat, milhonairisli.

In the chancel Lawrence was momentarily cheered by the wood carvings of fat babies on the choir stalls— ' Queer things for the chanting monks to have between them, these shiny, polished, dark brown fat babies, all different, and all jolly and lusty.'

Lawrence noticed that the monks were rather brief with Magnus, seeming mistrustful—' He was a common little bounder. And then he had this curious delicacy and tenderness and wistfulness.' This was much what Edward Garnett and other friends felt about Lawrence, and in moments of peculiar exasperation they may have cried out against him as he, at one point of his narrative, cries out against Magnus—' God knows how much warm kindness, generosity, was showered on him during the course of his forty-odd years. And, selfish little scamp, he took it as a greedy boy takes cakes off a dish.'

Before leaving the monastery, Lawrence, at Magnus's request, read his memoirs of the Foreign Legion, and also wrote to one or two London editors, asking them

to consider Magnus's work. In return for these kindnesses Magnus brought out a photograph of a woman, and showing it to Lawrence asked in a hushed voice what he thought of it. Lawrence said irritably that he thought it a bit cheap, trivial. It was his mother, said Magnus—' I realized that she was his big stunt, and that I had put my foot in it.'

Disillusioned with Monte Cassino, Lawrence sat in dejection on the steamer which took him back to Capri across the Bay of Naples—' I sat in a bit of sunshine, and felt that again the world had come to an end for me, and again my heart was broken.'

He decided to try Sicily, which seemed to him like the dawn of a new day, the morning of a new epoch—' Whatever had then died for me, Sicily had not then died : dawn-lovely Sicily, and the Ionian sea.' Moving to Taormina with Frieda, he was ' rejoicing like a madness in this dawn, day-dawn, hfe-dawn, the dawn which is Greece, which is me ', when Magnus suddenly turned up. The police, he explained, had called at the monastery in connexion with some misunderstanding over a cheque. He had thought it wiser to leave at once, and Don Bernardo had lent him two hundred lira. His effects, however, were still at the monastery, and he would be so grateful to Lawrence if he would go and retrieve them. Lawrence said he couldn't, he was too busy, he hadn't the money, his wife would object. Magnus was hurt, but compromised for the moment on a hundred lira, which Lawrence tried to emphasize was the limit of what he could afford.

An interview which Magnus secured with Frieda did not turn out very satisfactorily, and it was probably

Frieda who spoke through Lawrence when Lawrence told Magnus that it was absurd of him to be staying at the most expensive hotel in Taormina, and he must move to cheaper quarters. Magnus took a room in the house of a Sicilian called Melenga, and one afternoon Melenga burst in on Lawrence, and would not leave till Lawrence had settled Magnus's account. Magnus, when Lawrence told him some of Mclcnga's remarks, was offended, and left for Syracuse.

A little later Lawrence, Frieda and a friend, an English-woman, decided to go to Malta for a short visit, and on reaching Syracuse, the port of embarkation, ran into Magnus. There was a parley between Magnus and Lawrence, which ended in Lawrence handing Magnus a hundred lira. The Lawrences and their friend went on board. They were travelling second class, and were surprised, looking up at the first-class deck, to see Magnus there, smoking a cigar and chatting with an English naval officer. On reaching Malta they were rejoined by Magnus, who saw something of Lawrence during^his stay, for he wrote to Norman Douglas that Lawrence was bored to death by his wife and the Englishwoman, ' He revels in all that is not just within his reach.' Magnus wrote. ' He wants it to be within his reach.'

Six months later, in November, 1920, Magnus, after another visit from the police, committed suicide. As a point in Magnus's favour, Douglas says that he owed only a hundred pounds at the time of his death, but since this figure covered only what he owed in Malta, it seems sanguine to take it as representing the sum total of his unsettled liabilities.

He had been supported during his stay in Malta by

two young Maltese, Mazzaiba and Salonia. Neither bore him a grudge for what he had cost them, and Mazzaiba had his remains removed to his own burial-ground. Some years later there was some difference of opinion over the proceeds from Magnus's memoirs. In a letter to his agent, Mr. Curtis Brown, Lawrence said he had edited the memoirs, and prefaced them with a lengthy introduction, only to make good to Mazzaiba and Salonia what they had spent on Magnus; but as he added that, having written half the book, surely he was entitled to half the proceeds, it seems likely that he was looking forward to recovering his own losses over Magnus. Whether or not he succeeded in recovering them, he was indebted to Magnus for jolting him out of his coma into literature.

Lawrence's financial position was improving throughout 1920. Robert Mountsier, the American who visited him in Cornwall, was selling his work in the States, and Lawrence had found a publisher in London willing to re-issue *The Rainbow* and bring out *Women in Love.* Mr. Pinker, who had helped Lawrence through the war, when publishers would have nothing to do with him, was dropped by Lawrence as soon as he saw a chance of making a deal with a publisher direct. A year later, when he had a great deal of work on hand, he arranged with Mr. Curtis Brown to act as his agent.

One of the books he sold in 1920 to his new publisher, Mr. Martin Seeker, was *The Lost Girl,* which he tried to keep respectable so as to conciliate the public. The heroine, Alvina, is the daughter of James Houghton, who belongs to the *creme de la creme* of the society of

Woodhouse, a rnining town. At thirty Alvina begins to be afraid that she may die an old maid. Although her father is a well-to-do business man, she docs not meet any one particularly eligible. There is Albert, who had been to Oxford, but his brother is a plumber, and anyway she docs not care for him much. Then there is Mr. May, who opens a blend of cinema and music-hall in Woodhouse, but he, too, does not attract her greatly. Her father dies, leaving her only ^125, and she joins up with a troupe which had performed at Mr. May's cinema-music-hall. The troupe consists of four young men, respectively from German Switzerland, French Switzerland, Alpine France and South Italy. Its speciality is' The Natcha-Kee-Tawara Red Indian scene '. and Alvina finds Cicio, the South Italian, particularly attractive in this turn. Cicio has a ' brown, slender Mediterranean hand . . . prehensile and tender and dusky'. There is some love-making between them ; though, as usual with Lawrence, it is impossible to make out what, if anything, takes place—' The spell was on her, of his darkness and unfathomed handsomeness. And he killed her. He simply took her and assassinated her. How she suffered no one can tell. Yet all the time, his lustrous dark beauty, unbearable.' Alvina leaves the troupe, and finds herself in Lancaster, where she becomes engaged to a doctor, who, together with the matron of the local hospital, apparently represents the mental consciousness. The ' really toncy women of the place ' used to take tea with the matron, and there was a flavour of art and literature on these occasions—' The matron had known Walter Pater, in the somewhat remote past.'

Eventually Alvina returns to Cicio, they marry and

settle in Cicio's native place in the Abruzzi, where Lawrence had spent some uncomfortable weeks between Florence and Capri—' The mysterious influence of the mountains and valleys . . . seemed always to be annihilating the Englishwoman : nay, not only her, but the very natives themselves.' On balance, however, mindless sensuality embodied in Cicio shows up better than mental consciousness embodied in the doctor, who writes in the following strain to Alvina when he hears of her marriage with Cicio—

I little thought, at the time when I was hoping to make you my wife, that you were carrying on with a dirty Italian organ-grinder. So your fair-seeming face covered the schemes and vices of your true nature. . . . I hope that when I meet you on the streets of Leicester Square, I shall have forgiven you sufficiently to be able to throw you a coin.

Edinburgh University awarded Lawrence a prize of ^ioo for *The Lost Girl*

Lawrence was away a good deal from Taormina during the year for which he had rented his house there, his first rapture over dawn-lovely Sicily subsiding into an approval of the strong Saracen element in the Sicilians. They were thin and dark and quiet, and Sicily wasn't quite Europe. It was where Europe ended ; beyond was Asia and Africa. ' One hop, and you're out of Europe : nice, that.'

In the summer of 1920 he and Frieda went to Baden-Baden, where Frieda's mother was living, and during this visit Lawrence wrote *Fantasia of the Unconscious,* sitting in the pine-woods with a scribbling-block on his

knees. In a shorter book, *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious,* he had already tried to clarify his extensive reading in psychoanalysis, with this sort of result—

> On the first field of human consciousness—the first plane of the unconscious—we locate four great spontaneous centres, two below the diaphragm, two above. These four centres control the four greatest organs. And they give rise to the whole basis of human consciousness. Functional and psychic at once, this is their first polar duality. But the polarity is further. The horizontal division of the diaphragm divides man for ever into his individual duality, the duality of the upper and lower man, the two great bodies of upper and lower consciousness and function.

This kind of speculation does not help any one to live, any more than pondering the law of gravity helps a man to climb a mountain. The impulse which made Lawrence grope about among the roots of his being was the old craving to find something or some one capable of integrating his nature, and reissuing him into life in a fit state to exercise his will effectually. For the time being he was tired with the effort to find God ' in the flesh, in woman '. Woman, throughout *Fantasia of the Unconscious,* is relegated to a secondary position—' Primarily and supremely man is *always* the pioneer of life, adventuring onward into the unknown, alone with his own temerarious, dauntless soul. Woman for him exists only in the twilight, by the camp-fire.' Man must take a new resolution into his soul, he must know that he is a man, and being a man must go on alone, ahead of the woman, to break a way through the old world into the new. He must make the woman believe in him as a real pioneer, he must r^iake her yield her goal to his, her night goal to his day one.

In this pioneering an alliance with another man might play its part—

> Wait, quietly, in possession of your own soul, till you meet anotlicr man who has made the choice, and kept it. Then you will know him by the look on his face : half a dangerous look, a look of Cain, and half a look of gathered beauty. Then you two will make the nucleus of a new society—Ooray ! Bis ! Bis! !

This sudden cat-call shows that Lawrence had not much hope of finding a more satisfactory Murry. So far as one can salvage anything concrete out of *Fantasia of the Unconscious,* it is a belief in the possibility of re-establishing some kind of connexion, once known and now forgotten, between man and the cosmos. Disgusted with the will as he had experienced it in his own life, and observed its working in the world, Lawrence now hoped to disinter somewhere or other, in Etruria perhaps or Mexico, a mode of power which would be finally satisfying—

> I honestly think that the great pagan world of which Egypt and Greece were the last living terms . . . had a vast and perhaps perfect science of its own, a science in terms of life. . . . Druids or Etruscans or Chaldeans or Amerindians or Chinese refused to forget, but taught the old wisdom, only in its half-forgotten, symbolic forms. More or less forgotten, as knowledge : remembered as ritual, gesture, and myth-story.

The core of this old wisdom is the interrelation of man and the sun. The last sentence in Lawrence's last book, *Apocalypse,* is—' Start with the sun, and the rest will slowly, slowly happen', and the first intimation in Lawrence's work of this solution of life's problems occurs in the Fantasia, when he passes from talk about

the great sympathetic centre of the solar plexus and the great voluntary centre of the lumbar ganglion to explain that the cosmos is the aggregate of the dead bodies and dead energies of bygone individuals—

The sun is materially composed of all the effluence of the dead. But the *quick* of the sun is polarized with the living, the sun's quick is polarized in dynamic relation with the quick of life in all living things, that is, with the solar plexus in mankind. A direct dynamic connexion between my solar plexus and the sun.

However little the reader may enjoy reading the Fantasia, there can be no doubt that Lawrence thoroughly enjoyed writing it. The war was well behind him, money was beginning to come in, Frieda was veering round to the view that a man must have his day goal, and presently he and she would set off and find some land where a man could call his solar plexus his own and, with or without another man's assistance, start a new society. Cuddled against a pine-tree, he felt that anything was possible—

It's no good looking at a tree to know it. The only thing is to sit among the roots and nestle against its strong trunk, and not bother. That's how I write all about planes and plexuses—between the toes of a tree, forgetting myself against the great ankle of the trunk. . . . My tree-book, really. I come so well to understand tree-worship. All the old Aryans worshipped the tree. My ancestors. The tree of life. The tree of knowledge. Well, one is bound to sprout out some time or other, chip of the old Aryan block.

Lawrence's desire to do something in the world of action was constantly bobbing up during this period. ' If I knew how to,' he told a friend at the beginning of 1921, ' Td really join myself to the revolutionary socialists

now. I think the time has come for a real struggle. That's the only thing I care for : the death struggle.' Shortly after the Fantasia, he wrote a novel, *Aaron's Rod,* in which he symbolized his desire for action in the smashing of Aaron's flute by an anarchist's bomb in Florence.

Aaron Sisson is from the Midlands. After a short spell as a teacher, he becomes a miner, feeling that he must repudiate education—' On purpose he kept the Midland accent . . . he preferred to be illiterate.' Leaving his wife for no particular reason except to illustrate the secondary importance of sex, he goes to London with his flute, a magic flute which procures him board, lodging and travel on the Continent. In London he mingles for a time in a bohemian set, and makes the acquaintance of Lilly and his wife Tanny. While Aaron is a projection of Lawrence as a simple, instinctive man of the people with an artistic gift, Lilly is nearer to what Lawrence really was. Lilly and his wife Tanny live in a cottage in Hampshire, where they are visited by one of their bohemian friends, Jim Bricknell, a tall elegant man, with ' a belly-ache for love'. Lilly, ' a dark, irascible little man', is annoyed by his wife's liking for Jim, and as the three of them are walking through the fields attacks Tanny for the ' beastly personal tone' in which she addresses Jim. When Jim is leaving, Lilly and Tanny accompany him to the station. Jim talks about the future of the world, and the need for a higher Christ-likeness in man, and he and Tanny walk on ahead of Lilly. Lilly, annoyed by the sympathetic personalities they are exchanging, catches them up, and all three fall silent.

Jim Bricknell passes out of the book, Tanny goes to Norway, to visit her parents, and Lilly settles in a room over Covent Garden market. Like the Fantasia, *Aaron s Rod* was written in a mood of relative tranquillity, and there are some delightful things in it. Lilly looking down from his window on the market is Lawrence in a detached enjoying frame of mind—

> Again there was a particular page-boy in buttons, with a round and perky behind, who nimbly carried a tea-tray from somewhere to somewhere. . . . The great brawny porters would tease him, and he would stop to give them cheek. One afternoon a giant lunged after him : the boy darted gracefully among the heaps of vegetables. . . . The giant rolled after him—when, alas, the acolyte of the tea-tray slipped among the vegetables, and down came the tray. Then tears, and a roar of unfeeling mirth from the giants.

Aaron, who has been seduced by a woman and is consequently in a state of dazed misery, collapses outside Lilly's lodging, and Lilly takes him in and nurses him. Watching Aaron as he sleeps, Lilly reflects that as soon as Aaron gets well, he'll turn on him—

> And Tanny would say he was quite right to do it. She says I want power. . . . What if I do ? Why can't they submit to a bit of healthy individual authority ? . . . Tanny does nothing really but resist me : my authority, or my influence, or just *me*. . . . Somewhere, she ought to submit to me. But they all prefer to kick against the pricks. Not that *they* get many pricks. I get them. Damn them all, why don't I leave them alone ?

Lilly and Aaron discuss marriage, and Aaron asks Lilly if he has any children. Lilly says he hasn't, and is glad of it, but his wife is furious—' When a woman has got children, she thinks the whole world wags for the sake

of the children—and their sacred mother . . . myself, I'm sick of the children stunt. . . .'

Aaron agrees emphatically—' They look on a man as if he was nothing but an instrument to get and rear children. If you have anything to do with a woman, she thinks it's because you want to get children by her. . . . I want my own pleasure, or nothing : and children be damned.'

An ex-officer calls on Lilly. He is obsessed by his memories of the war, and talks hysterically. The war, Lilly says when the officer leaves, was all unreal. This annoys Aaron, who retorts that it was real enough for those that had to go through it. For them, Lilly replies sullenly, it was even less real than for any one else. By this time Aaron, who has had some days of being bossed about by Lilly, is thoroughly sick of him, and shows it. Lilly tells him to go. ' Oh, I'll go all right. Everybody's got to agree with you—that's your price.'

Lilly and Aaron meet again in Italy, where Aaron sleeps with a Marchesa, after which he feels blasted, as if blighted by electricity. The book ends with a dissertation by Lilly on the power-urge. The love-urge was exhausted, and men must now accept the great dark power-urge which kept Egypt so intensely living for so many centuries. Once man disengages himself from the love-mode, and stands clear, woman will submit, and so will other men—' The deep, fathomless submission to the heroic soul in a greater man. You, Aaron, you too have the need to submit. . . . But you kick against the pricks. And perhaps you'd rather die than yield. And so, die you must. It is your affair.' Aaron, not wishing to die, asks whom he shall submit to, and Lilly-

Lawrence, instead of pointing to himself, replies evasively, 'Your soul will tell you.' Faced with an imaginary follower, even Lawrence realized that a leader must have a direction and a goal, as well as a desire to lead.

The verse he wrote during this period also reflects his desire for action, and his lassitude about sex—

> The year is fallen over-ripe,
> The year of our women.
> The year of our women is fallen over-ripe.

The idealism of the white races is tottering, and he is the Samson who will pull down the temple—

> Look at them standing there in authority,
> The pale-faces. . . .
> They are not stronger than I am, blind Samson.
> The house sways.
> I shall be so glad when it comes down.
> I am so tired of the limitations of their Infinite.
> I am so sick of the pretensions of the Spirit.
> L am so weary of pale-face importance.

Bolshevism attracts him for a moment—

> I long to be a bolshevist
> And set the stinking rubbish-heap of this foul world
> Afire at a myriad scarlet points.

But Bolshevism is only another form of white idealism—

> I salute the red hibiscus flowers
> And send mankind to its inferior blazes—
> These Bolshevists,
> These dog-fish,
> These precious and ideal ones,
> All rubbish ready for fire.

There was another world than the white one—

> See if I don't move under a dark and nude, vast heaven
> When your world is in ruins . . . pale-faces.
> See if I am not Lord of the dark and moving hosts
> Before I die.

Fontana Vecchia, Lawrence's house at Taormina, was large, roomy and cheap. It stood on a green slope above the town, looking east over the Mediterranean.

The sun [Frieda writes] rose straight on our beds in the morning, we had roses all winter and we lived the rhythm of a simple life, getting up early, he writing or helping in the house . . . washing up, cleaning the floor and getting water from the trough near the wall, where the large yellow snake came to drink and drew into its hole in the wall again.

Lawrence wrote some verses on this snake—

Must I confess how I hked him,
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink at my water-trough
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,
Into the burning bowels of this earth.

. . . I looked round, I put down my pitcher,
I picked up a clumsy log
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

I think it did not hit him,
But suddenly that part of him that was left behind convulsed in undignified haste,
Wridied like lightning, and was gone
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,
At which in the intense noon I stared with fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.
I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act !
I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human education.

And I thought of the albatross,
And I wished he would come back, my snake.

For he seemed to me again like a king,
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,
Now due to be crowned again.

And so I missed my chance with one of the lords
Of life.
And I have something to expiate ;
A pettiness.

Though without any of Nietzsche's nobility of character and capacity to endure neglect and solitude, Lawrence in his slight way often recalls Nietzsche, another poet enmeshed in the will, and solacing his impotence with dreams of new forms of life in which he would be the master. ' Peaceful, pacified, thankless' is exactly the assertion of a superiority to Christian-bourgeois sentiment in which Nietzsche would have indulged, had he seen a snake near the pension in Genoa where the other visitors used to speak of him as the little saint.

One of Lawrence's trips during his time in Sicily was to Sardinia.

Let us go, then [he writes in *Sea and Sardinia],* away from abhorred Etna, and the Ionian sea, and these great stars in the water, and the almond-trees in bud, and the orange-trees heavy with red fruit, and these maddening, exasperating, impossible Sicilians, who never knew what truth was and have long lost all

notion of what a human being is. A sort of sulphureous demons. *Andiamo ! '*

Pulling himself up at this point, he corrects the white idealism of this outburst with—' Let me confess, in parenthesis, that I am not at all sure whether I don't prefer these demons to our sanctified humanity.'

Lawrence and Frieda, whom in his lighter moments he refers to as the queen-bee, or q.-b. for short, had to get up early on the morning of their departure. There is something touching about his account of their preparations for their little expedition. The house was still in darkness. ' It's fun,' said Frieda, shuddering. ' Great,' replied Lawrence grimly, adding—' Ah, well, one does all these things for one's pleasure.' Having filled the thermos with hot tea, they made bacon sandwiches and sandwiches of scrambled eggs, and sat down to toast and bread-and-butter for breakfast. Breakfast over, they packed a little bag, which they called the kitchenino, with the thermos-flask, the sandwiches, two spoons, two forks, a knife, salt, sugar, tea, a spirit-lamp, and other necessaries. On board, the q.-b. soon turned pale—' Up comes the deck in that fainting swoon backwards—then down it fades in the indescribable slither forwards. " Rather pleasant ! " says I to the q.-b. " Yes. Rather lovely, really," she answers wistfully.' Lawrence wished that the voyage might go on for ever ' in this wavering, tremulous, yet long and surging pulsation : space never exhausted, and no turning back, no looking back, even '. He was glad to get away from the Sicilians, with ' their great leering eyes, the inevitable yours-to-command look of Italian males . . . the macaroni slithery-slobbery mess of modern adoration'. A genial acceptance of male

admiration was clearly one of the characteristics in Frieda that roused Lawrence's irritability. To see her smiling uncertainly as the ship rose and fell was soothing to his jangled nerves, and on landing in Sardinia he was pleased by the ' indomitable coarse men', tough mountaineers, with no parlour tricks—' Here men don't idealize women, by the Took of "things. . . . Give me the old, salty way of love.' The squalor and discomfort of the island soon ruBhed the bloom off his enthusiasm, he decided that the Sardinians were perhaps a bit degenerate, there was an almost sordid look on the faces of the peasants, and the Italian instinct to get into rapid touch with the world was perhaps the healthy instinct after all. Sicily, really, was preferable, with its generous, hot southern blood, preferable both to Sardinia with its uncouth natives, and to the northern races with their mental consciousness and spirit sympathy. Yet, fascinating though it was for a northerner to penetrate into Italy, ' back, back, back down the old ways of time ', there was a final feeling of sterility—' It is all worked out. It is all known : *conmt, connu* !' In addition to the great rediscovery backwards, which must be made before a man can be whole at all, there was the move forwards—' There are unknown, un worked lands where the salt has not lost its savour.'

Lawrence's desire to leave Europe was growing throughout 1921. Wandering about in Italy, Germany and Austria, usually with Frieda, but occasionally alone, he became increasingly restless. In November he received a letter from a wealthy American woman, Mabel Dodge Luhan, who had just read *Sea and Sardinia* with great delight, and begged Lawrence to come out to Taos in New Mexico, where she was living with an Indian, Tony.

I told him [she writes]' all about Taos and the Indians—and about Tony and me. . . . I described it as a lofty, pastoral land far from railroads, full of time and ease, where the high, clear air seemed full of an almost heard but not quite heard music, and where the plainest tasks took on a beauty and significance they had not in other places.

With this letter Mabel Luhan sent an Indian necklace for Frieda, which she thought carried some Indian magic that might draw the Lawrences to Taos. Lawrence in his reply, while agreeing with Mabel Luhan that one must somehow bring together the two ends of humanity, ' our own thin end, and the last dark strand from the previous, pre-white era', and while no doubt feeling that Mabel Luhan and Tony had made a beginning, was cautious about committing himself. How much, he asked, would it cost per month, was there a colony of dreadful sub-arty people, were the Indians dying out, what did the sound prosperous Americans in her neighbourhood do, what was the nearest port, was warm clothing necessary, what about household things, sheets, towels, etc. ?

Frieda dashed off a letter of eager acceptance—

We are so keen on coming !—both of us. The mountain lakes and the piazzas and Indians, and I am very grateful to you for giving us the impetus to a *real* move and putting our noses on to the spot where I'm sure we want to go. . . . It is *time* for Lawrence to get out of this, this is no life for a man and a man who wants something genuine. . . . Best wishes to you.

FRIEDA LAWRENCE
geh. von Richthofen.

Although a little dubious about Taos, Lawrence was

[1] *Lorenzo in Taos*, by Mabel Dodge Luhan.

set on getting away from Europe, his disgust with which had just been accentuated by trouble over *Women in Love,* It had been attacked by *John Bull* in an article entitled ' A Book the Police Should Ban', with the sub-title ' Loathsome Study of Sex Depravity—Misleading Youth to Unspeakable Disaster ' ; and following quickly on this came a threat of a libel action from Philip Heseltine, who appeared in the novel under the name of Halliday, a soft degenerate with a squeaky voice.

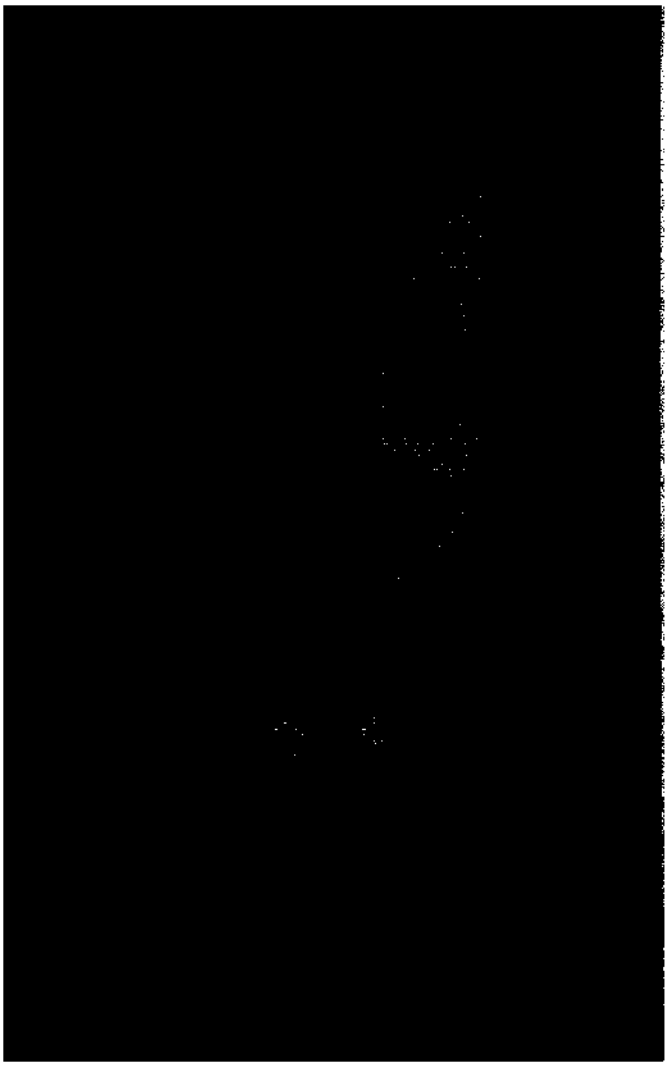
Lawrence, when he was living at Hampstcad, had visited the *Cafe Royal* a few times with Heseltine and one or two of Heseltine's friends, and in the novel he contrasts the impression these bohemians made on a girl with the impression made by the soldicr-explorer-industrial magnate Gerald-Murry—' Gerald was what she called a man, and these others, Halliday, Birkin, the whole bohemian set, they were only half men.' The fact that Lawrence included himself (Birkin) in this disparaging comparison was no comfort to Heseltine, who was further enraged by being deprived of his pleasant mellow voice and given Lawrence's high-pitched voice in exchange. The final exasperation was that Lawrence was working on *Women in Love* early in 1917 during a visit from Heseltine, who had recovered from his irritation of the previous spring. In his rage Heseltine planned a more comprehensive revenge than the £50 damages and the excision of certain passages which his solicitor and Lawrence's publisher had agreed upon—' I propose ', Heseltine wrote to his solicitor, [4] to take such steps as may be necessary to get the book totally suppressed by the police when it next appears.' For this purpose, he explained, he had left in certain

passages, which would provide the necessary evidence to have the book suppressed ; and if Scotland Yard proved dilatory, the National Council of Public Morals could be asked to take action.

Nothing came of this plan, and Heseltine had to assuage his general chagrin by growing a beard, under cover of which he became more self-assured with women—' The fungus', he wrote to Cecil Gray, ' is cultivated for a purely talismanic purpose ; as such it works, and this is more important to me than mere appearance. I can't help what I look like, and after all I haven't got such a jaw to boast of!'

Early in 1922 Lawrence wrote to Mrs. Carswell that he shrank from going to Taos yet. A friend, Brewster, who was in Ceylon, had offered him and Frieda a big, old ramshackle bungalow to themselves. Brewster was studying Buddhism in a monastery in Kandy, and Lawrence felt that before going to a country without religion he must be fortified by a country with religion. He did not, he said, believe in Buddhistic inaction and meditation, but he did believe that Buddhistic peace was the point to start from.

The Lawrences reached Kandy in the second week of March, and left for Australia at the end of April. The East, Lawrence wrote to Lady Cynthia, was not for him. He hated Buddha and his rat-hole temples and rat-hole religion. Jesus was better. The natives with their black, bottomless eyes, the heads of elephants and buffaloes poking out of the hot dark primeval mud, the queer noise of tall, metallic palm-trees, made him feel rather sick. To another friend he wrote that it was a mistake



PHILIP HESELTINE
(PETER WARLOCK)

tohave left England ; Taormina, Ceylon, Africa, America,, they were only the negation of what Englishmen stood for. He would return to England in the summer—' The responsibility for England, the living England, rests on men like you and me and Cunard—probably even the Prince of Wales—and to leave it all to Bottomlcys, *etc.*, is a worse sin than any sin of commission.'

The Prince of Wales had visited Kandy while Lawrence was there, and Lawrence had watched him looking down from a pagoda on a procession of elephants. It was, Lawrence felt, a waste of elephants on someone not born for leadership—

And all there was to bow to, a weary, diffident boy whose motto is *Ich Dien.*
. . . I wish they had given the three feathers to me ;
That I had been he in the pavilion, as in a pepper-box aloft and alone
To stand and hold three feathers above the world,
And say to them : *Dient Ihr ! Dient I*
Omnes, vos omnes, servite.
Serve me, I am meet to be served.
Being royal of the gods.
And to the elephants :
First great beasts of the earth,
A prince has come back to you,
Blood-mountains.
Crook the knee and be glad.

This craving for power comes out in various bizarre stories written at this time : for instance, *The Ladybird,* the heroine of which, Lady Daphne, is married to a son of one of the most famous politicians in England. In a hospital for wounded prisoners-of-war, she meets Lawrence in the guise of a Polish cavalry officer, Count

Dionys Psanek. She had known Count Psanek before the war, and also his wife, whom she considered unpleasant, and she remembered the count as ' a bit like a monkey, but he had his points '. When she visits him in hospital, she finds him rather dazed—' I think,' he explains, ' it is all the gun explosions . . . the continual explosions of guns and shells !' During his convalescence, the count spends a fortnight at the home of Daphne's father. Her husband, who was once beautiful, white-fleshed, with warm-brown hair like tiny flames, but who has returned from the war gaunt and scarred, becomes friendly with the count, and listens to him as he speaks of the sacredness of power, and of a time when the masses will entrust themselves to their superiors, saying—' You are greater than we. Be our lords. Take our life and our death in your hands, and dispose of us according to your will. Because we sec a light in your face, and a burning on your mouth.'

The count has a bedroom a long way from the others, and at night he croons to himself in a small, high-pitched squeezed voice, a sort of high dream-voice—' It was a curious noise : the sound of a man who is alone in his own blood.' Daphne hears this crooning one night, and on subsequent nights opens her bedroom door to listen—

> And far away, as if from far, far away in the unseen, like a ventriloquist sound or a bat's uncanny peeping, came the frail, almost inaudible sound of the count's singing to himself before he went to bed. It *was* inaudible to any one but herself. But she, by concentration, seemed to hear supernaturally.

One night his singing is like a death moan with a summons in it, and Daphne goes to him. They sit side by

side on a couch—' He was something seated in flame, in flame unconscious, seated erect, like an Egyptian king-god in the statues.' He tells her that she is his in the dark, and will be his when she dies, but that she is not his in the day, because he has no power in the day, and no place.

After this she becomes meek and still, like a virgin. Her husband is puzzled, but, recognizing that there is some kind of a bond which he cannot understand between her and the count, considerately withdraws into the background of her life. The story ends with Daphne's husband and the count talking in the car which takes the count away.

' She's quite changed since you came, Count.'

' She docs not seem to me so very different from the girl of seventeen whom I knew.'

' No—perhaps not. I didn't know her then. But she's very different from the wife I have known.'

' A regrettable difference ? '

[4] Well, no . . .'

and on this note the attempt of Daphne's husband to clarify the situation ends.

Lawrence remained in Australia till the middle of August. Most of his stay was spent by the Pacific, at Thirroul, forty miles from Sydney. Thirroul was a new village, in which the streets were not yet paved, but his bungalow, Wyewurk, was very comfortable, with a large living-room and verandas, and near by was the shore, where he and Frieda were all alone when they bathed at midday under a hot sun.

Comparatively speaking, Lawrence was happy in Thirroul. Australia had a calming, deflating effect on him—

It feels so empty and untrodden [he wrote to his sister-in-law, Else]. The minute the night begins to go down, even the towns, even Sydney, which is huge, begins to feel unreal, as if it were only a daytime imagination. . . . That is a queer sensation : as if the life here really had never *entered* in : as if it were just sprinkled over, and the land lay untouched.

In *Kangaroo,* which he was writing during these months, there is, even apart from the war chapter, stretches of reality not to be found in the other novels he had written since his marriage. These stretches alternate with the political portions, which centre round Kangaroo, the ample-bellied, expensively dressed idealist, and appear to have been built up on talks between Lawrence and a politically minded neighbour—Callcott in the novel. They express nothing more substantial than Lawrence's desire to find another man with whom to form the nucleus of a new society, and are rather wobbly even from the phantasmagorical standpoint. The fabulous Kangaroo, rising from the thin Australian soil, would have developed more luxuriantly in less corrugated surroundings, in steamy Ceylon or among the snake dancers of Mexico.

What is real and touching in the book is its picture of Lawrence in a forlorn and lucid interval, Lawrence tired of dark gods and phallicism and preterphallicism and blood-brotherhood and new worlds and world saviours, and a little sorry for Frieda, compelled to ricochet over the planet in his company.

Lawrence is Richard Lovat Somers in the novel, the R. L. S. being no doubt suggested by R. L. Stevenson, another wanderer in the South Seas; and Frieda is Harriet.

Him a lord and master ! [Harriet reflects]. Why, he was not really lord of his own bread-and-butter ; next year they might both be starving. And he was not even master of himself, with his ungovernable furies, and his uncritical intimacies, with people : even" people like Jack Callcott, whom Harriet quite liked, but whom she would never have taken seriously.

It would be different, she allows, if he were a general of an army, or manager of some great steel works. But he hadn't even a dog to his command. He was hardly a man at all. He was like some unbelievable creature, an emu, for example. Like an emu in the streets or in a railway carriage. Or the phoenix he was so fond of.

One evening Somers found Harriet sitting on her bed with tears in her eyes—

At once his heart became very troubled ; because after all she was all he had in the world, and he couldn't bear her to be really disappointed or wounded. He wanted to ask her what was the matter, and to try to comfort her. But he knew it would be false. He knew that her greatest grief was when he turned away from their personal human life of intimacy to this impersonal business of male activity for which he was always craving. So he felt miserable, but went away without saying anything. Because he was determined, if possible, to go forward in this matter with Jack.

His dreams became disturbed by her dissatisfaction, as she lay sleeping near him. He dreamt of a woman he loved, who was something like her, and something like his mother, and yet unlike either—

Her face was swollen and puffy and almost mad or imbecile, because she had loved him so much, and now she must see him betray her love. . . . The Somers of the dream was terribly upset. He cried tears from his very bowels, and laid his hand on the woman's arm saying, 'But I love you. Don't you *believe*

in me ? Don't you *believe* in me?' But the woman, she seemed almost old now—only shed a few bitter tears, bitter as vitriol, from her distorted face, and bitterly, hideously turned away. . .

Communing with himself one day, Somers, who has just wished he could take to the sea and be a whale, a great surge of living blood, ponders on man as a discoverer of himself and the outer universe.

' I am a fool.' said Richard Lovat, which was the most frequent discovery he made. It came, moreover, every time with a new shock of surprise and chagrin. Every time he climbed a new mountain range and looked over, he saw, not only a new world, but a big anticipatory fool on this side of it, namely, himself.

Chapter Six

TAOTIC

LEAVING Australia in the second week of August, 1922, the Lawrences sailed for San Francisco, and in the second week of September reached Taos.

Their hostess, Mabel Luhan, who had been married three times and was subsequently to marry her Indian friend Tony, was short, powerfully built and middle-aged. Anything that could stimulate her always cordial interest in herself attracted her. She had many acquaintances among writers and artists, but psychoanalysts and soul-doctors generally were her special interest, and as she was wealthy the interest was mutual. Lawrence as a writer and a student of psychoanalysis had a double appeal for her.

> I cannot tell you, JefFers, [she writes *in Lorenzo in Taos]* how much I was counting on this visit from Lawrence. In his *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* there had been allusions here and there that seemed to point to capacities in him that would enable him to understand the invisible but powerful spirit that hovered over Taos Valley.

The JefFers here addressed is the American poet, Robinson JefFers. It was apparently necessary for Mabel Luhan to see her reminiscences of Lawrence as a letter sent to a sympathetic friend, whose face she could imagine smiling encouragement down upon her when she was more than

usually bogged. But for this encouragement she would hardly have completed the book, for she had not written a third of it when she cried out in her despair—' Sometimes I think I have attempted an impossible task in trying to have you know Lawrence, Jeffers !'

There are a good many solid patches in the morass of her reminiscences, for she could see the weak points in others and had no qualms about recording them. It appears from her introductory letter that she sent the manuscript to Frieda, and that Frieda took it in good part. What Frieda did not object to, it would be inadmissible for a biographer to slur over. A combat of pythonesses is not a game of spillikins in a back parlour.

Tony motored Mabel to Lamy station, a day's drive from Taos, to meet the Lawrences. Her first impression of Lawrence was of a frail, red-bearded person, nervous and giggling, running with quick steps by the side of a stout, pink-faced woman, whose lower jaw was pulled a little sideways, like a gunman's. As she had spent a year willing Lawrence to Taos, leaping through space each night before she went to sleep, and joining herself to the central core of Lawrence, Mabel was taken aback by her first sight of him—' I died inside and became speechless.' The four of them went into the station restaurant, and seated themselves at the counter. It was apparent to Mabel that Frieda was seeing her and Tony sexually, measuring them swiftly, and blinking at what she saw. It was also apparent to her that Lawrence received his impressions of life through Frieda, and was irked by Frieda's restricted vision. Her womb, Mabel says, reached out to rescue him, or rather the womb behind the womb, the significant, extended and trans-

formed power that succeeds primary sex. Lawrence, however, does not seem to have responded to this female equivalent of his preterphallicism, and the meal passed in an embarrassed silence.

They got into the car, Tony and Lawrence sitting in front. Pointing at Tony's broad back, Frieda exclaimed —' He's wonderful ! Do you feel him like a rock to lean on ?' and Mabel noticed that Lawrence twitched nervously. After the car had been running for some time, it suddenly stopped. Tony tinkered with it, without success, and Frieda told Lawrence to help him. Lawrence exclaimed that he knew nothing about automobiles, and that he hated them. ' Oh, you and your hates !' retorted Frieda ; there was a silence disturbed by the vague picking sound of Tony fiddling about, and broken by a cry from Lawrence—' I am a failure. I am a failure as a man in a world of men ! '

After a good deal of difficulty, Mabel found a room for the Lawrences in Santa Fe. The next day they motored up to Taos, and on the following morning Mabel had her first attractive impression of Lawrence —' He was as sunny and good as a rested child, and his wide-apart eyes were blue like gentians.'

Tony having been instructed by Mabel to take Lawrence to see an Apache dance, Mabel and Frieda had a good talk, and Mabel asked Frieda if she were right in supposing that Lawrence had to live through her, and could not feel anything until Frieda had felt it. ' You don't know how right you are,' Frieda replied. ' He has to get it all from me. Unless I am there, he feels nothing. Nothing. And he gets his books from me. Nobody knows that. Why, I have done pages of his

books for him.' Every one, Frieda went on, thought Lawrence so wonderful. Well, she was something, too. Koteliansky thought her not good enough for Lawrence. Well, she'd like to see Kot live with Lawrence a month —a week. He might be surprised.

The friendliness between Frieda and Mabel dried up as soon as Lawrence returned—' He was annoyed that Frieda and I had become friends, and not only jealous of me, but jealous of her as well. The flow immediately ceased between Frieda and me, and started between Lawrence and me. He somehow switched it.' Lawrence asked Mabel if she would collaborate with him in an American novel, based on her renunciation of the sick old world of art and artists in favour of the pristine valley and the upland Indian lakes. She assented joyfully, and they had a long calk, in the course of which Mabel told him how at different periods in her life she had awakened at the different great centres. First, in Buffalo, she had awakened at the lower sex centre. In Italy she had awakened at the emotional, nervous aesthetic solar plexus centre ; in New York at the exciting, frontal centre where ideas whirl one about; and now, in Taos, Tony had gradually awakened her heart, Tony and the mountains of Taos. ' The unfolding of Kundalini,' Lawrence replied.

On the following morning Lawrence came over from the cottage near by, where he and Frieda were living, and joined Mabel on a long flat roof, from which they could see the desert stretching away to Taos Mountain. After sitting in dejected silence for a time, he looked angrily at the cottage, and said, ' I don't know how Frieda's going to feel about this.' Surely, Mabel ex-

claimed, Frieda would understand. She understood nothing, said Lawrence. It was the German mind, the German psyche, inimical to the quick, subtle Latin spirit with which he himself was in sympathy. ' I was immediately on his side,' Mabel writes. ' We were Latin together, subtle, perceptive, and infinitely nimble. And from that moment to this I have been Latin, and Frieda has been Goth.'

' You cannot imagine,' Lawrence continued, ' what it is to feel the hand of that woman on you if you are sick. The heavy German hand of the flesh. . . . No one can know.' A great desire to save him surged up in Mabel, but when she accompanied Lawrence back to the cottage, the sight of Frieda, standing in a pink cotton dress with bare arms akimbo, cooled her, and she allowed Lawrence, who was giggling, to march on alone.

Frieda having stipulated that Lawrence and Mabel, if they wished to write a book together, must write it in the cottage, Mabel declined to proceed further with the novel, and contented herself with sending long letters to Lawrence. ' I showed Frieda your letter.' Lawrence told Mabel one morning. 'Just to make everything square and open.'—' Good Lord !' Mabel gasped. Lawrence tittered, and Mabel's letters became shorter and less spontaneous, and presently ceased.

In the evenings the Lawrences used to go across to Mabel, who generally had artistic and literary friends staying with her. ' We had '. she writes,' some boisterous evenings with Ida and Dasburg and Spud.' On these occasions Frieda became restless if Lawrence ignored her for long, and would begin to insult him, sitting solid and apparently composed, but with a glare in her green

eyes, a cigarette drooping from the corner of her mouth. ' Take that dirty cigarette out of your mouth !' he screamed at her once. ' And stop sticking out that fat belly of yours !'—' You'd better stop that talk.' she retorted, ' or I'll tell about *your* things.' Putting her sewing into a bag, she rose, nodded good night to the company, and went out with Lawrence, who would not look at any one, and whose head drooped on his chest. As they passed the window in the moonlight, the others were amazed to see them arm in arm, pressed close together.

Lawrence and Frieda learned to ride, on horses provided by Mabel, and though Lawrence looked awkward on his horse he rode it with great courage, and when Mabel tried to get ahead used to pound after her with a stern set face. In return for being taught riding, Lawrence took Mabel's dress in hand. She was, as she puts it, ' if not fat, well, square ', and thought it expedient to wear flowing dresses, which hung from the shoulders. Lawrence would not have this; his mother had worn a long, full skirt, with a tightly buttoned waist, and so must Mabel. He insisted too, that she should scrub the floor of her long living-room, but she gave up half-way through her first attempt, seeming unable to get the rhythm of scrubbing.

When Lawrence was cordial with Mabel, Frieda was angry, and there was a row, followed by a reconciliation, after which Lawrence was for a time cold and aloof with Mabel. ' He vacillated between us', Mabel says, ' and hated each in turn.' Under this strain the two women sometimes drew together, to lick their wounds in the company of a fellow-sufferer. One morning Mabel

found Frieda weeping in her kitchen—' He tears me to pieces.' she sobbed. ' Last night he was so loving and so tender with me, and this morning he hates me. He hit me—and said he would not be any woman's servant.' Another time Frieda burst out that Lawrence was done, finished. He was like glass, brittle. She would leave him, and make a real life for herself. Mabel was sympathetic, but urged Frieda to stick to him—' I did not want him,' she reflected. ' Neither did any one else. Frieda must keep him. He was hers—good luck to her !'

' You must never leave him,' she said aloud. ' You're the only woman he can live with. Besides, you know, he's not physically attractive. I don't think women want to touch him.'—' Of course they don't,' Frieda exclaimed. ' He's dry. Well, sometimes I think I'll just get out before it's too late.'

The next day, perhaps after hearing this dialogue from Frieda, Lawrence told Mabel that he and Frieda were going to the Del Monte Ranch, Questa. So they left what Frieda calls ' Mabel's ambient', taking with them two young Danish artists, Knud Merrild and Gotzsche, and settled for the winter in a five-room log cabin, nearly nine thousand feet up. During the conflict between Frieda and Mabel, Lawrence had told Frieda it was her business to see that other women didn't come too close to him ; and though Frieda comments that this was all very well, but she didn't know how to do it, she was, according to Mabel, the deciding voice in the flight from Taos. At the last moment, in answer to an appeal from Mabel, Lawrence suggested to Frieda that they should stay on a little longer, but Frieda replied, ' No. I am packed' I have decided to go and we will go. But

(to Mabel) we'll come down all the time—really we will.' The ranch was only seventeen miles away, and Mabel did not mean to let Frieda segregate Lawrence on a mountain-top and at the same time enjoy the amenities of Taos when so disposed. Her frigid reception of Frieda's olive branch enraged Lawrence, who yelled at her, 'You in your fur cap! You are like a great cat —with your green eyes. Well, I snap my fingers at you —like that!'

'They were gone,' Mabel writes. 'It was the end of the first part, Jeffcrs. Do you make anything out of it all, the contradictions and the moods, the lively joy and the subsequent swift darkness?' She resolved to put Lawrence out of her mind and devote herself once again to the welfare of the neighbouring Indians, on whose behalf it was that she had come to Taos.

Meanwhile the Lawrences were settling down on the Del Monte Ranch with Knud Merrild and Gotzschc. Describing it in a letter to Catherine Carswell, Lawrence spoke of the snow mountains and the vast desert stretching away to the mountains of Arizona on the distant horizon. It was an ideal existence, chopping down trees with the two young Danes, and going rides with them, but there was no inner life in America, the people were all empty and dead, the Indians too. He preferred Europe, and might return in the summer and visit Russia. *Women in Love,* he said at the close of the letter, had sold fifteen thousand copies in the States.

His period of acute worry over money was now well over. Some months earlier he had received £200 from Hearst's for a story, and this, as he explained to his English publisher, helped to confirm his decision to

publish his books first in America. If America would accept him, and England wouldn't, he belonged to America.

In March, 1923, the Lawrences left New Mexico and went down into Mexico. After the hard winter, Frieda says, she clamoured for a first-rate hotel in Mexico City, but the first-rate hotel wasn't a success : it was dull and rather dirty, the ladies in it were painted and the men unattractive. Although Lawrence was disgusted by a bull-fight at which he was present in Mexico City, the remains of Aztec civilization fascinated him. The Pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacan, he wrote to Mrs. Carswell, was far more impressive than Pompeii or the Forum. Frieda also was impressed by the Pyramid, and by various Aztec relics, but coming upon a huge stone snake with great turquoise eyes, when Lawrence and two American friends were inspecting another part of the Pyramid, she ran after them for all she was worth.

Retiring to a simple but sufficiently comfortable watering-place on Lake Chapala, Lawrence began his Mexican novel, *The Plumed Serpent.* Two months later, at the end of June, he wrote to Knud Merrild that he was leaving for New York and England. He and Frieda, he said, had been travelling on the lake, looking at haciendas, but people were expecting another revolution, and it was not worth building a place and making it nice, only to have it destroyed. If he couldn't stand Europe, he would come back, stick a knife and revolver in his belt, and settle down in Mexico, with Knud and Gotzsche.

It appears from this letter that Knud Merrild and Gotzsche had not lived in complete harmony with the

Lawrences during the winter at the ranch, for Lawrence concludes—

> We will go on looking and preparing, you and Gotzsche and us, till we can really make a life that is not killed off as it was in Del Monte. Even if you have to go round the world before we can start, still we can wait and prepare. The 'world' has no life to offer. Seeing tilings doesn't amount to much. We have to be a few men with honour and fearlessness, and make a life together.

New York, when Lawrence reached it in August, filled him with homesickness for Lake Chapala. 'I'm not coming to Europe after all,' he wrote to Mrs. Carswell. [4] Find I just don't want to.' His indecision exasperated Frieda, who did not feel comfortable in Mexico, and wanted to see England and Germany, and her children and mother again. She got him as far as the embarkation quay, but there he stuck, and after a violent quarrel Frieda went on board, and Lawrence to California, where Gotzsche joined him. The Pacific coast, as he wandered down it with Gotzsche, filled him with melancholy. It was, he wrote to a friend, much wilder, emptier, more hopeless than Chapala—a blazing sun, a vast hot sky, big lonely inhuman green hills and mountains, a flat blazing littoral with a few palms, little towns that seemed to be slipping down an abyss, and over everything a sentence of extinction. On crossing the frontier into Mexico his spirit revived a little, and he wrote to Catherine Carswell that the October days were pure and lovely, as if some dark-faced gods were still young. It might be possible to start a little centre, a ranch, and she and Don and John Patrick could come out, and they would have little adobe houses and make a life. Frieda, he

added, had written to him that she liked England now, and he must come back.

After some more weeks of indecision, he sailed from Vera Cruz, and at the beginning of December, 1923, reached London, where he was met at Waterloo by Frieda and Murry.

It was four and a half years since he and Murry had parted at Hermitage, each resentful against the other ; and during most of tins period there had been no communication between them. In July, 1920, writing to Douglas Goldring from Sicily, Lawrence said he hoped Goldring was getting quite rich, and ' taking it out of the mouth of the Murrys and Walpoles of this world '. A little later Murry reviewed *The Lost Girl* and *Women in Love* with great, though not excessive, severity. Neither Murry nor Katherine Mansfield cared for Lawrence in his mindless trances. ' Lawrence', Katherine wrote to Murry about *The Lost Girl*,' denies his humanity. He denies the powers of the imagination. He denies Life—I mean *human* life. . . . There is not one memorable word.' *Aaron's Rod* pleased Katherine better, and Murry reviewed it enthusiastically, calling it the most important thing that had happened to English literature since the war. He did not, however, write to Lawrence. In January, 1920, he says, Lawrence sent Katherine, who was ill and alone at Mentone, a monstrously, inhumanly cruel letter—' I wrote to him that he had committed the unforgivable crime : that I sincerely hoped that we should never meet again, because, if we did meet again, I should thrash him.'

The memory of this letter, Murry says, prevented him from trying to re-establish his old relations with Lawrence

after reading *Aaron s Rod,* nor did Katherine acknowledge a post card which Lawrence on his way to San Francisco sent her from New Zealand, her country. It was about this time that she went to GurdjiefFs institute at Fontainebleau, hoping to recover her strength. She was dying of consumption, and Murry wrote to Lawrence to tell him of her condition, but she was dead before Lawrence's reply came. When he heard of her death, Lawrence wrote to Murry—

> Yes, I always knew a bond in my heart. Feel a fear where the bond is broken now. . . . We will unite up again when I come to England. It has been a savage pilgrimage enough these last four years. We keep faith—I always feel death only strengthens that, the faith between those who have it. . . . I wish it needn't all have been as it has been : I do wish it.

Lawrence sent Murry the *Fantasia of the Unconscious,* and Murry read it late into the spring night in a cottage in Ashdown Forest—' It was to me then, as it is to me now, a wonderful book. I had just emerged from an experience which changed me radically. Lawrence's declaration of faith in the Fantasia was completely convincing to me in my new, half-convalescent, half-confident condition.' Although Murry, unlike Lawrence, did not believe that the kingdom of heaven could be disinterred from under a Mexican Pyramid, or fished up out of the dark unconscious, he was constitutionally unable to resist the suggestion that it was just round the corner. In *Aaron s Rod* and the Fantasia Lawrence was asking, as Murry puts it, for some man to join with him in trying to create a new world. ' I was his man.' Murry writes. ' He should lead and I would follow.'

Murry was starting a new magazine, the *Adelphi,* and

after reading the Fantasia he decided, he says, to hold the editorship only till Lawrence came back. In the meantime he would publish the essential chapters of tl'.e Fantasia, and thus prepare the readers of the *Adelphi* for the advance to the new world which Lawrence would lead in person. A prepaid cable sent by Murry and Koteliansky obtained Lawrence's permission to use the Fantasia, but Murry's enthusiasm was presently damped by the letters Lawrence sent him from, successively, Mexico City, Lake Chapala, New Orleans, New York, Los Angeles and Guadalajara. In one letter Lawrence said that he ought to be in England by July, and would like a decent cottage in a quiet place until the winter, when he would probably move on to Sicily. In another letter he said that when he thought of England, his gorge rose, but he supposed there was nothing to do but go back and get it over. Then he wrote that, though America meant nothing to him, he was going West; Murry, he added, understood the Fantasia and *Aaron s Rod* all right, but the sense of doom was deepening in him. Finally, at the end of October, he said he was returning and would work a while on the *Adelphi,* but England would have to pick up a lost trail—' And the end of the lost trail is here in Mexico. *Aqui esta. Yo lo digo.'*

Frieda meanwhile had taken a flat in the same house as the Carswells. Murry called on her frequently, and she became very enthusiastic over the *Adelphi.* ' After all.' she said to Mrs. Carswcll, ' Murry is Somebody ! And the *Adelphi* is Something !'

When Lawrence, who was returning to England not for the sake of the *Adelphi* but because he could not

bear the separation from Frieda, got out of the train at Waterloo, his face, Murry says, had a greenish pallor, and almost his first words were—' I can't bear it.' Mrs. Carswell writes—' For him to see . . . Murry and Frieda waiting for him so chummily together was enough to turn him greenish pale all over', and she adds that a story, *The Border Line,* which he wrote soon afterwards, provides a commentary on his feeling about the friendship between Frieda and Murry. In this story Katherine Farquahar, a handsome woman of forty, no longer slim, is married to Alan, the son of a Scottish baronet and captain in a Highland regiment. Alan has an overweening blue eye, he is handsome in his uniform, and even when stark naked has a bony, dauntless, overbearing manliness of his own. After his death Katherine marries Philip, a friend of Alan's, a Highlander. Alan returns from the grave, Philip dies of horror, and Alan draws Katherine to her bed in the silent passion of a husband come back from a very long journey.

The *Adelphi* stirred no enthusiasm in Lawrence, and he particularly disliked the space which Murry was devoting to praise of Katherine Mansfield. One day Mrs. Carswell came in when Lawrence was reasoning with Murry on this point—' You are wrong about Katherine,' he was saying. ' She was *not* a great genius. She had a charming gift, and a finely cultivated one. But *no more.* And to try, as you do, to make it more is to do her no true service.' Murry said nothing, but turned away in obstinate mortification.

Lawrence now began to sound his friends to find out which of them were willing to return with him to Mexico to form a new society. He held, Mrs. Carswell

says, that the Indian mode had sunk so far into forgetfulness, so far beyond the confident prying of the intellect, that it was almost one with nature and therefore ready to renourish human life—

> We must get away [Mrs. Carswell writes, summarizing her general impression of his standpoint] from the white benevolence that spouted 'life' and resulted in *Adelphis*, and learn instead something of the dark malignity that revealed the realm of death. Our mode had come to an end. The new mode must come from a different source.

Mrs. Carswell has described the dinner Lawrence gave in a private room at the *Cafe Royal* to the friends he hoped might accompany him. They were Murry, Koteliansky, Mark Gertler, Donald and Catherine Carswell, Gilbert Carman's wife, Mary, and Dorothy Brett, Lord Esher's daughter, who had been a great friend of Katherine Mansfield and Murry, but was now moving into Lawrence's orbit.

The food was excellent, Mrs. Carswell says, but somehow the feast did not go well. There was no champagne, only claret followed by port, for which Murry and Donald called, forgetting that port did not agree with Lawrence. He drank it, however, and began to talk in Spanish with Donald, who could read *Don Quixote* in the original, but had little command of the language in conversation. Koteliansky, who at the beginning of the meal had conceived a dislike for Donald, was infuriated by his attempts to keep up his end of the Spanish dialogue, and might have fallen on him had Murry not persuaded one of the party to sit between them. Fended off from Donald, Koteliansky rose and delivered a speech in honour of Lawrence, enforcing each point by smashing a wine-

glass—' Lawrence is a great man (crash). Nobody here realizes how great he is (crash). Especially no woman here or anywhere can possibly realize the greatness of Lawrence (crash).'

Lawrence began to look extremely ill, and it flashed across Mrs. Carswell that the deep hold of the Last Supper on the imagination of the world was not unconnected with the mystery of Bacchus, and that the essential utterance of a man of genius might well be achieved only when he was acted upon at a crisis by the magic of the fermented grape. Addressing the company, Lawrence asked if they would, all or any of them, go back to Mexico with him. Did the search, the adventure, the pilgrimage for which he stood, mean enough to them for them to give up their own way of life and their own separate struggle with the world ? Mary Cannan replied that she liked Lawrence, but not so much as all that, Gertler was sardonic and non-committal, and the rest said they would go with him, but seem not to have said it very convincingly, except Dorothy Brett, who had private means.

' What I next remember', Mrs. Carswell writes, ' is Murry going up to Lawrence and kissing him.' There are several versions of what was said after this kiss. According to Murry, Lawrence, putting an arm round his neck, said, ' Do not betray me.' According to Mrs. Carswell, Murry said, ' I *have* betrayed you, old chap, I confess it. In the past I *have* betrayed you. But never again. I call you all to witness, never again.' According to Lawrence, in an angry letter twelve months later, Murry said—' I love you, Lorenzo, but I won't promise not to betray you.'

Suddenly Lawrence fell forward with his head on the table, and was violently sick. Frieda remained seated, Catherine Carswell and Dorothy Brett hurried to his assistance, and Mark Gertlcr and Mary Caiman left the room. Lawrence having lost consciousness, Donald Carswell made a collection, and asked one of the waiters for the bill, which struck him as, all things considered, wonderfully moderate. Taking Lawrence down in the lift was difficult, and in the general confusion Mrs. Carswell lost her cap, a real Russian cap of black astrakhan with a bullet through it, for which she had paid only three shillings in an antique shop. *On* reaching Hampstead, Koteliansky and Murry carried Lawrence upstairs, past his room on the first floor, to a room at the top tenanted by Mrs. Cars well's brother, under whose guidance Murry and Koteliansky eventually delivered Lawrence into his own bed.

Two or three weeks later Lawrence wrote to Murry from Germany—' I don't know if you really want to go to Taos. Mabel Luhan writes she is arranging for it. You seemed to me really very unsure.' There was nothing in the letter to warm such enthusiasm as Murry may have felt. After saying how much Murry's articles in the *Adelphi* annoyed him, Lawrence concluded—

> I don't care what you think of me, I don't care what you say of me, I don't even care what you do against mc, as a writer. . . . Leave off being emotional. Leave off twisting, Leave off having any emotion at all. You haven't any genuine ones, except a certain anger. . . . If you want to twist yourself into more knots, don't go with me.

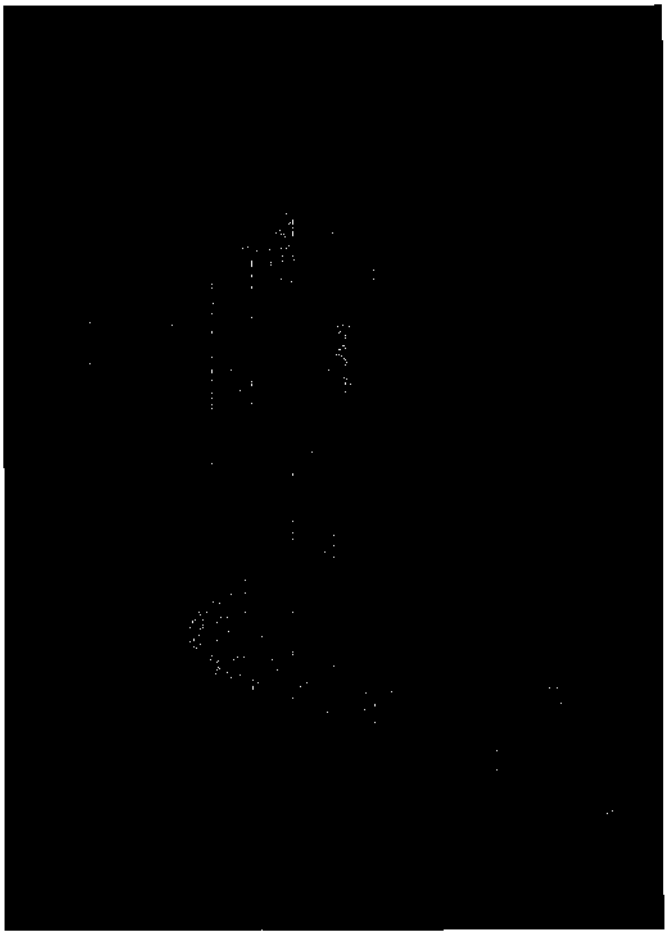
At the beginning of March, 1924, the Lawrences sailed for the States with Dorothy Brett, who, Lawrence told

Mabel Luhan, ' paints, is deaf, forty, very nice, and daughter of Viscount Esher '. His faith in Mabel was now strong again. ' Remember ', he wrote, ' I am depending on your spirit at the back of me, over there, no matter what there is over here.' Pleased by this message, Mabel sent him, she says, a steady, outpouring stream of power along the unseen path between them.

When the Lawrences reached Taos in the third week of March, Mabel settled them in a two-storey house near hers, and gave Dorothy Brett a studio within a few yards of the Lawrences. She had decided on a change of tactics for her second round with Frieda, resolving to attract Lawrence by being as gentle and unwilful and unlike Frieda as possible, but she had failed to foresee the change in the situation produced by the presence of Dorothy Brett. Brett, as Miss Brett calls herself in her account of her friendship with Lawrence,[1] irritated Mabel from the moment of their first meeting. On arrival Brett retired to her quarters with a wooden bowl which the Lawrences had bought for Mabel some months earlier in Mexico. Frieda had been using it since, the pattern was obliterated, and Brett was painting a rose on it, as Frieda, laughing heartily, informed Mabel. At this moment Brett came into the room, examined Mabel with what seemed to Mabel an English and arrogant look, shook hands with her limply, and handed the wooden bowl to Lawrence, telling him to be careful, it was wet. ' To be sure,' Mabel writes, ' it had a large pink rose in the centre !'

Brett's ear-trumpet exasperated Mabel—

[1] *Lawrence and Brett*, by Dorothy Brett.



FRIEDA LAWRENCE

It was not a jolly sociable ear-trumpet that longed to be a part of everything else. No. I soon saw that it was an eavesdropper. It was a spy on any influence near Lawrence. . . . It had a bland-looking, flat, dipper, and this had the effect of inhibiting all one's spontaneity.

Perceiving Brett's effect on their hostess, Lawrence and Frieda, independently of each other, tried to reassure Mabel. Lawrence explained that he had brought Brett along to be a kind of buffer between him and Frieda, and that her deafness prevented her from being so present as servants are. Frieda told Mabel not to mind Brett—' She doesn't count. She helps Lawrence. She plays piquet with him and types for him.' It was, Mabel says, a new strange turn of things to be consoled by Frieda because her relations with Lawrence were being interfered with.

One day in Brett's studio Mabel cut and trimmed Lawrence's beard. A white towel round his neck, he sat smiling and his eyes were ' blue and soft like lupins'. A few days later Mabel mentioned that her hair needed trimming, and that she hated the town barber. Lawrence, who she hoped would take the barber's place, said nothing, and Brett, smiling brightly, told Mabel she had often snipped Katherme Mansfield's hair, and would Mabel fetch a little pair of shears ? Gloomily handing Brett a pair of scissors, Mabel sat down and Brett got to work—

I could hear her panting a little. She slashed and slashed and cut the end of my ear off! . . . JefFers, she hated me, and she was deaf, and she tried to mutilate my ear ! That seemed so interesting that I forgot to be indignant. However, I didn't forget to make a good deal of it to the tender-hearted Lorenzo.

With Brett neutralizing the opposition between Mabel and Frieda, Lawrence might have remained for a long time in equilibrium but for Clarence and Jaime de Angulo. Jaime de Angulo, who wore wide Mexican trousers and a blue beret thrust back so as to show his crinkly hair, was Mabel's consultant on Jung, and had made her see life as all extraverts and introverts, with energy like arrows going to the sun, and arrows coming from the sun. At first Jaime tried to conciliate and impress Lawrence, but being incessantly snubbed became resentful, and laid himself out to charm Frieda, to Lawrence's exasperation. Once after lunch Jaime took off his shirt and walked up and down displaying the muscles of his back, while Lawrence whitened with rage and at last ran out of the room. Jaime, on his side, was mortified because no one took him seriously as a writer, and one evening as the sun was setting announced that he was returning home on foot. No one opposing this heroic design, he set off in his rope-soled sandals, beret and dark blue Indian cloak with white stripes, and diminishing in the distance was soon lost to view. As he disappeared, Lawrence became distressed and exclaimed, 'How could you, Mabel? He never meant to do it?'

Clarence was a tall, graceful and exquisitely dressed young man, with a round curly head and honey-coloured eyes, one of which was slightly out of focus and slanted away from his nose. Alice Sprague, a mild, middle-aged friend of Mabel, sent Clarence to her from New York, and on arriving in Taos Clarence was overpowered by the feeling that he had found his real home. 'I went into a little barber shop.' he told Mabel. 'There was an old man having a hair-cut. An old man in high boots

and a flannel shirt. When I saw all that lovely, soft white hair lying around him on the floor, I felt—" These are the kind of people I want for my friends."

Lawrence having reduced Mabel to tears one day, Clarence was deeply impressed. ' He began '. Mabel writes, ' to long to be victimized himself by Lorenzo, for he felt instinctively that Lorenzo's power gave promise of greater persecutions than mine.' This submission to his transcendency gratified Lawrence, and he and Clarence used to ride into the desert each day, and return walking their horses, their heads close together. It was at week-ends they took these rides, for in the early summer the Lawrences and Brett had moved to a ranch at Del Monte, from which they paid weekly visits to Taos. The ranch was a gift from Mabel to Frieda who, to Mabel's great chagrin, insisted that she should accept the manuscript of *Sons and Lovers* in return, and made it clear that she felt Mabel to be the gainer by the exchange. As Mabel had her own quarters at Del Monte, she was often up there, and sometimes in the evenings she would invite twenty or so Indians to come along and dance and sing. The gleaming awareness of their brown bodies, she says, was beautiful, as they danced in their loin-cloths, feathers on their heads, bells about their knees, and moccasins on their feet.

The friendship between Clarence and Lawrence began to get on the nerves of the women, who now included Alice Sprague. Clarence gave his love for dress full play, and when in a little dark-red velvet coat with billowy sleeves and trimmed with Navajo silver buttons he rode away with Lawrence, Mabel found him perfectly revolting. One day when Lawrence and Clarence had

been talking earnestly together in view of Mabel and Frieda, Lawrence made a wide gesture towards the desert. ' They have done enough *schmarming?* Frieda cried, and walking across glared down upon them, where they sat in the porch of Clarence's cottage. The more devious Mabel worried Clarence till he confessed that Lawrence and he had resolved to ride off into the desert and never return. Mabel gave a loud hoot, and rushed off to Frieda—' Just let them try it !' exclaimed the Queen-Bee, with her hands on her hips. ' The idea ! Lawrence would be back in a week with his head hanging.'

The rupture of the Lawrence-Clarence alliance took place a week or two later. Supper, Mabel says, seemed serene enough ; and after supper Lawrence and Alice Sprague had a quiet chat. Suddenly Lawrence vanished with Clarence. When they returned Lawrence, who was looking excited, produced a bottle of moonshine, more drink was called for, and dancing began. After a dance with Mabel, Clarence took Frieda, and Mabel insisted on Lawrence dancing with her. While Lawrence jerked and bobbed with Mabel, Frieda and Clarence were gliding with a smooth mastery which drew a cry of rapture from Alice Sprague—' They dance so beautifully together ! That beautiful woman and that tall, lovely boy !' Meanwhile Brett, who had had a highball, was dancing a solo in the wake of Mabel and Lawrence, her ear-trumpet in position.

Mabel and Lawrence began to bump into Clarence and Frieda, and Brett into Mabel. Soon Lawrence was kicking as well as bumping, his foot flying out whenever Frieda was within reach of it. ' I was having a grand time,' Mabel says, ' for there I was, clutched

by Lorenzo, united at last, one will, one effort, to break, to crush, to shatter if we could the ease and beauty of those two others.' The sweat poured down her face, and she wiped it on Lawrence's shoulder.

The dance over, Frieda and Clarence slipped out of the room. Mabel was taken aback, and Tony returning at this moment asked where they were. 'Oh, they stepped outside to cool themselves,' Lawrence replied, adding, 'Well, I'm off to bed.' Mabel, Tony and Lawrence escorted Alice Spraguc to her cottage. 'Where do you suppose they are?' Mabel asked Lawrence, who laughed unpleasantly and replied, 'Ah, youth and middle age!'

As Tony was ready for bed, Mabel had to return to the house. Presently Tony was asleep in his swinging-bed on the upper porch, while Mabel swayed restlessly to and fro in hers. The moon was so bright that she could see all the country round, the dark trees, the glimmering alfalfa field, the little distant houses, and a light in Lawrence's room on the ground floor. At last she heard distant voices, Frieda and Clarence coming up the road. Reaching Clarence's cottage, they sat down in the porch, and the low hum of their talk went on and on till Mabel could bear it no more. Tony was breathing regularly, with an occasional snore; she slipped out of her bed, clutched a thin kimono, crept downstairs and out of the house, and was half-way across the alfalfa field when a roar from Tony sounded through the night —'Come back here!' She was terrified, but no!—she had to go on. Making a gesture designed to convey that there was nothing to worry about, and that she must find out what was happening, she hurried along.

Frieda had gone when she reached Clarence's cottage ; a loud whisper brought Clarence out, and in answer to her ' What *have* you been doing ?' he replied, ' I have been learning the Truth !'

' That man.' Clarence went on in a low stern voice, ' is determined to *kill* you. . . . She has told me many things. Many. But what concerns *us* is what he is doing to *you.* ... He has told her he will destroy you. She is *scared.* Do you realize that, Mabel ? Frieda is *scared* ! You have all beHeved Frieda was the strong one. You don't *know* that man's power. None of you know what he has done to her.'

The sound of a car starting came through the night. ' Oh, heavens ! That's *Tony* !' cried Mabel. ' Where is he going ? Oh, I must go and see. . . .'

' And,' cried Clarence, ' I am *not* a Brett, Mabel.'

' Good gracious, what does *that* mean ? ' Mabel panted, and turning ran across the field, but was not half-way across when the headlights of the car flared over the tops of the apple-trees, and were gone.

In her agony Mabel saw Lawrence as a dim chessman in a game she had been playing to while away the time. Tony was real, Tony alone counted. Hurrying back to Clarence, she begged him to take the other car, find Tony, dispel his suspicions, and bring him back.

On one condition, Clarence replied—that Mabel sent the Lawrences away. ' I'm going to save you, somehow, if it's not too late. As it is for Frieda. Will you promise never to see him again nor even to write to him ?'

[4] Yes !'

Clarence set off, and Mabel returned to her swing-bed, but could not sleep. All the life and heat of the house

had gone with Tony. It was like being on the moon. Rising, she ran across to the Lawrences' house and stole up to Frieda's room. Frieda was thrilled by her story, and whispered, 'Lawrence is mad, too. He frightens me, he is so angry in his sleep. Do you hear?' From the room below came a faint, roaring noise. Creeping downstairs, the two women peered into the moonlit room, where Lawrence was mumbling and groaning as he tossed from side to side.

Stealing away, they continued their whispered talk.

'Where *were* you with Clarence?' Mabel asked.

'We just walked down and around the Plaza. The village looks so strange asleep.'

From where they were standing they could see the moon high in the heavens. 'Frieda and I', says Mabel, 'were the only ones awake in the night. . . , She was as robust and cheerful as ever; a strong woman, Frieda.' At last Clarence returned, with the news that Tony would be back in the morning.

The next morning, hearing Tony downstairs, Mabel rushed to him. He was brushing his long black hair, and said nothing but 'I guess Lawrence pretty sick man'. Lawrence, when Mabel went across to his house, was not much more talkative. 'Poor old Tony,' he said. 'You get him into queer messes.' He added, with a disagreeable look at Frieda, that it was too upsetting down there, and he was returning to the ranch. Before they set off, he said, Mabel could look at the story he had recently written, and he handed her the manuscript. It was *The Woman Who Rode Away,* a tale of a white woman who, tired of Christianity, goes to look for the God of

the Chilchui. The Indians whom she joins fumigate her, lay her on a large flat stone, and an extremely aged cacique strikes home, accomplishing the sacrifice and achieving the power.

Unaware of Clarence's changed attitude, Lawrence went to ask him to motor him and Frieda to the ranch. Mabel and Frieda accompanied Lawrence, and they found Clarence with Tony, who averted his eyes from Lawrence with an air of repulsion. 'You devil !' cried Clarence, advancing on Lawrence, and shaking his long forefinger in Lawrence's face. 'I know you now !' Lawrence, backing away, retorted that *he* knew *Clarence* now. Mabel ran into the house, where Frieda presently joined her. 'I am afraid they are going to fight,' Frieda said, looking pale, and putting her hand to her heart. Mabel did not reply, Frieda went out, and a little later Lawrence came in—'Well, we are leaving,' he said. 'Be careful of Clarence. He's not very nice. Don't trust him.'

Tony drove the Lawrences up to Del Monte. 'I think we done enough for those Lawrences,' he said on his return. Clarence, the hero of the moment, moved into the Lawrences' house, and having bought many yards of unbleached muslin draped them across the windows. Mabel was annoyed, but Alice Sprague surmised that Clarence was expressing a need to withdraw into himself for contemplation. Each morning Clarence made Mabel renew her promise to have nothing more to do with Lawrence, who, he kept on reiterating, was bent on her destruction, but in spite of all his efforts friendly letters were soon being exchanged between Taos and Del Monte. A nonchalant reference by Frieda to 'the destroying

stuff' inclined Mabel still further to discount Clarence's campaign against Lawrence, and at last Clarence himself wearied of it, and sent Lawrence one of his most cherished possessions, a small crystal rabbit.

Some weeks later, in August, the Lawrences accompanied Mabel into the Hopi country to see the snake dance, but not long afterwards Mabel heard that Lawrence had been denouncing her as hopeless, dangerous and destructive. She wrote to him that it was no use, no use at all, to believe in his affection, or even in his actuality ; he was incapable of friendship or loyalty, and treacherous to the core. After this no more letters passed between them until Lawrence was back in Europe, in the autumn of the following year, 1925.

Meanwhile, on the ranch at Del Monte, Brett and Frieda were getting on each other's nerves. One day, Brett narrates in her book, Lawrence accused her of having no respect for Frieda.

> Your voice [writes Brett, whose book is cast in the form of a letter to the dead Lawrence] begins to rise. You shout at me that I have no respect for either you or Frieda. . . . Your voice is rising higher and higher. I take hold of your wrist, lightly between my finger and thumb, and say very quietly, ' No, Lawrence, that isn't so.' You stop, hesitate ; then Frieda pops out of your bedroom and goads you on, shouting at both of us. You begin again, but I still hold your wrist in that light hold, repeating quietly that it is not so. Your anger dies down ; you stop suddenly and give me a queer look—and it is over.

The three of them used to go riding, Frieda out-topping the other two—' She looks so large on her large grey horse, so large compared to you.' As they cantered

along one day, Frieda called out, ' Oh, it's wonderful, wonderful to feel his great thighs moving, to feel his powerful legs ! '—' Rubbish, Frieda ! ' Lawrence shouted back. ' Don't talk like that. You have been reading my books: you don't feel anything of the sort.' Frieda insisted that she did, but Lawrence urged his horse forward, and was presently out of earshot.

One day Lawrence, sitting in a gloomy silence with Brett, said to her that she must know Frieda hated her, and, that being so, could she not understand how hard the situation was for him ? Amazed, Brett protested that she had always thought of herself as one of Frieda's few friends. ' Of course, she hates you,' Lawrence exclaimed irritably. ' What do you think all our quarrels are about ? ' Brett stared at him incredulously.

Another day Frieda rushed in on Brett with a letter, in which she had set forth her case against Brett and Lawrence. The burden of her complaint was that Lawrence and Brett did not make love to each other. They were as harmless as a curate and a spinster. But how, cried Brett, could she make love to Lawrence when she was Frieda's guest—it would be indecent.

' Lawrence,' Frieda retorted,' says he could not possibly be in love with a woman like you—an asparagus stick !'

' He is none too fat himself,' said Brett.

There were frequent scenes at table. Once Frieda bounced up and shouted at Lawrence—' You want to make a god of yourself! You are no more important than I am. I am just as important as you !' Making a low curtsy, she put out her tongue and cried, ' If only you were a gentleman ; if only you were well-bred, an

aristocrat, instead of a lower-class man ! Bali ! ' Lawrence said nothing and stared down at the table.

When the first snows fell in October, and the Lawrences went down into Mexico, Brett accompanied them. ' Brett will go down with us,' Lawrence wrote to Mrs. Carswell. ' But if we take a house, she must take a little place of her own. Not be too close.' During the winter Frieda became increasingly impatient of Brett. ' My privacy that I cherished so much ', Frieda writes,' was gone. Like the eye of the Lord, she was. . . . Only I hope the eye of the Lord looks on me more kindly.' At last Frieda told Lawrence that Brett must go, and Lawrence acquiesced, and later wrote to Brett— ' There's not much to say—and it's *no* good saying much. Myself—I have lost all desire for intense or intimate friendship.'

Oaxaca, where the Lawrences spent most of the winter, was a little town in the south of Mexico, five thousand feet up, with a climate which at first seemed perfect to Lawrence, who had found the great height of the ranch trying to his bronchial tubes. He wrote to Murry that it was a little town in a wide valley with mountains round, lonely and a bit lost. One could ride in four or five days either to the Pacific or to the Atlantic, if one didn't get shot. It was an unsettled country, and the little Zapotec Indians were quite fierce.

That he was living a wild, untamed life while Murry was vegetating in England is suggested in most of the letters Lawrence wrote Murry during 1924. Congratulating him on his forthcoming marriage with Violet le Maistre, Lawrence hoped that Murry would have a nice place in Dorset, and take the rest of his life peacefully

with a wife, a home, and probably a baby—' The sun is setting and the pines are red, the Indians are just starting drumming. All good luck to you.' In another letter he hoped that Murry would not become a mossy stone, and yet perhaps he might find fulfilment in a baby—' Myself, I am not for postponing to the next generation. . . . I want to go south again . . . to the Zapotecs and the Maya. *Quien sabe, si se puede ! Adios !*' That Murry found this kind of thing rather galling may be inferred when he writes in *Son of Woman* of Lawrence fleeing from Mexico ' to that safer Mexico—New Mexico —which is in the United States'.

The fairly friendly tone of Lawrence's letters to Murry changed towards the close of 1924, and early in 1925 he denounced him and the *Adelphi* with extreme ferocity.

> A prize sewer-mess [he called Murry's contributors, and then turned on Murry himself]. You remember that charming dinner at the *Cafe Royal* that night ? You remember saying : I love you, Lorenzo, but I won't promise not to betray you ? Let's wipe off all that Judas-Jesus slime. Remember, you have betrayed everything and everybody up to now. . . . Best drop that Christ stuff: it's putrescence.

He was very ill, with malaria and influenza, when he wrote this letter. The native doctor in Oaxaca would not attend him, but the English and Americans, prospectors and engineers, did everything they could for the Lawrences. For a time Lawrence felt certain he would die, and one night he said to Frieda, ' But if I die, nothing has mattered but you, nothing at all.' Frieda, at his suggestion, put hot sandbags on him, and these relieved the pain. When he was over the worst, they struggled up to Mexico City, where a doctor told him he was

tuberculous. 'Take him to the ranch,' the doctor said to Frieda. 'He has T.B. in the third degree. A year or two at the most.'

At Del Monte, which he reached in April, 1925, he recovered a good deal of his strength, and could ride again by midsummer, and do odd jobs about the ranch. There was a black cow whom he milked morning and evening, Frieda collected the eggs from the eleven hens, and the rougher work was done by a Mexican boy and a nephew of Frieda. As the autumn approached, Lawrence began to feel homesick for the Mediterranean, and in September he and Frieda sailed for Europe.

His Mexican novel, *The Plumed Serpent,* on which he had been working for two years, was now in proof. It was, he told Mr. Curtis Brown, his most important novel so far. In comparison with *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love,* the uprush from the dark unconscious has lost a good deal of its momentum *in The Plumed Serpent.* Lawrence was getting tired, and the effort to present himself as daemonic was becoming increasingly fatiguing. To counteract his lassitude he tried strange devices. In *St. Mawr,* for example, a short novel which he wrote while in Mexico, he tried to project himself into the stallion which gives his name to the story. St. Mawr is a handsome bay horse, of a lovely red colour ; a dark invisible fire gleams through him, and he does not perform the trite services of the ordinary stallion. In the days when he was writing *Women in Love,* Lawrence would have done wonders with a preterphallic stallion, but he soon wearies of St. Mawr, who ends up by following a Texan mare about rather slavishly, and feels a little

out of it in Texas after the more civilized environment of his English home.

The Plumed Serpent is less perfunctory. Lawrence worked at it with intense energy, and brought on his collapse at Oaxaca by his final revision of it.

The heroine, Kate, is an Irishwoman in the early forties. Kate has two children, and has been married twice. Her first husband divorced her, her second husband, Lawrence disguised as an Irish patriot, is dead before the story opens. In the first chapter Lawrence sends Kate to the bull-fight he had seen in Mexico City in the spring of 1923. The spectators, he says, were mostly fattish town men in black tight suits and little straw hats, with a mixing-in of dark-faced labourers in big hats. The toreadors, with their rather fat posteriors, their squirfs of pigtails and their clean-shaven faces, looked like eunuchs or women in tight pants. The bull was smallish and dun-coloured with long flourishing horns—

> The neat little bull trotted on round the ring, looking for a way to get out. Seeing the wooden barrier around the arena, finding he was able to look over it, he thought he might as well take the leap. So over he went into the corridor or passage-way which circled the ring .. . (and) trotted inquiringly round till he came to an opening on to the arena again. So back he trotted into the ring.

Overtoiling an old horse, whose rider runs away, the bull works his horns up and down inside the horse with a sort of vague satisfaction, while Kate looks on, nauseated by human cowardice and beastliness, and the smell of blood. The toreadors excite the bull with a rag—' Blindly and stupidly he ran at the rag, each time, and the toreadors skipped like fat-hipped girls showing off. Probably it

needed skill and courage, but it *looked* silly.' Another horse is disembowelled, and Kate leaves hurriedly, long before the end, as no doubt Lawrence had, too.

From this brilliant opening chapter, with its vivid distaste for blood, mindlessness, etc., etc., Lawrence soon passes to the phantasmagoria which fdls the bulk of the book. Not so lush as *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love, The Plumed Serpent* is at least as preposterous; the difference in verisimilitude being only such as might exist between one of Tennyson's Idylls of the King rewritten in a madhouse by Dostoieffsky and Rider Haggard's *She* transposed by Nietzsche into the style of *Also Sprach Zarathustra.*

After leaving the bull-fight, Kate yields for a time to a feeling of disgust with Mexico, ' with its great underdrift of squalor and heavy reptile-like evil . . . like the folds of some huge serpent that seemed as if it could hardly raise itself. She is oppressed by the two great mountains, Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, as they watch gigantically and terribly over the bloody cradle of men, the valley of Mexico, no soaring or exaltation in them as in the snow mountains of Europe. But amid the horror she feels of Mexico, there lingers a strange beam of wonder, almost like hope, radiating from the name Quetzalcoatl. The name, she learns, is formed from two words ; Quetzal, a bird that lives high up in the mists of the tropical mountains, and has very beautiful tail-feathers, precious to the Aztecs; and Coatl, a serpent. Combined in one creature, Quetzal and Coatl constitute the Plumed Serpent, of which Kate had seen a stone statue in the National Museum, a hideous creature, fanged, feathered and writhing. Kate does not take

greatly to this creature, but she remembers vaguely that Quetzalcoatl was originally a sort of fair-faced bearded god, symbolizing the wind and breath of life, the eyes that see and are unseen, like the stars by day. As such, she reflects, what may he not have meant to the older Indians before the later deity was raised to heights of horror and vindictiveness ? It was all a confusion of contradictory gleams of meaning, but why not ? She was weary to death of definite meanings and a God of one fixed purport. Anyway, America might be the great death-continent, the great No ! to the European and Asiatic and even African Yes !

Kate meets two Mexicans of superior position, Don Ramon Carrasco and Don Cipriano, whose heart gives out dark rays of seeking and yearning. The hotel-manager at a lake resort to which she goes tells her that Don Ramon is resuscitating Quetzalcoatl in connexion with a political movement, and her interest in Quetzal-coatl is still further stimulated by a hymn sung in his honour by a gathering of Indians. The Indians dance, and she joins in—

> Men and women alike danced with faces lowered and expression-less, abstract, gone in the deep absorption of men into the greater manhood, women into the greater womanhood. It was sex, but the greater, not the lesser sex. . . . Kate wanted to hurry home with her new secret, the strange secret of her greater womanhood.

Don Cipriano, who is Lawrence as a Mexican religious leader, suggests to Kate that she shall be the woman in the Quetzalcoatl pantheon which he and Don Ramon are setting up. There will be two gods, Quetzalcoatl and Huitzilopochtli, and Don Ramon is to be styled The First Man of Quetzalcoatl, and Don Cipriano The

First Man of Huitzilopochtli. Kate is a bit dubious, and replies that Mexico is rather horrible to her, but she is impressed by a hymn to Quetzalcoatl, chanted by Don Ramon to a gathering of Indians—

> Oh, fools ! Mexicans and peons !
> Who are you, to be masters of machines which you cannot make ?
> Which you can only break !
> Those that can make are masters of these machines.
> Not you, poor boobs.
>
> . . . I wait for the final day, when the dragon of thunder . . . shall suddenly shake with rage, and dart his electric needles into your bones, and curdle your blood with milk like venom.

Don Ramon and Don Cipriano are imperceptibly transformed from The First Man of Quetzalcoatl and The First Man of Huitzilopochtli into the deities themselves, and Kate consents to become a priestess and to marry Don Cipriano. The marriage service is performed in pouring rain by Don Ramon, while Kate and Don Cipriano repeat the service after Don Ramon, Kate opening with ' This man is my rain from heaven', and Don Cipriano continuing with ' This woman is the earth to me '.

Although Don Cipriano has a strong and assertive, though small body, and while riding in a motor-car with Kate casts the old twilit Pan power over her, she refuses to live in the same house with him, and, to his great annoyance, tells him that she is his wife only in the world of Quetzalcoatl, and in no other. For the time being he accepts her decision, and throws himself, with Don Ramon, into organizing the Quetzalcoatl movement, for which purpose he learns the old Indian dances—the

shield and spear dance, the knife dance, the dance of ambush and the surprise dance. He then reopens the subject of his matrimonial relations, reminds Kate that he is the living Huitzilopochdi, and tells her that her name is Malintzi. At this point Lawrence suddenly loses his patience, and relieves himself through the mouth of Kate—

> For heaven's sake let me get out of this, and back to simple human people. I loathe the very sound of Quetzalcoatl and Huitzilopochdi. I would rather die than be mixed up in it any more. Horrible, really, both Ramon and Cipriano. And they want to put it over me with their high-flown bunk, and their Malintzi. Malintzi ! Loathsome, really, to be called Malintzi.

Feeling better after this, Lawrence takes heart again, organizes a blood-sacrifice of three peons, sends Don Ramon and Don Cipriano sweeping through Mexico in a series of sanguinary battles, and gets Don Cipriano into bed with Kate, who, while not receiving from his embraces what is usually understood as satisfaction, experiences an indefinable subterranean pleasure, superior, she decides, to mere foam-effervescence.

Chapter Seven

APOCALYPSE

ON October 1st, 1925, the day after he reached England, Lawrence sent a friendly post card to Murry, who was in Dorsetshire with his wife and child. As Mrs. Murry wished to meet Lawrence, and was in too delicate health to go up to London, Murry pressed Lawrence to come down to Dorsetshire, and Lawrence promised to. Eventually, towards the close of October, Lawrence wrote to Murry that he and Frieda were leaving immediately for Baden-Baden, and would he come up to town ? ' Must you really write about Jesus ?' he added' ' Jesus becomes more unsympatisch to me, the longer I live : crosses and nails and tears and all that stuff! ' Though hurt by Lawrence's lack of interest in his wife and child, Murry went up to London, and he and Lawrence met for the last time. They talked about Jesus, Murry setting forth his view that the betrayal of Jesus by Judas was an invention of the other disciples, that Judas was the only disciple who understood Jesus, and that he had hanged himself in horror at the uselessness of the Crucifixion. Judas, said Murry, was the broken-hearted lover.

Lawrence was glad to get out of England, and see his mother-in-law again. Frieda's mother loved Lawrence, who wrote her letters wherever he was, full of vivid details about his daily life, with occasional complaints

about Frieda. As is usual with spoilt children, he regarded women not with a mixture of attraction and apprehension, but as his natural consolers and confidantes. So when he was bruised by Frieda, he would run to her mother and show the hurt place, and the old lady would soothe him, while murmuring in loyalty to Frieda, 'I know her longer than you, I know her.' It was strange, she once said to Frieda, that an old woman like her could still be so fond of a man as she was of Lawrence. In Lawrence's last years his irritability with Frieda was sometimes too much for the Baroness, and she said to Frieda, 'He isn't grateful to you for all you do for him.' But when, soon after his death, she herself was dying, she looked at the sky beyond the window, and said, 'Lawrence is there for me.'

Else, Frieda's eldest sister, was devoted to him, too, and he seems to have played her off against Frieda, for *The Rainbow* is dedicated to Else, and Skrebensky-Lawrence in that novel flirts with Ursula-Frieda's sister, and is passionately upbraided by Ursula because, not being man enough to satisfy one woman, he hangs round others. With his desire for power, Lawrence could not refrain from manoeuvring people against one another, thus dispelling the harmony which he longed for as a poet.

From Baden-Baden he and Frieda went to Spotorno near Genoa, where they took a villa on rising ground, with a wide view of the surrounding country and the sea.

> Now it is evening [he wrote to Frieda's mother]: we are sitting in the kitchen high under the roof. The evening star is white over the hill opposite, underneath the lights of the village lie like oranges and tangerines, little and shining. Frieda has

devoured her whipped cream from Savona at one gulp, and now she moans that she hasn't kept any to cat with coffee and cake after supper. The soup is boiling. In a moment we call down into the depth ' Vicni, Giovanni, e pronto il mangiarc.' Then the old man runs up the stairs like an unhappy frog, with his nose 111 the air, sniffing and smelling. It is nice for him to know that there is always something good for him to eat.

I am sending you a little money, you must always be the Duchess of the Stift. Be jolly.

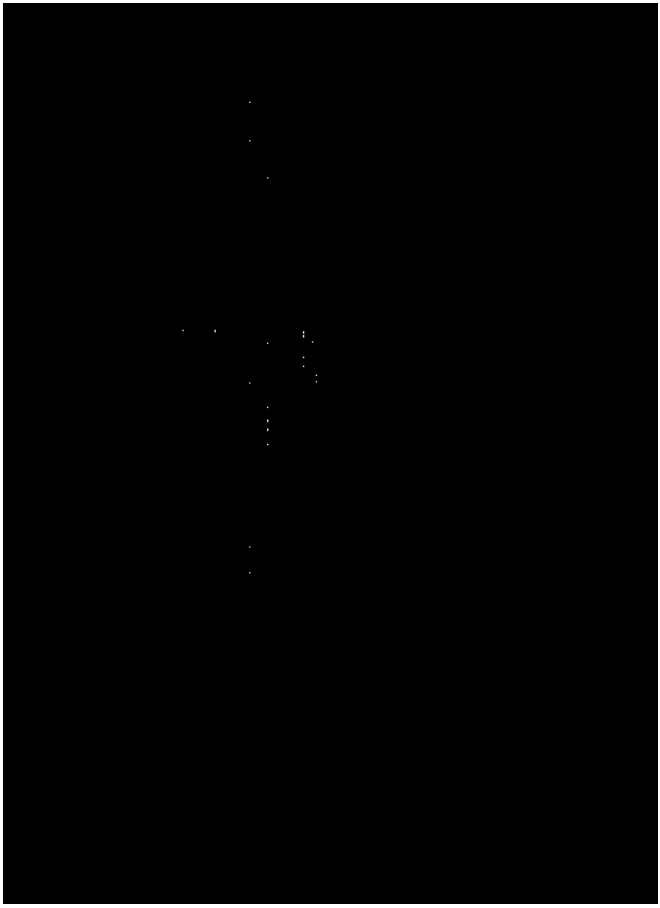
Barbara, one of Frieda's daughters, came to stay with them, and Frieda was overjoyed at having one of her children with her again. This got on Lawrence's nerves, and one evening at supper he threw half a glassful of wine in Frieda's face, shouting at Barbara that she needn't imagine her mother loved her—' She doesn't love anybody, look at her false face.' Barbara jumped up, crying, ' My mother is too good for you, much too good ; it's like pearls thrown to swine.' Mother and daughter burst into tears, and Frieda rushed from the room. Things became worse when Frieda's other daughter, Else, joined them. To redress the balance, Lawrence sent for his sister, Ada, who arrived with a woman friend, and the house split into two camps. Frieda having invaded the enemy camp, and spent a happy evening with Lawrence, Ada locked Lawrence's door, and kept the key. After this Frieda remained within her own lines, and Lawrence presently retired with his allies to Capri, where Dorothy Brett was staying. But no one could long compensate him for Frieda, and he sent her an overture in the form of a picture of Jonah and the whale, writing underneath —' Who is going to swallow whom ?' Barbara and Else pleaded with their still unappeased mother. ' Now, Mrs. L.,' they said, ' be reasonable. You have married

him, and must stick to him.' Frieda yielded, and all three of them went to the station, dressed in their best, to welcome Lawrence back.

Early in 1926 there was another and final breach between Lawrence and Murry. Lawrence, according to Murry, was annoyed because Murry would not come out to Spotorno with his wife. The doctor, Murry explains, peremptorily forbade Mrs. Murry to undertake so long a journey ; and as Murry had travelled from the south of France to Cornwall with his first wife only to be called an obscene bug, he may have been relieved by the doctor's verdict, especially after all that had happened in the interval to feed Lawrence's powers of invective. The harmony between them having been again dispelled, Lawrence wrote to Murry in the tone he used when Murry was thoroughly on his nerves, the tone of a man who takes life as it comes, gaily and carelessly, and cannot get into the skin of creeping moralists—

> As for your humble, he says his say in bits, and pitches it as far from him as he can. . . . My say, like any butterfly, may settle where it hkes: on the hly of the field or the horsetod in the road : or nowhere. . . . Why, oh why, try to ram yourself down people's throats ? Offer them a tasty titbit, and if they give you five quid, have a drink on it. . . . The Mediterranean is glittering blue to-day. Bah, that one should be a mountain of mere words ! Heave-O ! my boy ! get out of it !

He sent Murry at the same time a new book of his, the volume entitled, after one of the essays in it, *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine.* Having just been told that writing was not a serious occupation, Murry would probably have been chilly about the book in any case, but since it contained Lawrence's dismissal of their war



J MIDDLETON MURRY

magazine as' a little escapade '. he was openly unamiable. Lawrence was very angry, and wrote to Brett that Murry had been impertinent about the Porcupine, and had called him a professional heel-kicker. ' Lucky I'm not a professional behind-kicker.' lie snapped.

A few days after his sour letter about the Porcupine, Murry asked Lawrence to contribute to the *Adelphi* without payment. Lawrence told Brett that he would reply to this suggestion—' As one writer to another, I will give you nothing paid for or unpaid for '. and though his letter to Murry was less blunt than this, it put their friendship yet once more into cold storage. Three years later, in the spring of 1929, Murry heard that Lawrence was dying. ' I felt a great longing', he writes, ' to sec him again before he died, so I wrote to ask if I might come to Palma de Mallorca for a few days.' Lawrence did not respond to Murry's affectionate impulse. In his answer, which was the last letter that passed between them, he said that he didn't understand Murry, nor Murry him—

> If I am a giraffe, and the ordinary Englishmen who write about me and say they know me are nice, well-behaved dogs, there it is, the animals are different. . . . The animal that I am you instinctively dislike—just as all the Lynds and Squires and Ehots and Goulds mstincttvely dislike it—and you all say there's no such animal, or if there is there ought not to be—so why not stick to your position ! If I am the only man in your life, it is not because I am I, but merely because I provided the speck of dust on which you formed your crystal of an imaginary man.

His health, he continued, was a great nuisance, but he had no idea of passing out. Murry must not think of coming to Mallorca—' It is no good our meeting—even

when we are immortal spirits, we shall dwell in different Hades. Why not accept it ? '

From Spotorno the Lawrences moved, in May, 1926, to Florence, where they took the Villa Mirenda, seven miles out of the town, on a hill which had a wide view over the valley of the Arno.

After the ranch [Lawrence wrote to Mabel Luhan] I appreciate Tuscany's otherness and delicacy very much ! I almost feel immoral because I loved that ranch life, but now I love this, the subtle richness and floweriness! . . . The cicalas arc rattling away in the sun, the bells of all the little churches are ringing midday, the big white oxen are walking slowly home from under the olives.

The remains of the ancient Etruscan civilization were within easy reach, in Perugia, Volterra, Orvieto and other places, and Lawrence visited them, having long been attracted by what he called ' the secret of the Etruscans '. As the Etruscans have left no literature or great works of art behind them, Lawrence decided that they must have enjoyed an intense physical life, unknown to later more civilized epochs, and have been free from any qualms about sexual desire and its indulgence. Yet in his book, *Etruscan Places*, the chief charm of the Etruscans for Lawrence is not that they lived intensely and loved unconstrainedly, but that they left nothing behind which could oppress his tired mind and failing strength. ' Myself, he writes, ' I like to think of the little wooden temples of the early Greeks and Etruscans : small, dainty, fragile, and evanescent as flowers. We have reached the stage when we are weary of huge stone erections. . . .'

During 1926 Lawrence and Aldous Huxley became

friends. They had met first in December, 1915, when Huxley was twenty-one and Lawrence was looking for youthful disciples to accompany him to Florida. 'I liked Huxley *very* much,' he wrote to Lady Ottoline Morrell. 'He will come to Florida.' In his introduction to Lawrence's letters, Huxley describes this meeting—

> Before tea was over, he asked me if I would join the colony, and though I was an intellectually cautious youth, not at all inclined to enthusiasms, though Lawrence had startled and embarrassed me with sincerities of a kind to which my upbringing had not accustomed me, I answered yes.

The common ground between Huxley and Lawrence was their hatred of life, but while Lawrence's sprang from an unharmonized nature which was happy in gleams, Huxley's sprang from an inborn distaste. His moral and intellectual inheritance, from Dr. Arnold on the one side and Thomas Huxley on the other, was too heavy for him, he had not vitality enough to nourish his fine intelligence or support his delicate sensibility. In an early poem he has expressed both his revulsion from life and his despair at not being able to love it—

> While I have been fumbling over books
> And dunking about God and the Devil and all,
> Other young men have been battling with the days
> And others have been kissing the beautiful women.
> They (i.e. the young men) have brazen faces like battering-rams.
> But I who have thought about books and such—
> I crumble to impotent dust before the struggling
> And the women palsy me with fear.

In the short stories and novels which Huxley wrote between the end of the war and his association with Lawrence he drew life with increasing anguish as a scene

of emotional torture and physical beastliness, yet was never able to rid himself of the belief that the inferno he pictured contained here and there gods or demons who were so constituted as to enjoy what tortured him. Coleman, for example, in *Antic Hay* is, with his blond, fan-shaped beard and bright blue eyes, ' a virile, diabolic monster of evil', although modelled on Philip Heseltine. Like Lawrence, Huxley wanted to believe in gods or devils existing here and now. Both of them felt isolated from ordinary experience, and were forced by their very repugnance to life into idealizing it, like a child who identifies his happiness with a cake his stomach would reject if he tried to swallow it. But Huxley's attempts at domesticating the absolute on earth were vague and timid compared with Lawrence's preterphallic and Mexican fantasies. Lean and mournful, a Don Quixote without dreams, he rode along keeping an eye open for a magician able to relieve him of his sanity.

He seems to have surrendered to Lawrence with very little resistance, for after they had renewed their acquaintance in the summer of 1926, during Lawrence's last visit to England, he was with Lawrence off and on during the remainder of Lawrence's life—in Florence, Forte dei Marmi, Bandol, Paris, above the Lake of Geneva, in the Rhone valley, and at Vence, where he and his wife, Maria Huxley, helped to nurse Lawrence during his last illness.

As Lawrence's spell grew, Huxley tried to clarify it in successive books. In *Point Counter Point*, which was published in 1928, he drew Lawrence and Frieda as Mark and Mary Rampion. Having by this time completely identified himself with Lawrence's view that life is a

self-contained experience, unrelated to any reality beyond it, Huxley pictured Mark and Mary as a married couple who had found the secret of happiness in a spontaneous acceptance of life as it goes along. Mary is a big golden woman, whose whole-hearted laugh from the depths of her lungs no one can hear without himself wishing to laugh. Mark is a thin fierce indomitable little man, in touch with a hidden pre-Christian phallicism, not to be confused with post-war promiscuity, as he explains to the puzzled Spandrell, who is a diminished and discredited version of the demoniac Coleman of *Antic Hay.* At the end of the book Spandrell, who is in great despair, his uninstructed efforts to live beyond good and evil having ended in murder, invites Rampion to listen to Beethoven's A minor quartet on the gramophone. He wants Rampion to assure him that the heaven revealed in Beethoven's music is a reality, but Rampion will not oblige—

> This damned soul [he cries], this damned abstract soul—it's like a cancer, eating up the real, human, natural reality. . . . Why can't he be content with reality, your stupid old Beethoven ? Why should he find it necessary to replace the real, warm, natural thing by this abstract cancer of a soul ?

The villain of the book is not Spandrell, who is merely a life-worshipper on the wrong track, but Burlap, who believes in the soul, underpays the male contributors to his magazine, and seduces the female.

In *Brief Candles,* Huxley embodied spirituality in a shady company promoter, and in *Jesting Pilate* he affirmed that what the world needed was ' more materialism, and not, as false prophets from the East assert, more " spiritu-

ality " '. Finally, in *Do What You Will,* he set forth the main articles of the life-worshipper's creed : the first being that life on this planet is valuable in itself, without any reference to hypothetical higher worlds, eternities, and future existences; the second that the end of hfe is more Hfe, and the third that God, for the life-worshipper, manifests himself in all vital processes, even those which, from one point of view, are most repulsive and evil, all of which is an echo of Lawrence's creed, as expressed in a passage valued by admirers of Lawrence as a seer—

> Everything, everything is the wonderful shimmer of creation, it may be a deadly shimmer like lightning, or the anger in the little eyes of bears, it may be the beautiful shimmer of the moving deer. . . . There is, in our sense of the word, no God. But all is Godly.

After summarizing the life-worshipper's creed, Huxley gave a portrait of a life-worshipper—

> He will be by turns excessively passionate and excessively chaste. He will be at times a positivist, and at times a mystic ; derisively sceptical and full of faith. . . . In a word he will accept each of his selves, as it appears in his consciousness, as his momentarily true self. . . . There are many kinds of Gods. Therefore there are many kinds of men.

The absurdity of this attempt to deny absolute values becomes obvious if we imagine a life-worshipper, as on Huxley's premises we are entitled to, accepting that one of his selves which finds its satisfaction not in the picturesque excesses of passion or Byronic mockery but in sending obscene letters through the post. To accept every action and every attitude as equally valuable is the last expedient of those who dare not admit that they

find everything equally valueless. Lawrence's life-worship supported many in the post-war decade of meliorism and Enduring Passion and released complexes and the other spars to which people clung amid the wreckage of nineteenth-century materialism, but the decade expired in a depression which was not only financial, and Lawrence died in despair.

As examples of life-worshippers Huxley gave Bums and Mozart, Marlowe, Essex and Shakespeare, and as examples of hfe-deniers and spiritual perverts, Swift, Socrates, St. Francis, Baudelaire and Pascal. The difference between Swift and Shakespeare, to take one name from each list, is not radical, for men do not differ radically, but such difference as exists is the reverse of what Huxley supposes. Swift was what Huxley means by a life-worshipper, and went mad because his imagination could not disentangle itself from his will. Shakespeare's far stronger and freer imagination raised him high enough above the will for him to paint the inferno of unrestricted life-worship in *Macbeth* and *Lear*. To stick, like Swift, in the rut of one's desires is not a sign of health but of warped or stunted development. If Lawrence had had the force and passion of Swift, he also would have gone mad, for, in a passage which illustrates Huxley's immersion in Lawrence's simulated enthusiasm for sex, Huxley says of Swift what is equally true of Lawrence—

> Cut off by some accident of body or character from the beautiful and humorous, the rather absurd but sacred, but sublime and marvellous world of carnal passion and tenderness. . . . Swift was prevented from growing to full maturity. Remaining sub-humanly childish, he continued all his life to resent reality for not resembling the abstractions and fairy-tale compensations of the

philosophers and theologians. At the same time his separation from the human world, his sense of solitude, developed in him something of the sub-human malignity, the hate, the envious ' righteous indignation ' of the Puritan.

Lawrence's philosophy and religion were home-made, and he was not an avowed Puritan, but otherwise this passage fits him so closely that he probably sat for Swift's portrait without Huxley realizing it.

Huxley did not have an easy time with Lawrence, who had not met any one so patiently affectionate since Miriam. After reading *Point Counter Point,* he wrote to Huxley—' Your Rampion is the most boring character in the book—a gas-bag. Your attempt at intellectual sympathy !—It's all rather disgusting . . .' and he drove the point home in some verses published about this time—

> I read a novel by a friend of mine
> in which one of Ins characters was me,
> the novel it sure was mighty fine
> but the funniest thing that could be
> was me, or what was supposed to be me . . .
>
> Well damn my eyes ! I said to myself,
> well damn my little eyes !
> if this is what Archibald thinks I am
> he sure thinks a lot of lies.

He also wrote to William Gerhardi, whose humour he admired but who was only an acquaintance—

I wish *we* created a *Monthly Express* out of our various anatomies, to laugh at it all. Just a little magazine to laugh a few things to death. ' The Big Toe Points out the Point or Points in *Point Counter Point*'—and so on. Let's make a little magazine, where even the liver can laugh.

This exasperation with the unreality of Mark Rampion did not lessen the tenacity with which he clung to his illusions about himself. The last years of his life were chiefly spent in painting pictures meant to express the joy of physical living, and in writing and rewriting *Lady Chatterleys Lover,* His' correspondence contains a number of attempts to explain what he was aiming at in this book. It was, he said, a tender and delicate phallic novel, a novel of the phallic consciousness as against the mental consciousness of the day. It was not to be labelled ' sex ', for modern sex was only a mental reaction, a hopelessly cerebral affair, and what he believed in was the true phallic consciousness.

Having spent his life trying to think himself into normal sexual emotion, he naturally did not succeed in formulating an explanation of his book which would conceal the fact that it was one long struggle to stimulate the phallic consciousness through the mental. To one correspondent he wrote that it was a book for young men and women at twenty, when the mind needs something concrete to work on, and ought not to grind away in abstract reflections on sex. To another he wrote —' I believe the consciousness of man has now to embrace the emotions and passions of sex, and the deep effects of human physical contact.'

The impulse behind the book was twofold, to discharge his accumulated bitterness about sex and about society, and at the same time to assert his belief in life and in himself as adequate to life. His health grew rapidly worse while he was writing the book, and the sense of his failing strength intensified both his bitterness and his resistance to seeing himself as he was, though sometimes

his defences broke down for a moment. ' As for myself,' he wrote to a friend in the late summer of 1927, ' I'm in despair. I've been in bed this last week with bronchial haemorrhages—due, radically, to chagrin—though I was born bronchial—born in chagrin, too.'

In spite of his fame as a writer, which was now widespread both in England and the States, he was still as touchy about his working-class origin as in his youth, and *Lady Chatterley s Lover* is as much an attempt to obUterate his social as his sexual mortification. In one of his Pansies, which were doggerel verses thrown off during this period to relieve his feelings, he wrote—

O I was born low and inferior
but shining up beyond
I saw the whole superior
world shine like a promised land.

So up I started climbing
to join the folks on high,
but when at last I got there
I had to sit down and cry.

For it wasn't a bit superior,
it was only affected and mean ;
. . . They all of them always kept up their sleeve
their class-superior claim.

Some narrow-gutted superiority,
and trying to make you agree,
which, for myself, I couldn't,
it was all my-eye to me.

In another Pansy he allowed his sympathy with his father, who represented the qualities he was always

praising, and his resentment against his mother to come for a moment to the surface—

My father was a working-man
and a collier was he,
at six in the morning they turned him down
and they turned him up for tea.

My mother was a superior soul
a superior soul was she,
cut out to play a superior role
in the god-damn bourgeoisie.

We children were the m-bctwccns
little nondescripts were we,
indoors we called each other *you*
outside, it was *tha* and *thee.*

It was in this state of mind that he wrote *Lady Chatterlcys Lover.* Sir Clifford Chatterley is a mine-owning baronet in the Midlands, his wife, Constance, is the daughter of a well-known R.A., Sir Malcolm Reid. Clifford is wounded in the war, returns incapable of begetting children, and has to be wheeled about in a bath-chair. The opening chapters show Constance pining in the atmosphere of mental consciousness which surrounds Clifford, who becomes a high-brow writer and has other writers of the same type to stay with him. Then Lawrence appears, as Mellors, Sir Clifford's new gamekeeper. Once, when Lawrence was walking in Annesley Woods with Miriam and some friends, he was accosted by a gamekeeper, who took his name and that of Miriam's eldest brother, and made the party leave their bunches of primroses on the ground. Lawrence walked home white-faced and still, and it may have been the memory of this

humiliation which turned him into the gamekeeping Mellors, who is also an ex-officer, having risen from the ranks during the war. Mellors can speak like a gentleman when he wishes to, but for the most part prefers broad dialect. Although a gamekeeper and soldier, he is frail, and puffs quickly when he pushes Sir Clifford's chair up an incline.

Constance falls in love with Mellors, and they have secret meetings in his hut. He talks to her in dialect—' Tha mun come to the cottage one time, shall ta ?'—but is not as tough in act as in speech. Lawrence does his best, telling how Constance clings to Mellors with a kiss of wonder that is almost awe ; and there are phrases like ' The dark thrust of peace and a ponderous primordial tenderness' and ' All his blood-vessels seemed to scald with intense yet tender desire '. Yet one's final impression of Mellors, as of all the other figures in whom Lawrence embodied himself, is that he regards an embrace as a fight in which he is likely to be counted out almost before his opponent comes within striking distance. At the time of his affair with Constance he is living apart from his wife, Bertha, and he complains to Constance that Bertha was

> Self! Self! all Self! tearing and shouting ! They talk about a man's selfishness, but I doubt if it can ever touch a woman's blind beakishness, once she's gone that way. . . . Well, in the end I couldn't stand it. We slept apart. . . . The time came when I wouldn't have her coming to my room. I wouldn't.

Yet there is little to choose between Bertha and Constance in their effect on Mellors—' The old hard passion flamed in her (Constance), and the man dwindled to a contempt-

ible object, the mere phallus-bearer, to be torn to pieces when his service was performed.'

Mellors's happiest hours with Constance are when she forgets about her body, and joins with him in admiring his. One day he sticks flowers in the hair on his chest, and a single hyacinth bell in his navel—' She watched him with amusement, his odd intentness. And she pushed a campion flower in his moustache, where it stuck, dangling under his nose.' Another day, while she is threading forget-me-nots in his pelvic hair, she discriminates four shades in the colour of his hair, nearly black on his chest, not very dark on his head, his moustache dark red, and what she calls his love-hair bright like red-gold mistletoe.

Away from Constance, Mellors is able to expand into Lawrence's conception of a tough male. Perhaps the most extraordinary scene even in Lawrence is when Mellors and Constance's father, the Royal Academician, Sir Malcolm Reid, discuss the situation which has arisen from Constance becoming pregnant.

' Well, young man, and what about my daughter ?'

The grin flickered on Mellors's face.

' Well, sir, and what about her ? '

[4] You've got a baby m her all right.'

' I have that honour !' grinned Mellors.

' Honour, by God ! ' Sir Malcolm gave a little squirting laugh, and became Scotch and lewd. ' Honour ! How was the going, eh ? Good, my boy, what ? '

' Good !'

' I'll bet it was ! Ha-ha ! My daughter, chip of the old block, what? . . . You warmed her up, oh, you warmed her up, I can see that. . . . A gamekeeper, eh, my boy ! Bloody good poacher, if you ask me. Ha-ha ! . . .—That sort of game is

worth a man's while, eh, what ? Ha-ha ! I envy you, my boy. . . . Oh, you're a bantam, I can see that. You're a fighter. . . .'

The obscenity in *Lady Chatterley* is of the painstaking, unimaginative kind which was inseparable from the nature of the book, whether one accepts Lawrence's view of it as a tract to teach the young idea how to shoot, or regards it as his attempt to assert his manhood, and to revenge himself on society by seducing a baronet's wife in the person of a gamekeeper. To be solemn about the organs of generation is only possible to some one who, like Lawrence, has deified the will and denied the spirit. If the sexual act is viewed apart from the other than physical emotions which accompany it, it is either comic or disgusting. Imaginative writers convey passion without using physical details, and are obscene only when they are being humorous about sex, like Rabelais, or are nauseated by it, like Shakespeare in *Troilus and Cressida* and *Timon of Athens.*

Some years before *Lady Chatterley,* Lawrence wrote to some one who had sent him a book with indecent drawings and text—' All these fingerings and naughty words and shocking Uttle drawings only reveal the state of mind of a man who has *never* had any sincere, vital experience in sex ; just as a Uttle boy never has, and can't have had ; so he's itching with a feeble curiosity and self-induced excitement.' After *Lady Chatterley,* Lawrence defended the book against the charge of being pornographical on the ground that pornography imphes an idealizing of love, the man in the street being pornographical because he tells dirty stories, while insisting that a film-heroine must be a sexless thing of a washed-out purity. Owing to his inability to state anything cor-

rectly, Lawrence was a poor controversialisc. Sexless film-heroines are unknown. All films end either with the disappearance of the last obstacle to the heroine getting into bed with the hero, or with the inexpressible anguish of both because destiny has decreed that they must continue to sleep apart. If a film ended with the heroine fixing a hyacinth bell in the hero's navel, the audience would either laugh like Rabelais, or leave the cinema in the mood of the later Shakespeare.

Lawrence goes on to say that pornography is the attempt to connect the sex functions and the excrementory—

> Sex is a creative flow, the excrcmentory flow is towards dissolution, de-creation. . . . Our profoundest instincts arc perhaps our instincts of opposition between the two flows. But in the degraded human being . . . the two flows become identical. *This* is the secret of really vulgar and of pornographical people : the sex flow and the excrement flow is the same thing to them.

Nevertheless, Mellors tells Lady Constance, in broad dialect, that he is glad she is a normal woman, with the ordinary necessities, for he would not want a woman without them. It appeased Lawrence's resentment against the upper classes to make a baronet's wife listen meekly to a gamekeeper talking in this way, and toying with her as he talked. There is another scene in the novel, between Mellors and Sir Clifford, which shows still more forcibly the poisoned state to which Lawrence had been reduced by brooding incessantly on his social and other inferiorities. Clifford, becoming suspicious about his wife, sends for Mellors, who jeers at him for being paralysed, telling him it is not for some one in the shape he is in to comment on what normal men do with women.

No doubt this disgusting scene owed some of its venom to the fact that Clifford had been wounded in the war, and that Lawrence, unlike Mellors, had not been in the army.

When Lady Ottoline Morrell wrote to Lawrence about *Lady Chatterleys Lover,* Lawrence in his reply quoted the exact words Mellors uses to Lady Constance. *The* common people, he said, keep the warm glow of life longer than educated people because they use obscene words—' If a man had been able to say to you when you were young and in love—here Lawrence quoted Mellors—surely it would have been a liberation to you, and it would have kept your heart warm.' It does not appear from Lawrence's subsequent letters to Lady Ottoline that she ventured to expose her ignorance of the *basse monde* by questioning the likelihood of working-class husbands keeping their wives sweet with obscene small-talk. Lawrence was not a conscious charlatan, but he had an instinct for exploiting the large areas of imbecility in the English upper classes.

Lawrence's paintings have the same lugubrious silliness as the sex portions of *Lady Chatterleys Lover.* Meant to be a dance of life, woven out of pagan legends and stories from Boccaccio, they are more dejecting than any mediaeval dance of death. The men have small heads to show that they are not cursed with mental consciousness, but they look haggard with apprehension, and seem to be counting the moments till their bloated female companions will demand an explanation. Fortunately the females are too busy trying to look ecstatic to pay any attention to the men. There is one picture in particular, of a panic-stricken man advancing great bulbous lips

towards the mouth of a woman, which it is impossible for any humane person to look at without a strong impulse to create a last-minute diversion.

Lady Chatterleys Lover, which was sold by private subscription, brought in a great deal of money to Lawrence, who took a lot of trouble about the marketing of it, enlisting the assistance of English and American friends. It will be a nice book.' he wrote to a friend in England, ' 1,000 copies, half of'em for America, at two pounds. I've got to sell it too : for I've got to live. So you must help me, because I know you will.' To an American friend he wrote that he was publishing an expurgated edition for the public, but that he would soon be able to send the unexpurgated, ' the full, fine flower with pistil and stamens standing', to the States. ' I shall send you a few little order-forms, and *do* please send a few out for me, to the right people.' A lot of the right sort of people would be found in the universities, Lawrence added, but without explaining whether he regarded universities as centres of phallic consciousness or cerebral stagnation. The total sales of *Lady Chatterley* up to Lawrence's death have not been disclosed, but as he left more than £2,000, they must, even by that date, have been large.

In *The Plumed Serpent* Kate's second husband, the Irish liberator, says to her when he is dying—' Perhaps when I'm dead I shall be able to do more for you than I have done while I was alive.' When he wrote this in Mexico, Lawrence felt that he might soon die, and probably comforted himself with the hope that his books would sell better after his death, and Frieda be rewarded **for having left a secure existence to share his struggle. His**

exertions over the sale of *Lady Chatterley* were more for Frieda's sake than his own. He did not desire money greatly, and what was fine in him feared its effect. ' A lot of money '. he once said to Catherine Carswell, ' has an influence on the nature of a man that is not to be resisted. I *feel* myself that I, at least, should be able to resist it. But that's just how everybody feels, and I suppose I'd not be so different from the rest of mankind. Money, much money, has a really magical touch to make a man insensitive and so to make him wicked.' One day, shortly before his death, Frieda heard him saying to himself—' I shan't die a rich man now . . . perhaps it's just as well, it might have done something to me.' With this feeling about money, the knowledge that he was accumulating a good deal, relatively speaking, from the sales of *Lady Chatterley* and of an unexpurgated edition of *Pansies* must have weighed on him, for in his calmer moments he would not have deluded himself into the belief that his verses and *Lady Chatterley* were selling as the evangel of a new and nobler creed. The uneasiness he felt expressed itself, characteristically, in denunciations of money—

Kill money, put money out of existence,
It is a perverted instinct, a hidden thought
which rots the brain, the blood, the bones, the stones, the soul.

O ! start a revolution somebody !
not to get the money
but to lose it all for ever.

In the intervals of writing and rewriting *Lady Chatterley,* Lawrence wrote a story called *The Man Who Died.* Among the impulses behind *Lady Chatterley* was a longing

for the endless conflict with Frieda to cease. In Constance he tried to create a woman who never answered back, but the length of the book and its more or less realistic setting interfered with his purpose. Mellors and Constance frequently fall out, and after one of their quarrels Mellors cries—' Ma lass ! Ma little lass ! Dunna let's fight ! Dunna let's niver fight ! I love thee an' the touch on thee. Dunna argue wi' me ! Dunna ! Dunna ! Dunna ! '

In *The Man Who Died,* the brevity of the story, and the influence on its style of Hans Andersen and Oscar Wilde, helped to create a tranquillizing atmosphere.

The object of the story was to suggest that if Christ had come back to life after the crucifixion he would have realized that one cannot communicate with human beings through the spirit, but only through the flesh. The story opens with Christ, who is Lawrence, recovering consciousness in the tomb, and leaving it with slow painful steps. He meets Mary Magdalene, who is Miriam, and tells her that his public life of self-importance is over—' I have died, and now I know my own limits. Now I can live without striving to sway others any more. For my reach ends in my finger-tips, and my stride is no longer than the ends of my toes.' The ' greed of giving ' in Mary-Miriam repels Christ now, and Mary on her side is distressed by the change in him—' This was not the Master she had so adored, the young, flamy, unphysical exalter of her soul.'

The man who died, as Lawrence calls him throughout, leaves Mary. As he walks along he is divided between the two desires which conflicted in Lawrence, the desire to be left alone in his weariness and weakness, and the

desire to assert himself triumphantly in the life of the flesh.

> I will be alone in the seethe of all things [he reflects] ; first and foremost, for ever, I shall be alone. . . . And perhaps one evening, I shall meet a woman who can lure my risen body, yet leave me my aloneness. For the body of my desire is dead, and I am not in touch anywhere. Yet how do I know ! All at least is life. And this cock gleams with bright aloneness, though he answers the lure of hens. And I shall hasten on to that village on the hill ahead of me ; already I am tired, and want to close my eyes to everything.

The man meets a young priestess of Isis, who falls in love with him, and rubs his wounds with oil. For a long time he is conscious only of his pain—' And as she chafed his hand, it all came back, the nails, the holes, the cruelty, the unjust cruelty against him who had offered only kindness. The agony of injustice and cruelty came over him again, as in his death-hour.' The agony passes, he feels ' the reality of the soft warm love which is in touch, and which is full of delight', and they embrace.

A little later, the man leaves the priestess, for in no setting could Lawrence imagine a continuance of tranquillity between a man and a woman. ' What is between us is good, and is established,' he says to the priestess, who has conceived. ' Be at peace. And when the nightingale calls again from your valley-bed, I shall come again, sure as Spring.' She begs him not to go, but is secretly relieved, for she wants ' the coolness of her own air around her, and the release from anxiety '. A Roman officer is on his track, but he possesses himself of the Roman's boat, and makes good his escape, handling the oars with distaste, for they are still ' warm with the

unpleasant warmth of the hands of the slaves '. So ends Lawrence's attempt to make an impressive figure out of a Christ whose message is—' In the spirit ye shall have tribulation : but be of good cheer ; I have overcome the spirit.'

From the May of 1928, when he left the Villa Mirenda, till his death at Vence, on March 2nd, 1930, Lawrence went from place to place in a desperate struggle for life. He was often homesick for the ranch, but wrote to Mabel Luhan that it was no good moving till he was sure on his pins—

> As soon as I begin taking journeys, even going to Toulon and doing a bit of shopping and running round, I feel rather rotten and cough more. So it's no good. I shall have to give up again for this year. . . . Not that I'm an invalid or anything like that. . . . But the minute I start walking at all far, especially uphill, and running around, especially in a town, I go all queer.

The pirating of *Lady Chatterley* in the States, and the closing by the police of the exhibition of his paintings in London, intensified his general bitterness, which he relieved through his doggerel verses ; but sometimes his rage died down and he expressed a longing for death or a feeling of submission to the fading of his desires—

> I shall blossom like a dark pansy, and be delighted
> there among the dark sun-rays of death,
> I can feel myself unfolding in the dark sunshine of death
> to something flowery and fulfilled.
>
> I have no desire any more
> towards woman or man, bird, beast or creature or thing.
>
> All day long I feel the tide rocking, rocking
> though it strikes no shore
> in me.
> Only mid-ocean.

Desire may be dead
And still a man can be
A meeting-place for sun and rain,
Wonder outwaiting pain
As in a wintry tree.

A few weeks before his death, he left Bandol for a sanatorium at Vence, which is in the hills above Antibes. Patiently, in a desperate silence, Frieda writes, he set out on his last journey. His nights were very painful —' Now I shall have to fight several battles of Waterloo before morning,' he said one evening to Frieda as she left him. She stayed with him sometimes. One evening he said to her daughter, ' It isn't often I want your mother, but I do want her to-night' ; another time he told Frieda that it did him no good her sleeping in his room. She ran away and wept, but when she came back he said in a tender voice, ' Don't mind, you know I want nothing but you, but sometimes something is stronger in me.'

Among his visitors were the Aga Khan, Jo Davidson, the sculptor, and H. G. Wells, who had always been friendly to him, and for whom Lawrence felt more sympathy and admiration than for his other contemporaries, though that says little. Both had risen from poverty and neither was able to forget his early resentment, even when he had passed far beyond the persons whose good fortune he once envied. Lawrence had a finer strain in him than Wells, who could never have seen anything wrong in money except its absence, but Wells had more various and richer gifts. In each the imagination was lamed from birth, and so both tried to find God in the material universe, and diverged from poetry into pro-

phecy, trying to impose their wills under the mask of a concern for mankind. But Wells, who was in his prime before the bubble of the nineteenth century broke, was sanguine with moods of despair, and Lawrence despairing with fits of hope. Wells believed in progress, and the unknown future and the education of every one ; Lawrence in regress, and the unknown past and the education of no one.

Lawrence worked till the end, completing *Apocalypse,* a commentary on the Book of Revelation, just before his death. In *Lady Chatterley* and *The Man Who Died* he had temporarily turned back from what he called the power-urge to the love-urge, but in *Apocalypse* sex receded again.

Though chaotic, there is nothing sickly in *Apocalypse,* which has a feverish brilliance, glittering from the broken fragments of his genius. Its theme is the expression in Revelation of the Jewish thirst for power and for revenge against their Roman masters.

> The Apocalypse [Lawrence writes] reveals . . . none of the real Gospel, none of the creative breath of Christianity, and is nevertheless perhaps the most effectual doctrine in the Bible. That is, it has had a greater effect on second-rate people throughout the Christian ages than any other book in the Bible.

Of the positive side of Christianity, he continues, there is nothing in the Apocalypse. There is no hint in it of fulfilment in self-realization and unselfish service—' The Apocalypse is for the non-individual side of a man's nature, written from the thwarted collective self, whereas meditation and unselfish services are for pure individuals, isolate.'

As he proceeds, Lawrence forgets that the Apocalypse is the gospel of second-rate people, and becomes excited on finding in it, no doubt correctly, myths and cults from vast forgotten civilizations. The wisdom which proceeds from known and familiar things into the unknown meant very little to him. He preferred the hocus-pocus of the priests who in every age have served power by chipping symbols out of the mystery of things for the bamboozling of the masses. So the reader of *Apocalypse* presently finds himself in the company of Kosmodynamos, the great figure of cosmic Fire with the seven stars of the Bear in his right hand. The cosmic sun of the ancients, the great orb of the Chaldeans, glares down upon him, and Lawrence cries to him to beware of the moon—' Oh, beware of the angry Artemis of the night heavens, beware of the spite of Cybele, beware of the vindictiveness of horned Astarte.' A symbolic horse prances forward—' Horses, always horses ! How the horse dominated the mind of the early races. . . . Far back, far back in our dark soul the horse prances.' The occult power of numbers, too—

> The numbers four and three together make up the sacred number of seven. . . . The number ten is the natural number of a series. It is of course the numbers of the fingers of the two hands. . . . The final number, twelve, is the number of the established or unchanging cosmos.

Out of this morass Lawrence emerges at last with a programme very similar to the one which Hider had been working out in the decade now drawing to its close. ' Let us give up our false position as Christians, as individuals, as democrats.' Lawrence writes, and proceeds

to summarize under six headings the relation in which the individual should stand to the state.

1. No man can be a pure individual. The mass of men have only the tiniest touch of individuality ; if any. . . . They arc fragments of the collective or social consciousness. It has always been so. And will always be so.

2. . . . It is a mistake to say that the State is made up of individuals. It is not. It is made up of a collection of fragmentary beings.

3. The State *cannot* be Christian. Every State is a Power. It cannot be otherwise. . . .

4. Every *citizen* is a unit of worldly power. A *man* may wish to be a pure Christian and a pure individual. But since he *must* be a member of some political State, or nation, he is forced to be a unit of worldly power.

5. As a citizen, as a collective being, man has his fulfilment in the gratification of his power-sense. If he belongs to one of the so-called ' ruling nations', his soul is fulfilled in the sense of his country's power or strength. If his country mounts up aristocratically to a zenith of splendour and power, in a hierarchy, he will be all the more fulfilled, having his place in the hierarchy... .

6. . . . The individual *cannot* love. When the individual loves, he ceases to be purely individual. . . .

Having begun with a faint sense of the unity beyond the will divined by Christ, the book closes in this orgy of the false unity imposed by power. But the life-long conflict in Lawrence did not end in a complete collapse, for only a few pages separate the fustian of—' How deeply the Apocalyptists are yearning for the sun and die stars and the waters of the earth, for nobility and lordship and might, and scarlet and gold splendour, for passionate love, and a proper unison with men' from the truth in—' Oh, it is the Christianity of the middling masses, this Christianity of the Apocalypse. And we

must confess it is hideous. Self-righteousness, self-conceit, self-importance, and secret *envy* underlie it all.'

Frieda has described Lawrence's last hours. He asked her not to leave him, so she sat by his bed while he read a life of Columbus. After lunch he began to suffer greatly, and Aldous went for the doctor. While Aldous was away, he became worse and cried, 'Hold me, hold me, I don't know where my hands are. . . . Where am I?' The injection calmed him, he said twice 'I am better now', and fell asleep. As death approached, his breathing became difficult, there were gaps during which he could not draw a breath, but at last his face changed, his head sank, and the struggle was over.

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