

THE QUESTION
OF THE
RELATIONSHIPS
BETWEEN
THE PAINTINGS AND THE WRITTEN WORKS
OF
D. H. LAWRENCE

by
Robert Walter Millett

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CURRICULUM STUDIORUM

Name: Robert Walter Millett.

Place of Birth: Johnstown, New York.

Date of Birth: May 12, 1931.

Degrees: Bachelor of Arts received from Michigan State
University, March, 1961.
Master of Arts received from University of Ottawa,
May, 1963.

Master's thesis: The Principal Feminine Character-
Types in Selected Novels of
D. H. Lawrence.

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PREFACE

In a very real sense, this thesis had its genesis in impatience - an impatience fostered by a continual exposure to clichés and sweeping generalities to which editors of anthologies and teachers of literature are prone. Repeatedly, the student of literature is confronted with such statements as "Much of his [Dante G. Rossetti] painting technique is observable in his poetry, which also shows the direct influence of Keats".¹ The writer then goes on to another point about Rossetti and says nothing that will support his contention. On the surface, this statement seems accurate; however, it is based more upon an impression than upon critical analysis.

Certainly, it is quite difficult to locate a thorough discussion of the relationship between Rossetti's poetry and his paintings. It is impossible to understand such relationships without a thorough analysis. The statement contains too many pregnant elements to accept without demonstration.

1. James Edward Tobin, Victor M. Hamm, and William H. Hines, edd., A College Book of English Literature, p. 967.

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It is in anticipation of the possibility of a similar treatment happening to the paintings of D. H. Lawrence that this study is written. The trend is already accelerating. Some students of literature, who are aware of the fact that Lawrence painted, are already referring to the "relationships" which exist between his paintings and his prolific literary output. They speak of these "relationships" primarily because they suspect that they exist. For the most part, however, this suspicion is the only reason for the statements they are making. It is the purpose of this thesis to discover to what extent a knowledge of the paintings of D. H. Lawrence elucidates the literature of D. H. Lawrence and, conversely, to discover to what extent a knowledge of D. H. Lawrence's written works elucidates the paintings.

There have been less than a half-dozen treatments of D. H. Lawrence's paintings and, of these, only three have recognized the relationships between the paintings and the written works of this artist. Even these treatments are relatively limited in scope.

Until very recently, the only collection of reproductions of D. H. Lawrence's paintings was the very limited edition of five hundred and ten (510) copies which was

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produced in conjunction with the ill-fated exhibition at the Warren Gallery, London in 1929. The Paintings of D. H. Lawrence, Mandrake Press, London (1929), has become increasingly unavailable. Requests to examine this volume have been repeatedly denied because of its rarity and value. For example, in answer to requests made through the College Inter-Library Loan System, those copies held by the Library of Congress, University of Cincinnati, The Free Library of Philadelphia, Yale University, Ohio State University, and Harvard University were considered too valuable to be made available on a loan basis. It was through the courtesy and the generosity of the University of Manitoba that the author of the present thesis at the Graduate School of the University of Ottawa was able to twice borrow Copy Number 54 of this obviously scarce edition.

In the English version of Sex, Literature and Censorship, edited by Harry T. Moore, six of these paintings were reproduced almost without commentary upon them. These reproductions were deleted from the American edition of this collection of essays.

Hubert Crehan's article "Lady Chatterley's Painter: The Banned Pictures of D. H. Lawrence", Artnews, LV, February,

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1957 was the very first attempt to approach the paintings seriously from the point of view of analysis. It must be remembered, however, that Artnews is an artist's magazine, and the article treats the paintings primarily from the point of view of a professional artist, not primarily from the point of view of the literary critic. Questions of technique in the plastic medium of painting, as might be expected, took complete precedence over the problems which arise when the relationships between Lawrence's paintings and his literary works are considered. The few pictures reproduced in the article are in black and white.

The third volume of Edward Nehls' monumental collection, D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, University of Wisconsin Press (1959), presents much of the history of the paintings through the reminiscences of many of the contemporaries and acquaintances of D. H. Lawrence. Because of the very nature of Dr. Nehls' collection, conflicting memories and interpretations are presented with no attempt to adjudicate among them. The recounting of the events of the exhibition and some personal interpretations of the paintings in the sections written by Philip Trotter, husband of Dorothy Warren Trotter who was owner of the Warren Gallery,

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are by far the most pertinent parts of this work. The few paintings reproduced in Dr. Nehls' volume had been published before and are in black and white.

While this thesis was being written, many of D. H. Lawrence's paintings were reproduced in North America for the first time. The Paintings of D. H. Lawrence, Viking Press, (1964), edited by Mervyn Levy, includes eight of the Warren Gallery paintings in color, and the rest of the collection is reproduced through the monochrome process. Also included in this volume are several of D. H. Lawrence's youthful endeavors in painting. Many of these are copies of "old masters" and photographs, and, therefore cannot be considered as part of the creative outputs of D. H. Lawrence. This book also contains essays dealing with the paintings by such writers as Harry T. Moore, Jack Lindsay and Herbert Read. These essays, for the most part, are superficial, unscholarly, and subjective, and contribute as a result very little to enhance a serious approach toward D. H. Lawrence's paintings. From every point of view, this publication appears to be a "commercial enterprise" and its superficiality is such that it will most certainly encourage many people to utter a variety of generalities about the paintings

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of D. H. Lawrence. The only valuable contribution that this volume makes to the store of knowledge about D. H. Lawrence is the information given as to the present whereabouts of the original canvases.

The present work in its treatment of the paintings in relation to the "pollyanalytics" and other written works of D. H. Lawrence goes far beyond the scope of any previously published essay or dissertation. It is a study devoted only to those paintings reproduced in the Mandrake Press Edition, since these are the paintings which, according to D. H. Lawrence, are his first real pictures. The emphasis on these paintings is further justified in as much as they were painted after 1926 when most of D. H. Lawrence's ideas had been completely formulated. Nine of his ten full-length novels had been published, and he was writing and rewriting Lady Chatterley's Lover at the time these paintings were made.

Since one aspect of a man's work is elucidated by knowledge of another, a study of D. H. Lawrence's paintings will contribute materially to an understanding of his written works. Just as it is usually informative to make extensive analyses of the use of similes, phraseology, and "historical facts" in regard to a particular artist, so is it also

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informative to study the paintings in conjunction with the written works. These are the material objects of this thesis.

In this thesis, the following method of procedure is used. Chapter One deals with the creative process that was employed by D. H. Lawrence when he produced his paintings. It will be seen that D. H. Lawrence felt that the paintings had to come "clean out of the instinct, intuition and sheer physical action" if they were to be pictures at all. Just as D. H. Lawrence looked upon his writings as spontaneous discoveries of life-truths, similarly his approach to the plastic medium is one of spontaneity.

Because the presence of arch-like trees acting as frames are a feature of several of D. H. Lawrence's paintings, Chapter Two is devoted to the arch as a symbol in Laurentian thought.

Chapters Three through Twelve are principally devoted to a close examination of the paintings included in the Mandrake Press Edition. In addition to this, they attempt to explicate the many relationships that exist between these paintings and various parts of Lawrence's written works.

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The very nature of this study made it necessary to order and group these paintings. Some paintings possess a natural connection with others. Other paintings, while being very illustrative of D. H. Lawrence's ideas, had to be treated individually - in a sense, in "isolated splendor". While the origin in the literature of some paintings can be precisely discerned, it was inevitable that others offered a number of possible literary starting points. In the latter cases, a certain amount of speculation and interpretation was required. In every case, the whole canon and "doctrine" of D. H. Lawrence was drawn upon in order to arrive at the most appropriate and most correct conclusions. It seemed preferable to discuss all twenty-six paintings in the Mandrake Press Edition even though this necessitated the inclusion of a number of probable conclusions rather than merely reporting on those paintings for which definite and verifiable conclusions had been reached.

There are few commentaries on writer-painters in general, and there are even fewer commentaries on Lawrence as a writer-painter in particular. For this reason and to state the obvious, the principal debt that this study owes is to D. H. Lawrence, himself. While almost all the major

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writers of biography, reminiscence and criticism were consulted, the writings of D. H. Lawrence himself were in every case regarded as the principal source of the light in which his paintings were viewed.

CHAPTER I

THE CREATIVE PROCESS

It is paradoxical that in the approach to the creative arts, distortions and misunderstandings of an artist's intent are so frequent. This occurs even in an age when there is virtually unlimited access to primary and secondary sources. There is no more poignant example of this phenomenon than the interpretations of D. H. Lawrence's works in the last three decades. A large number of the people commenting upon Lawrence's motivations or intentions have read only one or two of his novels. An even larger number have read only about D. H. Lawrence and are satisfied with a minimal knowledge of this man's achievement. Apparently, they are satisfied to act as experts in this field, secure in the knowledge that they are in agreement with the majority of the Laurentian commentators.

However, it has already been observed by some astute critics that this sense of security is often the direct result of hesitancy to disagree with the ideas and hypotheses elaborated upon by influential "names" in scholarship. It is felt by them that it is less arduous to

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suppress the discord and concede to higher "authority".

One of the great dangers of this approach is that many of Lawrence's novels are adversely evaluated simply because they do not nicely fit into the pre-established interpretations of the Lawrence canon.

Acknowledged masterpieces such as Sons and Lovers, The Rainbow, Women in Love, The Plumed Serpent, The Man Who Died and Lady Chatterley's Lover receive the most attention from critics and self-styled authorities. This is as it should be. However, this in no way justifies the obvious neglect of D. H. Lawrence's other works. Intimidated by Graham Hough's classification of its being reminiscent of the "second-hand poetry of the woman's magazine",¹ the reader avoids The Trespasser as not being worthy of consideration. Much of the same attitude is evident when The Lost Girl is mentioned. People recall Graham Hough's description of this novel as being "the nearest thing to a potboiler that he [D. H. Lawrence] ever wrote",² and

1. Graham Hough, The Dark Sun, p. 49.

2. Ibid., p. 111.

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Richard Aldington's remark that "The Lost Girl began as a potboiler that didn't boil".¹ Then they reject the work unequivocally - often without reading a single page.

The obvious result of such an approach is that an incompetency arises - an incompetency which should not be tolerated. It is unfortunate, however, that often it not only is tolerated, but also abetted.

Also contributing to some people's incorrect understanding of D. H. Lawrence's achievement is the disregard for his ventures into other media of artistic expression. For years, the plays of D. H. Lawrence have been ignored and given short shrift. This attitude is often explained as being due to the plays' apparent lack of dramatic technique. However, through the publication of Arthur E. Waterman's excellent article "The Plays of D. H. Lawrence",² the relationship of the plays to the artist's other works has now been firmly determined. Needless to say, this is a movement in the proper direction.

1. Richard Aldington, Portrait of a Genius But ..., p. 213.

2. Arthur E. Waterman, "The Plays of D. H. Lawrence", D. H. Lawrence, Mark Spilka, ed., pp. 142-50.

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The paintings of D. H. Lawrence - particularly those exhibited at the Warren Gallery and reproduced in the Mandrake Press Edition - constitute a source of expression which has been virtually ignored. The reasons for this disregard are many; first, they were previously unavailable; second, people who should have known better have condemned the paintings on the basis of D. H. Lawrence's disregard for painting techniques; third, the pornographic label has been applied to the works by self-righteous protectors of the public welfare. Fortunately, the third of these reasons has been sufficiently dispelled by the passing of time. The second has only an incidental importance to this study. While it is not the purpose of this study to prove the intrinsic value of D. H. Lawrence as a painter, it would be worth while if the paintings did reveal a talent in the plastic medium of expression.

The Warren Gallery paintings exhibited in 1929 are extraordinary examples of concentrated vision and intensity and, as such, they deserve attention. However, the many people who are intimidated by the mention of D. H. Lawrence's faulty craftsmanship and the accusations of pornography, hurriedly leave the paintings or ignore them

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for loftier objects of contemplation. These people, then, handicap themselves by ignoring a source of information which would otherwise enhance their understanding of D. H. Lawrence's accomplishments as an artist and thinker.

Although D. H. Lawrence spent much time painting, he had no illusions regarding his ability as a painter. He was fully aware that his productions left a great deal to be desired in craftsmanship and technique. However, this did not deter him. For a man who as a writer, on the surface, at least, was amazingly devoid of self-criticism, he indeed "knew what he was about" in his experiments with a brush and easel.

To Earl Brewster, he recounted:

And I'm not so conceited as to think that my marvellous ego and unparalleled technique will make a picture. I like a picture to be a picture of the whole sensual self, and as such it must have a meaning of its own, and concerted action.¹

It is not the technique which D. H. Lawrence deemed important, it is the picture - the picture which "comes clean out

1. Achsah and Earl Brewster, D. H. Lawrence, Reminiscences and Correspondence, p. 116.

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of instinct, intuition and sheer physical action".¹ The technique, craftsmanship and the struggle with the completion of the painting are those elements which necessarily follow the coming into being of the picture.

Students of D. H. Lawrence should be aware that his approach to writing, generally speaking, was one of spontaneity. He rarely revised. He "rewrote". Aldous Huxley relates that he often

... heard him say, indeed, that he was incapable of correcting. If he was dissatisfied with what he had written, he did not, as most authors do, file, clip, insert, transpose; he rewrote. In other words, he gave the daimon another chance to say what it wanted to say.²

and Richard Foster observes that,

Lawrence's artistic faith ... clearly centered on the idea of "organic" or "expressive" form - a faith, alas, that can cover a multitude of incompetencies. We know that Lawrence "rewrote" his novels and poems, some of them several times; but there is reason to believe that the rewriting was more than anything else a matter of further outpouring from the "passional self". And we also know from some

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1. D. H. Lawrence, "making Pictures", Assorted Articles, p. 166.
 2. D. H. Lawrence, The Letters of ..., Aldous Huxley, ed., p. xvii.

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early letters to Edward Garnett that on occasion he felt in himself a lack ("Trim and garnish my stuff I cannot. ... I have always got such a lot of non-essential stuff in my work.") of craftsmanship in the "French" sense. But he believed in the long run in the principle of expressive form and the special instinctual skills, as he said "much finer than the skill of the craftsman," that such freedom requires. And such a principle of form, whether or not it served to excuse Lawrence's insufficiencies as a craftsman, was wholly consistent with his demand that art be a spontaneous discovery of life-truths untrammelled by limiting and dead conventions, a dynamic and revealing "divine service" in honor of life.¹

Both Aldous Huxley and Richard Foster have commented on Lawrence's writing process. The same approach to the creative process is also in evidence in D. H. Lawrence's own account of the painting of his first original picture.

Suddenly, at the age of forty, I begin painting myself and am fascinated. ... I disappeared into that canvas. It is to me the most exciting moment when you have a blank canvas and a big brush full of wet colour, and you plunge. It is just like diving into a pond - then you start swimming in a baffling current and being rather frightened and very thrilled, gasping and striking out for all

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1. Richard Foster, "Criticism as Rage: D. H. Lawrence", D. H. Lawrence, Mark Spilka, ed., p. 158.

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you're worth. The knowing eye watches sharp as a needle; but the picture comes clean out of the instinct, intuition and sheer physical action. Once the instinct and intuition gets into the brush tip, the picture happens, if it is to be a picture at all.¹

"The picture happens, if it is to be a picture at all" appears to succinctly reveal the necessary Laurentian condition that the daimon perform its intuitive function just as the daimon's performance of its intuitive function was essential in the creation of D. H. Lawrence's written works. As the English writer believed that his novels were alive only because of the life that he put into them, he also felt that

A picture lives with the life you put into it. If you put no life into it - no thrill, no concentration of delight or exaltation of visual discovery - then the picture is dead, ... The picture must all come out of the artist's inside, awareness of form and figures. ... It is the image as it lives, in the consciousness, alive like a vision, but unknown.²

To be alive, yet unknown, is the one essential condition in Laurentian thought to which D. H. Lawrence firmly adhered in all his artistic ventures. Lawrence

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Making Pictures", Assorted Articles, pp. 165-6.

2. Ibid., pp. 168-9.

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consistently maintained that all mysteries - and particularly the sexual mystery - should remain unknown. Further, he consistently maintained that any attempt to explain a mystery would only result in its reduction to the status of the absolutely pedestrian. His violent and celebrated outbursts against what he called "sex in the head" bear witness to this. The mystery of sex must remain a mystery since the balance of "knowing" and experiencing must be maintained, and it was felt that the very act of observing or probing a phenomenon changes the phenomenon. As D. H. Lawrence described it:

And the nearer a conception comes towards finality, the nearer does the dynamic relation, out of which this concept has arisen, draw to a close. To know is to lose. When I have a finished mental concept of a beloved, or a friend, then the love and the friendship is dead. It falls to the level of an acquaintance. As soon as I have a finished mental conception, a full idea even of myself, then dynamically I am dead. To know is to die.¹

He reveals the same belief when he is describing the religious experience which he felt in the essay "New Mexico". Watching the natives dance, the dancing

1. D. H. Lawrence, Fantasia of the Unconscious, p. 108.

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... suddenly affected me with a sense of religion, I felt religion for a moment. For religion is an experience, an uncontrollable sensual experience, even more so than love; I use sensual to mean an experience deep down in the senses, inexplicable and inscrutable.¹

So firm is D. H. Lawrence in this belief that many of the characters of his novels repeatedly cry out for the return of the mysterious in their quest for fulfillment. One recalls how Kate Leslie (The Plumed Serpent) oscillates between acceptance and rejection of Mexico. She hates the horror and darkness, but she hates also what she calls the "mechanical cog-wheel people" of the civilized Western world. Her constant plea is: "Give me the mystery and let the world live again for me! ... And deliver me from man's automatism!"²

For D. H. Lawrence, this same approach and belief applies to the paintings; that is, if they are "to be ... picture[s] at all". While negotiating with Alfred Stieglitz about a possible exhibition of his paintings in New York City, he wrote:

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1. D. H. Lawrence, "New Mexico", Phoenix, p. 144.
 2. D. H. Lawrence, The Plumed Serpent, p. 114.

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Don't be alarmed about the pictures - they're quite good. Anyhow, they contain something - which is more than you can say of most moderns, which are all excellent rind of the fruit, but no fruit. And because a picture has subject-matter it is not therefore less a picture. Besides, what's a deformed guitar and a shred of newspaper but subject-matter? There's the greatest lot of bunk talked about modern painting ever. If a picture is to hit deep in the senses, which is its business, it must hit down to the soul and up into the mind - that is, it has to mean something to the co-ordinating soul and the co-ordinating spirit which are central to man's consciousness; and the meaning has to come through direct sense impression. I know what I'm about. As for their space composition and their mass-reaction, if that isn't all literary and idea-concept, what is? ¹

Lawrence fervently believed that his paintings "contain something" - something akin to the fruit beneath the rind.

Speaking of the characters in his novels, D. H.

Lawrence maintained that one

... mustn't look in my novel for the old stable ego of the character. There is another ego, according to whose action the individual is unrecognizable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we've been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same single radically unchange~~d~~element of carbon. (Like as diamond and coal are the same pure single element of carbon. The ordinary novel would trace the

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Letters of ..., Aldous Huxley, ed., p. 743.

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history of diamond - but I say, "Diamond, what! This is carbon." And my diamond might be coal or soot, and my theme is carbon.) You must not say my novel is shaky - it is not perfect, because I am not expert in what I want to do. But it is the real thing.¹

By reading "painting" for "novel" in the statements cited, one has a palpable cognizance of why D. H. Lawrence could sympathize with artist Paul Cezanne's struggles with painting the "appleyness" into his still-lives. In Lawrence's essay "Introduction to These Paintings", the English artist discusses in depth his interpretation of the French artist's purpose. Whereas Cezanne would say: "Be an apple! Be an apple!",² D. H. Lawrence would say: "Be carbon!" and feeling an urgency, they both would have aimed at painting what Lawrence called "real pictures". They both attempted to throw off the shackles of the mental conceptions of what one imagines the subject ought to be, and instead tried to make pictures of the sensual experience, "inexplicable and inscrutable".

D. H. Lawrence undoubtedly felt that Paul Cezanne's struggle was in part due to the fact that the

1. Ibid., p. 174.

2. D. H. Lawrence, "Introduction to These Paintings", Phoenix, p. 578.

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French artist worked with models for he directly refers to the problem.

He [Cezanne] knew perfectly well that the moment the model began to intrude her personality and her "mind" it would be cliché and moral, and he would have to paint cliché. The only part of her that was not banal, known ad nauseam, living cliché was her appleyness.¹

This undoubtedly is, in part, an explanation of why Lawrence used a model in only one of his exhibited paintings. He wanted to avoid the banal - the cliché. (The irony of this situation exists in the fact that Contadini, the above mentioned painting, is usually considered by most viewers as his most compelling and sensitively performed work.)

Further, D. H. Lawrence felt whatever success Paul Cezanne was able to achieve, came about when the French artist was able to transcend the ready-made concept. In the still-lives painted by the French artist, D. H. Lawrence felt Cezanne was most successful in revealing a feeling of knowing - a knowing which lays bare the capture of "appley-ness".

1. Ibid., p. 578.

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"Appleyness", to the English artist, meant that

... which carries with also the feeling of knowing the other side as well, the side you don't see, the hidden side of the moon. For the intuitive apperception of the apple is so tangibly aware of the apple that it is aware of it all around, not only just of the front. The eyes see only fronts, and the mind, on the whole, is satisfied with fronts. But intuition needs all aroundness, and instinct needs insideness. The true imagination is for ever curving round to the other side, to the back of presented appearance. ...

But we have to remember, in his [Cezanne] figure-painting, that while he is painting the appleyness, he was also deliberately painting out the so-called humanness, the personality, the 'likeness', 'the physical cliché'. He never got over the cliché denominator, the intrusion and interference of the ready-made concept, when it came to people, to men and women. Especially to women he could only give a cliché response - and that maddened him. Try as he might, women remained a known, ready-made cliché object to him, and he could not break through the concept obsession to get at the intuitive awareness of her. Except with his wife - and in his wife he did at least know the appleyness.¹

However, in spite of the sympathy he had for Paul Cezanne, D. H. Lawrence still felt that the French artist was on the whole a failure. Cezanne got as far as

1. Ibid., p. 579.

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the apple but could not go beyond. In that, Cezanne achieved more than anyone else in his time and, according to D. H. Lawrence, the French artist's greatness was further enhanced by the bitterness felt for not being able to free himself from his ego - a ready-made mental self battling with his other free intuitive self. In Cezanne, D. H. Lawrence saw the first signs of modern man's re-acceptance of the physical world.

Hubert Crehan suggests that,

It is possible to discount Lawrence's stated preferences for Cezanne's still-lives, card players or portraits of Mme. Cezanne, for there is evidence that his [D. H. Lawrence] imagination was captivated by Cezanne's Woman Bathers series and especially that enchanting ecstatic picture which Cezanne titled The Battle of Love. This remarkable canvas ... reveals much concerning Cezanne's personal anxiety about women, and there is little doubt that Lawrence found in this vision the expression of a kindred spirit. Actually Lawrence borrows the motif for a number of his own paintings, ...¹

Further influence of Paul Cezanne, as suggested by Hubert Crehan, is evident in the use by D. H. Lawrence

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1. Hubert Crehan, "Lady Chatterley's Painter: The Banned Pictures of D. H. Lawrence", Artnews, p. 63.

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of an almost vault-like setting formed by arching trees. This framing device is found in such Laurentian paintings as Dance-Sketch, Finding of Moses, The Mango Tree, The Lizard, and Fauns and Nymphs. The French artist's influence undoubtedly has great validity. However, as students of D. H. Lawrence are keenly aware, the iconographic use of the arch in Laurentian thought and writings goes far beyond the possible utilization for framing.

CHAPTER II

THE ARCH CORRELATIVE

As early as D. H. Lawrence's third novel, Sons and Lovers, the symbol of the arch presents itself. It will be recalled that Paul Morel compares Miriam Leivers and himself to different styles of arches in architecture.

He [Paul Morel] talked to her endlessly about his love of horizontals: how they, the great levels of sky and land in Lincolnshire, meant to him the eternality of the will, just as the bowed Norman arches of the church, repeating themselves, meant the dogged leaping forward of the persistent human soul, on and on, nobody knows where; in contradiction to the perpendicular lines and to the Gothic arch, which, he said, leapt up at heaven and touched the ecstasy and lost itself in the divine. Himself, he said, was Norman, Miriam was Gothic. She bowed in consent even to that.¹

The comparisons are perfectly consistent with the characters of the two figures as portrayed by D. H. Lawrence. Miriam's

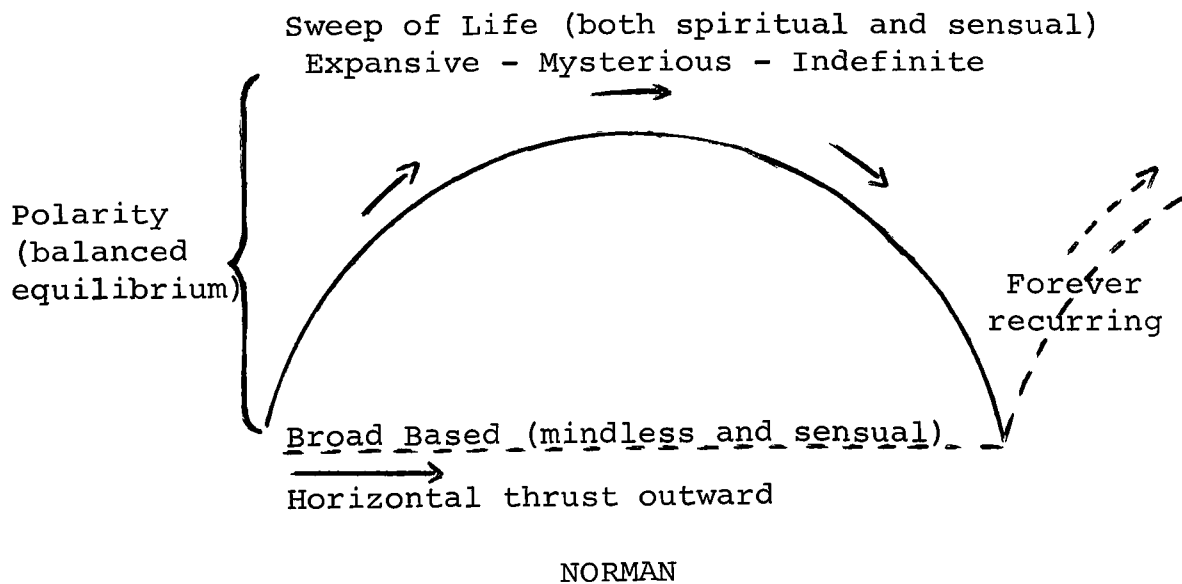
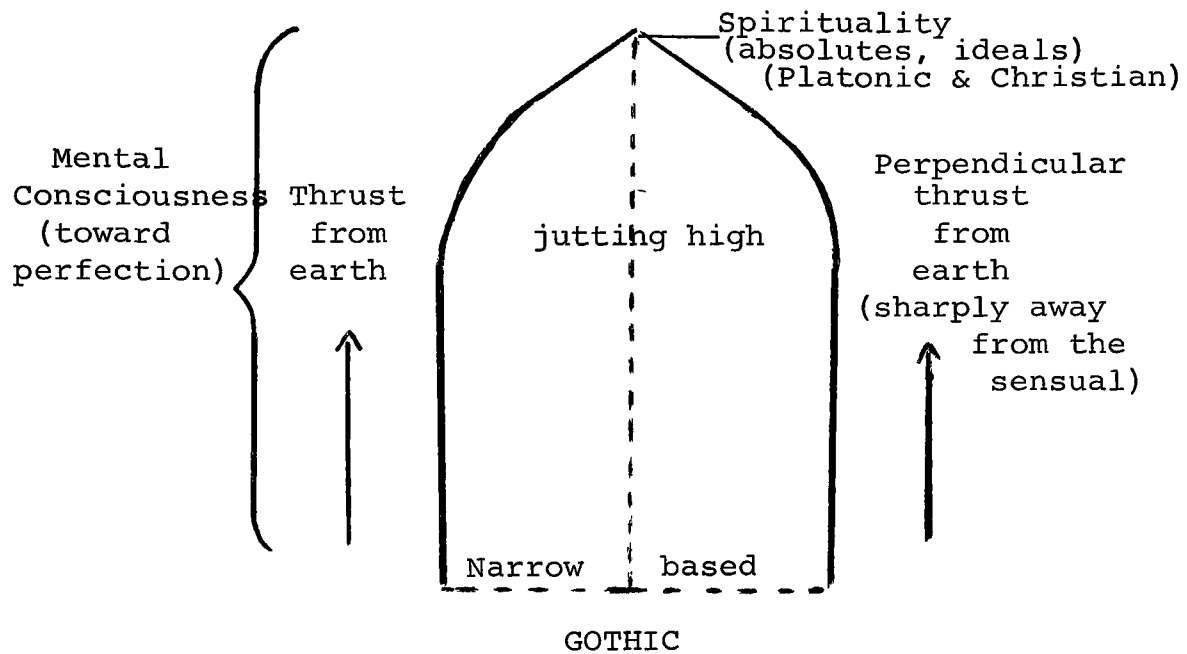
1. D. H. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, p. 219.

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nature is markedly spiritual while Paul's character possesses a semblance of paganism through his growing belief in the sweep of life.

Comparing Miriam Leivers with the Gothic arch and Paul Morel to the Norman arch introduces for the first time in Lawrence's writings the spirituality-sensuality conflict theme in tangible symbolic form. This conflict theme permeates a large part of D. H. Lawrence's fiction. The shape of the arches themselves is the key to this ever recurring dilemma..

The Gothic arch with its relatively narrow base jutting high in an almost perpendicular manner culminating in a pointed apex epitomizes the spirituality - the ideals, the absolutes - which motivates the behavior and thoughts of Miriam. The Norman arch with its broad base and its expansive yet shallower thrust upwards is illustrative of Paul's constant struggle to escape from his home life which prevents him from expressing what he feels stirring within himself.

THE ARCH CORRELATIVE

THE ARCH CORRELATIVE

The obvious differences between the Norman and the Gothic arches also clearly illustrate the heterogeneity of the experiences which Anna and Will Brangwen (The Rainbow) feel during their visit to Lincoln Cathedral. At first, Will feels a spirituality.

When he saw the cathedral in the distance, dark blue lifted watchful in the sky, his heart leapt. It was the sign in heaven. It was the Spirit hovering like a dove, like an eagle over the earth. ... His soul leapt, soared up into the great church. His body stood still, absorbed by the height. His soul leapt up into the gloom, into possession, it reeled, it swooned with a great escape, it quivered in the womb, in the hush and the gloom of fecundity, like a seed of procreation in ecstasy.

Here the stone leapt up from the plain of earth, leapt up in a manifold clustered desire each time, up, away from the horizontal earth, through twilight and dusk and the whole range of desire, through the swerving, the declination, ah, to the ecstasy, the touch, to the meeting and the consummation, the meeting, the clasp, the close embrace, the neutrality, the perfect swooning consummation, the timeless ecstasy. There his soul remained, at the apex of the arch, clinched in the timeless ecstasy, consummated.

And there was no time nor life nor death, but only this, this timeless consummation, where the thrust from earth met the thrust from earth and the arch locked on the keystone of ecstasy. This was all, this was everything. Till he came to himself in the world below. Then again he gathered himself together, in transit, every jet of him strained and leaped, leaped clear into the darkness above, to the

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fecundity and the unique mystery, to the touch, the clasp, the consummation, the climax of eternity, the apex of the arch.¹

In locking on the keystone or the apex of the arch, Will achieves a state which is completely devoid of the sensual - a state which is totally one of spirituality.

His wife Anna also feels awed by the cathedral but she "had always a sense of being roofed in".² She catches at little things in the cathedral in an attempt to prevent herself from being enraptured and swept aloft with her husband. She points out the little carved faces which adorn the structure. Sly little faces which

... knew quite well, the little imps that retorted on man's own illusion, that the cathedral was not absolute. They winked and leered, giving suggestion of the many things that had been left out of the great concept of the church.³

In the ensuing argument between the husband and wife, Will Brangwen finally sees Anna's point. He sees that life outside contains something the church can no longer hold. As a result, he relinquishes his desire for

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Rainbow, pp. 200-2.

2. Ibid., p. 203.

3. Ibid., p. 206.

THE ARCH CORRELATIVE

the absolute - but continues to love the church as something old, sacred and as a symbol. Will loves the church but he loves it "for what it tried to represent, rather than for that which it did represent".¹ The end result of all this on Will's and Anna's husband-wife relationship is that Anna submerges herself in their children and Will rediscovers sensuality through his wife and his carpentry. They live together in teeming conflict and unfulfillment.

What the church tries to represent, according to D. H. Lawrence, is the "rainbow" condition that their daughter Ursula Brangwen achieves toward the end of the novel. Only after she has broken away from the restraints of her past, is she ready for a rebirth - a rebirth promised by the formation of the rainbow in the sky.

And the rainbow stood on the earth. She knew the sordid people who crept hard-scaled and separate on the face of the world's corruption were living still, that the rainbow arched in their blood and quivered to life in their spirit, that they would cast off their horny covering of disintegration, that new, clean, naked bodies would issue to a new germination, to a new growth, rising to the light and the wind and the clean rain of heaven. She saw in the rainbow, the earth's new architecture, the old, brittle, corruption

1. Ibid., p. 206.

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of houses and factories swept away, the world built up in a living fabric of Truth, fitting to the over-arching heaven.¹

The sweeping arc of the rainbow, therefore, can be compared to the sweeping characteristic of the Norman arch described in Sons and Lovers. One recalls that, at the end of Sons and Lovers, Paul Morel is left in a condition ripe for rebirth. In a similar manner, Ursula (The Rainbow) is left in a condition ripe for rebirth. The rainbow is the "earth's new architecture" - architecture which offers to the world the threshold to "being". As such, the arching rainbow contains characteristics of the blood-consciousness and the mental-consciousness. The rainbow contains the extended horizontal - related to the blood-consciousness thrusting outward and totally immersed in the sensual, and the rainbow also contains elements of the perpendicular - related to the mental-consciousness thrusting upward sharply away from the sensual. However, the uplifting effect inherent in the sweeping arc is gradual, shallow and expansive. The shape of the rainbow is unbroken by the sharp apex and returns to the sensual.

1. Ibid., pp. 495-6.

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In a very true sense, it is symbolic of the balanced equilibrium between the blood-consciousness and the mental-consciousness.

Having seen the significance which the arches possess in the writings of D. H. Lawrence, it is only reasonable to assume that the use of arches in his paintings might carry a similar significance. While D. H. Lawrence's use of arches was probably inspired by Paul Cezanne's preoccupation with this geometric figure, it is at least equally probable that D. H. Lawrence gave them a special symbolic significance which enabled him to express in color something quite similar to what he had been able to express in words.

CHAPTER III

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

Continuing in this vein, the possible connotations surrounding the rainbow-Norman arch imagery are expanded upon and further elucidated in Birkin's dilemma (Women in Love). After having talked, on several occasions, as though he thought that the negation of the consciousness and the reassertion of pure sensuality were the only escape from the rapacity of modern civilization, he entertains second thoughts.

Suddenly he found himself face to face with a situation. It was as simple as this: fatally simple. On the one hand, he knew he did not want a further sensual experience - something deeper, darker, than ordinary life could give. He remembered the African fetishes he had seen at Halliday's so often. There came back to him one, a statuette about two feet high, a tall slim, elegant figure from West Africa, in dark wood, glossy and suave. It was a woman with hair dressed high, like a melon-shaped dome. He remembered her vividly: she was one of his soul's intimates. Her body was long and elegant, her face was crushed tiny like a beetle's, she had rows of round heavy collars, like a column of quoits, on her neck. He remembered her: her astonishing culture elegance, her diminished, beetle face, the astonishing long elegant body, on short ugly

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

legs, with such protuberant buttocks, so weighty and unexpected below her slim long loins. She knew what he himself did not know. She had thousands of years of purely sensual, purely unspiritual knowledge behind her. It must have been thousands of years since her race died mystically: that is, since the relation between the senses and the outspoken mind had broken, leaving the experience all in one sort, mystically sensual. Thousands of years ago, that which was imminent [sic] [immanent?] in himself must have taken place in the Africans: the goodness, the holiness, the desire for creation and productive happiness must have lapsed, leaving the single impulse for knowledge in one sort, mindless progressive knowledge through the senses, knowledge arrested and ending in the senses, mystic knowledge in disintegration and dissolution, knowledge such as the beetles have, which live purely within the world of corruption and cold dissolution.

There is a long way we can travel, after the death-break: after that point when the soul in intense suffering breaks, breaks away from its organic hold like a leaf that falls. We fall from the connexion with life and hope, we lapse from pure integral being, from creation and liberty, and we fall into the long, long African process of purely sensual understanding, knowledge in the mystery of dissolution.¹

It is a total immersion into an interpreted sensuousness that Birkin is contemplating. It is an expression of a purely mindless and sensual existence, and

1. D. H. Lawrence, Women in Love, pp. 285-6.

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

it can be readily seen that D. H. Lawrence felt that a total sensual existence can be a deadly and negative thing.

The vivid descriptiveness of the African statuette and its nuances immediately bring to mind one of Lawrence's most striking paintings. The Finding of Moses contains five Negresses with "long and elegant bodies", "protuberant buttocks", and crushed beetle-like faces. They possess all the sensuousness that is hinted at in Birkin's ponderings. They obviously possess those qualities that can prove deadly. However, the trees of the painting bend in the form of arches - which offer the hint of something other than pure sensuality. The suggestion offered by the arches is further carried out by the title of the painting and the depiction of the rescuing of Moses.

Sigmund Freud in his tenth lecture on psychoanalysis dealing specifically with interpretations of dreams relates that,

Birth is regularly expressed by some connection with water: we are plunging into or emerging from water, that is to say, we give birth or are being born. ... In the myths of the birth of heroes, a comparative study of which has been made by O. Rank - the earliest is that of King Sargon of Akkad, about 2800 B. C. - exposure in water and rescue from it play a major part. Rank perceived that this symbolizes



FINDING OF MOSES

18" x 15"

011

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

birth. ... When anyone ... rescues someone from the water, he makes that person into his mother, or at any rate a mother; and in mythology, whoever rescues a child from water confesses herself to be its real mother.¹

Carl G. Jung further expands upon the dual mother motif. Jung maintains that the motif is

... an archetype to be found in many variants in the field of mythology and comparative religions and forming the basis of numerous representations collectives. I might mention, for instance, the motif of the dual descent, that is, descent from human and divine parents, as in the case of Heracles, who received immortality through being unwittingly adopted by Hera. What was myth in Greece was actually ritual in Egypt: Pharaoh was both human and divine by nature. In the birth chambers of the Egyptian temples, Pharaoh's second (divine) conception and birth is depicted on the walls; he is "twice-born". It is an idea that underlies all rebirth mysteries, Christianity included. Christ himself was "twice-born". Through his baptism in the Jordan he was regenerated and reborn from water and spirit.²

The great emphasis which D. H. Lawrence places upon the "rebirth" of his fictional characters allows one to see the parallels between Sigmund Freud's and Carl G. Jung's statements and the motif presented in the painting.

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1. Sigmund Freud, A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis, p. 168.
 2. Carl G. Jung, "The Concept of the Collective Unconscious," Persuasive Prose: A Reader, p. 6.

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Lawrence believed that man possessed many gods within himself, and when man was able to commune with those gods, he experienced a regeneration or rebirth. In a very real sense, the Laurentian man possesses the dual descent motif. He has within himself both the divine and the human.

Students of D. H. Lawrence's writings and ideas need no reminder that although the English writer rejected Christianity at an early age, he never hesitated to utilize Christian symbols and motifs to further his own beliefs.

The point is that as the African statuette stands for a certain kind of experience for Birkin, the Negresses can be interpreted to stand for a similar experience in the painting. The presence of the other elements in the painting suggests for the most part a possibility of a blending of the experiences. The blending, therefore, would convey a balance totally consistent with D. H. Lawrence's beliefs in the need for a balance between the sensual and the spiritual.

The African process which Birkin so painfully ponders is related then to the white races and this, too, is found unsatisfactory.

He realized now that this is a long process - thousands of years it takes, after the death

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

of the creative spirit. He realized that there were great mysteries to be unsealed, sensual, mindless, dreadful mystery, far beyond the phallic cult. How far, in their inverted culture had these West Africans gone beyond phallic knowledge? Very, very far. Birkin recalled again the female figure: ... This was far beyond any phallic knowledge, sensual subtle realities far beyond the scope of phallic investigation.

There remained this way, this awful African process, to be fulfilled. It would be done differently by the white races. The white races having the Arctic north behind them, the vast abstraction of ice and snow, would fulfil a mystery of ice-destructive knowledge, snow-abstract annihilation. Whereas the West Africans, controlled by the burning death-abstraction of the Sahara, had been fulfilled in sun-destruction, the putrescent mystery of sun-rays.

Was this then all that remained? Was there now nothing but to break off from the happy creative being, was the time up? Is our day of creative life finished? Does there remain to us only the strange, awful afterwards of the knowledge in dissolution, the African knowledge, but different in us, who are blond and blue-eyed from the north?¹

The destructive process of the West Africans and the northern races would be essentially the same.

... the destruction of the happy bond between mind and body, soul and sense, the destruction therefore of all specifically human creativity

1. D. H. Lawrence, Women in Love, p. 286.

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

and the relapse into pure sensuality, hot and putrescent in the tropics, cold and icily destructive in the north.¹

The Rape of the Sabine Women is one painting by D. H. Lawrence that pictorially presents this mindless sensuality - a pure sensuality which, according to D. H. Lawrence, is icily destructive. Of this painting, Hubert Crehan suggests:

His [D. H. Lawrence] Rape of the Sabine Women combines massive interlocked human forms in the grandiose style of Orozco with Rivera's device of a signature in the shape of a self portrait ... [this] appears in the lower-left corner, turned away from the teeming rapacious struggle of rumps, torsos and limbs, rather sad and disconsolate, perhaps for having no part in that fleshy melee.²

Orozco and Rivera with their figure-cluttered murals, indeed, may be partly an origin for the technique evident in the painting. If the lower figure (left corner) is not truly a self-portrait, one must concede that the male face is intended to depict a Lawrence figure. However, the suggestion that he is turned away, sad and disconsolate,

1. Graham Hough, The Dark Sun, pp. 99-100.

2. Hubert Crehan, "Lady Chatterley's Painter: The Banned Pictures of D. H. Lawrence", p. 64.



RAPE OF THE SABINE WOMEN

12" x 16"

Oil

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

because he has no part in the fleshy melee is a succinctly erroneous interpretation. So erroneous is this interpretation that it grossly distorts many of D. H. Lawrence's views toward sex.

Rape would be an activity that D. H. Lawrence would never condone - much less participate in. Rape is the result of lascivious anticipations of sex, a very conscious "tickling of the dirty little secret"¹ of sex. Rape is the result of a predominance of "sex in the head" which, according to D. H. Lawrence, is a negative and deadly activity. Related to the activity of rape and by extension to Lawrence's painting Rape of the Sabine Women is his depiction of the various failures of many of his fictional characters in their attempts to achieve fulfillment through pure sensuality.

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Pornography and Obscenity", Phoenix, p. 182.

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

Neither the Laurentian natural man nor the Lawrence figure in his fiction is intended to be purely a sensuous animal, responding merely to biological instincts. He is intended to be as one with a woman both sexually and spiritually. His darkest, deepest innermost self is involved. Yet, as he becomes as one with a woman, he still retains his otherness, an otherness which retains the individuality, pride and independence of the self as a distinct integral being. For D. H. Lawrence, this is the proper response to the blood-consciousness. It is through this blood-consciousness that the natural or "living" Laurentian man will commune with the gods deep within himself. The true "being" of a man or a woman is present when they both have transcended their mental-consciousness and have achieved a polarization - both within themselves and between themselves. Yielding to sheer animalism, in a quest for fulfillment and as an escape from a life of mediocrity and "nothingness", is a complete negation of self.

One recalls that the lack of this rapport in their love affair was the most telling reason for the failure of Paul Morel and Clara Dawes (Sons and Lovers).

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

Paul and Clara shared passion but this approach to their sexual relationship only produced an element of satisfaction for a little while. Paul Morel, in his inexperience, had not yet realized that women need to be satisfied as well as men need to be relieved. He approached their love-making in an impersonal manner. "But it was not Clara. It was something that had happened because of her, but it was not her. They were scarcely any nearer each other".¹ The result is that even the uninhibited Clara Dawes began to fear the "brute" in Paul Morel.

... she was afraid. When he had her then, there was something in it that made her shrink away from him ... something unnatural. She grew to dread him. He was so quiet, yet so strange. She was afraid of the man who was not there with her, whom she could feel behind this make-believe lover; somebody sinister, that filled her with horror. It was almost as if he were a criminal. ... it made her feel as if death itself had her in its grip.²

Clara attempted to describe it to Paul thus:

'... as if I hadn't got you, Paul, as if you weren't there, and as if it weren't me you

1. D. H. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, p. 431.

2. Ibid., p. 470.

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

were taking - ... Something for yourself.
It has been fine, so that I daren't think of
it. But is it me you want, or is it It?¹

This complete lack of rapport between the young lovers proves to be the damning flaw in their relationship, and the underlying cause for their eventual disenchantment with each other.

Equally damning in a love relationship is the sacrificial nature of a woman. Mellors, the gamekeeper, (Lady Chatterley's Lover) manages to explain why he was able to find complete happiness with Constance Chatterley. He has had love affairs with young women drawn exactly on the models of Helena (The Trespasser) and Miriam (Sons and Lovers).

The "Miriam" that Mellors had known was

... a school-master's daughter over at Ollerton, pretty, beautiful really. I was supposed to be a clever sort of young fellow from Sheffield Grammar School, with a bit of French and German, very much up aloft. She was the romantic sort that hated commonness. She egged me on to poetry and reading, in a way she made a man of me. I read and I thought like a house on fire, for her. ... I held forth with rapture to her, positively with rapture. I simply went up in smoke. And she adored me. The serpent in the grass was sex. She somehow didn't have any; at least, not where it's supposed to be. I got thinner and crazier. Then I said we'd got to

1. Ibid., p. 441.

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

be lovers. I talked her into it, as usual. So she let me. I was excited, and she never wanted it. She just didn't want it. She adored me, she loved me to talk to her and kiss her: in that way she had a passion for me. But the other, she just didn't want. And there are lots of women like her. And it was just the other that I did want.¹

Mellors' "Helena" was

... a teacher, who made a scandal by carrying on with a married man and driving him nearly out of his mind. She was a soft, white-skinned, soft sort of a woman, older than me, and played the fiddle. And she was a demon. She loved everything about love, except the sex. Clinging, caressing, creeping into you in every way: but if you forced her to the sex itself, she just ground her teeth and sent out hate. I forced her to it, and she could simply numb me with hate because of it. So I was balked again. I loathed all that. I wanted a woman who wanted me, and wanted it.²

The "grinding of teeth" that characterizes these women in the sexual relationships just described seems to be virtually identical to what one would expect during the act of rape. The women "forced to it" would, without doubt, "send out hate" and be totally unresponsive. A woman being raped certainly would not want the man and

1. D. H. Lawrence, Lady Chatterley's Lover, pp. 208-9.

2. Ibid., p. 209.

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

certainly not want it. Therefore, the Lawrence figure of the Rape of the Sabine Women can be thought of as sad and disconsolate not because he has not part in the fleshy melee but because of his distaste for the totally negative animalism involved, and the "hate" that is being sent out by the women.

Having examined the sensuousness of the West African life and the pure sensual life of the north, Birkin ponders the life of Gerald Crich.

Does there remain to us only the strange, awful afterwards of knowledge in dissolution, the African knowledge, but different in us who are blond and blue-eyed from the north? Birkin thought of Gerald. He was one of these strange white wonderful demons from the north, fulfilled in the destructive frost mystery. And was he fated to pass away in this knowledge, this one process of frost knowledge, death by perfect cold? Was he a messenger, an omen of the universal dissolution into whiteness and snow?¹

Thus, Gerald, through his point of view and his actions, is made to represent the northern form of purely sensual knowledge, a form in accordance with which Birkin once tried to shape Ursula but now, upon reflection, rejects even for himself.

1. D. H. Lawrence, Women in Love, pp. 286-7.

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

There was another way, the way to freedom. There was the paradisaal entry into pure, single being, the individual soul taking precedence over love and desire for union, stronger than any pangs of emotion, a lovely state of free proud singleness, which accepted the obligation of the permanent connexion with others, and with the other, submits to the yoke and leash of love, but never forfeits its own proud individual singleness, even while it loves and yields.¹

Birkin, realizing that the only way to achieve fulfillment is by establishing a vital relationship between himself and a woman - a permanent umbilical cord which binds them together, gives life to each but does not diminish the identity or separateness of either as individuals or as members of the human race - hastens to propose to Ursula and to enter into a definite communion with her.

One of the most technically excellent paintings which D. H. Lawrence exhibited at the Warren Gallery appears to convey this impression of singleness of being. Contadini, a study of a half-length male nude, depicts a figure of a man sitting alone but with the back of another nude contadino filling the upper right quarter of the painting. On June 23,

1. Ibid., p. 287.



CONTADINI

16" x 13"

Oil

SEX VERSUS LOVELINESS

1929, the late art critic Frank Rutter wrote in his column in the London Sunday Times a review of the exhibition.

Technically, his best exhibit is the half-length male nude entitled Contadini, in which we feel there has been a genuine personal search for form as well as colour, and, consequently, it is superior in drawing and modelling to all the other exhibits.¹

Philip Trotter states that, "It was, I believe, the only picture drawn from a living model"² and Hubert Crehan suggests that it is indeed an idealized self-portrait, far more muscular and far more healthy than the artist.³

The striking form of the picture - yet with the sensitiveness of line in the painting - does indeed make most viewers respond in an affirmative manner to this portrait. The single figure filling most of the canvas suggests the singleness of the individual celebrated by Birkin and eventually by Ursula; while the buttocks and the back of the contadino in the background hints at the necessity of permanent relationships with others.

1. Philip Trotter, D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, Ed., Edward Nehls, Vol. III, p. 334.
2. Ibid., n. 185, p. 715.
3. Hubert Crehan, "Lady Chatterley's Painter: The Banned Pictures of D. H. Lawrence", p. 38.

CHAPTER IV

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Even though Birkin is convinced as to the "way to freedom", Ursula is not convinced and is as yet not aware of the road. It is only gradually in the remaining chapters of Women in Love that she is able to achieve this realization. After several excursions in the proper direction, she is finally brought to the point where she, too, feels that their relationship must possess separateness-with-unity. Her awareness of this state is conveyed in descriptive terms which employ images drawn from the Holy Bible, directly from Genesis 6:4. The use of this particular passage from the Bible to illustrate the culmination of the Ursula-Birkin relationship leads one to the painting North Sea which depicts D. H. Lawrence's concept of the biblical scene.

Professor Harry T. Moore suggests that

... the tenderest of the love scenes is North Sea, whose central female figure, about to be embraced by the young Lawrence-man, resembles Lady Cynthia Asquith. Lawrence's letters and some of his stories suggest that he was in love with her - not that he ever told her so, but the feeling is traceable in what he wrote, and in this painting. The idea of North Sea probably came from Heine, whose work Lawrence knew



NORTH SEA

16" x 13"

Oil

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

well. As I have pointed out elsewhere [The Intelligent Heart] Heine's Die Nordsee contains an echo of Genesis 6:4 in the lines:

Und Ich komme, und er mit mir kommt
Die alte Zeit, wo die Gotter des Himmels
Niederst [i]egen zu Töchtern der Menschen. ...

Lawrence in several important passages in The Rainbow, Women in Love and Lady Chatterley's Lover - evokes the sons of God coming down to the daughters of men. And surely in this picture he was making barmecide love to Lady Cynthia through the flesh of paint.¹

For the incurably romantic, such an explanation as Dr. Moore's suggestion of D. H. Lawrence's secret passion for Lady Cynthia Asquith makes this interpretation entirely satisfactory. However, the generalities cited to substantiate such a contention are by no means adequate to dispel any disagreement.

One has only to recall Lawrence's frequent practice of drawing verbal portraits of his acquaintances in his fiction in order to understand why the female figure may resemble Lady Cynthia Asquith. Many commentators have remarked that in Women in Love, D. H. Lawrence not only used himself and his wife Frieda as prototypes for Birkin and Ursula, but he also used John Middleton Murry and Katherine

1. Harry T. Moore, "D. H. Lawrence and His Paintings", Paintings of D. H. Lawrence, ed., Mervyn Levy, p. 33.

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Mansfield as models for Gerald and Gudrun - while drawing the character of Hermione Roddice from Lady Ottoline Morrell. As any artist, Lawrence drew from what he knew.

As for the link between Heine's Die Nordsee, there can be no doubt. Not only does the similarity of the titles manifest an obvious connection but also, as Dr. Moore suggests, several episodes of D. H. Lawrence's writings forge a more solid connection. Witness the curious scene between Ursula and Birkin (Women in Love).

She looked at him. He seemed still so separate. New eyes were opened in her soul. She saw a strange creature from another world in him. It was as if she were enchanted, and everything were metamorphosed. She recalled again the old magic of the Book of Genesis, where the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair. And he was one of these, one of these strange creatures from beyond, looking down at her, and seeing she was fair. ...

Unconsciously, with her sensitive fingertips she was tracing the backs of his thighs, following some mysterious life-flow there. She had discovered something, something more than wonderful, more wonderful than life itself. It was the strange mystery of his life-motion, there, at the back of the thighs, down the flanks. It was a strange reality of his being, the very stuff of being, there in the straight downflow of the thighs. It was here she discovered him as one of the sons of God such as were in the beginning of the world, not a man, something other, something more.

This was release at last. She had had lovers, she had known passion. But this was

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neither love nor passion. It was the daughters of men coming back, to the sons of God, the strange inhuman sons of God who are in the beginning.¹

Ursula is obviously rendering homage to an essential transcendental maleness - the essential man. It is obviously meant to mean more than Birkin's personal being. It undoubtedly has something to do with the "dark gods" within Birkin. Man, after all, is of "dual descent" in Laurentian thought. He possesses gods within himself. The homage that Ursula is paying is not to Birkin as a person but to those "gods" within him. The use of Genesis 6:4 as the origin of the mental processes of Ursula binds Heine's poem and this episode together and further cements the interpretative vinculum between the Birkin-Ursula incident and the painting.

Even though the conclusions which one reaches do not agree with Dr. Moore's interpretations, one does not challenge Dr. Moore's approach of interpreting elements of D. H. Lawrence through biographical methodology. The very

1. D. H. Lawrence, Women in Love, pp. 352-3.

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nature of Lawrence's approach to his work often justifies biographical interpretations. In fact, D. H. Lawrence suggested that one should do this in experiencing his productions - particularly his poetry. Lawrence suggested:

It seems to me that no poetry, not even the best, should be judged as if it existed in the absolute, in the vacuum of the absolute. Even the best poetry, when it is at all personal, needs the penumbra of its own time and place and circumstances to make it full and whole.¹

Lawrence then cites his belief in the necessity to do this with Shakespeare's Sonnets and then suggests that the audience do their own filling-in with his work - particularly in the poems of the Look! We Have Come Through! sequence.

These poems are those which literally celebrate his and Frieda's experiences together. Lawrence also added a Foreword and an Argument to this series of poems. Respectively, they read:

FOREWORD

These poems should not be considered separately, as so many single pieces. They are intended as an essential story, or history, or confession, unfolding one from the other in organic development,

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1. D. H. Lawrence, The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence, Vol. I, p. 28.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

the whole revealing the intrinsic experience of a man during the crisis of manhood, when he married and comes into himself. The period covered is, roughly, the sixth lustre of a man's life.¹

ARGUMENT

After much struggling and loss in love and in the world of men, the protagonist throws in his lot with a woman who is already married. Together they go into another country, she perforce leaving her children behind. The conflict of love and hate goes on between the man and the woman, and between these two and the world around them, till it reaches some sort of conclusion, they transcend into some condition of blessedness.²

Therefore, it is readily seen that D. H. Lawrence makes no secret of the fact that it is Frieda, his wife, and himself who are the subjects of the poems. These statements undoubtedly prove that the poems "Ballad of a Wilful Woman" is written with Frieda in mind. The poem depicts an imaginary scene during the Flight from Egypt. The poem begins:

Upon her plodding palfrey
With a heavy child at her breast
And Joseph holding the bridle
They mount to the last hill-crest.

1. Ibid., p. 191.

2. Ibid., p. 191.

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And quickly and obviously, the Virgin of the poem becomes Frieda; Joseph becomes Ernest Weekley, her former husband, and the man whom the Virgin follows is D. H. Lawrence himself. The change is in the Second Part of the ballad, thus:

The sea in the stones is singing,
A woman binds her hair
With yellow, frail sea-poppies,
That shine as her fingers stir.

While a naked man comes swiftly
Like a spurt of white foam rent
From the crest of a falling breaker
Over the poppies sent.

He puts his surf-wet fingers
Over her startled eyes,
And asks if she sees the land, the land,
The land of her glad surmise.

The description of the scene presented in the poem should leave no doubt that this is obviously the origin for the North Sea painting. The painting and the poem present pretty much a description of the same scene. Further, since this poem is part and parcel of the Look! We Have Come Through! sequence, one must conclude that the figures of the painting are meant to represent D. H. Lawrence and his wife Frieda regardless of the possible physical resemblance to Lady Cynthia Asquith. The painting North Sea might well have been entitled "Ballad of a Wilful Woman", or, indeed, Look! We Have Come Through! since here, with very little question,

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

one can readily see that D. H. Lawrence's brush followed his pen in detail.

Another painting by D. H. Lawrence which obviously includes autobiographical elements is Accident in a Mine. Although Lawrence never worked in the mines himself, his entire childhood was dominated by their existence. Growing up in the Midlands of England, the coal-mines formed the reason for the existence of the little village in which he and his parents lived.

The Mining Village of Eastwood lies on the borders of two English counties, Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, about ten miles to the north-west of the industrial town of Nottingham whose factories are served by the adjacent coal-pits, of which Eastwood's Brinsley Colliery was one. Towards the end of the nineteenth century the place "consisted of a drab main street and hundreds of niggardly houses ... little grimy, brick houses with slate roofs" which taken together made up "a general effect of paltriness, smallness, meanness, fathomless ugliness, combined with a sort of chapel-going respectability". Eastwood, then, was one of the many, many haphazard communities brought recklessly into hideous reality by the Industrial Revolution, ...

Yet Eastwood was not so bad as, say, Sheffield under its perpetual mushroom-shaped Vesuvius eruption of black smoke eclipsing the sun and poisoning human beings, not so bad as the real Black Country, with its hundreds, no, thousands! of square miles of coal pits and factory chimneys and squalid streets and hundreds of thousands of pinched grey faces, resigned and resentful. Eastwood's coal-field was small and



ACCIDENT IN A MINE

16 1/4" x 13 1/4"

Oil

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comparatively new, new enough for the miners' dwellings to be rather potential than actual slums, ...¹

Because D. H. Lawrence's father was a miner, his mother vowed that her sons would never enter the mines. She urged her children to "better themselves"; she encouraged them toward clerical and educational work. Because D. H. Lawrence's father often stopped at the public house and "drank up" some of his meager wages, his mother railed at the elder Lawrence frequently. The children saw their father, for the most part, through their mother's eyes, and felt that he was the sole cause of the dissension in the home.

The nearly-autobiographical novel Sons and Lovers describes in depth the home life of the young D. H. Lawrence. Gertrude Morel - Mrs. Lawrence - is depicted as puritanical, high-minded, educated, from an old "burgher", Congregation-
alist family that had come down in the world. Walter Morel - Lawrence's father - the "diamond in the rough" miner, is very different, and it is this difference that had made him

1. Richard Aldington, D. H. Lawrence, Portrait of a Genius But ..., p. 9.

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originally so appealing to her. However, it is also this difference that causes their marriage to deteriorate. During the first year of their marriage, Mrs. Morel was not made completely unhappy by her surroundings because of the conjugal pleasures she was experiencing.

She had viewed her husband as

... so full of colour and animation, his voice ran so easily into comic grotesque, he was so ready and pleasant with everybody. Her own father had a rich fund of humour but it was satiric. This man [Walter Morel] was different: soft, non-intellectual, warm, a kind of gambolling.¹

However, she was soon disillusioned. She was too unlike her husband.

Sometimes when she herself wearied of love-talk, she tried to open her heart seriously to him. She saw him listening deferentially, but without understanding. This killed her efforts at finer intimacy.²

She had a curious receptive mind, which found much pleasure and amusement in listening to other folk. She was clever in leading folk on to talk. She loved ideas, and was considered very intellectual. What she liked most of all was an argument on religion or philosophy or politics with some educated man. This she did not often enjoy. So she always had people tell her about themselves, finding her pleasure.³

1. D. H. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, p. 17.

2. Ibid., p. 20.

3. Ibid., p. 17.

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She found that her husband lacked a sense of responsibility. She discovered unpaid bills and detected him in lies and evasions. A mutual neglect set in. Although he had signed the "pledge" when they married, he began to spend his spare time drinking with his mining friends in the local pub.

Walter Morel was not the sole cause of the disharmony which developed between them. Mrs. Morel badgered him. She complained. She fretted after him.

She still had her high moral sense, inherited from generations of Puritans. It was now a religious instinct, and she was almost a fanatic with him, because she loved him, or had loved him. If he sinned, she tortured him. If he drank, and lied, was often a poltroon, sometimes a knave, she wielded the lash unmercifully.¹

She tried to make her husband over, to change his nature.

His nature was purely sensuous, and she strove to make him moral, religious. She tried to force him to face things. He could not endure it - it drove him out of his mind.²

They were simply too much unlike each other.

She could not be content with the little he might be. So in seeking to make him nobler than he could be, she destroyed him.³

1. Ibid., p. 25.

2. Ibid., p. 23.

3. Ibid., p. 25.

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Such was Paul Morel's - or D. H. Lawrence's - heritage. And such was the environment which developed his intense hatred for the mechanistic industrialism of the society in which he lived.

It was only after D. H. Lawrence had achieved emancipation from his mother's influence that he was able to view his youthful environment with more understanding, and, as a result, with more charitable eyes. He remarked at one time to the Brewsters that he would like to have rewritten Sons and Lovers. He felt that he had not done justice to his father, whom he described as "a clean-cut, and exuberant spirit, a true pagan" and he then described his mother as self-righteous.¹

Although D. H. Lawrence still possessed an insatiable hatred for the mines, he nevertheless grew to have a greater understanding of the hold the pits could have on the men who worked in them. Also, he could recognize - with more maturity - the frustrations the miners' wives underwent.

The people lived almost entirely by instinct,
men of my father's age could not really read.
And the pit did not mechanize men. On the contrary.

1. Achsah and Earl Brewster, D. H. Lawrence, Reminiscences and Correspondence, p. 254.

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Under the butty system, the miners worked underground as a sort of intimate community, they knew each other practically naked, and with a curious close intimacy and the darkness and the underground remoteness of the pit "stall", and the continual presence of danger, made the physical, instinctive, and intuitional contact between men very highly developed, a contact almost as close as touch, very real and very powerful. This physical awareness and intimate togetherness was at its strongest down pit. When the men came up into the light, they blinked. They had, in a measure, to change their flow. Nevertheless, they brought with them above ground the curious dark intimacy of the mine, the naked sort of contact, and if I think of my childhood, it was always as if there was a lustrous sort of inner darkness, like the gloss of coal, in which we moved and had our real being. My father loved the pit. He was hurt badly, more than once, but he would never stay away. He loved the contact, the intimacy, as men in the war loved the intense male comradeship of the dark days. They did not know what they had lost till they lost it. And I think it is the same with the young collier of today.¹

Surely this is the kind of drive and intimacy that D. H. Lawrence is attempting to depict in his painting Accident in a Mine - that inexplicable attraction that draws the miners back into the pit even after a severe accident. D. H. Lawrence's father felt it. Walter Morel felt it.

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Nottingham and Mining Countryside", Phoenix, pp. 135-6.

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Tom Brangwen (The Rainbow) showed an awareness of the magnetic qualities of the mine when he commented:

Marriage and home is a little sideshow. The women know it right enough, and take it for what it's worth. One man or another, it doesn't matter all the world. The pit matters.¹

In a very true sense, the women are closed out from the intimacy of the pits and from the companionship of the men. They cannot belong, so they direct their energies into their children and their homes.

They [the miners] didn't care very profoundly about wages. It was the women, naturally, who nagged on this score. There was a big discrepancy, when I was a boy, between the collier who saw, at the best, only a brief few hours of daylight - often no daylight at all during the winter weeks - and the collier's wife, who had all the day to herself, when the man was down pit. ... With the women it was always: ... We want this, that, and the other, and where is the money coming?²

An accident in a mine had repercussions on far more people than those directly involved. Aside from the physical pain suffered by the injured, an accident hurt the mine itself and sometimes especially those outside the mine.

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 328.

2. D. H. Lawrence, "Nottingham and Mining Countryside", Phoenix, p. 136.

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It is significant that Lawrence's poem on an accident in a coal mine does not focus on the accident itself - as does the painting - but instead it depicts a scene and a reaction by the collier's wife which one can reasonably suppose the writer-painter had witnessed many times.

THE COLLIER'S WIFE

Somebody's knockin' at th' door
 Mother, come down an' see!
 - i's think it' nobbut a beggar;
 Say I'm busy.

It's not a beggar, mother; hark
 How 'ard 'e knocks!
 - Eh, tha't art a mard-arsed kid,
 'E'll gie the socks!

Shout an' ax what 'e wants,
 I canna come down.
 - 'E says, is it Arthur Holliday's?
 - Say yes, tha clown.

'E says: Tell your mother as 'er mester's
 Got hurt i' th' pit -
 What? Oh my Sirs, ' never says that
 That's not it!

Come out o' th' way an' let me see!
 Eh, there's no peace!
 An' stop thy scraightin', childt,
 Do shut thy face!

"Your mester' 'ad a accident
 An' they ta'ein' 'im i' th' ambulance
 Ter Nottingham." - Eh, dear o' me,
 If 'e's not a man for mischance!

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Wheer's 'e hurt this time, lad?
 - I dunna know,
 They on'y tow'd me it wor bad -
 It would be so!

Out o' my way, childt! dear o' me, wheer
 'Ave I put 'is clean stockin's an' shirt?
 Goodness knows if they'll be able
 To take off 'is pit-dirt!

An' what a moan 'e'll make! there niver
 Was such a man for fuss
 If anything ailed 'im; at any rate
I shan't 'ave 'm to nuss.

I do 'ope as it's not very bad!
 Eh, what a shame it seems
 As some should ha'e hardly a smite o' trouble
 An' others 'as reams!

It's a shame as 'e should be knocked about
 Like this, I'm sure it is!
 'E's 'ad twenty accidents, if 'e's 'ad one:
 Owt bad, an' it' his!

There's one thing, we s'll 'ave a peaceful
 'ouse f'r a bit,
 Thank heaven for a peaceful house!
 An' there's compensation, sin' it's accident,
 An' club-money - I won't growse.

An' a fork an' a spoon 'e'll want - an' what
 else?
 I s'll never catch that train!
 What a traipse it is, if a man gets hurt!
 I sh'd think 'e'll get right again.

The utter confusion with the excessive series of
 lost motion is exactly what one would expect from a collier's
 wife who has just heard of a mine disaster. However, one
 does not expect that she would console herself with the

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thoughts of a peaceful house and the little luxuries that could be bought with the compensation and club-money. These are practical considerations that would naturally come about much later. How utterly amazing that these thoughts should insinuate themselves upon her consciousness even before the extent of her husband's injuries are ascertained.

Therefore, D. H. Lawrence's painting Accident in a Mine moves beyond the mere depiction of a mishap. It acts as the presentation of merely the first Act in a tragedy which has for its settings not only the pit but also the injured collier's home. The immediately presented figures in the painting are only characters briefly introduced and quickly removed from the scene for the entrance of other characters with equally deep emotions and equally extreme reactions.

The novel Sons and Lovers reveals additional autobiographical elements of D. H. Lawrence: some of the incidents from his boyhood contributed palpably to the products of his pen.

Paul Morel's serious illness was followed by a series of descriptions of the visits to the Leivers' farm which began at that time. He helped with various chores and

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more importantly began his ill-fated relationship with Miriam. One of the characteristics of the novel is the frequent, vivid and moving descriptions of the surrounding rural area.

Jessie Chambers Wood, the real-life prototype of Miriam and the spiritual girl whom Lawrence credited with sparking his creative incentive, recalled the memories of those days.

No task seemed dull or monotonous to him. He brought such vitality to the doing that he transformed it into something creative.

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. Father enjoyed Lawrence's company as much as the rest of us. There was for years a fine understanding between them, a sympathy of what was best in each other. I heard father say to mother: "Work goes like fun when Bert's here, it's no trouble at all to keep them going".¹

Her brother Dr. J. D. Chambers also reminisced about the events of those earlier days.

1. E. T. (Jessie Chambers Wood), D. H. Lawrence, A Personal Record, p. 23.

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When he came into the hayfield, as he often did in those endlessly sunny summers of one's boyhood, work went with an unaccustomed swing; he worked along with my father and brothers, staggering under massive forkfuls of hay and keeping up his side of the haycart by sheer nervous energy, for in physique he was not their equal though he was taller.¹

The memories of such events run through many of D. H. Lawrence's early work. In The White Peacock, one encounters many passages vividly describing the farmwork.

We went together down to the fields, he to mow the island of grass he had left standing the previous evening, I to sharpen the machine knife, to mow the hedge-bottoms with the scythe, and to rake the swaths from the way of the machine when the unmown grass was reduced to a triangle. The cold, moist fragrance of the morning, the intentional stillness of everything, of the tall bluish trees, of the wet, frank flowers, of the trustful moths folded and unfolded in the fallen swaths, was a perfect medium of sympathy.²

Similar memories of the Chambers' farm (The Hags) were drawn upon by D. H. Lawrence when he set the scene for his short novel Love Among the Haystacks. The story opens:

The two large fields lay on a hillside facing south. Being newly cleared of hay, they were golden green, and they shone almost blindingly

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1. J. D. Chambers, D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, ed., Edward Nehls, Vol. I, p. 47.
 2. D. H. Lawrence, The White Peacock, p. 222.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

in the sunlight. Across the hill, half-way up, ran a high hedge, that flung its black shadow finely across the molten glow of the sward. The stack was being built just above the hedge. It was of great size, massive, but so silvery and delicately bright in tone that it seemed not to have weight. It rose dishevelled and radiant among the steady, golden-green glare of the field. A little further back was another, finished stack.¹

This work is concerned with two brothers Maurice and Geoffrey who resolve the conflicts which stem from their mutual attraction toward a maid-servant named Paula. The resolution comes about after they spend the night among the haystacks: Maurice with the maid-servant and Geoffrey with the young wife of a tramp who had begged food from them during the day.

The circumstances which gave birth to this story have been recorded by D. H. Lawrence's sister.

Mr. Chambers rented two fine mowing fields opposite Greasley church, and each year Bert helped with the haymaking, going early in the morning and working until after sundown. He could drive the cutting machines and load as well as the others, and had a wonderful amount of energy. While they worked we prepared huge quantities of bread and meat and currant-pies by the shady hedge side.

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1. D. H. Lawrence, "Love Among the Haystacks", The Short Novels, Vol. I, p. 3.

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One night, Bert and George, one of the sons, decided to sleep by a haystack, but were joined in the early hours by a tramp, whose company wasn't exactly peaceful. They kept to their beds after that. This part of the country is described by my brother in Love Among the Haystacks.¹

The painting Under the Haystack obviously owes a great deal to memories of D. H. Lawrence's childhood pleasures. Because of this, one is tempted to conclude that Love Among the Haystacks is the primary source for the picture. The title and the setting of the story encourage such a conclusion. However, in one of Lawrence's earliest poems - one that is specifically what he called a "Miriam" poem - he depicts a fanciful dream. The picture described in the poem is represented exactly in the painting.

DOG-TIRED

If she would come to me here
Now the sunken swaths
Are glittering paths
To the sun, and the swallows cut clear
Into the setting sun! if she came to me here!

-
1. Ada Lawrence and Stuart G. Gelder, Young Lorenzo, The Early Life of D. H. Lawrence, pp. 48-9.

UNDER THE HAY-STACK

9" x 12"

Watercolor



If she would come to me now,
Before the last-mown harebells are dead;
While that vetch-chump still burns red!
Before all the bats have dropped from the
 bough
To cool in the night; if she came to me now!

I should like to drop
On the hay, with my head on her knee,
And lie dead still, while she
Breathed quiet above me; and the crop
Of stars grew silently.

The earlier stanzas of the poem recall remembered scenes from the hayfield, while the last two stanzas convey the wistful fantasies of a young man who is in love - a young man who is conjuring up romantic happenings between "Miriam" and himself.

This is precisely what the painting portrays. The young man lies back upon the comforting breast of the young woman. The woman caresses the man in what appears to be a

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soothing manner while leaning her head upon his hair. The painting is a presentation of a wistful reminiscence of D. H. Lawrence, and the poem just cited is decidedly the parent of the painting.

During the years 1927 and 1928, when D. H. Lawrence was painting so extensively, he was continually plagued by diverse problems arising from the publication and distribution of his books. These years were fraught with struggle and frustration. On November 14, 1928, he wrote nostalgically to Dr. J. D. Chambers:

Whatever I forget, I shall never forget the Haggs - I loved it so. I loved to come to you all, it really was a new life began in me there. The water-pippin by the door - those maiden-blush roses that Flower would lean over and eat and trip floundering round - And stewed figs for tea in winter, and in August green stewed apples. Do you still have them? Tell your mother I never forget, no matter where life carries us. ... Oh, I'd love to be nineteen again, and coming up through the Warren and catching the first glimpse of the buildings. ...

I could never tell you in English how much it meant to me, how I still feel about it. ...

Whatever else I am, I am somewhere still the same Bert who rushed with such joy to the Haggs.¹

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, ed., Aldous Huxley, pp. 761-2.

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With such cherished and savored affection for his childhood years, one can readily understand why D. H. Lawrence would go back to one of his earliest works for the vision which he presented in the painting Under the Haystack.

CHAPTER V

THE STATE OF FUNK

It may be easily appreciated that several of D. H. Lawrence's paintings which were reproduced in the Mandrake Press Edition are products of Lawrence's years of struggle and frustration. These paintings intrinsically express much the same ideas. The illustrations present in graphic form an awareness of modern perversions (as he saw them) and at times they suggest solutions.

By his twentieth birthday, D. H. Lawrence had formulated some definite views about Christ; he believed that Jesus Christ was as human as any man, and that the principal failing of Christ as a man and as a prophet was that He did not live enough. This belief contributed dominantly to the "philosophy" which Lawrence formulated and to the belief which persisted in the various media of his expression during the rest of his life.

The Laurentian doctrine maintains that over two thousand years ago and directly due to the teachings of Jesus Christ, man embarked on the attempt to live by the love-motive alone. While Lawrence would attribute this concept of

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the love-ideal mainly to the growth of Christianity, at times he traces it farther back into antiquity, to Platonism, in particular, and to the rise of the "higher" religions in general. D. H. Lawrence would view these movements in the history of humanity from at least two vantage points. Sometimes he views Platonism and Christianity as a great rejection. It often seems to him a failure of courage, a refusal to accept the responsibilities of life. At other times it seems more like a necessary development, a development living and valid for its own time and for succeeding generations but now exhausted and in need of rejuvenation.

From either approach, D. H. Lawrence maintained that the ideal love-motive was thoroughly attenuated. Christianity, for him, had been hopelessly distorted by the Christian ideals. Lawrence believed that

... the politics and commerce, the Edwardian flummery and the covetousness and rapacity of our civilization are all merely extensions of man's private disposition. Lawrence sees the whole functioning of society as a fool's game, a giant conspiracy to exalt principles of conduct which are the very negation of any true principle of being and becoming.¹

1. Diana Trilling, "Introduction", The Portable D. H. Lawrence, p. 23.

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To be alive is what D. H. Lawrence wanted for himself and the rest of humanity. One must be alive and one must take life seriously; but the seriousness must be the very opposite of pomposity or conscious solemnity. Lawrence's seriousness demanded that man live to the fullest extent. Lawrence's natural man is one who lives through all his senses and aspirations and ideals. The Laurentian protagonist possesses a vital connection with his own sex and the opposite sex. He feels a oneness with birds, beasts and flowers and the whole natural world. D. H. Lawrence's "living" man is never a flippant person. He is never the purely sensual man. He is never the purely idealistic individual. He is a man alive.

Because his doctrine appears to be one that advocates the suppression of the intellect, D. H. Lawrence has been accused of being anti-intellectual in a manner similar to that in which Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Romantic poets have been regarded. However, such is a markedly erroneous view. Lawrence had no quarrel with the intellect. He never maintained that man knows too much but rather that the modern societal man does not know about the right things - and what he does know of these things is often perverted. What D. H.

THE STATE OF FUNK

Lawrence was actually seeking was an entirely new form of consciousness. He believed that he detected a flaw in the foundations of modern institutions and he was firmly convinced that this imperfection was the result of an erroneous conception of man's nature. To improve the mental-consciousness, Lawrence insisted that man required a new notion of the self; conversely, that a new self could be created only out of a new form of mental-consciousness. Because of modern civilization's way of looking at the mental-consciousness, sexual activities and other similar things, Lawrence believed that man could not actualize his full human potentials.

The total annihilation of modern Christian concepts is a necessary condition which must be met, according to D. H. Lawrence, before the sexual mystery can destroy the "civilized" man and allow the "natural" man to emerge. It is in the sexual impulse of man, taken out of the mental-consciousness - which distorts and destroys it - and returned to the body and blood where it belongs, that Lawrence found the clue and the way to the salvation of the individual man and, by extension, of the whole of humanity. As previously stated, the sexual mystery, like any other mystery, should always remain in the hinterlands of the unknown. Any attempt

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to probe the inexplicability of the mysteries perverts them, and, in a true sense, dehumanizes man. In the great sexual mystery which is the essence of the relationship that exists between man and woman, lascivious anticipations and morbid post-mortems are the worst possible sins. They give rise to the various types of "shame" and cerebral emotions that are prevailing attributes of a modern society. Lawrence developed such an intense dislike for perversions of this kind that he even attributed Adam and Eve's exile from the Garden of Eden to them.

When Adam went and took Eve, after the apple, he didn't do any more than he had done many a time before, in act. But in consciousness, he did something very different. So did Eve. Each of them kept an eye on what they were doing, they watched what was happening to them. They wanted to KNOW. And that was the birth of sin. Not doing it, but KNOWING about it. Before the apple, they had shut their eyes and their minds had gone dark. Now, they peeped and pried and imagined. They watched themselves. And they felt self-conscious. So they said, "The act is sin. Let's hide. We've sinned." ... The sin was the self-watching, self-consciousness. The sin, and the doom. Dirty understanding.¹

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1. D. H. Lawrence, "Nathaniel Hawthorne", Studies in Classic American Literature, p. 94.

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The peeping, the prying, and the imagining was, for D. H. Lawrence, the birth of "shame" and the beginning of an evolution which culminated in Edwardian hypocrisy - a hypocrisy which stems from a mental conception of the physical responses and emotions. These mental conceptions suppress the body and its activities. The result of this form of consciousness is discernible in many activities but common to all these is the blatant artificiality that is so terribly obvious in the vital relationships that exist between the sexes.

One of the most striking portrayals of this artificiality is Lawrence's painting Close-Up (Kiss). This painting represents an unattractive man and an equally unattractive woman embracing, just about to kiss. There can be little doubt that it intends to illustrate willed passion. Philip Trotter recounts the reaction which he and his wife first felt to this painting in D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography:

To my wife [Dorothy Warren] even before Pansies reached us, the masterly composition of two unlovely heads contracted in an unfulfilled kiss is the pictorial rendering of Cold Passion, condemned in cruder terms by the gamekeeper in Lady Chatterley's Lover and delicately but



CLOSE-UP (KISS)

18" x 15"

Oil

THE STATE OF FUNK

cruelly in "When I Went to the Film", and "caught them moaning from close-up kisses that could not be felt".¹

Mr. Trotter's observation is accurate and indeed the citations of Lady Chatterley's Lover and the poem "When I Went to the Film" illustrate the portrayal in the painting. Mellors (Lady Chatterley's Lover) condemns this cold passion in several ways. Perhaps the most telling of these ways is his recounting of the loves that he experienced prior to meeting Constance Chatterley. This has been previously quoted in conjunction with the painting Rape of the Sabine Women.

The poem itself is an accurate verbal description of what one views when regarding the painting.

WHEN I WENT TO THE FILM

When I went to the film, and saw all the black-
and-white feeling that nobody felt,
and heard the audience sighing and sobbing with
all the emotions they none of them felt,
and caught them moaning from close-up kisses,
black-and-white that could not be felt.
It was like being in heaven, which I am sure has
a white atmosphere
upon which shadows of people, pure personalities
are cast in black and white, and move
in flat ecstasy, supremely unfelt,
and heavenly.

1. Philip Trotter, D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, ed., Edward Nehls, Vol. III, p. 334.

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One should not suppose that this antagonism for the Cold Passion depicted in the painting Close-Up (Kiss) and the above quoted poem is only a product of Lawrence's mature years. He recognized the problem early in life and made it one of his major themes in virtually every form of expression he attempted.

As early as his second novel The Trespasser, D. H. Lawrence used the problem of a mental conception of love as a dominant failing between the hero and heroine. This short novel which tells the story of Siegmund, a married man, and Helena, his music student, going away together on a sojourn to the Isle of Wight is illustrative of Lawrence's early concern with mental conceptions of emotions and their result.

Prior to the clandestine holiday, Siegmund had been a life-denier. He had suppressed the real man in himself. The tryst at the resort was for him

... one of the crises of his life. For years he had suppressed his soul, in a kind of mechanical despair doing his duty and enduring the rest. Then his soul had been softly enticed from its bondage. Now he was going to break free altogether, to have at least a few days purely for his own joy. This, to a man of his integrity, meant a breaking of bonds, a severing of blood-ties, a sort of a new birth.¹

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Trespasser, p. 13.

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Helena, on the other hand, is a self-possessed young woman, "calm and full of her own assurance".¹ Lawrence would classify her as

... a cocksure woman. She doesn't have a doubt or a qualm. She is the modern type. Whereas the old-fashioned demure woman was as sure as a hen is sure, that is, without knowing anything about. She went quietly and busily clucking around, laying the eggs and mothering the chickens in a kind of anxious dream that was full of sureness. But not mental sureness.²

Helena does indeed possess a mental sureness. She desires love but it is a love based upon her mental ideal of love.

The romantic tryst was meant to reaffirm Siegmund's manhood. However, on the first night of their holiday, a flaw in their relationship emerges. Siegmund is intensely moved, "... he was a tense, vivid body of flesh, without a mind; his blood, alive and conscious, running toward her".³ Helena is moved in a different way.

1. Ibid., p. 16.

2. D. H. Lawrence, "Cocksure Women and Hensure Men", Sex, Literature and Censorship, p. 46.

3. D. H. Lawrence, The Trespasser, pp. 29-30.

THE STATE OF FUNK

Suddenly she strained madly to him, and drawing back her head, placed her lips on his, close, till at the mouth they seemed to melt and fuse together. It was the long supreme kiss, in which man and woman have one being, Two-in-one, the only Hermaphrodite.

When Helena drew away her lips, she was exhausted. She belonged to that class of 'dreaming women' with whom passion exhausts itself at the mouth. Her desire was accomplished in a real kiss. The fire, in heavy flames, had poured through her to Siegmund, from Siegmund to her. It sank, and she felt herself flagging. She had not the man's brightness and vividness of blood. ...

With her the dream was always more than the actuality. Her dream of Siegmund was more to her than Siegmund himself. He might be less than her dream, which is as it may be.

He held her close. His dream was melted in his blood and his blood ran bright for her. Hers was more detached and inhuman. For centuries a certain type of woman has been rejecting the 'animal' in humanity, till now her dreams are abstract, and full of fantasy.¹

Thus Helena is made to symbolize the whole class of dreaming women. Their relationships with men are all in their dreams. They conceive an idea of what love should be and are disillusioned when it is unobtainable. Helena also calls Siegmund "Domine" - it being her old nickname for him. The implications surrounding such a name furthers the understanding of just what the woman's vision of the man was.

1. Ibid., pp. 30-1.

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Helena does not need - indeed, does not want - Siegmund as a man or as a person. She needs him as her dream, her ideal. However, Siegmund is no god. He is a man and as a man has the characteristics of a man. When Helena finally realizes that the man cannot measure up to her mental picture of him, Siegmund is rejected.

Helena had rejected him. She gave herself to her fancies only. For some time she had confused Siegmund with her god. Yesterday she had cried to her ideal, and found only Siegmund.¹

As a dreaming woman, Helena lives within a fantasy. Her mental ideal is everything to her. When she finds that this ideal cannot exist in reality, she is disillusioned. As a result of her disillusionment, she is doomed to be incompatible with all the men she meets. For her, everything about love should be in accordance with her ideal. It should be permanent. The great flaw in her ideal is her utter lack of appreciation of the physical element in love.

In a very true sense, Helena is illustrative of D. H. Lawrence's awareness that a woman who has lost contact with the physical intimacy of love can destroy a man. These

1. Ibid., p. 121.

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"supersensitive" women - "refined a bit beyond humanity"¹ may marry or have illicit (from the traditional point of view) love affairs but still remain aloof from the "brute" in man. They withdraw, protect their ideal, and never really give themselves to a man. In a sense, in a very true sense, they remain "mental virgins". They are inviolable. The mortal man cannot touch them. When a man is allowed to approach them, it is because the man, at least temporarily, is part of the ideal. These women toy with, imagine and savor counterfeit emotions, and all the while they are deceiving themselves about their own feelings.

As Lawrence described this development:

Never was an age more sentimental, more devoid of real feeling, more exaggerated in false feeling, than our own. Sentimentality and counterfeit feeling have become a sort of game, everybody trying to outdo their neighbour. The radio and the film are mere counterfeit emotion all the time, the current press and literature the same. People wallow in emotion: counterfeit emotion. They lap it up: they live in it and on it. They ooze with it. ... You can fool yourself for a long time about your own feelings. But not forever. The body itself hits back at you, and hits back remorselessly in the end.²

1. Ibid., p. 84.

2. D. H. Lawrence, A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover and Other Essays, pp. 94-5.

THE STATE OF FUNK

On another occasion, he expressed his great concern by pointing out that

The mob, of course, will always deceive themselves that they are feeling things, even when they are not. To them, when they say I love you! there will be a huge imaginary feeling, and they will act according to schedule. All the love on the film, the close-up kisses and the rest, and all the responses in buzzing emotion in the audience, is all acting up, all according to schedule. It is all just cerebral, and the body is forced to go through the antics.

And this deranges the natural body-mind harmony on which our sanity rests. Our masses are rapidly going insane.¹

So it is readily seen that from Lawrence's viewpoint, the entire society or "mob" is living in a fantasy. This is encouraged by the artificial reactions to the make-believe approach that modern civilization has toward life and imagination. The public attempts to impose its counterfeit and cerebral reactions upon all segments of society. From their mental concepts, they establish ideals, discourage deviations from their standards and vehemently condemn the minority who will not conform.

According to D. H. Lawrence's belief, this behavior was to be viewed as a disastrous development since he

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Introduction to Pictures, Phoenix, p. 771.

THE STATE OF FUNK

maintained:

... the minority public knows full well that the most obscene painting on a Greek vase - Thou still unravished bride of quietness - is not as pornographical as the close-up kisses on the film, which excite men and women to secret and separate masturbation.¹

The obvious conclusion about the intent of the painting Close-Up (Kiss) is that it is intended to be a caricature of this counterfeit emotion which was and is still being portrayed in the various media of communication and entertainment. Without doubt, it is also intended to be a vehement condemnation of the forces which encourage this falsity of feeling among individuals and society.

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Pornography and Obscenity", Phoenix, p. 187.

CHAPTER VI

ON HUMAN DESTINY

A possible solution which D. H. Lawrence offers for this societal development is to throw off the restraints of modern civilization, reject the idea of sin and achieve a polarity between men and women. In rejecting sin, or more particularly, the idea of sin, one can achieve a rebirth - a rebirth which will allow man to live from the very depths of his being. Man and woman must achieve a state similar to that of Adam and Eve before the apple. It is in Lawrence's painting Throwing Back the Apple, that he presents such a motif.

Hubert Crehan attempts to interpret this painting as being one of levity and indeed one finds oneself smiling at the very thought of Adam's refusal to be intimidated. However, comic treatment or no, the theme of the rejection of sin was of great concern for D. H. Lawrence. In his view, the conflict between mental and physical awareness was too often being resolved in favor of the mind. The mind was completely subjugating the body and the blood. As a result, all potential ways of being attuned to life were being

THROWING BACK THE APPLE

9" x 12"

Watercolor



ON HUMAN DESTINY

destroyed. Society had become engrossed in the idea of sin and what they thought should be proper behavior. As a further result, Lawrence believed:

The Edens are so badly lost, anyhow. But it was the apple, not the Lord did it. There is a fundamental antagonism between the mental cognitive mode and the naive physical or sexual mode of consciousness. As long as it lasts, it will be a battle or a truce between the two. How to prevent suburbia spreading over Eden (too late! it's done) - How to prevent Eden running to a great wild wilderness - there you are.¹

So it is seen that the idea of sin and its nuances - symbolized by the apple - is to blame for many perversions of the integrity of the vital being of man. The creeping insidiousness of modern society has adopted the ideas of sin and while attempting to shape it has warped it into a monstrous creation that D. H. Lawrence felt the Lord Himself would not recognize. The societal man feels a total repugnance toward the bodily functions, possesses a shameful attitude toward the structure of the human body and has even placed shameful connotations upon words which describe the

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, ed., Aldous Huxley, p. 688.

ON HUMAN DESTINY

body and its functions. Contemplating this development, Lawrence concluded that it was a nightmarish and grievous state. The probing, the desire to analyze, and what Lawrence viewed as misunderstandings had perverted man and in a very true sense had dehumanized him. It was felt that man must fight back to regain his intended state. As D. H. Lawrence exhorted:

... fight for your life, man, Fight your wife out of her self-conscious preoccupation with herself. Batter her out of it till she's stunned. ... Rip all her nice superimposed modern-woman and wonderful creature garb off her. Reduce her once more to a naked Eve, and send the apple flying.¹

In other words, it was thought that man must continue the struggle with himself - pressured though he may be by societal views and by people completely enamored with mental-consciousness - in order that he may be himself in harmony with woman, his fellow-men and the birds, beasts and flowers. It was further felt that the modern man could not do this because he is too much a product of his environment. He is too much influenced by the modern man's perversion of

1. D. H. Lawrence, Fantasia of the Unconscious, pp. 217-8.

ON HUMAN DESTINY

values. As a result, he becomes an automaton with no communication with the life-flame within himself and, as a further result, he cannot know the gods within himself.

So he must throw off the restraints of modern civilization; he must fight against the probing, the analyzing, the intellectualization of his being. At all costs, he must be. He must reject the ideas of sin. He must reject the fear of feeling honest emotion. He must throw back the apple. In throwing back the apple, he will achieve a state of readiness for fulfillment. He will achieve that state which Ursula (The Rainbow) arrived at, and that readiness Paul Morel (Sons and Lovers) achieved after he severed his emotional and intellectual bonds with his mother.

In the painting Throwing Back the Apple, D. H. Lawrence depicts just this need. He presents Adam rejecting the idea of sin. Adam throws back the apple when the Lord attempts to expel him and Eve from Paradise. In this rejection of sin, Eve is in accord with Adam's action as she squats ready with another apple if the missile just thrown is not enough. It is ironic that of the three figures portrayed in this painting that only the Lord is clothed from the waist down. Adam and Eve are stripped naked. They wear

ON HUMAN DESTINY

nothing.

In a sense, the figure portraying the Lord is the product of perverted mental gymnastics. Viewing the figure thus, one is aware that by clothing the Lord, D. H. Lawrence is subtly suggesting that modern society is even forcing the concept of God to fit the mentally conceived morality.

Continuing the paradisal theme, D. H. Lawrence produced another presentation of his belief in the necessity to reject the concept of sin which arises from the mental-consciousness. Flight Back Into Paradise portrays precisely this kind of rejection of the modern world.

Lawrence described this painting to the Honorable Dorothy Brett and he made this comment.

I challenge you to a pictorial contest. I'm just finishing a nice big canvas, Eve dodging back into Paradise, between Adam and the Angel at the gate, who are having a fight about it - and leaving the world in flames in the far corner behind her. Great fun, and of course a Capo lavoro. I should like to do a middle picture, inside Paradise, just as she bolts in, God Almighty astonished and indignant, and the new young God who is just having a chat with the serpent, pleasantly amused, then the third picture, Adam and Eve under the tree of knowledge, God Almighty disappearing in a dudgeon, and the animals skipping. Probably, I shall never get



FLIGHT BACK INTO PARADISE

39" x 58"

011

ON HUMAN DESTINY

them done. If I say, I'll do a thing, I never do it. But I'll try. And you too have a shot, if the subject tickles you. The triptych!¹

The associated pictures that he conceived never were finished. Instead, he produced only two on this theme. Flight Back Into Paradise, as he described it, was almost finished when he wrote the letter, and the vision of the other two paintings was combined in the production of Throwing Back the Apple.

Flight Back Into Paradise depicts just what Lawrence has described: "Eve dodging back into Paradise, between Adam and the Angel at the gate, who are having a fight about it - and leaving the world in flames in the far corner behind her".

The conception of the gate of Paradise in the painting has its origin in Genesis 3:23,24.

Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken. So he drove out the man: and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life.

The painting also depicts a scene which is identical with the vision described in the following:

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, ed., Aldous Huxley, p. 678.

ON HUMAN DESTINY

PARADISE RE-ENTERED

Through the strait gate of passion,
Between the bickering fire
Where flames of fierce love tremble
On the body of fierce desire:

To the intoxication,
The mind, fused down like a bead,
Flees in its agitation
The flames' stiff speed:

At last to calm incandescence,
Burned clean by remorseless hate,
Now, at the day's renascence
We approach the gate.

Now, from the darkened spaces
Of fear, and of frightened faces,
Death, in our awed embraces
Approached and passed by;

We near the flame-burnt porches
Where the brands of the angels, like torches,
Whirl, - in these perilous marches
Pausing to sigh;

We look back on the withering roses,
The stars, in their sun-dimmed closes,
Where 'twas given us to repose us
Sure on our sanctity;

Beautiful, candid lovers,
Burnt out of our earthy covers,
We might have nestled like plovers
In the fields of eternity.

There, sure in sinless being,
All-seen, and then all-seeing,
In us life unto death agreeing,
We might have lain.

ON HUMAN DESTINY

But we storm the angel-guarded
Gates of the long-discarded
Garden, which God has hoarded
Against our pain.

The Lord of Hosts and the Devil
Are left on Eternity's level
Field, and as victors we travel
To Eden home.

Back beyond good and evil
Return we, Even dishevel
Your hair for the bliss-drenched revel
On our primal loam.

The characters in the poem and indeed those in the painting have obviously transcended the modern world and its forces. Paradise Re-Entered is one of the poems of the Look! We Have Come Through! sequence of poetry celebrating the love affair of Frieda and D. H. Lawrence. The poem and the painting obviously indicate that D. H. Lawrence felt that they had come to grips with themselves and had achieved a polarity.

D. H. Lawrence believed that

Man has two selves: one unknown, vital, living
from roots: the other the known self, like a
picture in a mirror or the objects on a tray.
People live from this latter. And this latter
can only feel known feelings: and its only

ON HUMAN DESTINY

experience of liberation or freedom is in the experience of novelty, which is the clash of sensation and a katabolic process.¹

It was his belief that his wife and his relationship had transcended the known self and had re-entered Paradise through their "unknown, vital, living from roots" selves.

Another of D. H. Lawrence's paintings which can be viewed as one of wish fulfillment is The Mango Tree. This painting is a straightforward portrayal of a nude woman sitting upon a nude man's knee. The man's hand is full upon her breast and she gazes endearingly toward him. The portrayal is obviously intended to convey the beginnings of love-play soon to culminate in the sexual act.

It is difficult to single out a poem or prose passage and suggest that it is the origin or even a parallel to this painting. The presentations of sexual episodes between men and women abound in D. H. Lawrence's works.

Certainly the love-making episodes in Lady Chatterley's Lover can be related to the picture. The love scenes in this famous novel are as full in description and as

1. Frieda Lawrence, Not I But the Wind ..., p. 192.



UNDER THE MANGO TREE

9" x 12"

Watercolor

ON HUMAN DESTINY

frank - if anything, more frank - than the painting.

The love scenes between Paul Morel and Miriam Leivers and those between Paul and Clara Dawes (Sons and Lovers) are equally applicable to such a presentation. The writer's fiction abounds with similar depictions. The arch-trees with its rainbow-like sweep represented in the painting plainly shows that the two are making love in a wooded area. This, of course, is reminiscent of several similar scenes encountered in his writings.

One of Lawrence's poems presents a suggestion of a similar scene - a scene that is of a wistful, almost pleading nature.

THE YEWE-TREE ON THE DOWNS

A gibbous moon hangs out of the twilight,
Star-spiders, spinning their thread,
Drop a little lower, withouten respite
Watching us overhead.

Come then under this tree, where the tent-cloths
Curtain us in so dark
That here we're safe from even the ermine moth's
Twitching remark.

Here in this swarthy, secret tent,
Whose black boughs flap the ground,
Come, draw the thorn from my discontent,
And bless the wound.

ON HUMAN DESTINY

This rare, ancient night! For in here
 Under the yew-tree tent
 The darkness is secret, and I could sear
 You like frankincense into scent.

Here not even the stars can spy us,
 Not even the moths can alight
 On our mystery; nought can descry us
 Nor put us to flight.

Put trust then now in the black-boughed tree,
 Lie down, and open to me
 The inner dark of the mystery
 Be penetrate, like the tree.

Waste not the yew-tree's waiting, waste
 Not this inner night!
 Open the core of gloaming, taste
 The last dark delight.

D. H. Lawrence's short story The Overtone also presents a picture that can be looked upon as a parallel to the painting. Indeed, the desire for sexual intercourse in the wooded area possesses almost religious overtones for the man of the story. Will Renshaw and his wife Edith, a middle-aged couple, are pictured as having a "good" marriage. "It was said they were the most friendly married couple in the county. And this was it".¹ However, it is a marriage that is greatly lacking.

1. D. H. Lawrence, "The Overtone", The Complete Short Stories of D. H. Lawrence, Vol. III, p. 754.

ON HUMAN DESTINY

... they had been mutually afraid of each other, but he most often. Whenever she had needed him at some mystery of love, he had overturned her censures and her sacraments, and made profane love in her cared place. Which was why, at last, she hated his body; but perhaps she had hated it at first, or feared it so much it was hate.¹

In retrospect, Renshaw reveals that in the early months of their marriage, their relationship had lost its aura. It began its disintegration one evening when they were walking.

He knew a place on the ledge of the hill, on the lip of the cliff, where the trees stood back and left a little dancing-green, high up above the water, there in the midst of miles of moonlit, lonely country. He parted the boughs, sure as a fox that runs to its lair. And they stood together on this dancing-green presented towards the moon, with the red cliff cumbered with bushes going down to the river below, and the haze of moon-dust on the meadows, and the trees behind them, and only the moon could look straight into the place he had chosen.

She stood always a little way behind him. He saw her face all compounded of shadows and moonlight, and he dared not kiss her yet.

"Will you," he said, "will you take off your things and love me here?"

"I can't", she said.

He looked away to the moon. It was difficult to ask her again, yet it meant so much to him.

... "Take off all your things and love me," he pleaded.

... "I can't," she said.

... "I don't want it. Not here - not now," she said. ... There was something like fear in her

1. Ibid., p. 754.

ON HUMAN DESTINY

voice. They went down the hill together. ...

Now everything was essentially over for both of them, they lived on the surface, and had good times. ... He held it against her that on the night when they climbed the red bank, she refused to have him. ... Why had she done it? It had been, he might almost say, a holy desire on his part. It had been almost like taking off his shoes before God. Yet she refused him, she who was his religion to him. Perhaps she had been afraid, she who was so good - afraid of the big righteousness of it - as if she could not trust herself so near the Burning Bush, dared not go near for transfiguration, afraid of herself.¹

Once Edith had refused him, they never again had any meaningful sexual communion between them. They lived together, liked each other but he never again felt the immortality, the transcendent, the religiosity of that moment.

It is the absolutely indescribable religiosity of such a moment that one feels D. H. Lawrence is attempting to portray in his painting. It is an attempted portrayal of a phallic tenderness in the man-woman relationship. It is a tenderness unencumbered by the mental conceptions of propriety. It is truly a moment of communion. It is an acknowledgement of the blood-consciousness without the cerebral aberrations of hesitancy and shame which are characteristic

1. Ibid., p. 752.

ON HUMAN DESTINY

of the mental-consciousness.

Edith Renshaw, in refusing her husband, told him: "You can have me in the bungalow".¹ She does not want him to make love to her there in the wooded area. The girl in the painting does not consider such restrictions. The man in the painting can have her there simply because of his spontaneous "holy desire". It is this spontaneousness that D. H. Lawrence appears to be depicting in his picture.

1. Ibid., p. 752.

CHAPTER VII

DO WOMEN CHANGE?

The inability of man and woman living in a modern society to come to grips with themselves, to have a spiritual and sensual relationship and to achieve polarity is an oft-repeated theme of D. H. Lawrence. He asserted that there was a basic hostility within all people between the physical and the mental, the blood and the spirit. The mind tries to suppress the blood or the body because of the mental "shame" associated with physical activities and, at the same time, the blood-consciousness attempts to obliterate the mind and the spiritual consciousness; "... the blood hates being KNOWN by the mind. It feels itself destroyed when it is KNOWN".¹

The proper relationship between the opposing forces is called polarity. Graham Hough, when discussing the doctrine, sums it up thus:

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Nathaniel Hawthorne", Studies in Classic American Literature, p. 95.

DO WOMEN CHANGE?

It [polarity] may be achieved, both between individuals and between psychic forces within the individual, as the result of prolonged conflict; but when achieved, it is a state where conflict is transcended, a state of still tension, life-sustaining and life-creating, forbidding forever the merging of opposites, and maintaining both in a state of mutual complementary balance.¹

The study of man is always D. H. Lawrence's primary concern, and the prime example of the polarity in human affairs is the polarity between the sexes. One's attitude toward sex should never be one of pure sensuality. Lawrence's emphasis on sex relationships has for its roots the contention that sex is the primary polarity and reality for man. Man's very existence is the result of a sexual encounter, and, in his own sexual relationships, man returns to his very beginning and finds complete fulfillment as a human being.

Since the true reality or polarity achieved between the sexes is considered the central fact of human existence, it is necessary to carefully preserve the differences between man and woman. Man must always be man. Woman must always be woman.

The great thing is to keep the sexes pure. And by pure we don't mean an ideal sterile innocence and similarity between boy and girl. We mean pure

1. Graham Hough, The Dark Sun, p. 264.

DO WOMEN CHANGE?

maleness in a man, pure femaleness in a woman.¹

A woman should not be aggressive which is the male role and a man should not become submissive which is the female role. The man who becomes too sensitive, or is too tender, or is dominated by a woman denies his own manhood. Siegmund (The Trespasser) was a life-denier because of his acquiescence to his wife Beatrice's harangues. She was assuming the male role and he was willingly relinquishing it. The episode with Helena was intended to reawaken the real man in himself. As always with D. H. Lawrence, the characters in his fiction do not go on any promiscuous adventure for its own sake. Instead, an adventure, such as the one alluded to, is motivated by the desire to achieve a wholeness of being or a rebirth.

Also, much of the indecisiveness which characterizes Paul Morel (Sons and Lovers) has its embryonic origin in the reversal of the male-femaleness of his parents. Gertrude Morel - being of the petty bourgeois nature that she is - will not accept the conditions of life under which the Morel family lives. Because of her inability to accept them,

1. D. H. Lawrence, Fantasia of the Unconscious, p. 215.

DO WOMEN CHANGE?

she refuses to accept her husband the way he is. She tries to change him. She tries to force him to be something else, something less virile, and less free. On the other hand, Walter Morel has failed to dispel his wife's prejudices. In a sense, he has relinquished his male role to his wife because he will not fight her. He withdraws into himself seeking consolation in the pub and drink. He not only fails his family by not taking any decisive action, but he also fails himself. The ensuing conflict is a natural result.

It is a natural result because D. H. Lawrence believed that when a woman is not held within the bounds of belief,

...she becomes inevitably a destructive force. She can't help herself. A woman is almost always vulnerable to pity. She can't bear to see anything physically hurt. But let a woman loose from the bounds and restraints of man's fierce belief, in his gods and in himself, and she becomes a gentle devil. She becomes subtly diabolic. The colossal evil of the united spirit of Woman. WOMAN, German woman or American woman, or every other sort of woman, in the last war, was something frightening. As every man knows.

Woman becomes a helpless, would-be-loving demon. She is helpless. Her very love is a subtle poison.¹

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1. D. H. Lawrence, "Nathaniel Hawthorne", Studies in Classic American Literature, pp. 102-3.

DO WOMEN CHANGE?

So it is seen how, through no fault of her own, woman becomes a destructive force. Her environment, her ideals and her love form one role for her, while all the time, she is unsuited for it. When she is forced by society, or by the acquiescence of the male, to relinquish her own fulfillment of her being, she attempts to exact her revenge - a revenge motivated by the fact that she has been forced to fit a pattern for which she was not intended.

D. H. Lawrence believed that if a woman's life was a failure, it was due to the failure of the mold that the woman was forced to fit. In modern society, Lawrence observed that

Man is willing to accept woman as an equal, as a man in skirts, as an angel, a devil, a babyface, a machine, an instrument, a bosom, a womb, a pair of legs, a servant, an encyclopaedia, an ideal or an obscenity; the one thing he won't accept her as is a human being, a real human being of the feminine sex.¹

It is not being accepted as a real human being which is so frustrating to the woman. Although she may consciously think that she wishes to dominate others by her will, the real woman within herself rebels against the mental-consciousness.

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Give Her a Pattern", Assorted Articles, p. 39.

DO WOMEN CHANGE?

This portion of her, when reversed in its feminine role, drives the woman to seek

Revenge, REVENGE! It is this that fills the unconscious spirit of woman today. Revenge against man, and against the spirit of man, which has betrayed her into unbelief. Even when she is most sweet and a salvationist, she is her most devilish, she is woman. She gives her man the sugarplum of her own submissive sweetness. And when he's taken this Eve to his bosom, oh, so loving, she destroys him inch by inch. Woman and her revenge! She will have it, and go on having it, for decades and decades, unless she's stopped. And to stop her you've got to fight her, and never give in. She's a devil. But in the long run she is conquerable. And just a tiny bit of her wants to be conquered. You've got to fight three-quarters of her, in absolute hell, to get at the final quarter of her that wants a release, at last, from the hell of her own revenge.¹

The painting Fight With An Amazon graphically presents D. H. Lawrence's belief that a man should fight any woman who becomes a destructive force. This painting representing in some measure the conflict, which was deemed so necessary, is viewed by Hubert Crehan as

... an attempt to represent a fabulous reconciliation of those fabled moon-women to the ascendent masculine ideology. There is a comic aspect, too, in the iconographic details of this

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1. D. H. Lawrence, "Nathaniel Hawthorne", Studies in Classic American Literature, pp. 104-5.



FIGHT WITH AN AMAZON

39" x 29"

Oil

DO WOMEN CHANGE?

picture. The female is a buxom blonde with an absurd, kewpie-doll face, a cupid's bow mouth, downcast fluttering eyelids. The male, swarthy, leering satyr, paws the huge pink breast possessively. Satyr and amazon are surrounded by a pack of wolves or jackals baying at the nimbus of gold light radiating from these lovers who obviously have made an uneasy pact between them.¹

The title of this painting makes its viewers instinctively look upon it as a depiction of mythological legends, but he soon becomes aware that the underlying intent of D. H. Lawrence in this work is forcing him to go beyond seeing merely what it portrays. With real men and real women, opposition and conflict are to be expected. Indeed, in Lawrence's view, it should never be denied, avoided or circumvented. D. H. Lawrence felt that if a person's social or moral ideals disinclined him to exert such opposition, he would sooner or later be destroyed. Man must fight woman or else no meaningful relationship can exist. As previously stated, a woman will fight when she is forced to assume a role for which she is unsuited. She is particularly vindictive when the man she is fighting does not really believe in himself.

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1. Hubert Crehan, "Lady Chatterley's Painter: The Banned Pictures of D. H. Lawrence", Artnews, p. 64.

DO WOMEN CHANGE?

And when woman once begins to fight her man, she fights and fights, as if for freedom. But it is not even freedom she wants. Freedom is a man's word; its meaning, to a woman, is really rather trivial. She fights to escape from a man who doesn't really believe in himself; she fights and fights, and there is no freedom from the fight.¹

Thus the tremendous importance which Lawrence places upon the man fighting the woman can be readily seen. When man does not fight, it is inevitable that disaster will follow. The destructiveness of a self-conscious female, fighting a male who is unsure of himself, is illustrated in the unsuccessful love relationship that develops between Gerald Crich and Gudrun Brangwen (Women in Love). Gerald, it will be recalled, is depicted as a purely willful man, concerned with materialism and indulging himself in unemotional love. Gerald approached his love-making in a manner very similar to the way in which he approached the operation of his family's mining business; that is, selfishly, efficiently, unemotionally, and ruthlessly. As would be expected in Laurentian fiction, he is a failure and he is unable to find happiness. His predicament is similar to Paul Morel's, and this may be best seen, perhaps, in the latter's relationship

1. D. H. Lawrence, "The Real Thing", Phoenix, p. 197.

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with Clara Dawes (Sons and Lovers).

Gudrun, on the other hand, is presented as a complementary type to Gerald, different yet equally wrong in her approach to life. As a result, they never achieve a sense of being really together as do Birkin and Ursula. Gudrun, although she is described as a born mistress, cannot enter into any living relationship with another person. After she becomes Gerald's mistress - though he is perfectly satisfied - she remains too conscious. She will not give herself. Her love-making is something willed. There is no spontaneity and no self-abandonment. She is too assertive and too self-conscious ever to achieve a polarity with Gerald. Because the sexual attraction is never complete, they are inevitably drawn into conflict. Eventually Gudrun realizes that Gerald is naturally promiscuous, almost a professional charmer, and she consciously vows to fight him.

Readers of Women in Love will recall the atrocious play on words that is attempted between Gerald and Birkin while they are discussing Gudrun.

'H'm!' ejaculated Birkin. 'Poor Gudrun, wouldn't she suffer afterwards for having given herself away!' He was hugely delighted.
'Would she suffer?' asked Gerald, also amused now. Both men smiled in malice and amusement.
"Badly, I should think; seeing how self-conscious

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she is."

'She is self-conscious, is she? Then what made her do it? For I certainly think it was quite uncalled-for, and quite unjustified.'

'I suppose it was a sudden impulse.'

'Yes, but how do you account for her having such an impulse? I'd done her no harm.'

Birkin shook his head.

'The Amazon suddenly came up in her, I suppose,' he said.

'Well,' replied Gerald, 'I'd rather it had been the Orinoco.'

They both laughed at the poor joke.¹

Gudrun will not yield and Gerald will not fight her, at least in the manner in which Lawrence believed women ought to be fought. Each is too conscious and, therefore, each is a life-denier.

The fact that Gudrun is characterized as a self-conscious woman willfully battling her love for ascendancy and, as a result, failing to achieve rapport and the direct reference to the "Amazon" in her description makes the relationship with the painting Fight With An Amazon obvious. It is a necessary condition in Laurentian "pollyanalytics" that the amazons of the world be fought until their self-consciousness falls from them. Gerald, because he does not fight his "amazon", is, as would be expected, ill-fated.

1. D. H. Lawrence, Women in Love, pp. 227-8.

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The satyr of the painting - undoubtedly intended to be a Lawrence figure - is indeed battling the amazon who can be viewed as a Frieda figure. D. H. Lawrence has repeatedly revealed that the battles which he sometimes fought with his wife were intended to exorcise her self-consciousness. She, for her part, fought him in order to retain her individuality and in order to maintain the love which she had for her children. The Argument at the beginning of the Look! We Have Come Through! sequence of poems succinctly sums up the conflict and the outcome.

After much struggling and loss in love and in the world of men, the protagonist throws in his lot with a woman who is already married. Together they go into another country, she perforce leaving her children behind. The conflict of love and hate goes on between the man and the woman, and between these two and the world around them, till it reaches some sort of conclusion, they transcend into some condition of blessedness.¹

According to D. H. Lawrence's view, Mrs. Morel, Gudrun and, indeed, his wife Frieda were all self-conscious and willful women. It was inevitable that Gudrun and Mrs. Morel failed in their relationships because both Gerald and

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence, Vol. I, p. 191.

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Walter Morel did not successfully play their roles as men. On the other hand, Lawrence did view his relationship with his wife as successful. It was successful, in his opinion, primarily because of the conflict. He fought her willfulness and, through the conflict, they reached some "sort of conclusion" together. The painting would appear, then, to be D. H. Lawrence's attempt to portray this struggle - a struggle which will eventually culminate in "some condition of blessedness".

It is very possible that this painting also reflects a strong influence from the productions of the French painter, Paul Cezanne. Specifically, its conception is greatly similar to Cezanne's Battle of Love.

This remarkable canvas, Battle of Love, once owned by Renoir, belongs to the genre of the Venetian bacchanal, and it is a great visionary fantasy of the modern love problem. It reveals much concerning Cezanne's personal anxiety about women, and there is little doubt that Lawrence found in this vision the expression of a kindred spirit.¹

Fight With An Amazon is D. H. Lawrence's concept of this modern love problem. This painting also uses

1. Hubert Crehan, "Lady Chatterley's Painter: The Banned Pictures of D. H. Lawrence", Artnews, p. 63.

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Cezanne's iconographic device of leaping hounds to further delineate his portrayal. "In Cezanne's Battle of Love, there is a great leaping hound dog form that certainly has symbolic meaning in his grand concept of the battle of the sexes".¹ It seems very probable that Lawrence had this painting in mind when he felt the urge to express this thought in paint.

The condition of "blessedness" of which D. H. Lawrence speaks is unknowable. It is unknowable because an intellectualization of it will destroy the state of blessedness. However, the condition is a result of the conflict and opposition between man and woman. This conflict is deemed necessary because in modern society it was observed that "The male is subservient to the female need, and outwardly is submissive to the demands of women".² This has been an unfortunate development in Lawrence's view. The role of the woman should be one of submissiveness, one of passivity.

1. Ibid., p. 64.

2. D. H. Lawrence, "The Real Thing", Phoenix, p. 196.

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All through the past, except for brief periods of revolt, woman has played a part of submission to man. Perhaps the inevitable nature of man and woman demands such submission. But it must be an instinctive, unconscious submission, made in unconscious faith.¹

When woman is submissive and the positiveness of the male triumphs, D. H. Lawrence believed that each could achieve a rebirth from their mental consciousnesses. It is of the very nature of man to be an active force while woman's nature is to be one of passivity.

When the reverse has occurred, the man-woman relationship achieves nothing. D. H. Lawrence repeatedly created relationships which illustrate this situation. Will and Anna Brangwen (The Rainbow) never fully know one another. Certainly Walter and Gertrude Morel (Sons and Lovers) can attribute much of their failure to this development. Gudrun Brangwen and Gerald Crich's lack of rapport is a dominant theme (Women in Love). Lilly's bitterest complaint is that Tanny, his wife, refuses to submit to his authority and Aaron acts out in his relationship with his wife Lottie the epitome of this problem (Aaron's Rod).

1. Ibid., p. 196.

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After having left his wife and family without any discernible cause, Aaron encounters Lilly who instills within him an ideal of independence and non-attachment. He becomes aware of himself. When Aaron returns to his home after his wanderings, he is an integral being charged with the energy of independence. He feels that it is essential to his manhood that he retain this feeling of being a positive force. Lottie, his wife, greets him first with bitter reproaches and then with a sexual and emotional appeal. However, the old problem of dominant roles immediately comes to the fore. Although he has left, she still loves him and wants him back. But she stipulates that Aaron must admit how wrong and cruel he has been to her and the children. In other words, he must submit to her before she will have him. She exhorts him:

"Say you know how wrong you are. Say you know how cruel you've been to me," she pleaded. But under her female pleading and appeal he felt the iron of her threat.¹

However, Aaron will not give in. He is not convinced of his guilt. He feels that he had been justified and refuses to

1. D. H. Lawrence, Aaron's Rod, p. 122.

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yield to this "cajoling, artful woman". As a result of his refusal, Lottie

... was defeated. But she too would never yield.
... Come life, come death, she too would never yield. And she realised he would never yield.
... He too would never yield. The illusion of love was gone for ever. Love was a battle in which each party strove for the mastery of the other's soul. So far, man had yielded the mastery to woman. Now he was fighting for it back again. And too late, for the woman would never yield.¹

So Aaron rejects the prospects of such a life with a woman on her terms and goes away again, this time for good. It is interesting to note that the two chapters dealing with the problems of Aaron and his wife are entitled "The Pillar of Salt" and "More Pillar of Salt" respectively. These titles immediately bring to mind the story of Lot's wife in the Old Testament. Lot's wife, it will be recalled, was turned into a pillar of salt because of her disobedience to the commands of her husband and the Lord. In defiance, she turned to look back upon the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. Truly, the titles are undoubtedly intended to convey

1. Ibid., pp. 122-3.

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the same sense of frustration at disobedience.

The vision D. H. Lawrence had of the life that Lottie was offering to Aaron is scathingly depicted in his painting Family on a Verandah. Philip Trotter comments upon this painting as being an

... incongruous invention ... an impish caricature of some mid-nineteenth century conversation piece, the caricature consisting in presenting the exact scene, only with the intensely bourgeois family of father, mother, and two children stark naked. The mother (centre) reclines full length, with nothing concealed, in a hammock, the foolish-looking father squats, profile perdue, near her feet.¹

He then admits that there is no support for his conjecture in the writings of D. H. Lawrence.

However, what Philip Trotter suggests has a validity. The bourgeois family, as Lawrence conceived of it, was totally lacking in vital significance. The man is squatting almost in supplication to his wife. The gaze of the man toward the reclining woman is one of adoration. The children similarly are positioned so as to give the impression of almost adulation, arms uplifted in a prayerful attitude.

1. Philip Trotter, D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, ed., Edward Nehls, Vol. III, p. 337.



FAMILY ON A VERANDAH

14" x 19"

Oil

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The woman, full length in the hammock, her gaze averted from her family, appears to be basking in this flattery to her vanity. Obviously, she has fought her fight and has been victorious.

A woman does not fight a man for his love - though she may say so a thousand times over. She fights him because she knows, instinctively, he cannot love. He has lost his peculiar belief in himself, his instinctive faith in his own life-flow, and so he cannot love. He cannot. The more he protests, the more he asserts, the more he kneels, the more he worships, the less he loves. A woman who is worshipped, or even adored, knows perfectly well in her instinctive depths, that she is not loved, that she is being swindled. She encourages the swindle, oh enormously, it flatters her vanity.¹

As for the children of the bourgeois family, D. H. Lawrence felt that their mental-consciousness was being awakened too soon and in the wrong way. They were being told from a very early age that they should love "mummy". They should realize that what their mother does for them or encourages them to do is for their own good. They are continually being told that "mother knows best". However, Lawrence felt that

1. D. H. Lawrence, "The Real Thing", Phoenix, pp. 198-9.

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... most of the "benevolence" and "motherly love" of these adoring mothers was simply egoism again, and an extension of self, and a love of having absolute power over another creature. Oh, these women who secretly lust to have absolute power over their own children for their own good!¹

As early as The White Peacock, D. H. Lawrence began describing episodes in which children viewed life through their mother's eyes. The Beardsall children view their absent father as a drunken and cruel clod primarily because Mrs. Beardsall encouraged them to do so. Beatrice (The Trespasser) has in effect turned Siegmund's children against him in much the same manner as Mrs. Morel attitudes toward her husband prejudice the children against him (Sons and Lovers). It is small wonder that D. H. Lawrence would have his character, Birkin, (Women in Love) reach a negative conclusion about the state of marriage.

The thought of love, marriage and children and a life together, in the horrible privacy of domestic and connubial satisfaction was repulsive.²

The painting A Holy Family, on the other hand, portrays a different situation. This painting depicts a man

1. Ibid., pp. 199-200.

2. D. H. Lawrence, Women in Love, p. 223.



A HOLY FAMILY

26" x 30"

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with his wife and their child. It clearly conveys the impression that the man is the dominant force in his own home.

In his article "Making Pictures", D. H. Lawrence describes this painting's birth. It was a painting which came "clean out of the instinct, intuition and sheer physical action".¹ Lawrence originally called it "... 'Unholy Family' because the bambino with a nimbus - is just watching anxiously to see the young man give the semi-nude young woman un gros baiser" [a big kiss].² However, A Holy Family is a much more appropriate title in view of D. H. Lawrence's preoccupation with a spiritual-sensual relationship between man and woman.

Catherine Carswell was

... delighted by the true believer's touch of mockery in the rendering of the Eternal Triangle of Father, Mother and Child posed in front of their cottage crocks - that cheeky, clever little Jesus, who was going to upset everybody's apple-cart, that mindless, smiling big-breasted Eve, and that mustachioed Father and Husband who was so clearly the master in his own house.³

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1. D. H. Lawrence, "Making Pictures", Assorted Articles, p. 166.
 2. D. H. Lawrence, The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, ed., Aldous Huxley, p. 680.
 3. Catherine Carswell, The Savage Pilgrimage, p. 273.

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Philip Trotter agrees with her thoughts concerning the painting but has this reservation.

Her mistake was in naming the Child, for all three figures are as remote from Nazareth as they are from Montmartre, and the indefinite article in the title absolves the subject from a charge what might otherwise have gladdened Lawrence's enemies.¹

While one cannot agree entirely with these interpretations of the painting, one can be gratified that Philip Trotter singled out for special attention the indefinite article in the title. The title read A Holy Family and this is exactly the point of the painting. It is a holy family, that is, a holy family from D. H. Lawrence's point of view.

Several years before this - his first original painting - he had drawn in moving and definite strokes a portrait of a holy family in The Rainbow. D. H. Lawrence sees the conflicts in human relationships as the principles of polarity. In The Rainbow, Lawrence describes three definite man-woman relationships - Tom and Lydia Brangwen, Will and Anna Brangwen and that of Ursula Brangwen and Anton Skrebensky. Of these three, the most complete and fulfilling

1. Philip Trotter, D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, ed., Edward Nehls, Vol. III, p. 330.

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polarity is that achieved by Tom Brangwen and his Polish wife, Lydia. It is a difficult achievement. They are radically different. He is a hard-working farmer. She is an intellectual aristocrat of some stature, and a foreigner. There is also the problem of Anna, a child by Lydia's first marriage. Tom Brangwen also has an erroneous concept of the marriage relationship.

The evolution and development of the marriage relationship is poignantly described. It is necessary to quote in length since the true intensity of Tom and Lydia's evolution is lost in isolated segments.

The evening came on, he played with Anna, and then sat alone with his own wife. She was sewing. He sat very still, smoking, perturbed. He was aware of his wife's quiet figure, and quiet dark head bent over her needle. It was too quiet for him. It was too peaceful. He wanted to smash the walls down, and let the night in, so that his wife should not be so secure and quiet, sitting there. He wished the air was not so close and narrow. His wife was obliterated from him, she was in her own world, quiet, secure, unnoticed, unnoticing. He was shut down by her.

He rose to go out. He could not sit still any longer. He must get out of this oppressive shut-down woman-haunt.

His wife lifted her head and looked at him.

'Are you going out?' she asked.

He looked down and met her eyes. They were darker than darkness, and gave deeper space. He felt himself retreating before her, defensive, whilst her eyes followed and tracked him down.

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'I was just going up to Cossethay,' he said.
She remained watching him.

'Why do you go?' she said.

His heart beat fast, and he sat down, slowly.

'No reason particular,' he said beginning to fill his pipe again mechanically.

'Why do you go away so often?' she said.

'But you don't want me,' he replied.

She was silent for a while.

'You do not want to be with me any more,' she said.

It startled him. How did she know this truth? He thought it was his secret.

'Yi,' she said.

'You want to find something else,' she said.

He did not answer. 'Did he?' he asked himself.

'You should not want so much attention,' she said. 'You are not a baby.'

'I'm not grumblin,' he said. Yet he knew he was.

'You think you have not enough,' she said.

'How enough?'

'You think you have not enough in me. But how do you know me? What do you do to make me love you?'

He was flabbergasted.

'I never said I hadn't enough in you,' he replied. 'I didn't know you wanted making to love me. What do you want?'

'You don't make it good between us any more, you are not interested. You do not make me want you.'

'And you don't make me want you, do you now?'

There was a silence. They were such strangers.

'Would you like another woman?' she asked.

His eyes grew round, he did not know where he was. How could she, his own wife, say such a thing? But she sat there, small and foreign and separate. It dawned upon him she did not consider herself his wife, except in so far as they agreed. She did not feel she had married him. At any rate, she was willing to allow he might want another woman. A gap, a space opened before him.

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'No,' he said slowly. 'What other woman should I want?'

'Like your brother,' she said.

He was silent for some time, ashamed also.

'What of her?' he said. 'I didn't like the woman.'

'Yes, you liked her,' she answered persistently.

He stared in wonder at his own wife as she told him his own heart so callously. And he was indignant. What right had she to sit there telling him these things. She was his wife, what right had she to speak to him like this, as if she were a stranger.

'I didn't,' he said. 'I want no woman.'

'Yes, you would like to be like Alfred.'

His silence was one of angry frustration. He was astonished. He had told her of his visit to Wirksworth, but briefly, without interest, he thought.

As she sat with her strange dark face turned towards him, her eyes watched him, inscrutable, casting him up. He began to oppose her. She was again the active unknown facing him. Must he admit her? He resisted unvoluntarily.

'Why should you want to find a woman who is more to you than me?' she said.

The turbulence raged in his breast.

'I don't,' he said.

'Why do you?' she repeated. 'Why do you want to deny me?'

Suddenly, in a flash, he saw she might be lonely, isolated, unsure. She had seemed to him the utterly certain, satisfied, absolute, excluding him. Could she need anything?

'Why aren't you satisfied with me? I'm not satisfied with you. Paul used to come to me and take me like a man does. You only leave me alone or take me like your cattle, quickly, to forget me again - so that you can forget me again.'

'What am I to remember about you?' said Brangwen.

'I want you to know there is somebody there besides yourself.'

'Well don't I know it?'

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'You come to me as if it was for nothing, as if I was nothing there. When Paul came to me, I was something to him - a woman I was. To you I am nothing - it is like cattle - or nothing - '

'You make me feel as if I was nothing,' he said.

They were silent. She was watching him. He could not move, his soul was seething and chaotic. She turned to her sewing again. But the sight of her bent before him held him and would not let him be. She was a strange, hostile, dominant thing. Yet not quite hostile. As he sat he felt his limbs were strong and hard, she sat in strength.

She was silent for a long time, stitching. He was aware, poignantly, of the round shape of her head, very intimate, compelling. She lifted her head and sighed. The blood burned in him, her voice ran to him like fire.

'Come here,' she said, unsure.

For some moments he did not move. Then he rose slowly and went across the hearth. It required an almost deathly effort of volition, or of acquiescence. He stood before her and looked down at her. Her face was shining again, her eyes were shining again like terrible laughter. It was to him terrible, how she could be transfigured. He could not look at her, it burnt his heart.

'My love!' she said.

And she put her arms round him as he stood before her, round his thighs, pressing him against her breast. And her hands on him seemed to reveal to him the mould of his own nakedness, he was passionately lovely to himself. He could not bear to look at her.

'My dear!' she said. He knew she spoke a foreign language.

The fear was like bliss in his heart. He looked down. Her face was shining, her eyes were full of light, she was awful. He suffered from the compulsion to her. She was the awful unknown. He bent down to her, suffering, unable

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to let go, unable to let himself go, yet drawn, driven. She was now the transfigured, she was wonderful, beyond him. He wanted to go. But he could not as yet kiss her. He was himself apart. Easiest he could kiss her feet. But he was too ashamed for the actual deed, which were like an affront. She waited for him to meet her, not to bow before her and serve her. She wanted his active participation, not his submission. She put her fingers on him. And it was torture on 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. There was that in him which shrank from yielding to her, resisted the relaxing towards her, opposed the mingling with her, even whilst he most desired it. He was afraid, he wanted to save himself.

There were a few moments of stillness. Then gradually, the tension, the withholding relaxed in him, and he began to flow towards her. She was beyond him, the unattainable. But he let go his hold on himself, he relinquished himself, and knew the subterranean force of his desire to come to her, to be with her, to mingle with her, losing himself to find her, to find himself in her. He began to approach her, to draw near.

His blood beat up in waves of desire. He wanted to come to her, to meet her. She was there, if he could reach her. The reality of her who was just beyond him absorbed him. Blind and destroyed, he pressed forward, nearer, nearer, to receive the consummation of himself, he 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.

Their coming together now, after two years of married life, was much more wonderful to them than it had been before. It was the entry into another circle of existence, it was the baptism to another

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life, it was the complete confirmation. Their feet trod strange ground of knowledge, their footsteps were lit up with discovery. Wherever they walked, it was well, the world re-echoed round them in discovery. They went gladly and forgetful. Everything was lost, and everything was found. The new world was discovered, it remained only to be explored.¹

The hesitant and halting beginning of this passage eventually builds up to a crescendo-like pitch which culminates with the achievement of rapport between the husband and the wife. It ultimately arrives at the apex which is the happy state of fulfillment for Tom and Lydia Brangwen. In doing so, it subtly lays bare many of the "pollyanalytics" of D. H. Lawrence. Lydia is first an "active unknown force" in Tom's eyes. As a result, he approached their love-making as a routine venture, always to a greater or lesser extent, withholding himself. During the sexual encounter recounted in the quoted passage, it is clear that Lydia does not want Tom's submissiveness; she desires, far rather, that he give himself in a less impersonal manner. When consummation finally comes, they are as one, but one, as stiff twin compasses are one, each retaining its own otherness. This

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Rainbow, pp. 91-5.

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is, of course, the ideal of polarity and rebirth which D. H. Lawrence is constantly advocating. In the consummation of their love, they do not consume each other.

All vestiges of the past are burned away for Tom Brangwen. It no longer bothers him that Anna is not his child. Because of what each gets from the other, they are able to appear completely and utterly reconciled to the child.

Anna's soul was put at peace between them. She looked from one to the other, and she saw them established to her safety, and she was free. She played between the pillar of fire and the pillar of cloud in confidence, having the assurance on her right hand and the assurance on her left. She was no longer called upon to uphold with her childish might the broken span of the heavens, and she, the child, was free to play in the space beneath, between.¹

So the imagery of the rainbow-arch - symbolizing the "earth's new architecture" with foundations of fulfillment and harmony frames the picture of this holy family.

So it is in the painting A Holy Family. The child of the painting looks anxiously but with confidence at the young adults. The woman looks toward the man and the man is obviously intended to convey the image of being a positive force in his own home. Without forcing interpretations upon

1. Ibid., p. 97.

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aspects of the painting, it is hardly possible not to be struck by the predominant use of completed and uncompleted circles in the painting which resemble arches. The recessed pottery shelves, the be-nimbused heads, the bowl on the table and even the window in the rear possess this geometric form. Each conveys the impression of the rainbow, and the rainbow-like arch is symbolic of the condition that this holy family enjoys.

The submissive element which D. H. Lawrence believes women should possess should not be understood to extend so far as to demand that she sacrifice her integral self. Lawrence was not unmindful of the assertive element which characterizes modern women. In the 1920's, D. H. Lawrence was very much alarmed by the growing demands which forward-looking women were making. Women were clamoring for the vote. They were demanding equal rights with men. They were publicly assuming a more dominant role. They were, more, and more, asserting opinions in areas which had from time immemorial been considered as the private domain of men. As it appeared to Lawrence, they were demanding the impossible. They were demanding independence from men. To him, such a demand involved the abandonment of essential female

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characteristics.

At the same time he was observing all of this, D. H. Lawrence was struggling in vain with his wife Frieda. For over ten years he had been trying to prove to her that the basis of marriage was more than perfect love. In his view, perfect marriage necessarily involved total submission by the wife to the husband.

It has been suggested by Hubert Crehan that

Two paintings which are of acute psychological interest in relation to the themes of his fiction are Fight With An Amazon and Renascence of Men. There is a continuity between them, at least in context, even though they are not closely related in style. Both pictures represent that apocryphal moment in human history when man was able to take possession of woman after the sexes had been separated, socially and politically, under the law of matriarchal order. ... The Renascence of Men is surely Lawrence's most personal, sacred and perilous fantasy, and the most unmerciful metaphor - at least it must have been for the British women who were battling for equal rights in a man's world. The sequence from the Fight With An Amazon to Renascence of Men is Lawrence's symbol of human redemption. In this vision of the rebirth of man, woman is absolutely prostrate before him, abject before her lord and master, adoring him, as the power who will serve her body and spirit. This posthesis of the mystery of love may well symbolize the history of human affairs from the time that the proud amazons gave up their sovereignty to the patriarch, but the image of woman on her

RENASCENCE OF MEN

9" x 12"

Watercolor



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knees, adoring man, may have been the most scandalous and subversive picture that Lawrence exhibited.¹

In Kangaroo, D. H. Lawrence presents arguments which he imagined demonstrated the necessity for female submission. He did this in what almost amounts to allegorical terms. D. H. Lawrence represented Somers and his wife Harriet by a ship at sea, and proceeded to argue that there can only be one master of a ship. To him, the very safety of the ship demanded this, you cannot "have a ship without a master".²

Sigrid Undset states that D. H. Lawrence at this period of his development was not content to be only an artist. "His own wish was to be a prophet, a saviour of the world, a Messiah".³ Richard Aldington reaffirms this conclusion by relating an incident that occurred between Lawrence and his wife Frieda. During an argument, she accused him "before others of being such a preposterous egotist that

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1. Hubert Crehan, "Lady Chatterley's Painter: The Banned Pictures of D. H. Lawrence", Artnews, p. 64.
 2. D. H. Lawrence, Kangaroo, p. 176.
 3. Sigrid Undset, Men, Women and Places, p. 43.

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he made a god of himself"¹ by identifying himself with Quetzalcoatl in The Plumed Serpent.

Lawrence made up his mind that he would destroy the "modern woman" in Frieda, and force her into a state of complete submission and obedience to him. He reiterated again and again to her that she was to submit to him, and she must be reverent and believe in his "godlike" mission.

Never hesitating to use his work as a pulpit for his sermons, he caustically wrote in Kangaroo:

Nevertheless he was a determined little devil, as she knew to her cost, and once he'd got an idea into his head not heaven nor hell nor Harriet could ever batter it out. And now he'd got it into his head this idea of being lord and master, and Harriet's acknowledging him as such. Not just verbally. No. Not under the flag of perfect love, to set fire to the bark Harriet and Lovat, to seat himself in glory on the ashes, like a resurrected phoenix, with an imaginary crown on his head. ...

In short, he was to be the lord and master, and she the humble slave. ... She was to submit to the mystic man and male in him, with reverence, and even a little awe, like a woman before the altar of Hermes. ... there was in him ... the mystery and the lordship of the forward-seeking male. That she must emphatically realise and bow down to. ... She was to believe in his adventure and deliver herself over to it; she was

1. Richard Aldington, Portrait of a Genius But ..., p. 270.

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to believe in his mystic vision of a land beyond this charted world, where new life rose again.¹

Thankfully, however, Harriet (Frieda) will not submit to this arrogance. It is then realized by Somers (Lawrence) that the woman cannot submit as long as he himself is still uncertain about himself.

He did not yet submit to the fact which he half knew; that before mankind would accept any man for a king, and before Harriet would ever accept him ... as a lord and master, he ... who was so strong on kingship, must open the doors of his soul and let in a dark Lord and Master for himself, the dark god he had sensed outside the door. Let him once truly submit to the dark majesty, break open his doors to this fearful god who is master, and enters from below, the lower doors; let himself admit a Master, the unspeakable god: and the rest would happen.²

It is to Lawrence's credit that he was able to perceive his follies and subject them to the jeers of his characters. At the same time, however, it must be noted that he was incapable of discarding the ideas completely.

Earlier, in Women in Love, he had touched upon this type of man-woman relationship in a less dogmatic

1. D. H. Lawrence, Kangaroo, pp. 176-7.

2. Ibid., p. 178.

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manner. When Birkin first is attracted to Ursula, he is not quite sure for what he is really searching. He only feels that it is something beyond love - something a bit meta-physical. He only know that at all cost he must avoid the possessiveness of women and their desire to dominate him. The mysterious element for which he is searching, the element he cannot do without, is something far different from what most women inflict upon men. The very least that he knows is that he cannot be dominated by them. Ursula, although she has fallen deeply in love with him, is nevertheless keenly aware of what she takes to be a fault in him. She definitely believes that he is attempting to dominate her. From time to time, she even mocks his ideas of a relationship beyond the emotional level. She wants to give everything to him but she feels that

... 'You only want your own ends. You don't want to serve me, and yet you want me to serve you. It is so one-sided!' It was a great effort for him to maintain this conversation, and to press for the thing he wanted from her, the surrender of her spirit.

'It is different,' he said. 'The two kinds of service are so different. I serve you in another way - not through yourself - somewhere else. But I want us to be together without bothering about ourselves - to be really together because we are together, as if it were

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a phenomenon, not a thing we have to maintain by our own effort.' ... I don't want to serve you, because there is nothing to serve. What you want me to serve is nothing, mere nothing. It isn't even you, it is your mere female quality. And I wouldn't give a straw for your female ego -' ... 'You want the paradisal unknowing,' she said, ... I know what that means, thank you. You want me to be your thing, never to criticize you or to have anything to say for myself. You want me to be a mere thing for you!' ... 'No.' he said, outspoken with anger. 'I want you to drop your assertive will, your frightened apprehensive self-insistence, that is what I want. I want you to trust yourself so implicitly that you can let yourself go.' ... I don't mean let yourself go in the Dionysic ecstatic way, ... I know you can do that. But I hate ecstasy. ... I want you not to care about yourself, just to be there and not to care about yourself, not to insist - be glad and sure and indifferent.¹

But with all this haggling, the scene ends with nothing solved and Birkin and Ursula in each other's arms. Birkin at last gives up as impossible his idea of a mystic relationship, and seeks consolation in his singleness of being.

However unsatisfactorily D. H. Lawrence's ideas of submission were worked out in fiction, (or in his own life, for that matter) he nevertheless held on to this belief

1. D. H. Lawrence, Women in Love, pp. 281-3.

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and attempted to further elucidate it in The Plumed Serpent. The character of Teresa, Don Ramon's new bride, and the contrast D. H. Lawrence draws between the independent, strong-willed protagonist, Kate Leslie, are attempts on his part to develop further his theory.

Teresa is a young Spanish woman of a good family. Prior to her marriage to Don Ramon, she had been intimidated and continually insulted by her two insensitive brothers. After her marriage, she manages to recapture confidence in herself as a woman. She developed an almost worshipful attitude toward her husband because he had given back to her her self-respect.

The cosmopolitan Kate, self-conscious and competent, views her submissiveness to Don Ramon with utter contempt. She mouths the thoughts and the words of the emancipated and independent Western woman. She accuses Teresa of being too servile to Don Ramon's needs.

"... you are sacrificing yourself to him, and I don't believe in that either," said Kate.

"Oh, no!" replied Teresa quickly, and a little flush burned in her cheeks, and her dark eyes flashed. "I am not sacrificing myself to Ramon. If I can give him - sleep - when he needs it - that is not sacrifice. It is -" She did not finish, but her eyes flashed and the flush burned darker.

"It is love, I know," said Kate. "But it exhausts

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you too."

"It is not simply love," flashed Teresa proudly.

"I might have loved more than one man: many men are lovable. But Ramon! - My soul is with Ramon."

- The tears rose to her eyes. "I do not want to talk about it," she said, rising. "But you must not touch me there, and judge me." ...

"You think there is only love. Love is only such a little bit."

"And what is the rest?"

"How can I tell you if you do not know? - But do you think Ramon is no more to me than a love?"¹

And when Kate, somewhat dismayed, attempts to persuade Teresa of a doctrine of independence that a woman should have from her husband, and when she attempts to persuade her to live her own life, Ron Ramon's wife, without hesitation, rejects her best efforts.

"I have not got a life of my own! I have been able to give it to a man who is more than a man, ... And now it needn't die inside me, like a bird in a cage - Oh, yes, Senora. If he goes to Sinaloa and the west coast, my soul goes with him and takes part in it all. It does not let him go alone. And he does not forget that he has my soul with him. I know it - No, Senora! You must not criticize me or pity me."²

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Plumed Serpent, pp. 447-8.

2. Ibid., p. 448.

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All this further perplexes Kate, who was accustomed to homage from others, and always felt that other women were inferior to her. She was, after all, a woman of the world, handsome and experienced. Other women usually held her a bit in awe and slightly feared her. Of course, it is true that Teresa did fear Kate to a degree. She was inspired by the fact that Kate was a woman of the world. She

... looked on Kate as one of those women of the outside world, who make a very splendid show, but who are not so sure of the real secret of womanhood, and the innermost power. All Kate's handsome, ruthless female power was second-rate to Teresa, compared with her own quiet, deep passion of connection with Ramon.¹

The bearing with which Teresa conducts herself and the inner strength that this submissive woman possesses confuses the independent Western woman. Kate is forced to wonder whether Teresa is not a greater woman than she, and, as a result, her pride and self-assertion are greatly offended. She

... wanted to make her indignation thorough, but she did not quite succeed. Somewhere, secretly and angrily, she envied Teresa her dark eyes with the flame in them and their savage assurance. She envied her serpent-delicate fingers. And above all,

1. Ibid., p. 449.

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she envied her, with repining, the comfort of a living man permanent in her womb. And the secret, savage indomitable pride in her own womanhood, that rose from this.¹

Kate's first impulse is toward flight - a flight away from Mexico and the rituals of Quetzalcoatl and back to Europe and the society of self-possession and individualism. However, her relationship with her lover Don Cipriano, Don Ramon's lieutenant, had progressed along with Kate's absorption in the religion of Quetzalcoatl. Oscillating between her desire to flee and the hold which Mexico has on her, she

... had convinced herself of one thing, finally: that the clue to living and to all moving-on into new living lay in the vivid blood-relation between man and woman. A man and a woman in this togetherness were the clue to all present living and future possibility. Out of this clue of togetherness between a man and a woman, the whole of the new life arose. It was the quick of the whole.²

When Don Cipriano asks her to marry him in a civil ceremony, she consents. When she responds spontaneously, Don Cipriano makes "all her body flower" and with him she

1. Ibid., p. 452.

2. Ibid., p. 436.

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finds true sexual satisfaction. When they are together, she feels a vital connection with him.

The strange, heavy, positive passivity. For the first time in her life she felt absolutely at rest. And talk, and thought, had become trivial, superficial to her: as the ripples on the surface of the lake are as nothing, to the creatures that live away below in the unwavering deeps. ... The universe had opened out to her new and vast, and she had sunk to the deep bed of pure rest. She had become almost like Teresa in sureness.¹

When Kate Leslie, the cosmopolitan and self-possessed woman, allows herself to become vitally bound to Don Cipriano, she achieves fulfillment.

Yet she still feels the need to retain her independence and individuality.

"It is sex," she said to herself. "How wonderful sex can be, when men keep it powerful and sacred, and it fills the world! Like sunshine through and through one! But I'm not going to submit even there. Why should one give in, to anything."²

Still, she somehow feels bound to Don Cipriano although in reality she hardly knows him.

There was hardly anything to say to him. And there was no personal intimacy. He kept his privacy round him like a cloak, and left her immune within her own privacy.³

1. Ibid., p. 462.

2. Ibid., p. 478.

3. Ibid., p. 464.

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Her old independence and freedom to move around the world still haunts her from time to time. Don Ramon and Don Cipriano tell her that she belongs with them. Kate is torn between her old world and this new and strange world. Events develop to the degree that Kate feels

... as if she had two selves: one, a new one, which belonged to Cipriano and to Ramon, and which was her sensitive, desirous self: the other, hard and finished, accomplished, belonging to her mother, her children, England, her whole past. This old accomplished self was curiously invulnerable and was an individual and her own mistress. The other self was vulnerable and organically connected with Cipriano, even with Ramon and Teresa, and was not "free" at all.¹

Kate is well aware that she does not entirely belong to this particular brand of Mexican life. She realizes that she is, for the most part, acting a role that does not coincide with her whole being.

What a fraud I am! I know all the time it is I who don't altogether want them. I want myself to myself. But I can fool them so they shan't find out.²

Kate Leslie does not achieve a complete fulfillment. Her independence and individuality are too important

1. Ibid., p. 470.

2. Ibid., p. 486.

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to her to allow her to become submissive in the manner of Teresa. She feels that she must remain self-assured and assertive. It is only the fear of becoming enmeshed in the kind of life that women of her own age often lead, that motivates her decision to remain with Don Cipriano.

Another thing, she had observed, with a touch of horror. One after the other, her women "friends", the powerful love-women, at the age of forty, forty-five, fifty, they lost all their charm and allure, and turned into real grimalkins, greyish, avid, and horrifying, prowling around looking for prey that became scarcer and scarcer. As human beings they went to pieces. And they remained these grey-ribbed grimalkins, dressed in elegant clothes, the grimalkin howl even passing into their smart chatter.¹

The fear of becoming like one of them causes her to decide to "abandon some of ... her ego, and sink some of ... her individuality".² She will remain and play the role that is necessary, but a role that she knows does not fully answer her needs.

Kate Leslie's dilemma is such that it will never allow her to become truly a part of the group with which

1. Ibid., pp. 480-1.

2. Ibid., p. 481.

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she has chosen to stay. The principal difficulty with her is that she needs to be self-assertive, independent and that she can never be truly subordinate to anyone. Teresa, on the other hand, is a fulfilled woman. She has a vital connection with her husband. She does not have to be the emancipated woman. She does not want to dominate Don Ramon. She believes in him. She is the epitome of the Laurentian woman of submission and fulfillment through that submission.

On the other hand, it must be pointed out that Teresa is not a woman in the manner of the intimidated hausfrau. She is intelligent. She is fiery. She is competent. She has an identity of her own. Before she married Don Ramon, she had managed her hacienda efficiently. In a measure, she had insisted upon this right in direct defiance of her two brothers. In a sense, Teresa is the ideal Laurentian woman - a woman who has been fulfilled.

The Laurentian women are never women without identity. Nearly all are the intellectual match of their men. Most recognize that it is only in union with men that they will find their being. As a result of this realization, they have faith in their men. It is characteristic of the men to whom they submit that they possess a special talent

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and often feel that they have a special mission in life.

Don Ramon is one of these men. Teresa describes him as "a man more than other men". Don Cipriano, on the other hand, possesses a special talent only when he is following his leader. Somer (Kangaroo) recognizes that Harriet's lack of submission is due to the fact that he does not have sufficient faith in himself. As alluded to previously, D. H. Lawrence most certainly thought he possessed a special talent and a special mission in life. The painting Renascence of Men appears, therefore, to celebrate this special talent and the submissiveness which follows.

Mary Freeman feels that much of this line of thought is best explained:

Because Lawrence saw women as persistently reactionary, poor in creativity even when rich in strength his male characters insisted that their women defer to the purposes of their husbands and lovers. Until the writing of Lady Chatterley's Lover, Lawrence found it necessary to seek a man as a partner in social regeneration and to emphasize not just the difference, but also the antagonism between sexual and creative impulses. Only gradually did he come round to regarding woman, on occasion, as emancipated as himself.¹

1. Mary Freeman, D. H. Lawrence: A Basic Study of His Ideas, p. 149.

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The point is, that throughout D. H. Lawrence's fiction, the woman who feels a positive passivity toward her man and remains linked with him at all times can achieve fulfillment. As a woman, her "body can flower". As a person, she derives much of her wholeness by being an object of stability for him. A man, on the other hand, needs a creative and independent existence outside the sexual relationship. Without this, he cannot be certain of himself and fails both himself and his woman.

CHAPTER VIII

ON BEING A MAN

D. H. Lawrence suggests that in pursuit of this vital and creative life, man needs a positive and emotional entanglement with other men. Throughout his canon, Lawrence tried to formulate and express this body of thought. This male camaraderie obviously is intended to be a sort of a ritualistic Blutbrüderschaft [blood-brotherhood]. Biographically, it has been noted that he tried to achieve this relationship with John Middleton Murry - only to meet with failure.¹

In his fiction, it is conveyed in segments of his earliest works and continued through those creations of his mature years. In The White Peacock, the first hint of this man-to-man relationship is presented in the bond that exists between Cyril Beardsall and George Saxon. This vinculum is further forged through what is almost a ritualistic physical contact. The scene presents Cyril and George

1. Richard Aldington, Portrait of a Genius But ..., pp. 175-7.

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swimming together in the early morning before beginning their day's work in the hayfield.

We stood and looked at each other as we rubbed ourselves dry. He was well proportioned, and naturally of handsome physique, heavily limbed. He laughed at me, telling me, I was like one of Aubrey Beardsley's long, lean, ugly fellows. I referred him to many classic examples of **slenderness**, declaring myself more exquisite than his grossness, which amused him.

But I had to give in, and bow to him, and he took on an indulgent, gentle manner. I laughed and submitted. For he knew how I admired the noble, white fruitfulness of his form. As I watched him, he stood in white relief against the mass of green. He polished his arm, holding it out straight and solid; he rubbed his hair into curls, while I watched the deep muscles of his shoulders, and the bands stand out in his neck as he held it firm; ... He saw I had forgotten to continue my rubbing, and laughing he took hold of me and began to rub me briskly, as if I were a child, or rather, a woman he loved and did not fear. I left myself quite limply in his hands, and, to get a better grip of me, he put his arm around me and pressed me against him, and the sweetness of the touch of our naked bodies one against the other was superb. It satisfied in some measure the vague, indecipherable yearning of my soul; and it was the same with him. When he had rubbed me all warm, he let me go, and we looked at each other with eyes of still laughter, and our love was perfect for a moment, more perfect than any love I have known since, either for man or woman.¹

1. D. H. Lawrence, The White Peacock, pp. 221-2.

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The two characters appear to achieve a harmony, which is more a communion than a harmony - a communion that seems to be of a spiritual nature even though it is brought about through physical contact. The entire relationship which culminates in the above scene is one of an indescribable bond between the two men - a bond that is not to be construed as a homosexual attraction but one of rapport. Perhaps the manner in which D. H. Lawrence intended his readers to view this man-to-man relationship is revealed in the title of the chapter of which it is a part: "A Poem of Friendship".

This "friendship" element is further verified when one recalls the curious intimacy of feeling which develops between Paul Morel and Baxter Dawes after their violent and somewhat over-dramatic fight (Sons and Lovers). Paul even assumes a role of protector toward Baxter and instills in his former rival the will to live and the courage to begin again with his wife Clara.

The intimacy of this man-to-man relationship reaches its apex in Women in Love. Throughout this novel, Birkin tried to achieve some such conjunction with Gerald Crich - a conjunction which reaches its zenith when the two

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men wrestle naked on the floor.

So the two men entwined and wrestled with each other, working nearer and nearer. 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, as if to bring it subtly into subjection, always seizing with some rapid necromantic foreknowledge every motion of the other flesh, converting and contrasting it, playing upon the limbs and trunk of Gerald like some hard wind. It was 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.

So they wrestled swiftly, rapturously, intent and mindless at last, two essential white figures working into a tighter, closer oneness of struggle, with a strange, octopus-like knotting and flashing of limbs in the subdued light of the room; a tense white knot of flesh gripped in silence between the walls of old brown books. Now and again came a sharp gasp of breath, or a sound like a sigh, then the rapid thudding of movement on the thickly-carpeted floor, then the strange sound of flesh escaping under flesh. Often, in the white interlaced knot of violent living being that swayed silently, there was no head to be seen, only the swift, tight limbs, the solid white backs, the physical function of two bodies clinched into oneness. Then would appear the gleaming, ruffled head of Gerald, as the struggle changed, then for a moment the dun-coloured, shadowlike head of the other man would lift from the conflict, the eyes wide and dreadful and sightless.¹

1. D. H. Lawrence, Women in Love, pp. 304-5.

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As the two finish their wrestling match, the significance of their physical contact permeates them. As their semi-consciousness leaves them, they feel:

We are mentally, spiritually intimate, therefore we should be more or less physically intimate too - it is more whole.¹

The combatants through their violence with each other feel freer. They also feel closer. Gerald even asks Birkin if this is the brotherhood compact for which he has been striving. For D. H. Lawrence, it is obvious that he intended that the physical contact between the two men would be akin to a ritualistic pledge between them. This pledge would bind them together in sacred kinship. Man could be creative in this kind of relationship. He could be vital. He could be a positive force. Through such a "friendship", Lawrence

... dreamed the nucleus of a new society. ...

A stark, stripped human relationship of two men, deeper than the depths of sex. Deeper than property, deeper than fatherhood, deeper than marriage, deeper than love. So deep that it is loveless. The stark, loveless, wordless union of two men who have come to the bottom of themselves. This is the nucleus of a new society, and the clue to a new epoch. It asks for

i. Ibid., p. 307.

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a great and cruel slough first of all. Then it finds a great release into a new world, a new moral, a new landscape.¹

Gerald's failure to realize the potential of this intimacy is undoubtedly intended by D. H. Lawrence to be one of the contributing factors to the industrialist's failure as a human being. Whereas Birkin is able to conceive of a binding spiritual relationship existing between men, Gerald is only able to conceive of a companionship and the companionship which he is able to conceive never fully reaches the same heights that characterized the wrestling match. Gerald is eventually killed while struggling through the snow. This is symbolic of Gerald's icily destructive nature which Lawrence views as a negative force in human relationships. His destruction is brought about by the ice and snow which is characteristic of the northern climes.

Similar relationships between men formulate important elements of Lawrence's succeeding fictional writings. In Aaron's Rod, Lilly nurses the seriously ill Aaron. Caring for the despondent flautist, he administers a

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Fenimore Cooper", Studies in Classic American Literature, p. 63.

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therapeutic rubdown.

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, till he was almost exhausted. Then Aaron covered up again, and Lilly sat down in fatigue to look at his patient.

He saw a change. The spark had come back into the sick eyes, and the faint trace of a smile, faintly luminous, into the face. Aaron was regaining himself.¹

When Aaron recovers, Lilly attempts to assert himself over the sick man. Aaron, however, will not subjugate himself. Their relationship thereby is unable to become one of true kinship. The relationships which had their foundations in equality of brotherhood as suggested in the George Saxon-Cyril Beardsall and the Birkin-Gerald episodes appear to have moved beyond a partnership pact to a disciple-master contract in Aaron's Rod and succeeding books by D. H. Lawrence.

1. D. H. Lawrence, Aaron's Rod, p. 91.

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A similar pattern develops in Kangaroo when Somers massages the throat of Ben Cooley, the aspirant to a dictatorship of Australia. However, Somers aspires to something beyond the love relationship offered by the political leader and the kinship does not germinate.

The relationship between Don Cipriano and Don Ramon (The Plumed Serpent) does constitute a sort of pledge between the two men. Their kinship, described with the rites of Quetzalcoatl in the background, is more than a mere companionship or friendship. Their bond apparently is one of intimacy between the "gods" within the men.

It was through this kind of relationship that D. H. Lawrence felt a new type of social regeneration could be brought about. In addition to proper relationships with women, the man-to-man relationship is required to satiate the vitality in men. By means of this vitality and the creativity which evolves from it, man could re-commune with his integral being.

By the time D. H. Lawrence finished The Plumed Serpent, the master-disciple and brotherhood motifs were greatly modified. They were re-evaluated to such a degree that Lawrence could say to Witter Brynner on March 13, 1928:

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On the whole, I think you're right. The hero is obsolete, and the leader of men is a back number. After all, at the back of the hero is the militant ideal: and the militant ideal, or the ideal militant seems to me also a cold egg. ... On the whole I agree with you, the leader-cum-follower relationship is a bore. And the new relationship will be some sort of tenderness, sensitive, between men and men and men and women, and not the one up one down, lead on I follow, ich dien sort of business.¹

With his next novel, Lady Chatterley's Lover, Lawrence once more moved the tenderness of the man-woman relationship back into focus as the nucleus for a society's rebirth.

It is generally conceded by most critics that the essence of the relationship between men, in Lawrence's view, is that it should be non-sexual. Any suggestion that it involves homosexuality is considered erroneous. Homosexuality, for D. H. Lawrence, would, like rape, be too cerebral to be acceptable. It is perfectly understandable how one could possibly misconstrue the love-sympathy which develops as a prelude to a perversion - particularly because the relationship involves physical elements. However, it is apparently intended to be something beyond such practices.

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, ed., Aldous Huxley, p. 719.

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It is this something beyond that is intended to rekindle the flame of the male relationship. It is to be a spiritual union of men - a union induced by sensual means.

It is in the ideals and foundations of our civilization that Lawrence felt man had lost contact with other men.

None, however, is quite so dead as the man-to-man relationship. I think, if we come to analyze to the last what men feel about one another today, we should find that every man feels every other man as a menace. It is a curious thing, but the more mental and ideal men are, the more they seem to feel the bodily presence of any other man a menace, a menace, as it were, of their very being. Every man that comes near me threatens my very existence: nay, more my very being.

This is the ugly fact which underlies our civilization.¹

The two paintings by D. H. Lawrence which deal primarily with male figures are Summer Dawn and Spring.

The painting Summer Dawn particularly brings to mind the scene between George Saxon and Cyril Beardsall. The two figures in the painting are towelling themselves dry after a swim just as the scene in The White Peacock describes.

1. D. H. Lawrence, A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover and Other Essays, p. 121.



SUMMER DAWN

9" x 12"

Oil

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The episode in The White Peacock takes place in the early morning "before the sun was well up"¹ and at the end of June. The title of the painting conveys the same time element and the same season. In essence the painting depicts the scene from the novel just prior to the moment when George "saw I had forgotten to continue my rubbing, and laughing he took hold of me and began to rub me briskly".

Although this painting was reproduced in the Mandrake Press Edition, Dorothy Warren Trotter, the owner of the Warren Gallery, thought that it was unsuitable for exhibition and withdrew it before the opening of D. H. Lawrence's one-man show. While this painting is listed in the Mandrake Press Edition as a watercolor, Mervyn Levy points out that this is an error and that the painting is in oils.²

The painting Spring, on the other hand, does not nearly so obviously follow any known scene from D. H. Lawrence's writings. It is instead, a painting of six naked youths frolicking on a hillside. The postures of the young

1. D. H. Lawrence, The White Peacock, p. 220.

2. D. H. Lawrence, Paintings of D. H. Lawrence, ed., Mervyn Levy, p. 75.



SPRING

9" x 12"

Watercolor

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men have given rise to conflicting interpretations.

Hubert Crehan sees erotic elements in the painting.

Probably the painting in the Lawrence exhibition which provoked the most disquietude was the water-color Spring, which derived also from Cezanne's Bather Series. This small painting is composed of six male figures grouped into pairs in a vault of tree limbs. The male couples are joined in erotic postures, one certainly a pederastic coupling and the entire composition is a miasma of forms.¹

Conversely, Gwen John, in her review of the D. H. Lawrence exhibition of paintings viewed the painting thus:

It will be avoided by sensitive people. The boys are playing in conventional schoolboy manner. Lawrence has merely stripped them in pursuance of his quest for 'phallic beauty'. The picture has no erotic intention; but the dull bareness of the inadequate hillock they are playing on, and the total lack of background make it ... a dreary little picture.²

So it appears that Hubert Crehan is looking for the esoteric in his approach to this painting while Gwen John is attempting to be objective and trying to view the painting as a medium of expression. The couples obviously are not "joined in erotic postures". In the center of the painting,

1. Hubert Crehan, "Lady Chatterley's Painter: The Banned Pictures of D. H. Lawrence", Artnews, p. 64.

2. Philip Trotter, D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, ed., Edward Nehls, Vol. III, footnote 199, p. 716.

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there is a ball which has just been thrown presumably by the uppermost figure. The youth in the left background appears to have made a lunge for the ball, but has misjudged its trajectory. The youth in the right foreground has one arm lifted apparently in anticipation of the catch while the male figure immediately above and in front of him can be viewed as attempting to block the receiver's view in order to make him miss the ball. As for the coupling of the other male figures (left foreground), the possibility of its indicating pederasty is negated by the position of the rear figure's right leg. From the posture of the two figures, a pederastic coupling would be almost impossible. The rear figure's right leg is too much in evidence to make such a coupling possible. One fears that Hubert Crehan has committed the error that plagues so many people who approach D. H. Lawrence's works. With preconceived notions developed from the events which have surrounded much of Lawrence's writings, they expect far-fetched depictions from all of his productions.

Pederastic practices, like rape, lesbianism and other perverted practices would be behavioral actions evolving from a mental consciousness about sex ("sex in the head")

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and would not only not be condoned but would also be frowned upon by Lawrence.

When Winifred Inger, an extremely cerebral woman very much preoccupied with women's rights, enters into a lesbian relationship with Ursula Brangwen (The Rainbow), Lawrence makes no secret as to how he felt one should view the behavior between the two women. He labels the chapter, "Shame", and the title of this segment readily conveys the manner in which Ursula comes to view the situation.

A terrible, outcast, almost poisonous despair possessed her. It was no use doing anything, or being anything. She had no connexion with other people. Her lot was isolated and deadly. There was nothing for her anywhere, but this black disintegration. Yet, within all the great attack of disintegration upon her, she remained herself. It was the terrible core of all her suffering, that she was always herself. Never could she escape that: she could not put off being herself.

She still adhered to Winifred Inger. But a sort of nausea was coming over her. She loved her mistress. But a heavy, clogged sense of deadness began to gather upon her, from the other woman's contact. And sometimes she thought Winifred was ugly, clayey. Her female hips seemed big and earthy, her ankles and her arms were too thick. She wanted some fine intensity, instead of this heavy cleaving of moist clay, that cleaves because it has no life of its own.

Winifred still loved Ursula. She had a passion for the fine flame of the girl, she served her endlessly, would have done anything for her.

'Come with me to London,' she pleaded to the girl. 'I will make it nice for you, - you shall

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do lots of things you will enjoy.'

'No,' said Ursula, stubbornly and dully.

'No, I don't want to go to London, I want to be by myself.'

Winifred knew what this meant. She knew that Ursula was beginning to reject her. The fine, unquenchable flame of the younger girl would consent no more to mingle with the perverted life of the elder woman. Winifred knew it would come. ... She knew perfectly well that Ursula would cast her off.¹

Without question, this is also indicative of how Lawrence would approach such activities.

Witness his handling of Ursula's lesbian affair in The Rainbow, and of Loerke's implied affairs in Women in Love. His objections to such unions were based, I think, on two distinct beliefs: 1) that men and women must be singled out into pure malehood and pure femalehood; and 2) that homosexual love, like oedipal love, is mechanistic and obsessive - an imposition from without, and therefore a sin against spontaneous life.²

One can be reasonably sure that this same attitude would prevail for all human relationships. Therefore, it would seem that the Gwen John interpretation has much more validity than Hubert Crehan's. This view receives more

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Rainbow, pp. 343-4.

2. Mark Spilka, The Love Ethic of D. H. Lawrence, footnot 2, p. 169.

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support when one reads Rhys Davies' solicited memoir published in D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography.

The afternoons and evenings were given over to idleness. Walking tired him, so he would dawdle at the edge of the sea in the sun. These afternoons in the sun with him seemed to have a living peace that was strangely refreshing; he seemed to spread around him, his rages quieted for a while, a conciliatory atmosphere of awareness, so that the lazy roll of the sea, that ancient and ever-young blue sea, and the voices of the naked boys at play on the plage (it was his picture of these boys that was the chief cause of the London raid), became a harmony that gave, to me at least, a fresh and satisfying ease.¹

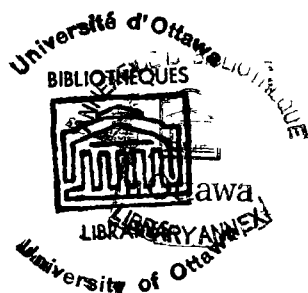
So once again, D. H. Lawrence appears to be dipping into his memories of past incidents in order to gain subject matter for his productions with a brush and easel.

1. Rhys Davies, D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, ed., Edward Nehls, Vol. III, p. 275.

THE QUESTION
OF THE
RELATIONSHIPS
BETWEEN
THE PAINTINGS AND THE WRITTEN WORKS
OF
D. H. LAWRENCE

by
Robert Walter Millett

A thesis presented to the Faculty of Arts
of the University of Ottawa in partial
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Literature.



Ottawa, Canada, 1965

CHAPTER IX

MAKING PICTURES

In the introduction which D. H. Lawrence wrote for the Mandrake Press Edition of his paintings, he asserted that the English had produced very few good painters because their national spirit had been emaciated by fear during the period called the Renaissance. According to Lawrence, this wasting-away was triggered by the wide-spread epidemic of venereal disease throughout England and the Continent. The result of this fear of venereal disease caused a sex-awareness which sublimated the intuitive approach to life and art. In D. H. Lawrence's view, this sex-repression has continually gained momentum until, at the present time, the equilibrium between the blood-consciousness and the mental-consciousness is quite disproportionate. This imbalance has stripped the English of their ability to create artistically. It has also impoverished the Englishman's ability to appreciate an artistic creation when he is confronted by one.

Working on this premise, D. H. Lawrence thereby rejected the paintings of Gainsborough, Hogarth and Reynolds as being much too bourgeois.

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The coat is really more important than the man. it is amazing how important clothes suddenly become, how they cover the subject. An old Reynolds colonel in a red uniform is much more a uniform than an individual, and as for Gainsborough, all one can say is: What a lovely dress and hat! What really expensive Italian silk! This painting of garments continued in vogue, till pictures like Sargent's seem to be nothing but yards and yards of satin from the most expensive ships, having some pretty head popped on the top. The imagination is quite dead. ...

There is the exception of Blake. Blake is the only painter of imaginative pictures, apart from landscapes, that England has produced. And unfortunately, there is so little Blake, and even in that little, the symbolism is often artificially imposed. Nevertheless, Blake paints with real intuitional awareness and solid instinctive feeling. He dares handle the human body, even if he sometimes makes it a mere ideograph. And no other Englishman has even dared handle it with alive imagination.¹

The landscape paintings of the English are something else again for D. H. Lawrence. It is here that the writer believed that the English painter came into his own. However, Lawrence only felt this was possible because

It doesn't call up the more powerful responses of the human imagination, the sensual, passional responses. ... There is no deep conflict. The instinctive and intuitional consciousness is called

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Introduction to These Paintings", Phoenix, p. 560.

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into play, but lightly, superficially. It is not confronted with any living, procreative body. ... It is a form of escape for them [the English], from the actual human body they so hate and fear, and it is an outlet for their perishing aesthetic desires.¹

Even with this concession, D. H. Lawrence felt that English painters had not accomplished enough in the realm of creativity and artistic integrity. Landscape paintings, in Lawrence's view, are not enough. They are, in a sense, incomplete.

But, for me, personally, landscape is always waiting for something to occupy it. Landscape seems to be meant as a background to an intenser vision of life, so as to my feeling painted landscape is background with the real subject left out.²

Since, in Lawrence's view, the proper study for man is always mankind, and since man is precisely what is missing in a landscape, the cohesion of Lawrence's view is clear. Even a cursory glance at D. H. Lawrence's paintings proves beyond a doubt that man and his relationships are, in his view, what artists ought to paint.

1. Ibid., p. 561.

2. Ibid., p. 561.

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Red Willow Trees is a painting which presents a vision of men bathing in a stream. However, in this painting, D. H. Lawrence has taken great pains with the landscape. Indeed, the landscape element of this picture is the most dominant feature. Almost inobtrusive are the figures of the three male nudes bathing. They are placed in the foreground and off-center. Only one figure is standing, and, in a sense, it is only this figure that commands attention from the viewer. The other males are completely overshadowed by the expanse of the flowing landscape. The influence of Paul Cezanne is evident in this work as there is precedent for the male nudes bathing in the French artist's Bather Series. Nevertheless, it is the background of Red Willow Trees that commands most attention.

In Sea and Sardinia, D. H. Lawrence describes a scene that is strikingly similar to the scene depicted in the painting.

There is a stream: actually a long tress of a waterfall pouring into a little gorge, and a stream bed that opens a little, and shows a marvellous cluster of naked poplars away below. They are like ghosts. They have a ghostly, almost phosphorescent luminousness in the shadow of the valley, by the stream of water. If not phosphorescent, then incandescent: a grey, goldish-pale incandescence of naked limbs



RED WILLOW TREES

26" x 40"

Oil

MAKING PICTURES

and myriad cold-glowing twigs, gleaming strangely. If I were a painter I would paint them: for they seem to have living, sentient flesh. And the shadow envelops them.¹

The vantage point of the scene described above is somewhat different from that of the painting and as Philip Trotter points out: "the glow of the poplars in the painting is warm" and "trees are what he perceives most intimately"² in Sea and Sardinia.

D. H. Lawrence, from his early boyhood, always felt an intimacy with nature. His need for a communion with nature was motivated to a large extent by his belief that all living things possessed a god within them. Trees possessed certain qualities that should be recognized.

Empedokles says trees were the first living creatures to grow up out of the earth, before the sun was spread out and before day and night were distinguished; from the symmetry of their mixture of fire and water, they contain the proportion of male and female; they grow, rising up owing to the heat which is in the earth, so that they are parts of the earth just as embryos are part of the uterus. Fruits are excretions of the water and fire in plants.³

1. D. H. Lawrence, Sea and Sardinia, pp. 99-100.
2. Philip Trotter, D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, ed., Edward Nehls, Vol. III, p. 329.
3. D. H. Lawrence, "Notes for Birds, Beasts and Flowers", Phoenix, p. 65.

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Trees then convey a great deal to Lawrence. They possess their own gods, gods that flame within them, and they are the very things of which the world is made. As such, he felt that they should be celebrated in all their glory, their colors, and their beauty.

Another naked tree I would paint is the gleaming mauve-silver fig, which burns its cold incandescence, tangled like some sensitive creature emerged from the rock. A fig tree come forth in its nudity gleaming over the dark winter-earth is a sight to behold. Like some white, tangled sea anemone. Ah, if it could but answer! or if we had tree-speech!¹

He further celebrated the glory of the fig tree in even more descriptive and passionate terms in his poem Bare Fig Trees.

BARE FIG TREES

Fig-trees, weird fig-trees
 Made of thick smooth silver,
 Made of ~~sweet~~, untarnished silver in the
 sea-southern air -
 I say untarnished, but I mean opaque -
 Thick, smooth-fleshed silver, dully only as
 human limbs are dull
 With the life-lustre,
 Nude with the dim light of full, healthy
 life

1. D. H. Lawrence, Sea and Sardinia, p. 100.

MAKING PICTURES

That is always half-dark,
And suave like passion-flower petals,
Like passion-flowers,
With the half-secret gleam of a passion-flower
 hanging from the rock,
Great, complicated, nude fig-tree, stemless
 flower-mesh,
Flowerily naked in flesh, and giving off
 hues of life.

Rather like an octopus, but strange and
 sweet-myriad-limbed octopus;
Like a nude, like a rock-living, sweet-
 fleshed anemone,
Flourishing from the rock in a mysterious
 arrogance.

Let me sit down beneath the many-branching
 candelabrum
That lives upon this rock
And laugh at Time, and laugh at dull Eternity,
And make a joke of stale Infinity,
Within the flesh-scent of this wicked tree,
That has kept so many secrets up its sleeve,
And has been laughing through so many ages
At man and his uncomfortablenesses,
And his attempt to assure himself that what is
 so is not so,
Up its sleeve.

Let me sit down beneath this many-
 branching candelabrum,
The Jewish seven-branched, tallow-stinking
 candlestick kicked over the cliff
And all its tallow righteousness got rid of,
And let me notice it behave itself.

And watch it putting forth each time to heaven,
Each time straight to heaven,
With marvellous naked assurance each single twig.
Each one setting off straight to the sky
As if it were the leader, the main-stem, the
 fore-runner,

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Intent to hold the candle of the sun upon
its socket-tip,
It alone.

Every young twig
No sooner issued sideways from the thigh of
his predecessor
Than off he starts without a qualm
To hold the one and only lighted candle of the
sun in his socket-tip.
He casually gives birth to another young bud
from his thigh,
Which at once sets off to be the one and only,
And hold the lighted candle of the sun.

O many-branching candelabrum, oh strange
up-starting fig-tree,
O weird Demos, where every twig is the arch twig,
Each imperiously over-equal to each, equality
over-reaching itself
Like the snakes on Medusa's head,
O naked fig-tree!

Still, no doubt every one of you can be the
sun-socket as well as every other of you.
Demos, Demos, Demos!
Demon, too,
Wicked fig-tree, equality puzzle, with your
self-conscious secret fruits.

And, of course, when D. H. Lawrence did begin to
paint, it was the memory of these fig trees that produced the
background for his painting Boccaccio Story. The silver
fig trees are like "thick smooth silver,/Made of sweet,
untarnished silver/ ... / With a life-lustre". The manner in
which the limbs and branches of all the trees in the painting

BOCCACCIO STORY

28" x 47"

Oil



MAKING PICTURES

sprout is indeed reminiscent of "many branching candelabr[a]". The limbs are almost molded in a metallic manner. The hue of the silver-colored trees indeed gleams and presents a radiance which enhances this depiction of Giovanni Boccaccio's first story told on the third day.

The scene in the painting is nearly identical to an episode of this story which is about Maseto, the peasant, who feigns muteness so he can enter the convent and lie with the nuns. The peasant in the painting is feigning being asleep under a large almond tree. The nuns troop by and gaze intently at the exposed body of the peasant.

The only liberty that D. H. Lawrence has taken with the scene is in his combining of two similar incidents of the story. He combines the first incident when Maseto is feigning his sleep and the nuns see him, with the second incident in which the abbess sees him when, exhausted, he is actually sleeping and the wind has disarrayed his clothing. (See Appendix)

It is exceedingly appropriate that Lawrence chose a Boccaccio story for the subject matter of one of his paintings because it is this Italian writer who is often cited by him, attempting to make a case against the charges

MAKING PICTURES

of pornography which were raised about the Laurentian writings.

On several occasions, D. H. Lawrence ran into difficulty with his books. In The White Peacock, he was forced to remove a paragraph which "might be considered objectionable, and substitute an exactly identical number of obviously harmless words".¹ William Heinemann refused to publish Sons and Lovers explaining that his novel "was one of the dirtiest books he had ever read".² In September, 1915, The Rainbow was attacked as "vile and obscene" and more than a thousand copies were seized at the publisher's.³ The story of the banning, condemnation and seizure of Lady Chatterley's Lover is well-known to the public. The closing of the Warren Gallery exhibition of his paintings and the seizure of thirteen of those paintings are other examples of the repeated harassment with which D. H. Lawrence had to contend.

1. Harry T. Moore, "D. H. Lawrence and the Censor Morons", Sex, Literature and Censorship, p. 11.

2. Ibid., p. 11.

3. Ibid., p. 11.

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It is small wonder that Lawrence discussed the problem of pornography. He observed:

... perhaps one day even the general public will desire to see the thing in the face, and see for itself the difference between the sneaking masturbation pornography of the press, the film, and present day popular literature, and then the creative portrayals of the sexual impulse that we have in Boccaccio or the Greek vase-paintings or some Pompeian art, and which are necessary for the fulfillment of our consciousness.¹

Among the beliefs that motivated D. H. Lawrence's creativity was his attitude toward the human body, sex and certain bodily functions. Much of his frustration stemmed from the fact that only a minority of the general public was sympathetic toward his views. Yet, he persisted and in his persistence maintained that

... this minority public knows well that the books of many contemporary writers, both big and lesser fry are far more pornographic than the liveliest story in The Decameron; because they tickle the dirty little secret and excite to private masturbation which the wholesome Boccaccio never does.²

The painting Boccaccio Story is an attempt by

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Pornography and Obscenity", Phoenix, p. 187.
2. Ibid., p. 187.

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D. H. Lawrence to be perfectly honest and perfectly candid in his expression. As a result of his belief that "the liveliest story in The Decameron" should never be thought of as pornographic, he obligated himself to depict the episodes of Boccaccio's Third Day, First Story fully and openly.

Philip Trotter observed that

As a composition Boccaccio Story was the undisputed masterpiece; it was the only painting that we might legitimately have been asked to withdraw from the exhibition.¹

Ironically, this painting was the only one of the thirteen seized pictures that was damaged by the police. Doubly ironic is the fact that the damage was done exactly on the part of the gardener which undoubtedly was the reason for its seizure. The behavior of the police in regard to this particular painting graphically illustrates the "sex in the head" of the general public which D. H. Lawrence consistently deplored. Such wanton destruction of this painting also indicates why Lawrence so vehemently professed the need for a reappraisal of values in the modern society.

1. Philip Trotter, D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, ed., Edward Nehls, Vol. III, footnote 163, p. 714.

CHAPTER X

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

As previously remarked, D. H. Lawrence believed that many of the conceptions that Christianity teaches must be negated if man is to experience a re-awakening of his blood-consciousness.

On every level from the prophetic to the trivial Lawrence sees Christianity as the love-ideal and rejects it.

Two thousand years ago Western man embarked on the attempt to live from the love motive alone. Sometimes Lawrence puts it a few hundred years earlier, with Platonism and the rise of the higher religions. He refers to this momentous step in the history of humanity in at least two different ways. Sometimes he sees it as a great rejection, a failure of courage, a refusal of the responsibility of life, sometimes as a necessary development, living and valid for its time and for centuries to come, but now at an end. Perhaps the second judgment represents his steadiest and most central belief. ...

In either case, the love-mode is exhausted. Christianity is kept going by a barren effort of will, it has no longer any connexion with the deep sources of life; and the consequences of this continuing will-driven automatism of love is to be seen everywhere in the modern world.¹

1. Graham Hough, The Dark Sun, p. 280.

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

Christianity has idealized love and, as a result, man has based his values of the modern civilization on "ideal" concepts. The principal effect of this development is that, for modern man, the blood-consciousness is overwhelmed by the mental-consciousness. Lawrence believed this situation must be remedied if man was to ever again realize his human potentialities.

Through the effort of the will, man has, in a sense, conquered the world in which he lives.

He discovered the "idea". He found that all things were related by certain laws. The moment man learned to abstract, he began to make engines that would do the work of his body. So instead of concentrating ... upon the living things which made his universe, he concentrated upon the engines or instruments which should intervene between him and the living universe, and give him mastery.

This was the death of the great Pan. ... The old connexion, the old Allness, was severed, and can never be ideally restored. Great Pan is dead. ... We need the universe to live again, so that we can live with it. A conquered universe, a dead Pan, leaves us nothing to live with.¹

So in conquering the world, man has also relinquished his communion with every living thing in that world.

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Pan in America", Phoenix, p. 29.

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

He has isolated himself from living in direct relationship with other beings.

What can a man do with his life but live it? And what does life consist in, save a vivid relatedness between the man and the living universe that surrounds him? Yet man insulates himself more and more in mechanism, and repudiates everything but the machine and the contrivance of which he himself is master, god in the machine.¹

Man's denial of himself constitutes an intolerable situation. Man must be reborn. Such a rebirth can only be achieved through the sexual mystery. The sexual mystery is not encountered in either the modern intellectualized sex or the salaciousness of the pornographers. It is, far rather, encountered in the sexual approach which is spontaneous, innocent, and tender. D. H. Lawrence believed that the pre-Christians understood this. This type of sex is not to be construed as an end in itself.

... he saw it ... as a religious communion, an inclusive expression of the force of life itself, which nourishes and renews the true self, the second ego, the individual soul of each of the lovers.²

1. Ibid., p. 27.

2. Mark Spilka, The Love Ethic of D. H. Lawrence, p. 216.

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

Lawrence's "philosophy of life" is essentially naturalistic. For him, God is in nature.

God is the whole natural order, and all creatures, including man, must find their fulfilment in their natural being, in harmony with the whole natural order. ... And the only ultimate failure, of which man alone is capable, is voluntarily to cut oneself off from this all-prevailing miracle, to break the connexion. ...

It is pantheism - every part of the universe is a manifestation of God. It is animism, in more than one sense - everything is endowed with its particular soul; and further, ... soul is the vital principle which produces all things. ... His apprehension of the world is far closer to that of primitive religion, which had not thought to distinguish between organic and inorganic, spirit and matter, but saw the whole universe and all parts of it as simply and obviously alive.¹

When Christianity came, D. H. Lawrence believed that man voluntarily divorced himself from his "religious" relationship with the universe. He no longer felt related to every other living thing. He no longer felt the "quick-ness" of other living things.

At the beginning of the Christian era, voices were heard off the coasts of Greece, out to sea, on the Mediterranean, wailing: "Pan is dead! Great

1. Graham Hough, The Dark Sun, pp. 259-60.

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

Pan is dead!"

The father of fauns and nymphs, satyrs and dryads and naiads was dead, with only the voices in the air to lament him. Humanity hardly noticed.¹

At the time of the Crucifixion, the teachings of Jesus Christ began to spread throughout the Western world. The primitive passions, the communion with nature and the rapport that man had with the Allness of the universe - things represented for D. H. Lawrence by the god Pan - began to be subverted by the spiritual and mental consciousness of civilized man. This trend must be reversed in Lawrence's view. If not, man will continue to live his life of nothingness.

In 1928, D. H. Lawrence described his painting Fauns and Nymphs to Harry Crosby.

I've got a nice canvas of sun-fauns and sun-nymphs laughing at the Crucifixion - but I had to paint out the Crucifixion.²

The Crucifixion of which Lawrence speaks, undoubtedly occupied the empty space in the background of the painting. One strongly suspects that D. H. Lawrence felt

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Pan in America", Phoenix, p. 22.
2. D. H. Lawrence, The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, ed., Aldous Huxley, p. 748.



FAUNS AND NYMPHS

38" x 32"

Oil

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

the need to paint out this feature because the Christian cross was indicative of man's blunder. The memory of the Crucifixion and the Christianity which it symbolizes must be erased.

Man has done his worst, and crucified his God.
Men will always crucify their god, given the opportunity. Christ proved that by giving them the opportunity.¹

Through the Crucifixion, man has killed his god, not only the Christ-God but also the gods within men. This has been the pattern of Western civilization.

The history of our era is the nauseating and repulsive history of the crucifixion of the procreative body for the glorification of the spirit, the mental consciousness.²

The fact that D. H. Lawrence at first included the Crucifixion in the painting, with the primitive fauns and nymphs laughing at it, would seem to indicate that the artist believed that the pagan figures would be able to see the incongruity in mankind's sentimental attitude toward the cross.

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1. D. H. Lawrence, "Resurrection", Phoenix, p. 737.
 2. D. H. Lawrence, "Introduction to These Paintings", Phoenix, p. 569.

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

But why the memory of the wounds and the death? Surely Christ rose with healed hands and feet, sound and strong and glad? Surely the passage to the cross and the tomb was forgotten? But no - always the memory of the wounds, always the smell of the grave clothes. A small thing was the Resurrection compared with the Cross and Death.¹

The resurrection in the flesh is far more significant in D. H. Lawrence's eyes than the symbol of the Crucifixion. The Crucifixion is symbolic of the mental consciousness that has gripped the world since the death of Christ. The fauns and nymphs, the children of Pan, would appear to be representative of the body or the blood consciousness of man. This blood consciousness may be suppressed by the mental consciousness, but it can be reawakened. The fauns and nymphs then are indicative of the dark gods within all men and women. They must, however, be once more returned to a proper balance with the intellect of man. When this rainbow condition is arrived at, man will again be able to recognize his relatedness with all living things in the universe. The Great God Pan will achieve a rebirth.

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 280.

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

Already alluded to in another connection, D. H. Lawrence's short story "The Overtone" also treats the problem of Pan and Christ in modern society. Will Renshaw and his wife Edith, it will be recalled, have a friendly but hollow marriage. Edith is afraid of the "brute" in her husband. On one occasion, she has told her husband: "I think a man's body is ugly - all in parts with mechanical joints".¹ He in turn withdrew until eventually he no longer even desires sex with his wife.

One evening when Renshaw and his wife are entertaining, one of their guests, a young girl, feels a strong attraction toward the youthful-looking Renshaw. In a sense, she desires him for her lover. Entering the garden and standing in the moonlight, she softly begins to weep. Renshaw sees and hears her. He calls out to her not to be alarmed, for Pan is dead.

And then she bit back her tears. For when he said, "Pan is dead," he meant Pan was dead in his own long, loose Dane's body. Yet she was a nymph still, and if Pan were dead, she ought to die.²

1. D. H. Lawrence, "The Overtone", The Complete Short Stories of D. H. Lawrence, Vol. III, p. 752.
2. Ibid., p. 755.

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

While Renshaw and she are talking, they are joined by Edith. The girl expounds, in a somewhat chant-like manner, the dual attraction which Pan and Christ have upon her.

"When I meet a man," said the girl, "I shall look down the pupil of his eye, for a faun. And after a while it will come, skipping -" ... "I shall look in the eyes of my man for the faun," the girl continued in a sing-song, "and I shall find him. Then I shall pretend to run away from him. And both our surplises, and all the crucifix, will be outside the wood. Inside nymph and faun, Pan and his satyrs - ah, yes: for Christ and the Cross is only for day-time, and bargaining. Christ came to make us deal honourably.

"But love is no deal, nor merchant's bargaining, and Christ neither spoke of it nor forbade it. He was afraid of it. If once His faun, the faun of the young Jesus had run free, seen one white nymph's brief breast. He would not have been content to die on a Cross - and then the men would have gone on cheating the women in life's business, all the time. Christ made one bargain in mankind's business - and He made it for the women's sake - I suppose for His mother's since He was fatherless. And Christ made a bargain for me, and I shall avail myself of it. I won't be cheated by my man. ... "But I will not cheat him, in his hour, when he runs like a faun after me. I shall flee, but only to be overtaken. I shall flee, but never out of the wood to the crucifix. For that is to deny I am a nymph; since how can a nymph cling at the crucifix? Nay, the cross is the sign I have on my money, for honesty.

"In the morning, when we come out of the wood, I shall say to him: 'Touch the cross, and prove you will deal fairly,' and if he will not,

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

I will set the dogs of anger and judgment on him, and they shall chase him. But if, perchance, some night he contrive to crawl back into the wood, beyond the crucifix, he will be faun and I nymph, and I shall have no knowledge what happened outside, in the realm of the crucifix. But in the morning, I shall say: 'Touch the cross, and prove you will deal fairly.' And being renewed, he will touch the cross.

... "But I am a nymph and a woman, and Pan is for me, and Christ is for me.

"For Christ I cover myself in my robe, and weep, and vow my vow of honesty.

"For Pan I throw my coverings down and run headlong through the leaves, because of the joy of running.

"And Pan will give me my children and joy, and Christ will give me my pride.

"And Pan will give me my man, and Christ my husband.

"To Pan I am nymph, to Christ I am woman.

"And Pan is in the darkness, and Christ in the pale light.

"And night shall never be day, and day shall never be night.

"But side by side they shall go, day and night, night and day, for ever apart, for ever together.

... "Both moving over me, so when in the sunshine I go in my robes among my neighbours, I am a Christian. But when I run robeless through the dark-scented woods alone, I am Pan's nymph.

"Now I must go, for I want to run away. Not run away from myself, but to myself.

"For neither am I a lamp that stands in the way in the sunshine.

"Nor am I a sundial foolish at night.¹

The girl, like so many others living in modern

1. Ibid., pp. 757-9.

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society, recognizes Christian teachings and lives by them. Nevertheless, she does realize the importance of entering into the sexual mystery. She is clearly aware of the fact that she and her man achieve "polarity" and are renewed as a result of this experience. The teachings of Christianity, symbolized by the crucifix, remain outside the wooded area. The mental-consciousness of the Christian world can never intrude upon the baliwick of the nymph and the faun. They can go "side by side", for ever apart, for ever together". They can achieve the "polarity".

So it is in the painting Fauns and Nymphs. The blank space where the crucifix was at first painted is on the outside of the wooded grove which frames the figures in the painting. It has no place in the wooded area. The darkened grove is divorced from the realm of the crucifix. When the fauns and nymphs are together in the wood, they "have no knowledge what happened outside, in the realm of the crucifix". Life within the wooded grove consists of surrendering oneself to the mystery and spontaneity of being. There is little doubt that this painting is D. H. Lawrence's attempt to portray this condition of being.

A wooded grove also serves as the setting for

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D. H. Lawrence's other representations of men and women giving themselves up to the spontaneity of life. The paintings Fire Dance and Dance-Sketch are attempts to portray this spontaneity and the religious element in dancing.

Truly spontaneous dancing seems to have had a profound and lasting effect upon Lawrence. On several occasions, he described the impressions he took away with him after viewing native dancers. On several other occasions, he has had his fictional characters dance spontaneously and freely thereby experiencing new sensations which temporarily at least refresh them. Truly spontaneous dancing, for Lawrence, was considered an outlet from restriction (social and otherwise) and at least a momentary casting-off of the vestiges of civilization - in a sense, a rebellion against the societal strictures under which modern man and woman live. True and spontaneous dancing is virtually synonymous with a religious experience.

I had looked over all the world for something that would strike me as religious. The simple poetry of some English people, the semi-pagan mystery of some Catholics in southern Italy, the intensity of some Bavarian peasants, the semi-ecstasy of Buddhists or Brahmins: all this seemed religious all right, as far as the parties concerned were involved, but it didn't involve me. I looked on religiousness from the outside. For it is still harder to feel religion at will than

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to love at will.

I had seen what I felt was a hint of wild religion in the so-called devil dances of a group of naked villagers from the far-remote jungle of Ceylon, dancing at midnight under the torches, glittering wet with sweat on their dark bodies as if they had been gilded, ... And the utter dark absorption of these naked men, as they danced with their knees wide apart, suddenly affected me with a sense of religion. I felt religion for a moment. For religion is an experience, an uncontrollable sensual experience, even more so than love: I use sensual to mean an experience deep down in the senses, inexplicable and unscrutable.¹

It was the utter absorption of the dancers that enchanted D. H. Lawrence and affected him with a sense of religion. The totality of the absorption of the dancers vivified the spectacle. He further described

... the Christmas dances at Taos, twilight snow, the darkness coming over the great wintry mountains and the lonely pueblo, then suddenly, again, like dark calling to dark, the deep Indian cluster-singing around the drum, wild and awful, suddenly rousing on the last dusk as the procession starts. And the bonfire leaping suddenly in the pure spurts of high flames, columns of sudden flame ...²

The painting Fire Dance bears a certain resemblance

1. D. H. Lawrence, "New Mexico", Phoenix, pp. 143-4.

2. Ibid., p. 145.

FIRE-DANCE

9" x 12"

Watercolor



ON BEING RELIGIOUS

to these reminiscences. The two naked men of the painting are totally immersed in their eurhythmic motions; they are in the throes of an "utter dark absorption". The figures are captured in postures which indicate that they dance with "their knees wide apart". If the viewer does not feel a sense of religion, surely the men of the painting do. The Christmas dances at Taos also seem to have contributed to the vision which constructed the painting. The bonfire of the picture leaps "suddenly in the pure spurts of high flame, columns of sudden flame".

This view of regeneration by fire is also depicted in the phoenix symbol which D. H. Lawrence adopted for his own symbol of faith in life's continuity. The phoenix, as is well known, is a mythical bird of Egyptian origin which, when its time came for it to die, built itself a nest. On this nest, it consumed itself in flames. From the ashes of the phoenix, a new phoenix would arise - in a sense, it resurrected itself. The need for resurrecting itself was essential because the phoenix is always male and cannot reproduce through the normal generative manner.

Man, as such, must resurrect himself. The God-flame within him must once more burn brightly without the

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restraints of modern civilization. This is possible, in D. H. Lawrence's view, because, as he stated in a letter to Ernest Collings in January, 1913.

I conceive man's body as a kind of flame, like a candle flame, forever upright and yet flowing: and the intellect is just the light shed on the things around - which is really mind - but with the mystery of the flame forever flowing, coming God knows how from out of practically nowhere, and being itself, whatever there is around it, that it lights up.¹

Therefore, the flames themselves are indicative of Laurentian thought. Each man, in common with all living things, possesses what Lawrence calls a God-flame within himself. In other beings, the flame flickers brightly and purely. Only in man has the flame been suppressed so continually by the mental consciousness that only a little spark of vitality remains. Still, the spark does remain, and D. H. Lawrence believed that if ever the spirit and the body can be returned to a balanced equilibrium or a polarity, the God-flame within man will once again spurt brightly and purely. Then, man will once more be truly alive.

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, ed., Aldous Huxley, p. 94.

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For man, the vast marvel is to be alive. For man, as for flower and beast and bird, the supreme triumph is to be most vividly, most perfectly alive. Whatever the unborn and the dead may know, they cannot know the beauty, the marvel of being alive in the flesh. The dead may look after the afterwards. But the magnificent here and now of life in the flesh is ours, and ours alone, and ours only for a time. We ought to dance with rapture that we should be alive and in the flesh, and part of the living, incarnate cosmos. I am part of the sun as my eye is part of me. That I am part of the earth my feet know perfectly, and my blood is part of the sea. My soul knows that I am part of the human race, my soul is an organic part of the great human soul, as my spirit is part of my nation. In my own very self I am part of my family. There is nothing of me that is alone and absolute except my mind, and we shall find that the mind has no existence by itself, it is only the glitter of the sun on the surface of the waters.

So that my individualism is really an illusion. I am part of the great whole, and I can never escape. But I can deny my connexions, break them, and become a fragment. Then I am wretched.

What we want to destroy is our false, inorganic connexions, especially those related to money, and re-establish the living connexions, with the cosmos, the sun and earth, with mankind and nation and family. Start with the sun, and the rest will slowly, slowly happen.¹

1. D. H. Lawrence, Apocalypse, pp. 222-3.

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

Lawrence also expressed this belief in poetry.
He used the imagery of flames and dancing.

SPIRAL FLAME

There have been so many gods
that now there are none.
When the One God made a monopoly of it
he wore us out, so now we are godless
and unbelieving.

Yet, O my young men, there is a vivifier.
There is that which makes us eager.
While we are eager, we think nothing of it.
Sum ergo non cogito.
But when our eagerness leaves us, we are
godless and full of thought.

We have worn out the gods, and they us.
That pale one, filled with renunciation
and pain and white love.
has sickened us thoroughly with rods of
iron rulers and strong men.
The All-wise has tired us of wisdom.
The weeping mother of god, inconsolable
over her son
makes us prefer to be womanless, rather than
be wept over.
And that poor late makeshift, Aphrodite
emerging in a bathing suit from our
modern sea-side foam
has successfully killed all desire in us
whatsoever.

Yet, O my young men, there is a vivifier.
There is a swan-like flame that curls round
the centre of space
and flutters at the core of the atom,
there is a spiral flame-tip that can lick
our little atoms into fusion
so we roar up like bonfires of vitality

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

and fuse in a broad hard flame of many men
in a oneness.

O pillars of flame by night, O my young
men
spinning and dancing like flamey fire-spouts
in the dark ahead of the multitude!
O ruddy god in our veins, O fiery god in
our genitals!
O rippling hard fire of courage, O fusing of
hot trust
when the fire reaches us, O my young men!

And the same flame that fills us with life, it
will dance and burn the house down,
all the fittings and elaborate furnishings
and all the people that go with the fittings
and the furnishings,
the upholstered dead that sit in deep arm-chairs.

The young and naked men of the painting are indeed "spinning and dancing like flamey fire-spouts in the dark" and that "same flame", of which D. H. Lawrence speaks, apparently is meant to convey the impression that the naked men in their "utter dark absorption" are filled with the quickness of life and roaring "up like bonfires of vitality".

Prior to and after such actual experiences of observing the various native dances which he described, D. H. Lawrence used the rhythmic movements of the dance to convey an uplifting spirit in his fictional characters. The reader of Laurentian novels encounters the dancing of Anna Brangwen when she is big with child (The Rainbow).

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

She had her moments of exaltation still, rebirths of old exaltations. As she sat by her bedroom window, watching the steady rain, her spirit was somewhere far off.

She sat in pride and curious pleasure. When there was no-one to exult with, the unsatisfied soul must dance and play, then one danced before the Unknown.

Suddenly she realized that this was what she wanted to do. Big with child as she was, she danced there in the bedroom by herself, lifting her hands and her body to the Unseen, to the unseen Creator who had chosen her, to whom she belonged.

She would not have had anyone know. She danced in secret, and her soul rose in bliss. She danced in secret before the Creator, she took off her clothes and danced in the pride of her bigness.¹

Gudrun (Women in Love) also dances. She performs a curious hypnotic dance which both fascinates and taunts the cattle in a field.

Gudrun ... began slowly to dance in the eurhythmic manner, pulsing and fluttering rhythmically with her feet making slower, regular gestures with her hands and arms, now spreading her arms wide, now raising them above her head, now flinging them softly apart, and lifting her face, her feet all the time beating and running to the measure of the song, as if it were some strange incantation, her white, rapt form drifting here and there in a strange impulsive rhapsody, seeming to be lifted

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 183.

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

on a breeze of incantation, shuddering with strange little runs. ... Ursula ... caught some of the unconscious ritualistic suggestion of the complex shuddering and waving of her sister's white form, that was clutched in pure, mindless, tossing rhythm, and a will set powerful in a kind of hypnotic influence. ...

Gudrun, with her arms outspread and her face uplifted, went in a strange palpitating dance towards the cattle, lifting her body towards them as if in a spell, her feet pulsing as if in some little frenzy of unconscious sensation, her arms, her wrists, her hands stretching and heaving, and falling and reaching and reaching and falling, her breasts lifted and shaken towards the cattle, her throat exposed as in some voluptuous ecstasy towards them, whilst she drifted imperceptibly nearer, an uncanny white figure, towards them, carried away in its own rapt trance, ebbing in strange fluctuations upon the cattle, that waited, and ducked their heads a little in sudden contraction from her, watching all the time as if hypnotized, their bare horns branching in the clear light, as the white figure of the women [sic] ebbed upon them, in the slow, hypnotizing convulsion of the dance.¹

There is, of course, the wild dancing of Lady Chatterley in the rain.

She opened the door and looked at the straight heavy rain, like a steel curtain, and had a sudden desire to rush out into it, to rush away. She got up, and began swiftly pulling off her stockings, then her dress and underclothing, and he held his breath. Her pointed keen animal

1. D. H. Lawrence, Women in Love, pp. 185-7.

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

breasts tipped and stirred as she moved. She was ivory-coloured in the greenish light. She slipped on her rubber shoes again and ran out with a wild little laugh, holding up her breasts to the heavy rain and spreading her arms, and running blurred in the rain with eurhythmic dance-movements she had learned so long ago in Dresden. It was a strange pallid figure lifting and falling, bending so the rain beat and glistened on the full haunches, swaying up again and coming belly-forward through the rain, then stooping again so that only the full loins and buttocks were offered in a kind of homage towards him, repeating a wild obeisance.¹

Of all D. H. Lawrence's fictional accounts of the dance, the one episode that conveys the most purgating effect upon a character is that instance in The Plumed Serpent. Kate Leslie, the heroine of this novel, is presented as being

... aged forty. She did not hide the fact from herself, but she kept it dark from the others. It was a blow, really. To be forty! One had to cross a dividing line. On this side there was youth and spontaneity and "happiness". On the other side something different: reserve, responsibility, a certain standing back from "fun".

She was a widow, and a lonely woman now. Having married young, her two children were grown up. The boy was twenty-one, and her daughter nineteen. They stayed chiefly with their father, from whom she had been divorced ten years

1. D. H. Lawrence, Lady Chatterley's Lover, p. 230.

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before, in order to marry James Joachim Leslie. Now Leslie was dead, and all that half of life was over.¹

She

... no longer wanted love, excitement, and something to fill her life. ...
To be alone with the unfolding flower of her soul, in the delicate, chiming silence that is at the midst of things. The thing called "Life" is just a mistake we have made in our own minds.²

The novel opens with Kate and her two American male companions going to a bullfight in Mexico City. The extravagant cruelty of the fight and the fanatic sadism of the spectators so thoroughly disgust her that she leaves the bull arena, but her companions are

... convinced that this was life. ... [They were] seeing LIFE, and what can an American do more.³

This, of course, is just the sort of "life" that Kate is trying to escape. The "life" represented by the "Tea-Party in Tlacolula" at which the English and American expatriates are continually engaged in trivial bickering is

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Plumed Serpent, p. 50.

2. Ibid., pp. 62-3.

3. Ibid., p. 17.

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another kind of life from which she wishes to flee. The widow wants to get away from such things and from Mexico City itself.

She was more afraid of the repulsiveness than of anything. She had been in many cities of the world, but Mexico had an underlying ugliness; sort of a squalid evil, which made Naples seem debonair in comparison. She was afraid, she dreaded that anything might really touch her in this town, and give her the contagion of its crawling sort of evil.¹

Her revulsion toward Mexico is finally overcome by fascination and curiosity which an item in a newspaper inspires. The headline reads: The Gods of Antiquity Return to Mexico. The newspaper account reports how a man of great stature had been seen to rise naked from the Lake of Sayula in the distant interior of the country and wade ashore. When he reached shore, he assured the petrified peasants that the old gods were about to return to them; particularly, the god Quetzalcoatl. Kate decide to go to the interior to seek out the "strange beam of wonder and

1. Ibid., p. 19.

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mystery, almost like hope".¹

Almost as soon as Kate arrives at the Lake, "the Galilee of the new religion", she has opportunity to view this new but antique religion of Quetzalcoatl in action. She goes to the Plaza with her maid. The "Flappers" and young men of the district come in cars and dance to a jazz band. The "modern" group is soon drowned out by primitive drums. A hymn is also sung in which Quetzalcoatl announces that Jesus is going home. Quetzalcoatl is going to take the place of Jesus in Mexico. Kate is profoundly affected by the music and the ceremony which accompanies it.

There was no recognizable rhythm, no recognizable emotion. It was hardly music. Rather a far-off perfect crying in the night. But it went straight through to the soul, the most ancient soul of all men, where alone can the human family assemble in immediate contact.

Kate knew it at once, like a sort of fate. It was no good resisting. There was neither urge nor effort, nor any specialty. The sound sounded in the far-off innermost place of the human core, the ever-present, where there is neither hope nor emotion, but passion sits with folded wings on the nest, and faith is a tree of shadow.²

When the men and women start a long, wheeling

1. Ibid., p. 60.

2. Ibid., p. 138.

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dance, Kate, who had been just watching the spectacle, is caught up in the fervor, joins in, and feels herself transported.

She felt her sex and her womanhood caught up and identified in the slowly revolving ocean of nascent life, the dark sky of the men lowering and wheeling above. She was not herself, she was gone, and her own desires were gone in the ocean of the great desire. As the man whose fingers touched hers was gone into the ocean that is male, stooping over the face of the waters.

The slow, vast, soft-touching revolution of the ocean above upon ocean below, with no vestige of rustling or foam. Only the pure sliding conjunction. Herself gone into her greater self, her womanhood consummated in the greater womanhood. And were her fingers touched the fingers of the man, the quiet spark, like the dawn-star, shining between her and the greater manhood of men.

How strange, to be merged in desire beyond desire, to be gone in the body beyond the individualism of the body, with the spark of contact lingering like a morning star between her and the man, her woman's greater self, and the greater self of man. Even of the two men next to her. What a beautiful slow wheel of dance, two great streams streaming in contact, in opposite directions.

She did not know the face of the man whose fingers she held. Her personal eyes had gone blind, his face was the face of dark heaven, only the touch of his fingers a star that was both hers and his.

Her feet were feeling the way into the dance-step. She was beginning to learn softly to loosen her weight, to loosen the uplift of all her life, and let it pour slowly, darkly, with an ebbing

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gush, rhythmical in soft, rhythmic gushes from her feet into the dark body of the earth.

Erect, strong like a staff of life, yet to loosen all the sap of her strength and let it flow down into the roots of the earth.¹

This transformation is obviously meant to signify some sort of rebirth, the sort Kate was hoping to achieve when she first decided to journey to the Lake. However, as Anthony Beal points out: "Although it is presumably chiefly a spiritual state, it is induced by sensuous means".²

The point is that this spirit-state, like all the others in Laurentian novels, significantly releases the dancer from his previous condition. He exalts in his movements and at least temporarily transcends himself to a higher order. It seems apparent that D. H. Lawrence's paintings which depict figures dancing are meant to convey the same type of transcendentalism - a religious experience induced by sensuous means. The painting Fire Dance conveys this impression. The painting Dance-Sketch presents a very similar impression.

1. Ibid., pp. 143-4.

2. Anthony Beal, D. H. Lawrence, p. 79.



DANCE-SKETCH

15" x 17"

Oil

ON BEING RELIGIOUS

Dance-Sketch, indeed, conveys an impression of an inexplicable experience. The male and female figures in this painting have totally given themselves up to the movements of the dance. They are totally absorbed in their gyrations. They are joined in their rhythmic motions by a he-goat reared up on his hind legs and equally frenzied by the dance.

The he-goat in this dance has been commented upon by both Hubert Crehan and Professor Harry T. Moore. Both consider it a purely Laurentian iconographic device. However, neither writer suggests reasons for his opinion that the animal can be thought of as such. They merely say it is so.

When one considers the religious experience - or more succinctly, the sort of rebirth - which accompanies the Laurentian dances, a possible explanation presents itself.

The goat, symbol of male fertility, represents the god Tammuz. According to ancient legends, Tammuz was the lover of Ishtar, the earth goddess, who killed him and then later restored him to life. The Sumerians celebrated the yearly death and rebirth of vegetation by making offerings and sacrifices to these two deities.¹

1. T. Walter Wallbank, Alastair M. Taylor and Nels M. Bailkey, Civilization Past and Present, facing p. 84.

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The University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania has in its possession a Sumerian offering stand of wood, inlay and gold foil. This stand, over four thousand years old, consists of a he-goat on his hind legs, and a tree with leaves which is undoubtedly meant to indicate a woodland setting which is in keeping with the rebirth of the vegetation element in the legend.

The painting Dance-Sketch has for its background a woodland setting. It also has the goat on his hind legs. In this context, the goat in the painting can indeed be thought of as purely Laurentian. D. H. Lawrence was keenly interested in the ancient religions of the world - particularly those connected with fertility rites and rebirth legends. It can be easily assumed that he would have been familiar with the Tammuz legend. The legend about Tammuz and Ishtar is the Sumerian counterpart of the ancient Egyptian legend of Osiris and Isis which Lawrence used as material for his short novel The Man Who Died.

Dance-Sketch also contains the arched trees as a framing device. These trees, as previously suggested, can be viewed as being indicative of the rainbow or Norman element in the painting. As such, they, too, suggest the

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rebirth concept.

The male and female figures themselves come from other facets of D. H. Lawrence's personal experience. In Etruscan Places, Lawrence reveals that he was enchanted by the paintings which adorned the walls of the tombs. He says that he was particularly enthralled by what he described as a "very lovely dance tomb".

And how lovely these have been, and still are! The band of dancing figures that go round the room still is bright in colour, fresh, ... Wildly the bacchic woman throws back her head and curves out her long, strong fingers, wild and yet contained within herself, while the broad-bodied young man turns round to her, ... They are dancing in the open, past little trees. ... Wildly and delightedly dances the next woman, every bit of her, ... till one remembers the old dictum, that every part of the body and of the anima shall know religion, and be in touch with the gods. ...

She is drawn fair-skinned, as all the women are, and he is of a dark red colour. That is the convention, in the tombs. But it is more than convention. In the early days men **smear**ed themselves with scarlet when they took on their sacred natures. The Red Indians still do. When they wish to figure in their sacred and portentous selves they smear their bodies all over with red. ... In the past, for all serious or solemn occasions, they rubbed red pigment into their skins. ...

It is a very old custom. The American Indian will tell you: "The red paint, it is medicine, make you see!" But he means medicine in a different sense from ours. It is deeper **even** than

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magic. Vermilion is the colour of his sacred or potent or god body. Apparently it is so in all the ancient world. Man all scarlet was his bodily godly self.

... It is then partly a convention, and partly a symbol, with the Etruscans, to represent their men in colour, a strong red.¹

Considering this description, it would appear that the dancers on the walls of the Etruscan tombs were the embryonic origins for this particular painting. The woman of the painting Dance-Sketch is indeed fair-skinned as he described. The man is painted a dark reddish hue which Lawrence felt was indicative of man's "sacred nature". All elements considered, it would seem that the writer-painter was attempting to convey the impression of this spiritual rebirth in his pictures of figures dancing.

Although the painting Yawning does not explicitly claim to be a dance sketch, it does, however, convey a spontaneous and harmonious motion. The center figures are utterly absorbed in what they are doing. The bodies are arched gracefully away from each other in an almost rhythmic manner.

1. D. H. Lawrence, Etruscan Places, pp. 70-2.

YAWNING
9" x 12"
Watercolor



ON BEING RELIGIOUS

While D. H. Lawrence would not conceive of a yawn as a condition from which spirituality could be accomplished, the very spontaneity of the yawn and the complete release of the body, unfettered by the mental consciousness, which accompanies such an act, would be perfectly consistent with his feelings about man's need to give himself up to normal practices. Modern society teaches that it is impolite not to stifle a yawn - or at least to hide it with one's hand. Lawrence would view these teachings as another example of civilization's over-analytic manner of viewing natural functions. Although there is no direct allusion to the phenomenon of yawning in D. H. Lawrence's writings, one can easily assume that the painting Yawning is a sheer cry of rebellion against the artificiality that characterizes society.

CHAPTER XI

ENSLAVED BY CIVILISATION

D. H. Lawrence consistently avowed that man, in order to fully be himself, must live from the very depths of his nature. He believed that man should not waste time analyzing himself. He saw no real value in the conclusions that man reached as a result of reflection. As Aldous Huxley stated:

Lawrence's particular genius was such that he insisted on spontaneous living to the exclusion of ideals and fixed principles; on intuition to the exclusion of abstract reasoning.¹

It was the totality of living human experience that Lawrence deemed essential. Like all other creatures, man must find completeness in his natural being. They must never let non-essentials interfere with their communion with the gods within them. They must be naturally and profoundly themselves.

1. Aldous Huxley, "Introduction", The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, p. xx.

ENSLAVED BY CIVILISATION

For man, as for flower, beast, and bird, the supreme triumph is to be most vividly, most perfectly alive. Whatever the unborn and the dead may know, they cannot know the beauty, the marvel of being alive in the flesh.¹

For D. H. Lawrence, one disturbing result of contemporary materialism is the fact that man has become overly self-conscious. This self-consciousness in coeval man is in large part the result of the ideal which gave rise to societal values and principles.

As soon as man became aware of himself, he made a picture of himself. Then he began to live according to the picture. Mankind at large made a picture of itself, and every man had to conform to the picture: the Ideal.²

The image of himself causes man to constantly live according to his concept of himself. This leads to his disaster. It is an automatic type of living.

This is truly the reversal of life. And this is how we live. We spend all our time over the picture. All our education is but the elaborating of the picture. "A good little girl" - "a brave boy" - "a noble woman" - "a strong man" - "a productive society" - "a progressive humanity" - it is all the picture. It is all living from

1. D. H. Lawrence, Apocalypse, p. 222.

2. D. H. Lawrence, "Review of The Social Basis of Consciousness by Trigant Burrow", Phoenix, p. 379.

ENSLAVED BY CIVILISATION

the outside to the inside. It is all the death of spontaneity.¹

Unlike the animals, man became "cognitively conscious: he bit the apple: he began to know. Up till that time his consciousness flowed unaware, as in the animals".² Man responds, far rather, in a way which is contrary to his essential nature. Man's concept of his self is a substitute for living. Man lives according to his picture of himself. The picture of himself reflects what he thinks is the way to live. In this, he loses the very spontaneity of his nature. He becomes artificial. He no longer lives; he just exists - basking in his reflected self-glorification.

MAN'S IMAGE

What a pity, when a man looks at himself
in a glass
he doesn't bark at himself, like a dog does,
or fluff up in indignant fury, like a cat!
What a pity he sees himself so wonderful,
a little lower than the angels
and so interesting!

1. Ibid., p. 380.

2. Ibid., p. 378.

ENSLAVED BY CIVILISATION

The dog of the above poem reacts according to his instincts and barks. The cat arches her back according to her nature. Only man acts unnaturally and responds to his "picture of himself". This is an inherent failure in mankind according to D. H. Lawrence. This is a negation of the self - a life denial.

The true self is not aware that it is a self.
A bird, as it sings, sings itself. But not
according to a picture. It has no idea of
itself.¹

The painting entitled The Lizard appears to be an attempt by Lawrence to express this belief. This picture presents a male and female figure in a "South Seas setting which, like the curved shapes, is reminiscent of Gauguin".² In the center of the foreground of the painting sits, almost unnoticeably, the lizard for whom the painting was named.

The tail of the lizard curves as though the little creature had just swished it. The head of the lizard is lifted chin-up, and the reptile looks fascinatedly at the male nude who resembles a youthful D. H. Lawrence.

1. Ibid., p. 382.

2. Hubert Crehan, "Lady Chatterley's Painter: The Banned Pictures of D. H. Lawrence", Artnews, p. 39.



THE LIZARD

9" x 12"

Watercolor

ENSLAVED BY CIVILISATION

Lawrence also composed a poem entitled Lizard and the description of the amphibian of the poem is identical with the portrayal in the painting.

LIZARD

A lizard ran out on a rock and looked up,
 listening
no doubt to the sounding of the spheres,
and what a dandy fellow! the right toss of
 a chin for you
and swirl of a tail!

If men were as much men as lizards are
 lizards
they'd be worth looking at.

There can be no doubt that the description of the lizard in the painting and the description of the lizard of the poem are amazingly similar. The description of the lizard in the painting and in the poem show that both share the same haughtiness and strike very much the same pose. Both are truly lizards. They pretend to be nothing more and they certainly are nothing less than lizards. Both are very much alive. In marked contrast to the vitality of the lizard in the painting, the human figures, both male and female, are remarkably lethargic. The vacant stare of the eyes, downcast and unmeeting, the posture of the arms and hands

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and generally the lifeless posture of the figures insist upon the horrible contrast between the human state and the reptile state.

The fact that the painting is entitled The Lizard would seem to indicate that D. H. Lawrence considered the creature the most important - and the most alive - element in the painting and therefore "worth looking at". In Lawrence's view, men are not "as much men as lizards are lizards" and this is to be deplored and fought against. Obviously, the same idea and view toward man's own image of his self was the direct source for both the painting and the poem. As such, both are statements against mankind's life denial.

Similarly, the paintings Leda and Singing of Swans inherently signify an attempt by D. H. Lawrence to ring a warning-bell for humanity. Mankind has become too conscious and too fearful of ordinary life. Man has totally corrupted his values. In society's extreme consciousness, this corruption has many manifestations. Man lives according to "his picture". He has intellectualized his sexual desires and practices. He has analyzed his bodily functions. He has ~~done~~ this to the detriment of his very being.

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Lawrence felt that all of this must be withstood and defeated. Man's sanity must be preserved.

And insanity, especially mob-insanity, mass insanity, is the fearful danger that threatens our civilization. ... If the young do not watch out, they will find themselves, before so very many years are past, engulfed in a howling manifestation of mob-insanity, truly terrifying to think of. It will be better to be dead than to live to see it. Sanity, wholeness, is everything. In the name of piety and purity, what a mass of disgusting insanity is spoken and written. We shall have to fight the mob, in order to keep sane, and keep society sane.¹

The painting Leda is D. H. Lawrence's conception of the mythological legend of the Greeks. In Greek myth, Leda was ravished by Zeus in the guise of a swan. From that act were born two sets of twins: Helen and Pollux, and Clytemnestra and Castor.

One naturally would expect that applying the argument of the legend to this painting would seem to provide the key to the interpretation. However, it may be that

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Introduction to Pansies", The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence, Vol. I, pp. 420-1.



LEDA

9" x 12"

Watercolor

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Lawrence has a somewhat different intention in mind.

On several occasions he used the imagery of the swan in his writings to symbolize the corruptive element in the world. In his poems Leda and Swan, he presents scenes identical to the scene depicted in the painting.

LEDA

Come not with kisses
not with caresses
of hands and lips and murmurings;
come with a hiss of wings
and sea-touch tip of a beak
and treading of wet, webbed, wave-
working feet
into the marsh-soft belly.

This poem, its title and its imagery, has a direct affinity with the painting.

Also, the poem Swan uses the same images with a presentation of an even more foreboding note.

SWAN

Far-off
at the core of space
at the quick
of time
beats
and goes still
the great swan upon the waters of all endings
the swan within vast chaos, within the electron.

ENSLAVED BY CIVILISATION

For us
 no longer he swims calmly
 nor clacks across the forces furrowing a great
 gay trail
 of happy energy
 nor is he nesting passive upon the atoms,
 nor flying north desolative icewards
 to the sleep of ice,
 nor feeding in the marshes,
 nor honking horn-like into the twilight.

But he stoops, now
 in the dark
 upon us;
 he is treading our women
 and we men are put out
 as the vast white bird
 furrows our featherless women
 with unknown shocks
 and stamps his black marsh-feet on their
 white and marshy flesh.

It is a ruined world that D. H. Lawrence has described - a
 world fraught with life denial and corruption

Leonardo ... knew the strange endlessness of the
 flux of corruption. It is Mona Lisa's ironic
 smile. Even Michael Angelo knew it. It is in
 his Leda and the Swan. For the swan is one of the
 symbols of divine corruption with its reptile
 feet buried in the ooze and mud, its voluptuous form
 yielding and embracing the ooze of water, its
 beauty white and terrifying, like the dead beauty
 of the moon, like the water-lily, the sacred
 lotus, its neck and head like the snake, it is for
 us a flame of the cold white fire of flux, the
 phosphorescence of corruption, the salt, cold
 burning of the sea which corrodes all it touches,
 coldly reduces every sun-built form to ash, to the

ENSLAVED BY CIVILISATION

original elements. This is the beauty of the swan, the lotus, the snake, this cold white salty fire of infinite reduction. ...

So that, when Leonardo and Michael Angelo represent Leda in the embrace of the swan, they are painting mankind in the clasp of the divine flux of corruption, the singing death. Mankind turned back, to cold, bygone consummations.

When the swan first rose out of the marshes, it was a glory of creation. But when we turn back, to seek its consummation again, it is a fearful flower of corruption.¹

The natural inference is that just as Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo were thought to be representing "mankind in the clasp of the divine flux of corruption" in their paintings of Leda, D. H. Lawrence's painting of "Leda in the embrace of the swan" is a pictorial representation of the same thing.

Lawrence continued his statements concerning the swan as a representative of the corruptiveness of mankind in other poems and in his painting Singing of Swans. This watercolor depicts the large white swans in flight over a group of young men who are fighting.

In D. H. Lawrence's view, it is essential that the young men should fight. They must fight because they are

1. D. H. Lawrence, "The Crown", Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine, pp. 75-6.

SINGING OF SWANS

9" x 12"

Watercolor



ENSLAVED BY CIVILISATION

living in a desecrated world.

FIGHT! O MY YOUNG MEN -

Fight! don't you feel you're fading
into slow death?
Fight then, poor duffers degrading
your very breath.

Open your half-dead eyes
you half-alive young,
look round and realise
the much from which you've sprung.

The money-much, you simple flowers
of your forefathers' muck-heap;
and the money-much-worms, the extant power
that have got you in keep.

Old money-worms, young money-worms
money-worm professors
spinning a glamour round money, and clergymen
lifting a bank-book to bless us!

In the odour of lucrative sanctity
stand they - and god, how they stink!
Rise then, my young men, rise at them!
Or if you can't rise, just think -

think of the world that you're stifling in,
think what a world it might be!
Think of the rubbish you're trifling in
with enfeebled vitality!

And then, if you amount to a hill o' beans
start in and bust it all;
money, hypocrisy, greed, machines
that ground you so small.

This is the world of corruption that man has
created for himself. In Lawrence's view, it is a world

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that will continue its movement toward corruption unless something is done to alter its course. It is a world that has for its foundation man's ideals, his perversions of those ideals and his desire for material possessions, all of which, according to D. H. Lawrence, repress the vitality of man's very being. But these societal values cannot completely destroy man's vividness. It can only push it into the innermost recesses. If the individual man can achieve a polarity within himself and with another, his God-flame can once more brighten.

GIVE US GODS

Give us gods, Oh give them us!
 Give us gods.
 We are so tired of men
 and motor power. -

But not god grey-bearded and dictatorial
 nor yet that pale young man afraid of
 fatherhood
 shelving substance on to the woman, Madonna
 mia! shabby virgin!
 nor gusty Jove, with his eye on immortal
 tarts,
 nor even the musical, suave young fellow
 wooing boys and beauty.

Give us gods
 give us something else -

Beyond the great bull that bellowed through
 space, and got his throat cut.

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Beyond even that eagle, that phoenix, hanging
over the god egg of all things
further still, before the curled horns of
the ram stepped forth
or the stout swart beetle rolled the globe
of dung in which man should hatch,
or even the sly god serpent fatherly lifted
his head off the earth to think -

Give us gods before these -
Thou shalt have other gods before these.

Where the waters end in marshes
swims the wild swan
sweeps the high goose above the mists
honking in the gloom the honk of procreation
from such throats.

Mists
where the electrons behaves and misbehaves
as it will,
where the forces tie themselves up into knots
of atoms
and come untied.

Mists
of mistiness complicated into knots and clots
that barge about
and bump on one another and explode into more
mist, or don't,

mists of energy most scientific
But give us gods!

Look then
where the father of all things swims in a
mist of atoms
electrons and energies, quantum and relativities
mist wreathing mists,
like a wild swan, or a goose, whose honk goes
through my bladder.

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And in the dark unscientific I feel the
 drum-winds of his wings
and the drip of his cold, webbed feet,
 mud-black
brush over my face as he goes
to seek women in the dark, our women, our
 weird women whom he treads
with dreams and thrusts that make them cry
 in their sleep.

Gods, do you ask for gods?
where there is woman there is swan.

Do you think, scientific man, you'll be
 father of your own babies?
Don't imagine it.
There'll be babies born that are cygnets,
 O my soul!
young wild swans!
And babies of women will come out young wild
 geese, O my heart!
the geese that saved Rome, and will lose
 London.

In the above poem, D. H. Lawrence once again uses the Ledaean image to signify corruption and again tolls the bell of mourning for humanity. The self-consciously scientific processes which engulf modern man and woman all contribute to the disintegration of the real world. The symbol of the swan again is indicative of this deplorable condition and succeeding generations of children will be of the same mold as their forebearers. They will view things in exactly the same way - to their detriment.

"Where there is woman there is swan" D. H. Lawrence

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writes, and the woman of whom he is speaking is the self-conscious woman of the modern world.

The very women who are most busy saving the bodies of men, and saving the children: these women-doctors, these nurses, these educationists, these public-spirited women, these female saviours: they are all, from the inside, sending out waves of destructive malevolence which eat out the inner life of a man, like a cancer. It is so, it will be so, till men realize it and react to save themselves.¹

If men do not react to save themselves, all their children will be of an overly sensitive nature and they will relinquish their pure masculinity or pure femininity. Paul Morel (Sons and Lovers), because of his mother's influence, had become overly sensitive.

A good many of the nicest men he knew were like himself, bound by their own virginity, which they could not break out of. They were so sensitive to their women that they would go without them forever rather than to do them a hurt, an injustice. Being sons of mothers whose husbands had blundered rather brutally through their feminine sanctities, they were themselves too diffident and shy. They could easier deny themselves than incur any reproach from a woman;

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Nathaniel Hawthorne", Studies in Classic American Literature, p. 103.

ENSLAVED BY CIVILISATION

for a woman was like their mother, and they were full of the sense of their mother. They preferred themselves to suffer the misery of celibacy, rather than risk the other person.¹

In other words, Paul Morel and others like him are "cygnets", "Young wild geese ... that ... will lose London" and the world. The Walter Morels of the world are exhorted by D. H. Lawrence to fight their fight, otherwise, they will not recognize their offspring. Their children will possess too much of their mothers; they will be too self-conscious; they will possess too little vitality of being.

WON'T IT BE STRANGE -?

Won't it be strange, when the nurse brings
the new-born infant
to the proud father, and shows its little,
webbed greenish feet
made to smite the waters behind it?
or the round, wild vivid eye of a wild goose
staring
out of fathomless skies and seas?
or when it utters that undaunted little bird-cry
of one who will settle on icebergs, and honk
across the Nile? -

And when the father says: This is none of mine!
Woman, where go you this little beast?

1. D. H. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, p. 341.

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will there be a whistle of wings in the air,
and an icy draught?
will the singing of swans, high up, high up,
invisible
break the drums of his ears
and leave him forever listening for the answer?

So it is seen that the painting Singing of Swans depicts D. H. Lawrence's belief in the need to reverse the corruptive trend in mankind. Man must fight his over-awareness and the self-consciousness of humanity. He must once more learn to live from the very depths of his being, and once again commune with the gods within him. Otherwise, "the singing of swans, high up, high up, invisible/[will] break the drums of his ears/ and have him forever listening for the answer".

CHAPTER XII

THE RISEN LORD

It is the doctrine of the rebirth of the body that was D. H. Lawrence's life-long preoccupation. He firmly believed that man must resurrect himself from the lifeless being that he had become. He must once more re-establish a vivid and living relationship with the universe.

If we think about it, we find that our life consists in this achieving a pure relationship between ourselves and the living universe about us. This is how I "save my soul" by accomplishing a pure relationship between me and another person, me and other people, me and a nation, me and a race of men, me and the animals, me and the trees or flowers, me and the earth, me and the skies and sun and stars, me and the moon: an infinity of pure relation, big and little, like the stars of the sky: that makes our eternity, for each one of us, me and the timber I am sawing, the lines of force I follow; me and the dough I knead for bread, me and the very motion with which I write, me and the bit of gold I have got. This, if we knew it, is our life and our eternity: the subtle, perfected relation between me and my whole circum-ambient universe.¹

Modern man no longer feels related. This lack, Lawrence felt, was man's principal failure as a human being.

1. D. H. Lawrence, "Morality and the Novel", Phoenix, p. 528.

THE RISEN LORD

Man is too much a product of the "pure idea" and, as a result, does not amount to much.

The resurrection of this vital relationship with all living things is essential for man. This vital relationship is primary to his very being.

And it is this, that gives me my soul. A man who has never had a vital relationship to any other human being doesn't really have a soul. ... A soul is something that forms and fulfills itself in my contacts, my living touch with people I have loved or hated or truly known. I am born with the clue to my soul. The wholeness of my soul I must achieve. And by my soul I mean my wholeness. What we suffer from today is the lack of a sense of our own wholeness, or completeness, which is peace. ... And by peace I don't mean inertia, but the full flowering of life, like a river.¹

This inability of man to enter into relationships with other beings was viewed by D. H. Lawrence as being the principal failure of modern man. It was also viewed as the principal failure for Jesus Christ, both as a prophet and as a man. It will be recalled that Lawrence believed, from the time that he was twenty years old, that Christ was as human as any man. As such, Jesus Christ should have lived from

1. D. H. Lawrence, "We Need One Another", Phoenix, pp. 192-3.

THE RISEN LORD

the very depths of His being. He should have lived not only from His spiritual being as He did, but also from the very depths of His physical being.

It was Lawrence's belief in the need that man has to enter into relationships that motivated the writing of the short novel The Man Who Died. It was also this belief that formed the nucleus for this novel's pictorial corollary Resurrection.

No one who is familiar with The Man Who Died can avoid seeing the relationship which exists between it and the painting. Indeed, the painting and the story were in the process of being created at the same time.

In his letters, D. H. Lawrence reported on the progress of the two productions. On March 8, 1927, he informed Dorothy Brett: "I began a resurrection, but haven't worked at it".¹

Two months later, he wrote to Earl Brewster:

I wrote a story of the Resurrection, where Jesus gets up and feels very sick about everything, and can't stand the old crowd any more - so cuts out -

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence, ed., Harry T. Moore, p. 969.

RESURRECTION

38" x 38"

Oil



THE RISEN LORD

and as he heals up, begins to find out what an astonishing place the phenomenal world is, far more marvellous than any salvation or heaven - and thanks his stars he needn't have a 'mission' any more.¹

A week later, also to Earl Brewster, he continued:

I did paint a bit of my 'Resurrection' picture - ... I got him as impersonal as a queer animal! But I can't finish it.²

Earl Brewster was also the recipient of a letter dated May 28, 1927, which revealed:

I finished my 'Resurrection' picture and like it. It's Jesus slipping up, rather grey in the face, from the tomb, with his old ma helping him from behind, and Mary Magdalen easing him up towards her bosom in front.³

On the same day, D. H. Lawrence wrote to Mabel Dodge Luhan and compared the story with the painting.

I haven't been able to get my pictures snapped yet. But I've finished the 'Resurrection', also a story on the same theme.⁴

1. Ibid., p. 975.

2. Ibid., p. 976.

3. Ibid., p. 982.

4. Ibid., p. 982.

THE RISEN LORD

On January 7, 1929, D. H. Lawrence reaffirmed his intent and defended the premise of the story when he wrote to L. E. Pollinger:

Do get the MS. of The Escaped Cock [the original title of The Man Who Died] anyhow. It's one of my best stories. And Church doctrine teaches the resurrection of the body; and if that doesn't mean the whole man, what does it mean? And if man is whole without woman then I'm damned.¹

The Man Who Died is a mythical presentation of what happened to the crucified prophet after his entombment. D. H. Lawrence does not intend that the rebirth of the man should be viewed as a supernatural resurrection.

I am not dead. They took me down too soon.
So I have risen up. Yet if they discover me,
they will do it all over again.²

Because of his fear that they will do it all over again, the man who died vows to leave his idealistic self behind and seek his physical resurrection "not in the resumption of his mission but in the knowledge of a woman".³ The central symbol of the man's "escape" is a barnyard

1. Ibid., p. 1115.

2. D. H. Lawrence, The Man Who Died, p. 168.

3. Graham Hough, The Dark Sun, p. 285.

THE RISEN LORD

rooster which is also restrained from achieving its wholeness. The man buys the rooster from a peasant and sets it free, to find its physical wholeness with the hens.

Thou at least hast found thy kingdom, and the females of thy body. Thy aloneness can take on splendour, polished by the lure of thy hens.¹

The risen prophet then seeks his own kingdom with the virgin woman who has given life-long service as a priestess to the goddess Isis. To her, the man who died is a living representative of the god Osiris, the Egyptian god of the resurrection. Together, the priestess and the man are physically awakened. They both achieve a wholeness together. They are both reborn - in the spirit as well as in the body.

For the woman, she is satisfied to know her search is over. She does not examine the man or their relationship. She is willing to respond fully and completely without intellectualization. "He is Osiris. I wish to know no more".²

For the man, he now is fully aware of his being.

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Man Who Died, p. 183.

2. Ibid., p. 208.

THE RISEN LORD

I am a man, and the world is open. ... I have sowed the seed of my life and my resurrection, and put my touch forever upon the choice woman of this day, and I carry her perfume in my flesh like essence of roses. She is dear to me in the middle of my being.¹

In The Man Who Died and the vast majority of his other works, to be alive in the flesh is D. H. Lawrence's theme. When man is magnificently and vitally alive, a regeneration of the civilization will naturally follow. When man has been resurrected in the flesh, the proper balance between the spiritual and sensual parts of his nature can once more be achieved.

Such is the meaning of The Man Who Died. Such is also the intent of D. H. Lawrence's painting Resurrection. It is a re-evaluation that Lawrence desires. No one can go back to the pre-Christian eras but he felt that man can learn lessons from the innocence of the many practices which were usual before the mental-consciousness of man thoroughly repressed the blood-consciousness.

1. Ibid., pp. 210-1.

THE RISEN LORD

I am so tired of being told that I want mankind to go back to the conditions of savages. As if modern city people weren't about the crudest, rawest, most crassly savage monkeys that ever existed, when it comes to the relation of man and woman. All I see in our vaunted civilization is men and women smashing each other emotionally and psychically to bits, and all I ask is that they should pause and consider.¹

From this premise, D. H. Lawrence created many of his writings, building one theme upon another. From this premise, he also created many of his paintings, in a similar manner, building one theme upon another. When the opportunity arose for him to paint, the same visions, the same desires and often the same words formed the pigments with which he so passionately covered the canvases.

1. D. H. Lawrence, "We Need One Another", Phoenix, p. 194.

CONCLUSION

In the Preface, the thesis was stated as such: to discover to what extent a knowledge of the paintings of D. H. Lawrence elucidates the literature of D. H. Lawrence, and, conversely, to discover to what extent a knowledge of D. H. Lawrence's literature elucidates the paintings. No critic seriously doubts that the two fine arts in which D. H. Lawrence worked do cast light upon each other. From a knowledge of the written works, it is possible to discern the intention of the paintings. From a knowledge of the intention of the paintings, conversely, many of the underlying themes of the written works are more readily perceived.

The particular nature of this thesis makes the usual kind of recapitulation impossible. The study of most of the paintings led to conclusions that seem manifestly correct. However, in a few cases, four to be more precise, some ambiguity and uncertainty of interpretation yet persists. In the best tradition of scholarship, attention is drawn to these troublesome works: First, Fight With An Amazon: The question of the snarling hounds still presents

CONCLUSION

problem. While Cezanne's The Battle of Love possesses a leaping hound which has been suggested as being symbolic of the battle of the sexes, just how it does symbolize this is unknown. Similarly, Lawrence's painting presents the same problem. The expression on the face of the amazon is difficult to explain. The legs of the satyr are not delineated sufficiently and, as a result, any possible significance that they may have is impossible to ascertain; the Second, Yawning: There is a nude woman bathing in the basin in the background of this picture. What D. H. Lawrence's purpose in portraying this figure was could not be ascertained; the Third, Spring: While it is difficult to doubt that some of the youths in this picture are engaged in a game of catch, it is difficult to positively conclude, especially in the light of Hubert Crehan's suggestion, that two of the figures in the foreground are or are not engaged in a pederastic coupling. While some have argued that such a suggestion is impossible because of the position of the rear figure's leg, it must be admitted that it is possible that this may be accounted for by a lack of manual dexterity on the part of the craftsman; the Fourth, The Mango Tree: Just what significance the Mango tree has in this painting

CONCLUSION

could not be discerned. The shape of the tree bending in an arch-like manner is obvious but there is no allusion to a special meaning for the mango in any of Lawrence's writings. These problems which admittedly exist are most probably the result of one or more of the following causes: first, the painter's faulty craftsmanship; second, the use of ambiguous objective correlatives; third, the representation of artistically meaningless objects inserted for some artificial reason such as balance, proportion or the like. As the result of the number of positive relationships that have been presented between Lawrence's writings and paintings in this thesis, no serious critic could ever suggest that D. H. Lawrence, the painter, and D. H. Lawrence, the writer, were kept separated within D. H. Lawrence, the man.

APPENDIX

<u>Title</u>	<u>Present Ownership</u>
Finding of Moses.....	Whereabouts Unknown
Rape of the Sabine Women.....	Saki Karavas, Esq.
Contadini.....	Whereabouts Unknown
North Sea.....	Believed to have been burned in the fire which destroyed Aldous Huxley's California home.
Accident in a Mine.....	Whereabouts Unknown
Under The Haystack.....	Whereabouts Unknown
Close-Up (Kiss).....	Saki Karavas, Esq.
Throwing Back the Apple.....	Whereabouts Unknown
Flight Back Into Paradise.....	Saki Karavas, Esq.
The Mango Tree.....	Whereabouts Unknown
Fight With An Amazon.....	Saki Karavas, Esq.
Family On A Verandah.....	Mrs. Betty Cottam - Now offered for sale by Philip C. Duschnes, Booksell- ers, New York City, Catalog No. 168, Item 214.
A Holy Family.....	Whereabouts Unknown
Renascence of Men.....	Whereabouts Unknown

APPENDIX

<u>Title</u>	<u>Present Ownership</u>
Summer Dawn.....	Saki Karavas, Esq.
Spring.....	Whereabouts Unknown
Red Willow Trees.....	Saki Karavas, Esq.
Boccaccio Story.....	Whereabouts Unknown
Fauns and Nymphs.....	Saki Karavas, Esq.
Fire Dance.....	Mrs. Enid Hilton
Dance-Sketch.....	Saki Karavas, Esq.
Yawning.....	Zeitlin & Verbrugge, Booksellers, Los Angeles
The Lizard.....	Whereabouts Unknown
Leda.....	S. Eckman, Jr.
Singing of Swans.....	Whereabouts Unknown
Resurrection.....	Humanities Research Center, University of Texas

APPENDIX

The following paintings are those exhibited works which were seized by the London police during their raid upon the Warren Gallery exhibition on July 5, 1929. After threats of burning the pictures and much legal haggling, the pictures were returned to the owner under the stipulation that they be withheld from public view.

Contadini

North Sea

Accident in a Mine

Fight With An Amazon

Family on a Verandah

Spring

Boccaccio Story

Fire Dance

Dance-Sketch

Yawning

Leda

Singing of Swans

The Mango Tree

APPENDIX

The following poems were written by D. H. Lawrence in order to express the indignation which arose in him as a result of the police action upon the exhibition. Although the quality of much of the poems is poor, they, nevertheless, are of interest because of the attitudes which they reveal.

THOMAS EARP

I heard a little chicken chirp:
My name is Thomas, Thomas Earp!
And I can neither paint nor write
I only can set other people right.

All people that can write or paint
do tremble under my complaint.
For I am a chicken, and I can chirp;
and my name is Thomas, Thomas Earp.

"GROSS, COARSE, HIDEOUS"
(Police description of my pictures)

Lately I saw a sight most quaint:
London's lily-like policemen faint
in virgin outrage as they viewed
the nudity of a Lawrence nude!

APPENDIX

THE BRITISH BOY

First Verse:

Oh I'm a British bo-oy, Sir,
A joy to-o tell it you.
God make me of it worthy
Life's toilsome journey through!
And when to man's estate I grow
My British blood the world shall know,
For I'm a British bo-oy, Sir,
A joy to-o tell it you! -

And so to man's estate he grew
and his British blood the world it knew.

And the world it didn't give a hoot
if his blood was British or Timbuctoot.

But with that British blood of his
he painted some pictures, real beauties

he thought them, so he sent them home
to Britain, where his blood came from.

But Britannia turned pale, and began to faint.
- Destroy, she moaned, these horrors in paint!

He answered: Dear Britannis, why?
I'm your British boy, and I did but try -

If my pictures are nude, so once were you,
and you will be again, therefore why look blue! -

Britannia hid behind her shield
lest her heel of Achilles should be revealed,

and she said: Don't dare, you wretch, to be lewd!
I never was nor will be nude! -

And she jabbed her British trident clean
through the poor boy's pictures; You see what I mean! -

APPENDIX

But the British boy he turned and fled
for the trident was levelled at his head.

Henceforth he'll keep clear of her toasting-fork.
Pleasing Britannia is no light work.

13 PICTURES

O my thirteen pictures are in prison!
O somebody bail them out!
I don't know what they've done poor things,
but justice has arisen
in the shape of half-a-dozen stout
policemen and arrested them, and hauled them
off to gaol.

O my Boccaccio, O how goes your pretty tale
locked up in a dungeon cell
with Eve and the Amazon, the Lizard and the frail
Renaissance, all sent to hell
at the whim of six policemen and a magistrate
whose stale
sensibilities hate everything that's well.

AUTO-DA-FE

Help! Help! they want to burn my pictures,
they want to make an auto-da-fe!
They want to make an act of faith, and burn my
pretty pictures.
They've seized and carried them away!

Help! Help! I am calling in English
is the language dead and empty of reply!
An Unholy Inquisition has arrested all my
pictures,
A magistrate, and six fat smaller fry.

APPENDIX

Six fat smaller bobbies are the inquisitors minor
who've decided that Boccaccio must burn,
But the Grand Inquisitor is a stale magistrate
in Marlborough Road, and it is now his turn.

Oh he has put his pince-nez on, and stoutly has
stepped down
to the police-station cell
where my darling pictures, prisoners, await his
deadly frown
and his grand-inquisitorial knell.

Oh he knows all about it, he casts a yellow eye
on the gardener whose shirt's blown back:
Burn that! - he sees Eve running from the likes
of him: I
order you, destroy the whole vile pack. -

All my pretty pictures huddled in the dark
awaiting
their doom at the hands of Mr Meade. -
But the day they burn my pictures they burn the
rose of England
and fertilise the weeds on every mead.

Help! Help! they want to burn my pictures:
we've got the Inquisition back
with a set of cankered magistrates and busy-busy
bobbies.
Look out, my lad, you've got 'em on your track.

13,000 PEOPLE

Thirteen thousand people came to see
my pictures, eager as the honey bee

for the flowers; and I'll tell you what
all eyes sought the same old spot

in every picture, every time,
and gazed and gloated without rhyme

APPENDIX

or reason, where the leaf should be,
the fig-leaf that was not, woe is me!

And they blushed, they giggled, they sniggered,
they leered,
or they boiled and they fumed, in fury they
sneered

and said: Oh boy! I tell you what,
look at that one there, that's pretty hot! -

And they stared and they stared, the half-witted
lot
at the spot where the fig-leaf just was not!

But why, I ask you? O tell me why?
Aren't they made quite the same, then, as you
and I?

Can it be they've been trimmed, so they've never
seen
an innocent member that a fig-leaf will screen?

What's the matter with them? aren't they women
and men?
or is something missing? or what's wrong with
them then?

that they stared and leered at the single spot
where a fig-leaf might have been, and was not.

I thought it was a commonplace
that a man or a woman in a state of grace

in puris naturalibus, don't you see,
had normal pudenda, like you and me.

But it can't be so, for they behaved
like lunatics looking, they bubbled and raved

or gloated or peeped at the simple spot
where a fig-leaf might have been, but was not.

I tell you, there must be something wrong
with my fellow-countrymen; or else I don't belong.

APPENDIX

INNOCENT ENGLAND

Oh what a pity, Oh! don't you agree
that figs aren't found in the land of the free!

Fig-trees don't grow in my native land;
there's never a fig-leaf near at hand

when you want one; so I did without;
and that is what the row's about.

Virginal, pure policemen came
and hid their faces for very shame,

while they carried the shameless things away
to gaol, to be hid from the light of day.

And Mr Mead, that old, old lily
said: "Gross! coarse! hideous!" - and I, like a
silly,

thought he meant the faces of the police-court
officials,
and how right he was, and I signed my initials

to confirm what he said; but alas, he meant
my pictures, and on the proceedings went.

The upshot was, my pictures must burn
that English artists might finally learn

when they painted a nude, to put a cache sexe on,
a cache sexe, a cache sexe, or else begone!

A fig-leaf; or, if you cannot find it
a wreath of mist, with nothing behind it.

A wreath of mist is the usual thing
in the north, to hide where the turtles sing.

Though they never sing, they never sing,
don't you dare to suggest such a thing

APPENDIX

or Mr Mead will be after you.

- But what a pity I never knew

A wreath of English mist would do
as a cache sexe! I'd have put a whole fog.

But once and forever barks the old dog,
so my pictures are in prison, instead of in the
Zoo.

GIVE ME A SPONGE

Give me a sponge and some clear, clean water
and leave me alone awhile
with my thirteen sorry pictures that have just
been rescued
from durance vile.

Leave me alone now, for my soul is burning
as it feels the slimy taint
of all those nasty police-eyes like snail tracks
smearing
the gentle souls that figure in the paint.

Ah, my nice pictures, they are fouled, they are
dirtied
not by time, but by unclean breath and eyes
of all the sordid people that have stared at
them uncleanly
looking dirt on them, and breathing on them lies.

Ah my nice pictures, let me sponge you very gently
to sponge away the slime
that ancient eyes have left on you, where obscene
eyes have crawled
leaving nasty films upon you every time.

Ah the clean waters of the sky, ah! can you wash
away the evil starings and the breath
of the foul ones from my pictures? Oh purify
them from all this touch of tainted death!

APPENDIX

The following are two letters written by D. H. Lawrence to P. R. Stephensen, the publisher of the Mandrake Press Edition of the paintings. They are of interest because they reveal the concern that Lawrence had about the quality of the reproductions.

To P. R. Stephensen, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca.

3 May 1929

Dear Stephenson [sic]: The proofs have come today, and I am very much relieved. It is as I hoped, the paler ones come out better. Sometimes the reproduction succeeds well as a whole, even when it doesn't follow the original very exactly.

- But I enclose a list of suggestions for each picture.

Do you think you ought to put the size of each picture under the title?

Do send me the other proofs as soon as you possibly can, so I can make my suggestions.

I think after all it will be a lovely book, and I am very anxious about it, and want to see the whole set of proofs.

Eight Proofs of Pictures
Suggestions for improvement

Contadini (pretty good this) the man's back has lost its modelling - Put a little more light on it if possible - and the patch of yellow near the doorstep is wrong. The tiny bit of green door by the second man (back) too dark.

Leda & the Swan: (quite good too) - greens are wrong, her bit of hair quite wrong, and please try to make the black foot of the swan distinct, and make the bird's thigh just above it whiter, colder, a little more modelled, so we know what it is.

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A Holy Family (not bad): Woman's hair rather grey - man's halo gone thin - child's hand wrong colour, a mere smudge.

Resurrection - (poor - the worst of all) Please try to get back the luminosity, especially on to the Christ - he is all blackish inky - his arm, his knee, his breast should all be luminous - and the woman's arm is very flat and dead - and sky all wrong - please try to get this better, the quality is all lost.

Throwing Back the Apple: (not very like, yet pretty good in itself) - floor should be more ruddy and alive with leaves and fruit - the old man's hair nasty and pink.. his skirt too much like the tree, too green, the tree itself too pale green all over, and the gateway wrong.

Renascence of Men (not bad, but a few corrections very necessary) - Please attend to the land behind the seated man's waist, it is very wrong, and kills his shape. Try to get a little glow onto the far sea, and the lip of the near sea more vivid - this near sea is bad, blackened and dead. Please rescue the feet of the man a little.

Flight Back Into Paradise (rather thin - colour lost)
Please try to put the glow into the showery yellow, and make the sea with its white lip look like a sea - and make the house a little less black, blackish - more olive green - if that blackish look could be avoided.

Summer Dawn (not very good) - Again too much mere black, especially under the man's buttocks - Try to put the light along the man's back, to restore the modelling - The bodies of both should be lifted a little paler to differentiate them from the background. It's too much of a smudge, the different luminous places are lost, sunk in. It's not a question of edge, but of the local glow. Blue sky is all wrong, orange sky too all-of-a-piece. - same with the sea.¹

1. D. H. Lawrence, The Collected Letters of ..., Harry T. Moore, ed., pp. 1145-6.

APPENDIX

To P. R. Stephensen, from Hotel Principe Alfonso, Palma de Mallorca

14 May 1929

Dear Stephensen: I have got the twelve proofs - some not bad, some to weep over, Have written what suggestions I can. It isn't always wise to try to force the man to get nearer the original. If he achieves a pleasing result in a reproduction, one has to accept it and not upset. I'm sorry the Kiss is a bit of a failure - it becomes trivial in reproduction: depends on its treatment.

Send me proofs of Moses and Accident in a Mine, will you please, so I have a complete set.

And then from your list you omit Rape of the Sabine Women - I suppose you overlooked it. So that there are to come:

Rape of Sabine Women
Fight With an Amazon
Fauns and Nymphs
Singing of Swans

I am expecting now to hear from Dorothy Warren. If she has no trouble with the show, you should have none with the book. After all, what is there to find fault with! If only it goes into America all right, you will sell it easily. I'm sure it'll be a book people will want. ...

Good luck to your Mandrake - hope nobody will ever try to pull it up by the roots.

Suggestions

Close-Up (Kiss): fairly good - but girl's face too monochrome pink, her arm has lost all life and quality, especially the bottom of the picture, and the man's shoulder and throat have lost their modelling.

Boccaccio Story: fair - gone very grey, nuns should be silvery lavender, there should be pink trees in background, and grass on which the man lies should be actual grass, not merely a greyness.

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Yawning: engraved rather black - the colour-relation is wrong, people too brownish and dark, not lit up enough, green too blue and heavy - basin too brown.

North Sea: not bad - nasty flush of pink over the foreground woman - her arm and side: water rather dead.

Mango Tree: lost its glow - sky gone dead - the man should be more coloured.

Haystack: The man too black on his body, especially the dark-grey belly - and the piece of land just beyond him is wrong - this reproduction pretty bad.

Fire-Dance: try to get the flames a little more subtle, and the bodies more glowing, their high-lights more delicate, so that the flesh shows in contrast to the background and fire. The torso of the darker man isn't treated right.

Spring: Colour and modelling of the foreground is wrong - the bit of blue should suggest blue-bells - the bright green isn't in proper relation.

Dance-Sketch: the dark patch between the man and woman is a mess - the girl's breast has lost its modelling, so has the man's body.

Willow Trees: this is the most successful reproduction - but too monochrome brown - the green fields should be more emerald, the water more bluey-grey, less yellow.

Family on a Verandah: pick out the high lights on the flesh, so that it glows a little and is not so monochrome and monotone - the man's back and hips are too greenish and background - coloured.

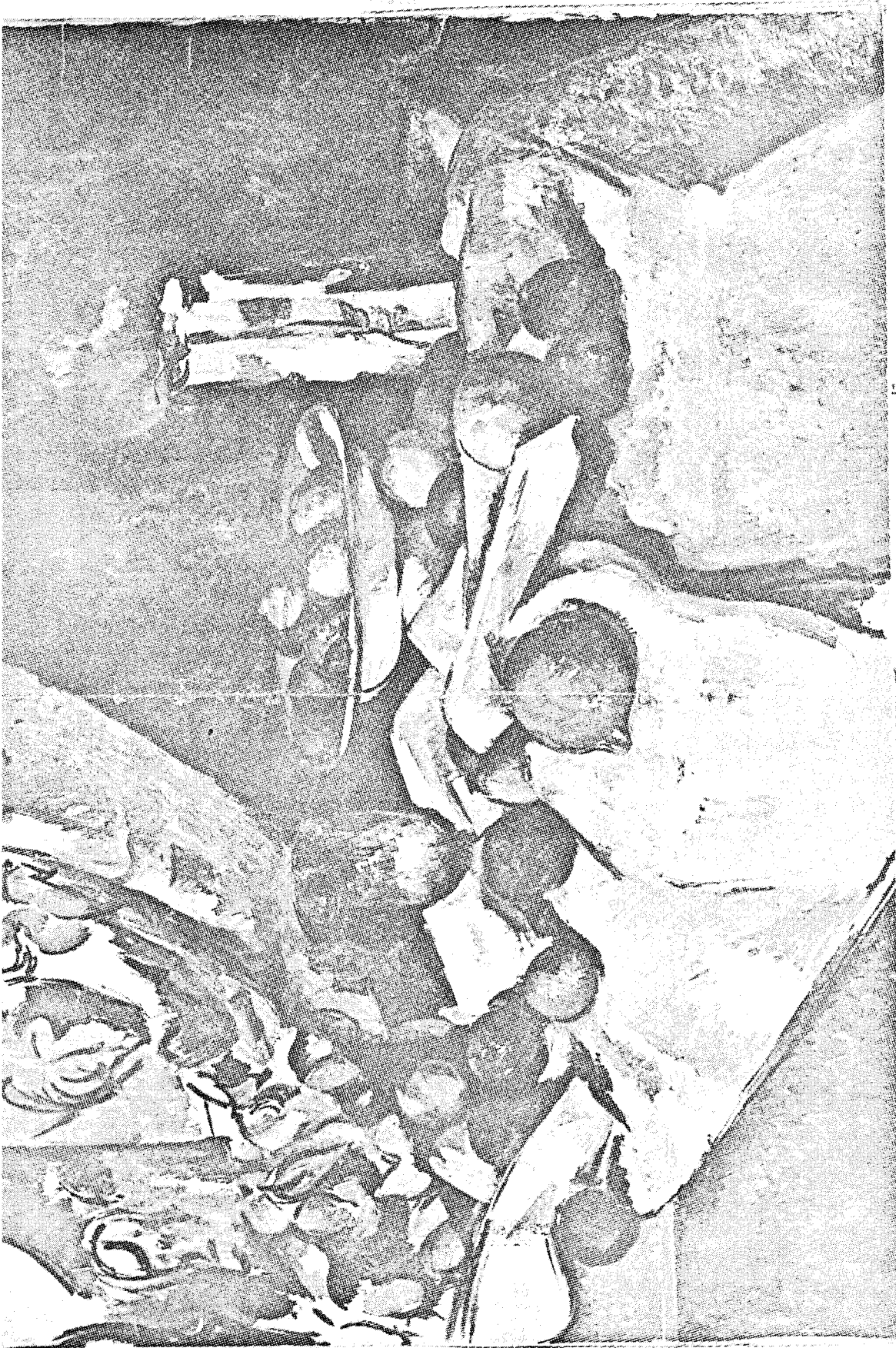
Lizard - the whole thing is etched very black and the flesh quality lost.¹

1. Ibid., pp. 1149-51.

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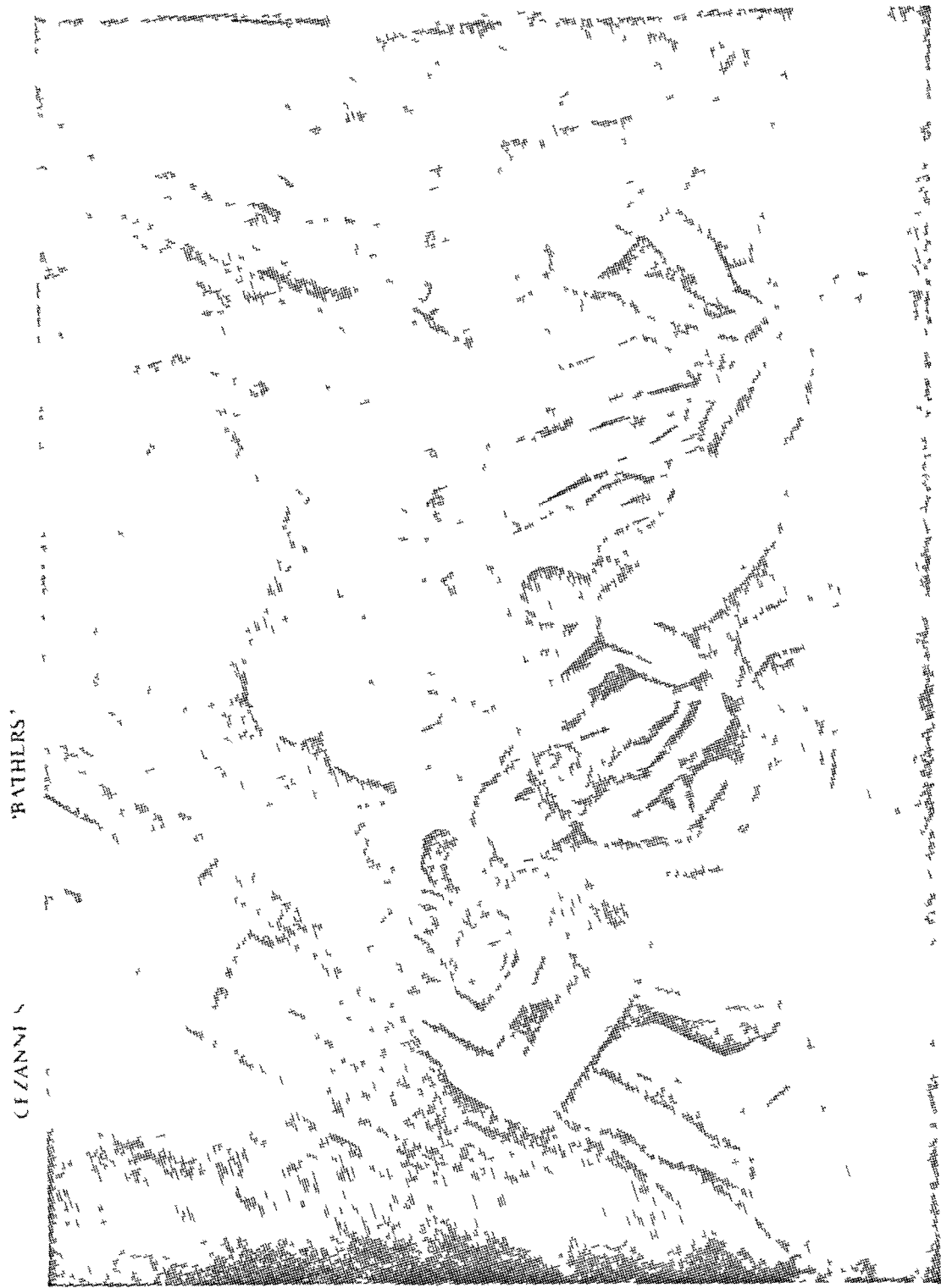
The following two paintings were painted by Paul Cezanne. They are entitled Still Life With Apples and Bathers. They are of interest since D. H. Lawrence was obviously influenced by this French painter's productions.

APPENDIX



Paul Cézanne (1839-1906)

Still Life With Apples



APPENDIX

The following is a reprint of Giovanni Boccaccio's First Story, Third Day from The Decameron. It was from this story that D. H. Lawrence drew the subject matter for his painting Boccaccio Story.

The First Story

Maseto of Lamporecchio feigneth himself dumb and becometh gardener to a convent of women, who all flock to lie with him

“FAIREST ladies, there be many men and women foolish enough to believe that, whenas the white fillet is bound about a girl’s head and the black cowl clapped upon her back, she is no longer a woman and is no longer sensible of feminine appetites, as if the making her a nun had changed her to stone; and if perchance they hear aught contrary to this their belief, they are as much incensed as if a very great and heinous misdeed had been committed against nature, considering not neither having regard to themselves, whom full licence to do that which they will availeth not to sate, nor yet to the much potency of idlesse and thought-taking. On like wise there are but too many who believe that spade and mattock and coarse victuals and hard living do altogether purge away carnal appetites from the tillers of the earth and render them exceeding dull of wit and judgment. But how much all who believe thus are deluded, I purpose, since the queen hath commanded it to me, to make plain to you in a little story, without departing from the theme by her appointed.

There was (and is yet) in these our parts a convent of women, very famous for sanctity (the which, that I may not anywise abate its repute, I will not name), wherein no great while ago, there being then no more than eight nuns and an abbess, all young, in the nunnery, a poor silly dolt of a fellow was gardener of a very goodly garden of theirs, who, being discontent with his wage, settled his accounts with the ladies’ bailiff and returned to Lamporecchio, whence he came. There, amongst others who welcomed him home, was a young labouring man, stout and robust and (for a countryman) a well-favoured fellow, by name Masetto, who

asked him where he had been so long. The good man, whose name was Nuto, told him, whereupon Masetto asked him in what he had served the convent, and he, ‘I tended a great and goodly garden of theirs, and moreover I went whiles to the coppice for faggots and drew water and did other such small matters of service; but the nuns gave me so little wage that I could scarce find me in shoon withal. Besides, they are all young and methinketh they are possessed of the devil, for there was no doing anything to their liking; nay, when I was at work whiles in the hortyard,* quoth one, ‘Set this here,’ and another, ‘Set that here,’ and a third snatched the spade from my hand, saying, ‘That is naught;’ brief, they gave me so much vexation that I would leave work be and begone out of the hortyard; insomuch that, what with one thing and what with another, I would abide there no longer and took myself off. When I came away, their bailiff besought me, an I could lay my hand on any one apt unto that service, to send the man to him, and I promised it him; but may God make him sound of the loins as he whom I shall get him, else will I send him none at all!’ Masetto, hearing this, was taken with so great a desire to be with these nuns that he was all consumed therewith, judging from Nuto’s words that he might avail to compass somewhat of that which he desired. However, foreseeing that he would fail of his purpose, if he discovered aught thereof to Nuto, he said to the latter, ‘Egad, thou didst well to come away. How is a man to live with women? He were better abide with devils. Six times out of seven they knew not what they would have themselves.’ But, after they had made an end of their talk, Masetto began to cast about what means he should take to be with them and feeling himself well able to do the offices of which Nuto had spoken, he had no fear of being refused on that head, but misdoubted him he might not be received, for that he was young and well-looking. Wherefore, after pondering many things in himself, he bethought himself thus: ‘The place is far hence and none knoweth me there, an I can but make a show of being dumb, I shall for certain be received there.’ Having fixed upon this device, he set out with an axe he had about his neck, without telling any whither he was bound, and betook himself, in the guise of a beggarman, to the convent, where being come, he entered in and as luck would have it, found the bailiff in the courtyard. Him he

* Hortyard (*orto*) is the old form of orchard, properly an enclosed tract of land in which fruit, vegetables and potherbs are cultivated for use, *i.e.* the modern kitchen garden and orchard in one, as distinguished from the pleasure or flower garden (*giardino*).

accosted with signs such as dumb folk use and made a show of asking food of him for the love of God and that in return he would, an it were needed, cleave wood for him. The bailiff willingly gave him to eat and after set before him divers logs that Nuto had not availed to cleave, but of all which Masetto, who was very strong, made a speedy despatch. By and by, the bailiff, having occasion to go to the coppice, carried him thither and put him to cutting faggots; after which, setting the ass before him, he gave him to understand by signs that he was to bring them home. This he did very well; wherefore the bailiff kept him there some days, so he might have him do certain things for which he had occasion. One day it chanced that the abbess saw him and asked the bailiff who he was. 'Madam,' answered he, 'this is a poor deaf and dumb man, who came hither the other day to ask an alms; so I took him in out of charity and have made him do sundry things of which we had need. If he knew how to till the hortyard and chose to abide with us, I believe we should get good service of him; for that we lack such an one and he is strong and we could make what we would of him; more by token that you would have no occasion to fear his playing the fool with yonder lasses of yours.' 'I faith,' rejoined the abbess, 'thou sayst sooth. Learn if he knoweth how to till and study to keep him here; give him a pair of shoes and some old hood or other and make much of him, caress him, give him plenty to eat.' Which the bailiff promised to do. Masetto was not so far distant but he heard all this, making a show the while of sweeping the courtyard, and said merrily in himself, 'An you put me therein, I will till you your hortyard as it was never tilled yet.' Accordingly, the bailiff, seeing that he knew right well how to work, asked him by signs if he had a mind to abide there and he replied on like wise that he would do whatsoever he wished; whereupon the bailiff engaged him and charged him till the hortyard, showing him what he was to do; after which he went about other business of the convent and left him. Presently, as Masetto went working one day after another, the nuns fell to plaguing him and making mock of him, as oftentimes it betideth that folk do with mutes, and bespoke him the naughtiest words in the world, thinking he understood them not; whereof the abbess, mayhap supposing him to be tailless as well as tongueless, recked little or nothing. It chanced one day, however, that, as he rested himself after a hard morning's work, two young nuns, who went about the garden, drew near the place where he lay and fell to looking upon him, whilst he made a show of sleeping. Presently quoth one who was somewhat the bolder of

the twain to the other, 'If I thought thou wouldst keep my counsel, I would tell thee a thought which I have once and again had and which might perchance profit thee also.' 'Speak in all assurance,' answered the other, 'for certes I will never tell it to any.' Then said the forward wench, 'I know not if thou have ever considered how straitly we are kept and how no man dare ever enter here, save the bailiff, who is old, and yonder dumb fellow; and I have again and again heard ladies, who come to visit us, say that all other delights in the world are but toys in comparison with that which a woman enjoyeth, whenas she hath to do with a man. Wherefore I have often had it in mind to make trial with this mute, since with others I may not, if it be so. And indeed he is the best in the world to that end, for that, e'en if he would, he could not nor might tell it again. Thou seest he is a poor silly lout of a lad, who hath overgrown his wit, and I would fain hear how thou deemest of the thing.' 'Alack!' rejoined the other, 'what is this thou sayest? Knowest thou not that we have promised our virginity to God?' 'Oh, as for that,' answered the first, 'how many things are promised Him all day long, whereof not one is fulfilled unto Him! An we have promised it Him, let Him find Himself another or others to perform it to Him.' 'Or if,' went on her fellow, 'we should prove with child, how would it go then?' Quoth the other, 'Thou beginnest to take thought unto ill ere it cometh; when that betideth, then will we look to it; there will be a thousand ways for us of doing so that it shall never be known, provided we ourselves tell it not.' The other, hearing this and having now a greater itch than her companion to prove what manner beast a man was, said, 'Well, then, how shall we do?' Quoth the first, 'Thou seest it is nigh upon none and methinketh the sisters are all asleep, save only ourselves; let us look about the hortyard if there be any there, and if there be none, what have we to do but to take him by the hand and carry him into yonder hut, whereas he harboureth against the rain, and there let one of us abide with him, whilst the other keepeth watch? He is so simple that he will do whatever we will.' Masetto heard all this talk and disposed to compliance, waited but to be taken by one of the nuns. The latter having looked well all about and satisfied themselves that they could be seen from nowhere, she who had broached the matter came up to Masetto and aroused him, whereupon he rose incontinent to his feet. The nun took him coaxingly by the hand and led him, grinning like an idiot, to the hut, where, without overmuch pressing, he did what she would. Then, like a loyal comrade, having had her will, she gave place to her fellow,

and Masetto, still feigning himself a simpleton, did their pleasure. Before they departed thence, each of the girls must needs once more prove how the mute could horse it, and after devising with each other, they agreed that the thing was as delectable as they had heard, nay, more so. Accordingly, watching their opportunity, they went oftentimes at fitting seasons to divert themselves with the mute, till one day it chanced that one of their sisters, espying them in the act from the lattice of her cell, showed it to other twain. At first they talked of denouncing the culprits to the abbess, but, after, changing counsel and coming to an accord with the first two, they became sharers with them in Masetto's services, and to them the other three nuns were at divers times and by divers chances added as associates. Ultimately, the abbess, who had not yet gotten wind of these doings, walking one day alone in the garden, the heat being great, found Masetto (who had enough of a little fatigue by day, because of overmuch posting it by night) stretched out asleep under the shade of an almond-tree, and the wind lifting the forepart of his clothes, all abode discovered. The lady, beholding this and seeing herself alone, fell into that same appetite which had gotten hold of her nuns, and arousing Masetto, carried him to her chamber, where, to the no small miscontent of the others, who complained loudly that the gardener came not to till the hortyard, she kept him several days, proving and reproving that delight which she had erst been wont to blame in others. At last she sent him back to his own lodging, but was fain to have him often again and as, moreover, she required of him more than her share, Masetto, unable to satisfy so many, bethought himself that his playing the mute might, an it endured longer, result in his exceeding great hurt. Wherefore, being one night with the abbess, he gave loose to his tongue and bespoke her thus: 'Madam, I have heard say that one cock sufficeth unto half a score hens, but that half a score men can ill or hardly satisfy one woman; whereas needs must I serve nine, and to this I can no wise endure; nay, for that which I have done up to now, I am come to such a pass that I can do neither little nor much; wherefore do ye either let me go in God's name or find a remedy for the matter.' The abbess, hearing him speak whom she held dumb, was all amazed and said, 'What is this? Methought thou wast dumb.' 'Madam,' answered Masetto, 'I was indeed dumb, not by nature, but by reason of a malady which bereft me of speech, and only this very night for the first time do I feel it restored to me, wherefore I praise God as most I may.' The lady believed this and asked him

what he meant by saying that he had to serve nine. Masetto told her how the case stood, whereby she perceived that she had no nun but was far wiser than herself; but, like a discreet woman as she was, she resolved to take counsel with her nuns to find some means of arranging the matter, without letting Masetto go, so the convent might not be defamed by him. Accordingly, having openly confessed to one another that which had been secretly done of each, they all of one accord, with Masetto's consent, so ordered it that the people round about believed speech to have been restored to him, after he had long been mute, through their prayers and by the merits of the saint in whose name the convent was intituled, and their bailiff being lately dead, they made Masetto bailiff in his stead and apportioned his toils on such wise that he could endure them. Thereafter, albeit he began upon them monikins galore, the thing was so discreetly ordered that nothing took vent thereof till after the death of the abbess, when Masetto began to grow old and had a mind to return home rich. The thing becoming known, enabled him lightly to accomplish his desire, and thus Masetto, having by his foresight contrived to employ his youth to good purpose, returned in his old age, rich and a father, without being at the pains or expense of rearing children, to the place whence he had set out with an axe about his neck, avouching that thus did Christ entreat whoso set horns to his cap."

The Second Story

A horsekeeper lieth with the wife of King Agilulf, who, becoming aware thereof, without word said, findeth him out and polleth him; but the polled man polleth all his fellows on like wise and so escapeth ill hap

THE end of Filostrato's story, whereat whiles the ladies had some little blushed and other whiles laughed, being come, it pleased

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-----, Women In Love, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1960, 1961, 541 p.

II. BOOKS ABOUT D. H. LAWRENCE:

Aldington, Richard, D. H. Lawrence, Portrait of a Genius But ..., New York, Collier Books, 1950, 350 p.

This book is valuable as biography; but has little, if any, value as a practical criticism of Lawrence's works.

Beal, Anthony, D. H. Lawrence, London, Oliver and Boyd, 1961, 128 p.

This book is a guide to the works for non-specialist reader, tracing Lawrence's life and written works together. It contains little real scholarship, but the chapter on the up-and-downs of D. H. Lawrence's reputation has some value. This book is also of great interest in that it contains honest objectivity and personal knowledge of its subject.

Brett, Dorothy, Lawrence and Brett, Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1933, 15-300 p.

This book is somewhat disarming because it is written in the second-person style and is addressed to the dead author. It does, however, possess some objectivity and its true value lies in the painting conversations that took place between Lawrence and the woman-painter.

Brewster, Earl and Achsah, D. H. Lawrence, Reminiscences, and Correspondence, London, Martin Secker, 1934, 319 p.

Written with no antagonism toward their dead acquaintance, the Brewsters tell the story of their relationship with a likeable man. The work contains some valuable letters which reveal a side of Lawrence which his earlier biographers

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did not discern. This book has a particular value to this study because many of the Mandrake Press paintings are described as they come off Lawrence's easel.

Brynnner, Witter, Journey With Genius, London, Nevill, 1953, xxvii-361 p.

This is a somewhat naive series of personal recollections which recall Lawrence's faults and which tend to discredit him. This book is of very little value except as an illustration of the many personal and abusive books that have been written by almost casual acquaintances of D. H. Lawrence.

Carswell, Catherine, The Savage Pilgrimage, New York, Harcourt, 1932, 296 p.

Somewhat overabundant in her praise for D. H. Lawrence, this book was written to refute the attack upon Lawrence by John Middleton Murry. It contains little criticism of the work but it has some value in its reports on the painting that Lawrence was doing at the time the writer was associating with him.

Chambers, Jessie (E. T.), D. H. Lawrence, A Personal Record, London, Cape, 1935, 7-233 p.

Written by the "Miriam" of Sons and Lovers, this work's real value lies in the youthful experiences being told from the point of view of Miriam. From this record, one is left with the impression that it was the youthful Lawrence who was the prudish character rather than the spiritual girl. This work has a real value in that it reveals just how truly autobiographical Sons and Lovers really is.

Clark, L. D., Dark Night of the Body, D. H. Lawrence's The Plumed Serpent, Austin, University of Texas Press, 1964, 156 p.

Seeking out the "historical facts" that contributed to the creation of The Plumed Serpent, Dr. Clark gives the reader a more tangible feel for the "spirit of the place" that is presented in the novel. Kate Leslie's dilemma is more fully understood as the result of this book's contribution.

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Freeman, Mary, D. H. Lawrence, A Basic Study of His Ideas, New York, Grosset and Dunlap, 1955, 277 p.

This work is a point-by-point discussion of Lawrence's ideas. It contains nothing really new for the students of Lawrence but its lucid style clarifies many of the more difficult elements in Lawrence's thinking.

Goodheart, Eugene, The Utopian Vision of D. H. Lawrence, Chicago, University of Chicago Press, 1963, 190 p. This work deals primarily with the social thinking of D. H. Lawrence. Its principal value seems to lie in its refutation of Bertrand Russell's charge that Lawrence was a "fascist".

Gregory, Horace, Pilgrim of the Apocalypse, New York, Grove Press, 1933, 1957, xxii-118 p.

This work is still a landmark in objective criticism of D. H. Lawrence's work. It still is a work that possesses great value for the student of D. H. Lawrence. One should be cautioned, however, that Mr. Gregory confuses the symbolic meanings in the different shapes of the arches.

Hoffman, Frederick and Harry T. Moore, edd., The Achievement of D. H. Lawrence, Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1960, xiv-290 p.

This is a collection of articles by various international critics dealing with a variety of subjects concerning the art of D. H. Lawrence. It is particularly valuable in that many of the articles could not be located otherwise.

Hough, Graham, The Dark Sun, A Study of D. H. Lawrence, Harmondsworth, Pelican, 1956, 1961, 305 p.

This is an extremely valuable study of the man and his written works. The chapter on D. H. Lawrence's "doctrine" is perhaps the most thorough and accurate treatment that has been written to date.

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Lawrence, Ada and G. Stuart Gelder, Young Lorenzo, Early Life of D. H. Lawrence, London, Martin Secker, 1932, 218 p.

This is a valuable account of D. H. Lawrence's early years which was written by the writer's sister. The accounts of the origin of some of Lawrence's stories has some value as does the reporting of Lawrence's early efforts at painting.

Lawrence, Frieda, Not I But the Wind ..., New York, Viking Press, 1934, xi-297 p.

This work contains warm and somewhat wistful reminiscences by the "lost girl" who sacrificed her children, security and respectability for D. H. Lawrence. It is, in a sense, Mrs. Lawrence's apologia. All in all, the book unveils a love story rarely equalled in fact or fiction. It clearly explains why D. H. Lawrence's later writings were palpably influenced by this woman.

Leavis, F. R., D. H. Lawrence: Novelist, London, Chatto and Windus, 1955, 318 p.

Dr. Leavis argues that Women in Love and its forerunner The Rainbow are Lawrence's greatest achievements in fiction but he sees little merit in the later works. Dr. Leavis argues that the novels should be treated as a dramatic poem. His analysis of these two novels and selected short stories is accordingly done sentence by sentence and often word by word.

Luhan, Mable Dodge, Lorenzo in Taos, New York, Knopf, 1932, 3-352 p.

This is a thoroughly subjective treatment of the years that D. H. Lawrence spent in New Mexico. It possesses little to commend itself but it is of interest for the accounts of Lawrence's painting during this period.

Merrild, Knud, A Poet and Two Painters, London, G. Routledge and Sons, 1938, xviii-369 p.

This book professes to recount the activities during the winter of 1922-3 in Taos. However, much of this work is excerpted from Lawrence's

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own writings and suggested to be what Lawrence was thinking and feeling at the time. As an account of Lawrence's approach to the plastic medium of painting, it is a dismal failure..

Moore, Harry T., ed., A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany, London, Heinemann, 1961, 394 p.

This is an extremely valuable collection of recent articles on D. H. Lawrence which vividly illustrates the recent "resurrection" of interest in the different aspects of the man and his works.

-----, The Intelligent Heart, New York, Grove Press, 1962, 560 p.

Dr. Moore has written the definitive biography with the completion of this work. It is totally objective and displays an immense amount of research. It is an essential work for the student of D. H. Lawrence.

-----, The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence, New York, Twayne, 1951, 400 p.

This is a critical biography with an academic approach to the written works of D. H. Lawrence. It is especially valuable for its appendix which deals with the "Jessie Chambers' Papers".

Murry, John Middleton, Son of Woman, The Story of D. H. Lawrence, London, Cape, 1931, xi-367 p.

Called by Aldous Huxley "a curious essay in destructive hagiography", this work is essentially an attack on D. H. Lawrence. It is a classic example of a personal antagonism interfering with objectivity. A value does exist in its revelation of how D. H. Lawrence could affect those people around him.

Nehls, Edward, ed., D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, 1885-1919, Vol. I, Madison, University of Wisconsin Press, 1957, 614 p.

Nehls, Edward, ed., D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, 1919-1925, Vol. II, Madison, University of Wisconsin Press, 1958, 537 p.

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Nehls, Edward, ed., D. H. Lawrence, A Composite Biography, 1925-1930, Vol. III, Madison, University of Wisconsin Press, 1959, 767 p.

These three volumes are a collection of virtually everything of biographical value that has been written on D. H. Lawrence. The material is arranged chronologically and is provided with copious notes. These volumes will prove to be the essential guide to any future investigation. This collection is a monumental contribution to the study of D. H. Lawrence, the man and his works. Volume III is particularly valuable because it covers the period during which Lawrence was so prolifically painting.

Spilka Mark, ed., D. H. Lawrence, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, Prentice-Hall, 1963, 182 p.

This Twentieth Century Views book is a collection of recent essays about diverse elements of D. H. Lawrence. Some of the essays contribute substantially about the writer while others are examples of "what scholarship is not".

Spilka, Mark, The Love Ethic of D. H. Lawrence, Bloomington, Indiana University Press, 1955, 244 p.

This work traces its major theme through the major novels of Lawrence. It is particularly valuable for the chapters about the symbolic arches and the man-to-man relationships.

Tedlock, E. W. Jr., ed., The Frieda Lawrence Collection of D. H. Lawrence Manuscripts, A Descriptive Bibliography, Albuquerque, University of New Mexico Press, 1948, xxiv-333 p.

Dr. Tedlock's work is a descriptive bibliography. It is particularly valuable for the extensive comparison of the three Lady Chatterley's Lover manuscripts and for establishing dates of several stories, essays and poems.

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Tiverton, Father William (Martin Jarrett-Kerr), D. H. Lawrence and Human Existence, New York, Philosophical Library, 1951, 140 p.

This is an excellent critical study of D. H. Lawrence. Its major premise is that Lawrence can be considered a near-Christian and a deeply religious man. Its value is apparent when one reads the sections dealing with D. H. Lawrence's use of the language.

III. ARTICLES ABOUT D. H. LAWRENCE:

Crehan, Hubert, "Lady Chatterley's Painter: The Banned Pictures of D. H. Lawrence", Artnews, LV, February, 1957, pp. 38-41, 63-4, 66.

This article is the first attempt to consider seriously both the meaning and the quality of D. H. Lawrence's paintings. It is written by a professional artist - for a professional artists magazine - often resulting in erroneous interpretations. Mr. Crehan's interpretations are often erroneous through his lack of knowledge of D. H. Lawrence's writings and "doctrine". Its value lies primarily in the fact that it was written with an artist's eye for technique.

Rosenthal, T. G., "The Writer as Painter", The Listener, September 6, 1962, pp. 349-50.

Mr. Rosenthal treats D. H. Lawrence's paintings very generally in conjunction with his discussion of several writers who also paint. The general statements made about Lawrence as a painter are such that they will encourage superficiality.

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IV. UNPUBLISHED THESES ABOUT D. H. LAWRENCE:

Clements, Walter Calvert, Reverence and Worship in D. H. Lawrence, Ottawa, University of Ottawa, 1952, x-84 p.
This study is of interest for its discussion of existentialism. Mr. Clements' arguments in favor of the reverent and worshipful attitudes in D. H. Lawrence lose their conviction because they are not accompanied by Lawrence's "religious" novel, The Plumed Serpent.

Millett, Robert W., The Principal Feminine Character-Types in Selected Novels of D. H. Lawrence, Ottawa, University of Ottawa, 1963, 146 p.

This study deals primarily with the similarities and dissimilarities which exist among some of D. H. Lawrence's major female characters. It is a work that is unique in that no full-length study on D. H. Lawrence's women has yet been published.

V. MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS USED IN THIS THESIS:

Boccaccio, Giovanni, The Decameron, translated by John Payne, New York, The World Publishing Company, 1947, 704 p.

Freud, Sigmund, A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis, translated by Joan Riviere, New York, PermaBooks, 1953, 480 p.

Hughes, Richard E. and P. Albert Duhamel, Persuasive Prose: A Reader, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, Prentice-Hall, 1964, 593 p.

Undset, Sigrid, Man, Woman and Places, translated by Arthur G. Chater, New York, Knopf, 1939, 248 p.

Wallbank, T. Walter, Alastair M. Taylor and Nels M. Bailkey, Civilization Past and Present, Chicago, Scott, Foresman and Company, 1962, 849 p.

THE QUESTION OF THE RELATIONSHIPS
BETWEEN THE PAINTINGS AND
THE WRITTEN WORKS OF
D. H. LAWRENCE

Robert W. Millett

University of Ottawa, 1965, 281 pages.

(Abstract)

The purpose of this thesis is to discover to what extent a knowledge of the paintings of D. H. Lawrence elucidates the literature of D. H. Lawrence and, conversely, to discover to what extent a knowledge of the written works of D. H. Lawrence elucidates the paintings.

There have been less than a half-dozen treatments of D. H. Lawrence's paintings and, of these, only three have recognized the relationships between the paintings and the written works of this artist. Even these treatments are relatively limited in scope.

The present work in its treatment of the paintings in relation to the "pollyanalytics" and the other written works of D. H. Lawrence goes far beyond the scope of any previously published essay or dissertation. It is a study devoted only to those paintings reproduced in the Mandrake

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Press Edition since these are the paintings which, according to D. H. Lawrence, are his first real paintings. The emphasis is further justified in as much as they were painted after 1926 when most of D. H. Lawrence's ideas had been formulated.

The first chapter of this study deals with the creative process that was employed by D. H. Lawrence when he produced his paintings.

Because the presence of arch-like trees acting as frames is a feature of several of D. H. Lawrence's paintings, Chapter Two is devoted to the arch as a symbolic element in Laurentian thought.

Chapters Three through Twelve are principally devoted to a close examination of the paintings included in the Mandrake Press Edition. In addition to this, they attempt to explicate the many relationships that exist between these paintings and various parts of Lawrence's written works.

Some paintings possess a natural connection with others. Other paintings, while being very illustrative of D. H. Lawrence's ideas had to be treated individually. While the origin of some paintings can be precisely discerned,

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it was inevitable that others offered a number of possible literary starting points. In the latter cases, a certain amount of speculation and interpretation was required. In every case, the whole canon and "doctrine" of D. H. Lawrence was drawn upon in order to arrive at the most appropriate and most correct conclusions.

The study of most of the paintings led to conclusions that seem manifestly correct. However, in a few cases, some ambiguity and uncertainty of interpretation yet persists. This may have been caused by faulty craftsmanship, the use of ambiguous objective correlatives, or the representation of artistically meaningless objects. However, as a result of the number of positive relationships that have been presented between Lawrence's writings and paintings in this study, no serious critic can ever suggest that D. H. Lawrence, the painter, and D. H. Lawrence, the writer, were kept separated within D. H. Lawrence, the man.

