CHAPTER ONE

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1. 1. PRELIMINARIES

D. H. Lawrence, was a miner’s son from Eastwood, and is now recognized as a visionary and one of the best-known English novelists, storywriter, critic, poet and painter. One of the greatest figures whose fiction has had a profound influence on 20th century’s English Literature, and whose prolific and diverse output included novels, short stories, poems, plays, essays, travel books, paintings, translations, and literary criticism.

His collected works represent an extended reflection upon the dehumanizing effects of modernity and industrialization. In them, Lawrence confronts issues relating to emotional health and vitality, spontaneity, human sexuality and instinct. (Robert and Poplawski, 2001:23).

1. 2. RATIONALE OF THE STUDY

The research concentrates on the study of the women characters in the selected novels of D. H. Lawrence. The researcher examines the use of misogynistic ideas of D. H. Lawrence and compares and contrasts the women characters and Lawrence’s hostility to willful women. Study also examines the man – woman relationships in the selected novels.

The reasons of the study are to explore the situations in which women characters exercise power in relationship with men and to investigate in most of Lawrence’s work that the women characters carry dominant and active roles, which they gain empowerment in the selected novels. Although feminists are interested in criticizing the subordination of women, many works concerning women empowerment are also found in the canon.

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Thus, efforts to look at Lawrence’s works in relation to his women characters and power should also be given importance.

This study is significant because it provides ways to analyze power from an angle that empowers women. Although D. H. Lawrence had presented his women characters as sophisticated modern women who are liberated and powerful in leading their lives, the reality in the world still maintains that women are at the secondary position in comparison to men. By altering the presentation of women in literature, the researcher delivers the importance of power in women’s lives as it enables women empower their own lives to a certain extent if not entirely. Hence, the researcher discovers that the knowledge of power is as important as the power of knowledge in women’s lives.

1.3. SELECTION OF NOVELS

*The Trespasser, Sons and Lovers, The Rainbow, Women in Love, The Lost Girl* and *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*

*The Trespasser (1912)*

D. H. Lawrence’s novel *The Trespasser* is based on the tragic love affair of his friend Helen Corke and her violin teacher. In the novel, Siegmund, a musician at the local opera house, has fallen in love with a former pupil, Helena. She persuades him to go with her to the Isle of Wight for a few days, but happiness eludes them. Helena, dreaming of a great union of minds, rejects the physical intensity of Siegmund’s love.

After reading Miss Corke’s diary, Lawrence first urged her to write her story and then received her permission to do it himself. Between his rapid composition of the first draft in the spring and summer of 1910 and his final
revisions in early 1912, Lawrence’s view of Helen Corke, and consequently of her story, changed.

**Sons and Lovers (1913)**

*Sons and Lovers* is a masterpiece in English literature. Though it has received severe criticism, it is one of the most highly acclaimed novels of Lawrence. Lawrence wrote: “I have patiently and laboriously constructed the novel”. It has been widely thought of as a simple and directly autobiographical novel by an author who invariably included in his fiction his own experiences and portraits of people he knew. In *Sons and Lovers* Lawrence analyzes the growth and development of three man-woman relationships.

**The Rainbow (1915)**

*The Rainbow* follows three generations of the Brangwen family, particularly focusing on the sexual dynamics of, and relations between, the characters. It is the women characters in this novel who remain memorable as they strive to express their feelings. The story concludes with the struggle of two sisters, Ursula and Gudrun, to liberate themselves from the stifling pressures of Edwardian English society. They also feature in his next and some say greatest novel *Women in Love*.

**Women in Love (1920)**

*Women in Love* is a sequel to his earlier novel *The Rainbow* (1915), and follows the continuing loves and lives and the story of two Brangwen sisters, Gudrun and Ursula. Gudrun Brangwen, an artist, pursues a destructive relationship with Gerald Crich, an industrialist. Lawrence contrasts this pair with the love that develops between Ursula and Rupert Birkin, an alienated intellectual who articulates many opinions associated
with the author. The emotional relationships thus established are given further depth and tension by an unadmitted homoerotic attraction between Gerald and Rupert. The novel ranges over the whole of British society at the time of the First World War and eventually ends high up in the snows of the Swiss Alps.

**The Lost Girl (1921)**

*The Lost Girl* is Lawrence’s most beautiful, thoroughly contemporary love story. This captivating novel charts the journey of a woman caught between two worlds and two lives – one mired in dreary, industrial England and a life of convention, the other set in the vibrant Italian landscape holding the promise of sensual liberation. Alvina Houghton is fading into spinsterhood when she meets Naples-born Cicio, a vaudeville dancer who draws her into a dance of seduction, reawakening her desire as she defies her stifling upper-class life.

With a heart full of love for her husband and her spirits up in hope of their security, it is not difficult for the reader to decide whether or not Alvina Houghton is the lost girl.

**Lady Chatterley’s Lover (1928)**

*Lady Chatterley’s Lover* begins with the marriage of Clifford Chatterley, a young baronet, to Constance Reid. Before her marriage, she is simply Constance Reid or Connie, as she is usually called in this novel is the cultured, an intellectual and social progressive, and the daughter of a Scottish painter, Sir Malcolm and sister of Hilda. The marriage takes place during the First World War, a shattering experience for England and all of Europe, and quite literally for Clifford, who is badly injured in combat, paralyzed from the waist down and rendered impotent. Clifford is the heir
to an estate, Wragby, in the English midlands; By way of background, we learn that Connie was raised in a socially permissive atmosphere: both she and her sister Hilda had love affairs in their teenage years.

Lady Chatterley is the protagonist of the novel. When she marries Clifford Chatterley, a minor nobleman, Connie assumes his title, becoming Lady Chatterley. *Lady Chatterley’s Lover* chronicles Connie’s maturation as a woman and as a sensual being. She comes to despise her weak, ineffectual husband, and to love Oliver Mellors, the gamekeeper on her husband’s estate. In the process of leaving her husband and conceiving a child with Mellors, Lady Chatterley moves from the heartless, bloodless world of the intelligentsia and aristocracy into a vital and profound connection rooted in sensuality and sexual fulfillment.

1. 4. AIMS AND OBJECTIVES

The research is an attempt to investigate the needs of the learner of literature and characterization of women, which are applied in the study of the selected novels of Lawrence’s fiction. It aims to fulfill the following:

3. To study the women characters in David Herbert Lawrence’s selected novels.
4. To throw light on the work of Lawrence particularly the use of misogynistic ideas of D. H. Lawrence in women characters, as well as the characters’ differences from each other.

1. 5. CHARACTERISATION: A CRITICAL VIEW

Character and Characterization

(1) The character is the name of a literary genre; it is a short, and usually witty, sketch in prose of a distinctive type of person. The genre was
proposed by Theophrastus, a Greek author of the second century B. C., who wrote a lively book entitled *Characters*. The form had a great vogue in the earlier seventeenth century; the books of characters then written by Joseph Hall, Sir Thomas Overbury, and John Earle influenced later writers of essays, history, and fiction. The titles of some of Overbury’s sketches will indicate the nature of the form: “A Courtier,” “A Wise Man,” “A Fair and Happy Milkmaid.” See Richard Aldington’s anthology *A Book of “Characters”* (1924).

(2) Characters are the persons represented in a dramatic or narrative work, who are interpreted by the reader as being endowed with particular moral, intellectual, and emotional qualities by inferences from what the persons say and their distinctive ways of saying it – the dialogue – and from what they do – the action. The grounds in the characters’ temperament, desires, and moral nature for their speech and actions are called their motivation. A character may remain essentially “stable,” or unchanged in outlook and disposition, from beginning to end of a work (Prospero in Shakespeare’s *The Tempest*, Micawber in Charles Dickens’ *David Copperfield*, 1849-50), or may undergo a radical change, either through a gradual process of development (the title character in Jane Austen’s *Emma*, 1816) or as the result of a crisis (Shakespeare’s *King Lear*, Pip in Dickens’ *Great Expectations*). Whether a character remains stable or changes, the reader of a traditional and realistic work expects “consistency” – the character should not suddenly break off and act in a way not plausibly grounded in his or her temperament as we have already come to know it.

E. M. Forster, in *Aspects of the Novel* (1927), introduced popular new terms for an old distinction by discriminating between flat and round characters. A flat character (also called a type, or “two-dimensional”), Forster says, is built around “a single idea or quality” and is presented without much
individualizing detail, and therefore can be fairly adequately described in a single phrase or sentence. A well-developed character is complex in temperament and motivation and is represented with subtle particularity; such a character therefore is as difficult to describe with any adequacy as a person in real life, and like real persons, is capable of surprising us. A humorous character, such as Ben Jonson’s “Sir Epicure Mammon,” has a name which says it all, in contrast to the roundness of characters in Shakespeare’s multifaceted Falstaff. Almost all dramas and narratives, properly enough, have some characters who serve merely as functionaries and are not characterized at all, as well as other characters who are left relatively flat: there is no need, in Shakespeare’s Henry IV, Part I, for Mistress Quickly to be as globular as Falstaff. The degree to which, in order to be regarded as artistically successful, characters need to be three-dimensional depends on their function in the plot; in many types of narrative, such as in the detective story or adventure novel or farce comedy, even the protagonist is usually two-dimensional. Sherlock Holmes and Long John Silver do not require, for their excellent literary roles, the roundness of a Hamlet, a Becky Sharp, or a Jay Gatsby. In his Anatomy of Criticism (1957), Northrop Frye has proposed that even life-like characters are identifiable variants, more or less individualized, of stock types in old literary genres, such as the self-deprecating “eiron,” the boastful “alazon,” and the “senexiratus,” or choleric old father in classical comedy.

A broad distinction is frequently made between alternative methods for characterizing (i.e., establishing the distinctive characters of) the persons in a narrative: showing and telling. In showing (also called “the dramatic method”), the author simply presents the characters talking and acting and leaves the reader to infer the motives and dispositions that lie behind what they say and do. The author may show not only external speech and actions, but also a character’s inner thoughts, feelings, and responsiveness to events.
Innovative writers in the present century – including novelists from James Joyce to French writers of the *new novel*, and authors of the dramas and novels of the *absurd* and various experimental forms – often present the persons in their works in ways which run counter to the earlier mode of representing life-like characters who manifest a consistent substructure of individuality. Recent structuralist critics have undertaken to dissolve even the life-like characters of traditional novels into a system of literary conventions and codes, which are *naturalized* by the readers; that is, readers are said to project lifelikeness upon codified literary representations by assimilating them to their own prior stereotypes of individuals in real life. See *structuralist criticism* and *text and writing (écriture)*, and refer to Jonathan Culler, *Structuralist Poetics* (1975), and chapter 9, “Poetics of the Novel.” (Abrams, 1999:34).


1.6. LIFE AND WORKS OF D. H. LAWRENCE

D. H. Lawrence, (David Herbert Lawrence), was born on 11th September 1885 in Eastwood, a mining village just outside Nottinghamshire, in central England. Eastwood was a growing colliery village of around 5000 inhabitants: there were ten pits within easy walking distance, and the majority of the male populations were colliers (Lawrence’s father and all three paternal uncles worked down the pit). The district had grown and prospered because of the rewards offered by the industry; the very house where Lawrence was born had been built by the largest of the local colliery companies, Barber Walker & Co. But by the mid 1880s the great coal-boom
was over; and though Eastwood continued to grow, the only future it seemed to offer was in the coal industry itself. A tight-knit community of men whose lives depended upon each other also supported wives-few of whom had jobs, and children who mostly could not wait until they were fourteen – able themselves to start as colliers. It was not a promising background for a man who would make his life’s work writing about the fulfilled relationships of men and women, and the crucial relationship between human beings and the natural world: although such things were remarkable in his background by their very absence.

Lydia (Lawrence’s mother) was a genteel and a well educated former schoolmistress before she married. According to England’s rigid class system, his mother’s marriage to his father was considered a step down, since she came from a well-educated middle-class religious family. Lawrence spent his formative years in the coal-mining town of Eastwood, Nottinghamshire. His working class background and the tensions between his parents provided the raw material for a number of his early works. Thus the vast differences between his parents’ background was often cause for “the fabric of his parents’ marriage [to be] ripped by bitterness, violence and hate” and led to family conflicts, with his father preferring to spend his wages on drink, to help deaden the pain of working long grueling hours underground, whilst his mother was more concerned with the children’s upbringing, welfare, and education. The mis-matched marriage of Arthur and Lydia was the root cause of the constant and bitter marital strife within the household. This resulted in Lawrence hating his father, possibly blaming him for the poverty and violence that his lifestyle inflicted upon the family. His childhood was dominated by poverty and friction between his parents. In 1910 he once wrote in a letter to the poet Rachel Annand Taylor,
“Their marriage life has been one carnal, bloody fight. I was born hating my father: as early as ever I can remember, I shivered with horror when he touched me. He was very bad before I was born.” (Black, 1986:11)

Young Lawrence took his mother’s side. Lawrence was raised by his mother who happened to be a teacher, greatly superior in education to her husband and was determined that David and his brothers should not become miners. His parents argued incessantly, not least because his mother wished to keep her son out of mines, and a passionate bond developed between them. Throughout his childhood, David shared a very close relationship with his mother. This affection for his mother had a crucial effect on his early work. Encouraged by his mother, with whom he had a deep emotional bond and who figures in *Sons and Lovers* as Mrs. Morel in his first masterpiece, Lawrence became interested in the Arts. Lawrence’s loathing of his father, also probably extended to the mining community in which he grew up, and perhaps to the Eastwood community itself. Most of the people of Eastwood did not accept Lawrence, and his name was hardly mentioned in the town for many years, because of the perceived disgrace his novels had brought upon the community.

The loss of Lydia’s own family, her disillusionment with her husband, and her anger at the ease with which – after early promises – he slipped back into the male world of evenings spent drinking with his mates, her dissatisfaction with her own role as wife and mother in the succession of – to her – alien villages in which they had lived, had created in Lydia Lawrence both depression and a great deal of anger. The Victoria Street shop had not done well (Lydia was probably not an engaging saleswoman): and a new baby born in September 1885 – they called him Bert. She used to sell haberdashery from the Lawrence’s front room shop to help feed and clothe the family. She was ambitious and wanted to own a shop on the main
Nottingham Road in Eastwood, but with a growing family, this proved beyond reach.

From the outset, Lawrence’s life was fraught with problems. He was frequently sick as a child, having his first bout of pneumonia, suffering from bronchitis in early childhood and he missed three years of primary schooling – in part because of sickness, but also because of a temperament too delicate for the rough and tumble of school. He was jeered by the boys and played with the girls, taking solace in books. Lawrence spent a lot of time at home with his mother who encouraged him to read. Far and away the most important figure in Lawrence’s early life – most of it, for that matter – was his mother, Lydia. *Sons and Lovers* alone tell you that. It is the most intensely captured Oedipal case study in English literature. However, in his leisure time, Lawrence loved to explore the countryside, and this no doubt fuelled his imagination because many of the observations made during those walks were incorporated in his novels and, to a lesser degree, his paintings, however grew up in considerable poverty, as his mother was always trying to improve their social standing and consequently they moved frequently.

Home life for the Lawrence children became polarized between loyalty to their mother as she struggled to do her best for them, in scrimping and saving and encouraging them in taking their education seriously, and a rather troubled love for their father, who was increasingly treated by his wife as a drunken never do well: and who drank to escape the tensions he (as a consequence) experienced at home. Lydia Lawrence consciously alienated the children from their father, and told them stories of her early-married life (like, for example, the episode when Arthur locked her out of the house at night), which they never forgot, or forgave their father for. All the children apart from the eldest son George grew up with an abiding love
for their mother and various kinds of dislike for their father. Arthur Lawrence, for his part, unhappy at the lack of respect and love showed to him and the way in which his male privilege as head of the household was constantly being breached, reacted by drinking and deliberately irritating and alienating his family. It seems quite likely that, for long periods of their childhood, his drinking and staying out in the evenings, until his tipsy return would lead to a row, effectively dominated the children’s experience. His behavior – and his spending of a portion of the family income on drink – caused all the major quarrels between the parents and divided the children’s loves and loyalties. It left Bert with a profound hatred of his father and an anxious, sympathetic love for his mother. In Sons and Lovers the young Paul Morel lying in bed at night praying “Let him be killed at pit” is probably a true memory of the young Bert Lawrence, lying in bed waiting for his father’s return home at night.

It would be necessary to keep this matter in perspective. Arthur Lawrence never left his family (though he may have threatened to): he never seems to have had to miss work because of his drinking; his earnings were never so diverted into drink as to leave his family seriously hard-up; he was rarely if ever violent; and it is probably wrong to think of him simply as an alcoholic. And, as always, the problems with the marriage did not stem from the behavior of only one of the partners. Lydia Lawrence certainly played her part in alienating the children from their father and in setting the agenda for their behavior. They were not to look forward to becoming colliers, like their uncles and their father, and like the vast majority of their contemporaries at school. They would take the teetotal pledge; they would treat school and its possibilities very seriously; they would go to Sunday school and chapel; they would become clerks and teachers; they would not grow up believing that men should boss women about; they would have ambitions to rise, if possible, into the middle-classes. All this, of course,
still further alienated and angered Arthur Lawrence. But, in short, the Lawrence children would conform to the Beardsall family’s image of itself rather than to Arthur Lawrence’s; and they would grow up to do the things, and take the chances, she herself would have liked to have done and taken.

All Lydia Lawrence had to look forward to, in the long-term, was the growth of her children, and especially her sons, into manhood and independence. Both literally and metaphorically she always seems to have looked forward to some kind of painful struggle back up the hill into respectability. In 1891, the family managed the literal move when they moved up to the terraced block of bay-windowed house in Walker Street, where they lived for 12 years. The exact house does not seem to be known, but was described by Lawrence as the third house in the block; commanding a magnificent view over the valley and beyond. The house in the middle of the terrace was the house where Lawrence lived, and where Lawrence said he would look across the fields, towards Derbyshire, Brinsley, and Underwood. The view of the Eastwood countryside was the actual view that Lawrence would have seen from the window of the house on Walker Street. It showed the lane leading up to Coneygrey Farm, with the village of Underwood, just visible on the skyline. Lawrence’s final home in Eastwood, was at number 97 Lynncroft, this was on the next street, about 150 meters away. This house was a semi-detached property, and would have been seen as a further step up the social ladder.

As a gifted, educated child, Bert would not have fitted in well with most of the children from other mining families, and he was, however, starting to flourish: a sickly child, who would probably had been cruelty teased, and bullied as “mard-arsed”, because of his superior talents, which elevated him above the other children and who had preferred the company of girls to boys and of books to either: cardinal sins in a male-dominated society. Young Lawrence’s early education was at Beauvale Board School, near
Eastwood (now renamed GreasleyBeauvale D. H. Lawrence Infant School in his honor) from 1891 until 1898. But he was doing better and better at school: and later he won a scholarship, becoming the school’s first local pupil to win a County Council Scholarship to Nottingham High School nearby Nottingham, which he attended until 1901. There is a house in the Junior School named after him. Thomas Paxton-Kirk, who was at school with Lawrence, commented when reading about the obscenities trial of Lady Chatterley’s Lover, “I went to school wi’ ‘im and ‘e were a right cissy, allusplayin’ wit’ gels”. Lawrence loved the beautiful countryside surrounding Eastwood, and this, combined with the stark contrast of the mining industry, was the inspiration for his early novels, including The White Peacock and Sons and Lovers.

His performance at Nottingham, however, was only briefly distinguished, and bottomed out badly at the end of his second year. He turned out to be even more of a fish out of water in an almost completely middle-class school than he had been in Eastwood. Events in March 1900 must have contributed to making things worse still. His uncle Walter Lawrence (now living in Ilkeston, three miles away, just over the border into Derbyshire) was arrested for killing his son by throwing the carving steel at him during a row and committed for trial at the Derby assizes. The story was splashed over the local newspapers and Bert Lawrence’s performance at school that summer was his worst yet. At this point he was forced to suspend his education and left at the age of 16, in the summer of 1901, with almost nothing to show for his three years there: years which (in spite of the scholarship) had cost the family a good deal of money.

It was now imperative that he got a job. Although his Nottingham High School training had equipped him to start as a pupil-teacher in a local school – if he could get a place – it seemed more important that he should
start earning. Accordingly, in the early autumn, like his brother Ernest, he found and started work as a junior clerk.

He acquired a position in a Nottingham surgical goods factory, manufacturers – producing surgical appliances and warehouse of Haywoods: at last doing something to offset the railway fares and the cost of the clothes he was now fast growing out of. Having always been a small child, he was now getting lanky. (Boulton, 1979:39).

It was while he was at work in Nottingham, at Haywoods, that the great tragedy of the family occurred. Ernest was still working in London, and had recently become engaged to a London stenographer, Louisa “Gipsy” Dennis. He had been home for the traditional October Nottinghamshire holiday, known as the Wakes; but had fallen ill with Erysipelas on his return to his south London lodgings. His landlady sent a telegram to Eastwood, and Lydia Lawrence braved the trains and the suburbs to go and nurse him. She found him unconscious and dangerously ill when she arrived; doctors could do nothing (the disease commonly led very quickly to blood-poisoning, high fever and pneumonia); and Ernest suddenly died within a day of her arrival in 1901.

Of all the possible disasters in Lydia’s disappointed life, this must have been the worst. She took little interest in her family that autumn; and when Bert himself fell ill, just before Christmas, it came only as a dull shock to his mother. But the work in the factory, the strain of the long day (twelve hours at work, and two more hours traveling), combined doubtless with the fact that his mother was effectively ignoring him, weakened him, and Bert went down with double pneumonia, and his mother nearly lost him too. Release from the emotional traumas of the autumn, and Bert’s recovery, led her to identify her hopes and emotions with her youngest son to an extent which she had never done before; he came back to a new and very
significant kind of intimacy with his mother. He would now be carrying the weight of her hopes and expectations – and of her love: a love to which he instinctively responded, and never forgot.

Lawrence’s health continued to decline in February 1930 and the next step in his life involved him traveling to Venice, which ended in a sanatorium in an attempt to relieve himself of tuberculosis and which was a big failure. He was visited by friends from England, including H. G. Wells and Aldous Huxley. At the time of his death, his public reputation was that of a pornographer who had wasted his considerable talents. E. M. Forster, in an obituary notice, challenged this widely held view, describing him as, “The greatest imaginative novelist of our generation.” (Harrison, 1966:101). Lawrence is now generally valued as a visionary and significant representative of modernism in English literature, although some feminists object to the attitudes toward women and sexuality found in his works.

After being discharged from the sanatorium Lawrence succumbed to tuberculosis. A lifelong sufferer from tuberculosis, Lawrence’s last words were either “I am better now” (and presumably resigned to death) or, to Frieda, “Wind my watch” (meaning he would fight it). His watch went on, but Lawrence stopped and died at 10:15 pm, Sunday, March 2, 1930, at the age of 44, at the Villa Robermond, near Nice, at Venice, in the South of France due to complications from tuberculosis after spending much of his life abroad, in locations ranging from Italy and Germany to Australia, Ceylon, Mexico and the American South-West. At the end of a life of some rejoicing and much rejection, and with Frieda by his side, Lawrence glimpsed a future where he would at last be recognized as one of the greatest English novelists of the 20th century.
1.7. WOMEN IN THE LIFE OF D. H. LAWRENCE: JESSIE CHAMBERS, HELEN CORKE AND FRIEDA WEEKLEY

Obviously, D. H. Lawrence’s excitement of mental and moral distinctive character was a woman who he interacted with and had a relationship with in his life.

“In the novel, the characters can do nothing but live. If they keep on being good, according to pattern, or bad according to pattern, or even volatile according to pattern, they cease to live and the novel falls dead. A character in a novel has got to live, or it is nothing”.

(Black, 1998:204)

Lawrence’s assertion, from his essay ‘Why the Novel Matters’, demonstrates his attitude towards character creation, and his rejection of traditional forms of characterization. He complained in an essay on Poe of, ‘these terribly conscious writers who deny the very life that is in them; they want to turn it all into talk, into knowing. And so life, which will not be known, leaves them’. In a letter that he wrote to his friends, this is what Lawrence said:

“I have a different attitude to my characters. I don’t care so much what the woman feels. That presumes an ego to feel with. I only care for what a woman is. You mustn’t look in my novel for the old stable ego of character...” (Boulton, 1979:20)

JESSIE CHAMBERS

Something else Lawrence came back to after his illness, (a severe attack of pneumonia ended this career in 1902 – he never returned to Haywoods) was
a new awareness of the country around his home. The Chambers family and the Lawrence family had gone to the same chapel in Eastwood, and Mrs. Ann Chambers (1859-1937) – another stranger in Eastwood – had struck up a friendship with Lydia Lawrence. In 1898, the Chambers family had gone to live and work at the farm until 1910; and Bert Lawrence had first visited them there, with his mother, during his last summer at Nottingham High School. Now the walk to the farm, and the life he could share there, became an important part of his convalescence. We may suspect, too, that he found the tensions and outbursts of a very different family from his own more bearable than the sometimes stiflingly moralizing and emotionally constrained atmosphere of home. He became friends with the two younger boys first, and then with the eldest son Alan (1882-1946), three years older than himself. The elder daughter, May (1883-1955), was in the process of an adolescent extraction of herself from the family toils; but the younger daughter, Jessie (1887-1944), the girl who was later to become fictionalized as Miriam Leivers with Haggs Farm being called Willey Farm in *Sons and Lovers*, and Strelley Mill in *The White Peacock*. It was where the idea of the writing life first dawned on him and when wrote his first poems also. She seemed to have worshipped Lawrence from the start. At this time Lawrence’s relationship with her developed into the most significant of his young life, which was to become an unofficial engagement. An important aspect of this friendship with Jessie and other adolescent acquaintances was a shared love of books, an interest that lasted throughout Lawrence’s life. Lawrence would have passed Coneygrey Farm where he walked across the fields to Underwood, and his novel, *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, is said by local people to be set in the area around the farm. Lawrence’s writing often confuses local people with the names he gave to some of the buildings, and places in his novels. He would sometimes name them after a place, or building, which was situated near to the actual place that he was writing about. Willey Farm was an example of this, as it was an actual farm, only a
short distance from Haggs Farm, and which Lawrence would pass on his walks to visits Jessie. (Nehls, 1957:51).

From humble beginnings as a Nottinghamshire miner’s son, David Herbert Lawrence finally breaks away from the stifling love of his mother, Lydia, and the brooding intensity of his girlfriend, Jessie, to pursue his quest as a writer. This is a story of hope, restlessness and rejection set against a profoundly moving and turbulent public love affair with Frieda von Richthofen.

For one thing, Lydia Lawrence was already fascinated by poetry and fiction; and in her, Lawrence found the willing companion in reading and discussing who was so significantly lacking at home. She always read a good deal – but only novels; and although at times she wrote poetry, she regarded such things as merely the diversions of a busy life lived to other and more significant ends. But Jessie and the young Lawrence – who had always read a good deal, the natural occupation of a rather withdrawn but clever child – now devoured books, lived through them, lost themselves in them. And Lawrence found that, in their discussions, he could express himself to Jessie as to no one else.

During the spring and early summer, he got better; he had a month’s convalescence at Skegness, at a boarding house run by his maternal aunt Nellie (1855-1908). He had to work too: his aptitude for Math got him a job doing the accounts for a local Pork butcher in the evenings. But that autumn, too, he embarked on a new career. A place had been found for him at last as a pupil-teacher in the British Schools in Eastwood; he received his own lessons from the headmaster, George Holderness, for an hour before school started; then spent most of the rest of his time teaching the collier lads who only a couple of years earlier would have jeered at him for being a softy. But being a pupil-teacher was the natural way forward to gaining (in
the end) a teacher’s certificate, and to becoming the teacher that both Lawrence and his mother now recognized as his natural vocation. The pupil-teachers also spent some time each week at a pupil-teacher center in Ilkeston, rather to their Headmaster’s annoyance, because he lost valuable teachers while they were away; and here Lawrence met with a whole group of other men and women in his situation.

In the year 1902 to 1906 Lawrence served four years as a pupil-teacher at the British School, in Eastwood. After two years he attended paying visits to the new Pupil-Teacher Center in Ilkeston, furiously reading, going out to the Haggs farm and talking to Jessie, before taking up a scholarship at Nottingham University College to study for a teacher’s certificate. Lawrence was placed in the first class of the first division; his name was printed in the local papers, he had to send an account of himself and his working methods (and a photograph) to the magazine *The Schoolmaster*. The interval between taking the King’s Scholarship Examination and going to college in September 1906 proved to be perhaps the most significant period of Lawrence’s life so far. It was, perhaps, the most natural outcome of the years he had spent reading and discussing literature; yet he began writing with a strong sense of the oddity of his ambition.

During these early years between 1906 and 1908 he was working on and wrote his first poems, some short stories, and then at Easter 1906, he started the greatest experiment of his early life: he began to write his first a draft of a novel which he called *Laetitia* that was eventually to become the first version of *The White Peacock*. For four years he and Jessie had accompanied each other’s intellectual and literary development. Lawrence was out at all hours with her, walking and talking and reading. To a loving and possessive mother confronting his college career, and all that depended on it, the time he spent with Jessie, like his writing, must have seemed a dangerous waste. Emily – now a married woman – thought her brother and
Jessie must be lovers, and wanted them to behave more respectably. Lawrence was confronted with an ultimatum from his family. He should either become formally engaged to Jessie, or he should stop seeing so much of her. It was explained to him that he was damaging her chances of getting to know other men: spoiling her chances of marriage.

Lawrence gauchely went and told Jessie what he felt he must; that he did not love her enough to want to marry her; and that he must see less of her. She was horribly hurt: especially as her own feelings for him had grown more and more like love, over the years. The Lawrence family, however, must have felt that they had seen off a dangerous and distracting influence in Jessie. That September, Lawrence brought his teaching in Eastwood to an end with some regrets. Holderness, a tough disciplinarian, had clearly valued him and protected him against the toughest of his pupils, while the pupils seem to have liked him as much as he liked them. Lawrence acquired a new group of friends, among them a girl from Cossall he had first met at the Ilkeston Center, Louie Burrows (1888-1962) a fellow Nottingham student; and moved into new worlds intellectually, eventually spending a good deal of his time with socialist and free-thinking companions. Lawrence came out with the best marks of any of the men in his final year, 1908.

Lawrence had more time for his writing than ever before. Not only did he continue to write Laetitia, he worked hard at his poetry, and in the autumn of 1907 started to write short stories. This was originally because Jessie and Alan Chambers had challenged him to enter the annual Nottinghamshire Guardian competition, which had three categories for stories with a local setting. Lawrence determined to enter all three categories: he employed Jessie and Louie Burrows to submit entries for him, and himself entered the story he thought had the best chance – an early version of “A Fragment of Stained Glass.” Lawrence won the first prize category for the best story of a
Happy Christmas and it was the first time that he had gained any wider recognition for his literary talents and around the same time he lost his faith in a ‘personal, human God’. It was printed in the Nottinghamshire Guardian Short Story Competition. (Worthen, 1995:130-131). For the first time in Lawrence’s life he was away from home, in lodgings; he was a long way from family and friends, and missed them badly; and he was teaching full-time in a school very different (and much tougher) from any he had so far experienced. But now Lawrence was teaching boys from institutions, and from the really poor and deprived.

Lawrence had continued sending all his writing for Jessie Chambers (his childhood sweetheart) to read and comment on; and in the following year 1909, June, she submitted some of his poems to the editor of the influential journal English Review, the critic and novelist Ford Madox Hueffer (1873-1939), which was a good connection for Lawrence’s writing career and who got his works published.

HELEN CORKE

Lawrence worked on Laetitia during the early spring with a new friend, Helen Corke (1882-1978), a teacher in another Croydon school whom he had met through his fellow-teacher Agnes Mason. Doing this while revising Laetitia, he accidentally incorporated one of the names belonging to the other story in his first novel, thus betraying the power of the new story on his imagination; and as soon as he had finished the revision of Laetitia (now to be called The White Peacock) he turned to writing a novel based on Helen Corke’s story. She gave Lawrence access, and he worked from her intimate diaries about an unhappy love affair, with her permission, but also urged her to publish; which she did in 1933 as Neutral Ground. Corke later wrote several biographical works on Lawrence. The White Peacock had, up to this point, taken him over four years to write: the new novel he wrote
between March and August 1910. He called it *The Saga of Siegmund* - Siegmund being the Wagnerian name given by Helen Corke to her lover (he called her Sieglinde). *The Trespasser* is the second novel written by Lawrence. Originally, it was entitled *The Saga of Siegmund*. It suited Lawrence, too, and the tragic kind of novel he himself was writing, with its use of motifs and its full-blown Wagnerian ambience.

His experiences in Croydon during the autumn of 1909, followed by his growing involvement with Helen Corke, seem to have triggered off his attempts at establishing a new kind of relationship, too. He had thought of an engagement to Agnes Holt – but had broken off from her when she resisted his attempts to make the relationship sexual. A week or so later, at Christmas 1909, he had ended his eight years or so of purely intellectual companionship with Jessie Chambers by suggesting that they should become lovers. Jessie, who had loved him for years, agreed that they would – later. Back in Croydon, increasingly attracted to Helen Corke, Lawrence finished his revision of *The White Peacock* (about the tragedy of a man who marries the wrong woman) and sketched out in *The Saga of Siegmund* what happens to a man in love with a woman who does not respond to him sexually; and then, in the Whitsun holidays, after getting a good way into the writing of *The Saga of Siegmund*, started his affair with Jessie. It seems to have been desperately unhappy and unsuccessful from the start: as Jessie wrote, later, “The times of our coming together, under conditions both difficult and irksome, and with Lawrence’s earnest injunction to me not to try to hold him, would not exhaust the fingers of one hand”. (Worthen, 1991:216). Lawrence finished the final revisions of *The White Peacock*, and went on working at *The Saga of Siegmund*, with a sense that he was in danger of badly messing up his life, as well as Jessie’s life. Come August 1910, and within a week of finishing the novel, he resolved on a complete
break with Jessie; perhaps the cruelest thing of all the cruel things he ever did to her.

His family would, however, have been both pleased and relieved; a few months later Lawrence confessed that his mother “hated Jessie – and would have risen from the grave to prevent my marrying her”. (Worthen, 1991:251). It must have been with an extraordinary sense of the way in which her own influence had worked on her son, that - only a fortnight after Lawrence had told her of his break with Jessie – Lydia Lawrence, on holiday in Leicester, herself collapsed from the cancer that was going to kill her. It was as if her guard had finally dropped. Lawrence, too, seems to have been struck by the coincidence. Within a month he was at work on an autobiographical novel, which was going to go deep into the nature of his parents’ marriage and the influences, which had been at work on him; the novel would, too, investigate what had happened to its hero’s relationships with women, and with a woman drawn closely from Jessie Chambers in particular. Lawrence had the unerring sense, as an artist, that what troubled him most deeply in his own life was also the substance of much contemporary anxiety, and that the divisions from which he suffered could become the central subject of major works of fiction. All that autumn, with his mother slowly dying and in increasing pain, and Lawrence making regular (though exhausting) weekend visits, he tried to work on the novel; but he only managed to write 100 pages or so.

After his mother’s death, Lawrence went back to Croydon to work – he described it as “The desert of Sahara”. (Boulton, 1979:194). But now he had the thought of Louie helping to sustain him; writing her a letter from school as it grew dark one December afternoon, he remarked “I’ve had the gas lighted. I wish I might light myself at your abundant life”. (Boulton, 1979:202). Family Christmas back in Eastwood was an unbearably gloomy prospect; Lawrence and Ada went to Brighton to get away. It is too easy to
dismiss Lawrence’s engagement to Louie as an aberration. It was clearly exceedingly important to him at the time; a break with the past and with the gloomy emotional ties binding him to his mother and (in a different way) to Jessie. When Lawrence engaged to Louie indeed, she was his first love. Though he ended up very critical of Louie – there was so much of his life which she, a more conventional person than he was, could not share – he always retained a good feeling for her and for the support she gave him in the winter of 1910-1911 and through into the spring. In adopting the exterior details of Louie Burrow’s home and family background for the character of Ursula in *The Rainbow*, for instance, Lawrence was not doing anything very unusual.

His career as a professional writer began in earnest, although he taught for the further year. Also shortly after the final proofs, Ford MadoxHueffer helped him to have his first novel *The White Peacock* published in *The English Review* which appeared in January 1911. This was followed by the appearance of Lawrence’s first major novel *The White Peacock* and launched him as a writer at the age of 25. This was his introduction to the London literary world. It should have been an occasion for great cheerfulness; but its link with his dying mother inhibited any such celebration. The conflict between the demands of school, the demands of the engagement, and Lawrence’s desire to build upon his early success in order to become a full-time writer, grew increasingly problematic. He wanted to write and to be published: and did not have the time he really needed to concentrate and work. Hueffer had, too, been damning about *The Saga of Siegmund*; and its links with the life of Helen Corke made it, anyway, a dubious prospect for publication. The matter was effectively settled by the attitude of the publisher of *The White Peacock*, Heinemann, who found Lawrence’s second novel tedious and not very good.
Throughout the spring and early summer of 1911 Lawrence accordingly struggled with his third novel, *Paul Morel* – this was the book, which would have to cement his reputation. But it went very slowly; and he ended up in July with it only just over half written, and no desire to go on with it. He had continued to write poems, and produced a number of short stories, and *The English Review* continued to print small quantities of his work; but he had no sense of a breakthrough. And, all the time, his renewed attraction to Helen Corke meant that he felt guilty about Louie. Only a new contact with a literary mentor – Lawrence was introduced to Edward Garnett (1868-1937) the publisher’s reader provided further encouragement and seemed to hold out any prospects of future publishing success and became a valued friend of Lawrence. A chance meeting with Jessie Chambers in October led; however, to his doing what he had always done in the old days: sending her the whole unfinished manuscript of *Paul Morel* for her comments. And she offered to write what she remembered of their early days: so perhaps he would be able to get the novel back on track. But the relationship with Louie now did little more than weigh on him and his sense of guilt, while offering him no relief and no sense of a future; in November 1911, pneumonia stuck once again and the whole of the autumn seems to have followed the pattern of a complex slide into depression and bad health, unrelieved by a new determination to restart *Paul Morel*. When he finally collapsed with pneumonia later that month, after getting wet at Garnett’s and not changing his clothes, it seemed an almost inevitable outcome to the year since his mother’s death. Following a period of difficulty Lawrence found out that he was suffering from an illness (known as tuberculosis) he would suffer the rest of his life from.

He was very seriously ill and nearly died. Ada went down to Croydon to nurse him; Louie was kept away, at his earnest request. After almost a month lying on his back, he began to struggle back to life (and to writing)
in mid-December. The young man was devastated and he was to describe the next few months as his “sick year”. It is clear that Lawrence had an extremely close relationship with his mother and his grief following her death became a major turning point in his life. This scene was recreated in his early years autobiographical novel *Sons and Lovers*, just as the death of Mrs. Morel forms a major turning point, a work that draws upon much of the writer’s provincial upbringing, though he was later to conclude that he had portrayed his father rather unjustly and harshly. Lawrence would return to this locality, which he was to call “the country of my heart,” (Boulton, 1979:202) as a setting for much of his fiction. Then Helen and Jessie both paid him visits; and it was after seeing the latter that he wrote an anguished, nostalgic account of his break with her and with the Haggs Farm, the story, which eventually became “The Shades of Spring”. Louie finally joined the Croydon party for Christmas – Ada had her Eastwood fiancé, Eddie Clark (1889-1964) with her, too; but early in January, Lawrence had to go to Bournemouth for a month’s convalescence. What for many people would have been a month relieved of all thoughts of work was, for Lawrence, a heaven-sent opportunity to take firm hold of the literary career which was now being forced upon him; he had been advised not to go back to work as a teacher. Edward Garnett had cheered him immensely by saying that *The Saga of Siegmund* was nowhere near as bad as Hueffér or Heinemann had suggested, and that Lawrence only needed to knock it into shape to get it published; Garnett supplied notes and Lawrence took the manuscript with him to Bournemouth, to help re-build his literary career.

During January, in the intervals of going for lengthy walks and eating enormous meals, to build up his strength, he rewrote a good deal of it and revised the rest. It may have been good for his recovery and his career to do this (it gave him a novel to follow up the relative success of *The White Peacock*, and Garnett’s firm of Duckworth would take it); but thinking
about the tragedy of Siegmund was nothing but a disaster for his relationship with Louie. He ended the month knowing that he would have to break his engagement to her; and this he did at the start of February, greatly to her distress. She believed that there must be another woman in his life, and there was, of course, more than one, though that was not the reason for his break with her.

On 9 February 1912, Lawrence returned to Eastwood, feeling he had unexpectedly been given (and had grasped at) a whole new set of chances. He had left home in 1908 to start work as a professional man, and had almost settled down to conventional marriage of the kind of which his mother would certainly have approved; he now returned to start a new kind of life, in which he would have to live by his writing. He no longer needed to placate the two women (Lydia Lawrence and Louie Burrows) for whose sake he had stuck at working to earn a decent salary; but his prospects were fairly bleak, all the same. He thought of going abroad; but knew that first he must finish that third novel, *Paul Morel*, due to Heinemann for more than a year now.

Jessie Chambers had made the notes she had promised to make; and she read the new draft of the novel as he wrote it, very fast. It was one of the turning points of his career, this creation of the revised *Paul Morel* in the Eastwood house he was sharing with his sisters and his father, while showing the manuscript to Jessie, the representative of his past life. He was surrounded by the past, but for the first time was trying to get it into real perspective, and to understand what had really happened between his parents, and to himself when young. He was also looking with profound skepticism at his relationship with Jessie Chambers; the fictional arena gave him a chance to work out what kind of a self-conscious and ruthless prig he had been, but also how incapable she too had been of a balanced relationship.
Lawrence wrote the novel at white heat, and to her lasting terror and distress. She would later blame his continuing love for Lydia Lawrence for the way in which he dismissed both the fictional Miriam and the real-life Jessie; but the resolution of the novel seems, rather, to have been one of those breakthroughs into understanding and hard, intellectual clarity of which Lawrence was capable: often to his own dismay, certainly to that of his friends. By the end of March in 1912, the novel was done, all but a last revision; but another symbolic miracle had occurred.

**FRIEDA WEEKLEY**

He had been writing to free himself of the past, and had now discovered something of his future: at the age of 27 he met the German baroness, Emma Maria Frieda Johanna Weekley (née Von Richthofen) (1879-1956) who was the thirty-three-years old wife of Lawrence’s old former modern languages professor from Nottingham University College, Ernest Weekley (1865-1959). She had lived with him since 1899. Daughter of Anna (1851-1930) and Baron Friedrich von Richthofen (1845-1915), from a minor aristocratic German family, she had grown up in Metz, where her father had a desk job in the Prussian army of occupation; at the age of 19 she had married Ernest Weekley. It seems possible that Lawrence had seen her before, either when he was going to his brother George’s Nottingham house for lunch while a student at the High School (George lived in the street opposite the Weekleys at that time) or while at University College, when he was taught French by Weekley: the professor’s handsome young wife may well have been pointed out to him. Lawrence started an affair with Frieda and fell in love with her. However, this was the turning point and he would spend and share the rest of his life with her. She was six years older than her new lover Lawrence, was a mother of three young children. Monty (1900-82) aged almost twelve, Elsa (1902-85) aged nine and Barby
(b.1904) aged seven. But she was dissatisfied by her marriage and suffocated by life in Nottingham.

But now in March 1912 Lawrence went to lunch at the Weekleys; he wanted advice from Weekley about the chance of getting a teaching job abroad; he had cousins in Germany and was contemplating a visit to them later in the spring. He and Frieda talked briefly before lunch, however, and found themselves strongly attracted to each other. Extramarital relationships were something Frieda specialized in; we know of at least three men in Germany and one in England she had had affairs with, over the previous six years (she had the habit of making lengthy visits to Germany most summers to see her family). She probably thought of Lawrence simply as another man she very much liked and wanted, and imagined that an affair with him would (as usual) do nothing to upset her life as a wife and mother. Lawrence was struck rather differently. “You are the most wonderful woman in all England,” he wrote to her within a few days. (Worthen, 1991:562-563). Over the next eight weeks they saw each other fairly often; they went to the theatre in Nottingham, and Frieda had the excuse of taking her children out; they visited the farm run by Jessie Chambers’ sister May (1883-1955) and her husband Will Holbrook (b.1884), for example. The differences between Lawrence and Frieda also became very obvious; Lawrence was shocked when he arrived at the Weekley house for an afternoon with Frieda when the maid had been given the afternoon off, and found that she didn’t even know how to light the gas to make tea. But her beauty, her directness, her foreignness, her spontaneity and carelessness fascinated him. For her part, she quickly became a reader of Paul Morel; she was deeply impressed by Lawrence’s background and the way it fed into his work as a writer – and by his insistence that she was throwing away her life in her comfortable Nottingham surroundings.
Shortly afterwards within weeks the two were “seeing” each other – “seeing” each other’s brains out by all accounts.

As a consequence of meeting her, Lawrence broke off from his affair with Alice Dax, and devoted himself to creating as much of a relationship with Frieda as he could manage. He went to London in April and she was able to go with him; Edward Garnett was happy to take the illicit couple into his house in Kent for a couple of days. By now even Frieda was getting disturbingly involved with Lawrence; but she still failed to do the one thing Lawrence was urging her to do, which was tell Weekley that she was leaving him. What was possible, however, was Frieda was going to see her family in Metz to Bavaria. Again Lawrence insisted that Frieda tell Weekley about him; again Frieda failed to do so, though she did tell Weekley about two earlier affairs just before she left, leaving him in a state of great alarm about her. She left her children with her parents-in-law in London to be with Lawrence, as usual when she went away; and on Friday 3rd May 1912 the pair suddenly eloped and met in London to catch the boat train; they arrived in Metz, a garrison town in Germany near the disputed border with France in Europe, just after 6 o’clock on the Saturday morning. Frieda gave up her comfortable life as a Professor’s wife, starting a new life with Lawrence, the working-class genius. Frieda did not start with the intention of leaving her first husband and their children, but these ten years saw the forging of a marriage that lasted Lawrence’s lifetime.

But what might have looked like their best chance yet of enjoying their affair turned out very differently. Over the next three days they hardly saw each other. Lawrence was briefly introduced to Frieda’s mother and her sisters, but could not be allowed to meet her father, who – in spite of having an illegitimate son of his own – believed strongly in morality and respectability. Lawrence found lodgings in a strict, religious hotel, which cost more than he could afford, while Frieda was staying with her parents.
about a mile away. They saw each other briefly on the Sunday, and then not at all on the Monday apart from a glimpse in a crowded fair Frieda’s father had enjoyed fifty years service in the Prussian army, and celebrations public and private dominated the day. Lawrence spent his time exploring Metz and its environs: and growing angry with Frieda for continuing to pretend that he was just an English visitor whom she knew slightly. By the Tuesday he was desperate:

Now I can’t stand it any longer, I can’t … I’ve tried so hard to work – but I can’t … But no, I won’t utter or act or willingly let you utter or act, another single lie in the business. (Boulton, 1979:376)

Weekley had sent a telegram saying that he suspected Frieda of having a man with her; he also apparently wrote wildly to her father about her. Frieda, on the advice of her mother and sisters, temporized with Weekley, saying that she would write. She was obviously trying to retain her chances of going back to him, and of keeping her children; her family was totally opposed to her abandoning her marriage and her children for the love of a penniless writer.

They decided to wander through Europe for a couple of years and traveled restlessly in several countries such as Austria, Germany, Italy and the French Riviera in the final two decades, before returning back to England and lived together for the rest of their lives, but never settled for long. Frieda continued to have affairs, which Lawrence accepted. They fought about many things, but never about her affairs. Thus setting a pattern for a life spent on the move, always short of money and frequently enjoying a tempestuous relationship with each other.
Their nomadic lifestyle provided Lawrence with the materials for a very personal brand of travel writing, of which four volumes were published. Their stay here included Lawrence’s first brush with militarism, when he was arrested and accused of being a British spy, before being released following an intervention from Weekley’s father. And it was to the south of Munich that Lawrence at last traveled, at the end of May; where he was joined by Weekley for their first years “honeymoon,” later chronicled in the series of love poems called Look! We Have Come Through (1917). This poem is Lawrence’s other work from the period of the end of the war and it reveals another important element common to much of his writings; his inclination to lay himself bare in his writings.

To his distress, the novel came back from Heinemann almost immediately: it was too overtly sexual, the degradation of Mrs. Morel through living in the working-class was impossible, it was badly structured: Heinemann were turning it down flat. Lawrence was only lucky in having Edward Garnett and the firm of Duckworth waiting in the wings; Lawrence wrote a letter to his friend Edward Garnett, expressing anger that his manuscript for Sons and Lovers, when it was rejected by Heinemann (July, 1912):

Curse the blasted, jelly-boned swines, the slimy, the belly-wriggling invertebrates, the miserable soddingrutters, the flaming sods, the snivelung, dribbling, dithering, palsied, pulse-less lot that make up England today. They’ve got the white of egg in their veins and their spunk is so watery it’s a marvel they can breed.

(Boulton, 1979:392)

Garnett read the manuscript, recommended its acceptance, and made many suggestions for one final revision. Lawrence does not seem to have been
too upset: he may have recognized that he now really wanted to include in it something of his new experience with Frieda.

From Germany they walked southwards across the Alps to Italy, a journey that was recorded in the first of his travel books, a collection of linked essays entitled *Twilight in Italy* and the unfinished novel, *Mr. Noon*. With a broadening of his horizons, Lawrence’s artistic talents flourished and it was during his stay in Italy, Lawrence completed the final version of *Sons and Lovers* that, which at once marked him as a writer of unusual power, when published in 1913; it was criticized for its graphic depiction of sexual relations. Lawrence’s doctrines of sexual freedom arose obscenity trials, which are still part of the relationship between literature and society. He saw sex and intuition as a key to undistorted perception of reality and a way unburden individual’s frustrations and maladjustment to industrial culture. The writer’s frankness in describing sexual relations between men and women upset a great many people. Lawrence’s life after World War I was marked with continuous and restless wandering.

The novel is the book of life. In this sense, the Bible is a great confused novel. You may say, it is about God. But it is really about man alive. Adam, Eve, Sarai, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Samuel, David, Bath-sheba, Ruth, Esther, Solomon, Job, Isaiah, Jesus, mark, Judas, Paul, Peter: what is it but man alive, from start to finish? Man alive, not mere bits. Even the Lord is another man alive, in a burning bush, throwing the tablets of stone at Moses’s head. (Boulton, 1979:82)

Lawrence defended himself by stating that “what the blood feels, and believes, and says, is always true” and was based on his childhood and contains as a portrayal of Jessie Chambers, the Miriam in the novel and
called ‘Muriel’ in early stories. It was acknowledged to represent a vivid portrait of the realities of working class provincial life. Touched with the variety that travel brought, and often spending time in climates better suited to his poor health, Lawrence spent the rest of his life permanently on the move. The couple returned to England in 1913 for a short visit.

Lawrence now encountered and befriended critic John Middleton Murry and New Zealand-born short story writer Katherine Mansfield. Lawrence and Weekley soon went back to Italy, staying in a cottage in Fiascherino on the Gulf of Spezia. Here he started writing the first draft of a work of fiction that was to be transformed into two of his better-known novels, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*. Eventually, the couple returned to England and although they were married at Kensington’s Registrar’s Office on the 13th July, 1914, in London; shortly after obtaining her divorce from Ernest Weekley (Frieda losing custody of her children).

The Lawrences had intended to return to Italy in August, but were persecuted and this was prevented as well during prior to the outbreak of the First World War, trapping the couple in England. At that time the Lawrences were unable to obtain passports for the duration of the war, and were target of constant harassment from the authorities. Confined to England during the war years, they moved to Cornwall, staying and spent much of that time at Tregerthen Cottage in Zennor, but living near the south coast, and overlooking the British shipping lanes, with a German wife, and with Britain at war with Germany. (Black, 1998:204). This only served to compound Lawrence’s problems, for the supposed pro-German sympathies of his wife, Frieda and the authorities became concerned that she was a spy. Later, local people reported that the Lawrences were using the clothes hanging on their washing line to send coded messages to German U-boats.
These were very troubled times for the couple. They were even both accused of spying and signaling to German submarines off of the coast of Cornwall where they lived at Zennor. Weekley’s German parentage, Frieda and Lawrence’s open contempt for militarism meant that they were viewed with suspicion in wartime England and lived in near destitution and so were forced to live in various places in England, including Cornwall and Derbyshire.

His fourth novel, *The Rainbow* (1915), was published and it was about two sisters growing up in the north of England. The novel was banned for its alleged obscenity – it used coarse language, swearwords and openly talked about sex. He was prosecuted for his scandalous use of profanity and his graphic descriptions of the sex act. This would keep him in constant trouble with the authorities. (Worthen, 1996:23).

1.8. CONCLUSION

Lawrence is perhaps best known for his novels *Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love* and *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*. Within these Lawrence explored the possibilities for life and lived within an Industrial setting. In particular Lawrence is concerned with the nature of relationships that can be had within such settings. Though often classed as a realist, Lawrence’s use of his characters can be better understood with reference to his philosophy. His use of sexual activity, though shocking at the time, had its roots in this highly personal way of thinking and being. It was worth noting that Lawrence was very interested in human touch behavior and that his interest in physical intimacy had its roots in a desire to restore our emphasis on the body, and re-balance it with what he perceived to be western civilization’s slow process of over-emphasis on the mind.