CHAPTER-V

FRESH HORIZONS
The spirit of Lawrence was too wild to be kept within the bounds of any tradition. He created his poetry in the tradition of Romantics, but he could not be shackled by any rules and conventions. Therefore, Horace Gregory has aptly remarked:

D.H. Lawrence, like Emerson before him, accepted the task of reviving Adam in himself and renaming the beasts of creation.\(^1\)

And to Lawrence himself, poetry is nothing less than:

The spiritual record of an entire people. All art including poetry draws its substance from its contact with life. The artist’s business is, ‘to reveal the relation between the man and his circumbient universe, at the living moment.’\(^2\)

Lawrence has now been established as an artist of a moral vision and that of prophetic art of speech. He still attracts critics who focus on influences, evaluations and sources because of his persistent reputation as a representational realist. He also attracts readers equally who basically are interested in his spiritual ideas and themes, his working class origins and his spiritual quest, his intuitive and instinctive response to every object and art of nature.

Keith Sagar considers Lawrence as a poet of his aspirations, struggles and profound experiences, while G. Salgado treats Lawrence as a pure autobiographical
poet as Lawrence’s critical theories and judgements emerge directly from his integrated view of the self. In the last phase of his life, Lawrence suffered as a writer and as an artist. He wrote a series of poems that he called ‘Pansies’ and ‘Nettles’. In the ‘Introduction’ to the first collection of ‘Pansies’ (1929) Lawrence thus explains about its title:

This little bunch of fragments is offered as a bunch of Pensees, anglice Pansies; a handful of thoughts. Or, if you will have the other derivation of pansy, from panser, to dress or soothe a wound; these are my tender administrations to the mental and emotional wounds we suffer from. Or you can have heartsease if you like, since the modern heart could certainly do with it.3

He is of the opinion that each pansy has an intellectual aspect and it should not be considered as an idea in isolation:

Each little piece is a thought; not a bare idea or an opinion or a didactic statement, but a true thought, which comes as much from the heart and the genitals as from the head. A thought, with its own blood of emotion and instinct running in it like the fire in a fire-opal, if I may be so bold. Perhaps if you hold up my Pansies properly to the light, they may show a running vein of fire. At least, they do not pretend to be half-baked lyrics or melodies in American measure. They are thoughts which run through the modern mind and body, each having its own separate existence, yet each of them combining with all the others to make up a complete state of mind.4

‘Pansies’ was published in 1929, excluding the twelve odd poems which the police had censored and in the same year from the Warren Gallery, London few of his paintings were confiscated. It all resulted in a sequence of some more disagreeable ‘Nettles’. Lawrence himself was disappointed with such progress:
Lawrence wrote about two hundred and five 'Pansies' during the year 1929, and thirty four 'Pansies' poems were published in 'The Complete Poems' edited by Pinto in 1929. The themes of all these 'Pansies', 'Nettles' and 'More Pansies' are mostly related to a dissection of the ills of society. According to some critics, the 'Pansies' poems reveal Lawrence's worst behaviour. They were written after his return from Mexico and reflect the contemporary scenario as he dealt in his 'Lady Chatterly's Lover' and last stories.

In later poems of Lawrence, one gets the idea about a man that he is able to speak about his whole mind in verse with complete ease like Byron's Don Juan, without any sort of inhibition. According to R. Aldington:

Nearly all these Pansies and Nettles came out of Lawrence's nerves not out of his real self.6

In 'Foreword' to the chapter 'Pansies' of the 'Collected Poems'(1929), Lawrence presents those poems symbolically:

These poems are called Pansies because they are rather Pensees than anything else. Pascal or La Bruyere wrote their Pensees in prose, but it has always seemed to me that a real thought, a single thought, not an argument, can only exist easily in verse, or in some poetic form. There is a didactic element about prose thoughts which makes them repellent, slightly bullying. "He who hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune". There
is a thought well put; but immediately it irritates by its assertiveness. It applies too direct to actual practical life. If it were put into poetry it wouldn't nag at us so practically. We don't want to be nagged at.\footnote{7}

Lawrence wishes that these 'Pansies' should be taken as casual thoughts which are true to the moods and circumstances that he expressed in his poem, 'Delight of Being Alone':

\begin{quote}
I know no greater delight than the sheer delight of being alone.
It makes me realise the delicious pleasure of the moon that she has in traveling by herself: throughout time, or the splendid growing of an ash-tree alone, on a hill-side in the north, humming in the wind.\footnote{8}
\end{quote}

All these 'Pansies' and 'Nettles' reflect Lawrence's nerves which are written in a mood of exasperation. But many of these poems are brilliant incisive and stiric commentaries on the Western Civilization. One of them is the poem called 'Wages':

\begin{quote}
The wages of work is cash.
The wages of cash is want more cash.
The wages of want more cash is vicious competition.
The wages of vicious competition is the world we live in.
The work-cash-want circle is the viciousest circle that ever turned men into fiends.
Earning a wage is a prison occupation and a wage-earner is a sort of gaol-bird.
Earning a salary is a prison overseer's job, a gaoler instead of a gaol-bird.\footnote{9}
\end{quote}

Lawrence agrees that the present society is based on money and the whole mass of working people are prisoners of this system. As living on one's income is strolling grandly outside the prison in terror lest one has to go in. Since the work
prison covers almost every scrap of the living earth, one strolls up and down like a prisoner taking his exercises:

Living on your income is strolling grandly outside the prison
in terror lest you have to go in. And since the work-prison covers
almost every scrap of the living earth, you stroll up and down
on a narrow beat, about the same as a prisoner taking his exercise
This is called universal freedom.\textsuperscript{10}

The poem is a great and naked satire on the bourgeois society. The image of perfect symbol for industrial society is a man with the private income strolling grandly outside the prison. It is the terrible attack and the whole humanity has been corrupted by the work-cash-want interconnection. The poem ‘Wages’ reveals the same class of conflict when ‘India’ was in the slavery of the ‘East India Company’ i.e. proletarianization of ever larger number of people that accompanied the development of capitalism. Goods produced by the peasantry class or traditional handicrafts could not be sold in competition and as a result cheap consumer goods turned out of those factories and they became jobless and were forced to seek employment in the factories, where they were yoked to the life less modes of production. The machine exterminated their creative skill to produce beautiful objects. In ‘Things Man Have Made’, Lawrence, laments over such phenomenon:

Things men have made with wakened hands, and put soft life into
are awake through years with transferred touch, and go on glowing
for long years.
And for this reason, some old things are lovely
warm still with the life of forgotten men who made them.\textsuperscript{11}

In the next verse Lawrence regrets that:

Things made by iron and handled by steel
are born dead, they are shrouds, they soak life out of us.
Till after a long time, when they are old and have steeped
in our life
they begin to be soothed and soothing; then we throw them away.\textsuperscript{12}

And again in ‘Whatever Man Makes’ he says that:

\begin{quote}
What ever man makes and makes it live.
lives because of the life put into it.
A yard of India muslin is alive with Hindu life.
And a Navajo woman, wearing her rug in the pattern of her
dream
must run the pattern out in a little break at the end
so that her soul can come out, back to her.\textsuperscript{13}
\end{quote}

According to Lawrence, the goods made by machines are life-denying both for the producer as well as the consumer also. But the goods produced by the creative skill of the artisans have the permanent beauty and life-warmth that lacks in these machine made things:

\begin{quote}
New houses, new furniture. new streets new clothes, new sheets
everything new and machine-made sucks life out of us
and makes us cold, makes us lifeless
the more we have.\textsuperscript{14}
\end{quote}

And in ‘We Are Transmitters’:

\begin{quote}
And if, as we work, we can transmit life into our work,
Life, still more life, rushes into us to compensate, to be ready
and we ripple with life through the days.\textsuperscript{15}
\end{quote}

Lawrence regrets that machines have not only destroyed the skill of artisans, but have also made old technicians jobless in wake of new technique of industrialization. And the root cause of whole devastation is money and after that is the machine. So in Lawrence’s view, both money and machine are enemies of artisans and labourers:
Why have money?
why have a financial system to strangle us all in its
Octopus arms?
why have industry?
why have the industrial system?
why have machines, that we only have to serve?\textsuperscript{16}

Lawrence makes us aware of the dangers of industrialization:

And so it will be again, men will smash the machines.
At last, for the sake of clothing himself in his own leaf-like
cloth
tissued from his life,
and dwelling in his own bowery house, like a beaver’s
 nibbled mansion
and drinking from cups that came off his fingers like flowers off their
five-fold stem,
he will cancel the machines we have got.\textsuperscript{17}

And therefore, he urges the working class to overthrow such wage slavery:

And work is life, and life is lived in work
unless you’re a wage-slave.
While a wage-slave works, he leaves life aside
and stands there a piece of dung.\textsuperscript{18}

He is also against the class discrimination and gives a call to start a revolution
against this bourgeois monopoly:

O! start a revolution, somebody!
not to get the money
but to lose it all for ever.
O! start a revolution, somebody!
not to install the working classes
but to abolish the working classes for ever
and have a world of men.\textsuperscript{19}

Lawrence is deadly against the exploitation of the working class as they should not be regarded as waste material but should struggle for their identity as a vital past of society. He exhorts the young working class to vivify their dormant energies to fight against these extant powers and their hired ideologies:

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 have ground you so small.\textsuperscript{20}

He further adds:

It’s either you fight or you die,
young gents, you’ve got no option.
No good asking the reason why
it’s either you fight or you die,
die, die, lily-liveredly die
or fight and make the splinters fly
bust up the holy apple-pie
you’ve got no option.
Don’t say you can’t, start in and try;
give great hypocrisy the lie
and tackle the blousy big blow-fly
of money; do it or die!
you’ve got no option.\textsuperscript{21}
He also stresses the working class to begin a revolution which should be different from the Soviet Proletarian Revolution of 1917:

Why have a Soviet, that only wants to screw us all in as parts of the machine?
why have working classes at all, as if men were only embodied jobs?
why not have men as men, and the work as merely part of the game of life?\textsuperscript{22}

Lawrence idealises to abolish money, machine and working class which was practically impossible. He was therefore, a tortured soul that he wrote in a letter to Charles Wilson, a freelance journalist, on dated 22 Dec., 1928 and incorporated them in his three beautiful and revolutionary poems viz. ‘For God’s Sake’, ‘O! Start a Revolution’, and ‘It is Either You Fight or Die’. Lawrence sends them to C. Wilson’s request as a new year message for the workers of Willington Colliery.

The poems, along with the letter, reveal Lawrence’s view of the socialism and that of capitalism. For him, both the systems bring up man as a slave to industry. He held ‘machine’ responsible for the tragic fate of the modern people.

In the year 1926, a period between the two World Wars the miners went on strike. But the strike was later called off by the leadership of the labour movement. Lawrence’s relation to the event was two-fold. Firstly, he was glad as he was scared of a class war in England that was a result of strike. Secondly, he realized that the working class was a paralyzed force that has lost its manliness, as the workers succumbed to charity, i.e. state and trade union doles. The workers had lost their integrity and therefore cannot bring about a revolution. According to Lawrence, mere abolition of the bourgeoise by the working class is no revolution and what the Russian leaders had established was according to Lawrence a totalitarian state where an individual is counted as a dehumanized item. Through the poem, ‘When Wilt Thou Teach The People’, Lenin, the great political leader of Soviet Russia, says to his people:
You are saved, but you are saved wholesale. You are no longer men, that is bourgeois; you are items in the soviet state, and each item will get its ration, but it is the soviet state alone which counts the items are of small importance, the state having saved them all.\textsuperscript{23}

Napoleon, on the other hand, who claimed to have saved his people from the ancient regime says to them as:

Since I have saved you from the-cidevants, you are my property, be prepared to die for me, and to work for me.\textsuperscript{24}

And the later republicans, the liberal democrats say:

You are saved, therefore you are our savings, our capital with which we shall do big business.\textsuperscript{25}

Life, according to Lawrence, is not a set of social codes or an attempt to satisfy one’s ego. Social consciousness makes one forget that life consists in doing what one really, vitally wants to do. Power recognized by social consciousness is just a synonym for command over fellow beings. But on the contrary, the individual consciousness brings the meaning of self-realisation. The exercise of power is the setting of life in motion. Therefore, Lawrence wants the dictators in the world like Lenin, Napoleon or Mussolini, not to set money in circulation but to set life in motion. Power is not politics or money. True power comes from beyond. It is invisible and unaccountable. The power of money is false. Today, the mystery of power is lost. But at the same time Lawrence is sure that money cannot be a substitute for blood affinity. Even Wells, Shaw and Neil did not deter Lawrence from thinking that the rich have as much misery as the poor. Lawrence confesses his sympathy for the socialists but they shut their eyes
for fulfillment of their selfish ends. Money, according to Lawrence, is original sin and the root of all evil, that alienates man from man, breeds hatred and brings about all the moral degradations for man. In one of his poems Lawrence sarcastically utters:

Almighty Mammon, make me rich!
Make me rich quickly, with never a hitch
in my fine prosperity! Kick those in the ditch
who hinder me, Mammon, great son of a bitch!\textsuperscript{26}

Money, according to Lawrence, breeds injustice, inequality and inhumanity and reduces an individual to zero in financial transactions. The lust for minting money more or fear of losing money drive the individuals to war and class conflicts. That he expresses through his poem ‘Kill Money’:

Kill money, put money out of existence.
It is a perverted instinct, a hidden thought
which rots the brain, the blood, the bones, the stones, the soul.
Make up your mind about it:
that society must establish itself upon a different principle
from the one we’ve got now.
We must have the courage of mutual trust.
We must have the modesty of simple living.
And the individual must have his house, food and fire all
free like a bird.\textsuperscript{27}

Money, according to Lawrence, is the source of all evils of this society which corrupts both ‘haves’ and ‘have not’. Nobody is an escapist:

Money is our madness, our vast collective madness.
And of course, if the multitude is mad
the individual carries his own grain of insanity around with him.
I doubt if any man living hands out a pound note without a pang;
and a real tremor, if he hands out a ten-pound note.
We quail, money makes us quail.
It has got us down, we grovel before it in strange terror.
And no wonder, for money has a fearful cruel power among men.
But it is not money we are so terrified of,
it is the collective money-madness of mankind.
For mankind says with one voice: How much is he worth?
Has he no money? Then let him eat dirt, and go cold-
And if I have no money, they will give me a little bread so I do not die,
but they will make me eat dirt with it.
I shall have to eat dirt, I shall have to eat dirt
if I have no money.
It is that that I am frightened of.
And that fear can become a delirium.
It is fear of my money-mad fellow-men.
We must have some money to save us from eating dirt.28

In Lawrence’s view, it is not only the working class but also the professional classes, who are the oversears of the capitalist prison house. So, the poem ‘Wages’ reveals that Lawrence had great understanding of the processes which resulted in the proletariatization of ever larger number of people who hail capitalism. The industrialization forced the traditional handicrafts to seek employment in the factories and uprooted peasantry. These people were yoked to the mechanical, lifeless modes of production, whereas the independent and individual producer in pre-machine era they have put their heart and soul in producing beautiful objects. But machine has destroyed their natural talent. Therefore Lawrence protests:

The machine has got you, is turning you round and round
and confusing you, and feeding itself on your life.
Softly, subtly, secretly, in soul first, then in spirit, then in body slip aside, slip out
from the entanglement of the giggling machine
that sprawls across the earth in iron imbecility.
Softly, subtly, secretly, saying nothing
step aside, step out of it, it is eating you up.
O step aside, with decision, sons of men, with decision.29

But Lawrence is hopeful of the revival when money will lose its importance
and dignity of labour will be established. He, as a tortured soul, sighs through the
‘Pansies’ in the poem ‘The Root of Our Evil’, where he condemns the
commercialization and salesmanship of human values and considers it as a source of
evil:

The Root of our present evil is that we buy and sell.
Ultimately, we are all busy buying and selling one another.
It began with judas, and goes on in the wage-system.
Men sell themselves for a wage, and employers look out
for a bargain
And employers are bought by financiers, and financiers are
Sold to the devil.30

And in the next few lines he desires:

What we want is some sort of communism
Not based on wages, nor profits, nor any sort of buying and
selling
But on a religion of life.31

Nineteenth century was a period of science and technology which made rapid
advancement. Many new inventions and discoveries took place. Mammoth factories
were established with big capital investments. As a result the small scale producers
lost their contest and their survival improvished workers. In the poem ‘Man And
Machine’, Lawrence laments:

Man invented the machine
and now the machine has invented man.\textsuperscript{32}

In his next poem ‘Masses and Classes’, Lawrence says that new type of industrial revolution brought a new type of the entrepreneurs who established factories, installed machinery where they purchased labour at the cheapest rates. It gave birth to new classes in history that Lawrence called as ‘masses’ and ‘classes’:

There are masses, and there and classes
but the machine it is that has invented them both.
The classes are so superior
because they are the brains of the machine.
And the masses are also so superior
because they are the arms and legs of the machine.\textsuperscript{33}

The two new classes Lawrence was talking about were ‘the brains of the machine’, i.e. ‘the industrial bourgeoisie’ and ‘the arms and the legs of the machine’, i.e. ...the industrial working class. But Lawrence criticizes both the classes especially the bourgeois as according to him, the bourgeois society is materialistic, loveless, greedy, though they pretend to be idealistic and affectionate. It makes Lawrence disturbed, puzzled and unhappy that he utters in the poem, ‘The Triumph of the Machine’:

They talk of the triumph of the machine,
but the machine will never triumph.
Out of the thousands and thousands of centuries of man
the unrolling of ferns, white tongues of the acanthus
lapping at the sun,
for one sad century
machines have triumphed, rolled us hither and thither,
shaking the lark’s nest till the eggs have broken.
Shaken the marshes, till the geese have gone
and the wild swans flown away singing the swan-song us.
Hard, hard on the earth the machines are rolling,
but through some hearts they will never roll.
The lark nests in his heart
and the white swan swims in the marshes of his loins,
and through the wide prairies of his breast a young bull
herds his cows,
lambs frisk among the daisies of his brain.
And at last
all these creatures that cannot die, driven back
Into the uttermost corner of the soul,
will send up the wild cry of despair.\(^34\)

In the poem, ‘Let Us Be Men’, Lawrence stresses the human qualities of men
and women, puts it against the machine driven interests and action. No person can be
happy in the present bourgeois society in spite of the fact that it has invented
multifarious materialistic avenues of pleasure as he laments:

For God’s sake, let us be men
not monkey minding machines
or sitting with our tails curled
while the machine amuses us, the radio or film or gramophone.
Monkeys with a bland grin on our faces.\(^35\)

Lawrence craves for a society not based on the superficial distinctions but he
seeks living consciousness. He denounces a work of art which has mere social beings
in place of really vivid human beings as characters. He was worried about the existing
evils of civilization and materialism which are deeply rooted. Lawrence suggests that
we must emphasize the force of the primitive instincts and derive social conventions
which had turned the natural man into a robot. He is of the opinion that when we give
up our poor assumptions and conceits resulting from a less of contact with nature we
will not be able to retain our vitality and blood-consciousness. Through the poem
‘How Beastly the Bourgeois Is’, he states that a bourgeois is a self satisfied member of
the middle-class. The breed has thinned our society and changed its impact slightly
since the period of Lawrence to present day:

How beastly the bourgeois is
especially the male of the species-
Nicely groomed, like a mushroom
standing there so sleek and erect and eyeable-
and like a fungus, living on the remains of bygone life
sucking his life out of the dead leaves of greater life than his
own.  

Fungus, as is one of the lowest forms of life, and feeds on organic matter and lacks chlorophyll. Bourgeois in his view is like fungus and is a parasite: all warming inside, sapless and wanting in vitality, like a putrid mushroom and he thus utters:

And even so, he’s stale, he’s been there too long.
Touch him, and you’ll find he’s all gone inside
just like an old mushroom, all wormy inside, and hollow
under a smooth skin and an upright appearance.
Full of seething, wormy, hollow feelings
rather nasty-
How beastly the bourgeois is!  

Hence, Lawrence is of the view that only after giving up our hypocrisy and tenuousness of the intellect it will bring forth a natural way of living which will recognize ‘the dark flow’ in ‘the deep body’. He also believes that one must give up all counterfeit emotions in order to keep a connection between ourselves and others. We pretend to have feelings and emotions that really do not have or when we mistakenly imagine or have got real emotions, which leads to counterfeit emotions. Nothing is more staggering to Lawrence than swindling emotions. In another beautiful poem ‘To Be Superior’ Lawrence has analysed the generic characteristics and their feeling of superiority over others when he says:

How nice it is to be superior!
Because really, it’s no use pretending, one is superior,
 isn’t one?
I mean people like you and me.
Quite! I quite agree.
The trouble is, everybody thinks they’re just as superior as we are; just as superior. That’s what’s so boring! People are so boring. But they can’t really think it, do you think? At the bottom, they must know we are really superior don’t you think?  

In these ‘Pansies’ passions of hatred are directed against the lies and such virtues of languorous are called ‘Pansies’ because, as Lawrence tells us, ‘they are rather ‘Pansees’, than anything else’. He wishes them to be taken as ‘casual thought that are true while they are true, and irrelevant when the mood and circumstance changes’. They are not written in prose because, ‘there is a didactic element about prose thoughts which makes them repellent, slightly bullying’. Certainly, Lawrence’s thoughts are not bullying, for there are few things so consolatory in some moods as a comprehensive dislike of most things; but neither are they, as he wishes them to be, exactly like flowers, ‘merely the breath of the moment, and one eternal moment easily contradicting the next eternal moment’. On the contrary, they fix with an unusual precision, a particular set of opinions and memorialize disgust of our civilization as few treatises by social reformers could hope so.

Lawrence sings his poems in describing this desired territory that Lawrence becomes most a poet and can best exercise his concrete and physical metaphors:

I don’t want to be poor, it means I am pinched.
But neither do I want to be rich.
When I look at this pine-tree near the sea, that grows out of rock, and plumes forth, plumes forth,
I see it has a natural abundance.

In modern poetry, the poet finds helpless to express much of his emotions in idiomatic sense of phrase. Lawrence’s previous works either in novels or in psycho-analytical discourses or in long and relatively indirect poems, mostly indeed were indirect. Now he pursues the quite simple method of epigram and image of statement and idea. Not that he claims completeness for the present result or express to stand by
these particular propositions for ever. They are only 'Pansies', after all, not immortelles:

I don’t want everlasting flowers, and I don’t want to offer them to anybody else. A flower passes, and that perhaps is the best of it. If we can take it in its transience, its breath, its maybe mephistophelean, may be palely ophelian face, the look it gives, the gesture of its full bloom, and the way it turns upon us to depart - that was the flower, we have had it, and no immortelle can give us anything in comparison. The same with the pansy poems; merely the breath of the moment, and one eternal moment easily contradicting the next eternal moment. Only don’t nail the pansy down. You won’t keep it any better if you do.44

When he has all his faculties like his wit, anger, the sense of absurdity as well as his conviction of the truth that makes a significant contribution to his poetic observations as the following:

Elephants in the circus
have aeons of weariness round their eyes.
Yet they sit up
and show vast bellies to the children.45

or he breaks out his noble and humorous way of expression against the professional pacifism:

People always make war when they say they love peace.
The loud love of peace makes one quiver more than any battle cry.
Why should one love peace? it is so obviously vile to make war.
Loud peace propaganda makes war seem imminent.
It is a form of war, even, self-assertion and being wise for other people.
Let people be wise for themselves. And anyhow
nobody can be wise except on rare occasions, like getting married or dying.

It's bad taste to be wise all the time, like being at a perpetual funeral.\textsuperscript{46}

Lawrence once said that to be honest in writing one has to write from some point of view to be conjectured. One cannot write without feeling—and feeling is bias. But if the author imposes his own prejudices and preferences on his works, he produces an immoral work. This immortality enters a work of art only when the writer attempts to pull down the balance to his own predilection.

The present section has many thought-provoking poems, which attributes to the poetic genius of Lawrence's unmasked personality where we can encounter with his poetry as, "the insurgent throb of the instant moment"\textsuperscript{47} and we can discover "neither star nor pearl but instantaneous like plasm".\textsuperscript{48} In this section Lawrence has set a milestone of poetic experience with the greatest delicacy and the finest intelligence which embodies complete honesty of the poet.

Indeed Lawrence was tempted by a deep distrust in human life. We have always believed that he was potentially strong in his talent. When we have crusaded against him, we have only paid tribute to his power. No other living writer could drive us to such frenzy hostility as he has done with such delight. What matters supremely to Lawrence is the search for reality in the souls of people and of things. In his beautiful novel \textit{Kangaroo}, he has frankly restored his autobiography. One cannot doubt that he incidently has told a long, true story of his experiences.

Lawrence tries perversely to make his saying aggressively and consciously and makes it peculiarly naked as possible. As for the obscenity the naked truth of life exists, it exists in all his poems. Lawrence's words are always at the boiling point. The prevailing mood of his poetry is one of anger, rebellion and contempt. The masked respectable man is Lawrence's enemy. A large proportion of his free verse explosions can only claim to be his poetry because they are extremely direct and outburst of his concentrated fury:

The only reason for living is being fully alive;
and you can’t be fully alive if you are crushed by secret fear, 
and bullied with the threat; Get money, or eat dirt!-
and forced to do a thousand mean things meaner than your 
nature, 
and forced to clutch on to possessions in the hope they’ll 
make you feel safe, 
and forced to watch everyone that comes near you, lest 
they’ve come to do you down.49

He further adds:

To be alive, you’ve got to feel a generous flow, 
and under a competitive system that is impossible, really. 
The world is waiting for a new great movement of generosity, 
or for a great wave of death, 
We must change the system, and make living free to all men, 
or we must see men die, and then die ourselves.50

But when Lawrence looks at the good life of animals, insects, plants, flowers, 
his fury disappears. He visualises a vital energy in them and finds a way to his 
intuitive perception:

See it come forth in blossom 
From the snow-remembering heart 
In long-nighted January, 
In the long dark nights of the evening star, and Sirius, and 
the Etna snow-wind—through the long night. 
Sweating his drops of blood through the long-nighted 
Gethsemane. 
Into blossom, into pride, into honey-triumph, into most 
exquisite splendour. 
Oh, give me the tree of life in blossom 
And the Cross sprouting its superb and fearless flowers!51
It is Lawrence's belief that we have our roots in the earth and we have to cultivate an atmosphere for fresh air so that we can breathe and live. He expresses that we have made the earth so hard that the roots are starving and stifling under the soil. Our roots exist in the sensual, instinctive and intuitive body, and we require the air of open consciousness as he expresses in the poem 'All That We Have Is Life':

All that we have, while we live, is life;
and if you don't live during your life, you are a piece of dung.\(^{52}\)

In the "Introduction" to the 'Pansies' Lawrence explains:

The fairest thing in nature, a flower, still has its roots in earth and manure; and in the perfume there hovers still the faint strange scent of earth, the under-earth in all its heavy humidity and darkness. Certainly it is so in pansy-scent, and in violet-scent; mingled with the blue of the morning, the black of the corrosive humus. Else the scent would be just sickly sweet.\(^ {53}\)

In all his statements about creation, Lawrence speaks about intuitive awareness predominating the origin of his art. According to Lawrence, 'true imagination' that is, 'the state of consciousness' in which intuitive awareness predominates and it is responsible for all human creativity: artistic or otherwise. And there can neither be true and rich life nor true and rich art without it. If we have "no imaginative life, we are poor worms who have never lived"\(^ {54}\). In his view, a fulfilled life is a creative life, a life of wholeness, characterized by true imagination in which the intuitive faculty predominates. He reverences all true works of art which are products of the artist's wholeness as well as there expressions of truths which are worth-knowing and worth-living. Lawrence's tremendous reverence for art is matched only by his reverence for life. Lawrence's violent outbursts against the works of art do not come up to his high expectations in truthfulness and wholeness and they are a counterpoise to his veneration of instinctive art. He frankly expresses a desire to shoot the boar or writer when disgusted. For example, in his opinion, Howthorne's 'The Scarlet Letter' "makes one feel like spitting"\(^ {55}\) and 'The Marble Faun' makes him feel "like giving Nathaniel
a kick in the seat of his poor little pants". And such strong reactions couched in such uninhibited terms seldom come from a ‘descent’ and ‘respectable’ critic. Lawrence looked upon literature as a sort of ‘divine service’ for the cause of life to him. Every book had a potential influence on life, and a writer or a critic becomes a messenger to such ‘divine service’. He disliked the writer who did not take such works seriously. That he protested in a letter:

My self I don’t care a button for neat works of art...But really, Signor Linati, do you think that books should be sort of toys, nicely built up of observations and sensations, all finished and complete? - I don’t...I can’t bear art that you can walk round and admire. A book should either be a bandit or a rebel or a man in a crowd. People should either run for their lives, or come under the colours, or say how do you do? I hate the actor-and - the-audience business. An author should be in among the crowd kicking their shins or cheering on to some mischief or merriment ...who ever reads me will be in the thick of the scrimmage........

Here lies the key of Lawrence’s attitude to literature which reflects his tremendous, and ‘frantic’ intensity of caring and sense of involvement. To Lawrence, literature never meant for amusement or escape or written \textit{a la mode} by the \textbf{Smarties} nor could he appreciate what he derived as “the important glories of virtuosity”. He tends to involve the reader in his own creative works. As a sensitive individual he responds to experience the whole of his being to an exciting experience and getting into the thick of the scrimmage. Lawrence thinks, a writer writes because he can’t help writing and because he has something in him that he feels he can say better than it has been said before, and because it would be wrong, entirely wrong, to possess a talent and have thoughts, without sharing them with the world. Therefore, the writer’s creative urge and his moral obligation to the race are the twin impulsions behind his creative writings. Further he explains that when an artist gives himself over to his creative impulse and acts ‘spontaneously from the forever incalculable prompting of the creative well head within him’; he is engaged in an activity both moral and
moralizing, for in that case both the artist and the poem share an identity of intent. A poet is handling the poem properly only if he guards against its manipulation by his own didactic-idealistic self, as it would help to change the life-mode of the reader by reorienting the flow of his sympathetic consciousness. When a writer is true to his creative self, his sympathy necessarily flows in the right direction, informing the right intuitions.

A writer or an artist is a real revolutionary for Lawrence. Therefore, it is not people like Mussolini or Hitler or Lenin who usher in real revolutions. The real heroes and revolutionaries are persons like Cezanne and Whitman who transform the consciousness and the very like mode of their generation. Cezanne, according to Lawrence was the first painter after centuries to paint his models without idealizing or sentimentalizing them and without letting them project their personality; their spurious self, upon the painting, is hailed by him as “a pure revolutionary who uttered the foreword to the fall not only of Jesuits and the Christian idealists altogether, but to the collapse of our whole way of consciousness, and the substitution of another way”\(^5\)

Lawrence declares Whitman as a great moralist, a great leader, a great changer of the blood in the veins of men. He criticizes Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, at the same time, for failing their country and handling it over to Lenin. Hence, Lawrence acknowledged an artist as a potential legislator of Universe.

Lawrence requires a writer to express his true creative self and not his attitudinizing ego, as true art is expressive of the ‘state of soul’ of the artist. If a writer writes from his true individual self, from his inner instincts, his work will be truly objective or impersonal and truly subjective i.e. expressive of his true self. He is annoyed with Keats because in his ‘Ode to Nightingale’, he describes the Jaunty bird’s song as ‘a plaintive anthem’ redolent of pain and death. He observes as “this is Keats not at all the nightingale”\(^6\) He thrashes W. Wordsworth also for his keenness to identify himself with the objects of nature, by insulting their individuality, their essential otherness. Lawrence imagines Wordsworth saying to himself: “I, William, am also a yellow primrose blossoming on a bank”, and comments immediately, “This, we must assert, is an impertinence on William’s part.......This is bunk. A primrose has its own primrosy identity, and all the oversouling in the world won’t melt it into a
Williamish oneness". But Lawrence praises highly for his recognition of the true 'appleyeness' of the apple.

Making an attack on his contemporary experimental writers Lawrence through the below mentioned excerpt illustrates how close in his thinking are life and literature, so much so that he does not hesitate to apply to both of them the same criteria:

"Did I feel a twinge in my little toe, or didn't I?" asks every character of Mr. Joyce or of Miss Richardson or M. Proust. Is my aura a bland of frankincense and orange pekoe and boot blacking, or is it myrrh or bacon-fat and Shetland tweed? The audience round the death bed gapes for the answer. And when, in a sepulchral tone, the answer comes at length, after hundreds of pages: “It is none of these, it is abysmal chlorocoryambasis, “the audience quivers all over and murmurs: “That's just how I feel myself.”....it is self consciousness picked into such fine bits that the bits are most of them invisible, and you have to go by small .......It is awful. And it is childish. It really is childish after a certain age, to be absorbedly self-conscious. One has to be self-conscious at seventeen: still a self-conscious at twenty-seven; but if we are going it strong at thirty-seven, then it is a sign of arrested development, nothing else. And if it is still continuing at forty-seven it is obvious senile precocity.

Talking about excessive self-consciousness of most of the modern writers Lawrence in ‘Pornography and Obscenity’, observes:

The author never escape from himself, he pads along within the vicious circle of himself. There is hardly a writer living who gets out of the vicious circle of himself
or a painter either. Hence the lack of creation and the stupendous amount of production. It is a masturbation result, within the vicious circle of the self. It is self-absorption made public.\textsuperscript{63}

Therefore, what Lawrence asks for is a genuine impersonality or an unself-conscious surrender to one's individuality; as a truly subjective writer is a truly impersonal one. Lawrence stands for 'a few pure and single man' rather than for humanity which is "one monstrosity of multiple identical units".\textsuperscript{64}

In Lawrence's views no body knows the exact meaning of the word 'obscene', for which he is abused most of all, or what it is intended to mean. He wonders, why all the 'old words', that belong to the body below the navel, have come to be judged obscene. To him, "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was God and the Word was with God".\textsuperscript{65} He condemns this ideology that the Word becomes unclean 'below the navel' and nothing is idiotic and humiliating. He stresses that God made us complete and did not stop at the navel and leave the rest to the devil. And same is true with the Word which is God. So if the Word is God-one cannot suddenly conclude that all the Words which belong below the navel are obscene. And the word 'arse' is much God as the word face or otherwise, it is better that one should cut off its god at the waist.

Every word is clean enough in Lawrence's opinion. These words have been directed by the mind, by unclean mental association. Each part of the body has its own importance but the impudent mind hates certain parts of the body and makes the words representing these parts as scapegoats. In this way, man turns himself into a thing of shame and horror. He stresses that this should be stopped as it is too childish. All these simple and natural obscene words in poetry must be cleaned up of all their depraved fear-associations and should be embodied into the consciousness to take their natural place as he says in 'Obscenity':

\begin{quote}
The body of itself is clean, but the caged mind is a sewer inside, it pollutes, O it pollutes the guts and the stones and the womb, rots them down,
\end{quote}
Lawrence was against such taboo of sex obscenity and wanted to avoid such obscenity. We have to fight, struggle, in order to keep sane and to keep society sane as he says:

Sex isn’t sin, it’s a delicate flow between women and men, and the sin is to damage the flow, force it or dirty it or suppress it again, Sex isn’t something you’ve got to play with; sex is you, It’s the flow of your life, it’s your moving self, and you are due to be true to the nature of it, its reserve, its sensitive pride that it always has to begin with, and by which you ought to abide. Know yourself, O know yourself, that you are mortal; and know the sensitive delicacy of your sex, in its ebbing to and fro, and the mortal reserve of your sex, as it stays in your depths below. And don’t, with the nasty, prying mind, drag it out from its deeps and finger it and force it, and shatter the rhythm it keep when it’s left alone, as it stirs and rouses and sleeps. O know yourself, O know your sex! You must know, there is no escape. You must know sex in order to save it, your deepest self, from the rape of the itching mind and the mental self, with its pruriently always agape.

Lawrence blames the dirty mind which makes the certain parts of body dirty:

‘...and makes the words representing these parts scapegoats. It pelts them out of the consciousness with filth, and there they hover, never dying, never dead, slipping into the consciousness again unawares, and pelted out again with filth, haunting the margins of the consciousness like jackals or hyenas. And they refer to parts of our own living bodies, and to
our most essential acts. So that man turns himself into a thing of shame and horror. And his consciousness shudders with horrors that he has made for himself.  

It is interesting to note that Lawrence wanted the young people 'to read-'Lady Chatterley's Lovers' aloud and in company, so that they could get over their priggishness and self-conceit. All the hush-lush stuff and self-consciousness he found simply filthy. Lawrence was sure that sooner the young read books that treat sex honestly and with a bit of sincere reverence.

Lawrence takes sex to be the most natural basis of human understanding which makes us feel that the gesture of the body is for more lucid than any abstraction of the spirit and mind. Every part of the body is capable of making its presence felt.

The one persistent purpose of Lawrence's life was to revolutionize our attitude towards sex or obscenity. This made him tear off all restraints of convention in his creative and critical writing. Many of his works carry an appeal to mankind to get rid of itself of the shame complex which causes many men and women to associate sex activity with an idea of indecency. Here he disagrees as associating of sex with indecency is a blasphemy and a denial and abasement of the central fire of life. He considers all men and women to be able to think sex fully, completely and honestly and clearly. Lawrence feels that in the olden days, man was not overburdened by material excesses, therefore there was no split between the intellect and emotions. In 'A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lovers' Lawrence observes:

This again is the tragedy of social life today. In the Old England, the curious blood-connection held the classes together. The squires might be arrogant, violent, unjust and bullying, yet in some ways they were at one with the people, part of the same blood-stream. We feel it in Defoe or Fielding. And then in the mean Jane Austen, it is gone. Already this old made typifies 'personality' instead of character, the sharp knowing in apartness instead of knowing in togetherness, and she is to my
feeling, thoroughly unpleasant; English in the bad, mean snobbish sense of the word, just as Fielding in English in the good generous sense.\textsuperscript{69}

Lawrence wants us to capture the mythic consciousness if we want to establish a middle track between the intellect and emotion and between individual and his circumambient universe. He wants us to destroy our false, inorganic connections, with the sun and earth, with the cosmos and mankind. There should be a balance between the consciousness of the body's sensations and experiences and these sensations and experiences themselves. An attempt should be made to achieve a pure relationship between ourselves and the living universe about us. Every piece of art which depicts and honours 'life' becomes a moral work of art. He, here, felt that something more must be added to our idea of art so that it becomes that medium through which authors express their deep, real feelings. By using ordinary words and common speech, one can easily transmit thoughts, judgments, etc. but at the same time, when he expresses our true emotions, it becomes a work of art:

When Carlyle said that a hero would hardly express himself otherwise than through song, he meant that the vigorous emotion so moulded the speech of his hero-Mahomet, Dante, Burns-that this speech became Art. So Art is the..., means of communication between man and man, as Tolstoy says.\textsuperscript{70}

Therefore, the mission of a true piece of art should be to bring the reader into sympathetic harmony with as many men and women as possible, without deviating from the norm of 'life'. Lawrence suggests the way to enable us to capture life as a whole. By allowing our instincts a free flow and by obeying the 'Dark Gods' inside us we can become a part of the living continuum and seize life as a whole.

Next, love according to Lawrence is a religious experience. He held that nature is akin to man. So man should abide by the laws of nature. He is of the opinion that man and woman, in modern age, feel, through mind but not with heart. They forget
that it is the body which makes us feel about real emotions. The poet therefore, says in 'Cerebral Emotions':

People feeling things they intend to feel, they mean to feel,  
they will feel,  
just because they don't feel them.  
For of course, if you really feel something  
you don’t have to assert that you feel it.71

But, people are ego-centric and live in an illusion as if they are men and women, of feelings. They ignore the fact that their cerebral emotions are not emotions at all, but they go on prostituting their feelings as their individual conceits.

According to Lawrence, modern men and women pretend to love their individual ego which goads them to the desire of possession over one-another. Hence their love ends in a terrific struggle and conflict of the two opposing individualities. In 'True Love at Last', Lawrence explains this sort of love at length. It is noteworthy to quote:

The handsome and self-absorbed young man  
looked at the lovely and self-absorbed girl  
and thrilled.  
The lovely and self-absorbed girl  
looked back at the handsome and self-absorbed young man and thrilled.  
and in that thrill he felt:  
Her self-absorption is even as strong as mine,  
I must see if I can't break through it  
And make her interested me  
And in that thrill she felt;  
His self-absorption is even stronger than mine!  
What fun, stronger than mine!  
I must see if I can’t absorb this Samson of self-absorption.72
As for Lawrence himself is concerned, he is never interested in the love professed to him by any self-absorbed woman. He would rather, run away from her, as he puts it in his poem, 'Sphinx':

But why do I feel so strangely about you?
said the lovely young lady, half wistful, half menacing.
I took to my heels and ran
before she could set the claws of her self-conscious questioning in me
or tear me with the fangs of disappointment
because I could not answer the riddle of her own self-importance.73

He would never encourage the love of the 'self-important' women who came in his life and was convinced that they should love him for what he is but not for what they think him to be. He was honest and realistic in his approach.

Lawrence, therefore, is sick of the love of these women. He always suffered because of their company as they insisted on love and on talking about it, and on me and thee and what we mean to each other. He loved to remain alone as he was bored by their sort of artificial love. The poet was disillusioned by their pretensions of love that he declared:

Now I've made up my mind
I love nobody, I'm going to love nobody,
I'm not going to tell any lies about it
and it's final.74

As a matter of fact, both love and sex are only means and not ends in themselves. The important thing is a pure, simple and naked instinctive relationship between man and woman as he considers for while love and sex are born in a moment, only to die in another, fidelity takes years to be born in two human hearts and years to pass away as well. In order to establish a relationship of fidelity, man and woman,
Lawrence advises, must forget their own selves and fuse their individual being in one another, because it is better to be loved and lost than not to be loved at all.

Lawrence believes that men and women bring into their relations the warmth of the intuitive and instinctive touch, which is realized only - when the white mind sleeps and seeps slowly up in the blood of men and women. The mutual distrust in which they live, now-a-days would automatically be melt away. Then they would respond to one another with an openness of mind and heart, and enjoy love of the reciprocal give and take that the poet exclaims:

How delicious it is to feel sunshine upon one!
And how delicious to open like a marigold
when a man comes looking down upon one
with sun in his face, so that a woman cannot but open
like a marigold to the sun,
and thrill with glittering rays.75

As for Lawrence’s technique is concerned, it is unmatched. No poet has carried free-verse so far. He has incorporated the grandeur of Whitman, but added grace with a susceptible touch of single words, vowels and consonants. The pulse of thought and emotion fills the cadence of his unmeasured line; a lovely art, so seemingly simple, so really deliberate. Here is a perfect example:

It is a wonder foam is so beautiful.
A wave bursts in anger on a rock, broken up
in wild white sibilant spray
and falls back, drawing in its breath with rage,
with frustration how beautiful!76

In the section ‘Pansies, Nettles and More Pansies’ some critics find the ill-structure of society or as a political gesture but it seemed irrelevant to any conceivable politics of the day. But these charges are not valid. The ‘Pansies’, by definition, excludes the reader through the ‘thoughts’. There is no experience to move the reader
towards a thought that does not take place. Pinto has rightly remarked when he says the best of them have:

> The quality of great satire: it is at once witty and humorous and profoundly serious.\(^77\)

The poems are certainly best-composed in a unique mood, that make us laugh and feel uncomfortable, uneasy and slothful habits of thoughts. These poems of thoughts express the piece of thought not as a bare idea or an opinion or a didactic statement, but as deep root of true thought:

> ‘...that scurry in different directions yet belong to the same nest: each thought trotting down the page like and independent creature, each with its own small head and tail, trotting its own little way, then curling up to sleep. We prefer it, at least the young seem to prefer it to those solid blocks of metal pabulum packed like bales in the pages of a proper heavy book.’\(^78\)

The best of the ‘Pansies’ and ‘Nettles’ are like mottoes, with seeds of instinctive ideas which are different from the fabulist style of ‘Birds, Beasts and Flowers’. He uses the language and the form that would best suit his thoughts which are simply and briefly expressed effectively. He thus says:

> Live and let live, and each pansy will tip you its separate wink.\(^79\)

So, in Lawrence’s own view, he wished that these Pansies should be taken as:

> Thoughts rather than anything else; casual thoughts that are true while they are true and irrelevant when the mood and circumstances changes.\(^80\)

In this bunch of Pansies, some of the poems though lack substance as in case of ‘Humility Mongers’:
When I hear a man spouting about humility, today
I know he is either a bed-bug, battening on sleeping people
or a hyaena, eating corpses.81

This poem is a little squib about a man displaying his humility. And in another poem he says:

Everything that lives has its own proper pride
As a columbine flower has, or even a starling walking and looking around.
And the base things like hyaenas or bed-bug have least pride of being,
They are humble, with a creeping humility, being parasites or carrion creatures.82

Though, some of the poems in this section are almost pointless such as: ‘Boredom Ennui’, ‘Suppression’, ‘Talk of Faith’, ‘Welcome to Death’, etc. yet the collection on the whole is interesting and at times lively and poems have a form different from the fabulist mode of other sections. He realized that the natural tendency and the echo of the poet’s soul are more effective than any artificiality of language and form:

The case is quite true especially in many pieces of his two posthumous collections, ‘More Pansies’ which was published in Last Poems in 1932, and ‘Nettles’ in 1930 which may be described as Pansies with stings:

O you hard-boiled conservatives, and you soft-boiled liberals
Don’t you see how you make bolshevism inevitable?83

Though these pieces vary greatly in mood, interest and merit, but it is important to illustrate further Lawrence’s sheer intuitive intelligence, the power to get at something essential in a writer or a situation with a swift x-ray glance. One can find it every where - in the loose verse of Pansies, for example the ability to penetrate a complex subject with an observation that is brief, pungent and compelling. A person
can hardly imagine any other two hundred words that could say more about one of the
great crises of our century than these when he says:

One can not now help thinking
how much better it would have been
if Vronsky and Anna Karenin
had stood up for themselves, and seen
Russia across her crisis,
instead of leaving it to Lenin.
The big, flamboyant Russia
might have been saved, if a pair
of rabels like Anna and Vronsky
had blasted the sickly air
of Dostoevsky and Tchekov,
and spy-government everywhere.
But Tolstoi was a traitor
to the Russia that needed him most
the clumsy, bewildered Russia
so worried by the Holy Ghost.
He shifted his job on to the peasants
and landed them all on toast.84

Lawrence’s best poems in this section concentrate on direct human
relationships. These poems represent the momentary flashes of insight out of which
Lawrence’s doctrine was made-and the insight is commonly better than the doctrine.
Some of these are bitterly satiric as the ‘Intimates’:

Don’t you care for my love? she said bitterly,
I handed her the mirror, and said:
Please address these questions to the proper person!
Please make all requests to head-quarters!
In all matters of emotional importance
please approach the supreme authority direct!
So I handed her the mirror,
And she would have broken it over my head,
but she caught sight of her own reflection
and that held her spellbound for two seconds
while I fled.\(^5\)

Some of these ‘More Pansies’ have a touch of tenderness under the satire as in
‘Poor Bit of a Wench!’:

Will no one say hush! To thee,
poor lass, poor bit of a wench?
Will never a man say: Come, my pigeon,
come an’ be still wi’ me my own bit of a wench!
And would you peck out his eyes if he did?\(^6\)

And we find a late-Yeatsian gnomic compactness occasionally as is in ‘Desire
is Dead’:

Desire may be dead
and still a man can be
a meeting place for sun and rain,

wonder outwaiting pain
as in a wintry tree.\(^7\)

Lawrence’s thoughts become poems much more constantly in ‘More Pansies’
and ‘Last Poems’, than the ‘Pansies’. The poem ‘Thought’ itself gives us the clue:

Thought, I love thought.
But not the jiggling and twisting of already existent ideas
I despise that self-important game.

Thought is the welling up of unknown life into consciousness,
Thought is the testing of statements on the touch stone of the
conscience,

Thought is grazing on to the face of life, and reading what can
be read,
Thought is pondering over experience and coming to a conclusion.

Thought is not a trick, or and exercise or a set off dodges.

Thought is a man in his wholeness wholly attending.  

Here Lawrence strives to make ‘a new act of attention, and then to give a ‘direct utterance from the instant whole man’ in language which will make us prick our inner most ear. Life’s tremendous characterization is Lawrence’s theme; ‘the magnificent here and now of life in the flesh’.

Finally, we can say that Lawrence in this section of poems has tried to concentrate on discovering of naked truth of poet without any mask put on his feelings and emotions. He feels that currents of heart are more powerful than the flashes of wisdom and intellect. In that way, Lawrence is a great poet, a seer and a prophet of English poetry. He will ever be remembered as a great instinctive poet with new dimensions of feelings and experiences, which makes him an exclusive star shining in the horizon of English poetry.
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