D.H. Lawrence's letters, prefaces and introductions form a major part of his literary output. He has dealt with various aspects of his life, life in general and the art of writing in the letters he has written to his wife, beloveds, friends and publishers. His prefaces and introductions to several books exhibit a fine sense of both literature and criticism. His obsession with the concept of living man and life, novel as a depiction of living man and the doctrine of endless change is candid in his Letters, Prefaces and Introductions. However, the spirit in these writings is again personal and creative. Hence a detailed investigation of these writings is required to designate his criticism as creative and this task is undertaken in this chapter.

Beautiful and absorbingly interesting in themselves, D.H. Lawrence's letters which are analyzed in the following pages are also of the highest importance as biographical documents. In them, D.H. Lawrence has written his life and painted his own portrait. Few men have given more of themselves in their letters. D.H. Lawrence is there almost in his entirety. For example, he obeyed both of Robert Burns's injunctions:

'Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yourself.'
Ye scarcely tell to ony.'

283
The earliest item is a postcard dated 1903, shortly after D.H. Lawrence had turned eighteen. At this point he was still very much the miner's son seeking a way out by attending a pupil-teacher center. The girl to whom the postcard is addressed is one of a group of friends known as the Pagans. The last letter, dated 1930, is from a sanatorium at Vence, France, a few days before his death. The intervening pages form the most complete epistolary record we have thus far of a major modern writer: his private life, his struggles with public and publishers, his friends—who often came and went in a rather kaleidoscopic way—his thought, the temper of his mind. They remind one most forcefully of the extent to which a writer is an intuitive register of his time, and therefore of time to come. Depressed and disgusted with the outbreak of World War I, D.H. Lawrence, from the beginning, is concerned with what is to follow, and in his musings he foreshadows the disillusionment of the 1920's. The society that could produce such a war is obviously sick, wrote D.H. Lawrence, but the society that is to follow, one that will contain the moral cripples blasted by the war, is almost too horrible to comprehend.

The Collected Letters creates a distinct persona. Rarely do his letters provide us with the sort of immediate, unfiltered reactions to experience that we find in other letters. His are more meditative and reasoned in tone. That fact might imply distortion. Nevertheless, the D.H. Lawrence we get is clearly a genuine D.H. Lawrence, one who persists below the surface of daily events. This D.H. Lawrence possesses the serene face of the man who has the capacity and the courage simply to be, who has discovered his own center of existence.
and refuses to be disturbed too much by the trivia and the peevishness of others, who is concerned that others learn, not certain rules and regulations, but how to live, and who is, therefore, 'fiercely against anything he considers a denial of life. Oddly, for the comparison would be shunned by the earlier author, he reminds one in these pages of an earlier idealist, Thoreau, who asserted: "I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life."

D.H. Lawrence was a fine letter writer. His friend Aldous Huxley edited his letters in the 1960s. Appearing after D.H. Lawrence's death, the Huxley book was a great achievement, and many D.H. Lawrence scholars have an almost sentimental attachment to the pioneer volume of letters. A scholarly edition of his letters edited by J. T. Boulton was published in eight volumes from 1979 to 2000. D.H. Lawrence's life and thoughts as a creative critic are explicit in his letters.

D.H. Lawrence loved life in its all ramifications. His letters demonstrate the same. D.H. Lawrence once wrote,

"I always say, my motto is 'Art for my sake'. Writing to Edward Garnett, 'Why, why,' he asks, 'should we be plagued with literature and such-like tomfoolery? Why can't we live decent, honourable lives, without the critics in the Little Theatre fretting us?' The publication of work of art is always the exposure of a nakedness, the throwing of something delicate and sensitive to the 'asses, apes and dogs.' Mostly, however, D.H. Lawrence loved his destiny, loved the art of
which he was a master — as who, that is a master, can fail to do? Besides, art, as he practiced it, and as, at the bottom, every artist, even the most pharisaically 'pure', practices it, was 'art for my sake.'”²

D.H. Lawrence’s desire is a general wish to distinguish between what is life and what is not-life, between being and not-being (D.H. Lawrence likes to quote Hamlet here). It is as part of this general desire that we get the specific ideas with which D.H. Lawrence has been identified and that we discover that those ideas are scarcely as specialized as they might seem to be in other contexts, as in his Fantasia of the Unconscious, for example. Here we find the very important letter of January 17, 1913, to Ernest Collins, a letter containing the first relatively systematic statement of D.H. Lawrence’s belief in the emotions, in the body, in the sense of physical being, as against the abstract knowledge of life provided by the intellect, knowledge which, to D.H. Lawrence, is not knowledge at all.

It is impossible to write about D.H. Lawrence except as an artist. He was an artist first of all, and the fact of his being an artist explains a life which seems, if one forgets it, inexplicably strange. In Son of Woman, Mr. Middleton Murry has written at great length about his friend D.H. Lawrence — but about a D.H. Lawrence whom we would never suspect, from reading that curious essay in destructive hagiography, of being an artist. F. R. Leavis says, “D.H. Lawrence has many affinities with Blake. He has the same gift of knowing what he was interested in, the same power of distinguishing his own feelings
and emotions from conventional sentiment. The same ‘terrifying honesty.’”³

Huxley thinks,

“D.H. Lawrence’s special and characteristic gift was an extraordinary sensitiveness to what Wordsworth called ‘unknown modes of being’. He was always intensely aware of the mystery of the world, and the mystery was always for him divine. D.H. Lawrence could never forget, as most of us almost continuously forget, the dark presence of the otherness that lies beyond the boundaries of man’s conscious mind. This special sensibility was accompanied by a prodigious power of rendering the immediately experienced otherness in terms of literary art.”⁴

D.H. Lawrence, for example, was aware of the otherside of sex. He knew the darker aspect of it. There lay some sort of union with mystery. Sex is something lodged within us. This is what he calls the ‘quintessence of otherness,’ of our proper being. Sex aspect is blind and unconscious. He thinks love is a kind of education, a means to culture, a ‘Sandow – exerciser for the soul!’ He thinks woman is a sort of instrumental. According to Huxley, “For someone with a gift for sensing the mystery of other-ness, true love must necessarily be, in D.H. Lawrence’s vocabulary, nocturnal. So must true knowledge.”⁵

In his letter to Aldous Huxley dated 27th March 1928, D.H. Lawrence speaks of sex in literature. He writes of great writers: “Your ideas of the grand
is excellent. You might begin with a Roman—and go on to St Francis-Michael Angelo and Leonard—Goethe or Kant—Jean-Jacques Rousseau or Louis Quatorze. Byron-Baudelaire-Wilde-Proust: they all did the same thing, or tried to: to kick off, or to intellectualize and so utterly falsify the phallic consciousness, which is the basic consciousness, and the thing we mean, in the best sense, by common sense. I think *Wilhelm Meister* is amazing as book of peculiar immorality, the perversity of intellectualized for any development of contact with any other human being, which is peculiarly bourgeois and Goethian” (p.168).

D.H. Lawrence in his letter to Lady Ottoline Morrel dated 15th Feb 1916 speaks of this further, when he speaks of the importance of fulfillment in marriage. He writes Morel, “Perhaps he is very split, and would always have the two things separate, the real blood connection and the real conscious or spiritual connection, always separate. For these people I really believe in two wives. I don’t see why there should be monogamy for people who can’t have full satisfaction in one person, because they themselves are too split, because they act in themselves separately. Monogamy is for those who are whole and clear, all in one stroke. But for those whose stroke is broken into two different directions, then there should be two fulfillsments” (p. 73).

Most men live in a little puddle of light thrown by the gig-lamps of habit and their immediate interest; but there is also the pure and powerful illumination of the disinterested scientific intellect. To D.H. Lawrence, both lights were suspect, both seemed to falsify what was, for him, the immediately
apprehended reality—the darkness of mystery. ‘My great religion,’ he was already saying in 1912, ‘is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what the blood feels, and believes, and says, is always true.’ Like Blake, who had prayed to be delivered from ‘single vision and Newton’s sleep’: like Keats, who had drunk destruction to Newton for having explained the rainbow, D.H. Lawrence disapproved of too much knowledge, on the score that it diminished men’s sense of wonder and blunted their sensitiveness to the great mystery. Thomas Hardy whom D.H. Lawrence admired and on whom he wrote a book says that too much knowledge vexes mankind. D.H. Lawrence’s dislike of science was passionate and expressed itself in the most fantastically unreasonable terms. ‘All scientists are liars,’ he would say. D.H. Lawrence’s answer about what science is was characteristic. ‘But I don’t care about evidence. Evidence doesn’t mean anything to me. I don’t feel it here.’ And he pressed his two hands on his solar plexus. The daimon which possessed him was, he felt, a divine thing, which he would never deny or explain away, never even ask to accept a compromise.

D.H. Lawrence was a clever man as well as a man of genius. In his boyhood and adolescence he had been a great passer of examinations. He could have understood the aim and methods of science perfectly well if he had wanted to. D.H. Lawrence refused to know abstractly. He preferred to live; and he wanted other people to live. Art, he thought, should flower from an immediate impulse towards self-expression or communication, and should wither the passing of the impulse. Of all building materials D.H. Lawrence
liked adobe the best. Great buildings made him feel uncomfortable, even when they were beautiful. In music, for example, he liked the folk-song, because it was a slight thing, born of immediate impulse. The symphony oppressed him; it was too big, too elaborate, too carefully and consciously worked out, too 'would-be' – to use a characteristic D.H. Lawrence expression.

There are three complete and totally distinct manuscripts of D.H. Lawrence’s novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Nor was this by any means the only novel that he wrote more than once. The conscious intellect should spring direct from the mysterious, irrational source of power with him.

It was the same in the sphere of ethics as in that of art. D.H. Lawrence would say, 'They want me to have form: that means, they want me to have their pernicious, ossiferous, skin-and-grief form, and I won't.' D.H. Lawrence speaks of writing as a powerful but tiring business. He says 'I simply loathe writing.' D.H. Lawrence in his letter to Edward Garnet dated 18th Dec 1911 speaks of writing which should have construction and form. If it is erotic, it is also good. D.H. Lawrence speaks of this with reference to a novel called *The Saga of Siegmund*. D.H. Lawrence’s letter to Edward Garnet dated 21 Jan 1912 speaks of the fate of his novel *Trespasser*. He thinks the novel must be published at least privately and asked people who have sanity to judge it. In regard to literary merits he insists upon poetic feelings, perception, sanguinity and such qualities. In his letter to Edward Garnet dated 14th Nov 1912, D.H. Lawrence speaks of the plot of *Sons and Lovers* (formerly called *Paul Morel*). He says, "*Sons and Lovers* is a great tragedy, and I tell you I have written a
great book. It's the tragedy of thousands of young men in England—it may even be Bunny's tragedy. I think it was Ruskin's, and men like him. Now tell me if I haven't worked out my theme, like life, but always my theme. Read my novel. It's great novel. If you can't see the development—which is slow, like growth—I can” (p.48). In his letter to A. D. MacLeod dated 17th Jan 1913, D.H. Lawrence speaks of his appreciation of Amletto, Shakespeare's Hamlet in Italian. He loved Hamlet as a work full of life.

In his letter to MacLeod dated 9th Feb 1914, D.H. Lawrence gives us review of contemporary English literature. He writes, “I must thank you first for the books. I think Crosland's Sonnets are objectionable—he is a nasty person. I think Hilaire Belloc is conceited. Full of that French showing-off which goes down so well in England, and so smartly shallow: And I have always a greater respect for Mark Rutherford: I do think he is jolly good—so thorough, so sound, and so beautiful” (p.69). In fact, he is unhappy as the English people disliked his poetry. This was written about his novels; but it is just as applicable to his life. Every man, D.H. Lawrence insisted, must be an artist in life, must create his own moral form. Anyhow, the polytheism was a democracy. This conception of human nature resulted in the formulation of two rather surprising doctrines, one ontological and the other ethical. As early as 1911 D.H. Lawrence's advice to his sister was: 'Don't meddle with religion. I would leave all that alone, if I were you, and try to occupy myself fully in the present.' 'Mental consciousness,' wrote D.H. Lawrence 'is a purely individual affair. Some men are born to be highly and delicately conscious.' Some are not,
moreover, each of the ages of man has its suitable philosophy of life. D.H. Lawrence’s peculiar genius was such that he insisted on spontaneous living to the exclusion of abstract reasoning. D.H. Lawrence’s dislike of abstract knowledge and pure spirituality made him a kind of mystical materialist.

D.H. Lawrence was a subjectivist as well as a materialist; in other words, he believed in the possibility, in some form or another, of magic. D.H. Lawrence’s mystical materialism found characteristic expression in the curious cosmology and physiology of his speculative essays. ‘You mustn’t look in my novel for the old stable ego of the character,’ he would say. There is another ego, according to whose action the individual is unrecognizable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we have been used to exercise.

The dangers and difficulties of this method are obvious. Criticizing Stendhal, Professor Saintsbury long since remarked on that psychological realism which is perhaps a more different thing from psychological reality. Psychological reality, like physical reality, is determined by our mental and bodily make-up. Similarly, there is a commonsense, pragmatic conception of psychological reality; and also an un-commonsense conception.

Aldous Huxley observes,

“That D.H. Lawrence, the hater of scientific knowing, should have applied to psychology methods which he himself compared to those chemical analysis, may seem strange. But we must remember that his analysis was done, not
intellectually, but by an immediate process of intuition; that he was able, as it were, to feel the carbon in diamonds and coal, to taste the hydrogen and oxygen in his glass of water.\textsuperscript{6}

D.H. Lawrence's knowledge of 'the artist' was manifestly personal knowledge. He knew by actual experience that 'the real writer' is an essentially separate being, who must not desire to meet and mingle and who betrays himself when he hankers too yearningly after common human fulfillments. All artists know these facts about their species, and many of them have recorded their knowledge. The artist's first duty is to his genius, his \textit{daimon}; he cannot serve two masters. D.H. Lawrence's love for his art was greater, however, than his love for a tangle. His only deep and abiding human relationship was with his wife.

D.H. Lawrence in his letter to Mrs. Hopkins dated 2nd June 1912, describes Tyrol, his wife's place in Germany. He describes the beauty of landscape. He exclaims, 'Oh flowers, great wild mad profusion of them everywhere\textsuperscript{7} (p.40) He speaks of his love for Frieda. He writes, 'I love Frieda so much. The world is wonderful and beautiful and good beyond one's wildest imagination. Never, Never, Never, could one conceive what love is, before hand, never. Life \textit{can} be great—quite god-like. It can be so. God be thankful I have proved it'(p.41). D.H. Lawrence's letter written to Mrs. S. A. Hopkins dated 2nd June, 1912 speaks on an ideal marriage. He writes, "For ourselves, Frieda and I have struggled through some bad times into a wonderful naked intimacy, all kindled with warmth, that I know at last is love. I think I ought not

293
to blame women, as I have done, but myself, for taking my love to the wrong woman, before now. Let every man find, keep on trying till he finds, the woman who can take him and whose love he can take, then must be two-sided. At any rate, and whatever happens, I do love, and I am loved. I have given and I have taken – and that is eternal. Oh, if only people could marry properly; I believe in marriage” (p.42).

In his letter to one T.D.D. dated 7 July, 1914, D.H. Lawrence speaks of love as vital force in man’s life. His advice to T.D.D. includes the following, “There is the real sharing of one life. One must learn to love, and go through a good deal of suffering to get to it, like any knight of the grail, and the journey is always towards to other soul, not away from it. Do you think love is an accomplished thing, the day it is recognized? It isn’t. To love, you have to learn to understand the other, more than she understands herself, and to submit to her understanding of you. It is damnably difficult and painful, but it is the only thing which endures. Your most vital necessity in this life is that you shall love your wife completely and implicitly and in entire nakedness of body and spirit. Then you will have peace and inner security, no matter how many things go wrong. And this peace and security will leave you free to act and to produce your own work, a real independent work-man” (p.74).

Often, it is true, D.H. Lawrence blamed the world for his exile. “And it comes to this, that oneness of mankind is destroyed in me (by the war). I am I, and you are you, and all heaven and hell lie in the chasm between. Believe me, I am infinitely hurt by being thus torn off from the body of mankind, but so it is and it is right.”8

294
In his letter to A.W. McLeod dated 6th Oct 1912, D.H. Lawrence speaks of his dislike for England. As we know he had trouble with both publishers, and critics because of the kind of new writings he did. On the other hand, he speaks of Italy, and his admiration is affirmative. In his letter to Mrs. Lady Cynthia Asquith, dated Nov. 1913, he writes, ‘Heaven be blessed, England is only a spot of grease on the Soup Just Now’ (p. 62).

In his letter to Lady Ottoline dated 14 May 1915, D.H. Lawrence speaks of London as ‘hoary massive underworld, a hoary ponderous inferno.’ This was because of the war. He writes, “The traffic flows through the rigid grey streets like the rivers of hell through their banks of dry, rocky ash. The fashions and the women’s clothes are very ugly” (p. 81).

On the other hand, he admires Sussex (part of rural England). He writes of it, “Coming back here, I find the country very beautiful. The apple trees leaning forwards, all white blossom, towards the green grass. I watch, in the morning when I wake up, a thrush on the wall outside the window—not a thrush, a blackbird—and he sings, opening his beak. It is a strange thing to watch his singing, opening his beak and giving out his calls and warblings, then remaining silent. He looks so remote, so buried in primeval silence, standing there on the wall, and bethinking himself, then opening his beak to make the strange, strong sounds. He seems as if his singing were a sort of talking to himself, or of thinking aloud his strongest thoughts. I wish I was a blackbird, like him. I hate men” (p. 82).
In his letter to Lady Ottoline dated 27 Dec 1915, D.H. Lawrence talks of the lady’s visit to Ajanta caves in India. He is all appreciation for cave life. Then he criticizes British life and its civilizing marks. He writes Lady Ottoline. “These men, whom I love so much—and the life has such a power over me—they understand mentally so horribly: only industrialism, only wages and money and machinery. They can’t think anything else. All their collective thinking is in those terms only. They are utterly unable to appreciate any pure, ulterior truth: only this industrial—mechanical—wage idea. This they will act from—nothing else. That is why we are bound to get something like Guild-Socialism in the long run, which is a reduction to the lowest terms—nothing higher than that which now is, only lower. Only, oh God, I don’t want to be implicated in it. It is necessary to get the germ of a new development towards the highest, not a reduction to the lowest. That we must do, in Cornwall and Florida; the germ of a new era” (p. 94). He said elsewhere: “The strange, dark, sensual life, so violent, and hopeless at the bottom, combined with this horrible paucity and materialism of mental consciousness, makes me so sad, I could scream. One must conquer them also—think beyond them, know beyond them, act beyond them” (p. 94).

D.H. Lawrence’s gift was a gift of feeling and rendering the unknown, the mysteriously other. To one possessed by such a gift, almost any age would have seemed unduly and dangerously personal. Spasmodically, he tried to establish contact with the body of mankind. How acutely he suffered from this freedom by which he lived. Kangaroo describes a later stage of the debate
between the solitary artist and the man who wanted social responsibilities and contact with the body of mankind. D.H. Lawrence, like the hero of his novel, decided against contact. He was by nature not a leader of men, but a prophet, a voice crying in the wilderness—the wilderness of his own isolation. To Rolf Gardiner he wrote, in 1926:

"I should love to be connected with something, with some few people, in something. As far as anything matters, I have always been very much alone, and regretted it. But I can't belong to clubs, or societies, or freemasons, or any other damn thing. So if there is, with you, an activity I can belong words, I shall thank my stars. But of course, I shall be wary beyond words, of committing myself."°

He was in fact so wary that he never committed himself, but died remote and unconnected as he had lived. His daimon would not allow it to be otherwise.

In his letter to W.E. Hopkins, dated 14th Sept 1915, D.H. Lawrence speaks of his poverty and tells Hopkins that he and Murry went to start a magazine. He says the paper would contain his essential belief, and the ideas he struggles with. He wants to initiate a new movement for real life and real freedom. D.H. Lawrence in his letter to Edward Garnett dated 13th Oct 1914 talks of his miserable life in exile whether in Italy or elsewhere. A slice of his life in Bucks in Italy reads vividly: "We have little money—not much—enough-Pinker sold Honour and Arms to America for £25, and I had a little from the
Manchester Guardian. Here the autumn had been very beautiful. We are quite isolated, amid wide, grassy roads, with quantities of wild autumn fruit. This is curiously pale-tinted country, beautiful for the blueness and mists of autumn’’ (p.77).

Added to financial strain, D.H. Lawrence suffered from the First World War. He writes, ‘The War finished me: it was the spear through the side of all sorrows and hopes.’

One such gruesome experience is as follows: “And since then, since I came back, things have not existed for me. I have spoken to no one, I have touched no one. I have seen no one. All the while, I swear, my soul lay in the tomb- not dead, but with a flat stone over it, a corpse, become corpse-cold. And nobody existed, because I did not exist myself. Yet I was not dead –only passed over –tres-passed –and all the time I knew I should have to rise again” (p.79).

As a tired man, D.H. Lawrence wants to migrate to Florida. His letter has this to Lady Cynthia dated 28th Nov, 1915. He thinks such a migration, or exile provides him a new lease of life. He uses the word resurrection. In his letter to Katherine Mansfield, Murry’s wife, he says, ‘don’t be sad... There is a resurrection, and clean life. Don’t be afraid, don’t doubt it, it is so’ (p.91). D.H. Lawrence seems to insist on suffering, as a kind of death, which will provide us strength. He writes her mystically: “Our lives have been all autumnal and wintry. Now it is mid-winter. But we are strong enough to give way, to pass away, and to be born again.” I want so much that we should create a life in common, a new spirit, a spirit of unanimity between a few of us who are
desirous in spirit, that we should add our lives together, to make one tree, each of us free and producing in his separate fashion, but all of us together forming one spring, a unanimous blossoming. It needs that we be one in spirit, that is all. What we are personally is of second importance” (p. 92).

Let us all live together and create a new world. If it is too difficult in England, because here all is destruction and dying and corruption, let us go away to Florida: soon. But let us go together, and keep together, several of us, as being of one spirit. Let it be a union in the unconsciousness, not in the consciousness. Get better soon, and come back, and let us all try to be happy together, in unanimity, not in hostility, creating, not destroying” (p.92).

D.H. Lawrence in his letter to Lady Asquith (as well as Catherine Carswell previously) dated 12th Feb 1917, talks of his desire for emigrating to America. He wants to start a new life there. This seems he believed in American Dream. He thinks real life is finished in England. He writes, “New earth, new heaven, that is what one must find. I don’t think. America is a new world. But there is a living sky above” (p.114).

D.H. Lawrence’s letter written to W.E. Hopkins dated 18th Dec. 1913, speaks of his admiration for nature. He speaks of garden and an arrange tree in his garden is a beauty for him. In his letter to Cecil Gray dated 12th March 1918, D.H. Lawrence writes, “I find here one is soothed with trees. I never knew how soothing trees are –many trees, and patches of opening sunlight, and tree-presences-it is almost like having another being” (p.120). He admired the beauty of landscape in rural Sussex in England. More so he loved travel –
travel yet in Italy. He traveled there frequently and wrote three accounts—.

D.H. Lawrence in his letter to W. E. Hopkins dated 18\textsuperscript{th} Dec 1913 speaks of beauty, the beauty of nature. He has gone for holidays in Lerici, Italy and he loves the nature there. The forested area by the sea is exquisite. A garden lemon, he feels, is a beauty, and then olive woods, all beautiful. His concept of beauty reminds us insights about beauty by the poet Keats. His happiness in the company of rural Italians is as follows: “I am very fond of the Italians. We have a little oddity of a maid called Elide -25 years old. Her old mother Felice is quite a figure. They are very funny and ceremonious. When Elide has put the soup on the table, she says ‘a rivederci, eh?’ before she can leave us. There is only one other house on this bay- only one other house within nearly a mile- and that is the peasants’ down on the beach. They are cousins of Elide. Sometimes they come and play and sing with us at evening –bringing the guitar. It is jolly” (p.66). Once he exclaims: ‘L’ Italia –ab che bel sole! – e gli uccellini -! ’ ‘Oh, Italy – such a beautiful sun –and the little birds –aren’t they good!’ the cry of the exile’ (p.70).

D.H. Lawrence liked life, life in the ‘here and now.’ He had all the admiration for bustling life. His letter to A.W. McLeod dated 14th March 1914 describes one such life, namely a dinner party in Spezia, Italy. D.H. Lawrence writes, “It reminds me that the other Sunday we went to the house of a very popular modern Russian novelist, Amphiteatroff, at Levanto. It was a rum show: twenty-six people at lunch, a babble of German, English, Russian, Italian- a great fat laughing man, the host, carefully judging the Cinque Terre
wine: a drawing-room, clever, highly educated wife at the head of the table, a peasant sculptor in a peasant's smock at the foot, and in between a motley of tutors and music teachers for the children—an adopted son of Maxim Gorky, little, dark, agile, full of life, and a great wild Cossack wife whom he had married for passion and had come to hate—then a houseful of scuffling servants and children—no, it was too much. You have no idea how one feels English and stable and solid in comparison. I felt as if my head were screwed on tighter than the foundations of the world, in comparison. I must say, in one way, I loved them—for their absolute carelessness about every-thing but just what interested them. They are fine where we have become stupid” (p. 71).

D.H. Lawrence loved travel. He traveled to many other countries apart from Italy. He visited Cylone with friends, and he speaks of the blissful voyage to Mrs. Rosalind in a letter dated 8 March 1922: “Here we are on the ship—ten days at sea. It is rather lovely—perfect weather all the time, ship steady as can be, enough wind now to keep it cool. We went on shore at Port Said—and it’s still like Arabian Nights, in spite of all. Then I loved coming through the Suez Canal—5 miles an hour—takes 18 hours. You see the desert, the sand hills, the low palm trees. Arabs with camels working in Sea, and expect to come to Colombo on Monday morning: 15 days’ voyage.

The ship is so pleasant—only about half full—or less—so plenty of room. We have come second class, and it is perfectly comfortable and nice, I couldn’t want anything better. Alas, it cost £140 for the two of us. But I had to get out of Europe. In Ceylon we stay with friends” (p.137).
The people on board are mostly simple Australians. I believe Australia is a good country, full of life and energy” (p.138).

D.H. Lawrence did not like Eastern life. He writes this in his letter addressed to Lady Asquith dated 30th April 1922. He writes, “I don’t like Ceylon—at least. I liked looking at it—but not to live in. The East is not for me—the sensuous spiritual voluptuousness, the curious sensitiveness of the naked people, their black bottomless, hopeless eyes—and the heads of elephants and buffaloes poking out of primeval mud—the queer noise of tall metallic palm trees: ach! Altogether the tropics have something inherent in it: makes me feel rather sick” (p.139). He adds, “Yet I don’t believe in Buddha—hate him in fact—his rat-hole temples and his rat-hole religion. Better Jesus” (p.139).

D.H. Lawrence also disliked Australia though he wrote the novel Kangaroo about his life in Australia. He wrote this to Catherine in 1922: “If you want to know what it is to feel the ‘correct’ social world fizzle to nothing, you should come to Australia. It is a weird place. In the established sense, it is socially nil. Happy-go-lucky, don’t-you-bother, we’re-in-Australia. But also there seems to be no inside life of any sort: just a long lapse and drift. A rather fascinating indifference, a physical indifference to what we call soul or spirit” (p.141).

Then D.H. Lawrence goes to New Mexico, as he is invited by Mabel Dodge Sterne. He writes, “Taos, in its way, is rather thrilling. We have got a very pretty abode house, with furniture made in the village, and Mexican and Navajo rugs, and some lovely pots. It stands just on the edge of the Indian
reservation: a brook behind, with trees: in front, the so-called desert, rather like a moor but covered with whitish-grey sage-brush, flowering yellow now: some 5 miles away the mountains raise. On the north-we face east—Taos Mountain, the sacred mt. of the Indians, sits massive on the plain—some 8 miles away. The pueblo is towards the foot of the mt., 3 miles off: a big, abode pueblo on each side the brook, like two great heaps of earthen boxes, cubes. There the Indians all live together (p.142). This is a beautiful description. This is what he feels like knowing the destiny of the world.

In his letter to Murry dated 15th Nov 1924, D.H. Lawrence speaks of the Indians’ problem in Mexico. His views on socialism are clear in this letter. He writes, “But everything is so shaky and really so confused. The Indians are queer little savages, and awful agitators pump bits of socialism over them and make everything just a mess. It’s really a sort of chaos. And I suppose American intervention will become inevitable. You know, socialism is a dud. It makes just a mush of people: and especially of savages. And 70 per cent of these people are real savages, quite as much as they were 300 years ago. The Spanish-Mexican population just rots on top of the black savage mass. And socialism here is a farce of farces: except very dangerous” (p.151).

In his letter to Catherine Carswell dated 20th June 1925, D.H. Lawrence describes his Mexican life vividly: “We’ve been busy here—brought a stream of water from the Gallina Canyon—about two miles—to irrigate the field. But it’s so dry, for all that. The water just disappears. We have a black cow, whom I milk every morning and evening—and Frieda collects the eggs—about eight a day—
from the eleven hens. Frieda's nephew, Friedel Jaffe, is staying the summer with us—he helps. We had an Indian and wife to do for us, till last week: then we sent them away. 'Savages; are a burden. So a Mexican boy comes up to help: even him one has to pay two dollars a day: supposed to be very cheap labour' (p.152).

It was the sense of being cut off that sent D.H. Lawrence on his restless wanderings round the earth. His travels were at once a flight and a search for some society with which he could establish contact. He felt himself English in the teeth of all the world, even in the teeth of England: that was why he had to go to Ceylon and Australia and Mexico. He was at once too English and too intensely an artist to stay at home. 'Perhaps it is necessary for him to try these places. Perhaps it was his destiny to know the world. His search was as fruitless as his flight was ineffective. He could not escape either from his homesickness or his sense of responsibility; and he never found a society to which he could belong.

D.H. Lawrence's psychological isolation resulted in his seeking physical isolation from the body of mankind. This physical isolation reacted upon his thoughts. 'Don't mind if I am impertinent,' he wrote to one of his correspondents at the end of a rather dogmatic letter. 'Living here alone one gets so different-sort of ex cathedra.' To live in isolation, above the medley, has its advantages; but it also imposes certain penalties.

Nietzsche spent his most fruitful years perched on the tops of mountains, or plunged in the yet more abysmal solitude of boarding-houses; by the
Mediterranean. That was why, a delicate and sensitive man, he could be so bloodthirstily censorious — so wrong, for all his gifts, as well as so right. Likewise, from the deserts of New Mexico, from rustic Tuscany or Sicily, from the Australian bush, D.H. Lawrence observed and judged and advised the distant world of men.

It is said of his travel and exile. "To be with D.H. Lawrence was a kind of adventure, a voyage of discovery into newness and otherness. For, being himself of a different order, he inhabited a universe different from that of common men — a brighter and intenser world, of which, while he spoke, he would make you free."10 For D.H. Lawrence, existence was one continuous convalescence; it was as though he were newly re-born from a mortal illness every day of his life. 'He sees,' Vernon Lee once said, 'more than a human being ought to see. Perhaps,' she added, 'that's why he hates humanity so much.' One of the great charms of D.H. Lawrence as a companion was that he could never be bored and so could never be boring. As infectious as D.H. Lawrence's contented placidity were his high spirits and his laughter.

Vitality has the attractiveness of beauty, and in D.H. Lawrence there was a continuously springing fountain of vitality.

D.H. Lawrence hated the war. He hated the Germans because they caused the First World War. "I cannot bear it much longer, to let the madness get stronger and stronger possession. Soon we in England shall go fully mad, with hate. I too hate the Germans so much, I could kill every one of them. Why should they goad us to this frenzy of hatred, why souls we be tortured to —
madness? They will drive our heaviness and our grief away in a fury of rage. And we don't want to be worked up into this fury, this destructive madness of rage. Yet we must, we are goaded on and on. I am mad with rage myself. I would like to kill a million Germans - two millions" (p. 82).

D.H. Lawrence hated war. His letter to Lady Cynthia Asquith dated 21 Oct 1915 shows his possible desire to migrate to America. He writes, "In this war, in the whole spirit which we now maintain, I do not believe, I believe it is wrong, so awfully wrong, that it is like a great consuming fire that draws up all our souls in its draught. So if they will let me I shall go away soon, to America. Perhaps you will say it is cowardice: but how shall one submit to such ultimate wrong as this which we commit, now, England - and the other nations?" (p. 88).

In his letter to J. B. Pinker dated 6 Nov 1915, D.H. Lawrence feels sad as the magistrates ban his novel *The Rainbow* in England.

D.H. Lawrence in his letter to Catherine Carwell tells that he was exempted from war. He writes, "I never wrote to tell you that they gave me a complete exemption from all military service, thanks to be God. That was a week ago last Thursday. I had to join the Colors in Pen-zance, be conveyed to Bodmin (60 miles), spend a night in barracks with all the other men, and then be examined. It was experience enough for me, of soldiering. I am sure I should die in a week, if they kept me. It is the annulling of all one stands for, this militarism, the nipping of the very germ of one's being. I was very much upset. The sense of spiritual disaster everywhere was quite terrifying. One was
not sure whether one survived or not. Things are very bad.

Yet I liked the men. They all seemed so *decent*. And yet they all seemed as if they had *chosen wrong*. It was the underlying sense of disaster that overwhelmed me. They are all so brave, to suffer, but none of them brave enough, to reject suffering. They are all so noble, to accept sorrow and hurt, but they can, none of them demand happiness. Their manliness all lies in accepting calmly this death, this loss of their integrity.

This is the most terrible madness. And the worst of it all, is, that it is a madness of righteousness” (p.105).

D.H. Lawrence hated war. His letter to Lady Cynthia Asquith dated 21 Oct 1915 shows his possible desire to migrate to America.

Similarly D.H. Lawrence’s contemporary Virginia Woolf speaks of war as an anathema. Even Sigmund Freud said the same thing. In his letter to Lady Asquith, dated 11th Dec. 1916, D.H. Lawrence calls Socialists and Fabians as diseases, not hopes.

D.H. Lawrence in his letter to J.M. Murry dated 3rd Oct 1924, speaks of racial problem. His views about E.M. Forester’s *A Passage to India* are revealing. He writes, “I’m glad like the Hopi Dance article. All races have one root, once one gets there. Many stems from one root: the stems never to commingle or ‘understand’ one another. I agree Forster doesn’t understand his Hindu. And India is to him just negative: because he doesn’t go down to the root to meet it. But the *Passage to India* interested me very much. At least the repudiation of our white bunk is genuine, sincere, and pretty thorough, it seems
to me. Negative, yes. But King Charles must have his head off. Homage to the headsman” (p.149). In his letter to Lady Ottoline dated March 1915, D.H. Lawrence says, ‘It is the whiteness of the ghost legions that is so awful’ (p, 81).

D.H. Lawrence’s letter to Rachel Taylor dated 3rd Dec 1910 has this criticism of life, that man must die when he is useless to others, and diseased. D.H. Lawrence says this with reference to his mother. He says man must be principled which his parents had. D.H. Lawrence speaks of ideal life as healthy and creative. D.H. Lawrence in his letter to Ernest Collings on 17th Jan 1913 speaks of his concept of knowledge, which he also spoke to Aldous Huxley, his admirer. D.H. Lawrence’s letter to Lady Ottoline speaks of his discourse on philosophy with Bertrand Russell. He writes, “We think to have a lecture hall in London in the autumn, and give lectures: he on Ethics, I on Immortality: also to have meetings, to establish a little society or body around a religious belief, which leads to action. We must centre in the knowledge of work Infinite, of God. Then from this centre each one of us must work to put the temporal things of our own natures and of our own circumstances in accord with the Eternal God we know” (p. 84).

As for his somber thoughts D.H. Lawrence tells Lady Ottoline that his thoughts are little melancholic. He adds, “Don’t be sad. We are only sad for a little while. At the bottom one knows the eternal things, and is glad” (p. 84).

D.H. Lawrence’s letter to Catherine Carswell dated 16th June 1916 has a similar talk: “My dear Catherine: I think you are right on nearly all your points. I want people to be more Christian rather than less: only for different
reasons. Christianity is based on reaction, on negation really. It says, ‘Renounce all worldly desires, and live for heaven.’ Whereas I think people ought to fulfill sacredly their desires” (p. 74). Christianity is based on the love of self, the love of property, one degree removed. Why should I care for my neighbor’s property, or my neighbor’s life, if I do not care for my own?” (p.106). D.H. Lawrence’s letter to his friend Murry dated 28 Aug 1916, is much revealing, particularly about sanity. He writes,

DEAR JACK,-

Thank you very much for your book on Dostoievsky, which has just come. I have only just looked in it here and there –and read the epilogue, I wonder how much you or anybody else is ready to face out the old life, and so transcend it. An epoch of the human mind may have come to the need in Dostoievsky: but humanity is capable of going on a very long way further yet, in a state of mindlessness-curse it. And you’ve got the cart before the horse. It isn’t the being that must follow the mind, but the mind must follow the being. And if only the cursed cowardly world had the courage to follow its own being with its mind, if it only had the courage to know what its unknown is, its own desires and its own activities, it might get beyond to the new secret. But the trick is, when you draw somewhere near the ‘brink of the revelation,’ to dig your head in the sand like the disgusting ostrich, and see the revelation there. Meanwhile, with their head in the sand of pleasing vision and secrets and revelations, they kick and squirm with their behinds, most disgustingly. I don’t blame humanity for having no mind, I blame it for putting its mind in a box and
using it as a nice little self-gratifying instrument. You’ve got to know, and
know everything, before you ‘transcend’ into the ‘unknown’. But Dostoievsky,
like the rest, can nicely stick his head between the feet of Christ, and waggle
his behind in the air. And though the behind-wagglings are revelation, I don’t
think much even of the feet of Christ as a bluff for the cowards to hide their
eyes against.

You want to be left alone-so do I-by everybody, by the whole world,
which is despicable and contemptible to me and sickening” (pp.107-108). D.H.
Lawrence in his letter addressed to Lady Asquith dated April 1917, speaks of
conscience. He writes, “One should stick by one’s own soul, and by nothing
else. In one’s soul, one knows the truth from the untruth, and life from death.
And if one betrays one’s own soul-knowledge one is the worst of traitors”
(p.115).

D.H. Lawrence loved personal freedom. His thoughts about individual
liberty are implicit in his diverse writings about liberty. D.H. Lawrence lived in
Carnwall in 1917 at the time of the First World War. The police suspected him
suddenly for the possible German connections. His wife Frieda was a German.
The police asked them to leave Carnwall and report to the police regularly until
the war was over. D.H. Lawrence was hurt by this.

D.H. Lawrence’s letters show us his life and thoughts. We see him in all
his times and places and moods. And it is curious and amusing to note how his
mood will change according to his correspondences. ‘My kindliness makes me
sometimes a bit false,’ he says of himself severely. He knew how to adapt
himself. To one correspondent he is gay, at moments even larky – because larkiness is expected of him. To another he is gravely reflective. To a third he speaks the language of prophesying and revelation. Huxley says, “We follow him from one vividly seen and recorded landscape to another. We watch him during the war, a subjectivist and a solitary artist, desperately fighting his battle against the nightmare of objective facts and all the inhumanly numerous things that are Caesar’s fighting and, inevitably, losing. And after the war we accompany him round the world, as he seeks, now in one continent now in another, some external desert to match the inner wildness from which he utters his prophetic cry, or some community of which he can feel himself a member. We see him being drawn towards his fellows and then repelled again, making up his mind to force himself into some relation with society and then, suddenly, changing it again, and letting himself drift once more on the current of circumstances and his own inclinations. And finally, as his illness begins to get the better of him, we see him obscured by a dark cloud of sadness – the terrible sadness, out of which, in one mood, he wrote his savage _Nettles_, in another _The Man Who Died_, that lovely and profoundly moving story of the miracle.”

It is observed:

“One’s understanding of D.H. Lawrence cannot be considered complete without a careful perusal of _The Collected Letters_. For there is a side of D.H. Lawrence that, while it is found elsewhere, receives its fullest expression only in the letters—a side that, beneath all the tensions of his life, is cheerful,
optimistic, affirmative. D.H. Lawrence's belief in the ultimate sanctity of physical being finds its embodiment not only in formal essays and narratives, but in these informal meditations that reflect his day-to-day existence.”

It is noticed that there is a self portrayal in D.H. Lawrence's letters. Besides, his relationship with women and other writers is presented from personal perspective. His Prefaces and Introductions defend novel and treat any form of literature which shows inclination towards living man is a novel. There is a dismissal of preaching, philosophy, science in his writings from exclusively personal point of view. Thus they are creative.
References:

7. All the textual references are from Aldous Huxley's edition of D.H. Lawrence's Letters, unless otherwise stated.