D. H. LAWRENCE'S POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY AS EXPRESSED IN HIS NOVELS

BY

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ABSTRACT

As I have indicated in my title, the subject of this thesis is the political philosophy of D. H. Lawrence as expressed in his novels. I had originally intended to present a general, critical analysis of the political philosophy; but as research progressed, it seemed necessary for me to discover exactly what political views Lawrence really held. Therefore, the thesis has become, to a very large extent, a presentation and an organization of the strictly factual material that I have found in Lawrence's novels. In order to be absolutely fair to Lawrence, I have presented this material, as often as possible, in Lawrence's words rather than my own. My concern has been with the facts, rather than with a criticism or an evaluation of the facts. The chief contribution that I have made is in extracting the facts, and organizing them. I have taken the liberty, however, of selecting novels which I consider characteristic of the man. They are: Sons and Lovers, The Rainbow, Women in Love, Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo, The Plumed Serpent, and Lady Chatterley's Lover. Apocalypse and "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine" are also discussed.

The facts have been organized into the following categories: The Genesis of Lawrence's Ideas, Lawrence's Anti-Capitalistic and Anti-Mechanization Views, Lawrence's Anti-Democratic Leanings and his Attitude Toward War, The Communist and Fascist Questions, and Individual Liberty, Leadership and Power.

Throughout his writing, Lawrence often appears guilty of making seemingly inconsistent statements. This is true, in part;
because in his mind, Lawrence erroneously equated Industrialism, Capitalism, and Democracy. He felt that all three tended to demoralize men and to destroy individuality through conformity. The result was a mob state, with war as its natural manifestation. In his search for a better system, Lawrence demonstrated Communist and Fascistic tendencies; but it is clear in the novels that he accepted neither system.

Some of the life-qualities that Lawrence felt important for the individual to possess are apparent in the powerful, superhuman leaders in the novels. The leader abstains from submitting to the extreme desires of his will. He has, by means of an inner quality which he communicates to his fellow men, the capacity to make men submit to him. Basically, man needs to regain the "electric spark of life" which runs between him and the cosmos.
As I have indicated in my title, the subject of this thesis is the political philosophy of D. H. Lawrence as expressed in his novels. I had originally intended to present a general, critical analysis of the political philosophy; but as research progressed, it seemed necessary for me to discover exactly what political views Lawrence really held. Therefore, the thesis has become, to a very large extent, a presentation and an organization of the strictly factual material that I have found in Lawrence's novels. In order to be absolutely fair to Lawrence, I have presented this material, as often as possible, in Lawrence's words rather than my own. My concern has been with the facts, rather than with a criticism or an evaluation of the facts. The chief contribution that I have made is in extracting the facts, and organizing them. I have taken the liberty; however, of selecting novels which I consider characteristic of the man. They are: Sons and Lovers, The Rainbow, Women in Love, Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo, The Plumed Serpent, and Lady Chatterley's Lover. Apocalypse and "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine" are also discussed.
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CHAPTER I

The Genesis of Lawrence's Ideas

The purpose of this chapter is threefold. In it, I wish to present a brief biographical sketch of D. H. Lawrence as a prelude to a study of the man's political thoughts; second, I shall introduce the idea that Lawrence's thoughts are not always consistent, and third, I shall mention the controversial topic of Lawrence and sex. The chapter is divided into eight sections; but actually, only three topics are discussed. Sections I, II, and III deal with Lawrence's life and suggest possible influences on his ideas. Lawrence's inconsistency is also examined. Sections IV through VII treat the topic of Lawrence and sex. But more importantly, these sections show how Lawrence's treatment of sex illustrates the inconsistency of thought that was to appear in his political philosophy.
In the introduction to *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, Aldous Huxley says that Lawrence's biography does not account for Lawrence's achievement. On the other hand, the belief that there is no other writer in literary history whose works respond so immediately to environment as Lawrence's prompted Harry T. Moore's *Poste Restante*. Perhaps both these observations are correct. Lawrence's works contain many autobiographical elements; indeed, he continually draws upon his own experiences and his own circle of acquaintances in his writing. But these are of secondary consideration; his is the pondering intelligence that ignores time.

Nevertheless, to understand the man, it is necessary to know something of him. It is for this end that the sections are written: as a preface to the personality -- to the philosopher and to the traveler. Lawrence's ideas become identified with his characters, and his characters "discover their identities through their response to place, and having thus come upon their true selves, they mark out their fate and are able to pursue it to another place -- factory or farm, city or country, north or south, England or Italy, Europe or America, death or life."¹

Much of Lawrence's early life is reflected in *Sons and Lovers*. The parallel is quite sharp. As a product of a class-divided home, Lawrence grew up under the domination of an over-protecting, grudge-bearing mother and acquired what many critics call an Oedipus complex. Like the Morels, probably the only grounds of equality for the bitter woman and the earthy, lower-class man were those which were sexual
in nature. Lawrence, a sensitive child, standing apart from the other colliery boys, found a futile companionship with Jessie Chambers, who was later to emerge as Miriam. At seventeen his frail body suffered a severe attack of pneumonia.

In 1903, at the age of eighteen, Lawrence began to teach school. He was considered a good teacher, but he found it difficult to control a "hard" class. Time proved, however, that he had no difficulty controlling his female colleagues and associates. In the next few years he practised the art of being enchanting and captivating among several equally enchanting, but not quite so captivating, ladies until he had become such a master of the art, that the Baronness Frieda von Richthofen Weekley walked out on her husband and children to take up residence with him.

December, 1910, brought tragedy into the life of young Lawrence, when he was separated from the protective remonstrances of his mother by her death. We have every right to take Paul Morel's conviction, determined in a parallel situation, that he "... would not take that direction, to the darkness, to follow her", to be indicative of Lawrence's outlook. He successfully overcame the destructive over-protective influence she had upon him, and launched his career as poet, novelist, and world traveler.

In addition to completing Sons and Lovers in the following year, Lawrence began his travels by going to Germany. Back in England in 1913 to publish the novel, he then returned to the continent to resume work on a novel he entitled The Sisters. In two years' time, the work had been divided, and in September, 1915, he published the first half as The Rainbow, only to have it
suppressed in November under magistrate's orders. The second half, or *Women in Love*, was completed in 1916; but because of the controversy stirred up by its predecessor, it was not published until 1920, at which time it was published in New York. During that four-year interval, Lawrence had traveled through England, Germany, and Italy, and by the end of 1922, he had added Florence, Venice, Rome, Sardinia, Trieste, Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, San Francisco, and New Mexico to his itinerary. He had the opportunity to observe many political systems at work. Part of the next two years he spent in Mexico, working on *The Plumed Serpent*, and part he spent traveling to New Orleans, New York, New Jersey, Buffalo, Chicago, Havana, London and Paris. *The Plumed Serpent* (published in 1926) was completed in Mexico in 1925, the same year in which *St. Mawr* was published and Lawrence suffered a near-fatal setback from his lung condition.

By this time, Lawrence had also suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous censors who were still loath to forgive him for contributing sex to English literature. Weary of all this, Lawrence moved on to Florence to paint and to begin work on his most famous, or better still, infamous novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. This he completed in 1928, in Switzerland, after re-writing it three times. In 1929, Lawrence made his greatest contribution to British law and to the British police when he made it possible for them to try to track down and suppress his paintings, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and his poems *Pansies*, all at the same time. To add to the confusion, he published *The Man Who Died* in September; and in the following year, 1930, the controversial figure himself
died on March 2, in Vence, Alpes Maritimes, France.

II

Lawrence as a youth, read extensively both in fiction and in philosophy. It is difficult to say how much his reading influenced his later thinking, especially in the field of politics, but certainly, his reading of great and controversial philosophies cannot be completely ignored. He read Herbert Spencer, and he read Schopenhauer's *The Metaphysics of Love* and *The World as Will and Idea*. And Lawrence also perused Nietzsche. Jessie Chambers recorded his first experience with this philosopher: "It was in the library at Croydon that Lawrence found Nietzsche. He never mentioned him directly to me, nor suggested that I should read him, but I began to hear about the 'Will to Power' and perceived that he had come upon something new and engrossing ..."^2

This is all Jessie Chambers had to say about the relationship, but it is known that Lawrence pondered the influence of Goethe and Schopenhauer on Nietzsche^3 and that through Nietzsche, he came to the conclusion that superior men were the victims of "slave-morality."^4 The emphasis put by the Christian on demands were defeatist and crippling to life.^5 These themes, akin to Nietzsche's, were themes to be developed later by Lawrence in his writing, and they are a factor which would make any comparison between Lawrence and Nietzsche profitable, rather than merely interesting.

Lawrence traveled primarily for two reasons: he was continually looking for a place to locate Rananim, an ideal community he planned to establish for his friends, and a climate that would ease the burden of his diseased lungs.^6 But there was another reason for
his wandering that is neither geographical nor physical, but spiritual. He was concerned with man's place in the universe and with what man was doing about his responsibilities thereto. He saw an existing inter-relatedness between everything in this world and also things not in this world. The problem was to achieve the unity and harmony that this concept demanded. In short, he looked, in his work, in his travel, and in his life, for an answer to what he considered the degeneration of contemporary society. And one reason, he felt, for that degeneration of society was its adherence to certain conventions which tended to stifle individuality. In his own words:

.... my field is to know the feelings inside a man, and to make new feelings conscious. What really torments civilized people is that they are full of feelings they know nothing about; they can't realize them, they can't fulfill them, they can't live them. And so they are tortured. It is like having energy you can't use - it destroys you. And feelings are a form of vital energy.7

III

Thus Lawrence saw a necessity for meeting the needs of the whole person, and the physical needs were not dominant over the intellectual needs. He examined life around him with a critical eye and took as his target those mores which he felt to be steeped in mediocrity or degeneracy. Naturally, such criticism found opposition. One cannot hope to tongue-lash accepted social institutions without meeting opposition. But we must not make the mistake of misconstruing Lawrence's questions as Lawrence's answers. Throughout his life he attacked many factions, and he became possessed, even obsessed, by many ideas. He preached these ideas
fervently, but I doubt that he was offering them up as the sole answer to the world's woes.

He sometimes becomes obsessed by some minor irritation and laboriously worries it to death; he sometimes employs fantastic or misleading symbolism; and he generally prefers a method of incremental repetition to first-shot precision; but to anyone who reads to understand rather than to contradict and confute, the effective drift of his thought is not in doubt.®

And so Lawrence went through life, exhausting one idea only to find rebirth in another just as the Phoenix, which fascinated him — and Nietzsche — as a symbol, was continuously resurrected from its ashes. But in his wake he destroyed conventions, hoping to transmit in his devastation some positive values for the rejuvenation of the race.

D. H. Lawrence possessed a deep sensitivity, an awareness of his own environment and of his own feelings. On April 3, 1914, he wrote to J. Middleton Murray:

I am rather great on faith just now. I do believe in it. We are so egoistic, that we are ashamed of ourselves out of existence. One ought to have faith in what one ultimately is, then one can bear at last the hosts of unpleasant things to which one is en route. I seem to spend half my days having revulsions and convulsions from myself.®

It was this sensitivity that allowed the deep insight into human motivations and the unusual feeling for non-human things that is evident in all of his work. Even the plants and the animals in his poetry and novels possess an individuality of their own. It was this same sensitivity that allowed the artist to love mankind while he scolded them and was, in turn, scorned by them; to
love England while he forsook it. And it caused him to suffer when he felt periodically cut off from his society and the realization of his own social drives. His art was his refuge during the depressive periods, but ironically, it was the art that served to alienate him further from his countrymen, for in his work he found an outlet to express the concerns that were inside him.

Self-expression of inner and immediate impulses was manifested in his creations. When the impulse ended, communication of it ceased, and Lawrence spent much time re-writing, rather than revising his work.¹⁰

Fiction was Lawrence's way of arriving at doctrine, and since fiction is necessarily immersed in the immediate and the contingent, so the doctrine most closely linked with the novels will be tinged with the same contingency, coloured by the particular autobiographical or fictitious problem with which he is wrestling at the time.¹¹

And sometimes, one can see no connection between these problems. It is not unusual for Lawrence, as we shall see, to tackle a problem, change his mind, change his mind again, and wind up right back where he started.

IV

Though it is not the purpose of this paper to analyze the role of D. H. Lawrence, in what has been popularly termed the modern sex revolution, no treatment of the man would be complete without some discussion of the subject which many people consider synonymous with his name. By placing Lawrence's views on sex in context, one may show, perhaps, that he was not altogether
or even principally, a "sex writer". The discussion may also be useful for comparative purposes when the main topic I am concerned with is presented, for it illustrates and typifies Lawrence's method of thinking.

Certain aspects of this problem of sex are revealed in *Sons and Lovers*. Paul Morel, the young hero of the novel and the prototype of Lawrence, although dominated by what most people would call an unnatural relationship with his mother, still sought the fruition of his intellectual and physical needs in the outside world. He attempted to find the former with Miriam and the latter with Clara Dawes. Though the mother-influence doomed these experimentations to failure, the needs still existed. One can also make a case for interpreting this outcome as meaning that neither the physical nor the intellectual can alone lead to happiness, What constitutes happiness and peace of mind is what often, I believe, constitutes Lawrence's philosophical problem, and now that he had partly explored the problem in this autobiographical novel, he was led from the contemplation of his own life to the development of social theory.

In the earlier books Lawrence had been grasping, not so much for the solution as for the formulation of a problem -- that of the growth of love and its obstacles and frustrations. The early psycho-analytical principle that to understand the genesis of a problem is to make it disappear may have been over-optimistic, but it seems to have applied to Lawrence's case well enough. There is no more need now for the continual re-living of his own experience. *The Rainbow* is perhaps the least autobiographical of Lawrence's major novels. It is still pre-eminently a novel of ex-
ploration, but the need is no longer to
come to terms with a pressing personal
imbroglio: it is rather to classify and
develop a philosophy of life which is
present only in the embryo.12

The man-woman relationships are a part of Lawrence's phil-
osophy in The Rainbow; and indeed I see them embodying the theme
of the novel: "... the urgency and the difficult struggle of the
higher human possibilities to realize themselves."13

Nevertheless, the relationship is precarious. It must be
entered upon with a full understanding by both parties. Apparently
neither one must overstep the boundaries of what constitutes mari-
tal harmony. If this happens, the creativity of the second partner
will be stifled. In most of the cases I have encountered in the
novels, the woman is the felon. Possibly, this development is
due to the violent quarrels Lawrence had with Frieda. Indeed,
they had agreed to point out each other's faults, rather than
to conceal their emotions.

V

The Rainbow illustrates the inadequacy of the mere sex
relationship when Anna profanely interprets the carvings in a
cathedral as being images of the artist's mistress. The passion
which finally prompted her husband, Will Brangwen, to destroy
his wood carvings, in which he had manifested his creativity, is
aptly described in his response to Anna's charges:

She had got free from the cathedral,
she had even destroyed the passion he had.
She was glad. He was bitterly angry. Strive
as he could, he could not keep the cathe-
dral wonderful to him. He was disillusioned.
That which had been his absolute, containing
all heaven and earth, was become to him as to her, a shapely heap of dead matter - but dead, dead.

His mouth was full of ash, his soul was furious. He hated her for having destroyed another of his vital illusions. Soon he would be stark; stark, without one place wherein to stand, without one belief in which to rest. (192)*

There is a place for individuality, but Lawrence's love was a balance of wills in allegiance to something other than sex, and the domination of one partner over the other would break the spell. This concept is apparent in the events surrounding the scene, in *Women in Love*, where Gerald mercilessly spurs his horse near a railroad crossing.

..... Ursula agrees only in part with Berkin's remarks to Gerald that every horse has two wills: one that desires complete subjection, and the other that wants to be free and wild. Gerald of course denies the House's freedom, and conversely, Ursula asks why even half a horse should want to put itself in human power. Berkin's answer suggests his reply when later she inquires what he really expects from a love relationship. There is, he says, the highest love-impulse in which you must "resign your will to the higher being". In this area of resignation, two pure beings, paradoxically each remaining free and yet united, would balance each other. "Like two poles of one force, like two angles, or two demons". Gerald can obviously never achieve the balance, and Gudrun, after searching for it one she has exhausted the range of his sadism, soon rejects him for Loerke ..... 14

* The editions used for all the novels are listed in the bibliography.
Ursula and Birkin, in the same novel, on the other hand, have earnestly sought a perfect relationship. They have difficulties during their search, but the couple is essentially in accord with Lawrence's scheme of things. In the end, they experience a degree of success. I find that four excerpts from *Women in Love* provide an ample guide to the couple's search as it progresses through the novel. First there is Birkin's plea to Ursula to look at love in a fresh light:

"The point about love," he said, his consciousness quickly adjusting itself, "is that we hate the word because we have vulgarised it. It ought to be prescribed, tabooed from utterance, for many years, till we get a new, better idea."

There was a beam of understanding between them.

"But it always means the same thing," she said.

"Ah God, no, let it not mean that anymore," he cried. "Let the old meanings go."

"But still it is love," she persisted. A strange, wicked yellow light shone at him in her eyes.

He hesitated, baffled, withdrawing.

"No," he said, "it isn't. Spoken like that, never in the world. You've no business to utter the word." (147)

Ursula had already given careful consideration to the sexual aspect of love when she concluded that the rainbow, the triumph of sensory life, "stood on the earth*.15 "Like ... Paul (Morel in *Sons and Lovers*) ... she demands heightened life that overreaches and encompasses sex, and, like Paul, she must find some way of placing it in daily life*.16 She has not, however, resigned herself to the idea of giving up her own personal possession of a man's intimate love to a third, greater spirit which encompasses
the spirits of both partners. Her reluctance to do this causes Birkin to contemplate:

Fusion, fusion, this horrible fusion of two beings, which every woman and most men insisted on, was it not nauseous and horrible anyhow, whether it was a fusion of the spirit of the emotional body? Hermione saw herself as the perfect Idea, to which all men must come: and Ursula was the perfect Womb, the bath of birth, to which all men must come! And both were horrible. Why could they not remain individuals, limited by their own limits? Why this dreadful all-comprehensiveness, this hateful tyranny? Why not leave the other being free, why try to absorb, or melt, or merge? One might abandon oneself utterly to the moment, but not to any other being. (353-4)

When Ursula concedes, the two enjoy what Lawrence thought of as a perfect state of mind, a flawless harmony. They possess a deep, physical knowledge, time halts, and something of all ages, something of eternity prevails:

She sat wondering. The car lurched and swayed. She knew there was no leaving him, the darkness held them both and contained them, it was not to be surpassed. Besides she had a full mystic knowledge of his suave loins of darkness, dark-clad and suave, and in this knowledge there was some of the inevitability and the beauty of fate, fate which one asks for, which one accepts: in full.

He sat still like an Egyptian Pharoah, driving the car. He felt as if he were seated in immemorial potency, like the great carven statues of real Egypt, as real and as fulfilled with subtle strength as these are, with a vague inscrutable smile on his lips. He knew what it was to have the strange and magical current of force in his back and loins and down his legs, force so perfect that it stayed him immobile, and left his face subtly, mindlessly smiling. He knew what it was to be awake and potent in that other basic mind, the deepest physical mind, and from this source he had a pure and
magic control, magical, mystical, a force in darkness, like electricity.

It was very difficult to speak, it was so perfect to sit in this pure living silence, subtle, full of unthinkable knowledge and unthinkable force, like the immobile, supremely potent Egyptians, seated forever in their living, subtle silence. (363-4)

Apparently, Lawrence felt that the man-woman relationship was not the highest spiritual fulfillment man could obtain. It may be nothing more than the expression of a frustrated father-son pact — Lawrence and his father were never close — but what was needed was a man-man relationship. He toyed with the man-man relationship in several episodes in several novels, and his preoccupation with it was brought down upon his head the charge that he had homosexual tendencies. The relationships occur in the bathing scene of *The White Peacock* and in the scenes depicting religious rituals in *The Plumed Serpent*. But perhaps the most vivid exploration of this relationship occurs in the wrestling scene between Gerald and Birken in *Women in Love*. In it, the two men strip and wrestle after the Japanese manner. They feel a sensual delight in the contact of their naked bodies. Finally, after wrestling until they are completely exhausted, Birken, unknowingly collapses, and falls prostrate across the body of the spent Gerald. The two men have experienced a peace, an easing of tension. Lawrence attempts to explain the situation in the following conversation between Ursula and Birken at the end of the novel:

"Did you need Gerald?" She asked one evening.
"Yes", he said.
"Aren't I enough for you?" she asked.
"No" he said, "You are all woman to me. But I wanted a man friend, as eternal as you and I are eternal."
"Why aren't I enough?" she asked. "You are enough for me. I don't want anybody else but you. Why isn't it the same with you?"
"Having you, I can live all my life without anybody else, any other sheer intimacy. But to make it complete, really happy, I wanted eternal union with a man too: another kind of love," he said. "I don't believe it," she said. "It's an obstinacy, a theory, a perversity."
"Well --" he said.
"You can't have two kinds of love. Why should you!"
"It seems as if I can't," he said. Yet I wanted it."
"You can't have it, because it's false, impossible," she said.
"I don't believe that," he answered. (548)

It sounds as if a remnant of the idea of possessive love is still present in Ursula. She had ignored the "... plea of Lawrence's male characters for woman to divest herself of the 'idea' of 'love' and devote herself to the 'fact' of 'phallic' relationship ..."17

She had, in effect, what Lawrence considered a creative impulse.

The creative impulse he referred to included "the desire of the human male to build a world: not to build a world for you dear; but to build up out of his own self and his own belief and his own effort something wonderful." The antagonism he so frequently found between the sexual and creative impulses was based largely on the conservative and Philistine orientation of his women. Although he insisted that creativity should root in sexual fulfillment, he regarded most women as smugly enmeshed in the past, using their sex to trap men in their own preconceptions. Ursula, although more divested of the past than Skrebansky, still remained an obstacle to inconoclasim of Birkin.
Because Lawrence saw women as persistently reactionary, poor in creativity even when rich in strength, his male characters insisted that their women defer to the purpose of their husbands and lovers. Until the writing of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Lawrence found it necessary to seek a man as a partner in social regeneration and to emphasize, not just the difference, but also the antagonism between sexual and creative impulses. Only gradually did he come round to regarding women, on occasion, as emancipated as himself.  

In *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Lawrence provides a kind of shock therapy for what he considered to be the sterile, middle-class idea of sex. It is curious that the novel was published in 1928, only two years before Lawrence's death. He had been suffering with a lung ailment for some time, and perhaps he knew he would not live much longer. The publication of *Lady Chatterley* seems almost a last great slap at the censors who had been worrying him since *The Sisters* was written. Lawrence, as Mellors, continues to speak out against a purposeless world:

> It was not woman's fault, nor even love's fault, nor the fault of sex. The fault lay there, out there, in those evil electric lights and diabolical rattlings of engines. There, in the world of the mechanical greedy, greedy mechanism and mechanized greed, sparkling with lights and gushing hot metal and roaring with traffic, there lay the vast evil thing, ready to destroy whatever did not conform. Soon it would destroy the wood, and the bluebells would spring no more. All vulnerable things must perish under the rolling and running of iron. (Ill)

*Lady Chatterley's Lover* is concerned with sex. After the first union with Connie, Mellors says that he thought he had done with it, but now he has begun again, for it is life: "There's no keeping clear. And if you do keep clear you might almost as well
die. So if I've got to be broken open again, I have." Connie and Mellors seek a perfect physical, spiritual, emotional and, I believe, intellectual union through sex. And it is apparent both in Connie's thoughts during her trip and in Mellor's letter to Connie that they find it. "For Lawrence, the significance of the sexual experience was this: that in it, the immediate non-mental knowledge of divine otherness is brought, so to speak to a focus -- a focus of darkness" -- a means of meeting the creator.  

Many long quotations from the novels have been used in this short discussion. If they are wrenched from their context or from their commentary, it is easy to see how Lawrence could be accused of everything from satyriasis to homosexuality. Actually, Lawrence's expressions fit together to form a definite set of opinions. The set of opinions leads to the conclusion that sex is not something to be ashamed of, and it even suggests, in the stories of the Morels, and of Will and Anna Brangwen, that sex is not an end in itself.

VIII

We have seen in this chapter something of D. H. Lawrence's life. It is quite natural that an artist should be, to some extent, a reflection of his life. The effect that a class-divided home had upon Lawrence will be developed in the next chapter. In addition, Lawrence was broadened by extensive travel and challenged by contemplative reading. The result was a keen sensitivity, a deep concern for his fellow men, and an awareness of the need for social reform. But along with all this went a zeal which flared up from time to time and changed as Lawrence's
mood changed. He may always have his final goal firmly and clearly
fixed in his mind, but the constancy is not always apparent to his
readers. To a degree, the treatment of sex illustrates this vari-
ability. The man-woman relationship is unsuccessfully explored
in Sons and Lovers, established in The Rainbow, subordinated to
a man-man partnership in Women in Love, and returned to in Lady
Chatterley's Lover.

I have attempted to present an introductory sketch of the way
D. H. Lawrence thinks about sex. Lawrence becomes impassioned at
the moment. He becomes involved with an idea and expresses things
differently at different times, but generally, I believe, one can
find at least common denominator which underlies his expression.
That is why it is dangerous to take Lawrence's statements out of
context, without taking into account the relationship of the state-
ment to the overall theme. Lawrence held opinions of a variety of
things, and some critics have found links between all of his opinions.
"In his thinking there was a very definite connection between personal
love, love of humanity, and love of God, all being essentially a way
of 'merging' individuality with something else."\(^{20}\) Certainly,
the links exist.
CHAPTER II

Lawrence's Anti-Capitalistic and Anti-Mechanization Views

When ideas possess a person, as they did Lawrence, and when that person finds release for pent-up emotions in writing, the fusion of philosophy and work is unavoidable. This is not to say, however, that Lawrence's novels are philosophical treatises; rather, they are pictures of existing contemporary situations as Lawrence saw them. I believe that if his characters seem insecure in their position it is only because Lawrence felt insecure in his. Indeed, his characters many times seem victims of fate, but one gets the impression that it is often a man-made fate. The victims do not always understand their lot. For example, in *Women in Love* Hermione tried to kill Birkin because she could not dominate him with her social background; but it is the reader who discovers this cause and not Hermione. What is said in the novels about problems of society and democracy can very often be taken as pure Lawrence, without our worrying about its being colored by a persona.

This second chapter is concerned with two aspects of the contemporary scene: Lawrence's anti-capitalistic views and Anti-mechanistic views. Capitalism is a broad topic; therefore, I have limited myself to certain facets of the problem. The topic as it is presented here treats Lawrence's opinions on money, industrialization, mechanization, and class structure. While these categories are not necessarily interrelated, Lawrence fused them together in his mind. I shall try to demonstrate Lawrence's feeling that money was being set up as a false god. It was, he felt, a means of setting up artificial class barriers.
Those who were in command reaped the fruits of profit, while the workers were eternally condemned to miserable working conditions and lack of concern on the part of their employers. In short, capitalism created a society of Haves and Have-nots, and broke down all means of communication between the two. The Haves became stilted and false, taking on the characteristics of the machines they relied upon. Industrialization and mass production, according to Lawrence, turned the Have-nots into a milling mass being treated like animals and acting the part. All manifestation of individuality was being completely destroyed by the worship of money.

I shall rely heavily upon Lawrence's own words and the words of Lawrence's characters as they appear in the seven novels which, I feel, are the most representative of their author: Sons and Lovers, The Rainbow, Women in Love, Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo, The Plumed Serpent, and Lady Chatterley's Lover. The chapter consists of seven parts - one for each novel, arranged chronologically. If I quote abundantly and often, it is only to show that Lawrence's social and political opinions are not casual or accidental, but are pervasive and fundamental. He has been so often regarded as merely a sex writer that it is only by the weight of overwhelming evidence that I can hope to show that a social-political consciousness is almost omnipresent in his work.
In *Sons and Lovers* is mirrored the class tragedy that disturbed Lawrence's own childhood. It is concerned with the problems of a fated marriage -- a marriage fated because its participants dared to cross the boundaries of social station. Gertrude Coppard did not come from a wealthy family, but it was a family that was old enough to take pride in its name. At a Christmas party she became fascinated with Walter Morel, an uneducated coal miner who had about him an air of mystery which she found lacking in her previous sweethearts. Morel, on the other hand, was attracted by this lady with a bent for intellectual conversation; and on the basis of this attraction of opposites, the two were married. It evolved that this air of mystery, essentially sexual in nature, was the only common denominator to compatibility in this union. For Mrs. Morel's ignorance of the lower class ways of her husband was soon painfully revealed to her:

...He had told her he had a good bit of money left over. But she realized it was no use asking questions. She sat rigid with bitterness and indignation.

The next day she went down to see his mother.

"Didn't you buy the furniture for Walter?" she asked.

"Yes, I did," tartly retorted the elder woman.

"And how much did he give you to pay for it?"

The elder woman was stung with fine indignation.

"Eighty pound, if you're so keen on knowin'," she replied.

"Eighty pounds! But there are forty-two pounds still owing!"

"I can't help that."

"But where has it all gone?"

"You'll find all the papers, I think, if you look -- beside ten pound as he owed me, an' six pound as the wedding cost down here."

"Six pounds!" echoed Gertrude Morel. It seemed to her monstrous that, after her own
father had paid so heavily for her wedding, six pounds more should have been squandered in eating and drinking at Walter's parents' house, at his expense.

"And how much has he sunk in his houses?" she asked.

"His houses - which houses?"

Gertrude Morel went white to the lips. He had told her the house he lived in, and the next one, were his own.

"I thought the house we live in -" she began.

"They're my houses, those two," said the mother-in-law.

"And not clear either. It's as much as I can do to keep the mortgage interest paid."

Gertrude sat white and silent. She was her father now.

"Then we ought to be paying you rent," she said coldly.

"Walter is paying me rent," replied the mother.

"And what rent?" asked Gertrude.

"Six-and-six a week," retorted the mother.

It was more than the house was worth. Gertrude held her head erect, looked straight before her.

"It is lucky to be you," said the elder woman, bitingy, "to have a husband as takes all the worry of the money, and leaves you a free hand."

The young wife was silent.

She said very little to her husband, but her proud, honourable soul had crystallized out hard as rock. (18)

The preceding quotation demonstrates another aspect of Lawrence's social concern: that of economics and money. It is, after all, money that is partly, if not primarily responsible for the development of rigid class lines. Aristocracy is not usually unpossessed of capital, and modern social class boundaries are convenienced by income bracket divisions. One feels, however, that it is not money but the use to which it is put that troubles Lawrence. He is against an avaricious tendency in man. "Through Manipulation of money it became possible ... to thieve without
stigma, to gain power without overt assault, and to gratify un-
Christian ambitions under the aegis of Progress." The attitude
of Lawrence which is described in this statement by Mary Freeman
is one of dislike for the mere profit-motive in life.

The enemy was capitalism, and the greedy men who were out to
control the masses for their own personal ends. In *Sons and Lovers*,
Lawrence tells the story from the other bottom end of the scale:
he concentrates on the lower-class working man and the effect
capitalism had on him. The amount of wages a collier would re-
ceive was always uncertain. He was paid according to production,
and the variations in salary often made it all the more difficult
for an uneducated miner to manage his money. Paul Morel's father
worked out the following arrangement with his wife:

If he earned forty shillings he kept ten;
from thirty-five he kept five; from thirty-
two he kept four; from twenty-eight he kept
three; from twenty-four he kept two; from
twenty he kept one-and-six; from eighteen
he kept a shilling; from sixteen he kept
sixpence. He never saved a penny, and he
gave his wife no opportunity of saving; in-
stead, she had occasionally to pay his debts;
not public-house debts, for those never were
passed on to the women, but debts when he
had bought a canary, or a fancy walking-
stick. (23)

Typical mismanagement, such as this, resulted in hardship for
the entire family. At a very tender age, children were forced
to devise any means they could of contributing to the welfare
of the family.

While they were so poor, the children
were delighted if they could do any-
thing to help economically. Annie and
Paul and Arthur went out early in the
morning, in summer, looking for mush¬rooms, hunting through the wet grass, from which the larks were rising, for the white-skinned, wonderful naked bod¬ies crouched secretly in the green. And if they got half a pound they felt ex¬ceedingly happy: there was the joy of finding something, the joy of accepting something straight from the hand of Nature, and the joy of contributing to the family exchequer. (71)

In addition to gathering mushrooms, other tasks often fall upon the shoulders of the very young. The mining towns, as Lawrence knew them and described them, were generally dirty housing developments, built by the management and rented to the workers. Some workers, Walter Morel included, responded to the cares of providing for a family and the uninspiring surroundings by tak¬ing to drink. When his father was engaged in the later, it was little Paul's task to go down to the paymaster's and collect the wages. Paul hated this trip, for it gave the aristocarcy of the pits = those who held the white collar jobs of paymaster and cashier - a chance to enhance themselves in their own eyes by belittling their inferior brothers:

The room was crowded with miners in their pit-dirt, men who had been home and changed, and women, and one or two children, and usually a dog. Paul was quite small, so it was often his fate to be jammed behind the legs of the men, near the fire which scorched him. He knew the order of the names -- they went according to stall number.

"Holliday," came the ringing voice of Mr. Braithwaite. Then Mrs. Holliday stepped si¬lently forward, was paid, drew aside.

"Bower -- John Bover."

A boy stepped to the counter. Mr. Braithwaite, large and irascible, glowered at him over his spectacles.

"John Bower!"
"It's me," said the boy.

"Why you used to 'ave a different nose than that," said glossy Mr. Winterbottom, peering over the counter. The people tittered, thinking of John Bowers senior.

"How is it your father's not come?" said Mr. Braithwaite, in a large and magisterial voice.

"He's badly," piped the boy.

"You should tell him to keep off the drink," pronounced the great cashier.

"An' niver mind if he puts his foot through yer," said a mocking voice from behind.

All the men laughed. The large and important cashier looked down at his next sheet.

"Fred Pilkington!" he called, quite indifferent.

Mr. Braithwaite was an important shareholder in the firm.

Paul knew his turn was next but one, and his heart began to beat. He was pushed against the chimney-piece. His calves were burning. But he did not hope to get through the wall of men.

"Walter Morel!" came the ringing voice.

"Here!" Paul, small and inadequate.

"Morel — Walter Morel!" the cashier repeated, his finger and thumb on the invoice, ready to pass on.

Paul was suffering convulsions of self-consciousness, and could not or would not shout. The backs of the men obliterated him. Then Mr. Winterbottom came to the rescue.

"He's here, Where is he? Morel's lad?"

The fat, red, bald little man peered round with keen eyes. He pointed at the fireplace. The colliers looked round, moved aside, and disclosed the boy.

"Here he is!" said Mr. Winterbottom.

Paul went to the counter.

"Seventeen pounds eleven and fivepence. Why don't you shout up when you're called?" said Mr. Braithwaite. He banged on to the invoice a five-pound bag of silver, then, in a delicate and pretty movement, picked up a little ten-pound column of gold, and plumped it beside the silver. The gold slid in a bright stream over the paper.
The cashier finished counting off the money; the boy dragged the whole down the counter to Mr. Winterbottom, to whom the stoppages for the rent and tools must be paid. Here he suffered again.

"Sixteen an' six," said Mr. Winterbottom.

The lad was too much upset to count. He pushed forward some loose silver and half a sovereign.

"How much do you think you've given me?" asked Mr. Winterbottom.

The boy looked at him, but said nothing. He had not the faintest notion.

"Haven't you got a tongue in your head?" Paul bit his lip, and pushed forward some more silver.

"Don't they teach you to count at the Board-school?" he asked.

"Nawt but Algibbra an' French," said a collier.

"An' cheek an' impidence," said another. Paul was keeping someone waiting. With trembling fingers he got his money into the bag and slid out. He suffered the tortures of the damned on these occasions.

His relief, when he got outside, and was walking along the Mansfield Road, was infinite. (73-4)

While still at an early age, the narrow, overpowering opinions of the working people -- the people enslaved by industrialism -- took their toll on Paul Morel's social conscience and forced him to abandon his childhood to become one of them. Walter Morel's mother had sent him into the pits at the age of twelve. Very likely, this would have been Paul's fate too had not Mrs. Morel pushed him into looking for a job in the city.

"I've got to go and look for advertisements for a job."

It stood in front of the morning, that thought, killing all joy and even life, for him. His heart felt like a tight knot.

And then, at ten o'clock, he set off. He was supposed to be a queer, quiet child. Going up the sunny street of the little town, he felt as if all the folk he met said to themselves:
"He's going to the Co-op reading-room to look in the papers for a place. He can't get a job. I suppose he's living on his mother." Then he crept up the stone stairs behind the drapery shop at the Co-op, and peeped in the reading-room. Usually one or two men were there, either old, useless fellows, or colliery "on the club." So he entered, dull of shrinking and suffering when they looked up, seated himself at the table, and pretended to scan the news. He knew they would think, "What does a lad of thirteen want in a reading-room with a newspaper?" and he suffered.

Then he looked wistfully out of the window. Already he was a prisoner of industrialism. Large sunflowers stared over the old red wall of the garden opposite, looking in their jolly way down on the women who were hurrying with something for dinner. The valley was full of corn, brightening in the sun. Two colliers, among the fields, waved their small white plumes of steam. Far off on the hills were the woods of Annesley, dark and fascinating. Already his heart went down. He was being taken into bondage. His freedom in the beloved home valley was going now. (91-2)

Before Paul finds a job, Lawrence seizes upon one more opportunity to evoke sympathy for the poverty-stricken family. Paul and his mother go to the city for a job interview. While there, Mrs. Morel sees many things she would like to have but cannot afford. The pill is especially hard to swallow, because she was formerly a member of a higher class and lowered herself by her marriage.

"Now, just look at that fuchsia!" she exclaimed, pointing.
"H'm!" He made a curious, interested sound "You'd think every second as the flowers was going to fall off, they hang so big an' heavy."
"And such an abundance!" she cried.
"And the way they drop downwards with their threads and knots!"
"Yes!" she exclaimed. "Lovely!"
"I wonder who'll buy it!" he said.
"It would die in our parlour."
"Yes, beastly cold, sunless hole; it kills every bit of a plant." (100)
The job Paul takes is in a factory -- Jordan's Surgical Supplies.

By taking the job in the factory, Paul is crossing class boundaries.

In the caste system forced upon the people by capitalistic endeavors, it was higher to be a city factory worker than a miner. In either case, however, it was production that counted and the workers received little or no concern. Paul had to work a twelve hour day, and the working conditions were not good.

The room was second storey. It had a great hole in the middle of the floor, fenced as with a wall of counters, and down this wide shaft the lifts went, and the light for the bottom storey. Also there was a corresponding big, oblong hole in the ceiling, and one could see above, over the fence of the top floor, some machinery; and right away overhead was the glass roof, and all light for the three storeys came downwards, getting dimmer, so that it was always night on the ground floor and rather gloomy on the second floor. The factory was the top floor, the warehouse the second, the storehouse the ground floor. It was an insanitary, ancient place. (103-4)

Even when Paul received a raise, his wages seemed little in comparison to the long working hours and the other liabilities that resulted from the job.

Paul's wages had been raised at Christmas to ten shillings, to his great joy. He was quite happy at Jordan's, but his health suffered from the long hours and the confinement. His mother, to whom he became more and more significant, thought how to help. (122)

But the transition was complete, and Mrs. Morel had triumphed.

Meager as the factory work was, Paul had crossed an economic class boundary and could not return.

"You know," he said to his mother, "I don't want to belong to the well-to-do middle class. I like my common people best. I belong to the common people."
"But if anyone else said so, my son, wouldn't you be in a tear? You know you consider yourself equal to any gentleman."

"In myself," he answered, "not in my class or my education or my manners. But in myself I am."

"Very well, then. Then why talk about the common people?"

"Because -- the difference between people isn't in their class, but in themselves. Only from the middle classes one gets ideas, and from the common people -- life itself, warmth. You feel their hates and loves."

"It's all very well, my boy. But, then, why don't you go and talk to your father's pals?"

"But they're rather different."

"Not at all. They're the common people. After all, whom do you mix with now -- among the common people? Those that exchange ideas, like the middle classes. The rest don't interest you." (250)

And so it can be seen that *Sons and Lovers* presents a realistic picture of the economic struggles of working-class life, but the novel is not completely concerned with class. Strong individuals rise above the machine to challenge both it and their lives. "While he (Lawrence) revealed in *Sons and Lovers* the power of class position over individuals, he declared simultaneously Paul's and his own determination to circumvent rigid class values and to find a larger view of life."2

II

The next two novels were *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, in which the problems of class and society were not forgotten. Once again, Lawrence began, this time in *The Rainbow*, with a marriage that transcended class boundaries. The participants are Lydia Lensky, the well-born daughter of a Polish Landowner, and Tom Brangwen, a farmer. Here, however, the marriage succeeds because Lydia was willing to swallow her past most of the time. Nevertheless, trouble arose in the form of Anna, Lydia's daughter by a
previous marriage. Although she was still a child, Anna was old enough to sense the change in her life which this new union had brought about. When she married she wanted a husband who would provide her with material things that would raise her position in life. Unfortunately, the man she actually chose was a creative man who was not interested in material things.

Man was terrible, awful in his works. The works of man were more terrible than man himself, almost monstrous.

And yet, for his own part, for his private being, Brangwen felt that the whole of the man's world was exterior and extraneous to his own real life with Anna. Sweep away the whole monstrous superstructure of the world of to-day, cities and industries and civilization, leave only the bare earth with plants growing and waters running, and he would not mind. (181)

Will and Anna were to be the parents of Ursula and Gudrun Brangwen, the two sensitive heroines of the companion novels. In Ursula, this sensitivity would allow her, like Lawrence to contemplate and pass judgment on the world around her. She would see the destruction of harmony between nature's phenomena and man's improvements and look for a new way to restore the old balance. For Lawrence at this time, part of the answer lay in the individuality of man, an individuality which he felt capitalism suppressed. Ursula realized the fact, and it resulted in the breakup of her romance with Skrebensky. So Skrebensky, who represented the great, established, extant idea of life, left. For him ...

The good of the greatest number was all that mattered. That which was the greatest good for them all, collectively, was the greatest good for the individual. And so, every man must give himself to support the state, and so
labour for the greatest good of all. One might make improvements in the state, perhaps, but always with a view to preserving it intact.

No highest good of the community, however, would give him the vital fulfillment of his soul. He knew this. But he did not consider the soul of the individual sufficiently important. He believed a man was important in so far as he represented all humanity.

He could not see, it was not born in him to see, that the highest good of the community as it stands is no longer the highest good of even the average individual. He thought that, because the community represents millions of people, therefore it must be millions of times more important than any individual, forgetting that the community is an abstraction from the many, and is not the many themselves. Now then the statement of the abstract good for the community has become a formula lacking in all inspiration or value to the average intelligence, then the "common good" becomes a general nuisance, representing the vulgar, conservative materialism at a low level.

And by the highest good of the greatest number is chiefly meant the material prosperity of all classes ... (309)

What Skrebensky could or would not see became Ursula’s passion.

Her condemnation of the life about her, with its ordered machinations and its identity-killing industriousness, was inevitable; and she had to depart to live her own life and to seek a remedy for the intellectual unrest which that life produced in her. She went to visit her Uncle Tom, who managed a colliery in the town of Wiggeston; but instead of finding relief there, Ursula only became more horrified at the industrial world.

Wiggiston was only seven year old. It had been a hamlet of eleven houses on the edge of healthy, half-agricultural country. Then the great seam of coal had been opened. In a year Wiggiston appeared, a great mass of pinkish rows of thin,
unreal dwellings of five rooms each. The streets were like visions of pure ugliness; a grey-black macadamized road, asphalt causeways, held in between a flat succession of wall, window, and door, a new-brick channel that began nowhere, and ended nowhere. Everything was amorphous, yet everything repeated itself endlessly. Only now and then, in one of the house-windows vegetables or small groceries were displayed for sale. (325)

Here Lawrence introduces another social concept. The influence of industry and mechanization is so great, he says, that anything coming under its domination assumes its mechanical characteristics. Such was the case with Uncle Tom's room.

It was a handsome room, appointed as a laboratory, and reading room, but giving the same sense of hard, mechanical activity, activity mechanical yet inchoate, and looking out on the hideous obstruction of the town, and at the green meadows and rough country beyond, and at the great, mathematical colliery on the other side. (326)

The mechanized mines drained the life out of the workers and the humanitarian spirit out of the bosses. The men were clearly of the lower class, and as such they did not matter.

"But is this place as awful as it looks?" the young girl asked, a strain in her eyes.
"It is just what it looks," he said. "It hides nothing."
"Why are the men so sad?"
"Are they sad?" he replied.
"They seem unutterably, unutterably sad," said Ursula, out of a passionate throat.
"I don't think they are that. They just take it for granted."
"What do they take for granted?"
"This -- the pits and the place altogether."
"Why don't they alter it?" she passionately protested.
"They believe they must alter themselves to fit the pits and the place, rather than alter the pits and the place to fit themselves. It is easier," he said.
"And you agree with them," burst out his niece, unable to bear it. "You think like they do -- that living human beings must be taken and adapted to all kinds of horrors. We could easily do without the pits." (327-8)

During her stay, Ursula learns of a woman who has lost her husband. When she expresses sympathy, she is told not to, for the woman will soon marry again: "One man or another -- it doesn't matter. They're all colliers."

"Every man his own little side-show, his home, but the pit owns every man. The women have what is left. What's left of this man, or what is left of that -- it doesn't matter altogether. The pit takes all that really matters."

"It is the same everywhere," burst out Winifred. "It is the office, or the shop, or the business that gets the man, the woman gets the bit the shop can't digest. What is he at home, a man? He is a meaningless lump -- standing machine, a machine out of work."

"They know they are sold," said Tom Brangwen. "That's where it is. They know they are sold to their job. If a woman talks her throat out, what difference can it make? The man's sold to his job. So the women don't bother. They take what they can catch -- and vogue la galere." (329)

It was a terrible experience, human beings subjected to mere slavery. Ursula felt she must get away.

Then she recovered, felt herself in a great loneliness, wherein she was sad but free. She had departed. No more would she subscribe to the great colliery, to the great machine which has taken us all captives. In her soul, she was against it, she disowned even its power. It had only to be forsaken to be inane, meaningless. And she knew it was meaningless. But it needed a great, passionate effort of will on her part, seeing the colliery, still to maintain her knowledge that it was meaningless.

But her Uncle Tom and her mistress remained there among the horde, cynically reviling the monstrous state and yet adhering to it, like a man who reviles his mistress, yet who is in love with her. She knew her Uncle Tom perceived what was going on. But she knew moreover that in spite of his
criticism and condemnation, he still wanted the great machine. His only happy moments, his only moments of pure freedom were when he was serving the machine. Then, and then only, when the machine caught him up, was he free from the hatred of himself, could he act wholly, without cynicism and unreality.

His real mistress was the machine, and the real mistress of Winifred was the machine. She too, Winifred, worshipped the impure abstraction, the mechanism of matter. There, there, in the machine, in service of the machine, was she free from the clog and degradation of human feeling. There, in the monstrous mechanism that held all matter, living or dead, in its service, did she achieve her consummation and her perfect unison, her immortality.

Hatred sprang up in Ursula's heart. If she could she would smash the machine. Her soul's action should be the smashing of the great machine. If she could destroy the colliery, and make all the men of Wiggiston out of work, she would do it. Let them starve and grub in the earth for roots, rather than serve such a Moloch as this. (330)

Ursula left. She taught school for awhile, but did not find fulfillment there. At last, she went to college, hoping to find solace in knowledge. It was not to be.

The life went out of her studies, shy, she did not know. But the whole thing seemed sham, spurious Gothic arches, spurious peace, spurious Latinity, spurious dignity of France, Spurious naivete of Chaucer. It was a second-hand dealers shop, and one bought an equipment for an examination. This was only a little side-show to the factories of the town. Gradually the perception stole into her. This was no religious retreat, no seclusion of pure learning. It was a little apprentice-shop where one was further equipped for making money. The college itself was a little, slovenly laboratory for the factory. (410)

What good was this place, this college? What good was Anglo-Saxon, when one only learned it in order to answer examination questions, in order that one should have a higher commercial value later on? She was sick with this long service at the inner commercial shrine. Yet
what else was there? Was life all this, and this only? Everywhere, everything was debased to the same service. Everything went to produce vulgar things, to encumber material life.

College was barren, cheap, a temple converted to the most vulgar, petty commerce. Had she not gone to hear the echo of learning pulsing back to the source of the mystery? -- The source of the mystery! And barrenly, the professors in their gowns offered commercial commodity that could be turned to good account in the examination room; ready-made stuff too, and not really worth the money it was intended to fetch; which they all knew. (411)

For inside, inside the college, she knew she must enter the sham workshop. All the while, it was a sham store, a sham warehouse, with a single motive of material gain, and no productivity. It pretended to exist by the religious virtue of knowledge. But the religious virtue of knowledge was become a flunkey to the god of material success. (411)

III

Lawrence continued the story of the Brangwen sisters, Ursula and Gudrun, in Women in Love. And along with the story, Lawrence continued to decry capitalism and what he erroneously considered manifestations: industrialism and mechanization. Lawrence protests against materialism in a conversation between Rupert Birkin, the Laurencian hero, and Gerald Crich, the industrial magnate. Birkin, naturally, speaks against materialism.

"Every way," said Birkin. "We are such dreary liars. Our one idea is to lie to ourselves. We have an ideal of a perfect world, clean and straight and sufficient. So we cover the earth with foulness; life is a blotch of labour, like insects scurrying in filth, so that your collier can have a piano-forte in his parlour, and you can have a butler and a motor-car in your up-to-date house, and as a nation we can sport the Ritz, or the Empire, Gaby Deslys and the Sunday newspapers. It is very dreary." (60)
He asks Gerald what his purpose is in living.

"What do I live for?" he repeated. "I suppose I live to work, to produce something, in so far as I am a purposive being. Apart from that, I live because I am living."

"And what's your work? Getting so many more thousands of tons of coal out of the earth every day. And when we've got all the coal we want, and all the plush furniture, and the pianofortes, and the rabbits are all stewed and eaten, and we're all warm and our bellies are filled and we're listening to the young lady performing on the pianoforte -- what then? What then, when you've made a real fair start with your material things?" (61-2)

Gerald tries to answer this last charge later at a party.

Gudrun, fascinated with Gerald and his ways, chimes in; but in her effort to contribute to Gerald's defense of the system, she unwittingly points out Lawrence's main argument against the system. The effects of capitalism go beyond industry into society; and they destroy man's identity, his individualism.

The great social idea, said Sir Joshua, was the social equality of man. No, said Gerald, the idea was, that every man was fit for his own little bit of a task - let him do that, and then please himself. The unifying principle was the work in hand. Only work, the business of production, held men together. It was mechanical, but then society was a mechanism. Apart from work they were isolated, free to do as they liked.

"Oh!" cried Gudrun. "Then we shan't have names any more - we shall be like the Germans, nothing but Herr Obermeister and Herr Untermeister. I can't imagine it -- 'I am Mrs. Colliery-Manager Crich -- I am Mrs. Member-of-Parliament Roddice. I am Miss Art-Teacher Brangwen.' Very pretty that." (115)

Unlike Ursula, Gudrun harbored a strange fascination for the colliery. The voices of the miners enchanted her. But Gudrun's fascination was for the dark "potent atmosphere,"
rather than for the principles involved. She was, after all, an artist; and she was, after all, interested in Gerald. The fact that she did not accept a mechanical society based on money was probably the reason her romance with Gerald did not succeed. She remembered the repulsion she had felt during a boat trip up the Thames:

...dreadful boys ran with us on the shore, in that awful Thames mud, going in up to the waist -- they had their trousers turned back, and down they went up to their hips in the indescribable Thames mud, their faces always turned to us, and screaming, exactly like carrion creatures, screaming 'Ere y'are sir, exactly like some four carrion objects, perfectly obscene; and paterfamilias on board, laughing when the boys went right down in the awful mud, occasionally throwing them a ha'penny. And if you'd seen the intent look on the faces of these boys, and the way they darted in the filth when a coin was flung -- really, no vulture or jackal could dream of approaching them, for foulness. I never would go on a pleasure boat again -- never." (183)

With Gerald, it was a different story.

And during the last months, under the influence of death, and of Birkin's talk, and of Gudrun's penetrating being, he had lost entirely that mechanical certainty that had been his triumph. Sometimes spasms of hatred came over him, against Birkin and Gudrun and that whole set. He wanted to go back to the dullest conservatism, to the most stupid of conventional people. He wanted to revert to the strictest Toryism. But the desire did not last long enough to carry him into action. (252)

Gerald could not forget how it felt to be a superior among the servant class.
He pushed slowly in his motor-car through the little market-top on Friday nights in Beldover, through a solid mass of human beings that were making their purchases and doing their weekly spending. They were all subordinate to him. They were ugly and uncouth, but they were his instruments. He was the God of the machine. They made way for his motor-car automatically, slowly. He did not care whether they made way with alacrity, or grudgingly. (254)

Gerald had been trained for his kind of work. He was born to boss, but one must boss properly. He remembered from his childhood days, the trouble his father had had with strikes.

Seething mobs of men marched about, their faces lighted up as for holy war, with a smoke of cupidity. How disentangle the passion for equality from the passion of cupidity, when begins the fight for equality of possessions? But the God was the machine. Each man claimed equality in the Godhead of the great productive machine. Every man equally was part of this Godhead. But somehow, somewhere, Thomas Crich knew this was false. When the machine is the Godhead, and production or work is worship, then the most mechanical mind is purest and highest, the representative of God on earth. And the rest are subordinate, each according to his degree. (257)

Gerald went to school to learn how to manage his mine and his miners scientifically.

Everything was run on the most accurate and delicate scientific method, educated and expert men were in control everywhere, the miners were reduced to mere mechanical instruments. They had to work hard, much harder than before, the work was terrible and heart-breaking in its mechanicalness.

But they submitted to it all. The joy went out of their lives, the hope seemed to perish as they became more and more
mechanized. And yet they accepted the new conditions.

Their hearts died within them, but their souls were satisfied. It was what they wanted. Otherwise Gerald could never have done what he did. He was just ahead of them in giving them what they wanted, this participation in a great and perfect system that subjected life to pure mathematical principles. This was a sort of freedom, the sort they really wanted. It was the first great step in undoing, the first great phase of chaos, the substitution of the mechanical principle for the organic, the destruction of the organic purpose, the organic unity, and the subordination of every organic unit to the great mechanical purpose. It was pure organic disintegration and pure mechanical organization. This is the first and finest state of chaos.

But as men, personalities, they were just accidents, sporadic little unimportant phenomena. And tacitly, the men agreed to this. For Gerald agreed to it in himself.

He had succeeded. He had converted the industry into a new and terrible purity. There was a greater output of coal than ever, the wonderful and delicate system ran almost perfectly. He had a set of really clever engineers, both mining and electrical, and they did not cost much. A highly educated man cost very little more than a workman. His managers, who were all rare men, were no more expensive than the old bungling fools of his father’s days, who were merely colliers promoted. His chief manager, who had twelve hundred a year, saved the firm at least five thousand. The whole system was now so perfect that Gerald was hardly necessary any more.

He looked at his own face. There it was, shapely and healthy and the same as ever, yet somehow, it was not real, it was a mask. He dared not touch it, for fear it should prove to be only a composition mask. His eyes were blue and keen as ever, and as firm in their look. Yet he was not sure that they were not blue false bubbles that would burst in a moment and leave clear annihilation. (263-4)
Gerald should have followed the advice Birkin gave to Ursula when they were buying furniture before their marriage.

"You'll never get it in houses and furniture -- or even clothes. Houses and furniture and clothes, they are all terms of an old base world, a detestable society of man. And if you have a perfect modern house done for you by Poiret, it is something else perpetuated on top of you. It is all horrible. It is all possessions, possessions, bullying you and turning you into a generalization. You have to be like Rodin, Michael Angelo, and leave a piece of raw rock unfinished to your figure. You must leave your surroundings sketchy, unfinished, so that you are never contained, never confined, never dominated from the outside." (408)

Grudrun and Gerald are fated. She cannot give in to the machine-life, and her convictions are strengthened after the following talk with Loerke, a man she met at a ski resort:

"Certainly. What is man doing, when he is at a fair like this? He is fulfilling the counterpart of labor -- the machine works him, instead of he the machine. He enjoys the mechanical motion, in his own body."

"But is there nothing but work -- mechanical work?" said Gudrun.

"Nothing but work!" he repeated, leaning forward, his eyes two darkesses, with needle-points of light. "No, it is nothing but this, serving a machine, or enjoying the motion of a machine -- motion, that is all. You have never worked for hunger, or you would know what god governs us." (483-4)

In these two novels, Lawrence has extended his dislike of the machine and his belief that the money-monger becomes hard and mechanical, beyond the confines of the colliery. He has applied it to the capitalistic system in general.
IV

In *Aaron's Rod*, Lawrence presents something of the women's point of view. One knows, of course, that Aaron's wife is wrong and does not understand him. Nevertheless, she feels she has a point when she charges that the miners have banded together as a class in selfishness.

"...If you cared for your wife and children half what you care about your union, you'd be a lot better pleased in the end. But you care about nothing but a lot of ignorant colliers, who don't know what they want except it's more money just for themselves. Self, self, self -- that's all it is with them -- and ignorance."

"You'd rather have self without ignorance?" he said, smiling finely.

"I would, if I've got to have it, but what I should like to see is a man that has thought for others, and isn't all self and politics." (10)

Aaron walks out on his wife, but he too realizes that the system of capitalism has created artificial class boundaries and a generation of money-grubbers.

"...When you work it out, everything comes to money. Reckon it as you like, it's money on both sides. It's money we live for, and money is what our lives is worth -- nothing else. Money we live for, and money we are when we're dead: that or nothing. An' it's money as is between the master and us..." (23)

And again in Novara at the home of Lady Franks, Aaron observed money in the hands of the hereditary aristocrats:

Aaron wondered at her assurance. She seemed to put him just a tiny bit in his place, even in an opinion on music. Money gave her that right too. Curious -- the only authority left. And he deferred
to her opinion: that is, to her money. He did it almost deliberately. Yes -- what did he believe in besides money? What does any man? He looked at the black patch over the major's eye. What had he given his eye for? -- the nation's money. Well, and very necessary too; otherwise we might be where the wretched Austrians are. Instead of which -- how smooth his hostess's sapphires! (145)

He found Italy to be much the same as England:

Alas, however, the verbal and the ostensible, the accursed mechanical ideal gains day by day over the spontaneous life-dynamic, so that Italy becomes as idea-bound and as automatic as England: just a business proposition. (162)

Lawrence felt that the barriers of capital were becoming strong enough to prevent capable men from rising above their station.

He knew quite well that, as far as intrinsic nature went, they did not imagine him an inferior; rather the contrary. They had rather an exaggerated respect for him and his life-power, and ever his origin. And yet -- they had the inestimable cash advantage -- they were going to keep it. They knew it was nothing more than an artificial cash superiority. But they gripped it all the more intensely. (210)

Thus all Europe has become greedy.

In the next novel, one must remember that the locale is Australia; but the attitude is important.

V

When Lawrence wrote of Australia in *Kangaroo*, he provided us with more opinions on power than on capitalism. According to him, Australians were just not interested in money.
When all is said and done, even money is not much good when there is no genuine culture. Money is a means to rising to a higher, subtler, fuller state of consciousness, or nothing. And when you flatly don't want a fuller consciousness, what good is your money to you? Just to chuck about and gamble with. Even money is a European invention — European and American. (24)

Richard Lovat Somers, the Lawrencian hero of the novel, admits that he is a pessimist when it comes to politics. On the subject of capitalism he has this to say:

"I am neither a financier nor a politician. It seems as if the next thing to come after emperor were capital: now there are no more kings to speak of. It may be the middle classes are coming smash — which is the same thing as finance — as capital..." (45)

Somers's partner in conversation agrees vehemently and asks him if he would like to see "the power of money, the power of capital, broke."

Somers laughed.
"Why, yes, I would," he said, "and be damned to everything." (46)

What Somers believes comes out in an argument with his wife Harriett.

"...I believe that the men with the real passion for life, for truth, for living and not for having, I feel they now must seize control of the material possessions, just to safeguard the world from all the masses who want to seize material possessions for themselves, blindly, and nothing else. The men with soul and with passionate truth in them must control the world's material riches and supplies: absolutely put possessions out of the reach of the mass of mankind, and let life begin to live again, in place of this struggle for existence, or struggle for wealth." (106)
Later, he is not so conservative in his thoughts of the capitalists. They had a universal desire to take life and down it: these horrible machine people, these iron and coal people. They wanted to set their foot absolutely on life, grind it down, and be master. Masters, as they were of their foul machines. Masters of life, as they were masters of steam-power and electric power and above all, of money-power. Masters of money-power, with an obscene hatred of life, true spontaneous life. (287)

In *Kangaroo*, Lawrence has still further broadened, geographically, the evil influence of capitalism.

VI

Less is said of capitalism in *The Plumed Serpent*, the setting of which is in Mexico. Lawrence is concerned with a spiritual revival here but Kate Leslie learns the Mexican point of view when she observes some caricatures drawn on the wall of an old Jesuit convert.

"Oh no!" said Kate in front of the caricatures. "They are too ugly. They defeat their own ends."

"But they are meant to be ugly," said young Garcia. "They must be ugly, no? Because capitalism is ugly, and Mammon is ugly, and the priest holding his hand to get the money from the poor Indians is ugly, No?" He laughed rather unpleasantly.

"But," said Kate, "these caricatures are too intentional. They are like vulgar abuse, not art at all."

"Isn't that true?" said Garcia, pointing to a hideous picture of a fat female in a tight short dress, with hips and breasts as protuberances, walking over the faces of the poor.

"That is how they are, no?" (55)

At first Kate was horrified by the brutality of the primitive people. She later came to understand their protestations against
progress. She and Villiers, a companion, travel across a lake by boat. Villiers occupies himself by motioning to the boat man which way to steer.

And this put Villiers at his ease, to have something practical and slightly mechanical to do and to assert. He was striking the American note once more, of mechanical dominance. (100)

Kate suddenly realized that she was "weary to death of American automation and American flippant toughness. It gave her a feeling of nausea."

Give me the mystery and let the world live again for me! Kate cried to her own soul. And deliver me from man's automation. (114)

She deplored any instance she found of materialism overcoming traditional Mexican mores.

Sayula also had that real insanity of America, the automobile. As men used to want a horse and a sword, now they want a car. As women used to pine for a home and a box at the theatre, now it is a "machine." And the poor follow the middle class. There was a perpetual rush of "machines," motor-cars and motor-buses -- called camions -- along the one forlorn road coming to Sayula from Guadalajara. One hope, one faith, one destiny; to ride in a camion, to own a car. (122)

Don Ramon, the self-appointed savior of the people, is an interesting study in the novel: Lawrence was concerned mainly with Ramon's abilities as a leader, and with the system he advocated. These will be treated in another chapter. The leader does, however, make it clear to us what he is fighting against. The revelation comes in the fourth hymn to Quetzalcoatl.
Who are these strange faces in Mexico?  
Palefaces, yellowfaces, blackfaces? These are not Mexicans! Where do they come from, and why?

They want gold, they want silver from the mountains, and oil, much oil from the coast. They take sugar from the tall tubes of the cane, wheat from the high lands, and maize; Coffee from the bushes in the hot lands, even the juicy rubber. They put up tall chimneys that smoke, and in the biggest houses they keep their machines, that talk and work iron elbows up and down, and hold myriad threads from their claws! Wonderful are the machines of the greedy ones!

We work with their machines, we work in their fields, they give us pesos made of Mexican silver. They are the clever ones.

We love them not, and never. Their faces are ugly, yet they make wonderful things. And their wills are like their machines of iron. What can we do?

Yea, Lord! Even trains, and camions and automobiles.

Trains and camions, automobiles and aeroplanes. How nice! says the peon, to go rushing in a train!

How nice if we could take all these things away from the foreigners, and possess them! Take back our lands and silver and oil, take the trains and the factories and the automobiles, and play with them all the time! How nice!

Oh, fools, Mexicans and peons! Who are you, to be masters of machines which you cannot make? Which you can only break! Those that can make are masters of these machines, Not you, poor boobs. (281-2)

His enemy was capitalism.
Surprisingly enough, the novel which contains the most declamation against capitalism and industry is Lady Chatterley's Lover. Once again, Lawrence describes the squalor of the mining town.

But even on windless days the air always smelled of something under-earth: sulphur, iron, coal, or acid. And even on the Christmas roses the smuts settled persistently, incredible, like black manna from skies of doom. (13)

Connie, the aristocratic wife of the owner of the colliery, felt uneasy among the men. The difference in their positions -- owner and owned -- strained the atmosphere. She felt ...

resentment on either side. At first Connie suffered from the steady drizzle of resentment that came from the village. Then she hardened herself to it, and it became a sort of tonic, something to live up to. It was not that she and Clifford were unpopular, they merely belonged to another species, altogether from the colliers. Gulf impassible, breach indescribable, such as is perhaps non-existent south of the Trent. But in the Midlands and the industrial North gulf impassable, across which no communication could take place. You stick to your side, I'll stick to mine! A strange denial of the common pulse of humanity. (14)

She sensed that her husband felt the same gulf, but it was probably now due to his lack of direct contact with the men. Clifford was a paraplegic.

But she could not help feeling how little connection he really had with people. The miners were, in a sense, his own men; but he saw them as objects rather than men, parts of the pit rather than parts of life, crude raw phenomena rather than human beings
along with him. He was in some way afraid of them, he could not bear to have them look at him now he was lama. And their queer, crude life seemed as unnatural as that of hedgehogs. (15)

Clifford, having been born into the aristocracy, did not need money to attain position. But he was by no means adverse to it.

Clifford had never been primarily out for money, though he made it where he could, for money is the seal and stamp of success. And success was what they wanted. (48)

Money gave one power.

If you were young, you just set your teeth, and bit on and held on, till the money began to flow from the invisible; it was a question of power. It was a question of will; a subtle, subtle, powerful emanation of will out of yourself brought back to you the mysterious nothingness of money: a word on a bit of paper. It was a sort of magic, certainly it was triumph. The bitch-goddess! Well, if one had to prostitute oneself, let it be to a bitch-goddess! One could always despise her even while one prostituted oneself to her, which was good. (59)

Clifford decided to serve this goddess by devoting all his energy to industrial production. The men mistrusted mechanization, however; and their cry is familiar:

They don't like these new jangled mines, such a depth, and all machinery to work them. Some of them simply dread those iron men, as they call them, those machines for having the coal, where men always did it before. And they say it's wasteful as well. But what goes in waste is saved in wages, and a lot more. It seems there'll be no use for men on the face of the earth, it'll be all machines. (98-9)

But Clifford was determined.
He realized now that the bitch-goddess of success had two main appetites: one for flattery, adulation, stroking and tickling such as writers and artists gave her; but the other a grimmer appetite for meat and bones. And the meat and bones for the bitch-goddess were provided by the men who made money in industry. (100)

The result was the same result that Lawrence introduced in Women in Love. Clifford began to take on the characteristics of a machine.

But now that Clifford was drifting off to this other weirdness of industrial activity, becoming almost a creature, with a hard, efficient shell of an exterior and a pulpy interior, one of the amazing crabs and lobsters of the modern, industrial and financial world, invertebrates of the crustacean order, with shells of steel, like machines, and inner bodies of soft pulp, Connie herself was really completely stranded. (102-3)

The spokesman for D. H. Lawrence in Lady Chatterley's Lover is, of course, Mellors the gamekeeper. He saw the root of the problem clearly and unmistakably. Not only did the machine affect individual man and man's relationship with man, it affected, adversely, man's relationship with women.

It was not woman's fault, nor even love's fault, nor the fault of sex. The fault lay there, out there, in those evil electric lights and diabolical rattlings of engines. There, in the world of the mechanical greedy mechanism and mechanized greed, sparkling with lights and gushing hot metal and roaring with traffic, there lay the vast evil thing, ready to destroy whatever did not conform. Soon it would destroy the wood, and the bluebells would spring no more. All vulnerable things must perish under the rolling and running of iron. (111)

He lay awake at night, thinking of it.
The world lay darkly and familiarly sleeping. It was half-past two. But even in its sleep it was an uneasy, cruel world, stirring with the noise of a train or some great lorry on the road, and flashing with some rosy lightning-flash from the furnaces. It was a world of iron and coal, the cruelty of iron and the smoke of coal, and the endless, endless greed that drove it all. Only greed, greed stirring in its sleep. (134)

Even Clifford entertained doubts about the capitalistic system. Being the machine he was, however, the doubts were usually short-lived and usually generated by labor demands which placed his own capital in jeopardy.

And again, there was the wage-squabble. Having lived among the owning classes, he knew the utter futility of expecting any solution of the wage-squabble. There was no solution, short of death. The only thing was not to care, not to care about the wages. Yet, if you were poor and wretched you had to care. Anyhow, it was becoming the only thing they did care about. The care about money was like a great cancer, eating away the individuals of all classes. He refused to care about money.

And what then? What did life offer apart from the care of money. Nothing. (133)

Connie, on the other hand, saw, like Mellors, the dangers of the system.

Tevershall! That was Tevershall! Merrie England! Shakespeare's England! No but the England of today, as Connie had realized since she had come to live in it. It was producing a new race of mankind, over-conscious in the money and social and political side, on the spontaneous, intuitive side dead, but dead. Half-corpses, all of them: but with a terrible insistent consciousness in the other half. There was something uncanny and underground about it all. It was an under-world. And quite incalculable. How shall we understand the reactions in half-corpses? When Connie saw the great lorries full of steel-workers from Sheffield,
weird, distorted smallish beings
like men, off for an excursion to Matlock,
er her bowels fainted and she thought: Ah God,
what has man done to man? What have the
leaders of men been doing to their fellow
men? They have reduced them to less than
humaness; and now there can be no fellow-
ship any more! It is just a nightmare.

She felt again in a wave of terror the
grey, gritty hopelessness of it all. With
such creatures for the industrial masses,
and the upper classes as she knew them,
there was no hope. (143)

Yet they were men. They begot children.
One might bear a child to them. Terrible,
terrible thought! They were good and kindly.
But they were only half, only the grey half
of a human being. As yet, there were "good".
But even that was the goodness of their
halfness. Supposing the dead in them ever
rose us! But no, it was too terrible to
think of. Connie was absolutely afraid of
the industrial masses. They seemed too weird
to her. A life with utterly no beauty in it,
no intuition, always "in the pit." (149)

The unsightly mining towns were bringing about a shift in
population. The gentry were moving away, away to where there was
still some beauty left.

This is history. One England blots
out another. The mines had made the halls
wealthy. Now they were blotting them out,
as they had already blotted out the cottages.
The industrial England blots out the agricul-
tural England. One meaning blots out another.
The new England blots out the old England.
And the continuity is not organic, but mechani-
cal. (146)

And away from the hostile feelings of the working-class.

There was no mistaking it. The mines,
The industry had a will of its own, and
this will was against the gentleman-owner.
All the colliers took part in the will,
and it was hard to live up against it. It
either shoved you out of the place, or out
of life altogether. (147-8)
Mellors speaks for the working-class and for Lawrence. He is their champion; but, at the same time, he criticizes them severly for appearing ignorant of the situation.

"All the lot. Their spunk is gone dead. Motor-cars and Cinemas and aeroplanes suck that last bit out of them. I tell you, every generation breeds a more rabbity generation, with indiarubber tubing for guts and tin legs and tin faces. Tin people! It's all a steady sort of bolshevisms just killing off the human thing, and worshipping the mechanical thing. Money, money, money. Pay money, money, money, to them that will take spunk out of mankind, and leave 'em all little twiddling machines." (203)

He would like to take an active part in a reformation.

But, I wouldn't preach to the men: only strip 'em an' say: 'Look at yourselves! That's workin' for money! -- Hark at yourselves! That's working for money. You've been working for money! Look at Tevershall! It's horrible. That's because it was built while you was working for money. Look at your girls! They don't care about you, and can't properly be with a woman. You're not alive. Look at yourselves!" (205)

He sympathizes with them, but feels helpless.

Though it's a shame, what's been done to people these last hundred years; men turned into nothing but labour-insects, and all their manhood taken away, and all their real life. I'd wipe the machines off the face of the earth again, and end the industrial epoch absolutely, like a black mistake. But since I can't, an' nobody can, I'd better hold my peace, an' try an' live my own life: if I've got one to live, which I rather doubt." (206)

They talk a lot about nationalisation, nationalisation of royalties, nationalisation of the whole industry. But you can't nationalise coal and leave all the other industries as they are. They talk about putting coal to new uses, like Sir Clifford is trying to do. It may work here and there, but not as a general thing. I
doubt. Whatever you make you've got to sell it. The men are very apathetic. They feel the whole damned thing is doomed, and I believe it is. And they are doomed along with it. Some of the young ones spout about a Soviet, but there's not much conviction in them. There's no sort of conviction about anything, except that it's all a muddle and a hole. Even under a Soviet you've still got to sell coal; and that's the difficulty.

We've got this great industrial population, and they've got to be fed, so the damn show has to be kept going somehow. The women talk a lot more than the men, nowadays, and they are a sight more cock-sure. The men are limp, they feel a doom somewhere, and they go about as if there was nothing to be done. Anyhow nobody knows what should be done, in spite of all the talk. The young ones get mad because they've no money to spend. Their whole life depends on spending money, and now they've got none to spend. That's our civilisation and our education: bring up the masses to depend entirely on spending money, and then the money gives out. The pits are working two days, two-and-a-half days a week, and there's no sign of betterment even for the winter. (280)

VIII

In this chapter I have tried to show that D. H. Lawrence was against capitalism and against mechanization. He introduced the problem in *Sons and Lovers* by asserting that money enforced a false class system upon people. It created a natural antipathy between the classes, making the chances for meaningful relationships between individuals, even husband and wife, practically impossible. He pointed out the rigidity of class boundaries, the haughtiness of the man of position, the misery of the lower-class family, and the dreary and unhealthy working conditions in mines and factories.

Lawrence continued his tirade against capitalism in *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*. To the foundation he had laid in *Sons and Lovers*, he added the notion that the industrialists take on the mechanical
characteristics of their machines. An egotistical desire is fulfilled in belittling their inferiors. The miners lose their sense of purpose in life, and their individuality is destroyed. Everyone grovels before Mammon. Ursula finds that the money mania is not confined to the colliery; she discovers it even in the seats of learning.

The argument reaches international proportions in Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo, and The Plumed Serpent. Italy, Australia, and Mexico, like England, are victims of the greed principle. The seeds of discontent become visible. An undercurrent of unrest is noted. The people, and Lawrence, will seek to replace the money-god with a new principle, as Don Ramon sought to replace it with a quasi-religious sensualism.

The same critique is developed in Lady Chatterley's Lover, and two new thoughts are introduced. The machine-society can be detrimental by establishing slum areas: the well-to-do population shifts to a better environment, completely giving over areas to the poverty-stricken. And the industrial media, by denying the vitality of individuals and by engendering a mechanical selfishness, can transcend the business world and sterilize the vital man-woman relationship.
CHAPTER III

Lawrence's Anti-Democratic Leanings and his Attitudes towards War.

In this chapter, I shall discuss D. H. Lawrence's anti-democratic views and his attitude toward war. At first, these two topics existed separately in Lawrence's mind, but as time passed, he began to connect the two. Lawrence was always concerned with the well-being of his fellow-man, and his belief that Europe was in a state of decay troubled him. When he looked for the cause of this decay, he pointed the accusing finger at democracy. Democracy was not all bad, but Lawrence considered its faults to outweigh its merits. The chapter on Capitalism demonstrates that Lawrence felt money dragged men down to a common existence where everyone was banded together and could not rise above the mass. Democracy, he thought, did much the same thing. Lawrence felt individuality to be a sacred thing; and he could not accept the democratic principle that 'all men are created equal'. Equality tended to reduce all men to a mob state. This was made shockingly apparent to him during the war, when he felt the mob ruled with one, hysterical mind. The treatment he and his German-born wife received in the "democratic" countries during the war strengthened his convictions.

War, like democracy, turned men into mobs. It, too, was demoralizing, and once a man became exposed to the horrors of war, he never again was the same. Lawrence's hatred of mob-democratic rule and the personal injustices he suffered as a result of this rule will be presented in the following pages.
Also in this chapter, I shall discuss some of Lawrence's own ideas on how people should be governed. His anti-democratic views lead him to desire a semi-dictatorship: a kind of hereditary aristocracy. Lawrence did not believe in the democratic electorate. For all his trust in the individual spirit, he did not think the common man capable of electing the governing body.

The method employed in this chapter is similar to that in other chapters. The first sections contain demonstrative quotations from the novels. The concluding sections present scholarly material in an effort to clarify, elaborate upon and summarize Lawrence's objections to democracy and war.

From time to time, D. H. Lawrence uttered statements that can be termed anti-democratic. He also concerned himself with the problem of war. Although he later connected the two, they often exist separately in the earlier works. *Sons and Lovers* contains only one important reference to war:

"The aristocracy," he continued, "is really a military institution. Take Germany, now, she's got thousands of aristocrats whose only means of existence is the army. They're deadly poor, and life's deadly slow. So they hope for a war. They look for a war as a chance of getting on. Till there's a war they are idle good-for-nothings. When there's a war, they are leaders and commanders. There you are, then - they want war." (331)

The foregoing quotation contains two observations on the subject of war. War can be used as a means of alleviating economic difficulties, and it can also be used as an escape mechanism. One need only remember the last chapter to perceive how it is possible to make a man accept almost anything if he thinks it will make him better off in the long run.
Lawrence was by no means condoning the war. Through a conversation between Ursula Brangwen and Anton Skrebenski in *The Rainbow* he interjects a note concerning the futility of war. Once a war is over, the worker must go back to the factories and the escapist must awake to a new reality. In other words, the relief war offers is only temporary. Ursula in a ludicrous argument, makes the whole process seem rather pointless.

"But what would you be doing if you went to war?"
"I would be making railways or bridges, working like a nigger."
"But you'd only make them to be pulled down again when the armies had done with them. It seems just as much a game."
"If you call war a game."
"What is it?"
"It's about the most serious business there is, fighting."
A sense of hard separateness came over her.
"Why is fighting more serious than anything else?" she asked.
"You either kill or get killed - and I suppose it is serious enough, killing."
"But when you are dead you don't matter any more," she said.
He was silenced for a moment.
"But the result matters," he said, "It matters whether we settle the Mahdi or not."
"Not to you - nor me - we don't care about Khartoum."
"You want to have room to live in: and somebody has to make room."
"But I don't want to live in the desert of Sahara - do you", she replied, laughing with antagonism.
"I don't, but we have got to back up those who do."
"Why have we?"
"Where is the nation if we don't?"
"But we aren't the nation. There are heaps of other people who are the nation."
"They might say they weren't either."
"Well, if everybody said it, there wouldn't be a nation. But I should still be myself," she asserted brilliantly. (291-2)

Skrebenski goes off to war, however, and Ursula's outlook becomes graver.

The long weeks went by. There came the constant bad news of the war. And she felt as if all, outside there in the world, were a hurt, a hurt against her. And something in her soul remained cold, apathetic, unchanging. (313)

The war is just another big machine. Circumstances, such as the war, the mechanical atmosphere of her uncle's colliery, and the lifeless people she meets while teaching school, build up in Ursula until she burst forth with one, great tirade against democracy.

"I shall be glad to leave England. Everything is so meagre and paltry, it is so unspiritual - I hate democracy." .... Only the greedy and ugly people come to the top in a democracy," she said, "because they're the only people who will push themselves up there. Only degenerate races are democratic."

"What do you want then - an aristocracy?" he asked secretly moved. He always felt that by rights he belonged to the ruling aristocracy. Yet to hear her speak for his class pained him with a curious, painful pleasure. He felt as he was acquiescing in something illegal, talking to himself some wrong, reprehensible advantage.

"I do want an aristocracy," she cried. "And I'd far rather have an aristocracy of birth than of money. Who are the aristocrats now - who are chosen as the best to rule? Those who have money and the brains for money. It doesn't matter what else they have: but they must have money-brains, - because they are ruling in the name of money."

"The people elect the government," he said.

"I know they do. But what are the people? Each one of them is a money interest. I hate it, that anybody is my equal who has the same amount of money as I have. I know I am better than all of them. I hate them. They are not
my equals. I hate equality on a money basis. It is the equality of dirt." (434-5)

War, then, was a tool of capitalistic democrats and neither war nor democracy served a useful or lasting purpose.

II

The major argument about democracy in Women in Love seems to be in the definition of the word itself in its subscription to the principle that "all men are created equal". Lawrence hated any attempt to equalize; he felt it destroyed the individual and resulted in mobs and masses. Birkin, Lawrence's counterpart in the novel, feels the same way.

The evening was falling. They had passed Bedford. Birkin watched the country, and was filled with a sort of hopelessness. He always felt this, on approaching London. His dislike of mankind, of the mass of mankind, amounted almost to an illness. (67)

He later states his exact stand even more clearly and fully:

We are all different and unequal in spirit—it is only the social differences that are based on accidental material conditions. We are all abstractly or mathematically equal, if you like. Every man has hunger and thirst, two eyes one nose and two legs. We're all the same in point of number. But spiritually, there is pure difference and neither equality nor inequality counts. It is upon these two bits of knowledge that you must found a state. Your democracy is an absolute lie—your brotherhood of man is a pure falsity, if you apply it further than the mathematical abstraction. We all want to ride in motor-cars—therein lies the beginning and the end of the brotherhood of man. But no equality.

"But I, myself, who am myself, what have I to do with equality with any other man or woman? In the spirit, I am as separate as one star from another, as different in quality and quantity. Establish a state on that. One man
isn't any better than another, not because they are equal, but because they are intrinsically other, that there is no term of comparison. The minute you begin to compare, one man is seen to be far better than another, all the inequality you can imagine, is there by nature. (116-17)

The subtle daisy episode in the novels conveys the same message:

"You know that a daisy is a company of florets, a concourse, become individual. Don't the botanists put it highest in the line of development? I believe they do."
"The compositae, yes, I think so," said Ursula, who was never very sure of anything. Things she knew perfectly well at one moment, seemed to become doubtful the next.
"Explain it so, then" he said. "The daisy is a perfect little democracy, so it's the highest of flowers, hence its charm."
"No," she cried, "No - never. It isn't democratic."
"No," he admitted. "It's the golden mob of the proletariat, surrounded by a showy white fence of the idle rich."
"How hateful - your hateful social orders!" she cried.
"Quite! It's a daisy - we'll leave it alone." (148)

One could say safely, I believe, that D. H. Lawrence is an idealist. He often asks literally for the impossible. He does not want equality to be a criterion for establishing an ideal society. On the other hand, things cannot be left in a state of inequality. In *Women in Love*, Lawrence passes judgement on Gerald Crich, the industrial magnate with whom he is not in sympathy. In his chastisement of Gerald, Lawrence sounds strangely as if he is advocating the very thing he spoke against in the preceding two quotations:

Without bothering to think to a conclusion, Gerald jumped to a conclusion. He abandoned the whole democratic-equality problem as a problem of silliness. What
mattered was the great social productive machine. Let that work perfectly, let it produce a sufficiency of everything, let every man be given a rational portion, greater or less according to his functional degree or magnitude, and then, provision made, let the devil supervene, let every man look after his own amusements and appetites, so long as he interfered with nobody. (259)

The trouble is not that Gerald abandoned the democratic-equality problem, it is the manner in which he abandoned it. Lawrence is probably questioning process rather than principle. His quarrel with democracy was becoming stronger by the time he was finishing the novel. He leveled part of his attack at politicians in general and Lloyd George, British statesman and Prime Minister from 1916 to 1922, in particular. The following passage occurs when Gudrun and Ursula see a robin.

"Doesn't he feel important?" smiled Gudrun.

"Doesn't he!" exclaimed Ursula, with a little ironical grimace. "Isn't he a little Lloyd George of the air!"

"Isn't he! Little Lloyd George of the air! That's just what they are," cried Gudrun in delight. Then for days Ursula saw the persistent, obtrusive birds as stout, short politicians, lifting up their voices from the platform, little men who must make themselves heard at any cost. (301)

Gudrun even thought, at one time, of marrying Gerald and helping him attain political prominence. But she thought better of it.

Young as she was, Gudrun had touched the whole pulse of social England. She had no idea of rising in the world. She knew, with the perfect cynicism of cruel youth, that to rise in the world meant to have one outside show instead of another, the advance was like having a spurious half-crown instead of a spurious penny. The whole coinage of valuation was
spurious. Yet, of course, her cynicism knew well enough that in a world where spurious coin was current, a bad sovereign was better than a bad farthing. But rich or poor, she despised both alike. (476)

After all,

... who can take political England seriously? Who can? Who can care a straw, really, how the old patched-up Constitution is tinkered at any more? Who cares a button for our national ideas, any more than for our national bowler hat? Aha, it is all old hat, it is all old bowler hat! (477)

One of the objections Lawrence had to democracy, therefore, was its attempt to equalize. Ever the champion of the individual, he could not allow every man to be put at the same level.

III

Aaron's Rod introduces the idea of a possible revolution. Democracy and capitalism have been bad for the worker. They have pushed him down to the point where he might revolt to regain status. Or at least, this is the drift of a conversation that takes place early in the novel:

"Do you think they'll make a stand against the government?"
"What for?"
"Nationalisation."
"They might, one day."
"Think they'd fight?"
"Fight?"
"Yes."

Aaron sat laughing.
"What have they to fight for?"
"'Tis, everything! What haven't they to fight for?" cried Josephine fiercely. "Freedom liberty, an escape from this rotten system. Won't they fight for that?"

"But Josephine," said Robert; "don't you think we have had enough of that sort of thing in the war" Don't you think it all
works out rather stupid and unsatisfactory?"
"Ah, but a civil war would be different. I've no interest fighting Germans, but a civil war would be different." (64-5)

Nevertheless, Lawrence plays up the horrors of war. He gives a gory account of trench warfare in the Russo-Japanese war that drove some participants mad (80). He also introduces a man named Herbertson. "He had been through the very front hill of the war - and like every man who had, he had the war at the back of his mind, like an obsession." (119) Herbertson also relates gruesome stories which illustrate the horridness of war, but he serves another purpose in Lawrence's scheme. The point is that even those who survive the war physically whole, may be permanently depressed mentally.

"As a man at night helplessly takes a taxi to find some woman, some prostitute, Herbertson had almost unthinkingly got into a taxi and come battering at the door in Convent Garden, only to talk war to Lilly, whom he knew very little. (120)

Lilly, the spokesman of Lawrence's ideas, listens to Herbertson, but is shocked at the prospects of war. Wars are machine-like, a "vast obscene mechanism".

"Well," he said, "you've got men and nations, and you've got the machines of war - so how are you going to get out of it" League of Nations?"

Lilly replies:

"Damn all leagues. Damn all masses and groups, anyhow. All I want is to get myself out of their horrible heap: to get out of the swarm. The swarm to me is nightmare and nullity - horrible helpless writhing in a dream. I want to get myself awake, out of it all - all that mass-consciousness, all that mass-activity - it's the most horrible
nightmare to me. No man is awake and himself. No man who was awake and in possession of himself would use poison gases: no man. His own awake self would scorn such a thing. It's only when the ghastly mob-sleep, the dream helplessness of the mass-psyche overcomes him, that he becomes completely base and obscene." (126)

Aaron too, receives a let-down in his concept of war heroes. War looses all its glamour for him when he views some high war medals of an acquaintance.

Queer to see the things stowed in their boxes again. Aaron had always imagined these mysterious decorations as shining by nature on the breasts of heroes. Pinned-on pieces of metal were a considerable come-down. (150)

He also feels the effects of post-war economic inactivity.

Most of the shops were shut. It was too soon after the war for life to be flowing very fast. The feeling of emptiness, of neglect, of lack of supplies was evident everywhere. (162)

In addition, Lawrence introduces a sense of loss:

"...Oh, one has lost so much time, in the war. And such precious time! I don't know if ever one will be able to make it up again." (206)

And a sense of confusion and remorse:

"Everybody has such a lot of feelings on somebody else's behalf, that nobody ever had time to realise what they felt themselves. I know I was like that. The feelings all came on me from the outside: like flies settling on meat. Before I knew where I was, I was eaten up with a swarm of feelings, and I found myself in the trenches. God knows what for. And ever since then, I've been trying to get out of my swarm of feelings, which buzz in and out of me and have nothing to do with me ... " (207)
War, and its atrocities, have a demoralizing influence on man. A class war, however, with the goal of restoring the individual rights of this class members, is entirely feasible and commendable.

In Kangaroo, Lawrence speaks more of democracy than of war, Australia seemed to be completely obsessed with this system of democracy. Lawrence's first caustic comment appears early in the novel.

And there went the long street, like a child's drawing, the little square bungalows dot-dot-dot, close together, and yet apart, like modern democracy ... (5)

According to Lawrence, Richard Lovat Somers felt himself "at a discount" in Australia, because, as an Englishman, he had an instinct for authority. Europe was established on the instinct of authority. It was a dead issue in Australia, although anarchy had not yet taken over. England still had nominal authority:

But let the authority be removed, and then! For it is notorious, when it comes to constitutions, how much there is in a name. (18)

At the time he was writing this novel, Lawrence apparently thought that some form of authority is necessary. Freedom under the Australian system lacked meaning. "What is more hopelessly uninteresting than accomplished liberty?" (24)

"Oh, how I detest this treacly democratic Australia," He said, "It swamps one with a sort of common emotion like treacle, and before one knows where one is, one is caught like a fly on a flypaper, in one mess with all the other buzzers. How I hate it! ... (68)
Beneath the surface, Australia was teeming. A revolt against democracy was brewing, Lawrence - Somers shares many opinions on the subject with Jack, a budding anarchist. The opinions form a basic criticism:

"There's a good many of us chaps as has been in France, you know - and been through it all - in the army - we jolly well know you can't keep a country going on the vote-catching system - as you said the other day ... (94)

"These damned politicians - they invent a cry-and they wait to see if the public will take it up. And if it won't, they drop it. And if it will, they make a mountain of it, if it's only an old flower pot. (94)

"Look at Australia, absolutely fermenting rotten with politicians and the will of the people. Look at the country - going rottener every day, like an old pear. (95)

What he has said, in essence, is that the common man is not fit to control a government by his vote. Too much is lost by trying to please everyone. Authority is needed. Lawrence re-states the idea and adds the interesting concept that liberty is a racial trait. Somers speaks:

" ... The real sense of liberty only goes with white blood. And the ideal of democratic liberty is an exploded ideal. You've got to have wisdom and authority somewhere, and you can't get it out of any further democracy. (96)

Somers has a new form of government in mind.

"To have another sort of government for the Commonwealth - with a sort of Dictator: not the democratic vote - cadging sort ... It's not the politics. But it is a new life-form, a new social form. We're pot-bound inside democracy and the democratic feeling." (15)
Democratic rulers are not strong; they go down on their knees to their constitution. (127)

Somers meets Kangaroo, the leader of a fascist movement. Both men are against democracy and the democratic spirit.

Kangaroo likens the people to a colony of ants:

"But the men that are born like ants; out of the cold interval, and are womanless, they are not sick of themselves. They are full of cold energy, and they seethe with cold fire in the ant-hill, making new corridors, new chambers, they alone know what for. And they have cold formic-acid females, as restless as themselves, and as active about the ant-hill and as identical with the dried clay of the building. And the active important, so-called females, and the active, cold-blooded, energetic males, they shift twig after twig, and lay crumb of earth upon crumb of earth, and the females deposit cold-white eggs of young. This is the world and the people of the world. And with their cold, active bodies the ant-men and the ant-women swarm over the face of the earth. (131)

Lawrence re-introduces the subject of war in a rather long chapter entitled "The Nightmare". Here, he definitely connects war and democratic government.

But in England, during the later years of the war, a true and deadly fear of the criminal living spirit which arose in all of the stay-at-home bullies who governed the country during those years. From 1916 to 1919 a wave of criminal lust rose and possessed England, there was a reign of terror, under set of indecent bullies like Bottomley of John Bull and other bottom dog members of the House of Commons. Then Somers had known what it was to live in a perpetual state of semi-fear; the fear of the criminal public and the criminal government. The torture was steadily applied during those years after Asquith fell, to break the independent soul in any man who would not hunt with the criminal mob. (238)
Many men, carried on a wave of patriotism and true belief in democracy, entered the war. Many men were driven in out of belief that it was necessary to save their property. Vast numbers of men were just bullied into the Army. (238-4)

Somers was not a conscientious objector; he protested the terrible mob spirit of the thing. He felt there was a bitter price to pay: "... men lost their heads, and worse, lost their inward, individual integrity." (239) Then, too ...

the industrialism and commercialism of England, with which patriotism and democracy became identified: did not these insult a man and hit him pleasantly across the mouth? ... They wanted to bring him to heel even more than the German militarist did. (240)

Somers was judged unfit to serve at the outbreak of the war. He and his wife Harriett stayed in London, where they were under the constant threat of Zeppelin raids. During one raid, Harriett sadly remarks: "Think, some of the boys I played with when I was a child are probably in it. (243)" They stayed in London, and watched the city's integrity collapse through the baseness of the press and the public voice and the reign of John Bull. No man who has really consciously lived through this can believe again absolutely in democracy" (243)

Finally, Somers and his wife, like Lawrence and Frieda, moved to Cornwall, where Somers was once again called before the medical board and once again rejected. In Cornwall, anyone with foreign heritage was under suspicion. Somers tells of an anti-German, pro-British, American friend of his named Monsill.
When Monsill got back to London he was arrested and conveyed to Scotland Yard: there examined, stripped naked, his clothes taken away. Then he was kept for a night in a cell - next evening liberated and advised to return to America. (252)

Things went worse for Somers and Harriet, who was of German birth.

The chapter is full of the humiliations they suffered at the hands of the democratic officials. Their house was searched, and some of their belongings were confiscated. Harriet was repeatedly asked for her birth certificate. Lawrence recalls that Harriet - Frieda could not hang out a towel or leave a curtain open at night without being accused of sending signals to German submarines. At last, they were told to return to London. Somers was called twice more for medical examination, during which he was enraged by doctors remarks about his physical stature. He was never conscripted, but his classification was raised. He feels the same terror will come to Australia:

For some time he had known spasms of that same fear that he had known during the war; the fear of the base and malignant power of the mob-like authorities ... strangely enough, it had come back in spasms: the dread, almost the horror of democratic society, the mob. (290)

Or perhaps it was being again in a purely English-speaking country, and feeling again that queer revulsion from the English form of democracy. He realised that the oh-so-pleasant democracy of the English lower classes frightened him, always had frightened him. (292)

He felt in his own soul that democracy, the ideal of love, self-sacrifice, and brotherhood was dead. (296) Somers is disturbed that more men do not realize this. The people are ignorant.

They racket away in their nice, complete, homely universe, running their trans and making their wars and saving the world for democracy. (330)
Thus, part of Lawrence's resentment of democracy was founded on his own personal experiences. His faith in the system had been destroyed, and he advocated a complete change.

V

The remaining two novels, I am concerned with, The Plumed Serpent and Lady Chatterley's Lover, contain a few comments about democracy and war. The reason for including them is merely to demonstrate that democracy and war were still on Lawrence's mind.

In The Plumed Serpent, Kate Leslie wonders about the effect of the Americas on the world. It is still too early for her to make a decision, but she wonders about the people she meets in Mexico, United States citizens included.

And all the people who went there, Europeans, negroes, Japanese, Chinese, all the colours and the races, were they the spent people, in whom the God impulse had collapsed, so they crossed to the great continent of the negation, where the human will declares itself "free", to pull down the soul of the world? Was it so? And did this account for the great drift to the New World, the drift of spent souls passing over to the side of Godless democracy, energetic negation? The negation which is the life-breath of materialism. And would the great negative pull of the Americans at last break the heart of the world? (83)

She can partly justify the migration of people to America. As a native of Ireland, she, like Somers, had known fear.

In England, in Ireland, during the war and the revolution, she had known spiritual fear. The ghastly fear of the rabble, and during the war, nations were nearly all rabble. The terror of the rabble that, mongrel-like, wanted to break the free spirit in individual men and women. It was the cold, collective lust of millions of people to break the spirit in the outstanding individuals. They wanted to break the spirit, so that they could start the great down-hill
rush back to old underworld levels, old gold worship and murder lust. The rabble.

In those days, Kate had known the agony of cold social fear, as if a democracy were a huge cold centipede which, if you resisted it, would dig and claw into you. And the flesh would mortify around every claw. (148-9)

Finally, there is Don Ramon's plan to abolish the democratic state and establish an aristocracy. This was similar to Lawrence's plan, we shall see,

"I would like," he said smiling, "to be one of the Initiates of the Earth. One of the initiators. Every country its own Saviour, Cipriano; or every people its own Saviour. And the first men of every people, forming a Natural Aristocracy of the World. One must have aristocrats, that we know, but natural ones, not artificial.

... Only the Natural Aristocrats can rise above their nation: and even then they do not rise beyond their race. Only the Natural Aristocrats of the World can be international or cosmopolitan or cosmic. It has always been so. The peoples are no more capable of it, than the leaves of the mango tree are capable of attaching themselves to the pine ..." (272)

Unlike the other heroes and heroines of Lawrence's novels, Connie Chatterley had received a new outlook on life as a result of the war.

. . . But we go round or scramble over the obstacles. We've got to live, no matter how many skies have fallen.

This was more or less Constance Chatterley's position. The war had brought the roof down over her head. And she had realised that one must live and learn. (5)

Connie and Clifford had faced disillusionment and hardship, and had learned to accept reality.
They were rather earnest about the Tommies, and the threat of conscription, and the shortage of sugar and toffee for the children. In all these things, of course, the authorities were ridiculously at fault. But Clifford could not take it to heart. To him, the authorities were ridiculous ab ovo, not because of toffee or Tommies.

And the authorities felt ridiculous and behaved in a rather ridiculous fashion, and it was all a mad hatter's tea-party for a while. Till Things developed over there, and Lloyd George came to save the situation over here. And this surpassed even ridicule, the flippant young laughed no more. (11)

They took solace in each other:

The gay excitement had gone out of the war ... dead. Too much dead and horror. A man needed support and comfort. A man needed to have an anchor in the safe world. A man needed a wife. (11)

There is, however, one new observation in the novel. Lawrence briefly mentions that war, in addition to being destructive to human beings, is destructive to nature. It affects Clifford when he surveys his property:

This denuded place always made Clifford curiously angry. He had been through the war, had seen what it meant. But he didn't get really angry till he saw this bare hill. He was having it re-planted. (40)

The war, which Lawrence attributed to ambitious democracy, was aesthetically devastating as well as detrimental to human society. As we shall see, he favoured something closer to an aristocracy. It apparently never occurred to him that democracy might not have been the aggressor in the world's political disturbances.

Some readers may believe that the views expressed in the novels have dramatic value only, and do not represent the views of Lawrence himself. To indicate however, that these views are actually Lawrence's own, I shall briefly summarize, in the present section, some political ideas that Lawrence expresses, in the own person, and not in the persons
of his fictional characters. It will be seen that these ideas
correspond precisely with those expressed in the novels.

Though Lawrence made it clear that he did not believe in demo-
ocratic control, he did not advocate the rule of a tyrant. He was
looking for an elected king and an elected aristocracy - but a new
system of election was needed:

I don't mean a "tyranny" in the state: but
I don't believe in the democratic electorate.
The working man is not fit to elect the ultimate
government of the country. And the holding of
office shall not rest upon the choice of the
mob. It shall be immune from them ... The war
is resolving itself into a war between Labour
and Capital.¹

And again,

I hope, after the war, we may have a real
revolution. I want to whole form of government
changing. I don't believe in the democratic
(republican) form of election. I think the
artisan is fit to elect for his immediate
surroundings, but for not ultimate government.
The electors for the highest place should be
the governors of the bigger districts - the whole
thing should work upwards, every man voting for
that which he more or less understands through
contact - no canvassing of mass votes.
And women shall not vote equally with men;
but for different things.²

Women are concerned with the housing and feeding of the race, thus
necessitating a Dictatrix as well as a Dictator. In addition, Law-
rence felt a revolution would occur by 1925, and he did not support
the Labour party, because he felt that it would be just as disastrous
to have Labour in power, as it was to have capital.³

Lawrence may have been looking for an aristocracy, but at times
he railed against it. The reading of Romain Rolland's Life of
Michael Angelo prompted him to cry out that art was being degraded
beyond mention under the choice of free democracy or public opinion. He exclaimed that he hated the public, the people, society, and democracy so much that the thought of them possessed him with madness. But Lawrence then claimed he thought aristocracy just as pernicious, but much more dead. "They are both evil. But there is nothing else, because everybody is either 'the people' or 'the capitalist'." Later, he clarified his statement:

But I can't believe in the old sort of aristocracy, either, nor can I wish it back, splendid as it was. What I believe in is the old Homeric aristocracy, when the grandeur was inside the man, and he lived in a simple wooden house.

Lawrence's objection to democracy, was that he felt money and power had led to the establishment of a rigid caste system in which inferiors were snubbed and superiors deferred to. In fact, shortly after the Easter rebellion, he was moved to say that for three hundred years, England had represented the great Christian-democratic principle in the world. Germany he liked to Satan - the rats feeding upon England. He chided the allies for not rallying to England's aid: Russia was depraved, Belgium, obscene, France, greedy. "But, oh, I can't stand this unclean and faker-like mania for self-desecration, which has come over England so strongly; for there is not doubt that the government does represent the country." Lawrence's qualms about democracy were often centered around personal difficulties and disappointments. His hatred of the necessity of money must have gone back to the times he spent in Nottinghamshire at the pay clerk's office, waiting for his father's pay. The dread he felt for the regulated monotony of the industrial business world was learned at Haywood's, the Jordan's of Sons and Lovers. The
crushing blow came when Frieda left her husband to live with Lawrence. Feeling very strongly that there was a principle involved in the matter, he refused to pay £150 in fees for Frieda's divorce. He received a summons to appear before the bankruptcy court as a result. "But the experience reinforced in him his 'utter hatred of the whole establishment - the whole constitution of England ... I wish I were a criminal instead of a bankrupt. But softly - softly, I will do my best to lay a mine under their foundations.'"

As big things grow from little, Lawrence's set of isolated experiences grew and combined until, as we have seen in a previous chapter, he became skeptical of money as a producer of a desirable culture. Economic forces might be re-aligned because of industrial conflict, but he felt that any improvement in other aspects of life would be incidental and subordinate to economic consideration.

To begin with, it is obvious, and perhaps inevitable, that his marriage to a German woman of nobility would cause him many anxious moments socially. The fact that Frieda's brother was a member of the German air force did not ease the situation. Kangaroo tells of the hostility shown toward Frieda, of the difficulty Lawrence had in obtaining a passport for himself as well as Frieda, and of the harassment received at the hands of British officers who searched his home for evidence of espionage. Kangaroo also gives an account of Lawrence's difficulties with the Draft. His letters validate the novel and support the story that he was called up for an examination several times. Lawrence resented the assembly-line medical inspection. Lawrence's lung condition rendered him unfit the first time, and every time thereafter. During these years too, Lawrence's The Rainbow was
suppressed, and he suffered considerable criticism at the hands of a patriotic magazine called *John Bull*. "After the war, he said that no man who had lived with his consciousness awake during that reign of *John Bull* could 'believe again absolutely in democracy.' A people who helped that newspaper to thrive was not a people capable of governing itself."^9

The war years found D. H. Lawrence working in collaboration with the pacifist Bertrand Russell on a series of lectures aimed at enlightening the troubled world. A friendship was born and thrived vigorously for a brief moment, but it died in a clash of personalities that is not important here. Lawrence's ideas on the State, as he presented them as advice for Russell's lectures, are important. They are contained in a letter written in July, 1951:

> You must drop all your democracy. You must not believe in "the people." One class is not better than another. It must be a case of Wisdom, or Truth. There must be an aristocracy of people who have wisdom, and there must be a ruler: a Kaiser: no Presidents and democracies ... In your lecture on the State, you must criticize the extant democracy the young idea. That is our enemy. This existing phase is now in its collapse. What we must hasten to prevent is this young democratic party from getting into power. The idea of giving power to the hands of the working class is wrong. The working man must elect the immediate government of his work, of his district, not the ultimate government of the nation. There must be a body of chosen patricians. There must be a woman governing equally with man, especially all the inner half of life. The whole must culminate in an absolute Dictator and an equivalent Dictatrix. There must be none of your bourgeois presidents of Republics ... and the desire is to have a perfect government perfectly related in all its parts, the highest aim of the government is the highest good of soul, and the individual, the fulfillment in the Infinite, in the Absolute. 10
In support of his own theories, Lawrence wrote essays in which he condemned the conception of the "average man", attacked Idealism as the real enemy, urged the people to "strip off at once all the Ideal drapery from nationality", and suggested that the League of Nations consist merely of committees where representatives of the various nations could meet and consult.\textsuperscript{11}

In summary, Lawrence felt a deep concern for Europe and for what he felt was decay in Europe. He recognized that that spark of life needed for survival was still present in Europe; but something needed to be done to save the spark to curb its becoming institutionalized automatic, and uncreative. Christianity, he felt, had "driven humanity as far as it could go toward cohesiveness at this time."\textsuperscript{12} He was worried that democracy, with its concept that all men are equal, would tend to regress all men toward the average, the mass, the mob; and he made it apparent in everything he wrote that he was, above all, the champion of the individual. Faults were recognisable in the democratic system, and the faults impressed him more than the virtues.

Some critics have seen D. H. Lawrence as a man of profound political insights. One critic is mindful of the fact that Lawrence predicted World War II on the night that the armistice of World War I was signed.\textsuperscript{13} How correct or profound these predictions were is questionable, but Lawrence's deep concern for the future of the state and for the future of the individual is another matter.
I do esteem individual liberty above everything. What is a nation for, but to secure the maximum of liberty to every individual? What do you think a nation is? - a bid business concern? What is the raison d'être of a nation - to produce wealth? How horrible! A nation is a number of people united to secure the maximum amount of liberty for each member of that nation, and fulfill collectively the highest truth known to them. It is fulfilling the lowest truth - that money is honour and glory - that we have come to war and pretty nearly to bankruptcy. If only life were not a horrible wrestling for a limited amount of wealth, we should have none of these disasters. As for equal burdens - if you do not accept the Socialist "equal distribution of wealth", how can you accept the conservative retrogressive "equal distribution of burden"? Each is a pure fiction. Let every man move according to his conscience - and the government which compels a man against his conscience is a dastardly cowardly concern.¹⁴

In essence, Lawrence was advocating a balance, a modification to the extreme to which he felt government, democracy and capitalism had gone.
CHAPTER IV

The Communist and the Fascist Questions.

There are probably reasons why any young intellectual, who aspires to write, would become involved in the social institutions he saw around him, political questions included. Lawrence did become involved by extending his social life to include various literary circles in London and in Eastwood. He joined the Hopkins' social discussions in Eastwood, and met some of his nation's leaders of social reform. In fact, Lawrence delivered at one of the meetings an essay entitled "Art and the Individual", which contained some opening remarks about the benefits of socialism; the purpose of the gathering had been to advance a more perfect social state and to help the members to alter themselves to be perfect citizens or at least perfect communists.\(^1\) Lawrence even made the suggestion, to Catherine Carswell in a letter dated February 16, 1918, that he might work for Soviet Russia. He was thinking about assisting Maxim Litvinov, the first Soviet ambassador to the Court of St. James. It is apparent that D. H. Lawrence became, for a time, a sympathizer with Socialism as he understood it. "He would, if he 'knew how to', now join the revolutionary socialists, for the time had come for a real struggle. That's the only thing I care for: the death-struggle. He disliked politics, but he felt 'there must and should be a deadly revolution very soon'; he would take part in it if he 'knew how'."\(^2\) Lawrence wanted, somehow, to revolutionize the system of life as
it existed in England. He felt that too much emphasis was placed upon money and property, which tend to de-individualize persons into groups and classes. It seems that Lawrence's protestations are traceable to the old devil of economics which, as we have seen in a former chapter, did not smile favourably upon him in his early life.

I write to say to you that we must start a solid basis of freedom of actual living - not only of thinking. We must provide another standard than the pecuniary standard to measure all daily life by. We must be free of the economic question. Economic life must be the means to actual life. We must make it so at once.

There must be a revolution in the state. It shall begin by the nationalising of all industries and means of communication and of the land - in one fell blow. Then a man shall have his wages whether he is sick or well or old - if anything prevents his working, he shall have his wages just the same. So we shall not live in fear of the wolf - no man amongst us, and no woman shall have any fear of the wolf at the door, for all wolves are dead.

Which practically solves the whole economic question for the present. All dispossessed owners shall receive a proportionate income - no capital recompense - for the space of, say fifty years. 3

Thus Lawrence, in search of a least common denominator, proposed Socialism as the bright star for England's future.

Contradictory elements exist in Lawrence's libations to Socialism and Communism. And this contradictoriness seems to be a peculiar trait of his. When you try to pin him down to specific aspects, and ask for specific answers, what emerges is a garbled concoction of changed opinions and contradictions.
Perhaps this is a way of saying that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts; but it is difficult to pick a specific topic and give a clear, unified progression of Lawrence's views upon it. Critics who have tried to make Lawrence's opinions seem unified have branded him Communist, Fascist, or Nazi. But these charges result from misreading and misinterpreting the man.

I have mentioned that in Lawrence's philosophy a clear and specific position is difficult to establish. Here is probably where the trouble starts. Zealous political participants recognized certain words and hailed him as a colleague. Later, when they examined the words in context, they would discover their mistake. Lawrence, thus, made it easy for himself to be misunderstood and, consequently, to be attacked. His kind of expression would have appealed to various groups and when one group found out that he didn't belong, it was easy to pass him off as a proponent of another, rival faction, as did a Communist critic when she termed him a Fascist. I suppose, actually, that as a politician, Lawrence, was, in effect, attempting to impose order upon confusion; and "To these ends he proposed a new society in which theosophy, animism, and dancing to the drum would be congenial.... But many Marxists still find him agreeable. Stephen Spender and C. Day Lewis appear to admire him as much for helping to free their generation from a stale past as the Germans adore him for his part in reviving a stale past." 4 If nothing else, it would seem that his pattern of indefinite definiteness would vindicate him. Someone offered the explanation that Lawrence's life-long illness along with his shock over World War I may have tended to give him a reactionary
drift:

He was trying desperately to accept individual death as part of social re- generation and having a bad time of it. "Tragic" was the best word that he could find to describe this process, and to make this tragedy worthwhile he insisted that the goal be worth it, nothing short of altering "the whole system." Because he was unwilling to accept anything less, he in effect supported the status quo that he wished to destroy. His failure to heed his own admonition against absolute goals and to take just "the next step," led him to discriminate against those who, though clumsily, took that next step. In a few years it was to lead him full circle back to the futuristic position that he was trying to escape.

In the first five sections of this chapter two shall deal with Lawrence's Communistic and Socialistic views. The novels will be treated in sections I through III in the manner that has been established in previous chapters. The quotations will demonstrate that Lawrence toyed with the idea of Communism and Socialism, found some acceptable ideas in them, actually preferred them to the democratic system, but finally rejected them. Section IV tells of Lawrence's plans to found his own communistic society. It also shows that he had been mistaken, to some degree, in his understanding of Communism: what he really advocated was a form of aristocracy. Section V records some Russian criticism of D. H. Lawrence's work.

The focus of attention turns to Fascism in Section VI, which deals with Lawrence's desire to establish a dictatorship. This part of the chapter necessarily relies heavily upon critical material. An outline of the fascist-like political group of Ben Cooley in
Kangaroo is presented in Section VII. The next section glances briefly at The Plumed Serpent and at various reasons why Lawrence was charged with fascism. The final section deals with the Nazi problem and Lawrence.

I

Lawrence first explores socialism in Aaron's Rod. Aaron and Lilly meet and talk in a cafe in Italy. There had been a small mob uprising the day before. A procession of people had marched through town. The shop-keepers had shut up shop, and the Italian flags had been hidden. When the demonstrators were told by a few mounted "carabinieri" that they should not take an unrepaired road, one of them fired a shot, and the skirmish resulted. "'It was the Socialists. They were making a demonstration against the imprisonment of one of the railway-strikers ....(289)'" During the conversation, the reader learns that Lilly was a socialist. He is one no longer, but when Levison asks him if he believes that Socialism is the inevitable next step, he replies:

"I suppose it's the logically inevitable next step."
"Yes -- logically inevitable -- and humanly inevitable at the same time. Some form of Socialism is bound to come, no matter how you postpone it or try variations," said Levison ...."Supposing a Socialist revolution takes place all round you. Won't that force the problem on you?..." (292)

Lilly and Levison argue as follows, Lilly speaking first:

"...To Bolsh or not ot Bolsh, as far as my mind goes, presents no problem. Not any more than to be or not to be. To be or not to be is simply no problem --"
"..."But the parallel isn't true of Socialism. That is not a problem of existence, but of a certain mode of existence which centuries
of thought and action on the part of Europe have now made logically inevitable for Europe. And therefore there is a problem. There is more than a problem, there is a dilemma...." (292-3)

But Lilly does not believe in the ideal of fairness. He didn't condone the Socialistic communal system. He says he believes in a sort of slavery:

"...People are not men: they are insects and instruments and their destiny is slavery. They are too many for me, and so what I think is ineffectual. But ultimately, they will be brought to agree - after sufficient extermination - and then they will elect for themselves a proper and healthy and energetic slavery." (293)

So, in Aaron's Rod, Lawrence introduces the concept of Socialism; but it is important to note that Lilly - Lawrence's counterpart - has rejected it.

The first mention of Socialism in Kangaroo occurs, humorously, in an early part of the book, when Mrs. Callcott, a neighbour of Harriet and Somers, first meets Somers. "She thought that because he had a beard and wore a little green house-jacket, he was probably a socialist." (14)

There are two factions at work in Kangaroo: The socialistic group or "Labour Party", headed by Willie Struthers, and the fascist group, or "Diggers Club" of Kangaroo Ben Cowley. Somers makes himself a prime prospect for each group when he says:

"My father was a working-man. I come from the working people. My sympathy is with them, when it's with anybody, I assure you." (46)

Somers remains elusive, however, he will not be an easy convert. A man named Jaz questions him:
"You don't trust socialism then?" said Jaz, in a quiet voice.
"What sort of socialism? Trade Unionism? Soviet?"
"Yes, any"
"I really don't care about politics. Politics is really no more than your country's housekeeping ... I'd rather have no country than be gulfed in politics and social stuff ..." (64-5)

Somers knew he was in danger of being cornered. But later, he considers entering the Australian political scene. When Harriet learns of this, she lashes out at Somers, reminding him of his previous neutral position.

"Yah, I don't believe it's so all important who controls the world's material riches and supplies. That'll always be the same."
"It won't" "It will. Conservatives or Bolshevists or Labour Party - they're all alike: they all want to grab and have things in their clutches, and they're devilish with jealousy if they haven't got them. That's politics. You've said thousands of times that politics are a game for the base people with no human soul in them ..." (106)

William James, a minor character, and Somers share a similar vein of thought when they discuss Socialism. James speaks first.

"That's about it. The Labour people want the revolution of theirs. What?" - and he looked at Somers with a long smiling, sardonic leer, like a wink. "There's a certain fact," he continued, "as far as any electioneering success goes, they are out of the running for a spell. What do you think of Trade Unions, one way and another?"
"I dislike them on the whole rather intensely. They're just the nastiest profit-seeking side of the working man - they make a fool of him too, in my opinion."
"Just my opinion. They make a fool of him. Wouldn't it be nice to have them for bosses of the whole country? They very nearly are ..." (134)

For the present, then, Somers had rejected Socialism. Nevertheless, as William James suggested, Australia was teeming with
socialist ideas - even if Europe was indifferent to the ambitions of socialistic theory. Lawrence described the attitude toward Communism in the following quotation.

The newspapers were, at the time, full of the pending strike of coal-miners and shearsers: that is, the Australian papers. The European papers were in a terrific stew about finance, and the German debt, and the more imposing Allied debt to America. Bolshevism, Communism, Labour, had all sunk into a sort of insignificance. The voice of mankind was against them for the time being, not now in hate and fear, as previously, but in a kind of bitter contempt: the kind of feeling one has when one has accepted a glib individual as a serious and remarkable man, only to find that he is a stupid vulgarian, Communism was a bubble that would never ever float free and iridescent from the nasty pipe of the theorist. (166)

In speaking of communism in this manner, Lawrence indicates that he does not consider it a serious threat, because it is not capable of fooling the people.

The chapter entitled "Willie Struthers and Kangaroo" presents a compact but copious commentary on Socialism. Jaz takes Somers to the Socialist headquarters to meet the chief, Struthers, who "was suspicious, and seemed as if he were brooding an inner wrong". Struthers asks Somers to comment on Socialism and to give his opinions of it. The following excerpts contain some shrewd observations:

"Why, when I left Europe it seemed to me socialism was losing ground everywhere - in Italy especially ... last year there was only the smoke of it: and a nasty sort of disappointment and disillusion, a grating sort of irritation ... I think the Socialists didn't quite believe in their own socialism, so everybody felt let down. In Italy, particularly, it seemed to me they were on the brink of a revolution. And the King was ready to
abdicate, and the Church was ready to make away with its possessions. I know that. Everything ready for a flight. And then, the Socialists funk'd. They just funk'd. They daren't make a revolution, because socialism hasn't got the spark in it to make a revolution. Not in any country. It hasn't got the spunk either ... if it was a question of war the majority of returned soldiers would join up in a month ... The war was the only time they ever felt properly alive. But then they moved because they hated the Germans - self-righteously hated them. And they can't quite bring it off, to hate the capitalist with a self-righteous hate. They don't hate him. They know that if they themselves got a chance to make a pile of money and be capitalist, they'd jump at it. You (the socialists) can't work up a hate except on fear. And they don't fear the capitalist, and you can't make them ... You'll never get Labour, or any of the Socialists, to make a revolution. They just won't act. Only the Anarchists might - and they're too few." (217-19 passim)

Struthers listens quietly to all this. When he replies, however, the reader knows that he is a man dedicated to his cause.

"... whatever you may say, the socialistic and communal ideal is a great ideal, which will be fulfilled when men are ready ... If revolution seems a premature jump - and perhaps it does - then we can go on, step by step, towards where we intend to arrive at last. And that is, State ownership, and International Labour control ... We realise that if we are going to go ahead we need first and formost solidarity ... We must have a new bond between men, the bond of real brotherhood ... Because we have been brought up from childhood to mistrust ourselves and to mistrust each other ... professors of science and professors of medicine and professors of law and professors of religion ... overawe us and take us in. And they take us in with the clever cry, 'Listen to us, and you will get on, get on, get on, you will rise up into the middle classes and become one of the great washed'. The trick of this only educated men like yourself see through. The working man can't see through it..." (219-20)

Struthers actually feels that for every working-man who succeeded,
many more who had helped him would remain slaves. He wanted to knock down the middle class and develop a bond of trust between the working man. There are Struthers' answers to Somers charge of procrastination. And Somers, we are told, sympathizes with him. It is obvious from the previous chapters that Struthers' Socialism would attract Lawrence. Nevertheless, Somers felt that "all this theoretical socialism started by Marx, and appealing only to the will-to-power in the masses, making money the whole crux, this has cruelly injured the working people of Europe." (225) When it came to a choice between the Socialism of Struthers and the Fascism of Kangaroo, which I shall treat later, Somers had to admit:

But if the old ideal had still a logical leaf to put forth, it was this last leaf of communism ... Perhaps better Struthers than Kangaroo. (297)

It is important to remember that Somers, in preferring Struthers to Kangaroo, was naming the lesser of two evils. In the end, Somers-Lawrence did not choose to act in the interest of the Socialist or Communist side. His mere consideration of various ideologies was always a manifestation of his desire to see the downfall of capitalism and its artificial caste system.

Mastership is based on possessions. To kill mastership you must have communal ownership. Then have it, for this superiority based on possession of money is worse than any of the pretensions of Labour or Bolshevism, strictly. (340)

And Struthers was certainly against these things. He felt that big profits, not the basic wage, wrecked industry. Directors closed down plants when profits weren't large enough, and forgot their obligation to produce goods for the community. The only thing to do
was to eliminate the uneven distribution of money.

"We do want one class only - not your various shades of upper and lower. We want The People - and the People means the worker. I don't mind what a man works at. He can be a doctor or a lawyer even, if men are such fools they must have doctors and lawyers. But look here, mates, what do we all work for? For a living? Then why won't a working-man's wage do for a lawyer?... (347)

The workers must have a Soviet, unite with the "World's Workers". There'll be no more injustice or hypocrisy of politicians. "We'll have a Soviet, mates, and then we shall feel better about it..." (349)

Lawrence demonstrates more than a passing knowledge of Socialism and Communism in Kangaroo. The opinions given to Willie Struthers by Richard Somers reveal careful thought on the subject. In the socialism, in so far as it attempts to present an answer to Capitalism, would attract Lawrence's interest. But it was only a passing interest. In the same novel, Lawrence becomes involved with Fascist leaders, as we shall see later. Socialism, according to Struthers, needed a policy of trust and love between its members. At this time, Lawrence had developed a mistrust of ideologies founded on love principles; he says so in the novel. For this reason he does not join the Socialists. He is already thinking of the system of the dark Gods and their mysterious attraction that he would develop in his next novel The Plumed Serpent.

III

When Lawrence was writing The Plumed Serpent, Socialism was still in his mind; but the novel gives no careful consideration to socialist doctrine. It is merely mentioned from time to time as a force which is present in Mexico, whereas the great development of
Socialism in Australia, it is unanimously agreed, was a fabrication on Lawrence's part. He invented the situation in which he considered the ideology. Socialism is often spoken of as an uncomplimentary way when it appears in Mexico.

The reader learns that labour is a problem in Mexico and that people are stirred up over an ambitious political candidate.

"Hosanna! Hosanna! To the new Labour President! I think it's rich," said Henry.

"They pasted on my luggage," said the Mayor, "when I came through Vera Cruz: La degenerada media clasa, Sera regenerada, por mi, Montes. The degenerate middle class shall be regenerated by me, Montes." (34)

The methods of the Laborites, however, are not admirable.

... Well, the Indians come in from the hills, as wild as rabbits. And they get them into that bureau, and the Laboristas, the agitator fellows say to them: Now Senores, have you anything to report from your native village? Haven't you anything for which you would like redress? Then of course the Indians start complaining about one another, and the Secretary says: Wait a minute Gentlemen! Let me ring up the Governor and report this. So he goes to the telephone and starts ringing: ringing: Ah! Is that the Palace? Is the Governor in? Tell him Senor Fulano wants to speak to him! The Indians sit gaping with open mouths. To them it is a miracle. Ah! Is that you Governor! Good morning! How are you! Can I have your attention for a moment? Many thanks! Well I have got some gentlemen here down from Apaxtle, in the hills: Jose Garcia, Jesus Querido, etc. - and they wish to report so-and-so. Yes! Yes! That's it! Yes! What" You will see that justice is done and the thing is made right? Ah Senor, many thanks! In the name of these gentlemen from the hills, from the village of Apaxtle, many thanks.

"There sit the Indians staring as if Heaven had opened and the Virgin of Guadalupe was standing tiptoe on their chins. And what do you expect?
The telephone is a dummy. It isn't connected with anywhere. Isn't that rich? But it's Mexico."

The moment's fatal pause followed this funny story.

"Oh but!" said Kate, "it's wicked! It is wicked. I'm sure the Indians would be all right if they were left alone." (37)

Bolshevism is still preferable to Capitalism, which Lawrence terms Americanism here. It is also still considered the lesser of two evils, but the choice is a more ominous one.

"We've got to add banana skins to the list of public menaces," said young Henry. "I'm an American, and I may any day turn bolshevist, to save my pesos, so I can repeat what I heard a man saying yesterday. He said there were only two great diseases in the world to-day - Bolshevism and Americanism; and Americanism is the worst of the two, because Bolshevism only smashes your house or your business or your skull, but Americanism smashes your soul." (44)

That is why something must be done politically, namely the establishment of the cult of Quetzalcoatl. The situation is explained to Kate Leslie by a member of a political group:

"We must do something for Mexico. If we don't, it will go under, no? You say you don't like socialism. I don't think I do either. But if there is nothing else but socialism, we will have socialism. If there is nothing better. But, perhaps there is." (65)

The Socialistic system is a greedy one, though. The novel intimates that it is devised merely to trick the peasants.

It starts in Mexico City, with a lot of mal-contents who want to put their spoke in the wheel, and who lay hold of pious catchwords to catch the poor. There's no more in it than that. Then the agitators go round and infect the peons. It is nothing but a sort of infectious disease, like syphilis, all this
revolution and socialism. (111)

Consequently, some of the people are suspicious about Quetzalcoatl.

"Quetzalcoatl!" exclaimed the manager, giving a little click of the final "l", in a peculiar native fashion. "That's another try-on of the Bolshevists. They thought socialism needed a God, so they're going to fish him out of this like. He'll do for another pious catch-word in another revolution." (112)

But Don Ramon, the leader of the movement, is mindful of the suspicion. He feels any connection with socialism would be detrimental to his cause.

"Above all things," said Ramon, "I don't want to acquire a political smell. I don't want to be pushed in the direction of any party. Unless I can stand uncontaminated, I had better abandon everything. But the Church will push me over to the socialists - and the socialists will betray me on the first opportunity. It is not myself. It is the new spirit. The surest way to kill it - and it can be killed - like any other living thing - is to get it connected with any political party." (271)

Socialism is definitely not the answer in The Plumed Serpent. It is not even a candidate to be the answer. Instead of treating it as a counter - materialistic force, as he had previously done, Lawrence seems to feel that it is beginning to take on some of the characters of materialism.

Bolshevists, somehow, seem to be born on the railway. Wherever the iron rails run, and the passengers are hauled back and forth in railway coaches, there the spirit of rootlessness, of transitoriness, of first and second class in separate compartments, of envy and malice and iron and demonish panting engines, seems to bring forth the logical children of materialism, the bolshevists. (122)
As if it were a footnote, Lawrence develops a similar concept in a single, relevant passage in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

"Bolshevism, it seems to me," said Charlie, "is just a superlative hatred of the thing they call the bourgeois; and what the bourgeois is, isn't quite defined. It is Capitalism, among other things. Feelings and emotions are also so decidedly bourgeois that you have to invent a man without them.

Then the individual, especially the personal man is bourgeois; so he must be supressed. You must submerge yourselves in the great thing, the Soviet-social-thing. Even an organism is bourgeois: so the ideal must be mechanical. The only thing that is a unit, non-organic, composed of many different equally essential parts, is the machine. Each man a machine part, and the driving power of the machine, hate ... hate of the bourgeois. That, to me, is Bolshevism." (36)

... 

"We're all Bolshevists, only we are hypocrites. The Russians are Bolshevists without hypocrisy."

"But there are many other ways," said Hammond, "than the Soviet way. The Bolshevists are not really intelligent"

"Of course not. But sometimes it's intelligent to be half-witted: if you want to make your end. Personally, I consider Bolshevism half-witted; but so do I consider our social life in the west half-witted. So I even consider our far-famed mental life half-witted. We're all as cold as cretins, we're all as passionless as idiots. We're all of us, Bolshevists, only we give it another name. We think we're Gods ... men like gods! It's just the same as Bolshevism." (37)

"But I don't see how you're going to get Bolshevism, when all the lads want is just money to enjoy themselves, and the girls the same, with fine clothes: and they don't care about another thing. They haven't the brains to be socialists. They haven't enough seriousness to take up anything really serious, and they never will have. (97)

The ideology no longer holds any fascination for Lawrence. We
have seen that he was aware of it, that he studied it carefully to find its good points, and that, for the reasons stated above, he finally rejected it.

IV

At any rate, it becomes apparent that the communism Lawrence advocated was not the doctrine that has turned into today's Russian ideology. Like Nietzsche, D. H. Lawrence also devised a scheme for establishing his own little community of friends. It was to be called "Rananim". In January, 1915, he wrote to W. E. Hopkins:

We will also talk of my pet scheme. I want to gather together about twenty souls and sail away from this world of war and squalor and found a little colony where there shall be no money but a sort of communism as far as necessaries of life go, and some real decency which is in each member of the community, a community which is established upon the assumption of goodness in the members, instead of the assumption of badness.

Again, like Nietzsche's plan, Lawrence's community never materialized: "We have changed our island scheme. After all it was a sort of running away from the problem" Nevertheless, I believe that he kept this idea in mind for many years: he was not one to relinquish an idea so quickly, easily, and finally. Bits of the community appear in his novels, although they never work out when more than two people are involved. But the ideals back of the community, as we shall see, are ever present; and Lawrence hoped the world would adopt them. Every now and then, as his letters indicate, Lawrence in his travels, thought he had found his Shangri-La.

He called his own Rananim a communistic state. He quickly added, however, that Rananim was to be a communism based upon poverty,
humility, and sacrifice: "We will be aristocrats, and as wise as the serpent in dealing with the mob." Lawrence, hated the mob, even though this attitude does not seem consistent with his plan to equalize all workers under the control of the state. However, the equalizing process seems to have had the potential of creating a vast, subjugated mob. Lawrence believed that he was suited for better things than to be a mere member of the "equal" class. He advocated an aristocracy, then. All right, the aristocracy would be the boon to mankind. Lawrence believed the Socialist view to be one of justice-equality -- treat men equally and grant them equal rights: but while this situation might exist within the ranks of the governing class which, theoretically, practiced justice with sacrifices and abnegations, he felt it absurd to demand the same thing of the subject caste. Gradually, he began to think about the mob's side of the system. Lawrence himself had seen the rich English aristocracy on the Riviera and had been disgusted. It was the class he had aspired to in his socialistic system, but he saw he did not belong and formulated his conclusions about the aristocracy. A charity drive called the Miner's Hampers and Fund during the Christmas of 1928 provoked the following outburst:

It's a nice thing to make them live on charity and crumbs of cake, when what they want is manly independence ... It's time there was an enormous revolution - not to install Soviets, but to give life itself a chance ... The dead materialism of Marx socialism and Soviets seems to me no better than what we've got. What we want is life and trust ....

If Lawrence's own statements were not enough to convince his
contemporaries that he was not a dangerous communist, the manner in which Lawrence's writing was treated in Soviet Russia should have done the job. He was by no means their national hero, and Russian criticism proves it. Lawrence was published by the Soviets; and on the eve of the Communist upheaval, Zinaida Vengerova had this to say about his credo in *The Rainbow*:

> England is coagulated in her prosperity ... has become too staid in her traditional way of life. Ready-made rules, ready-made truths for all human relations have killed the pathos of individual questing. A new pathos is needed. It is necessary to free the imagination of young England - to rescue young England from the timidity of previous generations that feared strong, unfettered feelings; that locked themselves into the cage of conventionality ... Lawrence sees evil in the puritanism of the English way of life, the puritanism which has conquered eroticism .... He wants to show how much creative imagination is hidden in timorous souls, now shackled by this fear to fulfill themselves.  

After the Communists took over, Lawrence was still published, but on the pretext of being a rebel against the bourgeois and against the British capitalists. After 1927, there is no evidence of any work by Lawrence being translated in Soviet Russia. Instead, his work was attacked critically. A Communist sympathizer named Caudwell wrote of *Sons and Lovers* that Lawrence was "incapable of that subordinatiantion of self to others, of co-operation, of solidarity as a class, which is the characteristic of the proletariat." Mr. Caudwell contended that Lawrence was a bourgeois revolutionary who rid himself of every bourgeois illusion but the important one, that one being the refusal to recognize the proletarian renaissance preached by Marx and Moscow. Dmitri Mirsky, on the other hand, felt
that it was a mistake to see Lawrence's feeling of class as something akin to revolution. He was a son of the people and a passive symptom of the collapse, not an active agent. Finally, in 1932, Miss A. Yelistratova saw the writer as an artist of the English petit-bourgeois intelligentsia, trying to resolve the conflict between his class and capitalism by means of forsaking active social struggle. She felt, however, that his only attack upon capitalism was against its technology. Surprisingly enough, especially on the basis of _Kangaroo_, the learned Russian critic accuses Lawrence of fascism - on the basis of his Nietzschean adulation of the superman. And this leads us into another aspect of the political philosophy of D. H. Lawrence; for indeed, Miss Yelistratova was not the only person to accuse him of Nietzscheanism.

VI

"Democracy, the government favored by the middle and lower classes, was no more acceptable to him than the classes themselves. His social and economic troubles and the war had convinced him of the failure of democracy." As we have seen, Lawrence considered Socialism to have all the disadvantages that democracy had. In his youth, he had been attracted to the Fabians and the Labor Party; but later, he began to be concerned by what he considered their materialistic and mechanical attributes. He hated strikes and thought them to be led by social idealists. The working class was becoming a class of "horrible, soulless creatures" under both the socialists and the capitalists. Like the democratic world, he found Communist Russia to be established upon the ownership and control of land and machines; and Lawrence wanted salvation from property, machines, and
"Lawrence proposed the remedy of dictatorship, not dictatorship by the masses, however, buy by a hero." 18

Such a conception obviously is difficult to realize, if it is not virtually impossible. The benevolent ruler is hard to come by, for the criteria by which such a person would be measured are arbitrary. As far as D. H. Lawrence is concerned, they are, once again, not clearly defined in practical terms. It was easier for him to determine what did not constitute the benevolent ruler; and certainly, he felt that every power in Europe at that time fell into the category of non-benovolent rule. "Lawrence wanted a dictatorship, to be sure, but he was critical of every totalitarian system with which he was acquainted. For every favorable comment upon Mussolini and Italian fascism, Lawrence made several unfavorable comments." 19 Lawrence's dictator would restore glory and honor to his people, and he would bring order to the world.

We have seen that, in his youth, Lawrence had become fascinated by certain nineteenth-century men who had suggested "heroic antidotes" to democracy. E. T., in her book of memoirs, recorded Lawrence's passion for Carlyle and Nietzsche. Now, it seems as if he were trying to join their ranks. He would substitute a system of rulers and ruled for the class system of democracy and socialism - the "proletariat, the capitalists, and the doubtful people." He would produce from the present classes natural proletarians, who would find happiness in obedience to the leader. "But as marriage taught him the virtues of domestic tyranny (he and Frieda quarreled noisily and bitterly to get things out of their systems) so, during the war, the errors of capitalism and democracy showed him the need of power and glory before
love could triumph in society as in his home. His postwar novels reveal a change of emphasis from equality to heroic power." 20 It was during the war that Lawrence's ideas of society were formulated. And he entertained no scruples about lashing out at the rich whom he considered responsible for factories, cities, and the miseries of poverty. Hence, according to one critic, the applause he received from the Marxists for his "destructive attitude." 21 Lawrence's own economic background and status, however, must have done much to foster his attitude.

To complicate matters, Lawrence wrote a textbook entitled *Movements in European History* under the pseudonym of Laurence H. Davison. This action was of no little concern to the political censors. 22 Lawrence wrote to Cecil Gray, saying that he ... felt that men had not changed much over the centuries; most of the species he found contemptible and in need of "proper ruling" by a few capable individuals. But this was impossible, because they can only be ruled as they are willing to be ruled: and that is swinishly or hypocritically. 23

**VII**

Lawrence's most intensive study of Fascism occurs in *Kangaroo*, where he becomes involved with the Diggers, a fascist-like political organization headed by Ben Cooley. Jack, a member of the Diggers, explains the methods of the organization to Somers:

"It's like this. We don't talk a lot about what we intend: we fix nothing. But we start certain talks, and we listen, so we know more or less what most of the ordinary members feel like. Why, the plan is more or less this. The Labour people, the reds, are always talking about a revolution, and the Conservatives are always
talking about a disaster. Well, we keep ourselves fit and ready for as soon as the revolution comes -- or the disaster. Then we step in, you see and we are the revolution. We've got most of the trained fighting men behind us, and we can make the will of the people, don't you see: if the members stand steady ...." (100)

It isn't long before Somers meets Kangaroo, the boss. Kangaroo has read some essays on democracy that Somers had written. He had also read an essay by another man, writing on a new aristocracy, but did not like it:

"... But it seemed to me there was too much fraternising in his scheme, too much reverence for the upper classes and passionate pity for the working classes. He wanted them all to be kind to one another, aristocrats of the spirit." (118)

On the other hand, Kangaroo liked Somers and was courting him for a place in the party. He believed in the exertion of a strong, just power from above. He qualifies this concept for Somers.

"... my tyrant would be so much circumscribed by the constitution I should establish. But in a sense, he would be a tyrant. Perhaps it would be nearer to say he would be a patriarch, or a pope: representing as near as possible the wise, subtle spirit of life, I should try to establish my state of Australia as a kind of Church, with the profound reverence for life, for life's deepest urges, as the motive power...." (120)

Kangaroo claims his system is based on a deep love for his fellow man. "We want to take away the strain, the nervous tension out of life, and let folks be happy again unconsciously, instead of unhappy consciously ...." (130).

The Diggers look to Kangaroo to provide a cozy, warm country for them to live in. They get a foretaste of the hoped-for life within their clubs, which allowed no gambling, drinking, or class
or party distinction. The clubs were preoccupied with athletics: boxing, wrestling, fencing, revolver practice, and regular military training.

The men were grouped in little squads of twenty, each with sergeant and corporal. Each of these twenty was trained to act like a scout, independently, though the squad worked in absolute unison among themselves, and were pledged to absolute obedience of higher commands. (205)

They wore white feathers and were required to attend debates and discussions on such topics as "White Australia," "Class Feeling in Australia," "What do our Politicians do for Australia?" "Do we want a Statesman, or do we want a Leader?" and "What kind of Leader do we want?" But Somers does not feel it is an ideal system.

Somers could not get it very clear, from Jack Calicott's description. But it seemed to him as if all the principal ideas originated with the chief, went round the circuit of the clubs, disguised as general topics for debate, and returned as confirmed principles, via the section meetings and the state meetings. All the debates had been a slow, deliberate crystallising of a few dominant ideas in all the members. In the actual putting into practice of any principle, the chief was an autocrat....

"What I feel," said Somers to Jack, "is that the bulk of you just don't care what the chief does, so long as he does something." (208)

Somers sums it up when Kangaroo asks him which part of the system he is against.

"Why, against your ponderousness. And against your insistance. And against the whole sticky stream of love, and the hateful will-to-love. Its the will-to-love that I hate, Kangaroo." (235)

VIII

Mary Freeman has seen Lawrence as a man preoccupied with death as an aspect of life. No doubt, she has in mind the blood rituals
which occur in *The Plumed Serpent*: the bloody assassinations in the countryside, the battle at the hacienda from which Don Ramon emerges besmeared with blood, and the sacrifices performed by Cipriano at the altar of Quetzalcoatl. This preoccupation she contends, led Lawrence to the brink of futurism, and "through futurism he made his closest approach to fascism." It became apparent to Lawrence, however, that fascism did not meet his requirement that death be acceptable only as a process of change and becoming. He characterized it in *Kangaroo* for what it was: "the Past trying to revitalize itself by a social binge."  

In *The Plumed Serpent* Lawrence retreated to a less polluted futurism, a futurism not hiding under or dependent on lip service to any European "ideal," subjected to its prejudices, or based on its industrial capitalist economics; yet this variant, while resembling fascist reality less, resembled its window dressing more. Lawrence never linked this variant as unequivocally with fascism as he had the intoxicated conservatism of the Diggers ....  

Fascism in *The Plumed Serpent* is more evident in atmosphere and tone, which cannot be reproduced, than it is in the speeches of the characters. It is evident in the destructive brutality of his Mexican people and in his concept of blood-knowledge: a concept by which men forsook the normal reasoning processes and responded to the commands of their leader intuitively through the "blood." By reading the novel one knows that criticism heaped upon Lawrence for being a fascist, as it is summarized in the following paragraph, applies also to Don Ramon.  

As was the case with the charges that he was a Communist, the charges that he was a Fascist were doubted by some. What it all
boiled down to was that Lawrence wanted tyranny on his own terms. He needed to reconcile his own demand for the individualism he could not find under a democratic system with the establishment of a dictatorship. The only way he could do this was to become his own dictator: "His ideal of one or two in the bush is closer to the ideal of Moses or David... the Puritans... than it is to that of the modern fascist." It has been said that he wanted to use politics to advance his religion; and that it is therefore academically more accurate to term him a theocratic fascist.

He did not see a future for fascism in Italy:

I think Italy will not revolute or bolsh any more. The thing will settle down to a permanent socialisti v. fascisti squibbing - the old Italian faction, Guelph and Ghibellini - and so the house will come to bits. It will have no one smash like Russia. (1921)

But he never gave up his desire for a dictatorial leadership. Even in his last work *Apocalypse*, as we shall see later, he was still preoccupied with thoughts of leadership and power.

His yearning for authority and obedience, his hatred of socialists, Catholics, and international financiers, his national religions with their pagan rites, his propaganda, symbols, and storm troopers, his attitude toward women and laborers, his desire to think with his blood, and the other ways in which he anticipated Hitler appear to justify those who have regarded Lawrence as a proto-fascist.

This statement contains another reason for Lawrence's popular appeal to a variety of factions. Since his philosophic system supported a dictator, he would naturally be found attractive by any dictatorial form of government. The concepts of power, violence, and blood-knowledge served to strengthen his appeal.
IX

In this light it is not surprising to find Lawrence accused of contributing to the rise of Nazi power in Germany, especially because of his creation of Rico in *St. Mawr*. "To see him as fostering the spirit of something akin to Nazism — that was an easy way of dismissing the complications he would have introduced into the simple scheme of salvation adopted on the left." That Lawrence, despite his wife's ancestry, was not over sympathetic with the Germans is apparent in a letter written after the outbreak of the war. Speaking of the Germans, he wrote:

Why should they goad us to this frenzy of hatred, why should we be tortured to bloody madness, when we are only grieved in our souls, and heavy? 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.

Frieda Lawrence herself exclaimed that it was pure nonsense to call Lawrence an exponent of Nazism. "You might as well call St. Augustine a Nazi." Finally, Franz Schoenberner added his testimony on Lawrence's character:

Schoenberner, another non-Jewish voluntary exile from the subsequent Nazi ... has expressed his belief that Lawrence's books should become school texts. This is interestingly different from the views of Bertrand Russell and others who have seen Lawrence as a fascist, but Schoenberner was not an oversimple logician and theorist unable to distinguish between an anti-rational outlook and a fascist subscription. As one of Germany's leading editors, Schoenberner had a close view of the entire development of fascism in Germany, and an intimate involvement with the Nazis' penetration and final domination of the
German press; he had also a close acquaintance with Lawrence and his writings, and his testimony in the matter is that of an expert, not that of a prejudiced commentator drawing upon inaccurate and angry catchwords. 34

Stephen Spender, in his book The Destructive Element, added that the Nazis seized upon Lawrence as the English writer most sympathetic to them because of the strong emotional and personal matter in which he expressed his criticism of society, to say nothing of the Nazi salute employed by Don Ramón and his followers in The Plumed Serpent. Once again, however, he was misinterpreted.

Thus, Lawrence was first introduced to reactionary ideas when he joined social groups in London and Eastwood. His interest in new ideologies was an outgrowth of the malice he felt toward Democracy and Capitalism; he wanted to discover a better way of life. At first, Socialism seemed attractive, but Lawrence-Somers was disenchanted by its do-nothingness. He also mistrusted anything professing to be founded on the principle of love or trust. Nevertheless, Socialism was still better than Capitalism; and Willie Struthers was preferable to the Fascist group of Kangaroo. Whereas Struthers called the kindred bond between his man trust, Ben Cooley openly admitted his is a brotherhood founded on love, a love Somers described as a "sticky stream." While Lawrence, as we have seen above, demonstrated Fascist and Nazi tendencies, he did not accept either system. He was still seeking, as his plans for Rananim illustrate, an aristocratic society governed by a benevolent dictator.
CHAPTER V

Individual Liberty, Leadership, and Power

This chapter is concerned, in part, with Lawrence's attitude toward his rights. The novels are treated in sections I through VI, as follows: Lawrence approached the subject in *Sons and Lovers* by showing a concern for the position of women in society. *The Rainbow* broadens the concern from the realm of establishing suitable working conditions to the right of the individual to express himself and to follow the impulses of his own inner being. Lawrence delves into psychology in *Women in Love* by exploring the concept of the human will and its dual nature. The workings of the will and the dangers of aspiring to power continue to be foremost in Lawrence's mind as he examines leadership in *Aaron's Rod*, *Kangaroo*, and *The Plumed Serpent*. Section VII is an attempt to summarize and to analyze the Lawrencean concepts of the leader and of power in Nietzschean terms. Finally, section VIII carries the study further, by examining two of Lawrence's works not classified as novels: *Apocalypse* and *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*. 
I

From the very beginning, Lawrence demonstrated a concern for the individual person and for the liberty that should be his. One aspect of this concern can be found in his awareness of women's rights. During the time Lawrence began writing, the idea that women should have interests outside of housekeeping and adding to the family coffers was a rather radical one. Even in *Sons and Lovers*, Mrs. Morel finds time to join a social organization:

When the children were old enough to be left, Mrs. Morel joined the Women's Guild. It was a little club of women attached to the Co-operative Wholesale Society, which met on Monday night in the long room over the grocery shop of the Bestwood "C-op". The women were supposed to discuss the benefits to be derived from co-operation, and other social questions. Sometimes Mrs. Morel read a paper. It seemed queer to the children to see their mother, who was always busy about the house, sitting writing in her rapid fashion, thinking, referring to books, and writing again. They felt for her on such occasions the deepest respect. (55)

The suffragette in the novel is Clara Dawes. She feels strongly that she, as a woman, should enjoy her liberty. It means everything to her.

After tea, when all the men had gone but Paul, Mrs. Leivers said to Clara:
"And you find life happier now?"
"Infinitely"
"And you are satisfied?"
"So long as I can be free and independent. (228)

Lawrence, as Paul, agrees with Clara's ambitions. He feels that any individual, regardless of sex, should enjoy free expression. He is concerned, however, that the women must fight for their own rights. Fighting for a cause is a masculine quality; a
woman becomes unfeminine when she does so. He would be a champion.

"I would carry your banner of white and green and heliotrope. I would have 'W.S.P.U' emblazoned on my shield, beneath a woman rampant."
"I have no doubt," said Clara, "that you would much rather fight for a woman than let her fight for herself."
"I would. When she fights for herself, she seems like a dog before a looking glass, gone into a mad fury with its own shadow." (229)

Paul is not just expounding philosophically; he actually becomes involved.

The months went slowly along. Paul had more or less got into connexion with the Socialist Suffragette, Unitarian people in Nottingham owing to his acquaintances with Clara.

One of the causes of the need for woman suffrage was attributable to the capitalistic system. The problems that result from the introduction of the female sex into the working world are hinted at in the novel.

"Do you like jennying?" he asked.
"What can a woman do!" she replied bitterly.
"Is it sweated?"
"More or less. Isn't all woman's work? That's another trick the men have played, since we force ourselves into the labour market." (255)

Lawrence was interested in the right of women to free individual expression in *Sons and Lovers*. He also saw the need for more humane working conditions for them. This insight forms a link with the understanding of labour problems and the necessity of reforming factory conditions that was expressed in the chapter on Lawrence's anti-capitalistic and anti-mechanization views.
Something more is seen of the emancipation of women in *The Rainbow*. Lydia Lensky, Ursula and Gudrun Brangwen's grandmother, had striven to assert her individuality in the old country.

Lydia Lensky, married to the young doctor, became with him a patriot and an emancipist. They were poor, but they were very conceited. She learned nursing as a mark of her emancipation. (43)

Ursula inherited her grandmother's love of liberty. Ursula is a strong individual, but she feels inhibited by society. The authority of mob democracy curtails, by use of fear, her desire to express herself at the job.

She suffered anguish of fears during the week-days, for she felt strong powers that would not recognize her. There was upon her always a fear and a dislike of authority. She felt she could always do as she wanted if she managed to avoid a battle with Authority and the authorized Powers. But if she gave herself away, she would be lost, destroyed. There was always the menace against her.

This strange sense of cruelty and ugliness always imminent, ready to seize hold upon her, this feeling of the grudging power of the mob lying in wait for her, who was the exception, formed one of the deepest influences in her life. Wherever she was, at school, among friends, in the street, in the train, she instinctively abated herself, made herself smaller, feigned to be less than she was, for fear that her undiscovered self should be seen, pounced upon, attacked by brutish resentment of the commonplace, the average Self. (254)

Even more disturbing was the fact that, in her capacity as a teacher, Ursula must subject her pupils to the same type of authority that she herself rebelled against. She was engaged in the fine
art of making everyone think and act exactly alike. Worse yet, her will, the will she must impose upon the children, must be the will of the educational system, which, in reality, was not her will. In making her own will conform to that of the great authority, she was relinquishing her instinct to have a will of her own. Conformity, she felt, was destructive.

The first great task was to reduce sixty children to one state of mind, or being. This state must be produced automatically, through the will of the teacher and the will of the whole school authority, imposed upon the will of the children. The point was that the headmaster and the teachers should have one will in authority, which should have one will in authority, which should bring the will of the children into accord. (361)

At first, however, Ursula decides to conform. She observes a fellow teacher in an effort to emulate his success. The teacher, as the following quotation illustrates, is a hypocrite; because he suppresses his natural feelings and thoughts.

This he had it in his power to do, to crystallize the children into hard, mute fragments, fixed under his will: his brute will, which fixed them by sheer force. She too must learn to subdue them to her will: she must. For it was her duty, since the school was such. He had crystallized the class into order. But to see him, a strong powerful man, using all his power for such a purpose, seemed almost horrible, there was something hideous about it. The strange, genial light in his eye was really vicious, and ugly, his smile was one of torture. He could not be impersonal. He could not have a clear pure purpose, he could only exercise his own brute will. He did not believe in the least in the education he kept inflicting year after year upon the children. (366)
Ursula is a bit unusual among the women freedom fighters. Lawrence has presented. She shares some of the Lawrencian philosophy; and this trait becomes obvious when a comparison is made between her and a friend named Maggie. Maggie is a suffragette hoping to express her individuality at the voting machine. Ursula, too, feels a need to express her individuality, but she goes beyond Maggie's realm of understanding. Maggie is content to remain within the political system which employs the voting machine; Ursula knows that she can never be free as long as she is confined within the limits of an equalizing political system.

She and Maggie, in their dinner hours and their occasional teas at the little restaurant, discussed life and ideas. Maggie was a great suffragette, trusting in the vote. To Ursula the vote was never a reality. She had within her the strange, passionate knowledge of religion and living far transcending the limits of the automatic system that contained the vote. But her fundamental, organic knowledge had as yet to take form and rise to utterance. For her, as for Maggie, the liberty of woman meant something real and deep. She felt that somewhere in something, she was not free. And she wanted to be. She was in revolt. For once she were free she could get somewhere. (383)

The system confined itself to its own narrow little world: a community of light, refusing to acknowledge the vast darkness which surrounded it, refusing to admit it did not know something:

Yea, and no man dared even throw a firebrand into the darkness. For if he did he was jeered to death by the others, who cried "Fool, anti-social knave, why would you disturb us with bogeys? There is no darkness. We move and live and have our being within the light, and unto us is given the eternal light of knowledge, we comprise and comprehend the innermost core and issue of knowledge. Fool
In *The Rainbow* Lawrence expanded his theme. On the level of daily life, liberty must be bestowed upon human beings, but the true perceptive person fights a real battle with society; Above all, one must obey one's individual beliefs; and society of the mob rule (as illustrated by the narrower example of the school system) is an obstacle to free expression which must be overcome.

**III**

*Women in Love* is concerned more with individual liberty and the individual will than with women's rights. The topic is brought up at a party, which takes place early in the novel. Someone asks what the others would do if a man stole their hat on a street corner. Hermione, the hostess, states that she should feel compelled to fight for it. Birkin, the Lawrencian character, feels differently about the situation.

"And if he does want my hat, such as it is," said Birkin, "why, surely it is open to me to decide, which is a greater loss to me, my hat or my liberty as a free and indifferent man. If I am compelled to offer fight, I lose the latter. It is a question which is worth more to me, my pleasant liberty of conduct, or my hat." (32)

Birkin is saying that he should not be compelled; he has the right to remain indifferent if he so chooses. One must act as individually and spontaneously as he desires. Gerald, the industrial magnate, fails to comprehend.
"And I", said Gerald grimly, "shouldn't like to be in a world of people who acted individually and spontaneously, as you call it. We should have everybody cutting everybody else's throat in five minutes."

"That means you would like to be cutting everybody's throat," said Birkin.

"How does that follow?" asked Gerald crossly.

"No man," said Birkin, "cuts another man's throat unless he wants to cut it, and unless the other man wants it cut. This is a complete truth. It takes two people to make a murderer: a murder and a murderee. And a murderee is a man who is murderable. And a man who is murderable is a man who in a profound if hidden lust desires to be murdered." (36)

It is a question of will. Will makes the difference between the murderer and the murderee. One may call it a will to master and a will to submit. Gerald can understand this on a simpler level. He takes pride in his equestrian abilities; he handles a horse well and explains the reason:

"That's a fact," said Gerald. "A horse has got a will like a man, though it has no mind, strictly. And if your will isn't master, then the horse is master of you. And this is a thing I can't help. I can't help being master of the horse." (157)

Birkin seizes the opportunity to use the example as an explanatory illustration. The will is a dual phenomenon; it has two sides:

"And, of course," he said to Gerald, "horses haven't got a complete will, like human beings. A horse has no one will. Every horse, strictly, has two wills. With one will, it wants to put itself in the human power completely - and with the other, it wants to be free, wild. The two wills sometimes lock - you know, that if ever you've felt a horse bolt, while you've been driving it." (158)

As it is with horses, so is it with women in love.
"And woman is the same as horses:
two wills act in opposition inside her.
With one will, she wants to subject her-
self utterly. With the other she wants
to bolt, and pitch her rider to perdition. (159)

One must overcome the duality, follow impulse.

"One can only follow the impulse, taking
that which lies in front, and responsible
for nothing, asked for nothing, giving
nothing, only each taking according to the
primal desire." (166)

The primal desire, according to Lawrence in the novel, is
like a will to power. The concept is clarified when Ursula and
Birkin observe Mino, a tom-cat, chasing another cat. Ursula
speaks first, then Birkin:

"It is just like Gerald Crich with his
horse - a lust for bullying - a real Wille
zur Macht - so base, so petty."
"I agree that the Will zur Macht is a
base and a petty thing. But with the Mino,
it is the desire to bring this female cat
into a pure stable equilibrium, a trans-
cendent and abiding rapport with the single
male. Whereas without him, as you see, she
is a merestray, a fluffy sporadic bit of
chaos. It is a volonte de pouvoir, if you
like, a will to ability, taking pouvoir as
a verb." (170)

The "volonte de pouvoir" seems to be intimately connected, on
the human level, with the man-woman relationship, discussed in
Chapter I. Lawrence appears to say that the will to dominate
and the will to submit are capable of being combined into a
"pure stable equilibrium," something beyond knowledge. If an
individual cannot attain this equilibrium in life, it is better
to die:

But better die than live mechanically a
life that is a repetition of repetitions. To
die is to move on with the invisible. To die
is also a joy, a joy of submitting to that which is greater than the known, namely, the pure unknown. That is a joy. But to live mechanised and cut off within the motion of the will, to live as an entity absolved from the unknown, that is shameful and ignominious. There is no ignominy in death. There is complete ignominy in an unreplenished, mechanised life. Life indeed may be ignominious, shameful to the soul. But death is never a shame. Death itself, like the illimitable space, is beyond our sullying. (219)

Apparently the will, when it is at either extreme of its dual nature, is detrimental. Barbaric conquest is objectionable.

The brute force with which Gerlad overcomes a struggling rabbit is a terrible thing as Lawrence describes it; the participant gains a weird, sadistic pleasure in the conquest.

The long demon-like beast lashed out again, spread on the air as if it were flying, looking something like a dragon, then closing up again, inconceivable powerful and explosive. The man's body strung to its efforts, vibrated strongly. Then a sudden sharp, white-edged wrath came up in him. Swift as lightning he drew back and brought his free hand down like a hawk on the neck of the rabbit. Simultaneously, there came the unearthly abhorrent scream of a rabbit in the fear of death. It made one immense writhe, tore his wrists and his sleeves in a final convulsion, all its belly flashed white in a whirlwind of paws and then he had slung it round and had it under his arm, fast. It cowered and skulked. His face was gleaming with a smile.

"You wouldn't think there was all that force in a rabbit." he said, looking at Gudrun. And he saw her eyes black as night in her pallid face, she looked almost unearthly. The scream of the rabbit, after the violent tussle, seemed to have torn the veil of her consciousness. He looked at her, and the whitish, electric gleam in his face
intensified.

"I don't really like him" Winifred was crooning. "I don't care for him as I do for Loozie. He's hateful really." (174)

The sense of power in the will was the detrimental element.

All had a secret sense of power, and of inexpressible destructiveness, and of fatal half-heartedness, a sort of rottenness in the will. (133)

Gerald has the sense of power that is a fault in Lawrence's eyes. He loses Gudrun who becomes enchanted with a man named Loerke. Loerke knows a secret:

The greatest power is the one that is subtle and adjusts itself, not one which blindly attacks. (514)

Individual liberty is a very important facet of one's life. Lawrence places it above any political system that might squelch it. In addition, man must cope with the dual nature of the will, being careful not to submit to either of its extreme manifestations: brute force or object submissiveness.

IV

Throughout the political philosophy of Lawrence, the concept of the leader plays an important role. Some idea of the leader concept can be gained by a consideration of the three novels often referred to as Lawrence's leadership novels. They are Aaron's Rod, Kangaroo, and The Plumed Serpent. The leading men in all three books are, in some way, intimately connected with the political scene.

Aaron Sisson, of Aarons Rod, was the secretary of the Miners' Union for his colliery; but he was in danger of being replaced by Job
Freer, a man some of the miners found more to their taste. It was Christmas Eve. Aaron was upset by the petty haggling that had taken place at the Union meeting; and since the little trivialities of his family life did nothing to relieve his frustrations, he went out to the pub. There the conversation turned to acting for the common good, a topic in which Aaron could indulge, since the union men were badgering for a wage increase. Aaron philosophically and pessimistically concludes that life is a rope with the miners pulling at one end, and the masters at the other, and money as the factor which assigns the rope ends. For this reason the miners are dissatisfied; capable or not, they want to initiate their own rules, instead of following the rules of others. They resent authority.

A second party agrees:

"Yes," said the little doctor, who had lived for some years among the colliers, and become quite familiar with them. "Yes, they have to earn their living - and then no more. That's why the British Government is the worst thing possible for them. It is the worst thing possible. And not because it is a bad government. Really, it is not a bad government. It is a good one -- and they know it -- much better than they would make for themselves, probably. But for that reason it is so very bad." (26)

After this conversation, Aaron walks out on his family and the miners' problems. He joins a fast-moving social group; and even they discuss the possibility of a labor uprising against the government for redress of grievances, indicating that the problem is not merely confined to a single colliery. And Aaron and Mrs. Clarissa Browning, a new-comer to the group who claims she wants to be loved, are defined in the same conversation.
"She!" said Jim, rising and pointing luridly to Clariss, "she's Love, And he's the working people. The hope is in those two . . ." He jerked a thumb at Aaron Sisson, after having indicated Mrs. Browning. (68)

The important relationship in the novel, however, is the relationship between Aaron Sisson, the miner, and Lilly, the writer. Lilly is the aspirant to leadership, and as Lawrence tells us, "He had a certain belief in himself as a saviour." It was Lilly who offered the following advice to a socialist acquaintance, who felt he was dying because he could not love enough:

"Then you should stiffen your backbone. It's your backbone that matters. You shouldn't want to abandon yourself. You shouldn't want to fling yourself all loose into a woman's lap. You should stand by yourself and learn to be by yourself. Why don't you be more like the Japanese you talk about? quiet, aloof little devils. They don't bother about being loved. They keep themselves taut in their own selves - there, at the bottom of the spine -- the devil's own power they've got there." (86)

Aaron and Lilly are first thrown together intimately in London, where Lilly has taken a room while his wife visited her people in Norway. Aaron suffers an attack of the flu, and having nowhere else to go, is taken in by Lilly, who realizes that caring for the weakened man presents him with an ideal opportunity to assert his superiority. He watches over Aaron like a mother over a child, sending for the doctor, delivering water in the middle of the night, and darning his socks. But Lilly fears he will not be able to make the sick man succumb to his will.
"I wonder why I do it. I wonder why I bother with him .... As soon as this man's really better he'll punch me in the wind, metaphorically if not actually, for having interfered with him. And Tanny (his wife) would say he was quite right to do it. She says I want power over them. What if I do? They don't care how much power the mob has over them, the nation, Lloyd George and Northcliffe and the police and money. They'll yield themselves up to that sort of power quickly enough, and immolate themselves pro bono publico by the million. And what's the bonum publicum but a mob power. Why can't they submit to a bit of healthy individual authority ... Well, if one will be a Jesus he must expect his Judas." (102)

Lilly exhibits a self-sacrificing tendency as a leader. Lawrence says he preferred to do everything himself, so that he could be independent of outside aid.

Lilly's fears materialized, and a split with Aaron occurred. It happened immediately after a visit by an army man named Herbertson. Herbertson talked, Lilly listened, but his mind became preoccupied with thoughts that if a person's will had a strong enough presentiment, he could prevent things from happening. Herbertson suggested this and also suggested that the Germans had lost the war because they were too methodical. After the visitor had gone, Lilly discussed the concept of presentiment with Aaron. Aaron did not agree and was asked to leave; Lilly took off shortly for Malta.

The two men are finally reunited in Italy, but much happens before then. Aaron has searched for Lilly, displaying that he does want to depend somewhat on him. He learns in his travels and realizes that "unyielding aloneness was his most profound need, as Lilly had intimated".
He wants to be free of all the repetitive, compulsive, and dead patterns of life. With new friends, even with a mistress, he finds, like Lilly, that he can keep his integrity, that, after acknowledging his revulsions, he can take from life only that which he really needs. (3)

Lilly puts the belief in his own words:

"I think every man is a sacred and holy individual, never to be violated. I think there is only one thing I hate to the verge of madness, and that is bullying. To see any living creature bullied in any way, almost makes a murderer of me..." (294-5)

Italy, at the time of their meeting, was the scene of Socialist uprisings - milling crowds who shot a policeman in his line of duty and were, in turn, fired upon. But Lilly isn't interested in socialism, although he admits that it is "the logically inevitable next step." He will neither help it nor hinder it. He will remain sufficient in himself. As for Aaron:

If he had to give into something: if he really had to give in, and it seemed he had: then he would rather give in to the devilish little Lilly than to the beastly people of the world. If he had to give in, then it should be to no woman, and to no social ideal, and to no social institution. No! - if he had to yield his willful independence, and give himself, then he would rather give himself to the little individual man than to any of the rest. For to tell the truth, in the man was something incomprehensible, which had dominion over him, if he chose to allow it. (302)

At the end of the book, Lilly gives Aaron some practical advice:

"... you're a love-urger....It's no good thinking of the love-urge is the one and only ....You can't lose yourself... You are yourself and so be yourself.... You've got an innermost integral unique self, and since it's the only thing you have got or ever will have, don't
go trying to lose it .... You thought there was something outside you, to justify you: God, or a creed, or a perscription. But remember, your soul inside you is your only Godhead .... We've exhausted our love-urge, for the moment we've got to accept the power motive, accept it in deep responsibility. ... It is a vast dark source of life and strength in us now, waiting either to issue into true action, or to burst into cataclysm. Power - the power-urge. The will-to-power - but not in Nietzsche's sense. Not intellectual power. Not dark living, fructifying power .... All men say, they want a leader. Then let them in their souls submit to some greater soul than theirs..." (307-12, passim.)

This passage summarizes Lawrence's idea of power in Aaron's Rod: Man must submit to power, the "dark source of life" within, rather than the love-urge.

V

Richard Lovat Somers, in Kangaroo, thought he found no trace of class distinctions in Australia. It seemed to the Englishman that the proletariat was the only source of authority. "Somers for the first time felt himself immersed in real democracy - in spite of all disparity in wealth. The instinct of the place was absolutely and flatly democratic, a terre democratic." (17) But there are hints throughout the early chapters of Kangaroo that Australia is seething below the surface. Richard Lovat declares that he is not interested in politics, but his next-door neighbors are intimately connected with a socialistic movement, and the powers are screening Somers for a position in the party. Jack, the neighbor, feels that Australia is "fermenting rotten with politicians and the will of the people." The politicians will not move without backing from the masses, and Jack fears this type of policy will leave Australia
vulnerable to Japan:

"There'll be the Labour Party, the Socialists, uniting with the workers of the world. They'll be the workers, if ever it comes to it. Those black and yellow people'll make 'em work - not half. It isn't one side only that can keep slaves. Why, the fools, the coloured races don't have any feeling for liberty. They only think you're a fool when you give it to them, and if they get a chance, they'd drive you out to work, in gangs, and fairly laugh at you ..." (96)

Somers agrees that only the white race has a sense of liberty.

Jack tells Richard that the Labour people, or the reds, are always talking about a revolution; and the Conservatives are always talking about a disaster. Jack's group was prepared for both; and when either one came, they would step in and become the revolution and take over Australia. Somers thought the idea was a good one. In fact, he begins to become more entangled with the reactionary group. Harriett, his wife, doesn't understand and accuses him of wanting power. His reply is interesting:

"But I don't want just power. I only see that somebody must have power, so those should have it who don't want it selfishly, and who have some natural gift for it, and some reverence for the sacredness of it." (107)

Earlier, Somers had intimated that people capable of handling power did exist.

"No, it's more than manner. It's the gift of being superior, there now: better than most folks. You understand me, I don't mean swank and money, That'll never give it you. Neither is it thinking yourself superior. The people that are superior don't think it, and don't even seem to feel it, in a way. And yet in a way they know it ...." (75)

Somers feels that he is different.

So again came back to him the ever-recurring
warning that some men must of their own choice and will listen only to the living life that is a rising tide in their own being, and listen, listen, listen for the injunctions, and give heed and know and speak and obey all they can. Some men must live by this unremitting inwardness, no matter what the rest of the world does. They must not let the rush of the world's "outwardness" sweep them away: of if they are swept away, they must struggle back. (170)

At last, Richard Lovat meets Kangaroo, the party leader, and is let in on the scheme of things. Kangaroo wants to establish a tyrant, but a tyrant circumscribed by a constitution. The man must have a "profound reverence for life, for life's deepest urges, as the motive power" and would be perhaps, as Kangaroo suggests, more like a patriarch or a pope. So far, Somers is still in agreement. But a split comes between the two men, and for a reason that serves as a link between all three leadership novels. Kangaroo's political system, he contends, is founded on love. Love among the Diggers for one another and for the leader will hold them together as an organization. Somers looks back to Aaron's Rod when he replies, "I don't quite believe that love is the one and only exclusive force or mystery of living inspiration." There is something else, and that something else is power. But at the same time, Somers anticipates Don Ramon of The Plumed Serpent when he says that the power is a dark power; it is a "re-entry into us of the great God who enters us from below, not from above." Somers belief in this is so strong that it defeats Kangaroo's attempt to love him. Nevertheless, he realizes that Kangaroo is clever - more clever than the Reds - because he can make the aftermath of the revolution sound like milk and honey. The Reds, he contends, are freightened by thoughts of the aftermath. When Jaz,
another socialist, asks Somers if he will commit himself to the cause, he replies:

"I'm afraid, Jaz," said Somers, "that, like Nietzsche, I no longer believe in great events. The war was a great event — and it made everything more pretty. I doubt if I care about the mass of mankind, Jaz...." (178)

And with that, Somers momentarily lets the Diggers go about their own business of debating and social club activities.

It is not long, however, before Richard Lovat Somers is approached by another group, a group led by Willie Struthers and advocating "State Ownership" and "International Labour Control." Struthers wants to enlist Somers' aid in establishing a kind of bond between the workers, a bond of brotherhood. He wants a mate system, based on the new passion of trust; but once again, Somers knows the great danger of the new passion. "Human love, human trust, are always perilous, because they break down. The greater the love, the greater the trust, and the greater the peril, the greater the disaster."

Lawrence attributes Kangaroo's downfall to the fact that he would not reckon with the mass-spirit, which term he carefully distinguishes from a mob:

To put it as briefly as possible, it is a collection of all the weak souls, sickeningly conscious of their weakness, into a heavy mob, that lusts to glut itself with blind destructive power. Not even vengeance. The spirit of vengeance belongs to a mass which is higher than a mob. (330)

A mob-state was beginning to exist among the Diggers, and Lawrence-Somers blamed the leaders for it. There should have existed a "vertebral telepathy" between the men. This is a
phenomenon that, when explained, can only be likened to the animal instinct-communication that exists between leader and herd or flock.

Man, whether in a savage tribe or in a complex modern society, is held in unison by these two great vibrations emitted unconsciously from the leader, the leaders, the governing classes, the authorities. First, the great influence of shadow of power, causing trust, fear and obedience; second, the great influence of protective love; causing productivity and the sense of safety. (337)

The whole thing culminates at a labor meeting when the mob takes over. The newspapers describe it as a brawl between Communists and Nationalists into the middle of which an unidentified anarchist threw a bomb. In the brawl, Kangaroo is fatally shot.

So Somers emerges without being taken in by either faction. He is accused of being an enemy of civilization:

"The enemy of civilisation? Well, I'm the enemy of this machine-civilisation and this ideal civilisation. But I'm not the enemy of the deep, self-responsible consciousness in man, which is what I mean by civilisation. In that sense of civilisation, I'd fight forever for the flag, and try to carry it on into deeper, darker places. It's an adventure, Jaz, like any other. And when you realise what you're doing, it's perhaps the best adventure." (390)

Australia was politically quiet in 1922 when Kangaroo was in preparation; and critics agree that Lawrence was describing what he had seen in Italy: the battle between the newly-formed Fascisti, represented by Kangaroo's group, and the socialists. 2

The Digger movement combined the wealthy Ben Cooley's (Kangaroo) class interests with religious idealism and claimed many of the ultimate goals of the socialists. Kangaroo and Willie Struthers, the socialistic labor
leader, have much in common verbally. Both insist that they want to alleviate the misery of all people. They differ chiefly as to who is the more competent to bring this about. Willie thinks that the workers, united as a class against the owners, can achieve both economic justice and brotherly love; Kangaroo, that you can do so only "by exerting strong, just power from above." The Italian fascists had deliberately stimulated such confusion in Italy by their use of socialistic slogans interspersed with reactionary cliches.3

Somers emerges as the man bearing Lawrence's message.

VI

The Plumed Serpent carries Kangaroo one step further, and enlarges upon the "vertebral telepathy" by adding religious overtones. The appeal of the superior to his followers is not made entirely through the pocketbook, but it is enmeshed with the cultural and religious history of the country. "Lawrence's visit in Mexico and New Mexico stimulated the description of a group movement free of both the ethical and economic constrictions characteristic of Europe and even of Australia." 4 Lawrence's subject was the Indian, and his hero Don Ramon. He resurrected the Aztec god Auetzalcoatl; the eagle and the serpent which had attracted Nietzsche in Thus Spake Zarathustra. The appeal to the dark gods achieves psychological effectiveness by appealing to the savage and primitive. Ramon tries to bind the men together not through trust, but through solidarity or common inheritance. This is known in the novel as "blood-knowledge," and the attempt achieves some degree of success. He does this because, as he explains to the heroine Kate Leslie, liberty does not truly exist.
"There is no such thing as liberty," she heard the quiet, deep, dangerous voice of Don Ramón repeating. "There is no such thing as liberty. The greatest liberators are usually slaves of an idea. The freest people are slaves to convention and public opinion, and more still, slaves to the industrial machine. There is no such thing as liberty. You only change one sort of domination for another. All we can do is to choose our master."

"But surely that is liberty -- for the mass of people."

"They don't choose. They are tricked into a new form of servility, no more. They go from bad to worse." (77)

At least, liberty does exist for Mexico. Ramón must have a will to submit; he will not live under a political system, but serve the dark gods instead.

"Ah no, no man can be his own master. If I must serve, I will not serve an idea, which cracks and leaks like an old wine-skin. I will serve the God that gives me my manhood. There is no liberty for a man, apart from the God of his manhood. Free Mexico is a bully, and the old, colonial ecclesiastical Mexico was another sort of bully. When man has nothing but his will to assert --- even his good-will --- it is always bullying. Bolshevism is one sort of bullying, capitalism another: and liberty is a change of chains." (78)

Ramón's appeal is a highly sensual one; the telepathy is sensual as the men unite into one with swaying bodies and beating drums. It did not seem necessary to Lawrence that sensuousness remain confined to violence. Perhaps, as someone has said, Lawrence felt that relieved of the superimposed white world, even the brutal sensuousness of ancient rites could develop into a sensuousness without blood lust.

The Plumed Serpent, does not quite fit in with the other two leadership novels. Don Ramón is certainly a leader and, as we learn
through Kate, a superior being. He wields a power that can unite men behind him. But Kate feels there is something not quite right. She is repelled by their will-to-power.

She knew that Ramon and Cipriano did deliberately what they did: they believed in their deeds, they acted with all their conscience. And as men, probably they were right.

But they seemed nothing by men. When Cipriano said: "Man that is man is more than a man," he seemed to be driving the male significance to its utmost, and beyond, with a sort of demonism. It seemed to her all terrible will, the exertion of pure, awful will.

And deep in her soul came a revulsion against this manifestation of pure will. It was fascinating also. There was something dark and lustrous and fascinating to her in Cipriano, and in Ramón. The black, relentless power, even passion of the will in men! The strange, sombre, lustrous beauty of it! She knew herself under the spell. (of)... this terrible, natural will which seemed to beat its wings in the very air of the American continent. Always will, will, will, without remorse or relenting. This was America to her: all the Americans, Sheer will! (423)

The setting for the novel is Mexico, not Europe. The people have different values, and the method of approach is different. Lawrence's railings against mechanization are still present, but he is concerned with a semi-primitive people from a religious standpoint, rather than a cultured people from a political standpoint. Don Ramón is set apart from the other leaders, and the doctrine of sensuality takes on a new, almost dominating importance. One wonders if The Plumed Serpent is the culmination of the leadership novels or the preface to the Lady Chatterley philosophy. Don Ramon is neither Lawrence nor the leader that Lawrence envisaged for Europe, and the picture of revolution in Mexico is not a blueprint for a Lawrence's Utopia. 5 Don Ramón is not free from mistakes:
... his own movement contained many of the same confusions and some of the same fearsome possibilities that drove Somers away from the Diggers: the essence of the Nightmare. Kangaroo had found himself in an impossible situation trying to save everybody, capital and labor; Don Ramón finds himself in a similar anomaly, advocating the preservation of the haciendas and the communal ownership of land ... he (Lawrence) was left with the same moral confusions on a sensuous plane that he had condemned on the ideological. Here, too, individual choice appeared to run counter to social solidarity. Only by plunging the self in oblivion could men attain the sensuous unity that was necessary to group action.6

Whatever Don Ramón's trouble may be, he does not quite measure up to Lawrence's other leaders. He must suffer defeat. Perhaps it is his environment that is against him. Perhaps he allows himself to become too involved, as when the sacrificial rites of the prisoners are held in the temple; or perhaps Lawrence is off on another tangent and gives only secondary significances to Ramón's leadership qualities. Whatever the fault, some of the old leader is persistent in him. He becomes personally involved in his cause and demonstrates sincere concern and love for his followers. Lawrence wrote in 1928: "The leader today needs tenderness as well as toughness: I mean a constructive leader ..." 7

VII

If in Aaron's Rod Lawrence was recommending submission to a superior being,8 surely the first two leadership novels contain some of the characteristics of the superior being he believed in. Certainly he believed that man was a powerful ego: "In one's self must be discerned the true judge of good and evil, conscience divinized." 9 There is some interesting talk in the novels about power, the power
urge, and the will-to-power — all of it suggestive of Nietzsche. Lawrence said, however, that he disagreed with Nietzsche, because Nietzsche's power was the love-will and because it was conscious. Nietzsche held the belief that men do not naturally love one another.

Nietzsche believed that the basic problem of man is to achieve true "existence." Every man is unique, and he must strive to keep his life from becoming "just another accident." This seems to be an assertion of a belief in man's individuality, and it may be one of the factors at the base of Nietzsche's quarrel with the State. "Nietzsche objects to the state because it appears to him as the power which intimidates man into conformity." 10 And conformity, when carried to extremes, can render the uniqueness in every man inexpressible. The nation-state does not allow one to realize oneself and stifles the individuality. "Men, as Nietzsche saw them, were not naturally equal, did not naturally love each other, and were not naturally free. Nietzsche agreed with Hegel that freedom is essentially a product of culture — though he thought, unlike Hegel, that 'true 'culture' could be achieved only through an open break with the state ... Nietzsche, instead of wanting man to 'return' to nature, thought that we must 'cultivate' and 'improve,' 'transfigure' and remake our nature." 11

Nietzsche's conception of the superman, according to Kaufmann, is involved with the belief that one should know one's own true self. The true self was not hidden within the person, but existed high above the person. 12 "In man there is both creator and creature, the human and the all-too-human, the superman and the animalic." 13
The man who, by the process of self-realization, effectively sublimated his impulses becomes the super-human; the rest remain animalistic. It is interesting that Nietzsche attacks what Mr. Kaufmann calls the "modern notion of progress" in his discussion of the superman: "For Nietzsche, the Übermensch does not have instrumental value for the maintenance of society: he is valuable in himself because he embodies the state of being for which all of us long; he has the only ultimate value there is; and society is censured insofar as it insists on conformity and impedes his development." 14

What Lawrence probably disagreed with when he spoke of Nietzsche's will of the intellect, was Nietzsche's doctrine that the sex drive should be sublimated into something spiritual instead of being fulfilled physically. This belief would naturally ruffle Lawrence's feathers. Nietzsche, like Lawrence championed the individual, chided the State, and detested the mob. They both believed that the basic problem of man is to achieve true existence. And they both apparently believed that power could ennoble the mind. The further one reads in these two leadership novels, the more one notices parallels which seem to indicate that Lawrence had more than a passing knowledge of Nietzsche. Even Lawrence's statement about the white race in Kangaroo has a parallel in Nietzsche's "blond beast." And the further one reads in these two leadership novels, the more Lawrence's superior leader sounds as if he is modeled on Nietzsche's superman.
VIII

As we have seen, Lawrence became acquainted with Nietzsche in his teaching days; and it has been said that Nietzsche helped to shape him. In the last two centuries, German thought has been concerned with the conflict between Paganism and Christianity; Nietzsche helped shape the pagan tradition. Lawrence's Apocalypse treats the same subject.

In Apocalypse Lawrence discusses the idea of power as it is set forth in the book of Revelation. He felt that John the Divine had "a grandiose scheme for wiping out and annihilating everybody who wasn't of the elect, the chosen people...." It was always a question of bettering oneself over one's rivals in the next world. The tendency toward self-glorification negated the Christian virtue of tenderness; there are those who felt themselves strong in their souls and those who felt themselves weak.

There's no getting away from it, mankind falls forever into the two divisions of aristocrats and democrats. The purest aristocrats during the Christian era have taught democracy. And the purest democrats try to turn themselves into the most absolute aristocracy. Jesus was an aristocrat, so was John the Apostle, and Paul. It takes a great aristocrat to be capable of great tenderness and gentleness and unselfishness: the tenderness and gentleness of strength. (16-17)

Lawrence states that the desire to reign in glory hereafter is merely the expression of a frustrated desire to reign here and now. So the Jews imagined the coming of a militant and triumphant Messiah to conquer the world, and thus the power-spirit crept into the New Testament. For Revelation is the revelation, the sanctification, and the prediction of final triumph of the undying will-to-power in man:
"If you have to suffer martyrdom...you shall reign as a king and set your foot on the necks of the old bosses!" (23-24) It was inevitable, Lawrence wrote, that when two or more men came together, one is master or leader because Power is present.

Lawrence likens power to a stream; if men accept, recognize, and pay homage to the natural power in man, great joy and potency passes from the powerful to the less powerful:

But act on the reverse, and what happens: Deny power, and power wanes. Deny power in a greater man, and you have no power yourself. But society, now and forever, must be ruled and governed. So that the mass must grant authority where they deny power. Authority now takes the place of power, and we have "ministers" and public officials and policemen. Then comes the grand scramble of ambition, competition, and the mass treading one another in the face, so afraid they are of power. (27)

Man has, he thought, a primal need to be master, but democracy weakens the willingness to give the response to the heroic. When men turn against the heroic appeal, mediocrity sets in and breeds the success of "painfully inferior and even base politicians". (36) And Lawrence accuses the masses of being "petty little Bolshevists," carefully allowing no man to get ahead, for he would get ahead of us. By the same token, man ignores the pagan influences on Christianity in his desire to rationalize his power aspirations in mediocrity.

Man has therefore got out of harmony with the sun and the moon. Lawrence was a great believer in astrology and felt that the human race could only resurrect itself by returning to the cosmos (55). He points out that pagan religions worshipped vitality, potency and power; whereas Christianity is death-oriented, although reminiscences
remain in the form of power names such as King of Kings. This type of orientation is not natural:

The lowest substratum of the people still worship power, still thinks crudely in symbols, still sticks to the Apocalypse and is entirely callous to the Sermon on the Mount. But so apparently, does the highest superstratum of Church and state still worship in terms of power; naturally, really. (69)

The whole consciousness of man has been damaged by the Christian fear of the pagan outlook. Along with the damage we have lost the sensual awareness and sense-knowledge that Lawrence tried to reestablish in The Plumed Serpent. Sense-knowledge is a method of thinking, a "Completed state of feeling - awareness":

When anything very important is to be decided we withdraw and ponder and ponder until the deep emotions are set working and revolving together, revolving, revolving, till a centre is formed and we "know what to do." And the fact that no politician today has the courage to follow this intensive method of "thought" is the reason of the absolute paucity of the political mind today. (91-2)

This, then, is the substance of the Apocalypse. Lawrence presents his case for power, discusses paganism's virtues, and protests the dehumanizing of men and women by Christianity and science. In the end, he establishes a six-point credo which he felt Christian doctrine and Christian thought had missed:

First, he felt that no man is or can be a pure individual, because men live socially and collectively and have no chance for individual emotions.

Second, the State cannot have the psychology of an individual. The State is not made up of individuals, because everything, including
voting, is an act of the collective self.

Third, the State cannot be Christian, because the necessity of military defense makes it a power.

Fourth, the citizen is a member of this political state, he is thus forced to be a unit of worldly power.

Fifth, as a collective being, the citizen finds personal fulfillment for his power-sense.

If he belongs to one of the so-called "ruling nations", his soul is fulfilled in the sense of his country's power or strength. If his country mounts up aristocratically to a zenith of splendour and power, in a hierarchy, he will be all the more fulfilled, having his place in the hierarchy. But if his country is powerful and democratic, then he will be obsessed with a perpetual will to assert his power in interfering and preventing other people from doing as they wish, since no man must do more than another man. (217)

Sixth, it is fatal in the long-run to have an ideal for the individual which regards only his individual self and ignores his collective self. "To have a creed of individuality which denies the reality of the hierarchy makes at last for more anarchy" (218). Democratic man lives by the cohesive force of love and the resistant force of the individual freedom. Lawrence felt that yielding entirely to love would result in the absorption and death of the individual. Richard Aldington declares that Apocalypse demonstrates Lawrence's love for mankind, but it was grotesquely misunderstood: "... suppose a Nietzsche who effected a transvaluation not of intellectual values, but of fundamental human values. Such was Lawrence. And he paid the price" 18.
Lawrence had also elaborated on power in an earlier essay entitled "Blessed are the Powerful," published in this country in 1925. Surprisingly, Lawrence says in the essay that we have a confused idea that will and power are identical. This confusion comes from confusing the power of God and the will of God.

Will is no more than an attribute of the ego. It is, as it were, the accelerator of the engine: of the instrument which increases the pressure. A man may have a strong will, an iron will, as we say, and yet be a stupid mechanical instrument, useful simply as an instrument, without any power at all. Our will is our own, but power comes, somehow, from beyond. In a similar fashion, the will is superior to and can apply pressure on the intellect, which is an instrument of the psyche. One must live and do this, one must receive from beyond the power of life, the power to live. That, according to Lawrence, settles two points. "First, power is life rushing into us. Second, the exercise of power is the setting of life in motion." (149)

Power is something to be respected. It is not bullying, it is pouvoir — to be able to (157). If power is to come, one must put aside one's will to be able to accept it.

Power is the supreme quality of God and man: the power to cause, the power to create, the power to make, the power to do, the power to destroy. And then, between those things which are created or made, love is the supreme binding relationship. And between those who, with a single impulse, set out passionately to destroy what must be destroyed, joy flies like electric sparks, within the communion of power. (153)

Power rules the world, but it is not given equally to everyone. Power is manifold; it can be racial, mental, ethical, spiritual, mechanical, military or political. These are all true
manifestations of power, but power is more obvious when it is destructive than when it is constructive. "Blessed are the powerful, for theirs is the kingdom of earth. (158)"

Thoughts of power, in another light, came to Lawrence in New Mexico, when he shot a porcupine that had become bothersome. He suddenly became aware that man has to fight against lower orders for his place in life: "One suddenly realises again how all creatures devour, and must devour the lower forms of life" (203). Life moves in cycles of power, maintained by the subjection of inferiors: "If the lower cycles of life are not mastered, there can be no higher cycle" (206). If one overcomes another, then the conqueror belongs to a higher cycle of existence. One absorbs vitality from creatures lower than oneself. Likewise, one must yield to one's superiors.

Lawrence and Nietzsche are at one in their attitude toward power and democracy. In Reflection on the Death of a Porcupine, "and in many of his essays, Lawrence labours the familiar argument that Nature is full of cruelty, inequality, favouring the principles of aristocracy." I have quoted a statement of Lawrence's about the electric spark of life in man. Lawrence believed in three systems of electrical circuits in life: those running between centers within one individual, those running between individuals, and those running between the individual and the cosmos. Most people lack the third type of circuit; the leader or hero does not. What Lawrence preached for the leader, however, was a balance of love and power. If a leader wavers too much from the median, serious faults will accrue. But a leader must be aware of sen-
sations. "The romantic quest for a life of sensations rather than thoughts reaches its culmination in a religion of sex and power, of Lawrence's own John Thomas and Nietzsche's Dionysos." 21

Lawrence once stated that he was against anything done nationally and just wanted to be left alone. This sounds like a weariness of being badgered, rather than a misanthropic tendency. Lawrence had sincere concern for his fellow man. When Lawrence thought he saw life being murdered and growth being stifled, he lashed out on behalf of life and growth and not on behalf of himself:

His bitterness was never against life itself, but against the stupid things people did with life. His anger was at the money-changers in the temple, and not at the temple; not even, indeed, at money itself. 22

IX

As we have seen, D. H. Lawrence's thoughts turned from the role of the individual within the bonds of society to the role of the individual unconfined by society. He turned from an interest in woman suffrage to a conviction that a person must be allowed to have individual expression for what he felt was right.

In his study of the individual, Lawrence became interested in the concept of will, to which he assigned a dual nature. Most men have a will to submit to some greater force; a few have the ability to be the object of the submission. The true superior apparently has no desire to rule politically --witness Lilly and Richard Somers. The will-to-power is an extreme position in Lawrence's concept of the will, and therefore, not an admirable aspiration. Don Ramon possesses it to some degree and is not so
successful as the other leaders.

Lawrence's leaders are powerful men, they possess superhuman qualities. He disapproved of Nietzsche's supermen, however, because Lawrence placed great emphasis on the sensual as a means of uniting the wills of man and woman. Lawrence, with his astrological interest, made the connection between master and mastered one of radiated inner feeling. Finally, in the Apocalypse he summarized his conception of the will and power under six headings, as we have seen.
Conclusion

D. H. Lawrence was a well-traveled and a widely read artist. The combination of these two attributes with the fact that Lawrence came from a class-divided home, gave him a sensitive character which found expression in his awareness of the need for social reform. The awareness of the need for social reform probably remained firmly entrenched in his mind throughout his career as a writer; but he appeared, at times, to be inconsistent in his thoughts. Lawrence's handling of the man-woman relationship is illustrative of his inconsistency. In the realm of politics, as well as of sex, seemingly inconsistent statements bred trouble for Lawrence. Taken out of context, severed from Lawrence's philosophic system, certain statements lay him open to a number of heinous charges, according to his critics.

Being the product of a class-divided home, Lawrence naturally turned his attention to class problems when he began to write. He searched for the cause of the haughtiness of the man of position, the misery of the lower-class family, and the baseness of working conditions; he concluded that the villain was Capitalism and its soul-destroying mechanization. Throughout his novels, Lawrence condemned the money-making schema for establishing rigid class lines, dehumanizing workers and bosses to the extent that they began to take on the characteristics of their machines, and producing slum areas.

Lawrence connected Capitalism with Democracy, the ideology under which it was practiced. He blamed Democracy for the state of
decay he felt Europe to be in. As an ideology, Democracy, Lawrence felt, was not all bad; but its vices far outnumbered its virtues. Like Capitalism and the machine, Democracy tended to demoralize and to destroy man's individuality by making him conform. Only a mob state could be produced on the principle that all men are created equal. Lawrence had come to hate the mob during World War I. The out-spoken writer and his German-born wife were subjected to much scrutiny and, Lawrence thought, embarrassment during the war years. War, he felt, was merely an escape mechanism for the lower classes, offering temporary diversion from tedious daily life. In actuality, Lawrence claimed he was advocating an aristocracy — but it was to be an aristocracy presided over by a benevolent dictator and, perhaps, also a dictatrix. The common man, according to Lawrence, was not capable of selecting the governing body as the democratic electorate allowed him to do.

When Lawrence was unable to find satisfactory political ideals in Democracy, he turned to radical groups. He found, in his novels at least, Socialism to be better than Capitalism. But Socialism declared itself to be founded on the principle of love, and Lawrence mistrusted it. He was dissatisfied by its "do-nothingness;" but he still found it superior to Fascism. Lawrence characterized Fascism, under the leadership of Ben Cooley in Kangaroo, as a parasitic ideology which enmeshed its brothers in a "sticky stream" of love. By exploring various systems, Lawrence demonstrated Fascist and/or Nazi tendencies, but it is clear in the novels that he did not accept a system.
Nowhere could the artist find a system which allowed unrestricted individual expression. Lawrence was interested in personal liberties, such as the woman suffrage movement, but he championed the individual as an element unconfined by society. Along side the importance of the individual can be placed an emphasis on the powerful, super-human Lawrencian leader. The leader abstains from submitting to the extreme desires of his will. He has, by means of an inner quality which he communicates to his fellow-men, the capacity to make men submit to him; but he has no desire to be a political ruler. He possesses what most men do not: the "electric spark of life" which runs between him and the cosmos.
Chapter I


10. Huxley, p. XVI.


15. Freeman, p. 55.

16. Freeman, p. 45.

17. Freeman, p. 150.

18. Freeman, p. 149.

19. Huxley, p. XII.

20. Freeman, p. 151.
Chapter II


2. Freeman, p. 17.
Chapter III


6. Moore, Letters, pp. 450-1


12. Freeman, p. 85.


Chapter IV


14. Parry, p. 94.

15. Parry, P. 94.


17. Tindall, p. 168.


19. Tindall, p. 177

Chapter IV


22. The controversy is between Harry K. Wells and Granville Hicks in the *New Republic* (see Bibliography). The paragraph, which is the last one in *Movements in European History*, reads as follows:

But we must never forget that mankind lives by a twofold motive: the motive of peace and increase, and the motive of contest and martial triumph. As soon as the appetite for martial adventure and triumph in conflict is satisfied, the appetite for peace and increase manifests itself and *vice versa*. It seems a law of life. Therefore a great united Europe of productive working-people, all materially equal, will never be able to continue and remain firm unless it unites also round one great chosen figure, some hero who can lead a great war, as well as administer a wide peace. It all depends on the will of the people. But the will of the people must concentrate in one figure, who is also supreme over the will of the people. He must be chosen, but at the same time responsible to God alone. Here is a problem of which a stormy future will have to evolve the solution.


24. Freeman, p. 189.

25. Freeman, p. 190.

26. Freeman, p. 190.

27. Tindall, p. 179.

28. Tindall, p. 179.


Chapter V


3. Freeman, p. 165.

4. Freeman, p. 177.

5. Freeman, p. 182.


18. Lawrence, Apocalypse, p. XXI. (Introduction by Richard Aldington.)


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