

Tracing the Influences on the Artistic Growth of D.H. Lawrence

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ABSTRACT

In trying to understand the artistic growth of D.H. Lawrence, we have to take into consideration the influences that shaped his writing. First and foremost there is the influence of his parents- the 'collier' father and the 'superior' mother completely in contrast to each other. The father-mother conflict is at the root of Lawrence's entire vision. At the time of his adolescence there is the influence of Jessie Chambers, or E.T. as he calls her, who launched him on his literary career. After that we have the influence of Ford MadoxHeuffer. His importance lies in introducing Lawrence to the prevalent literary scene. Then there is the influence of Flaubert, Nietzsche, Baudelaire and Schopenhauer. Also of Henry James, Whitman and Shelley.

There are writers similar to him, with whom he can identify and there are writers who are absolutely dissimilar and constitute a proto-type. But all the time Lawrence learns and assimilates or rejects and forms his own aesthetic. This paper tries to trace his artistic growth amidst all these influences.

No other book provides a better understanding, a better insight into the background, the very make up and the psyche of D.H. Lawrence than his own autobiographical sketch 'I was born among the working classes and brought up among them. My father was a collier, and only a collier, nothing praiseworthy about him. He was not even respectable, in so far as he got drunk rather frequently, never went near a chapel, and was usually rather rude to his little immediate bosses at the pit. He practically never had a good stall, all the time he was a buttyMy mother was, I suppose superior. She came from town and belonged really to the lower bourgeoisie. She spoke King's English, without an accent, and never in her life could even imitate a sentence of the dialect which my father spoke and which we children spoke out of doors..... But she was working man's wife, and nothing else, in her shabby little black bonnet and her shrewd, clear, 'different' face. And she was very much respected, just as my father was not respected. Her nature was quick and sensitive, and perhaps really superior. But she was down, right down in the working class, among the mass of poorer colliers' wives.'

This duality of pattern – the mother father conflict is at the root of Lawrence's entire vision. It determines the conflict in his novels, between intellect and intuition, between the spirit and the flesh, between the middle and the lower classes. But these are all transferred symbols of the fundamental conflict between the father and the mother elements in his own mind. Speaking about himself, Lawrence confesses 'I was a delicate pale brat with a snuffy nose, whom most people treated quite gently as just an ordinary delicate little lad.' And prophetically, this 'delicate pale brat' continued to be troubled by illnesses all his life. It was paradoxical,

maintained Frieda Lawrence, that his writings were that of a man bursting with life, even though he was, she says 'always so frail and so much nearer death at every moment than most people'.

As Lawrence grew up, at the time of his adolescence, there is the influence of Jessie Chambers, or E.T. as he calls her- his girl companion- later to become the Miriam of the autobiographical *Sons and Lovers*. 'It was while I was at Croydon', he recalls, 'when I was twenty three, that the girl who had been the chief friend of my youth, and who was herself a school teacher in a mining village at home, copied out some of my poems, and without telling me, sent them to the *English Review*, which had just had a glorious rebirth under Ford MadoxHeuffer. Heuffer was most kind. He printed the poems, and asked me to come and see him. The girl had launched me, so easily, on my literary career, like a princess cutting a thread, launching a ship'.

Lawrence's literary career had indeed begun, just as had begun his struggle with the prevalent literary genres. The importance of Ford MadoxHeuffer lies mainly in having introduced Lawrence into a particular climate of thought that prevailed actively and potentially at the moment and the author's efforts to grapple with it and finally to get away from it. Heuffer stood as a kind of symbol of conscious art, of significant form. His contact with Lawrence was significant in many ways. He printed the poems and the stories, and thus gave Lawrence the chance of a literary career. Through him Lawrence gained his publicity as a genius and an entrance into a higher society. Most importantly, this contact brought him into the very midst of contemporary art-currents, enabled this self educated man, crammed with immense lumps assorted learning, to clarify his views about literature, delivered him

from a cramped provincialism into a comparatively cosmopolitan culture.

Lawrence was a voracious reader. Hueffer himself admits that 'Lawrence was tremendously up in the traditions of the standard writers. I have never known any young man of his age, who was so well-read in all the dullness the spread between Milton and George Eliot. In himself he was the justification of the Education Act.'

On finding Lawrence well acquainted with Carlyle and Ruskin, Hueffer was forced to admit that 'You are the only man I've ever met, who really has read all these people'.

In Lawrence, Hueffer found an admirable disciple just waiting to be initiated into the mysteries of pure art and Hueffer was not averse to adopt the role of mentor.

On the contemporary literary scene, Flaubert was the hero- the true Penelope of the age- and the contemporary novel seemed to aspire to the condition of *Madame Bovary*. Flaubert stood as a symbol of absolute artistic conscience. He preached the gospel of 'Art for Art's Sake'. Questions of style and compositions tortured him endlessly. He was pre-occupied with truthfulness of character and of situation, naturalness of dialogue and exactness of setting. But he was principally concerned with form – the harmony and rhythm of phrase and the logic and solidity of structure – 'There are no fine thoughts without beautiful form and vice versa the idea exists only by virtue of its form.'

Flaubert stands as the rock upon which the church of aestheticism and significant form has been built, also the rock upon which many pioneering novelists have foundered. He has proved too difficult to be ignored. Between the conception and the creation of a serious novel squats his shadow gigantic and unnerving.

French fiction had become the vogue, and Flaubert the role model. In fact when Lawrence gave Hueffer the manuscript of *The White Peacock*, Hueffer remarked 'It's got every fault that the English Novel can have'. 'But', he had also admitted, 'You've got GENIUS'. And Lawrence says that 'Just then the English Novel was supposed to have so many faults, in comparison with the French, that it was hardly allowed to exist at all'.

The guild of Flaubert continued to flourish with a large and mixed membership. George Moore's *Confessions of A Young Man* is a typical illustration of tutelage under the French masters. Moore, in *The Truth About an Author*, prides in calling himself an 'apprentice of Flaubert et Compagnie', and *The Old Wives' Tales* is modelled upon *Une Vie*. But although his novels imbibed form and objectivity from the French, they seemed to have imbibed none of the style of the role models. This is true of Galsworthy as well, who declared to have derived his artistic impetus from de Maupassant and Turgeniev. Zola, receiving illumination from Claude Bernard, asserted that the novelist must be a scientist, his characters the experimental guinea-pigs reacting under the stimuli of heredity and environment.

Lawrence himself had read the French masters, the discovery of the French novelists had stirred him deeply. He had read the stories of Maupassant, some works of Balzac and Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* and *Salaambo*. Yet he is temperamentally averse to their method. On the one hand we have Flaubert, 'holding', according to Sainte Beuve, 'his pen like a scalpel' spending long hours of almost incessant toil in elaborating and revising a single novel. On the other hand we have Lawrence, of whose creative method Huxley gives an account in his introduction to the *Letters* 'It was a characteristic of him that he hardly ever corrected or patched what he has written. I have often heard him say, indeed, that he was incapable of correcting. If he was dissatisfied with what had written, he did not, as most authors do, file, clip, insert, transpose; he re-wrote. In other words, he gave the daimon another chance to say what it wanted to say.'

Flaubert genuinely strove for objectivity in his art: both for impersonality and for *impassibilite*, detachment, indifference. 'Impersonality' was primarily a technical device. The author must be absent from his novel, must not comment on his characters, must not moralize or philosophize about them. 'The artist', says Flaubert, 'should no more appear in his works than does God in nature. Man is nothing, his work is everything'. Flaubert's central concept, thus, wavers between two main tendencies of his time: scientism, objectivity and aestheticism, art for arts sake. Impersonality opposes the novel with a purpose: *impassibilite* opposes the autobiographical novel of sentiment- Lawrence being a master of the latter.

'I can only write', declares Lawrence 'what I feel pretty strongly about'. There could not be in him as Eliot suggests, 'a separation between the man who lives and the mind that creates'. Flaubert and his tribe were concerned with form of the novel, Lawrence saw his own task as, 'the difficulty to find exactly the form one's passion..... wants to take'.

What receives supreme value in Lawrence's aesthetic is that the form of a work should correspond to the emotional pattern in the consciousness of the artist. 'I have always tried to get an emotion out in its own course, without altering it'. Lawrence explained to a critic who thought that his verse lacked polish: 'It needs the finest instinct imaginable, much finer than the skill of the craftsman.' When Edward Marsh continued to point out metrical irregularities in his lines, Lawrence wrote again to maintain that, 'it is the hidden emotional pattern that makes poetry, not the obvious form'. For him, the sensibility of the artist should appear unhindered and undisguised in his work.

Apart from Flaubert, the doctrine of 'Art for Art's Sake' had hordes of English supporters too. We have the 'style' of Walter Pater- the creation of immense application and fore thought; every word is conned, every sentence proved and every rhythm appraised, until we have the perfection of finished workmanship; and Oscar Wilde, who became an apostle of the aesthetic cult of Pater.

Under the influence of Hueffer, a disciple of Flaubert and Henry James, Lawrence does proceed to squeeze excessive lyricism and subjectivism from his early novels and to impose upon them, by a process of excision, a semblance of form. In his letter to Sydney S. Pawling, Lawrence says regarding *Sons and Lovers* (initially called *Paul Morel*) – ‘Paul Morel will be a novel- not a florid prose poem, or a decorated idyll running to seed in realism: but a restrained, somewhat impersonal novel.’ He confessed too, that he had written *The White Peacock* ‘five or six times, but only in intervals, never as a task or a divine labour, or in the groans of parturition.’ It was done after four or five years of spasmodic effort and even then Lawrence is apologetic about the faults ‘I was very young when I wrote *The White Peacock*– I began it at twenty. Let that be my apology’ – only to be told by Hueffer that ‘it’s got every fault that the English novel can have’.

The struggle with form continued in the making of *The Trespasser*. Lawrence’s immediate absorption in an intense personal experience makes him expand it into a novel of three hundred pages. The stress on the personal is almost painful and lyricism overflows all dykes of form and proportion. The painful strain which he undergoes is almost palpable when he confesses: ‘This is a work one can’t regard easily it is so much oneself, one’s naked self. I give myself away so much, and write what is my most palpitant, sensitive self, that I loathe the book, because it will betray me to a packet of fools. Which is what any deeply personal or lyrical writer feels, I guess. I often think Stendhal must have writhed in torture every time he remembered *Le Rouge et Le Noir* was public property..... I wish *The Trespasser* were to be issued privately, to a few folk who had understanding.....’

It is not that Lawrence does not benefit from the rigour of the Flaubertian ideal. The process can be traced in the transformation of *The Trespasser* from its earlier version as Hueffer described it, to its final published form though we still have Virginia Woolf calling it ‘a hot, scented, overwrought piece of work’.

Although in Lawrence, the conscious intellect is not as pitiless or as rigorous as in Flaubert, and although Lawrence does not groan over the anatomy of the phrase or physiology of style, he has, now, come to doubt the fluid, luscious quality and the emotional tone of a book. Yet, even in the final version of *The Trespasser* the emotional sponge has not been squeezed enough. But, the book does reveal almost a skeleton of form, and a shapely, well motivated story.

Trying his best to rid his writings of the charge of formlessness, he wrote *Sons And Lovers*, initially called *Paul Morel*, and declared ‘.. *Paul Morel* is better than *The White Peacock* or *The Trespasser*. I’m inwardly very proud of it, though I haven’t yet licked it into form- am still at that labour of love.’

He had decided that *Paul Morel* would be ‘a restrained, somewhat impersonal novel’, but we find him confessing to Edward Garnett ‘I’ve got a heap of warmth and blood and tissue into that fuliginous novel of mine.’

Despite all his efforts, Lawrence could not help revealing his ‘most palpitant, sensitive self’ in books. But he has put himself under the ordeal of construction, of form. He has almost caught the infection and the idioms of Flaubert. He wages war on adjectives and talks not of the daemon, but of patient, laborious construction, and of restraint, and the restraint is effective, because in his case, there is a passionate personality to be restrained.

But now the charge of formlessness has become chronic. But Lawrence did attempt to achieve a succinct form, and particularly in the stories, succeeded in achieving it. Most of the stories included in *The Prussian Officer* possess a palpable sense of design, and apart from Joyce’s *Dubliners* constitute the most important volume of short stories in contemporary literature.

Apart from the minor critics, Henry James launched an attack on the formlessness of Lawrence and dismissed *Sons And Lovers* as hanging in ‘the dusty rear’ of naturalism. But this time Lawrence defends himself magnificently, not by assertion merely, but by the most acute analysis. The precise statement of the theme of *Sons And Lovers* and its development, written in a letter to Edward Garnett, is a masterpiece of analytic criticism, an artist’s definition of his intent, not laborious and involved, like Henry James’ *Prefaces*, but passionate, precise and direct: ‘I want to defend it quick, (he writes), I wrote it again, pruning it and shaping it and filling it in. I tell you it has got form- form; haven’t I made it patiently, out of sweat as well as blood.’

Charges against Lawrence still continued but whereas the minor critics were being prudent and non committal, it was the verdict of the master –Henry James – assured and unassailable – dismissing *Sons And Lovers* as ‘hanging in the dusty rear’ of naturalism that harmed Lawrence the most. In fact, when a friend of Edith Wharton reproached James for having dealt so summarily with a new novelist who was just beginning to attract the attention of intelligent readers, James’ reply was evasive, and when the interlocutor persisted – ‘Come now, have you read any of Lawrence’s novels – really read them?’ he murmured with a wicked twinkle, ‘I – I have trifled with the exordia.’ In his criticism of Lawrence, James remained unrepentant.

But then, James could not accept any fiction not written according to his own plan. He is a martyr to technique. ‘One’s work should have composition, because composition alone is positive beauty’. But he composed and strived too much –starving the creative vitality. Technique for him becomes an end in itself. We find James and Lawrence standing, in their late phases in pure opposition. James chose for his subject matter, the social world of highly civilized manners. He is obsessed with the nostalgia for culture and the quest of an ideal society, an ideal civilization draws him to Europe, to England. With Lawrence, it is the nostalgia for the primitive and barbaric which drives him to New Mexico to seek his ideal in the dance of the Hopis. James’ characters are

a kind of 'super-subtle fry', that, he asserts, ought to exist even if they did not. He invents an ideal civilized sensibility.

Lawrence, on the other hand, invents the grooms and the gamekeepers as symbols of the irrational.

Lawrence and James are fundamentally different. Lawrence possesses an intense sensuous apprehension which is comparatively atrophied in James. Lawrence is a poet in the tradition of Hardy and Meredith; nature is throbbingly alive in his novels; the flower and the trees, the sun and the moon are things more real than living man; for James they did not exist. Passions, in Lawrence's world are burningly alive, in James they are only frustrate ghosts. As Gide asserts: 'James is only intelligent, he has no mystery in him, no secrets, no figure in the carpet....His characters are desperately mundane..... only winged busts; all the weight of the flesh is absent, and all the shaggy tangled undergrowth, all the wild darkness'.

The age was ripe for a reaction against James, his super-subtilised intellect, his over elaborate technique, his portentous unwieldy style. The maze of his over-elaborate pattern, trying to define an exact shade of experience led his young friend and disciple, H.G. Wells, to rebel against the lesson of the master and to caricature the master as 'a hippopotamus picking up a pea'. 'It is like a church', said Wells, 'lit, but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focussed on the high altar and on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg-shell, a bit of string'.

Lawrence could never make his peace with the guild of Flaubert and Henry James and James' criticism of *Sons and Lovers* leads him to retort, "*Sons and Lovers* is supposed, technically, to have no construction. The world is full of technical fools'.

With *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence put something behind him. Not for nothing did he warn Edward Garnett not to expect anything else of that kind; 'I shan't write in the same manner as *Sons and Lovers* again'.²⁹ Lawrence, of course, has more than one subsequent "manner", but what he is recognizing here is that he has put something behind him for good. The acute emotional problem or disorder which queered his personal relations and the play of his intelligence has been placed, or, as F.R. Leavis says- 'has been conquered by intelligence, manifesting and vindicating itself in creative art. He is now freed for the work of the greatest kind of artist'.

An important milestone in the intellectual journey of Lawrence is the discovery of Schopenhauer, who shocked him out of his Shelleyanetherrealisation, asserting the inescapable reality of sex. He declares, in his *Metaphysics of Love* 'All love, however ethereally it may bear itself, is rooted in the sexual impulse alone', Schopenhauer's influence is explicit in the 'Strife in Love' chapter of *Sons and Lovers* when Paul Morel says to Miriam- 'I'm so damned spiritual with you always. And I don't want to be spiritual'. The 'Defeat of Miriam' is the defeat of the spiritual passion, and the 'Clara' chapter is the triumph of the Schopenhauer attitude.

The discovery of Schopenhauer constitutes a pivotal chapter in the life of Lawrence - it is both painful and crucial. Schopenhauer's theories of sex and man-woman relationships, devastatingly realistic, partly cured Lawrence of the festering sense of sin. They questioned the validity of the oppressive sense of guilt overcoming him in the presence of woman and provided a rationalism of his unconfessed sexual love. They illuminated the man-woman relationship, the fascination and the conflict inherent in sex relationships.

This was Lawrence's earliest initiation into psychology- leading him towards self-analysis. Now he began to analyse his relations with E.T. in a new light. It was like a modification of the old ways of feeling. As E.T. records- 'He began to tell me that his feeling for me was entirely intellectual and spiritual and seemed to find confirmation of his attitude in Schopenhauer's *Metaphysics of Love*.' In *Sons and Lovers*, Paul argues with Miriam, 'You are a nun. I have given you what I would give a holy nun.....'

Schopenhauer preached the gospel of possession- of physical enjoyment and not of reciprocation of love and we find Paul Morel, like a true disciple seeking a sort of baptism of fire in passion. But even Miriam's submission to passion is a failure because she is too much Paul's spiritual synonym, almost his conscience. Paul's spiritual relationship with Miriam represents the phase of rebellion against the spiritual ideal. What Lawrence needs is a release from the spiritual consciousness. Automatically he turns to passionate, sensual writers who will help him in solving his problems- writers like Burns, Blake, Swinburne, Whitman and Nietzsche. He rebels against the crucifixion of the procreative body for the glorification of the spirit and presents a passionate plea for the flesh against the Word.

At this time we have the influence of Baudelaire, with his note of sensuality, opening to the young Lawrence a forbidden world of art, and providing the young poet with what Arthur Symons calls 'a deliberate rhetoric of the flesh'. Lawrence learns from the profoundly analytical note of Baudelaire's poetry and from the perpetual conflict between the flesh and the spirit and the dominant note of love and hatred. The psychology of love and hatred that Lawrence had imbibed from Schopenhauer is even more intensified by the reading of Baudelaire. We have it in *The Rainbow* which began as an epithalamium and turns to 'commemorate eternally the ardour of our hate'. Will and Anna, quiver in a 'black violent underworld' of fury. With Ursula and Anton, the intensity of hatred is pitched even higher- 'all his flesh burning and corroding, as if he were invaded by some consuming, scathing poison... She held him there, the victim, consumed, annihilated..... His heart melted in fear from the fierce, beaked, harpy's kiss.....she seemed to be pressing in her beaked mouth till she had the heart of him.' 'The Bitterness of Ecstasy' chapter in *The Rainbow* and the "Cleopatra, not Anthony" chapter in *Aaron's Rod* illustrates Baudelaire's concept of love as torture or a surgical operation where one party is the surgeon or the executioner, the other the patient or

the victim- Anton and Aaron being the victims- consumed and annihilated.

The conflict between the flesh and the spirit is fundamental both in Lawrence and Baudelaire. But unlike Baudelaire, Lawrence seeks to harmonize the two- the rainbow being the symbol of that perfect harmony. But just like Baudelaire's absolute ideal- 'an infinite which I love and have never known'- is never attained.

Lawrence's concept of the harmony between the flesh and the spirit also, remains unachievable. And from now onwards, Lawrence ceases to strive after fusion; there is the absolute of flesh and there is the absolute of spirit- the lion and the unicorn - balanced only in opposition. For a consistent philosophy to rationalize the new position he turns to Blake, for an artistic rendering of the dual absolutes- to Dostoevsky. And because the spirit has blossomed too much in past literature and in his own past too, at the expense of the flesh, Lawrence would proceed under the banner of Whitman and Nietzsche to dethrone the spirit and reinstate the flesh.

There are writers similar to him, with whom he can identify and there are writers who are absolutely dissimilar and constitute a proto-type. But all the time he learns and assimilates or rejects and forms his own aesthetic. At the back of all these literary influences of the literary minds there is the insidious pervasiveness of the romantic aesthetic, which in the years of Lawrence's growing together with Miriam (Jessie Chambers) constitutes his staple diet. With her, he traverses freely 'the realms of gold'. He thrives on nineteenth century literature and Shelley, of all romantic poets is the supreme influence. Lawrence, the poet, derives from Shelley in the sense that, like the latter he too followed the romantic principles of inspiration- not of toil. The job of the poet according to Monsieur Teste is 'to rebuild the whole with pure materials; nothing but definite elements, nothing but clean relationships, nothing but sculptured contact and contour, nothing but conquered forms, nothing vague'.

Lawrence rejects this method and like Shelley appeals simply to inspiration. The imagery that he employs to describe the nature of poetry or of the poet has a marked affinity to Shelley's in *Defence of Poetry*. Lawrence at his best is even more mystical and spiritual than Shelley- 'I often think one ought to be able to pray before one works- and then leave it to the Lord.... I always feel as though I stood naked for the fire of Almighty God to go through me- and it's rather an awful feeling. One has to be so terribly religious, to be an artist'.

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His doctrine is mainly Shelley's doctrine of absolute surrender to the fire of Almighty God to go through the poet, a surrender implied in the line, 'Make me the lyre even as the forest is' or in 'Not I, not I, but the wind that blows through me'. The poet becomes a kind of sensitized automaton, a mere passive recipient, and poetry a matter of pure sensations. In Lawrence, as in Whitman, romanticism reaches its acutely anarchic extreme. Whitman is the greatest single influence in Lawrence's poetry.

To Lawrence, Whitman symbolised the technique of liberation- liberation from a cramped morality and liberation from cramped forms. He meant more to Lawrence than a mere innovator in free verse- he is the poet of a new doctrine of life, a new morality, 'a morality of actual living, not of salvation, a passionate implicit morality, not didactic, a morality which changes the blood... in the veins of men.' Whitman dispels the sin haunted and sex haunted world of Puritanism that surrounds Lawrence's adolescence, he gives Lawrence the courage of his unspoken thoughts- 'I am not going to be ashamed of my sexual thoughts and desires, they are myself, they are part of my life, I am going to accept myself sexually as I accept myself, mentally and spiritually'. We find the lovers in *Look! We Have Come Through!* discard that past righteousness and dance shamelessly in the triumph of being together. Lawrence, like Whitman aspires to present the innocence of Eden- the condition of sinless being, the pure animal unselfconsciousness.

The poems that Lawrence wrote at the end of his life have a peculiar freshness and directness. The Whitmanesque rhetoric has now disappeared. We hear in these poems the voice of a very wise man who is also humorous, completely disillusioned, yet never cynical, a man who loves life but is saddened and embittered at the way in which it is being fouled and violated by mass 'civilization'. In some of these poems, those written at the very end of his life, the voice is that of a seer with a calm, majestic vision of God and Death.

After endless struggle with the prevalent literary genres, and amidst numerous literary influences, D.H. Lawrence manages to evolve a style that is uniquely his own and gains recognition as one of the greatest writers of the modern times.

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For the art historian, chemical analysis of pigments serves two main purposes. It can confirm or deny the alleged attribution or dating of a painting based on comparison with the known painting practices of the artist or period. In addition, the analysis of pigments can have a broader, and perhaps a more profound, importance to the historian as a tool for understanding more about the artistic process itself. This paper reviews the collaborative 2Perhaps Lawrence's influence on black American writers should not seem quite so surprising. In D.H. Lawrence's Literary Inheritors, Keith Cushman and Dennis Jackson explain Lawrence's appeal: Lawrence's voice, one of the strongest in twentieth century literature, speaks to us resoundingly. [...] the general growth of Hughes's political awareness fused with the specific example of Lawrence's fiction to create a literary "chemical reaction"; this produced not only many of the stories in Hughes's first book of short fiction, but with them the bold realization that stories might be situated and/or reflect an idea of social conscience in a particular. Hughes's own testimony concerning Lawrence's influence on these stories is irrefutable. View DH Lawrence Research Papers on Academia.edu for free. Tracing the overlooked influence of English writer D. H. Lawrence on Deleuze, Rockwell Clancy shows how these themes ultimately bear on two competing "political anthropologies," conceptions of the political and the respective accounts of philosophical anthropology on which they are based. Contrary to the mainstream of both Deleuze studies and contemporary political thought, Clancy argues that the major contemporary importance of Deleuze's thought consists in the way he grounds his analyses of the political on accounts of philosophical anthropology, helping to make sense of the c D.H. Lawrence, Eastwood, United Kingdom. 157K likes. D.H. Lawrence (1885-1930), an English writer whose fiction has had a profound influence on... The turbulent relationships that result "chronicled with an emotional and sexual frankness that provoked controversy on the book's publication in 1920" take the characters from an English landscape of coal mines and sooty factories to the snowy heights of the Alps, where tragedy strikes. WOMEN IN LOVE was written during World War I, and while that conflict is never mentioned in the novel, a sense of background danger, of lurking catastrophe, continually informs its drama. Tracing Lawrence's responses to these men, and to their own responses to events, adds a new dimension to our understanding of Lawrence's War. The paper sets off from a consideration of "the young Russian", Maxim Libidnikov, in the "CrÃme de Menthe" and "Gudrun in the Pompadour" chapters in Lawrence's profoundly War-inflected novel Women in Love. This exploration will be set in the contexts of Lawrence's evolving relationship with Russian literature on the one hand, and Communism on the other. The Cold War future that Litvinov and Koteliansky lived to see, but which Lawrence did not, highlight those aspects of Lawrence which were never to develop.