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READINGS FROM D. H. LAWRENCE

SELECTED AND READ BY HARRY T. MOORE

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CONTENTS:
1 LP
1 text (11 p.)

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SIDE I

Band 1: SNAKE
Band 2: NOTTINGHAM AND THE MINING COUNTRYSIDE (Excerpt)
Band 3: SONS AND LOVERS (Excerpt)
Band 4: LIGHTNING
Band 5: BROODING GRIEF
Band 6: PIANO
Band 7: LETTER TO EDWARD GARNETT
Band 8: BEI HENNEF
Band 9: LETTER TO ERNEST COLLINGS
Band 10: LETTER TO LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

SIDE II

Band 1: LETTER TO LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH
Band 2: KANGAROO (Excerpt)
Band 3: WOMEN IN LOVE (Excerpt)
Band 4: A PROPOS OF LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER (from "Sex, Literature, and Censorship")
Band 5: TWO BLUE BIRDS (Excerpt)
Band 6: HOW BEASTLY THE BOURGEOIS IS
Band 7: PUSS-PUSS!
Band 8: LETTER TO J. D. BERESFORD
Band 9: LETTER TO CATHERINE CARSWELL
Band 10: BAVARIAN GENTIANS

WOODCUT OF D. H. LAWRENCE
BY BERTRAND ZADIG

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

D. H. LAWRENCE

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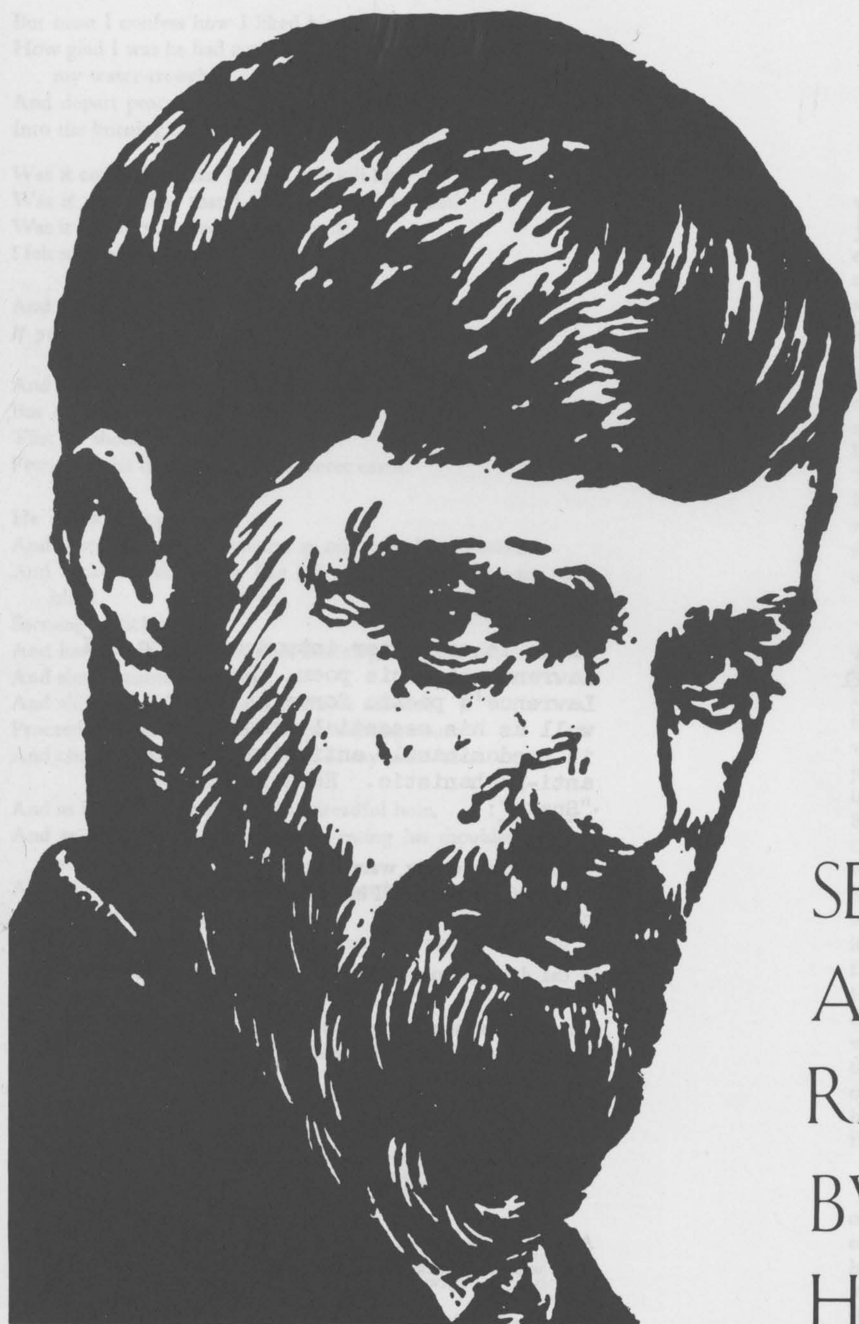

SELECTED AND READ BY HARRY T. MOORE

D.H. Lawrence, son of a Nottingham coalminer, is the most controversial writer of the 20th century. Recent court battles over his novel, Lady Chatterley's Lover--which emerged victorious in most of those battles--have tended to obscure the fine qualities of that book and of even better novels by Lawrence, such as Women in Love, The Rainbow, and Sons and Lovers. The last of these, recently a successful film, was a fictional projection of parts of Lawrence's own youth in a village in the Nottinghamshire coalfield, where his sensitive mother fought his hard-drinking father to keep her sons out of the mines. Young D. H. Lawrence won scholarships to highschool and teachers' training college, and for several years was a schoolmaster in the London suburbs until poor health forced him to stop. He had already published his first novel, The White Peacock, and for the rest of his life (until his death of tuberculosis at 44) he made his living writing.

Lawrence and his vibrant wife Frieda (born the Baroness von Richthofen), traveled widely across the world--to Frieda's native Germany, to Italy, to Ceylon, to Australia, to New Mexico, to Old Mexico, and to France, where Lawrence died. His travels are reflected vividly in his novels and in his travel books (which include Twilight in Italy, Sea and Sardinia, Mornings in Mexico, and Etruscan Places) and in such volumes of verse as Birds, Beasts and Flowers and Last Poems. The ideas Lawrence expressed in his imaginative works he often repeated in his essays, such as those collected in Sex, Literature, and Censorship (edited by Harry T. Moore and now obtainable in a paperbound edition); as the enemy of civilization and its mechanization of mankind, Lawrence opposed the domination of the intellect. He didn't advocate destruction of the intellect, as his detractors have claimed, but rather he proposed that it be brought into balance with the instinctual side of man's nature, which Lawrence felt was diminished in the modern world.

He stated all these ideas with compelling forcefulness, for he was a great, creative, spontaneous prose artist (and one of the greatest of all letter writers, as evident in the two volumes of The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence, recently edited by Harry T. Moore). Lawrence's descriptions of landscape are almost without parallel in English, as he marvelously evokes the scene before him in all its richness of color and in the cadances of his distinctive style. He can also project with dramatic power the conflicts between human beings; sometimes, too, he manifests a fine comic gift. His poetry, often crude and seemingly unfinished, has recently come to be appreciated as among the greatest of our time: there is strength in its crudeness, and its very unfinished quality gives it an effect of spontaneity. Altogether, everything Lawrence wrote is challenging, interest-catching, and vivid.

Harry T. Moore

SIDE I, Band 1:

There is no better introduction to D.H. Lawrence than his poem, "Snake." Lawrence's poetic force is in it, as well as his essential ideology, which is predominantly anti-civilization, anti-mechanistic. Here is the poem, "Snake":

A snake came to my water-trough
On a hot, hot day, and I in pyjamas for the heat,
To drink there.

In the deep, strange-scented shade of the great dark carob
tree
I came down the steps with my pitcher
And must wait, must stand and wait, for there he was at the
trough before me.

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down,
over the edge of the stone trough

And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small
clearness,
He sipped with his straight mouth,
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long
body,
Silently.

Someone was before me at my water-trough,
And I, like a second comer, waiting.

He lifted his head from his drinking, as cattle do,
And looked at me vaguely, as drinking cattle do,
And flickered his two-forked tongue from his lips, and mused
a moment,
And stooped and drank a little more,
Being earth-brown, earth-golden from the burning bowels of
the earth
On the day of Sicilian July, with Etna smoking.

The voice of my education said to me
He must be killed,
For in Sicily the black, black snakes are innocent, the gold are
venomous.

And voices in me said, If you were a man
You would take a stick and break him now, and finish him off.

But must I confess how I liked him,
How glad I was he had come like a guest in quiet, to drink at
my water-trough
And depart peaceful, pacified, and thankless,
Into the burning bowels of this earth?

Was it cowardice, that I dared not kill him?
Was it perversity, that I longed to talk to him?
Was it humility, to feel so honoured?
I felt so honoured.

And yet those voices:
If you were not afraid, you would kill him!

And truly I was afraid, I was most afraid,
But even so, honoured still more
That he should seek my hospitality
From out the dark door of the secret earth.

He drank enough
And lifted his head, dreamily, as one who has drunken,
And flickered his tongue like a forked night on the air, so
black,
Seeming to lick his lips,
And looked around like a god, unseeing, into the air,
And slowly turned his head,
And slowly, very slowly, as if thrice adream,
Proceeded to draw his slow length curving round
And climb again the broken bank of my wall-face.

And as he put his head into that dreadful hole,
And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and
entered farther,
A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing into
that horrid black hole,
Deliberately going into the blackness, and slowly drawing
himself after,
Overcame me now his back was turned.

I looked around, I put down my pitcher,
I picked up a clumsy log
And threw it at the water-trough with a clatter.

I think I did not hit him,
But suddenly that part of him that was left behind convulsed
in undignified haste,
Writhed like lightning, and was gone
Into the black hole, the earth-lipped fissure in the wall-front,
At which, in the intense still noon, I stared with fascination.

And immediately I regretted it.
I thought how paltry, how vulgar, what a mean act!
I despised myself and the voices of my accursed human edu-
cation.

And I thought of the albatross,
And I wished he would come back, my snake.

For he seemed to me again like a king,
Like a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld,
Now due to be crowned again.

And so, I missed my chance with one of the lords
Of life.
And I have something to expiate;
A pettiness.

SIDE I, Band 2:

In the last year of his life, Lawrence looked back in memory upon the place where he was born-Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, where he was born in 1885, and where he always saw the conflict between the remaining natural beauty and the squalor of industrialism. In 1929, in an essay called "Nottinghamshire and the Mining Countryside," he wrote:

I WAS born nearly forty-four years ago, in Eastwood, a mining village of some three thousand souls, about eight miles from Nottingham, and one mile from the small stream, the Erewash, which divides Nottinghamshire from Derbyshire. It is hilly country, looking west to Crich and towards Matlock, sixteen miles away, and east and north-east towards Mansfield and the Sherwood Forest district. To me it seemed, and still seems, an extremely beautiful countryside, just between the red sandstone and the oak trees of Nottingham, and the cold limestones, the ash trees, the stone fences of Derbyshire. To me, as a child and a young man, it was still the old England of the forest and agricultural past; there were no motor-cars, the mines were, in a sense, an accident in the landscape, and Robin Hood and his merry men were not very far away.

The real tragedy of England, as I see it, is the tragedy of ugliness. The country is so lovely: the man-made England is so vile. I know that the ordinary collier, when I was a boy, had a peculiar sense of beauty, coming from his intuitive and instinctive consciousness, which was awakened down pit. And the fact that he met with just cold ugliness and raw materialism when he came up into daylight, and particularly when he came to the Square or the Breach, and to his own table, killed something in him, and in a sense spoiled him as a man. The woman almost invariably nagged about material things. She was taught to do it; she was encouraged to do it. It was a mother's business to see that her sons "got on," and it was the man's business to provide the money. In my father's generation, with the old wild England behind them, and the lack of education, the man was not beaten down. But in my generation, the boys I went to school with, colliers now, have all been beaten down, what with the din-din-dinning of Board-schools, books, cinemas, clergymen, the whole national and human consciousness hammering on the fact of material prosperity above all things.

You may say the working man would not have accepted such a form of life: the Englishman's home is his castle, etc., etc.—"my own little home." But if you can hear every word the next-door people say, there's not much castle. And if you can see everybody in the Square if they go to the w.c.! And if your one desire is to get out of your "castle" and your "own little home"!—well, there's not much to be said for it. Anyhow, it's only the woman who idolizes "her own little home"—and it's always the woman at her worst, her most greedy, most

possessive, most mean. There's nothing to be said for the "little home" any more: a great scrabble of ugly pettiness over the face of the land.

If the company, instead of building those sordid and hideous Squares, then, when they had that lovely site to play with, there on the hill top: if they had put a tall column in the middle of the small market-place, and run three parts of a circle of arcade round the pleasant space, where people could stroll or sit, and with handsome houses behind! If they had made big, substantial houses, in apartments of five or six rooms, and with handsome entrances. If above all, they had encouraged song and dancing—for the miners still sang and danced —and provided handsome space for these. If only they had encouraged some form of beauty in dress, some form of beauty in interior life—furniture, decoration. If they had given prizes for the handsomest chair or table, the loveliest scarf, the most charming room that the men or women could make! If only they had done this, there would never have been an industrial problem. The industrial problem arises from the base forcing of all human energy into a competition of mere acquisition.

SIDE I, Band 3:

In his third novel, "Sons and Lovers," published in 1913, Lawrence dramatized some of the experiences of his own family. His father was a coalminer, his mother a refined woman who had been a schoolteacher. The conflict between the father and the mother is portrayed comically in the episode which shows Mrs. Morel having the minister in for tea when her husband comes home from the pit, grimy and resentful:

Occasionally the minister stayed to tea with Mrs. Morel. Then she laid the cloth early, got out her best cups, with a little green rim, and hoped Morel would not come too soon; indeed, if he stayed for a pint, she would not mind this day. She had always two dinners to cook, because she believed children should have their chief meal at midday, whereas Morel needed his at five o'clock. So Mr. Heaton would hold the baby, whilst Mrs. Morel beat up a batter-pudding or peeled the potatoes, and he, watching her all the time, would discuss his next sermon. His ideas were quaint and fantastic.

They were halfway down their first cup of tea when they heard the sluther of pit-boots.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Morel, in spite of herself.

The minister looked rather scared. Morel entered. He was feeling rather savage. He nodded a "How d'yer do" to the clergyman, who rose to shake hands with him.

"Nay," said Morel, showing his hand, "look thee at it! Tha niver wants ter shake hands wi' a hand like that, does ter? There's too much pick-haft and shovel-dirt on it."

The minister flushed with confusion, and sat down again. Mrs. Morel rose, carried out the steaming saucepan. Morel took off his coat, dragged his armchair to table, and sat down heavily.

"Are you tired?" asked the clergyman.

"Tired? I ham that," replied Morel. "*You* don't know what it is to be tired, as *I'm* tired."

"No," replied the clergyman.

"Why, look yer 'ere," said the miner, showing the shoulders of his singlet. "It's a bit dry now, but it's wet as clout with sweat even yet. Feel it."

"Goodness!" cried Mrs. Morel. "Mr. Heaton doesn't want to feel your nasty singlet."

The clergyman put out his hand gingerly.

"No, perhaps he doesn't," said Morel; "but it's all come out of *me*, whether or not. An' ivry day alike my singlet's wringin' wet. 'Aven't you got a drink, Missis, for a man when he comes home barkled up from the pit?"

"You know you drank all the beer," said Mrs. Morel pouring out his tea.

"An' was there no more to be got?" Turning to the clergyman—"A man gets that caked up wi' th' dust, you know,—that clogged up down a coalmine, he *needs* a drink when he comes home."

"I am sure he does," said the clergyman.

"But it's ten to one if there's owt for him."

"There's water—and there's tea," said Mrs. Morel.

"Water! It's not water as'll clear his throat."

He poured out a saucerful of tea, blew it, and sucked it up through his great black moustache, sighing afterwards. Then he poured out another saucerful, and stood his cup on the table.

"My cloth!" said Mrs. Morel, putting it on a plate.

"A man as comes home as I do 's too tired to care about cloths," said Morel.

"Pity!" exclaimed his wife, sarcastically.

The room was full of the smell of meat and vegetables and pit-clothes.

He leaned over to the minister, his great moustache thrust forward, his mouth very red in his black face.

"Mr. Heaton," he said, "a man as has been down the black hole all day, dingin' away at a coal face, yi, a sight harder than that wall ——"

"Needn't make a moan of it," put in Mrs. Morel.

She hated her husband because, whenever he had an audience, he whined and played for sympathy. William, sitting nursing the baby, hated him, with a boy's hatred for false sentiment, and for the stupid treatment of his mother. Annie had never liked him; she merely avoided him.

When the minister had gone, Mrs. Morel looked at her cloth.

"A fine mess!" she said.

"Dos't think I'm goin' to sit wi' my arms danglin', cos tha's got a parson for tea wi' thee?" he bawled.

They were both angry, but she said nothing. The baby began to cry, and Mrs. Morel, picking up a saucepan from the hearth, accidentally knocked Annie on the head, whereupon the girl began to whine, and Morel to shout at her. In the midst of this pandemonium, William looked up at the big glazed text over the mantelpiece and read distinctly:

"God Bless Our Home!"

Whereupon Mrs. Morel, trying to soothe the baby, jumped up, rushed at him, boxed his ears, saying:

"What are *you* putting in for?"

And then she sat down and laughed, till tears ran over her cheeks, while William kicked the stool he had been sitting on, and Morel growled:

"I canna see what there is so much to laugh at."

SIDE I, Band 4:

Like Paul Morel in "Sons and Lovers," the young Lawrence became involved in an intense relationship with a girl from a farm near the colliery village. He dramatized this relationship in one of his early erotic poems which shows the Victorian girl shrinking from love. This occurs in the poem, "Lightning":

I felt the lurch and halt of her heart
Next my breast, where my own heart was beating;
And I laughed to feel it plunge and bound,
And strange in my blood-swept ears was the sound
Of the words I kept repeating,
Repeating with tightened arms, and the hot blood's blind-fold
art.

Her breath flew warm against my neck,
Warm as a flame in the close night air;
And the sense of her clinging flesh was sweet
Where her arms and my neck's blood-surge could meet.
Holding her thus, did I care
That the black night hid her from me, blotted out every speck?

I leaned me forward to find her lips,
And claim her utterly in a kiss,
When the lightning flew across her face,
And I saw her for the flaring space
Of a second, afraid of the clips
Of my arms, inert with dread, wilted in fear of my kiss.

A moment, like a wavering spark,
Her face lay there before my breast,
Pale love lost in a snow of fear,
And guarded by a glittering tear,
And lips apart with dumb cries;
A moment, and she was taken again in the merciful dark.

I heard the thunder, and felt the rain,
And my arm fell loose, and I was dumb.
Almost I hated her, she was so good,
Hated myself, and the place, and my blood,
Which burned with rage, as I bade her come
Home, away home, ere the lightning floated forth again.

SIDE I, Band 5:

The death of Lawrence's mother, to whom he was so deeply attached, was of the lacerat ing experiences of his youth. He wrote of it in "Sons and Lovers" and in a series of poems, one of which is "Brooding Grief":

A yellow leaf, from the darkness
Hops like a frog before me;
Why should I start and stand still?

I was watching the woman that bore me
Stretched in the brindled darkness
Of the sick-room, rigid with will
To die: and the quick leaf tore me
Back to this rainy swill
Of leaves and lamps and the city street mingled before me.

SIDE I, Band 6:

A few years after his mother died, Lawrence looked back on his childhood in the poem, "Piano":

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside
And hymns in the cozy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

SIDE I, Band 7:

In 1912, a year and a half after his mother's death, Lawrence met the women he was to marry--Frieda von Richthofen, then the wife of Professor Ernest Weekley, who had been one of Lawrence's teachers at Nottingham University College. A few years after Lawrence received his certificate he called, as a younger teacher, at the professor's home to ask advice. He met the professor's wife, with whom he fell in love, and soon they were together in Germany--what had begun as tea and sympathy in Nottingham became beer and Gemütlichkeit in Bavaria. On June 2, 1912, Lawrence wrote back to England, to his literary mentor, Edward Garnett:

I've had my week's honeymoon. We went down to Beuerberg Saturday week ago. This is down the Isar valley, in the Bavarian Tyrol, near the Alps. We stayed at a Gasthaus, and used to have breakfast out under the horse-chestnut trees, steep above the river weir, where the timber rafts come down. The river is green glacier water. Bavarian villages are white and gay, the churches are baroque, with minarets, white with black caps. Every day it was perfect. Frieda and I went long ways. There are masses and masses of Alpine flowers, globe flowers, primulas, lilies, orchids—make you dance. The river was in flood. Once we had to wade such a long way. Of course that just delighted Frieda's heart. The lovely brooks we have paddled in, the lovely things we have done!

Now, Weber, Professor at Heidelberg University (Political Economics)—who has a house in the next village, has given us his flat whilst he is back in Heidelberg. It is quite tiny. This is our first morning. We have the upper storey of the cottage, and a balcony. I on the balcony in a dressing-gown, am respectable, but Frieda in her night-gown isn't, I say. There's a little white village below, then the river, and a plain of dark woods—all in shadow. Then there's the great blue wall of mountains, only their tops, all snowy, glittering in far-off sunshine against a pale blue sky. Frieda is awfully good-looking. You should see her sometimes. She is getting the breakfast. We are both a bit solemn this morning. It is our first morning at home. You needn't say things about her—or me. She is a million times better than ever you imagine—you *don't* know her, from literature, no, how can you? *I* don't. She is fond of you. I say she'd alarm you. She's got a figure like a fine Rubens woman, but her face is almost Greek. If you say a word about her, I hate you. I am *awfully* well—you should see me. I wish —— would divorce her, but he won't. I shall live abroad I think for ever. We shall scramble along.

SIDE I, Band 8:

After Lawrence had run away to Germany with Frieda, life was not always smooth, as the poem, "Bei Hennef" shows. Lawrence was crossing Germany

alone, in the hope of meeting Frieda later, in Bava ria. Between trains at the Rhineland town of Hennef he wrote her a postcard in which he said he was "sitting like a sad swain beside a nice, twittering little river, waiting for the twilight to drop, and my last train to come... Now for the first time during today, my detachment leaves me, and I know I only love you. The rest is nothing at all. And the promise of life with you is all richness." But there was uncertainty in the poem he wrote in the spot, which has that same little river running through it; here is "Bei Hennef":

The little river twittering in the twilight,
The wan, wondering look of the pale sky,
This is almost bliss.

And everything shut up and gone to sleep,
All the troubles and anxieties and pain
Gone under the twilight.

Only the twilight now, and the soft "Sh!" of the river
That will last for ever.

And at last I know my love for you is here;
I can see it all, it is whole like the twilight,
It is large, so large, I could not see it before,
Because of the little lights and flickers and interruptions,
Troubles, anxieties, and pains.

You are the call and I am the answer,
You are the wish, and I the fulfilment,
You are the night, and I the day.
What else? it is perfect enough.
It is perfectly complete,
You and I,
What more—?

Strange, how we suffer in spite of this!

SIDE I, Band 9:

After Lawrence and Frieda walked over the Alps to Italy in the late summer of 1912, he completed "Sons and Lovers" beside Lago di Garda. Already his ideas about the conflict between what he called blood-knowledge and mind-knowledge were forming; in a letter of January 17, 1913, he wrote to a friend in England.

My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true. The intellect is only a bit and a bridle. What do I care about knowledge. All I want is to answer to my blood, direct, without fribbling intervention of mind, or moral, or what-not. I conceive a man's body as a kind of flame, like a candle flame, forever upright and yet flowing: and the intellect is just the light that is shed on to the things around. And I am not so much concerned with the things around—which is really mind—but with the mystery of the flame forever flowing, coming God knows how from out of practically nowhere, and being *itself*, whatever there is around it, that it lights up. We have got so ridiculously mindful, that we never know that we ourselves are anything—we think there are only the objects we shine upon. And there the poor flame goes on burning ignored, to produce this light. And instead of chasing the mystery in the fugitive, half-lighted things outside us, we ought to look at ourselves, and say 'My God, I am myself!' That is why I like to live in Italy. The people are so unconscious. They only feel and want: they don't know. We know too much. No, we only *think* we know such a lot. A flame isn't a flame because it lights up two, or twenty objects on a table. It's a flame because it is itself.

SIDE I, Band 10:

Lawrence was back in England, after two visits to Italy, when the world war broke out. Just before this occurred he had married Frieda Weekley, born von Richthofen. He felt what so many sensitive men felt at that time, that the war was evil. He described the effect of it upon him, in a letter of January 30, 1915, to his friend Lady Cynthia Asquith:

The War finished me: it was the spear through the side of all sorrows and hopes. I had been walking in Westmorland, rather happy, with water-lilies twisted round my hat—big, heavy, white and gold water-lilies that we found in a pool high up—and girls who had come out on a spree and who were having tea in the upper room of an inn, shrieked with laughter. And I remember also we crouched under the loose wall on the moors and the rain flew by in streams, and the wind came rushing through the chinks in the wall behind one's head, and we shouted songs, and I imitated music-hall turns, whilst the other men crouched under the wall and I pranked in the rain on the turf in the gorse, and Koteliansky groaned Hebrew music—Ranani Sadekim Badanoi.

It seems like another life—we *were* happy—four men. Then we came down to Barrow-in-Furness, and saw that war was declared. And we all went mad. I can remember soldiers kissing on Barrow station, and a woman shouting defiantly to her sweetheart—"When you get at 'em, Clem, let 'em have it," as the train drew off—and in all the tramcars, "War." Messrs. Vickers-Maxim call in their workmen—and the great notices on Vickers' gateways—and the thousands of men streaming over the bridge. Then I went down the coast a few miles. And I think of the amazing sunsets over flat sands and the smoky sea—then of sailing in a fisherman's boat, running in the wind against a heavy sea—and a French onion boat coming in with her sails set splendidly, in the morning sunshine—and the electric suspense everywhere—and the amazing, vivid, visionary beauty of everything, heightened by the immense pain everywhere. And since then, since I came back, things have not existed for me. I have spoken to no one, I have touched no one, I have seen no one. All the while, I swear, my soul lay in the tomb—not dead, but with a flat stone over it, a corpse, become corpse-cold. And nobody existed, because I did not exist myself. Yet I was not dead—only passed over—trespassed—and all the time I knew I should have to rise again.

Now I am feeble and half alive. On the Downs on Friday I opened my eyes again, and saw it was daytime. And I saw the sea lifted up and shining like a blade with the sun on it. And high up, in the icy wind, an aeroplane flew towards us from the land—and the men ploughing and the boys in the fields on the table-lands, and the shepherds, stood back from their work and lifted their faces. And the aeroplane was small and high, in the thin, ice-cold wind. And the birds became silent and dashed to cover, afraid of the noise. And the aeroplane floated high out of sight. And below, on the level earth away down—were floods

and stretches of snow, and I knew I was awake. But as yet my soul is cold and shaky and earthy.

I don't feel so hopeless now I am risen. My heart has been as cold as a lump of dead earth, all this time, because of the War. But now I don't feel so dead. I feel hopeful. I couldn't tell you how fragile and tender this hope is—the new shoot of life. But I feel hopeful now about the War. We should all rise again from this grave—though the killed soldiers will have to wait for the last trump.

There is my autobiography—written because you ask me, and because, being risen from the dead, I know we shall all come through, rise again and walk healed and whole and new in a big inheritance, here on earth.

SIDE II, Band 1:

Lawrence, physically exempt from military service, wrote further about the war, and its effect on England, in a letter of November 1915 to Lady Cynthia Asquith:

When I drive across this country, with autumn falling and rustling to pieces, I am so sad, for my country, for this great wave of civilisation, 2000 years, which is now collapsing, that it is hard to live. So much beauty and pathos of old things passing away and no new things coming: this house — it is England—my God, it breaks my soul—their England, these shafted windows, the elm-trees, the blue distance—the past, the great past, crumbling down, breaking down, not under the force of the coming birds, but under the weight of many exhausted lovely yellow leaves, that drift over the lawn, and over the pond, like the soldiers, passing away, into winter and the darkness of winter—no, I can't bear it. For the winter stretches ahead, where all vision is lost and all memory dies out.

It has been 2000 years, the spring and summer of our era. What, then, will the winter be? No, I can't bear it, I can't let it go. Yet who can stop the autumn from falling to pieces, when November has come in? It is almost better to be dead, than to see this awful process finally strangling us to oblivion, like the leaves off the trees.

I want to go to America, to Florida, as soon as I can: as soon as I have enough money to cross with Frieda. My life is ended here. I must go as a seed that falls into new ground. But this, this England, these elm-trees, the grey wind with yellow leaves—it is so awful, the being gone from it altogether, one must be blind henceforth. But better leave a quick of hope in the soul, than all the beauty that fills the eyes.

It sounds very rhapsodic: it is this old house, the beautiful shafted windows, the grey gate-pillars under the elm trees: really I can't bear it: the past, the past, the falling, perishing, crumbling past, so great, so magnificent.

Come and see us when you are in town. I don't think we shall be here very much longer. My life now is one repeated, tortured, *Vale! Vale! Vale!* . . .

SIDE II, Band 2:

Lawrence described wartime London, and an early air raid, in the ~~X~~ "Nightmare" chapter of his novel, "Kangaroo," published in 1923:

Those bluebells! They were worse than the earlier songs. In 1915, autumn, Hampstead Heath, leaves burning in heaps, in the blue air, London still almost pre-war London: but by the pond on the Spaniards Road, blue soldiers, wounded soldiers in their bright hospital blue and red, always there: and earth-coloured recruits with pale faces drilling near Parliament Hill. The pre-war world still lingering, and some vivid strangeness, glamour thrown in. At night all the great beams of the searchlights, in great straight bars, feeling across the London sky, feeling the clouds, feeling the body of the dark overhead. And then Zeppelin raids: the awful noise and the excitement. Somers was never afraid then. One evening he and Harriet walked from Platts Lane to the Spaniards Road, across the Heath: and there, in the sky, like some god vision, a Zeppelin, and the searchlights catching it, so that it gleamed like a manifestation in the heavens, then losing it, so that only the strange drumming came down out of the sky where the searchlights tangled their feelers. There it was again, high, high, high, tiny, pale, as one might imagine the Holy Ghost, far, far above. And the crashes of guns, and the awful hoarseness of shells bursting in the city. Then gradually, quiet. And from Parliament Hill, a great red glare below, near St. Paul's. Something ablaze in the city. Harriet was horribly afraid. Yet as she looked up at the far-off Zeppelin, she said to Somers:

"Think, some of the boys I played with when I was a child are probably in it."

And he looked up at the far, luminous thing, like a moon. Were there men in it? Just men, with two vulnerable legs and warm mouths. The imagination could not go so far.

Those days, that autumn . . . people carried about chrysanthemums, yellow and brown chrysanthemums: and the smell of burning leaves: and the wounded, bright blue soldiers with their red cotton neck-ties, sitting together like macaws on the seats, pale and different from other people. And the star Jupiter very bright at nights over the cup hollow of the Vale, on Hampstead Heath. And the war news always coming, the war horror drifting in, drifting in, prices rising, excitement growing, people going mad about the Zeppelin raids. And always the one song:

> "Keep the home fires burning,
> Though your hearts be yearning."

SIDE II, Band 3:

Lawrence completed "Women in Love," now considered his greatest novel, in Cornwall in 1916. In this book, Ursula Brangwen from "The Rainbow" finds at least part of the fullfillment she was promised, finds it in Rupert Birkin. In one of the striking scenes of "Women in Love", Birkin, who is trying to fight free of the magnetism of Ursula, whom Lawrence identifies with the moon-image, throws stones at the reflection of the moon in a pond. He does not know that Ursula is secretly watching him from an adjoining woodland. In this episode, one of the great scenes of symbolist literature, Lawrence again uses the forces of nature as part of the lives of men and women:

He stood staring at the water. Then he stooped and picked up a stone, which he threw sharply at the pond. Ursula was aware of the bright moon leaping and swaying, all distorted, in her eyes. It seemed to shoot out arms of fire like a cuttle-fish, like a luminous polyp, palpitating strongly before her.

And his shadow on the border of the pond was watching for a few moments, then he stooped and groped on the ground. Then again there was a burst of sound, and a burst of brilliant light, the moon had exploded on the water, and was flying asunder in flakes of white and dangerous fire. Rapidly, like white birds, the fires all broken rose across the pond, fleeing in clamorous confusion, battling with the flock of dark waves that were forcing their way in. The furthest waves of light, fleeing out, seemed to be clamouring against the shore for escape, the waves of darkness came in heavily, running under towards the centre. But at the centre, the heart of all, was still a vivid, incandescent quivering of a white moon not quite

destroyed, a white body of fire writhing and striving and not even now broken open, not yet violated. It seemed to be drawing itself together with strange, violent pangs, in blind effort. It was getting stronger, it was re-asserting itself, the inviolable moon. And the rays were hastening in in thin lines of light, to return to the strengthened moon, that shook upon the water in triumphant reassumption.

Birkin stood and watched, motionless, till the pond was almost calm, the moon was almost serene. Then, satisfied of so much, he looked for more stones. She felt his invisible tenacity. And in a moment again, the broken lights scattered in explosion over her face, dazzling her; and then, almost immediately, came the second shot. The moon leapt up white and burst through the air. Darts of bright light shot asunder, darkness swept over the centre. There was no moon, only a battlefield of broken lights and shadows, running close together. Shadows, dark and heavy, struck again and again across the place where the heart of the moon had been, obliterating it altogether. The white fragments pulsed up and down, and could not find where to go, apart and brilliant on the water like the petals of a rose that a wind has blown far and wide.

Yet again, they were flickering their way to the centre, finding the path blindly, enviously. And again, all was still, as Birkin and Ursula watched. The waters were loud on the shore. He saw the moon regathering itself insidiously, saw the heart of the rose intertwining vigorously and blindly, calling back the scattered fragments, winning home the fragments, in a pulse and in effort of return.

And he was not satisfied. Like a madness, he must go on. He got large stones, and threw them, one after the other, at the white-burning centre of the moon, till there was nothing but a rocking of hollow noise, and a pond surged up, no moon any more, only a few broken flakes tangled and glittering broadcast in the darkness, without aim or meaning, a darkened confusion, like a black and white kaleidoscope tossed at random. The hollow night was rocking and crashing with noise, and from the sluice came sharp, regular flashes of sound. Flakes of light appeared here and there, glittering tormented among the shadows, far off, in strange places; among the dripping shadow of the willow on the island. Birkin stood and listened and was satisfied.

Ursula was dazed, her mind was all gone. She felt she had fallen to the ground and was spilled out, like water on the earth. Motionless and spent she remained in the gloom. Though even now she was aware, unseeing, that in the darkness was a little tumult of ebbing flakes of light, a cluster dancing secretly in a round, twining and coming steadily together. They were gathering a heart again, they were coming once more into being. Gradually the fragments caught together re-united, heaving, rocking, dancing, falling back as in panic, but working their way home again persistently, making semblance of fleeing away when they had advanced, but always flickering nearer, a little closer to the mark, the cluster growing mysteriously larger and brighter, as gleam after gleam fell in with the whole, until a ragged rose, a distorted, frayed moon was shaking upon the waters again, re-asserted, renewed, trying to recover from its convulsion, to get over the disfigurement and the agitation, to be whole and composed, at peace.

Birkin lingered vaguely by the water. Ursula was afraid that he would stone the moon again. She slipped from her seat and went down to him, saying:

"You won't throw stones at it any more, will you?"

"How long have you been there?"

"All the time. You won't throw any more stones, will you?"

"I wanted to see if I could make it be quite gone off the pond," he said.

"Yes, it was horrible, really. Why should you hate the moon? It hasn't done you any harm, has it?"

"Was it hate?" he said.

SIDE II, Band 4:

Because Lawrence was so often in trouble with what he called the "censor-morons," he wrote frequent explanations of what he was trying to do in such books as "Lady Chatterley's Lover," which was partly an attempt to help mankind restore the balance which had been lost between mind and blood. One of Lawrence's notable essays of explanation was "Pornography and Obscenity," first published in 1929, and another was "A Propos of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover,'" first published at full length in 1930, the year in which Lawrence died. Here is part of what he said in "A Propos of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover'":

I want men and women to be able to think sex, fully, completely, honestly, and cleanly.

Even if we can't act sexually to our complete satisfaction, let us at least think sexually, complete and clear. All this talk of young girls and virginity, like a blank white sheet on which nothing is written, is pure nonsense. A young girl and a young boy is a tormented tangle, a seething confusion of sexual feelings and sexual thoughts which only the years will disentangle. Years of honest thoughts of sex, and years of struggling action in sex will bring us at last where we want to get, to our real and accomplished chastity, our completeness, when our sexual act and our sexual thought are in harmony, and the one does not interfere with the other.

Far be it from me to suggest that all women should go running after gamekeepers for lovers. Far be it from me to suggest that they should be running after anybody. A great many men and women today are happiest when they abstain and stay sexually apart, quite clean: and at the same time, when they understand and realize sex more fully. Ours is the day of realization rather than action. There has been so much action in the past, especially sexual action, a wearying repetition over and over, without a corresponding thought, a corresponding realization. Now our business is to realize sex. Today the full conscious realization of sex is even more important than the act itself. After centuries of obfuscation, the mind demands to know and know fully. The body is a good deal in abeyance, really. When people act in sex, nowadays, they are half the time acting up. They do it because they think it is expected of them. Whereas as a matter of fact it is the mind which is interested, and the body has to be provoked. The reason being that our ancestors have so assiduously acted sex without ever thinking it or realizing it, that now the act tends to be mechanical, dull and disappointing, and only fresh mental realization will freshen up the experience.

The mind has to catch up, in sex: indeed, in all the physical acts. Mentally, we lag behind in our sexual thought, in a dimness, a lurking, grovelling fear which belongs to our raw, somewhat bestial ancestors. In this one respect, sexual and physical, we have left the mind unevolved. Now we have to catch up, and make a balance between the consciousness of the body's sensations and experiences, and these sensations and experiences themselves. Balance up the consciousness of the act, and the act itself. Get the two in harmony. It means having a proper reverence for sex, and a proper awe of the body's strange experience. It means being able to use the so-called obscene words, because these are a natural part of the mind's consciousness of the body. Obscenity only comes in when the mind despises and fears the body, and the body hates and resists the mind.

SIDE II, Band 5:

Too many peopl e miss the rich vein of comedy in Lawrence, which runs through his work from the first and is notably present in his later books, such as "Lady Chatterley's Lover." The ending of a little story of his final period, "Two Blue Birds," illustrates his later comic-satiric manner. In this story, a writer named Cameron Gee, has an adoring secretary--"When a man has an adoring secretary, and you are the man's wife, what are you to do? Not that there was anything 'wrong'

--if you know what I mean--between them. Nothing you could call adultery, to come down to brass tacks. No! No! They were just the young master and his secretary. He dictated to her, she slaved for him adored him, and the whole thing went on wheels." But the wife decides to put a spoke in the wheels--she invites the secretary to have tea with her and her husband:

"Why, how smart you are!" said the wife, when the little secretary reappeared on the lawn, in chicory-blue silk.

"Oh, don't look at my dress, compared to yours!" said Miss Wrexall. They were of the same colour, indeed!

"At least you earned yours, which is more than I did mine," said the wife, as she poured tea. "You like it strong?"

She looked with her heavy eyes at the smallish, birdy, blue-clad, overworked young woman, and her eyes seemed to speak many inexplicable dark volumes.

"Oh, as it comes, thank you," said Miss Wrexall, leaning nervously forward.

"It's coming pretty black, if you want to ruin your digestion," said the wife.

"Oh, I'll have some water in it, then."

"Better, I should say."

"How'd the work go—all right?" asked the wife, as they drank tea, and the two women looked at each other's blue dresses.

"Oh!" he said. "As well as you can expect. It was a piece of pure flummery. But it's what they want. Awful rot, wasn't it, Miss Wrexall?"

Miss Wrexall moved uneasily on her chair.

"It interested me," she said, "though not so much as the novel."

"The novel? Which novel?" said the wife. "Is there another new one?"

Miss Wrexall looked at him. Not for words would she give away any of his literary activities.

"Oh, I was just sketching out an idea to Miss Wrexall," he said.

"Tell us about it!" said the wife. "Miss Wrexall, *you* tell us what it's about."

She turned on her chair and fixed the little secretary.

"I'm afraid"—Miss Wrexall squirmed—"I haven't got it very clearly myself, yet."

"Oh, go along! Tell us what you *have* got then!"

Miss Wrexall sat dumb and very vexed. She felt she was being baited. She looked at the blue pleatings of her skirt.

"I'm afraid I can't," she said.

"Why are you afraid you can't? You're so *very* competent. I'm sure you've got it all at your finger-ends. I expect you write a good deal of Mr. Gee's books for him, really. He gives you the hint, and you fill it all in. Isn't that how you do it?" She spoke ironically, and as if she were teasing a child. And then she glanced down at the fine pleatings of her own blue skirt, very fine and expensive.

"Of course you're not speaking seriously?" said Miss Wrexall, rising on her mettle.

"Of course I am! I've suspected for a long time—at least, for some time—that you write a good deal of Mr. Gee's books for him, from his hints."

It was said in a tone of raillery, but it was cruel.

"I should be terribly flattered," said Miss Wrexall, straightening herself, "if I didn't know you were only trying to make me feel a fool."

"Make you feel a fool? My dear child!—why, nothing could be farther from me! You're twice as clever and a million times as competent as I am. Why, my dear child, I've the greatest admiration for you! I wouldn't do what you do, not for all the pearls in India. I *couldn't*, anyhow——"

Miss Wrexall closed up and was silent.

"Do you mean to say my books read as if——" he began, rearing up and speaking in a harrowed voice.

"I do!" said the wife. "*Just* as if Miss Wrexall had written them from your hints. I *honestly* thought she did—when you were too busy——"

"How very clever of you!" he said.

"Very!" she cried. "Especially if I was wrong!"

"Which you were," he said.

"How very extraordinary!" she cried. "Well, I am once more mistaken!"

There was a complete pause.

It was broken by Miss Wrexall, who was nervously twisting her fingers.

"You want to spoil what there is between me and him, I can see that," she said bitterly.

"My dear, but what *is* there between you and him?" asked the wife.

"I was *happy* working with him, working for him! I was *happy* working for him!" cried Miss Wrexall, tears of indignant anger and chagrin in her eyes.

"My dear child!" cried the wife, with simulated excitement, "go *on* being happy working with him, go on being happy while you can! If it makes you happy, why then, enjoy it! Of course! Do you think I'd be so cruel as to want to take it away from you?—working with him? *I* can't do shorthand and typewriting and double-entrance book-keeping, or whatever it's called. I tell you, I'm utterly incompetent. I never earn anything. I'm the parasite on the British oak, like the mistletoe. The blue bird doesn't flutter round my feet. Perhaps they're too big and trampling."

She looked down at her expensive shoes.

"If I *did* have a word of criticism to offer," she said, turning to her husband, "it would be to you, Cameron, for taking so much from her and giving her nothing."

"But he gives me everything, everything!" cried Miss Wrexall. "He gives me everything!"

"What do you mean by everything?" said the wife, turning on her sternly.

Miss Wrexall pulled up short. There was a snap in the air and a change of currents.

"I mean nothing that *you* need begrudge me," said the little secretary rather haughtily. "I've never made myself cheap."

There was a blank pause.

"My God!" said the wife. "You don't call that being cheap? Why, I should say you got nothing out of him at all, you only give! And if you don't call that making yourself cheap—my God!"

"You see, we see things different," said the secretary.

"I should say we do!—*thank God!*" rejoined the wife.

"On whose behalf are you thanking God?" he asked sarcastically.

"Everybody's, I suppose! Yours, because you get everything for nothing, and Miss Wrexall's, because she seems to like it, and mine because I'm well out of it all."

"You *needn't* be out of it all," cried Miss Wrexall magnanimously, "if you didn't *put* yourself out of it all."

"Thank you, my dear, for your offer," said the wife, rising. "But I'm afraid no man can expect *two* blue birds of happiness to flutter round his feet, tearing out their little feathers!"

With which she walked away.

After a tense and desperate interim, Miss Wrexall cried:

"And *really*, need any woman be jealous of *me?*"

"Quite!" he said.

And that was all he did say.

SIDE II, Band 6:

In the last years of his life, in the late 1920's Lawrence often turned to satire to express his dislike of civilized values. One of his notable poems of this period is "How Beastly The Bourgeois Is":

How beastly the bourgeois is
especially the male of the species—

Presentable, eminently presentable—
shall I make you a present of him?

Isn't he handsome? isn't he healthy? isn't he a fine specimen?
doesn't he look the fresh clean englishman, outside?
Isn't it god's own image? tramping his thirty miles a day
after partridges, or a little rubber ball?
wouldn't you like to be like that, well off, and quite the thing?

Oh, but wait!
Let him meet a new emotion, let him be faced with another man's need,
let him come home to a bit of moral difficulty, let life face him with a new demand on his understanding
and then watch him go soggy, like a wet meringue.
Watch him turn into a mess, either a fool or a bully.
Just watch the display of him, confronted with a new demand on his intelligence,
a new life-demand.

How beastly the bourgeois is
especially the male of the species—

Nicely groomed, like a mushroom
standing there so sleek and erect and eyeable—
and like a fungus, living on the remains of bygone life
sucking his life out of the dead leaves of greater life than his own.

And even so, he's stale, he's been there too long.
Touch him, and you'll find he's all gone inside
just like an old mushroom, all wormy inside, and hollow
under a smooth skin and an upright appearance.

Full of seething, wormy, hollow feelings
rather nasty—
How beastly the bourgeois is!

Standing in their thousands, these appearances, in damp England
what a pity they can't all be kicked over
like sickening toadstools, and left to melt back, swiftly
into the soil of England.

SIDE II, Band 7:

Lawrence's irritation at the sexlessness he found in one modern world was sometimes expressed in poems such as the short one entitled "Puss-Puss":

—Oh, Auntie, isn't he a beauty! And is he a gentleman or a lady?
—Neither, my dear! I had him fixed. It saves him from so many undesirable associations.

SIDE II, Band 8:

At the end of 1915, Lawrence and Frieda left London and went to Cornwall, where for a time they lived in a house belonging to the novelist J. D. Beresford. On February 1, 1916, Lawrence wrote to Beresford, describing the Cornish coast in the way that only Lawrence could invoke and evoke the spirit of a place:

It is quite true what you say: the shore is absolutely primeval: those heavy, black rocks, like solid darkness, and the heavy water like a sort of first twilight breaking against them, and not changing them. It is really like the first craggy breaking of dawn in the world, a sense of the primeval darkness just behind, before the Creation. That is a very great and comforting thing to feel, I think: after all this whirlwind of dust and grit and dirty paper of a modern Europe. I love to see those terrifying rocks, like solid lumps of the original darkness, quite impregnable: and then the ponderous, cold light of the sea foaming up: it is marvellous. It is not sunlight. Sunlight is really firelight. This cold light of the heavy sea is really the eternal light washing against the eternal darkness, a terrific abstraction, far beyond all life, which is merely of the sun, warm. And it does one's soul good to escape from the ugly triviality of life into this clash of two infinities one upon the other, cold and eternal.

SIDE II, Band 9:

In the late summer of 1922, Lawrence and Frieda came to America for the first time, and after a few days in San Francisco traveled to Taos, New Mexico, and from there Lawrence on September 22 wrote to a friend in England, Catherine Carswell:

Taos, in its way, *is* rather thrilling. We have got a *very* pretty adobe house, with furniture made in the village, and Mexican and Navajo rugs, and some lovely pots. It stands just on the edge of the Indian reservation: a brook behind, with trees: in front, the so-called desert, rather like a moor but covered with whitish-grey sage-brush, flowering yellow now: some 5 miles away the mountains rise. On the north—we face east—Taos mountain, the sacred mt. of the Indians, sits massive on the plain—some 8 miles away. The *pueblo* is towards the foot of the mt., 3 miles off: a big, adobe *pueblo* on each side the brook, like two great heaps of earthern boxes, cubes. There the Indians all live together. They are *pueblos*—these houses were here before the Conquest—very old: and they grow grain and have cattle, on the lands bordering the brook, which they can irrigate. We drive across these "deserts"—white sage-scrub and dark green pinon scrub on the slopes. On Monday we went up a canyon into the Rockies to a deserted gold mine. The aspens are yellow and lovely. We have a pretty busy time, too. I have already learnt to ride one of these Indian ponies, with a Mexican saddle. Like it so much. We gallop off to the *pueblo* or up to one of the canyons. Frieda is learning too. Last night the young Indians came down to dance in the studio, with two drums: and we all joined in. It is fun: and queer. The Indians are much more remote than Negroes. This week-end is the great dance at the *pueblo*, and the Apaches and Navajos come in wagons and on horseback, and the Mexicans troop to Taos village. Taos village is a Mexican sort of plaza—piazza—with trees and shops and horses tied up. It lies one mile to the south

of us: so four miles from the *pueblo*. We see little of Taos itself. There are some American artists, sort of colony: but not much in contact. The days are hot sunshine: noon very hot, especially riding home across the open. Night is cold. In winter it snows, because we are 7,000 feet above sea-level. But as yet one thinks of midsummer. We are about 30 miles from the tiny railway station: but we motored 100 miles from the main line.

Well, I'm afraid it will all sound very fascinating if you are just feeling cooped up in London. I don't want you to feel envious. Perhaps it is necessary for me to try these places, perhaps it is my destiny to know the world. It only excites the outside of me. The inside it leaves more isolated and stoic than ever. That's how it is. It is all a form of running away from oneself and the great problems: all this wild west and the strange Australia. But I try to keep quite clear. One forms not the faintest inward attachment, especially here in America. America lives by a sort of egoistic *will*, shove and be shoved. Well, one can stand up to that too: but one is quite, quite cold inside. No illusion. I will not shove, and I will *not* be shoved. *Sono io!*

SIDE II, Band 10:

In the last autumn of his life, Lawrence in Bavaria wrote a great poem of death, "Bavarian Gentians." It is a poem about the continuity of life, and for his symbols he takes not only the blue flowers before him but also the Persephone myth of the ancient Greeks, the heart of the Elusinean mysteries--here, in "Bavarian Gentians", is a poem of autumn resurrection:

Not every man has gentians in his house
in Soft September, at slow, Sad Michaelmas.

Bavarian gentians, big and dark, only dark
darkening the day-time torch-like with the
smoking blueness of Pluto's gloom,
ribbed and torch-like, with their blaze of
darkness spread blue
down flattening into points, flattened under
the sweep of white day
torch-flower of the blue-smoking darkness, Pluto's
dark-blue daze,
black lamps from the halls of Dio, burning dark
blue,
giving off darkness, blue darkness, as Demeter's
pale lamps give off light,
lead me then, lead me the way.

Reach me a gentian, give me a torch!
let me guide myself with the blue, forked torch
of this flower
down the darker and darker stairs, where blue is
darkened on blueness
even where Persephone goes, just now, from the
frosted September
to the sightless realm where darkness is awake
upon the dark
and Persephone herself is but a voice
or a darkness invisible enfolded in the deeper
dark
of the arms Plutonic, and pierced with the passion
of dense gloom,
among the splendour of torches of darkness shedding
darkness on the lost bride and her groom.

Harry T. Moore has recently edited The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence and has written a biography of that author, The Intelligent Heart, now available in paperbacks. He has taught at various universities including Northwestern, New York University, Columbia, Colorado, and Southern Illinois. A graduate of the University of Chicago, Mr. Moore received his M.A. from Northwestern and his Ph. D. from Boston University. A Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature since 1952, he was awarded Guggenheim Fellowships in 1958 and 1960. Mr. Moore was President of the College English Association in 1961. He contributes to the New York Times Book Review, Saturday Review, Kenyon Review and other leading journals. His books include: The Novels and John Steinbeck (1939), The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence (1951), The Intelligent Heart (1955), Post Restante (1956); he is currently working on a survey of 20th century European literature. Books he has edited include D. H. Lawrence's Letters to Bertrand Russell (1948), D.H. Lawrence's Essays on Sex, Literature, and Censorship (1953), The Achievement of D. H. Lawrence (1953; with Frederick J. Hoffman); Lewis Mumford's The Human Prospect (1955; with Karl W. Deutsch); A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany (1959); Selected Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke (1960); Joshua Sprigge's Anglia Rediviva: 1647 (1960), The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence (1962), The World of Lawrence Durrell (1962). The Durrell is part of the series, Crosscurrents/ Modern Critiques, of which Mr. Moore is the General Editor.