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AFFIRMATION AND ANXIETY IN *LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER*

KEITH CUSHMAN

Critical opinion of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* has remained somewhat unsettled. Consider the opinions of two eminent Lawrence scholars. In his Introduction to the Penguin Twentieth-Century Classics edition of the novel (1994) Michael Squires concludes that *Lady Chatterley* "ranks among the twentieth century's most extraordinary literary achievements".[1] More recently David Ellis asserts in *Memoirs of a Leavisite* (2013) that "with regard to the sinking ship of Lawrence's reputation, … nothing would change unless both *The Plumed Serpent* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* could somehow be pitched overboard".[2] (*That* is a rare linkage of the two novels.)

Meanwhile serious readers of Lawrence have always been pleased, perhaps relieved, that his last novel communicates a hopeful vision of human possibility. At the least *Lady Chatterley's Lover* seems a bona fide recovery after *Aaron's Rod*, *Kangaroo*, and the shrill, often unpleasant *Plumed Serpent*. *Lady Chatterley* offers a vision of mid-life renewal through sexuality and also through tenderness and love. The novel's celebration of love in a world harshly inimical to love is a rare act of hopefulness and courage. The lovers are in harmony with the natural world as they play out their affair in the keeper's hut and cottage in the clearing in the woods. Those woods are radiantly and wonderfully alive as Connie walks toward a rendezvous:

> The lush dark green of hyacinths was a sea, with buds rising like pale corn, while in the riding the forget-me-nots were fluffing up, and columbines were unfolding their ink-purple ruches, and there were bits of blue bird's-egg shell under a bush. Everywhere the bud-knots and the leap of life! (*LCL* 165)

At the conclusion of *The Rainbow* Ursula Brangwen miscarries. In *Women in Love* the possibility of having a child does not figure in Ursula and Birkin's conversation. At the conclusion of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* Connie Chatterley and Oliver Mellors are separated, but they are committed to a life together. And Connie is carrying Mellors's child, which points hopefully toward the future, even though "There's a bad time coming" (*LCL* 300). As Julian Moynahan observed over half-a-century ago, "The genuine yet carefully restrained optimism of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is founded on a belief that the world is alive and that aliveness is the only thing worth cherishing".[3]

Lady Chatterley's Lover does indeed cherish aliveness. But in March 1925, in Mexico City, the author of that novel received a diagnosis of tuberculosis. At one point the doctor who was examining Lawrence told Frieda "rather brutally … 'Mr Lawrence has tuberculosis.' And Lawrence looked at me", Frieda remembered, "with such unforgettable eyes".[4] Lawrence looked so dreadful – "just pale green" – that he applied rouge to his face so that people wouldn't stare at him in the street. He continued to use rouge until he "got past that terrible doctor at El Paso" at the end of the month.[5]

The Lawrences stayed at the ranch near Taos from April through September 1925. They sailed for Southampton on 21 September, and they spent a month in England before settling in Italy. Lawrence wrote the first version of *Lady Chatterley* in the fall of 1926, finishing it around the beginning of December. He immediately began and quickly completed the second version (published in 1972 as *John Thomas and Lady Jane*). On 8 December 1927 Lawrence told S. S. Koteliansky that he was writing *Lady Chatterley* "all over

again" (*7L* 233). He completed the third and final version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in January 1928. The novel was published in Florence that July.

David Ellis concludes that "Lawrence could not have been seriously ill" during the months he was producing the final version of *Lady Chatterley* because "he produced so much".[6] Still, Lawrence worried about being so painfully thin, and in late November 1926 he had reported that he had had "a bit of malaria, but am better" (*5L* 588). He was in anxious correspondence with Gertie Cooper, his Eastwood friend who was suffering from tuberculosis, the disease that had killed her mother and her four sisters. Understandably, Lawrence found the news that Gertie was having part of her left lung removed "awfully distressing" (*5L* 630). On 27 January 1927 (about a month before finishing the second version of *Lady Chatterley*) he wrote Gertie about the surgery: "For myself, I daren't say, either have the operation, or don't have it. It worries me too much" (632). His own problematic health weighed on his mind, no matter how he "explained" it to friends and relatives.

Of course Lawrence would always remain famously in denial about his diagnosis of tuberculosis. On 30 January 1930, about a month before his death, he wrote his sister-in-law Else Jaffe that "yesterday the bronchitis was *much* better, but today it is tiresome again – probably the wind" (*7L* 630). On 12 February he told Maria Huxley that his "broncs" were "awful" and that he couldn't "understand why" he had "gone so thin" (645). But as Ellis has demonstrated, Lawrence definitely knew from the Mexico City diagnosis that he was suffering from tuberculosis.[7] After the diagnosis he could not avoid worrying that he was living on borrowed time. This anxiety finds its way into *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, his celebration of aliveness and human renewal. If one reads beneath the surface of this joyously affirmative novel one discovers that it is also death-haunted. In this lecture I will explore the shadowy underside of the novel, primarily focusing on Oliver Mellors, Lady Chatterley's lover, and his relation to D. H. Lawrence. Sir Clifford Chatterley also figures in my argument.

Oliver Mellors is the son of a collier, but he has cut his ties with the working-class. Indeed when Connie first encounters him in Chapter V, it seems to her that "he might almost be a gentleman". Mellors is "moderately tall, and lean", he is "almost handsome", and he stares "straight into Connie's eyes with a perfectly fearless, impersonal look" (*LCL* 46–7). Later she learns that he has been an army officer. He can speak the King's English when he wants to. Connie is delighted to discover that her lover is "a reader after all" (and quite a reader at that): on Mellors's bookshelf "there were books about bolshevist Russia, books of travel, a volume about the atom and the electron, another about the composition of the earth's core, and the causes of earthquakes: then a few novels: then three books on India" (212). Mellors has also thought a good deal about the current state of society and never hesitates to communicate his beliefs to his lover.

He is also a sexual athlete with considerable prowess and skill:

> And softly, with that marvellous swoon-like caress of his hand in pure soft desire, softly he stroked the silky slope of her loins, down, down between her soft, warm buttocks, coming nearer and nearer to the very quick of her. And she felt him like a flame of desire, yet tender, and she felt herself melting in the flame. She let herself go. She felt his penis risen against her with silent amazing force and assertion ... (*LCL* 173)

Connie quivers "at the potent inexorable entry inside her". Finally "the consummation was upon her, and she was gone. She was gone, she was not, and she was born: a woman" (174). Connie has died into new life and achieved her female identity.

Although Connie must give up "her own hard, bright female power" (*LCL* 136), she is wary of her "yearning adoration" of Mellors, which "left her helpless" (135). One of the most notorious moments in this notoriously phallocentric novel occurs in Chapter XIV when Connie asks to see her lover in his nakedness: "The sun

through the low window sent in a beam that lit up his thighs and slim belly, and the erect phallos rising darkish and hot-looking from the little cloud of vivid gold-red hair" (209). One of the sermons that Mellors preaches – and that Lawrence clearly endorses – is on the theme of the failure of modern manhood. Here Mellors reveals himself as an heir of Thomas Carlyle and William Morris:

> If the men wore scarlet trousers, … they wouldn't think so much of money: if they could dance and hop and skip, and sing and swagger and be handsome, they could do with very little cash. And amuse the women themselves, and be amused by the women. They ought to learn to be naked and handsome, all of them, and to move and be handsome, and to sing in a mass and dance the old group dances, and carve the stools they sit on … (299–300)

Mellors concludes that this is "the only way to solve the industrial problem" (300).

Critics have often observed that in each successive version of the novel Lady Chatterley's lover becomes more like his creator. This includes the fact that Oliver Mellors is not a well man. The references to Mellors's "damaged health" (*LCL* 141) that appear throughout the novel are autobiographical details that surely derive from Lawrence's anxiety about his own declining health. Mellors will heal Connie Chatterley, but in the process she too must do some healing. She transforms Mellors from a man who "wants only to be alone" (118) to the man who makes a life-saving, regenerative connection with her. Although the connection becomes tender and personal, it begins as powerfully sexual.

Mellors, like Lawrence, is a man who has turned forty with serious health problems. As early as Chapter V Connie notices that Mellors, who was "rather frail, really", "breathed rather quickly through parted lips" (*LCL* 47). He looks "thin and ill", and "a cough troubled him". He shrugs off the cough – the residual result of his "'last pneumonia'" – in a revealing way: "'it's nothing'" (112–13), he says. Later Connie asks him what the pneumonia did to him.

"'Oh—nothing!'" he says once more: "'It left my heart not so strong—and the lungs not so elastic'" (196). Surely this is a curious definition of "nothing". It sounds instead as if Mellors, like his creator, is in denial.

In Venice Connie notices that Mellors is "too thin" (*LCL* 274). Although he has "a natural sort of quiet distinction", he also has "a certain look of frailty" (161). Mellors is "tall and thin, worn-looking" (286), his face is "rather pale and worn-looking" (68). This does sound like a self-portrait of Lawrence late in his short life. Mellors's statement that he wants to "'try an' live my own life: if I've got one to live, which I rather doubt'" (226) suggests that Lawrence was feeling anxious about his declining health.

Less obviously and yet unmistakably, Lawrence projects some of his anxiety about his physical condition onto Sir Clifford Chatterley. Indeed late in her life Frieda told Harry T. Moore that Lawrence "identified himself with both Clifford and Mellors", "which took courage".[8] Ellis reports that it seems likely that "Frieda began her affair with Angelo Ravagli in March or April 1926".[9] That affair must have figured significantly in Lawrence's "inspiration" for the plot of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, which (as I mentioned above) Lawrence began writing in the autumn of 1926. Lawrence, who knew about the affair, found himself in the position of looking the other way as his wife carried on an affair with an Italian army officer: the dapper, non-intellectual husband of the Lawrences' landlady in Spotorno. The Sir Clifford-Connie-Mellors triangle is clearly a version of the Lawrence-Frieda-Ravagli triangle. Lawrence projects himself as both the cuckolder and the cuckolded.

Frieda had had affairs, but, as Ellis points out, "one crucial difference between the early affairs and this one was that Lawrence was impotent and therefore in the same position to Frieda as Clifford Chatterley was with regard to Connie".[10] In 'A Propos of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*' Lawrence reports that he had "been asked many times if I intentionally made Clifford paralysed, if it is symbolic". His answer to the question is startling coming from a man who had

answers for everything: "I don't know" (*LCL* 333). It is not too much to suggest that Lawrence needed to paralyse Clifford below the waist because of his unconscious identification with him. From this perspective the sex between Mellors and Connie is an exercise in wish fulfillment. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is in part a fantasy of renewal, of resurrection, of getting a second chance, of fully coming back to life.

Potency and impotence are very much on Lawrence's mind in the novel. In the remarkable sexual episode in Chapter VI, in which Connie "was born: a woman", she quivers at the "potent inexorable entry inside her". After his orgasm she clings "blindly to the wilting penis" "after the fierce thrust of its potency". "And now … the strange potency of manhood upon her!" (*LCL* 173–4). Lawrence also underscores Sir Clifford's impotence. We learn in Chapter X that "there was nothing between" Connie and Clifford, who no longer even touch one another. Instead he tortures "her with his declarations of idolatry. It was the cruelty of utter impotence" (112). In the next chapter Clifford wishfully declares to Connie that "the potency may easily come back". Meanwhile "he really felt, when he had his periods of energy and worked so hard at the question of the mines, as if his sexual potency were returning" (147). As with Lawrence, Clifford's "dread was the nights when he could not sleep". Perhaps also like Lawrence, "he was afraid of death" (140).

The sex in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* transforms Connie into a "new-born thing" (*LCL* 174). It is more difficult to determine exactly what the sex does for Mellors since Lawrence describes all twelve of the sexual encounters except one from Connie's point of view. Lawrence, beleaguered and worried about his deteriorating health, seems to place his faith in the revitalising power of sexuality. But as Michael Squires points out, in their sex "Connie and Mellors yearn for pure silence, quiescence, even anonymity … Indeed, sexuality leads less to excitement than to relief, less to pleasure than to recovery".[11] When Mellors enters Connie's body for the first time in Chapter X, he is entering "the peace on earth of her soft, quiescent body. It was the moment of pure peace for him …" (116). When they

make love again in the same chapter, "he came in to her … with an intensification of relief and consummation that was pure peace to him" (125). At the end of the novel, by himself and working on a farm in the Midlands, he fondly remembers "the peace of fucking" (301). For the most part sexual intercourse offers Mellors an experience of healing. As Mellors says to Connie in Chapter XII, entering her "heals it all up" (176). This seems to me to speak to Lawrence's physical and emotional condition. 'Desire is dead', the brief, sad *Pansies* poem, adds a personal perspective to Mellors's situation.

The one sexual encounter that Lawrence presents from Mellors's point of view is the last – the twelfth – in the novel. It takes place in Chapter XVIII. It is as if Lawrence had decided that something was noticeably missing if all the descriptions of sexual intercourse were from Connie's perspective. But somehow Lawrence is at a loss in his representation of Mellors's experience of sex with Connie. His mind wanders throughout the substantial paragraph describing the sexual intercourse:

> And he realised as he went in to her that this was the thing he had to do, to come Into tender touch, without losing his pride or dignity or his integrity as a man. After all, if she had money and means, and he had none, he should be too proud and honorable to hold back his tenderness from her on that account. 'I stand for the touch of bodily awareness between human beings,' he said to himself, 'and the touch of tenderness. And she is my mate. And it is a battle against the money, and the machine, and the insentient ideal monkeyishness of the world.' (*LCL* 279)

This passage, which strikes me as unintentionally comic, is definitely a miscalculation.

The novel concludes with a lengthy letter from Mellors to Connie. Mellors believes "in the little flame between" him and Connie, but now he is looking forward to having "some peace". It is time for

"patience and the long pause" and also for chastity. Mellors begins one of the last paragraphs of the novel by declaring, "So I love chastity now, because it is the peace that comes of fucking". The words "chaste" and "chastity" appear seven times in this paragraph – and four times he says that he loves "chastity": "I love this chastity, which is the pause and peace of our fucking … Now is the time to be chaste, it is so good to be chaste, like a river of cool water in my soul … I love the chastity now that flows between us" (*LCL* 301). Mellors's unrelenting insistence on his love of chastity strikes a peculiar chord at the conclusion of a novel that celebrates the restorative power of human sexuality. Perhaps the last sentence of the paragraph says more than Lawrence intended: "What a misery to be like Don Juan, and impotent ever to fuck oneself into peace, and the little flame alight, impotent and unable to be chaste in the cool between-whiles, as by a river" (301).

Lawrence wrote his novella *The Virgin and the Gipsy* at the beginning of 1926. (He would write *The First Lady Chatterley* at the end of the same year.) In *The Virgin and the Gipsy*, the gipsy is a figure of great masculine allure, fabricated out of the cultural myth of the powerful, glamorously sexualised male outsider. The gipsy with his "big, bold eyes" (*VG* 30) and "fine. quick hips" (42) seems to derive from pulp romantic fiction: "He stood on his limber legs, casually looking down on the group, as if from a distance, his long black lashes lifted from his full, conceited, impudent black eyes. There was something peculiarly transfusing in his stare. Yvette felt it, felt it in her knees" (22). In contrast in Chapter XIV of *Lady Chatterley* Connie tells Mellors that they are "a couple of battered warriors" (*LCL* 205). As we have seen, Oliver Mellors is especially battered. Lawrence created him to human scale, thin and frail and suffering from "damaged health" (141). He has "been ill, and isn't strong" (193). Mellors's characterisation also includes aspects of Lawrence's anxiety about his own damaged health – as well as wish fulfillment concerning his sexual capacity.

In a letter of 27 April 1927 Lawrence told Nancy Pearn that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was "what the world would call very improper".

But actually the book was "beautiful and tender and frail as the naked self is" (*7L* 29). Lawrence's "frail" book expresses his vision of a world in which living things are frail and vulnerable – though somehow indomitable as well. That vision of frailty and vulnerability seems partly to arise from Lawrence's own sense of frailty and vulnerability at a time of worrisomely declining health.

We have seen that the novel's centre of frailty is the body of Oliver Mellors, who is "curiously full of vitality" but "rather frail" (47). Connie is first attracted to Mellors in Chapter VI when she sees him washing outside his hut: "She saw the clumsy breeches slipping away over the pure, delicate white loins, the bones showing a little, and the sense of aloneness, of a creature purely alone, overwhelmed her" (66). This is a "visionary experience" for Connie – and surely the vision includes human vulnerability as well as aloneness.

The tiny pheasant chick that Connie holds in her hands in Chapter X reduces her to tears: "'So adorable! So cheeky!' she said softly" (*LCL* 115). Mrs. Flint's baby girl is another small, vulnerable living thing, but, like the pheasant chick, she is "not to be daunted" (129). The daffodils in Chapter VIII are "so strong in their frailty". The same thematic motif figures in Chapter XIV when Mellors's "proud" and "lordly" erect penis wilts and becomes "tiny, and soft like a little bud of life!" (210) after his orgasm. Tiny pheasant chick segues into tiny post-coitus penis. In Chapter X Connie adores Mellors so much that "in her womb and bowels she was flowing and alive now, and vulnerable" (135). Mellors perceives that Connie has "some of the vulnerability of the wild hyacinths", but a third of the way through the novel he believes that "the vast evil thing" would soon "destroy the wood, and the bluebells would spring no more" (119). But by the end of the novel the love – and sex – between the lovers have given him a little hope: "All the bad times that ever have been, haven't been able to blow the crocus out" (300). The frail, tiny, indomitable flower will somehow survive.

As a sort of coda to this essay I would like to say a few words about 'A Propos of "Lady Chatterley's Lover"'. 'A Propos' is an

expansion of 'My Skirmish with Jolly Roger', which Lawrence had published in May 1929 as the introduction to the Paris Popular Edition of *Lady Chatterley.* He wrote 'A Propos' in October 1929, over a year after the publication of the novel. Meanwhile his health had become much more dire. He wrote Harwood Brewster on 15 August 1929 that he was "rather worse at walking, than better – though the doctor says, as far as lung goes, I am very much healed up, but my asthma, which seems to go to my legs, is not much better. So I cough, to the general annoyance or cold commiseration of a nervous universe" (*7L* 427).

Although Lawrence described 'A Propos' as "a sort of key to the whole novel – the basic idea" (*7L* 531), this assessment is at best only partly true. Ellis is surely correct when he observes that "as so often in [Lawrence's] discursive writing, although what he now wrote was closely related to certain aspects of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, it also looked forward to what would surely have been important new emphases in his work, had there still been far to look".[12] One of the new emphases is Lawrence's rapturous praise of marriage and his argument that marriage "has given man the best of his freedom, given him his little kingdom of his own within the big kingdom of the State". Furthermore, marriage "is Christianity's great contribution to the life of man" in creating "marriage by making it a sacrament" (321–2). Of course none of this has anything to do with *Lady Chatterley's Lover.*

In my opinion the most striking and memorable feature of 'A Propos of "Lady Chatterley's Lover"' is its rapturous, beautifully lyrical celebration of the cosmic meaning of marriage. "There is no marriage", Lawrence says, "apart from the wheeling sun and the nodding earth, from the straying of the planets and the magnificence of the fixed stars" (*LCL* 323). "And all we know of the will of God is that he wishes this, this oneness, to take place, fulfilled over a life-time, this oneness within the great dual blood-stream of humanity" (325). One brief paragraph stands out:

> Man dies, and woman dies, and perhaps separate the souls go back to the Creator. Who knows? But we know that the oneness of the blood-stream of man and woman in marriage completes the universe, as far as humanity is concerned, completes the streaming of the sun and the flowing of the stars. (325)

As beautiful and compelling as these words are, they are not at all a propos of *Lady Chatterley's Lover.* Needless to say, Connie and Mellors are not married at the end of the novel although they are truly committed to one another. More to the point, the vision of their future married life that the novel proposes is not cosmic but all too earthly.

On 15 October 1929 the Lawrences were living at the Villa Beau Soleil in Bandol, and Lawrence, propped up in bed, was finishing his expansion of 'My Skirmish with Jolly Roger' into 'A Propos of "Lady Chatterley's Lover"'. On that day he wrote Caresse Crosby that his health "is so bad, it went all to pieces in Germany, and I am in bed again here, feeling pretty rotten. I expect I shall have to go into a sanatorium for a time, unless I pick up very soon. No use dying just yet" (*7L* 530). He would be dead in less than five months.

The extraordinary celebration of marriage in 'A Propos of "Lady Chatterley's Lover'" is finally as poignant and wrenching as Lawrence's meditations on death in what used to be called *Last Poems*. As he wrote this letter to Crosby, Lawrence was clearly worried that he might never again "pick up". His anxiety is discernible in the first words of the glowing paragraph in 'A Propos': "Man dies, and woman dies". And as for the transcendent cosmic significance of marriage: his marriage to Frieda had long ago ceased to complete the streaming of the sun and the flowing of the stars. His oddly timed, rapturous celebration of marriage was itself a kind of fantasy. As it turned out, 'A Propos of "Lady Chatterley's Lover'" wasn't published until June 1930, over three months after Lawrence's death.

In Chapter X of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* Connie goes to the wood on "a lovely sunny day with great tufts of primroses under the hazels, and many violets dotting the path". The "tiny, tiny perky" pheasant

chick that she watches is "the most alive little spark of a creature in seven kingdoms": "Life! Life! Pure, sparky, fearless new life!" (*LCL* 114). But Lawrence doesn't want his readers to forget the fate of these tiny embodiments of the life force: they will be "shot ultimately by fat men after breakfast" (142). As Mellors tells Connie in Chapter XV, "All things …" "end in death" (216).

In conclusion I have emphasised the anxiety-laden "underside" of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* at the expense of its considerable affirmations. I have read the underside primarily in terms of Lawrence's complex self-projections in the characters of the gamekeeper and Sir Clifford. His anxiety about his health and about Frieda's affair shadows the novel's positives. At the same time the frail gamekeeper with his damaged health is somehow a powerful sexual healer. In this regard Mellors is a fantasy figure, created by a writer who longed for a return to bodily health but who knew that this could never happen. Oliver Mellors points toward the man who had died, a character who literally returns from death and who reclaims his sexual potency before sailing away to who knows where. Lawrence also projects his anxieties onto the character of Sir Clifford, paralysed from the waist down and with a wife who is carrying on a passionate affair with a virile outsider.

Lawrence's last books, including *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, celebrate being alive for the sheer sake of being alive. The obvious starting point for this distinctive late motif is the unfinished *Sketches of Etruscan Places*, which Lawrence wrote in 1927 – between writing the second and third versions of *Lady Chatterley* – after touring some of the Etruscan sites with Earl Brewster. In Lawrence's version of Etruscan civilisation,

> death … was a pleasant continuance of life, with jewels and wine and flutes playing for the dance. It was neither an ecstasy of bliss, a heaven, nor a purgatory of torment. It was just a natural continuance of the fulness of life. Everything was in terms of life, of living. (*SEP* 19)

How agreeable it is to imagine that death is a "pleasant continuance of life". Death, where is thy sting?

The belief in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* that "aliveness is the only thing worth cherishing" also points to the gloriously resounding conclusion of *Apocalypse*, Lawrence's last book:[13]

> Whatever the unborn and the dead may know, they cannot know the beauty, the marvel of being alive in the flesh. The dead may look after the afterwards. But the magnificent here and now of life in the flesh is ours, and ours alone, and ours only for a time. (*A* 149)

As Lawrence began to realise that his time was running out, he cherished simply "being alive in the flesh" more and more. When *Apocalypse* was published in June 1931, Lawrence had been numbered among the dead for over a year. *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Sketches of Etruscan Places* and *Apocalypse* all have a bittersweet quality. Apart from their rich affirmations of human existence, these three late works are all shadowed by the fear of death.

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1 D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, ed. Michael Squires (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1994), xxxi.

2 David Ellis, *Memoirs of a Leavisite: The Decline and Fall of Cambridge English* (Liverpool: Liverpool UP, 2013), 125.

3 Julian Moynahan, *The Deed of Life: The Novels and Tales of D. H. Lawrence* (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1963), 172.

4 Frieda Lawrence, *"Not I, But the Wind …"* (London: Heinemann, 1935), 166–7.

5 Dorothy Brett, *Lawrence and Brett* (London: Secker, 1933), 207.

6 David Ellis, *D. H. Lawrence: Dying Game 1922–1930* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1998), 335.

7 Ibid., 22–3.

8 E. W. Tedlock, ed., *Frieda Lawrence: The Memoirs and Correspondence* (London: Knopf, 1964), 352.

9 Ellis, *Dying Game,* 290.

[10] David Ellis, *Death & the Author: How D. H. Lawrence Died, and Was Remembered* (Oxford: Oxford UP, 2008), 79.
[11] Squires, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, xxiv.
[12] Ellis, *Dying Game*, 515.
[13] Moynahan, *The Deed of Life*, 172.