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D. H. Lawrence Edited By James T. Boulton  
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*LATE ESSAYS AND ARTICLES*

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## NOTE ON THE TEXTS

The base-texts for the essays and articles in this volume are as follows:

‘Mercury’: autograph manuscript, 9 pp. (MS), UCB; collated with two identical carbon copy typescripts, 8 pp. (TS), UT and UCB; *Atlantic Monthly*, February 1927 (Per); and *Phoenix* (A1).

‘[Return to Bestwood]’: autograph untitled manuscript, 20 pp. (MS), UCin; collated with *Phoenix II* (E1).

‘Getting On’: autograph manuscript, 8 pp. (MS), UCin.

‘Which Class I Belong To’: autograph manuscript, 10 pp. (MS), UCin.

‘Making Love to Music’: autograph manuscript, 13 pp. (MS), YU; collated with carbon copy typescript, 11 pp. (TS), UCB and *Phoenix* (A1).

‘[Autobiographical Fragment]’: autograph untitled manuscript, 42 pp. (MS), UCB; collated with carbon copy typescript, 34 pp. (TS), UCB and *Phoenix* (A1).

‘The “Jeune Fille” Wants to Know’: *Assorted Articles* (E1); collated with *Evening News*, 8 May 1928 (Per1) and *Virginia Quarterly Review*, January 1929 (Per2).

‘Laura Philippine’: typescript, 7 pp. (TS), UCB; collated with *T. P.’s and Cassell’s Weekly*, 7 July 1928 (Per) and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

‘That Women Know Best’: autograph manuscript, 5 pp. (MS), UCB; collated with *Daily Chronicle*, 29 November 1928 (Per) and *That Women Know Best*, ed. Roy Spencer, Santa Rosa, Black Sparrow Press, 1994 (A1).

‘All There’: autograph manuscript, 4 pp. (MS), UCB; collated with typescript 4 pp. (TS), UCB, and *Phoenix* (A1).

‘Thinking About Oneself’: autograph manuscript, 4 pp. (MS), UT; collated with carbon typescript, 4 pp. (TS1), UCB and UT; carbon typescript, 4 pp. (TS2), UCB; and *Phoenix* (A1).

‘Insouciance’: autograph manuscript, 4 pp. (MS), UT; collated with carbon typescript, 5 pp. (TS), UT; *Evening News*, 12 July 1928 (Per); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

‘Master in his Own House’: autograph manuscript, 4 pp. (MS), UT; collated with carbon typescript, 5 pp. (TS), UT; *Evening News*, 2 August 1928 (Per1); *Vanity Fair*, November 1928 (Per2); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

‘Matriarchy’: autograph manuscript, 6 pp. (MS), UT; collated with two typescripts, 7 pp. (TS1) UT and (TS2) HU; *Evening News*, 5 October 1928 (Per); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

‘Ownership’: autograph manuscript, 4 pp. (MS), UCB; collated with typescript, 5 pp. (TS1), UT; carbon typescript, 5 pp. (TS2), UCB; and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

‘Autobiography’: autograph manuscript, 4 pp. (MS), UT; collated with typescript copy, 3 pp. (TS), Insel-Verlag, and Nehls, iii. 232–4 (A1).

'Women Are So Cocksure': autograph manuscript, 4 pp. (MS), UCB; collated with carbon typescript, 4 pp. (TS), UT, and *Phoenix* (A1).

'Why I don't Like Living in London': autograph manuscript, 4 pp. (MS), UT; collated with carbon typescript, 4 pp. (TS), UT; *Evening News*, 3 September 1928 (Per); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Cocksure Women and Hen-sure Men': autograph manuscript, 3 pp. (MS), UCB; collated with carbon typescript, 5 pp. (TS), UT; *Forum*, January 1929 (Per); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Hymns in a Man's Life': autograph manuscript, 6 pp. (MS), UN; collated with *Evening News*, 13 October 1928 (Per) and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Red Trousers': autograph manuscript, 4 pp. (MS), Forster; collated with carbon typescript, 5 pp. (TS), UT; *Evening News*, 27 September 1928 (Per); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Is England Still a Man's Country': autograph manuscript, 6 pp. (MS), UT; collated with carbon typescript, 4 pp. (TS), UCB; *Daily Express*, 29 November 1928 (Per); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Sex Appeal': autograph manuscript, 10 pp. (MS), UT; collated with *Sunday Dispatch*, 25 November 1928 (Per1); *Vanity Fair*, July 1929 (Per2); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Do Women Change': autograph manuscript, 4 pp. (MS), UT, together with autograph extension to typescript of MS, 2 pp., UT, combining to give TSR; collated with typescript, revised authorially, 4 pp. (TS), UT; and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Enslaved by Civilisation': autograph manuscript, 4 pp. (MS), UT; collated with carbon typescript, 8 pp. (TS), UT; *Vanity Fair*, September 1929 (Per); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Give Her a Pattern': autograph manuscript entitled 'Oh! These Women!', 6 pp. (MS), UCB; collated with carbon typescript bearing the authorial change which introduced the title, 'Give Her a Pattern', 7 pp. (TS), UT; *Vanity Fair*, May 1929 (Per1); *Daily Express*, 19 June 1929 (Per2); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Introduction to Pictures': autograph manuscript, 17 pp. (MS), UT; collated with carbon typescript, 13 pp. (TS), UCB and *Phoenix* (A1).

'Myself Revealed': *Sunday Dispatch*, 17 February 1929 (Per); collated with *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Introduction to These Paintings': autograph manuscript, 37 pp. (MS), UT; collated with carbon typescript, 58 pp. (TS1), UT; carbon typescript, 58 pp. (TS2), UCB; *The Paintings of D. H. Lawrence*, Mandrake Press, 1929 (E1); and *Phoenix* (A1).

'The State of Funk': autograph manuscript, 6 pp. (MS), UT; collated with carbon typescript, 9 pp. (TS), UT and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Making Pictures': autograph manuscript, 6 pp. (MS), UT; collated with carbon typescript, 9 pp. (TS), UT; *Studio*, July 1929 (Per1); *Vanity Fair*, August 1929 (Per2); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

*Pornography and Obscenity*: autograph manuscript, 32 pp. (MS), UT; collated with typescript, 38 pp. (TS1), UCB; carbon typescript, 19 pp. (TS2), UCB; *This Quarter*, July–September 1929 (Per); *Criterion Miscellany*, No. 5, January 1930 (E1); and *Pornography and So On*, September 1936 (E2).

'Pictures on the Wall': carbon typescript, 14 pp. (TS), UT; collated with *Vanity Fair*, December 1929 (Per1); *Architectural Review*, February 1930 (Per2); *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'The Risen Lord': autograph manuscript, 6 pp. (MS), UCB; collated with carbon typescript, 12 pp. (TS), UCB; *Everyman*, 3 October 1929 (Per); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Men Must Work and Women as Well': autograph manuscript entitled 'Men and Women', 12 pp. (MS), UT; collated with carbon typescript, 18 pp., authorially entitled 'Men Must Work and Women as Well' (TS), UT; *Star Review*, November 1929 (Per); and *Assorted Articles* (E1).

'Nottingham and the Mining Countryside': autograph manuscript, 9 pp. (MS), UCB; collated with carbon typescript, 13 pp. (TS), UCB; *New Adelphi*, June 1930 (Per1); *Architectural Review*, August 1930 (Per); and *Phoenix* (A1).

'We Need One Another': autograph manuscript, 11 pp. (MS), YU; collated with *Scribner's Magazine*, May 1930 (Per), and *Phoenix* (A1).

'The Real Thing': autograph manuscript, 10 pp. (MS), YU; collated with carbon typescript, 12 pp. (TS), UCB; *Scribner's Magazine*, June 1930 (Per); and *Phoenix* (A1).

'Nobody Loves Me': autograph manuscript, 12 pp. (MS), YU; collated with typescript, 13 pp. (TS), UT; *Life and Letters*, July 1930 (Per1); *Virginia Quarterly*, July 1930 (Per2); and *Phoenix* (A1).

Appendix I. Early draft for 'The "Jeune Fille" Wants to Know', autograph manuscript, 4 pp. (MS), UT.

Appendix II. 'Do Women Change' in *Vanity Fair* (New York), April 1929; collated with *Sunday Dispatch*, 28 April 1929.

Appendix III. 'Mushrooms': autograph manuscript, 1 p. (MS), UCin.

The apparatus records all textual variants, except for the following silent emendations:

1. Clearly inadvertent errors have been corrected; errors in intermediate typescripts that were corrected before the text appeared in print, have not been recorded.
2. DHL's normal placing of punctuation inside closing inverted commas has been followed since most of the volume is based on autograph manuscript originals; printed variants have not been recorded.
3. DHL's spelling of 'today', 'tonight', 'tomorrow' has been adopted and the hyphenated forms not recorded; similarly his spelling of 'connection' rather than 'connexion', his use of 'ise' endings in such words as 'realise' and derivative forms, his use of contractions such as 'don't', 'he's' or 'isn't' and his use of lower case for pronouns relating to Jesus Christ have been followed and variants are not recorded.
4. DHL normally expected titles of publications to be italicised; variants from his practice have not been recorded.
5. Ampersands in DHL's manuscripts have been silently expanded except where they occur while recording another variant.
6. The use of asterisks to separate paragraphs in newspaper articles has not been recorded, nor has the journalistic practice of creating subsidiary headings for blocks of text.

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## MERCURY

The Lawrences spent the second half of July 1926 with Frieda's mother in Baden-Baden; from the 19th onwards, in several letters written from there, Lawrence spoke of the extremes of weather they experienced: 'very hot, with constant threat of thunder which doesn't come'; 'very hot – then we had a storm and torrents of rain'; 'torrents and thunder . . . The woods steam' (*Letters*, v. 498–9, 502).<sup>1</sup> In view of the prominence of heat, thunder and a violent storm in the sketch, it is virtually certain that 'Mercury' was written at this time. While writing it Lawrence was particularly aware of 'the Sunday crowd' making its way to the summit of Merkur, the highest point in the district (668 m, 2½ km east of Baden); it is conceivable that he made the ascent himself by funicular on Sunday 25 July, during the stormy period which seems to have followed 19–20 July (see v. 499).

On 2 September 1926, a month after leaving Baden for England, Lawrence wrote to Nancy Pearn, sending her an unnamed essay – 'this one, which I did in Baden and forgot' (v. 521) – which was most probably 'Mercury'. He mentioned it only once more, also in a letter to Nancy Pearn, in March 1927: 'good about "Mercury"' (v. 657), presumably with reference to its publication in *Atlantic Monthly* and/or in *Nation and Athenæum*, both a month earlier.

Lawrence visited Merkur again – but not to make the ascent – with his American friends, Earl and Achsah Brewster, in September 1928. The Brewsters were keen to see it because of 'the beautiful allegory' Lawrence had written about it. He remained at the foot of the funicular, while his companions went to 'the commanding height where man has felt the presence of gods known and unknown during the centuries – testifying to this are the Christian shrine, and the altar to Mercury above, another perhaps to Thor the thunderer, as Lawrence has chosen in his profound allegory'.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The *Badener Tagblatt* on 21 July 1926 reported a catastrophic storm during the night of 19–20 July which caused widespread destruction of buildings and crops; two men were seriously injured by a falling crane in nearby Karlsruhe (see David Ellis, *D. H. Lawrence: Dying Game, 1922–1930*, Cambridge, 1998, p. 309).

<sup>2</sup> Brewster 296–7.

## MERCURY \*

It was Sunday, and very hot. The holiday-makers flocked to the hill of Mercury, to rise two-thousand feet above the steamy haze of the valleys. For the summer had been very wet, and the sudden heat covered the  
 5 land in hot steam.

Every time it made its ascent, the funicular was crowded. It hauled itself up the steep incline, that towards the top looked almost perpendicular, the steel thread of the rails in the gulf of pine-trees hanging like an iron rope against a wall. The women held their breath, and didn't look.  
 10 Or they looked back towards the sinking levels of the river, steamed and dim, far-stretching over the frontier.

When you arrived at the top, there was nothing to do. The hill was a pine-covered cone, paths wound between the high tree-trunks, and you could walk round and see the glimpses of the world all round, all  
 15 round: the dim far river-plain, with a dull glint of the great stream, to westwards; southwards the black, forest-covered, agile-looking hills, with emerald-green clearings and a white house or two; east the inner valley, with two villages, factory chimneys, pointed churches, and hills beyond; and north the steep hills of forest, with reddish crags  
 20 and reddish castle-ruins. The hot sun burned overhead, and all was in steam.

Only on the very summit of the hill there was a tower, an outlook tower; a long restaurant with its beer-garden, all the little yellow tables standing their round discs under the horse-chestnut trees; then a bit of a  
 25 rock-garden on the slope. But the great trees began again in wilderness, a few yards off.

The Sunday crowd came up in waves from the funicular. In waves they ebbed through the beer-garden. But not many sat down to drink. Nobody was spending any money. Some paid to go up the outlook  
 30 tower, to look down on a world of vapours and black, agile-crouching hills, and half-cooked towns. Then everybody dispersed along the paths, to sit among the trees in the cool air.

There was not a breath of wind. Lying and looking upwards at the shaggy, barbaric middle-world of the pine-trees, it was difficult to decide



*Mercury*

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whether the pure high trunks supported the upper thicket of darkness, or whether they descended from it like great cords stretched downwards. Anyhow, in between the tree-top world and the earth-world went the wonderful clean cords of innumerable proud tree-trunks, clear as rain. And as you watched, you saw that the upper world was faintly moving, faintly, most faintly swaying, with a circular movement, though the lower trunks were utterly motionless and monolithic.

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There was nothing to do. In all the world, there was nothing to do, and nothing to be done. Why have we all come to the top of the Merkur?—there is nothing for us to do.

10

What matter! We have come a stride beyond the world. Let it steam and cook its half-baked reality below there. On the hill of Mercury we take no notice. Even we do not trouble to wander and pick the fat, blue, sourish bilberries. Just lie and see the rain-pure tree-trunks like chords of music between two worlds.

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The hours pass by, people wander and disappear and re-appear. All is hot and quiet. Humanity is rarely boisterous any more. You go for a drink: finches run among the few people at the tables: everybody glances at everybody, but with remoteness.

There is nothing to do but to return and lie down under the pine-trees. Nothing to do. But why do anything, anyhow? The desire to do anything has gone. The tree-trunks, living like rain, they are quite active enough.

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At the foot of the outlook tower there is an old tablet-stone with a very much battered Mercury, in relief. There is also an altar, or votive stone, both from the Roman times. The Romans are supposed to have worshipped Mercury on this summit. The battered god, with his round sun-head, looks very hollow-eyed and unimpressive in the purplish red sandstone of the district. And no-one any more will throw grains of offering in the hollow of the votive stone: also common, purplish-red sandstone, very local and un-Roman.

25

The Sunday people do not even look. Why should they? They keep passing on into the pine-trees. And many sit on the benches, many lie upon the long chairs. It is very hot, in the afternoon, and very still.

Till there seems a faint whistling in the tops of the pine-trees, and out of the universal semi-consciousness of the afternoon arouses a bristling uneasiness. The crowd is astir, looking at the sky. And sure enough, there is a great flat blackness reared up in the western sky, curled with white wisps and loose breast-feathers. It looks very sinister, as only the elements still can look. Under the sudden weird whistling of the

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upper pine-trees, there is a subdued babble and calling of frightened voices.

They want to get down, the crowd want to get down off the hill of Mercury, before the storm comes. At any price to get off this hill! They stream towards the funicular, while the sky blackens with incredible rapidity. And as the crowd presses down towards the little station, the first blaze of lightning opens out, followed immediately by a crash of thunder, and great darkness. In one strange movement, the crowd takes refuge in the deep verandah of the restaurant, pressing among the little tables in silence. There is no rain, and no definite wind, only a sudden coldness which makes the crowd press closer.

They press closer, in the darkness and the suspense. They have become curiously unified, the crowd, as if they had fused into one body. As the air sends a chill waft under the verandah, the voices murmur plaintively, like birds under leaves, the bodies press closer together, seeking shelter in contact.

The gloom, dark as night, seems to continue a long time. Then suddenly the lightning dances white on the floor, dances and shakes upon the ground, up and down, and lights up the white striding of a man, lights him up only to the hips, white and naked and striding, with fire on his heels. He seems to be hurrying, this fiery man whose upper half is invisible, and at his naked heels white little flames seem to flutter. His flat, powerful thighs, his legs white as fire stride rapidly across the open, in front of the verandah, dragging little white flames at the ankles, with the movement. He is going somewhere, swiftly.

In the great bang of the thunder, the apparition disappears, the earth moves, and the house jumps in complete darkness. A faint whimpering of terror comes from the crowd, as the cold air swirls in. But still, upon the darkness, there is no rain. There is no relief: a long wait.

Brilliant and blinding, the lightning falls again, a strange bruising thud comes from the forest, as all the little tables and the secret tree-trunks stand for one unnatural second exposed. Then the blow of the thunder, under which the house and the crowd reel as under an explosion. The storm is playing directly upon the Merkur. A belated sound of tearing branches comes out of the forest.

And again the white splash of the lightning on the ground: but nothing moves. And again the long, rattling, instantaneous volleying of the thunder, in the darkness. The crowd is panting with fear, as the lightning again strikes white, and something again seems to burst, in the forest, as the thunder crashes.