

## DH LAWRENCE AND THE INDIAN SENSIBILITY INFLUENCES IN HIS NOVEL AND POETRY

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**Abstract:** *D. H. Lawrence was a versatile genius, a short story writer and novelist, dramatist, essayist, poet and social critic of British society. His mission in life was to discover the world spontaneously and instinctively spontaneity, and depth and insights and full of rich themes in his writings as creative writer; he attempts to rediscover the world through feeling and intuition. This brings us to the layered argument with a number of sides of how representation of the other influences. If the west exploits the east using whatsoever it needs the way it needs it. What's wrong with that? Some say that is one way of influencing. How do we expect people to understand the concepts, if they do not have a cultural or philosophical reference in which to place them any sort of deep study, things become refined at each step. The old culture, time honoured patterns for life and the individual consciousness, customs supplants, traditions stifles the creative urge. In result life becomes a habit, repletion it fulfillment.*

**Key words:** *Tradition, culture, cult, philosophical Hinduism, Buddhism.*

The present critical analysis wish to study the influences of Indian ideas values and beliefs on western literature consider that some keywords on both sides of the east west divide have no translatable equivalents perhaps in no other country has life been so completely formalized as India .Through centuries it has cultivated its posture and time has only hardened the walls .The outward caste and the inward rituals have systematically sought to edge life out .There is a ritual bathing , there is ritual for taking food , there is ritual for love , for procreation. There are rituals to be performed at sunrise, midday, sun set and all the crucial points in the cycle of seasons and years. There is ritual for breathing, ritual each changes of status, rituals for all important events of life.

The morbid fear of life drives man to the neurotic comfort of habit. The plough remains unchanged through the centuries as much as the code of manner. The culture remains a marvel of preservation of habit against life. This morbid concern for preservation of habit of life. This morbid concern for preservation and security has result in either the complete analysis or the systematic thwarting of deeper centre of consciousness. Life has been lived on the surface in the lukewarm comforts of routine. Action loses its edge and limb withdraw shiva, the god of meditation and sleep, whose temples outnumber the temples of any other god, becomes the symbol.

It was D. H. Lawrence that remarked on seeing the seated images of Buddha “I wish he get up “yet ironically Buddha ,was just about the only revolutionary in the land who did and get up from the locked up posture against tradition, against god. And did affect the people for however brief a time. But god and tradition were so compulsive to the people of the land that Buddha had meaning only as god and his teaching a place only as tradition. So the wandering master was immobilized into the traditional posture of meditation and consigned to the mounting pile of the gods. When memory wore out the aura dimmed and Buddha was exiled and abandoned to the past. Buddha did the outrage of shifting the center from god to the individual from tradition to the moment, from tradition to moment which is essentially from Lawrence does in literature. He derives his religion from the Blood, his faith from the moment. Man is the complex of sentience where in the ceaseless weave of life god is eternally born:

The history of the cosmos is the history of struggle of becoming.

When the dim flux of unfold life struggled. convulsed back and forth upon itself. And broke at last into light and dark came into existence as light came into Existence as cold shadow the every atom of the cosmos trembled with delight. Behold, God is born ! He is bright light! He is patch dark and cold!.

D. H. Lawrence understood, is forever a process of becoming and a sense of arrival is a negation of it. Tradition seeks to capture it in the net of time and ends by forfeiting what it seeks to possess. No other writer had a clear perception of pernicious nature of tradition nature tradition than Lawrence. He denounced it in his novels, poems, essays and letters: he felt that shedding the past, the tradition was part of creative process. He hoped for the world of the adult women of full and free individuals, not in the fen of old civilization, but in virgin lands unsullied by the past: America for example was his hope. And he placed his Rananim the isle of blest in Florida. He warned the youngest and least ravaged of the nations against the insidious encroachment of tradition and urged her to trust her blood and to forge ahead on her own. In his essay America, listen to your own he declared.

The works of Lawrence is the most vivid expression of this subtle struggling little germ, struggling half realized in individual hearts. It springs from the well head of moment we are the mystic now and then poetic realizations of the Buddhistic momentaneity. What is life? It was gall and wormwood in the morning. Now it is a cup of tea, and passes the sugar. It was the distinction of Lawrence that he accepted life on its own terms and dignified it in all its completeness. He had too holy a sense of life to suffer it to subserve an imported purpose, be it the justification of the ways of god to man of the ways of society to man. It was in this most vigorous, realist sense that life to Lawrence was religion lived in the fullness of its range and complexity. It was strange and inhuman, unspiritual, religion that was bath of blood, the blood that was the living plasma of creation. It was in a stranger way, a throbbing state of the other which was only a genuine basis of relationship a relationship divested of sense of social or religious hierarchy. It was moment of union, a beyond out of individuation, a continuous breaking of buds. It was at its most vigorous, relationship of neither pity nor sympathy but a flying communion of non human elemental nature.

Lawrence may also have been drawn to Hinduism because, unlike Buddhism, Hinduism professes pantheism. The god is everywhere in varied forms and it is basically consciousness the illuminated the living body as well as the universe. So detachment from the life and attachment to it are both celebrations of god, because without God, there is nothing, therefore we must know both. Hindus believe that without desire, we have no future , no enthusiasm for an endeavor, because Lawrence journey was from attachment to fulfillment , a higher state of being and consciousness , he was not wrong to turn to the wisdom of Yogis even though he only partially understood it. Lawrence writings urge the pursuits of a positive transcendence based in physicality in order to attain a higher consciousness of our true existence in cosmos and not beyond it. St.Mawr, the horse for instances meets Lou much more vital way than the civilization ever did, the Ricos, the priest and the neighbours being completely out of marvel of life. The horse giving her what no man could ever give, a rarer and a purer ignition of contact, which finally takes the women and horse out of the stifling environs of civilization . The snake in the well know poem, like his horse, establishes a fleeting moments of communion beyond pity or sympathy or Christian charity a communion in which the resilient marvel of creation is saluted as one of the lords life,. Uncrowned in the underworld, now due to be crowned again. It is love of life, the living beings a quick spontaneous tear of affection for the bird and the beast, not the St, Francis way of calling a donkey brother and blessing the bird on the insured relationship of religious charity, but more in the manner of Ancient Mariner who watched the water and snakes, their flash of golden fire and blessed them unaware.

The sense of love which is an obliged to religion or tradition this aesthetic warmth and lambency of affection is rather a strain on a traditional religious sensibility. It comprehends the result, but not the process which is the secret of the religion and art too. An Indian sensibility which shaped in an atmosphere of non-violence where animals are not killed for food, where even pests are indulged, cows and birds are worshipped. Lawrence comes as compassion to confirm their religious conviction. While in the traditional lore man and animal relationship is based on a principle of religious give and take, where the giver is always the man the receiver the animal, man the pitier and the animal the pitied. In Lawrence it operated on a level so distinct as to be different. The snake, for instance, gives to him infinitely more than he could be give, indeed it vouch safes, a vision without which he would be so much poorer and the relationship, despite the pettiness of him that caused him to throw a log at him, is one of strange mystical equality, a state where social hierarchical values are utterly irrelevant. It is empathy without any sense of agency, a sense of sharing of an unknown common source, almost like Keats's relationship with sparrow: when I see a sparrow at the door I take part in its existence and pick about the gravel.

The Indian, unlike the Christian, invests the animals with souls but only of an inferior kind. The human life is the most precious in that it is the last in the cycle of births and nearest to liberation and even gods, to quote Vivekananda, have to come down in human form to attain salvation. Man, the undisputed lord of creation, is in a unique position to dispense pity and kindness to lesser species. He has a duty to them, he must shelter and protect them, even is sibi at the cost of self-sacrifice. He is compassion, for nature is passive and tender, the deer drinks from the hand of Sakuntala and plants grow at her touch. AT the other extreme; nature is terror which is annihilation, though annihilation is mysteriously bound up with liberation. The dance of Nataraja is annihilation for the sake of creation. The Vishwarupa, terrifies in its illumination. But nature, here does not seem to rise to meet man on its own terms. The rose that is at running flame, the snake that is a lightning, the horse St Mawr that burns with life are romantic conceit, not lived realities. To Lawrence, nature of which man and women are the most vivid expressions is a vast stream of energy, the eternal life stuff. From the flower to a man everything is individuated unique and non pareil. The individuation is the ultimate value and it's sacred and inviolable. Man and nature meet in a state of aesthetic otherness where even death in the process can be benediction as women who rode away is licked in to a strange fire of relationship at quickening touch of the primitive hands and finally ceases upon the ecstasy. The meeting is on the individual, quick being the beyond man and nature, other where life and death do not matter, for what matters is the vivid moment of realization, the flash of the vision. It is too daring a conception with which only the primitive consciousness is in communion for there it manifests itself in the ritual sacrifice not uncommon to an Indian sensibility either, for at the raw primitive level animal sacrifice, including the human, is a central part of the primitive religion of the Shakthi cult and at the intellectual level death becomes the necessary condition for illumination as in the dance of Nataraja, though it is more a conceptual reality than as experimental one.

From nature to women is but logical step. Women is nature personified, the prakrithi, the primary matter, the other principle of creation. She is mother and also wife. As mother she is love and peace, as wife she is sex passion. She has become the eternal dualism and man has assiduously sought to comprehend her only through the mother. kali or shkathi who magnifies terror is the mother ultimately; she punishes only to reward. But in life man has always found it hard. Even impossible to come to terms with the wife in the women. What he has failed to comprehend he has sought to suppression has become an obsession. women is dreaded and held in control. She is always under the dominance of the father, the husband and the son. She is the sudra and her god is husband. Without her husband she is outcaste. After his death, she either self immolates on the funeral pyre or live the life of an ascetic outcaste. Her only basis for existence is her motherhood.

The mother in the women has the counterpart in man; the son. Man has assiduously cultivated the son in him. He has conditioned himself to see the mother everywhere, ultimately also in his wife. One of the traditional blessings to a woman is “may you become the mother of ten children and may your husband be produced before Lakshmana, recognizes only the anklets of his sister-in-law for he never looked the great mother” in the face for fear her beauty should provoke an unholy thought. Rama claims her after the great war only when the fire testifies to her chastity. This tradition has run alive through the centuries down to the present day. Vivekananda shocked a western woman when he addressed her as mother – Do I look so old. And Gandhi made fantastic experiments with women to reinforce his chastity.

Chastity has then the ultimate value, the greatest spiritual obsession. Sex is death is chastity is life; sex is evil and wrong as chastity is good and right. But since sex is an inexorable reality it is accommodated as a necessary evil, a transitional evil for the ultimate end of chastity. Before man becomes a householder he lives a life of chastity and after he has fulfilled himself as a householder he embraces chastity again. Sex is a passing interlude in the rigorous scheme of life. Being so rigorously inhibited, sex when expressed breaks all barriers. It tends to be excessive, exclusive and self-conscious. It wanders out of the living context of life and becomes an end pursued for its own sake. It becomes a principle of pleasure unhampered by moral or spiritual restraints. Indeed, it transmutes itself into a self-contained pursuit which seeks to comprehend the mystery of life through its specialized mode of vision. Tradition likens the sexual ecstasy to the spiritual joy of liberation. The authors of Kamasutra undertake to explore sex as the only ecstasy which is within the reach of every man and which will do in place of the supreme spiritual joy accessible only to a chosen few.

Sex as pleasure becomes a specialization. It becomes a function, a technique, a science. It is guided by formulas, by Kamasutra, as the books are aptly called. It becomes a pursuit and the profession of an exclusive class. Courtesan and devadasis practice it in a world of moral spiritual immunity. The courtesan deceives and dissembles and that is the very style of her profession and she is as untroubled and that is the style of her profession.

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