

THE STRUGGLE OF EROS AGAINST THANATOS IN THE NOVEL "LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER" BY D.H.LAWRENCE

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Abstract

The more time passes by, we get more and more aware of the every day's tiresome fight between the good and the evil. This gets even worse, when we become victims with a lot of consequences as a result of this extremely dangerous accompanies of everything that we do in our everyday life. Sigmund Freud, brilliantly gives names to these inevitable happenings of our lives, Thanatos and Eros. There is a deep chasm between the two of these, but still, the way people who get a proper education, are always taught that it is Eros, the good side of our lives which is the final winner. It is David Herbert Lawrence that developed a real revolution throughout his writing to show this horrible struggle, through the reflection of sequences of his biography in his novels. Also this struggle is very much present in the `Lady Chatterley's Lover`, where the characters are victims of throughout struggle throughout the whole book.

Keywords: Good, evil, struggle, victims, Freud

Introduction

To speak and write about Literature is without any doubt one of the most delicate as well as refined processes in the history of mankind. The history of mankind is very rich with all the possible kinds of genres which came as a result of different social changes, which on the other hand brought to different mind revolutions, thus creating different types of literary

movements all around the world. This is so, because the main aim of Literature, throughout all the long and ceaseless path of its creation has been to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Is this not the most difficult aim that Literature has got to achieve? Is this not the magical principle of everybody`s life? Of course it is, that is why Literature is the best guide to get acquainted with the real and true movements of the mankind throughout the history of nations.

It is the great Aristotle in his manifesto on literature, the book entitled `Poetics` who laid the basis of defining in a perfect manner the essential quality of poetry, made an inquiry into the structure of the plot as a requisite to a good poem; into the number and nature of the parts of which a poem is composed; and similarly into whatever else falls within the same inquiry.” Following, than the nature”, Aristotle defined poetry “as well as the music of the flute and of the lyre which in most of their forms, are all in their general conception modes of imitation. They differ, however,” -continues- Aristotle, “from one another in three respects- the medium, the objects, the manner of mode of imitation, being in each case distinct. Furthermore,” poetry in general seems to have sprung from two causes, each of them lying deeper in our nature. First”, continues Aristotle,” the instinct of imitation is implanted in man from childhood, one difference between him and other animals being that he is the most imitative of living creatures, and through imitation learns his earliest lessons; and no less universal is the pleasure felt in things imitated. We have evidence of this in the facts of experience. Objects which in themselves we view with pain, we delight to contemplate when reproduced with minute fidelity: such as the forms of the most ignoble animals and of dead bodies. The cause of this again is, that to learn gives the liveliest pleasure, not only to philosophers but to men in general; whose capacity, however, of learning is more limited. Thus the reason”, says Aristotle, “why men enjoy seeing or inferring, and saying perhaps, ah that is he. For if you happen not to have seen the original, the pleasure will be due not to the imitation as such, but to the execution, the coloring, or some such other cause”(first paragraph, pg.3 `Poetics`)

So according to the `Penguin Dictionary of Literary Terms and Literary Theory`, the word genre is a French term for a kind, a literary type or class. The major Classical genres were epic, tragedy, lyric, comedy and satire, to which would now be added novel and short story (qq v). From the Renaissance and until well on into the 18 century, the genres were carefully distinguished, and writers were expected to follow the rules prescribed by them. (pg. 342)

When speaking about The Period of Modernism in the world of literature, there are several general genres which are considered the most used ones. There is no doubt that the prominent writers of this period felt the

novel and the poetry as the best genres to write about their inner reflections about everything that attracted their attention, as valuable modes to express the enormous social changes which energetically stopped the realistic interaction of the writers with the past ways of writing. This kind of a repulsion was directed toward the Victorian Age. They wanted to write on the behalf of the people, so that their voice could be heard up to the tops of the evil that the human mind can achieve.

“The word novel, ‘derives from Italian, novella, ‘tale, piece of news’, and now applied to a wide variety of writings whose only common attribute is that they are extended pieces of prose fiction. But ‘extended’ begs a number of questions. The length of novels varies greatly and there has been much debate on how long a novel is or should be- to the reductio ad absurdum of when is a novel not a novel or a long short-story or a short novel or a novella. (q.v.). There seem to be fewer and fewer rules, but it would be generally agreed that in contemporary practice, a novel will be between 60-70.000 words and say, 200.000.

As to the quiddity of the novel there has been as much debate. However, without performing contortions to be comprehensive we may hazard that it is a form of story or prose narrative containing characters, actions and incident, and, perhaps, a plot (q.v.). In fact it is very difficult to write a story without there being *some* sort of plot, however vague and tenuous. So well developed is the average reader’s need for a plot (at its simplest the desire to know what is going to be next) that the reader will look for and find a plot where, perhaps, none is intended. Moreover as soon as the reader is sufficiently interested in one or more characters (one can hardly envisage a novel without a character of some kind) to want to know what is going to happen to them next and to ask why, when and where-then there is a plot. Incident and character are almost inseparable. As Henry James pointed out: “What is character but the determination of incident? What is incident but the illustration of character?” Thus, plot, even if slight, is likely to develop however much an author may wish to prevent it. (The Penguin Dictionary of Literary Terms and Literary Theory, pg. 560-561)

Psychology and the Period of Modernism

The Age of Modernism was without any doubt influenced by a lot of social changes, enormous ones which brought to a new anatomy of writing, influenced by these changes. So this period begins somewhere at the end of the 19 century and the beginning of the 20 century. More precisely one can say that The Modernist Period in English Literature occupied the years from shortly after the beginning of the twentieth century through roughly 1965. In broad terms, the period was marked by sudden and unexpected breaks with traditional ways of viewing and accepting the world. It was the World War

one from 1914 until 1918, as well as the World War Two, which left unprecedented consequences in the mind, body and lives of the people. That is why the main preoccupation of the Modernists, being completely dissatisfied with these effects turned out to concentrate in the inner part of our mind in order to understand which is the core of the unexpected alienation of the human beings, and bearing the feeling of guilt “that they are found in the middle of nowhere”. Apart from the influences of the war, there are deeper changes in the lives of the people, which the Modernists were extremely interested in writing about, and the main figure that helped them in solving this enigma was without any doubt, the father of the Modern Psychology-Sigmund Freud.

Sigmund Freud, concentrated in the deepest layers of our brain, and he perfectly well, as a result of his diligent scientific research described and gave answers to all the possible unknown questions about or mental processes which have been a real status quo for the humanity, such as: hysteria and hypnosis, moral thinking, the repression of sexual ideas, the seduction theory, the pressure technique, the free-association technique, self-analysis, the interpretation of dreams, sexual interpretations, the Oedipus complex, the id, the ego, anxiety, psychoanalysis, and a wide range of theories, which people never knew before, or at least did not know how to explain them.

This is the reason why Modernists began writing about the human being, that is the individual, who became a creature with numerous inner as well as outer influences which should be perceived simultaneously, and this can bring to a real chaos in the psychological functioning of the human being. Since the world all around us means nothing but a multiplication of daily activities which not all the time can be performed by an individual. That is why the Russian psychologist Kornilkov states that the concentration of the psychic in a particular activity, phenomenon or a subject, means neglecting some other activities. Similarly, Spiemen, states that attention is closely connected with the ability of the ability direct and maintain the mental energy toward a certain righteous direction, aim, function, phenomenon or subject.

That is why Freud's interests overcame individual psychology, which enabled him to establish a journal of applied psychoanalysis *Imago*, grasping all the possible fields like anthropology, literature, art, sociology. What is more, he used to work with the traumatized soldiers who returned from the First World War, suffering the effects of the horrible event from the war.

The Struggle Between Eros and Thanatos and Freud's Theories in Explaining Some Parts in "Lady Chatterley's Lover"

“Ours is essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically. The cataclysm has happened, we are among the ruins, we start to build up

new little habitats, to have new little hopes. It is rather hard work: there is now no smooth road into the future: but we go round, or scramble over the obstacles. We've got to live, no matter how many skies have fallen.

This was more or less Constance Chatterley's position. The war had brought the roof down over her head. And she had realized that one must live and learn.

She married Clifford Chatterley in 1917, when he was home for a month on leave. They had a month's honeymoon. Then he went back to Flanders: to be shipped over to England again six months later, more or less in bits. Constance, his wife, was then twenty-three years old, and he was twenty-nine.

His hold on life was marvellous. He didn't die, and the bits seemed to grow together again. For two years he remained in the doctor's hands. Then he was pronounced a cure, and could return to life again, with the lower half of his body, from the hips down, paralysed for ever.”(p.5, LCL)

When being analyzed from our point of view, concerning our time perspective, the first question that goes through our mind would probably be: Has anything been changed from that period till now? Are we not living in a tragic age? Of course yes. Is there cataclysm all around us? Yes there is. Do we scramble over the obstacles? Of course yes, beginning from our early morning when we go to work, when we have to meet or superiors and their numerous irrational requests, the monstrous machines where we have to check-in and check-out our getting in and out of our working place... We feel tired of the wars going on all around the world. We see victims and blood everywhere in our neighborhood, where people return from the battles handicapped... So the people from these battles, all felt the numerous skies that had fallen. So this deep social criticism is a very universal and timeless one, which makes Lawrence a real visionary. The very opening of the novel tells us that the fight between the evil and the good is going to be interwoven throughout the whole novel. It also suggests that this is going to be the main struggle among the protagonists in the famous triangle

What is the effect of this? According to Freud, it is the unconscious, and not the conscious mind, which rules our emotional life and hence, ultimately, our relationship to everything.

There were two states of consciousness, according to Freud:

“The conscious mind is the part that is aware of its thoughts and actions. This is where all conscious processes occur-it is the source of conscious thinking, ideas, and understanding. It is concerned with logical thinking, reality and civilized behavior.

The unconscious is seen as the part of our mind that is repressed, the place where we put all the stuff one conditioning does not allow us to look at. Information in the unconscious cannot easily be dug out. A lot of our past

history lies here too, some of which can only be realized under hypnosis.”(pg.60, Teach Yourself, Freud)

Later on Freud went deeper into his analysis, by showing the following results.”**The Id** is the unconscious part of the mind we are born with, it is a dark, inaccessible area, connected with the selfish needs. So it is concerned with the basic needs of the organism. The ego is a part of the mind that reacts to external reality; it is involved in decision making. It is better organized and more logical than the id, and a whole system of defense mechanisms protects the ego from undesirable feelings and emotions.” (Freud, Ruth Snowden, 2007)

One of the best writers from the period of modernism, David Herbert Lawrence, knew very well Freud`s theories. Actually he knew everything about him, so he was no very honest with his readers whenever he declares that he knew nothing about Freud. The Oedipus Complex is so well developed in his novel “Sons and Lovers”, that the reader who has got a minor knowledge on Freud, knew that he was a big Freud`s fan. Apart from this, he actually, has got a lot of events in his novel “Lady Chatterley`s Lover” which can be analyzed only through Freud`s theory.

When Clifford Chatterley returned home, in his enormous estate, Wragby in the small-mining village in Tavershall, after the War, he returned into the unknown. He returned deprived from a lot of things he used to do previously, since being paralyzed he was not able to walk and talk with his workers the way he used to do. This means that everything for him meant paralysis, and this is the message that the author wants to reflect to the readers. The idea of sameness in his life would be his companion throughout all his life. The only nuances that might have refreshed his memory could have been his memories from the past, that he vaguely recollected. Ezra Pound called the post-war Europe “a bitch gone in the teeth”, an old and useless dog. There, in all this claustrophobic atmosphere was his young and beautiful wife, waiting for him. She was his only whole time companion, even when his husband began writing poetry and gathering his friends to have long and tiresome debates, to show off their intellectualism. She was a silent witness of everything that was going on. She was young, and there was one thing she was desperately missing- a normal life. This is what a post war England was missing- a normal life...where was it??? Should Connie find a compensation for her forever lost love??? How would England compensate this spiritual and physical cataclysm of his own country??? Or what would compensate the ruins that were present in everyone`s life??? What about the needs and aspirations of Connie, who found herself in an unexpected situation, she could have never thought or planned before... What about her free spirit and free will...no one forbade her to do so, she kept staying close to her husband and helped him, but she felt melancholic, she felt useless, that

is why she began reconsidering herself as a person who was put right in the middle of the sharp edges of the scissors that would hurt her a lot, no matter what kind of a decision she would make ”she began building up layers of disillusionment” , she even “tried to feel as an outcast, in a certain sense; but with the desperate bravery of his rat-like existence”.

And once, quite out of blue, this is what he says to her:

“It would almost be a good thing if you had a child by another man,” he said. “If we brought it up at Wragby, it would belong to us and to the place. I don’t believe very intensely in fatherhood. If we had a child to rear, it would be our own, and it would carry on. Don’t you think it’s worth considering?”

“Connie looked at him at last. The child, her child, was just an ‘it’ to him. It...it...it!”(pg.47.LCL)

Connie was not the alter ego of Gerald Crich from “Sons and Lovers”, who used to have an iron heart, who was afraid to love, just because he would have to give his heart to her lover. Connie’s soul became to be filled with a great anger, which left real bruises into her heart. *“Nothingness! To accept the great nothingness of life seemed to be the end of living. All the many busy and important little things that make up the grand sum-total of nothingness!”(p.58,LCL)*

Mr. Chatterley forgets easily that he together with his wife are nothing, but human beings .Human beings are active creatures, that first of all have their bodies, which on the other hand are closely connected with their spirit and mind...Every single human being wants to be free and satisfied by the activities he or she undergoes. But when it comes to his wife, this gentleman seems even to forget that the way she treats her, causes nothing but stress and anxiety, and the wide range of mixed feelings, that all of us go through..

“Freud identifies three types of anxiety:

- 1. Realistic anxiety caused by the external world, perceived by the ego. It is associated with increased sensory attention and muscular tension, this is called fear.*
- 2. Neurotic anxiety arises from impulses that are flooding from the id, and often seems enigmatic and unfocused, it is not connected with external or events in the real world*

It can be observed in three different conditions:

- 1 as free floating, general, apprehensiveness - ‘something might happen’*
- 2 attached to certain ideas in so- called phobias – here the anxiety is exaggerated out of all proportion*
- 3 in hysteria and other forms of severe neurosis.*

Moral anxiety arises from the super-ego-it is the voice of the conscience, telling us when something is `improper`. This kind of anxiety involves feelings of shame and guilt, and a fear of punishment.”(pg.80, Teach Yourself, Freud)

So Connie felt all the possible anxieties when she heard this, which meant a complete control and maybe an end to her autonomy of deciding about everything in her life. The wonderful shell called life was closed for her. She was the beautiful and white pearl inside the shell. Everything around her looked meaningless. It was too hot for her inside the shell. She did not even feel any kind of moral anxiety. But she was feeling neurotic-anxiety. Her body was burning for sex. And she had a love affair with Michaelis-Michael, who was one of her husband's friends. Women need sex, because they have and need as well as deserve to be fulfilled. The description of this gentle act is done at the beginning of the book.

This novel was unpublished in Britain till 1962, because “it was considered to be an unsurpassed celebration of sexual love that broke new ground in its frankness and candor”.(LCHL, Penguin Popular Classics, 2000). Since the book was banned, the author published it in Florence in 1928. After several trials in England the book was published in 1962, after the approval of the jury.

Their extremely married boring life is sometimes intruded by the even more boring friends of Sir Clifford, who waste their time as if being involved in some kind of trivial conversations, and the most interesting thing is when they were trying to discuss sex. This made Connie afraid, she felt realistic anxiety. She felt that everybody knew about her love affair with Michael, she thought that maybe even everybody knew that her sex with Clifford has never been a good one. She felt the pathological need for freedom in every part of her body.

In one beautiful morning, the Chatterley's went for a walk in their enormous garden. Here they meet Mellors, the game keeper. He helped them with the wheelchair on their way back. There was something that moved him about him. She felt embarrassed. She did not know what it was. She was aware of the class differences between the two of them, which hit her as strange, because she has never experienced people like that. But she liked the nature, she liked to walk freely through the woods. And this what she saw one moment, quite unexpectedly, which would change her life forever.

“So she went round the side of the house. At the back of the cottage the land rose steeply, so the back yard was sunken, and enclosed by a low stone wall. She turned the corner of the house and stopped. In the little yard two paces beyond her, he man was washing himself, utterly unaware. He was naked to the hips, his velveteen breeches slipping down over his slender loins. And his white slim back was curved over a big bowl of soapy water, in

which he ducked his head, shaking his head with a queer, quick little motion, lifting his slender white arms, and pressing the soapy water from his ears, quick, subtle as a weasel playing with water, and utterly alone. Connie backed away round the corner of the house, and hurried away to the wood. In spite of herself, she had had a shock. After all, merely a man washing himself, commonplace enough, Heaven knows!

Yet in some curious way it was a visionary experience: it had hit her in the middle of the body. She saw the clumsy breeches slipping down over the pure, delicate, white loins, the bones showing a little, and the sense of aloneness, of a creature purely alone, overwhelmed her. Perfect, white, solitary nudity of a creature that lives alone, and inwardly alone. And beyond that, a certain beauty of a pure creature. Not the stuff of beauty, not even the body of beauty, but a lambency, the warm, white flame of a single life, revealing itself in contours that one might touch: a body!''

Connie had received the shock of vision in her womb, and she knew it; it lay inside her. But with her mind she was inclined to ridicule. A man washing himself in a back yard! No doubt with evil-smelling yellow soap! She was rather annoyed; why should she be made to stumble on these vulgar privacies?

So she walked away from herself, but after a while she sat down on a stump. She was too confused to think. But in the coil of her confusion, she was determined to deliver her message to the fellow. She would not he balked. She must give him time to dress himself, but not time to go out. He was probably preparing to go out somewhere.

So she sauntered slowly back, listening. As she came near, the cottage looked just the same. A dog barked, and she knocked at the door, her heart beating in spite of herself.

She heard the man coming lightly downstairs. He opened the door quickly, and startled her. He looked uneasy himself, but instantly a laugh came on his face.

'Lady Chatterley!' he said. 'Will you come in?'

His manner was so perfectly easy and good, she stepped over the threshold into the rather dreary little room.

'I only called with a message from Sir Clifford,' she said in her soft, rather breathless voice.

The man was looking at her with those blue, all-seeing eyes of his, which made her turn her face aside a little. He thought her comely, almost beautiful, in her shyness, and he took command of the situation himself at once.

'Would you care to sit down?' he asked, presuming she would not. The door stood open.

‘No thanks! Sir Clifford wondered if you would and she delivered her message, looking unconsciously into his eyes again. And now his eyes looked warm and kind, particularly to a woman, wonderfully warm, and kind, and at ease.

‘Very good, your Ladyship. I will see to it at once.’

Taking an order, his whole self had changed, glazed over with a sort of hardness and distance. Connie hesitated, she ought to go. But she looked round the clean, tidy, rather dreary little sitting-room with something like dismay.

‘Do you live here quite alone?’ she asked.

‘Quite alone, your Ladyship.’

‘But your mother...?’

‘She lives in her own cottage in the village.’

‘With the child?’ asked Connie.

‘With the child!’

And his plain, rather worn face took on an indefinable look of derision. It was a face that changed all the time, baking.

‘No,’ he said, seeing Connie stand at a loss, ‘my mother comes and cleans up for me on Saturdays; I do the rest myself.’

Again Connie looked at him. His eyes were smiling again, a little mockingly, but warm and blue, and somehow kind. She wondered at him. He was in trousers and flannel shirt and a grey tie, his hair soft and damp, his face rather pale and worn-looking. When the eyes ceased to laugh they looked as if they had suffered a great deal, still without losing their warmth. But a pallor of isolation came over him, she was not really there for him.

She wanted to say so many things, and she said nothing. Only she looked up at him again, and remarked:

‘I hope I didn't disturb you?’

The faint smile of mockery narrowed his eyes.

‘Only combing my hair, if you don't mind. I'm sorry I hadn't a coat on, but then I had no idea who was knocking. Nobody knocks here, and the unexpected sounds ominous.’

He went in front of her down the garden path to hold the gate. In his shirt, without the clumsy velveteen coat, she saw again how slender he was, thin, stooping a little. Yet, as she passed him, there was something young and bright in his fair hair, and his quick eyes. He would be a man about thirty-seven or eight.

She plodded on into the wood, knowing he was looking after her; he upset her so much, in spite of herself.

And he, as he went indoors, was thinking: ‘She's nice, she's real! She's nicer than she knows.’

She wondered very much about him; he seemed so unlike a game-keeper, so unlike a working-man anyhow; although he had something in common with the local people. But also something very uncommon.

‘The game-keeper, Mellors, is a curious kind of person,’ she said to Clifford; ‘he might almost be a gentleman.’

‘Might he?’ said Clifford. ‘I hadn’t noticed.’

‘But isn’t there something special about him?’ Connie insisted.

‘I think he’s quite a nice fellow, but I know very little about him. He only came out of the army last year, less than a year ago. From India, I rather think. He may have picked up certain tricks out there, perhaps he was an officer’s servant, and improved on his position. Some of the men were like that. But it does them no good, they have to fall back into their old places when they get home again.’

Connie gazed at Clifford contemplatively. She saw in him the peculiar tight rebuff against anyone of the lower classes who might be really climbing up, which she knew was characteristic of his breed.

‘But don’t you think there is something special about him?’ she asked.

‘Frankly, no! Nothing I had noticed.’

He looked at her curiously, uneasily, half-suspiciously. And she felt he wasn’t telling her the real truth; he wasn’t telling himself the real truth, that was it. He disliked any suggestion of a really exceptional human being. People must be more or less at his level, or below it.

Connie felt again the tightness, niggardliness of the men of her generation. They were so tight, so scared of life! “(pp.69,68)

So many jumps caused this momentum in her life. She was not aware of all the consequences that might come afterwards, but there is something new she felt after such a long period in her life- freedom of thinking and freedom of acting. She could not belong to the world of Clifford any longer, she could not belong to the long and boring chats of his companions that lasted for hours, she could not understand this any longer, but there was one thing she knew for sure- she had to fight, and improve her life because she felt, physically and mentally dead, just like everybody in the house.

“For a long time Freud was puzzled by the tendency of patients to continually repeat and relive unpleasant experiences. He called this repetition compulsion, He found that it happens after a sudden and unexpected shock. Freud decided that the experience was repeated so that the normal anxiety that prepares us for danger could be built up and dealt with in retrospect. However, the repetition compulsion can sometimes totally take over. This phenomenon eventually led Freud to suggest that another instinct was at work – Thanatos, or the death instinct. The word *thanatos* is taken from the Greek word meaning ‘death’.

When Thanatos is directed towards the self it produces self-destructive behavior, such as addictions. Turned outwards it results in aggressive behavior. The opposite of Thanatos is Eros, the life instinct (from Eros, the Eros, the Grek god of love). Eros is concerned with survival of the species and is responsible for sexual and reproductive behavior.

Freud`s argument for the existence of Thanatos can be summarized as follows:

All behavior is aimed at reducing tension and achieving a previously existing state of stability

Since we were all originally made from inert matter, then perhaps we are really trying constantly to return to this state.

So the aim of all life is death, a state where there are no tensions at all because no stimuli can impinge from within or without to disturb the everlasting peace.

This seems like a very negative way of looking at things, but this perhaps arose partly because Freud`s own later life became very difficult and full of pain. He lived through the horrors of the First World War and then suffered the death of a daughter in 1920 and a grandson in 1923. However, his dualistic theory of Eros and Thanatos as two opposing forces that control all our behavior obviously does not satisfy modern scientific thinking.” (p.117-118 Freud, Ruth Snowden, 2006).

In chapter X, Eros wins. Connie begins loving Mellors, which means that every kind of oppression she used to feel about everything surrounding her, such as the physical handicap of her husband which created real energy of death and destruction, thus symbolizing the situation and the realistic picture of the whole English society were gone. She began thinking about herself, and not feeling the pain in the womb. Connie represents rebirth in the whole book, and in the whole female protagonists created during the period of Modern and Postmodern British Literature. Every part of her body and mind is being satisfied. She is having simultaneous orgasms with Mellors. They are one. She begins wanting a child, isn`t this the beauty of life?

Furthermore, she gets pregnant and goes directly into Mellor`s house in order to ask him if he loves her, this is a big relief for her because she has had a bad experience with her first husband, but now everything is over. Connie is looking for the cradle in Wragby Hall making everybody wonder and start making rumors about her. Then the story gets complicated. She runs away in Venice, waiting for Mellors to get divorced from her wife, on the other hand Clifford does not want to divorce his wife even though she tells him that the child is conceived with a rich man who is his friend.

Conclusion

Lady Chatterley`s Lover, is a wonderful panorama of something that is called – a human feeling. We as human beings, day after day encounter all the possible feelings caused to us by the feelings of the other people. It is the people who are responsible of their feelings, and the way they use them with the rest of the people. But, that is why Lawrence created a wonderful character, Constance Chatterley, to remind us all the time that our own life belongs to us and to no one else. We should have a complete anatomy of our decisions and the amount of feelings involved in them. Lawrence and Freud are wonderful thinkers who give directions, at least theoretically to create our autonomy of thinking. What is more, they teach us that we should never deprive ourselves of our autonomy of deciding about our lives.

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