

**Modernism and the Medicalization of Sunlight:  
D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield, and the Sun Cure**

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In a journal entry of 1914, Katherine Mansfield described what it's like to watch the sun set:

The heavens opened for the sunset tonight. When I had thought the day folded and sealed came a hint of heavenly bright petals. I sat behind the window pricked with rain, and looked until that hard thing in my breast melted and broke into the smallest fountain murmuring as aforetime, and I drank the sky and the whisper. Now who is to decide between let it be or force it.<sup>1</sup>

The sunset seems to arrive from nowhere: 'came a hint of heavenly bright petals'. As the sun sets Mansfield's description suggests an echoic opening and closing between the sunset and Mansfield's own body's response to it. The day opens for the sunset, unfolding: 'I had thought the day folded and sealed', and there's a sudden softening in Mansfield's own emotions: 'that hard thing in my breast melted and broke'. There's a type of blurring between Mansfield and the sunset, with her imbibing it: 'I drank the sky', and a sense of disorientation: when Mansfield mentions the 'whisper' it's not clear what it is that is whispering, though it seems to pick up on the soundscape of Mansfield's own thoughts: 'that hard thing in my breast [...] broke into the smallest fountain murmuring'. There's a disorientation, too, as Mansfield grasps for what is happening to her with a shape-changing metaphor, moving from the vague reference to 'that hard thing in my breast', which breaks into 'the smallest fountain'. All of this disorientation and sense of infiltration by the sunlight and vague ungraspable transformation prompts, finally, a reflection on force and on submission.

This sense of being taken over by the sight of the setting sun is not new in the early twentieth century. Mansfield's response to nature more broadly has been seen as shaped by

Wordsworth, and in *The Prelude* he too thought about how watching a sunset might seem to dissolve and re-shape one's sense of self:

Daily the common range of visible things  
 Grew dear to me: already I began  
 To love the sun; a boy I loved the sun  
 Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge  
 And surety of our earthly life, a light  
 Which we behold and feel we are alive;  
 Nor for his bounty to so many worlds—  
 But for this cause, that I had seen him lay  
 His beauty on the morning hills, had seen  
 The western mountains touch his setting orb,  
 In many a thoughtless hour, when, from excess  
 Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow  
 For its own pleasure, and I breathed with joy.<sup>2</sup>

There's an irresistibility to how Wordsworth describes his childhood feelings for the sun here – he loves the sun not for any rational reason, but just 'that I had seen him'. The lines suggest a softening of the sense of the self similar to that described by Mansfield – Wordsworth's speaker's body seems to take on a new sense of its own autonomy: 'my blood appeared to flow/For its own pleasure', and his emotion becomes exactly aligned with the workings of his breath: 'I breathed with joy'.

Mansfield's discussion of the sensation of seeing the sun set was something she repeatedly recorded – stating in one letter that 'I believe it is perfectly necessary to one's *spiritual balance* to be somewhere where you can see the sun both rise & set' – and she does frequently suggest Wordsworth's sense of one's emotions almost being overtaken by the setting sun.<sup>3</sup> But there's also an added nuance to her sense of the effect of the sun on her body and her emotions, because sunlight, for Mansfield, has medical significance: a programme of sun-baths was prescribed to her as a treatment for tuberculosis. In this way Mansfield's sense

of the significance of sunlight is part of a wider narrative: in the early twentieth century sunlight came to be seen as a possible cure for tuberculosis but also for a range of other illnesses, as well as being promoted more generally as an all-purpose tonic for the body and mind.

In this article I want to explore how an age-old perception – that sunlight might shape our emotions – becomes heightened and changed in the early twentieth century, under the influence of what has come to be seen as the medicalization of sunlight. Sun therapy was, as Simon Carter has charted, first used to treat rickets in the nineteenth century, when artificial sunlamps were prescribed to sufferers.<sup>4</sup> However, in the twentieth century use of therapeutic sunlight grew in popularity. It was prescribed as a possible remedy for tuberculosis, with programmes of monitored sunbathing in the open air one of the treatments offered in European sanatoria, but eventually it came to be used as a treatment for illnesses from influenza to neurasthenia to war wounds, and was practised in various ways, from supervised exposure to the sun at sanatoria, to the introduction of artificial sunlight lamps in hospitals in Britain.<sup>5</sup> The idea that sunbathing might prove curative was based on various strands of thinking – from incipient knowledge of the benefits of vitamins, including vitamin D, to a more general perception of the importance of environment in determining health.<sup>6</sup> Sun therapy – or ‘heliotherapy’ as it came to be known – can be seen as one of many early twentieth-century therapies based on the idea that nature was itself healing. Tania Woloshyn has noted that ‘along with hydrotherapy, thalassotherapy, climatotherapy and physical culture, it [sunlight therapy] was understood as a natural regenerative agent with unforeseen potential within modern, progressive medicine’.<sup>7</sup>

This idea of therapeutic sunbathing had a broad emotional appeal. Paul Fussell has described what he calls the ‘new heliophily’ of the twentieth century as formed partly out of a new sense of sunlight’s medical benefits, and also as augmented by delight at being able to travel to sunny places, in the Mediterranean, and in the South of France, after the First World War – an idea supported by Tania Woloshyn’s description of how the spread of sunlight therapy is ‘bound up with modern tourism’.<sup>8</sup> Delight in the sun was widespread – Fussell traces its cultural influence from Harry Crosby’s *Black Sun Press* to the repeated motif of the sun in Art Deco designs.<sup>9</sup> Sunlight therapy brought together pleasure, medical healing and a sense of liberating escape. It was imaginatively intoxicating. *The Times* in 1928 described the story of the relationship between sunlight and health as ‘one of the most romantic in the annals of medicine’.<sup>10</sup>

Carter, Woloshyn, Fussell and others have explored in detail the medical and cultural history of sunlight therapy, but the early twentieth-century awareness of sunlight’s medical value also prompted a range of literary explorations of sunlight, which attempted to trace the process by which sunlight acts on the body and to think in detail about how it affected and changed the body.<sup>11</sup> This essay will turn its attention to such literary explorations, focussing closely both on Katherine Mansfield’s sunbathing narratives, and also on the most concentrated literary account of sunlight from the period – D. H. Lawrence’s short story *Sun*.<sup>12</sup> Through examining these accounts of sunlight therapy I want to show how contemplating the therapeutic powers of sunlight prompted thinking on questions of individual autonomy, on the composition of our emotions and the composition of the self – and finally on the extreme contingency of health and selfhood. Sunlight therapy for these modernist writers, as evidenced in Mansfield’s description of the sunset with which I began, was at once sensuously disarming and unsettling. This article aims to highlight a poetics of

sunlight therapy that echoes across different literary texts. It will show how writing about sunlight therapy at once opens up a type of stylistic, shape-shifting expansiveness, but also, finally, curtails and fragments narrative.

### **‘Take her away, into the sun’: Sunlight Therapy**

D. H. Lawrence’s short story *Sun* (1928) charts a sun cure. The main character Juliet is prescribed sunlight at the opening of the story: “‘Take her away, into the sun,’ the doctors said’, and the story describes her sun-baths, her shifting attitude to her child and family, and her gradual relaxation under the influence of sun-bathing.<sup>13</sup> N. H. Reeve has offered the fullest discussion of this story so far in noting that ‘Take her away, into the sun’ echoes the moment when Frieda was told in Mexico city that Lawrence himself must be taken away ‘to the ranch’ and ‘stay in the sun’.<sup>14</sup> Reeve then suggests the whole story might be understood in thinking about health and illness:

There is a sense Lawrence often conveys, reverberating in *Sun* beneath the pointedly lyrical and caressing account of Juliet’s resexualising, of what it can be like to feel one’s body in the grip of an implacable, unremitting power; when particular organs seem to separate off from the whole and work by themselves, or when sensations one thought had been safely stowed away rise up again unmistakably [...] as with the moving bitter-sweetness of the tubercular Mellors, after his first sexual contact with Connie Chatterley, saying “I thought I’d done with it all. Now I’ve begun again... if I’ve got to be broken open again, I have.”<sup>15</sup>

Reeve perceptively captures the sense at once of the caressing and the alarming in the story, the sense of being at once drowsily soothed and beyond one’s control. Yet he seems vague on what Juliet or Lawrence would have got from the sun – noting that there are ‘[s]o many hopes for health [...] invested in the warmth of this landscape’.<sup>16</sup>

It is possible to be more precise about what is at stake in this story: Lawrence’s *Sun* can be placed in a context of thinking about the medical and therapeutic properties of sunlight.

Within the story Lawrence makes reference to how ‘the fame of the sun’s healing power, for

the soul as well as for the body, had already spread among the people’, and ‘the fame of the sun’s healing power’ was much discussed in the early twentieth century (26). Sunlight therapy was practised internationally, from the Danish scientist Niels Finsen’s experiments with light therapy in Copenhagen, to sunlight clinics in Switzerland run by Auguste Rollier, to the use of artificial sunlight lamps in sanatoria and hospitals in Britain. The healing potential of sunlight was explored in newspaper articles, medical journal studies and in several books – from Auguste Rollier’s seminal work *Heliotherapy* (1923), to the *The Sun and How to Use It* (1926, published by the newly formed ‘Sunlight League’ which aimed to promote sunlight therapy), *Light Therapeutics* (1910) by the American John Harvey Kellogg and *Sunshine and Open Air* (1924) by the British doctor Leonard Hill. By 1930 a text was published whose title recognises the new, contemporary emphasis on sunlight as a feature of modernity: Leonard V. Dodds’ *Modern Sunlight*.<sup>17</sup> Paul Fussell argued that this early twentieth-century shift from seeing sun exposure as something to be avoided in the early nineteenth century, to seeing it as something to be enjoyed for medicinal purposes in the early twentieth century, amounts to ‘one of the most startling reversals in modern intellectual and emotional history’.<sup>18</sup>

The history of sunlight therapy has attracted much recent attention from medical and cultural historians, and Lawrence’s *Sun* does often receive passing reference in histories of this changing attitude to sunlight – yet in these historical accounts there is little sense of how intricately Lawrence engaged with the precise workings on sunlight therapy, and to explore this I want to turn now to one of the key complications in thinking about how sunlight therapy worked.<sup>19</sup> One of the questions that was most rehearsed in medical texts on sunlight was the question of how sunlight therapy worked, what sunlight did to the body. Accounts of sunlight therapy tended to begin by stating that sunlight had always been seen to some extent

as therapeutic, a claim often supported with reference to Ancient Greece: ‘In the Medicine of classical times, heliotherapy received a certain amount of attention, and Hippocrates, Celsus, Galen, Avicenna, Antyllus and even Herodotus recommended the taking of sun-baths.’<sup>20</sup> But these are always then followed by a sense of how little is known about sunlight therapy – Rollier admitted that ‘[o]wing to the paucity of our knowledge concerning the action of light on the human body, the development of the technique of heliotherapy was, of necessity, chiefly empirical’.<sup>21</sup> By 1929 things were still unclear, as Francis Howard Humphris noted: ‘For over thirty years the therapeutic effects of ultra-violet radiation has been known; but the exact manner in which these rays exert their beneficent action has yet to be explained’.<sup>22</sup>

And it is this balance between certainty on the one hand about sunlight therapy’s effects (bolstered by accounts of how sunlight therapy built on ancient foundations) and a sense on the other hand that the causes of these beneficial effects remained unknown, that meant that sunlight therapy seemed to unsettle thinking about the body and the self. Henry Gauvain’s preface to Rollier’s *Heliotherapy* stated that ‘It is engrained in healthy mortals to love light’, and exploring the workings of heliotherapy meant thinking about and with the grain of the human body, and how it might work.<sup>23</sup> Medical accounts attempting to understand sunlight therapy considered the depths of the body, and the relationship between the body and the world.

One point of particular contention was the question of how far sunlight could reach inside the body. It was felt that sunlight could have bactericidal, analgesic and invigorating effects – but there were differing views on how this could effect the inside of the body, the tissues, the blood and bones. Rosselet noted in his attempt to think through the problem in ‘The Scientific Basis of Heliotherapy’ that:

A simple way of representing the mechanism of the action of light on pathological processes would be to suppose that its bactericidal action was exerted not only on cultures of bacteria and superficial lesions, but that it also penetrated through the tissues and reached the lesion on which it exerted its antiseptic action, or at least that it changed the diseased region in various, as yet unknown, ways.<sup>24</sup>

Rosselet suggested he had ‘little belief’ in the idea that light might penetrate directly through to the inside of the body – a scepticism supported by accounts of recent discoveries in physics about the properties of different parts of the light spectrum. But the idea that light might still be able to reach the inside of the body, not by touching it but by ‘changing it [...] in various, as yet unknown, ways’, and setting off processes of chemical alteration, was repeatedly explored. Rosselet suggested, for instance, that sunlight could change the very composition of the blood, that ‘the blood is a medium in which radiant energy may be stored’, something which ‘affects its physico-chemical equilibrium’, and that although sunlight might not penetrate the whole body, it reaches it through the blood – through which energy is ‘transported to every part of the body and liberated to the tissues, [increasing] the rate of intracellular reactions’.<sup>25</sup>

In this way the contemporary medical thinking about sunlight gave a sense of the mysteriousness of the body – that something that seemed absolutely self-evident, a love of light, could be something that rested on as yet unknown processes. It also raised questions about the way the body could be influenced – that it might be touched in ways which redefined notions of what touch was. Dodds in *Modern Sunlight* noted that there might be parts of the light spectrum which are of ‘profound significance’ for the body, yet of which we have ‘no conscious sense reception’.<sup>26</sup> Thinking about the medicalization of sunlight raised questions about the body and the limits of our knowledge and control over it, and about the relationship between emotion and the body. It is these questions that become a literary focus in D. H. Lawrence’s *Sun*.

### **‘Slowly Unfolding’: Lawrence’s Poetics of Sun Therapy**

Lawrence was well aware of the possibilities of sun therapy. Not only was he prescribed sunlight in Mexico, just before writing *Sun*, he also took sun-baths late on his life when in the Swiss Alps. He showed a repeated inclination for the sun and also showed an interest in sunlight’s action on the depths of the body, noting in 1925 that: ‘The sun is dangerous these months – it has a radio-chemical action on the blood which simply does for me’.<sup>27</sup> With this reference both to radiation and chemical composition Lawrence echoes the way in which medical texts probed the action of sunlight on the body.<sup>28</sup> The passage suggests the gravity of sunlight for Lawrence as well, portraying it as sinister: ‘The sun is dangerous these months’. In *Sun* this interest in what the sun does to the composition of the body is central.

In particular, Lawrence’s *Sun* re-writes contemporary medical uncertainty over the workings of the sun on the body, making it the basis of a complex dramatisation of the sun’s penetration of the body and mind. The story suggests Juliet’s gradually building response to the sun, moving from initial indifference to deep involvement. To start with Lawrence traces her response to her new surroundings at the Italian villa, amongst the gardens: ‘She saw it all, and in a measure it was soothing. But it was all external. She didn’t really care about it’ (20), only to show Juliet’s attitude shifting with her first sun bath:

Juliet sat down by the cypress tree, and took off her clothes. The contorted cactus made a forest, hideous yet fascinating, about her. She sat and offered her bosom to the sun, sighing, even now, with a certain hard pain, against the cruelty of having to give herself: but exulting that at last it was no human lover.

But the sun marched in blue heaven, and sent down his rays as he went. She felt the soft air of the sea on her breasts, that seemed as if they would never ripen. But she hardly felt the sun. Fruits that would wither and not mature, her breasts.

Soon, however, she felt the sun inside them, warmer than ever love had been, warmer than milk or the hands of her baby. At last, at last her breasts were like long white grapes in the hot sun. (21)

Lawrence here is interested in charting the action of the sun on Juliet's body, describing the move from it seeming external and opposed to her, to her being almost possessed by the sunlight. This is a change that he indicates through shifting prepositions, and shifting attention to different senses: at first the emphasis is on the visual, as Juliet sees the sun as external, then she becomes aware of the surface of her skin being lightly touched: 'the soft air of the sea *on* her breasts', before finally feeling 'the sun *inside* them, warmer than ever love had been'. The process of becoming warmed by the sun is marked by conjunctions repeatedly indicating resistance: 'But...yet...but...But...But...however', yet in spite of this a type of gradual unfolding, 'Soon...at last'. There's a type of inexplicability to this shift from indifference to deep involvement, with sudden changes in Juliet's feelings despite her sense of resistance: 'she hardly felt the sun', for instance, is followed by 'Soon, however, she felt the sun'. There's a sense that the sun is working on her despite her feelings – the description of her 'sighing' is followed by a sense of the how the sun's movement is indifferent to her sighs: 'But the sun marched in blue heaven'.

This depiction of sunlight therapy as series of dissolving resistances dramatises the idea that sunlight might touch the body through bringing about a process of transformation in it. Yet whilst early twentieth-century medical texts attempted to probe how this might work, in Lawrence's text medical uncertainty is replaced by a series of lists, opening up an expansive sense of the body:

She slid off all her clothes, and lay naked in the sun. And as she lay, she looked up through her fingers at the central sun, his blue pulsing roundness, whose outer edges streamed brilliance. [...] He faced down to her, with blue body of fire, and enveloped her breasts and her face, her throat, her tired belly, her knees, her thighs and her feet. (21)

This listing of parts of Juliet's body: her breasts, her face, her throat, her belly, her knees, thighs and feet, gives way to a different form of listing, when sunlight therapy in Lawrence's story becomes a type of itemization of the body:

She could feel the sun penetrating into her bones: nay, further, even into her emotions and thoughts. The dark tensions of her emotion began to give way, the cold dark clots of her thoughts began to dissolve. She was beginning to be warm right through. (21)

There is the sense here of sunlight therapy as involving the gradual revelation of the body in Lawrence's prose, moving from lists of the outside of the body to lists of the inside of the body: 'her bones [...] her emotions and thoughts'. This type of listing merges body and emotion, with the language of clotting used to describe emotion: 'the cold dark clots of emotion'. The description suggests that emotion has the properties of blood, that feeling is almost embedded in the blood – an idea that chimes with Lawrence's philosophical commitment to the idea that '[t]he blood-consciousness and the blood-passion is the very source and origin of us'.<sup>29</sup> The medical ideas of sunlight's effect on the body become a focus for an expansive poetics of sunlight therapy.

It is a type of poetics that questions ideas of the body and of autonomy. On the one hand Juliet seems absolutely to be acted upon by the sun: it breaks down her resistance to it, dissolving her thoughts. On the other hand Lawrence suggests that it is drawing something out of her:

By now, she knew the sun in every thread of her body. Her heart of anxiety, that anxious, straining heart, had disappeared altogether, like a flower that falls in the Sun, and leaves only a little ripening fruit. And her tense womb, though still closed, was slowly unfolding, slowly, slowly, like a lily bud under water, as the sun mysteriously touched it. Like a lily bud under water it was slowly rising to the sun, to expand at last, to the sun, only to the sun. (23)

The idea of being 'mysteriously touched' echoes the current medical uncertainty on how sunlight touches the recesses of the body, and the sense that this might work by a form of

touch that cannot be sensed, by setting in action a process of bodily change. Moreover, this suggestion of ‘unfolding’ implies that Juliet’s body is not being acted upon but that, oddly, something in her is responding and changing under its own will – as in Mansfield’s description of the simultaneous unfolding of the day, and her own body, in the account of the sun setting with which I began. What seems to be at work here is the shifting of Juliet’s sense of autonomy from her mind to her body, so that her body appears to work of its own accord.

In this way Lawrence’s poetics of sun therapy suggest an odd blending of passivity and agency – they suggest a type of passivity that nevertheless lends the body a new agency. These descriptions of sunlight therapy in *Sun* are always, obviously, sexualised – as Juliet’s body unfolds Lawrence pays close sensuous attention to each part of her body. Such sexualisation seems however to pick up and transform something emphasised in texts on heliotherapy. Rosselet in *Heliotherapy* discusses how light might affect the body:

Even without penetration, light comes in contact with innumerable nerve-endings, with the result that a complicated system of reflexes comes into play which may quite possibly have a considerable influence on vital processes. To borrow an expression of Vignard, “the skin becomes a vast keyboard on which light strikes, awakening deep resonances throughout the body.”<sup>30</sup>

This seems to be the interest of light therapy for D. H. Lawrence – it invokes a type of heightened, revelatory sensitivity, a response of the body at once deeply felt, and somehow reaching beyond what we can consciously sense or control. It at once demands imagining the workings of the whole body, and also suggests the possibility of the body acting seemingly under its own volition, and complicating ideas of individual autonomy.

And through this interest in autonomy, submission and transformation Lawrence writes himself into a literary tradition of thinking about sunlight therapy. When literary accounts of sunlight therapy have been mentioned in historical accounts, they have often been seen as

rather singular – Mighall for instance stresses the oddity of Lawrence’s sexualisation of heliotherapy in *Sun*, suggesting that its heroine is a ‘fanatic’, and one should ‘take it with a pinch of bromide’.<sup>31</sup> But what is remarkable is how consonant different accounts of sun-bathing therapy are with each other. If one turns to Michel’s sunlight therapy in André Gide’s *The Immoralist* sunlight therapy is prefaced by the same awareness of the body, the same listing of parts of the body: ‘One morning, after I had stripped, I looked at myself; my thin arms, my stooping shoulders’, and like with Juliet there’s a type of ritualistic unveiling to the sun:

When I got there, I undressed slowly. The air was almost sharp, but the sun was burning. I exposed my whole body to its flame. I sat down, lay down, turned myself about. I felt the ground hard beneath me; the waving grass brushed me. Though I was sheltered from the wind, I shivered and thrilled at every breath. Soon a delicious burning enveloped me; my whole being surged up into my skin.<sup>32</sup>

Here again the poetics of listing parts of the body gives way to a repetitive rhythm of listing: ‘sat down, lay down’, and also a sense of gradual infiltration, from feeling the grass on the surface of the skin, to a sense of being ‘enveloped’. Similarly here there’s a sense of vagueness about whether Michel is being worked upon by the sunlight, or responding to it – something in him seems to meet the sun: ‘my whole being surged up into my skin’.

Gide’s Michel is attuned to the possibilities of transformation contained in this form of therapy and convalescence – he describes recuperating thus: ‘there was an increase, a recrudescence of life, the influx of a richer, warmer blood which must of necessity affect my thoughts; touch them one by one, inform them all, stir and colour the most remote, delicate and secret fibres of my being’.<sup>33</sup> Lawrence and Gide’s poetics of sunbathing suggests how sunlight therapy gave rise to an expansive new sense of the body, and how it seemed to shift individual autonomy from the conscious self to the depths of the body – it also was felt fundamentally to alter the body and the self. In the next section of my essay I want to turn to

how this dynamic unfolds over time in sun-bathing narratives, and how sunbathing narratives might at once prompt and curtail literary creativity.

### **‘Another Power’: Weather, Emotion and Health**

In *Sun* Lawrence dwells, not only on how the sun is acting on Juliet, but on how she is transformed by it. From Juliet’s first attempts at sun-bathing Lawrence’s language becomes laden with similes, with Juliet’s breasts like grapes, and her womb like a lily-flower. This type of figurative shape-shifting marks her gradual relaxing under the influence of the sun-cure, and as the story progresses Lawrence also suggests a particular type of transformation:

When, out of the sun at noon, sometimes she stole down over the rocks and past the cliff-edge, down to the deep gully where the lemons hung in cool eternal shadow; and in the silence slipped off her wrapper to wash herself quickly at one of the deep, clear-green basins, she would notice, in the bare, green twilight under the lemon-leaves, that all her body was rosy, rosy and turning to gold. (24)

Lawrence suggests an accumulating sense of change and alchemy here – that Juliet is gradually shifting, ‘rosy, rosy and turning to gold’. Turning to gold suggests a specific transformation, one suggested by Juliet’s name – in calling his heroine Juliet Lawrence evokes the most famous Juliet in literature, that of Shakespeare’s *Romeo and Juliet*. What has not yet been noticed is that by doing so he also alludes to a character also linked to the sun – thus Romeo addresses Juliet on the balcony:

But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.<sup>34</sup>

With his allusion to Shakespeare in Juliet’s name Lawrence evokes this sense of likeness to the sun, and this sense of Juliet as becoming sun-like, ‘turning to gold’ almost to suggest an absolute identification with the sun ‘Juliet *is* the sun’.

This sense of the transformation of the human was something that was partly encouraged by the medical literature of the time. Simon Carter notes that ‘the relationship between the human body and sunlight was beginning to change and shift – the very identity of sunlight and bodies were becoming hybridised with the healthy human life being dependent on the vital tonic provided with the sun’s rays’.<sup>35</sup> The idea of human bodies becoming transmogrified by the sun was emphasised, as in Lawrence’s story, by the visual effects of sunbathing, and by developing a suntan – Tania Woloshyn notes that photographs of tanned TB patients after heliotherapy suggest almost magical renewal: ‘Such representations mediate between evoking light therapy as simultaneously scientifically advanced *and* magically healing’.<sup>36</sup>

Yet Lawrence’s sense of the transformation affected by the sun is more complex, unsettled and less certain of the possibility of ‘magically healing’. Juliet is shown changing throughout the story, but this is complicated by the story’s ending. At the end of the story, there is a sense that Juliet cannot finally alter her whole life:

She had seen the flushed blood in the peasant's burnt face, and felt the jetting, sudden blue heat pouring over her from his kindled eyes [...] Yet she would never come to him – she daren't, she daren't, so much was against her. [...] She could not help it. She was bound to the vast, fixed wheel of circumstance, and there was no Perseus in the universe, to cut the bonds. (38)

There’s an odd abruptness to this ending: all that Juliet has seen and felt does not ultimately prevail: ‘She could not help it’. There’s a sudden absolute sense of defeat: ‘She was bound to the vast, fixed wheel of circumstance, and there was no Perseus in the universe to cut the bonds’. This ending refers to the story of Perseus and Andromeda, described in Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* – where Perseus is the son of the sun-god Phoebus Apollo who rescues Andromeda from a sea-monster. Invoking Andromeda’s rescue by the sun-god’s son, only to

suggest that Juliet cannot escape, gives a sudden sense here of the limits of sun-bathing's transformative powers.

Juliet's abrupt passivity might also be understood in terms of the complex form of mental passivity and expansive bodily autonomy that, as charted above, has been cultivated throughout by the sun-baths. The sense of the oddity of how the weather shapes and takes over our emotions was commented upon by a range of early twentieth-century authors. Virginia Woolf described in a letter being 'dehumanised by the sun': 'It is like being in a Cathedral all day long. I wish it would stop and let me get back to my usual way of life. One feels so pure, so good, so high: and that is not really being happy'.<sup>37</sup> The idea of feeling almost dehumanized by the weather's control over one's emotions suggests a loss of control over intimate parts of oneself. The type of emotions that are purely dependent on weather have sometimes been marginalised, not seen as part of our authentic emotional state – Mighall notes in *Sunshine: Why We Love The Sun* that the idea that the sun makes one happy is seen as a 'variable to be discounted' in discussions of happiness.<sup>38</sup> In part this seems to be about what Peter de Bolla, building on Teresa Brennan, describes as the unsettling effect of realising that one's emotions are often shaped by things outside one, outside of one's own control, and in fact partly constituted by things other than the workings of our own body and mind. He writes about this in relation to the idea that our emotions might be communal, shaped by groups:

It is a truth, I think, acknowledged by many that we are comfortable being *in* an emotion. Indeed we can hardly think of ourselves otherwise. But what would it be if we began to feel comfortable being *with* an emotion?<sup>39</sup>

De Bolla here is exploring what it is to feel our emotions shaped by others, by crowds.<sup>40</sup>

Feeling one's emotions shaped by the weather might be yet more alienating – Lawrence discusses Juliet's changing self thus:

She had always been mistress of herself, aware of what she was doing, and held tense in her own command. Now she felt inside her quite another sort of power, something greater than herself, darker and more savage, the element flowing upon her. Now she was vague, in the spell of a power beyond herself. (26)

Whilst de Bolla suggests the difficulty of being '*with* an emotion', Juliet here is at once 'in the spell of a power *beyond* her', and absolutely enveloped by the sun: 'she felt inside her quite another power'. The story suggests the complexity of how our emotions might be shaped by things beyond us, to the extent that it's not clear whether the power shaping Juliet's emotions comes from outside or from within.

If this was the main concern of the story however, it might follow similar lines to Wordsworth's sense of the sun – that he 'breathed with joy', that the sun seemed to shape his feelings and his body. Instead there's a depth of vulnerability to the sun that seems to come with a sense both of one's feelings and one's body being dependent on it, and one's feelings and one's body being sometimes at odds. The sudden abruptness of the ending of the story, with Juliet's helplessness, is akin to the abruptness of Lawrence's own experiences with medical sunlight therapies. Lawrence found himself taking sun-baths in Gsteig in the Swiss Alps late on his life, after becoming seriously ill in Florence.<sup>41</sup> His sun-baths are recorded in brief references in his letters, with the first mention in a letter to Dorothy Brett:

This place seems to me to be good for my broncs. It's not very high – only about 2000 – but a lovely view over the Lake of Geneva. And I find I can take sun-baths again. So perhaps I'll get my beastly cough reduced, and if so, we can set out.<sup>42</sup>

Taking sun-baths again seems almost a gift: ‘I find I can take sun-baths again’, and is something clearly beyond Lawrence’s control. The entry is tentative, suggesting a cautious attempt at surmising the state of his health: ‘seems to me to be good for my broncs’.

Lawrence re-iterates the importance of sun baths, writing again about his sun-bathing:

We sit here in this little chalet near the top of the mountains – been here nearly five weeks – and until this week I felt no better. But this week I really begin to feel a difference, and can begin taking short sun-baths – they only made me worse before. If only I can get a real start, to shake off this accursed cough, I ought to come along all right. But this last year I don’t seem to have been able to get back to myself.<sup>43</sup>

Lawrence is watching himself like a doctor, trying to make sense of his feelings: ‘until this week I felt no better [...] this week I really begin to feel a difference’. There’s the sense of struggling for an identity: ‘I don’t seem to have been able to get back to myself’.

These letters show Lawrence tentatively trusting his feelings, measuring his responses to his environment. However, only a few letters later things have changed:

Last week I was better, and sun-bathed – this week I’ve got a cold and feel all hot inside. It’s a beastly climate really, hot and cold at once.<sup>44</sup>

With this letter Lawrence’s sun-bathing is abruptly curtailed; his gradual sense of trusting the sunlight and the climate of Gsteig is dismantled. This is an abruptness that keeps recurring in Lawrence’s letters – as attempts to find a cure, or at least a therapeutic climate, suddenly dissolve.<sup>45</sup> And such complications frequently set body, feelings and weather against each other – from feeling a difference, shaped by the sun-baths, in his first letters from Gsteig, he later finds his body is worse, at odds with his feelings.

In this way what is at issue with heliotherapy is at once its overtaking of one’s emotions, but also the way it suggests the body’s autonomy and the way in which body and emotion might

come into conflict. In this way Lawrence's sunlight therapy descriptions become entangled with illness narratives. Indeed much of what Lawrence explores with the sun, with the way it at once seems to unfold and re-shape the body, is akin to how he sees his illness affecting the body. He describes his illness in very similar terms to how sunlight therapy is described:

[...] flu is one of the diseases of a changing constitution. It changes the very chemical composition of the blood – hence the bad effect on the heart – and the long time one takes to get round. And when one does get round, one has lost for good one's old self – some of it – though where the new self comes in, I don't quite see.<sup>46</sup>

The language of transformation is here the same as in discussions of how sunlight works on the blood – there's the sense of it infiltrating the body, 'changes the very chemical composition of the blood'. But similarly to in *Sun* there's a sense here of not knowing the purpose of such transmutation – 'where the new self comes in, I don't quite see', and a sense of the absolute contingency of health.

In Lawrence's *Sun* and in his sun-bathing narratives, then, there's a sense that sun might seem magically to alter the body only for such transformations to suddenly collapse, or to lead only to uncertain outcomes. In this way sunlight opens up opportunities for literary creativity, leading to an expansive poetics of sun-bathing, only to abruptly fall short. This sense of abortive transformation seems fundamental to the literary treatment of sunlight therapy, and it is most fully explored in Katherine Mansfield's sunbathing narratives – in turning to Mansfield's sunbathing narratives this essay will now turn to explore this paradoxical sense of creative possibility and collapse.

### **Metamorphoses and Katherine Mansfield's Sun Baths**

Katherine Mansfield was aware of how sun therapy was understood as opening up the possibility of changing the very substance of the body. When she undertook X-ray therapy

with Manoukhin in Paris she learnt that it would have a similar effect to sun-therapy and explained the treatment to Murry: ‘It is, as you know the application of X rays to the spleen. It produces a change of blood. It is a kind of immensely *concentrated* sun action’.<sup>47</sup> Yet even before this explanation of how X-rays might produce a ‘change of blood’ she was aware of the transformative possibilities of sunlight therapy. In 1920 when she was at Menton in France her doctor M. Bouchage prescribed a sun cure for her, and Mansfield described this from the beginning as a type of enchantment, writing to Murry:

Yes, you’re right to come in April – its too marvellous to miss. I mean *Life* is and one is alive here. The weather is simply enchantment. I am taking a sun bath cure – on Doctor Bouchages advice & at 8 o clock the sun streams on my bed & nearly burns me. Its a very wonderful treatment. I believe in it.<sup>48</sup>

Mansfield’s language here suggests repeatedly the idea of magic: ‘marvellous [...] enchantment [...] wonderful’, and the sun treatment seems a kind of religion: ‘I believe in it.’ And as her letter proceeds this form of enchantment appears to become a type of metamorphosis:

If I live here much longer I shall become a bush of daphne or you’ll find no one to welcome you but a jasmine. Perhaps its the effect of receiving the Sun every morning – très intime – the lady clad only in a black paper fan. But you must come here, you must live in the South and forget greyness. It is *divine* here – no less.<sup>49</sup>

Mansfield plays with the idea of transmutation here – she first mythologises herself, describing herself in the third person: ‘the lady clad only in a black paper fan’, seeming to stand at a distance from herself. Then she describes sunlight therapy as almost performing a type of vanishing act: ‘you’ll find no one to welcome you but a jasmine’.

In particular Mansfield’s sun therapy narrative changes the medical ideas of sunlight therapy into a particular transformation narrative. Mansfield’s letters continually suggest the landscape of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* – at another point in Menton she describes the feeling of

nature and plants being ‘part of one, as though like a magician I could put forth my hand & shake a green branch into my fingers’.<sup>50</sup> Within this Ovidian landscape becoming ‘a bush of daphne’ seems to link to a specific story – the metamorphosis of Daphne into a bush of laurel (also known as daphne) when fleeing from Phoebus Apollo, the sun god. Daphne was the sun god’s first love: ‘the first where Phoebus set his love’, and this is a tale that Mansfield seems to write herself into repeatedly – she notes in another letter that ‘like one of those mythological ladies I’m really married to the sun’.<sup>51</sup> Whilst sunlight therapy repeatedly referred to classical literature and traditions as a source for understanding the healing effects heliotherapy, Mansfield shifts this so that what sunlight therapy echoes most in ancient literature is Ovid’s explorations of shape-shifting metamorphoses.

This language of metamorphosis suggests the liberating potential of sunlight therapy – it allows Mansfield to act out different lives. The idea of being ‘married to the sun’ is picked up in voluptuously flirtatious narratives, where she plays with the sexualisation of sunlight therapy: ‘I was lying on my bed, dressed in a peach coloured handkerberchief [sic] having my bang de soleil and I kicked up my toes at their dinner’.<sup>52</sup> And through acting out this flirtatious scenario, Mansfield suggests the potential of sunlight therapy for writerly creativity – her descriptions of sunlight therapy re-writes stock phrases (‘kicked up my toes’ for ‘kicked up my heels’), re-writes the name of her medical treatment (playfully, ‘bang de soleil’ rather than ‘bain de soleil’) and re-writes Ovid.

This idea that sunlight narratives might allow for a type of writing where everything changes shape, and might create a catalyst for endless creative re-writing, is also explored in the most extended of Katherine Mansfield’s descriptions of sun therapy:

Its 7.15 and Ive just had breakfast in a room lit with great gorse yellow patches of sunlight. Across one patch there's a feathery pattern that dances, that's from the mimosa tree outside. The two long windows are wide open – they are the type that open in half – with wings, you know – so much more generous than the English kind. A wasp is paddling his pettitoes in the honey glass and the sky is a sort of pale lapis lazuli. Big glancing silver ducks of light dive in and out of the sea.

This kind of weather has gone on for over a week without one single pause. I take a sunbath every morning. *Costume de bain*; a black paper fan and it has an awfully queer effect on one. I mean all this radiance has. You know those rare moments when it's warm enough to lie on your back & bask – it's a kind of prolongation of that. One tries to behave like a sober sensible creature & to say 'thank you' to the postman and no thank you to the umbrella mender but all the time one is hiding broad beams. So I slink away out of sight of everybody, down the steps from the terrace, and stand underneath a tree called a datura, and there, privately, I gloat. This tree, Sir, is a sight for you. It has small close, gray-green leaves; the buds in their first stage are soft green pods. They open and the flower, tightly folded, springs out and gradually it opens into a long bell-like trumpet about 8 inches long – gold coloured with touches of pale red. [...] I have looked at this tree so long that it is transplanted to some part of my brain – for a further transplanting into a story one day.<sup>53</sup>

Mansfield discusses a type of endless creativity to sunlight narratives here. Everything is in flux from the beginning of the sunlight narrative, with Mansfield's figurative transformation of the patches of light around her. She transforms the sun-shapes into animals and plants – suggesting that the patches of light are like gorse bushes: 'great gorse yellow patches' and then like birds with their 'feathery patterns'. The opening windows themselves seem to be alive – they are given wings: 'the type that open in half, with wings you know' – and the sky is gem-like: 'a sort of pale lapis lazuli'. Finally the light itself seems to be alive, like 'big glancing silver ducks of light dive in and out of the sea'. All this exploration of the figurative possibilities of the light culminates in a close examining of an unfolding flower, and the statement that Mansfield herself is aware of a type of literary and creative metamorphosis, that the tree 'is transplanted to some part of my brain – for a further transplanting into a story one day'. And such creative transplanting between sunbathing narratives and fiction is evident throughout Mansfield's works, which are full of sunlight images creatively shape-shifting – from Bertha in 'Bliss' describing her bliss as like having 'swallowed a bright piece of that late afternoon sun', to the sun in 'At the Bay' which seems at once 'awful' and then

‘infinitely joyful and loving’.<sup>54</sup> The ‘great gorse yellow patches of sunlight’ chimes, too, with the ‘square patches of gold’ in ‘At the Bay’ which Florrie the cat curls up in ‘content, as if she had been waiting for this moment all day’.<sup>55</sup>

Such descriptions and echoes suggest a type of delight in describing sunlight therapy – like D. H. Lawrence’s depictions of bodily unfolding, a medical understanding of sunlight prompts a creative sense of fluidity in describing the body and the world. Yet on the other hand there’s a type of subdued, wondering quality to some of Mansfield’s descriptions. In her description of sunlight therapy at Menton she seems to lose herself: ‘it has an awfully queer effect on one [...] all this radiance’, and she feels less human – a ‘creature’. And looking at the text Mansfield is drawing on, Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*, there’s something desperate about her identification with Daphne. Ovid’s Daphne is not revelling in being married to the sun but is trying to escape it, turned into a tree whilst fleeing:

Her hair was turnèd into leaves, her arms in boughs did grow;  
Her feet that were erewhile so swift now rooted were as slow.  
Her crown became the top; and thus of that she erst had been  
Remainèd nothing in the world but beauty fresh and green.<sup>56</sup>

Daphne’s movement is taken away – ‘feet that erewhile so swift now rooted’ – she has escaped but only by being made static. Daphne’s metamorphosis, too, is portrayed as a type of disappearing act: ‘nothing in the world but beauty fresh and green’, a theft of her former self: ‘that she erst had been’. This echoes Mansfield’s imagining her own removal: ‘no one to welcome you but a jasmine’, and suggests that there’s something shattering as well as liberating in the experience.

In this way Mansfield's accounts, echoing Ovid, at once suggest the creative transformative power of the sun, and seem to shrink from it, suggesting that there is something alarming in it. Bouchage's account of Mansfield's sunlight treatment is itself abortive: 'Methodical sun-cure has been very beneficial at the beginning of the winter; later the patient was not well enough to continue it.'<sup>57</sup> Mansfield picks up this sudden sense of sunlight not working, of benefits dissolving, in her changing metaphors of metamorphosis. In a later letter to Murry she suggests that she is this time less like Apollo's lover and more like Icarus:

And in spite of my feelings the weather affects me physically. I fly so high that when I go down – its a drop, Boge.<sup>58</sup>

Icarus, even after trying 'To alter nature's cause by craft' with artistically formed wings could not fly near the sun – and in this faint allusion to Icarus Mansfield suggests the limits both of sunlight therapy, and of her own elaborate descriptions of it.<sup>59</sup> As in Lawrence's sunlight narratives, there is a disjuncture between body and emotion here: 'in spite of my feelings the weather affects me physically'. There's the sense of how emotions are caught up with, shaped by, the sunshine, and driven by responses of the body that go beyond conscious feeling – and there's the sense of the limits to being able to navigate the intricacies of this situation through art. Sunlight therapy here creates a playfully shape-shifting, expansive prose, but one with abrupt ends, sudden collapses.

### **Making and Unmaking**

Lawrence returned to thinking about sunlight in his book *Apocalypse*:

Now this may sound nonsense, but that is merely because we are fools. There is an eternal vital correspondence between our blood and the sun [...] The same with the moon, the planets, the great stars. They are either our makers or our unmakers. There is no escape.<sup>60</sup>

This discussion is tied up with Lawrence's consideration of paganism but this sense again of how the sun might act on the blood also returns to the unresolved paradoxes of early

twentieth-century medical literature: ‘eternal vital correspondence between our blood and the sun’ echoes the idea put forward in the medical literature that the therapeutic effects of sunlight might function partly by the effect of light on the blood. Thinking about this correspondence, and the effect of the sun, together with ‘the moon, the planets, the great stars’ leads Lawrence to think about being made, and being unmade: ‘They are either our makers or our unmakers’.

It is this paradoxical emphasis on making and unmaking that seems finally to govern literary accounts of therapeutic sunlight. And such a focus on making and unmaking, and on inescapability, means that exploring sunlight therapy not only adds a new strand to understanding of modernism’s engagement with early twentieth-century medicine and alternative therapies, but also sheds light on some of modernism’s deepest concerns, from issues relating to the nature of selfhood and of the body, to questions of impersonality and emotion. Modernist writers’ interest in what Woolf called the ‘dark places of psychology’, or what Lawrence labelled ‘blood-consciousness’, in the way in which the depths of the body might govern and unsettle our conscious emotions, is well known, as is modernist interest in the limits of the personal and an aesthetics of impersonality (re-examined recently by Christina Walter, who notes that modernist writers were concerned not just with ‘negation’, but with ‘what a personality is, as well as what more there is to the human subject than the person’).<sup>61</sup> Sunlight therapy in the narratives of Mansfield and Lawrence links these questions to thinking about illness, to thinking about the contingency of well-being, and to thinking about the way our emotions might be possessed and shaped beyond our control. Mansfield and Lawrence explore modernist impersonality not as an aesthetic choice but as a lived experience, that of feeling one’s emotions and one’s body to be shaped and governed by impersonal forces.

For Lawrence and for Mansfield, then, thinking and writing about sun-cures, as well as experiencing them, suggested the ways in which the idea of light working on the body might unsettle notions of autonomy, the way in which the recesses of the body might respond to light without our conscious knowledge, the way our emotions might be shaped by the weather against our will, and the way our bodies might be healed or not healed by the sunlight regardless of our emotions – as Mansfield put it enigmatically in contemplating the sunset, there might be little to choose between ‘let it be or force it’. Thinking about sunlight therapy in this way becomes at once a catalyst for creative exploration, and a type of limit to it. Their work emphasises the unreliability of the idea of therapeutic sunlight, the suddenness of its making and unmaking – from the fictional defeat of Lawrence’s Juliet in *Sun*, to the abrupt failure of Lawrence’s own Alpine sun-baths, to Katherine Mansfield’s reference to Daphne and to Icarus.

Awareness of the unsettling unreliability of sunlight therapy and of the way in which it might undermine ideas of autonomy, does not, however, make for despair. Mansfield’s description of the sun with which this essay opened showed how the sunlight seemed to arrive out of nowhere: ‘came a hint of heavenly bright petals’, and in her letters images of the sun are marked by continual changeability. After her sun cure is discontinued at Menton, Mansfield still continues to write about the changing tenor of the weather:

The weather is really exquisite. Today was perfection. Radiant, crystal clear, one of those days when the earth seems to pause, enchanted with its beauty, when every new leaf whispers: “am I not heavenly fair!” The sun is quite warm. It is tame again. It comes & curls up in your arms.<sup>62</sup>

The sun suddenly shifts, changes shape again like a cat: ‘It comes & curls up in your arms’. There’s a sudden sense of wonderment, and of perfection. This is characteristic of sunlight narratives – there’s a sense at once of unveiling and disturbing the body, but also a constant sense of possibility, a sense that all might change. In this way it links up, in Mansfield’s work, with a sense both of a loss of control and a type of odd, involuntary, sense of pleasure in life. Katherine Mansfield’s letters, following the failure of her sunlight therapy, occasionally suggest a type of helplessness in the face of her illness – she writes to Sydney Waterlow in March 1921 that ‘Since receiving your letter Life has driven me through dark little doorways, down underground passages which have ended this week in one of those white tiled rooms, with glass shelves, a fine display of delicate steel, too many wash basins, a frosted windy glass & a narrow little black sofa with steel grips for the patient to cling to’, suggesting an almost phantasmagoric sequence, and absolute passivity.<sup>63</sup> Yet this helplessness leads to a type of defiant celebration, expressed later in the letter: ‘It is very mysterious how, in spite of everything, we find ourselves at the last *praising Life*’.<sup>64</sup> The medicalization of sunlight at the turn of the twentieth-century meant that it became woven into narratives blurring submission and agency, unsettling ideas of emotion and of the body, emphasising finally a heightened, sensitized affirmation of contingency and changeability.

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<sup>1</sup> Katherine Mansfield, 7<sup>th</sup> April 1914, *The Katherine Mansfield Notebooks*, ed. Margaret Scott 2 vols (Canterbury, New Zealand: Lincoln University Press, 1997), I, 284.

<sup>2</sup> William Wordsworth, *The Prelude* (1850) in *The Prelude 1799, 1805, 1850* ed. Jonathan Wordsworth, M.H. Abrams, and Stephen Gill (New York: W.W. Norton, 1979), 75, Book 2, ll. 176-188. See J.F. Kobler,

*Katherine Mansfield: A Study of the Short Fiction* (Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1990), for an account of how ‘Mansfield’s love of and attitude toward nature is exceedingly Wordsworthian’, 120.

<sup>3</sup> Katherine Mansfield to John Middleton Murry, 11<sup>th</sup> December 1915, *The Collected Letters of Katherine Mansfield*, ed. Vincent O Sullivan and Margaret Scott, 5 vols (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1984-2008), I, 207.

<sup>4</sup> For a helpful account of the origins of sunlight therapy see Simon Carter, ‘The Medicalization of Sunlight in the Early Twentieth Century’, *Journal of Historical Sociology*, 25:1 (2012):83-105. For the discussion of the initial use of sunlight therapy to treat rickets see 85-91.

<sup>5</sup> For discussion of heliotherapy and tuberculosis see Carter, ‘Medicalization of Sunlight’, 92-97. For discussion of the use of heliotherapy in treating neurasthenia see Francis Howard Humphris, *Artificial Sunlight and Its Therapeutic Uses*, 5<sup>th</sup> edn (London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, 1929), 217-223, and for details of how recovering influenza patients were prescribed sun exposure see Paul Fussell, *Abroad: British Literary Traveling Between the Wars* (Oxford: Oxford University Press), 138. For an account of Dr Oskar Bernhard’s use of heliotherapy to treat war wounds see Richard Hobday, *The Healing Sun: Sunlight and Health in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century* (Findhorn, Forres: Findhorn Press, 1999), 98-99.

<sup>6</sup> See Carter, ‘Medicalization of Sunlight’, on sun therapy and research into vitamins, 87.

<sup>7</sup> Tania Woloshyn, ‘Le Pays du Soleil: The Art of Healing on the Côte d’Azur’, *Social History of Medicine*, 26:1 (2013), 74-93, 80. Woloshyn’s article cites Arnaud Baubérot, *Histoire du Naturisme: Le mythe du retour à la nature* (Rennes: Presses Universitaires de Rennes, 2004) in support of this point.

<sup>8</sup> Fussell, *Abroad*, 137-141; Woloshyn, ‘Le Pays du Soleil’, 76.

<sup>9</sup> Fussell, *Abroad*, 139, 138.

<sup>10</sup> This statement was made in an advance notice of a special number of *The Times* to be dedicated to sunlight and health: ‘Sunlight and Health. Special Number of *The Times*’, *The Times* (15<sup>th</sup> May 1928), 16.

<sup>11</sup> For discussions of the medical and cultural history of sunlight therapy see, in addition to the sources cited above: Simon Carter, *Rise and Shine: Sunlight, Technology and Health* (Oxford: Berg, 2007); Tania Woloshyn, ‘Patients rebuilt: Dr Auguste Rollier’s heliotherapeutic portraits, c.1903-1944’, *Medical Humanities*, 39 (2013): 38-46; Tania Woloshyn, ‘Kissed by the Sun’: Tanning the Skin of the Sick with Light Therapeutics c.1890-1930’, *A Medical History of Skin: Scratching the Surface*, ed. Jonathan Reinartz and Kevin Siena (London: Pickering and Chatto, 2013), 181-194; Richard Hobday, *The Healing Sun: Sunlight and Health in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century* (Findhorn, Forres: Findhorn Press, 1999); Robert Mighall, *Sunshine: Why We Love the Sun* (London: John Murray, 2009), 35-106; Sarah Howell, *Seaside* (London: Cassell and Collier Macmillan, 1974), 175-183.

<sup>12</sup> See also Kirsty Martin, ‘D. H. Lawrence, Katherine Mansfield and Happiness’, *Katherine Mansfield Studies*, 2 (2010): 87-99, for reference to how images of the sun recur in Lawrence’s letters to Mansfield in the winter of 1918 (90-91).

<sup>13</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *Sun* (1928), *The Woman Who Rode Away and Other Stories*, ed. Dieter Mehl and Christa Jansohn (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1995), 19-38, 19. Hereafter cited parenthetically by page number.

<sup>14</sup> N. H. Reeve, ‘Liberty in a Tantrum: D. H. Lawrence’s *Sun*’, *Cambridge Quarterly*, 24:3 (1995): 209-220, 218.

<sup>15</sup> Reeve, ‘Liberty in a Tantrum’, 218.

<sup>16</sup> Reeve, ‘Liberty in a Tantrum’, 217. This slight vagueness about the medical benefits of ‘warmth’ is also found in relation to Katherine Mansfield – see Alex Moffett, ‘Hot Sparks and Cold Devils: Katherine Mansfield and Modernist Thermodynamics’, *Journal of Modern Literature*, 37:2 (2014): 59-75. Here Moffett notes in conclusion that ‘It is important to acknowledge that metaphors of temperature must have come particularly easily to Katherine Mansfield’s mind. Her worsening illness necessitated a move to healthier climes and her letters home are filled with complaints about chilly weather’ (72), yet this acknowledgement is not developed further into thinking about how and why it had this importance.

<sup>17</sup> For a newspaper account of heliotherapy see ‘Nature the Healer. Sunlight and the Children. Work at an Alpine Clinic’, *The Times* (2<sup>nd</sup> April 1923), 9. For examples of some medical journal reports on heliotherapy see ‘Sunlight in the Treatment of Disease’, *The Lancet*, 173: 4460 (20<sup>th</sup> February 1909): 563 and ‘Heliotherapy, Phototherapy, and the Open Air’, *The Lancet*, 207:5353 (3<sup>rd</sup> April, 1926): 741-2.

<sup>18</sup> Fussell, *Abroad*, 138.

<sup>19</sup> Fussell lists *Sun* as one of the key texts engaging with the ‘new heliophilia’, 139; Howell cites *Sun* in *Seaside* noting that ‘D. H. Lawrence spelled out sun-bathing’s sexual implications’, 176; Mighall calls *Sun* ‘the first work of modern fiction dedicated exclusively to sunbathing’ (*Sunshine*, 89). None of these accounts explores the extent of Lawrence’s knowledge of heliotherapy or how his exploration of how heliotherapy works.

<sup>20</sup> Auguste Rollier with collaboration of A. Rosselet, H.J. Schmid, E. Amstad, *Heliotherapy* (London: Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton, 1923), 1.

<sup>21</sup> Rollier, *Heliotherapy*, v.

- <sup>22</sup> Humphris, *Artificial Sunlight and Its Therapeutic Uses*, 80.
- <sup>23</sup> Henry Gauvain, 'Foreword' to Rollier, *Heliotherapy*, ix.
- <sup>24</sup> A. Rosselet, 'The Scientific Basis of Heliotherapy', in Rollier, *Heliotherapy*, 158-214, 197-8.
- <sup>25</sup> A. Rosselet, 'The Scientific Basis of Heliotherapy', 213.
- <sup>26</sup> Leonard V. Dodds, *Modern Sunlight* (London: John Murray, 1930), 131.
- <sup>27</sup> D. H. Lawrence to Rosalind Bayes 2<sup>nd</sup> March 1921, *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. James T. Boulton *et al*, 7 vols (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979-1993), III, 676-7. For an essay cataloguing Lawrence's repeated references to the sun see Nick Ceramella, 'Lorenzo's Quest for the Mediterranean Sun', *D. H. Lawrence and Literary Genres* ed. Simonetta de Filippis and Nick Ceramella (Napoli: Loffredo Editore, 2004), 31-44.
- <sup>28</sup> See, for instance, Rosselet's 'The Scientific Basis of Heliotherapy', which begins with a consideration of physics, the light spectrum and ether (159) before continuing to discuss light's 'physico-chemical' effect (213).
- <sup>29</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (1922) in *Psychoanalysis of the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious*, ed. Bruce Steele (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004), 191. For a discussion of the development of Lawrence's ideas of 'blood-consciousness' see Bruce Steele, 'Introduction', *Psychoanalysis of the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious*, ed. Steele, xxi-xxiv.
- <sup>30</sup> Rosselet, 'Scientific Basis', in Rollier, *Heliotherapy*, 207.
- <sup>31</sup> Mighall's *Sunshine*, 89, 90; Woloshyn meanwhile suggests Gide's description of sun-bathing might also be somewhat singular – she describes it as 'provocative', 'Kissed by the Sun', 189.
- <sup>32</sup> André Gide, *The Immoralist* (1902), trans. Dorothy Bussy (London, Penguin, 1978), 55.
- <sup>33</sup> Gide, *The Immoralist*, 52.
- <sup>34</sup> William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet* ed. René Weis (London: Arden Shakespeare, 2012), 185, 2.2.2-3.
- <sup>35</sup> Carter, 'The Medicalization of Sunlight', 89.
- <sup>36</sup> Woloshyn, 'Kissed by the Sun', 193.
- <sup>37</sup> Virginia Woolf to Molly MacCarthy, 22<sup>nd</sup> September 1929, *The Letters of Virginia Woolf*, ed. Nigel Nicolson and Joanne Trautmann, 6 vols (London: The Hogarth Press, 1975-1980), IV, 91.
- <sup>38</sup> Mighall, *Sunshine*, 112.
- <sup>39</sup> Peter de Bolla, 'Afterword', *Textual Practice: Languages of Emotion*, 22:1 (2008), 145-150, 150.
- <sup>40</sup> For a discussion of this statement in relation to ideas of communal feeling see Kirsty Martin, *Modernism and the Rhythms of Sympathy: Vernon Lee, Virginia Woolf, D. H. Lawrence* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), 22-23.
- <sup>41</sup> For more on the details of Lawrence's tuberculosis see David Ellis, *Death and the Author: How D. H. Lawrence Died, and Was Remembered* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2008).
- <sup>42</sup> D. H. Lawrence to Dorothy Brett 25<sup>th</sup> June 1928, *Letters*, VI, 436-7.
- <sup>43</sup> D. H. Lawrence to Mabel Dodge Luhan 9<sup>th</sup> August 1928, *Letters*, VI, 498.
- <sup>44</sup> D. H. Lawrence to Maria and Aldous Huxley, 15<sup>th</sup> August 1928, *Letters*, VI, 507.
- <sup>45</sup> This is apparent in Lawrence's stay in Majorca in 1929 – at first he claims in a letter to Harry and Caresse Crosby, 18<sup>th</sup> April 1929 that 'I think it will do me good, body and soul', celebrating 'the trance of islands that lie in the sun' (*Letters*, VII, 255), but by 27<sup>th</sup> April writes to Brewster Ghiselin that he now doesn't care for Majorca: 'I had a whack of malaria [...] I mistrust a place where malaria comes back' (*Letters*, VII, 264).
- <sup>46</sup> D. H. Lawrence to Mabel Dodge Luhan, 14-15<sup>th</sup> April 1927, *Letters*, VI, 37.
- <sup>47</sup> Katherine Mansfield to John Middleton Murry 1<sup>st</sup> February 1922, *Letters*, V, 36.
- <sup>48</sup> Katherine Mansfield to John Middleton Murry, 28<sup>th</sup> October 1920, *Letters*, IV, 88.
- <sup>49</sup> Katherine Mansfield to John Middleton Murry, 10<sup>th</sup> November 1920, *Letters*, IV, 106.
- <sup>50</sup> Katherine Mansfield to John Middleton Murry, 17<sup>th</sup> October 1920, *Letters*, IV, 73.
- <sup>51</sup> Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, transl. Arthur Golding and ed. Madeleine Forey (London: Penguin, 2002), 46, Book I, l.545; Katherine Mansfield to Sydney Schiff, 1<sup>st</sup> December 1920, *Letters*, IV, 131. I am grateful to Jennifer Barnes for her help with researching 'these mythological ladies'.
- <sup>52</sup> Katherine Mansfield to John Middleton Murry, 10<sup>th</sup> November 1920, *Letters*, IV, 105.
- <sup>53</sup> Katherine Mansfield to Richard Murry, 15<sup>th</sup> November 1920, *Letters*, IV, 111-112.
- <sup>54</sup> Katherine Mansfield, 'Bliss' (1920), *The Collected Stories of Katherine Mansfield* (London: Penguin, 1981), 91; Katherine Mansfield, 'At the Bay' (1922), *Collected Stories*, 238, 239. I am grateful to the anonymous reviewer for *Modernism/Modernity* for drawing my attention to this part of 'At the Bay'.
- <sup>55</sup> Mansfield, 'At the Bay', 239.
- <sup>56</sup> Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 50, Book I, ll.673-676.
- <sup>57</sup> Dr Bouchage's Medical Report on Katherine Mansfield, April 1921, reprinted in *Letters*, IV, 361.
- <sup>58</sup> Katherine Mansfield to John Middleton Murry, 2<sup>nd</sup> November 1920, *Letters*, IV, 96.
- <sup>59</sup> Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 242, Book VIII, l.255.

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<sup>60</sup> D. H. Lawrence, *Apocalypse* (written 1929-30), *Apocalypse and the Writings on Revelation*, ed. Mara Kalnins (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1980), 77.

<sup>61</sup> Virginia Woolf, 'Modern Fiction' (1925), *The Essays of Virginia Woolf* ed. Andrew McNeillie and Stuart N. Clarke, 6 vols (London: The Hogarth Press, 1986-2011), IV, 157-165, 162. Christina Walter, *Optical Impersonality: Sciences, Images, and Literary Modernism* (Baltimore: John Hopkins University Press, 2014), 2.

<sup>62</sup> Katherine Mansfield to Ottoline Morrell, 14<sup>th</sup> March 1921, *Letters*, IV, 192.

<sup>63</sup> Katherine Mansfield to Sydney Waterlow, 16<sup>th</sup> March 1921, *Letters*, IV, 193.

<sup>64</sup> Katherine Mansfield to Sydney Waterlow, 16<sup>th</sup> March 1921, *Letters*, IV, 194.