BİR YAŞAM ÖYKÜSÜNÜN SUNUMU: DORIS LESSING’İN TENİMİN ALTINDA: 1949’A KADAR OLAN ÖZYAŞAM ÖYKÜMÜN İLK BÖLÜMÜ

Presentation Of A Life Story: Doris Lessing’s Under My Skin: Volume One Of My Autobiography To 1949

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ÖZ


Araştırma Amacı: Bu çalışma, Britanya edebiyatının en önemlileri kadın yazarlarından Doris Lessing’in öyüşümüklüğünü yazar olarak, yaşam öyküsünü ve deneyimlerini nasıl yansıttığini ele almaya amaçlamıştır.

Yöntem: Kadın öyüşümüklüğü teorileri ile birlikte Doris Lessing’in öyüşümüklüğü incelenmiştir.


Anahtar Sözcükler: Öyüşümüklüğü, Kadınların kişisel anlatıları, Doris Lessing, Under My Skin (Tenimin Altında)

ABSTRACT

Problem Statement: Women’s autobiography, once acknowledged as an inferior and devalued genre, has now achieved a significant place in literary writing and criticism. Not surprisingly, there are obvious and striking differences between women’s autobiographical writings and those of men’s. While women’s life stories emphasize personal and domestic details and describe connections with other people, men focus on their accomplishments in their professional lives. Women’s life writings are non-linear, non-chronological, disconnected and fragmented; whereas, men provide linear and chronological personal narratives.

Purpose: This paper aims to show Doris Lessing, one of the most important women writers in British Literature, as a woman autobiographer present her life story and experience in Under My Skin: Volume One of My Autobiography to 1949.

Method: Doris Lessing’s autobiography is examined with the help of the theories of women’s autobiographical writings.

Findings and Results: This study has explored that Doris Lessing wrote an autobiography which some of the characteristics of autobiographies written by women. Lessing preferred writing about her private life like the other women autobiographers.

Key Words: Autobiography, women’s personal narrative, Doris Lessing, Under My Skin.
Women’s autobiography, once acknowledged as an inferior and devalued genre, has now achieved a significant place in literary writing and criticism. The publication of anthologies on the subject has increased over the past few decades. Also, well-known authors have written numerous autobiographies. Not surprisingly, there are obvious and striking differences between women’s autobiographical writings and those of men’s. While women’s life stories emphasize personal and domestic details and describe connections with other people, men focus on their accomplishments in their professional lives. Men idealize their lives and present them as heroic tales. Women’s life writings are non-linear, non-chronological, disconnected and fragmented; whereas, men provide linear and chronological personal narratives. Autobiography makes possible for women the reclamation of voice and thus empowers them. By writing autobiographies, women challenge the established history written by men. Autobiography also has a healing power enabling both the writer and the reader to cope with the wounds of the past. Hence, women find a chance to speak the unspeakable by writing their life stories and they hold mirrors to the lives of other women. This paper elucidates how Doris Lessing, one of the most important writers in British Literature, as a woman autobiographer present her life story and experience in *Under My Skin: Volume One of My Autobiography to 1949*. The special emphasis will be on the central themes of the autobiography: effects of War on Lessing and her parents, mother-daughter relation, education life and political life. Why did Doris Lessing choose to write her own life will be the question to be answered in this study.

*Under My Skin* is the first volume of Doris Lessing’s autobiography. This volume recounts the first thirty years of Lessing’s life, from her birth in Persia in 1919, through her childhood and young adulthood in Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe), to her departure, in 1949, for London, where she would make her career as a writer with the typescript of her first novel, *The Grass is Singing*. Briefly, in this volume, she describes how her mother loved her younger brother, Harry, but not her; how she was not in love with her first husband, nor he with her, "though such were the intoxications of the time it was easy to think so"(206); how she left him with their two young children, intent on making the world a better place for them how she then married Gottfried Lessing, a German refugee and comrade, "but only because in those days people could not have affairs, let alone live together."(293) Lessing also describes the political scene of wartime Salisbury, where she joined a group of Communists, selling their newspaper, *The Guardian*, to locals. A portrait of the developing writer, in love with books, can be seen in this volume.

If we do not know what is important in our memories, as Lessing (1995) states, we have to create our lives and our memory. In our daily lives, we make up our pasts. We can actually watch our minds doing it, thinking a little fragment of fact and then spinning a tale out of it (Lessing, 13). This making up of past is seen in the first chapter, where Doris Lessing introduces her parents and her grandparents. Here, she even writes about the days before she was born. The devastating impact of the First World War on her parents is her main focus. Alfred Cook Tayler, Lessing’s father, loses a leg in the trenches and marries the nurse who helped him in his hard times; already thirty-five, she herself loses her lover in the war. After giving information on how her parents met and married, Lessing (1995) tells the story of her birth as if she remembers all the details:

*I was born on the 22nd October 1919. My mother had a bad time. It was a forceps birth. My face scarred purple for days. Do I believe this difficult birth scarred me- that is to say, my nature? Who*
knows. I do know that to be born in the year 1919 when half of Europe was a graveyard, and people were dying in millions all over the world- that was important (8).

It is generally seen in women’s autobiographies that writer relates herself with others. Doris Lessing identifies herself with her fat her and mother, because of this she prefers to talk about the days before she was born. She wants to draw attention to the terrible war and its consequences. She tries to say that in such a bad condition, her birth becomes a sign of hope for future.

In 1990 which is the year she began to write Under My Skin, Lessing is still under the influence of World War I. She says, “All over Europe, in every city, town, and village is a war memorial, with the names of the dead of World War I.”(1995:9). She believes that her generation was made by war:

I used to joke that it was the war that had given birth to me, as a defence when weary with the talk about the war that went on-and on. But it was no joke. I used to feel there was something like a grey cloud, like poison gas, over my early childhood. Later I found people who had the same experience. Perhaps it was from that war that I first felt the struggling panicky need to escape, with a nervous aversion to where I have just stood, as if something there might blow up or drag me down by the heel. (1995: 10)

As it is seen above, in Doris Lessing’s autobiography, war plays an important role. The experience of war deeply affects her. Another striking theme in this personal narrative is the relationship between Lessing and her mother. It is not surprising to see this relationship in the centre of an autobiography written by a woman. As Brodzki (1998) asserts, mother is the pre-text for the daughter’s autobiographical project (157). She continues as follows:

Indeed, these autobiographical narratives are generated out of a compelling need to enter into discourse with the absent or distant mother. As the child’s first significant Other, the mother engenders subjectivity through language; she is the primary source of speech and love. And part of the maternal legacy is the conflation of the two. Thereafter, implicated in and overlaid with other modes of discourse, the maternal legacy of language becomes charged with ambiguity and fraught with ambivalence. In response(whatever deferred), the daughter’s text, variously seeks to reject, reconstruct and reclaim- to locate and recontextualize- the mother’s message. (1998:157)

Doris Lessing (1995) describes her mother “as always doing the best as she saw it, a good sort, a good sport” (26). She is always in a state of accusation against her mother. For Doris Lessing, the problem with her mother is her obsession with raising a proper daughter. She puts a rigid system of rules and hygiene at home. In her autobiographical project, Doris rejects the role that is given by her mother. Once, Lessing (1995) reveals her thoughts about her mother as:

All you need is love. Love is all you need. A child should be governed by love, as my mother so often said, explaining her methods to us. She had not known love as a child, and was making sure we would not be similarly deprived. The trouble is, love is a word that has to be filled with an experience of love. What I remember is hard bundling hands, impatient arms and her voice telling me over and over again that she had not wanted a girl, she wanted a boy. I knew from the beginning she loved my little brother unconditionally, and she did not love me. (25)
In *Under My Skin*, Doris Lessing (1995) generally refers to the memories about her mother that filled her with hatred. She is as if taking her revenge from her mother. One of these memories is about the day which she starts to wear a bra. It is a very embarrassing situation for Doris. Her mother calls her father and her brother to expose Doris’s breasts. She is “consumed with rage and hatred” (171).

Neither her father nor her mother like displays of emotion. Her father is affectionate but he is not tender. If her mother’s daughter had been like her, of the same substance, everything would have gone well. However, according to Lessing, it is her misfortune to have an over-sensitive, always observant and judging, battling, impressionable, hungry-for-love child. Lessing (1995) hates her mother kept insisting, “I always came first, because I had a good memory. You are just like me.” Her so frequent You are just like me made her white-hot with rage (150).

Years later, the relationship between Doris Lessing and her mother is still the same. They face with the same problems when she is a grown up and married woman. Lessing (1995) sees her as a threat in her life although her mother is old and has to look after her father:

> What was going on in her life was certainly more than she could bear. My father was now permanently ill. He was an invalid: the word suggests a steady, low condition, but with him it was all crises, traumas. He had been in coma, or nearly in one, he had been taking far too much insulin, or too little. His liver...bowels...stomach...his good leg was so thin now he could hardly walk. There she was, alone with him on the farm, and he could no longer safely drive. She was always appealing to neighbours for lifts in to town, and she hated being dependent. Why did she not learn to drive? She did later, in town. Her letters to me were, in the current idiom, cries for help. To me they were threatening. She was a threat: half an hour with her reduced me to exhaustion. After a visit from her I would go to bed and sleep. (223)

Once more, Doris Lessing and her mother’s traumatic relation is seen above. This time, her mother blames Lessing for being selfish and not to think of no one just herself. Actually, her mother is the one who is selfish. She is cold and remote to her children but she expects warmth from her daughter. Only when Lessing becomes a mother herself, she feels sympathy and pity for her mother.

In the following chapters, Lessing tells her experiences in the school. Like most of the girls living in colonies, Doris Lessing attends the Convent school. She describes the atmosphere in the Convent as “unwholesome” (1995:93), a favourite word of her mother’s. Lessing (1995) tells the story of her Convent days as:

> I was at the Convent for four years. Or for eternity. I used to wake up in the morning with the clang of the bell and not believe I would live through that interminable day until the night. And, after this endless day would be another. Then another. I was in the grip of a homesickness like an illness. It is an illness...I wanted to be home. I wanted my mother, my father, and my little brother, who until he was eight was still at home. I wanted my dogs and my cat. I wanted to be near the birds and animals of the bush. I did not believe it would ever end. I have exchanged recollections with men who were sent to schools in England aged seven, and some remember this weight of misery. There must be by now hundreds of memoirs, autobiographies, testifying to the misery of small children sent too young to school. (96)
It was really difficult for Doris Lessing to understand how parents send small children to boarding school knowing the fact their children would suffer as they did once upon a time. She claims, “This says something pretty important about human nature. Or about the British” (1995: 96-97). By the time Doris Lessing leaves the Convent, she knows how to set a hen, look after chickens and rabbits, worm dogs and cats, pan for gold, take samples from reefs, cook, sew, use the milk separator and churn butter, make cream cheese and ginger beer, paint stencilled patterns on materials, make papier mache, walk on stilts, made from poles cut in the bush, drive the car, shoot pigeons, and guineafowl for the pot, preserve eggs-and a lot else. Doing these things she is truly happy. Few things in her life have given her greater pleasure. Lessing (1995) says “That is real happiness, a child’s happiness: being enabled to do and to make, above all to know you are contributing to the family, you are valuable and valued” (103).

With the influence of Convent School, Doris Lessing wants to convert to Roman Catholicism. She remembers the day when she goes home for the holiday and her mother sees the holy water and the rosary under her pillow and explodes into reproaches. Lessing accuses her mother about the change in her thoughts about religion. Then, she tells her story:

This marked the beginning of a rejection of my mother, like a slamming of a door. She called me out to sit with her in front of the house, set her chair opposite mine, and began on a history of the crimes of Roman Catholicism. The Inquisition figured as the chief wrong, but others were cited, for instance the way Catholic missionaries converted the Africans they taught to their religion. By now I was listening, full of cold loathing for what I saw as illogic masquerading as virtue. I lost religion in a breath; Heaven fled from me on the wings of Reason, when I said that everything she said was true of the Protestants, who had burned Catholics at the stake, just as Catholics had burned Protestants... I had become an atheist, but what I really did was to put an end to the conflict of being a Protestant in a Catholic school, the interminable anxious queries from both parents about whether I was being “got” by the RCs (1995:124-25).

From the passage above, it is understood that Lessing’s mother is a very influential figure in her life. In the first volume of her autobiography, apart from her mother, she only mentions about Ivy. She was her first husband Frank Wisdom’s friend, Tommy Wolton’s wife. Ivy is pregnant like Doris and she becomes her special friend. She is her first real woman friend, only because they were having the same experiences at the same time (1995:213). Lessing believes that a woman friend is essential for balance if not for survival. Ivy and Doris sit for long morning hours comparing their sensations. They insist that their babies respond them energetically when they dance or make love with their fathers (1995:214). Most of the women who give birth to a child like to tell the stories of pregnancy and birth. Here, Lessing tells the reader her gynaecological history:

I was in a mood of triumphant accomplishment, and looking forward to the birth. I did not believe it would be as painful as they said, because I was so healthy and at ease with myself. My gynaecological history would be appropriate for that fabled peasant woman who has never had anything wrong with her. I had my first period when I was fourteen. My periods lasted two or three days and were never excessive. They were sometimes mildly painful. As for premenstrual tension, no one had heard of it. I gave birth three times,
normally, was never torn, stitched, forcepped, caesared. I have never suffered from thrush or herpes. My periods ended in my early forties, as is common for women who smoke. The dreaded menopause did not happen: my periods ended and that was it. I do not see how I could have been more fortunate. Women with this kind of history—quite a lot of us—are sometimes made to feel guilty, as if womb troubles are the proper fate of females (1995:216-17).

Doris Lessing’s telling of her gynaecological history makes this autobiography typically women’s. These are very private details from her life. Lessing argues that the women of her generation feel more confident and in control than new generation. Her generation is lucky because they are not bombarded with bleak information from television, radio, newspapers, women’s magazines. She says; “If girls are told, from very young, that they can expect bad times of every sort from pre-menstrual tension to menopausal miseries, it is not possible that they are attracting bad times?” (1995:217).

In Under My Skin, Lessing’s entry into political life and Communist movement takes great place. With the happiness of belonging to a group, she makes very radical decisions. She divorces from Frank Wisdom and leaves her two children with their grandparents. Then, she tries to justify her abandoning children by saying that they will be brought up with much concern and love with their grandparents. Lessing (1995) explains the reasons of becoming a Communist:

People became communists because of cynicism about their governments—that, first. Because they had fallen in love with a communist—as Gottfried Lessing did. Because they were taken to a Party rally and were swept away by mass emotion. Because they had been taken to a Party meeting and found the atmosphere of conspiracy appealing. Because of the idealism of the Party. Because they had a taste for heroics or suffering. In my case it was because for the first time in my life I was meeting a group of people (not and isolated individual here and there) who read everything, and who did not think it remarkable to read, and among whom thoughts about the Native Problem I had scarcely dared to say aloud turned out to be mere commonplace. I became a Communist because of the spirit of the times, because of the Zeitgeist (259).

Doris Lessing feels herself very powerful with these people. She even thinks that she can change this ugly world and they would live in a beautiful and perfect world where there will be no race hatred, injustice and so forth (1995:262). For her, their group was a real Communist group. She says “real” because they have nothing in common with real Communist parties in Communist countries or established Communist parties in Europe. She describes their movement as “an authentic flame”. The Spirit of Lenin lives in them. They properly organize group meetings every day. They have Political Education classes at least twice a week. They also have different meeting such as; Medical Aid for Russia, organizational and public, Friends of the Soviet Union meetings, the Left Club and Race Relations meetings. What do they believe and what are the ideas that fuelled them are the questions have to be answered. Lessing makes a list in order to answer the questions:

First, that, within ten years, well fifteen then, whole world would be Communist, from free choice, because of the manifest superiorities of Communism. There would be no race prejudice, oppression of women, exploitation of labour—no snobbishness or
contempt for others. This paradise would follow a brief period of resistance by reactionaries, only a minority, after all, because by then “the State would have withered away”.

Paradise, then, was on the world’s agenda, and soon. Who would lead the world thither? Why, we would, people like us, Communists, the vanguard of the working class, destined by History for the role.

Secondly, that there was no way to paradise but by Revolution. We despised anyone who did not believe in Revolution- that is, with a few exceptions . . . We were united with each other by superiority of character, because we were revolutionaries and good. Our opponents were bad. People who did not believe in socialism were not credited with good intentions: a set of mind that continues to this day. Thirdly, we were a part of a family that covered the world. “A Communist can arrive in any country anywhere and at once be at home, with people who think the same, with same ideals.”

Fourthly, a Communist should always be better than everyone else, work harder, study more, look after people, always be ready to do the dirty work, both as a human responsibility and to attract people into the Communist Party, which embodied now, and would embody in the future, all the best qualities of humankind. (1995:281-282)

Doris Lessing and her friends believe there would never again be nationalist wars or religious wars. Nationalism is obviously a thing of the past. So is religion. They used to congratulate each other: at least they can never have a religious war again, or a nationalist war. She lives on “heroic myths and fantasies” (1995: 287). However, this does not last long. Lessing admits that she is never committed with all of herself to Communism. So, the loss of faith does not hurt her so much. For her, the loss of faith happens when the Soviet Union invaded Finland and Hungary and when Stalin makes a pact with Hitler.

Influence of World War I, Lessing’s relation with her mother, education and politics are the central themes explored so far. While reading an autobiography by a man or a woman, it is important to expose the reasons of writing. In the second chapter, Doris Lessing tries to explain why she chooses to write her autobiography. She confesses that the reason for writing autobiography was a “self defence” (14). She did not want to let other people write about her life. She explains it as,

In the year just finished, 1992, I heard of five American biographers writing about me. One I had never met or even heard of. Another, I was told by a friend in Zimbabwe, is “collecting material” for a biography. From whom? Long dead people? A woman I met twice, once when she asked me carefully casual questions, has just informed me she has written a book about me which she is about to get published. . . . Probably interviews, too, and these are always full of misinformation. (1995:14)

To prevent her life from any misinformation, Doris Lessing decides to write her autobiography. It is clearly seen that her intention is not to convey a message to people. However, she faces with the first problem of the self-chronicler; “truth”:

Telling the truth about yourself is one thing, if you can, but what about the other people? I may easily write about my life until the year I left Southern Rhodesia in 1949, because there are few people left who can be hurt by what I say; I have had to leave out, or change-mostly a name or two- very little. So Volume One is being written
without snags and blocks of conscience. But Volume Two, that is from the time I reached London, will be different matter, even if I follow the example of Simone de Beauvoir who said that about some things she had no intention of telling the truth. (Then why bother? - the reader must be expected to ask.) I have known not a few of the famous, and even one or two of the great, but I do not believe it is the duty of friends, lovers, comrades, to tell all. The older I get the more secrets I have, never to be revealed and this, I know, is a common condition of people of my age. And why all this emphasis on kissing and telling? Kisses are the least of it. (1995: 11)

According to Doris Lessing, the problem of shifting perspectives is a bigger problem than telling the truth or not telling it. She asserts that people see their lives differently at different stages. Lessing resembles this like climbing a mountain while the landscape changes with the every turn in the path. She says:

Had I written this when I was thirty, it would have been a pretty combative document. In my forties, a wail of despair and guilt: oh my God, how could I have done this or that? Now I look back at that child, that girl, that young woman, with a more and more detached curiosity. Old people may be observed peering into their pasts, Why? they are asking themselves. How did that happen? I try to see my past selves as someone else might, and then put myself back inside one of them, and am at once submerged in a hot struggle of emotion, justified by thoughts and ideas I now judge wrong.

Besides, the landscape itself is a tricky thing. As you start to write at once the question begins to insist: Why do you remember this and not that? Why do you remember in every detail a whole week, month, more, of a long ago year, but then complete dark, a blank? How do you know that what you remember is more important than what you don’t? (1995: 12)

In the following chapters, Doris Lessing expresses another reason why she wanted to write this autobiography. Here she wants to say that this autobiography is also an alternative history of the end of British colonialism:

One reason for writing this autobiography is that more and more I realize I was part of an extraordinary time, the end of the British Empire in Africa, and the bit I was involved with was the occupation of a country that lasted exactly ninety years. People no longer know what that time was like, even those who live in Southern Africa. My own children can be surprised when I tell them this and that, are perhaps disconcerted at the roughness of those times, karosess as blankets, furniture of petrol boxes, flour sack curtains. The sometimes paternalistic, sometimes brutal relations between white and black then have changed. African friends, white friends, may be infuriated or amused at my father and Old Smoke philosophizing for hours sitting on either end of a log while they watched the “boys” at work. Whites will refuse to believe in the brutalities of Cyril Larter or Bob Matthews, or that white adolescents were not rebuked by their parents for pretending “as a joke” to run down a black man or child in the car along the track, or that the more stupid white men played cruel jokes on their employees (1995:160-61).
Lynda Scott (1996) describes Lessing’s work as “more therapeutic than confessional” (2). Psychoanalysis, psychotherapy, and self-representational writing, all provide opportunities to reach the past, analyse past experiences, and perhaps re-invent them by experiencing them again, while living in the present. During a session with a psychoanalyst or a psychotherapist, an individual attempts to reconcile her or his present feelings and existence with the past which she or he may have suppressed. Doris Lessing is able to recreate past selves and commune in an inner dialogue with earlier and necessarily fictive selves while constructing a coherent text that represents a healed and unified self at a particular instant in time. (Scott, 1996: 2)

According to Scott, Lessing's autobiographical writing resembles a therapeutic session because she invests herself with authority and distance through the literary positioning of herself as "author" (1996:3). She is able to use power and command over the text. At the same time she allows her own silent past to be re-created. *Under My Skin* helps her to maintain a dialogue with herself and her past. Here, Doris Lessing makes an effort to create a unified self; that is an effort generally made in men’s autobiographies. In autobiographies, the text becomes the dream-space in which to re-live your life and relationships in the way that you think you did or wished you had. Scott (1996) asserts that the autobiographical act is a result of pre-text:

*The autobiographer's own life occurs before the text and then the autobiographer and the reader read as the text. Autobiography also becomes the pre-text for the construction of a self-image by the autobiographer and the reader, the latter reading the autobiographical text while considering her or his own life-text. The self-conscious and careful selection of events, people, and memories within an autobiographical text either fictive or re-orders the past and can generate more memories (3).*

Consequently, with *Under My Skin*, Doris Lessing does not let anybody to write about her life and manages to prevent her life from any misinformation. She also tells the story of end of British colonialism from an alternative perspective. For Lessing, writing about her mother helps her to restore and heal the traumatic relation. She manages to heal the wounds of the past. Doris Lessing finds a chance to speak the unspeakable while writing her autobiography. She holds a mirror to the other women’s lives.

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