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THE QUEST FOR IDENTITY IN THE SHORTER FICTION OF D. H. LAWRENCE

Rice University

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"The Quest for identity in the Shorter Fiction of D. H. Lawrence"

by

Homer Cook Trimpi Tolan

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IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF THE
REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE

Doctor of Philosophy

APPROVED, THESIS COMMITTEE:

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May, 1986
ABSTRACT

D. H. Lawrence's short stories have suffered critically in part because no complete examination of them has been achieved. This thesis divides Lawrence's stories into six separate chronological categories and then approaches each group thematically, utilizing a variety of critical tools to explore the stories. The first two groups of stories are weakest, as might be expected, since they precede Lawrence's commitment to writing, his mother's death, and his alliance with Frieda Weekley. After that time period, the remaining four groups of stories are shown more clearly to deal with essential Lawrentian themes that appear in all his works, including fiction, essays, poems and travel books. For Lawrence more than many other writers, death and regeneration is a part of the process forming a viable identity for self, with which one may then attempt viable relationships—interrelatednesses—with others and the cosmos. The stories offer a good proving ground for this thesis, and demonstrate many ways in which characters both succeed and fail in achieving identity.

In summary, it must no longer be overlooked that all of Lawrence's short stories are part of the whole fabric from which Lawrentian cloth is woven; the stories, even in isolation, reflect the changing nature of Lawrence's polemics over the years, as well as changes in the construction elements of his craft. Examined with a view to his other works, the short stories further amplify Lawrence's historical and philosophical place in the twentieth century context.
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HCTT
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PREFACE

Although many have certainly been well acclaimed, D. H. Lawrence's short stories have received surprisingly little critical attention as a group. While many such stories have been discussed individually at length, few have been considered in the context of other stories and in relation to Lawrence's other works. Accordingly, it is the purpose of the following study to demonstrate the value of locating the large body of short fiction that Lawrence wrote (excluding the novellas, which have been amply examined in the critical literature) in the context of his life and work.

The method of procedure has been principally chronological, with attention devoted to general themes emerging in the stories over the course of six distinct periods delineated by Lawrence's other literary output and his personal history. Particular consideration has been given to a highly creative period in Lawrence's life that roughly coincides with the time of his mother's death, his liaison with Frieda von Richthofen Weekley, and the onset of World War I. The remarkable impact of these events on his life and on the development of his mentality receive here a new emphasis that sheds light on the nature of his short fiction and his developing concept of the means by which an individual may achieve a viable identity in a world of chaos.

In part, this new emphasis is the product of the application of innovative psychological and psychoanalytic critical tools that provide a better understanding of meaning in the fiction and a more satisfactory
explanation of the quest pursued by many of Lawrence's characters to find a viable identity and relationship to others. At the same time, consistently with the work of other critics, traditional critical tools have also been employed in an effort to place Lawrence more comprehensively in the history of ideas and idea-makers. In this context, the stories will be shown to reiterate (as do the longer fiction, poetry, drama, travel literature, and critical essays) the ideas represented in his more dogmatic essays or other polemical writing. As will be demonstrated in the discussion below, this generally eclectic approach not only proves fruitful, but essential, given the changing nature of the short fiction and the continuing changes in Lawrence himself. The effort to uncover and describe those changes begins, appropriately, with Chapter I.
CHAPTER I
1907-1910

Thematically, the first group of Lawrence's short stories does not fall into any obvious category, but it contains indications of some of the major preoccupations of subsequent fiction. Written between 1907 and 1910, the stories share a fundamental Lawrencean concern—the relationship between a man and a woman. Lawrence uses many methods for exploring this relationship, demonstrated by the diversity of treatment in this group. "A Fragment of Stained Glass" is suggestive of the magical, fanciful plot Lawrence later employs with great skill in "The Rocking Horse Winner" and lesser tales such as "Glad Ghosts" and "The Last Laugh." The active confrontation of two males which leads to a change in the relationship of at least one of the males and his female counterpart achieves a dramatic epitome in Women in Love, in the struggle between Birkin and Gerald, but is seen early in such stories as "A Fly in the Ointment," "Goose Fair" and "The Shadow in the Rose Garden"; the stalemate that some relationships reach is amply demonstrated in "A Modern Lover." That some possibility, however remote, of a good and lasting relationship exists, is tentatively suggested in "A Fragment of Stained Glass" and "A Prelude." These are major themes Lawrence considers in his fiction, whether short story, novella, or novel. Perhaps the advantage of a short story is that it provides a very intimate setting for examining ramifications of a particular situation or relationship, uncomplicated by myriad other
relationships or situations, e.g., such as are encountered in novels, where there are frequently multiple interwoven plot strands.

Two early stories, collected in Phoenix II, are fragmentary and seemingly drawn from Lawrence's early experience as a school teacher. "Lessford's Rabbits" recounts a small boy's attempt to earn money for raising rabbits, which he feeds by taking food from the free meal program provided for needy children. In this story, one phrase is used to described the boy Lessford which might well describe many of the later Lawrentian heroes who are incapable of change: "he was blunt and blind to everything that needed a little delicacy of perception." The story ends with the fact that neither Lessford nor his friend Halket is able to recover the rabbits; as in life, to extend the argument, experience is mutable and can not be recovered.

"The Fly in the Ointment" concerns a schoolmaster also, but the world is a little larger than that of "Lessford's Rabbits." Having received a letter from Muriel (a name not so distant from Miriam, surely), the speaker remembers:

all the beautiful ways she had looked on me, of all the beautiful things I had said to her—or had meant to say. I went on imagining beautiful things to say to her looking on me with her wonderful eyes. . . . (Ph. II, 13)

The relationship seems located in their eyes. He remembers vaguely the act of writing a letter to her that evening, but his reverie is interrupted rudely by a boy scavenging in the pantry, and the speaker cannot bridge the distance between the reality of the boy "with his dirty clothes and his nasty skin" and "the colored primroses, and of Muriel's beautiful pensive face" (Ph. II, 17). Both "Lessford's Rabbits" and "The Fly in the Ointment" involve stealing, but in the
latter, the speaker's life is more obviously touched by the event. The ugliness of the world is contrasted with the purity of Muriel. Feeling "Muriel's fat letter" in his pocket makes him a little sick, and Lawrence writes: "'No,' I said, with a flush of rage against her perfect serene purity, 'I don't want to think of her'" (Ph. II, 17).

The distinction between physical and mental/spiritual spheres seems clearly drawn here, and undoubtedly has biographical relevance to Lawrence's relationship with Miriam. The lack of a physical relationship between him and Muriel would seem to be the reason that the thief makes the speaker feel "beaten." He could "affect and alter me. I could not affect nor alter him." The boy's sheer physical existence intrudes on his spiritual relationship with Muriel, making him feel the absence of the physical.

Another early story, "A Prelude," suggests an "all's well that ends well" tag, and it is a superficial, unsatisfying story. It does involve at the core, however, a situation Lawrence gives much fuller attention in many of his subsequent stories, that of the farmer/laborer in love with a girl of higher class. In "A Prelude" all class difficulties are overcome, because Nellie seeks Fred out. Nellie goes to his house, is immediately accepted by Fred, and, indeed, by his whole family. No emotional complications are encountered, and "already she was at home" (Ph. II, 12). Really, except for a few details about the coalmining life, the story could well appear in a current Ladies Home Journal. But Lawrence employs some interesting devices to describe the characters. For a Christmas masque, or guysering, Fred dresses as St. George and assumes god-like proportions that are not entirely in keeping with the
story, but they are indicative of things to come, of Lawrence's
elevation of a "low" character to a god-like one:

He seemed somewhat excited, this bucolic young man. His tanned
skin shone rich and warm under the white cloth. . . . His eyes
glittered like a true Arab's, . . . It was remarkable how the dark
folds of the rug and the flowing burnous glorified this young
farmer, who in his best clothes looked awkward and ungainly, and
whose face in a linen collar showed coarse, owing to exposure from
the weather, and long applications to heavy labor. (Ph. VI, 7)

Fred is distinguished from his family in other ways, also, a device
which Lawrence does not use as often later, but his differences from his
family make the transition to marriage with Nellie easier. Unlike his
coaling mining brothers, he is a farmer, which is slightly higher up on the
social scale, and he apparently reads a lot; in the story, he must be
interrupted from his reading in order to participate in the guysering.

"Goose Fair" (a story originally written by Louie Burrows and
rewritten by Lawrence) utilizes some of the same themes. Will and
Lois's brother Jack stand in opposition to the rather prim values of
Lois. Their shenanigans with the girl selling geese leave Lois
disgusted. Will is not responsible for the fire at Selby's, but Lois is
less relieved by that than distressed at Will's "common" actions in
playing with the goose girl, and the battle lines for Lois and Will are
clearly drawn at the end of the story:

Curiously enough, they walk side by side as if they belonged to
each other. She was his conscience-keeper. She was far from
forgiving him, but she was still farther from letting him go. And
he walked at her side like a boy who has to be punished before he
can be exonerated. He submitted. But here was a genuine bitter
contempt in the curl of his lip.

The battle lines are similarly drawn in other stories. In "A
and "Odour of Chrysanthemums," the male figures suffer from some sort of
inadequacy, as is especially demonstrated in their incapacity to express anger. Whether arguments or causes of dissension are a matter of class difference, education, and existence of past lovers, or are initiated by other sources, many characters are to observe these same battle lines for several years in Lawrence's fiction.

"Goose Fair" also demonstrates Lawrence's capacity to feelingly describe a landscape or surrounding milieu, very early in his career. One such vivid description is written as follows:

In the dull October morning the ruined factory was black and ghastly. The window-frames were all jagged, and the walls stood gaunt. Inside was a gangle of twisted debris, the iron, in part red with bright rust, looking still hot; the charred wood was black and satiny; from dishevelled heaps, sodden with water, a faint smoke rose dimly. (241)

Lois would rather, in the long run, that Will be dead amongst all that burnt refuse than be gallivanting with her brother and a goose girl. We suspect, at the end, it might have been better for Will also.

"A Modern Lover" involves another Muriel, Mersham, who has returned to the farm after getting some culture in the city, and Vickers, the stalwart farmer who has now gained Muriel's affections, if not her soul. The division of body and soul is more clearly evident than in "A Fly in the Ointment." Mersham has the charms of the city—it is only fitting for the coming conflict that the story opens with his struggle with terrain on his homecoming: "The road was heavy with mud. It was labor to move it" and later, "he came into the yard. It was exceedingly, painfully, muddy. He felt a disgust at his own feet, which were cold and numbed and heavy."3 To return to the country drags his very soul down in the mire, it seems.
The importance of looking, or seeing, and touching will be dealt with at greater length in this study, but already, seeing and touching are two important modes of perception. On seeing Muriel, Mersham is "plunged overhead, as it were, for a moment in her great brown eyes," and he cannot kiss her. When he finally does, it is only in acknowledgment, not acceptance, of the "lips offered him for love." At parting, he does not kiss her either; we are given clues as to why he cannot early in the story:

What was it in her bowed, submissive pose, in the dark, small head with its black hair twining and hiding her face, that made him wince and shrink and close over his soul that had been open like a foolhardy flower to the night? Perhaps it was her very submission, which trammelled him, throwing the responsibility of her wholly on him, making him shrink from the burden of her. (3)

He cannot deal with the responsibility. Mersham's inability to deal with the mud and by extension Muriel's physical presence are symptomatic of what Lawrence might call sex in the head. This "modern lover" wants sex, not the attainment of sexuality; he wants no commitment, no responsibility, and he even suggests that sex between them would be just like going to church as they used to do (21). Muriel sees the reality of such a commitment from her, and refuses to go "creeping in the dark" (21) because it is not like going to church at all. Mersham is caught, immobile in his inability to love fully. Vickers offers little more; he is an "old-fashioned, inarticulate lover; such as has been the brief joy and the unending disappointment of a woman's life" (7). All three, Muriel, Mersham and Vickers, seem caught in stasis. Muriel's choices are no choices at all. Vickers cannot see beyond his face, and at the end, Mersham "felt unable to gather his energy to say anything vital" (23). It is for a good reason--there is nothing that is vital within
him, it has been buried, and there is no hint of potential growth or change for any of them. So Lawrence moves on.

In "The White Stocking," as in "The Shadow in the Rose Garden," an old lover threatens the masculine existence of Whiston and Frank, respectively. "The White Stocking" argument is resolved by tears. Elsie apologizes for having accepted gifts sent by Sam Adams, her old boss, and her husband Whiston finally asserts some kind of manhood when he absolutely refuses to let her keep the gifts. He gains from Elsie a kind of submission. Elsie protests at the end in the tearful reunion scene, "I never meant . . ." but in fact we know that she did mean, that she enjoyed the flirtations; and this knowledge provides some explanation for Whiston's qualified acceptance of her apology: "'My love--my little love' he cried in anguish of spirit, holding her in his arms" (266). One questions that Whiston can become a good husband, and clearly Elsie will remain a flirt, looking elsewhere for what she does not find at home. The shadow of her former employer, Sam Adams, will remain, or if not him, another. That the situation cannot change much is available by inference from internal evidence. Whiston, like Frank in "The Shadow in the Rose Garden," is capable of staying in a state of "suppressed irritation" (261) that finds solution only in occasional outbursts of violence. Whiston's striking of Elsie is accompanied by an ocular assault:

He seemed to thrust his face and his eyes forward at her, as he rose slowly and came to her. She watched transfixed in terror. Her throat made a small sound, as she tried to scream.

Then, quick as lightning, the back of his hand struck her with a crash across her mouth, and she was flung back blinded against the wall . . . . At length he lifted his head. His eyes were glowing against, fixed on her. (264)
Such violence does not relieve his pain, and

a weariness came over him. What was the worth of speaking anymore. . . . He did not care anymore. He was dreary and sick. . . . He could not see it, the bloodmark. It made him only more sick and tired of the responsibility of it, the violence, the shame. (265)

His anguish at the end seems more a recognition of hopelessness than any form of reconciliation.

Similarly, in "The Shadow in the Rose Garden," Frank is aware from the start that he is somehow very separated from his wife. He watches her from below a window and she is "apparently ignorant of him"; it irks him that she should "continue abstracted and in ignorance of him." That ignorance forms the basis of their relationship. By the second paragraph of the story, we are told that he is in a state of self-suppression, and he remains that way throughout the story. Her (we are never given her name) leave-taking of her husband is secret, as is the reason that she chooses a particular location for their honeymoon. When she returns to the hotel, she finally tells Frank that she has visited her former lover. After her disappointing trip to visit Archie, (who does not recognize her; such is his debilitated state) she admits that she does not love Frank at all. The wise housekeeper, Mrs. Coates, even understands and gives us forewarning: "Just of a height they are. She wouldn't ha' married a man less than herself in stature, I think, though he's not her equal otherwise" (222). Frank's own knowledge of his inequality is evident, and he does not question her secret comings and going, although he is quite irritated by them. Finally, (and with this reader's grudging approval and relief) in the last scene, "something snapped. He started and caught his pipe as it fell from his mouth" (223). He cannot behave like Whiston and strike her, as if the
distance between them precludes any form of touching her. So he bites his pipe instead. For a moment neither can look at the other, but finally,

He looked at her. She felt a pang of surprise for his tortured eyes and his fixed face. But her heart hardened swiftly. She had never loved him. She did not love him now. (232)

Frank cannot withstand the knowledge that she had known Archie before, that somehow he is second best. Typical of his state of self-suppression, he asks about their relationship in the most abstract of terms, and she responds, "I hate your not-straight-forward questions . . . we were lovers, we were." The point is perhaps overwritten—Lawrence writes for Frank:

"You mean you had your fling with an armyman, and then came to me to marry me when you'd done—Do you mean to say you used to go—the whole hogger?" he asked, still incredulous. (232)

It is at least problematic to believe at the end "the thing must work itself out," or that it will. Consider the last paragraph:

He stood and looked at her. At last he had learned the width of the breach between them. She still squatted on the bed. He could not go near her. It would be violation to each of them to be brought into contact with the other . . . They were both shocked so much, they were impersonal, and no longer hated each other. After some minutes he left her and went out. (233)

Never to return, really, it would seem.

Looking and touching, or not looking and not touching, provide important tools for Lawrence to indicate the relative status of a relationship, as a kind of shorthand, if you will. This shorthand has many possible overtones, not the least of which is that it sometimes reiterates some psychoanalytical theories about the nature of existence and ultimately the nature of human relationships. Lawrence has used the terms somewhat sparingly to this point, but an indication of how
important they will be in the future stories can be seen in the last story of this group, and certainly deservedly, one of the best acclaimed of the early period, "Odour of Chrysanthemums."

Others have commented on some of the technical loveliness of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" and the importance of the flower as a symbol.  Elizabeth Bates is a well-drawn character, who is socially above the station of many of the other miners' wives, as evidenced by Rigley's treatment of her (cf. 291 and 292), but she suffers the same ills of most of them—husbands who bypass home in order to drink. The story is one of Elizabeth's cognition of how separately she and her husband lived, despite marriage and children. She is unenlightened, which is emphasized rather delicately at the beginning of the story. When she and the children sit down to tea,

John, at the end of the table near the door, was almost lost in darkness. Their faces were hidden from each other. . . . soon the room was busy in the darkness with the crisp sound of crunching. (288)

Light is not needed for some things, as Elizabeth reminds her son when he complains that he "canna" see: "'You know the way to your mouth,' she said . . . 'good gracious!' cried the mother irritably, 'you're as bad as your father if it's a bit dusk'" (288). The dead miner, Walt, and Elizabeth lived their married life in the dark:

She knew she had never seen him, he had never seen her, they had met in the dark and fought in the dark, not knowing whom they met nor whom they fought. (300-301)

There are many precedents for using light and dark as important symbols in literature. Perhaps Lawrence, it could be argued, sometimes uses symbols too heavily in much of his writing, but here they are used with a deft hand, e. g., the chrysanthemum itself, and light and dark. When
the miner is to be brought home, Elizabeth lights a candle in the parlour, where further enlightenment awaits her.

One of the satisfying elements of the story is the implication that life goes on, despite all catastrophes. Elizabeth's own father is soon to be remarried, only a short time after his first wife's death:

"Well, what's a man to do? It's no sort of life for a man of my years, to sit at my own hearth like a stranger. And if I'm going to marry again it may as well be soon as later--what does matter to anybody?" (285)

Elizabeth has two children, who have lives of their own; they almost disappear into the darkness of the cottage, and a third child lies in the darkness of Elizabeth's womb. Walt's mother is a part of the family community and helps Elizabeth prepare the body for burial. She enters the house complaining of her own life:

"There's no end to my troubles, there isn't. The things I've gone through, I'm sure it's enough--!" She wept without wiping her eyes, the tears running. (293-294)

And she continues to weep throughout the story. What is suggested here is that the story manages to be a part of the wholeness of life; it is not just a molecule being examined. The processes of life, birth, childhood, old age and ultimately death are all involved, so that it is successfully a slice of life, with strands reaching out to the rest of the world.

By the light of one candle, the women stripped Walt's body, and they "saw him lying in the naive dignity of death, the women stood arrested in fear and respect" (299). It is as if this is the first time Elizabeth has truly seen her husband, recognized and respected the individualness of his being, and that in truth she has no claim upon it.
Elizabeth embraced the body of her husband, with cheek and lips. She seemed to be listening, inquiring, trying to get some connection. But she could not. She was driven away. He was impregnable. (299)

The last statement is a nice contradiction to the state of her own pregnancy. But "even the child within her was a weight apart from her." Earlier stories have dealt with the separateness of man and wife, offering reasons for quarrels or debates, but here Lawrence begins to deal with something that is essential to his own thinking; the individuality, the separateness that all human beings possess, and must possess, in the womb and in death as well.

Baruch Hockman explores the issue at length in Another Ego, The Changing View of Self and Society in the Work of D. H. Lawrence. His work concentrated primarily on the tension between self and society, but the relationship between self and society can hardly be healed until the individual is fully realized. Hockman writes:

The call for "spontaneous being" is Lawrence's affirmation of the spontaneous impulses of the personality. He seeks to eliminate not only the dualism of impulse and obligation, but also the antagonism between flesh and spirit, which in the West, tends to parallel the first antimony. Lawrence's affirmation of impulse is also an affirmation of the flesh and a negation of all that would deny the flesh. (2)

Elizabeth has denied, in the past, not only her own flesh but that of Walt as well. Neither has attained the state of individual consciousness that would allow a genuine "coming together." Elizabeth denies Walt's singleness as she grasps the dead body, a sort of singleness Lawrence writes about later in an essay entitled "The Reality of Peace."  

I am not born fulfilled. The end is not before the beginning. I am born uncreated. I am a mixed handful of life as I issue from the womb. Thenceforth I extricate myself into singleness, the
slow-developed singleness of manhood. And then I set out to meet
the other, the unknown of womanhood. I give myself to the love
that makes me join and fuse towards a universal oneness; I give
myself to the hate that makes me detach myself, extricate myself
vividly from the other in sharp passion; I am given up to the
universality of fellowship and communion, I am distinguished in
keen resistance and isolation, both so utterly, so exquisitely,
that I am and I am not at once; suddenly I lapse out of the
duality into a sheer beauty of fulfilment. I am a rose of lovely
peace. (694)

The Utopian vision is never attainable perhaps, but the process cannot
begin in the Lawrentian ethic until two principles are attained: one,
that the male becomes an individual and recognizes the importance of
maintaining himself, against all forces; and two, that a female must
maintain herself, her separateness, never seeking to overwhelm the
integrity of any other individual male, as many women do. In the next
group of stories to be considered, Lawrence writes at some length about
women who do violate these boundaries.

Elizabeth recognizes Walt's separateness only at his death, and,
subsequently, recognizes a little of her own. "She knew she submitted
to life, which was her immediate master. But from death, her ultimate
master, she winced with fear and shame" (302). The gap between
Elizabeth and death is no less than the distance between her and the
dead Walt: "The horror of the distance between them was almost too much
for her--it was so infinite a gap she must look across" (302). Elizabeth arrives at the end of the story with a new knowledge, but it
is knowledge which she consciously refuses to face, or has not the
ability to deal with, she cannot accept the flux of life and death. Her
vision of death is a faulty one. 10

In an early essay, "Love," Lawrence writes:
Infinity, the infinite, is no goal. It is a cul-de-sac, or in another sense it is the bottomless pit. To fall down the bottomless pit is to travel for ever. And a pleasant-walled cul-de-sac may be a perfect heaven. But to arrive in a sheltered, paradisical cul-de-sac of peace and unblemished happiness, this will not satisfy us. And to fall for ever down the bottomless pit of progression, this will not do either.

Love is not a goal; it is a travelling. Likewise, death is not a goal; it is a travelling asunder into elemental chaos. And from the elemental chaos all is cast forth again into creation. Therefore death also is but a cul-de-sac, a melting pot.

Elizabeth is unprepared to travel into elemental chaos. Her life, in her terms, has just been transformed into chaos. With another child on the way, his mother to deal with, and two children (whom she does not want to allow to see the dead father), she cannot face additional chaos, it would seem, and is left only with the knowledge that she never knew her husband.

The general air of irresolution is common to the first group of Lawrence's stories; the exception, "A Prelude," is unsuccessful in the verite' of its conclusion. The stories portray Lawrence, fittingly, as a novice short story writer, yet the hints of future greatness, particularly in several descriptive passages and the delicacy of rendering human emotion, are there. Ideas related to flux and change are more intimated than dealt with directly, yet the characters' weaknesses to deal with change are precursors to those characters who welcome change, paralleling the development of Lawrentian thinking which insisted upon the dual necessities of death and change, frequently in that order.

NOTES


CHAPTER II

1911

The second group of stories, all written during 1911, have a uniting theme which reflects Lawrence's engagement in writing Sons and Lovers at the time. In addition to other themes, Lawrence was exploring the effects that a dominating female can have upon a relationship. Such women appear to gain overwhelming, dominant personality characteristics in response to a society that offers no males with sufficient authority; hence the women themselves must become more "masculine." As a statement about society, Lawrence examines the damage that such women's behavior can elicit in or impose upon a relationship, herein lies the primary mode of exploring male-female relationships during this period. It seems our understanding of Lawrence is increased by accepting this statement about men and women in society, particlarly as later espoused in many poems in Pansies.

Mr. Bircumshaw, in "Delilah and Mr. Bircumshaw" printed in Phoenix II, draws a picture of the kind of male who finds himself subjugated to women:

He was a large-limbed, clean, powerful man, and a bank clerk. Son of a country clergyman, he had a good deal of vague, sensuous religious feeling, but he lacked a Faith. He would have been a fine man to support a cause, but he had no cause. . . . As it was, he was a bank clerk, with a quantity of unspent energy turning sour in his veins, and a fair amount of barren leisure torturing his soul. He was degenerating; and now his wife turned upon him.

His wife and a neighbor, Mrs. Gilliat, seem to compliment Bircumshaw on his recent performance as one of the Magi, but in truth they are making
fun of him and he comes off only slightly better than the other players. Mrs. Bircumshaw is embarrassed that he should even participate (Ph. II, 87).

As in most of the stories of 1911, many issues are approached more directly than in the earlier stories. That Bircumshaw's sexuality has been denied is evident. The women are startled when Bircumshaw leaves the room and announces his arrival in the bedroom by the thump of his shoes on the floor. This explains to Mrs. Gilliat why she has often seen Ethel with red eyes (Ph. II, 88). He seems to have become a "brute" and Bircumshaw to himself explains the reasons why as he lies abed:

He was such a lusty, emotional man—and he had nothing to do. What was work to him? Scarcely more than nothing. And what was to fill the rest of his life—nothing. He wanted something to do, and he wanted more done for him. A man cannot respect himself unless he does something. But he can do without his own positive self-respect, so long as his wife respects him. But when the man who has no foothold for his self-esteem sees his wife and his wife's friend despise him, it is hell; he fights for his very life. Bircumshaw lay in bed in this state of ignoble misery. His wife had striven for a long time to pretend he was still her hero; but he had tried her patience too far. Now he was confounding heroism, mastery, with brute tyranny. He would be a tyrant if not a hero.

Bircumshaw is related under the skin to many of Lawrence's males who cannot channel their energies into something useful, perhaps not unlike some coalminers who drink themselves into oblivion and beat wives and children. We could be sympathetic to Mrs. Bircumshaw; she is indeed tired of striving, but:

though her heart was pained and anxious, still she smiled: she had clipped a large lock from her Samson. Her smile rose from the deep of her woman's heart. (Ph. II, 90).
Lawrence implies the delight she feels in tearing down her hero. Her own sexuality is confused, and she sees lust only as an animal feeling. Some knowledge of her is gained in the bedroom scene that follows. She provides food for Bircumshaw, which he eats at three in the morning. Like Walt in "Odour of Chrysanthemums," he cannot stand the dark. In the light, Ethel watches this "strange animal." She was afraid of this lusty animal startled at his feeding. She "dared not twit him" and she feels that "nothing on earth is so vital to him as a meal" (Ph. II, 91). She is confused at finding the animal beside her slightly exciting, and her eyes widen "with a small, excited smile." However,

This vanished, and a real scorn hardened her lips: when he was sulky his blood was cold as water, nothing could rouse it to passion; he resisted caresses as if he had thin acid in his veins. "Mean in the blood," she said to herself. (Ph. II, 91).

How these two characters survive together is a miracle of self-delusion, but Bircumshaw cannot assert himself except in tyrannical behavior, as earlier Whiston found expression in physical violence, and the couple seems condemned to a life of Delilah cutting one lock after another from Bircumshaw's head (or other parts), until there is nothing left. It is difficult to suppose that Bircumshaw will rise up like Samson and break the pillars that detain him, and the story is entitled, after all, "Delilah and Mr. Bircumshaw." Later, in 1916, Lawrence writes "Samson and Delilah," a story with an entirely different ending, as the title might indicate.

Bircumshaw lay in a bed of "ignoble misery." The type of misery he experienced is elaborated on in "New Eve and Old Adam." The relationship between Moest and Paula is far more complicated and the story more developed than "Delilah and Mr. Bircumshaw." Blood
consciousness enters this group of stories; it becomes one of Lawrence's means for delineating his characters. The story opens with dissension between the two characters, unexplained, but Lawrence writes:

... during the last three months there had gone on almost continuously that battle between them which so many married people fight without knowing why. Now it had begun again. He felt the physical sickness rising in him. Somewhere down in his belly the big, feverish pulse began to beat, where was the inflamed place caused by the conflict between them.2

Again we see a male in a state of self-suppression: "his body seemed so utterly still because of the tension in which it was held" (72). The "new Eve" is alternately loving, aloof, sarcastic, giving, withholding, and flirtatious. It is a triumph for her that Moest hurries back from Paris to be with her. But, as human arguments often go, the subject of triumph is changed to something else. Paula offers to give her "triumph" to Moest; he responds, "but you never mean to part with it."

The issue of giving of oneself is clearly involved; one indication of the difficulties of their sex life is that she "flings" herself at Moest (74).

"You don't come to me, he answered stubbornly. . . .
"What do I do, then?" she asked, for the first time quietly.
"You treat me as if I were a piece of cake, for you to eat when you wanted."
She rose from him with a mocking cry of scorn, that yet had something hollow in its sound. (74)

After the scene, Paula goes to the drawing room to play the piano, "improvising furiously" (75). A fairly adequate summary of the situation that new Eve and old Adam find themselves in is then given:

It was a sound that maddened him: something yearning, yearning, striving, and something perverse, that counteracted the yearning. Her music was always working up towards a certain culmination, but never reaching it, falling away in a jangle. How he hated it... Then she began to sing. She had a good voice, but she could not keep time. As a rule it made his heart warm with tenderness for
her, hearing her ramble through the songs in her own fashion, making Brahms sound so different by altering his time. But today he hated her for it. Why the devil couldn't she submit to the natural laws of the stuff? (75)

For her part, Paula complains:

"I can't put it into words--but there it is. You--don't love. I pour myself out to you, and then--there's nothing there--you simply aren't there." (77)

The old Adam is incomplete; his life has been changed, metaphorically, by modern times and modern women. Her tortured outpourings disappear into the void.

According to M. B. Howe, in *The Art of the Self in D. H. Lawrence*, Lawrence had not yet formulated his theory of blood consciousness, but that it is developing is clear. Moest goes to a hotel for the night, where he suffers a great deal. "All the life was accumulating in his mental consciousness, and his body felt like a piece of waste. He was not aware of it" (82). He thinks of Elsie and the fact she really "did not want to have the deeper part of herself in direct contact with . . . any other intrinsic being" (82). But Moest himself is not aware of his own intrinsic being; as he lies in bed, thinking,

Underneath it all, like the sea under a pleasure pier, his elemental, physical soul was heaving in great waves through his blood and his tissue. . . . So his blood, out of whose darkness everything rose, being moved to its depth by her revulsion, heaved and swung towards its own rest, surging blindly to its own re-settling. . . . It was his life itself at storm, not his mind and his will engaged at all. (83)

While Moest never understands his "intrinsic self," the marriage is at least finally dissolved, and he writes to her: "You wouldn't love me, and you won't be able to love anyone else--except yourself" (94).

Lawrence is addressing the issue of the selfishness of modern woman, her inability to give of herself, and her desire for control or
power. These elements are present in all the stories of this period, and as suggested earlier, are indicative of some of the ideas he works with later in *Sons and Lovers*.

In an undated autobiographical fragment, Lawrence describes some of the changes in modern day women and men and attempts explanation of their etiologies. Whatever the date of composition of the following fragment, it seems to be consistent with what Lawrence perceives as part of the problems with the world, at that time:

... As soon as mothers become self-conscious, sons become what their mothers make them. My mother's generation was the first generation of working-class mothers to become really self-conscious. Our grandmothers were still too much under our grandfather's thumb, and there was still too much kick against petticoat rule. But with the next generation, woman freed herself at least mentally and spiritually from the husband's domination, and then she became the great institution, that character-forming power, the mother of my generation. ...

Well, the woman of my mother's generation was in reaction against the ordinary high-handed, obstinate husband who went off to enjoy himself and to waste the bit of money that was so precious to the family. The woman felt herself the higher moral being. ... She therefore assumed the major responsibility for the family, and the husband let her. So she proceeded to mould a generation.

Mould it to the shape of her own unfulfilled desire of course. ...

And then the daughters! Because the mothers who produced so many "good sons" and future "good husbands" were at the same time producing daughters. ...

What sort of daughters came from these morally responsible mothers? As we should expect, daughters morally confident. The mothers had known some little hesitancy in their moral supremacy. But the daughters were quite assured. ... This the women of my generation drew in with their mother's milk, this feeling that they were "right" and must be "right" and nobody must gainsay them. It is like being born with one eye; you can't help it."

He goes on to talk about the women of his generation who find the corresponding males of the generation a bit boring, so that perhaps they
will change their sons to not be so "good." Lawrence looks around him and sees that:

The young men of the younger generation begin to fulfill the hidden dreams of my mother. They are jazzy—but not coarse. They are a bit Don-Juanish, but, let us hope, entirely without brutality or vulgarity. They are more elegant, and not much more moral. But they are still humble before a woman, especially the woman!

It is the secret dream of my mother coming true. (Ph. 821)

Internal evidence suggests the piece was written rather early; at any rate it sounds related to central themes of *Sons and Lovers*. The stories written in 1911 do not deal with coalmining towns or districts for the most part (or only indirectly), but the piece quoted above seems a good diagnosis of what is wrong with most of the men and women in the stories of the period. Whatever the chronological sequence is, it is clear that Lawrence is working in the novel and in the short stories with some of the ills of the current generation: the strong-willed, self-righteous women and men who are not strong enough to release themselves from the bonds and demands of womanhood.

Lawrence searches for some way to break the bonds, as he does in much of the later fiction, especially *Women in Love*, and one story of this period is indicative of his struggle. In "The Old Adam," a fight between Thomas and Severn, the boarder, results in a bond of friendship "to the end of their acquaintance," while Mrs. Thomas, who previously engaged in an attempt to control Severn and excite him, subsequently treats him "as if he were a stranger".  

Prior to the "battle," Severn and Thomas have an almost hostile relationship, with Gertie Thomas pretty much in the middle of it. Even the child, Mary, is assertive, and when instructed to kiss Severn hello,
she inappropriately licks his cheek instead (27). The child and Mary both seem to tantalize Severn. While all of them wait for Thomas to return home, a thunderstorm occurs during which one of those wordless and sometimes unfortunate Lawrentian panting scenes is recorded:

Yet, time after time, as the flashes came, they looked at each other, till in the end they both were panting, and afraid, not of the lightning but of themselves and of each other. (30)

Severn has been unaware to this point of the passion he feels for Gertie, and asks simply "What the deuce is up?" (30). Severn seems a model of one of the newer generation described in the Phoenix fragment above, while Thomas is the older, more boring variety. As for Severn,

At twenty-seven, he was quite chaste. Being highly civilized, he prized women for their intuition, and because of the delicacy with which he could transfer to them his thoughts and feelings, without cumbrous argument. From this to a state of passion he could only proceed by fine gradations, and such a procedure he had never begun. (30)

So he is amazed at his panting. Thomas finally arrives, and spends time talking of his business and how well-respected he is (32). Like Bircumshaw, he feels his wife has no respect for him.

There is a battle of words about the Woman's Bill, and Gertie takes sides with her husband because "the irony of her part was delicious to her" (33). This foreshadows the major events, the movement of a departing maid's clothes trunk down the stairs. Thomas underneath the box, Severn above, Severn accidentally slips, and Thomas is flung across the landing; he accuses Severn of slipping purposefully. As a result, the two get into a fight, which is broken up by Gertie. After proper administrations to Thomas's face, Lawrence writes "she had taken her part; she was weeping." Gertie recognizes that somehow she has lost in this battle, and
the rest of her life must be spent in self-abnegation: she must
seek no sympathy, must ask for no grace in love, no grace and
harmony in living. Henceforward, as far as her own desires went,
she was dead. She took a fierce joy in the anguish of it. (37)

The following morning, Severn apologizes for Thomas's quite swollen
bruised cheek. What they have both learned, and gained, is contained in
the following passage:

[Severn] "I didn't know we were such essential brutes," he said.
"I thought I was so civilised.

...."

Again he smiled, with a wry, stiff mouth. Thomas gave a
deprecating little grunt of a laugh.
"Oh, I don't know," he said. "It shows a man's got some fight
in him."

He looked up in the other's face appealingly. Severn smiled,
with a touch of bitterness. The two men grasped hands. (38)

And they remain friends henceforward. The admission that neither is
entirely "civilised" cements their friendship, and forever excludes
Gertie, who will remain "civilised" and must face the consequences of a
relative loss of power. She is clearly distressed at her loss, and
martyrdom is henceforth her mode.

In contrast, Frances of "Second Best" seems glad of her loss, of
power, although as in many stories, the "prognosis" for the ultimate
relationship is doubtful. Because Frances loses a boyfriend in the city
to another woman, she looks to Tom Smedley as a "second best" choice for
marriage. Tom sees Frances as "a rare, delicate kind of being, whom he
realized with a queer and delicious stimulation in his veins. She gave
him a slight sense of suffocation". To prove herself to him, she kills
a moudiarp, or mole, a gesture that perhaps means that she is willing
to be a little less "civilised" and delicate than Tom supposes. Her
reasons for approaching Tom seem rather cold-blooded:
Frances knew what she was about. Tom was ready to love her as soon as she would show him. Now that she could not have Jimmy, she did not poignantly care. Still, she would have something. If she could not have the best--Jimmy, whom she knew to be something of a snob--she would have the second best, Tom. She advanced rather indifferently. (217)

There is a strange contrast here; Frances wants something, not necessarily a man, and Tom knows that he wants a woman (217). Tom is less a man than just a second best choice. Yet Frances pursues him, and when she presents him with the dead mole, he is "frightened and upset" (219). She agrees to go out with him, and

the blood came up in him, strong, overmastering. He resisted it. But it drove him down, and he was carried away. . . . Fierce love came upon him for her, and tenderness. . . . And he stood, suffering, resisting his passion for her. (220)

This is in marked contrast to Frances's lack of passion, and Lawrence ends the story with:

"Yes," she replied, in a dead voice. But there was a thrill of pleasure in this death. (220)

The reader is left questioning whether the thrill is a result of her having won the prize she sought, or whether the pleasure in the death augments the possibility of change. The former theory is the more likely choice because of Frances's clear domination in the rest of the story, and because the last image we have of Tom is of him standing, "suffering resisting his passion," as well he might in the face of passionless woman.

During the early years of the twentieth century, Lawrence was undoubtedly thinking about what the ideal relationship between a man and a woman should be, as he had been doing and continued to do throughout his life. These stories are a part of his search to achieve a definition, one of the earliest of which is available in an abstract
form in his Study of Thomas Hardy, written approximately three years after this 1911 group of stories. Subsequent essays and Lawrence's novels, of course, also explore the nature of the relationship between men and women in fictional form. In any case, to define a relationship between men and women means that first the individuals within it must achieve definition. To do so, many of the stories seem to contain exaggerated character, i.e., both dominant and weak characteristics are emphatically weak or dominant. It is clear that Lawrence feels that the individual must first define himself before he can enter into a relationship with another human being, and that that being must have found his or her own intrinsic being. The fiction of 1911 and 1912-1913 seems largely an exploration of individuals, and what the effects of weaknesses or dominating traits are in a relationship.

The remainder of the 1911 stories contain dominant females also, but they are changed in character from the previous ones. Hilda, in "The Shades of Spring" dominates both the sophisticate, Syson, and her rustic lover, Arthur. But she has an essential dignity that the other women examined thus far do not. Syson, another figure returning to the country after becoming "cultured" in the city, as in "A Modern Lover," finds Hilda different, a stranger to him. He blames her for sending him away, and states: "I distinguished myself to satisfy you." Syson had wanted to keep up a correspondence with her, "like Dante to some Beatrice who had never existed save in the man's own brain" (209). Also, the keeper, Arthur, has his shortcomings:

He is very curious—he has some of a wild animal's cunning—in a nice sense—and he is inventive, and thoughtful—but not beyond a certain point. (206)
Hilda seems to have found herself, and recognizes the limitations of her relationship with both men. There is a kind of sadness in the story, however, because all she has is herself; she trembles at one point, when her domination over Arthur is unsure, but he dutifully responds and the crisis is over (209). Turning to an essay once more for clarification, it may be found that Lawrence writes in a passage in the essay "Love":

[Love] is an attempt to wall in the high tide; it is a will to arrest the spring, never to let May dissolve into June, never to let the hawthorn petal fall for the berrying. (Ph. 152)

Spring does not even arrive in "The Shades of Spring", and cannot.

"The Witch A La Mode" demonstrates Lawrence's increasing reliance on the reader's knowledge to understand the dynamics of what is going on in a relationship. In "Delilah and Mr. Bircumshaw," most of what is felt by the characters is described for us. As Lawrence's craft develops, he expects more from his readers. The point is too obvious to belabor--most developing artists learn to leave something to the reader's imagination, and expect the reader to understand on a symbolic and/or unconscious level what the dynamics are. As clumsy as it may be, the "panting" scene in the "The Old Adam" is an early example of non-verbalization; there are, we are to understand, many thoughts conscious and unconscious emanating from Gertie and Severn, thoughts which even they may not comprehend at a conscious level; but we, the readers, are expected to grasp that a sexual confrontation is what is at stake, and the reader's own sense of sexuality is invited to participate and understand the tension of those few moments. The same sort of requirement is made of the reader in the final scene of "The Witch A La
Mode," although in the earlier part of the story again much is spelled out for the reader. It is through the slow development of elusive endings that Lawrence begins to move towards an elusiveness in the whole story, depending more upon symbolic communication between the characters and by insinuation, readers. The development is evident simultaneously in Lawrence's poetry. A few of the poems of this period can be readily dated, according to Lawrence's own "Note" or preface to Collected Poems. 10 His mother's death in late 1910, his relationships to Jessie Chambers, Louie Burrows and Helen Corke, all surely played a part in his awareness and growing knowledge of the complexity of human identity and human relationships, and of the "interrelatednesses" of existence. Many of these poems are still essentially descriptive, but, as one example, consider the following short poem concerning his mother:

Brooding Grief

A yellow leaf, from the darkness
Hops like a frog before me;
Why should I start and stand still?

I was watching the woman that bore me
Stretched in the brindled darkness
Of the sick-room, rigid with will
To die; and the quick leaf tore me
Back to this rainy swill
Of leaves and lamps and the city street
Mingled before me. (CP, 110)

A few others, like "Lotus and Frost," "The Yew-Tree on the Downs," and "Troth with the Dead" provide sufficient examples of Lawrence not "spelling out" for the reader all the emotions or thoughts contained in the poem, but rather suggesting them. As Lawrence makes more use of the symbolic, he also gives the reader a freedom to move in many directions, to understand what is going on at several levels—social, psychological,
and even mythological. All those modes of "understanding" are a part of human consciousness. Lawrence is far less didactic, for the most part, in his stories than in the novels, which gives the stories a special value. Nonetheless, he makes comments about society, or judgments—in this period about dominating women—but he does so with increasing subtlety and with obvious reliance on the reader's perceptive capabilities. F. R. Leavis, in *Thought, Words and Creativity*, discusses how an author communicates a philosophy of life:

Only a major creative writer can give concrete specificity to such values and establish them; he does it in communicating them; the communicating, or the making communicable, is essential to the thought. In a Lawrence novel or tale it is done, you can say, by the subtle interrelatednesses that form the web of imagined and evoked experience. 

In the two remaining stories of this period, "Daughters of the Vicar" and "The Witch A La Mode," it is possible to see Lawrence weaving more intricate webs of "interrelatednesses."

In "The Witch A La Mode" more than one relationship is involved, but only that between Coutts and Winifred is addressed directly. Coutts's guilt at not returning immediately to his betrothed, Constance, who is further north in the country, is handled symbolically. Coutts sees the new moon, which "hung sharp and keen. Something recoiled in him" (55). His perception of the moon is preceded by seeing the evening star, which he feels has risen just to greet him, as he stops over at East Croyden. But the moon is larger and more important:

"It is like a knife to be used at a sacrifice," he said to himself. Then secretly: "I wonder for whom?"

He refused to answer this question, but he had the sense of Constance, his betrothed, waiting for him in the Vicarage in the north. He closed his eyes. (55)
Whatever the guilt he feels at not completing the journey, his desire to see Winifred again is stronger, and "against his conscience" (54). He closes his eyes in an effort to remain in darkness, against the light.

After a musical evening at Mrs. Braithwaite's, an old friend who apparently had hosted many such evenings, Coutts and Winifred escape from a Miss Syfurt at the tram station, and begin a long walk. Bernard Coutts is aware of his hatred for Winifred:

He was in a position where he was not himself, and he hated her for putting him there, forgetting that it was he who had come, like a moth to the candle. . . . And all the time, as she plodded, head down, beside him, his blood beat with hate of her, drawn to her, repelled by her. (60)

After arriving at Winifred's house, he remembers Constance again, recalling that with her he "felt the old, manly superiority" (64) but his love for her contains a certain amount of condescension (64). "Vaguely, he knew she would bore him. And Winifred fascinated him" (65). However, because Winifred is "intense and unnatural," he becomes "intense and unnatural" also with her; nonetheless, he is extremely attracted to her physically (which is natural.) Significantly, none of his thoughts of Constance involve sexuality, but the relationship with Winifred is almost exclusively sexual on his part. Their rather desultory conversation reaches a climax when Coutts finally explains:

"That's what you want me for. I am to be your crystal, your 'genius'. My length of blood and bone you don't care a rap for. Ah, yes, you like me for a crystal-glass, to see things in: to hold up to the light. I'm a blessed Lady-of-Shalott looking-glass for you." (67)

She dashes his fervor with a biting remark, and stays in control of the conversation. As he prepares to go, she gives him the first genuine
kiss ever, but backs away from it very quickly (69). For her, it was an "unnatural" act. Lawrence writes for Bernard:

This woman gave him anguish and a cutting—short like death; to the other woman he was false. As he shivered with suffering, he opened his eyes again, and caught sight of the pure ivory of the lamp. His heart flashed with rage. (69-70)

He resists the light once more, as at the beginnign, but this time with anger. He kicks the lamp over with an "involuntary blow," and starts a fire. Winifred's white dress is singed with fire, and the curtains are aflame. Bernard puts out both fires, accuses himself of being a clumsy fool, and "in another instant he was gone, running with burning-red hands held out blindly, down the street" (70). This ends the story, and the emotions that the central characters are left with are not spelled out for us, as they have been in previous stories. Lawrence provided the metaphor earlier—the moth drew too close to the candle, perhaps as a natural and involuntary movement. What will happen to Bernard Coutts after this experience is unclear. It is questionable that he can become "a good respectable trotter" (68). This story seems a forerunner of Sons and Lovers; both clearly contain autobiographical elements. Finished two years later, the ending in Sons and Lovers is quite different, yet we do not know the final destination of Paul Morel either. Frank Kermode, in a discussion of Sons and Lovers, writes that:

Flexibility, the power of a story to challenge the reader (including himself), is one of the marks of the novel as Lawrence wanted it to be, liberated from the burden of finality and completeness placed on it by his enemies, the novelists who, in his opinion, misapok structure for life, and novelistic custom for natural law.12

Lawrence begins to achieve this flexibility already in the stories of 1911.
In "Daughters of the Vicar," Lawrence uses the coalmining town of Aldercross as backdrop. The story is quite ambitious and spans three generations. A summary of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Lindley is given, and neither of the Lindleys can accept the fact that their superior social position in the world is not adequately recognized by the miners. He cannot quite acknowledge "hatred of the majority of his flock, and unconscious hatred of himself."\(^{13}\) The Lindleys are quite poor, and Lindley "dragged on, pale and miserable and neutral," while Mrs. Lindley adjusts by gradually learning to hate Lindley but is afraid of destroying the only life she knows, so "she hid, bitter and beaten by fear, behind the only shelter she had in the world, her gloomy, poor parsonage" (137). They had many children, and two, Mary and Louisa, are the focal points of the story. Louisa cannot abide the marriage of her sister to Mr. Massey, who Mrs. Lindley refers to initially as "a little abortion." However, Massey represents added income to the family, and he also serves as dramatic foil to Alfred Durant, whom Louisa chooses as husband. Social status, financial status, family relationships, mother-son love, and the disease of the twentieth century, a mind-body split, are all themes of this story.

Mary realized that she must give up much to become Massey's wife:

She had got rid of her body. She had sold a lower thing, her body, for a higher thing, her freedom from material things. . . . She was glad to be rid of it. She had bought her position in the world—that henceforth was taken for granted. There remained only her activity towards charity and high-minded living. (153)

But she cannot give up her body and is forced to recognize this when she discovers she is pregnant. Mary's predicament and what her life will be are encapsulated in the following:
She looked... at the baby, and almost hated it, and suffered an anguish of love for it... She wanted to trample her flesh down, extinct, to live in the mind. And now there was this child...

Her purpose was broken in two again. She had to become amorphous, purposeless, without really being. As a mother, she was a fragmentary, ignoble thing. (154)

She is left in that position throughout the remainder of the story.

More than half of the tale is devoted to Louisa and the development of a relationship with Alfred. Louisa suffers a great deal from her sister's marriage, and must give up the idea of Mary as an ideal:

So she, Louisa, the practical, suddenly felt that Mary, her ideal, was questionable after all. How could she be pure—one cannot be dirty in act and spiritual in being. Louisa distrusted Mary's high spirituality. (155)

Louisa must find her own way and establish her own identity, in isolation from her family, whose values she rejects. She comments: "I will love—it is my birthright" (156).

Mary's visit to the Vicarage some three years later irritates Louisa, and she goes out. She finds Mrs. Durant rocking in pain in the garden and seeks to help her. Although some indications of a possible relationship between Alfred and Louisa have been given, it is this crisis which brings Alfred, now home from the Navy, and Louisa into an intimate situation. Alfred quite obviously has an Oedipal conflict, and his mother "was not wise enough to see how much he lived by her" (164). It is essential that he be liberated from his mother before he can establish his own identity. Louisa must battle with Alfred's feeling towards women:

There were two things for him, the idea of women, with which he sometimes debauched himself, and real women, before whom he felt a deep uneasiness, and a need to draw away. He shrank and defended himself from the approach of any woman. (164)
Louisa finds it strange to enter into this different lifestyle, taking care of Alfred's dinner, and watching him eat it while he is still covered with coaldust. "She could not see him, and it hurt her" (169). She is encouraged by Mrs. Durant to wash his back, which Alfred submits to, and it is in seeing him that feelings of love are stirred in her:

His skin was beautifully white and unblemished. . . . Gradually Louisa saw it: this was also what it was. . . . Her feelings of separateness passed away: she ceased to draw back from contact with him and his mother. There was this living center. . . . She had reached some goal in this beautiful, clear, male body. She loved him in a white, impersonal heat. (171)

From this point on, Louisa pursues Alfred, or as Widmer suggests, "the Vicar's passionate daughter aggressively obtains the sensitive workingman for a lover-husband." It might not have been possible without the death of Alfred's mother. The isolation he feels himself in echoes the isolation Louisa was aware of consciously after her sister's marriage:

He had not known before that everything could break down, that he himself could break down, and all be a great chaos, very vast and wonderful. It seemed as if life in him had burst its bounds, and he was lost in a great, bewildering flood, immense and unpeopled. (176)

Her pursuit is indeed aggressive. She visits his cottage, and they finally embrace. Much of the language used to describe their feelings is highly emotive, e.g. falling, swooning, a feeling of utter darkness, etc., and at the end of the embrace they are "too much mixed up with passion and grief and death to do anything but hold each other" (181). Durant is not successful in asserting himself, either with Louisa or with her family when he asks if he may marry her. Widmer is incorrect in asserting that eros overcomes all social concerns in this story,
because after all, it is the Vicar's social concern about Louisa and Alfred continuing to live in Aldecross which prompts their decision to emigrate to Canada. In that final scene, "Louisa was angry to see him standing there, obedient and acquiescent. He ought to show himself a man" (185). Alfred still has much to learn about his identity and self-pride. It would seem that Louisa has taken on the job of helping him to establish it. When she requests at the end that they be married soon, she makes the request in tears. The final line of the story is one of slight submission on Alfred's part: he vows to go "tomorrow" (186) to the registrar. Louisa even makes the decision that they will go to the registrar rather than put out banns. Nonetheless, Alfred freed from his mother and in the process of finding himself may offer the possibility of Louisa and Alfred establishing a viable relationship.

As suggested earlier, the stories of 1911 concern several types of dominating women and men with varying degrees of weakness. Lawrence had begun work on Sons and Lovers, and there are echoes of the themes encountered in that novel in these stories, in addition to some autobiographical echoes. The concern for establishing individuality reflects Lawrence's own endeavors to do so during this period of turmoil in his life.

As Lawrence's craft develops, the relationships in the stories become increasingly complex; for example, social issues begin to intrude more than in the earlier stories. Lawrence really satirizes the men of God, the Vicar and Mr. Massey, in "Daughters of the Vicar," and their empty Christian values. Class consciousness on the part of the characters has an increased importance during this period, exemplified
particularly in the latter story but also in "Second Best" and "The Shades of Spring."

The most important achievement during this period is Lawrence's movement toward not describing in detail all of his characters' feelings; such long, tortured descriptions can lead to a kind of sentimentality exemplified in earlier stories. Lawrence believes strongly that there is much that must be understood on an intuitive level, or an unconscious one, and these early stories are an intimation that his fiction will in time reflect that opinion.

NOTES


The relationship between what Lawrence writes in the "Study of Thomas Hardy," in which he describes in some detail his ideas of what a male-female relationship should be, and the stories of 1914, will be discussed in a subsequent chapter.


1961), p. 137. Subsequent references to the text are given in parentheses immediately following the quoted material.

CHAPTER III
1912-1913

There is no question that Lawrence's mother's death in late 1910 dislocated his life, and not surprisingly, the stories that Lawrence wrote from 1911-1913 were uneven in quality as he adjusted to the loss and to the addition of Frieda to his life. He broke his engagement with Louise Burrows in early 1912, and met Frieda Weekley in mid-March, 1912. In the months that followed, Lawrence cemented his intentions to be a professional writer, and his commitments to himself and others grew. During 1912-1913, he wrote Love Poems, some of the poems for Look! We Have Come Through!, prepared earlier fiction for publication, wrote a number of short stories, completed his revision of The Trespasser and Sons and Lovers, and was well into Women in Love, as well as plays and non-fiction writing, including a large segment of Twilight in Italy. He left England for the first time in 1912, with Frieda, and so began a life of journeying.

It is therefore consistent with all these changes that the stories of this third period of writing began to change also. Of the eleven stories in this group, six reflected some contemporary concerns, three directed to coal miners' strikes and three addressed to soldier's lives. Significantly, all but "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" end on a note of despair, reflecting, perhaps, the spirit of the times as war approached. "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" was the first story to explore in detail what Lawrence was writing about elsewhere: the necessity of death for
rebirth. This fact substantiates the general critical view that Sons and Lovers ends with an aspect that is not thoroughly pessimistic—instead, there is an air of promise, as there is in "The Horse Dealer's Daughter."

"The Horse Dealer's Daughter" first appeared in the English Review in April of 1922, and reappeared in England, My England, published a year later, a collection Lawrence edited. Graham Hough, in The Dark Sun: A Study of D. H. Lawrence, notes, as others have, some similarities of this story to others of Lawrence's fictions. For example, "The Virgin and the Gypsy," The Rainbow, "Daughters of the Vicar," and The White Peacock all have a common moral landscape; Hough comments that in all these fictions we have "an infinitely real presentation of a family from which all the life has departed." That "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" effectively demonstrates this statement is clear from the opening of the story: we read that the three men have a "strange air of ineffectuality" about them, and Mabel's face is a picture of "impassive fixity." The horses outside are "confused," and the imagery is dark. We could hardly ask an author to be more specific than Lawrence when he writes that "they were all frightened at the collapse of their lives, and the sense of disaster in which they were involved left them no inner freedom." A key word here is "inner," surely an invitation to consider some of the ramifications of what the loss involves in psychological terms. Mabel Pervin, at the end of the story, recovers, or discovers as Jack Fergusson does, inner freedom, after going through a death-rebirth ritual in the muddy, murky pond. As Kingsley Widmer puts it in The Art of Perversity, "the regenerative
waters open the salvational eros," and he notes what he calls the same "drowning-and-desire pattern" as in "The Virgin and the Gypsy." The sexual nature of the regenerative process is sufficiently observed from even a cursory reading of the story. Julian Moynahan, in his sympathetic study of Lawrence, The Deed of Life, notes the progression of the virgin to womanhood in "The Horse Dealer's Daughter," another familiar pattern in Lawrence's fiction (and in his poetry, for that matter). Despite some critical tendency to the contrary, most would agree that Lawrence is not simply suggesting that we all have orgasms with those in whom we may find some recognition of the "dark other" that is in ourselves, and in others. But sex is, indeed, important.

To clarify this, we might look at Lawrence writing in 1922, in Fantasia of the Unconscious, the following:

The great collective passion of belief which brings men together... passionately obeying their soul-chosen leader... this is not a sex passion... Sex holds any two people together, but it tends to disintegrate society, unless it is subordinated to the great dominating male passion of collective purpose... Assert sex as the predominant fulfillment, and you get the collapse of living purpose in man. You get anarchy. Assert purposiveness as the one supreme and pure activity of life, and you drift into barren sterility, like our business of today, and our political life. You become sterile, you make anarchy inevitable. And so there you are. You have got to base your great purposive activity upon the intense sexual fulfillment of all your individuals. That was how Egypt endured. But you have got to keep your sexual fulfillment even then subordinate, just subordinate to the great passion of purpose: subordinate by a hair's breadth only: but still, by that hair's breadth, subordinate.

What Lawrence means by "purposiveness" here, or what the object of it is, is not distinct. However, this passage illuminates the rebirth accomplished at the end of "The Horse Dealer's Daughter."

Certainly one needs to be careful of selecting premises from one book and judging them to be useful for the interpretation of another;
Lawrence in fact cautions us against this sort of thing: "Never trust the artist. Trust the tale. The proper function of a critic is to save the tale from the artist who created it."\(^5\) Suggestions from *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, are utilized, however, not so the artist can interpret the tale, but rather because those two books and the last revisions of last revisions of "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" were written during approximately the same time period, 1921. Terms from other concepts of psychology theory and personality are useful, also, in trying to explicate this story, and to explain our response to it. Peers and students have frequently commented that it is a "good" story, but strange. The response is favorable, but there's "something strange" about it. That feeling is a common response to a number of Lawrence's stories, of course; "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" offers the first "whole" text--a precipitating, middle and end action--that invites a psychological participation. For that reason, a psychological oriented explanation is warranted, and it is suggested that some of the methodology used here would work well with other of Lawrence's stories, e. g., "The Prussian Officer."

Additionally, "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" merits special attention because Lawrence explores, consciously or otherwise, the second major matrix of human relationships (the first being with one's mother): the bond between men and women. This bonding is assumed in a great amount of the fiction written subsequently, and furthermore, this early story allows the opportunity to examine the obviously growing importance of "seeing" and "touching" between characters that Lawrence increasingly depends upon to communicate the nature or status of human relationships.
If, as Mark Spilka suggests, Lawrence is "a prophet of individual regeneration," it is clear that the regeneration occurs in the interest of being able to establish a relationship with someone else, and not then run into the woods, but rather, establish a more meaningful society. Spilka stresses, in The Love Ethic of D. H. Lawrence, what he sees as Lawrence's concern for what we have recently been calling community. And if it is true that many Lawrentian characters are essentially dead, I do not think Moynahan is incorrect in asserting that for Lawrence, "strictly speaking, anyone may come back to life"—even perhaps Mabel's "horsey" brothers. How this is accomplished may be explained in psychoanalytic terms that are finally not contradictory to Lawrence's own occasionally vague concepts in Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious, and more importantly, those implicit in "The Horse Dealer's Daughter."

Mabel Pervin is depressed. She has good reason to be, it would seem. "Mindless and persistent, she endured from day to day. Why should she think? Why should she answer anybody? It was enough that this was the end, and there was no way out" (447). Her mindlessness is amplified in the story by a comparison to her brothers. All are animals: Joe moves in a "horsey" fashion, has the appearance of a certain "stupor of downfall," and he feels that "the horses were almost his own body to him." The horse may be a strongly phallic and threateningly castrating image, but there are other kinds of horses, too, those who like Joe, with his marriage, will "go into harness. His life was over, he would be a subject animal now" (442). Fred Henry, Lawrence writes, is like Joe in being an animal, but "he was an animal
which controls, not one which is controlled. He was master of any horse. . . . But he was not master of the situations of life" (442). Malcolm, the youngest, has a "fresh, jaunty museau," a reference to a muzzle or snout. Mabel is at least connotatively associated with horses, by the title of the story. The strongly suggestive overtones of horsiness are deliberately used by Lawrence. Certainly later his symbolic use of the horse in *Women in Love* is apparent. A horse is a masterful, sexually powerful symbol. The brothers are, by comparison, weak, and this is the point of describing them in "horse" terms. Mabel remains for most of the story an unknown quantity, through her passivity. Because she is the horse dealer's daughter, however, there is the implication for us of power that is hidden, and this connotation proves to be a correct one. The brothers do not have our connotative inclination, however, and they compare her to a dog. They see Mabel's impasive expression as "bull-dog" like; she is later referred to as "the sulkiest bitch that ever trod!" (446) And they pay about the same amount of attention to her as a dog. The terrier is thrown an occasional piece of bacon; the "foolish flippancy" of Joe's question to Mabel, "what are you going to do with yourself?" demonstrates about the same regard and concern. He does not wait for an answer.

The family group sits at the kitchen table in "an ineffectual conclave," and Mabel makes no attempt to answer their desultory questioning. While they are all animal-like to one degree or another, the brothers are safer; they have somewhere to go, something to do, while Mabel does not. We may understand Mabel's passiveness more
adequately by turning to Otto Fenichel's discussion of depression in *The Psychoanalytic Theory of Neurosis*. He writes that

"in the phenomenology of depression, a greater or lesser loss of self-esteem is in the foreground. The subjective formula is 'I have lost everything; now the world is empty,' if the loss of self-esteem is mainly due to a loss of external supplies," which seems to be the case for Mabel. Her complete passivity is a reaction to this, and can be seen as a kind of withdrawal; again, Fenichel is helpful: "a very sad person withdraws from objects and becomes narcissistic by incorporating the unsatisfactory object." (395) Her attempt at suicide might be seen symbolically as an incorporative activity directed towards her mother. Lawrence writes that Mabel "seemed in a sort of ecstasy, to be coming nearer to her fulfillment, her own glorification, approaching her dead mother, who was glorified." The identification would thus be complete. The only object relationship Mabel has, it seems, is with a dead person, and she attempts to incorporate it.

One could argue that Mabel did not make a successful change of object in childhood from mother to father. Her father,

she had loved . . . too, in a different way, depending upon him, and feeling secure in him, until at the age of fifty-four he married again. And then she had set hard against him. Now he had died and left them all hopelessly in debt. (447)

If she shared in his sexual power, his remarriage nullifies the identification. To whatever extent a late transfer of object might have been made, after the mother's death, the success of it was limited by the introduction of another woman. There is at least a preOedipal fixation in Mabel (Fenichel says remnants of this are found in all women), and while there is sufficient material available for arguing an
Oedipal complex in Mabel, her father's remarriage complicates the issue, and it is clearly her mother who offers more identification potential, a point to be returned to in a moment.

During the ten years Mabel keeps house,

the sense of money had kept her proud, confident. The men might be foul-mouthed, the women in the kitchen might have bad reputations, her brothers might have illegitimate children. But so long as there was money, the girl felt herself established, and brutally proud, reserved. (446)

The object identification with money replaced her mother and her relationship with her, after the mother's death, and her father's unfaithfulness; the evil of money is sufficiently recorded elsewhere in Lawrence, notably in "The Rocking Horse Winner," and in poems like "Money-Madness." Money becomes a substitute object for identification, specifically sexual, and this Lawrence sees as one of the ills of the age. Psychological theory doesn't make this value judgment, but the transfer of feelings to inanimate objects is augured to be less than satisfactory for the individual.

Without money, Mabel suffers badly; all that is left is a "curious sullen, animal pride that dominated each member of the family." We are clearly not to see Mabel as a depressive, who, in a moment of insanity, commits suicide. Despite having lost everything, "still she would not cast about her. She would follow her own way just the same. She would always hold the keys of her own situation" (447). F. R. Leavis comments that there is no "helplessness about the girl," and that the "lack of pathos" in the presentation intensifies the starkness and loneliness of her situation.
Fenichel's discussion of narcissistic regression is useful here. In that state, the

... object relationships are replaced by relations within the personality; the patient loses his object relationship by regressing into a phase where no objects yet existed. Depressed patients become aware of this withdrawal of object cathexes by the painful sensation of feeling the world and themselves as "empty." (402)

Mabel's walk into the pond might also be seen as a total regression to the state where no objects existed, the womb. Jungian archetypal studies certainly suggest this. In this vein, Clyde de L. Ryals' essentially Jungian study of "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" suggests that Mabel is a classic case of Freudian regression, and that the story is a "vivid presentation of what Jung calls the rebirth archetype."¹⁰ He notes the reference to hell, the dark journey qualities of the story, and the baptismal, regenerative, revivification by water. If the pond represents symbolically the "repressed contents of the neurotic mind, such a body of water may also contain germs of new possibilities of life."¹¹ As brief and unsatisfying as Ryals' article is, it does touch the bases of a Jungian interpretation of the story. The pond is certainly as murky and frightening as is conceivable for Jack Fergusson. But the pond is also square, in addition to being deep. Mark Schorer, in his excellent commentary on the story, notes that Lawrence never offends our sense of reality; it may be considered here whether Lawrence does not deliberately offend our sense of the symbolic. A square pond is perhaps a false symbol. If it is, the falseness may be partially responsible for our response to the story's strangeness, which may well begin at this point.
The ramifications are considerable: they suggest Lawrence's conscious manipulations of symbols, an activity not uncommon to him. It is not argued that the earlier Jungian view is incorrect, only that it needs to be tempered somewhat. Mabel's motive for going into the pond is clear enough: to die. Fenichel suggests that some suicides are carried out because hopes and illusions of a relaxing gratification are connected with the idea of suicide. Actually, analyses of attempts at suicide frequently show that the idea of being dead or of dying has become connected with hopeful and pleasurable fantasies. (401)

He quotes from H. A. Thorner in support of his argument, and because it seems such an ideal representation of Mabel, it is reproduced as follows:

Hopes of this kind are more in the foreground in suicides that are not of the melancholic type and in which introjection and struggles between the superego and the ego do not play any part. What is often striven for in suicidal attempts is not destruction of the ego but some libidinous aims which, through displacement, have become connected with ideas that objectively bring self-destruction, although they have not been intended as such. Such ideas may be the hope of rejoining a dead person, a libidinous identification with a dead person, the oceanic longing for a union with the mother, or even simple orgasm itself, the attainment of which, through certain historical events, may have become represented with the idea of dying. (401)

Before going to the pond, Mabel sets her affairs in order, and straightens up the gravesite of her mother. In the churchyard, "among the graves, she felt immune from the world, reserved within the thick churchyard wall as in another country." She performs the ablutions, and it gave her sincere satisfaction to do this. She felt in immediate contact with the world of her mother. She took minute pains, went through the park in a state bordering on pure happiness, as if in performing this task she came into a subtle intimate connection with her mother. For the life she followed here in the world was far less real than the world of death she inherited from her mother. (447-8)
We are prepared for any number of archetypal patterns, after this.
Having gotten Mabel to the pond, we must now get Jack Fergusson, the
physician, to the pond also, before considering what happens in it.

Jack Fergusson has his problems too, but he is no animal. In
contrast to Joe's red face, his is long and pale. He has tired eyes,
and has a cold to boot; he is explicitly sick. When he enters the
Pervin house, he is well greeted by all but Mabel, who leaves the room
with a tray, "her face impassive and unchanged." The brothers and Jack
have a kind of camaraderie suggestive of homosexuality. Like the
brothers, Jack asks what will become of Mabel in a rather offhand way,
and when told that no one knows her plans, changes the subject. Fred
Henry and Jack share a special relationship, supported by the apparent
affection and simultaneous formality of the following:

"Well, I shall miss yer, Freddy, boy," said the young doctor.
"And I shall miss thee, Jack," returned the other.
"Miss you like hell," mused the doctor.
Fred Henry turned aside. There was nothing to say. (445)

They move to safer, less painful ground with making plans for the
evening. Jessdale is apparently a location for a whorehouse, but Jack's
cold is so bad that he might "let Lizzie and May miss their night for
once." The missing of a night is reduced by Fred Henry to "all's
one--." So much for sex, and for women. The relationship is suggestive
of those discussed by Fiedler in his essay "Come Back to the Raft Ag'in,
Huck Honey!" But if Jack will miss Lizzie and May, he will go "round to
the Moon and Stars, anyway" (446). Even a bad cold will not keep him
from the contact with his friends. The importance of the camaraderie
emphasizes the lack of a healthy sexual adjustment to women. But the
more vital reason for his relationship with the brothers is illuminated
a little later. He cares for the Pervins, more than any other company, but is committed to his life in the town, as a hired assistant. There is nothing but work and drudgery there, "but at the same time, he had a craving for it." It provides something that contact with the Pervins alone apparently cannot. This is further explained:

It was a stimulant to him to be in the homes of the working class people, moving as it were through the innermost body of their life. His nerves were excited and gratified. . . . It excited him, the contact with the rough, strongly-feeling people was a stimulant applied direct to his nerves. (449)

And that is the wrong place for such stimulation, according to Lawrence. Our own sense of this is demonstrable; to receive stimulation as through electrodes seems "wrong." The brothers are too animal, the doctor too cerebral. His sensations come to him through spurious contact with "the rough people." Fergusson has object relationships, but they are faulty, they involve less than his whole being. Because he has no energy in himself, he draws it from others, trying to pick up the vibrations of others' feelings. Fergusson is a kind of voyeur, because what he witnesses, experiences, or feels is vicarious, hence non-threatening. Scoptophilic tendencies are an important part of this. When he sees Mabel at the grave, and their eyes meet, there is an energy transfer:

There was a heavy power in her eyes which laid hold of his whole being, as if he had drunk some powerful drug. He had been feeling weak and done before. Now the life came back into him, he felt delivered from his own fretted daily self. (448)

Mabel has some consciousness of what is going on, as indicated in the statement that each feels, "in some way, found out by the other." The lack of his physical involvement in the world Fergusson tries to meliorate by walking a lot, something he does particularly when not
feeling well, because "he fancied the motion restored him" (448). He "fancies" it, rather than feeling or knowing that it does.

While walking to make his rounds, he sees Mabel again, and with some curiosity follows her movements; with the possibility of something strange going on, his mind becomes "alive and attentive." He keeps his eyes attentive too, for fear that "if he looked away, he would lose her altogether" (449). The understatement of these words is monumental; "seeing" her is his only means of contact with her at this point. When she disappears, he hastens to the pond to try to see her still: "yes, perhaps that was the dark shadow of her black clothing beneath the surface of the water" (450) Mark Schorer comments that with the immersion, "both have undergone a death of self, and therefore both are in love, they simply awaken in it. . . . They have relinquished their egotism," a comment generally acceptable for stating what has happened for most readers. But notice that after Fergusson recovers his balance, he "rose again into the air and looked around" (450). It is not until he looks that he gasps, and knows that he is "in the world again," which the succeeding sentence states. He then sees Mabel, and carries her out. His behavior, although he has undeniably undergone a dreadful experience, is not yet altered, his conception of himself is not yet altered. He still looks to verify his existence, and his actions are those of a physician. He is, of course, "full of relief to be out of the clutches of the pond, the hideous cold element," but his identity is essentially the same.

Mabel and Jack have been immersed, but they are not changed yet. Heinz Lichtenstein's discussion of identity in "Identity and Sexuality"
is enormously useful here to explain the changes that are consistent with human nature that follow. He suggests that one may have an identity, which is "a prerequisite of the conscious awareness of a sense of identity, but the former can and does exist independently from the latter." He further stipulates that the "concept of identity can be perceived only as relative to its opposite, the idea of change... Life, as a biological as well as mental phenomenon, can be defined as identity in change" (188). Both Mabel and Fergusson have been in essentially passive, static states, which Lawrence most emphatically deplores. His emphasis on being can hardly be overstated. He sees the aphorism "know thyself," for example, as a dangerous one, unless it is amended to read "know thyself so that you can be." In his essay "Poetry of the Present" he stresses the flux of being:

The immediate moment is not a drop of water running downstream. It is the source and issue, the bubbling up of the stream. Here, in this very instant moment, up bubbles the stream of time, out of the well of futurity, flowing on to the oceans of the past. The source, the issue, the creative quick.

The immersion in the pond affords the possibility of change for both Mabel and Fergusson, and it is achieved, but in different ways for both. If life is "identity in change," then Mabel and Fergusson have not been living.

Lichtenstein's discussion includes problems he sees as deriving from the Cartesian Revolution, the distinction between subject and object. He sees it as a split of mind and body also, a split, or dichotomy, quite familiar to the reader of Lawrence and/or modern literature. Lichtenstein's emphasis may be directed towards the ramifications of the split for psychoanalytic theory, but clearly the
problems are familiar ones in literature, which reflects frequently a desire for unity of mind and body, in such disparate figures as Lawrence and Eliot. The task for psychoanalytic theory is to "unify the subject-object juxtaposition." Lichtenstein offers a theory of identification as a "concept designed to make it understandable how the 'inside' [subject] becomes capable of 'relating' to what is 'outside' [object]" (197). Nonprocreative sexuality is, as he sees it, a link connecting these two, starting at the early point of the child at the mother's breast. The infant's response to the sexual content of this act forms the matrix for later sexual development. Nonprocreative sexuality is certainly not the only means of achieving identity, but it is an essential one, a concept with which Lawrence would have no quarrel, and one which seems to be operative on a symbolic level in "The Horse Dealer's Daughter."

Given the Cartesian reference, it seems almost too neat that the pond is square, and that Mabel walks towards the center of it. If she reaches the center, she has reached the point where all coordinates meet. But we do not know if she reaches it. The squareness of the pond is, as I've suggested earlier, important. If the immersion is a rebirth, it is not the complete process in human terms, because there is no identity at the point of coming from the water. It is through sexuality that the changes in Mabel and Fergusson take place, echoing, it may be said, symbolically the process through which an identity is established for newborn infants. Being born does not imply identity; identity evolves. The process is reflected in Lawrence's story, and
possibly accounts in some way for the generally favorable, if generally inexplicable, response to it.

Mabel, when carried to the house, "was conscious in herself, but unconscious of her surroundings" (451). The whiskey given her, like a slap on a baby's bottom, has an immediate effect. She is, if we accept Lichtenstein's argument as tenable, capable of nearly any identity at this point. He writes that "man is a protean animal, capable of infinite identities. For this phenomenon I suggest the term metamorphosis" (227). If nonprocreative sexuality is the initial means, the matrix for future relationships, as suggested, consider Lawrence's comments in "The Birth of Sex":

Sex should come upon us as a terrible thing of suffering and privilege and mystery: a mysterious metamorphosis come upon us, and a new terrible power given us, and a new responsibility.

The physical ministrations of Fergusson to Mabel take on tones of sexuality; she is "conscious" in a limited sense, as pointed out earlier; while he attends her, Fergusson notes that "her eyes were wide open . . . but there seemed something missing in her look." He undresses her, rubs her, and wraps her in a blanket, and administers whiskey. She then becomes conscious of him, and her metamorphosis is complete at this point, if her sense of it is not. If she was capable of any identity, Fergusson becomes the agent through whom identity is gained. Lichtenstein notes that babies who receive minimal care in a hospital, because they are motherless, often die because they are not, in effect, "seduced" to live (251). The matrix of sexual identification is not established. For Mabel, symbolically, it is.
What was "missing" in her look was any sense of identity, anything that Fergusson could draw energy from. With her regaining of a more complete consciousness, Fergusson, while looking at her, begins to feel better: "his life came back to him, dark and unknowing, but strong again" (451), but he feels dazed and finally must turn his face aside. Seeing some sort of change in her, he cannot continue looking; when he stops looking, changes begin to occur in him.

Mabel's first question to him, "Dr. Fergusson?" is answered by "what?" A great line, it may be argued, that communicates intense frustration; he has done all that is required of him, and does not recognize the significance of all he has done; a possible parallel is that of a mother's unconscious sexual imprinting on a child. She might be aghast if told that she is teaching the child to be sexual, but that is what she is doing, according to Lichtenstein.

At this point, symbolic parallels begin to break down somewhat; the story, after all, deals with adults who are capable of verbalization, of which infants are not; and Fergusson's ministrations are not intended as even a nonsexual expression of love. They are linked to his initial concept of identity, however, and their effect is significant. In response to her questions, Fergusson says he saved her because "it was the right thing to do. I knew best then," which asserts his identity as physician, healer. He stands there, cold and wet, lacking the power to move out of her presence. "It was as if she had the life of his body in her hands, and he could not extricate himself" (452). His patient still quickens him, he is still "sick" in some way; this scene echoes the earlier one where he was "mesmerized" by her look
Mabel's consciousness that she is naked suddenly intrudes; having affirmed that he undressed her, she asks, "Do you love me, then?" This is a real question, not a coquettish gesture. Her consciousness of her nakedness makes Fergusson afraid. When asked the question, "he only stood and stared at her, fascinated. His soul seemed to melt." In that melting is some sort of unconscious understanding of what he has done, which we understand in the same way while reading the story, and which Mabel responds to by going to him and pressing against him. "'You love me,' she murmured in strange transport, yearning and triumphant and confident. 'You love me. I know you love me, I know.'" Fergusson remains "amazed, bewildered and afraid" (453). He had never thought of loving her; it is against his professional ethics. Despite his repugnance, he can not move away; he is for the moment conscious without consciousness of self, as Mabel has been before him, and in a symbolic sense, she imprints sexuality upon him through touching and kissing him. He finally yields, and again, at this point, he can not continue looking at her. His metamorphosis is achieved with greater difficulty, because he has been a man of the nerves, not of the solar plexus, and without the great source of energy and strength that a horse dealer's daughter may have. But the desire for identity is stronger than the fear of it. To gain a sense of identity, he must momentarily, at least, sacrifice the only one he has known, and change the nature of his object relationships; this represents a very grave danger, and as Lichtenstein points out, man's very protean nature makes the loss of identity a specifically human danger (207). What tips the balance for Fergusson reflects Lawrence's concept of the unconscious; it is not, as
Freud would have it, dangerous. When Fergusson stops thinking, change, a necessary element of being, becomes possible. This is not at odds with Lichtenstein's discussion of the alteration of Freudian theory that his concept of identity imposes. What Freud saw as repetition compulsion in man, his capacity to repeat experiences which have negative effects, led him (to summarize drastically) to the theory of a death instinct, because, Lichtenstein says, Freud equates ego and identity (242). In so doing, seeing man as both a historical and biological being becomes difficult. Thus Lichtenstein abandons the "basic idea that the conflicts observable within the individual are a psychological representation of a cosmic process of evaluation" (245).

The point is that historical existence "is an existence with a self-defined, self-created identity, an existence without 'preformed' adaptive identity" (244). A strictly biological, evolutionary approach denies that self-created identity. Negative behavior is repeated because it reiterates identity. If Lichtenstein is correct, and I think he is, the scene between Mabel and Fergusson is satisfying because it reiterates symbolically both the concept that change is essential to identity (however threatening the changes may be), and the formation of an identity at birth that is self-created, not innate.

These concepts clarify what may be involved in Lawrence's statement that "I do not believe in evolution, but in the strangeness and rainbow-change of ever-renewed creative civilisation." Lawrence is talking about the necessity of identity, and the necessity of a changing, self-created identity. Lichtenstein offers us terms that allow us to understand Lawrence better, and which allow man to be both
historical and biological. These parallels at least make it possible to see why the extraordinary scene between Mabel and Jack Fergusson does not offend our sense of reality.

An important part of establishing identity is the existence of others against whom to define ourselves. Lichtenstein writes that "man, in so far as he consciously expresses his sense of identity, must do it in terms of what he is for someone else" (202). Lawrence talks about poles and circuits, but his assertion that "no human being can develop save through the polarized connection with other beings" expresses a similar theme. As indicated earlier, the identity, once established, may be a conscious or an unconscious one. Fergusson may not be consciously aware of exactly what has happened with Mabel, but that his identity has been modified, he is well aware. The growing recognition of it is a painful process. But "it had become indispensable to him to have her face pressed close to him; he could never let her go again. He could never let her head go away from the close clutch of his arm" (454). The sexuality in this is enormous; Phyllis Greenacre says that "the body areas which are . . . most significant in comparing and contrasting and establishing individual recognition of the body self, and that of others, are the face and genitals." Lawrence might have a real contribution to make to this assertion in the way of explaining the importance of the face; he notes that "of the five senses, four have their functioning in the face region." Whether that is the reasoning behind Greenacre's idea or not, the importance of the face to identity explains in the story the emphasis upon the face in this scene.
The pain that Fergusson feels is one that "was also life to him." Suddenly he smells the "horrid stagnant smell" of the pond; it is reasonable that he should be repelled by it in "reality" terms, but we are prepared psychologically for the change of emotional cathexis by the sentence preceding the reawakened olfactory repulsion: "Without knowing, he was looking down on her damp, soft brown hair." "Looking" remains, it seems, a dangerous thing for Fergusson to do. Mabel's sense of this makes her draw away; again, without knowing, he falls to kissing her to keep from "seeing her eyes with an unfathomable look" (454). The unconsciously directed action has the right effect; when he looks again she has "a terrible shining of joy" in her eyes, which "really terrified him." The conflicting response indicates his unsure identity at this point, and his growing consciousness of it. It is with difficulty that he admits he loves her, "not because it wasn't true. But because it was too newly true; . . . And he hardly wanted it to be true, even now" (454). Again, the conflict is evident, but the next kiss completes the transition; "he had crossed over the gulf to her, and all that he had left behind shrivelled and became void" (455).

The temptation to analyze, word by word, the remainder of the story is nearly overwhelming, so delicately does Lawrence trace the fear, doubt, joy, and strength, and the continuous fluxes of these emotions, so appropriate to the complex process of approaching a new identity, which work subtly to reinforce the psychological reality of the changes taking place. This is not to say that Lawrence is altogether aware of what he is doing, but certainly the way the scene is written is psychologically valid for many readers. The scene is broken by Mabel,
who wants to go, requesting a kiss before she does, which Fergusson
gives her, "half in anger," anger directed, perhaps, at the awareness
that now things will change again. Lawrence describes her leaving thus:

She rose all nervously, all mixed up in the blanket. . . . he tried
to remember her as she was when he had wrapped her in the blanket.
But then he didn't want to remember, because she had been nothing
to him then, and his nature revolted from remembering her as she
was when she was nothing to him. (456)

This emphasizes, it may be construed, that it is not the immersion in
the square pond through which he is "reborn," but through her response
to his touch, symbolically, his imprinting on her, and her subsequent
touching of him, her reciprocal imprinting through nonprocreative sexual
activity, to use Lichtenstein's terms.

The movement toward "reality" is accomplished gracefully;
Fergusson's dry clothes are thrown down the steps; he grins at his
appearance in them. The necessity to stoke the fire, and Fergusson's
awareness that it is six o'clock make the transition complete. He must
go to surgery. She returns in her best dress to make tea. Normal time
resumes. But the changes in Mabel and Fergusson do not disappear with
new clothes. The final paragraph avoids the possible sentimentality of
the situation and seems consistent to me with the frightening nature of
what has happened and what its implications are:

"I want you, I want you," was all he answered, blindly with that
terrible intonation which frightened her almost more than her
horror lest he should not want her. (457)

E. W. Tedlock, Jr., comments that "it is characteristic of Lawrence that
the 'happy ending' is complex, containing their fears both of the world
outside their rapport and of the risks of commitment." Reading the
story is rewarding for what it satisfies in us; but few readers miss
the slightly negative effect at the end of the story. The fear is valid, however, so it does not put us off. Tedlock continues that "this existential honesty, and the inobvious, unforced creation of a correlative natural symbolism are the marks of his best work."  

Mabel and Fergusson are "returning" to the world, something that is not always possible in Lawrence's fiction. There is the possibility that they have achieved, however tenuously, the capacity for genuine sexuality and simultaneously the capacity for purpose. Lichtenstein offers some explication for the "purposiveness" Lawrence sees as essential; "work," he writes, "in the sense in which we use it here, refers not to useful work as contrasted to leisure. Human work is an inner need for meaningful activity" (252). Lawrence ascribes a religious nature to the desire the "human male" (a Lawrentian limitation is evident, it is suggested, in the exclusive designation) has to "build up out of his own self and his own belief and his own effort something wonderful."  

Creativity demonstrated in personal relationships and in man's desire to build, or have purpose, is comprehensible in terms of the necessity of creating self-identity. Work is another means of establishing and maintaining identity.

"The Horse Dealer's Daughter" is effective psychologically because we witness the creation of identity. Mabel and Fergusson are among the few who might "make it" in Lawrentian terms, and they will not do so by retreating from the world. The edge of fear at the end of the story prepares us for the possibility that they will not succeed. If life is identity in change, then both Mabel and Fergusson face the possibility of constantly having their identity threatened, something we must all
deal with in order to live. If they do not succeed in being able to cope with the events that are vital for identity to be maintained, it is because mind and body have been divided for so long, the odds are so bad for unifying even an individual's identity, much less a culture's, that success would be a miracle. In 1916, Lawrence entitled the story, "The Miracle"; in the face of the knowledge that "ours is essentially a tragic age," it very nearly is.

This, then, is the limited optimistic version of the world Lawrence offers, one that is not echoed in any other stories of 1912-1912. The attempt to demonstrate what these eleven stories have in common results in continued acknowledgement of the personal turmoil in Lawrence's life at the time more than the emergent specific themes, though characteristics may be described. Some of the characters seem to have one-half of what is required to be a human being; like the brothers in "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" and the daughter herself early in the story, Sutton is "The Primrose Path" is described in largely animal terms; he relates well to the animals and dogs with which he lives. Sutton is depicted as a life force, and that is a great deal better than being a death force, one assumes, but he has few other redeeming qualities. Even in fondling his dogs, he betrays no discernible emotions. The slight girl, Elaine, to whom he is attached, is "carried away" with this force, but her mother predicts (correctly) that she will leave him (439). Sutton is horrified by his counterpart, death, in the form of his first wife, and her illness and hovering demise. He nearly loses his identity, Lawrence writes, when he visits her: "Only the sunken cheeks and the mouth that seemed to protrude now were foreign to
him, and filled him with horror. It seemed he lost his identity" (433). She can prepare himself to leave only by looking at a picture of a living thing, a bird nestled on some ivy leaves (434-435).

The story seems askew, emotionally and structurally. The device using Sutton's nephew, Daniel Berry, as a foil is not successful, and Berry seems picked up and put down again in the narrative as convenient but not to meaningful dramatic purpose. Both Berry and Elaine's mother seem superfluous to the story; the latter is hardly a life force: she is described as "slave-like" (430), but she has prescience at least. "The Primrose Path" is a story of leave-taking--Sutton's, his brother's, his nephew's, his wife's, and finally, Elaine's. At the tale's end, there is, literally, no one and nothing left on the stage.

In contrast, Friedburg in "The Mortal Coil" is a death force and not the good animal that Sutton at least was. He lacks the individual strength for survival that Lawrence often praises elsewhere.\footnote{25} For moments at a time, Friedburg is manly and "finds himself" while he is apart from them, and whenever he is conscious of his tangential relationship to life, he is inadequate; he is not a "good animal" because he plays with death, the idea of it, as a means of solving his problems, particularly his gambling debts. His debts underscore the subservient role he plays in the world; he is, at every turn, indebted:

Ultimately he had no belief in himself, as a separate isolated being. . . . The trouble was, that apart from the social fabric he belonged to, he felt himself nothing, a cipher. . . . He knew that the world of man from which he took his value was his mistress beyond any woman. He wished, secretly, cravingly, in his heart, it were not so. But so it was.\footnote{26}
Martha echoes this when she affirms that he is nothing beyond being her mate: "'Nobody else but mine—nothing at all?' 'Nothing at all, he re-echoed!'" (226).

After an evening of passion, he returns to his command and wishes the mock warfare were real: "War, with the prize of death!" (233). Instead, it is his mistress who finds death. There is, in fact, a great deal of death at the end of the story, including the "old living dead" (the investigator) writing down the details of the fire in Friedburg's swelling and then Friedburg himself, the "young living dead," At the tale's culmination, Friedburg is dead beyond doubt, when he returns to his home and sees the unusual activity;

O God, a new shame, some new shame, some new torture! His body moved on. So it would move on through misery upon misery, as is our fate. There was no emergence, only this progress through misery unto misery, till the end. Strange, that human life was tenacious! . . . Strange, that but for man, this misery would not exist. For it was not God's misery, but the misery of the world of man. (234-235).

This is indeed a gloomy version of the world. At the end, the "old living dead" addresses either the reader or the soldier (or both) when he instructs not to look at Martha's red garments, which still hang on the edge of the chair: "Do not look, do not see. It is the business of the dead to bury the dead"; Lawrence then uses the word "dead" five more times, until the last sentence of the story becomes obscure, with the reference to the living who "are at least with their living who have passed away" (236). Keith Sagar comments in his Foreword to the Mortal Coill collection that Lawrence called the story one of his "purest creations" and attempts explication by stating that "the truly living" are hunted down by death. Martha does not seem to exemplify this,
although she is the most "living" of the characters, because she derives her power from her ability to control Friedburg (239). That is, in Lawrentian terms, false and/or wrong-headed power and a misuse of will.

In "Strike Pay," "The Miner at Home," "Her Turn," and "The Sick Collier," Lawrence turns away from the war and considers implications of the miner's strikes. "Strike Pay" is the most serious and effective effort. The mother in the story is domineering, a familiar character type. Ephraim is not without some attraction; he is, after all, his wife's husband: "... He was her man, not her mother's."²⁸ Perhaps with another writer, there would be no reason for pause, but given Lawrence's predilection for individuality and independence, it must be asked why Ephraim is not his own man. Like Friedburg, he is beholden to other men, even in the beginning when he has lost his strike pay and cannot pay for a drink.

In "The Sick Collier," illness again is a determinant of behavior, as in "The Primrose Path" and Sons and Lovers. The collier in this case becomes ill and finally his existence and its importance is determined not by his worth as a human being, but rather his financial worth. Will the "crazy" yelling and taunts of his wife be judged as instances of insanity? The wife and neighbor hope not, since no additional strike pay will be granted, if so. His weakness, his relinquishing of self-identity to pain, serves well as a barometer to what pain comes to mean in later Lawrence fiction—for miners, soldiers, sons, lovers, gamekeepers and friends.

In a thoroughly unchivalric fashion, the collier blames Lucy for his pain. This succeeds in making her a more sympathetic character than
she might be otherwise. "She was too good for him," the story begins. 29 She remains too good, at least in the sense that her concerns are realistic one about money and the future, in comparison to his concern with pain and "almost infantile satisfaction" (769). He carries on like a child when his bladder is torn and he is introduced to pain; from the beginning, he cannot handle it. What might be a sympathetic character is changed to a contemptible one, as he casts about, looking for pain's cause and blame. To reiterate, it is all Lacy's fault, and she along keeps him from attending a football match in Nottingham (271). The tale echoes Lawrence's words that the problem with Women is Men, who are not men anymore and have no viable individual identity nor a sense of the consequences of responsibility. A short poem, "The Collier's Wife," collected in Rhyming Poems, encapsulates well the theme of the story, and even includes the presence of the mother. 30

In "Her Turn," the characters are less caricaturish, for there are suggestions of "gray" in the positions of husband and wife, rather than black and white as in the earlier story. The wife has endured previous work strikes and again she is the one who pays more attention to life's horrors (in the form of money and the lack of it) than grand ideas, such as the miner has: the rights of working men to strike under the existing inhuman working conditions of the time. At the conclusion, however, when Mrs. Radford has made her point of control in the relationship through her many purchases, neither is a very sympathetic personage, for Radford has submitted to her control, her will. His poet-like nature is perhaps responsible for his weakness. He has the appropriate response initially to her purchases—anger. In another fictional work,
another soap opera, the division of strike pay funds as distributed in
the story might seem a fair compromise; but Lawrence keeps the reader
from feeling this sense of fairness by commenting on the "curious,
cat-like look of satisfaction around her [Mrs. Radford's] eyes." At the
end, she gives him a shilling and Radford yields his will to hers; "he
accepted it."31 Radford lacks a sense of his own will; he cannot bend
his reality to the acknowledgement of his own existence. As in "The
Miner at Home" and "Once," there is no vital connection between the
central character and the wife/lover/mistress. There is nothing eternal
in the relationship, as there is in "The Thorn in the Flesh."

Bachman, in "The Thorn in the Flesh," also lacks control, including
control of his bladder. He is in great fear and succumbs to a human
failing (or obligation). He leaves the scene of disgrace to join
Emilie. The "chief effort of will was gone" at the time of his great
shame.32 Emilie lacks will also, delineated by her ability to take
orders from her superiors (her "real masters and mistresses" [127]).
Despite their subservient conditions, Bachman and Emilie find some
peace. He becomes "satisfied": "What I am, I am; and let it be enough .
. . ." He has "accepted his own defect" (131). The couple's
satisfaction and sense of completeness (130) connect them to some great
Other, in feelings of "eternal gratitude." Bachman perceives that he
"loved her body, which was soft and eternal, possessed him" (134).
Bachman and Emilie are thus plugged into the universe, so to speak, but
they have no self-determination. They are unlike the horse dealer's
daughter and the doctor; they lack will and consciousness. "The Thorn
in the Flesh" ending is another of discordence: the Baron goes away in
"agitation" and prepares himself vaguely "for what he could do" (135). This seems quite close to the words used to describe Mrs. Radford at the close of "The Miner at Home"; again there is frustration and a sense of helplessness.

"Nothing but a fool" (135) is the Baron's judgment; but Bachman lacks only determination. The ending note is more cheerful in "Once," in which the characters have a moderately good relationship and some spontaneity therein, as did Bachman and Emilie. But clearly Anita has had her best relationships in the past. As in "The Mortal Coïl," toward the conclusion of of "Once," as Anita recollects her affairs, there is a foreshadowing of a famous scene in Lady Chatterley's Lover, when she remembers putting rose leaves in her hair. Like Gudrun and Hermione in Women in Love, Anita seeks sensation; she is unwilling to give or receive more than that. At least there is a "more" posited for the potential of relationships between men and women in that she seems conscious that something is missing in both past and present relationships (Cf. 164-165). This quality makes her a more sympathetic character than Emilie, yet the judgment of her requires acknowledgement of her own sense of incompleteness. She chooses the incompleteness over giving herself to the Other. She is totally Self, as opposed to Other, and neither potentiates completion of isolation.

NOTES


1961), pp. 441-442. Subsequent references to the story are given in parentheses immediately following the quoted material.

8 Otto Fenichel, The Psychoanalytic Theory of Neurosis (New York: W. W. Norton and Co., Inc., 1945), p. 391. Subsequent references to material quoted from the text are given in parentheses immediately following the quotation.
11 Ibid.
13 Heinz Lichtenstein, "Identity and Sexuality: A Study of Their Interrelationship in Man," American Journal of the Psychoanalytical
Association, IX, 1961, p. 185. Subsequent references to this material are given in parentheses immediately following the quotation.

14 Lawrence, Fantasia, p. 105.


16 Lawrence, Fantasia, p. 147.

17 Ibid, p. 56.


20 Lawrence, Fantasia, p. 97.


22 Lawrence, Fantasia, p. 60.

23 The first phrase of Lady Chatterley's Lover.


CHAPTER IV
1915-1919

Nine of the eleven short stories Lawrence wrote during 1915-1919 utilized World War I as a backdrop, which occupied a greater or lesser importance in each story, a fact not often noted.¹ These five years were extraordinary ones, even in such an extraordinary life as that of Lawrence, in part because of the added stimulus and problems of the war and England's involvement, and also because of Lawrence's difficult position as an Englishman married to Frieda von Richthofen, and the subsequent literal and metaphorical separation from his native England and the old idea of England. During 1915-1919, the Lawrence's precarious financial status helped motivate D. H. Lawrence's commitment to some projects, e.g., Studies in Classic American Literature, that was to pay for his forthcoming American tour, which would, he hoped, finally culminate in the establishment of Rananim, the utopian dream-homeland designed to replace England.

Thus despite and perhaps because of the turmoil endured during the war years, Lawrence was incredibly productive; he wrote Twilight in Italy, completed The Rainbow, began "The Sisters," (later Women in Love), and began both Aaron's Rod and The Lost Girl. He also completed the manuscripts for Look! We Have Come Through!, Bay and New Poems, as well as the plays David and Touch and Go. Periodically he worked on and completed Movements in European History and prepared "The Crown" for publication. In late 1919 and early 1920, he wrote Psychoanalysis and
the Unconscious, and during the year 1919, prepared the volume England, My England for publication. Additional major essays completed during those years include "love," "Life," "The Reality of Peace," some of the "Education" essays, and "democracy." Also, another major essay, "Study of Thomas Hardy," was prepared and revised.²

Given the accomplishment of gestation and birth of The Rainbow and Women in Love alone, there is no disagreement among critics that it was a time of great personal and artistic growth. Lawrence depended increasingly less at that time upon his personal experience to write, and thematic concerns reflected both personal and non-personal ones. One critic even argues (with varying success) that Lawrence uses myth and fairy tales extensively as backbone to the stories of England, My England.³ The greater personal detachment evident in the fiction of the 1915-1919 period (as compared, say, to Kangaroo or The Plumed Serpent) is a hallmark to many critics of the excellence of the war years¹ work. The short stories are generally less doctrinaire than they become later, which suggests Lawrence's greater detachment in general at this time.

Finally, the importance of his relationship with Frieda and the growth of a great circle of friends, including S. S. Koteliamsky, cannot be quantified, but should be mentioned. Nonetheless, as George Zytaruk has written in his sometimes emotional introduction to The Quest for Rananim: D. H. Lawrence's Letters to S. S. Koteliamsky, "... everyone who is knowledgeable about Lawrence's career as a writer knows that it was the period of the war that was the most difficult for Lawrence. Not only were Lawrence's efforts as a writer frustrated, but he and Frieda suffered from poverty and political persecution as well."⁴
The volume England, My England included ten stories, nine of which had been previously published ("The Primrose Path" was the exception. Of these, two stories have already been discussed at some length ("The Horse Dealer's Daughter" and "The Primrose Path"), both because of their original dates of composition and their thematic concerns. The previously discussed ambiguity of tone in "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" was unquestionably added during this later revision period; hopefully, this discussion, along with that of "The Prussian Officer," provides an appropriate introduction to the manner in which some difficult stories will be handled critically here.

Three other stories written during the 1915-1919 period and were not included in the published collection: "The Thimble," noted for its occasionally biographical concerns, and the seeming biographical sketches, "Adolf" and "Rex." The remaining eight stories of the England, My England volume are among the most considered and valued Lawrentian stories in the canon.

"The Thimble" will be considered first in this chapter because it deals with themes common to England, My England and other stories in the volume: the loss of the past and how we are to "survive" death or be reborn; the great destruction of the war; and how the war further speeded up the individual's senses of alienation and loss of identity; and the collective consequences of these losses for civilization. The story is not collected in the much-later published The Complete Short Stories; it is instead found in The Mortal Coil and Other Stories. When Lawrence dropped "The Mortal Coil" and others to publish England, My England, "The Thimble" was laid aside, rather unfortunately, according
to Keith Sagar in his "Introduction" to The Mortal Coil collection. He recorded there Lawrence's hope that the story might "disappear into oblivion," although Sagar felt that "in some ways [it was] preferable to The Ladybird which apparently grew out of it." Perhaps Lawrence was unusually concerned about basing fictive characters so blatantly (at that time) on his friends, in this case Lady Cynthia Asquith and Herbert Asquith, and thus his dis-ease with the story. Moreover, the nearly overwhelming explicit manner in which the characters' "rebirths" occurred and the characters' direct "consciousness" of that rebirth may have violated the spirit of the then-developing Lawrentian law that such processes must occur largely unconsciously to be viable.

In any case, it is clear in the story that prior to the war, the man and woman in question have little knowledge of each other. The war provided "purposeful" activity for the male, and his purposefulness attracted her. After the "bewilderering experience of their fortnight's honeymoon," which bewilderment continued subsequent to his departure, she "stopped thinking altogether" in order to make a home. Upon its completion, all her war effort activities continued, and she did not consider the source of "bewilderment" until suddenly she fell ill. The quick tempo of the description of these events leads the reader to believe that she fell ill as a result of denial and repression of her bewilderment; she became delirious while ill with pneumonia, and he was nearly mortally wounded simultaneously. Hence, they were both ill or "laid by" (197) and both in a position to see each other again as physical recovery continued. She remembered only "a vivid impression" of him, and "knew it was expected of her that she should create an
impression of modern beauty" (197-198). Spiritually, she was "weak and ill in a sort of after-death" (201), while he, Mr. Hepburn (their names are mentioned only once in the story), when he saw her, "was like one dead. He was within the realm of death" (206). As in "The Horse Dealer's Daughter," the state of death or near-death is crucial to the story's development.

At the time that they meet again, she has recovered more than he has, and she is "self-contained, static" (201), qualities we know to be "good" from Lawrence's "Study of Thomas Hardy," particularly from the section entitled 'Of Being and Not-Being" and its famous discussion of Woman as Hub.

With letters of evidence written both to Koteliansky and Amy Lowell, it is clear that Lawrence had been working on the manuscript for "Study of Thomas Hardy" since October of 1914; indeed, much of the stress of working out the Hardy manuscript is detailed in the Koteliansky correspondence. The sketch and sometimes contradictory nature of the "study" need not be further taken to task here since other critics have done so, yet contained in it, as they all note, are essential doctrine or concepts that Lawrence continued to articulate until his death. The critic footnoted above, Baruch Hochman, both criticized the "study" and bespoke Lawrence's principles well, so attention is turned here to his treatment for a moment.

Hochman points out the erotic terminology Lawrence employed to define both the inner processes of the self and the objective world.
Further, Lawrence

... distinguishes between the integral, or true self, which is the unconscious self, and the social self. Within the integral, unconscious self, he distinguishes two basic modes, a masculine one and a feminine one. ... The radical 'nuclear' self is an entity that emerges out of the struggle between the polarized elements that make up the self. The self is the configuration that arises from moment to moment in the balance and reconciliation of the two radical elements. This reconciliation is, in its constant qualities, the self, and it is also 'being'—the final reality. (47-48)

Hochman encapsulates theory also in stating:

The self, in its absolute existence, not only touches on the absolute (to be exact, the 'relative absolute') of life, in nature, but in the course of doing so it re-enacts the process whereby nature itself subsists. The self is never is final and complete thing, even in its absolute form. ... It is the outcome of a process, though never the end of a process, since process is conceived as having no temporal end. (48)

From this point in his discussion, Hochman moves to illumination of the Heraclitean flux concept and additional inter-relationships between the cosmic and psychic life in Lawrence's ideology.

A principal value in these long quotes from Hochman is the superb abbreviated fashion in which he meaningfully restates Lawrence's words, as well as his emphasis on "reconciliation," which is often implied by Lawrence but not necessarily clearly stated, because of Lawrence's own emphasis on achieving full being. For example, in "Thomas Hardy,"

Lawrence writes:

The final aim of every living thing, creature, or being is the full achievement of itself. This accomplished, it will produce what it will produce, it will bear the fruit of its nature. Not the fruit, however, but the flower is the culmination and climax, the degree to be striven for. Not the work I shall produce, but the real Me I shall achieve, that is the consideration: of the complete Me will come the complete fruit of me, the work, the children.
To clarify the point, Lawrence uses the metaphors of a red poppy, and, briefly, a phoenix as examples of culmination; in an essay written a year later, he utilizes the red poppy again, as well as the rose and the phoenix. The essay is collected in *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine* and is entitled "The Crown."

Cabbages and cabbage patches are familiar to readers of both essays, as well, and the cabbage is a representation of a sort of polar opposite of the poppy, or, as that which decays protects its rotting core by virtue of its outer leaves, it is equated to the bourgeoisie and specifically, the failing system of English law in "Study of Thomas Hardy." The system of law as related to the whole failing and sickness of English society is as much to blame for the was as any other factor, Lawrence believes, since the laws seek to protect or "regulate the sick," yet they do not "seek the source of the sickness" (406). After protesting Laws and all State machinery, Lawrence writes in that familiar canting tone of voice:

No wonder there is a war. No wonder there is a great waste and squandering of life. Anything, anything to prove that we are not altogether sealed in our own self-preservation as dying chrysalides... ... So we go to war to show that we can throw our lives away. Indeed, they have become of so little value to us. We cannot live, we cannot be. Then let us rush, throwing our lives away. Then, at any rate, we shall have a sensation—and 'perhaps,' after all, the value of life is in death. (406)

Obviously, Lawrence is aware than many may die and many will come home maimed after the war, but none of that matters so long as there is, at the end, a "new sense" of what "being" is about and with that new sense, "some new courage to let go the securities, ... to risk ourselves in a forward venture of life" (406-407). Still, a death must
occur, whether war-inflicted or sought as a part of a natural process to "become." Lawrence postulates that the death occurs so that one may be "born again," at twenty or thirty, and so continue the journey to being (433).

Thus the war, ugly as it is both personally and impersonally to Lawrence, perhaps serves as catalyst to the development of his death and rebirth "theology." His frustration with war can be recounted in numerous places; one brief example is in a letter to Koteliansky: "—I feel so bitter against the war altogether, I could wring the neck of humanity for it."¹⁰ Stephen Spender wrote that "not only was England killed for him, but there was a sense in which the war killed him." In the same paragraph, Spender quotes Lawrence from a letter to Lady Ottoline Morrell:

When I drive across this country, with autumn rustling to pieces, I am so sad, for my country, for this great wave of civilization, 2,000 years, which is now collapsing, that it is hard to live. So much beauty and pathos of old things passing away and no new things coming: this house— it is England—my God, it breaks my soul— their England. "¹¹

Proclaiming new values is, indeed, what Lawrence did, in part through asserting the value of death. The false values of the current society, expressed as the rottenness internalized in cabbages in "Study of Thomas Hardy," and the shell or rind of society in "The Crown," are best left to continue their dissolution and corruption' through their eventual death lies hope for a new world. Sensationalized sex or "frictional reduction" are simply more reflections of the corrupted war and the war of corruption.
Frank Kermode offers additional delineation of Lawrence's view of this corruption, whose imagery increasingly occupied Lawrence's thinking. Kermode writes that:

... when movement forward to a new epoch seemed blocked, Lawrence entertained the idea that one way to make it possible was to make everything get worse. Looking around him, seeing frictionally reductive sex, the women trying to look like children, ... he concluded that the Holy Ghost, who would lead us into the blossoming time, was missing: the first victim was sex, and true sex had been usurped by a death wish, as the war showed. Perhaps corruption and destruction must be the way forward. Kermode quotes severally from "The Crown," but he does not utilize the following illuminating passage:

And corruption, like growth, is only divine when it is pure, when all is given up to it. When the cabbage flourishes round a hollow rottenness, this is vile. ... The chicken dead in the egg is an abomination. We cannot subject a divine process to a static will, not without blasphemy and loathsomeness. The static will must be subject to the process of reduction, also. For the pure absolute, the Holy Ghost, lies also in the relationship which is made manifest by the departure, the departure ad infinitum, of the opposing elements.

In this manner, we can come to desire death as a necessity in the whole flux. Hence Lawrence states:

Destruction and Creation are the two relative absolutes between the opposing infinities. Life is in both. Life may even, for a while, be almost entirely in one, or almost entirely in the other. The end of either oneness is death. For life is really in the two, the absolute in the pure relation, which is both. (78)

Particularly in "Study of Thomas Hardy" and "The Crown," Lawrence expressed (and created) his attitude toward death, with frequent particular regard to World War I. The overall shattering nature of the war called for reaction from the literati and the expectation was not disappointed. While many recorded more vividly and accurately war events and the growing sense of hopelessness of individuals as the war
continued and so many of the "brightest and best" were killed, Lawrence
directed his responses in part toward the future begun in war's deaths.
J. Middleton Murry, quoted in George Panichas's *Adventure in
Consciousness*, suggested the difference between Lawrence
and other writers of the time: Lawrence was "absolutely different, and
of an altogether higher order. He suffered under a prophetic vision of
the war as a portent of the imminent doom of civilization and modern
man."
Panichas discusses and defends the occasional "exaggerated" and
"hysterical" tones which were evident in Lawrence's letters well enough,
and surely letters should not be judged on the same level as literary
works such as Sassoon's *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*. Neither Panichas
nor Murry, however, stress that the vision went well past doom. As
suggested in the quoted passages from "The Crown" and "Study of Thomas
Hardy," the essays record and emphasize the potential of rebirth in ways
that the fiction does not. Panichas's principal point is well taken,
and is most simply stated in saying that Lawrence's "feelings must be
viewed, finally, within the context of an unwavering denunciation of a
debased spirit of life, of which war was the consummate and most painful
manifestation" (67-68). However, given the whole of the writings during
the 1915-1919 period, the degree to which Panichas suggests attitude
that Lawrence attempted to repudiate and dissociate from the war is in
some way suspect, because of Lawrence's recurring attention to the war
and the degree to which Lawrence saw the individual and cumulative
deaths as a part of the process preceding rebirth. The wish for escape
is real enough yet it must be viewed in the larger context of Lawrence's
intellectual development and theories of death and rebirth. His mood
swings, documented in letters, reflect both the despair accompanying death and hope for the future, although both aspects might not appear in a single letter. However one handles the emphasis, Panichas is surely accurate in his assessment that the war "tested to the fullest Lawrence's belief in life" (94). As Lawrence wrote and is often quoted, "The war doesn't alter my beliefs or visions." To the contrary, the underlying thesis of this chapter is that the war was a cornerstone in the foundation of this theories, or a thread so thoroughly interwoven in the whole fabric as to be nearly invisible. If the war seemed at times to Lawrence like a sleep, "a kind of interval in my life," his word choice is enlightening and readily suggests the quality of a dream; the unconscious content is always merely absorbed by the dreamer, consciously or otherwise.

On a less theoretical basis, it should be remembered that Lawrence was writing in the wake of naturalists and biologists of his day and reacting to the views of scientific materialism. Lawrence belonged to his time as do all writers, and there are Bergsonian concepts or parallel constructs in his writing, as documented by Hochman in Another Ego, just as his theories sometimes parallel thinking directions of Freud, as demonstrated in a previous chapter. The Will-to-Inertia and the Will-to-Motion, the female and male principles discussed in "Study of Thomas Hardy," reflect his Schopenhauerean heritage and illuminate many stories, e.g., "The Thimble," a point to be elaborated upon in a subsequent chapter. Therefore, to conclude this discussion of death, this argument turns to comments about death from Freud and later Karen Horney, from her review of Freud's concept of the death instinct. Then
the discussion proper returns to "The Thimble" and other stories of the period, in order to amplify the ways in which Lawrence handled the concept of death and the implications of war in many of the stories, and how rebirth plays an increasingly important role in Lawrence's thinking, as it began to do in "The Horse Dealer's Daughter."

Briefly stated, Freud defines an aspect of organic life in general in the following manner:

It seems, then, that an instinct is an urge inherent in organic life to restore an earlier state of things which the living entity has been obliged to abandon under the pressure of external disturbing forces; that is, it is a kind of organic elasticity, or, to put it another way, the expression of the inertia inherent in organic Life. [italics are Freud's]

In this discussion of the repetition principles as well as acknowledgement of the natural principles which push towards "progress" and "production of the new forms," Freud's argument is that external forces exerted upon organisms demand modifications which are then "stored up" for further repetition. Therefore there exists an inherent contradiction because of the striving to return to what is old. The returning flights of birds and migrations of fish at spawning times eventually to old grounds are used as examples. To clarify:

It would be a contradiction to the conservative nature of the instincts if the goal of life were a state of things which had never yet been attained. On the contrary, it must be an old state of things, an initial state from which the living entity has at one time or other departed and to which it is striving to return by the circuitous paths along which its development leads. If we are to take it as a truth that knows no exception that everything dies for internal reasons--becomes inorganic again--then we shall be compelled to say that 'the aim of all life is death' and, looking backwards, that 'inanimate things existed before animate living ones.'

It is granted that Freud makes these statements somewhat later (1920) than Lawrence, yet there is a curious parallel to Lawrence in the
concept of both beginning and returning to an inorganic state. Lawrence writes in "The Crown" that "in the beginning, light touches darkness and darkness touches light. Then life has begun." The flow and ebbing of light and dark leave the iris, the "blossom" in the coming together of light and dark, to disappear. The waves separate, "save for one enfolded ripple, the tiny, silent, scarce-visible enfolded pool of the seeds." Lawrence then jumps quickly to the human metaphor, then back to theory that the wave which meet again may come to no consummation, "only a confusion and a swirl and a falling away again. These are . . . the uncreated lives." Loosely constructed, these might be said to be the organisms which only return to their former states and ultimately death, with no "forward progress" in physical or metaphysical terms. For those who do survive and move forward, or in Lawrentian terms, "live," life is the coming together of the two elements and then a third, the "spark," as specifically clarified in an essay written in the 1920's entitled "Him With His Tail in His Mouth." "The spark," he writes, "which springs from out of the balance, is timeless. Jesus, who saw it a bit vaguely, called it the Holy Ghost." Though Lawrence talks about the Holy Ghost in the essays previously under discussion, it is not until this later time that the more orthodox religious element, at least as discussed by name, is a clear part of the creative moments. Still, as Hochman argues convincingly, the revelation of God in whatever form comes into "being" rather than "is."

While the directions which Freudian and Lawrentian concepts of creation are interesting, it is necessary to return here to the cyclical nature of life and death, having once granted that life occurs in some
form and that every form of organism returns to death. It is Lawrence who places the humanistically-oriented emphasis on death, although, once again, he seems not so far from Freud when Freud writes of the death instinct that:

So long as that instinct operates internally, as a death instinct, it remains silent; we only come across it after it has become diverted outward as an instinct of destruction. That that diversion should occur seems essential for the preservation of the individual; the musculature is employed for the purpose.

For Lawrence, this would represent, in the case of the culture at the time of World War I, a sick form of destruction, a protecting of a rotten core. In a manner similar to the discussion of the lilies above who die and the pools of seeds for regrowth, Freud postulates earlier life forms, and in Strachey's translation, Freud has nearly the cadence of Lawrence in talking of the coming and going of life and death:

In this was the first instinct come into being: the instinct to return to the inanimate state. It was still an easy matter at that time for a living substance to die: the course of its life was probably a brief one, whose direction was determined by the chemical structure of the young life. For a long time, perhaps, living substance was thus being constantly created afresh and easily dying, till decisive external influences altered in such a way as to oblige the still surviving substance to diverge ever more widely from its original course of life and to make ever more complicated detours before reaching its aim of death.

The externally altering "influence" for Lawrence would be the "spark" spoken of earlier, and later, the "flame-life." The "detours" quoted might easily remind one of Lawrence's statements about the first 2,000 years of western civilization, and how this civilization must now die for a new one to be born, although for Lawrence the emphasis is placed, after writing a number of stories and essays during the war period, principally on the rebirth or resurrection. That his last completed work is "The Man Who Died" therefore gains additional importance, for it
is the culmination of a thought process begun well in the early 'teens of 1900.

As will be evident in the last quote from Freud, at the time of writing (1921), Freud still described instincts in a dualistic fashion, i.e., he could find no instincts apart from sexual ones in the organic world to convince him otherwise. The "conservative nature of instinct" becomes, in part, the impetus for Freud to develop in full a "death instinct" theory, one which accounts for continuous destructive acts in mankind, among other things.  

Although Freud's use of the word "sexual" most often has different implications than when Lawrence uses the term (Freud carefully distinguishes between "sexual" and "sexuality," the latter term meaning "male" and "female" most often), in one final instance a similarity between Lawrence and Freud may be noted which will be useful in delineation of the short stories:

[The true life instincts] . . . operate against the purpose of the other instincts, which leads, by reason of their function, to death; and this fact indicates there is an opposition between them and the other instincts. . . . It is as though the life of the organism rushes forward so as to reach the final aim of life as swiftly as possible; but when a particular stage in the advance has been reached, the other group jerks back to a certain point to make a fresh start and so prolong the journey. And even though it is certain that sexuality and the distinction between the sexes did not exist when life began, the possibility remains that the instincts which were later to be described as sexual may have been in operation from the very first, and it may not be true that it was only at a later time that they started upon their work of opposing the activities of the 'ego instincts.'

If there were no other similarities, the vagueness Lawrence and Freud occasionally share should elevate the contention that as voices of the early twentieth century, they of necessity, nearly, share some similarity in thinking processes. The recent relative "godlessness"
begun in the Victorian era, paralleled by Schopenhauer's atheism, left many opportunities to be vague about how (and why) life began. In particular in Lawrence, the nature of the relationships or relatednesses of his four described dimensions with respect to God and the Holy Ghost, or frequently, to a Light image, is vague. It appears that Lawrence's position on these relationships shifted with time; what remained central was the death/rebirth metaphor, however or whichever humanity arrived. Always at the center, also, is the struggle between the best in man and that which takes him away from his ability to attain the momentary union between light and dark: the ego, or self-conscious ego.

The "I" or ego which thinks itself supreme or infinite is, in fact, according to Lawrence in "The Crown," "a sick foetus shut up in the walls of an unrelaxed womb" (50). It can find no consummation in life, so it returns or goes back:

That which came from the Beginning to go back to the Beginning, that which came from the End to return to the End. In the return lies the fulfillment.
And this is the unconscious undoing of the ego. (52)

The destructive tendencies or instincts as described by Freud are at least cousins to the egos of men as Lawrence perceives them: "For the ego in a man secretly hates every other ego," and a few sentences later, the essential humanity, its back broken, is so circumscribed within the outer nullity, we give ourselves up to the flux of death, to analysis, to introspection, to mechanical war and destruction, to humanitarian absorption in the body politic, the poor, the birth-rate, the mortality of infants, like a man absorbed in his own flesh and members, looking forever at himself. It is the continued activity of disintegration—disintegration, separating, setting apart investigation, research, the resolution back to the original void.
In philosophical terms, Lawrence and Freud are much-parted company once unconsciousness and consciousness have been reached, yet they share a dualistic approach. Both base their theories on speculation. Karen Horney takes Freud to task for his death instinct theory and its derivate, the destruction instinct, because she believes both to be "positively harmful" in their implications and with particular regard to psychoanalytic therapy. 31 Whether she is correct or not in her refutation of his theory, her summary of Freud in this instance is cogent:

Freud feels . . . that the theory is far more fruitful than previous assumptions. Moreover, it meets all his requirements of an instinct theory: it is dualistic; both sides can be put on an organic basis; the two instincts [life and death] and their derivates seem to embrace all psychic manifestations. 32

Criticism of dualistic theories often reflects what appears to be the either-or nature of dualism. However, when constant movement between poles is assumed to be the nature of the organism in question, theory becomes more coherent. Otto Fenichel puts it well, in his defense of Freud's formulations of speculative and clinical data:

The objection that in reality there is neither a pure self-destructive nor a pure object-seeking behavior is overcome by assuming that the real mental phenomena are composed of various 'mixtures' of these qualities. 33

Problems and virtues of dualistic theory will be considered again in the Conclusion, but for the moment it is well to remember the suggested definitions of Ernst Cassirer, as he differentiates between theoretical and mythical thinking:

The aim of theoretical thinking . . . is primarily to deliver the contents of sensory or intuitive experience from the isolation in which they originally occur. It causes these contents to transcend
their narrow limits, combines them with others, compares them, and concatenates them in a definite order, in an all-inclusive context. It proceeds "discursively,"... until these impressions are fitted together into one unified conception, once closed system. Thus every separate event is ensnared, as it were, by invisible threads of thought, that bind it to the whole. The theoretical significance which it receives lies in the fact that it is stamped with the character of this totality.

Mythical thinking... bears no such stamp. For in this mode, thought does not dispose freely over the data of intuition,... but is captivated and enthralled by the intuition which suddenly confronts it. It comes to rest in the immediate experience.\(^3\)

The "invisible threads of thought" bear resemblance to the unconscious or intuitive processes occurring in fiction, if it is granted that a work of fiction has as its aim one similar to that of theoretical thinking: a unified conception. Criticism is written, as well, as if thorough discursiveness were possible. However, critics can only rarely create such a unified vision, nor are Freud's discourses or Lawrence's fiction or other writing so "tidy," such that a context is, in fact, "all-inclusive." To deal with human life in literature or in scientific research is to acknowledge the importance of immediate experience and to put it in some relation to itself, the past, and/or the future. The scope is large: life and death, with all the love and destruction that occur between these two points.

Viewed in political terms, the first World War could be seen as a struggle between life and destructive instincts, each side willing to destroy to preserve its own life. Lawrence juxtaposed the global concept of war with the personal in several stories, including "The Thimble." He employed some pathos in the description of Hepburn's injury, which was the result of a faultily constructed shell, fired by his own side. Mrs. Hepburn, with her "weak and newborn" soul, asked why he did not die (207). She is aware that her own will kept her alive; he
has no answer for the question. She comments then that "'We are both of us helpless . . . to live'" (207). They declare themselves to be helpless babies, now capable of growing into a man and a woman. They could not before the illnesses, before, in his words, he "let some dark in." Love was not possible before, either, because "we weren't born" (208). She speaks nearly mockingly of resurrection, after inquiring whether they have the power to "come to life again." In response, "he rose unthinking, went over and touched her hand. . . . And the touch lay still, completed there." At that point, he throws the ornate thimble, the symbol of the past, into the street, and the story ends (209). Even the engraved monogram on the thimble suggests the end of things—the letter Z. Although the story is clumsy, the personal regeneration of each character, attested to by touch, comes after first "deaths." Unlike Mabel Pervin, her question is not whether she will be loved, but whether she will love, which his touch seems to affirm.

The two sketches not collected in England, My England are "Adolf" and "Rex," both written in 1919 and published in The Dial. Neither is very remarkable, although "Rex is suggestive of the tone used in the poem "Bibbles," written later at Lobo. In the sketch, however, Lawrence uses his personal voice, in contrast to the stories; at the end he cautions against loving too much. "We had loved him too much. . . . Nothing but love has made the dog lose his wild freedom, to become the servant of man. And this very servility or completeness of love makes him a term of deepest contempt—'You dog!'" 35 Even the god does not escape a dual nature,
however: "First he was a fierce, canine little beast, a beast of rapine and blood. . . . Close second in his nature stood that fatal need to love" (26). To the narrator's uncle, the dog had simply been ruined, and Rex was later shot. "Nothing is more fatal than the disaster of too much love" (30), the narrator comments at the end.

Adolf the rabbit fares rather better, for he retains his individuality: as he grew older, "a heartless wildness had come over him." Lawrence ends the sketch with discussion of the rabbit's tail, "the white flag of spiteful derision" (19), and the progression is from a rabbit in particular returning to the wild to rabbits in general. Written as companion pieces, "Adolf" and "Rex" demonstrate in parable fashion the necessity to be true to one's nature. "Adolf" suggests also the clarity of images Lawrence will later employ in a number of poems in *Birds, Beasts and Flowers*, a point well made by another critic, although it is difficult to agree with him that this sketch and "Rex" are indeed "exquisite." It does not appear that the word "merde" was the only reason John Middleton Murry did not initially accept "Adolf" for publication in *The Athenaeum*.

"Tickets Please," "Fannie and Annie," "Monkey Nuts" and "Samson and Delilah" are often treated together critically, sometimes in conjunction with "You Touched Me" and "The Blind Man," and rarely, "Wintry Peacock." The first four stories are more readily so grouped because they share both a war background and a light touch, which latter is less notable in the remaining stories of *England, My England* and is missing altogether from the title story of the collection. The light touch is described
variously as outright comedy, satiric comedy, sardonic comedy or comedy with an edge, or sardonic humor without any sense of the ridiculous or the ironic, or an aspect of no great seriousness. Keith Cushman provides a fair summary: "Comedy in England, My England is much more delicate and deadpan, much more effective, too" than in The Captain's Doll, "The Christening," or Mr. Noon.\textsuperscript{38} He notes that "Wintry Peacock" is also in a comic vein, and argues that the comedy is both complex and sardonic, but perhaps space limitations prohibit an effective presentation of that point. It is not clear that the narrator laughs at himself, although that is a possibility. The story ends with his running "down the hill shouting with laughter," but the laughter is not specifically directed.\textsuperscript{39}

The peacock is a bird trapped in a country not his own (388), which places him at risk for the cold British winter. His presence in the story emphasizes the risks for Arthur, away at war in another country not his own. His wife is foreign, as well as "witch-like." The narrator is intimidated when she looks, with her "gloomy black eyes" (379), "too far into me" (380). Her inhuman qualities aid in enunciating the great distance between man and woman. She is described as "witch-like" at least five times (382, 385, 386, 387, & 389) and "a little devil" as well (392). Cushman argues that "the attempt to bridge the gap between man and woman only produces a wider gap" in this and other stories of the collection. The failure to do so "is presented comically" (37).

Graham Hough defined the distance in these stories differently: "Relations between men and women are always relations of conflict, and
lovers rarely seem ever to have any ordinary human understanding of each other; all the stress in on bonds other than conscious ones." Further, he notes, as do others, that the stories are English and have the Midlands flavor, but not of the earlier type: "the new interests of *Women in Love* have succeeded those of *Sons and Lovers*" (173). Another way this might be stated is that the characters have all undergone the first deaths, like those of Mabel and Jack in "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" and the Hepburns in "The Thimble." Comically or not, they are engaged in the quest for a new matrix of identity, through adult sexuality. Characters in "you Touched Me" and "The Blind Man" achieve at least near misses, principally through touch, as in "The Horse Dealer's Daughter." Philip Hobsbaum, again in *A Reader's Guide to D. H. Lawrence*, came close to making the point when he wrote about a number of stories with English settings "which involve physical contact. This is contact both as recognition between characters and as allegory suggesting the way in which relationships develop. One of his [Lawrence's] *idees fixes* was the belief that the sense of touch is a concomitant of honesty and knowledge"(35). As demonstrated, the importance of touch is far more profound.

The fiction of the this period assumes the first death; always in the background of these stories are the deaths of soldiers and others in the war and the sense of dislocation that the war creates in general. As Cushman puts it, these stories are "part of Lawrence's response to the war. The dislocation and breakdown found throughout the collection point to the war's impact. So perhaps does the fact that nearly all the love relationships in the book are battles" (29).
The antagonism between men and women in these stories gives them a certain harshness, or even perhaps cruelty, as Hough suggests. He states further that:

People are always being driven to do just what they do not want to do—women marry men they hate without apparently modifying their hatred; men marry women who are certain to make them unhappy. Lawrence feels the primacy of unconscious and unrecognized forces so strongly that he must show them harshly victorious over all opposition. (174)

Some years later, R. P. Draper extends the point in considering several of the tales, beginning with "The Prussian Officer," in which the orderly is "carried along helplessly by the stream into which his life has set." The underlying theme is compulsion, akin to Schopenhauer's concept of Will, evidenced also in "You Touched Me," "Samson and Delilah," "The Horse Dealer's Daughter," "Fannie and Annie," and "The Fox." Most would agree with Cushman that "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" does not fit well into this category, since the battle is laid partially to rest at the end of the story (and, as has been argued, most of the story was written during an earlier period; and like the characters in "The Thimble," Mabel and Jack undergo their first "death" in the text, whereas it is assumed in this later group), but in the remainder the battle is real enough, whether a function of compulsion or helplessness against unconscious forces. Cushman further states that an underlying theme in the battles is "the struggle for masculine supremacy" (38). Struggles are everywhere in Lawrence, but it is true that the weight of battle is for men in this group, just as it is for women in the next chronological group of stories. It is natural to question the force behind the battles, for both men and women; it is not enough to state that they fight to gain a viable relationship.
One way to approach the imposed "why" is through the work of a later theorist, R. D. Laing. He belongs to the same existential river of which Lawrence was an originating stream. If the initial "deaths" of the Lawrencean characters are assumed, and if the sense of dislocation occasioned by the was is assumed, and if we further acknowledge the historical position Lawrence occupies in terms of the philosophical dichotomies implicit in the mind/body split argument (to be discussed at some length in the Conclusion) and his own battle to argue for organic unity of mind and body, not pre-eminence of one over the other, as demonstrated in the stories and elsewhere, then the argument for the attainment of a fullness of being may be continued. This fullness of being is synonymous with Laing's concept of the person who has a sense of integral selfhood and personal identity. Ontological security, as he phrases it, and the relation of self to others are the subjects of two major works, The Divided Self and The Self and Others.\(^42\) A person with ontological security has difficulty in comprehending the world of the ontologically insecure, for whom there is not a sense of "integral selfhood and personal identity, of the permanency of things, of the reliability of natural processes, of the substantiality of natural processes, of the substantiality of others . . . [and] utterly lacking in any unquestionable self-validating certainties" (40), Laing writes in The Divided Self. The permanency and substantiability he assumes are relative, but even so they are probably more static than Lawrence would approve. Nonetheless, the ontologically insecure position Laing's patients occupy is revealing for Lawrencean characters. If ontologically insecure,
The individual in the ordinary circumstances of living may feel more unreal than real; in a literal sense, more dead than alive; precariously differentiated from the rest of the world, so that his identity and autonomy are always in questions. He may lack the experience of his own temporal continuity. And he may feel his self as partially divorced from his body. Relatedness to other persons will be seen to have a radically different significance and function [than gratification]. (43-44)

There are three primary responses to the anxiety caused by ontological insecurity: engulfment, implosion and petrifaction. In fear of engulfment, the individual says in effect, "I am arguing in order to preserve my existence" (45). Most of the battles in Lawrence's stories take this aspect. Implosion is defined as a full sense of terror "of the experience of the world as liable at any moment to crash in and obliterate all identity, as a gas will rush in and obliterate a vacuum" (47), like Egbert, in "England, My England." Petrifaction implies a literal state, as in turned into stone, the dread of the action, and the "magical" action by which someone else may petrify one, or kill the life therein, like the orderly in "The Prussian Officer." Depersonalization is implicit in this latter category; Laing defines the risk well: "if one experiences the other as a free agent, one is open to the possibility of experiencing oneself as an object of his experience and thereby of feeling one's own subjectivity drained away" (49). In such a state, the act of experiencing another person is therefore felt to be suicidal. Particularly in the next chapter, where women attempt to dominate, the males seem to be on the brink of being crushed and overawed by the "formidable reality," Laing calls it, of others (50). However, the fear is evident in this group of stories also, as in "Monkey Nuts." When Miss Stokes puts her arm around a "maddened but helpless" Joe, the pressure "made all his bones rotten." The touch of
his friend Albert is far less threatening (376 and 378). At the end, they depersonalize her by denying her existence: "she had vanished into oblivion. And Joe felt more relieved even than he had when he heard the firing cease after the news had come that the armistice was signed" (378), thus well documenting his own fear.

The mutual states of terror for John Thomas and the female conductors in "Tickets Please; are more comprehensible with the anxieties of ontological insecurity in mind. The "battle" enacted is real enough, yet the frequent use of the word (or a form of it) "terror" seems overly dramatic unless this underlying structure is kept in mind. The encounter leaves the girls dazed and stupified. John Thomas is successful to the extent that Annie feels "something was broken in her." When he is forced to choose, he chooses Annie, and he does so with "malice" (344), a term used more than once in "You Touched Me." Mr. Rockley, the father of Emmie and Matilda, speaks with malevolent smiles and satisfaction. In "The Blind Man," Maurice's occasional "devastating fits of depression, which seemed to lay waste his whole being," are better understood in the light of his wife's desire "to possess him utterly." The depression may be interpreted as a fear of engulfment, while her cousin Bertie acts out implosion. Lawrence writes of him: "At the centre he felt himself neuter, nothing" (359). He avoided all forms of the dangers of courtship and marriage, but if women "seemed to encroach on him, he withdrew and detested them" (359). At the story's conclusion, when Maurice touched him, Bertie "quivered with revulsion. Yet he was under the power of the blind man, as if hypnotised" (364). Maurice is shaken by the experience of touching
also, and says, "we shall know each other now, shan't we? We shall know each other now." The question and answer are quite similar to those in "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" and "The Thimble" (Mabel asks, "Do you love me, then?" and Mrs. Hepburn asks "Am I going to love you?"). Bertie was unable to answer the question, and "he gazed mute and terror-struck, overcome by his own weakness. He knew he could not answer. He had an unreasonable fear, lest the other man should suddenly destroy him" (364). To this point, it would seem that Bertie was able to use his weakness as a defense, or as Laing suggests, the "avenue of escape" (119). Bertie is unable to escape as he has in the past, and "he could not bear it that he had been touched by the blind man, his insane reserve broken in. He was like a mollusc whose shell is broken" (364).

Laing illuminates further that lapsing into a state of non-being, as Bertie did when neuter, is a form of game-playing, done with the "inner reservation" that the lapse is a pretense:

As Tillich writes: 'Neurosis is the way of avoiding non-being by avoiding being.' The trouble is that the individual may find that the pretence has been in the pretending and that, in a more real way than he had bargained for, he has actually lapsed into that very state of non-being he as so much dreaded, in which he has become stripped of his sense of autonomy, reality, life, identity, and from which he may not find it possible to regain his foothold 'in' life again by the simple repetition of his name. (119)

Egbert, in "England, My England," has "power," and by implication, his sense of being, "in the abnegation of power. He was himself the living negative of power. . . . He would try to confine his own influence even to himself."47 In denying his relation to others, he avoided being.

As noted by others, like "The Thimble," "England, My England" is rooted in the past, the only story of the published volume in which that
is the case. As Draper puts it, "rather vaguely the whole war ... is the death of the old England, of which Egbert's story is symptomatic" (130). It is the end of an era, and Egbert is caught in transition, in relation to no one. Just as Lawrence wished for the death of old England as documented earlier in the chapter, so Egbert finally prefers "the agony of dissolution ahead than the nausea of the effort backwards. Better the terrible work should go forward, the dissolving into the black sea of death, in the extremity of dissolution, than that there should be any reaching back towards life" (333).

Because Egbert "just refused to reckon with the world" (327), and identity is gained in part through relations to others, his life is an uncreated one and it must return to nothingness. He imagines himself to be outside life, and eventually he achieves that very state. His recognition that it is better "to go forward" is his redeeming quality. He is unable to resolve the "split," which Laing postulates that the ontologically insecure person adapts in a basic attempt to survive. Unable to deal with intense self-conflicts, he states, these persons usually "feel most closely identified with the 'mind'" (67). A result is the feeling of unembodiment, a term Lawrence uses often. Disembodiment happens to Egbert when his blood loses "consciousness" (331), when he is shot. The pain was outside himself, and then, "after a lapse and a new effort, he identified a pain . . . . So far he could identify himself with himself. Then there was a lapse" (332). The only hope for Egbert and for England lies in the death and later regeneration, a resort to the philosophy of flux:

To break the core and the unit of life, and to lapse out on the great darkness. Only that. To break the clue, and mingle and
commingle with the one darkness, without afterwards or forwards. Let the black sea of death itself solve the problem of futurity. Let the will of man break and give up. (333)

Given all the suggested contexts, this does not seem a vague resolution at all.

NOTES


2 Once again, the chronology is based on Sagar's Calendar, the work of Brain Finney, and the various collected editions of Lawrence's letters.

3 Cushman, pp. 30-33.


6 D. H. Lawrence, "The Thimble," collected in The Mortal Coil and Other Stories, pp. 196-197. Subsequent references to the text are given in parentheses immediately following the quoted material.

7 D. H. Lawrence in Zytaruk's Quest for Rananim, p. 5.


10 D. H. Lawrence in Zytaruk's Quest for Rananim, p. 29.


14 Ibid.

15 D. H. Lawrence, "The Crown," in Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and Other Essays (Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press, 1963), p. 76. Subsequent references to the text are given in parentheses immediately following the quoted material.


18 Ibid., p. 568.
19 Ibid.
21 Ibid., p. 23.
22 Ibid., p. 24.
23 D. H. Lawrence, "Him With His Tail in his Mouth," in Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine and Other Essays, p. 141.
27 Ibid., p. 569.
30 Sigmund Freud, in The Great Tradition, p. 570.
31 Karen Horney, p. 131.
32 Ibid., p. 124.
33 Fenichel, pp. 58-59.
35 D. H. Lawrence, "Rex," reprinted in The Mortal Coil and Other Stories, p. 30. Subsequent references to the text are given in parentheses immediately following the quoted material.

36 D. H. Lawrence, "Adolf," reprinted in The Mortal Coil and Other Stories, p. 18. Subsequent references to the text are given in parentheses immediately following the quoted material.


38 Keith Cushman, p. 36.


40 Graham Hough, The Dark Sun: A Study of D. H. Lawrence (London: Duckworth, 1956), p. 173. Subsequent references to the text are given in parentheses immediately following the quoted material.


Subsequent references to the text are given in parentheses immediately following the quoted material.


CHAPTER V
1924-1925

Lawrence appears to have written little short story manuscript during the next chronological period, 1920-1924, although it was characteristically a busy period of prolific writing and much travel. A short overview of activities might include the publication of Women in Love, trips to Italy, Sardinia, Germany, New York, Ceylon, Australia, San Francisco, New Mexico, Mexico City and others. Lawrence devoted much time to writing poetry; Birds, Beasts, and Flowers was completed, as well as the novel Kangaroo, and the corrections for Fantasia of the Unconscious.¹

In September of 1924, St. Mawr was completed, a novella frequently examined with "The Woman Who Rode Away" (June 1924) and "The Princess" (Sept.-Oct. 1924) because of composition date contiguity. Graham Hough and others refer to these three works as "offshoots" (or a similar phrase) of The Plumed Serpent.² After this initial assessment, there is little agreement as to their relative quality. Of "The Woman Who Rode Away," Hough writes somewhat mysteriously that "it is perhaps Lawrence's masterpiece in the fabulous-symbolic kind, but it belongs more to his dealings with the mythology of Mexico than to his stories as such .. .[and] 'The Princess' can be fairly quickly dismissed."³ R. E. Pritchard finds the three works constituted of "horrific sexual fantasies, ambivalence and self-negation .. . [which] indicate Lawrence's plight, torn between sexual roles," a consistent harsh
assessment, from Pritchard. Anthony West, also characteristically harsh with Lawrence's short stories, calls "The Woman Who Rode Away" "wishful thinking," and "a [thematic] forgery." George Becker devotes a chapter to Lawrence's short stories and novellas in D. H. Lawrence, but falls victim to the sin of lengthily describing the plot of the stories, a sin it is admittedly difficult to avoid, but Becker does state that the last five years of Lawrence's stories (1924-1929) "show a heightened misogyny, a movement from the dramatic to the parable, and a renewed fascination with violence." Kermode acknowledges Lawrence's considerable writing skill in "The Woman Who Rode Away," but suggests that it will not stand up to criticism because "the end of the tale is naked doctrine, racial mastery." And finally, Samuel A. Eisenstein writes in Boarding the Ship of Death: D. H. Lawrence's Quester Heroes that "in 1924 Lawrence wrote three short novels [sic] about women who all take to their horses and climb mountains to look for the reason for living." Perhaps it can be said most fairly that the rest of Eisenstein's investigation is highly symbolic. His work because he seems quite alone in suggesting that Princess Urquhart did invite by invitation the initial sexual encounter with Romero; overlooking this textual fact has led, it would appear, to improperly harsh moral judgments of Romero and the tale.

The remaining stories of the 1924-1925 period have been most often quickly dismissed: "The Overtone," "The Border Line," "Jimmy and the Desperate Woman," "The Last Laugh," "Glad Ghosts," "Smile," and "Sun." Of these seven stories, four have been well chronicled as a lashing-out at John Middleton Murry by Lawrence, written subsequent to the "Last
Supper" at the Café Royal in London. Lawrence was aware of some betrayal by Frieda and Murry; and Lawrence caricatured Murry at the bedside death of his wife, Katherine Mansfield ("Smile"), killed him twice ("The Border Line" and "The Last Laugh"), and demonstrated Murry's general inferiority to Lawrence in "Jimmy and the Desperate Woman."

James C. Cowan has written most informatively on these four stories, summarizing the various biographical aspects as well as indicating other merits, faults and themes. Two essays from his D. H. Lawrence's *American Journey* will be discussed briefly later in this chapter.

Also, more recently, at the D. H. Lawrence Conference at Southern Illinois University (Carbondale, 1979), Ian MacNiven called "The Woman Who Rode Away" and "Sun" a "complimentary pair of stories giving contrasting views on the relationship of woman to man and to the natural elements, specifically the sun and moon," perhaps amplifying a much earlier suggestion made by Spilka in a brief discussion of the story "Sun" in *The Love Ethic of D. H. Lawrence*, which deals specifically with Lawrence's usage of the sun and moon as living forces. The remaining fragment written during this period is "The Flying Fish," which has received a substantial amount of critical mention in the recent past. The isolation theme of the piece suggests the story's placement in the next chapter concerning the final group of Lawrence's stories. Although Lawrence did not complete "The Flying Fish," he returned often to the theme of isolation and thus the fragment will be considered a precursor to that discussion.

This amount of critical summary has been detailed in order to convey the existing lack of agreement about these stories, whether it
concerns the stories' literary merits or "philosophical" or psychological merits. Like stories from other groups, they are also considered in isolation from one another and with little regard to chronology. The thematic concerns of these stories are as disparate as those of the last group, in which were noted three most common themes, those of the dominating presence of very Wilful Men, symbolic and literal death, and Lawrence's employment of World War I as a backdrop. In this fifth group, the organizing theme for critical consideration to be that of Wilful Women. For a number of the women, the title "cocksure" seems appropriate, based on Lawrence's short article "Cocksure Women and Hensure Men," written sometime after 1928 and collected in Phoenix II. The women of this essay, the cocksure ones, are those who are "really up-to-date." (Ph II, 552) They are the type who do not have a "doubt or a qualm." The women in this group of stories are modern, especially in comparison to the heavier, maternal types in earlier stories, whose attitude might be called more domineering or dominating than wilful. Lawrence writes in the "Cocksure" article:

Frightened of her own henny self, she rushes to mad lengths about votes, or welfare, or sports, or business: she is marvellous. . . . But alas, it is all fundamentally disconnected. It is all an attitude, and one day the attitude will become a weird cramp, a pain, and then it will collapse. (Ph II, 555)

Until the last story in this 1924-1925 group ("Sun"), none of the women, who are mostly modern, slim, still young though moving into middle age, and unattached or detached within a given relationship, have living children, just like the cocksure women whose eggs are "votes, miles of typewriting, years of business efficiency," or from the stories, eggs of travel, and dusty paintings, and Lawrence prophesies in the article that
"all she has done will turn into pure nothingness to her . . . she has lost her life." Kate in The Plumed Serpent and Lady Chatterley in Lawrence's last novel are similarly at points of seeing nothingness in their lives.

This category, Wilful Women, is suggested also by the first fragment D. H. Lawrence seems to have written upon arriving in Taos in September, 1922, entitled "The Wilful Woman." According to Sagar, this piece might have been the beginning of a new novel which would require the collaboration of Mabel Dodge Luhan, to which collaboration Frieda was opposed.13 "The Woman Who Rode Away" was loosely based on Luhan, and she said of it that it was "the story where Lorenzo thought he finished me up."14 This is not to suggest that all the "wilful" women in this group of stories are based on Luhan, although D. H. Lawrence's increased contact with her and indeed with all the female party at Taos and in Mexico may have provided some catalyst to his thinking; I do expect to demonstrate that this particular quality or attitude of wilfulness in women is what Lawrence is exploring to a great extent in these stories, with varying results and in different formats than before. He makes greater use of supernatural elements and, as some have said, he writes of rather trivial, even grotesque, events (e. g., those in "The Last Laugh," "Glad Ghosts," and "Smile" in particular). The perversity and violence of some tales are undeniable, as are his personal vendettas, but they represent less Lawrence's own "sexual conflicts" than his investigation of an attitude; at the least, numerous tendencies may be argued and not mutually excluded on the basis that
Lawrence was both an artist and a man. Again, the emphasis will remain on "trust in the tale" to a relative degree.

"The Princess" has been brought up by her father to believe in her superiority, and she seems a very soft version of Sybil in "The Wilful Woman," who uses endless "should's," "must's," and "would's" in her thinking. Sybil "admitted no possibility of anti-climax for herself. . . . No question of dribbling out. Sybil at 40 was heavy with energy like a small bison, and strong and young-looking as if she were thirty, often giving the impression of soft crudeness as if she were sixteen."15 The Princess has confidence and superiority, but she is physically very opposite, looking "as if she had stepped out of a picture. . . . She was so exquisite and such a little virgin," and Mr. Urquhart has instructed her that she is "a princess of the old, old blood. . . . But you must never forget that you alone are the last of the Princesses, and that all others are less than you are, less noble, more vulgar."16 Perhaps a little like Sybil, Dollie Urquhart suffers her father's death when she is twenty-eight, and she is at a loss for "what to do." She determines to go to New Mexico, because it is not quite as "vulgar" as the West Coast, with her companion, another virgin, Miss Cummins, a very weak character in the story.

"What to do" also includes the vague idea of marriage, "that peculiar abstraction," as she calls it (31). Given her excessively "delicate" upbringing, Lawrence's description of her idea of marriage does not seem excessive:

She thought that marriage, in the blank abstract, was the thing she ought to do. That marriage implied a man she also knew. She knew all the facts. But the man seemed a property of her own mind rather than a thing in himself, another being. (31)
She mingles, in her way, with men at the guest ranch she and Miss Cummins choose to honor with their presence, but the only man of any interest to her is Domingo Romero, who appears unlike other Mexicans because of a "spark of pride, or self-confidence, or dauntlessness. Just a spark in the midst of the blackness of static despair" (35). While on a fishing expedition, Dollie sees the spark in his eye, and "instantly she knew that he was a gentleman, that his 'demon', as her father would have said, was a fine demon" (35). One additional note about demons in the context of this story should be made: her father instructed Dollie that there is a demon in each person which is the real self, and that there are good ones and bad ones, but that all of them are selfish (25). The words may be construed as prophetic.

However, Dollie's experience with Romero qualifies her father's words, for emanating from Romero she feels "a subtle, insidious, male kindliness she had never before known waiting upon her," which modifies her feelings and behavior toward him, and establishes "a vague, unspoken intimacy" (36-37). In his recognition of how their demons interact, Dollie thinks him as "delicate" as a woman, yet she cannot consider him for marriage (always underlined in the story); instead, it "was as if their two 'daemons' could marry, were perhaps married. Only their two selves, Miss Urquhart and Senior Domingo Romero, were for some reason incompatible" (38). These, then, are her feelings and the hints of Romero's kindness towards her that the reader knows before the expedition to the mountain cabin. Romero smiles with "indulgence" at her spoken wish to see bears and deer instead of just their footprints, so a false version of the planned venture is given to the ranch hostess, at
Dollie's insistence. Romero is somewhat reluctant and he is well aware of his responsibilities. She is piqued when the trip is delayed a day, for "she hated being thwarted even the tiniest bit" (41).

The elaboration and quotation from text here is necessary to provide the justification for the interpretation that Dollie is hardly the victim of rape or "psychosexual violence" during the first night in the cabin. A charitable view is that she wills herself to go to the mountains with Romero and once separated from civilization, becomes very frightened; but it is her will to go on. At these moments, however, what frightens her is the "inhuman" sight before her—"the lifeless valleys . . . the rounded summits and the hog-backed summits of rock crowded one behind the other like some monstrous herd in arrest. . . . She had not thought it could be so inhuman, so, as it were, anti-life. And yet now one of her desires was fulfilled" (52). She does not communicate this to Romero. The descriptive passages of their ascent and natural surroundings are eloquent, as good as many in Lawrence's works, which is to say, a great deal better than many writers. He uses death imagery: "among the dead spruce," Dollie and Romero climb the "gray concave slope of summit [that] was corpse-like" (51). Death and regeneration are recurrent themes, of course, and as Dollie Urquhart is cut away from civilization and humanity, going into this death place, at some moments in a stupor, I think it possible that regeneration might be a theoretical event for her, were she not so afraid of death and even the setting of the sun. When the sun is down, the "profound shadow . . . would crush her down completely" (58). She fights her natural polarization, that of all women according to Lawrence, which is
downwards, "towards the centre of the earth. Her deep posivity is in the downward flow, the moon-pull," as written in Fantasia of the Unconscious. Dollie Urquhart wants nothing to do with the darkness.

Romero is attentive to her needs, undemanding, quick, active, and a good cook as well. She goes to sleep, but awakens cold, and at this moment occurs the Princess' life crisis. She has willed herself to be there, yet wills herself to be warm also:

She wanted warmth, she wanted protection, she wanted to be taken away from herself. And at the same time, perhaps more deeply than anything, she wanted to keep herself intact, intact, untouched. . . . It was a wild necessity in her that no one, particularly no man, should have any rights or power over her, that no one and nothing should possess her.

Yet that other thing! And she was so cold . . . (61)

"That other thing" must refer to the sentence preceding that which states the wish to stay "intact." When she speaks aloud to Romero, it is in a strange voice, one for which she does not take responsibility ("whose voice was it, in the dark?"). To summarize the text, he asks if she wants him to warm her; she says yes, and though as soon as he touches her she wants to scream noli me tangere, she does not, in fact, scream anything. Romero pants like a lustful animal. The "terrible animal warmth" he provides is "terrible" in her terms only, it seems.

The sexual act is consummated: "And she was given over to this thing. She had never, never wanted to be given over to this. But she had willed that it should happen to her. And according to her will, she lay and let it happen" (62). Subsequently, she "pants" with relief that it is over.

Romero smiles with "tender luxuriousness" at her the next morning, which is in character with his basically kind treatment of her thus far.
She wants to leave immediately, and gives him what even she perceives to be a cruel blow when asked if she did not enjoy the evening's activity. She further relates that "I don't really care for that sort of thing" (64). His reaction is wonder, anger, and despair. It is true that at this point he becomes a less sympathetic character, because he decides to pit his will against hers and make her like "that sort of thing."

This reaction, if unchivalric, is nonetheless consistent and not as "violent" as that of porters mentioned earlier in the story: a Roman cabman saw her as sterile, a barren flower "taking on airs," whose "sexless beauty and its authority put him in a passion of brutal revolt" (28). Romero does not seem angry with the Princess until she says to him suddenly, "You can never conquer me." His reactions include wonder, surprise, a touch of horror, and an unconscious pain, Lawrence writes. In what seems a reiteration of the situation in "You Touched Me," Romero states (while he cooks supper for them both) that "I reckon you called to me in the night and I've some right" (67). That night he takes her in "sombre, violent excess," but even this may fall short of brutality. It is perhaps qualitatively different from "excessive violence" because there are no accompanying descriptions of the "excess," and it is exactly the elaboration of excess that offends, at least more so than the simple statement that "sombre, violent excess" occurs.

To this point, Dollie's conversation with Romero has been about conquest and power; now, she cries for hours, and this acknowledgement of her personal self and the apparent despair that she feels, ends the sexual liaison with Romero. They are like two dead people, and specifically, Romero does not touch her again. He lives in white man's
territory, and his fear of going to the Pen, given his actions, is reasonable and thus his behavior explicable. He chooses death. The Princess chooses to return to her "life" with a lie about a man gone out of his mind. She recovers from the incident and "was the Princess, and a virgin intact," and no doubt remained just that even after she married an elderly man, and "seemed pleased" (72).

The characters of Romero and Dollie Urquhart show movement in Lawrence's writing towards the more symbolic, a tendency suggested in two stories from the previous period, in particular, "England, My England" and "The Blind Man." "The Woman Who Rode Away" is, as suggested earlier, almost entirely symbolic; in a critical study such as this one which emphasizes the relatedness of characters, the analysis per se must be more limited. It does seem, however, that the Woman, never named, is the logical opposite of the Princess, for she gives up all civilization and loses herself to the Indian traditions and ultimately, self-sacrifice. The story is not satisfying, perhaps, because her motivation seems to be one of boredom, and because the reader is not allowed to understand the depth of her frustration before she rides away. What attracts her to the unknown Indians is "a foolish romanticism."¹⁸ Kate in The Plumed Serpent is a far more sympathetic woman; it is clear that she seeks a source for spiritual renewal as a genuine "quest," not just as an alternative to boredom. In "The Woman Who Rode Away," the Indians retain integrity, for they attend to their traditional sun ritual, even if it is one that cannot be taken up by others or condoned. The Woman, however, seems as prideful in some ways as Dollie, suggested by Lawrence's words that "she felt it was her
destiny to wander into the secret haunts of these timeless, mysterious, marvellous Indians of the mountains" (549). When she is led to the Chilchui Indians, she protests at her horse being spurred onward, and Lawrence writes of her: "all the passionate anger of the spoilt white woman rose in her." This kind of characterization, slight though it is, when added to details like waiting for someone to help her down from her horse a few moments later, after declaring that "she knew she was dead," leaves this reader unable to see the Woman as noble quester, but rather as spoiled and wilful. She responds to the old chief as she thinks he wants her to rather than from conviction (560). As the story progresses, her comments seem largely complaints that she cannot do as she wishes—"she was not in her own power, she was under the spell of some other control. And at times she had moments of terror and horror" (568). As she is progressively drugged and loses more and more of her "ordinary personal consciousness," yet she still resents the highly "impersonal" treatment, and remaining strands of her ego assert about the young Indian, "personally he liked her, she was sure" (576). The descriptions of ritual that follow are very moving, and as Sagar states, the Indians retain their relationship with the sun and the cosmos in their way; "this is one way, and the tale refuses to present it in any but its own terms, for Lawrence finds it preferable to the living death of the woman."¹⁹

It is questionable that Sagar is correct that the story is weakest where Lawrence interrupts the tale with his interpretative statements, for there are many fewer interruptive interpretations than in "England, My England," for example, and others. The judgment of weakness in the
story comes from our perception of the Woman, and the reader's slight dissatisfaction with her wilfulness and artificiality. Lawrence ends the tale before the sacrifice is completed; perhaps at the instant of the true death, and not the ones that the Woman has imagined at odd moments in her journey, the real transformation and resurrection are possible, but there is nothing within the tale, as I read it, to suggest such an optimistic conclusion. Lawrence might say (as I think he did in subtle ways), "she went about it all wrong."

James Cowan discusses the usage of monomythic structure in both "The Woman Who Rode Away" and "The Princess." Clearly, "The Woman Who Rode Away" is more amenable to such treatment, for "The Princess" contains more exceptions to mythic tradition than adherences. One may agree completely with the assertion that Dollie refuses to "surrender old modes of being for new ones," but it is harder to agree that the Woman character is successful in achieving cosmic identity, or if she is, it is only by default, as suggested above. Cowan's arguments for the explanations of the mythic structure in the Indian story are excellent; he recognizes the critical confusion that results from treating the story as "realistic" on the one hand and "fablistic" on the other, and hopes to resolve the dilemma by examining the supporting myths. The examination is far more revealing to me of the Chilchui Indian's traditions and achievements than the Woman's questionable success. She sought another god just as cocksure women seek other eggs, inadequate eggs that burst only into nothingness.

Cowan also scrutinizes the four stories published with the title story in *The Woman Who Rode Away*, in his chapter "Lawrence and Murry:
The Dark and the Light." As indicated earlier, he provides a compact biographical account of events which precede Lawrence's writing of "Smile," "Jimmy and the Desperate Woman," "The Border Line," and "The Last Laugh." The lesser of the stories, "Smile," once again does not quite live up to Cowan's suggested mythic level. We may all question whether "Smile" is a successful satire; in any case, most often it is Matthew's "smile" at the end, his urge to do so finally irresistible, that gets attention from critics—not the smile on Ophelia's face that appears after Matthew has left the room. The three nuns peer over her, "and for the first time they saw the faint ironical curl at the corners of Ophelia's mouth." Matthew's account of Ophelia is that in life, "Ophelia had always wanted her own will" (584), and in death, she appears to retain it. Matthew's wilfulness is evident; thus it is fitting that they both smile near the end of the story. However, at the end of the story, as the nuns come down the corridor to comfort what they perceive to be a forlorn Matthew, he is described as a man who was "never . . . more utterly smileless" (586). Is it because the nuns, whose hands are identified with birds throughout the story (and thus suggest soul or spirit, death, and also sex, Cowan informs) have "lost" their hands when they move through the corridor? Or has Matthew felt the weight of Ophelia's ironically curled lips and been beaten? If the latter were true, then Lawrence might have intended that even in death, Mansfield would have more force than an alive Murry. However, as Cowan states, "Lawrence's use of the story for settling personal scores is irrelevant to critical evaluation," though "irrelevant" seems too strong a word, given the interweaving of biography and fiction in Lawrence.
Cowan writes that the satire against Matthew lies not only in his inability to suppress a smile, but also in his "lack of self-awareness, a product of his unresolved ambivalence about all three aspects of woman" (as symbolized by the three nuns).\textsuperscript{24} It is meet to agree with Cowan and others that the tale is slight and perhaps tasteless, and that it is nonetheless something more, possibly in consequence of the slight mythic structure that Cowan describes; however, the structure does not necessarily make the tale any less "inconsequential," particularly when compared to others of Lawrence's tales which contain mythic structures and less visible vendetta. Wherever the dividing lines are, it may be suggested that a path through the critical maze lies in Lawrence's continuing attention to an underlying theme of wilfulness, however slight the story.

"The Border Line" is much more deserving of the critical weight imposed by mythic interpretation. As recounted in Cowan and elsewhere, Anthony West criticizes the story because:

\dots the characters have been taken much further as symbols than is usual with Lawrence: experience has been generalized nearly to the point of abstraction\textsuperscript{24} and the characters are nearly as much ideas as they are people.\textsuperscript{24} Cowan and others applaud the tendency to abstraction. It is not often enough noted that West goes on to say that Lawrence, in these abstractions, goes, "to the heart of the German sickness, and sees the doom that is to come."\textsuperscript{26} There are, then, various points on a continuum from which to consider the story: mythic, political, that of a death-wish orientation, and a "personal" one also, particularly in the first part of the story. It is after Alan's death and Katherine's journey to the Rhine that the mythic aspect assumes greater importance.
Both Alan and Katherine are wilful and domineering early in the story. That they loved each other was "... indisputable. But when it came to innate conviction of lordliness, it was a question of which of them was worse." Philip, whom she marries, is not "real" to her, but Alan is (602). Significantly, there is a change in prognosis for the wilful woman here: after her apocalyptic visions, she is able to "meet" Alan, and "she yielded in a complete yielding she had never known before. And among the rocks he made love to her ... took complete possession of her" (603). The "total yielding" is appropriate to the mythic level, perhaps, but not to a reality level or ones which Lawrence prescribes elsewhere—not without a simultaneous yielding from Alan. We must "imply" Alan's own yielding to the force that is greater than either individual from Lawrence's usage of the word "husband" throughout the story to describe him, a word reiterated in the final sentence of the tale. The relative character incompleteness of Alan, even as mythic creature, is a weakness; but in any case, Katherine has lost the desire to control, that desire which has stopped the growth of other women in these stories.

In "Jimmy and the Desperate Woman," it is Emily's wilfulness that prevents her from taking measure of her own man, Pinnegar. He says to Jimmy Frith, in a teasing manner, that "my wife expects to see me go to the dogs when she leaves me. It is her last hope." Her leave-taking is apparently to be her last attempt to control him, and like Alan in "The Border Line," to Pinnegar, separation is better than yielding absolutely to the will of another. The title character, Jimmy, is silly in that special way that Lawrence can make both men and women silly,
with or without a John Middleton Murry to satirize, and it seems that the only place Frith generates a kindly response from the reader is when a slight insight intrudes into his consciousness, in the form of his wire to Emily to be "absolutely sure of yourself" (628) before she embarks for London. In no other place is he honest, even remotely, with Emily and his relation to her. Pinnagar will survive, and Emily is "sure of herself," for she has found a man whom she can control, not unlike Dollie and her "successful" marriage at the end of "The Princess."

"The Last Laugh" is the slightest of these four stories which concern Murry to the most uncomfortable degree for the critic, for Murry can not be altogether seperated from the story and the story remain coherent. In terms of thematic progression, Miss James is important, however, like Katherine in "The Border Line," for her wilfulness undergoes change. After a lifetime of never letting a man touch her, she recognizes that she loved Marchbanks only "in her head." Like Elsa in "The Overtone" and by implication, characters in "Glad Ghosts," she awakens to Pan. The women in these stories, including Juliet in the last, "Sun," find relatedness to men only through mythic or supernatural means; the "real" men available to them are inadequate. Their relative strengths and relationships to contemporary women, however, are more apparent than those of Ursula, for example, in Women in Love, who seems distinct from them by more than the fact of a generation of time. Lawrence is alert to and often decries the changing relationship of woman to herself and the world.
That this is so is evident in the opening lines of "The Overtone," another unsuccessful story, it is generally judged. Edith Renshaw and another woman discuss women's suffrage. Elsa Laskell's presence in the story and her relationship to the Renshaws is unclear, but as in "The Woman Who Rode Away," the incantation quality of her projections of how she will meet her faun-Pan is very moving; it is in counterpoint to the metaphorical description by Edith of how Will Renshaw failed her. She failed to meet him under the moonlight, but "he had never bared the sun of himself to her." In summary of their failed relationship, Lawrence writes, "So they had been mutually afraid of each other, but he most often" (754). She came to hate his body, "or feared it so much that it was hate." His further suggestion that she might have children by another man made him seem an ill husband to her indeed. In contrast to the multiple failures of the couple, Elsa will not be afraid; for her the figures of Christ and Pan will be united:

"But I am a nymph and a woman, and Pan is for me, and Christ is for me.
"For Christ I cover myself in my robe, and weep, and vow my vow of honesty.
"For Pan I throw my coverings down and run headlong through the leaves, because of the joy of running.
"And Pan will give me my children and joy, and Christ will give me my pride.
"And Pan will give me my man, and Christ my husband.
"To Pan I am nymph, and to Christ I am woman." (759)

Elsa reaches toward a union of the mythic (Christ) and the real (Pan) in the form of a man, the most successful realization of which comes later in "The Man Who Died" (or "The Escaped Cock"), Lawrence's last story.

The wilful woman of "Glad Ghosts," completed a year later than "The Overtone," in 1925, appears in supernatural form. Her husband is afraid of her, just as Will Renshaw is afraid of Edith, and she haunts a
household, with Lady Lathkill attempting to act as interpreter. Lady Lathkill has explained to the Colonel's new wife "that--that--a spirit from the other side is more important than mere pleasure--you know what I mean." Lady Lathkill says that this is "a preparation for my next incarnation, when I am going to serve Woman, and help Her to take Her place." Colonel Hale is afraid of his dead wife Lucy, his new wife, and Lady Lathkill (a verbal play on "laugh-kill," perhaps) as well. The female spiritual counterpart of Christ is treated in a comic manner. The narrator, who seems modeled on Lawrence, suggests that the Colonel simply say to Lucy, "'Lucy, go to blazes!'" (681). It is through the narrator's intervention that the Colonel realizes his failure to Lucy. Morier is also enlisted by Luke (Lord Lathkill) to "help Carlotta," for even after his realization that he is alive and is grateful to have "realised in time," unlike Christ, he feels he "can't do any more for her now. We are in mortal fear of each other" (690). Lathkill says in his aristocratic style, "I mean, it's awfully important to be flesh and blood." Lathkill, Carlotta and Morier laugh, but the Lord continues more seriously:

"Oh, but if one had died without realising it!" he cried. "Think how ghastly for Jesus, when He was risen and wasn't touchable! How very awful, to have to say Noli me tangere! Ah, touch me, touch me alive!" (689)

By the end of the story, all four characters are born again. Morier says in a matter-of-fact way, "I had always believed that people could be born again: if they would only let themselves," and makes the realistic qualification that "if people were born again, the old circumstances would not fit the new body." The dead Lucy finds what she seeks in her union with Morier; both Dorothy Hale and Carlotta
subsequently have children, and even Lady Lathkill "doesn't look over the wall, to the other side, any more" (699), though her transformation or its process is unclear. She no longer honors the dead, as she insists upon earlier when they talk of the Obelisk Memorial Service (673). Like others, Lucy can find transformation only in death; she quotes from his great-grandfather's diary, where he speaks of the family ghost: "For she is of the feet and the hands, the thighs and breast, the face and the all-concealing belly, but her odour is of spring, and her contact is the all-in-all" (695) which foreshadows both the coming of children in two marriages and Morier's descent "to the very heart of the world . . . beyond the strata of images and words . . . to sink in the final dark like a fish, dumb, soundless, and imageless, yet alive and swimming" (698). The last passage is, of course, often linked to subsequent passages in "The Flying Fish" by most critics.

It seems clear, as West suggests, that in most of "Glad Ghosts," Lawrence gets "nowhere near the subconscious," possibly because the writing "comes from a surface area of undigested impressions." For this reason, he calls "Glad Ghosts" a "gabble" of a story. But there are passages which transcend gabble, and more importantly, when the story is considered in the context of all of Lawrence's short stories, the thematic concerns show the movement in Lawrence's thought of redemption through the flesh, which dominates his later work.

"Sun" is rightfully treated more seriously by critics. As mentioned above, MacNiven links "The Woman Who Rode Away" and "Sun" as a complementary pair, and Keith Sagar begins the chapter devoted to Lady Chatterley's Lover in The Art of D. H. Lawrence with a brief discussion
of "Sun." Both critics note that the Italian sun is different than the Mexican one. "Sun" is written after Lawrence's return to Europe in 1925. MacNiven writes that "after Lawrence's American orgy of violence he turned again, as though sated, to the gentler theme of rebirth in 'Sun,' 'Glad Ghosts,' and The Man Who Died." It does not seem to that Juliet (in "Sun") reconciles herself to the microcosm of husband and child. She would prefer to have a child by the peasant. Sagar discusses the differences between the expurgated and unexpurgated texts, the latter of which creates more of a triangle that is to be seen again in Lady Chatterley's Lover, but neither text sounds like reconciliation. Both seem more closely related to the opening sentences of Lady Chatterley's Lover, that "ours is essentially a tragic age," as quoted earlier in discussion of "The Horse Dealer's Daughter." Despite Juliet's desire for the peasant and the "procreative sun-bath" he would have been to her, in the expurgated version, the final lines read: "Nevertheless, her next child would be Maurice's. The fatal chain of continuity would cause it." In the unexpurgated version, the implied appeal to myth makes her more a tragic figure:

And the little etiolated body of her husband, city-branded, would possess her, and his frantic little penis would beget another child in her. She could not help it. She was bound to the vast, fixed wheel of circumstances, and there was no Perseus in the universe to cut the bonds.

It may be, as MacNiven states, that Juliet turns toward life, especially as compared with the Woman in "The Woman Who Rode Away," but it is hardly in the expectant and lively fashion of Paul, for example, in Sons and Lovers.
At the beginning of the story, Juliet is angry, frustrated, and tired of the pull from her child, like the Woman Who Road Away above, she is aware of "her incapacity to feel anything real." The conflict in her married life is taken for granted with a few words; there has evidently been an effort to control on both parts, and she remembers "how bitterly they wanted to get away from one another" (116). She departs during the black night, and finds temporary redemption in the warmth and cosmic union with the sun, but there is no "real" man for her, as in previous stories. The wilful, rude woman, the last in this series, is transformed, yet it seems only a relative continuation of "nothingness" awaits her. The thematic concern is continued only in Lady Chatterley's Lover, not in any more of Lawrence's stories.

Lawrence pursued several avenues of possibilities for wilful women, and through this pursuit, perceived two alternatives: the isolation that Juliet is forced to and which permeates nearly all his last work, particularly the short stories and many poems; and the power of love, the "little glow there is between you and me," as Mellors states it. As Sagar puts it, "It is the only hope for a dying civilization. And it is phallic." 37

NOTES

1 This information is available in a number of sources. The most convenient (except that it does not list completion dates of stories or publication of collections of them) is:


Ibid.


Carlotta in "Glad Ghosts" has only dead children until the
story's denouement; and "The Woman Who Rode Away" departs her children with a weary cry of total detachment. In "Sun," in contrast, a more "appropriate" vital connection grows between mother and child.


14 Mabel Dodge Luhan, quoted in Sagar, "Introduction" above, p. 7.


16 D. H. Lawrence, "The Princess," collected in D. H. Lawrence: The Princess and Other Stories. Cf. above, pp. 25-26. Subsequent references to this material are given in parentheses immediately following the quotation.

17 D. H. Lawrence, Fantasia of the Unconscious and Psychoanalysis of the Unconscious (London: Penguin Books, 1981 Reprint), p. 188. Of course, there are numerous other discussions available in Lawrence's work (and in that of his critics) which deal with the symbolic aspects of sun and moon, polarization, etc., cf. footnotes 9 and 10 above.


Who Rode Away" on the basis of Lawrence's "marvellous triumph of incantation" and furthermore, that "the poetic power of the tale is, in its creative way, an earnestness and profundity of response to the problems of modern civilization."


21Ibid., p. 69.


23Cowan, p. 60. He makes this comment in the context of "The Last Laugh," but it seems central to the entire discussion of the four stories.

24Cowan, p. 52.

25West, p. 216.

26Ibid., p. 221.


32. West, pp. 210-211.

33. MacNiven, p. 44.


36. MacNiven uses the name "Mrs. Lederman" for the Woman, based on her husband's name in the story. Yet I think it is important that Lawrence never names her, just as the Indians are not named.


CHAPTER VI
1926-1928

The last major grouping of Lawrence's stories was written during the years 1926-1928, just following his nearly fatal illness in Mexico. The first four stories were written in 1926: "The Rocking-Horse Winner," "Two Blue Birds," "The Man Who Loved Islands," and "In Love." With the exception of The Man Who Died (or as it is titled elsewhere, The Escaped Cock) written in 1928, this 1926 sub-group represents the best of the short fiction Lawrence was to write until the end of his life in 1930; and except for revision work, Lawrence did not turn to the short story form again after 1928.

There are those among Lawrence's critics who feel that Lawrence's "art" deteriorated after his writing of Women in Love; Eliseo Vivas offers a representative view in his D. H. Lawrence: The Failure and the Triumph of Art, where he states that:

After Women in Love, Lawrence is not able to inform the matter of his experience with the success he had achieved earlier. We find a continuous development in stylistic gifts. Some of the short stories are quite successful. . . . Lawrence managed to give himself and those of his readers who do not grasp the distinction between quasi-art and art in the most exacting sense, the impression that he was growing prodigiously in an aesthetic sense. But the rate of growth, exception fait of his increasing mastery over language, was negligible.

Such a view is at best an oversimplification; yet like most generalizations, it has some basis in fact. Later stories such as "Things," "None of That" and "Rawdon's Roof" might be further used to argue the point. However, possibly it is more accurate to say that
during the last four years of Lawrence's working life, his literary output continued to be astounding, uneven in quality, and often contradictory in theme or "message." As usual, many a critic likes one thing or another better, but certainly some of Lawrence's late poems, fiction and non-fiction represent high achievements. However one judges the quality of the last group of eleven stories, the themes provided in them continue to trace some of the pathways down which Lawrence's mind proceeded.

Prior to this 1926-1928 period, Lawrence had completed Kangaroo and The Plumed Serpent, which in part indicated his preoccupation with the theme of isolation, as did other work, including St. Mawr and the previously discussed stories, "The Woman Who Rode Away" and "The Princess." The psychic direction Somers follows in Kangaroo is "back to the central self, the isolate, absolute self," which Frank Kermode explicated by explaining that this direction is "remote not only from the soulless masses, but from all men, even those who attract him." In several of the stories of the 1926-1928 period, this general theme is evidenced, as well as dissatisfaction with the current philosophical status of the world ("The Man Who Loved Islands," The Man Who Died, the fragment "The Man Who Was Through with the World," and in a mocking fashion, "Rawdon's Roof"). Earlier themes are also in evidence, most particularly those that concern the continuing struggle between men and women to get into a "right" relation ("The Lovely Lady" and "In Love"), or their inability to do so ("Two Blue Birds," "In Love," "None of That," and "The Blue Moccasins"). In general, as many critics have noted, during the last five years or so of Lawrence's life, he returned
to previously explored ideas; as indicated above, some feel he did nothing new with them. However, it should be carefully noted that the accent on apocalyptic vision is more heavily stressed during this period, in both his fiction and non-fiction. Additionally, there is an underlying motif of money evidenced in nearly all of these late stories (excepting "In Love" and The Man Who Died).

As Lawrence's letters amply demonstrate and as Richard Aldington comment in his "Introduction" to Apocalypse, Lawrence was "never without money anxiety until 1928, and then is was too late," As suggested by Aldington, Lawrence accepted his poverty philosophically, even "sweetly," but he did not accept at all philosophically the burgeoning post-war preoccupation with commercialism, all the buying and selling.

As he puts it in a poem in Pansies,

The root of our present evil is that we buy and sell. 
Ultimately, we are all busy buying and selling one another. 
It began with Judas, and goes on in the wage-system. 
Men sell themselves for a wage, and employers look out for a bargain. 
And employers are bought by financiers, and financiers are sold to the devil. . . .

What we want is some sort of communism not based on wages, nor profits, nor any sort of buying and selling but on a religion of life. 4

In the same volume in a poem entitled "Money-Madness," he writes that "Money is our madness, our vast collective madness./ We must regain our sanity about money/ before we start killing one another about it. It's one thing of the other" (CP, pp. 486-487). Of course, there are quite a few other poems concerning commerce and money, but these two are
indicative of Lawrence's thoughts stated elsewhere. "The Rocking-Horse Winner," often cited to be atypical of Lawrence's stories, is at the least consistent with this particular social concern, and an enactment of one person "killing another about it." The tale also utilizes elements of the supernatural which Lawrence had turned to occasionally in earlier stories.

In any case, nearly all readers agree that "The Rocking-Horse Winner" is a very tightly constructed and highly crafted tale, and it is one which has received an enormous amount of critical attention, with the usual result of extremist positions marking the ends of the critical gamut. For example, James Hepburn manages to say very little of the story or Lawrence except to suggest that readers should look for more that is "uncanny" in Lawrence's work. On another level, William Marks views Paul as a kind of historic Christian martyr and Oedipal hero. The bulk of the criticism lies somewhere between these two extremes, fortunately. I would like to add to the existing criticism some discussion of the importance of money in the story.

It is important to emphasize that especially after Paul arranges for his mother to receive money, the "voices" in the house insist stridently and shrilly that "there must be more money... More than ever! The boy's father is an ineffective creature whose prospects never materialize, and the mother is one to whom children appear rather as millstones, for she "could not feel love, no, not for anybody" (709). She uses the money to provide luxuries or "things." Lawrence's short essay, "Ownership," which appears to have been written at about this
time, provides a description, a curse, and a prescription for the type of women whom Paul's mother exemplifies:

Why not hand it [money] all over to the women? The women of Britain! The modern excessive need of money is a female need. Why not hand over to the women the means of making the money which they, the women, mostly need? Men must admit themselves flummoxed. If we handed over to the women the means of making money, perhaps there might be a big drop in the feminine need of money. Which, after all, is the straight road to salvation.

Paul's mother buys things, objects which have no living self; they cannot form any relation, and thus the mother is caught in a seemingly endless cycle of needing "more" things. The millstone that "things" can become is explored in a later story so entitled. In "Things," the characters die a psychological death; but of course, Paul dies literally, leaving his mother with a fortune. The unnaturalness of this mother/son relationship is explored symbolically through the mother's immaturity and avariciousness, and Paul's attempt to provide what is wished for. A good summary of the Oedipal reading for "The Rocking-Horse Winner" is provided in an informative statement by Mark Spilka:

... Lawrence decided that the incest-craving is never the normal outcome of the parent-child relationship, but always the result of impressions planted in the child's unconscious mind by an unsatisfied parent. But therefore oedipal love is mechaistic, and if mechanistic, then destructive and abnormal in itself.

The principal concern of the next story written in 1926, "Two Blue Birds," is not money, but again money is used to illuminate the relationships of the central characters. Miss Wrexall, the secretary, acts as a slave to Cameron Gee, the master-writer, whose "incompetent and extravagant" wife can no longer live with him or enjoy his company.
Like a number of other married couples in Lawrence's fiction, "each had a private feeling of bitterness about the other." 9 When the wife considers the slavish devotion of Miss Wrexall (and her imported family members) to Mr. Gee and the consequent lessening importance of his work, she feels something "drastic" should be done: "She was almost tempted to get into debt for another thousand pounds, and send in the bill, or have it sent in to him, as usual" (520). None of the characters are admirable, but Mrs. Gee at least perceives that her husband's comfortableness consists in "having nobody, absolutely nobody and nothing to contradict him" (518). Her own shortcomings are characterized by her disdain of spring; Lawrence writes that:

There is a certain nonsense, something showy and stagy about spring, with its pushing leaves and chorus-girl flowers, unless you have something corresponding in you. Which she hadn't. (520)

It is consistent with Mr. Gee's wish for no conflict that he speaks of the novel in terms of architecture, not human relationships, beyond saying that there must be a "sympathetic" character in the novel, a position Lawrence abhors, as discussed earlier in Chapter 5. The point seems ironically underlined by this reader's perception that Lawrence presents all three of these characters quite unsympathetically.

After watching two blue-tits fight, the three protagonists have tea, both Miss Wrexall and Mrs. Gee dressed in chicory-blue silk. This type of obviousness in symbol and the catty sarcasm of the story perhaps lend critically to its slightness of value in the canon. Dr. Leavis is correct in suggesting that the story is a comedy, but it is questionable that is demonstrates "a perfect light precision of touch." 10 The final insult in the story is given to Miss Wrexall, who wonders how "any
woman" could possibly be jealous of her, to which Mr. Gee responds "Quite!" (527). The insult which precedes these lines is in a way more fitting, since all three characters are indicted when Mrs. Gee cruelly suggests that Miss Wrexall has been writing her husband's books from "hints." Mrs. Gee further acknowledges that she is a parasite, just as Miss Wrexall is one in being slave to the author, who is in turn a parasite to such a responsive audience. In the state of such leeching from others, no vital relation exists, for there is no central self.

The principal character in "The Man Who Loved Islands" (1926) also wishes to remove himself from conflict, and so he purchases his first island, which should offer him "insulation" and isolation. This could initiate for Cathcart a journey towards the self, but the islander is most uncomfortable with the first hint of any opposing, external consciousness:

Mysterious 'feelings' came upon him that he wasn't used to; strange awareness of old, far-gone men, and other influences: men of Gaul, with big moustaches, who had been on his island and had vanished from the face of it, but not out of the air of the night.

The resulting internal conflict he decides to resolve by turning his island into "the perfect place, all filled with his own gracious, blossom-like spirit. A minute world of pure perfection, made by man himself" (725). The egoism of the plan dooms it, by Lawrence's measure, and Lawrence further satirizes the attempt by saying that the islander began, "as we begin all our attempts to regain Paradise, by spending money" (725). The servants who come to the island call him "Master" but do not like him, and they swindle his money. The accumulated losses of four years force the islander to sell his island.
The move to the second island seems more successful for a time, but the island is more a "refuge" than a "world." The islander "no longer struggled for anything" nor did he "want" anything (734). Further, "his soul was at last still in him, his spirit was like a dim-lit cave under water" (735). He feels nothing. He is like the person described in "Ego-Bound":

As a plant becomes pot-bound
man becomes ego-bound
enclosed in his own limited mental consciousness.

Then he can't feel anymore
or love, or rejoice or even grieve any more,
he is ego-bound,
pot-bound
in the pot of his own conceit,
and he can only slowly die.

Unless he is a sturdy plant.
Then he can burst the pot,
shell off his ego
and get his roots in earth again,
raw earth.  

(CP, 474)

Cathcart is not a sturdy enough plant and falls subject "to the automatism of sex" in the form of the widow servant's daughter, Flora, who, like Miss Wrexall, "claims nothing" from him and offers to do things for him, not for herself. Flora's name is ironic, given the nature of this wilful woman. Cathcart finally leaves the island feeling humiliated because the sex between them came from an act of will, not true desire. After their child is born, the island seems a "suburb" or "prison" which he must leave, and in so doing, he leaves Flora the "best part of his property and its income" (739). Flora is quite satisfied.

On the third island, Cathcart succeeds in isolating himself from all human contact and even that limited contact with creatures, his sheep and a cat. His final wish to "master" the elements is an
unfulfilled one. He is unable to merge consciousness in any form with that which is outside himself, because he seeks only egoistic mastery of others and the elements, or subjection to the drive of his own will. Dan Jacobson offers further illumination in his discussion of "D. H. Lawrence and Modern Society." The value of this discussion may be limited with regard to its application to Women in Love and Kangaroo, but Jacobson provides an eloquent and cogent summary of the egoist and the formation of an ego-based community, such as occurs in "The Man Who Loved Islands":

When the psyche is healthy, the dark self, which is the true source of the passions, the true center of response to the outside world, has primacy and power over the mental consciousness, which should properly do no more than transmute the "creative flux" of life into what Lawrence called the "shorthand" of ideas, abstractions, principles, ideals.

However, when the relationship of forces within the individual is disturbed, the mental consciousness, with its ideas and ideals, can usurp the primacy which should belong to the dark self, it repudiates the life of the body and the senses, and then seeks to impose upon the rest of the person the fixed, static abstractions which are all that it knows, all that it contains. Instead of being open and receptive before the world, aware always of the "otherness" of the world to himself, the man becomes a creature of his own fixed will, self-enclosed, self-referring, insentient; he becomes an automatism, a system, a machine. . . . An individual who has degenerated in this particular way, who has turned himself into a machine, inevitably sees the natural world and human society as fields for the exercise of his will, instead of as the "spontaneous-creative" flux they really are. But once the industrial system exists "outside" in the world, anyway, it in turn forces into its own shape the psyches of those who live within it. The community ceases to exist, and becomes instead an agglomeration of so many enclosed egos, each convinced of its own self-importance and all alike submitting willingly, greedily, competitively, to material measurements of welfare and quality.12

The microcosm of this is given in the first island, where the servants become increasingly discontent, not above swindling Cathcart's money, and vocal to one another about feeling they are "not doing right" by themselves or their children; they "fairly come to hate one another,"
despite the island's loveliness (731). Like Cathcart, they are uncomfortable with the consciousness of those before them, "the blood and the passion and the lust which the island had known" (731).

In striking contrast to the various personal failures contained in these three stories, the last story of 1926, "In Love," demonstrates a small success in the relationship between two lovers, once they become in conflict (seemingly) with each other. The story and the characters are slight, yet Joe and Hester are able to work through one more entanglement of the modern age—the feeling that they should be visibly "in love," since they are engaged to be married, after a long friendship. Joe is a distant relative of Aaron (Aaron's Rod), Mellors (Lady Chatterley's Lover), Annable (The White Peacock), and others. Though he is basically a simple but educated man, society has left its mark on Joe, since he errantly thinks that "spooning" with Hester was no more than what was expected of him; as it turns out, both of them loathe the idea of being "in love," and declare themselves not to be. His attempt at Valentino-type behavior was "a betrayal of their simple intimacy. He saw it plainly and repented." 13 Hester then responds to what she sees in his eyes: "that quiet, patient, central desire of a young man who has suffered during his youth, and sees now almost with the slowness of age" (791). In his attempt to live up to a perceived ideal of love and loving, Joe was not true to his real feelings, and had this continued, he would have ended, as so many Lawrentian figures do, hating his spouse. This is reiterated in a poem from Pansies:

We've made a great mess of love
since we made an ideal of it. . . .
The moment the mind interferes with love, or the
will fixes on it,
or the personality assumes it as an attribute, or
the ego takes possession of it,
it is not love any more, it's just a mess.
And we've made a great mess of love,
mind-perverted, will-perverted,
ego-perverted love.

Joe and Hester, through the recognition of such ego falseness, are able
to return to a true relation.

Of the four stories written in 1927, "The Lovely Lady" is clearly
the best; familiar themes are evident in the rest. "Things" belabors
the Americans' preoccupation with material objects, and satirizes their
desire to put "beauty" into their lives through the acquisition of old
European things. As if in echo of the characters in the early story
"The Thimble," Valerie comments that "We're living on the past." Like
Cathcart and Gee, Valerie and Erasmus wish to live in a world free from
conflict. Rawdon, in "Rawdon's Roof," similarly tries to eliminate
conflict from his life by declaring that no woman shall ever sleep under
his roof, a superficial method of avoiding entanglement with women and
any true connection; he remains unaware that his servant keeps the
"connection" under his roof. Further, Rawdon is quite willing to sleep
under the roof of a woman's house, that of Janet, who is beset with
financial woes and a mean husband. Rawdon complains pathetically at the
end that women are not what he wants them to be, apparently a
"convenience" offering no domestic conflict. Finally, "None of That"
centers on a most wilful woman. Kenneth Rexroth has well described
Ethel Cane as one of those "pasty frigid nymphomaniacs, the deranged
women of Europe and America, who consider themselves disciples of
Lawrence and prowl the earth seeking Dark Gods to take to bed." Rexroth
further declares that "[the story] should have destroyed them forever."\textsuperscript{15}

In "The Lovely Lady," "Things," and "None of That," money remains a major motif. It is for money that Cuesta kills Ethel Cane in "None of That," through the agency of a six-man gang rape. Like Dolly Uhrquart in "The Princess," Ethel "certainly encouraged Cuesta at her apartment."\textsuperscript{16} Ethel is a far less sympathetic figure, despite the brutality she suffers, because of the degree of consciousness with which she seeks to demonstrate the superiority of her imagination over her body. She states that "if my body was under the control of my imagination, I could take Cuesta for my lover, and it would be an imaginative act. But if my body acted without my imagination, I--I'd kill myself--" (718). This is a fictional statement of Lawrence's similar to others which proclaim his abhorrence of the body/soul split. Recently in his essay on "Hawthorne and The Scarlet Letter" Lawrence had addressed the Americans in particular:

They admire the blood-consciousness spontaneity. And they want to get it in their heads. "Live from the body," they shriek. It is their last mental shriek. Co-ordinate.

It is a further attempt still to rationalise the body and the blood. "Think about such and such a muscle," they say, "and relax there."

And every time you "conquer" the body with the mind (you can say heal it if you like) you cause a deeper, more dangerous complex or tension somewhere else.\textsuperscript{17}

The American Ethel Cane comes to be hysterical toward the end, as she fails to "control."

Lawrence cruelly portrays Earl and Aschah Brester in his satirical treatment of the Americans and money in "Things." Erasmus is finally forced to take a post at Cleveland University, where the "furnaces of
Cleveland, vast and like the greatest of black forests, with red and white-hot cascades of gushing metal, and tiny gnomes of men, and terrific noises, gigantic," form an inappropriate setting for the couple's "debris" from Europe, just as, at the end of the story, it is inappropriate for a caged rat [Erasmus] to want Europe's "mayonnaise" to go with America's "lobster" (853). Like Flora in "The Man Who Loved Islands" and Cuesta, Valerie had "got the goods," and so could now be her "real self" (853).

In contrast, Robert and Cecilia do not "get the goods" at the end of "The Lovely Lady." Aunt Pauline, upon whom both have depended for financial support, strikes from the grave and leaves only small money to them both, but she leaves all of her valuable antiques to form a Pauline Attenborough Museum. This underlines the egoistical nature of her life. Her particular power lay in her ability to feed off the lives of others, including a first husband, a son, Henry, a priest by whom she had her second son Robert, Robert and Cecilia. The tale is reminiscent of Sons and Lovers in certain ways; Pauline's marked disapproval of Henry's choice for a mate is similar to Gertrude Morel's disapproval of her eldest son's choice; both sons die very young. Afterwards, Robert's attachment to his mother precludes his development of a relationship with anyone else; like Paul Morel, he is aware that he must, sooner or later, rebel. His life, he says, "is certainly a negative affair."

It would do no credit to the tale or the novel to force comparisons, but as suggested earlier, there are reworked themes in late work similar to those of an earlier period. Death frees Paul to go "quickly toward the town"; Pauline's death is not a natural one, like
Gertrude Morel's, for the depression and despair she feels when Cecilia appears to speak as Henry from the grave, telling her not to "kill Robert too" (774-775), marks the beginning of her quick demise, speeded by an overdose of veronal. It is Cecilia's "definite thrust of condemnation" that penetrates Pauline's beautiful armour, and Robert sees her in reality for the first time:

'Why, mother, you're a little old lady!' came the astounded voice of Robert: like an astonished boy: as if it were a joke. . . . At table she sat with her face like a crumpled mask of unspeakable irritability. She looked old, very old, and like a witch. Robert and Cecilia fetched furtive glances at her. And Ciss, watching Robert, saw that he was another man. (776)

The Oedipal circle appears ready to break at the recognition of her age and its effects; Robert and Cecilia are free for each other at her death. That old must give way to new, however painfully, is central to Lawrence's canons of thought.

In 1928, Lawrence wrote "Mother and Daughter" and "Blue Moccasins," in which old does not give way to new with any grace at all, either. During that year, also, Lawrence completed the third version of Lady Chatterley's Lover, with the knowledge that its publication would be difficult. The manuscript of Pansies was seized by the postal authorities. Additionally, he wrote Part I of The Man Who Died (later entitled The Escaped Cock), which Richard Aldington proclaimed to be "intensely personal, and the saddest thing Lawrence ever wrote. It is the only thing in his work which looks like a confession of defeat, and this he promptly countered by writing Apocalypse."\(^{19}\)

It is well recorded that the last two years of Lawrence's life were difficult. Often Lawrence is regarded as being pessimistic, solipsistic and less inclined to deal with "the real"; or, conversely, in critical
opinion the optimistic believer-in-life in Lawrence is stressed, by
calling attention to works like *Apocalypse*, many late poems, and
*Etruscan Places*. In either case, it cannot be denied that Lawrence
turns increasingly towards the symbolic. A final judgment concerning
Lawrence's state of mind toward the end of his life is perhaps less
relevant than a suspended one which notes that Lawrence was, as ever,
often a contradictory man. He was certainly ill a great deal, and that
in itself provided adequate motivation for a wish to be more isolated.
The stresses of public reactions to his work, both his writing and his
paintings, would hardly have moved him toward greater love of mankind.
Simultaneously, the directions in which he saw civilization moving
surely emphasized the prophet's need to project a future of man in a new
age, one in which man became less egotistical, self-centered, and
Mammon-oriented. To answer this need, in part, he wrote such works as
*Apocalypse* and *Etruscan Places*; but this is not all he wrote. Thus,
perhaps David Cavitch overstated the case when he wrote that:

> From the tales contemporary with Lady Chatterley to "The Man Who
> Died," which is his last completed work of fiction, Lawrence
displayed impatience with the complex details of objective reality.
> Solipsistic and weary, he is more inclined to assault our ideas
> than represent our lives. . . .
> So thoroughly did Lawrence renounce his former commitment to
> perfecting human relationships that he interpreted the
> resurrection of Christ as a parable of his own renunciation of all
> external entanglements.  

Kermode's description of Lawrence's late work as "allegories of
personal regeneration"\(^1\) is far more satisfactory. Perhaps Lawrence
simply tired to the details of objective reality, and having paid such
great attention to them in the past, turned to the employment of other
descriptive modes. However, many of the poems and two of the last
stories, "Mother and Daughter" and "Blue Moccasins," suffice to
demonstrate that Lawrence still dealt with "reality," if not necessarily
in the form of perfecting human relationships, but rather of continuing
to investigate what was imperfect in them. Secondly, to take a purely
personal reading of The Man Who Died (The Escaped Cock), in particular,
is to ignore Lawrence's long-term criticism and commentary on
Christianity, and his renewed focus on the Christ figure, beginning in
1925, a point to be returned to in the discussion of that story.

"Mother and Daughter" and "The Blue Moccasins" continue the themes
suggested for this period. Virginia Bodoin, the daughter, suffers from
the modern "nervousness" of women and an inability to gain a husband,
despite her efforts and those of her mother to do so. When she agrees
to marry "The Turkish Delight." an older, Jewish Armenian named Arnault
whom Mrs. Bodoin despises, Virginia feels "caressed again into a
luxurious sense of destiny, reposing on fate, having to make no effort,
no more effort, all her life." Arnault is a tribal father whose
"whole consciousness was patriarchal and tribal" (820).

Apparently Lawrence was considering the importance of tribal
responsibility at this time, as evidenced by the short essay
"Matriarchy," which first appeared in the Evening News for 5 October
1928, titled as "If Women Were Supreme." He approves the matriarchal
system of the Pueblo Indians, in which property and children are the
province of the women. "Everything that comes in the house is hers, her
property. The man has no claim on the house, which belongs to her clan,
nor to anything within the house." For the man, his duty is to his
tribe firstly and secondarily to his wife and children. Arnault
provides an Eastern contrast to this desirable state, for while the
tribal consciousness is strong, the patriarchal drive rules his actions
equally. If married to Virginia, he would take possession of the
"things" in the women's apartment, which he liked extremely, as well as
of Virginia: "he must make himself master of her. . . . She looked up
[at him], . . . but he used all his will, looking back at her heavily,
and calculating that she must submit" (822). Mrs. Bodoin is a
caricature of a wilful woman; Arnault is a creature of will almost
exclusively; and like Cathcart and Mr. Gee, Virginia longs for a life of
no conflict, which may be gained in the marriage with Arnault. He sees
Virginia as "a fatherless waif" and he "saw, first and foremost, the
child in her, . . . waiting till someone would pick her up" (820).
Widowed, Arnault had become physically lonely also, so there is an
oedipal aura to the relationship, just as there is one in "The Blue
Moccasins."

In that story, Percy Barlow was also a homeless waif, so Lina
M'Leod took him in. Her past relationships with men accented her
"independence": "she made use of men, of course, but merely as servants,
subordinates."24 When Barlow was 24 and she 47, they wed; the honeymoon
was described as "a strangely happy month" (829). Upon returning from
the war, he found her quite white-haired. Eventually Barlow found work
again at a bank; he seemed like a dog willing to fetch anyone's
slippers, and as Lina comments, "How can a man be so nice to everybody?"
(831) Further, "he was quite like a very perky little red-brown
Pomeranian dog that she had bought in Florence in the street, but which
had turned out a good bank manager, in fact very intelligent. . . . But
in his will, in his body, he was asleep. And sometimes this lethargy, or coma, made him look haggard" (831-832). Despite his immaturity and relentless good manners towards everyone, he becomes aware that Miss M'Leod treats him like a puppy dog, and he finally succumbs to the temptation of a younger woman. Miss M'Leod is furious at his mis-use of her prized blue moccasins in a local play, worn by the same younger woman, and she leaves the schoolroom where the drama takes place in a huff. Percy complains to his young woman, Alice, in a burst of insight:

"That woman's never been real fond of anybody or anything, all her life--she couldn't, for all her show of kindness. She's limited to herself, that woman is, and I've looked up to her as if she was God. More fool me! If God's not good-natured and good-hearted, then what is He-----? (842)

He switches his allegiance to Alice, and once more, any future for a viable relationship seems doubtful, as they are to initiate the new allegiance by staying overnight in her father's house, the rectory, which continues the vague oedipal tone. The independent woman, Miss M'Leod, will presumably return to a state of mind she had entertained in the past, "that the highest bliss a human being can experience is perhaps the bliss of being quite alone, quite, quite alone" (830). At the end, she can be alone with her things, the blue moccasins in particular, and quite without conflict.

In "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover," Lawrence wrote that "the sense of isolation is followed by the sense of menace and of fear," and that "this is the peculiarity of our society today. We are all extremely 'nice' to one another, because we merely fear one another."25 No doubt Miss M'Leod, alone with her possessions, would succumb to those fears, in a manner similar to Aunt Pauline in "In Love." Percy's
compulsion to be so "nice" to everyone arose from his fear of them. He is less fearful of Alice perhaps because she does not represent any form of an oedipal conflict. "The Blue Moccasins," thus, interweaves oedipal themes with those of isolation, a wilful woman, the unawakened and materialistic male, and the consequences of the preoccupation with things material.

In rejection of the material world, "The Man Who Was Through with the World." Henry the Hermit, bought a small piece of land; "he knew that nowadays there are no hermitages going rent-free," He put into his small hand-built cabin "the smallest number of things a hermit may need" (149). He achieved isolation, and like Cathcart in "The Man Who Loved Islands," he found any contact with the world of other men repulsive:

Absence from his fellow-men did not make him love them any more. On the contrary, they seemed more repulsive and smelly, when he came among them . . . and their weird sort of greed about money . . . made them seem like a plague of caterpillars to him. (151) Henry is a more "realistic" figure than Cathcart in the sense that he recognizes occasional contact with others is a necessary evil. Away from them, he enjoyed the fact of his isolation: "... that no people came near him, was a source of positive satisfaction" (152). He does not, like Cathcart, cut himself entirely away from consciousness of some Other, for the sun provides the necessary contact with something outside himself. Like Juliet in "Sun," all his restoration comes from being naked in the sun. Juliet wished to be isolated: "she wanted to go away from the house—away from people." A further parallel to Henry may be drawn with regard to Juliet's response to the sun:

She could feel the sun penetrating even into her bones; nay, farther, even into her emotions and her thoughts. The dark
tensions of her emotion began to give way, the cold dark clots of her thoughts began to dissolve. . . . And she lay half stunned with wonder at the thing that was happening to her. (530-521)

and

With her knowledge of the sun, and her conviction that the sun knew her, in the cosmic carnal sense of the word, came over her a feeling of detachment from people, and a certain contempt for human beings altogether. They were so un-elemental, so unsunned. They were so like graveyard worms. (532-533)

Henry, after visiting the village, removed his clothes and put them in the sun; then "he went down to his pool to wash himself, and stayed naked till sunset, to clear himself from the pollution of people" (153). Henry the Hermit confronts major obstacles during the time intervals when sun is not available to him. Unlike Cathcart, he attends to the necessary elements of living when the elements outside prevent his sun exposure. It is not possible to say, based on the language of the story/fragment, whether the sun provides for him the same cosmic carnal contact that it does for Juliet, but the sun does cleanse him and renew his distaste for people. He does stop "thinking" while lying naked in the sun: "The sun on his body seemed to do all the meditating and concentrating he needed. His limbs were thin . . . and his thin body was as brown as his face. He was, like the savage in the story, 'face all over'" (152).

Lawrence wrote in 1922, in Fantasia of the Unconscious, that "if we come to think of it, light and dark only mean whether we have our face or our back towards the sun. If we have our face to the sun, then we establish the circuit of cosmic or universal or material or infinite sympathy."²⁸ Henry's lack of egotistical concerns, i.e., his attempts to meditate and concentrate properly as a hermit, could be the key to
his regeneration, although he does not realise it. As he becomes open to the universe, it should provide him with its own "holiness."

Elsewhere in Fantasia, Lawrence wrote that:

Neither in the face nor in the buttocks is there one single mode of sense communication.
The face is of course the great window of the self, the great opening of the self upon the world, the great gateway. The lower body has its own gates of exit. But the bulk of our communication with all the outer universe goes on through the face.29

It is no wonder then that Henry is worried about his sunless days, although he is unconscious of the reasons. Without sun, he tries to "think up" something holy. In writing this, Lawrence is pointing his finger to what is wrong with Henry's approach: one does not achieve holiness by thinking it up.

Keith Sagar has written that "Henry the Hermit is very much a misanthropist. . . . Holiness evades him. . . . What he misses in the hermit life is a purpose. . . ."30 This is true, but in the progression Sagar implies, it is rather like putting the cart before the horse. Before the sense of purposiveness comes, it is necessary, as the progression is outlined in The Escaped Cock, to die away from the old, find rebirth or resurrection, and seek isolation until the central, isolate self is located; at that point, sexual fulfillment and then regeneration are possible. After sexual fulfillment (and regeneration), commitment or purposiveness in the social sense is then a possibility. This progression is further supported by the often quoted passage from Fantasia of the Unconscious:

Assert sex as the predominant fulfillment, and you get the collapse of living purpose in man. You get anarchy. Assert purposiveness as the one supreme and pure activity of life, and you drift into barren sterility. . . . You have got to base your great purposive activity upon the intense sexual fulfillment of all your
individuals. . . . But you have got to keep your sexual fulfillment even then subordinate, just subordinate to the great passion of purpose: subordinate by a hair's breadth only: but still, by that hair's breadth, subordinate.

The above is the passage that Mark Spilka suggested should begin all studies of Lawrence. 32 While it is true that sex remains subordinate to the purposiveness in both Lady Chatterley's Lover and The Escaped Cock, the sexual fulfillment remains the departure point for re-entering the world of man; sexual fulfillment is a source of renewal to be returned to when appropriate, as both Mellors and the man who died promised to do. The purposive activity is "based on" fulfillment, even if it is subordinate to the activity. This concept provides a dramatic consistency, since the seeds of fulfillment further the race, hence the social activity of the future.

However, Sagar enunciates eloquently the dangers in achieving the isolation requisite to rebirth and regeneration in his "Introduction" to the Princess collection:

Henry's predicament is the same as that faced by Mellors, by the Man Who Died, and by Lawrence himself. It is a choice between Scylla and Charybdis: to allow oneself to be swallowed by the world, exposing oneself to 'the pollution of the people', or to withdraw to the island of oneself and die the spiritual death of solipsism. At best the rejection of the world is a gathering of strength, a preparation for a further effort in the world of man. At worst it nurses and nourishes a jaundiced misanthropy until the hatred extends to the hermit's own life [like Cathcart]. One cannot tell whether Henry is going to lose his grip on life as the winter advances and die for lack of human contact, or whether the following spring will see him enter the world again, resurrected like the man who died. Either way we have a rejection of the hermit state as a permanent way of life or as an end in itself. 33

Perhaps the hermit would not have survived the winter without the sun; yet the great hope of Apocalypse is to "start with the sun, and the rest will slowly, slowly happen." 34 For Henry the Hermit to lie in the
forthcoming spring sun, after the necessary period of isolation and "death," might have meant the restoration of his phallus, and hence the possibility of life with a woman, regeneration, and social commitment to the "greater day." It cannot be known; however, it is difficult to believe that Lawrence would have led him to precisely the same fate as Cathcart, especially since Henry made adequate preparation for winter, at least in a material sense, and his skin was sun-toughened.

As Gerald Lacy suggests in his commentary on The Escaped Cock, it would appear that Lawrence dropped "The Man Who Was Through with the World" just prior to beginning his last story, "The Escaped Cock." Whether the final manuscript of The Escaped Cock is a story, a novel or a novella is an issue. Cavitch and John Carey refer to it as a short story; Lawrence called it a story in several letters, although the term cannot be taken literally since Lawrence used the term loosely elsewhere; Lacy refers to it as a novel; Kermode calls it a "long story" in one discussion and a novel in another discussion published the same year; Engel calls it a short novel; and others have called it a novella in discussion with The Fox, The Captain's Doll, et al. Not even the title is a clear-cut matter. According to Lacy's history and chronology of the work, based on Lawrence's letters, Lawrence approved the title "The Man Who Died," with "The Escaped Cock" as a subtitle. At no point did Lawrence approve the title "The Man Who Died," based on existing evidence. For ease of reference, Lacy's suggestion will be followed here, and the work called The Escaped Cock. The work's relative brevity (60 pages in large print) is long for a short story, yet the limited number of characters, action, and the division of
actions might well provoke the category "short story" or "novella" rather than novel. In any case, The Escaped Cock is an end point of a logical progression from "The Flying Fish" through "Sun," through "The Man Who Loved Islands," and through "The Man Who was Through with the World," in a way that other Laurentian short novels have not been the culmination of a discussion of any group of short stories, so it will be discussed here.

Lacy notes that the sexual union between the man who had died and Isis takes place in her sun-room in the first version of Part Two: "Isis knew herself unfolded and radiating like the lotus, under the double sunshine of day and of man." In the final version, the sun image is restricted to the man who had died:

Then slowly, slowly, in the perfect darkness of his inner man, he felt the stir of something coming: a dawn, a new sun. . . . He quivered, as the sun burst up in his body. . . . Magnificent, blazing indomitable in the depths of his loins, his own sun dawned, and sent its fire running along his limbs, so that his face shone continuously. 40

This second resurrection of Christ, transformed into the man who had died, provided an answer to Lawrence's difficulties with the Christian tradition and the Christ figure in particular. As Lacy summarizes: "The figure of Jesus had long been a serious impediment to Lawrence's religious vision, and the surmounting of this obstacle would consume much of his creative energy during the last years of his life." Lacy then traces Lawrence's preoccupations with Christ and Christianity in an excellent manner, from Sons and Lovers through the last letters of Lawrence's pertaining to The Escaped Cock.

The phallic resurrection of the man who died allows him to begin to take his place among men, after sexual fulfillment and regeneration. If
mankind is not to "break the contact," that is, if it is to continue the life cycle, then seed is the means through which it is achieved:

. . . the wonder of creation, procreation, and re-creation, following the mystery of death and the cold grave. It is the grief of Holy Week and the delight of Easter Sunday. And man must not, must not lose this supreme state of consciousness out of himself, or he has lost the best part of him.

Furthermore, "in sowing the seed man has his contact with earth, with sun and rain: and he must not break the contact." 42

Mark Spilka sums up the meaning of the final passage of The Escaped Cock, in which the man who died has "sowed the seed of my life and my resurrection," as follows: "Through the prophet's resurrection comes social regeneration, since the 'seed' of his life is the pagan-Christian child of the future. . . ." 43 It is Spilka's conclusion that The Man Who Died, as he calls the tale, and Lady Chatterley's Lover "give up a coherent, vital and dramatic vision of human existence—a religion of life, a fund of rejuvenated ideals, a creative pattern for the future." 44 However, such a vision is not applauded by those like David Cavitch, who feel that both Mellors and the man who had died finally abdicated all responsibility. Speaking of the man who had died, Cavitch writes that:

Identified with the Creator by his fatherhood, the serene figure on the open sea forever escapes the demands or anxieties of being any particular adult, separate person.

The tale elevates Lawrence's evident regressive tendency and presents it as the Man's holy renunciation of circumstantial experience. 45

This discussion occurs with the frame of reference discussed earlier: Lawrence's renunciation of perfecting human relationships. Within the context of the chapter in which it occurs, however, Cavitch's statements have a clearly negative value judgment implied (e.g., the
progressive diminution of Mellor's responsibility to Connie and child in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*). Eschewing Cavitch's particular slant on the issue, the general point of view springs from a more familiar conception of a patriarchal society, one which is bound and secure, and in which the male assumes more traditional "human" responsibilities. However, if Lawrence's approval of a matriarchal society is remembered, then the reasons that the man who had died must leave are more explicable:

Yet he must go. For here on the bay the little life of jealousy and property was resuming sway again, as the suns of passionate fecundity relaxed their sway. In the name of property, the widow and her slaves would seek to be revenged on him for the bread he had eaten, and the living touch he had established, the woman he had delighted in. (60)

The matriarchal society is already established here, which might serve to fulfill one of the ideals proposed by Lawrence in his essay on the Pueblo Indians. Since the British public could not, in fact, suddenly turn over all its securities to women, as suggested sarcastically in "Ownership," Lawrence created a society in which it was an assumption.

There are a number of implications in doing so, for a patriarchal society represents the most common Western structure, and it is built on the basis of stability and stasis. Sharon Welch has said pointedly that "a patriarchal society is afraid of chaos and seeks security and the prevention of conflict."46 This absence of conflict as a goal is something that Lawrence obviously loathed. The search for security, stability and absence of conflict is in part based on the values of Mammon against whom Lawrence rails in the essay thought to be a companion piece to *The Escaped Cock*, "The Risen Lord":
I am going to destroy all your values, Mammon: all your money
values and conceit values, I am going to destroy them all.
Because only life is lovely, and you, Mammon, prevent life. . . .
I love the movement of life, and the beauty of life, O Mammon,
since I am risen. . . . But that which is anti-life, Mammon, like
you, and money, and machines, and prostitution, and all that
tangled mass of self-importance and greediness and self-conscious
conceit which adds up to Mammon, I hate it. I hate it, Mammon, I
hate you and am going to push you off the face of the earth,
Mammon, you great mob-thing, fatal to men.47 [italics mine]

"The movement of life" is a significant phrase, for it offers consistent
parallels to nearly all of Lawrence's writing. He believed in the
conflict engaged by the eternal opposition of poles, and he believed in
flux and change. Patriarchal society is based on principles which
attempt to deny these movements. Jacobson concludes that Lawrence did
not want to make life easier; he wished to make it:

... more meaningful. Today when the material conditions of life
... are much easier ... than they used to be, and when at the
same time the whole enterprise is threatened in a way it has never
been before, we have to acknowledge the continuing relevance of the
questions he attempted to raise, the warnings he tried to sound,
the alternatives he tried to explore.48

One such alternative is the matriarchal society. Lawrence died
before he could pursue it further in his creative efforts, but that he
considered it seriously is evident in the essay "Matriarchy," Lady
Chatterley's Lover and in The Escaped Cock. Ignoring any moral
arguments against the chauvinistic implications of the conception, it is
clear that Lawrence sought to devise a society in which man would be
free to act. He saw his contemporary society dying in spirit, and he
hoped it would die, just as each individual must die to be reborn, for
Lawrence believed vigorously that death is a part of the life process.
To the extent to which the patriarchal society attempted to deny its own
death, Lawrence must oppose it.
This is the larger vision of social regeneration. Lawrence's works, particularly the short stories, more often dealt with the possibilities of individual regeneration, or the individual's incapacity for growth or regeneration. In particular, he considered the capacity for a man and a woman to meet on meaningful ground to achieve sexual fulfillment; later this ground was to be the place where seed might be planted which would produce its share of a society based on a religion of life. Such a religion must be grounded on the successful relatedness and sexual union of two separate, isolate individuals.

The basis of the relationship was marriage, which he wrote about extensively. The institution of marriage as it existed, however, was a most unsatisfactory vehicle for the production of a new society. Lawrence investigated the individuals who make up a marriage duet, and he saw that sexual fulfillment, the basis of the new society, was an impossibility when men and women had not each achieved their own identity. Thus he described in Fantasia of the Unconscious the development of a child, seeking to establish how identity was obtained. This development was quite different from the product of some twenty years later, after education and society had altered substantially the child's consciousness, often in adverse ways. Isolation for the individual, away from such a sick society, offered one means of restoring values to him consistent with a religion of life.

A whole society of maladjusted men and women had produced a World War, he thought, and the only solution to the problem was not to cling to old values and traditions, but rather to change them drastically. This Lawrence thought could only be achieved by freeing men, in
particular, from Mammon, the "Devil" of "The Risen Lord." Lawrence may have been right.

NOTES


5James G. Hepburn, "Disarming and Uncanny Visions: Freud's 'The Uncanny' with regard to Form and Content in Stories by Sherwood Anderson and D. H. Lawrence," Literature and Psychology, IX, no. 1 (Winter 1959), pp. 9-12; and


29. Ibid., pp 60-61.


37 Frank Kermode, *D. H. Lawrence*, p. 149; and


41 Gerald Lacy, p. 126.


43 Mark Spilka, p. 229.
44 Ibid., p. 231.
45 David Cavitch, p. 203.
48 Dan Jacobson, p. 143.
CHAPTER VII

Conclusion

As all the preceding evidence suggests, D. H. Lawrence's short stories are unquestionably among his best work and have never lacked for high critical regard. Some critics cite Lawrence as the best short story writer in the twentieth century. A goodly number of the 62 discussed stories have received considerable critical investigation, individually and in tandem with other stories and other Lawrence works. The major published full-length study of Lawrence's shorter fiction is Kingsley Widmer's *The Art of Perversity*. It is not to be supposed that the short stories have received little attention as a genre because they are not important; Lawrence's stories are clearly a part of the whole fabric of themes and ideas he addresses in all his literary production, whether fiction or non-fiction. The relative neglect may be a function of the diversity of the stories and the lack of a single coherent theory for critical examination of a collection of short stories.

Widmer's thematic categorizations of the stories (Parables of Annihilation, The Demon Lover, The Destructive Woman, The Extremity of Eros, and Parables of Regeneration) allow us to see some metaphorical patterns. However, the thematic approach runs certain risks; Widmer identifies Parables of Regeneration, e.g., which include both early works such as "Daughters of the Vicar" and "The Horse Dealer's Daughter," and later works such as "Glad Ghosts" and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. The regenerative process is considered in religious contexts.
But in Lawrence's context, the treatment of regeneration and the death which precedes it undergoes a large number of alterations, progressions, regressions and modulations which the thematic approach does not adequately acknowledge, so as to barely make similar the near death, say, of Mabel Pervin and her rebirth with that of the narrator in "Clad Ghosts," who sinks "in the final dark like a fish . . . yet alive and swimming."²

Furthermore, while it is quite true that the Christian tradition must lie behind nearly every tale of death and regeneration in Western literature, by inference alone, it is also the case that these deaths and rebirths may be considered from other, often derivative, frames of reference, whether Freudian, Jungian or some other, without contradicting the sense of the traditional religious interpretations, but rather enlarging it so as to make the literature more readily comprehensible.³ Widmer's categories were immensely useful in helping the mind to visualize Lawrentian themes, but there remained a great deal to be accomplished in the way of exploring and interpreting the stories. It's always tempting to identify the symbol structures rather than to "trust the tales,"³ as Lawrence invokes us to do in the often quoted phrase. A tendency to push a round peg through a square hole, or a Lawrentian story through a Jungian myth or a Christian one, can result in inappropriate criticism to the extent that the tale is not explicated meaningfully; and the tendency can place the burden of insight on the theory being used rather than its object. In short, we can be grateful for the interpretative insights that Widmer left us, but may wish that a larger number of the stories had been considered. Even when the stories
are the "focus" of a critic's mind, often Lawrence's novellas and novels receive greater attention than individual stories, as occurs in Widmer's examination.

These objections are not tantamount to dismissing Widmer's categories; to the contrary, they inform many of the stories, whether Widmer discusses the individual stories or not. However, with the addition of Finney's work⁴ establishing the chronology of the short stories, in 1973, there were more criteria with which to view Lawrence's fiction. Lawrence's stories were written over time, and as such, deserve some attention with regard to development. The chronology affords a means of ordering the sequence in which Lawrence took up or examined major themes. A chronological examination also has numerous potential shortcomings, particularly the possibility of losing sight of the whole of Lawrence's career, but it does offer much in the way of describing artistic development. In any case, the established chronology emphasizes that Lawrence's fiction demonstrates one of his own theories—the necessity of change, or flux: to be static is to be dead. Finney's careful study attempted some definition and clarification of Lawrence's artistic and philosophical development, as reflected in the shorter fiction. But in his examination, once again, many of the stories are virtually neglected, and there is a basis for considerable disagreement with some of his interpretations. For example, there may be some desperation evident in one chapter title, "The Resort to Myth and Fable," which describes Lawrence's philosophical and artistic "movement" during 1921-1925. It is questionable that Lawrence's "flight" from the necessities of fictional naturalism
"carried him into the realms of myth, legend and fable." Rather, one may argue for the distinct impression that Lawrence carried himself, even if one attends to unconscious stratagems. Furthermore, Lawrence hardly rejected all the demands of "naturalism" in the stories or in other major fiction of the period. Thus, a coherent developmental metaphysic did not emerge from Finney.

Once more, there is no need to throw the critic out with the literary water, baptismal though it may be. Finney provided a gold mine of information about the dating of the texts, and if some of his conclusions seem awry or inconsistent with the texts or with other work Lawrence turned his attention to at any given time, still appreciation for having the backscatter wall at all must be acknowledged.

Widmer and Finney provide the most lengthy and articulate criticisms of Lawrence's shorter fiction (and both give good detail to the novellas, as have others). Little purpose would be served by a refutation of particular interpretations; rather, it was important in this study to build upon the work they did in providing some metaphorical and chronological tools with which to further comprehend Lawrence and assess his contributions.

A somewhat different aspect of the critical complexities entailed in analyzing Lawrence's short stories is what Lawrence did to Form. A major contribution to the short story form, in the early twentieth century, is his narrative shift from a dependency on a single, inciting action to provide coherence within the story, to the utilization of the interaction of characters as the driving force in most of his fiction (of every length, one might add).
R. P. Draper noted, in D. H. Lawrence, the great diversity of the "tales," as calls them. The categories he describes are interesting, if not complete, and include the terms, "sketches," "short novels," "realistic vignettes," and "poems in prose." Draper acknowledges also that many critics find some of Lawrence's short stories to be "opurer" in some ways that longer fiction, but others are mere "potboilers" or "overspills from the experience that goes more completely into the novels." In his next statement, Draper intimates perhaps the reason that Lawrence's short stories have not been considered seriously, taken altogether:

Lawrence seems never to have considered the short story seriously as a form. There are no new and striking critical pronouncements on it as there are on the novel in his letters and articles or on poetry in his prefaces. It is true that he rarely engages in that direct lecturing of his readers which can be so irritating in the novels; it is as if he realizes that the shorter form cannot afford such dilution. . . . It is also true that some experimentation takes place in the tales, chiefly in the "poems in prose." But the virtues of most of the tales are those of the novels. The same kind of inspiration and the same manner of writing are evident in both.

The lack of "critical pronouncements" made by Lawrence on the shorter fiction form may have influenced critics not to take the form as seriously; at the same time, Lawrence's contribution to the genre cannot be denied, any more than the frequent proud references to his stories scattered throughout the several collections of Lawrence's letters. If Draper is correct in asserting that the novels and stories share inspiration and methodology, then on that basis alone the stories should be considered.

The "meaning" of Lawrence's story is often derived from what is "felt," rather than from a direct result of reading manifest content or
detailed actions. Lawrence's stories are not a tour de force with a traditional surprise ending, i.e. events are less important than how they are dealt with. For example, the death of the miner in "Odour of Chrysanthemums" is less important than his wife's reactions to the (manifestly) dead body. Lawrence records some changes in her attitude toward the defunct miner and herself, as they occur, and the reader is drawn in as well, to a re-evaluation of their marriage. The presence of the miner's mother serves as a backdrop (static) against which to compare the wife's mind is opened to new thoughts and feelings at the termination of the ritualistic preparation. It is not within the scope of this study to detail matters of form, since the emphasis is on content; but the two can hardly be usefully separated, so some of the particular techniques which Lawrence employs to explore human relationships have been addressed where possible and/or appropriate.

Lawrence scrutinizes the shaded interior of human interpersonal relationships or interactions by exploring the identity of a man to himself, to his mother(family), to his wife, to his friends, to his community, and finally, to the cosmos. By addressing himself to human interactions and the conflicts inherent in them, by writing about the relationships in terms of what "happens" at both a superficial level and at a deeper, sometimes contradictory level, and by writing out, himself, some of his theories about the "inner life," enunciated most fully perhaps in Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious, but documented elsewhere in prose, letters and other material, Lawrence invites us to bring all the psychological/psychoanalytical tools we can to investigate his corpus
delicti. His theories in *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* and *Fantasia of the Unconscious* offer some striking parallels but far more contradictions to Freudian and Jungian theories, and to the great wealth of later twentieth century theory which is largely based upon the contributions of these two giants. Lawrence's version of "psychological" theory offers some clarification for some of the stories and the psychological events in them. One could consider the shorter fiction with strict regard to these two polemical books, but a limiting factor is that neither *Psychoanalysis* nor *Fantasia* was published (or completed, so far as we know) until after most of the stories were written. So, it is true, were many of Freud's and his followers' books published later. More to the point, however, is that Lawrence gives the lie to some of his own basic concepts about the nature of the unconscious. That is, his fictive characters behave and feel in ways that are more consistent with Freudian frameworks than his own. In so doing, Lawrence offers yet another affirmative voice to Freud's concepts of the unconscious. Frank Kermode puts it shortly and well: "In terms of the history of ideas, Lawrence operates a 'soft' primitivism, Freud a 'hard' one; Lawrence wants an innocent unconscious, not a 'cellar in which the mind keeps its own bastard spawn.'" There are many who share Kermode's opinion that there is much ranting and rubbish in *Psychoanalysis and Fantasia*, along with many good insights, thus these two books have not been used as absolute footnotes to the fiction or other work, but where it was perceived that their contents illuminate other "contents," reference has been made to them.
The numerous metaphorical deaths of so many characters in Lawrence's stories, the exploration of death during the "war stories," the final thematic movement towards death in the last stories, and the "darkness" that is found at the "bottom," or in the dark water, or wherever it occurs, echoes Freud more surely than Lawrence. To say this is, in a way, to be consistent with some of Widmer's stated principles concerning th. meanings derived from Negation, on the nay-saying of things. Widmer followed the outline, generally, of Freud's theories documenting the soi-disant death principle. But Lawrence affirms also, even if tentatively at the beginning, so perversity is not a pre-requisite for his art; it is but one direction. The other is one that leads to the "pure relation" of Self to Self and that which is outside the Self: Other. Lawrence explores these relations, or the lack of them, nearly everywhere in his writing. Having explored the stories at length, how are we to trace the development of them and assess his conclusions in terms of his shorter fiction? For comprehension, it is fruitful to turn first to the individual and how he comes to be, in Lawrentian terms.

Various types of psychological criticism, as well as more "objective" types of criticism, are all potentially handles opening more doors to Lawrence's art. The climate in the western world that created, so to speak, a Freud, created a Lawrence as well. They are only two of many interested in the ontology of human identity. Some of Lawrence's espoused ontological concepts do not bear much examination; but the pursuit of identity Lawrence's characters make is as valuable as that of any major twentieth century figure. Probably Lawrence will survive in
some form well past this century for the reason other writers survive: that is, Lawrence writes the "truth" about humanity, or he strikes a chord of truth often enough to keep readers flocking to his works to find both verification and illumination. At this writing date, for example, there is ongoing yet another Lawrence revival in England and the United States, with much attention to filming novels and other works, as well as production of plays. It has been a partial intent to explore some of the reasons that Lawrence communicates so well, and makes his characters so real and "true," whether they appear in more "symbolic" or "natural" form.

It is not enough to point one's finger and say, "I identify with that, therefore it must be true," although it happens often enough to readers and critics alike. Lawrence derided the extreme self-consciousness which would make the reader exclaim, "'That's me! That's exactly it! I am just finding myself in the book!'"\(^{10}\) Yudhishtar discusses this at some length in his recent study, *Conflict in the Novels of D. H. Lawrence*, so that the point need not be belabored here.\(^{11}\) He proposes that the "something else" Lawrence is looking for, something beyond the "purely emotional and self-analytical stunts," is the "feelings which are going to carry us into the next epoch."\(^{12}\) Even after reading this seven times seven, it is difficult to know how the next epoch will be recognizable when it arrives; more importantly, Lawrence's work is given to describing the on-going process, the process of becoming, changing, even mutating. The relation of Self to Self and to Other continues inexorably to change, unless one takes one's self out of living relation to the cosmos. Lawrence is a great deal more
successful, it seems, in describing process than in defining what "pure" relation to the universe is.

Lawrence rarely supplies a slice of life or a still life (except as foil). To appreciate Lawrence, therefore, (and many other writers as well) the reader must keep moving with both the tales and himself in relation to them. Thus, in these terms, a "productive" criticism might be described as a dynamic process that is at home with its writers and the environment which produces them. Each old and new critical view changes the kaleidoscope; each offers advantages and disadvantages. As indicated in the Introduction, literary and psychological theories have been variously employed in order to illuminate Lawrence, his tales, and our response to them. This endeavor would have been far be less meaningful without an established chronology for the stories, it should be emphasized.

There is a great deal, fortunately, which may be taken for granted with regard to acknowledged general developments in psychological thinking and technology—the id, the ego, the superego, Jung's collective unconscious, etc. Elizabeth Drew's *T. S. Eliot: The Design of his Poetry* offers a fine model of the type of criticism which seems extraordinarily informative through eclecticism. Drew suggests in her introduction that she knows "little" about Jungian theories, but they provide for the book a subtle scaffolding on which to build; her commentary is best characterized by the word "eclectic" as opposed to "unorganized." In her fine book, there is no Apologia for the use of Freudian/Jungian theory; its usefulness is demonstrated by the fact of its existence, whether we agree with her conclusions or not. Lawrence
and T. S. Eliot are very different, of course, as are their critics most often; eclecticism is not a goal in itself, it is simply a means and a part of the process of achieving better understanding.  

Some critical insights, therefore, have been informed by reference to other critics and theorists, particularly psychological ones. For example, the success of Daniel Weiss's book, *Oedipus in Nottingham*, was encouraging, in many ways, for Weiss illuminates a great deal of *Sons and Lovers*, and other Lawrence fiction, to a lesser extent. However, Weiss's limitation is that he virtually stops his examination of Lawrence's work with the Oedipus myth and Lawrence's relationship to his mother. Yudhishtar is harsh but not entirely unfair when he writes that *Oedipus in Nottingham* is too much a "case study," despite Weiss's disclaimers. One need not condemn Weiss, either, as Yudhishtar does, for writing that "*Sons and Lovers* is a coin whose reverse is the remainder of Lawrence's work." Weiss's statement is probably true, in one version of the world. But, in another version, we are still left with a mountain of Lawrence to understand and interpret. Lawrence's resolution or inadequacy of resolution of the Oedipal conflict is revealing; but Weiss's book, like a number of articles which are psychologically oriented, is essentially static. To define all of Lawrence's characters in terms of the mother is unRewarding, even if the conflict remains, in some way, inscribed forever in Lawrence's voice and those of his characters. As the distance from the mother grows, so does the dis-ease of the reader with a mother-oriented explanation of life as drawn in Lawrence's fiction. The literature particularly *Sons and Lovers* documents well Lawrence's consciousness of "the mother business."
Firmly resolved or not, Lawrence moves on, both in his life and in his art. The directions of that movement are often unclear and sometimes contradictory (assuring us all that Lawrence was, after all, human). His books are, as Weiss cites them, "thought adventures." They reflect his constant mental movement, from matters personal to material metaphysical. As enunciated by one critic, John Burt Foster, Jr., in Heirs to Dionysus:

Readers of Lawrence soon discover his ingratitude toward those who taught him. Convinced of the possibility of a creation ex nihilo, he spurns the past as an obstacle to the future and thus differs sharply from Mann with his attitude of revisionary veneration. . . . Lawrence puts the entire emphasis on discovering rivals rather than acknowledging models; he overlooks the persistent action on him of writers who had helped to mold his imagination.

Lawrence inherited a great deal, including some "new" (at the beginning of the twentieth century) general insecurities about human identity. Darwin is a convenient departure point; he and his followers did much to illuminate the prior physical and mental development of humans and provided an atmosphere in which some writers began to turn more attention to the importance of "natural" human functions, positing that individual identity must be tied up somehow to the animal as well as the spirit that had so often tried to emulate a commonly accepted "god." To generalize broadly, physicians, scientists and artists of every sort sought a new definition of identity that was more comfortable with new knowledge about the world's physical evolution and man's, and his relationship to it. If God were no longer the avatar for identity, then it had to be looked for elsewhere. Whether one feels this to be the proper catalyst for the inward-turning of inquiry or some other, with this proposition in mind, it is but a stone's throw to Freud,
Lawrence, Joyce, Eliot and a host of other investigators and portrayers of humanity. For every generation, there is a sense of a "break" with the past.

Retrospectively, some "breaks" seem bigger than others. Loss of some traditional religious beliefs and the new untrustworthiness of orthodoxy, and the acquired new language to describe consciousness and unconsciousness, are all symptoms of the break separating, say, Matthew Arnold from D. H. Lawrence. World War I might be termed a Formal Announcement. I think perhaps it was for Lawrence, as this thesis has demonstrated. Sometimes pragmatically and sometimes neurotically, Lawrence took this break and others, all the deaths, and posited identity after the nineteenth century "fall," so to speak. At times Lawrence is explicit about the ontology of identity, as in Psychoanalysis and Fantasia; in his fiction it is harder to grasp. Identity is not a simple matter of death and regeneration, although that is often a part of the sequence, as it has been for centuries, for many writers: the deaths take many forms.

A death that Lawrence "assumes" is the one that takes place at the end of childhood. Separation of self from Mother, Father and the family initiates the quest for a stable, individual "adult" identity. This is no easy thing, whether in Lawrence's time or our own. The thrust of earlier Lawrence fiction is towards recording the failures and occasional successes of those who go through the first stage of the process. Freudian theory suggests that the problems and catastrophes of childhood must be dealt with adequately before normal (genital oriented)
identity can be achieved. Lawrence acknowledges this in a passage in the *Study of Thomas Hardy*:

By re-enacting some old movement of life's, a struggling soul seeks to detach itself, to become pure. By gathering all the knowledge possible, it seeks to receive the stimulus which shall help it to continue to distinguish itself.

"Ye must be born again," it is said to us. Once we are born, detached from the flesh and blood of our parents, issued separate, as distinct creature. And later on, the parent womb which encloses the incomplete individuality must conceive, and we must be brought forward $\frac{1}{2}$ ourselves, distinct. This is at the age of twenty or thirty."$^{23}$

These statements are written sometime before the publication date of 1914, and they provide some summary of the activity of the first two groups of stories, 1907-1910 and 1911. The central characters lack the stability of a "distinct" identity. In the next two groups of stories, 1912-1913 and 1915-1919, more energy is expended tracing the development of matrices for "normal" (that is, healthy) sexual identities, chiefly those between men and women. In subsequent fiction, Lawrence considers the difficulties of establishing relationships with the world beyond this "secure" base, one which is often denoted as marriage, always seeking new ontological matrices which are not easily attained. Lawrence writes in "Morality and the Novel," in a somewhat similar fashion to the passage from *Study of Thomas Hardy*, that "a new relation, a new relatedness hurts somewhat in the attaining; and will always hurt. Because real voluptuousness lies in re-acting old relationships . . . ."$^{24}$ This process could go on indefinitely, theoretically, until everything, every one, were in perfect relatedness.

Of course, Lawrence does not achieve this perfection, personally or fictionally. Both his novels and shorter fiction reflect the ambitiousness of trying to attain relatednesses beyond the immediate
ones; but the final group of stories contain a departure from the outward seeking. The later stories have an isolationist tone that is consistent with the voice in his final essays and poems. Perhaps these generalizations are not "safe" to make; I am reminded of Nietzsche's "Aftersong" in Beyond Good and Evil: "Nur wer sich wandelt, bleibt mit mir verwandt" [One has to change to stay akin to me].

Acknowledging this difficulty, I return to the early stories, however. The characters fail in their relationships to others chiefly because they lack discrete identities. A major obstacle is the resolution of the body/soul split, or the mind/body dichotomy. It is fair to summarize Lawrence as a dualistic thinker, during these early years; many of the stories end on a note of pessimism because the characters seem "trapped," doomed to there being no resolution. Discrete identity is not possible without the recognition of the problems of modern consciousness that exist in a mutable body.

If Lawrence inherits a dualistic view, he also proposes its dissolution. People act (and feel) in ambivalent ways--it is the human condition--but Lawrence determines a way to survive this, namely through consciousness of the duelling forces. He does not deny the two "forces," but rather postulates that neither force is, in itself, "enough." Particularly in the early stories, there seem to be characters who have lost their biological connections (like Mary and the "little abortion" she marries in "Daughters of the Vicar." Lawrence wrote that "his body was almost unthinkable." Some have the potential to be "whole," if they but allow it. In the Study of Thomas Hardy he also writes that "it seems as if the great aim and purpose in human life
were to bring all life into human consciousness." 27 Part of that consciousness must acknowledge man the physical animal, the biological specimen.

The "unity" can be achieved, in some ways, by not denying. The early stories contain characters who are heavily invested in denying one or more parts of themselves. One may go at it from several directions, but a chief difficulty for the individual, consciously and/or unconsciously, is the acceptance of a body which has needs, instincts or desires that are socially agreed to be unacceptable, e.g., incest in every form. The movement towards a statement of this sort was nearly inevitable, given several directions of nineteenth century thought. The denial of the body is at least as old as Oedipus; the acceptance and some understanding of same did not exist very visibly until this century.

As G. Y. Trail suggested a number of years ago in his doctoral dissertation, Schopenhauer and Friedrich Nietzsche are accessible and useful references for describing the intellectual climate in which Lawrence found himself and subsequently sought to overcome the body/soul dichotomy. 28 In brief, Schopenhauer posits that the Will (blind, hungry instinctual—not so far, it may be suggested, from the later concept of the id) can be subjugated by Mind, the power that separates man from animal. The end result of not meeting the demands of the Will is death, and so we call Schopenhauer a "pessimistic" philosopher. He writes that "Will is the thing-in-itself (ding an sich), the inner content, the essence of the world." 29
More recently, a major contribution has been made to critical comprehension of Lawrence, his art and its relationship to the Schopenhauer/Nietzsche tradition, by Daniel J. Schneider in *D. H. Lawrence: The Artist as Psychologist*. As he suggests, and has been documented in a previous chapter, Lawrence argues that death and life are one, or all one process. Schneider summerizes Lawrence's meditations upon Schopenhauer elegantly into four postulates, quoted in abbreviated form as follows:

1. As nature is both creative and destructive . . . both a life impulse and a death impulse, so man carries within him these two primal impulses. . . . Another way to say this is that the will to live takes two forms: the form of attraction (a "sympathetic" impulse) and the form of repulsion (a "voluntary" impulse). . . .

2. The . . . sympathetic impulse is a desire to become one with the All . . . . It is manifested in sexual union, in communal action, and in art, in which the artist becomes one with what he presents. It is therefore inseparable from the impulse to die. . . .

3. The divisive or voluntary impulse is an impulse to achieve the maximum of individuality . . . . It is thus a reaction against the self-obliterating process. . . . But a maximum differentiation of self is not possible unless one first surrenders the self to the infinite or the All . . . . Such union is the death of the old self and the rebirth of the new self. . . .

4. The mind may serve either a part of the psyche or the whole psyche. . . . Only when the mind is in the service of the whole self is it healthily employed. "Consciousness" must become "consciousness-in-nature," the intuitively conscious recognition of all phenomena of objectifications of the will. . . .

In a subsequent discussion of Nietzsche and Lawrence, the "sympathetic" impulse is equated with the impulse to love, and the "voluntary" is equated with the will to power. The dualistic ramifications are recognized here and elsewhere in criticism; Schneider calls the ambivalence to follow both impulses "central in Lawrence's psychology . . . in novel after novel."
Schopenhauer's pessimism is not without some consolation. The individuals who live and die comprise an immortal process, if an aimless one. In fact, as Schneider writes,

The doctrine is not only consoling: it is positively heartening. For death, the return to the "womb of nature," may be accompanied by the hope of "more favorable conditions of existence." [Schneider quotes from Schopenhauer's essay, "On Death and Its Relation to the Indestructibility of Our True Nature."]

In place of the spirit/soul that represents God in man, Schopenhauer has looked below the head to find that which is "essential"; but as Nietzsche points out, Schopenhauer is not free of the Christian tradition in this thinking. What has become absolute is the Will, instead of the Mind (spirit/soul), which had recapitulated God by being able to create God. The mind creates individuality in man, but in the long run,

Nature is entire in everything. She has her centre in every brute. It has surely found its way into existence, and it will surely find its way out of it. . . . Man alone carries about with him, in abstract conceptions, the certainty of his death, [and death is] a sleep in which individuality is forgotten; everything else wakes again, or rather never slept.

Nietzsche's reactionary philosophy acknowledges the absoluteness of Will and argues that Schopenhauer called it "evil" because it was no longer recognizable as God. In Nietzsche's terms, Schopenhauer's thinking was constrained within the "moral-Christian ideal." Nietzsche turns Schopenhauer upside down, as he himself acknowledges in The Will to Power:

. . . I realized that what my instincts most desired to attain was precisely the reverse of what Schopenhauer's instincts wanted—that is to say, a justification for life, even where it was most terrible, most equivocal, and most false. To this end I had the formula "Dionysian" in my hand.
So Nietzsche turns to Dionysian and pre-Socratic thought to posit, not
denial of Will, but celebration of it. For a good brief discussion of
the implications of this in historical terms, one may turn to The Modern
Tradition, which summarizes Nietzsche's work, in part, as follows:

The whole range of human existence at any moment, from the most
squalid depths to the heights of self-mastery, has recurred and
will recur endlessly through infinite time. The moment is
"eternal," but not as a point of contact between history and some
super-historical source of meaning: it is wholly immanent, the
supreme expression of a man-centered world. The highest
achievement of the heroic personality is to affirm the entire
content of the eternal moment—not merely to submit to it as an
external fate but to "will" it in "joy."36

The opposite response to the dilemmas of the nineteenth century is
a reaffirmation of there being an Absolute; some measure of this
simultaneous response is often referred to now as "the Eliot
tradition," (and before Eliot, perhaps, Matthew Arnold). The two
responses generate different views of man and his
importance/relationship to the world, and Art. The Eliot tradition
pursues some kind of stability, permanence, and Absolute value, while
the "other" subscribes to flux and change, a world, in which there is no
God to "judge" human behavior. If so, man must learn to judge his own
behavior. Nietzsche has one concept of morality: "Morality—the
idiosyncrasy of decadents, with the ulterior motive of revenging oneself
against life—successfully. I attach value to this definition."37
Lawrence has another, and so art serves different purposes also, and
moreover, art need not be tied to all its "traditional" forms.
Lawrence's letter to Garnett in 1914 is so frequently quoted that it is
assumed most serious Lawrence readers know the last few sentences of the
text by memory (that his fiction, The Rainbow in particular, will not
develop along conventional lines, but rather more according to "rhythmic" forms consistent with the internal workings of the characters), but attention should also be turned to a statement made earlier in that same letter that seems to place Lawrence a little less tentatively in the transition between nineteenth century and twentieth century history of ideas. Lawrence calls Marinetti "stupid" for comparing a woman's laughter and the binding of molecules in steel,

because what is interesting in the laugh of a woman is the same [my italics] as the binding of the molecules . . . ; it is the inhuman will, call it physiology, or like Marinetti—physiology of matter, that fascinates me. I don't so much care what the woman feels—in the ordinary usage of the word. That presumes an ego to feel with. I only care about what the woman is—what she is—inhumanly, physiologically, materially—. . . . what she is as a phenomenon (or as representing some greater, inhuman will), instead of what she feels according to the human conception."

Fortunately, Lawrence does not restrict himself to this statement and its inherent inhumanity, and he is intensely committed, consciously or otherwise, to exploring that which is human. Yudhishtar comments (rightly) that Lawrence "laid stress on one or other aspect of the novel's intention," at any given time, and this could easily apply to all of Lawrence's genre.

That "one or the other aspect" drives Lawrence critics to the wall, or at least those who would pin him down at any one phase of his development, much less those of the characters he creates. It is also true that in Lawrence's earlier short fiction and in the late short fiction, many of the central characters' personalities are frequently more symbolically represented than by "natural" traditional fiction methods. For example. "The Man Who Died" or "The Man Who Loved Islands" have more in common with Everyman, perhaps, than with a Dickens novel in
their use of symbolic structures and "moral" overtones. This comes dangerously close to pinning Lawrence down about morality and Art. In Lawrence's essay, "Morality and the Novel," he discusses morality outside the context of the novel:

> If we are going to be moral, let us refrain from driving pegs through anything, either through each other or through the third thing, the relationship, which is for ever the ghost of both of us. Every sacrificial crucifixion needs five pegs, four short ones and a long one, each one an abomination. But when you try to nail down the relationship itself, and write over it Love instead of This is the King of the Jews, then you can go on putting in nails for ever. Even Jesus called it the Holy Ghost, to show you that you can't lay salt on its tail.  

This is appealing philosophy indeed, for then we would have little need of critics, to interpret life, death, novels, short stories, or anything else; but it is, just like others, another "aspect."

Lawrence can no more deny the traditions he comes from than the ones which he breaks. He inherited a badly trampled Christianity, the remnants of philosophical trauma as to whether the body/soul split was indeed the only thing which moralizes man, or as Nietzsche would have it, demoralizes man, and a world, in general, that was on the brink of war with itself, among other things, along with diametrically opposed conceptions about what Art either Should Be or Is, and what purpose(s) it serves. There is more than one place to point to, to say that Lawrence thought the novel the most "flexible" art form, in its general unwillingness to be "nailed down," as opposed to philosophy, "with its fixed ideas; [and] science with its 'laws.'" The rich textures of many of Lawrence's novellas and short stories are internally consistent, often, with this concept. There is considerable risk in trying to nail
them down. There is, too, a parallel with Freud's concept that psychoanalysis can be likened to a chess game: as Fenichel suggests; some of the opening and end games are familiar, but the middle game is capable of such complexities that its course cannot be charted. The novel provides more "space" to describe relatedness than, say, a short story. Nonetheless, a story remains capable of evoking the fictional "atmosphere." Yudhishtar says the stories do not contain the "essential" Lawrence because they are more "rounded-off and finished. It does seem true that Lawrence's "deepest insights," or the expression of them, are often to be found in the novels; on the other hand, the stories (along with the poems, polemical writings, plays, paintings and travel books) are very much part of the fabric from which Lawrentian cloth is woven, wherever it appears. Further, to criticize the stories negatively because they are more "finished" than many novels seems wrong-headed. One might just as well argue than an essay which "suggests" any number of eye glasses through which to view Lawrence but never actually puts any of them on is somehow intrinsically better than a finished essay that pursues, diligently, one theme in Lawrence. There are, to be sure, merits in both types of essays; in that lies the rationale for having considered the stories separately.

In an ideal examination of Lawrence's shorter fiction and its relation to other literature, the history and development of the short story form and Lawrence's particular contributions would be thoroughly investigated; but as an earlier Lawrence critic suggested, Lawrence's stories "stand to be judged first on their merits as stories, and only later in their relation to his other works," and, by logical
extention, to the works of others. At this point, it appears that a deliberate consideration of the stories may provide some better basis for what we interpret elsewhere in Lawrence, and so attention is not here focused on form. Lawrence is himself everywhere he writes, and this alone justifies a serious investigation of the stories. The volume of Lawrence's literary output virtually prohibits a study which "keeps everything in mind" all the time. For example, Frank Kermode's decision to "slight" the poems and short stories in his elegant study, D. H. Lawrence, is perfectly understandable, but we do not all agree that "the novels and certain long stories are central,\(^4\) exclusively. Wherever the center might be, it can at any rate be better defined by looking at the stories, also. The novel is unquestionably a more complex form than the short story; our comprehension will not be decreased, however, by looking at the "less complex" form. "Complex" should be qualified; many of the short story characters develop an enormous amount of complexity in themselves and in their relations to others. And there are a huge number of characters to draw from in the stories.

Every attempt has been made to articulate the point that we must see the "relatedness" of the short stories to some rather large, if not infinite, number of issues, some of which concern Lawrence per se, and some of which do not. Despite the warnings, there are certain sweeping statements to be made; e. g., Lawrence writes about Relatedness. In exploring relatedness, Lawrence perhaps by necessity explores what it is not, also. His work is full of people, real and fictive, who are not properly plugged into the universe. He writes, idealistically, in
"Morality and the Novel" (but again in a series of comments that are not
directed immediately to the novel):

If we think about it, we find that our life consists in this
achieving of a pure relationship between ourselves and the living
universe about us. This is how I "save my soul" by accomplishing a
pure relationship between me and another person, me and other
people, me and a nation, me and a race of men, me and the animals,
me and the trees or flowers, me and the earth, me and the skies and
sun and stars, me and the moon: an infinity of pure relations... .
This, if we knew it, is our life and our eternity: the subtle,
perfected relation between me and my whole circumambient universe.

And morality is that delicate, for over trembling and changing
balance between me and my circumambient universe, which precedes
and accompanies a true relatedness. 47

What happens to morality if the relationship is neither pure nor
perfect? Lawrence records his answers nearly everywhere.

In the history of ideas, what Lawrence has written is very much a
first cousin to Martin Heidegger's concepts of ontological Being. As
Laszlo Versenyi summarizes it, there is not res cogitans/res extensa
dualism in Heidgger, because "man and world can never be separated or
even discussed in separation, for 'world stands precisely for 'men in
their relations to all that is,' for man in the totality of his
relationships. 48 The object of inquiry in Heidegger's Being and Time
is Being; he postulates that we do not need a definition of Being in
order to perceive modes of Being. In explicating this, Versenyi writes
that:

man is, above all, the ontological animal, i.e. the being whose
mode of Being is to be concerned about the Being in which it
participates. Its nature consists in the fact that it has an
understanding and essential relation to its own Being. Dasein is in
such a way that, in its Being, its own Being is always disclosed to
it. Heidegger calls this relation to and disclosure of Being
'existence.' 49

The open-ended thrust of this existential philosophy validates the
importance of change, or flux. Each experience, each manifestation or
disclosure of Being, alters the living relationships. This placed man at the center of his existence, in an effort to clarify human existence from within. Failing to find authenticity in Being and Time, Heidegger then "reversed" himself and put something that was wholly Other at the center. His attempts to overcome humanism and metaphysics fail, of course. The proposal for a more essential human existence paradoxically requires a negation of humanity as a way to overcome humanity. Versenyi writes:

Instead of thinking metaphysically and humanistically, and thereby making thought responsible to itself, Heidegger tries to think nonmetaphysically and nonhumanistically, in order to make human thought responsible—a response—to something Wholly Other. But in this he fails, for he fails to adopt the only appropriate response to what is Wholly Other: utter silence.  

For me, this articulates one of the perceived impulses in Lawrence during the last years of his life, the movement towards silence, evidenced most in the stories. Neither the thinking of the Eliot tradition nor that of Heidegger and the existentialists provides a "solution" to the basic argument of essence versus existence, a variation of the mind/body dichotomy. It is the working towards a solution that characterizes human nature. The emphasis is on process, rightly or wrongly, and few have done more to record it dynamically than Lawrence.

This study of Lawrence's shorter fiction is by no means exhaustive; it is intended to be part of a larger effort to place the fiction within a more responsible context than before. Methodology and tools vary, in keeping with the dynamic nature of Lawrence's thought and fiction. The remarkable changing nature of both, over the course of his life, requires some critical flexibility. At the very least, as has been
documented, the stories reflect Lawrence's life and developing mentality. World War I, perhaps in conjunction with his mother's death and the introduction of Frieda Weekley into his life, is clearly, even simply, a major catalyst to the refinement and intensification of his theories concerning life and art. Death on such a personal level and a global one, simultaneously occurring with the introduction of life and a new matrix for identity in the form of Frieda, are critical events to be comprehended in any study of Lawrence and his art. This simple concept has not been given sufficient emphasis in the past, and it is as evidently central in the short stories as elsewhere. As death on several levels is considered by Lawrence, as well as rebirth, a theology of sorts for the development is human, distinct, concrete and viable identity is established, one which parallels his biography at many points. Toward the end of his life, he returns to a more orthodox Christian view, with special Lawrentian twists as documented in "The Man Who Died," seeking comfort for his own death and the loss of personal identity so hard fought for earlier in his life. The journey, the quest, comes to an end, insofar as it is known through his fiction; the rest is unknown. It seems relevant and appropriate to quote once more from Daniel Schneider, whose recent book is the culmination of thirty years' study devoted to Lawrence. He describes Lawrence's quest sensitively:

Viewing Lawrence's career as a prolonged search for a way of life in which people can grow sanely, with a "natural mind-body harmony," we see his restlessness, his incessant traveling, his "escapism" in an altogether different light from that of the critics who have diagnosed his schizophrenia, his latent homosexuality, his misogyny, his anti-Oedipal reaction, or his romantic naivety. Whatever his personal problems might have been, there remains the disinterested Lawrence, whose life was a prolonged effort to find
in his own and in other cultures the social, racial, and religious conditions that enable an individual to achieve balance, to fulfill all his deepest needs, and to live in healthy relatedness to others and to the inhuman world. This writer is grateful that this book appeared just prior to completion of this thesis, for with the advantage of his years, Professor Schneider has said succinctly what is documented here in a large number of pages. For all our knowledge, however, it is useful to remember what Lawrence himself said:

We know enough. We know too much. We know nothing... And after all, we have to know all before we can know that knowing is nothing.

Imaginatively, we have to know all: even the elemental waters. And know and know on, until knowledge suddenly shrivels and we know forever that we don't know.

Then there is a sort of peace, and we can start afresh, knowing that we don't know.\(^5\)

NOTES


\(^3\)For an extended discussion of the life/death/rebirth cycle as it applies to Lawrence's own physical life and as it is reflected in his later work, cf. Donald Gutierrez, Lapsing Out: Embodiments of Death and


5 Ibid., p. 226.


7 Ibid.

8 Ibid., pp. 119-120.


12 Ibid., p. 57.

13 There are vague issues involved which should be noted. More than one critic has written that to read Lawrence (and Freud) is to be somehow transformed. E. g., Paul Delany in D. H. Lawrence's Nightmare: The Writer and His Circle in the Years of the Great War. (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1978), notes on p. ix. ". . . one cannot write about Lawrence without in some measure writing about oneself."

Also, Paul Ricoeur, as quoted in Donald Dervin, "D. H. Lawrence and Freud," American Imago 36: 95-117, Summer 1979, comments in a similar vein: "Ricoeur acknowledged that to know Freud is to undergo an internal
change. The same holds true for Lawrence. To know them is to be in touch with a radically different sense of self and being in the world. One is not the same after" (p. 113).

A danger should be articulated, however. We do not know, absolutely, what constitutes a "reader's response." I refer the reader to Norman Holland's *The Dynamics of Literary Response* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1968) because of the discussion based on Coleridge's famous term and a chapter devoted to it, "The Willing Suspension of Disbelief." Holland seems correct in saying that this disbelief is the most "puzzling part of our response to literature." (p. 63)

Eclecticism is elastic and offers some obvious advantages, indicated in the above text. It is useful, nonetheless, to keep in mind a recent comment by a Heidegger critic about Heidegger's "eclecticism": "In general, his path through the history of philosophy resembles nothing so much as the wanderings of a prospector with a divining rod: suddenly the rod dips and he makes a find . . . ." [In Hans-Georg Gadamer, trans. by Karen Campbell, "Heidegger and the History of Philosophy," *The Monist*, 64:4, Oct. 1981, p. 11.]

Of course, huge exception can be taken to this statement. Very much to the point is a recent article by Bruno Bettelheim, "Reflections (Freud)," in *The New Yorker*, March 1, 1982, which takes to task the various translators who, in the process of translating, have somewhat systematically "changed" Freud's original intent. For example, Bettelheim points to the translation of *das Ich* and *das Es*, and the loss of personal associations that every native German has for these words. "To mistranslate Ich as 'ego' is to transform it to jargon that no
longer conveys the personal commitment we make when we say 'I' or 'me'.

. . ." (p. 80).

16 The journal American Imago's editorial policy is commendable, with regard to use of psychoanalytic theory in literature, but there are practical implications for other bodies of theory, also: "What is called for is to show how the psychoanalytic import becomes manifest through the artist; image and metaphor, choice of language and other aesthetic forms in the work." [Quoted from Vol. 36:1, 1979.]

17 Yudhishtar, p. 46.


19 Ibid., p. 3.


21 Another has utilized the term, "the Fall." IN Lady Ottoline's reflections about Lawrence, she wrote "It was under the influence of The War that his mind turned to elaborate a philosophy which, perhaps, he thought would clarify the purpose of men. . . . The upheaval caused by The War engendered a similar upheaval in himself." [In D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography, Vol. I (Madison, WI: University of Wisconsin Press, 1957), pp. 308-309.]

Also, sometime later Baruch Hockman wrote in Another Ego that for Lawrence and others, at the time of World War I, "The historical world comes to be seen as a fallen world, reflecting in all its aspects the radical and necessary corruption of the human psyche" (p. 98).


Another relevant dissertation is that of Kenneth G. Asher, "The Dionysian Self: The Image of Man in the Works of Nietzsche and D. H. Lawrence," Dissertation Abstracts 41:235a, no. 8915603 University of California, Berkeley, 1979. Asher writes in the abstract that "Nietzsche and Lawrence are responding to a common cultural crisis." In essence, both argue for the dethronement of reason; both distrust...
"anything resembling normative rules of conduct in the realm of ethics"; both abhor the forms of 19th century democracy. Asher refers to Nietzsche, a posteriori as "the break in history." Further, "the conclusion places both writers squarely in a voluntarist (as opposed to intellectualist) tradition of western thought."

Cf. also Foster and Heirs to Dionysus, listed above.


31 Ibid., pp. 43-44.

32 Ibid., p. 48.

33 Ibid., p. 40.

34 Schopenhauer, in Modern Tradition, p. 397.


36 Modern Tradition, pp. 454-455.


39 Yudhishtar, p. 119.
It is true that statements Lawrence makes about novels cannot be lightly lifted and placed to comment on other genres; but in his discussion of the novel, Lawrence talks also of life and human nature in general. As noted above in entry 16, care has been taken throughout to be certain that the context of quoted material is clear, if not immediately apparent.


Ibid., p. 528.


Yudhishtar, p. 52.


Kermode, p. 1.


Ibid., pp. 4-5.

Ibid., p. 176.

Ibid., p. 6.

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