The sleeping beauty motif in the short stories of D. H. Lawrence

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ABSTRACT OF THESIS

Title: The Sleeping Beauty Motif in the Short Stories of D.H. Lawrence.

by

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In this thesis, ten tales covering almost the whole of D.H. Lawrence's writing career have been analysed in terms of the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif or "the myth of the awakened sleeper" - a motif which has been noted briefly in Lawrence's fiction by several critics. Chapter One begins with a discussion of the Sleeping Beauty legend, its origins and its variants, and leads on to a comparison and contrast of two early tales, The Witch à la Mode and The Daughters of the Vicar; these are, respectively, examples of Lawrence's treatment of the motif in symbolic and realistic terms. There is a further contrast in that these stories introduce the two types of 'Sleeping Beauty' women, respectively - i.e. those who reject the awakening which offers liberation, and those who accept "the lover's kiss that awakens the Sleeping Beauty."

In Chapter Two The Horse-Dealer's Daughter, You Touched Me and The Fox are examined; they possess marked similarities of character and setting, but are sufficiently-varied treatments of the motif to warrant individual analysis.

Chapter Three is concerned with The Princess and None of That, both variants on the negative aspect of the theme, in that they deal with 'Sleeping Beauty' heroines who ultimately

reject any awakening. The Princess is a mature and skilful treatment of this aspect of the theme, whereas None of That is shown to be technically and artistically a regression.

With Sun, Glad Ghosts and The Virgin and the Gipsy, all written during the last period, there is a return to the 'Sleeping Beauty' women who are awakened to new states of being. Symbolism, particularly in Sun, plays an important role, and it is fully discussed.

The thesis concludes with a general discussion of the motif as it appears elsewhere in Lawrence's fiction, and of its relevance to his own life; in this connection, evidence is adduced from the novels and the correspondence.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY MOTIF IN THE SHORT STORIES OF D. H. LAWRENCE

A THESIS FOR THE DEGREE OF M.A.

BY

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C O N T E N T S

Introduction

The title of this thesis is taken from The Intelligent Heart, Harry T. Moore's account of Lawrence's life and work, in which brief references to the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif occur in connection with a number of tales. Moore notes that the theme of the "sleeping princess" is central to five stories and to at least one novel; he also interprets Lawrence's romance with Frieda in similar terms.

In the present study, ten tales, including those noted by Moore, have been analysed and interpreted; they cover almost the whole of Lawrence's writing career. The first chapter deals with Moore's 'Sleeping Beauty' references in full, and at the same time there is a discussion of the nature-myth which lies at the root of the Sleeping Beauty legend. The remainder of the chapter consists of an examination of two early tales, The Witch à la Mode and The Daughters of the Vicar. These form an effective contrast; although The Witch à la Mode reveals technical skill in the handling of symbolism, its chief fault lies in the too insistent use of symbols. The characters, too, are hardly convincing as real people. In The Daughters of the Vicar we find a greater depth of characterization, with realistic elements and symbolism much more in harmony. This contrast is heightened by the fact that we

are introduced, in the two stories, to the two major variants of the "sleeping princess". Winifred Varley of The Witch à la Mode rejects the 'awakening' experience, whereas the second tale deals with a 'Sleeping Beauty' heroine who achieves freedom from the 'thorns' of social and emotional entanglement. The Daughters of the Vicar, too, has greater complexity as a tale; it introduces the theme of the "dual epiphany" or double awakening - an aspect of the main motif which continues into the second phase of writing.

Chapter Two is devoted to three tales written during this second period. It begins with biographical material, some of which is closely related to at least one of the stories. These, The Horse-Dealer's Daughter, You Touched Me and The Fox, share a Midlands background. You Touched Me and The Fox have certain similarities to The Daughters of the Vicar, but are sufficiently clear variants of the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif to warrant detailed analysis. In these tales, too, the role of the 'intruder' or 'outsider' - the equivalent of Prince Charming - who eventually frees the 'Sleeping Beauty' heroine from her imprisonment, which may be restrictive environment, old-maidhood or unnatural relationship, is also discussed at length, in an attempt to demonstrate the evolution of this character from a passive to a dominant figure.

The negative aspect of the motif introduced in The Witch à la Mode is taken up once again in Chapter Three which deals with the later treatment of two failed "sleeping princesses" - women who ultimately reject any kind of 'awakening'. The two tales, based upon Lawrence's experiences in New Mexico - the relevant biographical background is given - are

The Princess and None of That, and in character and setting they are a complete change from the typically English environments of most previous stories. The chapter concludes with a summary of the respective merits of each tale, showing the immense superiority of The Princess in the handling of character, setting and symbol as opposed to None of That, which is artistically a disappointment.

In the final chapter we return to European settings with three stories which deal with the positive aspect of the motif in distinctly different ways. All the heroines accept the transfiguring experience of love, but their respective 'awakenings' take new forms. In previous tales 'awakening' was usually achieved at the cost of alienation from a particular society; in Sun, Glad Ghosts and The Virgin and the Gipsy this is not so. Having achieved personal regeneration of one kind or another, the three 'Sleeping Beauty' women remain within their own society. In Glad Ghosts, there is an accompanying revitalization of the society itself; in the other instances, the tales end with the suggestion that the 'resurrected' heroines will somehow contrive to re-invigorate society from within, fortified by their own regeneration.

The conclusion of the thesis commences with a summary of the various 'Sleeping Beauty' heroines in the tales, both positive and negative. At the same time the variations which occur in each woman from tale to tale are carefully noted. The character of the 'intruder' is also summarised, with incidental reference to his variants in the novels. The relation of the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif to Lawrence's own romance - a fact which is touched upon in connection with minor characters in The Virgin and the Gipsy -

is then discussed. The views of two critics are considered in this respect, and evidence from Frieda Lawrence's letters is adduced.

Specific references to the Sleeping Beauty or variants of the 'sleeping princess' in Lawrence's novels and letters are fully discussed to demonstrate that he often had the motif in mind in one form or another and used it consciously in his work, suitably varied or modified. There is also a summary of the evidence, mainly from his letters, to show his interest in sun-symbolism - symbolism which is central to at least one tale, plays a part in others and which is inherent in the Sleeping Beauty legend as a whole.

Those critics who have recognized the presence of 'the myth of the awakened sleeper' as an integral part of Lawrence's fiction are acknowledged; finally, there is a discussion, with appropriate references, showing the relevance of the theme to Lawrence's outlook on life.

CHAPTER I

This study is an exploration of the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif and its variations in the short stories of D. H. Lawrence. The term is used by Harry T. Moore in The Intelligent Heart to describe a distinctive theme which can be recognized in certain tales throughout most of Lawrence's writing career. This is the theme of the 'unawakened' women, "those modern women who have not been awakened in phallic Consciousness."(1) It involves two principal kinds of women: those who are attracted and awakened by some external influence and those who, although attracted and sometimes partially responsive, ultimately reject the transfiguring experience and thus become in Lawrence's philosophy "life unbelievers."(2)

Moore's first use of the expression occurs in his summary of Dollie Urquhart's character as revealed in The Princess; of this tale he states:

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(1) Harry T. Moore, The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence, (London, 1951), p. 261.

(2) D. H. Lawrence, The Tales, (1934); reprint (London, 1948), p. 1048.

> The Sheltered 'Princess' who knows of life only at a remove, through Maupassant, Zola, wants to try 'sex' with catastrophic results.... Like the Mexican story None of That, this is a reversal of Lawrence's frequent use of the 'Sleeping Beauty' or 'Little Briar Rose' theme, in which the enchanted princess is awakened to life by the prince who breaks through the thorns surrounding her. In Lawrence's stories, the women who 'will' the experience - such as Dollie Urquhart.... and Ethel Cane in None of That - are the failures, in contrast to the women whose awakening has the true magic quality, such as the girls in The Horse-Dealer's Daughter, The Virgin and the Gipsy, and Connie Chatterley.(1)

Moore refers explicitly to the theme later in connection with The Virgin and the Gipsy and Sun:

> The story (The Virgin and the Gipsy), with its water symbol as sex-giving and life-giving, with the man rubbing the half-drowned girl back to consciousness, went back to the earlier tale The Horse-Dealer's Daughter, and it was another variation on the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif, with the 'dark' gipsy as the awakener. It looked to the future, too.... in that it was also a prelude to Lady Chatterley's Lover.... Sun.... embodies much of his (Lawrence's) essential doctrine, dramatized through symbolism, and like many of his stories.... Sun is again a variation of the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif of folklore. Here the hedges of thorn that surround the sleeping (sexually unawakened) woman are cacti, and the kiss that brings her back to life is the kiss of the sun.
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> And the sun, as Elizabeth Goldsmith has pointed out (Ancient Pagan Symbols, 1929), is the universal metamorphist.... the Great Lover who releases imprisoned maidens.... The Prince Charming who releases the 'ice-maiden'.(2)

Moore's final reference to the theme in connection with Sun establishes

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(1) Harry T. Moore, The Intelligent Heart, (London, 1955), p.332

(2) Ibid. pp.349, 351.

a link with the mythical origins of the 'Sleeping Beauty' legend. As a fully-developed fairy-tale it first appeared in the tales of Charles Perrault (1729) as La Belle au Bois Dormant, and in Perrault's Popular Tales, translated by Andrew Lang in 1888, analogous legends are given; there is also the suggestion that "the 'Sleeping Beauty' myth represents the earth awakened from her winter sleep by the kiss of the sun." (1)

The sub-title 'Briar Rose' to which Moore also refers applies to the version by the brothers Grimm, but:

> The earliest form, chronologically speaking, of the sleeping princess, appears to be that in the Teutonic stories of the Nibelungs and Volsungs, when Odin pricked the shield-maid Brynhild, with a sleep-thorn, and thus caused her to sleep in the shield-burg on Hindfell. Sigurd, attracted by an appearance of fire, and finding the slumbering Brynhild, woke her by ripping her armour with his sword Balmung.(2)

Discussing these Teutonic origins of the legend, E. E. Kellett relates them to the Northern belief that the sun had to be awakened each day in order that life could continue. Sigurd, he claims, is, in awakening Brynhild, awakening the sun and in relation to this we are dealing with a "sun-myth" when considering the 'Sleeping Beauty' legend.(3) One is inclined to agree with the last part of this statement, but Kellett's interpretation of Brynhild as the sun is not altogether satisfactory, depending as it does upon his own conclusions concerning the ring of fire with which Brynhild is

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(1) Sir Paul Harvey, ed. The Oxford Companion to English Literature, (1932); reprint, (Oxford, 1958), p. 730.

(2) MacLeod Yearsley, The Folklore of Fairy-Tale, (London, 1924), p. 67.

(3) E. E. Kellett, The Story of Myth, (London, 1928), p. 64.

surrounded. This is indeed a source of light; but it is no more than a barrier between the shield-maid and the outside world and it does not represent Brynhild herself. On the other hand it does provide a parallel with the barrier which surrounds the princess in La Belle au Bois Dormant - a barrier which magically disappears when the true deliverer (Sigurd or Prince Charming) first attempts to cross it. A further point which seems to disprove the interpretation of Brynhild as the sun is the fact that generally in different mythologies the sun is represented as masculine and the earth feminine.(1) What is not in question, however, is the fact that one is here dealing with a myth which involves the re-awakening of a woman who is either physically captive or under a spell of some kind, whether induced by a prick from a sleep-thorn or from the needle of a spinning-wheel. In both cases she is a woman who sleeps on, withdrawn from the life which goes on actively around her prison; and her awakening results from the efforts of an intruder who crosses the barrier and makes contact.

In those of Lawrence's short stories in which the theme is treated, one regularly encounters the isolated, withdrawn or 'dreaming' women such as March in The Fox, who represents "natural energy unawakened or misdirected,"(2) or the Dollie Urquharts and Ethel Canes who are dominated

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(1) Sir J. G. Frazer, The Golden Bough, A Study in Magic and Religion (1922); reprint (London, 1947), pp. 136, 144-5, and
Jacquetta Hawkes, Man and the Sun (London, 1962), pp. 60-1.

(2) Graham Hough, The Dark Sun: A Study of D. H. Lawrence. (London, 1956), p. 176.

and mesmerized by the spell of their own desire for 'willed' experience, for the "life of the imagination." In some tales the actual physical environment is revealed as either restrictive or in a state of decline; as a corollary there is sometimes a negative feminine withdrawal, the women "The world forgetting, by the world forgot."(1) The Daughters of the Vicar, The Horse-Dealer's Daughter, You Touched Me, The Fox and The Virgin and the Gipsy offer examples of such restrictive states of being; and certain details which will be discussed later in the analysis of specific tales conjure up a visual impression of an actual physical barrier to a place of 'enchantment' where true living seems to be held in suspended animation.

Although Harry T. Moore states that The Princess and None of That represent 'reversals' of the 'Sleeping Beauty' theme, one wonders if this is the correct description. Dollie Urquhart and Ethel Cane are still 'sleeping princesses." They ultimately reject the intruder's advances and refuse to be awakened, preferring instead a life of 'voyeurism' or 'willed' experience which they can fully control. However, there are moments in their lives when they become partially roused, and at such moments one feels that they are about to give 'blood' precedence over 'intellect'. In fact, much of the tension of The Princess arises from the dilemma which faces Dollie when she first associates with Romero. She is alternately attracted and repelled, at least until the final scenes when she has already made her decision to reject him and all that he represents, but until then one is not sure how the experience will end. Only at the close

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(1) Pope, 'Eloisa to Abelard' in Collected Poems (London, 1963), p. 101.

of the tale is one certain that she is a 'failed' awakening princess, just as Ethel Cane and Winifred Varley of The Witch à la Mode are failures. In these women 'intellect' dominates over 'blood', and they live a kind of half-existence in which a fundamental part of their being lies in a state of suspended animation - an enforced sleep for which they are largely responsible. Lawrence was attacking this kind of 'willed' attitude to life when he wrote to Edward Garnett in 1913:

> My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what the blood feels, and believes, and says, is always true.(1)

This 'blood' versus 'intellect' motif, which is fundamental to Lawrence's thought, forms a part of certain 'Sleeping Beauty' tales, both in early and late treatments of the theme. The letter to Garnett shows Lawrence taking an extreme point of view on this issue, but if the arguments in a tale like None of That are anything to go by, then it appears that, far from arguing for the supercession of the intellect, he was in fact aiming at the re-establishment of a new balance of opposites - a balance which Ethel Cane, with her false distinction between "imaginative acts and unimaginative acts"(2) is incapable of achieving. However, a fuller discussion of this is best left until later.

The earliest story in which the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif is treated at any length is The Witch à la Mode, which was written by July, 1911, during Lawrence's first phase of writing, when Sons and Lovers was also being

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(1) Harry T. Moore, Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence (London, 1962), p.180.

(2) Tales, op. cit. p.914.

written; its earlier titles were Intimacy and The White Woman.(1) It was not published, though, until June, 1934, when it appeared in Lovat Dickson's Magazine under the present title. Although submitted to publishers around 1921, for some reason it was never printed,(2) and in a letter to Edward Garnett dated 25th September, 1911, Lawrence himself wrote, "Thanks for the advice concerning Intimacy. I myself had felt the drag of the tale, and its slowness in accumulating."(3)

Winifred Varley, the girl in The Witch à la Mode, is another version of Helena of The Trespasser - Helena, "The first of the series of intellectualized, will-driven women.... a 'dreaming woman' of the kind whose passion 'only exhausts itself at the mouth'."(4) Harry T. Moore describes this story as "essentially thin" except for the "exciting and symbolic climax", but one must disagree. Language, symbolism and description indicate a considerable attempt at craftsmanship which is all directed towards obtaining a particular effect. The unity of theme in the tale is undeniable, and one realizes, after studying the description of Winifred, why one of the early titles was The White Woman. The other early title, Intimacy, seems to be more ironic and much less appropriate to the story as a whole. The relationship between Winifred and Bernard Coutts, a Lawrence-like figure, is 'intimate' in one sense - but the intimacy is false and involves possession of one person by another. Winifred wishes to be 'intimate' but not to give herself completely. Such an attitude is not

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(1) Moore, CL op. cit. pp. 78-81.

(2) Warren D. Roberts, A Bibliography of D. H. Lawrence (London, 1963), p.154.

(3) Aldous Huxley, ed. The Letters of D. H. Lawrence (1932); reprint (London 1956), p. 10.

(4) Harry T. Moore, LW, op. cit. p.86.

only emotionally crippling to her, but it also has an adverse effect upon Coutts, who by his presence in Winifred's house is being false to his fiancée in the north.

In this connection the use of the word 'Witch' in the title is appropriate; Winifred's insistence upon 'willed' experience results in a kind of self-imposed 'enchantment', and at the same time she exerts her influence upon Coutts, who suffers both before and after he attempts to break the 'spell'. The final choice of title is certainly not untypical, either. A number of Lawrence's tales, besides those in which the 'Sleeping Beauty' myth is treated, take their tone from the folklore of fairy-tale, a classic example being The Rocking-Horse Winner. (1926)

From the opening lines of The Witch à la Mode, the language begins to convey an atmosphere of ominousness. As Coutts arrives at East Croydon he reflects that he is "tempting Providence".(1) Above him he sees "the blade of the new moon hung sharp and keen", and thinks, "It is like a knife to be used at a sacrifice.... I wonder for whom?"(2) Running concurrently with this imagery of menace is the description of the evening star:

> The young man.... saw the evening star advance, a bright thing, approaching from a long way off, as if it had been bathing in the surf of the daylight, and was now walking shorewards to the night. He greeted the naked star with a bow of the head, his heart surging as the car leapt....! 'It seems to be greeting me across the sky - the star,' he said, amused by his own vanity.(3)

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(1) D. H. Lawrence, The Complete Short Stories 1955; reprint (London, 1965), Volume 1, p. 54.

(2) Ibid. p. 55.

(3) Ibid. pp. 54-5.

In this description one can see both Winifred and Coutts himself. She is, as one sees later, an "isolated white woman" who keeps herself at a distance and the "bright thing approaching from a long way off" surely corresponds to her. The 'night' in this passage refers unmistakably to Coutts; he is one of Lawrence's 'dark' intruders who is about to make an attempt to re-awaken the isolated woman. His interpretation of the star's movements and its significance for him indicates his wishful state of mind in relation to Winifred.

When she enters the story one is reminded of the star-image; expressions of whiteness, light, coldness and isolation predominate:

> Her face was white and impassive, without the least trace of a smile. She was a blonde of twenty-eight, dressed in a white gown just short enough not to touch the ground. Her throat was solid and strong, her arms heavy and white and beautiful, her blue eyes heavy with unacknowledged passion.(1)

On seeing Coutts, she flushes vividly, and again this has special significance. Her 'whiteness' and 'isolation' are affected by his mere presence, and Coutts' own words indicate clearly that we are to take the flushing as symbolic. "'That blush would hurt her,' he said to himself, wincing."(2) After this incident, the symbolism becomes much more overt; in the drawing room Coutts looks at the chimney-piece:

> He knew it perfectly well, but this evening it had a new, lustrous fascination. Over the yellow marble of the mantel rose an immense mirror,

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(1) CSS, op. cit. p. 58.

(2) Ibid.

> very translucent and deep, like deep grey water. Before this mirror, shining white as moons in a soft grey sky, was a pair of statues in alabaster, two feet high. Both were nude figures. They glistened under the side lamps, rose clean and distinct from their pedestals. The Venus leaned slightly forward, as if anticipating someone's coming. Her attitude of suspense made the young man stiffen. He could see the clean suavity of her shoulders and waist reflected white on the deep mirror. She shone, catching, as she leaned forward, the glow of the lamp on her lustrous marble loins.(1)

Looking closely at this extract, one is reminded once more of the opening star-image. The star had been represented as if bathing in "the surf of the daylight". Here, the backcloth to the two statues is "like deep grey water", and the statues themselves are "white as moons". These evoke a memory of the moon which Coutts invested with sacrificial significance, but one of them is also Venus, the evening star, and furthermore she appears to be awaiting someone; the initial approach of the star has now become a waiting and a tense expectancy. Again expressions of 'whiteness' and 'isolation' predominate. The statues are "as white as moons.... alabaster .... nude". Both 'glisten' and rise "clean and distinct" from pedestals. The "clean suavity" of the Venus' shoulders and waist are "reflected white", and underlying the whole description is the star-image of the opening lines. The whole scene, too, has a "lustrous fascination" for Coutts as he sees the "glow of the lamp on her lustrous marble loins". He listens to the piano, looks at Winifred, and it is then that the statue-description makes

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(1) Ibid. pp. 58-9.

its impact, for there is a complete identification of the woman and the statue:

> He watched the strong forward thrust of her neck, the powerful and angry striking of her arm. He could see the outline of her figure; and he found her of resolute independent build. Again he glanced at the Venus bending in suspense. Winifred was blonde, with a solid whiteness, an isolated woman.(1)

One is thus left in little doubt about Winifred's essential nature. The moons, the stars, the statues and even the 'pedestal' image, allied to the words of isolation and whiteness, all contribute to the picture of her as a cold, distant woman.

The sacrificial nature of Coutts' mission to awaken this cold goddess once more becomes apparent as he and Winifred walk together:

> 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.(2)

The moth and flame image occurs again and is used as a kind of symbol for the characteristic 'blood' versus 'intellect' theme. Coutts tells Winifred that he intends to be guided by instinct:

> 'Your candles of speech, symbols and so forth, only lead you more wrong. I'm going to wander blind, and go by instinct, like a moth that flies and settles on the wooden box his mate is shut up in.'

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(1) Ibid. p. 59.

(2) Ibid. pp. 62-3.

> 'Isn't it an ignis fatuus you're after, at that rate?
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> 'Maybe, for if I breathe outwards, in the positive movement towards you, you move off. If I draw in a vacant sigh of soulfulness, you flow nearly to my lips.'(1)

This conversation indicates the emotionally crippling effect that Winifred has on Coutts. He is "not himself", he is attracted against his better instincts and at the end of the tale he realises that "This woman gave him anguish and a cutting short like death; to the other woman he was false".(2) As the final love-scene indicates, Winifred uses Coutts as Dollie Urquhart and Ethel Cane (The Princess, None of That) use, or attempt to use, Romero and Cuesta respectively, for some kind of 'imaginative' or 'controlled' experience with love.

Coutts compares Connie with Winifred, and one sees that all is not well in his relationship with his fiancée - a relationship which seems to involve some kind of repression on the part of Coutts:

> With Connie he felt the old manly superiority; he was the knight, strong and tender, she was the beautiful maiden with a touch of God on her brow. He kissed her, he softened and selected his speech for her, he forbore from being the greater part of himself. She was his betrothed, his wife, his queen, whom he loved to idealize, and for whom he carefully modified himself.... And Winifred fascinated him. He and she really played with fire. In her house, he was roused and keen. But she was not, and never could be, frank. So he was not frank, even to himself. Saying nothing, betraying nothing, immediately they were together they began the same game. Each shuddered, each

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(1) Ibid. p. 63.

(2) Ibid. p. 69.

> defenceless and exposed, hated the other by turns. Yet they came together again. Coutts felt a vague fear of Winifred. She was intense and unnatural - and he became unnatural and intense beside her.(1)

Once again one sees the negative effect of Winifred's isolation upon Coutts - the last sentence could not be more explicit in indicating the 'unnatural' state of both. At the same time, Coutts must take some of the blame for his 'unnatural' state: he appears to be vacillating between two idealized women - the "beautiful maiden with a touch of God on her brow" for whom he carefully modifies himself, and the cold, white Venus on a 'pedestal' who offers no satisfaction either.

The flame image is once more in evidence here and it isn't coincidence that the next sentence brings in associations with the Sigurd legend. As Coutts returns to Winifred she is "fingering the piano from the score of Walküre,(2) and one identifies her once more with the unawakened 'ice-maiden'. The moth and flame imagery, too, especially when one takes into consideration the reference to Walküre, has associations with the barrier of flame which Sigurd braved in order to awaken Brynhild.

Running concurrently with these elements is the theme of whiteness and isolation, which never really lapses throughout the tale. Winifred's defence is her own white inviolability - an inviolability which has the intense burning quality of ice. Even her room is ".... cold in colouring... (with).... ivory-coloured walls, blond, polished floor.... thick ivory-

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(1) Ibid. p. 65.

(2) Ibid. p. 63.

coloured rugs",[1] and there are further terms of whiteness which define her nature:

> .... white approach of her throat.... white closure (of her arms).... hands like small white orchids.... she offered her throat, white, hard and rich.... (2)

The white lamp and the red fire in Winifred's room are used in a symbolic way to indicate her relationship with Coutts. He is surprised that she should have 'red' flowers in her room, with its cold colouring, and as they consider their relationship, "The white lamp burned steadily as moonlight; the red fire like sunset; there was no stir or flicker".[3] Finally, in keeping with her white inviolability, Winifred is described as "impatient of the slightest soil".[4]

Not only are there implied comparisons with the 'Sleeping Beauty' and Brynhild legends, but there is also an association with another isolated woman - The Lady of Shalott. Coutts criticises Winifred for the way in which she disregards him as a person and this brings in the first of Lawrence's references in the tales to this more modern variant of the 'Sleeping Beauty' women:

> 'Exactly.... Exactly.... 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.'(5)

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid. pp. 68-9.
(3) Ibid. p. 68.
(4) Ibid. p. 65.
(5) Ibid. p. 67.

Winifred's wish to live a kind of half-life; at a remove from actual experience, is thus made clear by this reference, but as well as being associated with a poem which involves both an isolated woman and a knight who is responsible for a kind of awakening, Winifred is also nominally linked with a group of destructive women - the Bacchae of Euripides, women whose Dionysiac love-ceremonies resulted in the death of King Pentheus, a man who, like Coutts, "played with fire".

Bearing in mind all these factors and Coutts' own emotional incompleteness, one finds it almost inevitable that he should fail in his mission to re-awaken this particular 'Sleeping Beauty'. For a moment, though, as he and Winifred kiss, there is the beginning of a response:

> She turned suddenly to meet his full, red mouth in a kiss.... It was the first kiss she had genuinely given. Dazed, he was conscious of the throb of one great pulse, as if his whole body were a heart that contracted in throbs. He felt, with an intolerable ache, as if he, the heart, were setting the pulse in her, in the very night, so that everything beat from the throb of his overstrained, bursting body.(1)

Immediately afterwards, however, one realises that Winifred is indeed, in Harry T. Moore's words, a woman whose passion "exhausts itself at the mouth", for one reads:

> The hurt became so great that it brought him out of the reeling stage to distinct consciousness. She clipped her lips, drew them away, leaving him her throat. Already she had had enough. He saw her thus, knew that she wanted no more of him than that kiss.... As he shivered with suffering, he opening his eyes again, and caught sight of the pure ivory of the lamp. His heart flashed with rage.(2)

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(1) Ibid. p. 69

(2) Ibid. pp. 69-70.

Coutts may here feel as if "he, the heart, were setting the pulse in her", but Winifred thinks otherwise, and the 'failure' to respond fully may be compared effectively with the much more positive responses made by the women in The Daughters of the Vicar and in The Fox. Like Dollie Urquhart and Ethel Cane, Winifred is having "none of that" sort of experience; having experimented with love and responded only partially, she wishes to withdraw again to her isolation and become intact once more, just as Dollie does after having 'tried' sex with Romero.(1) Winifred refuses the complete kiss of awakening, and one must remember that even in Perrault's version of the 'Sleeping Beauty' legend there is an element of volition on the part of the woman - she cannot be awakened solely by the efforts of the prince, but must respond to some extent herself. In La Belle au Bois Dormant the prince does not kiss the princess awake, but waits on his knees for several moments and gazes at her:

> Alors, comme la fin de l'enchantement était venue, la princesse s'éveilla, et le regardant avec des yeux plus tendres qu'une première view ne semblait le permettre: 'est-ce vous, mon prince?' lui dit-elle.(2)

The princess must also be able to make the correct responses when the intruder arrives for, one learns,

> "Elle avait eu le temps de songer à ce qu'elle aurait à lui dire; car il y a l'apparence.... que la bon fée, pendant un si long sommeil, lui avait procuré le plaisir de songes agréables."(3)

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 722.

(2) Charles Perrault, Contes (Paris, 1888), p. 15.

(3) Ibid.

When the prince first enters her room, he is greeted with a spectacle of brightness, with a divine quality:

> Il entre dans une chambre toute dorée, et il voit sur un lit, dont les rideaux étaient ouverts de tous côtés, le plus beau spectacle qu'il eut jamais vu: une princesse qui paraissait avoir quinze ou seize ans, et dont l'éclat resplendissant avait quelque chose de lumineux et de divin.(1)

Winifred, we noticed, is regarded by Coutts as some kind of goddess, a creature on a pedestal, like the Venus statue with which he identifies her, and she is described in terms of whiteness and brilliance; towards the end he also tells her that "The old ancients.... gave the gods the suet and the intestines.... They ate the rest. You shouldn't be a goddess".(2) Of this ritual-myth E. E. Kellett states that "the bones, wrapped round with fat, were offered to the gods in sacrifice; the priests ate the rest".(3) From this, one sees that the implication of Coutts' allusion is that Winifred in thus electing for herself such an elevated and isolated state is in fact missing all that is worthwhile in life.

The ivory lamp which was mentioned previously is an important symbol of Winifred's isolation and the nature of Coutts' failure. He feels frustration at his inability to awaken Winifred from the spell of her white inviolability, her mental consciousness. In his mind, she and the "pure ivory" of the lamp are synonymous and in destroying it, he is

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(1) Ibid.

(2) CSS, op. cit. p. 67

(3) Kellett, op. cit. p. 142

symbolically attempting to break through to her. All he succeeds in doing is slightly 'rousing' her, and her words, "I am not hurt.... but you?" are again part of the overall symbolic meaning. She isn't hurt, in the sense that she still preserves her white inviolability. Instead, Coutts is the one who runs out with "burning-red hands" calling himself a "clumsy fool" - clumsy not for having broken the lamp, but for believing that he could break through the barrier to awaken this particular 'sleeping' ice-maiden.(1)

The theme and imagery of The Witch à la Mode occur in several poems, particularly Passing Visit to Helen, which first appeared as Intime (a connection with the early title of Intimacy) in New Poems by D. H. Lawrence, published by Martin Secker in 1918.(2) The poem, which has clear connections with the tale, was probably written some time before that date. In it one sees again the 'flame' imagery of The Witch à la Mode; the woman refers to the "porcelain of my flesh.... My ivory and marble black with stain", and she also describes herself as "priestess execrable". She is a "love-adept" who wants to "warm her hands and invite her soul". All these references connect her with Winifred Varley, whose isolation is symbolized by the "pure ivory" of the porcelain lamp, and who is at various times associated with "whiteness.... ivory.... marble".(3)

The Witch à la Mode, then, far from being "essentially thin", is a fully-worked out symbolic treatment of one aspect of the 'Sleeping Beauty' theme. Winifred remains unawakened at the end of the tale and is thus the prototype of those women in the later tales who are 'failed' sleeping

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(1) CSS, op. cit. p. 70.

(2) Roberts, op. cit. p. 142.

(3) D. H. Lawrence, The Complete Poems, ed. Pinto & Roberts (London, 1954), Vol. 1. p. 150.

princesses. For her eventual development in more realistic terms one must wait until The Princess. For neither Coutts nor Winifred can really be called fully-developed characters. They are "essentially thin" in the realistic sense, their purpose being insistently symbolic. This brings us to the real limitation of the tale, which is its too insistent use of symbolism. The next tale for consideration is a complete contrast; it not only deals with the positive aspect of the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif, but does it in a satisfying realistic manner which at the same time does not exclude symbolic moments.

This tale, The Daughters of the Vicar, was written by September, 1911[1] and it appeared in the first collected edition of short stories, The Prussian Officer, published by Duckworth in 1914. There was an early version, under the original title of Two Marriages, but this was not published until March 24th, 1934, when it appeared in Time and Tide. Unfortunately, this version is not at the moment available.

The Daughters of the Vicar is a very different sort of tale from The Witch à la Mode; for one thing, in addition to being much more realistic generally it contains characters who are fully developed. The 'Sleeping Beauty' motif, too, appears in a different form. One recognises Mary, and more particularly, Louisa, as examples of "natural energy, unawakened and misdirected,"[2] but one also realises that there is a significant difference between the two girls. Louisa, as the story progresses, is revealed as having the potentially correct state of mind - a

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(1) Keith Sagar, The Art of D. H. Lawrence, (Cambridge, 1966), p. 16.
(2) Hough, , op. cit. p. 176.

state of receptivity and awareness - to the external 'stimulus' or 'intrusion' which will result in her awakening, whereas Mary proves to be less amenable and is therefore a 'failure' in the same sense as Winifred Varley, Ethel Cane and Dollie Urquhart are failures - although subsequently Mary proves not to be so complete a failure as these three.

The tale has another significant difference in that it includes male counterparts to these two unawakened women; one of the 'outsiders', Alfred Durant, the sailor who returns from abroad to work in the mine, is responsible for provoking some kind of response from Louisa, but is otherwise a curiously passive figure, unlike Coutts in The Witch à la Mode, who makes all the advances. Durant himself is shown to be in need of awakening and, as a consequence of this, the element of volition on the part of Louisa is marked; having been given a sense of direction and a shock of awareness by her recognition of the "fine jet of life" in Alfred, she discovers that she must exert herself to bring him in turn to a realisation of his own selfhood. As a contrast to Albert's passive yet still vital quality, one has the cleric, Massy, who eventually marries Mary Lindley - Massy, who is in many respects a male version of Ethel Cane or Dollie Urquhart by virtue of his sole reliance on 'willed' existence. Represented almost as a pure will, he is, for all his apparent activity of mind, a complete nullity - and what is worse, a nullity who has an emotionally debilitating effect on Mary.

Isolation, too, in The Daughters of the Vicar, is presented in much more realistic terms. The characters of both Louisa and Mary, unlike that of Winifred Varley, are shown as the natural consequencesof their

environment - an environment which is both restrictive and life-denying. It is in effect a prison from which they need release. This isolated environment is presented concretely even in the physical description of church and vicarage:

> And so the little building crouched like a humped stone and mortar mouse, with two turrets, and the west corners for ears.... as far as possible from the dwellings down the high road. It had big-leaved ivy, to hide its shrinking newness .... So that now the little church stands buried in its greenery, stranded and sleeping among the fields.... It is already obsolete.(1)

However, the isolation is of a much more complex nature than this; it is also presented in terms of class. Lindley, the vicar, considers himself socially superior, but is in fact inferior as a human being because, "He had no particular character, having always depended on his position in society to give him position among men.... he dragged on pale and miserable and neutral."(2) The vicar is thus revealed as the precursor of Yvette's father in The Virgin and the Gipsy, and like him is a kind of "life unbeliever". Both he and Mrs. Lindley are two of a kind; what that kind is, and what sort of effect they have on the children is apparent from the following extracts:

> The children grew up healthy, but unwarmed and rather rigid. Their father and mother educated them, made them very proud and very genteel, put them distinctly and cruelly in the upper classes, apart from the vulgar around them. So, they lived quite isolated. They were good-looking, and had that curiously clean, semi-transparent look of the genteel, isolated and poor.(3)

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(1) CSS, op. cit. p. 136.

(2) Ibid. p. 137.

(3) Ibid. p. 138.

As the family walk through the village, they do so as "a pale, distinguished procession.... mutely, with an air of gentility and distance,"(1) and Alfred remembers how, in church "he had seen Miss Louisa, impassive and reserved, sitting with Miss Mary, who was proud and very distant, and with the other Lindleys, who were people removed. Alfred saw them as people remote. He did not think about it. They had nothing to do with his life."(2) The whole family appears to be existing in a state of isolation, and Lawrence uses language and description to create an effect similar to that achieved in The Witch a la Mode with the character of Winifred Varley; the difference is that his work shows much more subtlety in the second tale.

Within this isolation, too, there is a significant difference; of Mary, it is stated that, "She was a long, slim thing with a fine profile and a proud pure look of submission to a high fate." As a contrast Louisa is "short and plump and obstinate-looking. She had more enemies than ideals."(3) The effect of this and other contrasts is to reveal Louisa as the sister with the greatest potential for full 'awakening'. At the outset she is no less trapped and inhibited than is Mary; she also lacks direction, but one feels that she will be responsive when the 'intruder' enters her life.

In the meantime, though, the lives of the sisters are "a horrible nothingness,"(4) - a nothingness which is the natural and inevitable

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid. p. 177.
(3) Ibid. p. 138.
(4) Ibid. p. 144.

consequence of the family's physical and spiritual isolation from society. As with the Rockley sisters in You Touched Me, social position limits their chances of marriage; for Mary and Louisa there are "no eligible young men in Aldecross",(1) and Matilda and Emma Rockley are described as "already old maids", who, because of their "expectations above the common" shrink from marriage with "colliers and pottery-hands".(2)

Into this situation of isolation comes the first outsider - Massy, who brings with him only nullity and no awakening. In him, Lawrence is once more criticizing those who live the 'willed' existence, whose belief is wholly in the abstract instead of in "the blood and the flesh".(3) Massy, one quickly learns, is a cold, lifeless individual:

> (Massy) had not normal powers of perception. They soon saw that he lacked the full range of human feelings, but had rather a strong, philosophical mind, from which he lived. His body was almost unthinkable, in intellect he was something definite. The conversation at once took on a balanced abstract tone when he participated. There was no spontaneous exclamation, no violent assertion or expression of personal conviction, but all cold, reasonable assertion.... in normal human relationships he was not there.... always apart in a cold, rarefied little world of his own.... Nothing that he realised he could do for anyone did he leave undone, although he was so incapable of coming into contact with another human being that he could not proffer help.. .... (he).... seemed to have no sense of any person, any human being whom he was helping.... his religion consisted in what his scrupulous, abstract mind approved of.(4)

Louisa regards Massy as "nearly an imbecile",(5) and utterly rejects him;

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 286.

(3) Harry T. Moore, CL, op. cit. p. 180.

(4) CSS, op. cit. pp. 145-6.

(5) Ibid. p. 150.

even her mother considers him a "little abortion."(1) Mary, the sister "with a proud, pure look of submission to a high fate," is the one who accepts him, despite her distaste. However, even Mary's sacrifice is not made without a struggle, for one reads that "Her physical self was prouder, stronger than he, her physical self disliked and despised him. But she was in the grip of his moral and mental being."(2) Later, one discovers that,

> In marrying him (she) tried to become a pure reason such as he was, without feeling or impulse. She shut herself up, she shut herself rigid against the agonies of shame, the terror of violation which came at first. She would not feel and she would not feel. She elected a certain kind of fate. She would be good and purely just, she would live in a higher freedom than she had ever known, she would be free of mundane cares, she was a pure will towards right. She had sold herself, but she had a new freedom. She had got rid of her body. She had sold a lower thing, her body, for a higher thing, her freedom from material things.(3)

From all this one realises what kind of effect Massy has had upon Mary. She feels that he is a nullity, that there can be nothing positive from him, but she wills herself to think and believe otherwise. Instead of 'awakening' Massy brings only violation and nullity - a contrast to those intruders in later stories who are in a sense 'violators' but whose intrusion is followed by a positive re-awakening on the part of the "sleeping princesses." There is only one weakness about the presentation of Massy's character - it could do with more dramatization and less

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(1) Ibid. p. 145
(2) Ibid. p. 150.
(3) Ibid. p. 153.

statement. As we shall see later, this is a fault which occurs to some extent even in Lawrence's mature work, so perhaps one can accept it in an early work like The Daughters of the Vicar which is, anyway, an outstanding work among his early tales.

Ultimately, Mary Lindley reaches the point when, in common with her father, she has few positive inner resources remaining and can therefore only rely on her social position. When Alfred Durant visits the vicarage, Mary patronisingly thinks of him as "an honest man,"(1) and then one reads:

> The patronage was applied as a salve to her own sickness. She had station, so she could patronise: it was almost all that was left to her, But she could never have trusted herself outside a definite place, nor respected herself except as a woman of superior class.(2)

Mary has thus placed herself in the position of her own father who, at the beginning of the tale, was described as "Having no particular character, having always depended on his position in society to give him position among men."(3) In denying herself, in attempting to live an unfeeling 'willed' existence, she cripples herself emotionally.

Louisa, like her parents, but out of different motives (their acceptance of Massy is governed by purely material considerations), at first acquiesces in the relationship, but eventually has a revulsion of feeling. Of Massy, she emphatically feels, ".... He was never going to touch her....She was glad that her blood would rise and exterminate the little man, if he came

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(1) Ibid. p. 174.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Ibid. p. 137.

too near her, no matter how her judgment was paralyzed by him, no matter how he moved in abstract goodness."(1) These feelings point to an unmistakable confrontation of 'blood' and 'intellect.'

Despite her opinion of Massy, Louisa does not at first condemn her sister. Although certainly angry with Mary, asking herself, "Did the real things to her not matter after all?" she still regards her sister as some kind of higher spirit, feeling that "Nevertheless, perhaps she ought still to feel that Mary, on her plane, was a higher being than herself."(2) Untimately, however, her condemnation is complete:

> Her revulsion made her recoil from the hitherto undoubted Mary.
>
> 'I'd beg the streets first.' (she said)
>
> But evidently Mary could perform a different heroism. 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. It was no longer genuine for her. And if Mary were spiritually misguided, why did not her father protect her? Because of the money. He disliked the whole affair, but he backed away, because of the money.(3)

The final condemnation involves the whole family and in making it, Mary puts her finger on the essential incompleteness of her relatives:

> 'They are wrong - they are all wrong. They have ground out their souls for what isn't worth having, and there isn't a grain of love in them anywhere. And I will have love. They want us to deny it. They've never had it, so they want to say

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(1) Ibid. pp.152-3.

(2) Ibid. p. 153.

(3) Ibid. p. 155.

> it doesn't exist. But I will have it. I will love - it is my birthright.'(1)

This emphatic insistence on having love is in strong contrast to Mary's denial of any feeling within herself - a denial which, one remembers, was expressed in equally emphatic terms when she felt that "She would not feel, and she would not feel."

In condemning her family, Louisa becomes isolated from them; paradoxically enough, though, she is far less isolated than she has ever been, in terms of her state of receptivity to the 'outside' stimulus which will result in a new kind of life for her. She feels that she is right and that "Mary was wrong; wrong, wrong; she was not superior, she was flawed, incomplete. The two sisters stood apart."(2)

This condemnation defines Mary and Louisa as the two types of unawakened women in the short stories. Mary, in common with Dollie Urquhart and Ethel Cane later, denies one part of her being by willing herself to marry Massy - in effect, she changes one barren environment for another kind of imprisonment and ends as "flawed, incomplete". Instead of the isolation of the vicarage as a dominating factor in her life, she now finds herself "in the grip of his (Massy's) moral and mental being." Louisa, on the other hand, although isolated from her family, is ready to be awakened fully, but lacks direction, for one learns that,

> A new solitariness came over the obstinate Louisa, and her heavy jaw set stubborn. She was going her own way. But which way? She was quite alone, with a blank world beforeher. How could she be said to have any way?(3)

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(1) Ibid. pp. 155-6.

(2) Ibid. p. 156.

(3) Ibid.

One knows in which direction she will be impelled; Alfred Durant has already had an effect on her, during his father's deathbed scene; in this incident, he is presented as an effective contrast to Massy, whose very antithesis he is. Louisa experiences her first moment of 'contact' with Alfred during this scene. She becomes conscious of his inner self-hood, a kind of inner vitality, as he stands there, a living answer to the nullity of Massy who is described in the same episode as "like a foretaste of inexorable cold death, a taste of pure justice,"(1) and in the 'context' of such a person as the cleric, her response to Alfred's unconscious stimulus appears wholly natural.

Alfred, then, is the natural source of attraction for Louisa during this scene; it is also surely of symbolic significance that he is associated with the sun to some extent - once more one is reminded that the legend underlying the 'Sleeping Beauty' tale is a sun-myth. He is represented as full of energy and vitality; he is 'red-faced' and Louisa feels that beside him "Mr. Massy looked queer and obliterated, so little now that the sailor with his sun-burned face was in the room."(2) She notices his 'sun-scorched' hair and neck "tanned firm" and these details come very effectively and fittingly before the image of Massy as "inexorable cold death." Later, as Louisa talks to Mary about her visit to the Durants' house, she thinks of Alfred's significance for her.

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(1) Ibid. p. 149.

(2) Ibid. p. 149.

> Her heart, her veins, were possessed by the thought of Alfred Durant.... the break in his voice as she remembered it again and again, was like a flame through her; and she wanted to see his face more distinctly in her mind, ruddy with the sun, and his golden-brown eyes.... the fine nose tanned hard by the sun, the mouth that could not help smiling at her.... And it went through her with pride, to think of his figure, a fine jet of life.(1)

Here again Alfred has associations with sun, and at times he appears to become almost a symbol in himself of natural energy. One notices, too, in this passage, the reference to a feeling like 'flame' passing through Louisa as she responds to Alfred's inherent vitality - and the flame reference is a common motif in Lawrence's short stories. In one sense, Alfred's sun-quality is an interesting attribute; we know that he has been abroad, but now he works down the pit - a place one hardly associates with sun.

Although Alfred is a "fine jet of life" to Louisa, he is totally unaware of his significance and value as a life-symbol; instead, he is only conscious of a sense of incompleteness within himself. This is indicated in the passages which summarise his early life - passages which also evoke a memory of Tom Brangwen of The Rainbow, a novel which was in the process of being written about this time. Both use drinking as a substitute for an indefinable something which they lack; both envy those of their contemporaries who can become totally oblivious through drinking; but both also realise that it is inadequate for their needs. Alfred, one learns, "Began to drink, as the others had done; but not

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(1) Ibid. p. 164.

in their blind oblivious way. He was a little self-conscious over this."(1) Tom finally realises that, "he had achieved his satisfaction by obliterating his own individuality...."(2)

Of Alfred's essentially 'unawakened' state there can be little doubt; experience as a sailor has not proved to be the answer to his difficulties:

> He came home again, nearly thirty years old, both naïve and inexperienced as a boy, only with a silence about him that was new: a sort of dumb humility before life, a fear of living. He felt as it were, not physically, but spiritually impotent; not actually impotent, but intrinsically so.
>
> He came home with this secret, never-changing burden of his unknown, unbestowed self torturing him.... At the bottom of his soul was always this canker of shame and incompleteness.... He would have changed with any mere brute, just to be free of this shame of self-consciousness. He saw some collier lurching straight forward without misgiving, pursuing his own satisfaction, and he envied him. Anything, he would have given for this spontaneity and this blind stupidity which went to its own satisfaction direct.... There was a little smile on his face. But underlying it was the curious consciousness he felt in himself.(3)

Tom Brangwen is also described as attempting to 'free' himself; he drinks excessively yet discovers "still he could not get free."(4) He is also determined that "He would get free."(5)

Yet not only the sense of his own incompleteness prevents Alfred from making the first move towards Louisa; he is hampered both by considerations

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(1) Ibid. p. 164.

(2) D. H. Lawrence, The Rainbow (New York, 1924), p. 21.

(3) CSS, op. cit. pp. 164-7.

(4) The Rainbow, op. cit. p. 21.

(5) Ibid.

of social status, and by his attachment to his mother, and in fact the scenes following his mother's death are very similar to those which succeed the death of Mrs. Morel in Sons and Lovers. Both sons feel that they are heading towards a kind of chaos; in a sense, Alfred is emotionally paralyzed and cannot act positively on his own initiative.

Louisa, who has already defied one set of social attitudes in rejecting both her environment and the Mary-Massy relationship, has no such inhibitions. Her first contact with the Durant home disturbs her, particularly because she "had felt the almost repulsive intimacy of taking part in the fixed routine of life being forced upon her,"(1) but when the second and crucial moment of 'contact' takes place, she is completely sure of her response to Alfred's inner quality of life:

> His skin was beautifully white and unblemished, of an opaque, solid whiteness. Gradually Louisa saw it: this also was what he was. It fascinated her and feelings of separation passed away. She ceased to draw back from contact with him and his mother. There was this living centre. Her heart ran hot. She had reached some goal in this beautiful, clear male body. She loved him in a white, impersonal heat. But the sunburnt, reddish neck and ears; they were more personal, more curious. A tenderness rose in her, she loved even his queer ears. A person - an intimate being he was to her. She put down the towel and went upstairs again, troubled in her heart. She had only seen one human being in her life - and that was Mary. All the rest were strangers. Now her soul was going to open, she was going to see another. She felt strange and pregnant.(2)

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(1) CSS, op. cit. p. 170.

(2) Ibid. p. 171.

Louisa is aware of what she wants after this incident, and her state of near-completeness is a significant contrast to Alfred's sense of a lack within himself - a lack of which Louisa is also aware and about which she realises she must do something. She feels of Alfred that,

> It was hard to get at him. He was so deferential, quick to take the slightest suggestion of an order from her, implicitly, that she could not get at the man in him.... How was she to get at the man in him.... How was she to approach him? For he could not take one step towards her. He would only put himself entirely and impersonally at her service, glad to serve her, but keeping himself quite removed from her. She could see he felt real joy in doing anything for her, but any recognition would confuse and hurt him.(1)

To Alfred, Louisa is something beyond him, and the distance is not solely a consequence of their difference in social status. He considers her with awe and reverence as a kind of divine creature whom he can never hope to approach. This much is obvious from his thoughts as he watches her writing:

> As she sat writing he placed another candle near her. The rather dense light fell in two places, on the overfoldings of her hair till it glistened heavy and bright, like a dense, golden plumage, folded up. Then the nape of her neck was very white, with fine down and pointed wisps of gold. He watched it as if it were a vision, losing himself. She was all that was beyond him, of revelation and exquisiteness. All that was ideal and beyond him, she was that - and he was lost to himself in looking at her. She had no connection with him. He did not approach her. She was there, like a wonderful distance... he was sensible of the wonder of the evening. The

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(1) Ibid. pp. 172-3.

> candles glistened and her hair seemed to fascinate him. He felt a little awe of her, and a sense of uplifting.(1)

Alfred's awe, coupled with this description, recalls a similar scene in Perrault's version of the 'Sleeping Beauty' legend; the prince, too, considers the princess, "dont l'éclat resplendissant avait quelquechose de lumineux et de divin," as a beingfar removed from him, having an almost divine quality. The whole scene in The Daughters of the Vicar is important in establishing the fact that Alfred is attracted to Louisa, but inhibited. Even during the moment of 'contact' he is still so, but on that occasion he almost frees himself from the prison of his own incompleteness. In contrast to later tales, such as The Horse Dealer's Daughter and You Touched Me, the relationship is developed more gradually and one is not presented with only one crucial moment of 'contact.' For example, Louisa is naturally attracted to Albert's vitality which is such a positive force when compared with Massy's nullity; later, she actually touches Alfred during the washing episode and this confirms what she had felt during the deathbed scene.

Alfred, on the other hand, is not at first aware of anything during that first meeting, except his father's death; his first moment of approaching awareness occurs when he sees Louisa transfigured in the candlelight; and finally, he approaches a state which is very close to the contact Louisa experienced during the back-washing incident. As he enters his sick mother's bedroom, he is surprised, as is Matilda Rockley of You Touched

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(1) Ibid. p. 173

Me, to find someone else there:

> The light fell on the bed. There he saw Louisa lying looking up at him. Her eyes were upon him. He saw the rough hair like bright vapour about her round head, and the two plaits flung coiled among the bedclothes. It gave him a shock. He stood almost himself, determined. Louisa cowered down....(1)

Here, he is almost shocked into a complete awareness and the action it would logically involve, but he cannot yet assert himself entirely. His "moral and mental being" is still under the influence of his mother to some extent and, as we have noted, there exist other inhibiting factors; he looks at Louisa and then "He looked at his mother's eyes. Then he gave way again, and ceased to be sure, ceased to be himself."(2) This emphasis on being or not being one's self reaches its conclusion in the final love-scene when, as George H. Ford points out, there takes place "a kind of two-fold epiphany, the united experience transforming both characters."(3)

For the moment, though, Alfred is in a similar state of mind to Paul Morel of Sons and Lovers. Both men are conscious of an immense chaos after their mothers' deaths. Paul feels lost and bewildered:

> Everywhere the vastness and terror of the immense night which is roused and stirred for a brief while by the day, but which returns, and will remain at last eternal, holding everything in its silence and its living gloom. There was no Time, only Space. Who could say his mother had lived and did not live? She had been in one place and was in another.

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(1) Ibid. p. 175.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Geo. H. Ford, Double Measure: A Study of the Novels & Short Stories of D. H. Lawrence. (New York, 1965), p. 98.

> And his soul could not leave her, wherever she was. Now she had gone abroad into the night, and he was with her still.... Where was he.... He could not bear it.... On every side the immense dark silence seemed pressing him, so tiny a spark, into extinction.(1)

When Alfred's mother dies he too feels disorientated:

> 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 bonds, and he was lost in a great bewildering flood, immense and unpeopled. He himself was spilled out amid it all.(2)

Both men realise the extent of their dependence on their respective mothers; Alfred, one learns, "was a man whose life had been filled up with small activities," and "without knowing it, he had been centralised, polarised in his mother. It was she who had kept him. Even now, when the old housekeeper had left him, he might still have gone on in the old way. But the force and balance of his life was lacking."(3) Paul Morel feels "....crumpled up and lonely. His mother had really supported his life. He had loved her."(4) Unlike Paul, however, Alfred does not know finally where to go; Louisa is the one who forces the issue by calling upon him. To Alfred, she still remains someone distant and divine, however, and he is incapable of action:

> Her face was pale and set. It looked heavy and impassive, her hair shone richer as she grew white. She was to him something steady and immovable and eternal presented to him. His

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(1) D. H. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers (1913); reprint, (London, 1948), p. 510.

(2) CSS, op. cit. p. 176.

(3) Ibid.

(4) Sons and Lovers, op. cit. p. 495.

> heart was hot in anguish of suspense. Sharp twitches of fear and pain were in his limbs. He turned his whole body away from her. The silence was unendurable. He could not bear to sit there any more. It made his heart get hot and stifled in his breast.(1)

Louisa realises that Alfred cannot make the first advances and she therefore decides to leave, but then realises that her departure will be an admission of defeat for "If she went out of the house as she was, she went as a failure."(2) The words "as she was" indicate that even Louisa is not yet completely awakened and this she feels; but at this crucial moment and despite Alfred's impotence of spirit, she becomes suffused with a fiery quality which inspires her to take the initiative; once more the 'flame' imagery so often found in Lawrence's work plays an important part as "suddenly a sharp pain, like lightning, seared her from head to foot, and she was beyond herself.... suffocated, her lungs full of fire."(3) Immediately upon this comes the moment of naked visual contact which occurs later so effectively between March and the fox and between her and Henry Grenfel in The Fox. As Alfred and Louisa look at each other, it is as if "their souls were exposed bare for a few moments,"(4) just as when March sees the fox she feels that "he knew her. She was spellbound - she knew he knew her. So he looked into her eyes, and her soul failed her."(5) One encounters a similar use of this 'insight' motif in None of That, another tale with the 'Sleeping Beauty' theme, when Cuesta is described

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(1) CSS, op. cit. p. 180.
(2) Ibid. p. 180.
(3) Ibid.
(4) Ibid. p. 180.
(5) Tales, op. cit. p.421.

as being able to "look at the little bit inside your body where you keep your courage."(1)

Despite the fact that Alfred Durant is one of Lawrence's 'intruders' the relationship between him and Louisa is not a simple matter of one 'outsider' bringing awareness arbitrarily. The relationship in The Daughters of the Vicar is of a much more co-operative nature than this; it develops realistically with each moment of attraction or contact, and although he is an intruder, one of those whom Anthony West says "have acquired a direct sympathy with the dynamic forces which make the sap rise and the earth turn,"(2) Alfred is himself dependent to some extent upon Louisa to help him harness these 'forces' positively. Even at the final moment, he is still not sure of himself, and Louisa is forced to ask him whether he wants her or not. This question provokes him to action, he puts his arms around her, and this time he does find himself:

> Then gradually, as he held her gripped, and his brain reeled round, and he felt himself falling, falling from himself, and whilst she yielded up, swooned to a kind of death of herself, a moment of utter darkness came over him, and they began to wake up again as if from a long sleep. He was himself.(3)

In this final moment of self-realisation and awareness, the theme of 'awakening' is once more taken up; it has been apparent for some time, too, that one is dealing not only with a "sleeping princess" in The Daughters of the Vicar, but with a "sleeping prince" also - and that

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(1) Ibid. p. 899.

(2) Anthony West, D. H. Lawrence (London, 1950), p. 110.

(3) CSS, op. cit. p. 181.

the awakening is the "dual epiphany" to which Geo. H. Ford refers. Both Alfred and Louisa need to escape from a restrictive state of being, and both have to act in order to break the confines of their restricted, and in Alfred's case, even 'mesmerized' state; the awakening, to which the relationship gradually leads, yet has the "true magic quality" referred to by Harry T. Moore in connection with this and later 'Sleeping Beauty' tales. In fact, Alfred's new feelings are similar to those of the young doctor, Ferguson, in You Touched Me. Both feel as though they have been 'hurt' in their hearts; both are aware of pain and a "new dispensation" - but both are glad of their painful awareness. Alfred feels "as if his heart were hurt, but glad,"(1) whilst the doctor is aware of "his heart hurting him in a pain that was also life to him."(2)

Both Louisa and Alfred represent success in terms of the theme of the 'unawakened' in Lawrence's short stories; against their success one balances the 'failures' of Mary and Massy, although, as indicated, Mary does make a further protest against the nullity of her family by condemning their attitude to the marriage of Louisa and Alfred. Her revolt, significantly, comes only after the birth of her child - a child which is a new kind of 'intruder' that threatens to disrupt her 'willed' state of living:

> Her heart hurt in her body, and she took the baby between her hands. The flesh that was trampled and silent in her must speak again in the boy. After all, she had to live - it was not so simple as that. Nothing was finished

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 341.

> completely. She looked and looked at the baby, and almost hated it and suffered an anguish of love for it. She hated it because it made her live again in the flesh, when she could not live in the flesh, she could not. She wanted to trample her flesh down, down, extinct, to live in the mind. And now there was this child. It was too cruel, too racking. For she must love the child. Her purpose was broken in two again. She had become amorphous, purposeless, without real being. As a mother, she was a fragmentary, ignoble thing.(1)

There is then a new influence, a new impulse in Mary's life, but it appears to have come too late to bring about a full re-awakening, and her 'fragmentary' state compares most unfavourably with her awakened sister's wholeness of being.

These two early tales, The Witch à la Mode and The Daughters of the Vicar, have been explored with the intention of demonstrating that Lawrence was concerned, even at such an early stage of his writing career, with the theme of the 'awakened' and the 'unawakened,' the isolated and the accessible, and in The Daughters of the Vicar, with the "sleeping prince" aspect of the theme. As the Conclusion will show, there is a specific reference to the 'Sleeping Beauty' legend in The White Peacock, a novel of this first writing period. However, in these first two tales and in later stories, one should not look for a completely analogous narrative to the 'Sleeping Beauty' legend. Indeed, Andrew Lang states that "It seems useless to interpret La Belle au Bois Dormant as a nature myth throughout. The story, like all contes, is a patchwork of incidents, which recur elsewhere, in different combinations."(2)

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(1) CSS, op. cit. p. 154.

(2) Andrew Lang, ed. The Popular Tales of Perrault (London, 1888), Introduction p. liv.

One feels that Lang's statement can be applied equally to those of Lawrence's short stories which come under the heading of Harry T. Moore's 'Sleeping Beauty' description. They do contain the motif, in a greater or lesser degree, but are not complete analogies; at least three tales deal with 'failed' sleeping princesses, for example. Intruders, too, differ from tale to tale, and, as we shall see, there is a gradual evolution of this character; heroines and restrictive environments also vary, as they must unless each story is merely to repeat the original legend.

CHAPTER II

The comparison of The Witch à la Mode and The Daughters of the Vicar demonstrates clearly how Lawrence moved, in his treatment of the 'Sleeping Beauty' theme, from the too insistently symbolic to the convincingly realistic, achieving, in the second tale, overall unity of symbol and realism. Three tales of the post-1914 period, The Horse-Dealer's Daughter, You Touched Me and The Fox, retain this unity, and at the same time introduce further developments and variations.

Novels in the process of being written at this time were Aaron's Rod (December, 1917-May, 1921), and The Lost Girl. The second novel was of "quite early vintage," having been begun in Gargagno, Italy, in 1913,(1) but the final version "was begun on 12 February 1920 and finished on 5 May.... as Mixed Marriage."(2)

By this time, Lawrence had married Frieda Weekley, whom he had first met in 1911. From 1918-19 they lived mainly in two places; by January 12, 1918, they were established at Chapel Farm Cottage, Hermitage, near

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(1) Roberts, op. cit. p. 46.

(2) Sagar, op. cit. p. 100.

Newbury, Berkshire.(1) During this time they met Cecily Lambert Minchin and Violet Monk, the two girls on whom Jill Banford and Ellen March of The Fox were based;(2) they also stayed for a short time at Grimsbury Farm, which provided the model for Bailey Farm in the tale. After a stay at Mountain Cottage, Middleton-by-Wirksworth, Derbyshire, from 7th May 1918 until April 1919, the Lawrences returned to the Hermitage, where they remained until Lawrence's departure for Italy on 14th November 1921. He was soon joined by Frieda and from 1919 until 1922 they spent their time in Italy, Capri, Sicily and Austria, their base being the Villa Fontana Vecchia, Taormina, which they had rented in March, 1920.

The first of the three 'Sleeping Beauty' tales for discussion in this chapter, The Horse-Dealer's Daughter, was written in 1916 as The Miracle, but only published in 1922 when it appeared in The English Review.(3) There was also some lapse of time between writing and publication of You Touched Me; although probably written in the winter of 1918-19, it was published for the first time in Land and Water for 29th April, 1920. The last tale, The Fox, had the most involved writing history of all three. Keith Sagar notes that "The first version.... was written in November 1918.... The story was re-written in the summer of 1919 and a new ending added in Mid-November 1921,"(4) and it was published in Dial for May-August 1922.(5) Warren D. Roberts points out that "When Lawrence sent his manuscripts to

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(1) Edward Nehls, D. H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography (University of Wisconsin, 1957), Volume 1, page 44.

(2) Ibid. pp. 463-7.

(3) Sagar, op. cit. p. 73.

(4) Ibid. p. 99.

(5) Ibid.

Curtis Brown for England, My England.... in December, 1921, he included The Fox. Although he noted that the "first part" had been included in Nash's Magazine, a search of Nash's Pall Mall Magazine for the years 1920 and 1921 revealed no trace of the story. The Fox was originally written in Derbyshire in December 1918 according to a letter to Katherine Mansfield."(1) From Nehls's biography one finds that "Lawrence apparently wrote the early draft of The Fox at Mountain Cottage, Middleton-by-Wirksworth, Derby, in December, 1918, and later expanded it to its present form while living at Taormina in 1921."(2) This early draft, which will be discussed later, is included in A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany, edited by Harry T. Moore.(3)

We saw that in The Daughters of the Vicar the awakening turned out to "a mutual involvement, a kind of two-fold epiphany, the united experience transforming both characters."(4) Both Alfred and Louisa appear to be quite happy with each other at the end of the tale; their departure to Canada is not in order to seek a resolution of their relationship, but more a question of social pressures; one does not feel that there is any element of compulsion on the part of either one of them. This is not the case with the next group of tales, in which one can trace a gradual evolution in the character of the intruder. There are resemblances, however; Ferguson of The Horse-Dealer's Daughter, Hadrian Rockley of You Touched Me and Henry Grenfel in The Fox share with Alfred Durant a quality of 'otherness' or difference; both Ferguson and Rockley experience a kind

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(1) Roberts, op. cit. pp. 262-3.

(2) Nehls, op. cit. p. 594.

(3) Harry T. Moore, ed. A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany (Carbondale, 1959), pp. 28-48.

(4) Ford, op. cit. p. 98.

of awakening themselves, like Alfred, but there the resemblances end. For one thing, the intruders in these first two tales become progressively more active than Durant and indeed, once their interest has been awakened, they become insistent and even demanding. Such insistence results in what appears to be an element of compulsion on their part - the women in the tales are as much fearful as fulfilled when contact finally takes place.

The 'contact' motif, too, is more obviously at the centre of these tales than it was in The Daughters of the Vicar, although it does play an important enough part in that story. Here, as Harry T. Moore points out, contact is fundamental for "Touch in its positive aspect is the motivation of You Touched Me.... Touch is the keystone of.... The Horse-Dealer's Daughter."(1)

A superficial reading of the tales will bear out this statement, but what Moore fails to mention in connection with The Horse-Dealer's Daughter in particular is the element of isolation or unrelatedness which is surely also basic to the tale in that it forms a significant contrast to Mabel Pervin's awakening when Ferguson 'touches' her into a new awareness of life and love.

Mabel, in common with other isolated women in Lawrence's short stories, is nearly thirty and apparently doomed to spinsterhood. She has, however, reached a crucial moment in her life. The Pervin horse-dealing business is bankrupt, a way of life is collapsing - a break-up, as Widmer observes, "which provides the necessary chaos for liberating desire from the social

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(1) Moore, op. cit. pp. 205-6.

order for the moment of revelatory nakedness."(1) We have encountered such a break-up of an ordered world before in one sense - when Alfred Durant was faced with the prospect of re-orientating his life in the face of the "great chaos" which resulted within him after his mother's death. His life was 'polarized' in his mother; for many years, Mabel Pervin has not had even the comfort of that kind of relationship. She is described as "isolated among her brutally egoistic brothers,"(2) who have made their "unawakened sister.... play Cinderella-drudge."(3) One learns that "They (her brothers) had talked at her and around her for so many years, that she hardly heard them at all."(4) As a result of such an environment Mabel is utterly withdrawn; her prevailing characteristic is impassivity:

> The girl was alone.... sullen-looking.... She did not share the same life as her brothers. She would have been good-looking, save for the impassive fixity of her face.(5)

To her brothers, Mabel is merely a source of irritation, to be looked upon as a 'skivvy'. Through all this she sits "impassive and inscrutable.... impassive and unchanged.... with perfectly impassive face.... brutally proud, reserved,"(6) and one learns that "Mindless and persistent, she endured from day to day."(7) Although in no sense a 'willed' woman, her

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(1) Kingsley Widmer, The Art of Perversity: D. H. Lawrence's Shorter Fictions (Seattle, 1962), p. 172.

(2) F. R. Leavis, D. H. Lawrence, Novelist (London, 1955), p. 248.

(3) Widmer, op. cit. p. 172.

(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 331

(5) Ibid. p. 329.

(6) Ibid. pp. 334-5.

(7) Ibid. p. 335.

impassivity does evoke a faint reminder of Winifred Varley's isolated state in The Witch à la Mode; there is, however, a clearer echo of Mary Lindley of The Daughters of the Vicar who, lacking any kind of fulfilment or positive relationship, falls back upon her social status in an attempt to fill the void in her life. For a time Mabel has been able to sustain herself in a similar way, by relying on the material wealth of the household:

> She had kept house for ten years. But previously it was with unstinted means. Then, however, brutal and coarse everything was, the sense of money had kept her proud, confident.... so long as there was money, the girl felt herself established, and brutally proud, reserved.(1)

From this, one realises that Mabel has, like Mary Lindley, committed herself to a life of non-feeling - a kind of emotional departmentalism which has resulted in the sealing-off of areas of feeling. Another false support is the memory of her dead mother, which she now considers to be her sole remaining resource. Thus, despite the breakdown of the established order, she is in no sense free:

> She thought of nobody, not even herself. Mindless and persistent, she seemed in a sort of ecstasy to be coming nearer to her fulfilment, her own glorification, approaching her dead mother, who was glorified.... There (in the churchyard) she always felt secure, as if no one could see her, although as a matter of fact she was exposed to the stare of anyone who passed along under the churchyard wall.

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(1) Ibid. p. 334.

> Nevertheless, once under the shadow of the great looming church, among the graves, she felt immune from the world, reserved within the thick churchyard wall as in another country.... She felt in immediate contact with the world of her mother. She took minute pains, 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 had inherited from her mother.(1)

Symbolism and realistic detail combine here to communicate the extent of Mabel's isolation; the churchyard walls are, at the realistic level, a barrier to another world, but they are also an embodiment of her mental isolation from the living world. In her "mindless and persistent state," she is in another world, mesmerized, spellbound and desperately in need of awakening of some sort.

The 'other-world' theme is emphasized when Ferguson, the outsider, sees Mabel as he passes by the surrounding walls; he feels that "She seemed so intent and remote, it was like looking into another world."(2) His interest in her is not altogether unexpected; during his visit to the Pervin house, he is described as "watching her interestedly,"(3) in significant contrast to her brothers, for whom she hardly exists. Now, as he looks at her in the churchyard, there occurs a disturbing moment of visual contact. Ferguson feels as if "some mystical element was touched in him,"(4) and he watches Mabel as if 'spellbound.'(5)

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(1) Ibid. p. 335.
(2) Ibid. p. 335.
(3) Ibid. p. 333.
(4) Ibid. p. 335.
(5) Ibid.

In this moment of contact life and death are opposed:

> She lifted her eyes, feeling him looking. Their eyes met. And each looked again at once, each feeling, in some way, found out by the other.... There remained distinct in his consciousness, like a vision, the memory of her face... looking at him with slow, large, portentous eyes. It was portentous, her face. It seemed to mesmerize him. 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.(1)

Ferguson here experiences a kind of relief and deliverance, but, as F. R. Leavis points out, Mabel's eyes are "intent on death."(2) Where, then, does the doctor's new sense of vitality originate from? Certainly it does not come from within Matilda herself. That is to say, he does not see in her the "fine jet of life" which Louisa Lindley saw in Alfred Durant during a similar scene. Ferguson's new-found vitality seems on the contrary to be a positive response to the portent of death which he recognizes in Matilda's eyes - in effect, an assertion of the life-force on his part. He himself is a drudge, a "mere hired assistant"(3) like Matilda, and isolated in an alien town, but he contrives to keep in touch with life, even if only vicariously:

> It was a stimulant to him to be in the homes of the working people, moving as it were through the innermost body of their life. His nerves were excited and gratified. He could come so near, into the very lives of the rough, inarticulate,

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Leavis, op. cit. p. 251.

(3) Tales, op. cit. p. 335.

> powerfully emotional men and women. He grumbled, he said he hated the hellish hole. But as a matter of fact it excited him, the contact with the rough, strongly-feeling people was a stimulant applied direct to his nerves. (1)

As one can see, there is something not altogether healthy about this situation; the doctor appears to be either a parasite, deriving emotional sustenance through the "innermost body" of the working people's 'life', or a kind of addict who needs direct stimulus if he is to feel anything at all. By comparison with this state of affairs his response to the look of death in Mabel's eyes is a positive inner assertion of life. This assertion is given definition by the positive way in which he reacts to her suicide attempt in the pond. He is amazed by her action and repelled by the pond itself, and yet despite his repugnance - which is more than mere fastidiousness - he pits his life-force against Mabel's death-wish. Expressions of coldness and deadness intensify the horror of his situation, which proves to be more than a mere dip into a pond:

> He slowly ventured into the pond. The bottom was deep, soft clay, he sank in, and the water clasped dead cold around his legs. As he stirred he could smell cold, rotten clay that fouled up into the water. It was objectionable in his lungs. Still, repelled and yet not heeding, he moved deeper into the pond. The cold water rose over his thighs, over his loins, over his abdomen. The lower part of his body was all sunk in the hideous cold element....The dead cold pond swayed upon his chest....he lost his balance and went under, horribly, suffocating in the foul earthy water....At last, after what seemed an eternity, he got his footing, rose again into the air and looked around. He gasped and knew he was in the

(1) Ibid. p. 336.

> world. Then he looked at the water. She had risen near him....he was thankful, full of relief to be out of the clutches of the pond. He lifted her and staggered on to the bank, out of the horror of wet, grey, clay. (1)

This is a triumph of life over death and the pond itself is an ordeal, a dangerous obstacle for Ferguson, in which he had to become fully immersed before rescuing the girl. Later he tells her, "I went in overhead as well,"(2) and he is also at one point conscious that "He had crossed over the gulf to her."(3)

As George H. Ford indicates, "The scene of the release from loneliness is preceded by the rescue itself in which the man undergoes a kind of deathly baptism - a total immersion in 'the foul earthy water'. This experience becomes for him, in Pauline terms, a stage of his dying into life. Knowing death he is ready to absorb life." (4) Kingsley Widmer also regards this incident as "a moment of regenerative baptism"(5) upon which the tale turns. In an interesting and detailed interpretation of the story(6) Clyde de L. Ryals writes:

> The Horse-Dealer's Daughter is, inter alia, a vivid presentation of what Jung calls the rebirth archetype....Mabel's attempted suicide....and Ferguson's rescue of her are symbolic actions which have meaning on several different levels of significance. First of all, this part of the story is

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(1) Ibid. pp. 337-8.
(2) Ibid. p. 339.
(3) Ibid. p. 342.
(4) Ford, op. cit. p. 92.
(5) Widmer, op. cit. p. 173.
(6) Ryals, Clyde de L. 'D.H. Lawrence's The Horse-Dealer's Daughter' in Literature & Psychology, XII, 1964. pp. 39-43.

> a careful working out of the rebirth archetype, embodying the rite of baptism, the purification and revivification by water. The descent into the pool is an example of the myth of the night-journey under the seas as described by Jung. The pond in which she seeks to drown herself contains 'foul earthy water' smelling of 'cold, rotten clay,' which is repugnant to both the man and the woman, and which is symbolic of the repressed contents of the mind of neurotic persons. Jung calls such contents 'slime out of the depths,' using the same symbolism as Lawrence's story; but, says Jung, this slime contains not only 'objectionable animal tendencies, but also germs of new possibilities of life.' Indeed, this ambivalent character in slimy things Lawrence seems to have felt when he wrote this story for out of the slime comes for Mabel and Ferguson the possibility of a new life.(1)

Having risked death to bring this withdrawn woman back into contact with life, Ferguson is also instrumental in awakening her, both physically and spiritually. He works to 'restore' her, until he can "feel her live beneath his hands," and realise that "she was coming back."(2) At one level, he is simply a professional man doing what he has been trained to do in such circumstances - applying artificial respiration. However, it is evident that a qualitative change has also taken place in Mabel, that she has indeed been awakened from the 'mesmerized' state in which "like something transmitted rather than stirring in voluntary activity,"(3) she first entered the pond. F. R. Leavis describes the girl as lying there "with newly-recovered consciousness,"(4) and one feels that this new

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(1) Ryals, op. cit. pp. 39-41.

(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 338.

(3) Ibid. p. 337.

(4) Leavis, op. cit. p. 250.

consciousness is on two levels, Mabel having experienced some kind of resurrection. As Ryals notes:

> By drowning, Mabel had sought to quiet her frustration; but instead of physical death her descent into the pool had provided her with the germs of a new life. She is now willing to forget the self which had been so oppressive by recognizing the worth of something quite independent of self; in other words, she is ready for the acceptance of rebirth, by which her former condition is transcended, to use Jung's term, or glorified, to use Lawrence's. Realizing that she has been saved by Ferguson, an act which she recognizes as love, she looks at him 'with flaring, humble eyes of transfiguration, triumphant in first possession, and she speaks to him in strange transport, yearning and triumphant.'(1)

The motif of 'contact' is once more taken up as the girl suddenly realizes that Ferguson has stripped off her clothes in order to rouse her. For a moment, she experiences an almost demoralising sense of violation:

> Then she became aware of her own immediate condition. She felt the blankets about her, she knew her own limbs. For a moment it seemed as if her reason was going. She looked round, with wild eyes, as if seeking something.... She saw her clothing lying scattered.
>
> 'Who undressed me?' she asked, her eyes resting full and inevitable on his face.
>
> 'I did,' he replied, 'to bring you round.'
>
> For some moments she sat and gazed at him awfully, her lips parted.
>
> 'Do you love me, then?' she asked.
>
> He only stood and stared at her, fascinated. His soul seemed to melt.(2)

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(1) Ryals, op. cit. p. 41.

(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 340.

The word 'awfully' here used in its original sense, is employed with telling effect; it conveys exactly the girl's sense of wonderment at her almost magical awakening experience and it also prepares us for her ostensibly startling question. Like Brynhild, whom Sigurd awakened by ripping her armour, Mabel has also experienced a violent awakening. Once awakened, she in turn takes the initiative and "awakens him into love for her."(1)

The experience is thus almost equally violating for Ferguson; on the conscious level, he had never had any thought of loving the girl. He is "amazed, bewildered, and afraid," at her "flaring, humble eyes of transfiguration... that.... transcendent, frightening light of triumph," and by the "delicate flame which seemed to come from her face like a light."(2) At this point, because of his reluctance, the roles, as Ryals observes, "become switched: from the delivered, Mabel becomes the deliverer."(3) The doctor feels ashamed that "he should be ripped open in this way," and his admission of love is painful, "Not because it wasn't true. But because it was too newly true, the saying seemed to tear open again his newly-torn heart. And he hardly wanted it to be true, even now."(4) His feelings are almost identical to Alfred Durant's; in common with Alfred, he is aware of "his heart hurting him in a pain that was also life to him."(5) Unlike Alfred, he is not particularly passive, except until

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(1) Moore, LW op. cit. p. 206.
(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 340.
(3) Ryals, op. cit. p. 41.
(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 341.
(5) Ibid.

the final revelatory moment; his response when he saw Mabel in the churchyard and his action in saving her are indications of the positive nature of his character; Durant has nothing to compare with these moments and in fact almost collapses into love himself after he has played his part as a stimulus for Louisa. Ferguson's yielding to Mabel is, on the other hand, as F. R. Leavis points out, "something profound and positive."(1) At the conscious level, the professional and practical level, the doctor is appalled, viewing the rescue merely as a doctor-patient relationship; although he feels "that he had not the power to break away,"(2) something within him will not yield.

The 'flame' imagery which was prominent in the love-scenes of The Daughters of the Vicar is again used effectively in the final revelatory scene between Mabel Pervin and Dr. Ferguson. As Ryals points out, images of darkness dominate the tale at the beginning, intensifying until Mabel is submerged in the pool. Only after the rescue does the 'light' imagery take over, giving further definition to the whole experience. We have seen how Ferguson felt the infusion of a new vitality after having noted the death-portent in Mabel's eyes whilst she was in the churchyard; during the final moments of the tale he is powerless to break away because he now sees in her eyes something which is positive and which he desires:

> She looked at him again, with the same supplication of powerful love, and that same transcendent, frightening light of triumph. In view of the delicate flame which seemed to come from her face like a light, he was powerless.... He put out his hand to steady himself,

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(1) Leavis, op. cit. p. 251.

(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 340.

> and grasped her bare shoulder. A flame seemed to burn the hand that grasped her soft shoulder. He had no intention of loving her: his whole will was against his yielding. It was horrible. And yet wonderful was the touch of her shoulders, beautiful the shining of her face. Was she perhaps mad? He had a horror of yielding to her. Yet something in him ached also. (1)

The doctor is still ready to resist, despite the implications of the last sentence. He yields, however, when he sees the change brought about in Mabel by her awareness of his hesitation:

> She had gone suddenly very still. He looked down at her. Her eyes were now wide with fear, with doubt, the light was dying from her face, a shadow of terrible greyness was returning. He could not bear the touch of her eyes' question upon him, and the look of death behind the question.(2)

As Ferguson embraces Mabel, we see that his action is indeed something "profound and positive." It implies the same kind of life-assertion that came from within him when he first made contact with her in the churchyard, the same force which was so repelled by the coldness and deadness of the pond. In fact, in the same scene, the memory of the pond returns strongly as the doctor looks down at the girl's hair:

> Then, as it were suddenly, he smelt the horrid stagnant smell of the water. And at the same moment she drew away from him and looked at him. Her eyes were wistful and unfathomable. He was afraid of them, and he fell to kissing her, not knowing what he was doing. He wanted her eyes not to have that terrible, unfathomable look.(3)

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid. p. 341.

(3) Ibid. p. 341.

Ferguson's yielding to Mabel takes place in four stages - stages in which images of light and life alternate with those of shadows and death. First, although he is drawn by the flame-like quality of transfiguration in her face, he resists strongly. His resistance is communicated to Mabel; the light begins to fade from her face, to be replaced by "a shadow of terrible greyness". This first reminder of what has passed just lately provokes the doctor to acceptance. The images of death and the implicit memory of the "dead water" of the pond give place to Mabel's tears, which imply life and release. As he watches "the strange water rise in her eyes, like some slow fountain coming up,"(1) Ferguson himself also experiences release:

> .... his heart seemed to burn and melt away in his breast.... his heart, which seemed to have broken, was burning with a kind of agony in his breast.... He wanted to remain like that forever, with his heart hurting him in a pain that was also life to him.(2)

Rescue is not yet complete, however; the pond-smell in the woman's hair once more intrudes into the doctor's consciousness, and at the same time Mabel withdraws from him, her eyes taking on again "that terrible, wistful, unfathomable look."(3) The doctor, afraid, embraces her and finally, the images of light and life return:

> When she turned her face to him again, a faint delicate flush was glowing, and there was again dawning that terrible shining of joy in her eyes, which really terrified him, and yet which he now wanted to see, because he feared the look of doubt still more.(4)

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid.
(4) Ibid.

It is at this point that the doctor himself becomes insistent; his whole nature revolts from "remembering her as she was when she was nothing to him."(1) Mabel is distressed and frightened by the change which has occurred in him because of her own declaration of love; she is now both terrified and attracted by something in the doctor's voice:

> 'No, I want you, I want you,' was all he answered, blindly, with that terrible intonation which frightened her almost more than the horror lest he should not want her.(2)

As we see from these final scenes the relationship at the end of The Horse-Dealer's Daughter is a contrast to that which concludes The Daughters of the Vicar where the 'pairing' of Louisa and Alfred is "treated as an ideal."(3) Ferguson and Mabel have been awakened, have achieved, according to D. J. Gordon "psychological resurrection,"(4) but one does not see the relationship in terms of being 'ideal'. We are faced not with the spectacle of the lovers walking off hand in hand in contentment, but instead with a stage in the relationship; the mutual awakening is as a result of a "fairy-tale coincidence"(5) but after this magical transformation they are far from being entirely happy in their new-found state. D. J. Gordon claims that "At the end of The Horse-Dealer's Daughter.... Lawrence plays off the completeness of the lovers' psychological resurrection against the groping bewilderment of their social

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(1) Ibid. p.343.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Ford, op. cit. p. 32.

(4) D. J. Gordon, D. H. Lawrence's Literary Criticism (Yale University Press, 1966), p. 47.

(5) Ford, op. cit. p. 32.

consciousness, with rich ironical effect."(1)

It is true that both characters feel uncomfortable at the level of their "social consciousness" - he is afraid of how people "would jeer" if they knew, and to Mabel "the consciousness of her situation for the first time brought a dark look of shame to her eyes."(2)

One would dispute part of this claim: irony does exist, but to say that the lovers' bewilderment is attributable to their social awareness is to disregard entirely the ambiguities of thought and feeling in both Mabel and Ferguson; and the element of compulsion which frightens the girl has nothing to do with "social consciousness". She is frightened by something inherently demanding in the doctor's attraction to her, and he, as we have seen, is terrified by the "terrible shining of joy" which he has succeeded in awakening within her.

Lawrence's men and women, according to George H. Ford, "are seekers. What they seek.... whether it be Tom Brangwen and his granddaughter Ursula, Aaron Sisson and Kate Leslie, Gerald Crich and Alvina Houghton - is to establish some transforming relationship which will rouse them to life. Often they can never find what they are seeking, or, having found it, they cannot sustain it."(3) In The Horse-Dealer's Daughter the "transforming relationship" is established, but one is not left with the comforting feeling that resolution has been achieved once and for all, as in The Daughters of the Vicar. In this respect, The Horse-Dealer's Daughter

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(1) Gordon, op. cit. p. 47.
(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 342.
(3) Ford, op. cit. p. 16.

represents an advance in Lawrence's handling of character and situation.

The second tale for discussion in this chapter, You Touched Me, continues the theme of mutual awakening to some extent, although the intruder, Hadrian Rockley, is not a particularly passive figure; in fact, the tale takes us a stage further in the development of this character who, after he has become aware of the woman, becomes a demanding and even threatening figure. At the same time, the relationship which concludes the tale is left even more open-ended than that of The Horse-Dealer's Daughter.

Again, isolation is a dominant note at the beginning of You Touched Me; we have already seen how the description of the church in The Daughters of the Vicar contributed to the general atmosphere of isolation by, at one level, appearing to embody that isolation. The Pottery House of the Rockley family is presented in a similar way:

> The Pottery House was a square, ugly, brick house girt in by the wall that enclosed the whole grounds of the pottery itself. To be sure, a privet hedge partly masked the house and its ground from the pottery-yard and works; but only partly. Through the hedge could be seen the desolate yard and the many-windowed, factory-like pottery, over the hedge could be seen the chimneys and the out-houses.... The Pottery itself was now closed, the great doors of the yard permanently shut. No more the great crates with yellow straw showing through stood in stacks by the packing shed. No more the drays drawn by great horses rolled down the hill with a high load. No more the pottery-lasses in their clay-coloured overalls, their faces and hair splashed with grey, fine mud, shrieked and larked with the men. All that was over.... This quiet household, with one servant-maid, lived on year after year in the Pottery House.... Outside in the street there was a continual racket of colliers and their dogs and their children. But inside the pottery wall was a deserted quiet.(1)

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(1) Ibid. pp. 286-7.

Like the castle in La Belle au Bois Dormant, the Pottery House is now a place where life is held in abeyance. Both places have once been connected closely with the outside world, both were once full of life and activity. In each case also, life continues to go on around the walled-in and hedged-in buildings, which are now places to be "only partly" glimpsed by outsiders. The Rockley girls are, by local standards, a kind of 'royalty'. They stand to inherit considerable sums of money - a fortune not to be wasted "on any mere member of the proletariat."(1) Consequently, their expectations of marriage are not very great in an area which offers as suitors only "colliers or pottery-hands, mere workmen".(2) The sisters, then are apparently destined for old maidhood and all that this represents for the Pottery House itself. They try to assure themselves that they are content to be isolated and withdrawn from life:

> But, whether the two Rockley girls really liked it better, or whether they only imagined they did, is a question. Certainly their lives were much more grey and dreary now that the grey clay had ceased to spatter its mud and silt its dust over the premises. They did not quite realise how much they missed the shrieking, shouting lasses, whom they had known all their lives and disliked so much.
>
> Matilda and Emmie were already old maids....(3)

At the outset, situation and characters echo those in The Daughters of the Vicar, and F. R. Leavis comments, "In fact Matilda and Emmie themselves, Matilda tall and graceful and 'naturally refined and sensible', with the

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid.

shorter and plumper Emmie looking up to her, have their clear recall of Mary and Louisa Lindley."(1) Generally, this is correct, except for the fact that there is a reversal in the roles of the sisters; Matilda, the one who eventually marries the outsider in You Touched Me, corresponds to Mary Lindley; both are presented as refined and elevated. Whereas Mary finished "flawed.... incomplete," however, Matilda on the other hand, plays the role of the "sleeping princess" who is awakened, however unwillingly at first. Emmie Rockley is certainly very similar to Louisa Lindley physically, as one realises from the following descriptions:

> Louisa was short and plump and obstinate looking.... Emmie was shorter, plumper than her sister.(2)

Louisa feels that "Mary, on her plane, was a higher being than herself,"(3) while Emmie "looked up to Matilda, whose mind was naturally refined and sensible."(4) Again, though, there are significant differences. Louisa Lindley eventually ceases to regard her sister as a superior being, and she herself becomes the one who achieves release; Emmie Rockley is hardly developed as a character, whereas there is an effective contrast between Louisa and Mary. As the tale develops, Emmie remains little more than a figure of opposition, rather than one of contrast, the main participants in the drama being Matilda and Hadrian and to some extent the dying Mr. Rockley.

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(1) Leavis, op. cit. p. 254.
(2) CSS, op. cit. p. 138, & Tales, op. cit. p. 287.
(3) CSS, op. cit. p. 153.
(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 287.

Well before the crucial awakening scene, we see that Matilda betrays an awareness of Hadrian. Why this is so is perhaps implied in her thought that she "had begun to give up all idea of ever leaving the Pottery House."(1) There is no mention of Emmie in a similar context, and the inference to be drawn from the above words is that unconsciously Matilda still hopes for someone to deliver her from old-maidhood. This explains her curious mixture of tolerance and opposition with regard to the boy. Whereas Emmie hardly acknowledges his existence as an individual - at one point she says "They've no thought for anything"(2) when she specifically means 'Hadrian' - Matilda, though agreeing that the boy is both 'sly' and 'cocky' nevertheless feels that he is "not bad" and that they shouldn't "be prejudiced against him."(3) Furthermore, although Emmie shows no interest in Hadrian, Matilda has planned to make some kind of impression on him:

> Matilda went upstairs to change. She had thought it all out how she would receive Hadrian, and impress him. And he had caught her with her head tied up in a duster, and her thin arms in a basin of lather. But she did not care. She now dressed herself most scrupulously, carefully folded her long, beautiful, blonde hair, touched her pallor with a little rouge, and put her long string of exquisite beads over her soft green dress. Now she looked elegant, like a heroine in a magazine illustration, and almost as unreal.(4)

There are other indications, too, of what Harry T. Moore describes as the "deep, unrecognized intentions"(5) that exist within Matilda. Her eyes

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid. p. 290.

(3) Ibid.

(4) Ibid.

(5) Moore, LW. op. cit. p. 206.

have "a strange, full look," she carries her head "light and high," but, one reads, at the same time "she had a look of pain." At one point, when the sisters watch Hadrian from a window, he looks towards them and Matilda - only Matilda - "moved into shadow".(1) Although Matilda is aware of her father's imminent death, this does not account entirely for her 'entranced' state of mind; rather, there appears to be working within her some underground mental association of the two men. One does at first associate the word 'entranced' with her anxiety about Mr. Rockley. She watches him "with her full, haggard eyes, for a long time, as if tranced," and she feels that "Her heart was anxious and breaking, her mind seemed entranced. She was too much entranced even to weep, and all the time she thought of her father, only her father. At last she felt she must go to him."(2)

It is at this point that there seems to occur a subtle working out of the 'entrancement' theme. Matilda knows in her conscious mind that her father is now sleeping downstairs, but she goes "in a daze of night-wandering,"(3) to his room where Hadrian is now sleeping, and touches the boy:

> 'Are you asleep?' she said softly, advancing to the side of the bed.
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> 'Are you asleep?' she repeated gently, as she stood at the side of the bed. And she reached her hand in the darkness to touch his forehead.

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(1) Tales, op. cit. pp. 291-2.

(2) Ibid. pp. 292-3.

(3) Moore, LW. op. cit. p. 205.

> Delicately, her fingers met the nose and the eyebrows, she laid her fine, delicate hand on his brow. It seemed fresh and smooth - very fresh and smooth. A sort of surprise stirred her, in her entranced state. But it could not waken her.(1)

There is something almost ritualistic about this incident. Matilda asks her question three times, each time marking a stage of her approach to the sleeper. Awakening comes suddenly, with contact - a literal and metaphorical awakening as Hadrian answers the call. The moment recalls the scene in The Daughters of the Vicar when Alfred Durant sees Louisa Lindley lying in bed next to his dying mother - the moment when he becomes "almost himself - determined." In You Touched Me, the moment of contact is central to the tale, and we are left in no doubt about its symbolic value because Hadrian later tells Matilda that, mistake or not, "If you wake a man up, he can't go to sleep again because he's told to."(2) Unlike Alfred Durant, Hadrian does become 'determined'. Prior to this moment he has not betrayed any particular interest in either of the girls. Now, however, the situation is changed, and the symbolic nature of the moment of contact becomes even more evident:

> Hadrian too slept badly. He had been awakened by the opening of the door, and had not realized what the question meant. But the soft, straying tenderness of her hand on his face startled something out of his soul. He was a charity boy, aloof and more or less at bay. The fragile exquisiteness of her caress startled him most, revealed unknown things to him.(3)

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(1) Ibid. p. 293.

(2) Ibid. p. 299.

(3) Ibid. pp. 293-4.

Nor is the state temporary, a thing of one night; one learns that the next day "He had a keen memory stinging his mind, a new set of sensations working in his consciousness. Something new was alert in him. At the back of his reticent, guarded mind he kept his secret alive and vivid. She was at his mercy, for he was unscrupulous, his standard was not her standard."(1)

The 'stinging' reference is also encountered in connection with Matilda's reactions; she is instantly awakened from "her late-at-night trance," and she stands in the darkness "as if stung." She too feels a shock comparable to that received by Mabel Pervin, but reacts in a different way, her whole conscious impulse being a wish to forget what has happened. But as Widmer points out, Matilda has been in the process of dramatizing "her unconscious sexual desires,"(2) and although she attempts to do so, she cannot reason away the fact of "regenerative physical desire."(3)

In the analysis of The Daughters of the Vicar, we noted how Louisa was "possessed by the thought of Alfred Durant" after the deathbed scene. Matilda, too, cannot forget the memory of her contact with Hadrian Rockley, but she differs from Louisa Lindley in her denial of what the contact implies. Instead of having feelings of pride or joy as Louisa did, she blames Hadrian:

> When she was back in her own room, in the light, and her door was closed, she stood holding up her hand that had touched him, as if it were hurt. She was almost too shocked, she could not endure.... She suffered, feeling herself in a false position. Her right hand, which she had laid so gently on his face, on his fresh skin, ached now, as if it were really

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(1) Ibid. p. 295.

(2) Widmer, op. cit. p. 58.

(3) Ibid.

> injured. She could not forgive Hadrian for the mistake; it made her dislike him deeply.(1)

Matilda's antagonism is not unexpected; as we have noted, Lawrence chooses in this tale to portray the more refined and elevated woman being awakened. She shares with Mary Lindley the desire to subordinate her feelings to her will, but even Mary, after the birth of her child, realises that "After all - she had to live - it was not so simple as that." Total acceptance of the experience by Matilda would, in view of her affinities with Mary, have been quite uncharacteristic.

Once again, as in the earlier tale, the themes of contact and awakening are presented from two points of view. Matilda, with her "darkish, almost drugged blue eyes,"(2) resists with all her strength this "form of physical contact that transcends sensuous experience and evokes powers that lie beneath everyday consciousness."(3) She tries to quench the "spark of consciousness"(4) which she has awakened in Hadrian's eyes, and she also attempts to look down on him from the standpoint of her "superior breeding."(5) However, as a counterpoint to all these efforts there remains the insistent memory of the moment when she first touched the boy:

> .... she dared not remember the face under her hand. When she remembered that she was bewildered. Her hand had offended her, she wanted to cut it off. And she wanted, fiercely, to cut off the memory in him. She assumed she had done so.(6)

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 293.

(2) Ibid. p. 294.

(3) Ronald P. Draper, D. H. Lawrence (New York, 1964), p. 124.

(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 294.

(5) Ibid.

(6) Ibid. p. 294.

Her assumption is wrong. She possesses "superior breeding" for Hadrian, but in a different sense, and he is now attracted by it. He perceives that she is no great beauty "But her skin was clear and fine, she had a high-bred sensitiveness. This queer, brave, high-bred quality she shared with her father. The charity boy could see it in her tapering fingers, which were white and ringed. The same glamour that he knew in the elderly man he now saw in the woman. And he wanted to possess himself of it, he wanted to make himself master of it."(1)

There is a superficial resemblance in Hadrian's way of viewing Matilda and in Alfred Durant's sense of Louisa Lindley. However, whereas Alfred regarded Louisa as an almost divine creature from whom he was far removed, Hadrian is in no sense awed or diffident. His association of father and daughter is a factor which we have not encountered before, either. One does know, though, that Hadrian's and Mr. Rockley's natures "were somewhat akin" and that "the two men had an inexplicable understanding."(2)

Having been awakened to an awareness of "unknown modes of being" himself, Hadrian, whose firm belief now is that the moment of 'contact' gives him some claim upon Matilda, determines to press home his advantage. To do this, he enlists the aid of Mr. Rockley; the dying man at first looks at Hadrian "with some contempt,"(3) but he admits that he isn't against the idea of marriage between the two, only that he had "never thought of it"(4) before. After the suggestion has been made Mr. Rockley, one learns,

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid. pp. 288, 295.
(3) Ibid. p. 295.
(4) Ibid.

"looked suddenly more alive,"[1] and for two days he remains "excited and thoughtful"[2] before taking up the matter with his daughter.

Matilda is as "shocked and bewildered"[3] as she was by the crucial moment of contact, but it is noticeable that, unlike Emmie, she has no immediate thoughts that Hadrian is after her money. She feels "dumbfounded.... offended," wants to know how the idea got into her father's mind, and considers the whole affair 'disgraceful' and 'disgusting'.[4] When she tells her sister about the incident, their attitudes are significantly contrasted:

> 'The sliving demon, he wants the money,' said Emmie. 'My father's out of his mind.'
>
> The thought that Hadrian merely wanted the money was another blow to Matilda. She did not love the impossible youth - but she had not yet learnt to think of him as a thing of evil. He now became hideous to her mind.(5)

Hadrian does not appear a wholly admirable character in the second half of the tale; he has "some of the neatness, the reserve, the underground quality of a rat"[6] about him. On the other hand, he is not the 'hideous' creature Matilda believes him to be; he has at least the virtue of courage - "courage, as a rat had indomitable courage in the end,"[7] and his motivation is certainly not simply the desire for money, as his inward questioning reveals:

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid.
(4) Ibid. p. 296.
(5) Ibid.
(6) Ibid. p. 298.
(7) Ibid.

> It had not occurred to him that they would think he was after the money. He did want the money - badly. He badly wanted to be an employer himself, not one of the employed. But he knew, in his subtle, calculating way, that it was not for money he wanted Matilda. But he told himself the two desires were separate, not one. He could not do with Matilda, without the money. But he did not want her for the money.(1)

His sincerity is borne out by the fact that, although the will is conditionally altered in his favour, giving him the whole property should Matilda refuse to marry him, he prefers to stay - and under the terms of the previous will, she will receive only ten thousand pounds.

Something of this inner sincerity is communicated to Matilda; despite the fact that Hadrian still appears "a strange little monster"(2) to her, she is aware that there exists between them a bond other than a conscious one and that it does not intrinsically depend on money. When Hadrian denies Emmie's accusation about the money, one learns that "Matilda looked at him slowly, with her dark blue, drugged eyes," and that she "continued to gaze strangely at the young man."(3) To Hadrian's simple and unimpassioned "She knows I didn't," (i.e. offer to marry her for the money) Matilda, in his presence, makes no answer. Her final argument with him is of a complaining nature, rather than one of opposition, and in it the themes of contact and awakening are given final definition:

> 'You don't want me then?' he said, in his subtle, insinuating voice.

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(1) Ibid. p. 297.

(2) Ibid. p. 298.

(3) Ibid.

> 'I don't want to speak to you, ' she said, averting her face.
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> 'You put your hand on me, though,' he said. 'You shouldn't have done that, and then I should never have thought of it. You shouldn't have touched me.'
>
> 'If you were anything decent, you'd know that was a mistake, and forget it,' she said.
>
> 'I know it was a mistake - but I shan't forget it. If you wake a man up, he can't go to sleep again because he's told to.'(1)

Here, when Matilda averts her face, one is reminded of that earlier occasion when she "moved back into shadow," and once more she uses an emotive word similar to those with which she opposed her father's initial suggestion - 'decent'. A few moments later she say "It's so indecent" after Hadrian has suggested, "Let us marry.... you might as well - you've touched me."(2) She feels 'trapped'(3) and is puzzled by Hadrian's attitude - this much is indicated by her question, "What do you persecute me for, if it isn't the money?" She tries to evade the issue by telling him "I'm old enough to be your mother. In a way I've been your mother."(4) This, however, is completely ineffective against the boy's reiterated "You touched me"(5) which is almost incantatory by this time.

In this last part of the tale there exists a strong element of compulsion, and Hadrian becomes a forbidding figure by his insistence. R. P. Draper believes that "It is as if Lawrence has deliberately chosen a plot

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(1) Ibid. p. 299.
(2) Ibid. p. 300.
(3) Ibid. p. 300.
(4) Ibid.
(5) Ibid.

which will excite the ordinary reader's disgust in order to show the ruthless disregard of life for gentler, human considerations."(1)

This statement seems to be somewhat off the mark. You Touched Me is one of those tales in which, as George H. Ford so neatly puts it, Lawrence was attempting "to convey his view that men and women are attracted to or repelled from each other in ways for which no reasonable explanation seems to exist, that they respond to each other on an instinctual level which lacks a language."(2)

Hadrian, despite his air of compulsion, does represent vitality and continuance, as opposed to the potential withdrawal and isolation implied in the Pottery House situation as it stands. Mr. Rockley perceives this and it is the principal reason for his rather disturbing league with the youth, although there seems something misogynistic about his "strange, desire, quite unreasonable, for revenge upon the women who had surrounded him for so long, and served him so carefully."(3) Perhaps, though, the father is less misogynistic than opposed to the decline which he senses to be inevitable in spinsterhood, for:

> In the father's confident sense of things, Hadrian stands for life, and the marriage is the assurance of a living future; we know, without needing to be told in so many words, that essentially the dying man sees the dead-end of old-maidhood in the Pottery House as a defeat of life. And we have been given too strong a sense of the symbolic value of the 'square, ugly brick house girt in by the wall

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(1) Draper, op. cit. p. 124.

(2) Ford, op. cit. p. 22.

(3) Tales, op. cit. p. 298.

> that enclosed the whole ground of the pottery itself,' to feel that old Rockley's interposition, his brutal assertion of will, is just the caprice of rugged masculine 'character'.(1)

F. R. Leavis adds to this by stating that Matilda's sudden acquiescence is not because of "mutual fears", but because of something "more subtle", as "It is made plain that, in some way of which we cannot suppose her able to give a full account, Hadrian's argument and attitude - not his mere persistence, but the spirit and meaning of it - have told."(2)

This interpretation is useful, but not altogether satisfying. Kingsley Widmer takes over the problem where Leavis left it. His analysis of the end of the tale is more concise and it is appropriately made in terms of myth and ritual - factors upon which this tale turns:

> The power of physical contact in the unconscious - the fairy-tale motif of the unawakened sleeper - traps Matilda. The fiction seems to emphasize that the sight of 'death not far off' in the father forces the daughter to acquiesce. The psycho-drama of the son replacing the father as a master of both money and sex is emphasized in the concluding scene on the wedding day: the dying old man murmurs approval to his foster son for forcefully marrying his daughter. Lawrence's demonic negation of gentility and decency also has the primitive motif of ritual succession.(3)

The ending of You Touched Me is a long way from the 'ideal' pairing which concludes The Daughters of the Vicar, yet despite the strong element of compulsion, one feels that Henry's vitality is ultimately to be preferred

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(1) Leavis, op. cit. p. 255.

(2) Ibid. p. 254.

(3) Widmer, op. cit. p. 59.

to the shut-off and declining world which the Pottery House represented when the tale began. It is true that relations between Matilda and Henry hardly seem at first glance to be conducive to happiness. One reads that "She looked down on him both literally and figuratively. Still he persisted and triumphed."(1) The sense of 'rightness' that the dying Mr. Rockley feels about the marriage is not yet shared consciously by Matilda, and the tale in a sense left open-ended. It is significant that Hadrian though "quiet and satisfied" at his success is "nipped with fear also," and at one point during the last scene he is described as "pale around the gills."(2) From these reactions, we deduce that the issue is more than the conventional one of money so far as he is concerned, particularly if we recall his earlier inward rationalization of his situation.

Partial resolution has occurred in You Touched Me; isolation and a sterile way of life have been disrupted by a positive, if menacing, outside force. Hadrian is a freeing agent who rescues this particular "sleeping princess" from a modern form of withdrawal and remoteness - and who rescues her in spite of herself. Rescue having been effected, however, the resolution of the personal relationship, is left in doubt - "a stage rather than a finality"(3) has been reached.

In The Horse-Dealer's Daughter and You Touched Me Lawrence's working out of "the fairy-tale motif of the unawakened sleeper" still involves a definite two-fold awakening, as in The Daughters of the Vicar. There is,

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 300.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ford, op. cit. p. 22.

though, a gradual development in the nature of the intruder-rescuer, who becomes an increasingly active and dominant figure at the close of You Touched Me. Also, although the tales are set in realistic English environments, ritual and mythic elements are crucial to them. In both tales, too, Lawrence's presentation of the final relationship shows an increase in complexity.

In The Fox, although one is concerned with an intruder who is now clearly "an agent of release from isolation rather than himself released,"(1) there are still faint echoes of the 'two-fold' awakening. In his discussion of this tale George H. Ford states that:

> .... the fairy-tale of the sleeping princess.... is often re-told in Lawrence's fiction. Had not Lawrence himself rescued a sleeping baroness in Nottingham, just as Robert Browning had foiled the dragon of Wimpole Street?(2)

The treatment of this theme, however, differs a great deal from the earlier stories. In addition to a further marked change in the nature of the intruder, one finds two factors which have not previously been encountered in tales which deal with the motif of awakening. To begin with, there is the device of the fox; a real animal, it is first used to focus March's "characteristic 'absent' state' and reveal the significance of her oddities."(3) At the same time the fox acts as a prelude to Henry Grenfel, the intruder, with whom March subsequently identifies it. The second new factor is the killing which occurs near the end of the tale - a killing which gives actuality to March's symbolic release from her restrictive relationship with Jill Banford, and which, though

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(1) Ibid. p. 98.

(2) Ibid. p. 10.

(3) Leavis, op. cit. p. 257.

brutal, is seen to be necessary to the overall symbolic pattern.

We saw in You Touched Me that the intruder became an almost menacing figure, quite prepared to take almost any advantage to gain his ends. Henry Grenfel is even more menacing, and ultimately kills in order to possess March. However, his sudden urge to marry the girl and obtain the farm has no prelude to compare with the awakening scene in which Hadrian Rockley is involved and which leaves "a new set of sensations working in his consciousness."(1) Henry is interested in March from the outset, it is true, but his awareness only develops after he had made his abrupt decision to marry her. Eventually, he feels that "there was a secret bond, a secret thread between him and her, something very exclusive, which shut out everybody else and made him and her possess each other in secret,"(2) but as E. W. Tedlock points out:

> Only after he has first apprehended her as a woman when she wears a dress for the first time and he touches her in an embrace, does Lawrence give him what might traditionally be called 'love' for her. And this is keyed very low as a sense of male responsibilty.(3)

Henry Grenfel, the outsider, is described as a kind of hunter from the beginning, the way having been prepared for him by the fox-symbol. His approach to March is fully calculated and, having decided upon his course of action, he feels that "it was as a young hunter that he wanted to bring down March as his quarry, to make her his wife."(4) This

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 294.

(2) Ibid. p. 457.

(3) E. W. Tedlock, D. H. Lawrence, Artist & Rebel (Albuquerque, 1963), p.117

(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 434.

'hunter' theme perhaps has associations with the underlying motifs of the original legends; when Sigurd finds Brynhild sleeping on Hindfell, he has been out hunting, and the prince in La Belle au Bois Dormant is described as "étant allé à la chasse."(1) Learning of what could lie beyond the thorn-forest, he approaches the task in the spirit of a hunter:

> Le Jeune prince.... se sentit tout de feu; il crut, sans balancer, qu'il mettrait fin a une si belle aventure, et, pousse par l'amour et par la gloire, il résolut de voir sur-le-champ ce qui en était.(2)

Finally, as Kingsley Widmer observes, there is in The Fox "A recurring image, the hunt, which points to the predatory nature of desire inherent in the love-quest."(3) As a further reminder of the 'Sleeping Beauty' theme there are, at important moments in the tale, several references to thorns. After Henry had made his abrupt proposal to Ellen March, he eavesdrops on the two girls:

> They went up the steep, grassy slope.... through the gorse-bushes. On the other side of the hedge, the boy followed in the dusk, at some little distance. Now and then, through the huge ancient hedge of hawthorn, risen into trees, he saw the two dark figures creeping up the hill.(4)

Here, the themes of isolation and of the outsider are presented in both symbolic and realistic terms; "the huge, ancient hedge of hawthorn, risen into trees," not only recalls the spectacle "de ronces et d'épines entre-

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(1) Perrault, op. cit. p. 13.

(2) Ibid. p. 13.

(3) Widmer, op. cit. p. 62.

(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 456.

laces les unes dans les autres, que bête ni homme n'y aurait pu passer."(1) It is also a metaphor with a similar symbolic purpose to the church and walls in The Horse-Dealer's Daughter, and to the opening description of the Pottery House in You Touched Me. There, isolation and withdrawal were implied; in The Fox March and Banford are seen to have a tight emotional relationship of an unbalanced nature. As the story progresses, Henry gradually frees March from this restrictive relationship which suggests "the intricacies of lesbianism."(2) In doing so he is faced with Banford's opposition; he sees her in terms of a barrier, an obstacle which must be removed if he is to win March:

> One thorn rankled, stuck in his mind, Banford. In his mind, in his soul, in his whole being, one thorn rankling to insanity. And he would have to get it out. He would have to get the thorn of Banford out of his life, if he died for it.(3)

Finally, when he has contrived Banford's death, he feels that "The thorn was drawn out of his bowels."(4).

As we have noted, the fox is a prelude to Henry's arrival and for a time, until he kills it, a concurrent symbol for him. To discover how Lawrence so successfully integrates the fox-symbol with the realistic nature of the tale, it is useful to look at the nature of the two girls' relationship.

The isolation of the Pottery House in You Touched Me has now given

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(1) Perrault, op. cit. p. 13.
(2) Tedlock, op. cit. p. 116.
(3) Tales, op. cit. p. 468.
(4) Ibid. p. 474.

place to an isolated farm on which the girls - not this time sisters - are attempting, in a half-hearted and therefore inevitably unsuccessful way, to make some kind of life. They wish to create a private world, but very little goes right in their would-be Utopia. Both disbelieve in "living for work alone,"(1) and as a result of their inability to give themselves fully to a way of life which demands full commitment, the range of farming activities is gradually reduced to poultry-keeping. The girls' object in going to the farm also militates against any true success; all they wish for is a place where they can read, paint on porcelain, go for long cycle rides and generally potter about. Their failure, as March points out to Henry, "isn't a case of efficiency.... If you're going to do farming you must be at it from morning till night, and you might as well be a beast yourself."(2)

There is, however, another aspect to failure; the relationship lacks balance. March is not only forced to play the man's part on the farm - she does "four-fifths of the work"(3) - she has also to sustain the fretful and nerve-ridden Banford; and although March is ostensibly the more manful, we realise that she is not intrinsically a masculine type:

> March did most of the outdoor work. When she was out and about, in her puttees and breeches, her belted coat and her loose cap, she looked almost like some graceful young man, for her shoulders were straight, and her movements easy and confident, even tinged with a little indifference, or irony. But her face was not a man's

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 419.

(2) Ibid. p. 428.

(3) Ibid. p. 420.

> face, not ever. The wisps of her crisp dark hair blew about her as she stooped, her eyes were big and wide and dark, when she looked up again, strange, startled, shy and sardonic at once. Her mouth, too, was almost pinched as if in pain and irony. There was something odd and unexplained about her. (1)

The relationship, of which the Lesbian basis is fully analysed by Edmund Bergler, (2) appears to be non-vital in itself, and this is why no vital flow can go into the farming enterprise. Although March does not seem to mind all the responsibility, she feels otherwise:

> There seemed to be no relief, and it made her eyes flash curiously sometimes. Then Banford, feeling more nerve-worn than ever, would speak sharply to her. They seemed to be losing ground somehow, losing hope as the months went by. There alone in the fields by the wood.....They seemed to have to live too much off themselves. There was nothing to keep them up - and no hope. (3)

Again, in March, one is faced with an example of "natural energy, unawakened or misdirected."(4) She is the Lawrentian woman of "vital potentiality,"(5) who exists, until the arrival of the intruder who is to rescue her, in a state of semi-abstraction. One of her principal oddities is the constant twist of her mouth. This mannerism occurs whenever she lapses into her semi-abstracted or 'dreaming' state -

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(1) Ibid. p. 419.

(2) Edmund Bergler, M.D. 'D.H. Lawrence's The Fox and the Psychoanalytic Theory on Lesbianism' in D.H.L.M., op. cit. pp. 49-55.

(3) Tales, op. cit. p. 420.

(4) Hough, op. cit. p. 176.

(5) Tedlock, op. cit. p. 117.

a state which soon comes to be associated with her thoughts of the fox. In addition to being "odd and unexplained", March is a "creature of odd whims and unsatisfied tendencies.... odd and absent."(1) Before the moment of contact with the fox, she is described as standing, "Half-watching, half-musing. It was her constant state."(2) One learns also that "She was always lapsing into this odd, rapt state, her mouth rather screwed up. It was a question whether she was there, actually conscious present, or not."(3)

She is in this state of emotional incompletion when the fox arrives to catch her off guard; all memory of Banford leaves her and "Her consciousness was, as it were, held back."(4) At that moment she sees the fox which "usurps March's consciousness."(5) Except for the fact that contact here takes place between human and animal, the instant recalls a similar moment when Alfred Durant and Louisa Lindley felt as if "Their souls were exposed bare for a few moments." March falls completely, then, under the spell of the fox:

> She lowered her eyes and suddenly saw the fox. He was looking up at her. His chin was pressed down and his eyes were looking up. They met her eyes. And he knew her. She was spellbound - she knew he knew her. So he looked into her eyes, and her soul failed her. He knew her, he was not daunted.

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(1) Tales, op. cit. pp. 419-20.

(2) Ibid. p. 421.

(3) Ibid.

(4) Ibid.

(5) Widmer, op. cit. p. 59.

> She struggled, confusedly came to herself.(1)

From this instant March determines to go after the fox, but not with any intention of killing him. To find him becomes her one obsession. She has no conscious thought, but "In strange mindlessness she walked hither and thither."(2) She is recalled from this mesmerized state by Banford's voice, but although she returns physically, one realises that from then on her thoughts are elsewhere:

> Whenever she fell into her half-musing, when she was half-rapt and half-intelligently aware of what passed under vision, then it was the fox which somehow dominated her consciousness, possessed the blank half of her musing. And so it was for weeks, and months.(3)

As a result of her experience, a curious kind of restfulness falls on March in her semi-abstracted state. Now, when she purses up her mouth in "an odd, screwed fashion, much too old for her years"(4) - by now an accepted sign of inner strain - there comes over her mind "the old spell of the fox.... a settled effect in her spirit, a state permanently established, not continuous, but always recurring."(5) Her situation, nevertheless, is by no means a resolution. As one sees a little later, she is "divided in herself, trying to keep up two planes of consciousness."(6) The spell of the fox is not enough in

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 421.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid. p. 423.
(4) Ibid. p. 423.
(5) Ibid.
(6) Ibid. p. 429.

itself - it must be displaced by a human force - and that force is Henry Grenfel, the alien outsider who, in common with Alfred Durant and Hadrian Rockley, has lived and travelled in foreign places.

Henry, as Tedlock and other critics point out, is immediately identified by March with the fox:

> Lawrence parallels their physical appearance, their sly way of gaining their ends, and their dark submission-inducing power, and gives the man a Celtic Cornish origin and way of speaking. As part of the pattern of alienation of such power, Lawrence also makes him a runaway to Canada as a youth.(1)

The youth also has a further important affinity with Alfred Durant of The Daughters of the Vicar; both are frequently associated with images of heat, flame, ruddiness and light. Although there are no overt references to the sun in connection with Henry, there is present some imagery which appears to go deeper than his surface identification with the fox.

At the outset, though, one learns that "to March he was the fox."(2) She immediately falls under the influence of "his strange, soft, modulated voice,"(3) which holds her 'spellbound'(4) as the fox had. This begins the first stage of her transference of the fox-image to Henry; it seems a very natural identification to make. Henry, she notices,

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(1) Tedlock, op. cit. p. 117.
(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 425.
(3) Ibid. p. 424.
(4) Ibid.

"has a ruddy, roundish face," with eyes which are "very bright and sharp.... fresh, ruddy skin," and down on his cheeks which gives him a "slightly glistening look."(1)

From this point, he is continually described in terms of brightness. When March thinks of him as the fox she does not know "Whether it was the thrusting forward of his head, or the glisten of fine whitish hairs on the ruddy cheekbones, or the bright keen eyes,"(2) that influenced her. As Henry watches the girls prepare a meal, one learns that "His eyes were unnaturally clear and bright, though it was the brightness of abundant health," and that "His face moved bright under the light."(3) In common with Matilda Rockley of You Touched Me, March withdraws from this intruder as much as possible; if anything, much more is made of her withdrawal than of Matilda's:

> March loomed shadowy in the distance.... (she).... appeared in the doorway, took her cup, and sat down in a corner, as far from the light as possible. She was very sensitive in her knees. Having no skirts to cover them, and being forced to sit with them boldly exposed, she suffered. She shrank and shrank, trying not to be seen. And the youth, sprawling low on the couch, glanced up at her, with long, steady penetrating looks, till she was almost ready to disappear.
>
> Yet she held her cup balanced, she drank her tea, screwed up her mouth and held her head averted. Her desire to be invisible was so strong that it quite baffled the youth. He felt he could not see her distinctly. She seemed like a shadow within a shadow. And ever his

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid. p. 425.

(3) Ibid. p. 426.

> eyes came back to her, searching, unremitting, with unconscious fixed intention.(1)

During this first scene, which takes place shortly after Henry's arrival, light and shadow are frequently contrasted. He sits in a kind of spotlight as "The lamp was shaded with a dark-green shade, so that the light was thrown downwards and the upper half of the room was dim."(2) This dimness is at first a refuge for March - a refuge which will protect her from Henry's 'unremitting' gaze. Finally, though, she comes to accept his presence as peaceful:

> March.... cast long, slow glances at him from her recess, as he sat there on the sofa, his hands clasping his knees, his face under the lamp bright and alert.... She became almost peaceful. He was identified with the fox - and he was here in full presence. She need not go after him any more. There in the shadow of her corner she gave herself up to a warm, relaxed peace, accepting the spell that was on her. But she wished to remain hidden. She was only fully at peace when he forgot her.... Hidden in the shadow of the corner she need not any more be divided in herself, trying to keep up two planes of consciousness. She could at last lapse into the odour of the fox.(3)

The dream which follows this partial resolution is curious. In it, for the first time, March hears the fox singing to her from outside, "A singing that roamed round the house, in the fields, and in the darkness."(4) Strangely enough, when she runs out to him she finds that "He was very yellow and bright, like corn."(5) She is bitten by the fox and then

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(1) Ibid. p. 427.
(2) Ibid. p. 426.
(3) Ibid. p. 429.
(4) Ibid. p. 430.
(5) Ibid.

"He whisked his brush across her face, and it seemed his brush was on fire, for it seared and burned her mouth with a great pain. She awoke with the pain of it, and lay trembling as if she were really seared."(1)

The oddest part of this dream is the fox's colour, but it becomes clearer if we see that Lawrence is here making Henry Grenfel's dual symbolic nature a little more explicit. He is identified by March with the fox, both in colouring and general demeanour, but he also possesses an inner quality of vitality which is something more profound. This had already been hinted at by his association with light and brightness. As further evidence of this more profound vitality, it is important to examine Banford's attitude to the youth. She never associates him with the fox - that is something purely subjective on the part of March. Yet at one point Banford perceives Henry's inner vitality in terms of heat, glow and ruddiness:

> She did not like to meet his clear, watchful eyes, she did not like to see the strange glow in his face, his cheeks with their delicate fine hair, and his ruddy skin that was quite dull and yet which seemed to burn with a curious heat of life. It made her feel a little ill to look at him: the quality of his physical presence was too penetrating, too hot.(2)

The biting and burning aspect of March's dream has a parallel later when Henry kisses her for the first time. The "quick, brushing kiss" he gives her "seemed to burn through her every fibre."(3) Just as Matilda

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(1) Ibid. p. 430.
(2) Ibid. p. 438.
(3) Ibid. p. 433.

Rockley's "night-wandering" was a dramatization of her unconscious sexual desires, so here March gives her sexual anxiety dream-form. After the dream-association of man and fox, in which there seems to be a subtle transference of Henry's quality to the dream-animal, her relationship with Henry intensifies. The earlier moment of 'contact' with the real animal is given definition when it is paralleled by a similar moment with Henry. On this second occasion of 'recognition' there is a direct recall of the incident in The Daughters of the Vicar between Alfred and Louisa:

> March sat with her elbows on the table, her two hands supporting her chin, looking at him unconsciously. Suddenly he lifted his clouded blue eyes, and unthinking looked straight into March's eyes. He was startled as well as she. He, too, recoiled a little. March felt the same sly, taunting, knowing spark leap out of his eyes, as he turned his head aside, and fall into her soul, as it had fallen from the dark eyes of the fox. She pursed her mouth as if in pain, as if asleep too.(1)

Henry's action in recoiling is a faint echo of the magical moment of awareness which comes upon Hadrian Rockley in You Touched Me. Although predatory and designing in his approach, Henry nevertheless experiences some kind of shock at this point, and from this moment his awareness of March gradually develops. The quality of the hunter assumes dominance in him and there is, too, an increase in the number of images suggesting light and heat, with which he is associated. After the moment of 'contact' March feels the "knowing spark" in him, and one reads that "A pointed light

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(1) Ibid. pp. 432-3.

seemed to be on the boy's eyes, penetrating like a needle," or that "A smile like a cunning little flame came over his face."(1) When he looks at March again she sees that his face "Was bright with a curious light, as if exultant."(2) She cannot bear his look and turns "her face aside, her mouth suffering as if wounded, and her consciousness dim."(3) Here again one finds a reference to the feelings she experienced in the first dream.

Though Henry's awareness of March develops gradually - even at an early stage, whilst sitting in the circle of light, he is "aware of the silent, half-invisible woman in the corner," - he does nevertheless experience feelings similar to Hadrian Rockley's after the moment of mutual 'recognition' or 'insight'. Henry may not be 'stung' into awareness quite so suddenly as Hadrian, but one notes how he discovers something exciting in March:

> (she).... was a strange character to him. Her figure, like a graceful young man's, piqued him. Her dark eyes made something rise in his soul, with a curious elate excitement, when he looked into them, an excitement he was afraid to be let seen, it was so keen and secret.... He felt he must go further, he was inevitably impelled.(4)

This awareness and the "knowing spark" in Henry clearly recalls Hadrian who, with "the spark of consciousness in his eyes," manages "At the back of his mind," to keep "his secret alive and vivid."(5)

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(1) Ibid. p. 432.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid.
(4) Ibid. p. 433.
(5) Ibid. p. 294.

Lawrence employs the imagery of heat and light skilfully when contrasting the respective attitudes of the girls to Henry. At first, Banford is, ironically enough, well-disposed to the boy, looking on him rather like a younger brother; he seems to draw her out and she is unafraid of him. March, on the other hand, is the one who seeks to avoid him by withdrawing into shadow. This situation changes after Henry has induced March to marry him; Banford becomes his antagonist, attempting to prevent the marriage. Kingsley Widmer states of this situation that "Such metaphoric details as Banford - who insists on harassing the lovers - appearing with chrysanthemums, stand for unfulfilled death, as in Odour of Chrysanthemums."(1)

Widmer does not make clear what he means by "unfulfilled death", but it is true that Banford does harass the lovers by recalling March at crucial moments, and the harassment, furthermore, has its beginnings when March first feels drawn to go after the fox. Out of her state of "strange mindlessness" she at last becomes aware that "Banford was calling her,"(2) and when Henry has made his proposal - which is at least subconsciously acceptable to March - the incident is ended by "Banford's voice, calling from the house."(3) Later, when Henry has learned that March identifies him with the fox, he kisses her on the cheek and "At that moment Banford's voice was heard calling fretfully, crossly from upstairs."(4) Whenever she hears Banford call her, March

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(1) Widmer, op. cit. p. 61.
(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 421.
(3) Ibid. p. 437.
(4) Ibid. p. 433.

withdraws from Henry, on this occasion "starting and drawing erect."[1] Henry, however, refuses to let her go immediately and he gives her the kiss which evokes the burning sensation she had felt in her dream. On the other hand, the claims of Banford are not so easily dismissed; once more she is heard:

> 'Nellie! Nellie! Whatever are you so long for?' came Banford's faint cry from the outer darkness.

A battle goes on between Henry and Banford for possession of March, who seems to take some kind of pleasure in being thus fought for:

> (March).... seemed to flourish in this atmosphere. She seemed to sit between the two antagonists with a little wicked smile on her face, enjoying herself. There was even a sort of complacency in the way she laboriously crocheted this evening.(2)

Her curious detachment can be explained partly by her reaction to Henry's proposal shortly before; even before she tells him not to try any of his 'tomfoolery',[3] she is under his influence:

> March felt rather than heard him. She was trying in vain to turn aside her face. A great relaxation seemed to have come over her. She stood silent, her head slightly on one side. He seemed to be bending towards her, invisibly smiling. It seemed to her fine sparks came out of him.(4)

Henry, realising the "secret bond" which is developing between them, knows her objections are mere words and so he becomes even more insistent and persuasive. March feels that "his voice had such a curious power

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid. p. 446.
(3) Ibid. p. 435.
(4) Ibid.

over her; making her feel loose and relaxed," and that "The word seemed to rock in her as if she were dying." As he completes the destruction of her conventional objections, she feels that "A swoon went over her."(1)

Another reason for March's enjoyment of the situation is given in Bergler's summary of the pattern of Lesbianism in The Fox. He points out that:

> Lawrence presents with clinical correctness the defensive pseudo-aggression so predominant in Lesbians. March speaks harshly to Banford, enjoys the conflict between Banford and her male competitor, and even marries the man who has been indirectly responsible for Banford's death."(2)

Considered in the context of Bergler's closely-reasoned and amply-illustrated argument on the tale, these comments provide one with an illuminating side-light on the dark areas of emotion which lie beneath the surface realism of the story. One cannot agree, though, with his use of the word 'indirectly' in connection with Banford's death. Henry's action is deliberate and if it is not premeditated in the fullest sense of the word - although, as we shall see, his thought-processes are directed against Banford for some time before the killing - he does at least think coolly and calculatingly in the few moments before he brings down the tree upon her; bearing this in mind, one realises that he is 'directly' responsible for the girl's death.

We have noted how Banford finds Henry's vitality so overpowering

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(1) Ibid. p. 436.

(2) Bergler, op. cit. pp. 52-3.

and objectionable. Whereas March is quite content to lapse into the boy's influence, Banford is sickened "with the smell of his clothes," and states that "his red face simply turns me over."(1) These are strange words from someone who considers herself on a higher social level than the youth, and Banford's manner of expressing herself is hardly elegant. Significantly though, when March is even momentarily withdrawn from Henry's influence and capable of listening to Banford's partly class-derived objections, she sees the boy in a quite different way. No longer does he appear to her as a creature of brightness, full of flame and ruddy energy. Instead, she views him rather as did Banford when he first arrived - just as a younger boy, almost a brother:

> Such a long, red-faced, sulky boy! That was all he was. He seemed as remote from her as if his red face were a red chimney-pot on a cottage across the fields, and she looked at him just as objectively, as remotely.(2)

Here, Henry is reduced from a life-symbol to the status of a remote, inanimate object, lacking any quality of brightness or life. Such details reveal that Banford, although ostensibly the weaker and nerve-ridden, does have power over March, who is indecisive and alternately under the influence of either Henry or her friend. A crucial confrontation, which is a prelude to March's full symbolic release, is soon given dramatic form. Henry, now conscious of "the heaviness of his male destiny upon him,"(3) asks March to go outside. She is conscious of

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(1) Tales, op. cit. pp. 446-7.
(2) Ibid. p. 445.
(3) Ibid. p. 458.

"How soft and warm and coaxing his voice could be, how near,"(1) but on the other hand "The very sound of it" one learns, "made Banford's blood boil."(2) After a sudden flare-up, the scene ends with Banford in tears, March torn between the two people, but with Henry triumphant:

> Banford, standing there in the middle of the room, suddenly burst into a long wail and a spasm of sobs. She covered her face with her poor, thin hands, and her thin shoulders shook in an agony of weeping. March looked back from the door.
>
> 'Jill!' she cried in a frantic tone, like someone just coming awake. And she seemed to start towards her darling.
>
> But the boy had March's arm in his grip, and she could not move. She did not know why she could not move. It was as in a dream, when the heart strains and the body cannot stir.(3)

At this point, Henry becomes resolute, and although March still continues to insist that she must go back to Banford, he takes command, asserting his own claims by placing March's hand on his heart:

> And then she felt the deep, heavy powerful stroke of his heart, terrible, like something from beyond. It was like something from beyond, something awful from outside, signalling to her. And the signal paralysed her. It beat upon her very soul, and made her helpless. She forgot Jill. She could not think of Jill any more. She could not think of her. That terrible signalling from outside.(4)

This moment recalls the final scene between Coutts and Winifred Varley in

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(1) Ibid. p. 460.

(2) Ibid. pp. 462-3.

(3) Ibid. pp. 460-1.

(4) Ibid. p. 461.

The Witch à la Mode when he feels as if "he, the heart, were setting the pulse in her." Unfortunately for Coutts the feeling was not then mutual, and Winifred cut him short. March, on the other hand, obviously does feel that someone else is "setting the pulse in her." She is already well attuned to this 'signal' from 'outside'. In the complex process of transference and identification which goes on in her mind, it is associated with the fox's singing which, before and after the animal's identification with Henry, she seems to hear summoning her from 'outside'. It is also surely significant that, before she leaves the house with the youth, one reads that "When she saw the night outside she started back."(1) The repetition of the words "from beyond.... from outside" is no accident; Henry is the alien outsider, the intruder who eavesdrops from behind the "huge, ancient hedge of hawthorn, grown into trees," upon the restrictive and withdrawn relationship of the girls. From this moment also, Henry is even more aware of his own responsibility as an intrusive awakener:

> He held her hands in his, but he did not make love to her. Since he had realised that she was a woman, and vulnerable, accessible, a certain heaviness had possessed his soul. He did not want to make love to her. He shrank from any such performance, almost with fear. She was a woman, and vulnerable, accessible to him finally, and he held back from that which was ahead, almost with dread. It was a kind of darkness he knew he would enter finally, but of which he did not want as yet even to think. She was the woman, and he was responsible for the strange vulnerability he had suddenly realised in her.(2)

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid. pp. 462-3.

No longer is March imprisoned in the "hard-cloth breeches.... buttoned on the knee, strong as armour,"(1) in which Henry had first become accustomed to seeing her. The defensive covering and attitude has given way to accessibility, March now appearing to him as "soft and accessible in her dress."(2) Just as Sigurd awakened Brynhild by ripping open her armour, so Henry's intrusion has resulted in March's release. Whilst under his subtle spell, she is at peace, looking upon him as a comforting rescuer who will protect her. She feels that "She wished she could stay with him. She wished she had married him already, and it was over. For, oh, she felt suddenly so safe with him. She felt so strangely safe and peaceful in his presence. If only she could sleep in his shelter, and not with Jill. She felt afraid of Jill and sleep with her. She wanted the boy to save her."(3)

Now, Henry seems to "occupy all her self with his queer bright look,"(4) and when he leaves for Salisbury Plain she is conscious of loss:

> ..... it seemed as if everything real in life was retreating as the train retreated with his queer, chubby, ruddy face, that seemed so broad across the cheeks, and which never seemed to change its expression, save when a cloud of sulky anger hung on the brow, or the bright eyes fixed themselves in a stare.(5)

This final picture of Henry before he leaves certainly possesses the life

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(1) Ibid. p. 548.
(2) Ibid. pp. 458-9.
(3) Ibid. p. 465.
(4) Ibid.
(5) Ibid. pp. 465-6.

and animation which were absent when his face was described as a "red chimney-pot," and the feeling that "everything real in life" is retreating is soon given definition by March's letter to Henry. Once more she has reverted to Banford, and it seems as though their Lesbian relationship with all its implied non-vitality will withstand the disruptive intruder finally, although at the same time one realizes that it is a poor substitute for something more positive and durable. The letter reveals all March's ambivalence; whereas before Henry stood for "everything.....which life offered,"(1) or "everything real in life," now March states, "When I think of Jill, she is ten times more real to me.... We have a life while it does last....I love Jill, and she makes me feel safe and sane, with her loving anger against me for being such a fool."(2)

After reading the letter, Henry becomes determined and he returns, intent on getting "the thorn of Banford out of his life." Once more, his inherent vitality is evident. To March "His hot, young face seemed to flame in the cold light," and "The moment she saw his glowing, red face it was all over with her."(3)

The climax of the tale is Banford's death, which is engineered by Henry; this incidentally, is absent from the very much shorter 1919 version of the story.(4) In this version, the action ends almost immediately after Henry has asked March to marry him, and Banford is allowed to fall out of the picture; altogether, the close of the tale

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(1) Ibid. p. 454.

(2) Ibid. pp. 466-7.

(3) Ibid. p. 471.

(4) Moore, D.H.L.M., op. cit. pp. 28-48.

is less satisfactory than that in The Fox as it now stands:

> And on the morrow they were married, although to Banford it seemed utterly impossible. Yet it was so. And he seemed so cocky, in his quiet, secret way. And Banford was so curiously powerless against him, and March was so curiously happy. This also angered Banford. She could not bear to see the secret, half-dreamy, half-knowing look of happiness on March's face. It seemed wicked. March seemed to her to have a secret wickedness, gentle, receptive wickedness, like a dream.
>
> In March, the dream-consciousness now predominated. She lived in another world, the world of the fox. When she dreamed, the fox and the boy were somehow indistinguishable. And all through the day, she lived in this world, the world of the fox and the boy, or the fox and the old man, she never knew which. Her ready superficial consciousness carried her through the world's business all right. But people said she was odd. And she talked so little to her husband.
>
> He had to go away in ten days' time after the marriage. She suffered when he was gone, and he suffered in going. But he went in the inevitable decision to come back, and his decisions fulfilled themselves almost like fate, unnoticeably. He would come home by instinct.(1)

As we have seen so far Lawrence extended the tale beyond this point, reserving the marriage until later; at the same time he gave the story greater interest and depth by including many well-developed premonitions and portents of Banford's death. In March's second dream, for instance, the coffin is made from the "rough wood-box in which the bits of chopped wood were kept in the kitchen,"(2) and the only shroud available is the fox-skin which seems to make "a whole ruddy, fiery coverlet."(3)

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(1) Ibid. p. 48.

(2) Ibid. p. 450.

(3) Ibid.

At one point Henry, in his hatred for Banford, says to himself when he sees her with flowers, "I'd give you flowers. Nothing but flowers,"(1) and even March's letter has deathly implications. In it she writes "who knows how long we've got to live? She (Banford) is a delicate little thing, perhaps nobody but me knows how delicate."(2)

The wood-box referred to in the second dream certainly has associations with the tree which kills Banford; March herself has also been giving "a few stealthy chops at the trunk" of this same tree "for a week or more, every now and then hacking away for five minutes, low down, near the ground, so no one should notice."(3) One finds it odd that she should be described as performing this action so surreptitiously. As we have seen, though, she is in no sense at peace in her old, non-vital relationship with Banford. Both her abstracted state and the nature of her dreams indicate this fact. Subconsciously, she aids and abets Henry in his undermining of the relationship; her stealthy manner in chopping away at the tree represents some kind of manifestation of her inner feelings.

The "ruddy fiery coverlet" of the fox-skin presents no difficulty of interpretation. Associated as it is with Henry, who displaces Banford in the relationship, it also recalls the way in which she felt ill when looking at the youth's "ruddy skin" with "its curious heat of life," or when she became aware that "the quality of his physical presence was too

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 455.
(2) Ibid. p. 466.
(3) Ibid.

penetrating, too hot."(3)

Throughout The Fox, then, the way has been well prepared for Banford's death. Indeed, death in one form or another is the usual prelude to a new mode of life in many of Lawrence's tales. The death of Mrs. Durant, which has close parallels with Mrs. Morel's in Sons and Lovers, is shown to be a necessary factor in the process of Alfred's self-realisation; both Mabel Pervin and Dr. Ferguson are involved in a kind of symbolic death; and finally, Mr. Rockley's death in You Touched Me is part of the breakdown of an old order - a breakdown which ultimately leads to Matilda's 'awakening'.

Widmer notes that in The Fox:

> As with other symbolic procedures in the story, the killing appears actual as well as symbolic. Such is the harshness of destiny and the perversity of love. Banford dead, March is emotionally freed and, with the romantic ordeal completed, marries Henry at Christmas. When the ritualistic sanction of murder for the fulfilment of life destiny occurs in Sons and Lovers, it is perhaps less clear, because the mother is dying anyway, and because Paul Morel has been developed as an exceptional and artistic youth. But in The Fox, and similar works, the violation of morality and human life dramatically develops in terms of a simple, non-intellectual, and non-artistic hero. The implication remains that not only the unique hero but Everyman must transcend morality to achieve love and destiny.(2)

This comparison with Sons and Lovers does not really offer much help. There, the impending death is wholly natural and Paul's act of euthanasia is done out of love, not hatred. Banford suffers symbolic defeat in

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(1) Ibid. p. 438.

(2) Widmer, op. cit. pp. 61-2.

The Fox - the wish-fulfilment underlying March's dreams is a part of this defeat - but her death is engineered by Henry in order to remove an obstacle, "to get the thorn of Banford out of his life."

March, who is subconsciously in league with Henry, is mentally if not physically freed during the crucial scene before his departure to Salisbury Plain. All thoughts of Banford leave her, and one realises that Henry from then on only needs to consolidate his position. That this is essential is evident from March's indecisiveness as revealed in her subsequent behaviour and in the letter, both of which reveal how easily she alternately falls under the influence of either Banford or Henry.

In the total symbolic structure of the tale, Banford's death is essential. Although brutal, it is skilfully done. When Henry realises he is about to be thwarted, he becomes violent in his hatred of Banford, and yet he retains enough of his self-possession to make the killing look like an accident. Realism and symbolism are interwoven during this final dramatic scene. It is logical that Henry should chop down the tree and know how to calculate exactly where it will fall; he is both an ex-lumberman and the only able-bodied man on the farm at that moment. The psychology behind his warning Banford is apt, too; he knows that she will disregard the warning, because of her antipathy to him. Finally, Henry's action seems to come under the heading of what D. J. Gordon calls Lawrence's concept of "creative destruction".(1)

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(1) Gordon, op. cit. p. 89.

He states that:

> After The Rainbow (1915) Lawrence's thinking takes a sharp turn.... The question is no longer for a supreme balance of opposites but for the supercession of a finished mode of being. The old must be destroyed before the new can appear. Lawrence introduces in The Crown (1915) the concept of vital death or creative destruction. He thinks now in terms of heroes of death (such as Attila), destroyers of the no-longer vital, who permit re-birth to occur.(1)

In both You Touched Me and The Fox we have encountered something like this kind of hero. He is menacing and not entirely admirable. Hadrian, we remember, was both unscrupulous and ratlike, and Henry Grenfel is seen in terms of a predatory, destructive creature. Despite this, their actions eventually lead to a release of some kind, even though this release is tempered by the state of non-resolution which exists after it has been effected.

Artistically, Banford's death is well done, and it is highly preferable to the mere "killing off" of Mrs. Hepburn in the later The Captain's Doll, when one is merely informed very suddenly that she has fallen from a window; and the character of Banford, too, as opposed to that of Mrs. Hepburn, is much more developed in terms of non-vitality; the descriptions of the three characters' eyes in The Fox are only one pointer to either their inner potential or lack of it. As Julian Moynihan points out:

> Henry's eyes are described again and again as abnormally bright, sharp, keen, penetrating and searching. These adjectives define his

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(1) Ibid.

> role in the story. He is the man who cuts his way into the world of the two women, who searches the relationship with fox-like curiosity and cunning and sees that it is doomed. His abnormally acute eyesight discovers the fox slipping through the darkness, and it is at least as much a tribute to his visual powers as to his skill with an axe that he can drop the tree so unerringly on his female rival. Banford, significantly enough, is near-sighted, wears glasses, and cannot read books without her eyes rapidly becoming tired. She has 'queer, round-pupilled, weak eyes staring behind her spectacles.' Unlike March's her eyes never glow, darken, or dilate. They are commonly described as vague, hidden behind spectacles, neither seeing nor seen.(1)

To this one can add the point made earlier about the respective attitudes of the girls to the quality of light and energy which emanated from Henry, and the fact of Banford's almost parasitic dependence on March.

The ending of The Fox is not conclusive. March is freed from the restrictive relationship when the already "absolutely dead" tree "perched as it were on one sinew, and ready to fall,"(2) kills Banford; but March is not at peace and Henry himself is also aware that "If he had won her, he had not yet got her."(3) He wishes her to acquiesce "and to be submerged under the surface of love,"(4) and she is unable to accept her new submissive role, having, in her relationship with Jill Banford, had to take "all the thought for love and for life, and all the responsibility."(5) She has on her face a strange look:

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(1) Moynihan, op. cit. p. 205.
(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 469.
(3) Ibid. p. 475.
(4) Ibid. p. 476.
(5) Ibid.

> .... the strange, quivering little smile of a woman who has died in the old way of love, and can't quite rise to the new way. She still felt she ought to do something, to strain herself in some direction. And there was nothing to do, and no direction in which to strain herself. And she could not quite accept the submergence which his new love put upon her. If she was in love, she ought to exert herself, in some way, loving. She felt the weary need of our day to exert herself in love. But she knew that in fact she must no more exert herself in love. He would not have the love which exerted itself towards him. It made his brow go black. No, he wouldn't let her exert her love towards him.(1)

Again, there is no resolution at the end of the tale. Henry, she believes, wishes to "make her submit, yield, blindly pass away out of her strenuous consciousness."(2) Although she feels that "there was such rest in the boy,"(3) she is also determined to retain control for:

> She would keep awake. She would know. She would consider and judge and decide. She would have the reins of her own life between her hands. She would be an independent woman.... She would know and she would see what was ahead.(4)

Henry, who "with all the blood burning in all his veins, like fire in all the branches and twigs of him,"(5) has finally experienced a "curious passion" for March, sees her submission in a different way. He feels that when she finally yields:

> Then he would have her, and he would have his own life at last. He chafed, feeling he hadn't got his own life. He would never have

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid. p. 476.

(3) Ibid. pp. 476-7.

(4) Ibid. p. 479.

(5) Ibid. p. 464.

> it till she yielded and slept in him. Then he would have all his own life as a young man and a male, and she would have all her own life as a woman and a female. There would be no more of this awful straining. She would not be a man any more, an independent woman with a man's responsibility. Nay, even the responsibility for her own soul she would have to commit to him. He knew it was so, and obstinately held out against her waiting for the surrender.(1)

From the general tone of this, Lawrence appears to be in sympathy with Henry's view, and we seem to have here a glimpse into the future at a new treatment of the relationship between man and woman. March has been freed from a kind of half-life - her unvital alliance with Banford - but a further kind of 'sleep', of submission, Lawrence seems to say, is necessary for her to achieve complete fulfilment and self-realization, both for herself and for Henry. Henry himself, although his role in the tale has been an active one, is unsettled. Seeking resolution himself, and expecting to find it with March in Canada, he hopes "with pain in his voice"(2) that they may "go soon."(3)

The lack of resolution with which the tale ends is a logical development from the other tales considered in this chapter. Awakenings and releases have occurred, some more mystical and magical than others, but unlike in the fairy tale there are no comforting conclusions. Dealing with the discussion of happiness which is a blatant example of

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(1) Ibid. p. 579.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid.

author-intrusion near the end of the story, Widmer states that:

> This symboliste prose poem lacks dramatic integration with the character of March and with the marriage pattern of the main action... its attack on the pursuit of happiness is relevant to the theme of the fiction and to defining the distinctive mode of Lawrence. Not only does love remain an agony, but the leap over the barriers of society and morality and emotional restraint to fulfilment does not produce any final happiness or goodness. The joy is in the very necessity of the leap - nothing more.(1)

Although most of this statement helps one to understand more fully the irresolution with which The Fox ends, the last sentence seems to be an over-simplification. If one is to use the word 'joy' to describe the feelings of the characters who make the 'leap' then surely it must be a 'terrible' joy which in its way is rather fearsome. In such a case, it is also surely inadequate to use the words "nothing more" in any summary of such experience.

At the close of The Fox the theme of mutual awakening, which is in any case, in a very much lower key than in the two previous tales, ends. The tales to be considered in the next chapter deal with women who reject the awakening experience, and at the same time, in them, one moves to new settings which are a complete departure from the typically English rural environments in which the previous four stories have been located.

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(1) Widmer, op. cit. pp. 63-4.

CHAPTER III

Lawrence, as noted in the previous chapter, was not content to stay put in the Villa Fontana Vecchia at Taormina; for him and Frieda this was a time of wandering back and forth. Describing an uncongenial trip which the two made to Sicily, Harry T. Moore writes:

> For the Lawrences, it was a journey 'back, back, back down the old ways of time,' to the finality of realisation that 'it is all worked out. It is all known: connu, connu!' Men must move forward to be whole, Lawrence felt, must move forward to the 'unknown, unworked lands where the salt has not lost its savour.'(1)

In connection with these wanderings, Moore also relates how Lawrence met Rebecca West on one of his visits to Florence:

> Lawrence told her.... of the discomforts of his travels. She later reflected, 'These were the journeys that the mystics of a certain type have always found necessary' - certainly the neatest of all explanations of Lawrence's famous restlessness. Rebecca West saw him as wandering like the Indian Fakir and the Russian Saint, going on journeys with a spiritual rather than a geographical goal: 'Lawrence travelled, it seemed, to get a certain Apocalyptic vision of mankind that he registered again and again, always rising to a pitch of ecstatic agony.'(2)

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(1) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 277.

(2) Ibid. p. 280.

Certainly, Lawrence was always quick to move on from a place if he sensed that none of the true savour of life was present there. We have seen that he could no longer tolerate England, either mentally or physically, and his urge to go south was in part dictated by his health. Eventually, even the warmth of southern Italy was not enough compensation for a growing sense of discontent with the place; in a letter to Catherine Carswell, he wrote:

> Yet I wouldn't pretend to be serenely content. You wouldn't believe me if I did. Italy has for some reason gone a little rancid in my mouth. And probably Italy - or Sicily, anyhow - is better than any other place even then. But I can't get the little taste of canker out of my mouth. The people -
>
> Here (Taormina), of course, it is like a continental Mad-Hatter's tea-party.(1)

A few weeks earlier he had written to Earl Brewster of his plan to "ultimately.... get a little farm somewhere by myself, in Mexico, New Mexico, Rocky Mountains, or British Columbia,"(2) and soon he received an invitation to Taos, New Mexico, from Mabel Dodge Sterne. Mrs. Sterne, a rich American with strange ideas about will-power, offered the Lawrences an adobe house on her property. However, although Lawrence was still writing enthusiastically about the prospect of a trip to Taos in a letter dated January 9th, 1922, he decided instead to go to Ceylon. One of the major reasons for the change of plan was probably Mrs. Sterne, of whom by this time he had learned a good deal more; she, as we shall see in the examination of None of That, was the

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(1) Huxley, CL, op. cit. p. 547.
(2) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 284.

model for Ethel Cane, a woman who wishes to live a 'willed' existence and who is eventually destroyed by her obsession.

Despite the fact that Mrs. Sterne "willed him to come"(1) to Taos, Lawrence managed to 'elude' her 'projected' will and he and Frieda sailed from Naples on 26th February, 1922. They stayed only six weeks in Ceylon, however, Lawrence writing to Amy Lowell on April 17th that it was "a wonderful place to look at, but too hot to live in."(2) At the same time, there appear to have been other reasons for his next move, for he wrote:

> .... we make a mistake forsaking England and moving out into the periphery of life. After all, Taormina, Ceylon, Africa, America - so far as we go, they are only the negation of what we ourselves stand for and are: and we're rather like Jonahs running away from the place we belong.(3)

The stay in Australia was short - from April to August, 1922. To Lawrence, this land which lay "like a Sleeping Princess on whom the dust of ages has settled",(4) was only an ideal place to settle in when one was ready to give up living:

> .... when one has had enough of the world - when one doesn't want to wrestle with another single thing, humanly.... No, just to drift away, and live and forget and expire in Australia.(5)

During these wanderings, Lawrence continued his correspondence with

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(1) Luhan, Mabel, Lorenzo in Taos, (New York, 1932) p. 166.

(2) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 288.

(3) Ibid. pp. 288-9.

(4) Ibid. p. 290

(5) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 294.

Mrs. Sterne; eventually, he and Frieda sailed for San Francisco, touching upon New Zealand and some of the Pacific Islands en route. By September 11th, 1922, they had reached Taos. Their first stay in New Mexico, which was to provide the setting for The Princess and None of That, lasted until 22nd November, 1923. During this time, Lawrence avoided Mrs. Sterne as much as possible, living most of the time in mountain ranches twenty miles away; there was also a visit to Mexico, which he appears to have enjoyed for the opportunity it gave him to see something of the ancient civilizations of that country. Soon, however, he was writing, "Have had about enough of Mexico - sail for New York next week.... this country is interesting for a short time, then one is through with it."(1) They did not go immediately to New York, though, but eventually settled for a time at Chapala, Mexico, and Lawrence informed his mother that he now had no wish to return to Europe "where she must be weary of the 'German tragedy' and the materialism."(2) Within a couple of months, however, having nearly finished The Plumed Serpent, he wrote to Mrs. Bessie Wilkerson Freeman, "The novel is nearly finished - near enough to leave. I must come to New York - and go to England."(3) As far back as February, 1923, he had written to Curtis Brown that he would "come to England some time in the summer,"(4) but in June he was still vacillating; writing to Frederick Carter, he said:

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(1) Ibid. p. 313.
(2) Ibid. p. 314.
(3) Ibid. p. 317.
(4) Ibid. p. 311.

> If I come to England we'll talk about it. But I may not come. I don't know why I don't want to come. I don't. Anyhow, I shall go to New York and that is nearer.(1)

One of the reasons for the eventual return to Europe was Frieda's children; the Weekley girls were now grown up and their mother was anxious to see them. Lawrence had been planning to sail with her, but became more and more reluctant as the date drew nearer. On August 7th he wrote:

> I doubt if I shall get myself as far as England. Feel I don't want to go. But Frieda will sail on the 18th - and I shall sail somewhen or other.... I find my soul doesn't want to come to Europe, it is like Balaam's ass and can't come any further.(2)

The outcome of this indecision was Frieda's departure for England on August 18th, 1923, while Lawrence remained in the U.S.A. From then until November, he visited various places in California and made another trip to Mexico, but soon there were calls from England, not only from Frieda, but also from John Middleton Murry, who wanted Lawrence to take over the newly-founded Adelphi magazine. On November 22nd he sailed for England once again. The three months he spent in Europe were depressing from the outset. Shortly after his arrival he wrote "poor D. H. L. perfectly miserable, as if he was in his tomb,"(3) and when he was preparing to leave in February, 1924, he commented, "I feel very weary of Europe and its fidgetiness.... and complications."(4) There were visits

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(1) Ibid. p. 318.
(2) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 320.
(3) Ibid. p. 323.
(4) Ibid.

to France and Germany during this period, but neither Lawrence nor Frieda appear to have found any kind of appeal there. In another letter to Bessie Wilkerson Freeman he wrote, "Thank goodness we are getting out of Europe. It is a weariness to me,"(1) and Frieda added a postscript by saying, "I am glad to be going to America again - except for seeing my children and mother here, it's cold and weary and sad."(2) This was on March 1st, 1924; by March 16th, the Lawrences, accompanied by the Hon. Dorothy Brett, were in New York. Dorothy Brett, the only person interested in Lawrence's scheme to found a colony, Rananim, may have provided him with some of the characteristics of Dollie Urquhart in The Princess;(3) she herself refers to his professional interest in another woman with whom the Lawrences were friendly in America - Lou Carrington:

> You are looking at her (Lou) keenly..
> And I think you used her later in your story
> "None of That."(4)

By 24th March, 1924, the Lawrences were once more in New Mexico. After staying in the Taos region for several months, they moved away from Mrs. Sterne's influence to the Kiowa Ranch, near Questa, New Mexico; the name of this town is a link with the character of Cuesta in None of That. This second stay in New Mexico, which also included lengthy visits to Mexico, lasted until September 10th, 1925.

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(1) Ibid. p. 326.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Ibid. p. 331.

(4) Dorothy Brett, Lawrence & Brett, A Friendship, (Philadelphia, 1933), p. 311.

From 1922 to 1925 Lawrence continued to produce numerous essays, articles and reviews. He also wrote two novels and collaborated on a third. Kangaroo was begun by 3rd June and finished by 24th July, except for the last chapter which was added at Taos in September.(1) It was published by Secker in 1923. The second Australian novel, The Boy in the Bush, was the work on which Lawrence collaborated with another writer. While spending a month in Los Angeles in 1923:

> He was re-writing a manuscript recently sent to him by a nurse he and Frieda had met in Australia, M. L. (Mollie) Skinner. She had written a story of the Australian frontier, The House of Ellis, and Lawrence had sent her a letter about this from California, saying that she had a gift for writing but that the book needed to be re-cast. He offered to undertake this: their names could appear as collaborators or they could invent a pseudonym. She cabled him to rewrite the book as he saw fit.(2)

Lawrence did so and the work occupied him from 3rd June until 24th July, 1923. During 1923 The Ladybird collection was published; in addition to the title-story this included The Captain's Doll and The Fox. All three tales had been written by 1921. Lawrence was also working on the penultimate novel of his career, The Plumed Serpent. The first draft was written "in May and June 1923. Begun again on 19th November, 1924, and finished, still called Quetzalcoatl, by February 1925 . . . Revised May-June, 1925 . . ."(3) After the novels, he produced more tales, including five which, in common with The Plumed

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(1) Sagar, op. cit. p. 130.
(2) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 321.
(3) Sagar, op. cit. p. 142.

Serpent, have Mexican settings; The Woman Who Rode Away was written in June, 1924 and first appeared in Dial, July-August, 1925.(1) St. Mawr, written in June, 1924, was published by Secker in 1925.(2) This brings one finally to the two tales which will provide the basis for discussion in this chapter. The Princess, a novella, was first outlined in December, 1923, when:

> .... taking some hints from Catherine Carswell, Lawrence sketched out a story.... which contains the seeds of The Princess. The tale proper was written in September and early October, 1924.(3)

It was first published in Calendar of Modern Letters, March, April, May, 1925.(4) The last Mexican tale, None of That, was written "Probably 1924"(5) but remained unpublished until 1928, when it appeared in the collection The Woman Who Rode Away.(6)

In these two tales Lawrence takes up once more the theme of "the women who 'will' the experience" of love.(7) In doing so they either refuse, or prove themselves incapable of, any kind of true awakening or transfiguration. Of the two, The Princess is the more satisfactory; once again, one finds in it the convincing and artistic blend of realism and symbolism which so distinguished The Fox. By comparison, None of That is crude. At the same time, in the second tale, the 'intruder' is revealed as one of the least positive so far; he does not

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(1) Ibid. p. 143.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid. pp. 143-4.
(4) Ibid.
(5) Ibid. p. 144.
(6) Ibid.
(7) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 332.

seem to be offered as any kind of rescuer, but is presented rather as an embodiment of the bestial in man, and so acts as another extreme to Ethel Cane's equally extreme "life of the imagination."(1)

Before discussing the final version of The Princess, it will be useful to look at a summary of the early sketch given by Catherine Carswell. This concerns Olivia MacLure, a thirty-five year old spinster who, on a visit to Glasgow, learns by chance of the Clan MacLure invitation to a feast on the ancestral island home. The chief, aged forty-five and rather crankish, has spent thirty years in the U.S.A. and in Mexican silver mines. In an odd way, the two characters are drawn to each other. He feels that she is somehow distant, but they marry. On his return from overseas, he finds his wife dead after the birth of a baby girl. He becomes convinced that his late wife was a mysterious woman from the faery and that the child is one of the Tuatha de Danaan. His immediate circle of friends, and the child, gradually come to accept this idea. She does not feel quite mortal, lacks friends, and later, as a nurse, looks upon the war-wounded she tends as remote and of a different race. Her tutor has supported her in the myth, and tells her that she must wait for the faery people to send her a mate, someone with a "demon between his brows." Finally, the girl sees her 'mate' but is afraid of her own race, feeling that somehow she has come back to destroy the race of men. Later she is even more afraid of not seeing him any more and feels that "her destiny, whatever might happen, is with him".(2)

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 904.

(2) Catherine Carswell, The Savage Pilgrimage: A Narrative of D. H. Lawrence, (London, 1932), pp. 211-14.

In The Princess the family name is changed to Urquhart, and Mrs. Urquhart is disposed of in brief summary; she is also presented as a relatively normal person, whereas Urquhart himself is the nebulous character, the "fascinating spectre,"(1) whose vagueness and disconnectedness eventually break his wife's spirit. He himself dies early in the tale (although his influence is felt throughout), whereas the original sketch seems to point to a fuller development of his character. In the story as it stands, nine-tenths of the narrative is devoted to the life of his daughter, Dollie, 'The Princess' who looks "out on a princeless world."(2) Despite this shift in emphasis, the summary is helpful in a number of ways. First, it shows clearly the strong fairy-tale or mythic basis of the story, and second, it makes even more explicit the following description of Dollie:

> She looked as if she had stepped out of a picture. But no one, to her dying day, ever knew exactly the strange picture her father had framed her in and from which she never stepped. (3)

The summary also clearly illustrates why Dollie is frequently referred to as either a 'changeling' or 'elfin'.(4)

The Princess, as S. Ronald Weiner notes:

> ....powerfully demonstrates that the maintenance of an illusory self destroys one's real self and the self-respect of others, that in attempting to be an isolated 'something', one becomes nothing.(5)

This "illusory self" is the restrictive state of being from which Dollie

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 689.

(2) Ibid. p. 695.

(3) Ibid. p. 692.

(4) Ibid. pp. 692-3, 694, 699.

(5) S. Ronald Weiner, 'Irony & Symbolism in The Princess' in D.H.L.M., op. cit. p. 225.

is either unable, or refuses, to break away, a state for which her father's teaching and influence are to blame.

The tale is precisely organized; the father figures which begin and end it are the two poles between which Dollie journeys. Her experience with the Mexican, Domingo Romero, represents the turning-point of her life, the crucial central moment of contact with a vital human being, by which she is so nearly brought back into relation with life. At the same time, deliberate and significant parallels in scene and attitude exist between the early and later parts of the tale, showing clearly the potentially positive nature of the Princess-Romero relationship as opposed to the unvital alliance with the father. This alliance is presented ironically, and with one or two slight touches of humour. The ironical tone is set by the first two sentences, when one realises that although to her father "she was the Princess," to her "Boston aunts and uncles she was just Dollie Urquhart, poor little thing."(1)

Immediately afterwards there is a reference to Colin Urquhart as being "a bit mad"(2) - a statement which is exactly balanced when the Princess is finally described as "a little mad" and "slightly crazy"(3) in the last four sentences of the tale. By the time she reaches this point, Dollie has rationalized her experience with Romero and regressed to her former disconnected mode of existence.

Colin Urquhart's isolation results from his dependence on a tenuous notion of his having the "royal blood.... of Scottish kings"(4) flowing

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 689.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid. p. 725.
(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 689.

in his veins. Described as "like some old Celtic hero .... out of the hushed, Ossianic past,"[1] he does, in his way of life, stand as the model for Dollie. Like him, she never succeeds in making any lasting or significant human contact, apart from the one moment when she is attracted to Romero. Dollie's life is a journey which ends at the place where she first started, but without there ultimately being any possibility of her knowing that place for the first time. She ends the tale as a nullity, in common with her late father of whom we have learned that:

> He was a handsome man, with a wide-open blue eye that seemed sometimes to be looking at nothing, soft black hair brushed rather low on his low, broad brow, and a very attractive body. Add to this a most beautiful speaking voice, usually rather hushed and diffident, but sometimes resonant and powerful like bronze, and you have the sum of his charms. He looked like some old Celtic hero. He looked as if he should have worn a greyish kilt and a sporran, and shown his knees.(2)

Here, Colin Urquhart's positive physical qualities are tempered by the note of irony in such expressions as "a wide-open blue eye .... looking at nothing .... the sum of his charms .... shown his knees." He is indeed a nullity:

> .....one of those gentlemen of sufficient but not excessive means who fifty years ago wandered vaguely about, never arriving anywhere, never doing anything, and never definitely being anything, yet well received and familiar in the good society of more than one country.(3)

Although his wife-to-be, Hannah Prescott, is fascinated by him, and although

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid.

"Many women have been fascinated before her"(1), one reads that "Colin Urquhart, by his very vagueness, had avoided any decisive connection."(2) Even when he marries the state does not change, and living with a man who does not really 'live' with anyone is too much for her:

> Mrs. Urquhart lived three years in the mist and glamour of her husband's presence. And then it broke her. It was like living with a fascinating spectre. About most things he was completely, even ghostly oblivious. He was always charming, courteous,perfectly gracious in that hushed, musical voice of his. 'Not all there,' as the vulgar say.(3)

The birth of the little girl, Dollie, in no way alters this state of affairs, for:

> .... this did not substantiate him the more.
> His very beauty and his haunting musical quality
> became dreadful to her after the first few months.
> The strange echo: he was like a living echo!
> His very flesh, when you touched it, did not seem
> quite the flesh of a real man.(4)

From this, one sees that in his way Urquhart is as destructive as his daughter proves to be; he denies any vital connection and this results in the death of his wife who, by this time "had no great desire to live"(5) anyway.

Greeting his child's birth with the words "Ah, so my little princess has come at last!" Urquhart becomes the sole influence on her life, fostering (as in the sketch) the belief that he and she are beings apart

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Tales, op. cit. p. 689.
(4) Ibid. p. 690.
(5) Ibid.

from the rest of humanity. He courteously, but resolutely, refuses to give up the child to his late wife's parents, whom he treats"as if they were not of his world, not realities to him: just casual phenomena, or gramophones, talking-machines that had to be answered..... But of their actual existence he was never once aware."(1) As a result the Boston relatives remain "just a nominal reality"(2) to Dollie.

Nor does her father allow any opportunity for vital connections with other people. When Dollie accompanies him on his 'nowhere' travels, she does not even have a regular nurse or governess:

> The child changed nurses all the time.
> In Italy it was a contadina; in India an ayah;
> in Germany she had a yellow-haired peasant girl.(3)

One has the impression that these people remained little more than 'nominal' realities to Dollie, also, and the frequent changes imply a significant lack of continuity in relationships.

As a result of Colin's influence, the Princess, although "always grown up.... never really grew up."(4) She is "always strangely wise, and always childish."(5) One of the reasons for her arrested development is the influence of her father's long homily on the nature of the 'demon' of self; this is Colin's credo:

> My little Princess must never take too much notice of people.... Inside everybody there is another creature, a demon which doesn't care at all. You peel away all the things they say and do and feel, as cook peels away the outside of

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid.
(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 691.
(5) Ibid.

> the onions. And in the middle of everybody there is a green demon which you can't peel away.... this green demon never changes.... it doesn't care at all about all the things that happen to the outside leaves of a person .... this demon is a man's real self, and a woman's real self.... it belongs to the demons and the primitive fairies, who never care.... even so, there are big demons and mean demons, and splendid demonish fairies, and vulgar ones. But there are no royal fairy women left. Only you, my little Princess. You are the last of the royal race of the old people.... And that is why.... you will never care for any of the people in the world very much. Because their demons are all dwindled and vulgar. They are not royal.... always remember, it is a <u>great secret</u>. If you tell people they will try to kill you, because they will envy you for being a Princess.... I am a prince, and you a princess, of the old, old blood.... And so.... you must treat all people very politely, because <u>noblesse oblige</u>. But you must never forget that you alone are the last of the Princesses.... you are the princess, and they are commoners.... they are lacking.... in the royal touch, which only you have.(1)

In this disquisition, Colin succeeds in mentally reducing life to a vegetable level. Living, which consists largely of what people "say.... do.... feel" is simply equated with the "outside leaves" which are discarded in the search for an inner self; and one has already seen something of the effects of such a philosophy in Urquhart's indifference to the emotional needs of his wife. The quest for an inner self is not in itself ridiculous or harmful, but the idea of self upon which he bases his existence is illusory and damaging because it discounts many other factors of life which must be considered and understood in the search for selfhood. The onion-peeling analogy which Colin uses, too, is a

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(1) <u>Tales</u>, op. cit. p. 691.

false one. As Widmer points out, the Princess "Instead of peeling away false anxiety and care.... strips life of all immediacy," discovering "that you peel away at the onion of life for the secret, and with the last peel the onion disappears."(1)

As a result of her father's legacy, the Princess who "seemed to understand things in a cold light perfectly, with all the flush of fire absent,"(2) remains a sort of 'ice-maiden', absolutely reticent, and with the fixed idea of "the impossibility of intimacy with any other than her father."(3) The 'ice-maiden' image begins and ends the tale. One reads that "As a small child, something crystallized in her character, making her clear and finished, and as impervious as crystal."(4) This qualifies what one has heard of her character up to this point. Always "grown up.... clear and finished," she never really "grew up." The hard, diamond-like image is developed again when Romero attempts to break through the Princess's 'impervious' nature, for we learn that "He could not conquer her, however much he violated her. Because she was as hard and flawless as a diamond. But he could shatter her. This she knew. Much more, and she would be shattered."(5) Drawn desperately to Romero's warmth, Dollie nevertheless wishes always to remain "cool and intact"(6) is described as "hard as hard ice with anger"(7) after her violation,

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(1) Widmer, op. cit. pp. 83-4.
(2) Tales, op. cit. pp. 692-3.
(3) Ibid. p. 692.
(4) Ibid.
(5) Ibid. p. 722.
(6) Tales, op. cit. p. 722.
(7) Ibid. p. 720.

and is discomfited by "The burning heat that racked her inwardly"[1] when Romero makes love to her - a sense of discomfiture which has similarities with Banford's feeling that Henry Grenfel "seemed to burn with a curious heat," and that "the quality of his physical presence was too penetrating, too hot."

The Princess's emotional immaturity is further qualified by certain significant details concerning her age and appearance. In common with the Sleeping Beauty, she never appears to age; her immutability is constantly emphasised:

> She was a woman of twenty-five, then a woman of thirty, and always the same virgin dainty Princess, 'knowing' in a dispassionate way, like an old woman, and utterly intact.... she had that quality of the sexless fairies, she did not change. At thirty-three, she looked twenty-three.... The Princess was thirty-eight years old when her father died. And quite unchanged. She was still tiny, and like a dignified, scentless flower.... The Princess looked just twenty-five. The freshness of her mouth, the hushed, delicate-complexioned virginity of her face gave her not a day more.(2)

Even Miss Cummins, her companion after Colin Urquhart's death, thinks of the Princess as "ageless, timeless."[3]

This appearance of eternal youth, so desirable in itself, is, nevertheless, disturbing; it is, in this case, a kind of correlative to the Princess's inability to develop inwardly; the final reference to her age involves an action which is perhaps revealing in this respect. One

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid. pp. 694, 695, 697.

(3) Ibid. p. 696.

learns that "When she was forced to write her age, she put twenty-eight, making the figure two rather badly, so that it just avoided being a three."(1) In the general context of her character, one has the impression that this is more than a typical feminine wile.

Her clothes, too, are curiously old-fashioned. She dresses very simply:

> .... usually in blues or delicate greys, with little collars of old Milan point, or very finely worked linen. She had exquisite little hands, that made the piano sound like a spinet when she played. She was rather given to wearing cloaks and capes, instead of coats, out of doors, and little eighteenth-century sort of hats. Her complexion was pure apple-blossom.(2)

For a moment, however briefly, there is a reminder of the Sleeping Beauty; the prince is impressed with her beauty when she awakens, "mais il se garda bien de lui dire qu'elle était habillée comme ma mère-grand, et qu'elle avait un collet monté."(3)

The 'spinet' effect of the piano, the "cloaks and capes" - these details fit in with the character of the Princess as someone more connected with the past than with the present. The preference for cloaks is a significant detail and there are some interesting parallels to it. When Dollie is prepared to give up her grandfather's legacy rather than have conditions imposed on her, Colin cautions her by saying "Let us take it, as we put on clothes, to cover ourselves from their aggressions."(4) Later, after she has had intercourse with Romero and been

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(1) Ibid. p. 697.
(2) Ibid. p. 692.
(3) Perrault, op. cit. p. 16.
(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 694.

repelled by the experience, the cloak is once again mentioned. Attempting to regain possession of herself, she commands Romero "Hand me my cloak," and "She wrapped the cloak fast around her, and sat up among the blankets."(1) The previous night, before the abortive attempt at 'contact' had been made with Romero, the Princess's separateness and desire to keep herself covered were evident. She is described as "Wrapping her cloak around her," lying down on the bunk, and "turning her face to the wall."(2) When Romero re-enters the cabin after feeding the horses, he finds Dollie "lying wrapped up tight in her bunk."(3) Immediately after this she has her dream of being absorbed by snow. Finally, after Romero has thrown her clothes into the tarn, she still retains the cloak. She sits "hugging tight her pale-blue cloak.... huddled in her cloak."(4) When, however, Romero has given up his attempt to awaken some response from her, and when they are described as "two people who had died,"(5) there is, significantly, no further reference to the cloak. Instead, Dollie sits "hugged in a blanket,"(6) and when the Ranger arrives, she stares at him "with big owl eyes from her red blanket."(7)

The Princess's appearance, too, indicates that her development remains at the "pure apple-blossom" stage, and that she neither has enjoyed nor will enjoy the fruits of maturity. She never appears to be altogether

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(1) Ibid. p. 718.
(2) Ibid. p. 716.
(3) Ibid. p. 717.
(4) Ibid. p. 720.
(5) Ibid. p. 722.
(6) Ibid. p. 723.
(7) Ibid. p. 724.

human, either; beside her father she seems "like a changeling,"(1) or, one reads, "She was something like a changeling, not quite human." She is the "fairy from the North," of "cold elfin detachment,"(2) and even Romero thinks of her as "not quite" a woman but rather "A changeling of some sort, perched in outline there on the rock, in the bristling wild canyon."(3)

The Princess's detached nature is to some extent reflected in her literary preferences. She is attracted by the limited realism of Zola and Maupassant, which is good as realism, but not particularly profound. Tolstoi and Dostoevsky, however, with their more searching examination of life, "confused her."(4) One learns that "Strange and uncanny, she seemed to understand things in a cold light perfectly, with all the flush of fire absent."(5)

Her detachment and inability to look at life except through the medium of Zola and Maupassant is the cause of the "strange antipathies" which she arouses in the "cabmen and railway porters"(6) whom she meets:

> They seemed to look on her with sudden violent antipathy. They sensed in her curious impertinence, an easy, sterile impertinence towards the things they felt most. She was so assured, and her flower of maidenhood was so scentless. She could look at a lusty, sensual Roman cabman as if he were a sort of grotesque, to make her smile. She knew all about him, in Zola. And the peculiar condescension with which she would give him her order, as if she, frail, beautiful thing, were the only reality, and he,

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(1) Ibid. p. 692.

(2) Ibid. p. 693.

(3) Ibid. p. 699.

(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 692.

(5) Ibid. pp. 692-3.

(6) Ibid. p. 693.

> coarse monster, were a sort of Caliban floundering in the mud on the margin of the pool of the perfect lotus, would suddenly enrage the fellow, the real Mediterranean who prided himself on his beaute male, and to whom the phallic mystery was still the only mystery. And he would turn a terrible face on her.... For to him she had only the blasphemous impertinence of her own sterility.
>
> Encounters like these made her tremble, and made her know she must have support from the outside. The power of her spirit did not extend to these low people, and they had all the physical power.... The Princess she was, and the fairy from the North, and could never understand the volcanic phallic rage with which coarse people could turn on her.... Never for one minute could she see with the old Roman eyes, see herself as sterility, the barren flower taking on airs and an intolerable impertinence. This was what the Roman cabman saw in her. And he longed to crush the barren blossom. Its sexless beauty and its authority put him in a passion of brutal revolt.(1)

The juxtaposition of "cold light" with "volcanic phallic rage" takes up once more the 'blood' versus 'intellect' theme. In common with her father, Dollie tries to live solely by "the power of the spirit,"(2) and her general air of barrenness is a result of such a course. On the other hand the "phallic mystery" does not appear to have Lawrence's unqualified support; there is surely an implication of limitation in the words "was still the only mystery." One point is, however, that the Princess's 'sterility' - which is based upon illusion - proves destructive even at this stage by bringing out the worst in others. It is also noticeable at this time that physical power of any kind is utterly abhorrent to Dollie; she has no power with which to face it and can only turn away.

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 693.

Later, one reads that "Physical violence was horrible to her; it seemed to shatter her heart."(1) It is precisely Domingo Romero's physical contact which she cannot bear, even when she has made the first advances. The reference to 'shatter' also has clear connections with her fear that she can be 'shattered' by Romero's physical impact.

As in tales which have been discussed previously, death is once more the prelude to a crucial stage which may lead to awakening and release for the woman. Colin Urquhart's death leaves Dollie both relieved and lost, feeling that "it was as if everything had evaporated around her," and that "She had lived in a sort of hot-house, in the aura of her father's madness. Suddenly the hothouse had been removed from around her, and she was in the raw, vast, vulgar open air."(2) One sees from this, from the earlier references to the 'Calibans,' and from the descriptions of Dollie as a kind of ice-maiden at heart, that she is a rather complex "sleeping-princess." Kept by a false Prospero in a world of illusion and madness where she is never allowed to develop naturally, she has also a hard central core of frigidity which is both a defence once she is in "the raw, vast, vulgar open air," and ultimately an obstacle to complete 'awakening.' Unlike Prospero, whose machinations result in a prince's arrival to awaken love in Miranda, Colin Urquhart leaves his daughter looking "out on a princeless world."

Dollie does not know what to do with herself, but feels in an 'abstract' way that she must do something, just as she later decides to 'try' sex with Romero. Her only acquaintance now is Miss Cummins, who,

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(1) Ibid. p. 695.

(2) Ibid.

in the last years, has become a companion to the Princess and her father; and there appears to be no vital connection here for Dollie because "The Princess felt that her passion for her mad father had in some curious way transferred itself largely to Charlotte Cummins during the last years. And now Miss Cummins was the vessel that held the passion for the dead man. She herself, the Princess, was an empty vessel."(1)

Although feeling the need to find action elsewhere, the Princess is also conscious of "becoming vulgarized" by having to share with "the vulgar crowd" the "necessity to do something."(2) At the same time, her mind fastens on to the idea of marriage as some kind of salvation. In common with her father before her she has no awareness of people as human beings with their own thoughts and feelings:

> She was still neither interested nor attracted towards men vitally. But marriage, that particular abstraction, had imposed a sort of spell on her. 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.(3)

One is strongly reminded at this point of Colin Urquhart's view of the Prescotts as "casual phenomena," and their mere "nominal reality" to Dollie.

Her abstract and unvital view of marriage reveals itself as damaging when she goes to the Rancho del Cerro Gordo. Here:

> Men hinted marriage to her.... But they all failed before the look of sardonic ridicule in the Princess's eyes. It always seemed to her rather preposterous, quite ridiculous, and a tiny bit impertinent on their part.(4)

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 695.

(3) Ibid. pp. 695-6.

(4) Ibid. p. 697.

'Impertinent' clearly recalls the 'Calibans' view of the Princess's own "sterile impertinence".

One man, though, intrigues Dollie. He is Domingo Romero "the last of the Spanish family that had owned miles of land around San Christobal,"(1) but whose descendents are now just Mexican peasants. Domingo, probably partly based on the Indian Tony Luhan, whom Mrs. Sterne eventually married, but otherwise a composite of the many Mexican-Indians Lawrence met whilst he was in New Mexico, is a kind of natural aristocrat among the other Mexicans who are described as "Waiting either to die or to be roused into passion and hope".(2) In common with previous 'intruders' or 'outsiders' he has within him a vital 'spark'(3) and Dollie recognizes this as something for which she has been searching:

> Domingo Romero was almost a typical Mexican to look at, with the typical heavy, dark, long face, clean-shaven, with an almost brutally heavy mouth. His eyes were black and Indian-looking. Only, at the centre of their hopelessness was a spark of pride, or self-confidence, or dauntlessness. Just a spark in the midst of the blackness of static despair.
>
> But this spark was the difference between him and the mass of men. It gave a certain alert sensitiveness to his bearing and a certain beauty to his appearance.(4)

The Princess believes that this "spark of pride" sets Romero apart. To her it indicates that "he was a gentleman, that his 'demon', as her father would have said, was a fine demon. And instantly, her manner

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Ibid. p. 698.

(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 698.

towards him changed."(1) The first stages of the relationship which ensue from this moment of 'recognition' by Dollie, are full of promise. One becomes aware of Romero, despite his innate despair, as a sympathetic figure, not at all menacing. As he watches her fishing, she is aware of some kind of subtle assistance emanating from him:

> She knew he was helping her. And she felt in his presence a subtle, insidious male kindliness she had never known before waiting upon her. Her cheek flushed, and her blue eyes darkened.
>
> After this she always looked for him, and for that curious dark beam of a man's kindliness which he could give her, as it were, from his chest, from his heart. It was something she had never known before.... It was curious no white man had ever showed her this capacity for subtle gentleness, this power to help her in silence across a distance.... It was as if Romero could send her from his heart a dark beam of succour and sustaining. She had never known this before, and it was very thrilling.(2)

Surely a strange basis for a relationship; and allied to this oddness of attitude is the 'demon' theme with which Dollie is obsessed. Although strongly attracted to Romero, she now believes that his presence puts "to flight the idée fixe of 'marriage'(3) which had previously "imposed a spell on her."(4) Unfortunately, one spell is substituted for another, for the Princess now thinks only in terms of a marriage of souls, as expounded in her father's homily:

> No, now she came down to it, it was as if their two 'daemons' could marry, were perhaps married.

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid. p. 700.

(3) Ibid.

(4) Ibid. p. 696.

> Only their two selves, Miss Urquhart and Senor Domingo Romero, were for some reason incompatible. There was a peculiar subtle intimacy of inter-recognition between them. But she did not see in the least how it would lead to marriage.(1)

Misconstruing what she sees in Romero's eyes, Dollie feels that there is in him "something so warm, such a dark flame of kindliness for her, she was elated into her true Princess self."(2) This "true.... self" is, as we know, based upon illusion - an illusion which hides from her the fact of her inability to relate to another individual. One must also consider that at no time is there any evidence that Romero views the Princess in reciprocal terms: the "fine demon" view is wholly subjective.

The confrontation of these two natures is gradually developed by the journey into the heart of the mountains - a journey in which the landscape functions as a kind of continuous metaphor. At the same time there occur significant contrasts and parallels between this excursion into nature and the expeditions which Dollie had formerly shared with her father. As F. R. Leavis points out, this journey

> .... is, of its nature, a testing departure from the normal day-to-day world of human convention, a kind of ordeal.(3)

Again, as with The Fox, there exists a clearly recognizable realistic foundation for this expedition. Lawrence himself writes of how "we went up a canyon into the Rockies to a deserted gold mine. The aspens are yellow and lovely."(4) A deserted gold mine is the place Domingo uses

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(1) Tales, op. cit. pp. 700-1.
(2) Ibid. p. 700.
(3) Leavis, op. cit. p. 272.
(4) Nehls, op. cit., Vol. 2, p. 185.

as his cache and there are frequent references to the 'yellowness' of 'aspens' throughout the trek. More correspondences between reality and fiction can be found in Dorothy Brett's book:

> .... As we ride slowly up the canyon.... I am wondering why it is you are always looking on the ground.... it suddenly dawns on me: you are looking for flowers - and flowers there are among all the tangled undergrowth.. .. the long, white trunks of aspens soar up with tufted heads of leaves vainly trying to reach the sun.... It is rugged, ragged,.... full of the forlorn waste of storms.... on and on.... slowly wending our way from dark to light, from light to dark as we emerge from the heavy pines to lovely shimmering groves of golden aspen.... We begin to see the desolate line of burnt trees on the mountains: burnt white and ghostlike.... about us are the mountain ridges,.... It is immense and fierce and dynamic.... far below in the valley, lies a tiny green lake, blue green and dark: Columbine Lake, round which the drama of your story 'The Princess' is written.... No one who has not been to the top of the Rocky Mountains, really knows what they are like - the fierce, dynamic lines of the ridges.... the pines like dark, stiff hairs on some of them - the pale, ghostlike trunks of long-ago forest-fires.... Suddenly, out of it all, come riding three Indians .... They have guns and bulging canvas bags on the backs of their saddles....(1)

Most of these details are, as we shall see, reproduced in the description of Dollie's journey with Romero. During it, sun-symbolism plays a significant part, and there are many contrasts of light and darkness which are, at the same time, associated respectively with mountains and valleys, and as a correlative there is frequent emphasis on warmth and cold.

The tone of the expedition as a kind of ordeal is hinted at when Romero first sketches out the route; the Princess's determination, indeed

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(1) Brett, op. cit. p. 360.

obstinacy, to set off is also important in this respect. At the outset he lifts his arm, rather like a pioneer pointing to distant unexplored horizons, "in the gesture which is somehow so moving, out in the West," and points to the "ridge where there are no trees, only rock," commenting that "Nobody ever goes there. Too lonesome."(1) When the Princess asks if it is possible for her to go "over there" - and one is here aware of the intended ambiguity of these words on the author's part - Domingo Romero is insistent about the place being "awful cold, and awful lonesome."(2) This knowledge only increases her obsession for:

> .... an obstinacy characteristic of her nature, an obstinacy tinged perhaps with madness, had taken hold of her. She wanted to descend to the cabin below the spruce trees, near the tarn of bright green water. She wanted to see the wild animals move about in their wild consciousness.(3)

The note of madness recurs once again here, and the notion of a "secret heart" seems to have some connection with the idea of a central 'daemon' of self with which the Princess is so pre-occupied.

When she and Romero, accompanied by Miss Cummins, first set off, the contrast between heat and cold, sun and ice, has already begun. The details are naturalistic enough, but they play a part in the total symbolic scheme:

> The night had been cold. There was ice at the edges of the irrigation ditch, and the chipmunks crawled into the sun and lay with wide, dumb, anxious eyes, almost too numb to run.(4)

Leaving this coldness, the three ride "towards the sun that sparkled

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 702.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Ibid.

(4) Ibid. p. 703.

yellow.... side-slopes already gleaming yellow."(1) As they thread a way through cottonwood trees, the Princess sees that "Above, the tips were gold, and it was sun," or:

> Sometimes, crossing stream, the Princess would glance upwards, and then always her heart caught in her breast. For high up, away in heaven, the mountain heights shone yellow.... clear almost as speckled daffodils against the pale turquoise blue lying high and serene above the dark-blue shadow where the Princess was. And she would snatch at the blood-red leaves of the oak as her horse crossed a more open slope, not knowing what she felt.(2)

On reaching one of the summits, she sees the aspens:

> .... fluttering their discs of pure, solid yellow leaves.... while the slope ahead was one soft, flowing fleece of daffodil yellow; fleecy like a golden foxskin, and yellow as daffodils alive in the wind and the high mountain sun.(3)

Later, numbed by the wind which sweeps up the funnel-like canyon, she is thankful that "they were out of the wind and in the sun," and as she once more travels through a grove of aspens, one is given a glimpse of the landscape through her eyes:

> .... the sun shone flickering beyond them, and the disc-like aspen leaves, waving queer mechanical signs, seemed to be splashing the gold light before her eyes. She rode on in a splashing dazzle of gold.(4)

Her instinctive desire to reach for the "blood-red" leaves of the oak is at this point a reminder of the "big round greasewood" which "held out fleecy tufts of flowers, pure gold."(5) Dollie is, in fact, drawn to the

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(1) Ibid. pp. 703-4.

(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 705.

(3) Ibid. pp. 707-8.

(4) Ibid. p. 713.

(5) Ibid. p. 704.

sun high above the "dark-blue shadow" of her own position - she has previously been described as "exceedingly still, like a flower that has blossomed in a shadowy place"(1) and a somewhat artificial "hot-house" bloom - and there is surely, as a result of these frequent sun-connected details, a deeper significance to Romero's words when he urges her three times, almost ritualistically, to "Come into the sun."(2)

It may be useful to note that Tony Luhan, the partial prototype of Romero, is described as having had an appreciation of the symbolic qualities inherent in fire - and in Lawrence, fire and sun are often related. Even in hot weather, Luhan always had a fire burning in the fireplace - "To make life" - and on one occasion he asked "What is so powerful as fire?"(3)

As a counterpoint to the sun-symbolism, one has the Princess's reactions to the valleys and depths. After looking at the golden-tipped cottonwoods and seeing that "it was sun," she sees that:

> .... away below, where the horses struggled up the rocks and wound among the trunks, there was still blue shadow by the sound of the waters and an occasional grey festoon of old man's beard, and here and there a pale, dipping cranesbill flower among the tangle and the debris of the virgin place. And again the chill entered the Princess's heart as she realized what a tangle of decay and despair lay in the virgin forests.(4)

The tone is at once despairing, sympathetic and hopeful. The references to "a pale, dipping....flower" and "grey festoon of an old man's beard" are significant details, especially when one recalls the previous

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(1) Ibid. p. 695.

(2) Ibid. p. 721.

(3) Luhan, op. cit. p. 187.

(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 704.

descriptions of the Princess as a "barren blossom" who is prevented from full and natural development by her father's influence; and, as one has noted, the tale begins and ends with elderly father-figures who offer no hope of resolution or fruition to her. The tone is hopeful because one is made to feel that she has, rather like a person suffering from some form of traumatic shock, confronted an aspect of her life, has recognized it, and is thus in a position to find a way out of the impasse. Subconsciously, the Princess is doing something, by being impelled to make the journey in much the same way as Matilda Rockley is forced to dramatize her sexual desires by visiting Hadrian at night. As F. R. Leavis points out:

> .....in her (the Princess) willing with such determination that the adventure shall be arranged we see a significance unrecognized by herself. And the inner compulsion, the profound will that no conscious intention acknowledges, makes itself felt in the stubbornness with which she insists on carrying the adventure through, alone with Romero.(1)

The accuracy of this statement is supported by the evidence of her desire to look into the "secret heart" of the mountains, her "fixed desire" to go over their brim, "to look into the inner chaos of the Rockies," and her intention to continue the journey no matter what happens. She is "rather piqued," and does not like "being thwarted even the tiniest bit,"(2) over the question of starting immediately. She also becomes almost hysterical when, after the accident to Miss Cummins' horse, Romero suggests they should turn back:

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(1) Leavis, op. cit. p. 272.

(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 703.

> 'No!' cried the Princess. 'Oh no!'
> Her voice rang with a great wail of disappointment and anger. Then she checked herself.(1)

She agrees, though, to Miss Cummins' return, merely commenting:

> 'Very well then.... You lead him home.
> You'll be quite all right. Nothing can
> happen to you, possibly. And say to them
> that we have gone on and shall be home tomorrow -
> or the day after.(2)

Finally, we learn once more that "she could not bear to be thwarted."(3)

The earlier picture of "the tangle of decay and despair" which was an aspect of the Princess's own inner chaos, is intensified when she finally fulfils her desire to see the "secret heart" of the mountains. As a prelude to her arrival, there is a gradually increasing sombreness and deadness about the landscape. They emerge at the foot of "the great bare slope..... where dead spruce-trees stood sparse and bristling like bristles on a grey dead hog.... This grey concave slope of summit was corpse-like.... All was grey and dead around them."(4) At the same time the wind blows like "some vast machine," appears "huge, monstrous, mechanical," whistles 'inhumanly' and is "palely cold."(5) When the Princess finally reaches what she has come to see, she is appalled by the spectacle:

> In front now was nothing but mountains,
> ponderous, massive, down-sitting mountains,
> in a huge and intricate knot, empty of life
> or soul.... the lifeless valleys were concaves

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(1) Ibid. p. 707.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid.
(4) Ibid. p. 710.
(5) Ibid. pp. 710-11.

> of rock and spruce, the rounded summits and the hog-backed summits of grey rock crowded one behind the other like some monstrous herd in arrest.
>
> It frightened the Princess, it was so inhuman. She had not thought it could be so inhuman, so, as it were, anti-life. And yet now one of her desires was fulfilled. She had seen it, the massive, gruesome, repellent core of the Rockies. She saw it beneath her eyes, in its gigantic, heavy gruesomeness.
>
> And she wanted to go back. At this moment she wanted to turn back. She had looked down into the intestinal knot of these mountains. She was frightened. She wanted to go back.(1)

There is something nihilistic about this scene - and it is a nihilism which the Princess must recognize before any kind of re-birth or awakening is possible. It must be recognized because it is associated with her own "inner tangle of decay and despair" to a certain degree. She does not wish to go further, and is quite dismayed, repeating her earlier question "Shall I ever be able to go so far?"(2)

At this stage of the journey expressions of numbness and cold are much in evidence. The Princess lets "her consciousness evaporate away," she has to make "an effort of consciousness," but with "the height, the cold, the wind," her "brain is numb." Her one desire is to be "out of the wind and in the sun," and only when this has happened do her "consciousness and control" begin to return.(3) Immediately following this 'numbing' experience there is a recurrence of sun-imagery; the aspen

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 711.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid. pp. 712-713.

leaves "seemed to be splashing the gold light before her eyes," and she "rode on in a splashing dazzle of gold."(1)

However, once in Romero's secret valley, the Princess exists still in "a sort of stupor.... stupefied and fascinated"(2) by the light of the campfire; she is described again as "in a sort of stupor" and when she is obtaining water she feels:

> .... the cold heavy above her, the shadow like a vast weight upon her bowing her down. The sun was leaving the mountain tops, departing, leaving her under profound shadow. Soon it would crush her down completely.(3)

This passage recalls the earlier reference to Dollie as "a flower that has blossomed in a shadowy place," and the feeling that she is about to be crushed by the heavy cold and "the shadow like a vast weight," is a prelude to the dream in which she feels that "she was growing colder and colder, the snow was weighing down on her."(4)

Dollie's reactions to the nature of the "raw, vast, vulgar open air" to which she is now exposed, are significant when one compares the journey with earlier expeditions on which she had been accompanied by her father. As S. Ronald Weiner points out, when father and daughter spend their summers on the Great Lakes or in California or the South-West "nature seems to exist only as it has interest for Dollie and her father: it offers a subject for poetry.... and it affords recreation."(5)

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid. p. 714.
(3) Ibid. pp. 714-715.
(4) Tales, op. cit. p. 717.
(5) Weiner, D.H.L.M., op. cit. p. 222.

In these early scenes, one reads that "The father was something of a poet, the daughter something of a painter. He wrote poems about the lakes or the redwood trees, and she made dainty drawings.... At night he folded her in her blanket.... and she lay and looked at the stars unmurmuring. She was fulfilling her role."(1)

When she and Romero are preparing to spend the night in the cabin, the Princess goes outside by herself; no longer does nature appear as a background to her:

> The stars were big. Mars sat on the edge of a mountain, for all the world like the blazing eye of a crouching mountain lion. But she herself was deep, deep below in a pit of shadow. In the intense silence she seemed to hear the spruce forest crackling with electricity and cold. The night was going to freeze. Over the hills came the sobbing-singing howling of the coyotes. She wondered how the horses would be.
>
> Shuddering a little, she turned to the cabin. Warm light showed through its chinks.(2)

Later, when Romero returns to the cabin he finds that "She was lying wrapped up tight in her bunk."(3)

During this scene, one is aware that the Princess feels as if she were now being looked at, and that she has also a heightened awareness of the tremendous forces of nature. This is her reason for turning towards the light in the cabin. Yet, despite her action, she is still separate and solitary - the fact that she is wrapped up tight in the bunk defines this impression.

In the scene with her father, the emphasis at the end was on her connection with him - and an odd connection that was. Weiner notes

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 716.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Ibid. p. 717.

that in that first scene:

> Lawrence re-establishes the sense of relation (between father and daughter) in the last two sentences, especially in the devastating irony of 'She was fulfilling her role.' 'Which role,' we wonder, 'that of daughter or perhaps of wife?' The irony is disturbing, as was Dollie's refusal to live with her grandparents: 'But Papa and I are such an old couple, you see, such a crotchety old couple, living in a world of our own.' Genuine 'fulfilment' is, of course, quite impossible in such a world.(1)

There is surely irony in the juxtaposition of 'fulfilment' and 'role' - a 'role' which, by the way, echoes the earlier expression "the strange picture her father had framed her in, and from which she never stepped."(2)

In her separate state, conscious of the oppressive weight of cold and shadow, Dollie is drawn to light and warmth instinctively, but not until she has had her dream does she go to Romero:

> She dreamed it was snowing, and the snow was falling on her through the roof, softly, softly, helplessly, and she was going to be buried alive. She was growing colder and colder, the snow was weighing down on her, the snow was going to absorb her.(3)

The dream is so vivid that, like March in The Fox, she awakes with a strong feeling of pain, 'numbed' with a "heart that seemed unable to beat."(4) Her sense of impending destruction by cold recalls Gerald Crich's death in Women in Love, and, as Weiner observes, the Princess "is left to choose between the icy centrality of her being, and

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(1) Weiner, D.H.L.M. op. cit. p. 223.

(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 692.

(3) Ibid. p. 717.

(4) Ibid.

salvation through another's warmth."(1) The expression "icy centrality of her being" is very apt when one considers its context - which is of the Princess as a kind of ice-maiden, "impervious as crystal.... hard as hard ice.... hard and flawless as a diamond."(2)

In common with Matilda Rockley of You Touched Me, Dollie is subconsciously drawn to the outsider, in this case Romero, but at the same time one part of her being opposes these unconscious desires:

> 'What did she want? Oh, what did she want?' She sat in bed and rocked herself woefully. She could hear the steady breathing of the sleeping man. She was shivering with cold; her heart seemed as if it could not beat. She wanted warmth, protection, to be taken away from herself. And at the same time, perhaps more deeply than anything, she wanted to keep herself intact, intact, untouched, that no one should have any power over her, or rights to her. It was a wild necessity in her that no one and nothing should possess her.
>
> Yet that other thing! And she was so cold, so shivering, and her heart could not beat. Oh, would not someone help her heart to beat?(3)

Here, the basic dilemma of the Princess is seen in terms of the 'blood' versus 'intellect' theme. One sees also that although she desires, unlike Winifred Varley that someone else "should set the pulse in her" and awaken her sleeping heart to life, at the same time she retains her "cold elfin detachment,"(4) which wishes that she remain "utterly intact."(5) And because she feels this need "perhaps more deeply than anything," one

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(1) Weiner, D.H.L.M. op. cit. p. 230.
(2) Tales, op. cit. pp. 692, 720, 722.
(3) Tales, op. cit. p. 717.
(4) Ibid. p. 694.
(5) Ibid.

realises that the Princess is more than likely to remain unawakened, despite her present desire.

This proves to be the case; after having responded to Romero's question: "You want me to make you warm?" with all its implications of life and awakening, she is unable to break out of her restrictive state of being. Conscious only of Romero's "terrible animal warmth that seemed to annihilate her,"(1) Dollie attempts to look upon the whole experience as a 'willed' one:

> 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. But she never wanted it. She never wanted to be thus assailed and handled, and mauled. She wanted to keep herself to herself. However, she had willed it to happen, and it had happened. She panted with relief when it was over.
>
> Yet even now she had to lie within the hard, powerful clasp of this other creature, this man. She dreaded the struggle to go away. She dreaded almost too much the icy cold of that other bunk.(2)

Although wishing Romero's voice "a thousand miles away," she does at the same time realise that "she had willed to have it thus close."(3)

Romero, on the other hand, is exultant. The Princess feels that this is so "Because he had got her. She felt like a victim there. And he was exulting in his power over her, his possession, his pleasure."(4) Whether this is true or not, one has no way of knowing for sure, as

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 718.
(3) Ibid.
(4) Ibid.

Romero's view of the situation is not given until after she has rejected what he stands for; she revenges herself for her degradation by stating of the previous night's experience "I don't care for that sort of thing."(1) Romero's answer is to throw away all her clothes, with the exception of the cloak; on his return from the tarn to the Princess who sits in "a frozen sort of despair, hard as hard ice with anger,"(2) he attempts to 'thaw' out the ice-maiden:

> 'Come into the sun,' he said..... 'Come into the sun'.... 'In the sun it is warm.'(3)

The Princess's only reply is "You can never conquer me,"(4) - a statement which seems to demoralise him. He does claim, however, in words which are reminiscent of Hadrian Rockley's in You Touched Me that "I reckon you called to me in the night, and I've got some right."(5)

Dollie, though, holds firm to her belief in the supremacy of her will:

> He could not conquer her, however much he violated her. Because her spirit was hard and flawless as a diamond. But he could shatter her. This she knew. Much more, and she would be shattered.
>
> In a sombre, violent excess he tried to expend his desire for her. And she was racked with agony, and felt each time she would die. Because, in some peculiar way, he had got hold of her, some unrealized part of her which she never wished to realize. Racked with a burning tearing anguish, she felt that the thread of her being would break, and she would die.

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(1) Ibid. p. 719.
(2) Ibid. p. 720.
(3) Ibid. p. 721.
(4) Ibid.
(5) Ibid.

The burning heat that racked her inwardly.

> If only, only she could be alone again, cool and intact! If only she could recover herself again, cool and intact!(1)

Despite the Princess's frigidity, Romero, as this passage reveals, has indeed partly aroused some sort of realer and deeper being which is far more profound than the illusory 'demon' of self envisaged by Dollie and her father. This is as far as the awakening goes, however. In his attempt to melt the ice-maiden's "heart which seemed unable to beat," and to induce her to come into the sun, the intruder destroys himself. After the abortive attempt at 'contact' they are "like two people who had died,"(2) and one reads that Romero's "desire was dead and heavy like ice within him."(3) Instead of warmth and life being transmitted, the opposite has happened.

The negation is so absolute that the Princess feels herself, too late, compelled to do anything now in order to resolve it, even marry Romero. Even at the end, when he sets the seal on his inward death by deliberately provoking a gunfight with the Forest Rangers, Dollie is still in a state of contradiction about her feelings towards him:

> The Princess wondered why she did not feel sorry for him. But her spirit was hard and cold, her heart could not melt. Though now she would have called him to her, with love.(4)

At the close of the tale the Princess turns away from her experience with Romero, by falsifying the facts and stating:

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 722.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid. p. 723.
(4) Ibid. p. 724.

> Since my accident.... when a man went mad and shot my horse from under me, and my guide had to shoot him dead, I have never felt quite myself.(1)

The tone here is ironical, for Dollie is herself "a little mad.... slightly crazy."(2) In her marriage with an "elderly man" she finds an 'abstract' marriage, and she is also once more back with a father-figure.

There exists, though, some deliberate ambiguity in the final sentence of the tale. One reads that Dollie "seemed pleased"(3) at this marriage. Bearing in mind the remembrance that Romero had got hold of "some unrealized part of her which she never wished to realize," one senses that the Princess is not quite the same as she was. Although she has rejected the awakening experience with the "power of her spirit," the memory of Romero's grasp upon this "unrealized part" is not subject to the will, and despite the fact that "Apparently she had recovered herself entirely.... was the Princess, and a virgin intact,"(4) the final impression is that she has, even if only in the most brief and limited way, been almost 'touched' into an awakening by Romero. Ultimately, however, the "cold light," the "power of her spirit," triumph over passion, "the phallic mystery" and there is finally for the Princess "no issue.... from the defeat of life, the impasse, that her father's crazy egoism entailed."(5)

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(1) Ibid. p. 725.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Tales, op. cit. p. 724.
(4) Ibid.
(5) Leavis, op. cit. p. 273.

Although there are technical faults in The Princess - one feels that the characters of Colin Urquhart and Romero could do with more dramatization and less summary or description - it is a considerable tale, especially when compared to None of That. This is in some respects similar to The Princess in that it deals with the conflict between an illusory "life of the imagination,"(1) and the phallic consciousness. Unfortunately the story as a whole lacks immediacy; it is narrated in 'flashback' form and there are no dramatically presented scenes to give the tale and characters a life of their own. Ethel Cane's character is seen wholly through the medium of Luis Colmenares, and it is not developed gradually as is Dollie's in The Princess; indeed, one is presented with Ethel as a fait accompli. In a sense, she is like a Morality figure, except that she does not act in her own right, but exists solely through the dialogue of Colmenares and his audience, a Lawrence-like figure.

In common with Winifred Varley of The Witch à la Mode, Ethel is an immediately recognizable representative of white passionless love, a 'white' woman, remote and frigid:

> She was blonde,with thick, straight, blonde hair.... her skin was white.... blonde eyebrows... white shoulders and blonde hair.... white skin.... white dauntless breast.... short thick blonde hair falling like yellow metal.... that heavy blonde hair.... white body.... short thick hair hanging like yellow metal.... face dead white.(2)

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(1) Tales, op. cit. pp. 904, 907.

(2) Ibid. pp. 902-6, 909.

Ethel says at one point of herself and Cuesta, "Maybe he's a schwarze Bestie.... and I'm a blonde Bestie,"(1) and Cuesta refers to her as "the blonde skirt... a white devil.... as sacred as the communion wafer.... white-skinned and white-souled."(2) He hates her "bare white neck,"(3) and when calling her her a "white devil" adds that "She hates a man as she hates a red-hot iron."(4)

The "white dauntless breast" reminds one briefly of Dollie Urquhart who, in the early stages of The Princess, is described as "always undaunted, always undaunted."(5) Cuesta's attitude to Ethel, too, is reminiscent of that adopted by the cabmen and railway porters towards the "blasphemous impertinence" of Dollie's 'sterility.' He himself is like these men in that he also believes in only one mystery - the "phallic mystery." In this general context the "red-hot iron" is a clear phallic symbol, and it surely has associations with the "burning heat" which so racked the Princess 'inwardly.'

We have noted that there is an implied criticism of those to whom the "phallic mystery was not the only mystery," and Cuesta is clearly not brought forward as an admirable or positive outsider, but rather as another extreme to Ethel. Whereas she is dominated (according to Luis Colmenares, as we never see her in action) solely by the desire for nothing but "the life of the imagination," Cuesta, one learns "actually had no mental imagination."(6) At no time, then, does one feel that he is capable of freeing Ethel from the restrictive and crippling prison

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(1) Ibid. p. 910.
(2) Ibid. pp. 914-15.
(3) Ibid. p. 915.
(4) Ibid. p. 914.
(5) Ibid. p. 694.
(6) Ibid. p. 912.

of her "lust for willed experience."(1)

Colmenares describes Cuesta as, "an animal, a marvellous animal," adding:

> I have often thought, if human beings had not developed minds and speech, they would have become marvellous animals like Cuesta, with those marvellous eyes, much more marvellous than a lion's or tiger's.(2)

The essence of the bullfighter's nature seems to be a "natural magnetism."(3) Allied to this is the impression that he is supposed to give of being able to "look deep at the little bit inside your body where you keep your courage."(4) Colmenares refers to this quality several times, especially when he describes the confrontation between Ethel and Cuesta during the bullfight. The moment is the closest one comes to those instants of 'contact' or 'recognition' which were of significance in earlier tales, but suffers because it is narrated. Ethel, at the bullfight against her will because she prefers "things of the imagination" to "the blood and messiness and dead animals,"(5) is nevertheless caught by Cuesta's animal magnetism after his inspired display of bullfighting:

> He looked at her, and heard what she said. They were both alike, there, they heard and saw in a flash.... he looked at her, and though he was so far away, he seemed quite near.... I could see he was looking at the little place in her body, where she kept her courage. And she was trying to catch his look on her imagination,

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(1) Moynihan, op. cit. p. 177.

(2) Tales, op. cit. p. 899.

(3) Tales, op. cit. p. 900.

(4) Ibid. p. 899.

(5) Ibid. p. 908.

> not on her naked inside body. And they both found it difficult. When he tried to look at her, she set her imagination in front of him, like a mirror in front of a wild dog. And when she tried to catch him in her imagination, he seemed to melt away, and was gone. So neither really had caught the other.(1)

Ethel is quite determined to have "none of that"(2) kind of experience. Above all, she wishes to conquer the 'body' with her 'imagination.' However, there is, as with Dollie Urquhart, "Some unrealized part of her body" which evades the grasp of her "life of the imagination." Even Colmenares feels that, once, "some part of her wanted me to make love to her."(3) He describes how he has played with visions of making her his mistress, but found that it was a "physical impossibility" when he entered her presence. He explains the reason for his revulsion:

> And I felt within myself, it was because she was repelling me and because she was always hating men, hating all active maleness in a man. She only wanted passive maleness, and then this 'talk,' this life of the imagination, as she called it. Inside herself she seethed, and she thought it was because she wanted to be made love to, very much made love to. But it wasn't so. She seethed against all men, with repulsion. She was cruel to the body of a man. But she excited his mind, his spirit. She loved to do that. She loved to have a man hanging around, like a servant. She loved to stimulate him, especially his mind. And she, too, when the man was not there, she thought she wanted him to be her lover. But when he was there, and he wanted to gather for himself that mysterious

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(1) Ibid. p. 909.

(2) Ibid. p. 903.

(3) Ibid. p. 906.

> fruit of her body, she revolted against him with a fearful hate. A man must be absolutely her servant, and only that. That was what she meant by the life of the imagination.(1)

Ethel is driven to a final confrontation with Cuesta because of the fatal split in her consciousness: as we have noted, she has the representative quality of a Morality figure; and Cuesta is almost an embodiment of one of the halves of her divided consciousness. When they first meet after the bullfight he looks her straight in the face, and it is as if:

> All that she was putting forward to him was merely window-dressing, and he was just looking way in, to the marshes and jungle in her, where she didn't even look herself. It made one feel as if there was a mountain behind her, Popacatapetl, that he was staring at, expecting a mountain-lion to spring down off a tree on the slopes of the mountain, or a snake to lean down from a bough. But the mountain was all she stood for, and the mountain-lion or the snake was her own animal self, that he was watching for, like a hunter.(2)

That Cuesta is an embodiment of something within herself is indicated by Ethel's own words. She knows that he is a "dumb-bell, no brain, no imagination," but adds:

> .... my body says he's marvellous, and he's got something I haven't got, and he's stronger than I am.... What am I to do with my body, I tell you. What am I to do with it? I've got to master it. I've got to be more than that man. I've got to get all round him, and past him.(3)

When Colmenares suggests the easy way out - a train for New York - she refuses by stating "That's side-tracking. I won't side-track my body.

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(1) Tales, op. cit. p. 906.

(2) Ibid. p. 911.

(3) Ibid, op. cit. pp. 912-913.

I've got to get the best of it. I've got to."(1) She adds "if my body is stronger than my imagination, I shall kill myself," shouting down Colmenares' objections by stating, "If the imagination has the body under control, you can do anything, it doesn't matter what you do physically. If my body was under the control of my imagination, I could take Cuesta for my lover, and it would be an imaginative act."(2) Colmenares attempts to refute her arguments by pointing out the wholly false distinction she is making between "imaginative and unimaginative acts," adding that the "act is either real, or let it alone."(3) He concludes his narrative by telling how he left "because I couldn't stand that imaginative sort of bullying from her. It is death to a man."(4)

At this point, it is relevant to note how closely Ethel Cane is based upon Mrs. Sterne, whom Lawrence eventually avoided as much as possible whilst he was in New Mexico. She appears to have wanted a kind of 'willed' relationship with Lawrence himself, as the following extract from her own book shows:

> I wanted to seduce his spirit so that I could make him carry out certain things.... I did not want him for myself in the usual way of men with women. I did not want, particularly, to touch him.... I actually awakened in myself, artificially, I suppose, a wish, a willful wish to feel him, and I persuaded my flesh and my nerves that I wanted him. Never approximating any actual touch to our

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid. p. 913.

(3) Ibid. p. 914.

(4) Ibid.

> union, body to body, with him, that would destroy my illusion of desire, I was able to imagine any amount of passion in myself.(1)

A conversation Mrs. Sterne had with Lawrence between 1922 and 1923 also parallels some of the arguments which take place between Ethel and Colmenares in None of That:

> So we sat together and I became conscious, as often before, that his presence was alternative, that it set up, perhaps involuntarily, changes in whoever came in contact with it. I said:
>
> 'I am changing. You are changing me, Lorenzo.' (Lawrence)
>
> 'Perhaps. It is too soon to know. Only a real emotion can change anyone - and I don't know whether your will has given way yet.'
>
> 'How can I give up my will?' I asked uncomprehendingly.
>
> 'Unless you do you will be destroyed,' he answered.
>
> 'Never. I have a protection,' I told him, lifting my head.(2)

Ethel who, as these comparisons indicate, is partly a satirical representation of Mrs. Sterne, has her test confrontation with Cuesta, but instead of the result being an awakening to "a real emotion," it ends in self-destruction. He, the other extreme whom she describes as "utterly unimaginative; an impervious animal,"(3) hands her over to mass rape by his bullfighting gang, after she has gone to his house. This one learns only in retrospect, as a typically climactic short story

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(1) Sterne, op. cit. p. 190.

(2) Ibid. op. cit. p. 204.

(3) Tales, op. cit. p. 915.

ending. Ethel who, like Hermione Roddice of Women in Love, bases her life on "things of the imagination," only, believing that "the imagination could rise above anything that was not real organic damage," and that it "was all nonsense that a woman was broken because she had been raped,"(1) commits suicide. This is not because, as the narrator first believes,"her body had got the better of her imagination, after all,"(2) but for the opposite reason; her sole reliance on "the life of the imagination" results in physical death.

None of That is a disappointing tale. It does deal with a woman who is held prisoner by an illusion, and whose illusion finally destroys her. It is spoiled however, by the method of indirect narration Lawrence uses - a method which is a regression to the technical level of narration in one of his earliest stories, A Fragment of Stained Glass. The one-dimensional figures never really come alive. As a parody of the "intellect-dominated" in the shape of Mrs. Mabel Dodge Sterne, the tale may be successful, but generally the struggle between "the life of the imagination" and "animal magnetism" is tedious.

These two tales, The Princess and None of That, so different in quality, are the only later short stories in which Lawrence concentrates solely on the 'sleeping princess' women who remain the unawakened victims of their own illusions.

In the short stories of the last period, the emphasis is once more on the positive aspect of the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif, and these final

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(1) Ibid. p. 907.
(2) Ibid. p. 916.

tales, which deal with women who accept the transforming experience in one way or another, will form the basis of the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV

> We are going to Europe for a while: my wife wants to see her mother, who complains she will not see us again. Probably we shall sail on 20th February to England. I want to be back at the ranch by June at latest, to fix up that water. It seems a bit of a waste of life and money, to trail off to Europe again so soon. But I suppose it's in one's destiny.(1)

This letter was written from Oaxaca, Mexico, on January 30th, 1925, to A. D. Hawk, Lawrence's former landlord at the Del Monte Ranch, New Mexico. Shortly afterwards, Lawrence became seriously ill, just as he was completing The Plumed Serpent. Prior to this relapse - the most serious illness he had ever known - he told Hawk's son, William:

> I have been steadily out of luck this trip down here: I don't think I shall ever come to Mexico again while I live. I wondered why I wasn't well down here - thought it was the remains of the old 'flu - and so it was, with malaria. This place is full of malaria.(2)

In another letter to A. D. Hawk, dated March 11th, 1925, he referred to his doctor's advice against a return to England, and further evidence of the serious state of his health at that time can be deduced from some remarks he made in May, 1928, concerning The Flying Fish. This incomplete story, written between May and April, 1925,(3) concerns an

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(1) Moore, LH, op. cit. p. 337.

(2) Ibid. p. 338.

(3) Sagar, op. cit. p. 144.

Englishman, Gethin Day, who becomes seriously ill in Mexico, and then is summoned home. Lawrence read the fragment to his friends Ada and Achsah Brewster, when staying with them in Switzerland; much impressed, they asked him at various times if he had finished it, but his reply was:

> I've an intuition I shall not finish that novel. It was written so near the borderline of death, that I have never been able to carry it through, in the cold light of day.(1)

During his illness, Lawrence wrote to Amy Lowell, and again its effects can be clearly gauged from this correspondence:

> I saw notices of your Keats book. Pity after all I didn't ask you to send the promised copy here: I could have wandered in it now.... I managed to finish my Mexican novel Quetzalcoatl (The Plumed Serpent) in Mexico: the very day I went down, as if shot in the intestines. But I daren't even look at the outside of the MS. It cost one so much, and I wish I could eat all the lotus that ever budded, and drink up Lethe to the source. Talk about dull opiates - one wants something that'll go into the very soul.(2)

Whilst he was ill in Oaxaca, he had made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. C. Conway, who were helpful and kind to him; Conway, a specialist engineer, was also an author and an expert on Mexico and the Conquistadores. On April 2, 1925, Lawrence wrote to them, "I still have a lurking hankering for Europe. I think at the end of the summer we shall both sail."(3) In a letter dated June 10th, 1925, the strong revulsion of feeling against Mexico is once more apparent:

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(1) Brewster, E. & A., D. H. Lawrence: Reminiscences & Correspondences, (London, 1934), p. 288.

(2) Moore, IH. op. cit. p. 340.

(3) Ibid. p. 339.

> I am about my normal self again - but I shall never forgive Mexico, especially Oaxaca, for having done me in. I shudder even when I look at the little MS you gave me, and I think of that beastly Santo Domingo Church, with its awful priests and backyard with a well-ful of baby's bones. Quoth the raven: Nevermore. But this Nevermore is a thankful cheerful chirrup, like a gay blackbird. Nevermore need I look on Mexico - but esp. Oaxaca - Yet my Quetzalcoatl novel lies nearer to my heart than any other work of mine.(1)

Writing to Mrs. Conway about her husband's translation of a particular poem, Lawrence further expressed his own dissatisfaction with his present situation, finding, as with the Keats book by Amy Lowell, some kind of correlative to his own feelings:

> I heard from Conway just as he was leaving Mexico: that America Loca poem about gets it: and Conway's translation is good.
>
> But I feel I want to get out of America Loca for a while: I believe it sends everybody a bit loco. We leave here September 10th - expect to be in England by first week in October.(2)

A final letter connected with the New Mexico period was written to Mr. and Mrs. William Hawk from S.S. Resolute en route for Southampton 27th September, 1925. In the last few lines Lawrence said, "I lie and think of the ranch: it seems so far away:- these beastly journeys, how I hate them! I'm going to stop it, though, this continual shifting."(3)

On 30th September, 1925, the Lawrences arrived at Southampton; depression-hit England, though, provided little comfort for Lawrence himself, and it seemed inevitable that his 'shifting' would continue;

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(1) Ibid. p. 342.
(2) Ibid. p. 343.
(3) Ibid. p. 344.

England offered neither a congenial climate nor the quality of life for which he was always seeking:

> I've been in my native land eight days now, and it's not very cheering: rather foggy, with very feeble attempts at sun: and the people depressed. There's a million and a quarter unemployed, receiving that wretched dole.... If the unemployed work for a week, they go off the list of the dole, and they find it so hard to get on again, it's safer not to work. So there's a terrible feeling everywhere.... and London is more expensive than New York, and the spending is enormous. They look for a revolution of some sort: I don't quite see anything violent, but added to the fog, it's terribly depressing.
>
> We are going up to the Midlands, to stay with my sisters. I don't suppose we shall be in England more than a fortnight - then we go to Germany, to my wife's mother, and on to Italy.
>
> It's a pity, really, to leave the peaceful ranch, and the horses, and the sun. But there, one's native land has a sort of hopeless attraction, when one is away.(1)

Catherine Carswell describes how she met the Lawrences on their arrival:

> Lawrence did not speak about his health, and, as usual, there was nothing of the invalid about him; but under his big-brimmed Mexican hat his face looked pinched and small, and one guessed that he could not face a London winter.(2).

The Midlands he could face even less, although, as Harry T. Moore notes, the visit to the stony hill-country of Derbyshire probably provided the setting for The Virgin and the Gipsy.(3) Another 'Sleeping Beauty' tale

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(1) Ibid. p. 345.

(2) Carswell, op. cit. p. 329.

(3) Moore, LW, op. cit. p. 258.

of this period, Glad Ghosts, is also located in Derbyshire. The visit, though, was a short one, made only by Lawrence himself, as Frieda had already left for Baden-Baden; after a brief return visit to London he left to join her on October 29th. Baden-Baden, however, was as depressing as England had been, for on November 2nd he wrote to Catherine Carswell that the place "was unbelievably quiet and deserted - really deserted. Nobody comes any more; it's nothing but ghosts, from the Turgenev period."(1) So, Baden-Baden not being a success Lawrence:

> .... who could never again live in the grey north, considered spending the winter at Ragusa, in Dalmatia, or in the isles of Greece; but at last he decided upon that same Ligurian coast he had known a dozen years before when he lived at Fiascherino. But this time he went north to Genoa, to Spotorno, where Martin Secker assured him he would find few tourists.(2)

Here, the Lawrences rented the Villa Bernarda from Angelo Ravagli, the officer in the bersaglieri whom Frieda was to marry in 1950.(3)

Whilst living in the Villa Bernarda, they were visited by Frieda's two grown-up daughters and by Lawrence's sister Ada. There was some conflict between Frieda and Ada, and Lawrence wrote on February 9th, 1926:

> I'm going away with my sister on Monday, to Monte Carlo for a few days: then probably on to Spain, alone. Frieda has her two daughters here, two great tall girls, 21 and 23 years old. I feel absolutely swamped out, must go away by myself for a bit, or I shall give up the ghost.... Somehow everything feels in a great muddle, with daughters that are by no means mine, and a sister

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(1) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 347.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Ibid. p. 348.

> who doesn't see eye to eye with F. What a trial families are.(1)

However, after visits to Monte Carlo, Capri and various Italian cities, he returned to Spotorno on the day before Easter, 1926. In April he and Frieda, accompanied by the daughters, left Florence; by May 13th, the two girls having returned home, the Lawrences had settled in the Villa Mirenda, Florence, which was to become their home, intermittently, for two years.(2) During this time, they made a two-week visit to England; there were also trips to Germany, Switzerland and the South of France and, accompanied by Earl Brewster, Lawrence toured the Etruscan cities in April, 1927.(3)

Some time after he had returned to the Villa Mirenda he was visited by the Brewsters, who were shocked to find that he was much weaker than thirteen months previously, when they had last seen him. Realizing that he was extremely ill, they declined his offer of the Villa Mirenda and accompanied him to Switzerland on June 10th, 1928.(4) Lawrence made only one more brief visit to Florence; after spending most of 1928 in Switzerland, there were further trips to Germany, where he tried an arsenic and vegetable 'cure' administered by an ex-priest whom his friend Max Mohr had recommended. Although he was thinking of visiting Venice,(5) by the 23rd September, 1929, he and Frieda had returned to Bandol, France.

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(1) Ibid. p. 351.
(2) Ibid. p. 354.
(3) Ibid. p. 363.
(4) Brewster, op. cit. p. 170.
(5) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 417.

Here they remained until February 6th, 1930, when Lawrence finally agreed to enter a sanatorium at Vence, on the advice of Dr. Morland. Even at this stage he still wished to return to New Mexico, but as the doctor points out "he was so ill that I did not think he could survive the journey."(1) Despite this, Dr. Morland felt there was some chance of recovery:

> Although the severity of his illness was clear I did not feel altogether hopeless as he had never given proper treatment a chance and his resistance to the disease must have been remarkable to enable him to survive so long while doing all the wrong things.(2)

For Lawrence, though, who had always resisted the idea of a sanatorium, there was no recovery, and he died at Vence on March 2nd, 1930.

In the previous chapter, some of the reasons for his frequent travels were discussed; before dealing with the last tales in which the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif is treated, it will be useful to examine several further comments on these wanderings. Catherine Carswell points out that after leaving the Villa Mirenda for the last time:

> Lawrence's plans and movements were to be dictated more and more arbitrarily by illness.... When (John Middleton) Murry identifies him with his own reading of Herman Melville - as a man with "a long thin chain round his ankle' while he tries frantically to run away, he appropriates a tempting simile and conveys an easy half-truth. But he has omitted two essential elements in Lawrence's life, the elements of art and of illness. And surely he is confusing the needful pilgrimage across the world of a young and delicate, but comparatively sound man, to whose art and aims pilgrimage was a first necessity, with the later and different restlessness imposed

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(1) Ibid. pp. 426-7.

(2) Ibid. p. 427.

> upon an experienced man by the struggle for physical existence. (1)

To this view can be added retrospective medical opinions and evidence - material which is dealt with in full detail by Harry T. Moore. (2) Taken together, these different observations certainly seem to give adequate reasons for Lawrence's wanderings: on the one hand, he spent some of his prime writing years absorbing new experiences abroad; on the other, like Maupassant, who was also afflicted with a wasting disease, his last years were spent in a restless search for the warmth of the sun - the sun which he had left behind in New Mexico and which he still wished to experience again in the last months of his life. As William M. Jones points out:

> The sun represented for him, as it had for the early sun-worshipper, fertility, growth and power, life itself. For Lawrence the sensualist, as well as for Lawrence the consumptive, the burning power of the sun is an extremely apt symbol. (3)

Sun, one of the three final tales to deal with the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif, clearly reflects Lawrence's pre-occupation with the sun as a giver of new life and health. It was written, along with The Virgin and the Gipsy and Glad Ghosts, at the Villa Spotorno. Completed by 29th December, 1925,(4) it first appeared in New Coterie, No. 4 for Autumn, 1926. The publisher of this periodical, Charles Lahr, conducted his business under his wife's name, Esther Archer - the "E. Archer" by whom

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(1) Carswell, op. cit. p. 248.

(2) Moore, IH, op. cit. pp. 385-6.

(3) Jones, Wm. M., 'Growth of a Symbol: The Sun in Lawrence and Eudora Welty' in University of Kansas City Review, XXVI, 1964, pp. 68-73.

(4) Huxley, op. cit. p. 644.

the tale was again published in September of that same year; the Archer text was later collected in The Woman Who Rode Away, (1928). The unexpurgated edition was first published by The Black Sun Press, Paris, in 1928. This was an avant-garde publishing house operated by Harry T. Crosby, an American who, on a trip to Egypt, had come across a first edition of The Plumed Serpent. He wrote to Lawrence about his own belief in the Sun God, described the impression of the Egyptian sun, and asked if there were any Sun story which could be brought out in a Black Sun Press limited edition.(1) At about the same time he sent some poems entitled Chariot of the Sun. On 26th February, 1928, Lawrence wrote:

> Many thanks for your Chariot of the Sun. I am glad somebody reaches a finger towards the real Ra, and dip your hand in Osiris too, since you're there. It makes real poetry. I'm so glad when somebody waves a sunny hand towards me for once.... As for a manuscript of mine.... When I go back to Italy.... I'll see what there is there and let you know and you can give me as much 'gold' as you can easily spare, and I'll turn it into sun some way or other.(2)

Unable to locate the New Coterie manuscript of Sun, Lawrence eventually forwarded what he called the "final MS" with the wish that the story "had been printed as it stands there, really complete."(3)

Crosby interpreted the 'gold' reference literally, paying "in twenty-dollar gold pieces, the eagle and the sun."(4) These were smuggled into England,(5) and on April 1st, 1928, Lawrence wrote:

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(1) Crosby, C. The Passionate Years, (London, 1955), pp. 200, 203, 218, 227.
(2) Huxley, op. cit. pp. 702-3.
(3) Ibid. p. 730.
(4) Crosby, op. cit. p. 227.
(5) Ibid. pp. 228-30.

> That was very nice of you, to send me that little pseudo-book full of red gold. How beautiful the gold is! - such a pity it ever became currency. One should love it for its yellow life, answering the sun.(1)

Eventually, he wrote an introduction to Chariot of the Sun,(2) in April, 1928. This was published by The Black Sun Press in 1931.(3)

In addition to Sun, The Virgin and the Gipsy and Glad Ghosts, Lawrence wrote, between 1926 and 1927, thirty-one articles, which included reviews, criticism and introductions; he also produced seven more tales and several paintings.(4) During this period he began work on Lady Chatterley's Lover, his final novel and what Harry T. Moore describes as "his most startling variation of the 'Sleeping Beauty' theme."(5) The first version was begun in mid-October, 1926, but the third was not completed until 8th January, 1928.(6) From 1927 until 1929, he produced more paintings, fifty-eight articles and three tales, at the same time collecting and revising his poems.(7)

In the first of the tales of 'awakening' for discussion in this chapter, the human intruder is almost dispensed with. As Harry T. Moore points out:

> Lawrence himself, so long without the sun in that early autumn of Northern Europe, from the rains of Derbyshire to the snows of Switzerland, made the sun the 'hero' of his story, and there on the sun-splashed Barnarda terrace he transmuted the powerful

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(1) Huxley, op. cit.p. 718.
(2) Ibid. p. 730.
(3) Roberts, op. cit. p. 218.
(4) Sagar, op. cit. pp. 169-172.
(5) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 359.
(6) Sagar, op. cit. p. 171.
(7) Ibid. pp. 199-204, 229-230.

> heat into the body of his heroine as she lay ripely naked under the cypress tree with its swaying, flexible crest.(1)

The essential setting of the tale is a reminiscence of Taormina, but the opening passage is a thematic expansion of a few lines Lawrence wrote about the midnight departure of his ship from New York,(2) in a letter of September 27th, 1925:

> -went on board last Monday night, and sailed at 1 a.m. Queer to be slipping down the Hudson at midnight.... It seems now such a long while ago.(3)

In the tale Juliet, heading like Lawrence for the sun, leaves New York at night:

> The ship sailed at midnight.... It was a black night, the Hudson swayed with heavy blackness, shaken over with spilled dribbles of light.... He (her husband) waved his hanky on the midnight dreariness of the pier as the boat inched away.... The ship ebbed on, the Hudson seemed interminable. But at last they were round the bend, and there was the poor harvest of lights at the Battery.(4)

Tedlock comments of this tale that:

> The rather commonplace situation of an American woman seeking health on the Mediterranean develops into a vitalistic marriage with the sun through the intricate interplay of realistic detail with a central symbol that marks Lawrence's best short fiction. Setting, character, and action suggest a parable of emergence from darkness, coldness, and deathliness.(5)

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(1) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 349.

(2) cp. Moore, IH, p. 349.

(3) Ibid. pp. 343-4.

(4) Ta. op. cit. pp. 740-741.

(5) Tedlock, op. cit. p. 202.

The interplay of symbolism and realism is evident in the opening lines; although Juliet is "sceptical of the sun,"[1] she is urged to move sunwards by others; when her doctors say "Take her away, into the sun,"[2] one is briefly reminded of Domingo Romero urging Dollie Urquhart to "come into the sun." Dollie leaves coldness and numbness behind when she first sets out for the sun-splashed heights, and Juliet's departure from New York is a departure from black and midnight dreariness, where there are only "spilled dribbles of light," and where the sea which seems to "heave like the serpent of chaos that has lived forever"[3] has associations with primordial darkness; she leaves behind her only "a poor harvest of lights.... spilled dribbles of light," or the spectacle of "Liberty (who) flung up her torch in a tantrum."[4] Her scepticism about the sun is defined by the references to "the iron that had gone into her soul.... the deep iron rhythm of habit,"[5] with which she is oppressed and nerve-ridden. This "mort dans l'âme" from which she suffers, "the anger and frustration inside her, and her incapacity to feel anything real,"[6] recalls the "Icy centrality of....being" which Domingo Romero is unable to thaw out in Dollie Urquhart. In Juliet's case, though, there occurs a gradual and powerful metamorphosis as the iron is melted from her soul. From the midnight of chaos, the ship proceeds through an Atlantic "grey as lava,"[7] until it comes at last into the sun.

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(1) Ta. op. cit. p. 740.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid.
(4) Ibid. p. 741.
(5) Ibid. p. 740.
(6) Ibid. p. 741.
(7) Ibid.

At first, however, although she is in the sun, Juliet, whilst finding the villa life "in a measure.... soothing," also realises that still "it was all external." To her mother's pleas that she should lie naked in the sun her reply is "When I am fit to do so." A change takes place after the rainstorm - a rainstorm which makes it "cold, in the house built for the sun."(1) After the sun has "lifted himself naked and molten" one morning, Juliet feels as if:

> .... she had never seen the sun rise before. She had never seen the naked sun stand up pure upon the sea-line, shaking the night off himself.
>
> So the desire sprang secretly in her to go naked in the sun. She cherished her desire like a secret.(2)

The hidden spot for her sun-consummation does recall, with its overgrowth of "large cactus, the flat-leaved cactus called prickly pear,"(3) the secret place which guards the Sleeping Beauty from all but the Prince Charming - later, we are to realize how incongruous Juliet's husband is in such surroundings, and the comment of Marinina, the servant, about his inability to find the path, is not without significance.

As a correlative to Juliet's 'mating' with the sun there is the phallic symbol of the cypress tree which:

> .... rose.... with a pallid, thick trunk, and a tip that leaned over, flexible, up in the blue. It stood like a huge guardian looking out to sea; or a low, silvery candle whose huge flame was darkness against light.(4)

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid. p. 742.
(4) Ibid.

As she lies down, "The contorted cactus made a forest, hideous yet fascinating, about her."(1) In common with other 'unawakened' women, Juliet finds difficulty in giving herself up entirely for "She sat and offered her bosom to the sun, sighing, even now, with a certain hard pain, against the cruelty of having to give herself."(2) Eventually, though, she relinquishes herself to the sun's therapy:

> She slid off all her clothes and lay naked in the sun, and as she lay she looked up through her fingers at the central sun, his blue pulsing roundness, whose outer edges streamed brilliance. Pulsing with marvellous blue, and alive, and streaming white fire from his edges, the sun! He faced down to her with his look of blue fire, and enveloped her breasts and her face, her throat, her tired belly, her knees, her thighs and her feet.
>
> She lay with shut eyes, the colour of rosy flame through her lids. It was too much. She reached and put leaves over her eyes. Then she lay again, like a long white gourd in the sun, that must ripen to gold.
>
> She could feel the sun penetrating even into her bones, nay, further, 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. She was beginning to feel warm right through.... And she lay half stunned with wonder at the thing that was happening to her. Her weary, chilled heart was melting, and, in melting, evaporating.(3)

After this sun-bath, Juliet is aware of "the cypress tree, a flexible filament whose crest fell this way and that in the breeze." Running concurrently with her awareness of the phallic tree-trunk, is a consciousness of "the great sun roaming in heaven,"(4) and soon she thinks of

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Ibid.

(4) Ibid.

nothing else except "the sun in his splendour, and her mating with him,"(1) of her "knowledge of the sun, and her conviction that the sun knew her, in the cosmic carnal sense of the word."(2) Her thawing out from a dark winter of discontent and frustration directly recalls the nature-myth behind the 'Sleeping Beauty' legend, and at the same time there are associations with a classical variant of the myth, especially when one considers the manner in which the sun sends down his power:

> The sun marched in blue heaven and sent down his rays as he went.... She looked up.... at the central sun, his blue pulsing roundness, whose outer edges streamed brilliance.... alive, and streaming white fire from his edges, the sun!... he rose all molten in his nakedness and threw off blue-white fire.... threw down gold and scarlet.. She knew the sun in heaven, blue-molten with his white fire edges, throwing off fire.... when she lay unclothed he focussed on her.... the radiant, splendid unique sun, focussed on her alone.(3)

This recalls the legend of Danae who, imprisoned in a brazen tower by her father Acrisius because an oracle had foretold his death by her son's hand, was visited by Zeus, who was in love with her, in a shower of gold. From this, which is echoed by Juliet's "procreative sun-bath,"(4) Perseus was born - and indeed, there is a specific reference to Perseus at the conclusion of the unexpurgated version of this tale.

Juliet, too, is conscious of a kind of rebirth taking place within her:

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(1) Ibid. p. 473.
(2) Ibid. p. 744.
(3) Ibid. pp. 742-4.
(4) Ibid. p. 755.

> It was not just taking sunbaths. It was much more than that. Something deep inside her unfolded and relaxed, and she was given. By some mysterious power inside her, deeper than her known consciousness and will, she was put into connection with the sun, and the stream flowed of itself, from her womb. She herself, her conscious self, was secondary, a secondary person, almost an onlooker. The true Juliet was this dark flow from her deep body to the sun.
>
> She had always been mistress of herself, aware of what she was doing, and held tense for her own power. Now she felt inside her quite another sort of power, something greater than herself, flowing by itself. Now she was vague, but she had a power beyond herself.(1)

Her son also benefits from her sun-regeneration; feeling that "if he were in the sun, he would spring up," Juliet takes off his clothes and puts him naked into the sun, rolling him "an orange across the red tiles." The action is symbolic; he drops the orange because "it felt strange against his flesh," but she says "Bring Mummy the orange," thinking "He shall not grow up like his father.... Like a worm that the sun has never seen."(2)

This "worm-serpent" theme runs through the tale; earlier, it was associated with chaos and darkness as Juliet left New York; when she has come to know the sun in the "cosmic, carnal sense," she feels detached from other people who are "so unelemental, so unsunned.... like graveyard worms."(3) Her son is initially afraid for "She saw that he held himself tight and hidden from the sun, inside himself. His spirit was like

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(1) Ibid. pp. 746-7.

(2) Ibid. p. 743.

(3) Ibid. p. 744.

a snail in a shell, in a damp, cold crevice inside himself. It made her think of his father."(1) Even the peasants, she feels, "were not sunned right through," because "There was a little soft white core of fear, like a snail in a shell, where the soul of man cowered in fear of death, and in fear of the natural blaze of life."(2) By contrast, Juliet herself now has no cold, dark, damp spots in her being because:

> By now she knew the sun in every thread of her body, there was not a cold shadow left. And her heart, that anxious, straining heart, had disappeared altogether, like a flower that falls in the sun, and leaves only a ripe seed-case.(3)

Fortified by her own sun-regeneration, she eventually takes the boy down to "the cypress tree among the cactus," feeling that "surely in that place he would come forth from that little shell, deep inside him. That little civilized tension would disappear from his brow."(4) From this moment the boy is associated with sun-symbols, playing in perfect harmony with his surroundings. Once afraid of the touch of an orange on his naked skin, he has now lost his fear:

> .... under the lemons, the child was wading among the yellow oxalis flowers of the shadow, gathering fallen lemons, passing with his tanned little body into flecks of light, moving all dappled.(5)

When his "grey-faced" father arrives, "like a blot of ink on the pale, sun-glowing slope,"(6) the boy, who is "piling.... fallen lemons together,

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(1) Ibid. p. 746.
(2) Ibid. p. 744.
(3) Ibid.
(4) Ibid. p. 746.
(5) Ibid. p. 749.
(6) Ibid. p. 750.

looks up "spilling lemons from his chubby arms," but does not at first respond; when approached by his parents "through the deep sea of yellow-flowering oxalis, under the lemon trees," his first reaction recalls the earlier incident with the orange:

> The infant came and put a lemon in each of his father's open hands. Then he stood back to look.(1)

The symbolic nature of the action becomes clear when he asks his father, who has taken him in his arms, to take off some clothing; whereas before the orange had felt strange against the boy's naked skin, now the clothing feels alien. At the same time, the event evokes Juliet's action in uncovering the boy to the sun, and reminds us of the earlier reference to "the white core of fear in the clothed bodies of men."(2) The scene is important in that it reveals the boy's sense of oneness with his surroundings, as opposed to his father's 'unsunned' state and his consequent unawareness of the sun in any "cosmic.... sense."

The sense of harmony of which mother and son ultimately become conscious is given definition by the snake incident; this has clear associations with the poem Snake (1920), but the ending is significantly different. Whereas the poet breaks the harmony of place by listening to the voices of his "accursed human education"(3) and throwing a log at the creature, the boy and Juliet accept its presence, although with caution. She is aware that "The curious soothing power of the sun filled her, filled the whole

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(1) Ibid. p. 751.
(2) Ibid. p. 745.
(3) Poems, op. cit. Vol. 1, p. 349.

place like a charm, and the snake was part of the place, along with her and the child."(1) Not even Marinina, who feels an affinity with Juliet, is conscious of such harmony; she is frightened not only of the poisonous gold snakes, but of the harmless black ones too.

Into this atmosphere of harmony comes Maurice, Juliet's husband, whose presence is antithetical to the whole situation; his alienation from the "natural blaze of life" is signified by the colour with which he is associated. His 'greyness' is realistic, being what one might expect of a pre-occupied city businessman, but it is symbolic of a more profound lack of sun. On his arrival he stands:

> .... grey-faced, in his grey felt hat and his dark grey suit, at a loss among the vine terraces.... pathetically out of place, in that resplendent sunshine.... like a blot of ink on the pale, sun-glowing slope.(2)

In common with his son before him, he is afraid of Juliet's golden nakedness, but also "He really was thrilled in his suppressed nervous soul."(3) Despite his admiration, he still feels out of place:

> He was dazed with admiration, but also, at a deadly loss. What should he do with himself? He was utterly out of the picture, in his dark grey suit and pale grey hat, and his grey, monastic face of a shy businessman.(4)

To Juliet he remains "utterly, utterly indoors,"(5) a trapped animal like the boy in Noyes' poem Old Grey Squirrel, who ends his days in an office, dreaming of the Golden Gate:

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(1) Ta. p. 748.
(2) Ibid. p. 750.
(3) Ibid. p. 751.
(4) Ibid.
(5) Ibid.

> At table she watched her husband, his grey city face, his fixed black-grey hair, his very precise table manners, and his extreme moderation in eating and drinking. Sometimes he glanced at her, furtively, from under his black lashes. He had the gold-grey eyes of an animal that has been caught young, and reared completely in captivity.(1)

At this point one feels sympathy for Maurice, as it is not his fault that he has been trapped; certainly, at the end of the tale there appears to be a hint of some kind of potential for regeneration within him for:

> There was a gleam in his eyes, a desperate kind of courage, and a glance at the alert lifting of her breasts in her wrapper. In his way, he was a man, too, he faced the world and was not entirely quenched in his male courage. He could dare to walk in the sun, even ridiculously.
>
> But he smelled of the world, and all its fetters and its mongrel cowering. He was branded with the brand that is not a hall-mark.(2)

As Sagar points out, this reveals that "desire flickers in her husband with a little courage,"(3) and in any case Juliet herself began with 'iron' in her 'soul' and felt that she was at first not fit to go naked in the sun.

As a belated contrast to Maurice we have the Italian peasant in whom Juliet sees a possible incarnation of her sun-lover; this man comes almost as an afterthought at the end of the tale and her contact with him is mostly given in summary. He is first introduced for the purpose of a contrast following her vision of Maurice as a trapped grey animal; she and her

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(1) Ibid. p. 753.

(2) Ibid. p. 755.

(3) Sagar, op. cit. p. 174.

husband sit on the balcony, but only Juliet is in a position to see the peasant and his wife eating "under an almond tree near the green wheat."(1) The detail is an important one as the almond is a sexual symbol according to Frazer, whose book, The Golden Bough, Lawrence had read by this time(2) - moreover, a symbol which he also used in The Last Laugh (1925). The spectacle evokes a memory of her first contact with the peasant:

> Gradually Juliet and he had become intimate, across a distance. They were aware of one another.... Once, in the hot morning when she had been walking naked.... she had come upon him. He saw her as he lifted his flushed face.... A flame went over his eyes, and a flame flew over her body, melting her bones....
>
> Since then there had been a definite pain of consciousness in the body of each of them, though neither would admit it, and they gave no sign of recognition....
>
> And Juliet had thought: 'Why shouldn't I meet this man for an hour, and bear his child. Why should I have to identify my life with a man's life? Why not meet him for an hour, as long as the desire lasts, and no more? There is already the spark between us.(3)

At the end of the tale she yearns for a relationship with the peasant, an unmistakeable sun-figure:

> Ripe now, and brown-rosy all over with the sun, and with a heart like a fallen rose, she had wanted to go down to the hot, shy peasant and bear his child. Her sentiments had fallen like petals. She had seen the flushed blood in the burnt face, and the flame in the southern blue eyes, and the answer in her had been a gush of fire. He would have been a procreative sunbath to her and she wanted it.(4)

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(1) Ta. op. cit. p. 753.

(2) Huxley, op. cit. pp. 344, 359. Brett, op. cit. p. 345.

(3) Ta. op. cit. p. 754.

(4) Ibid. p. 755.

Nevertheless, the consummation is to remain on a mystical level, for she feels that "her next child would be Maurice's.... The fatal chain of continuity would cause it."(1)

The unexpurgated edition does, as Sagar points out, take further the relationship between Juliet and the peasant, but again "the vitalising relationship with the potent outsider is not consummated," although one is in no doubt about Juliet's personal regeneration. As the unexpurgated version is now inaccessible, the end is worth quoting:

> The sea was very blue, very blue and soft and still-looking, and her womb inside her was wide open, wide open like a lotus-flower, or a cactus flower, in a radiant sort of eagerness. She could feel it, and it dominated her consciousness. And a biting chagrin burned her breast, against the child, against the complication of frustration.....
>
> But now the strange challenge of his eyes had held her, blue and overwhelming like the sun's heart. And she had seen the fierce stirring of the phallus under his thin trousers: for her. And with this red face, and with his broad body, he was like the sun to her, the sun in its broad heat.....
>
> And Juliet thought: Why shouldn't I go to him! Why shouldn't I bear his child? It would be like bearing a child to the unconscious sun and the unconscious earth, a child like a fruit. - And the flower of her womb radiated. It did not care about sentiment or possession. It wanted man-dew only, utterly improvident.....
>
> And the little etiolated body of her husband, city-branded, would possess her, and his little frantic penis would beget another child in her. She could not help it. She was bound to the vast, fixed wheel of circumstance, and there was no Perseus in the universe to cut the bonds.(2)

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Sagar, op. cit. p. 175.

Despite the pessimism of these last few lines, one feels that Sun, when considered on its own terms, is successful as a story of awakening; the Italian sun is for Juliet "a great cleansing and ripening source of health and energy and wholeness.... a source of vitality and power, but in a sense more therapeutic than mystical."(1) As Widmer observes:

> In an important sense the story may be viewed as a tour de force against moral and humanistic perspectives. That husbands - American businessmen or not - have difficulty competing with the sexual cosmos and virile peasants, takes subordinate place to the simpler truth that an anxious and sexually defeated woman finds the direction of her womanly nature by sexual-sacramental regeneration..... In Sun,... and other authentic religious fables, personal regeneration, and its self-knowledge - physical bravery, greater self-sufficiency, freedom from compulsive anxiety, and relation to the natural - are achieved.(2)

Juliet's mating with the sun has been an awakening - a mating which leaves her with a new awareness that she is "another being.... that an activity was rousing in her, an activity which would carry her into a new way of life."(3) Her experience has resulted in spiritual and emotional release, and this is infinitely preferable to the "vast cold apparatus of civilization"(4) epitomized in her husband. The conclusion of the tale does not offer any mystical evasion of difficulties, however. Despite her pessimism, Juliet has been re-awakened, and despite her pessimism concerning her husband, she still remains with him. There is

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(1) Ibid. p. 173.

(2) Widmer, op. cit. p. 198.

(3) Ta. op. cit. p. 747.

(4) Ibid.

no comforting fairy-tale resolution, only the possibility that her awareness of "a new way of life" and his "desperate kind of courage," to "dare to walk in the sun, even ridiculously,"(1) will somehow combine to bring about a more positive state of affairs. In conclusion, it is important to note how clearly the unexpurgated version confirms the 'Sleeping Beauty' nature of this tale; the sentence "It would be like bearing a child to the unconscious sun and the unconscious earth, a child like a fruit," is a clear reference to the nature-myth which lies at the root of the legend - a nature myth, indeed, to which Frazer refers in connection with certain Pacific islands where:

> .....the heathen population regard the sun as the male principle by whom the earth or female principle is fertilised.... the mystic union of the sun and the earth is dramatically represented in public.... by the real union of sexes under the tree.(2)

The fertility theme is crucial to Glad Ghosts, in which we move from the mystical to the supernatural, to a less intense atmosphere, which is at times light-hearted. At the same time, this story, which was written by December, 1925(3) and first published in Dial for July-August, 1926,(4) has affinities with Lady Chatterley's Lover, of which the first version had been begun in mid-October, 1926. In common with the novel, Glad Ghosts is a story of how life is brought back into a decaying aristocratic situation - brought back by an outsider who comes, like Mellors, from a lower social stratum. The conclusion, however, differs from that of the novel;

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(1) Ibid. p. 755.
(2) Frazer, op. cit. p. 145.
(3) Huxley, op. cit. p. 644.
(4) Sagar, op. cit. p. 169.

having helped to bring about a renewal of life and fertility, the intruder, Mark Morier, departs from the aristocratic household of the Lathkills by himself, leaving his "sleeping princess" with her husband, who, unlike Clifford Chatterley, himself regains his lost vitality.

The tale falls into three sections. The first deals with the early relationship between Morier and the aristocratic Carlotta Fell, who share a secret about life:

> She and I were 'friends' in a bare, stark, real sense. I was poor, but I didn't really care. She didn't really care, either. Whereas I did care about some passionate vision which, I could feel, lay embedded in the half-dead body of this life. The quick body within the dead. I could feel it. And I wanted to get at it, if only for myself.
>
> She didn't know what I was after. Yet she could feel that I was It and, being an aristocrat of the Kingdom of It, as well as the realm of Great Britain, she was loyal - loyal to me because of It, the quick body within the dead.... She and I had a curious understanding in common: an inkling, perhaps, of the unborn body of life hidden within the body of this half-death we call life.(1)

Morier, who describes himself as one of "those poor devils of outsiders.... a lonely sansculotte,"(2) who "should never be king till breeches were off",(3) regards himself as a spokesman for life. In a conversation with Lord Lathkill, whom Carlotta marries, he answers his question about the necessity for war as a means of keeping chivalry alive by stating, "I think we need some sort of fight; but my sort isn't the war sort."(4)

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(1) Ta. op. cit. pp. 862-3.
(2) Ibid. p. 864.
(3) Ibid. p. 866.
(4) Ibid. p. 864.

Lathkill himself even at this early stage is a nebulous figure, "already a ghost,"(1) and Morier thinks:

> I felt that he saw in me something crude but unreal, and saw himself as something in its own way perfect, but quite unreal. Even his love for Carlotta, and his marriage, was a circumstance that was inwardly unreal to him. One could tell by the curious way in which he waited, before he spoke. And by the hollow look, almost a touch of madness, in his dark eyes, and in his soft melancholy voice.(2)

The second phase of the tale begins when Morier meets the Lathkills after the First World War; like Clifford Chatterley, Lord Lathkill has been wounded, but in the throat. Both he and his wife, however, appear to be dying inwardly at the same time:

> .....his velvety eyes were hardened, haggard, but there was weariness, emptiness in the hardness.... She was wilting and losing her beauty.(3)

The situation worsens when the Lathkills' three children die in one way or another and Lathkill and Carlotta withdraw to seclusion in Derbyshire with his mother, dogged, it seems by "the Lathkill ill-luck."(4) At this point the crucial dramatic scenes of the tale take place when Morier, the wandering outsider, is invited to the Lathkill household. When he arrives, the prevailing impression is one of moribundity, both in the people and their environment:

> .....when once he (Lathkill) looked at me, his brown eyes had a hollow look, like gaps with nothing in them except a haggard, hollow fear.

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(1) Ibid. p. 865.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Ibid. p. 867.

(4) Ibid.

> He was gazing through the windows of nothingness, to see if I were really there.... We went upstairs in silence, in the dead-seeming house.... There was a curious, unpleasant sense of dead matter. Yet the place was warm, central-heated.... It was as if some bitterness had soaked all the life out of her (Carlotta), and she was only weary, or inert, drained of her feelings.(1)

Morier attempts to assert himself in this deadening atmosphere. He is grieved at Carlotta's lifelessness, feeling that:

> A man should take her in his arms and cherish her body and start her flame again.... Her courage was fallen, in her body; only her spirit fought on. She would have to restore the body of her life, and only a living body could do it.(2)

Brooding over the Lathkill family is the presence of Lord Lathkill's mother who "never emerged for a second from the remote place where she unyieldingly kept herself."(3) She is the dominant mother who prefers that the situation remain static, that they should live with the memory of the past. During the evening meal Morier attempts to dispel the coldness and deadness which is cast over events and people, by being flippant and singing songs; he tries to liven up the proceedings:

> 'This house,' I said, 'needs a sort of spring cleaning.'
>
> 'You're quite right,' said Lord Lathkill.
>
> 'There's a bit of a dead smell!' said I. 'We need Bacchus and Eros, to sweeten it up, to freshen it.'
>
> 'You think Bacchus and Eros?' said Lord Lathkill, with complete seriousness; as if one might have telephoned for them.

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(1) Ibid. pp. 869-871.

(2) Ibid. p. 872.

(3) Ibid. p. 871.

'In the best sense,' said I....

'What exactly is the best sense?' asked Lord Lathkill.

'Ah! The flame of life!' There's a dead smell here.'(1)

Morier's remarks are addressed not only to Lathkill and Carlotta but also to Colonel Hale, another guest, and his second wife. Something appears to have gone wrong with Hale after the death of his first wife; as Morier says:

> Something was wrong with him, some sort of breakdown. He should have been a fat, healthy, jolly old boy. Not very old either: probably not quite sixty. But with this collapse on him, he seemed, somehow, to smell.(2)

Hale is under the domination of his dead wife's presence - or so he believes - and this spiritualist tendency is fostered by Lord Lathkill's mother. As a consequence, Colonel Hale's second wife is neglected. Morier opposes the deadening attitude of Mrs. Lathkill and the Colonel and is attracted to Mrs. Hale who appears, in common with Carlotta, to be another 'unawakened' woman:

> The dark young woman thrust out her straight, dusky arm, offering me sugar, and gazing at me with her unchanging, yellow-brown eyes. I looked back at her, and being clairvoyant in this house, was conscious of the curves of her erect body, the sparse black hairs there would be on her strong-skinned dusky thighs. She was a woman of thirty, and she had had a great dread lest she should never marry. Now she was as if mesmerized.... It was difficult to get anything out of her. She put up no fight, only remained in the same swarthy,

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(1) Ibid. p. 877.

(2) Ibid.

> passive, negative resistance. For a moment I wondered that no men made love to her: it was obvious they didn't. But then, modern young men are accustomed to being attracted, flattered, impressed: they expect an effort to please. And Mrs. Hale made none: didn't know how. Which for me was her mystery. She was passive, static, locked up in a resistant passivity that had fire beneath it.(1)

Later, when dancing with Mrs. Hale, Morier feels that:

> The duskiness of her mesmerized body made me see the faint dark sheen of her thighs, with intermittent black hairs. It was as if they shone through the silk of her mauve dress, like the limbs of a half-wild animal, that is locked up in its own helpless dumb winter, a prisoner.(2)

Both Morier and Lord Lathkill are attracted to Mrs. Hale, it being "a question of which got there first."(3)

During this dancing scene, the room suddenly becomes cold and Lady Lathkill attempts to hold a conversation with the ghost of Colonel Hale's former wife. Despite Morier's attempts to be cheerful, and despite his flippant attitude to the whole business, he feels as if "I were resisting a rushing, cold dark current,"(4) and, dancing with Carlotta, he is oppressed by the deadness of the house and its inhabitants:

> She danced with me, but she was absent, unwilling. The empty gloom of the house, the sense of cold, and of deadening opposition, pressed us down. I was looking back over my life, and thinking how the cold weight of an unliving spirit was slowly crushing all warmth and vitality out of everything. Even Carlotta herself had gone numb again, cold and resistant

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(1) Ibid. p. 881.

(2) Ibid. p. 882.

(3) Ibid.

(4) Ibid. p. 884.

> even to me. The thing seemed to happen wholesale in her.
>
> 'One has to choose to live', I said, dancing on.
>
> But I was powerless. With a woman, when her spirit goes inert in opposition, a man can do nothing. I felt my life-flow sinking in my body.
>
> 'This house is awfully depressing,' I said to her.... 'Why don't you get out of this tangle.... A little while ago, you were warm and unfolded and good. Now you are shut up and prickly, in the cold.'(1)

He isn't the only one who decides to resist the deadness of the atmosphere. Lathkill himself is inspired by Morier's example and tells him so, in words which glorify the "blood and the flesh":

> 'Do you know,' he said, 'I suddenly thought at dinner-time, what corpses we all were, sitting eating our dinner. I thought it when I saw you look at those little Jerusalem artichoke things.... Suddenly it struck me, you were alive and twinkling, and we were all bodily dead. Bodily dead, if you understand. Quite alive in other directions, but bodily dead.... We were bodily dead.... I've only realized how very extraordinary it is to be a man of flesh and blood, alive. It seems to be ordinary, in comparison, to be dead, and merely spirit. That seems to be commonplace. But fancy having a living face, and arms, and thighs. Oh, my God, I'm glad I've realized in time!'
>
> He caught Mrs. Hale's hand, and pressed her dusky arm against his body.(2)

Although Lathkill's raptures over his newly-found awareness of the pleasures of the flesh are amusing, Glad Ghosts eventually culminates in a

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(1) Ibid. p. 885.

(2) Ibid. p. 888.

triumph for "the blood and the flesh." He feels re-invigorated, and attracted to Mrs. Hale; he also wishes his wife to regain her vitality:

> 'Don't cry, Carlotta.... Really don't. We haven't killed one another. We're too decent. We've almost become two spirits side by side. We've almost become two ghosts to one another, wrestling. Oh, but I want you to get back your body, even if I can't give it to you. I want my flesh and blood, Carlotta, and I want you to have yours. We've suffered so much the other way. And the children, it is as well they are dead. They were born of our will and our disembodiment. Oh, I feel like the Bible. Clothe me with flesh again, and wrap my bones with sinew, and let the fountain of blood cover me. My spirit is like a naked nerve on the air.(1)'

The final part of this speech seems to be derived from Ezekiel, Chapter 37, which deals with the episode in the valley of dry bones:

> Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones: Behold.... I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live.... And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came up upon them, and the skin covered them above.... and they lived, and stood up on their feet.(2)

The parallel is relevant because the resurrected bones symbolize the re-birth of the Israelites, who shall become re-united and return to their own land to live the true life once more; in Glad Ghosts there are references to coldness, death and corpses in connection with the Lathkills - references which, from this point, gradually give way to images of resurrection, the tale concluding on a note of renewed life and fertility.

The speech seems to have had some positive effect on Carlotta, and

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ezekiel, Chapter 37, V. vi, viii, x.

Morier describes the prelude to her awakening:

> Carlotta had ceased to weep. She sat with her head dropped, as if asleep. The rise and fall of her small, slack breasts was still heavy, but they were lifting on a heaving sea of rest. It was as if a slow, restful dawn were rising in her body, while she slept.... I felt an infinite tenderness for my dear Carlotta. She could not yet be touched. But my soul streamed to her like warm blood. So she sat slack and drooped, as if broken. But she was not broken. It was only the great release.(1)

Accompanying the general tone of release and awakening, we find the 'contact' motif once more. Lathkill, with his new sense of the joys of "the flesh and the blood" cries out, "Ah, touch me, touch me alive,"(2) and Morier thinks of the awakening Carlotta that "She could not yet be touched" into a new way of life. Even Colonel Hale is not exempted from the new life. Unable to sleep, he returns to the living room where the others are gathered; he complains:

> My head feels as if there was a cold vacuum in it, and my heart beats, and something screws up inside me. I know it's Lucy. She hates me again. I can't stand it.(3)

What follows is a discussion between Lathkill and the Colonel, Lathkill now speaking up, as Morier had previously done, for the life of the body:

> Perhaps <u>you</u> were good to her. But was your body good to poor Lucy's body, poor dead thing?.... Her poor ghost, that ached, and never had a real body.... that's why she haunts you. You ignored and disliked her body, and she was only a living ghost. Now she wails in the afterworld, like a still-wincing nerve. (4)

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(1) Ibid. pp. 888-9.

(2) Ibid. p. 888.

(3) Ibid. p. 889.

(4) Ibid. pp. 890-1.

All this time, Morier has been observing Carlotta, who continues to blossom into a new awareness:

> .... she was beautiful again, with the tender before-dawn freshness of a new understanding.... She was watching Luke, and it was obvious he was another man to her.... Could one so change, as to become another creature entirely? Ah, if it were so! If she herself, as she knew herself, could cease to be! If that woman who was married to Luke, married to him in an intimacy of misfortune that was like a horror, could only cease to be, and let a new, delicately-wild Carlotta take her place.... she was looking like a girl again, as she used to look at the Thwaite, when she painted cactuses-in-a-pot. Only now a certain rigidity of will had left her, so that she looked even younger than when I first knew her, having now a virginal, flower-like stillness which she had not had then. I had always believed that people could be born again: if they would only let themselves.... But I was thinking, if people were born again, the old circumstances would not fit the new body.(1)

Meanwhile, Lathkill tells the Colonel how he can make some kind of restitution for not having loved his wife in the flesh during her lifetime:

> 'Why don't you, even now, love her a little with your real heart? Poor disembodied thing! Why don't you take her to your warm heart, even now, and comfort her inside there? Why don't you be kind to her poor ghost, bodily?'(2)

This is not altogether a convincing solution to the Colonel's problems, and one feels that it hardly accounts for the sudden mystical awakening he experiences:

> .... in the deep isolation where he was, slowly a gentleness of compassion came over him, moulding his elderly features with a strange freshness, and

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(1) Ibid. p. 891.

(2) Ibid. p. 892.

> softening his blue eye with a look it had never had before.... The passionate, compassionate soul stirred in him, and was pure, his youth flowered over his face and eyes.... There seemed a presence in the air, almost a smell of blossom, as if time had opened and gave off the perfume of spring.(1)

There is a further false note in connection with the Colonel's sudden revitalization when one reads that there is to be no physical re-union with his wife because "The youngness that was on him was not for her."(2) He is to find his personal salvation some other way, and this other way ultimately turns out to be embracement of a ghost and pig-breeding; this seems to be excluding the Colonel from the pleasures of "the flesh and the blood" in which everyone else shares at the end of the tale. His moment of 'blossoming' is, however, important in that it introduces symbolism which pervades the story until its conclusion - the "smell of blossom" and "perfume of spring." When Lady Lathkill comes downstairs in an attempt to re-assert her deadening hold over the Colonel and her son, Lathkill's reply is in symbolic and mystical language:

> 'Our ghost is walking tonight, mother,' said Lord Lathkill. 'Haven't you felt the air of spring, and smelt the plum-blossom? Don't you feel us all young? Our ghost is walking, to bring Lucy home. The Colonel's breast is quite extraordinary, white as plum-blossom.... younger looking than mine, and he's already taken Lucy into his bosom, in his breast, where he breathes like a wind among trees. The Colonel's breast is white and extraordinarily beautiful, mother, I don't wonder poor Lucy yearned for it, to go home into it at last. It's like going into an orchard of plum-blossom.' (3)

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Ibid. p. 893.

Lady Lathkill, unconvinced, looks at the Colonel for some response:

> But her power was gone. His face had come smooth with the tender glow of compassionate life, that flowers again. She could not get at him.
>
> 'It's no good, mother. You know our ghost is walking. She's supposed to be absolutely like a crocus, if you know what I mean: harbinger of spring in the earth. So it says in my grandfather's diary: for she rises with silence like a crocus at the feet, and violets in the hollows of the heart come out. For she is of the feet and the hands, the thighs and breast, the face and all-concealing belly, and her name is silent, but her odour is of spring, and her contact is the all-in-all.' (1)

The plum-blossom scent is important; in eastern symbolism it stands for immortality, the perpetuation of life, and it also represents the new year; the final detail may have some connection with the fact that Lawrence completed Glad Ghosts just as 1925 ended.(2) The symbol is appropriate in several ways. The arrival of Morier, the dark intruder, results in an infusion of new vitality into the decaying Lathkill household. Not only does he inspire Lord Lathkill to put up a fight against the stultifying spiritualism of Lady Lathkill and thus vindicate the life of "flesh and blood"; he also brings fertility of another kind. He has been given the family 'ghost' room in the hope that he, the outsider, will be visited by the Lathkill ghost of good fortune who is "as rare as sovereignty on her visits,"(3) but who invariably restores the family fortunes. Prior to going to bed he feels that there is to be no physical contact with Carlotta, no matter how much of an affinity they have:

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(1) Ibid. pp. 893-4.

(2) cp. Moore, IH. pp. 350-1.

(3) Ta. op. cit. p. 871.

> I was thinking of Carlotta, and a little sadly, perhaps, because of the power of circumstance over us. This night I could have worshipped her with my body, and she, perhaps, was stripped in her body to be worshipped. But it was not for me, at this hour, to fight against circumstances.... 'Hush' I said to myself. 'I will sleep, and the ghost of my silence can go forth, in the subtle body of desire, to meet that which is coming to meet it. Let my ghost go forth and let me not interfere'.... So I went softly to sleep.... without interfering with the warm crocus-like ghost of my body.(1)

However, during the night, he is visited by someone or something, what Harry T. Moore refers to as the "woman-or-ghost."(2) But, although no names are mentioned, the Lathkill 'ghost' is almost certainly Carlotta, as events subsequently prove. Once more, during this part of the tale, the plum-blossom symbolism recurs strongly as a kind of mystical-spiritual consummation takes place:

> And at the very core of the deep night the ghost came to me, at the heart of the ocean of oblivion, which is also the heart of life. Beyond hearing, or even knowledge of contact, I met her and knew her.... Women were not unknown to me. But never before had woman come, in the depths of the night, to answer my deep with her deep. As the ghost came, came as a ghost of silence.... I know she came as a woman to my man.... Breasts or thighs or face, I remember not a touch.... Yet I know it was so.... I awoke towards dawn.... I was aware of a pervading scent, as of plum-blossom, and a sense of extraordinary silkiness - though where, and in what contact, I could not say. It was as the first blemish of dawn... even with so slight a conscious registering, <u>it</u> seemed to disappear.... That knowledge of <u>it</u>, which was the mating of the ghost and me, disappeared from me, in its rich weight of certainty, as the scent of the plum-blossom

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(1) Ibid. p. 895.

(2) Moore, <u>IH</u>. p. 350.

> moved down the lanes of my consciousness.... I wanted to be certain of it, to have definite evidence.... I shall never know if it was a ghost, some sweet spirit.... or a woman, a very woman, as the silkiness of my limbs seemed to attest.... Because I went away from Riddings in the morning, on account of the sudden illness of Lady Lathkill.(1)

The three references to the word 'it' clearly recall the beginning of the tale when Morier described himself and Carlotta as secret sharers in "The Kingdom of It."

Other evidence linking the 'ghost' with Carlotta is the expression "first blemish of dawn"; on two occasions, Morier described the prelude to her awakening in similar terms; first, "It was as if a slow, restful dawn were rising in her body," and later she became beautiful again "with the tender before-dawn freshness of a new understanding." Finally, there is the explicit reference to Carlotta at the end of the passage.

The conclusion of the tale defines the plum-blossom symbolism of the earlier parts and the insistence on the themes of life and awakening. Morier, a wanderer overseas, receives a letter from Lord Lathkill the following autumn:

> 'Carlotta has had a son... He has yellow hair, like a little crocus, and one of the young plum-trees in the orchard has come out of season in blossom. To me he is flesh and blood of the ghost itself. Even mother doesn't look over the wall, to the other side, anymore. It's all this side for her now.... We are calling him Gabriel.... Dorothy Hale also is a mother, three days before Carlotta. She has a black lamb of a daughter, called Cabrielle. By the bleat of the little thing I know its father. Our own is a blue-eyed one, with the dangerous repose of a pugilist. I have no fear of our family misfortune for him, ghost-begotten and ready-fisted....
>
> The Colonel is very well, quiet and self-possessed. He is farming in Wiltshire, raising

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(1) Ta. op. cit. pp. 896-7.

> pigs.... he has golden sows as elegant as a young Diane de Poictiers, and young hogs like Perseus in the first red-gold flush of youth. He looks me in the eye, and I look him back, and we understand. He is quiet, and proud now, and very hale and hearty, raising swine ad maiorem gloriam Dei. A good sport!
>
> I am in love with this house and its inmates, including the plum-blossom scented one, she who visited you, in all the peace. I cannot understand why you wander in uneasy and distant parts of the earth.'(1)

The picture is idyllic, all participating in one way or another, in the new life and fertility, even Lathkill's mother; on this occasion, two 'Sleeping Beauty' women have been re-awakened from their mesmerized and static states of being, and their awakening is embodied in the births of the children. At least one of these, with his "yellow hair, like a little crocus" is a reminder of spring, and the two considered together evoke an association with those which are born to the princess in La Belle au Bois Dormant after she has been rescued; they are named respectively Aurore and Jour and thus associated with light, life and awakening.

The 'intruder', on this occasion remains an 'outsider.' Having brought the breath and the seeds of new life back to these moribund people, he leaves them to find their own salvation among themselves.

Glad Ghosts is an unusual tale; it has a clear 'Sleeping Beauty' theme and it deals with the conflict between the "blood and the intellect" in a light-hearted way, although there are frequent uncertainties of tone. Unlike in Sun, one cannot really say that there is harmony between the

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(1) Ibid. p. 897.

realistic and mystical elements. The characters, particularly Lord Lathkill, are not very convincing as people. The tale, however, does show another aspect of Lawrence's range when dealing with the motif.

The final tale, The Virgin and the Gipsy, concludes, like Sun and Glad Ghosts, without any attempt to opt out of society, and, like the second story, optimistically. Lawrence first mentioned The Virgin and the Gipsy in a letter to Miss Nancy Pearn of Curtis Brown when he wrote from Spotorno on 29th January, 1926:

> I shall send you next week a long short story, The Virgin and the Gipsy, about 25,000 or 30,000 words. Secker wants me to make another three-story book like The Ladybird, and he rather fancies Glad Ghosts and The Virgin for two of them.(1)

This "long short story" or novella was published posthumously in 1930 by G. Orioli of Florence; all the various publications bear the notation that the book was printed from a manuscript without the author's final revision. The first English edition was published by Secker in October, 1930.(2) Moynahan notes:

> .... it (the tale) grew out of a final visit Lawrence made to the Midlands in the middle nineteen-twenties. The Saywell family situation while recalling that of The Daughters of the Vicar, evokes much more directly the situation of the Weekley family after Frieda's elopement and divorce. Although the rector was not, and was never intended to be, an accurate portrait of Professor Weekley as a grass widower, the characters of Lucille and Yvette were surely based on Frieda's daughters, whom Lawrence had gotten to know and like when in adolescence they were permitted to visit their mother.(3)

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(1) Huxley, CL, p. 650.

(2) Roberts, op. cit. p. 131.

(3) Moynahan, op. cit. p. 209.

The daughters did visit the Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, about the time this tale was probably written. On December 18th, 1925, Lawrence wrote to William Hawk that "Frieda's youngest daughter, Barbara, is in Alassio, about 25 miles away. She comes over to visit and stays a day or two with us."(1) Another letter to Dorothy Brett on February 9th includes a reference to the expected arrival in Ventimiglia of the eldest daughter Elsa.(2)

A detail which appears to support the claims of both Moynahan and Harry T. Moore concerning the factual basis of the characters is the difference in their ages, which corresponds to that between Frieda's daughters. Lucille Saywell is nearly twenty-one and Yvette is nineteen;(3) Frieda's daughters, although older, also had about two years between them, their ages being twenty-one and twenty-three years respectively.(4) Further correspondences between fictional and factual characters are present in the incident which introduces Eastwood and the Jewess. She, in a way reminiscent of Yvette's mother, is an intending divorcee aged thirty-six, who has left her well-off husband and two children for Eastwood, an ex-regular officer of about twenty-nine or thirty.(5) Furthermore, Frieda Lawrence also eloped with a man five years younger than herself, leaving behind her respectable husband and three children; the two girls were then aged seven and nine, respectively - the ages of the Saywell children when their mother leaves home.(6) Finally, there is a link

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(1) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 348.
(2) Huxley, op. cit. p. 652.
(3) Ta. op. cit. p. 1029.
(4) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 351.
(5) Ta. op. cit. pp. 1071-2.
(6) Nehls, op. cit. Vol. 1. p. 162.

between Mr. Saywell and Frieda's husband, who were both aged forty-seven when left by their wives.

The tale does recall characters and setting of The Daughters of the Vicar and, as noted in Chapter I, it has associations with another story, The Horse-Dealer's Daughter, in the final scene, which involves rescue from drowning and a kind of mutual resuscitation. The gipsy, too, is a familiar character, the 'outsider.' Although not a directly sun-related figure, he is nevertheless associated with fire and a metal which has sun-suggestions - and, as Jacquetta Hawkes points out, fire and certain metals were probably identified with the sun by primitive man:

> Before the onset of the second glaciation, primitive humans.... had overcome the animal's instinctive terror and won mastery over fire.... At once, surely, even the dimmest minds must have recognized an affinity between the flames on their hearths and the sun above them? Not only was there the identity of colour, but also the same sense of heat striking the naked body, the same defeat of darkness. When, much later, man obtained pure gold from rocks and rivers, as soon as he saw it gleaming in his hand he was to identify it with the sun. The same thing in a simpler, less symbolic way, must have happened as the hunter looked into the heart of his fire or saw it from afar.(1)

The gipsy, though not entirely symbolic, is at least a representative figure, standing for the vitality and freedom which is so lacking in the Saywell household - perhaps this is one of the reasons why he remains an almost anonymous figure, until the penultimate sentence of the tale.

In The Daughters of the Vicar social and spiritual isolation caused by parental attitudes was the restrictive environment from which Louisa

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(1) Hawkes, op. cit. p. 48.

Lindley needed to be free. In The Virgin and the Gipsy one finds once again a claustrophobic situation which is enervating for the two sisters. The family name, Saywell, is significant, particularly when considered in relation to the three older members of the family, whose words are at variance with their inner feelings and conduct. Self-delusion is evident from the way in which the rector thinks of his wife, who has eloped with a young and penniless man. Conscious of being wronged, but incapable of truthful self-examination, he has developed a duality of outlook about her:

> In his heart was enshrined the pure girl he had wedded and worshipped.
>
> Out in the evil world, at the same time, there wandered a disreputable woman who had betrayed the rector and abandoned his little children. She was now yoked to a young and despicable man, who would no doubt bring her the degradation she deserved. Let this be clearly understood, and then hush! For in the pure loftiness of the rector's heart still bloomed the pure white snowflower of his young bride. This white snowflower did not wither. That other creature, who had gone off with that despicable young man, was none of his affair.(1)

Fostering her son's denial of actuality is the Mater, his mother, who has now regained control over him:

> .... (she) who had been somewhat diminished and insignificant as a widow in a small house, now climbed into the chief arm-chair in the rectory, and planted her old bulk firmly again. She was not going to be dethroned. Astutely she gave a sigh of homage to the rector's fidelity to the pure white snowflower, while she pretended to disapprove. In sly reverence for

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(1) Ta. op. cit. p. 1026.

> her son's great love, she spoke no word against that nettle which flourished in the evil world, and which had once been called Mrs. Arthur Saywell. Now, thank heaven, having married again, she was no more Mrs. Arthur Saywell. No woman bore the rector's name. The pure white snowflower bloomed in perpetuum, without nomenclature. The family even thought of her as She-who-was-Cynthia.
>
> All this was water on the Mater's mill. It secured her against Arthur's ever marrying again. She had him by his feeblest weakness, his skulking self-love. He had married an imperishable white snowflower. Lucky man! He had been injured. Unhappy man! He had suffered. Ah, what a heart of love! And he had - forgiven! Yes, the white snowflower was forgiven.... but hush! Don't even think too near to that horrid nettle in the rank outer world! She-who-was-Cynthia. Let the white snowflower bloom inaccessible on the heights of the past. The present is another story.(1)

To the girls of seven and nine, the mother, however, appears differently. Although they "in the vague way of children, accepted the family verdict," at the same time they had other feelings:

> Mingled with this, was the children's perfectly distinct recollection of their real home, the vicarage in the south, and their glamorous but not very dependable mother, Cynthia. She had made a great glow, a flow of life, like a swift and dangerous sun in the home, forever coming and going. They always associated her presence with brightness, but also with danger; with glamour, but with fearful selfishness.
>
> Now the glamour was gone, and the white snowflower like a porcelain wreath, froze on its grave. The danger of instability, the peculiarly dangerous sort of selfishness, like lions and tigers, was also gone. There was now a complete stability, in which one could perish safely.
>
> But they were growing up.... (2)

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(1) Ibid. pp. 1026-7.

(2) Ibid. p. 1027.

The third grown-up member of the family is Aunt Cissie, whose life, one learns:

> .... had been sacrificed to the Mater, and Aunt Cissie knew it, and the Mater knew she knew it.... The convention of Aunt Cissie's sacrifice was accepted by everybody, including the self-same Cissie. She prayed a good deal about it. Which also showed that she had her own private feelings somewhere, poor thing. She had ceased to be Cissie, she had lost her life and sex. And now, she was creeping towards fifty, strange green flares of rage would come up in her, and at such times, she was insane.
>
> But Granny held her in her power. And Aunt Cissie's one object in life was to look after the Mater.(1)

Mater becomes "the pivot of the family" which is her "own extended ego." Her sons and daughters are "weak and disintegrated" and therefore loyal to her: after all:

> Outside the family, what was there for them but danger and insult and ignominy? Had not the rector experienced it, in his marriage? Let there be as much hate and friction <u>inside</u> the family, as you like. To the outer world, a stubborn fence of unison.(2)

Such a restrictive and life-denying environment, which is here merely described, but later given immediacy in several dramatic scenes, is precisely what the girls do not need, for, on their return from finishing school, one learns:

> They seemed so free, and were as a matter of fact so tangled and tied up, inside themselves. They seemed so dashing and unconventional, so, as it were, shut up indoors inside themselves.

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(1) Ibid. p. 1028.

(2) Ibid. p. 1029.

> They looked like bold, tall young sloops, just slipping from the harbour into the wide seas of life. And they were, as a matter of fact, two poor young rudderless lives, moving from one chain anchorage to another.(1)

From this point, although one still comes across statement of feeling and situation rather than dramatization, the tale takes on much more immediacy; on the girls' return to the rectory, the whole dank, stale atmosphere is strongly evoked:

> The rectory struck a chill into their hearts as they entered. It seemed ugly, and almost sordid, with the dank air of that middle-class degenerated comfort which has ceased to be comfortable and has turned stuffy, unclean. This hard, stone house struck the girls as being unclean, they could not have said why. Even the food at meals had that awful dreary sordidness which is so repulsive to a young thing coming from abroad. Roast beef and wet cabbage, cold mutton and mashed potatoes, sour pickles, inexcusable puddings.(2)

The impression of stagnation which the girls find so repressive and deadening is also effectively brought out in the scenes involving the Mater. On such occasions the characters define themselves by their behaviour and there are few examples of author-intrusion. The Mater is, as Moynahan indicates, a loathsome figure, manipulating, or attempting to manipulate, everyone in the household; when opposed, as in the mirror-breaking scene, she has no compunction about lying her way out of the difficulty.(3) Of the dramatized scenes which take place in the rectory this incident is probably one of the best, evoking as it does the prevailing atmosphere of

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(1) Ibid. p. 1030.

(2) Ibid.

(3) cp. Moynahan, pp. 215-6.

repression, emotional dishonesty, and petty vindictiveness; at the same time the intense frustration of the two sisters is accurately caught, without superfluous comment. By contrast, when Yvette is warned later by her father to keep away from Eastwood and the Jewess, there is too much author-intrusion:

> The rector looked at her insouciant face with hatred. Somewhere inside him, he was cowed, he had been born cowed. And those who are born cowed are natural slaves, and deep instinct makes them fear with poisonous fear those who might suddenly snap the slave's collar round their necks.
>
> It was for this reason that the rector had so abjectly curled up, still so abjectly curled up before She-who-was-Cynthia: because of his slave's fear of her contempt, the contempt of a born-free nature for a base-born nature.(1)

One feels that at this point, at any rate, the author is overburdening his character; and the comment is certainly superfluous in view of later dialogue in the same scene - dialogue which reveals something of Saywell's twisted attitudes:

> 'What takes you creeping around such couples?' he sneered. 'Aren't there enough decent people in the world for you to know? Anyone would think you were a stray dog, having to run around indecent couples, because the decent ones wouldn't have you. Have you got something worse than lying in your blood?'
>
> 'What have I got worse than lying in my blood?' she asked. A cold deadness was coming over her. Was she abnormal, one of the semi-criminal abnormals? It made her feel cold and dead....
>
> 'You know best yourself, what you have got,' he sneered. 'But it is something you had best curb, and quickly if you don't intend to finish in a criminal-lunacy asylum.'

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(1) Ta. op. cit. p. 1079.

> 'Why?' she said, pale and muted, numbed with frozen fear. 'Why criminal lunacy?' What have I done?'
>
> 'That is between you and your Maker,' he jeered. 'I shall never ask. But certain tendencies end in criminal lunacy, unless they are curbed in time.'
>
> 'Do you mean like knowing the Eastwoods?' asked Yvette, after a pause of numb fear.
>
> 'Do I mean nosing round such people as Mrs. Fawcett, a Jewess, and ex-Major Eastwood, a man who goes off with an older woman for the sake of her money? Why yes, I do....'
>
> She looked at him, as he stood there backed against the velvet curtains of his study, his face yellow, his eyes distraught like a rat's with fear and rage and hate, and a numb, frozen loneliness came over her. For her, too, the meaning had gone out of everything.(1)

Inevitably, the girls seek outlets from this emotionally twisted environment; Yvette, in common with Louisa Lindley of The Daughters of the Vicar, seems to derive some stimulus from contact with working-class people:

> .... if anybody asked her out for a meal, even if a woman in one of the workmen's houses asked her to stay to tea, she accepted at once. In fact she was rather thrilled. She liked talking to the working men, they had often such fine hard heads. But of course they were in another world.(2)

Lucille, on the other hand, "always more practical,"(3) obtains a position as a secretary; she attempts to achieve stability by basing her life upon the rigid routines of a commuter's day-to-day existence, at the same time

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(1) Ibid. pp. 1080-1.

(2) Ibid. p. 1031.

(3) Ibid.

disciplining herself to become indifferent to the atmosphere at the rectory. Her efforts are genuine enough, but they represent a denial of feeling and could result in the sort of self-betrayal at which her relatives have become so adept.(1) Her self-repression is surely comparable to Mary Lindley's, who decides that "She would not feel, and she would not feel."(2) The effects of Lucille's self-denial soon make themselves apparent:

> Lucille at this time was very irritable. She seemed as if she simply went a little unbalanced, when she entered the rectory. Poor Lucille, she was so thoughtful and responsible. She did all the extra troubling, thought about doctors, medicines, servants, and all that sort of thing. She slaved conscientiously at her job all day in town, working in a home with artificial light from ten till five. And she came home to have her nerves rubbed almost to frenzy by Granny's horrible and persistent inquisitiveness and parasitic agedness.(3)

From this, one perceives that Lucille is well on her way to becoming another Aunt Cissie; although it is true that she does flare up in defiance during the mirror-breaking incident, a later conversation with Yvette indicates a growing atrophy of feeling in Lucille. At this stage Yvette has already experienced several moments of 'contact' with the gipsy, and she is constantly pre-occupied with mental images of him, aware of some growing bond between them. The discussion between the two sisters centres on the nature of sexual attraction:

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(1) cp. Moynahan, op. cit. pp. 216-7.

(2) CSS, op. cit. p. 63.

(3) Ta. op. cit. p. 1051.

> 'I suppose,' said Lucille, 'there's the low sort of sex and the other sort, that isn't low. It's frightfully complicated, really. I loathe common fellows. And I never feel anything sexual' - she laid a rather disgusted stress on the word - 'for fellows who aren't common. Perhaps I haven't got any sex.'
>
> 'That's just it!' said Yvette. 'Perhaps neither of us has. Perhaps we haven't really got any sex, to connect us with men.'
>
> 'How horrible it sounds: connect us with men!' cried Lucille, with revulsion. 'Wouldn't you hate to be connected with men in that way? Oh, I think it's an awful pity there has to be sex! It would be so much better if we could still be men and women, without that sort of thing.'(1)

Yvette, who eventually admits in her dreamy fashion that sex is "an awful bore,"(2) nevertheless feels herself guilty of denial - denial of the powerful feelings she had experienced when she first met the gipsy.

> Yvette pondered. Far in the background was the image of the gipsy as he had looked round at her, when she had said, 'The weather is so treacherous.' She felt rather like Peter when the cock crew, as she denied him. Or rather, she did not deny the gipsy; she didn't care about his part in the show, anyhow. It was some hidden part of herself which she denied: that part which mysteriously and unconfessedly responded to him. And it was a strange, lustrous black cock which crew in mockery of her,(3)

Thus, despite her statement about sex, she finally experiences a revulsion of feeling when her sister states:

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(1) Ibid. pp.1074-5.

(2) Ibid. p. 1074.

(3) Ibid. p. 1075.

> 'It's time to think of marrying somebody.... when you feel you're not having a good time any more. Then marry, and just settle down.'(1)

Yvette's inward response to this is emphatic:

> .... now, under all her bland soft amiability, she was annoyed with Lucille. Suddenly she wanted to turn her back on Lucille.
>
> Besides, look at the shadows under poor Lucille's eyes, and the wistfulness in the beautiful eyes themselves. Oh, if some awfully nice, kind, protective sort of man would but marry her! And if the sporting Lucille would let him!(2)

Yvette's feelings about Lucille at this point directly recall those of Louisa Lindley concerning her sister, and in common with Louisa, Yvette carries a mental picture of the 'outsider' - a picture which serves to point contrasts. To her, he represents something new, real and vital, against which she instinctively measures those whom she feels to be misdirected, such as her sister, or people like Leo Framley, who is superficial. Leo's attitude to marriage is similar to Lucille's; he feels that Yvette should get engaged to him because he's "absolutely sure that it's the right thing for us both."(3) When he looks at her meaningfully she feels that "instead of penetrating into some deep, secret place, and shooting her there, Leo's bold and patent smile only hit her on the outside of the body, like a tennis ball."(4) One automatically remembers at this point the totally different feeling Yvette had experienced when the gipsy looked into her eyes:

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(1) Ibid.
(2) Ibid.
(3) Ibid. p. 1061.
(4) Ibid. p. 1063.

> .... the feeling that she had been looked upon, not from the outside, but from the inside, from her secret female self.... he had looked at her, and seen none of her pretty face and her pretty ways, but just the dark, tremulous potent secret of her virginity.(1)

'Contact' with the gipsy is mainly visual, but we have seen from The Horse-Dealer's Daughter, The Fox and The Princess that such contact is highly significant in Lawrence's tales; it begins at the moment of Yvette's first meeting with the gipsy:

> Yvette's heart gave a jump. The man on the cart was a gipsy, one of the black, loose-bodied, handsome sort.... She met his dark eyes for a second, their level search, their insolence, their complete indifference to people like Bob and Leo, and something took fire in her breast. She thought: He is stronger than I am! He doesn't care!.... There was something particularly transfusing in his stare. Yvette felt it, felt it at her knees.... He looked.... staring full into her eyes, with his pariah's bold yet dishonest stare. Something hard inside her met his stare. But the surface of her body seemed to turn to water.... And, as he loped slowly past her, on his flexible hips, it seemed to her still that he was stronger than she was. Of all the men she had ever seen, this one was the only one who was stronger than she was, in her own kind of strength, her own kind of understanding.(2)

The gipsy is depicted as something of a dandy, a kind of natural aristocrat, and at the same time very much an outsider:

> He was apparently.... something over thirty, and a beau in his way. He wore a shooting-jacket, double breast.... of dark green and black frieze; rather tight trousers, black boots, and a dark-green cap; with the big yellow and red bandanna handkerchief round his neck. His appearance was curiously elegant, and quite expensive in its gipsy style.

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(1) Ibid. p. 1059.

(2) Ibid. pp. 1040-2.

> He was handsome, too, pressing in his chin with the old gipsy conceit.... A dandy, in his polished black boots, tight black trousers, and tight dark-green jersey.(1)

In his eyes is "the pride of the pariah, the half-sneering challenge of the outcast, who sneered at law-abiding men, and went his own way.... with his pariah's bold yet dishonest stare."(2)

From this meeting, Yvette appears to gain a source of encouragement; after her return to the rectory and disturbing quarrels with Mr. Saywell and Aunt Cissie, one learns that she:

> Only dimly.... began to realize the other sanctity of herself, the sanctity of her sensitive, clean flesh and blood, which the Saywells with their so-called morality succeeded in defiling. They always wanted to defile it. They were the life unbelievers. Whereas, perhaps She-who-was-Cynthia had only been a moral unbeliever.(3)

These thoughts are associated with Yvette's desire for a freer existence - a free existence which is represented for her by the gipsy and which is all the more appealing when contrasted with "The whole stagnant, sewerage sort of life" of the rectory where, "in the souls of people, the air was stale till it stank."(4) Immediately after this, she remembers the words of the gipsy woman who told her fortune, and for the first time, there is an overt reference to fire in connection with the gipsy himself - a reference which gives added significance to the earlier description of his "red-and-yellow" bandanna. Yvette is told that although "the other people..., will tread on your heart till you think it is dead.... the dark man will blow

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(1) Ibid. pp. 1041, 1044.
(2) Ibid. pp. 1043-4.
(3) Ibid. p. 1048.
(4) Ibid. p. 1050.

the one spark up into fire again, good fire. You will see what good fire."(1) Following this reminiscence, Yvette has a powerful mental image of the gipsy:

> Yvette quivered suddenly, as if she had seen his big bold eyes upon her, with the naked insinuation of desire in them. The absolutely naked insinuation of desire made her lie prone and powerless in the bed, as if a drug had cast her in a new, molten mould.(2)

Wishing to escape from the half-life of the rectory, with its distortion and self-deceit, she is now directly associated with another 'unawakened' woman - Tennyson's Lady of Shalott:

> At the first landing she stood as she nearly always did, to gaze through the windows that looked to the road and the bridge. Like the Lady of Shalott, she seemed always to imagine that someone would come along singing Tirra-lirra!.... by the river.(3)

In common with the Lady, who is "half-sick of shadows" of life reflected in her blue mirror,(4) Yvette looks out from her upstairs window, desiring to see something or someone:

> She always expected <u>something</u> to come down the slant of the road from Papplewick, and she always lingered at the landing window. Often a cart came.... But never anybody who sang <u>Tirra-lirra</u>! by the river. The tirra-lirra-ing days seem to have gone by.(5)

Eventually someone does arrive; he isn't exactly a knight "with burning greaves," on whom:

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Ibid.

(4) Tennyson, 'The Lady of Shalott', in <u>Poetical Works</u> (London, 1924), pp. 38-40.

(5) <u>Ta</u>. op. cit. p. 1036.

The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,(1)

but he is the "natural aristocrat," the gipsy. He has visited the rectory with the ostensible purpose of selling copper objects which he makes and, as we are to discover later, he does not normally sell the items of copper himself. Beginning with this scene, there are frequent references to the gipsy's connection with this metal; although the details are realistic enough, the general purpose of these references is symbolic. Already he has been associated with images of fire, and the copper objects add to this impression of him as a heat and sun-related figure; at the same time, there exists some unmistakable phallic symbolism. Among the "various objects of shining copper.... plates of beaten copper," which he brings is the candlestick, "a low, thick stem of copper rising from a double bowl."(2)

Yvette immediately responds to this by commenting "the candlestick is lovely.... did you make it?"(3) whereas Aunt Cissie merely regards it as an item to be bargained for and even when she has done this she still has to go and ask the rector if the candlestick is worth the amount asked. The responses of the two women to this phallic and sun-related symbol are significant; to Aunt Cissie who has "lost her life and sex" it has no deeper significance. To Yvette who at that moment is aware once more of the gipsy's "naked suggestion of desire which acted on her like a spell, and robbed her of her will,"(4) it means something more; the meaning of

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(1) Tennyson, op. cit. p. 39.
(2) Ta. op. cit. p. 1058.
(3) Ibid. p. 1057.
(4) Ibid. p. 1058.

the symbol cannot be bought, but only felt instinctively.

That the gipsy is a sun-related figure is evident in the general symbolic pattern of the tale. He wears a "red-and-yellow" bandanna, makes a special visit on which he sells the copper candlestick, and he rides up on a roan horse; associated with images of fire, he is handling copper objects every time Yvette meets him, except during the final rescue episode:

> The gipsy man was seated on the ground with his back to the cart-shaft, hammering a copper bowl.... The only sound was the rapid, ringing tap-tap-tap! of the small hammer on the dull copper.(1)

He makes "all the copper and brass things,"(2) but states emphatically that he doesn't go selling - a fact which lends some significance to his recent rectory visit.(3) It is true that the third time Yvette meets him he is just leaving a cottage "returning with his brooms and copper things, to the cart."(4) The meeting is an interesting one, and it appears that the author is guilty of some inconsistency, although one must remember that the tale was never given its final revision - and Lawrence's revisions were usually thorough; it seems likely that he would have remedied this inconsistency, leaving the gipsy with only the one significant selling expedition.

Yvette, in common with other "sleeping princess" heroines, is represented as undirected, vague, and continually waiting for something; one must add though, that the state is appropriate to her adolescence,

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(1) Ibid. p. 1064.
(2) Ibid. p. 1065.
(3) Ibid.
(4) Ibid. p. 1085.

whereas in the case of March in The Fox this is not so. When the gipsy leaves Yvette after the second meeting, "Gone like a dream, yet which she could not shake off," she is aware of disappointment, believing that he has no power over her, "because she wanted somebody, or something, to have power over her."(1) After this visit, we learn that:

> There was something strange and mazy, like having cobwebs over one's face, about Yvette's vague blitheness; her queer, misty sidestepping from an unpleasantness. It was cheering too. But it was like walking in one of those autumn mists, when gossamer strands blow over your face.(2)

On her visit alone to the gipsy encampment, this dreaming quality again becomes evident; like Dollie Urquhart, Yvette is described in flower imagery. The gipsy is "aware of one thing only, the mysterious fruit of her virginity," and as Yvette wanders about in her mesmerized state:

> .... on her face was that tender look of sleep, which a nodding flower has when it is full out. Like a mysterious early flower, she was full out, like a snowdrop which speads its three white wings in a flight into the waking sleep of its brief blossoming. The waking sleep of her full-opened virginity, entranced like a snowdrop in the sunshine, was upon her.(3)

This moment of 'contact' is broken, however, by the arrival of Eastwood and the Jewess, and Yvette finds herself "in a daze, as the spell of the gipsy slowly left her, feeling stranded and blank."(4)

This incident involving Eastwood and his wife-to-be seems at first gratuitous to the main theme, but closer examination proves that it has relevance. He is an interesting figure, described in images of cold whiteness:

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(1) Ibid. p. 1058.
(2) Ibid. p. 1059.
(3) Ibid. p. 1067.
(4) Ibid. p. 1069.

> .... Powerful and wintry.... the great snow-bird of a major, in a white sweater and grey trousers.... strange wintry bird, so powerful, handsome, too in his way, but pale round the eyes as if he had no eyelashes, like a bird, he too had a curious indignation against life, because of the false morality. That powerful athletic chest hid a strange, snowy sort of anger. And his tenderness for the little Jewess was based on his sense of outraged justice, abstract morality of the north blowing him, like a strange wind,into isolation.... His anger was of the soft, snowy sort, which comfortably muffles the soul.(1)

The type of man whom "one connects instantly with winter sports, ski-ing, and skating,"(2) he looks down at the Jewess "quite kindly, like the sun on ice,"(3) and eventually one learns that, in common with the gipsy, who had been a groom in the same regiment, he is a 'resurrected' man:

> 'That gipsy was the best man we had, with horses. Nearly died of pneumonia. I thought he was dead. He's a resurrected man to me. I'm a resurrected man myself, as far as that goes.' He looked at Yvette. 'I was buried for twenty hours under snow,' he said. 'And not much the worse for it, when they dug me out.'
>
> There was a frozen pause in the conversation.
>
> 'Life's awful!' said Yvette.
>
> 'They dug me out by accident,' he said.
>
> 'Oh!' - Yvette trailed slowly. 'It might be destiny, you know.' To which he did not answer.(4)

Eastwood's 'snowy' nature and the resurrection theme bear out Moynahan's observations on this character:

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(1) Ibid. pp. 1068, 1072-3, 1076.

(2) Ibid. p. 1068.

(3) Ibid. p. 1069.

(4) Ibid. p. 1078.

> This northern, blond, blue-eyed winter sports enthusiast is.... a resurrection of Gerald Crich (of Women in Love). And the destined accident of his death has been re-imagined to allow the possibility of a second life beyond the frozen wasteland of the snow valley. Eastwood-Crich now believes that 'desire is the most wonderful thing in life,' and it goes without saying that he is entirely dissociated from the morbid romance of big business. If a Gerald can be reborn to wholesome desire we begin to imagine other potential reconciliations.(1)

Eastwood is described as "alert, unconnected with life,"(2) and in the general context of his character, one feels that Lawrence is here using the word 'life' in a pejorative sense, implying as it does the world of business and career-making which the Major later, in a discussion with Yvette, rejects:

> 'Doesn't every man have to carve out a career? - like some huge goose with gravy?' She gazed with odd naïveté into his eyes.
>
> 'I'm perfectly all right to-day, and I shall be all right to-morrow,' he said, with a cold, decided look. 'Why shouldn't my future be continuous todays and tomorrows.'
>
> He looked at her with unmoved searching.
>
> 'Quite!' she said. 'I hate jobs, and all that side of life.' But she was thinking of the Jewess's money.
>
> To which he did not answer.(3)

The major appears to be a revitalising element in the Jewess's life; from his ordeal by snow he has returned with a new sense of life and desire. His nature as an 'awakener' is in no doubt, either - the

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(1) Moynahan, op. cit. pp. 210-11.

(2) Ta. op. cit. p. 1068.

(3) Ibid. p. 1076.

description "like the sun on ice" recalls once again the nature-myth upon which the 'Sleeping Beauty' legend is founded. The process of the Jewess's awakening, however, is not yet complete, as one realises from several ironic touches her and there, and the description of her attitude to the gipsy. She still appears to a certain extent to be connected with the 'life' from which the Major has dissociated himself, and has not reached the point where she can say like Frieda Lawrence,

> I was living like a somnambulist in a conventional set life and he awakened the consciousness of my own proper self.... He seemed to have lifted me body and soul out of all my past life,(1)

although her association with Eastwood points to an eventual full awakening. Meanwhile, she is described as "the woman in the coat of many dead little animals.... the fur coat.... which seemed to walk on little legs of its own."(2) The tone here is critical of at least one aspect of civilized society. The Jewess, with her "expensive get-up.... diamonds and emeralds,"(3) is in the process of being awakened from the 'dream' of her civilized 'life.' Significantly enough, she is the one who desires to be warmed at the gipsy's camp fire, and not the Major:

> .... the voice of the woman was heard crying: 'May we warm our hands at the camp fire?'.... She advanced to the fire, shuddering a little inside her coat, with the cold.... She crouched over the low fire.... 'Ugh!' she shuddered. 'Of course we ought not to have come in an open car! But my husband won't even let me say I'm cold...! She turned again to the fire.(4)

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(1) Frieda Lawrence, Not I, But the Wind (1935); reprint (London, 1965), p.3.
(2) Ta. op. cit. pp. 1068, 1071.
(3) Ibid. p. 1068.
(4) Ibid. pp. 1067-8.

Eastwood's actions during this scene are interesting and surely symbolic; he asks permission to build up the fire:

> 'D'you think they'd mind if we put some fir cones on, to make a blaze?' he asked of Yvette, with a silent glance at the hammering gipsy.... (he).... began placing the cones lightly, carefully on the red embers. And soon, one by one, they caught fire, and burned like roses of flame, with a sweet scent.
>
> 'Ah, lovely, lovely,' cried the little Jewess, looking up at her man again. He looked down at her quite kindly, like the sun on ice. 'Don't you love fire? Oh, I love it!' the little Jewess cried to Yvette across the hammering.
>
> The hammering annoyed her.(1)

This whole scene, with its use of symbolism, defines the meaning of these two characters in the tale. The Jewess, although still linked with the sort of life that does not represent true living at all, desires, in common with other unawakened women, to be warmed. Eastwood, who has transcended death by snow and found a new life beyond it, provides that warmth, both literally and figuratively. In this respect, the cones are important; as Frazer noted, these pine- or fir-cones were regarded both as instruments and symbols of fertility.(2) The Major, we notice, does not pick them up from his immediate surroundings, but brings them from his car, in a small sack.

That the Jewess is still limited by certain pre-conceptions and therefore not fully awakened in "phallic consciousness" is indicated by her attitude toward the gipsy. "For her.... the gipsy was one of the common

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(1) Ibid. pp. 1068-9.

(2) Frazer, op. cit. p. 353.

men, the Tommies."(1) She is condescending to him, and her limited outlook is revealed in the discussion with Yvette and Eastwood about the nature of desire:

> 'You're not in love with that gipsy!' she said.
>
> 'Well!' said Yvette. 'I don't really know. He's the only one that makes me feel - different! He really is!'
>
> 'But how? How? Has he ever said anything to you?'
>
> 'No! No!'
>
> 'Then how? What has he done?'
>
> 'Oh, just looked at me.'
>
> 'How?'
>
> 'Well, you see, I don't know. But different! Yes, different! Different, quite different from the way any man ever looked at me.'
>
> 'But how did he look at you?' insisted the Jewess.
>
> 'Why - as if he really, but really, desired me,' said Yvette, her meditative face looking like the bud of a flower.
>
> 'What a vile fellow! What right had he to look at you like that?' cried the indignant Jewess.(2)

Eastwood defends Yvette in the face of this conventional attitude by stating "that desire is the most wonderful thing in life. Anybody who can really feel it, is a king, and I envy nobody else."(3) He is clearly

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(1) Ta. op. cit. p. 1070.

(2) Ibid. pp. 1077-8.

(3) Ibid. p. 1078.

opposed to the Jewess's view, although not to her, and to Yvette's query if the "gipsy is the real thing," he replies "It's not for me to say.... If I were you, I should know, I shouldn't be asking other people."(1) The episode ends with Eastwood's revelation about his snow-ordeal and resurrection, and one is left with the impression of the Major as a positive figure who speaks up for true desire and feeling - a vitalistic awakener, somewhere beyond the confines of the tale, for the Jewess.

Despite the positive attitudes of both the Major and Yvette to what the gipsy represents, it is not suggested that the solution to all her problems is elopement with him to "raggle-taggle gipsyism." He certainly has symbolic connections which are important in this vitalistic fable of re-awakening. The third time Yvette meets him, in spring, he is returning to his cart with his brooms and "copper things." She asks him if he has made anything new and nice, at the same time "looking at his copper things," and after a diligent search among the bits of "copper and brass-work" she finds "a little brass plate, with a queer figure like a palm-tree beaten upon it."(2) This is another fertility symbol,(3) and appropriate when one considers the part the gipsy plays in bringing about some kind of new self-awareness for Yvette. However, although he appeals to her, she realizes that she cannot depend upon him entirely:

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(1) Ibid.

(2) Ibid. p. 1086.

(3) Frazer, op. cit. p. 119.

> .... She could see him unyielding, quietly hawking his copper vessels, on an old, old warpath against such as herself.... Her heart, in its stroke, now rang hard as his hammer upon his copper, beating against circumstances. But he struck stealthily on the outside, and she still more secretly on the inside of the establishment.... Almost she could have found it in her heart to go with him, and be a pariah gipsy woman.
>
> But she was born inside the pale. And she liked comfort and a certain prestige.(1)

After she has bought the brass plate, and learned of the gipsy woman's dream - a dream which is a portent of the flood - Yvette, one learns:

> .... looked at him with clear eyes. Man or woman is made up of many selves. With one self, she loved this gipsy man. With many selves, she ignored him or had a distaste for him.(2)

Although she has experienced an invigorating form of 'contact' with the man, she remains, like certain other 'Sleeping Beauty' women, in a 'dreaming' state, which is indicative of her undirected energies:

> She had a curious reluctance, always, towards taking action, or making any real move on her own. She always wanted someone else to make a move for her, as if she did not want to play her own game of life.... Her soul had the half painful, half easing knack of leaving her, and straying away to some place, to somebody that had caught her imagination.(3)

The flood changes this 'dreaming' state; combining realism and symbolism, it re-introduces the theme of "creative destruction" which has already been discussed in connection with The Fox. The reference to "the voice of the water"(4) which the gipsy had made in connection with his

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(1) Ta. op. cit. pp. 1084-5.

(2) Ibid. p. 1086.

(3) Ibid. pp. 1087-8.

(4) Ibid. p. 1086.

wife's dream, becomes terrifyingly clear to Yvette, who now feels as if "the flood was in her soul."(1) Dazed, unable to help herself, she is rescued by the gipsy, who has come to say goodbye. They climb to an upper room, but the Mater is drowned by the flood, which at several points is described in almost Biblical terms. As the old woman claws at the banister rail beneath them, the man says "to that awful float-like face below.... 'Not good enough! Not good enough!'"(2) and when he looks out from the bedroom window, he sees only chaos and torn waters:

> He looked west, towards where the upper landing window had been, and was looking into the sunset, over an insane sea of waters, bristling with uptorn trees and refuse.... A terror creeping over his soul, he went again to the door. The wind, roaring with waters, blew in as he opened it. Through the awsome gap in the house he saw the world, the waters, the chaos of horrible waters.(3)

This 'doomsday' vision is confirmed by Yvette's first thoughts when she awakens; she wonders, "Where was her gipsy of this world's-end night?"(4)

Such biblical overtones are surely implied in Moynahan's final comment on the flood; he states:

> Through an open door surges inward upon society a great cleansing flood of wholesome feeling in which the abstracted and desiccated are washed away.(5)

Symbolic overtones, too, are present in the scene in which Yvette and the gipsy warm each other. On the realistic level, this incident is

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(1) Ibid. p. 1090.
(2) Ibid. p. 1091.
(3) Ibid. pp. 1092-3.
(4) Ibid. p. 1095.
(5) Moynahan, op. cit. p. 218.

convincingly presented, as in The Horse-Dealer's Daughter. Both strip off wet, clinging clothes and, Yvette being affected by the cold, the gipsy dries her:

> With his towel he began to rub her, himself shaking all over, but holding her gripped by the shoulder, and slowly, numbly rubbing her tender body, even trying to rub up into some dryness the pitiful hair of her small head.(1)

The ending of this scene recalls that in The Princess when Dollie calls out to Romero for warmth, but the consequences are very different:

> She suddenly uncovered her head and peered out at him from a white face. She peered into his greenish, curiously calm face, semi-conscious. His teeth were chattering unheeded, as he gazed down at her, his black eyes still full of the fire of life and a certain vagabond calm of fatalistic resignation.
>
> 'Warm me!' she moaned, with chattering teeth. 'Warm me! I shall die of shivering!'
>
> A terrible convulsion went through her curled-up white body, enough indeed to rupture her and cause her to die. The gipsy nodded, and took her in his arms, and held her in a clasp like a vice, to still his own shuddering. He himself was shuddering fearfully, and only semi-conscious. It was the shock.
>
> The vice-like grip of his arms round her seemed to her the only stable point in her consciousness. It was a fearful relief to her heart, which was strained to bursting. And though his body, wrapped round her strange and lithe and powerful, like tentacles, rippled with shuddering as an electric current, still the rigid tension of the muscles that held her clenched steadied them both, and gradually the sickening violence of the shuddering, caused by shock, abated, in his body first, then in her, and

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(1) Ta, op. cit. p. 1093.

> the warmth revived between them. And as it roused, their tortured, semi-conscious minds became unconscious, they passed away into sleep.(1)

Whilst one would not agree with Moynahan that "sexual consummation" is not possible during this time, it would appear that sexual intercourse does not in fact take place between Yvette and the gipsy; as we see from the examples of The Rainbow, The Princess and Lady Chatterley's Lover, Lawrence usually chose to make such things explicit. A further possible piece of evidence against sexual consummation is the gipsy's letter in which he says:

> I come that day to say good-bye! And I never said it, well, the water gave no time, but I live in hopes. Your obdt. servant Joe Boswell.(2)

Sexual intercourse certainly is possible during this scene, but one feels that the personal regeneration of Yvette has deeper implications. There is, too, a difference in tone. As Moynahan points out:

> The climax of Yvette's adventure with Joe Boswell is neither a ceremonious defloration nor elopement into the permanent exile of an unknown land. Although stricken with longing for her 'gipsy of this world's end night', Yvette reposes at the end in the bosom of her family. With Granny gone, she and Lucille may well be able to break up and reform the patterns of the Saywell family life from a position inside, thus avoiding the tragedy of permanent alienation from their society and the obvious discomforts of house-keeping in a horse-drawn caravan.(3)

Certainly, in the final scene, both the rector and Aunt Cissie are portrayed more positively and sympathetically, he reaching for Yvette with open arms and she crying "Oh I can't cry for the Mater, now Yvette is

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(1) Ibid. pp. 1093-4.

(2) Ibid. p. 1097.

(3) Moynahan, op. cit. p. 214.

spared."[1] One feels that Yvette, who descends the shaking rescue ladder despite her fear, fortified by the gipsy's advice to be "Braver in the body,"[2] has gained a new sense of inner bravery and selfhood. Although she misses the gipsy, "Yet practically, she too was acquiescent in the fact of his disappearance. Her young soul knew the wisdom of it."[3]

In The Virgin and the Gipsy, as Widmer points out, "The regenerative eros has been impersonal, even inhuman."[4] The gipsy is a representative figure who remains anonymous until the close of the tale. Such anonymity and representative quality is carefully indicated at an early stage when Yvette feels that she didn't "deny the gipsy" as "she didn't care about his part in the show," but instead "denied some hidden part of herself."[5] A sun and fire-related figure who believes that "Fire is everybody's"[6] - his attitude to fire links him with Tony Luhan who always had a fire burning in the fireplace "To make life" and who asked the question "What is so powerful as fire?"[7] - the gipsy has been an agent of release for Yvette, and his presence has imbued her with a new vitality, given her an awareness of "the other sanctity of herself, the sanctity of her sensitive, clean flesh and blood."[8] The awakening of the "sleeping princess" on this occasion is to more than "phallic

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(1) Ta. op. cit. pp. 1096-7.
(2) Ibid. p. 1096.
(3) Ibid. p. 1097.
(4) Widmer, op. cit. p. 187.
(5) Ta. op. cit. p. 1075.
(6) Ibid. p. 1071.
(7) Luhan, op. cit. pp. 175,187.
(8) Ta. op. cit. p. 1048.

consciousness," although that is an integral part of the process. Yvette, in common with the 'Sleeping Beauty' heroines of Sun and Glad Ghosts, but unlike those in earlier tales with the motif, is not taken away from society, nor is she under any kind of compulsion; rather, growing awareness of the gipsy and final contact with him in what turns out to be a testing situation, give her the inner strength and conviction to search out and to open "those undiscovered doors to life"(1) which are hidden from her at the beginning of the tale.

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(1) Ibid. p. 1037.

CONCLUSION

The ten tales which have been discussed in this study demonstrate that Lawrence, throughout his writing career, was interested in the theme of re-awakening to a new life - the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif. Seven of the stories are variants of the positive aspect of the theme - tales in which we find that "the lover's kiss awakens the Sleeping Beauty"(1) thus bringing about either a re-establishment of vital relationships or preparing the way for such an event. The remaining three tales deal with the failed sleeping princesses, who are ultimately unable to accept the transfiguring experience and who thus bring upon themselves and others either physical or spiritual desolation. As we have noted the 'Sleeping Beauty' heroines suffer from different kinds of imprisonment. Winifred Varley, Dollie Urquhart and Ethel Cane are under the spell of their own desire for 'willed' or 'controlled' experience; they are the white, passionless ice-maidens who look at "things in a cold light perfectly, with all the flush of fire absent."(2) These three form the most easily definable group. When considering the women who are fully awakened, grouping is not so simple. Louisa Lindley and Yvette Saywell live in similarly restrictive environments; both "born inside the pale,"(3) make efforts at self-help, wishing "to chip

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(1) Hermione Ramsden, Modern Women (London, 1896), p. 41.
(2) Ta. op. cit. pp. 692-3.
(3) Ibid. p. 1085.

against the pillars of the temple, from the inside,"[1] but the outcome of each tale is different. Louisa, before she can be free, must assist the almost-completely passive Alfred Durant to break down the barriers of isolation; only when a mutual awakening is accomplished is the restrictive environment left behind, allowing Alfred and Louisa to move off in what appears to be an ideal relationship. Yvette Saywell's awakening to a new sense of selfhood is brought about by her contact with the dark intruder and natural aristocrat, the gipsy; but, as we see from the conclusion of the tale, she does not opt out of society, instead remaining with her family. In this respect she has closer affinities with the Sleeping Beauty than has Louisa Lindley; when the princess in La Belle au Bois Dormant awoke, she was still surrounded by the fashions and customs of former times - the outmoded. Although much has changed in Yvette after the flood, her family, one feels, still has a great deal to discard. She, with her new awareness and sense of vitality, will contribute to this process.

Five heroines remain for consideration: Mabel Pervin, Matilda Rockley, Ellen March, Juliet and Carlotta Fell. The tales in which the first two figure have important similarities; in both instances we are faced with the decline and breakdown of an old order - a breakdown which, as we have noted, is frequently a prelude to re-awakening in Lawrence's fiction. The nature of Mabel's imprisonment has important differences from that of Matilda Rockley, though. Mabel

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(1) Ibid.

has lived for years in an emotionally arid environment; surrounded by the 'thorns' of her family's indifference, she has withdrawn to an even more profound and dangerous isolation in which "the life she followed here in the world was far less real than the world of death she inherited from her mother."(1) By comparison, Matilda Rockley is a simple case of old-maidhood. In The Fox, although one encounters once again the 'paired' females, the restrictive state of being is seen to be one of Lesbianism, and in Juliet of Sun, we have a heroine who is awakened from a winter of civilized discontent and frustration to a new sense of harmony. Glad Ghosts presents a similar Sleeping Beauty to Juliet in Carlotta Fell; at the same time, Mrs. Hale is introduced as a minor "sleeping princess" whose "resistant passivity"(2) is, in common with Carlotta's, broken by "The flame of life"(3) which Morier brings to the moribund Lathkill family. The ending of the tale, too, is unusual, although it does seem to take over where Sun left off; Juliet, we saw, had wished to bear the peasant's child to set the seal on her sun-consummation; Glad Ghosts concludes with a double birth which acts as a confirmation and an embodiment of renewed life and fertility.

In all these tales, too, one meets with variants of the outsider or intruder - a figure who crops up throughout Lawrence's writings in one form or another. As Anthony West points out "The Intruder, the man from another world,"(4) first appears as the gamekeeper Annable of

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(1) Ibid. p. 335.
(2) Ibid. p. 881.
(3) Ibid. p. 877.
(4) West, op. cit. p. 109.

The White Peacock, the first novel, and re-appears in the last one as Mellors. Annable's part is a minor one; he appears in one short chapter as the central character of a tenuously-linked sub-plot. Mellors, on the other hand, is a fully developed intruder whose presence is central to the novel, and whereas Annable is ultimately a negative figure, Mellors re-awakens Connie Chatterley, the "sleeping princess" in "phallic consciousness" and into a wholly new state of being. Between these poles one finds other versions of the intruder, most of whom have been discussed already in this study.

There are several clearly definable elements in the intruder's make-up. He is usually associated either with foreign parts or, like Annable, has lived for a time on a different social level. In Mellors these two come together; he has seen service overseas, and his officer-status has taken him into another class, even if only for a short time. Alfred Durant is a slightly unusual example of the intruder in the tales; described as a miner, he has only recently returned from foreign service as a sailor; this essential 'foreigness' explains the sun-quality which he possesses - a quality which one would hardly expect to find in a miner under normal circumstances.

Anthony West has drawn up a list of the intruders as they crop up in Lawrence's fiction,(1) but there are several important omissions. Dr. Ferguson of The Horse-Dealer's Daughter is one, and Hadrian Rockley in You Touched Me is another. Ferguson is a Scot who feels a strong sense of alienation and Hadrian is an adopted charity boy, a Cockney,

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(1) Ibid. op. cit. p. 110.

who has been to the colonies and served abroad during the war. Ultimately, these two prove to be positive intruders, whose irruption into a non-vital situation results in revitalisation. Cuesta of None of That, who has the quality of 'foreigness' or 'otherness' which attracts Dollie Urquhart to Domingo Romero in The Princess - a quality which unmistakeably includes him in West's list - is a negative intruder; he shares none of Romero's positive qualities and is ultimately a destroyer.

There is, too, a gradual evolution in the character of the intruder in the 'Sleeping Beauty' tales. Beginning with Coutts of The Witch à la Mode, he combines positive and negative qualities; in Alfred Durant he is an almost completely passive figure who has to be shocked into awareness himself before he can become instrumental in the process of rescuing the "sleeping princess" and taking her away to a new life. This passivity or "sleeping prince" quality, which results in what George H. Ford calls a "dual epiphany" or mutual awakening - and which surely has a modern parallel in the Hollywood film Marty - can be traced in the tales from The Horse-Dealer's Daughter to The Fox, by which time it has almost petered out. Ferguson is at once more decisive than Durant, but less assured than Hadrian Rockley who, once he feels the presence of a secret bond between him and Matilda, pursues her relentlessly. Henry Grenfel of The Fox is the most menacing of all the intruders at this stage. His awareness of Ellen March comes suddenly, but it has little of the magical quality of awakening which is inherent in the cases of Ferguson and Rockley; at the same time, Henry becomes a demanding and compulsive figure. We saw that Hadrian Rockley was prepared to take the family

money if Matilda would not accept him; Henry Grenfel takes us a stage further in his preparedness to kill in order to achieve his ends.

As we noted at the end of Chapter Two, Lawrence moved away, in his tales, from typically English settings. At the same time there was a corresponding change in the nature of the intruder. Domingo Romero of The Princess has a decidedly foreign quality, but it differs from that possessed by previous outsiders; his other-world nature is derived from his combined Spanish and Indian ancestry and his once-aristocratic past. He is also an intruder who, for a moment, reminds one of Alfred Durant's passivity, for we learn that he was "waiting either to die or to be roused into passion and hope."(1) Around Romero there hangs an aura of hopelessness which is only pierced by "a spark of pride,"(2) that offers the sole hope. Despite this despair he is, for the major part of the tale, a positive and kindly figure who attempts to bring the "ice-maiden" back into contact with life; eventually he destroys himself in the attempt to break through the barrier to awaken her.

In the last three tales, the intruder becomes a much more impersonal figure. Sun is a return to overt but skilfully handled symbolism and to the nature-myth which underlies the Sleeping Beauty legend - that of the re-awakening of the frozen and barren earth by the life-giving sun. The intruder here is the sun:

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(1) Ta. op. cit. p. 698.
(2) Ibid.

> .... the universal metamorphist.... The Great Lover who rescues imprisoned maidens.... The Prince Charming who releases the 'ice-maiden'.(1)

The human outsider, the incarnation of Juliet's sun-lover comes, as we have pointed out, as an afterthought. Morier, in Glad Ghosts, is almost a detached observer of events, a representative of "The flame of Life," and the gipsy of The Virgin and the Gipsy is a similarly representative figure, but an outcast in a new way, a pariah because of his gipsy nature. Almost completely anonymous, he takes on a symbolic quality for Yvette, standing for freedom and a natural way of life; as we have noted, he is clearly a sun-related figure, but treated as such in a much more advanced way than was Alfred Durant. Whereas Alfred's "sun-quality" depended mainly upon details of physical appearance, the gipsy's is indicated with greater variety and subtlety. Although a more central intruder to the tale than the Italian peasant is in Sun, he, in common only with Morier of Glad Ghosts, and therefore unlike the other intruders in previous tales, does not end by taking the newly-awakened heroine with him; his presence and influence have brought about an awakening in Yvette, but this time the woman, with her new-found vitality, remains behind to be embraced by her family, the implication being that she can now work towards a more general awakening within society.

The fairy-tale motif of the awakened sleeper has been recognized in Lawrence's fiction by three critics, Harry T. Moore, Kingsley Widmer and George H. Ford; both Moore and Ford connect it with Lawrence's own romance

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(1) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 349.

with Frieda Richtofen Weekley. Moore writes:

> .... before she was twenty she (Frieda) had married Professor Weekley, fifteen years older than herself.... and he brought her to Nottingham, where she began her dozen years' dream.
>
> When Lawrence came into her life, his directness immediately began to rouse her from this dream.... She knew that Lawrence was piercing below the drowsy surface, to the misery underneath. It is no wonder that the leading motif in so many of his later novels and stories was to be the 'Sleeping Beauty' theme.(1)

We have seen that Lawrence appears to have drawn upon elements of his own elopement with Frieda when dealing with the episode of Eastwood and the Jewess, Mrs. Fawcett, in The Virgin and the Gipsy; and Frieda's own description of Lawrence's impact on her certainly has a 'Sleeping Beauty' quality:

> I was living like a somnambulist in a conventional set life.... Being born and reborn is no joke, and being born into your own intrinsic self.... it's a painful process.... Lawrence really understood me. From the first he saw through me like glass.... What I cannot understand is how he could have loved me and wanted me at that time. I certainly did have what he called 'sex in the head'; a theory of loving men. My real self was frightened and shrank from contact like a wild thing.... He seemed to have lifted me body and soul out of my past life. This young man of twenty-six had taken all my fate, all my destiny, into his hands. And we had known each other barely for six weeks. There had been nothing else for me to do but submit.(2)

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(1) Ibid. p. 117.

(2) Lawrence, F., op. cit. pp. 3-6.

Here, the reference to "'sex in the head'; a theory of loving men," certainly recalls the attitudes of mind held by Dollie Urquhart of The Princess and Ethel Cane in None of That.

Ford's view of the romance between Lawrence and Frieda in terms of the 'rescue' of "a sleeping baroness" was, as noted in Chapter Two, extended to include the romance of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. At the same time he adds:

> In later life, I suspect, Lawrence also seems to have wondered about the possibility of rescuing sleeping princesses other than Frieda Richtofen-Weekley. Stories such as Glad Ghosts were the result.(1)

The first part of this statement is ambiguous; one feels Ford intended to imply that Lawrence "wondered about the possibility of rescuing sleeping princesses other than Frieda" in a purely professional, writing sense, and not in real life. With the final sentence, one cannot quarrel, as Glad Ghosts is certainly a variant of the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif.

Despite all these references by other writers to the presence of the "sleeping princess" motif in Lawrence's works and despite the fact that, as he himself believed, there were occasions when a work needed to be rescued from its writer, in the sense that it could contain ideas and themes of which he himself was not fully conscious, the question one tends to ask is: to what extent was Lawrence writing these tales with a full awareness of the underlying motif? The evidence suggests that he knew perfectly well what he was doing. He was certainly interested in many

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(1) Ford, op. cit. p. 102.

aspects of mythology and symbolism, and in themes of resurrection. As we have noted elsewhere in this study, he had read Frazer's The Golden Bough, and some of the effects of this reading can be detected in his frequent use of sex and fertility symbols to which Frazer refers: he was also conscious of sun-symbolism, as his introduction to Harry T. Crosby's Chariot of the Sun and the preface to Dragon of the Apocalypse by Frederick Carter testify.(1) His comments on the gold coins with which he was paid for Sun are also evidence of a belief in the life-giving power of the sun. There exist in tales and letters, too, further specific references either to sleeping princesses or the legends one associates with them. In The Witch à la Mode, which introduces the first of the ice-maidens, we find associations with Brynhild in the reference to Die Walküre,(2) and Winifred Varley is also described as a kind of Lady of Shalott(3) - who is a more modern variant of the Sleeping Beauty. The second ice-maiden in the series, Dollie Urquhart, has read the Nibelung poems;(4) which feature Brunhild, Queen of Issland, and Dollie herself is described as the "fairy from the north."(5) At the same time, she, under the influence of her false-Prospero father, is also associated with another 'unawakened' woman - Miranda, whose whole life has been spent within the confines of an enchanted island. In The White Peacock (1911) which contains the seeds of later themes,

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(1) Edward MacDonald, ed. Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence (1936); reprint (London, 1961), pp. 255-62, 292-303.

(2) CSS, op. cit. p. 65.

(3) Ibid.p. 67.

(4) Ta. op. cit. p. 692.

(5) Ibid. p. 693.

symbols and pre-occupations, (1) one finds a specific reference to the Sleeping Beauty and a whole scene which re-enacts the legend light-heartedly, bringing in associations with the sun:

> Lettie sat in the window seat. The sun clung to her hair, and kissed her with passionate splashes of colour....The sun loved Lettie and was loathe to leave her....Gradually she drooped into sleep.... There was a crunch on the gravel....he leaned forward and kissed her cheek where already was a crimson stain of sunshine.
>
> She roused half out of her sleep....(2)

The capricious Lettie is irritated with her awakener, Leslie; at this point her mother arrives and asks them what the trouble is:

> 'Well, sir,' she said, 'why are you frowning?'
>
> He broke into a laugh.
>
> 'Lettie is scolding me for kissing her when she was playing Sleeping Beauty.'
>
> The conceit of the boy, to play Prince!' said my mother. (3)

The motif recurs, but with a difference of mood and tone, in Sons and Lovers (1913), when Paul Morel looks at his dead mother:

> She lay raised on the bed....She lay like a maiden asleep.....he bent over her. She lay like a girl asleep and dreaming of her love... She would wake up. She would lift her eyelids... He bent and kissed her passionately. (4)

Two years later, in The Rainbow (1915) there are further specific references when Ursula Brangwen is described as a Sleeping Beauty woman, although her Prince Charming of the moment, Skrebensky, ultimately proves to be a false awakener. Prior to his arrival, she is described in terms of The Lady of Shalott - the scene prefigures an incident in The Virgin and the Gipsy:

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(1) cp. R.E. Gajdusek, 'A Reading of The White Peacock' in D.H.L.M., op. cit. pp. 188-203.
(2) D.H. Lawrence, The White Peacock (1911); reprint(London, 1961), pp. 46-7
(3) Ibid. p. 48.
(4) Sons and Lovers, op. cit. pp. 485-6.

> How she loved it! How she leaned in her bedroom window with her black, rough hair on her shoulders, and her warm face all rapt, and gazed across the churchyard and the little church, which was a turretted castle, whence Launcelot would ride just now, would wave to her as he rode by, his scarlet cloak passing behind the dark yew tree and between the open space: whilst she, she would remain the lonely maid high up and isolated in the tower, polishing the terrible shield, weaving it a covering with a true device, and waiting, waiting, always remote and high.(1)

This image of the captive princess is given further definition in the chapter entitled "First Love" when Ursula is kissed for the first time by the man she believes to be her Prince Charming, Skrebensky:

> Still she waited, in her swoon and drifting, like the Sleeping Beauty in the story. She waited, and again his face was bent to her, his lips came warm to her face... his lips waited on her face, waited like a butterfly that does not move on a flower.... he bent to her mouth, softly, and touched her mouth with his mouth.... He would kiss her again - but not again that night with the same deep-reaching kiss. She was aware now.... of what a kiss might be.(2)

Even the flower imagery of The Princess and The Virgin and the Gipsy is prefigured in this relationship. Ursula, in the first flush of what she believes to be true love, feels "Like a flower shaking and wide-opened in the sun," or that "she would open her female flower like a flame."(3)

For a final direct reference to the theme, we must look at one of Lawrence's letters, dated May 20, 1922 and written about a year before the first sketch of The Princess; leaving Australia, he wrote:

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(1) The Rainbow, op. cit. p. 249.

(2) Ibid. pp. 281-2.

(3) Ibid. pp. 284-5.

> .... (it) has a marvellous sky and air and blue clarity, and a hoary sort of land beneath it, like a Sleeping Princess on whom the dust of ages has settled. Wonder if she'll ever get up.(1)

Such specific references to the Sleeping Beauty as exist in the novels, tales and letters are useful; despite Lawrence's belief that a work sometimes needed to be rescued from its writer, one is aware that there always exists a danger of reading too much into the material. The comments of Harry T. Moore, Kingsley Widmer and George H. Ford concerning the presence of the "myth of the awakened sleeper" in Lawrence's fiction, are useful. At the same time, these are brief references, leads to further exploration; that further exploration has been made in the tales studied here, which indicate the existence of a general pattern concerned with release and awakening - a pattern which is traced in various forms combining both realistic and symbolic elements.

Heroines, Prince Charmings and 'prisons' differ, as they must unless each tale is to be a mere repetition of the original Sleeping Beauty legend. They show that the fairy-tale awakening is not so remote from real life as one might believe - indeed, it is still being re-worked in plays, films and tales in the story of the 'wallflower', the "autumn crocus" who is brought to a late blossoming by the lover's kiss which awakens the Sleeping Beauty.

The 'Sleeping Beauty' motif is a theme of re-awakening, rebirth and resurrection; it is also concerned with the triumph of love. In view

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(1) Moore, IH, op. cit. p. 290.

of these factors, it was inevitable that Lawrence should have found it so appropriate. As noted previously, one of the earlier reasons for his frequent travels was the desire for a certain new quality of life which he was unable to find in England, or for that matter in Baden-Baden or Australia, both places which he found 'humanly' impossible. Tied up with this desire for a new way of life was his desire to found a modern Utopia, Rananim, where he and a few friends could begin a new way of life after shaking themselves free of the old:

> .... I wish there was a bit more flame about in this cold ash of humanity nowadays.... I want to begin all over again.... there must be a resurrection - resurrection: a resurrection with sound hands and feet and a whole body and a new soul: above all, a new soul: a resurrection.... There must be a new heaven and a new earth, and a new heart and soul; all new: a pure resurrection.... It is time we abandoned our old selves and our old concerns, to come out into something clear and new.... (1)

Love was to be an integral part of this resurrection; Lawrence saw it as the answer to many problems and so dedicated himself to it:

> .... I'll do my life work, sticking up for the love between man and woman.... I shall always be a priest of love.... I am so sure that only through a re-adjustment between men and women, and a making free and healthy of this sex, will she get out of her present atrophy.(2)

Artistic as well as social regeneration would be brought about by love:

> .... I think the only re-sourcing of art, revivifying it, is to make it more the joint work of man and woman. I think the one thing to do, is for men to have courage to draw nearer to

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(1) Huxley, CL, op. cit. pp. 71, 279, 403.

(2) Ibid. pp. 88, 120.

> women, expose themselves to them, and be altered by them: and for women to accept and admit men.... Because the source of all life and knowledge is man and woman, and the source of all living is the interchange and the meeting and mingling of these two: man-life and woman-life, man-knowledge and woman-knowledge, man-being and woman-being.(1)

Here again one is reminded of the nature-myth which underlies the 'Sleeping Beauty' motif; the male and female principles in perfect harmony are, for Lawrence, the source of new life. The myth deals with:

> The earth which is ploughed, receives the seed, and nourishes the growth of the new life; the sun which strikes down to germinate the seed, the sunbeams with their phallic suggestion.(2)

He may or may not have been thinking consciously of this connection, but it certainly exists.

The themes of resurrection, re-birth and re-awakening remained with Lawrence to the end of his writing life. The Man Who Died, his last fully revised tale, is yet another variation on these lines. He himself, in his life and fiction, seems to have embodied the idea of re-birth signified by the arisen Phoenix - his own particular symbol of re-awakening.

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(1) Ibid. p. 196.

(2) Hawkes, op. cit. p. 60.

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