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SÜLEYMAN DEMIREL UNIVERSITY
FACULTY OF PHILOLOGY
ELL DEPARTMENT

HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS
IN
D.H. LAWRENCE'S
NOVELS

MURAT KAPLAN

ALMATY-1999

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ББК 83.3(0)
М91

To my dearest family

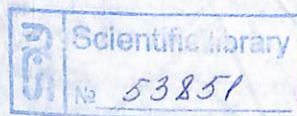
М91 Мурат Каплан
D. H. Lawrence & Conflicting Human Relationships
In His Novels. - Almaty; 2000. - 170 pages
ISBN 9965-9126-2-9

М 4603020200
00(05)-00

ББК 83.3(0)

ISBN 9965-9126-2-9

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Introduction

D. H. Lawrence's novels have several unifying elements in them; taken one by one in the chronological order, they reveal the different aspects of various human relationships. Each novel is a complete separate unit in itself regarding the themes they deal with, yet when all are considered as one great whole, it is possible to see the connecting themes binding one novel to the following in the line. The main connecting theme of all the novels is the theme of human relationships in varying shapes. It is the theme of human relationships, which is the clue to the meaning as well as the structure of all D. H. Lawrence's novels. It is through human relationships that the individual selfhood of man and woman gains its main value and importance.

D. H. Lawrence maintains that the highest goal for every man is the goal of pure individual being. Simply the rupture of all ties cannot reach this goal, for the individual is truly himself when he is in genuine relationship with others. "So we are again face to face with the basic problem of human conduct. No human being can develop save through the polarized connection with other beings. This polarized unison precedes all minds and all knowing. It is anterior and ascendant over the human will." Further on he concludes, "the amazingly difficult and vital business of human relationship has been almost laughably underestimated in our epoch." (Lawrence-Fantasia of the Unconscious Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious, 71; 244)

Life, according to D. H. Lawrence, is nothing but a vivid relatedness between the man and the living universe that surrounds him. For mankind it is this relationship between man and the enveloping universe, which constitutes life:

"If we think about it, we find that our life consist in this achieving of a pure relationship between ourselves and the living universe about us. This is how I "save my soul" by accomplishing a pure relationship between me and another person, me and other people, me and a nation, me and a race of men, me and the animals, me and the trees or flowers, me and the earth, me and the skies and sun and stars, me and the moon; an infinity of pure relations, big and little, like the stars of the sky: that makes our eternity, for each one of us, me and the timber I am sawing, the

lines of force I follow; me and the dough I knead for bread, me and the very motion with which I write, me and the bit of gold I have got. This, if we knew it, is our life and our eternity; the subtle, perfected relation between me and my whole circumambient universe." (Lawrence-Phoenix, 61; 528 and A Selection from Phoenix, 79; 176)

This view of D. H. Lawrence about life is revealed in a series of relationships, as between persons, that is personal relationships, between a person and a nation, between a person and animals, between a person and the nature, such as skies, earth, the moon and the flowers. A person is never considered in isolation, but in his relationships with other men, animals and nature. A person's selfhood and identification is formed through his relationships with his family, the society or his environment and his very biological nature.

D. H. Lawrence admits that an element of sex enters, particularly to adult relationships. He says:

"We are thankful that Freud pulled us somewhat to earth, out of all our clouds of super fineness. What Freud says is always partly true. And half of a loaf is better than no bread." (Fantasia; 17)

Yet all is not sex and sexual motive is not to be attributed to all human relationships and activities. The writer agrees only partly with Freud. Sex means the being divided into male and female. There are two great impulses, one is the sexual impulse and the other greater impulse is the desire of human male to build up a world, "out of his own self and his own belief and his own effort something wonderful. Not merely something useful." This is the primary motive and the motive of sex is considered subsidiary to this and often directly antagonistic. "That is the essentially religious or creative motive is the first motive of all human activity. The sexual motive comes second. And there is the great conflict between the interests of the two, at all times." (Ibid.; 18) D.H. Lawrence concludes that Freud's sex is preferable to Jung's Libido or Bergson's Elan Vital, but when Freud makes sex accountable for everything he as good as makes it accountable for nothing.

D. H. Lawrence explains that the beginning of existence of all things was a little living creature. In the beginning of existence, there was a quivering, living creature. This little creature died and

separated into pieces. The little ones forwarded the life of 'the deadly creature'. The other held cold, clammy the one hand and the dark held the radiant energy. The speck of dust became earth. The brightness of the right hand became the sun and the darkness of the left hand became the moon in the dark. This simile of life and death reminds Aldous Huxley's Shiva Nataraja in his last novel *Island*, where Shiva holds the light of life in one hand and the darkness of death in the other hand dances. She turns one way, it becomes dark and death and when she turns the other way, and it gives the light of life again. Life and death were close to one another, one following the other.

In D. H. Lawrence's account of the Creation, out of living creatures the material cosmos was made. Out of the death of living creatures, when they died and formed all sorts of matter, forces and energies, sun, moons, stars and worlds, the material was created. The first living creature was there and no one knows how. The living lives and then dies. Out of death, of dust, of oxygen and nitrogen, comes the life. "I am almost ashamed to say that I believe the souls of the dead in some way re-enter and pervade the souls of the living; so life is always the life living creatures, and death is always our affair. This bit, I admit, is bordering on mysticism. I'm sorry, because I don't like mysticism." D. H. Lawrence means here more that the dead souls are dust and the material of the dead bodies, which would, in some way forward new life into being. The relationship of beings in nature depends on one creature devouring the other, and this is an essential part of all existence and of all being. This cannot be reformed. The Buddhist, who would refuse to take life, is ridiculous, since if he eats two grains a day, it is two grains of life that he consumes. The writer relates that it is nonsense to declare that there is no higher and lower cycle of existence. (Lawrence-Selected Essays, 72; 63-72) The whole of creation depends on circles of power and each circle of life maintains its orbit upon the subjection of some lower circle. The lower cycles of life are mastered by higher cycles. Life moves in these circles of power. By higher it is meant more alive. "The ant is more vividly alive than the pine-tree... if it comes to a contest, the little ant will devour the life of the huge tree." (Ibid.; 64) If the ant can do this, then it belongs to a higher cycle of existence. This is the truth behind the survival of the fittest. 'That which is only fit to survive,' says D. H. Lawrence, 'will survive only to supply food or

contribute in some ways to the existence of higher form of life.' As animals destroy one another in the circle of existence, man also subjugates and rules another race, in a similar way. The highest of the life-species is the one, which can devour, destroy or subjugate every other life-species against which it is pitted in contest.

In D. H. Lawrence's opinion being is not ideal, as Plato would have it. It is not spiritual. It is a transcendent form of existence. All existence is dual. In a seed of dandelion sits the Holy Ghost, which holds the light and the dark, the day and the night, the wet and the sunny, united in one clue. The seed falls to the ground and the Holy Ghost rouses and calls the rays of the sun to the earth of dampness, dark and death stuff. The sun and the earthy one in the seed take hands and begin to dance. Their dancing is like fire, which kindles the seed to a new life of green leaves that begin to grow faster and faster. The Holy Ghost leaves the essence of life behind in the seed and goes to another incarnation. "And the Holy Ghost seeks for ever a new incarnation, and subordinates the old to the new. You will know that any creature or race is still alive with the Holy Ghost, when it can subordinate the lower creatures or races, and assimilate them into a new incarnation." (Ibid.; 69) There will always be conquest and the aim of conquest is a perfect relationship between the conquerors and the conquered. What is real is a new relationship with all things. Heaven is always there and procreation goes on forever to hand the torch of revelation to pro-create more living things.

'The kingdom of heaven', says D. H. Lawrence, 'is the kingdom of conquerors, who can serve the conquest for ever, after their own conquest is made'. There is no equality. In the kingdom of heaven, each soul achieves a perfect relationship with the cosmos, from its own center and is perfect and incomparable. In 'Democracy', the idea that 'men are not equal' is once again stressed.

Love is an important theme in all D. H. Lawrence's novels as the clue to all human relationships. In an essay called 'love', it is explained that love is the happiness of the world, but not the whole of fulfillment. Love has two motives: coming together and going apart. Coming together is like systole and going apart is like diastole. The systole depends on the diastole.

Love is a unifying force. It is a traveling, a motion, and a speed of coming together.

"Love is the force of creation. But all force, spiritual or physical has its polarity, its positive and negative. All things that fall, fall by gravitation to the earth, in the opposite of gravitation, cast off the moon and held her at bay in our heavens during all the aeons of time." (Lawrence-Love; 24)

Love as the force of creation, is the meeting of spirit with another spirit, and of one body with another body in the joy of creation. Love is a becoming one with God. The God of Love is the progression and infinitum. It is an endless continuing in the same line, and in the same sort. It is an endless traveling in one direction. Love travels heaven-wards to a goal, but it's not the goal, as death is not a goal. Love is manifold, it is not of one sort only. There is the love between man and woman, both sacred and profane. There is Christian love, which commands to love your neighbor as yourself. There is the love of God. Love always means a joining together.

The love between man and woman, which has been the primary theme that has been dealt with, in the novels, is the greatest and most complete passion the world would ever see. Because it is dual, of two opposing kinds, the perfect heartbeat of life, systole and diastole, in D. H. Lawrence's terms, in his essay called "love". D. H. Lawrence defines sacred love in the following way:

"Sacred love is selfless, seeking not its own. The lover serves his beloved and seeks perfect communion of oneness with her. But whole love between man and woman is sacred and profane love seeks its own. I seek my own in the beloved, I wrestle with her to wrest it from her. We are not clear, we are mixed and mingled. I am in the beloved also, and she in me. Which should not be, for this is confusion and chaos. Therefore I will gather myself complete and free from the beloved, she shall single herself out in utter contradistinction to me. There is twilight in our souls, neither light nor dark." (Ibid.; 27)

D. H. Lawrence stresses the dual nature of sensual love. From the pure communion of sensuality, wholeness of single self is

attained. 'I become my single self inviolable and unique', says the writer. 'It is a destructive fire, the profane love. But it is the only fire that will purify us into singleness, fuse us from the chaos into our own unique gem-like separateness of being.' The union of love is necessary and sacred in itself, but reaching the single self and separateness is also vital. This point is again considered in *Aoron's Rod* through Lilly's terms, 'give thyself, but give thyself not away. That is the lesson written at the end of the long strange lane of love.' The conclusion is reached in the paragraph, in the 'love' essay, as follows:

"There must be brotherly love, a wholeness of humanity. But there must also be pure, separate individuality, separate and proud as a lion or a hawk. There must be both. In the duality lies fulfillment. Man must act in concert with man, creatively and happily. But man must also act separately and distinctly, apart from every other man, single and self-responsible and proud with unquenchable pride, moving for himself without reference to his neighbor." (Ibid.; 29)

Last of all D. H. Lawrence considers the love of God, which is infinite pride and power. One love of God excludes the other love of God. That is, God is forever jealous. The Holy Spirit, the unknowable, is single and perfect.

In *Give Her a Pattern*, Lawrence considers the relationship of women and men, centering on the situation of woman's selfhood. The real trouble about women is that women must always go on trying to adapt themselves to men's theories of women, as they always have done. Dante had created the chaste and untouched Beatrice. The Renaissance brought the learned women. Dickens invented the child-wife. A chaste but marriageable Agnes was favored for a time. George Eliot imitated this pattern. The modern, pure and devoted mother took the field. D. H. Lawrence identifies his mother and mothers of her time, with this type. The women have the logic of reason. Men are fools according to D.H. Lawrence, because the moment they marry a woman, they want some other type of a woman. The fact is that women must play up to man's pattern and men should give women a decent, satisfying idea of woman-hood. Lawrence thinks that women's selfhood is determined by men and that they do not possess an original self for

themselves. In *Fantasia of the Unconscious* and *The Lover Self*, the writer argues and defends that women should be driven back into her own true mode. She should be reduced to a naked Eve and must yield to her own unconscious self. She should be driven back to her own unconscious and combated in her sexual pertinacity and arrogance, so that she would yield once more to the male leadership.

In *Matriarchy*, D.H. Lawrence tells that the men fear the contemporary women, because women are everywhere on all jobs. Being frightened, the man begins to announce that man must be master again. He talks rather bitterly about rule of women, and about matriarchy, and about man being master again. But he knows that he would never be master again:

"So we are in for the monstrous rule of women, and the matriarchy. A matriarchy! This seems the last word of horror to the shuddering male. What it means exactly is not defined. But it rings with the hollow sound of man's subordination to woman. Woman cracks the whip, and the poor trained dog of a man jumps through the hoop. Nightmare!" (Selections From Phoenix; 423)

Such an assault on matriarchy gives a comical tone to the writer's general seriousness. Women are generally described as 'silk-legged hordes', 'silk-legged hosts' or 'silk locusts', covering all the fields of work, as the offices and the playing fields, like immensely active ants buzzing around. The young dazed male is rather a bit scared or a little afraid. These terms are ironic when compared with the nightmare of matriarchy. D. H. Lawrence advises that women can take the children and have them called by her name. Money and furniture would be hers too as with the Pueblo Indians of the Arizona desert. They still had matriarchy. Man would not be a slave, as it would not be his duty to consider his wife and children. They would belong to the clan. Marriage would be a minor event. The real life of the man would not be spent for his wife and children. His first duty would be for the clan. The men would find a better opportunity to satisfy their deep social needs profound social cravings, which can only be satisfied apart from women. The writer says, 'let men get free again, free from the tight littleness of family and family possessions.' In turn women would have her full independence. As mothers and heads of the family

they would be satisfied. Although D. H. Lawrence says that this is necessary for the life of society, to keep it organically vital and to save the people from the mess of industrial chaos and industrial revolt, he does not actually mean it.

The relation between power and love is explained in *Blessed are the Powerful*.

"Power is the supreme quality of God and man: the power to cause; the power to create; the power to make; the power to do; the power to destroy. And then, between those things which are created or made, love is the supreme binding relationship." (*Blessed are the Powerful*; 510)

D. H. Lawrence maintains that it is always power that rules the world, but love cannot and should not rule. Power had created man and the act of love itself is an act of power, and original. The power is given to man. Love itself is a relationship, but in our age, a false power is substituted: the power of money. This power is based on envy and greed. People call cowardice, love and peace, but collectively they are hideously greedy and envious. Power is given and it is not our own, as Samson's strength was not his own. There would be always an unending inequality of power. When the only power is human greed and envy, the greatest men in the world would be men like Mr. Ford, who has also been frequently referred in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*.

In living life, power is distributed in different degrees. The only thing to do is to accept it. D. H. Lawrence would not in fact accept equality with Motorcar Ford. 'Power is beyond us. Either it is given us from the unknown, or we have not got it.' Power is the first and greatest of all mysteries. It is the mystery behind our being and all our existence. The phallic erection is a blind movement of power and love is said to call the power into motion: but, says D. H. Lawrence, 'the slum-boring power calls love into being.' The writer would conclude the defense of power, with the terms: 'Blessed are the powerful, for theirs is the kingdom of earth.'

In D. H. Lawrence's novels human relationships are considered, and conflict of the self of man and woman, man and man and woman and woman are examined one by one. The problems of the conflicts of selfhood arise from human

relationships. D. H. Lawrence relates these conflicts as they are. There is no ideal and perfect relationship and there is no perfect love. It is left to us to accept this fact as it is. The novels are related to one another by the connecting themes of different personal relationships. Therefore they constitute a whole. When they are taken apart and separated, they preserve their unity in singleness.

CHAPTER I

THE WHITE PEACOCK

D. H. Lawrence's first novel *The White Peacock* was not born 'without blood, sweat and tears' as Leo Hamalian indicated, (Hamalian, 73; 3) but it was prepared in the underground of the writer's consciousness during a long time and written in bits and pieces before the final draft came out after four or five years of spasmodic effort (A Selection From Phoenix, 79; 15).

After reading the manuscript of the novel, the editor of *The English Review*, Ford Madox Huffer (Ford) told D. H. Lawrence that the novel contained all the faults that the English novel can have. At that time the English novel was supposed to have faults in comparison with the French novel. Nevertheless Ford thought that D. H. Lawrence had got a genius and did not refrain from telling this to the writer. D. H. Lawrence laughed at being declared a genius perhaps too frequently.

D. H. Lawrence accepted that his novel was not completely without faults, in a letter he had written to W. E. Hopkins in 20th February 1911. He said, 'I was very young when I wrote the Peacock - I began it at twenty. Let that be my apology. (Boulton, 79; 233) Here it should be added that twenty years of age is not at all a very young age to start writing a novel if one had the necessary talent. *The White Peacock* was quite often criticized as it was approved of even in the year when it was first published. In *The Times*, 26th January 1911, *The White Peacock* was praised for its natural descriptions but censured for its lack of 'a well-knit plot,' its 'aimlessness', and banality of much of the conservation. (Ibid.. ; 255) In the *Athenaeum*, February 10, 1911, the author of the *White Peacock* was mistaken for a woman novelist, who seems to have amused D. H. Lawrence, and while the novel was criticized for being never realistic, it was also praised for being the work of frank and fastidious mind. The scenes in the novel were considered to be triviality, which seems to be an undervaluation, as the descriptions of nature, of place and flowers, generally constitute symbolically element in man's relationship to nature in almost all the novels of D. H. Lawrence. In the *Saturday Review*, May 13, 1911, it was considered in an approving manner that the novel held a mirror up to a nature and

that it almost rivaled the skill of Thomas Hardy. (Andrews, 76; 14) It seems that George Saxton in *The White Peacock* owes a little to Gabriel Oak and Lettie has something to resemble Hardy's capricious and unsatisfied ladies as it was also pointed out in the later years, in 1956 by Graham Hague. (Hough, 75; 24)

D. H. Lawrence's friend Jessie Chambers records in 1935, that as he was in the College, he was continuously working at *The White Peacock* and he passed all his writings to Jessie for criticism. When he had finished the book said:

"Everything that I am now, all of me, so far, is in that. I think a man puts everything he is into a book - a real book."

Before beginning his book he had already told Jessie of his plan of writing a novel. He wanted both of them to write a book about themselves: "Lots of things we say, the things you say, would go ever so well into a book." He decided that George Eliot, who stood prominently among his early reading, would be sample. He regarded her as the first novelist to start 'putting all the action inside. Before... with Fielding and the others, it had been outside.' D. H. Lawrence said that there ought to be a bit of both in a novel. For the beginning,

"The usual plan is to take two couples and develop their relationships, 'he said,' most of George Eliot's are on that plan. Anyhow, I don't want to plot, I should be bored with it. I shall try two couples for a start." (Chambers, 81; 57)

It's seen that the guiding element in the birth of *The White Peacock* is not only autobiography and the portraiture of the Midland folk and scenery, but also George Eliot's genius. It seems that it was not for anything that D. H. Lawrence was mistaken for a woman novelist. D. H. Lawrence started to write the novel with George Eliot's practice in his mind. Jessie Chambers approved George Eliot's method of presenting the thoughts and experiences within the characters, but D. H. Lawrence thought that he should combine a bit of both - a bit of George Eliot's 'action inside' and a bit of Fielding's 'action outside'. That is, D. H. Lawrence wanted to present a combination of interior lives of people with exterior

incidents showing their effects on the individuals. However, there are critics who thought that D. H. Lawrence's main aim was 'to determine the nature of the individual and then to inspire him to flower.' (Karl and Magalaner, 72; 154) One of these, apart from Frederick R. Karl in 1972, was Alastair Niven.

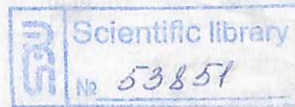
Alastair Niven in 1978 says that his 'first novel reveals a side of Lawrence, which he consciously abandoned, as he goes into the currents of psychological self-analysis, Morel discovery and speculation on the nature of society. From the start, he establishes himself as a novelist absorbed in the interior leaves of his characters, yet acutely observant of appearances.' (Niven, 78; 10) Therefore the author's conclusion is that the degree of incident in almost all D. H. Lawrence's work can be overlooked with rare exceptions like the attack on Jamiltepec in *The Plumed Serpent*. The action resides more in what happens within the relationships than in dramatic actions or external adventures. This is, of course, not at all wrong! D. H. Lawrence is a novelist, who is greatly interested in the interior lives of his characters and in the personal relationships of the individuals. The incidents within these relationships seem to have priority to the incidents outside, but this does not mean that the incidents outside or 'the action outside' can be completely overlooked. The dramatic incidents outside the power and consciousness of the individual beings, such as the great floods in *The Virgin* and *The Gipsy* and in *The Rainbow* and such episodes within the acting power of men, as rabbit hunting in *The White Peacock*, have significant, symbolic meanings in man's relationship to nature and to himself. Consequently, these incidents should be taken into consideration in analyzing the novels. *The White Peacock* is of importance not only because it is interesting for being the first novel, which is produced after a long time of effort and hard work. It is not a faultless work and most often dull due to its loose structure. Yet it is a work which carries many undeveloped themes and incidents which are later to be developed into full length in D. H. Lawrence's following well-known novels. It is worthwhile to consider these incidents in *The White Peacock* and to compare the parallel episodes in the other novels.

From the very beginning of the novel, we are introduced to the people Nethermere. The two families, Beardsalls and Saxtons are living in the neighboring farms, at Highclose and Strelley Mill. Cyril Beardsall who is the narrator of the novel relates

the story of his sister's courtship by two men, namely George Saxton and Leslie Tempest. Towards the end of the second part of the novel, he decides to marry Lessie, leaving George very much disillusioned. Whether she finds complete satisfaction in her choice is a matter of question. Her brother Cyril, on the other hand, courts George's sister Emily, but he would not marry her for any definite reason. Cyril's mother opposes Emily in a similar manner as Paul's mother opposes Miriam in *Sons and Lovers*, but this theme of mother, son and sweetheart triangle is not rich enough to hold attention as it is in the other novel. Here in *The White Peacock*, the episode of *Sons and Lovers* is found as a seed.

The first chapter relates that Cyril visited Saxtons to be there with George, but George would read a book and not attend his guest. Cyril and Emily are interested in each other. Emily would like to have a book of verses from Cyril. She does not like her brother and her mother for humbling herself down, as her family suppressed Miriam. When Cyril returns home from his visit, he is surprised to see that his mother is playing the piano, but both his mother and his sister are critical of his manner of being late and especially of being together with Emily:

"Where have you been, Cyril, that you weren't into dinner?"
 "Only down to Strelley Mill," said I.
 "Of course," said mother coldly.
 "Why 'of course'?" I asked.
 "And you came away as soon as Em went to school?" said Lettie.
 "I did," said I.
 They were cross with me, these two women. After I had swallowed my little resentment I said:
 "They would have me stay to dinner."
 My mother vouchsafed no reply.
 "And has the great George found a girl yet?" asked Lettie.
 "No," I replied, "He never will at this rate. Nobody will ever be good enough for him."
 "I am sure I don't know what you can find in any of them to take you there so much," said my mother.
 "Don't be so mean Mater," I answered, nettled.
 "You know I like them."
 "I know you like her," said my mother sarcastically.
 "As for him - he's an unlicked cub. What can you expect when his mother so spoiled him as she has? But I wonder you are so interested in licking him."



My mother sniffed contemptuously.

'He is rather good looking,' said Lettie with a smile.

'You could make a man of him, I am sure,' I said, bowing satirically to her.

'I am not interested,' she replied, also satirical.

When she tossed her head, and all the fine hairs that were free from bones make a mist of yellow light in the sun." (Lawrence-*The White Peacock*, 61; 21)

A similar argument passes between Mrs. Morel and her son Paul in *Sons and Lovers* about Paul's going out with Miriam. Mrs. Morel, being afraid that this girl draws Paul away, thought that she was one of those who would suck a man's soul out till he had none left for himself. While Paul was away with Miriam she grew angry and when he came home:

"She glanced at the clock, and said, coldly and rather tired:

'You have been far enough tonight.' His soul warm and exposed from contact with the girl shrank.

'You must have been right home with her,' his mother continued.

He would not answer. Mrs. Morel, looking at him quickly, so his hair was damp on his forehead with haste, saw him frowning in his heavy fashion, resentfully.

'She must be wonderfully fascinating, that you can't get away from her, but must go trailing eight miles at this time of night.'

He was hurt between the past glamour with Miriam and the knowledge that his mother fretted. He had meant not to say anything, to refuse to answer. But he could not harden his heart to ignore his mother.

'I do like to talk to her,' he answered irritably.

'Is there nobody else to talk to?'

'You wouldn't say anything if I went with Edgar.'

'You know I should. You know, whoever you went with, I should say it was too far for you to go trailing, late at night, when you've been to Nottingham. Besides' - her voice. Suddenly flashed into anger and contempt - 'it is disgusting - bits of lads and girls courting.' " (Lawrence- *Sons and Lovers*, 68; 199)

As seen here, while Mrs. Morel would consent Paul's sister to go out with Jim, she would not accept Paul's going out with Miriam. There is always a stress in the atmosphere of the Morel

house, when Paul visits his girl friend or takes her to his house. So was this reflected to a lighter degree in *The White Peacock* where Lettie was allowed to be courted either by George or by Leslie, but Cyril would not be heartily allowed to see Emily often.

Cyril's attitude to Emily is not one of approval and admiration. Emily is not the type of girl that Cyril would choose to marry. He thinks that Emily has got her soul in her eyes, always earnest and troublesome. He says:

"'You are like Burne - Jone's ' damsels. Troublesome shadows are always crowding across your eyes, and you cherish them. You think the flesh of the apple is nothing. You only care for the eternal pips. Why don't you snatch your apple and eat it, and throw the core away?'"

Emily would be unable to understand Cyril's words, which reveal that she is too soulful. Cyril classifies her with people, who are gifted with sorrow only and says:

"Some people, instead of bringing with them clouds of glory, trail clouds of sorrow; they are born with 'the gift of sorrow'; 'sorrows' they proclaim alone are real. The veiled grey angels of sorrow work out slowly the beautiful shapes. Sorrow is beauty, and the supreme blessedness.' You read it in their eyes, and in the tones of their voices. Emily had the gift of sorrow. It fascinated me, but it draw me to rebellion." (The *White Peacock*; 97)

Emily has been criticized for being too soulful and classified as a person having the gift of sorrow. Yet there is no clear justification or convincing element as to why Emily has been seen in this category. Emily is the forerunner of Miriam in *Sons and Lovers*, this is clear, but there is no development in the Cyril - Emily relationship in *The White Peacock* as it would be as Miriam - Paul relationship in the later novel.

In *The White Peacock* Cyril compares Emily with his sister Lettie and he always admires Lettie, thinking that she is superior to Emily. In this description Lettie is tall, approaching six feet; she is a slender agile and by nature graceful. In her harmonious movements, he sees a relation of her subtle artistic soul. The other, namely, Emily is shorter, much heavier. In her every motion one can see the extravagance of her emotional nature. She quivers with

feeling; her emotions conquer her being, because she has neither a strong intellect nor 'a heart of light humor'; her nature is brooding, defenceless and powerless in the tumult of her feelings. She mistrusts herself. Lettie's appearance and character shows a contrast to Emily's physique, manners and actions.

While Emily is described as being short, heavy, meek, unintelligent and emotional, Lettie is observed with admiration as being light, tall, intelligent, graceful; carrying an artistic soul, but at times capricious and restless. Cyril's judgment of Emily and Lettie shows differences at the same type of actions that the girls insert on occasions. This is observed when Emily's attachment to her youngest brother creates restlessness in Cyril, Lettie's attention of sympathy to the same child injured by a dog, would create admiration in Cyril. Being touched by Lettie's loving care and her emotions, he would think of advising George to repeat his proposal to Lettie. Cyril's attitude of resentfulness to Emily's emotions occurs in a similar version. In *Sons and Lovers*, when Miriam folds her youngest brother Hubert in her arms and is disliked by Paul because of her intense emotions. It is here clear that the same type of emotions, expressed by Emily or by Miriam, is not welcomed, while tenderness shown by Lettie, which seems and affectation more than sincerity, is not resented. In *The White Peacock*, the reason for the differences of attitude in Cyril maybe prejudice on his sides, resulting from the dissimilarity in the temperaments of Cyril and Emily.

Although Cyril is impatient with Emily, he does not feel the same way with her brother George. When George is near, he could feel the heavy warmth of George's body. George is described as a young farmer, stoutly built, brown eyed, with a naturally fair skin burned dark and freckled in patches. One Sunday afternoon, Cyril would run and burst into the farm kitchen of Saxtons. He tended the little children and watched George sitting by the fire, reading:

"He looked up as I entered, and I loved him when he looked up at me, and as he lingered on his quiet 'Hullo!' His eyes were beautifully eloquent-as eloquent as a kiss. We talked in subdued murmurs, because the father was asleep, opulently asleep, his tanned face as still as a brown pear against the wall. The clock itself went slowly, with languid throbs. We gathered round the fire, and talked quietly, about nothing - blissful merely in the sound of our voices, a

murmured, soothing sound, - a grateful dispassionate love trio." (Ibid.; 121)

Cyril's admiration of George is clearly expressed here almost to the point of love in the words 'his eyes as eloquent as a kiss'. Cyril would never use such terms to define Emily. There is a quiet satisfaction in the last statement, when the three gather around the fire in a 'grateful dispassionate trio' including Emily. There are other passages, which contain Cyril's admiration of George, when both come close to each other physically, after they bathed in an ice-cold pond at the end of June, when Cyril decides to help George and his father to get in the hay. After swimming, both George and Cyril are happy. There is an intellectual and physical contrast between the two men:

"We stood and looked at each other as we rubbed ourselves dry. He was well proportioned, and naturally of handsome physique, heavily limbed. He laughed at me, telling me I was like one of Aubrey Beardsley's¹ long, lean ugly fellows. I referred him to many classic examples of slenderness, declaring myself more exquisite than his grossness, which amused him." (The White Peacock; 292)

Although Cyril felt the need to defend his physique in an inferiority complex, he could not do but give in. George's handsome physique had its power over Cyril. Thus Cyril said 'I laughed and submitted'. George is further defined as a noble man, having a white muscled body in contrast to the green mass of the fields. His hair is dark and curly. As Cyril watches his body, he forgets to rub George. In return George would take hold of Cyril and rub him briskly like a child or rather a woman that he loved and not feared. This is how Cyril felt as he was in George's hands and he said:

"I felt myself quite limply in his hands, and, to get a better grip of me, he put his arm round me and pressed me against him, and the sweetness of the touch of our bodies one against the other was superb. It satisfied in some

¹ Aubrey Vincent Beardsley (1872-1898), an English illustrator, who was a leading exponent of Art Nouveau. Combining a love of decorative pattern with a bent toward the grotesque, Beardsley's style emphasized the cruel, the macabre, and the erotic in his subjects.

measure the vague, indecipherable yearning of my soul; and it was the same with him. When he had rubbed me all warm, he let me go, and we looked at each other with eyes of still laughter, and our love was perfect for a moment, more perfect than any love I have known since, either for man or woman." (Ibid..)

As it is observed, George and Cyril have some close to each other after swimming and especially Cyril drew pleasure and satisfaction from the touch of their bodies. The pleasure, which is attained, is not only on physical basis, but it is also on emotional basis. The description between the two men resembles more of a love between a woman and a man. Cyril's attitude here maybe interpreted as homosexuality. Some critics in fact, interpreted it likewise. One writer related that in *The White Peacock*, 'the true love affair is between George and Cyril'. (Pullin, 80; 55) Another writer, Carol Dix in 1980, also marked that in *The White Peacock* there is a graphic description of a physical act of love between men which seems to express Lawrence's homosexual fantasy life'. (Dix, 80; 96) A similar episode of attraction between two men, namely Gerald and Birkin occur in *Women in Love* in the chapter called 'Gladiatorial', where the two men's bodies come close to each other in wrestling. Literally it is very natural that two men should come very close at wrestling. Otherwise, how could wrestling be done without the men's bodies touching each other, but in the long description, a desire for the union of the two bodies is very distinctly described:

"Often, in the white interlaced knot of violent living being that swayed silently, there was no had to be seen, only the swift, light limbs, the solid white backs, the physical junction of two bodies clinched into oneness... At length Gerald lay back inert on the carpet, his breast rising in great slow panting, whilst Birkin kneeled on him almost unconscious. Birkin was much more exhausted. He caught little, short breaths, he could scarcely breath any more. The earth seemed to tilt and sway, and a complete darkness was coming over his mind. He did not know what happened. He slid forward quite unconscious over Gerald, and Gerald did not notice." (Lawrence-Women In Love, 67; 305)

Very often, here in this passage and in some others, breaking into oneness is the main goal to be attained, while one thinks that in wrestling, competence of physical powers of men should have been the main aim of the competitors. Birkin and Gerald agree that mentally and spiritually intimate friends should be more or less physically intimate too. Yet it is mostly Birkin, like Cyril, who develops and introduces these idea and Gerald is the receiving person. Birkin thinks that Gerald is beautiful and beauty is there to enjoy. While Gerald seems not so much excited about beauty and he asks 'is this the Brüderschaft that you wanted?' Something like brotherhood is what Birkin would have and wrestling pledges it. D. H. Lawrence must have introduced this incident of wrestling not for its actual meaning, but as means to justify the idea of 'wholeness' and 'Brütherschaft' in man to man love. Similarly in *The White Peacock*, the incident of swimming is introduced as a means to let two men come close to each other physically to complete the mental and spiritual intimacy between them. Cyril would try to teach George on many subjects such as chemistry, botany and psychology. He would tell George what his professors would teach him. Life, sex and its origins, Schopenhauer and William James, poetry and metaphysics constitutes a wide range of Cyril's teaching. Cyril is glad that George hardly and dogma and religion is nothing to him. Thus he would be receptive to all of what Cyril could give him. George, an uneducated farmer, would be molded into the cultural form of what Cyril desired. This was not that Cyril did not admire George. He admired George's physique more than his own - a physical strength and beauty, which Cyril could never have. Cyril in fact describes George as they moved in the farm, in a strikingly clear manner of satisfaction:

"We moved across to the standing corn. The sun being mild, George had thrown off his hat, and his black hair was moist and twisted into confused half-curls. Firmly planted, he swung with a beautiful rhythm from the waist. On the hip of his belted breeches hung the scythe stone; his shirt, faded almost wide, was torn just above the belt, and showed the muscles of his back playing like lights upon the wide sand of the brook. There was something exceedingly attractive in the rhythmic body.

I spoke to him, and he turned round. He looked straight Lettie with a fleshing, betraying smile. He was remarkably handsome. " (The White Peacock; 70)

It is seen that Cyril is not the only person who is tempted by George's remarkably handsome physique, but also Lettie, who is tempted by his fine brown colored muscles:

"Do you know," she said suddenly, 'your arms tempt me to touch them.. They are such a fine brown color, and they look so hard.' He held out one arm to her. She hesitated, then she swiftly put her finger-tips on the smooth brown muscle, and drew them along. Quickly she hid her hand into the folds of her skirt, blushing." (Ibid.. ; 71)

Lettie would watch George seeing that his own physique is a pleasure to himself as if he were 'some great firm bud of life'. Although Lettie expresses her admiration of George, he seems reluctant to express any complements to Lettie's physical beauty except to his own self in a narcissistic attitude, 'gently rubbing the muscles of his side'. He would say: 'It's a pleasure to yourself - your own physique.' Here there is no hint whether Lettie's womanly physique attracted him or not. He would not think of caressing Lettie, which should have been quite the normal attitude, but to caress himself and would rather wish to let her do this for him. Throughout the novel, however, the reader is informed on Lettie's beauty mostly through her brother's eyes and not much through one of her lovers' who are supposed to be her suitors, namely George and Leslie. Consequently, it seems that Cyril is the one who appreciates his sister's beauty more than either George or Leslie does.

It has been noted that this instance of passion in *The White Peacock*, which Lettie felt only for a very short time, is paralleled by sexually charged passion of Anna for Will Brangwen in *The Rainbow* just before they decided to get married. (Niven; 18) It is seen that Anna is the one who feels a strong desire for Will who comes to visit them one day in summer:

"One evening in August he came when it was raining. He came in with his jacket collar turned up, his jacket buttoned close, his face wet. And he looked so slim and definite,

coming out of the chill rain, she was suddenly blinded with love for him. Yet he sat and talked with her father and mother, meaninglessly, whilst her blood seethed to anguish in her. She wanted to touch him now, only to touch him." (Lawrence-The Rainbow, 78; 119)

Although Anna's parents are antagonistic and they oppose the coming of Will to Anna, Anna is determined to go away with Will to the barn and to have her own way as she wished in spite of her father's restricting attitude. Tom Brangwen becomes furious mostly out of jealousy, remembering that he is getting old. Another meeting of lovers follows in the harvest time at night when they carry sheaves of corn. Will draws near Anna kisses and the air is loaded full of passion, after which they decide to marry. Again the parents oppose, but we know that they are to unite although the youth does not have enough money for a beginning. Whereas in *The White Peacock*, George could never marry Lettie though once he thinks that her money would be enough to start a new life in America. Although Lettie shows instances of passion for George, even long after her marriage to Leslie, the degree of their physical temptation and love is never quite as strong as that felt by Anna and Will. While Will is not defined as being handsome and strong, George is related to be extremely handsome and physically powerful. Whereas, Will is 'slim and definite' and quite pitiful under the rain which arouses Anna's flood of passion and love for the beginning. It is known that George is neither religious nor cultured, but Will is educated enough to be interested in church architecture, he shows ability for woodcarving and is a creator of religious and symbolic images or statues. He is a good hymn singer. He is 'a rather long, thin youth with a bright face and curious self-possession among his shyness'. George's physique is well built and strong in contrast. Consequently, the difference between George and Will means also difference in attitudes in their relationships. Thus the two passions related there are not alike as A. Niven indicated it. While George's physical strength and beauty tempt Lettie, Anna is tempted by Will's physical frailty. Anna's passion is strong enough to lead her to marriage, but Lettie is not led to marry the man whom she admires. On Lettie's circumstances physical attraction alone is not enough for a life-long union with a husband.

Lettie, like Cyril, is tempted by George's physical strength and she feels tenderness, when he looks and holds her hands, but there seems to be always something to withhold her from George, while Leslie is there in between them. When George is with Lettie, she knows that she can patronize him and control him with her charms. Lettie is sure that George would be always ready for her, whenever she calls him, while Leslie always gives her the feeling that he would not wait for her, that is he can court other girls and slight Lettie on purpose. She is on familiar terms with George, as she can trust him and she chooses to taunt or tease him, when she pleases.

Lettie and George are described as two elegant people. She is tall and supple, quick to respond, with curling fluffy blond hair, very charming, but to use the writer's terms, she does not have 'a nice nose'. George being strongly built, has his own grace and looks no taller but even shorter than Lettie. George is always defined as a handsome man of physical strength and Lettie is presented as a young lady of elegance, more suitable to a parlor of higher-middle class environment than to a simple farmhouse. She is quite able and quick-witted, cultured and educated enough, so that she can play the piano in different moods, preferring Tchaikowsky, Mozart or Handel. She can order George to sit down by her in order to show and to teach him the pictures of such people as Copiey, Fielding, Cattermole, Birket Foster, Girtin and so on. When George would be persuaded or disagreed with her she would playfully scold him:

"If said she, 'an ancient Briton in his skins came and contradicted me as you do, wouldn't you tell him not to make an ass of himself?'

'I don't know,' he said.

'Then you ought to,' she replied.

'You know nothing.'

'How is it you ask me then?' he said.

She began to laugh." (The White Peacock; 44)

However, both Lettie and Cyril think highly of this rather proud man whom they think is often annoying. While Cyril thinks that George is a romanticist, Lettie would say that he is realist and he would make common things beautiful, he would see mystery and magnificence that enveloped the people who worked menially.

Lettie would define him as strong, primitive man charm. Something in George's uncivilized primitivism recalls a similarity between gamekeepers Annable and Mellors.

Lettie is critical of George in spite of her tenderness, almost in the manner Cyril finds fault with Emily. She relates something impersonal, something outside her control, which affects her attitudes in her relationships:

"You are blind; you are only half-born; you are gross with good living and heavy sleeping. You are a piano, which will only play a dozen common notes. Sunset is nothing to you - it merely happens anywhere. Oh, but you make one feel as if I'd like to make you suffer. If you'd ever been sick; if you'd ever been born into a home where there was something oppressed, and you couldn't understand; if ever you'd believed, or doubted, you might have been a man by now. You never grow up, like bulbs, which spend all summer getting fat and fleshy, but never wakening the germ of a flower. As for me the flower is born in me, but it wants bringing forth. Things don't flower if they're overfed. You have to suffer before you blossom in this life. When death is touching a plant, it forces it into a passion of flowering. You wonder how I have touched death. You don't know. There is always touch of death in this home. I believe my mother hated my father before I was born. That was death in her veins for me before I was born. It makes a difference." (Ibid.; 46)

It seems that here in this text Lettie is accusing George for being unaware of the life beyond him; that is, he is blind, only half born, and sleeping. Sunset has no meaning to him besides its actual meaning. She would like to taunt him, to make him suffer in order to make him feel and understand her suffering. This is why she says: 'If you had a home where something oppressed you...' It is known that Lettie's mother and father are separated. He is gone away never to come back again. The children never knew him until his death, when they are left a small amount of fortune to get along in life. The mother had always kept the children for herself and the father is almost driven away from his home, because there was no understanding between the mother and the father. This sensitive theme about disharmony in parent relationship recurs strongly in *Sons and Lovers* and in *Aaron's Rod*, where the problem of engagement of father to the family is related that never to be

brought any positive solution. The father theme will be considered in detail, later on in several parts.

Lettie says, 'You have to suffer before you blossom in this life', that is one has to experience the unhappy events of the life, before emotionally growing up to become a man. And George, in her opinion, did not yet wake up from his happy slumbering of paradise bliss, as he did not experience the suffering of Lettie. Lettie feels the effect of tragedy in her life that happened beyond her will power. 'That was the death in her veins before I was born', she says. She indicated here the mischance in the relationship of her parents, which results from lack of love and harmony, between her mother and father. 'There is always a sense of death in this home', says Lettie touching the very reason of her suffering. She thinks that she is born without love and feels the need of tenderness. However it's seen that there is hope in Lettie's statement concluding 'As for me the flower is born in me, but it wants bringing forth'. She has experienced hatred in her very being and existence, but this would not mean that hatred is to continue; there is also the germ of love, which is ready to blossom in her heart. She would be ready to take love or to give love to the person she chooses among her suitors. This person could have been George, but she thinks that George is no more than an infant, and it's clear that she would be no source of happiness for George, justifying her wish to make him suffer. She goes on being courted both by Leslie and George, when finally, George being angered at her decision to engage with Leslie, expresses to Cyril strong disapproval of Lettie's attitude:

"You really expected Lettie to have him," I said.
 "I suppose so," he replied, "then she'd made up her mind to it. It didn't matter - what she wanted - at the bottom."
 "You?" said I.
 "If it hadn't been that he was a prize - with a ticket - she'd have had"
 "You!" said I.
 "She was afraid - look how she turned and kept away -"
 "From you?" said I.
 "I should like to squeeze her till she screamed."
 "You should have gripped her before, and kept her," said I.
 "She - she's like a woman, like a cat - running to comforts - she strikes a bargain. Women are all tradesmen."
 "Don't generalize, it's no good."

'She's like a prostitute -'

'It's banal! I believe she loves him.' He started, and looked at me queerly. He looked quite childish in his doubt and perplexity.

'She, what -?'

'Loves him, honestly.'

'She'd love me better,' he muttered, and turned to his milking."
 (Ibid.; 124)

Cyril, in defense of his sister, thinks that George is laid in him proposal to Lettie, and that really expected Lettie to have Leslie. George is being too harsh and even unjust in his accusation of women, when he generalizes and parallels all women to cats, prostitutes and tradesmen. George concludes that Lettie would have loved him better, but Lettie is also fond of Leslie, who is not as handsome as George, but as who is exceedingly attractive in person. After Lettie inherits her father's small fortune, she becomes capricious and restless longing for love. She suffers seeing that Leslie awaits her when he walks to Eberwich with Margaret. Some time later, Cyril meets Leslie and Marie in Nethermere Library in quite a familiar fashion, but brings Leslie home to Lettie, where they are reconciled in forgiveness.

Now George feels that he is jilted off and blames Lettie for unfaithfulness in quite a pitiful manner:

"You knew you could have me any day so you didn't care... You played with me, and showed me, heaps of things and those mornings - when I was binding corn, and when I was gathering the apples... Well, you start me off - then leave me at a loose end. What am I going to do?" (Ibid.; 158)

Lettie thinks that George is a man and can do what he likes. Justifying George's above statement, she acts very much like a jealous lover, when in a house party George dances with Alice and neglects Lettie, who is already with Leslie. Unable to keep away from George, she calls for a change of couples and approaches George asking him whether he decides to marry Alice. George says that he would not be able to marry anybody, because he did not have enough money. Lettie tells him that she has enough money of her own and she leans on him giving him encouragement. Whether she does this on purpose or

unconsciously is not very clear. While she would not intend to marry George, she would also not let him go to someone else. She shows hesitation and doubtfulness in her statement, when she relates 'We can't help our selves, we're all chessmen,' and 'I wonder where it will and'. She intends to hint that fate is leading the way for them, when George, filled with sympathy, tries to hold her hand in consolation and with some hope of approaching her, Lettie instantly draws him back saying that it's too late for anything now. If it were too late, then why had she not let George go to someone else, namely Alice, and why did she act in a jealous way, when Leslie accompanied her in reconciliation? Whether she intended to take vengeance by making Leslie jealous, whether she actually tried to play with George, seeing that, she can draw him to herself whenever she wished, or whether she actually feared of losing him, or whether she desired that he should insist on her hand in actual love, all these possibilities are not made clear. It was clear that Lettie could not play with Leslie as she did with George. There occurs an incident through which it seems that George is not so eager at Lettie's love as at her money after all.

In the second part of the novel, George suddenly declares to Cyril, much to his amazement, that he would marry Lettie, when he was received a notice to leave Strelley Mill in urgency. He is without money. He is in a hope that Lettie would help him, as she already said that she did have the money, but now he is in such a hurry, that one both pities and suspects him for wanting Lettie not for her love, but for her money. As he is without a penny, he wishes to make a new start in a far away country with Lettie's money.

It is only some time after, when he finds opportunity to break the news to Lettie, insisting that he would buy a farm in Canada, if they were married, but as he says that he does not have money, 'Oh! - so you wanted me?', says Lettie, in an ironic tone. 'You would have me - you have all me, and everything you wanted', he pleads. Lettie rejects George's proposal on the grounds that he would be someone that she paid for and she would not be a farmer's wife in Canada. Cyril, on the other hand, still thinks that George did not insist strongly enough to persuade Lettie. According to Cyril, George thought himself too good to insist on Lettie's hand, which was not quite true. Since George was clumsy in his courting and Lettie too quick and playful a flirt, at the same time egoistic in

her attitudes and even hypocritical, when hinting that she has the money to give, and not intending to help George financially when he proposes to her. However, just when she is about to choose George, Leslie, by chance, falls sick and is delirious, insisting that Lettie was leaving him. George is again jilted, this time by chance, intentionally introduced by the writer. Lettie tends the sick man out of pity and sympathy. But when she tells him that she wants to leave him, Leslie humiliates himself before her, by crying with real tears, slowly running down his cheeks, as it is related in the second part of the book, in the chapter called 'An Arrow from the Impatient God'. Being touched by his sensitive reaction, Lettie puts her arms around him, while Leslie sobs like a child. She promises not to leave him, feeling that she is needed, and playing the role of a mother, in intending a sick lover whom sheds tears for her. George is late in pleading for her hand and assistance, as expressed two chapters later in 'The Fascination of the Forbidden Apple'. Partly on Cyril's incitement, George tries again, humiliating himself in terror, and begging Lettie not to leave him. 'Nobody would love you like I do - and what should I do with my love for you? - hate it and fear it, because it's too much for me!' They embrace each other in passion, but as Lettie has remarked on the death of a pigeon who fought for his love and lost, 'life is cruel and love the cruellest of all'. That is, she left George, who after a while drew a sympathy and tenderness of Meg, while he was sleeping like a sleeping beauty, unaware of the passionate feeling that he had created in another woman.

At the beginning of Part III in 'A New Start in Life', both Lettie and George are wedded to Leslie and Meg respectively. Lettie feels very happy and free to be from home, which she relates to Cyril in her letter:

"It is such a relief not to have to be anything to anybody, but just to please yourself. I am sure mother and I have suffered a great deal from trying to keep up our relations. Yet she would not let me go. When I come home in the evening I think that I needn't say anything to anybody, nor do anything for anybody. But just have the evening for myself, I am overjoyed." (Ibid.; 338)

Lettie here realizes the possibility of a new and freer life in her husband's home, where she can be all by herself, having no

obligations to the parents. Lettie feels the difficulty of keeping up her old relationship with her mother who inserts her authority on her daughter's behaviors. The time came when the old relationship between the mother and the daughter had to change as the children grew up to become men and women. Lettie's new married life, away from the parents' home, would mean to her freedom, in the direction of fulfilling her expectation that was to please herself and not to have to be anything to anybody. She felt overjoyed at the thought of the promises of her new life, but her felicity was not to continue as she had expected. It could not be possible for her to be completely free, nor was it possible for her, a woman, to exist only for her, when family and motherhood responsibilities waiting for her ahead, in her supposed to be new facet of her life, was one that was felt, perhaps, too soon.

For Cyril, let his departure meant not so much of a joy, but pain. He felt his sister's loss in the house acutely. He had no intention of getting married soon, like Lettie or George. His feelings are not of a man full of energy and living, but that of an old and sensitive person. Cyril is not yet eager to leave his hometown. Leaving Nethermere is painful for him as he relates below when Lettie and Leslie are gone:

"They had been gone away to friends five days before we recovered anything like the normal tone in the house. Then, though the routine was same, everywhere was a sense of loss, and of change. The long voyage in the quiet home was over; we had crossed the bright sea of youth and already Lettie had landed and must traveling to a strange destination in a foreign land. It was time for us all to go, to leave the valley of Nethermere whose waters and whose woods were distilled in the essence of our veins. We were the children of the valley of Nethermere, a small nation with language and blood of our own, and to cast ourselves each one into separate exile was painful to us." (Ibid.; 309)

Here in the text, Cyril expresses a feeling of sorrow and pain resulting not only from Lettie's departure, but also from the loss of 'the bright sea of youth' and the necessity to leave their hometown - Nethermere. Nethermere is the place where they belonged, having been born and having shared their youthful experiences of growing up. Cyril points, somewhat in a romantic tone that the woods and the waters of their hometown is distilled in their blood,

and each of them going away seems like exile; being separate and painful. For Cyril, departure from Nethermere to start a new life is not a joyful event. The new life meant a 'strange destination' to which Lettie was going and he thought their home was a 'quiet home', which Lettie did not accept, as she has already related that their home was not a happy one; there was death in the atmosphere of the family life, before she was born and there was always that feeling of lack of love as their father had left home long ago. All these incidents might have affected Lettie's unsuccessful relationship with George and her choice of Leslie. She had hope, nevertheless, for a quieter and better life of happiness, but Cyril who acted not only as the narrator of this novel did not share this hope. But also as the philosopher who was not young, but felt and thought older than his age and did not leave through the incidents as Lettie, George and Leslie, but who observed life, standing apart and watching from a distance.

After this marriage, Leslie became a rich, successful businessman. He inherited Highclose and went often to Germany and South of England on business. He was very busy and occupied. He became a County Councilor and one of the prominent members of the Conservative Party. He took part in political meetings, spoke on platforms and as a mine owner, he was accepted as an authority on the employment of labor, on royalties and landowning. Leslie was the forerunner of Gerald in 'Women in Love'. At home Leslie adored and respected Lettie who was always a god and dutiful wife, but on business he forgot her completely. The servants obeyed and respected Leslie more they did his wife, although she past very moderate censure. There was something, which she contradicted. She said, 'I hope I shall have another child next spring... there is only that to take away the misery of this torpor. I seem full of passion and energy, and it all fizzles out in day to day domestics.' Lettie here confesses that she is full of passion and energy, but she found no outlet for her passion, except the prospect of having another child. Her boredom and delight in child bearing recalls Anna Brangven who was also very found of her babies, but in her free and capricious behaviors she resembles the Ursula of The Rainbow, the Ursula of Women in Love, being some what different.

Lettie's disillusionment in married life was related to be the consequence of abnegation of self for the benefit of others. That is, she was compelled to live her life at second hand. She was

considered and included in her husband's self, as a part of it, but not someone as a separate individual. Her very position in life is an example to William James' definition of self-hood as it is given in *Principles of Psychology*:

"In its widest possible sense (wrote James), a man's Self is the sum of all that he CAN call his, not only his body and his psychic powers, but his clothes and his house, his wife and children, his ancestors and friends, his reputation on works, his lands and horses, and yacht and bank-account. All these things give him the same emotions. If they wax and prosper, he feels triumphant; if they dwindle and die away, he feels cast down - not necessarily in the same degree for each thing, but in much the same way for all." (James, 80; 291)

In William James' above account, women and children are included in a man's self, not existing as separate individuals independent in themselves, but as belongings or servants, listed in the same category with lands, horses, yachts or bank-accounts. A man is honored for the quality and amount of his possessions, but neither women nor children are credited for what they own rather than for what they are as good properties. A man can be fond of them in certain degrees, but generally feels the same for all his belongings. That is, he may even cast them out or change them if he thinks that they are useless. Then Heaven knows what he may do to his wife and children. If he is not ruthless enough, he may only let them be.

In *The White Peacock*, Cyril, who seems to voice the writer on this theme concerning a woman's self, describes Lettie's position as a wife in quite the similar shade:

"Having reached that point in a woman's career than most, perhaps all of the things in life seem worthless and insipid, she had determined to put up with it, to ignore her own self, to empty her own potentialities in to the vessel of another or others, and to live her life and second hand. This peculiar abnegation of self is the resource of a woman for the escaping of the responsibilities of her own development. Like a nun, she puts over her living face a veil, as a sign that the women no longer exist for her-self: she is the servant of God, of some men, of her children, or maybe of some cause. As a servant, she is no longer

responsible for herself, which make her terrified and lonely. Service is light and easy. To be responsible for the good progress of one's life is terrifying. It is the most insufferable form of loneliness, and the heaviest of responsibilities. So Lettie indulged her husband, but did not yield her independence to him; rather it was she who took much of the responsibility into her hands, and therefore he was so devoted to her. She had, however, now determined to abandon the charge of herself to serve the children. When the children grew up, either they would unconsciously fling her away, back upon herself again in bitterness and loneliness, or they would tenderly cherish her, chaffing at her love-bonds occasionally." (*The White Peacock*; 365)

As the text denotes, married life of a woman with children is her career and her highest aim in life, when every other aim, in comparison, means worthless and beside the point. A woman is determined to ignore herself for others, that is, for her family, and she lives for others, neglecting her life. This 'abnegation of self' or her sacrifice is the reason for running away from the responsibilities of self-development. Like a nun, a woman no longer exists for her-self but some cause. She is either the servant of God, or of some man or her children. To be in the service of others is seen here, to be a light kind of responsibility. It is said that if a woman were responsible for her-self, she would be terrified. Service is light and easy, but responsibility for one's life is not only hard but also terrifying. One should here ask the question, why the heaviest of responsibilities and the most insufferable form of loneliness is self-responsibility? Are women ignoring their selves in bearing and bringing up children, or in marrying? Or is it really part of their selves to be in this way, as they are created so? They are created to be mothers right from the beginning, when human beings existed. If women had not played the role of their selves, would there the existence of human beings at all? This 'peculiar abnegation self' in quotations is not at all an abnegation, but it is being and acting in the way nature had created women, and men have to provide for women and children, while women try to tend their children at home. That is, although women and children are seen as a parts of man's self, they are not servants however, they may be considered likewise and if they do empty their potentialities into the vessel another, it is but to live and to exist. While existing, women have always played the role of their genuine selves, always

leading men to act the role of their manly selves. One can also ask this question; if men did not exist for assisting and helping women in their well being, why do they exist at all? That is if women were other than now, if they were strong enough to bear to rear and to provide for living alone, would there have been any need for men's service?

In conclusion, it can be said that women are not just servants of some cause, God or their children. It's not right that women are servile and service is light. If women serve their children, it is for their existence. In doing this, they are not terrified, but have acknowledged their responsibility as the need of well-being. Acknowledgements of self, self-responsibility and self-development, all these qualities are bestowed on women as well as men for their well-being and existence. If women serve anything, men serve as well; and they both serve their own existence. Human beings are here to serve their existence. If there is any cause, this is it and women seem to know it instinctively, directing men to this cause. Lettie, in fact, is told to be a woman not yielding her independence to her husband; and taking much of the responsibility to her hands she played the role of her individual self. It is also pointed that in serving her children, she abandoned the charge of herself to the hands of her husband and when the children grew up, they would fling her away. It has been denoted here that, serving one's children is a useless or unnecessary action, which in fact, is not. Bringing up children does not necessarily mean being servile to them or neglecting one's own self for the well being of others. It is an important part of a woman's self to act as a mother, to bear and to rear the children and to leave them, so that the children would be able to exist and develop until they can reach the age of fruitfulness. If women seem to be servile to her children, as it has been explained in Cyril's statement, it's for a very important cause, which is the continuation of the race and existence of human beings. Existence is all-important; it is the main aim of not only the human beings but also of all creatures. If women serve the cause of existence, they are not being servile, but they play the role of their womanly selves, that is, they are being and acting as they been created. However, this is not to be accepted in the novel. In Cyril's statement, women are seen in a similar position as William James had already defined, as servants within the self-hood of men. As servants, they do not try to break

the limits that encircle them, that is, they do not educate themselves for self-responsibility and self-development. Then, further freedom for women is needed in order to achieve the desired role, not because she wishes this, but because a man wishes it, as it has been only expressed by Cyril and not by a woman character. Cyril further explains that women are confined into an indoor existence and are afraid to look out and see the life outside of their homes:

"Like so many women, she seemed to live, for the most part contentedly, a small indoor existence with artificial light and padded upholstery. Only occasionally, hearing the winds of life outside, she clamored to be out in the black, keen storm. She was driven to the door, she looked out and called into the tumult wildly, but feminine caution kept her from stepping over the threshold." (Ibid.; 374)

Lettie, not being very interested in Cyril's advice of taking some work that she could throw her soul into, is seen like many other women who fear to step out of their thresholds. She wanted to go out and seed the life outside of her home, but feminine caution kept her indoors. Thus, there is no other way out for her unfulfilled desires of her soul. She seeks for something else that she needs and tries to flirt with George, now a married man with children. Lettie's attention on George causes Meg to be jealous. Although both Meg and George are unsatisfied with each other, George rejects to become Lettie's lover. George has also flourished quite a way in his horse-dealing business and inherited seven hundred pounds from Meg's grandmother, who had left Meg one inn and two houses. The result was, he became and kept careful account for his wife, for all that was hers. A newborn son established the broken friendship between Meg and George, but George felt quite bitter thinking that Meg did not find pleasure in him as she did in the kids, and Meg complaint that George was selfish and did not care for his children and his wife. Home was not good enough for him. He did not approve of his married life, so that he told to Lettie:

"Meg has plenty to secure her and the children as long as they live", he said smiling. "So I don't know that I am essential." "But you are," she replied. "You are necessary as a father and a husband, if not as a provider." "I think," said

he, 'Marriage is more of a duel than a duet. One party wins and takes the other captive, slave, servant-what you like. It is so, more or less.' (Ibid.; 378)

George's complaint of Meg seems not only a complaint of one particular woman, as his dissatisfaction has been generalized into a conclusion that marriage is not a duet, but duel, where one party wins and takes over. Whereas marriage should have been considered a duel and not a fighting arena or a prison for slaves who have lost in this fight. There is also the feeling that George is jealous of the children and the wife, who gives her love and attention to her children. The similar attitude occurs also in Cyril's behaviors, when he resents Emily's attention to the babies of Meg. As Emily is busy with the baby, Cyril feels, that he is left alone and neglected-a strange resentment in Cyril, who seems not to care about Emily and who lets her marry Tom Ranshaw:

"A distinct, glowing atmosphere seemed suddenly to burst out around her and the child, leaving me outside. The moment before, she had been very near to me, her eyes searching mine, her spirit clinging timidly about me. Now I was put away quite alone, neglected, forgotten outside the glow, which surrounded the woman and the baby." (Ibid.; 357)

Cyril's strange resentment of young mothers and babies, is expressed in another passage where he says:

"I was weary of babies. My friends had all grown up and married and inflicted them on me. There were storms of babies. I longed for a place where there would be absolute, and young, arrogant, imperious mothers might be a forgotten tradition." (Ibid.; 404)

Cyril's statement about the babies and mothers reflects an open antagonism, which coincides with George's resentment, pointing that he is not essential any more in the house. George thinks that his wife is winning in marriage and since she has the children, she is an all-powerful mother, whom, he can give nothing more but kisses. George feels a certain kind of inferiority complex, when Meg and their children are considered. The children are nobody else's but his, and why George or Cyril should feel

antagonism against mothers with babies? This seems to be a difficult question to answer. George says bitterly: 'Meg never found any pleasure in me as she does in the kids.'

In one of the last chapters, Cyril and Emily visit George's family. During the meal, Meg, giving her breast to one of her crying babies, causes mostly Cyril to feel awkward. Cyril thinks inwardly that,

"Meg was quite indifferent. She listened occasionally, but her position as mother made her impregnable. She sat eating calmly, looking down now and again at her baby, and holding us in slight scorn, babies that we were. She was secure in her high maternity; she was mistress and sole authority. George, as father, was first servant; as an indifferent father, she humiliated him and was hostile to his wishes. Emily and I were mere intruders, feeling ourselves such." (Ibid.; 354)

It is in fact quite natural for a mother with children to feed and to wash her babies in order to provide their needs even if she had guests at her house. She may even eat her meal after the guests are served. The babies have priority, as they cannot provide for their needs. If the mothers neglect their children, they would be helpless creatures. What kind of a mother would make or any other mother be, if she did not care for her crying babies? Here it is not only George, but also Cyril, who grudges Meg, for her natural motherhood responsibilities. If Cyril or George feel irresponsible or show dislike, it's not the mother's fault, but it is their fault, for feeling neglected or an outsider. It is wrong, that the father should be seen only as a servant and the mother a mistress who is hostile to the father's wishes. Cyril thinks both Emily and himself are intruders, but it is only himself and not Emily who feels like a stranger. Emily at first envies makes felicity of motherhood, but when she is given one of the babies to wash and to take care of, she enjoys and shares Meg's happiness in excitement. It is clear, that it is also Emily's wish to become a mother. She herself wants to have children of her own to take care of and to give love to, like her friend Meg. Meg was not hostile, nor did she humiliate George on purpose, but she was critical and she resented, if George spoke impolitely in his anger. The atmosphere of dislike and resentment leaves its place to a different mood of admiration, while Meg

washes the baby. 'She was thus perfect', is the verdict now. Meg is described as a graceful woman like Madonna, while she handles the bonny, naked children. Her voice is soft and full with the glow of love. While both women are completely employed with children, Cyril thinks that he is an outsider, 'quite alone', 'neglected' and 'forgotten', to use his own terms. He feels a pang of jealousy at the bottom, he also desires to be loved and taken care of like Meg's babies, although he is supposed to be a grown-up person. This feeling of desire and jealousy is further expressed in a concluding statement:

"A woman is so ready to disclaim the body of a man's love; she yields him her own soft beauty with so much gentle patience and regret; she clings to his neck, to his head and his cheeks, fondling them for the soul's meaning that is there, and shrinking from his passionate limbs and his body. It was with some perplexity, some anger and bitterness that I watched Emily moved almost to ecstasy by the baby's small, innocuous person." (Ibid.; 357)

Here again Cyril is full of complaint and bitterness about women in general. A woman gives her soft beauty and gentleness to a man, but only claims the meaning of his soul in return, fearing from his passionate body. That is, a woman does not claim her man as a whole, body and soul, but only claims, his soul and rejects the love of his body or rather fears the passion of his body and resents it. Therefore, it is almost with anger that Cyril watches Emily, being moved into a feeling of great joy, while she handles the small body of the baby. A parallel opinion is built for George, who also thinks that Meg does not like him, as she likes the babies. George never feels happy in his married life. Whether he ruins himself in drinking, or whether he is emotionally childish by nature, to put up with and to carry the responsibilities of family life is a matter of question. Both of the reasons have validity in his voluntary slow suicide. Neither is Lettie to be blamed as the only responsible person for George's degeneration. It is in George himself, in such a handsome man of physical strength, the tendency of self-destruction. The ending of the novel marks this young man turning into a good for nothing carcass of drunkenness.

Another ruined man like George is the father of the family, Frank Beardsall, who is completely estranged to the family. The

theme of the estrangement of the father to the family is found not only in *The White Peacock*, but also in *Sons and Lovers* and in *Aaron's Rod*.

In the first part of *The White Peacock*, in the chapter called 'The Father', Cyril receives one autumn morning, a letter from his father, whom he had not seen for eighteen years. The father, in this novel, is somewhat like a mystery. In his letter he writes that he is sick and dying and he says:

"I came over one day. I didn't see you, but I saw the girl by the window, and I had a few words with the lad."

The father came, watched the family from a distance and went away again. Similarly in *Aaron's Rod*, Aaron who leaves his family and goes away watches his family from the kitchen window, as he sits hidden in the garden, at night and does not venture to enter his own house and goes away silently again. His two naughty daughters, who wanted to play and to experiment with the ball, to see whether it would actually break, symbolize Aaron's estrangement to his family in the accident of breaking his blue ball on the top of the Christmas tree. Aaron had kept the beautiful blue ball, right from his boyhood and that was the end of it. A faint resentment arose inwardly as something had been also broken inside him. In *Sons and Lovers*, the hateful father is presented in a large scale; his estrangement to the family members is taken on emotional basis. He does not leave his house or his wife and children, like Aaron, to travel abroad, but he is hated, excluded person all throughout the novel. The other succeeds in drawing the children to her side; and the children are confident in her. Being thus excluded, he presents an awkward, outrageous, but a pathetic figure.

Cyril narrates in *The White Peacock* that his parents' relationship is a disharmonious one. The father is of a frivolous, vulgar, dishonest, but still a charming character. He is a liar and the mother is of a more sensitive, cultured, but ruthless type. The father had left the family, when Lettie was three years old and she heard about him only indirectly. Lettie admitted that she had kept the children away from him:

"I set then against him, I have kept them from him, and he wanted them. I ought to be by him now - I ought to

have taken you to him long ago.' But how could you, when you knew nothing of him?' He would have come – he wanted to come – I felt it for years. But I kept him away. I know I have kept him away. I have felt it, and he has. Poor Frank – he'll see his mistakes now. He would not have been as cruel as I have been-' (Ibid.; 53)

In spite of the sorrow and regret, which are expressed here, Lettie is quite reluctant to go to Frank. Both Cyril and his mother prefer to walk to the village. On the way, Cyril is interested in wooden horses in the fair, and a little girl who licks an ice-cream sandwich. He counts her licks. When they arrive at the house, Lettie only tells that she is Frank's nearest relative and asks for his papers. She learns that a sum of four thousand pounds is left to her and to her children. She regrets again, that children did not have a father, but Cyril plays the role of a happy, content son, who says that he is thankful to be spared a father. The doctor's joviality adds to the tone of irony, expressed at the occasion. The sad, colourless face of the dead man, with a grey beard, is and untruth and as the sun warms reviving. Cyril feels no more chilled. The father is soon forgotten. He is cast out of the novel altogether. The same type of father is to be met again as Mr. Morel and as Aaron in later novels, as the descendants of Frank Beardsall.

The White Peacock presents several recurring episodes of animal suffering, which points to a cruel quality of human nature. This theme can be also perceived in *Women in Love*.

At the very beginning of the novel, George disturbs a nest of field bees, breaks their wings and torment s them to flight. Just saying, 'Oh, dear-pity!' He crushes a little bee between his fingers, investigating the dead larva. Several other episodes occur in various other chapters. In Chapter II, George drowns an injured cat, Mrs. Nickie Ben, to save her from pain. In Chapter V, rabbit hunting in the cornfields shows a scene of human cruelty, carried on as sports; Cyril narrates how Leslie kills a rabbit:

"I could see the palpitation of the heart under the brown fur, and I could see the shining dark eyes looking at me. I felt n pity for it, but still I could not actually hurt it I beckoned to the father. He ran u, and aimed a blow with a rake. There was a sharp little cry, which sent a hot pain through me as if I had been cut. But the rabbit ran out, and instantly I forgot the cry, and gave pursuit, fairly feeling my

fingers stiffen to choke it. It was all lame, Leslie was upon it in a moment, and he almost pulled its head off in his excitement to kill it."

Both Lettie and Emily comment that men are cruel and barbarian for killing the poor animals for pure excitement. Cyril feels the pang of pain at the cry of tortured animal, but this does not keep him from killing another animal. In Chapter VI, Cyril flings a stone at a dog near George's farm. Emily runs after the hurt animal, kneeling on the poor body of the beast, trying to comfort the dying animal. The scene is a bloody one and Emily is also covered all over with blood.

In the later part of the novel, in part II and Chapter VII, a chicken toddles into the fire and the room is full of the smell of burnt meat. The life goes on just as the same, in spite of the cruelty of death, as nothing had happened at all.

In *Women in Love*, descending episodes of animal suffering are to be marked again, in Chapter 9, 13 and 18. In Chapter 9 called 'Coal Dust, Gerald Crich asserts his power of manhood by torturing a terrified, beautiful horse, to stand the harrowing tumult of a passing train. In this scene both the man and the animal sweat with violence. While Gerald keeps calm and cold 'like a sunshine', as he was defined, Ursula opposes frantically, crying that the poor horse was bleeding. While her sister Gudrun asserts coldly, that Gerald is only being proud and masterful, Ursula feels nothing but a strong hatred and disgust that a living thing should be thus bullied and tortured to resignation.

In Chapter 13, called 'Mino', the male cat Mino hits a female cat to assert his power and superiority over the other in a love-play over-which, Birkin and Ursula continue their arguments, both taking sides, Birkin naturally defending the male dignity and Ursula the female, 'Wille zur macht-so, so petty', Ursula would conclude.

In Chapter 18, called 'Rabbit', Gudrun is with Winifred in Shortlands. She goes to see a favorite rabbit called Bismarch that is wild, savage creature. The poor animal scores her arm in fright and arises her passion of cruelty. Gerald, arriving upon the wild incident, holds the creature and swiftly hits the animal on its neck, killing the writhing beast, with gleaming pleasure. This episode contains the cruelty of the hunting spirit, already seen in *The White Peacock*.

The White Peacock contains the noble spirit of a strong, dark figure of a man called Annable, who is the very predecessor of Mellors in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. He is the gamekeeper, who defends the game from the lust of the hunters. He would strongly knocked down such people as George and Cyril, on pursue after a dead rabbit, and then giving them the animal. He, who seems to be the only one, against the cruelty mere hunting, is strongly disapproved and disliked in the village. He is not only a man of nature, somewhat savage in his behaviors, but also a man of some education from Cambridge. He could not get his degree for lack of financial support, as his father died in bankruptcy. He was persuaded to become a parson. He is a man of idea, in fact, in a way, the philosopher of the novel, who presents the writer's point of view. In the eyes of the villagers, he was the devil of the woods. Some miners, even, swore vengeance on him, but he had a great attraction for Cyril. Cyril and Annable could agree in their philosophy of life. Annable was a materialist, who scorned religion and all mysticism. He reflected on the decay and decline of mankind with his motto:

"Be a god animal, true to your animal instinct."

Annable was an unhappy man and he could communicate his unhappiness with Cyril, which made Cyril dear to him. He treated Cyril like an affectionate father would treat his son, and he trusted in Cyril's knowledge. An understanding developed in Cyril and Annable relationship. Annable was a lonely man, as his married life was unsuccessful. Once, a lady Crystabel watched him washing and swimming in the river. They became friendly and soon after intimate. She said he was a Greek statue for her, like Croton and Hercules. She desired to have her own way with him. She was satisfied but tired after three years. He was proud of his physique. The lady did not want children to the amazement of the gamekeeper. She later on left him and went to a poet, trying to affect lady of Shalott. She became souly and he was her animal. Annable journeyed abroad but did not want to leave England. She married with a young man but died some time later. Annable did have children and said that they were of a fine breed. 'I was a good animal before everything', he would remark.

'So she's dead - your poor peacock!' Cyril murmured. He called her a 'white peacock'. Not only a certain lady called Crystabel is likened to a white peacock, but also Annable likens also all the women to peacocks in an abusing insult, when a peacock is seen flapping over and landing onto the neck of an angel, at the foot of Hall Church. Making the bird, Annable says:

"Hark at that damned thing!"

.....
'The proud fool! - look at it! Perched n an angel too, as if it were a pedestal for vanity. That is the soul of a woman - or it's the devil.'

.....
'That is the very soul of a lady,' he said, 'The very, very soul, Damn the thing, to perch on that old angel. I should like to wring its neck.'

.....
'Just look!' he said, 'the miserable brute has dirtied that angel. A woman to the end, I tell you, all vanity and screech and defilement.'" (Ibid.; 196)

As seen in the text, with querulous anger, somewhat comical in its exaggerated manner, Annable accuses women in general, for being 'vanity, screech and defilement'. All these adjectives remind one or King Lear's abusing tones of anger expressed for his dishonest daughters. In bitterness, Annable calls himself a good house, which is built and finished and left to tumble down. Annable is the symbol of noble savage, which is in fact, long forgotten, but there remembered, with a touch of sympathy. His death, by accident, brings inconsolable terror and distress to his son and to Cyril, but in the village, rumors went round that revenge had overtaken the keeper. After the funeral, a magnificent morning in the spring is defined. It is, as if nature is rejoicing and new life coming forth and flooding everywhere. All, this signals rebirth in nature, which is D. H. Lawrence's final motto:

"It was a magnificent morning in the early spring when I watched, among the trees to see the procession come down the hillside. The upper air was woven with the music of the larks, and my whole world thrilled with the conception of summer. The young pale wind - flowers had arisen by the wood-gale, and under the hazels, when perchance the hot sun pushed his way, new little suns

dawned, and blazed with real light. There was a certain thrill and quickening everywhere, as a woman must feel when she has conceived. A willow tree in favored spot looked like a pale gold could of summer dawn; nearer it had poised a golden, fairy bushy on every twig, and was voiced with a hum of bees, like any sacred golden bush, uttering its gladness in the thrilling murmur of bees, and in warm scent. Birds called and flashed on every hand; they made of exultant with streaming strands of grass, or wisps of fleece, plunging into the dark spaces of the wood, and out again into the blue." (Ibid.; 206)

A lad moving across the field with a dog; the scorn of the ringing thrush, the bright ecstasy in the eyes of a nestling thrush; the delightful hurry of the jenny; the heralds coming and fretting forever; the peewit crying in complaint and lifting their heads in sorrow. The lapwing stopping suddenly to the ground and swinging up again in anguish and protest. And all the time crying and crying in despair, the pheasants being frightened into a cover and the cock flying in haste into the wood's security. Doll the birds being aware of the coming coffin on the shoulders of men, make haste in anguish and distress. The peewits are not frightened. They add to the sorrow with their notes. They are described as priests defined as the big, shapeless woman, with children around her skirts crying loud. As they have rested the coffin, she must go home, there is nothing left.

Perhaps this is here the most beautifully expressed part of the novel, where Angharad, his life and death, is given with a moving touch of feeling. At first, the nature, a new life like a conceived woman. Life is everywhere, in spite of the sorrow of death and life is greater within the glorious nature. The trees, the birds, the flowers and the earth are teeming with life and warmth of the sunshine. Still, the birds flying hither and thither, in haste see to lament over a lost life, as if crying over the death of Pan. Still, there is no great sorrow, which is unforgotten, as Cyril continues:

"The day had already forgotten; the water was blue and white and dark - burnished with shadows; two swans sailed across the reflected trees with perfect blithe grace. The gloom that had passed across was gone." (Ibid.; 210)

The sorrow of death had passed and the light and joy of life was victorious again in nature; so that there would always be new hope.

CHAPTER II

THE TRESPASSER

D. H. Lawrence's approach to human relationship in his second novel can be taken as a different kind of experimentation, as it shows dissimilarities when compared with the first one. While *The White Peacock* reveals a complex pattern of relationships between a number of people, *The Trespasser* concentrates mainly on the illegal love affair of Siegmund Mac Nair and Helena Verden. *The White Peacock* covers a period of years in the lives of the growing youth, but *The Trespasser* happens within one week. The first novel presents a familiar notion of English landscape and scenes of Nethermere, while the second deals with the Isle of Wight with temporary sense of remoteness and a misty cloud of unreality covering the two lovers. *The White Peacock* laments over the departure of youth from hometown moving irresistibly towards a new life, but in *The Trespasser* reflects the crisis and desolation of middle age with a mood of melancholy adolescence.

The central theme of *The Trespasser*, which was marked as a seed in the previous novel, is the estrangement of a father and a husband from his children and from his wife. Siegmund, a violinist, is unable to find harmony and satisfaction at home and in turn leaves his family to find harmony and satisfaction with Helena, his student. After a full week of vacation on the Isle of Wight with Helena, Siegmund returns home to commit suicide. He had not been successful in his family relationships and could not find satisfaction as a lover. Neither could he leave Helena nor Beatrice and his children. He finds that his feelings of compassion for his children make it hard for him to leave them, but he cannot bear the life at home. Helena is his ideal of love to which he would go, but the children would side with their mother against him and would slight their father in contempt. He has to choose between Helena and his wife and children, but he is unable to make this choice. He could bear to be slighted by the children on his return from the vacation. This inability to decide carries him towards his death. About a year after his death, Helena tries to forget him by accepting Cecil Byrne's consolation, and his wife Beatrice carries out the scheme of her heart and takes in boarders, where in she

was delighted. The children were excited at the world full of promise. They were all well off without Siegmund and his fate to be forgotten perhaps too soon. Here one observes that the writer's tone involves pity on the side of the dead and forgotten husband and lover, who had not been completely loved and consequently moved into hopelessness and desolation and hence his suicide.

What were the causes of Siegmund's family problem and his infidelity? The writer has presented several reasons for his dissatisfaction. Siegmund had met his wife, when he was very young. He was seventeen, earning half a guinea a week, and Beatrice was a year older with no money, when they ran away to Brighton and got married. His father took this situation tolerantly although Siegmund was a drain on him. Siegmund felt this weight on him like a criminal. At the ripe age of seventeen, he had not known of his woman. He was a romantic man by nature and fearfully emotional, and Beatrice was good looking. She was the daughter of an officer, a handsome well-to-do man, but a bit of a rake. Both of the families consented to the marriage, but Beatrice's family considered her romantic love affair with 'a man of neither income nor profession', a disgrace, and a degrading marriage. Siegmund's father, who was a winsome old man, with a golden heart, financially supported them. He continued to help Beatrice even after the death of his son.

At time went by, things did not get better. Beatrice could not sympathize with Siegmund's interests. He turned away from her, so that after twenty years, he became almost a stranger to her. For Siegmund it was always difficult to turn home from opera house, where he worked as a violinist. A fatigue came over him, and he disliked coming home. His domestic life reflected the untidiness and carelessness of Beatrice as a mother and as a housekeeper. In one instance, when he entered his house;

"The table was spread with a dirty cloth that had great brown stains betokening children. In front of him were a cup and a saucer, and a small plate with a knife laid across it. The cheese, on another plate, was wrapped in a red bordered, fringed cloth, to keep off the flies, which even then were crawling round, on the sugar, on the loaf, on the cocoa-tin. It was chipped, and a stain had gone under the glaze, so that it looked like the mark of a dirty mouth. He fetched a glass of water.

The room was drab and dreary. The oilcloth was worn into a hole near the door. Boots and shoes of various sizes were scattered over the floor, while the sofa was littered with children's clothing. In the black stove the ash lay dead; on the range were chips of wood, and newspapers and rubbish of papers, and crusts of bread and jam. As Siegmund walked across the floor, he crushed two sweets underfoot. He had to grope under sofa and dresser to find his slippers, and he was in his evening dress.

It would be the same, while ever Beatrice was Beatrice and Siegmund her husband." (Lawrence-The Trespasser, 55; 10)

Here Beatrice is shown as an untidy and careless woman. The table has not been cleared of leftover food and it was not kept clean. Siegmund could not find a clean glass to drink water from. Not only the table, but also the room is very dirty and neglected, because the clothes of the children are spread all over with newspapers and rubbish. The floor has not been swept, as there are crusts of bread and sweets underfoot. Finally there is no hope for Beatrice to change. Siegmund had wished to live in a tidy household, but this is not possible. He would eat his bread and cheese alone, mechanically, not knowing why he was miserable and why he has no hope for the morrow. He still wished that he had not promised Helena a weekend holiday, as he found a small teddy bear and a half of a strong white comb under his feet. He took the teddy bear to Gwen's bed watching his nine years old daughter asleep, with a strong feeling of affection. He was the father of four children, Gwen, 9, Marjory, 12, Vera, 19 and Irene. But his domestic life was 'broken, a coarse comb, a child crying, because her hair was lugged, a wife who had let the hair go till now, when she had got into temper to see the job through'. Yet he still loved his children in spite of a contrary feeling in him which dragged him away from his home, as seen in the lines below:

"As he watched them, he hated the children for being so dear to him: Either he himself must go under, and drag on an existence he hated, or they must suffer. But he agreed to spend this holiday with Helena, and meant to do so. As he turned, he saw himself like a ghost cross the mirror. He looked back he peered at himself. His hair still grew thick and dark from his brow; he could not see the grey at the temples. His eyes were dark and tender, and his

mouth, under the black moustache, was full with youth."
(Ibid.; 11)

Siegmund, being still a young and handsome man, finds life at home unbearable, although he is very fond of his children.

The problem is between him and Beatrice, from whom he tries to run away, to spend his holiday with Helena, in whom he believes that he can find satisfaction. Beatrice and even the children have known about his relationship with Helena for a long time and they are sure that he is going away to her. Beatrice would be dissatisfied, inflamed and suspicious about her husband's detailed explanations, and would draw on him the grave cold looks of condemnation, from his children, which he hated, Beatrice was a proud woman, she would behave with dignity and call her children away. She came of a good family and had been brought up like a lady, educated in a convent school in France. Her education was not enough to help her in her disturbed state of mind. She felt impotent and bitter at being discarded like a worn out object by her husband. Her husband felt degraded his courage and self respect left him against Beatrice's pride. This might have been some kind of punishment, a revenge on Beatrice, in order to satisfy and restore his self-respect and pride. Hence he was off with Helena, to the Isle of Wight, to seek both emotional and sexual satisfaction. He thought that this journey meant freedom and joy at least for a few days. 'This, to a man of his integrity meant a breaking of bonds, a severing of blood-ties, a sort of new birth.' He bade farewell to his associates at the opera house, as if he was leaving for good.

Helena had been Siegmund's friend and pupil for years and had come to him as a friend of the household. Then Helena and Siegmund formed the coming home together with Lousia, a friend of Helena, who sheltered their friendship. At home he played the violin accompanied by Helena, who was slighted sometimes as piece furniture in the way, by Vera, his nineteen-year-old daughter. However Siegmund did not stop seeing Helena, who is likened to moonlight, being dressed in white, having a strong, vigorous body. The whiteness of her floating dress, the whiteness of her neck and body, identified her as an embodiment of purified soul and body. Not only Siegmund did love Helena, but also she was also passionately adored by her girl friend. Lousia had been a doting and faithful friend, but Helena showed no response to her excessive

affection and quite often patronized her as they rehearsed in accompaniment. A similar attitude was to be seen in her relationship with Siegmund, who was emotionally tied up with her, but Helena was independent, and could accept consolation from Cyril, shortly after Siegmund's death. The passion and beauty of Cyril's speech could tempt her, when she did not wish to be roused by him. The writer notes that Cyril 'ignored the simplest - that of love - because he was even more faithful than she, to the memory of Siegmund, and blinder than most to his own heart.' A feeling of pity is expressed about the violinist whose violin was folded up and placed in his portmanteau, as he had placed it, for the last time. Two of its strings snapped sharply striking against the sensitive body of the instrument, but no one had heard the moan of their goings. 'The violin lay mute in the dark; a faint odour of must creeping over the smooth, softwood. Its twisted, withered strings lay crisped from the anguish of breaking, smothered under the silk folds. The fragrance of slowly changed into an odour of must.' These lines from the second chapter express a feeling of sympathy for the recent death and the soon forgotten person of Siegmund, who died out only from the memories but also from his violin, which had been a part of his body for years. Now that he was dead, only an odour of must remained of him in his violin. Only six months ago the violin longed for a rest, and Siegmund's passion, joys and fears found expression on the strings. Both the feeling of pity and sympathy for the death, and the feeling of the ruthless reality that the alive should go on living in spite of the death, exist side by side as expressed mostly by Cyril, who tries to console Helena in her sorrow and who, at the same time, tries to encourage her to step out of her sad and gloomy mood into a budding sunny April:

"You must start again - you must. Always you rustle your red leaves of a blasted summer. You are not dead. Even if you want to be, you're not. Even if it's a bitter thing to say, you have to say it: You are not dead..." (Ibid.; 6)

Cyril goes on to insist that she cannot go on living with the memory of a dead person, that she is alive like him and that Siegmund, who is dead, is a stranger now. Cyril who also loves Helena tries to persuade Helena to forget Siegmund as soon as

possible claiming at the same time that he is faithful to Siegmund's memory than Helena is.

After the two opening chapters have introduced Siegmund's death and his unhappiness in marriage, the novel moves to the past, to Siegmund's weekend holiday with Helena, at the Isle of Wight, and almost two thirds of the novel is concerned with the descriptions of the island, the beautiful blue sea, the sand and, in some parts, of Helena. Finally in chapter XXII, he is back again at home. The last chapters give his disillusionment and his suicide at home in detail. The novel has begun with his death, has moved on to his past life and arrived at his death again, trying to build up to the climax, then the leaves of Beatrice and Helena are related, to show that life continued and both women were well off without him.

As two thirds of the novel concerns Helena and Siegmund on the Isle of Wight, it is clear that their relationship has been viewed a great deal of importance. What was the value of Helena for Siegmund and Siegmund for Helena? What was it that made Helena so attractive for Siegmund and what was the significance of the Isle of Wight for them?

Siegmund, as has already been seen, wants to be free of his house, of Beatrice and even of his children, although he loves them tenderly. He desires to be in the old gay world of romance. In order to find the world of dreams, he would travel anywhere that promised him the desired place. In this case, it is the Isle of Wight, a misty island where he would meet Helena. As soon as he steps into the train, which would take him to Helena, he becomes gay. This joy continues being reflected to him from outside, as the train passes from Portsmouth. He sees that, passing band women in white, blue and lavender are like crocus flowers. Every form of life dances lightly in the sunshine. Beyond this gay colored life, the silent hillsides of the island waited with Helena. It was so wonderful for Siegmund that he could bear to patient. 'She would be all in white, with her cool, thick throat left bare to the breeze, her face shining, smiling as she dipped her head because of the sun, which glistened on her uncovered hair.' As his train approached the sea, he thought of Helena as 'blue, beautiful, and strong in her reserve.' Helena was like the sea and Siegmund felt himself dissolved in the landscape as 'he looked round, and the sea was blue as a periwinkle flower, while gold and white and blood-red sails lit here

and there upon the blueness. Standing on the deck, he gave himself to the breeze and to the sea, feeling like one of the ruddy sails - as if he were part of it all. All his body radiated amid the large, magnificent sea-moon like a piece of color.' (Ibid.; 15) Siegmund almost felt intoxicated by the beauty of the island, and he was part of the nature, which encircled him. There is a feeling, which denoted that he wanted to dissolve in the beauty around him. Meeting in the train, both experienced the joy and excitement of their warmth. Helena appreciated Siegmund feature by feature: 'She liked his clear forehead, with its thick black hair, and his full mouth, and his chin. She loved his hands that were small, but strong and nervous, and very wide. She liked his breast, that breathed so strong and quietly, and his arms and his thighs, and his knees.' 'For Siegmund Helena was a presence. She was ambushed, fused in an aura of his love. He only saw she was white and strong and full fruited, he only knew her blue eyes were rather awful to him.' Helena caressed Siegmund tenderly almost in a motherly fashion. Siegmund wanted to blind himself in her, and to be lost in her. She soothed him like sunshine and filled him with pleasure. Both feel that their emotion is too intense at their first meeting. The world outside is lost to the two lovers. Both of them find themselves covered up in mist, quite alone and in a way they are protected from outside. For Helena the mist is like river 'Lethe' producing forgetfulness. It is enough if the spell lasts for five days.

In the relationship of Helena and Siegmund, there was a womanly quality, which was referred in a critical manner owing to its distressing effect on Siegmund. Helena belonged to 'that class of dreaming women with whom passion exhausts itself at the mouth. Her desire was accomplished in a real kiss. She had not the man's brightness and vividness of blood.' (Ibid.; 23) Helena was considered as a cruel woman, detached and inhuman. The writer marks that 'for centuries a certain type of woman has been rejecting the 'animal' in humanity, till now her dreams are abstract, and full of fantasy, and her blood runs in bondage, and her kindness is full of cruelty.' Helena would seem to be offering him herself as sacrifice. This would give him sorrow under his joy. Siegmund would be proud of his handsome physique and would define his self in the following manner:

"That is I, that creeping red, and this whiteness I pride myself on is I and my black hair, and my blue eyes are I.

It's a weird thing to be a person. What makes me myself, among all these?' (Ibid.; 32)

Siegmund views his body proudly, as he is at his best and strongest and complains that Helena would not think highly of him as a whole. His thoughts proceed in the following manner:

"She ought to be rejoice at me, but she is not; she rejects me as if I were a baboon under my clothing... She thinks ten thousand times more of that little pool, with a bit of pink anemone and some yellow weed, than of me. But by Love! I'd rather see her shoulders and breast than all heaven and earth put together could show... Why doesn't she like me?' He thought, as he dressed. It was his physical self thinking." (Ibid.; 32)

Helena is seen as the sea, self-sufficient and careless. Unlike the land and the sky, the sea has no traffic with the world. It spends its passion upon itself: that is, she was supposed to be self-sufficient. She did not need Siegmund as urgently as Siegmund needed her attention and love. When he thought that she did not love him as completely as he loved her, he complained. Siegmund prefers not to accept her as she is. In a passionate instance as seen in Chapter IV, Helena's feet are cold in the open grass and she would rather return home against Siegmund's wish. She is not unkind, she is tender, but Siegmund becomes ironical and angry at her reproach. He almost punishes her with an attitude of indifference and strangeness, which causes her heart to weep. She consents to his wish, but Siegmund experiences sorrow in her unwilling surrender. Helena is again defined among the inhuman women by one of Siegmund's friends, Hampson:

"The best sort of women - the most interesting, are the worst for us...By instinct they aim at suppressing the gross and animal in us. Then they are supersensitive - refined a bit beyond humanity. We, who are as little gross as need be, become their instruments. Life is grounded in them, like electricity in the earth; and we take from them their unreleased life, turn it into light of warmth of power for them. The ordinary woman is, alone, a great potential force, an accumulator, if you like, charged from the source of life. In us her force becomes evident."

"She can't live without us, but she destroys us. These deep interesting women don't want us; they want the flowers of the spirit they can gather of us. We as natural men, are more or less degrading to them and to their love of us; therefore they destroy the natural man in us - that is, us altogether." (Ibid.; 69)

Here Hampson's statement coincides with the statement of the writer on that certain kind of women who rejects 'the animal' in humanity. The best sorts of women, who suppress the gross, the animal in humanity, are too refined, a bit beyond humanity. Men have become their instruments who turned the unrealized life in women into light and warmth. It is noted here that these deep interesting women can't live without men but destroy the natural man, that is man altogether. The terms 'natural man' and 'the animal in humanity' mean the physical self of man. When the physical self dies in neglect, the other self, the emotional and spiritual self, dies as well. Helena feared the very self of that animal in Siegmund. She hated it and in repulsion, she tried to escape to her freedom. Helena's hatred was rooted in her fear of losing her own individual self in Siegmund's personality. Helena unconsciously wanted her independence and refrained herself from loving Siegmund too much. As Siegmund swims, a lovely, smooth side of a rock hurt his side and muscles; he wonders at this. So was love between Siegmund and Helena. Siegmund feels hurt after the experience, as their love could not be complete. Helena would also demand the flowers of the spirit that she can gather, but would fear the natural man as did Emily in *The White Peacock* and Miriam in *Sons and Lovers*. In some instances Helena acts like a mother, compassionate, stable and immortal. She was 'Eve, mother'. Yet Siegmund knew that Helena rejected him. In his love affair he felt that he was a failure. A physical sense of defeat rooted itself in his heart like a knot. He thought that he could not compel anybody to follow him and that he was insufficient and timid in compulsion.

The final chapters of the novel relate his return to his household and children, which he dreads like Hell. As he entered the room, Beatrice was sewing, and Frank; a lad of eighteen years old is bent over a book. Vera reads a magazine, but neither of them raises their heads to look at Siegmund. They pretend that he does not exist. They would not speak with him. He was later on

served with a very neat tray of food, which was uncommon in this household. They were all contemptuous in their silence. Vera remarked:

"He is not worth the flicking of your little finger, mother."
(Ibid.; 128)

Siegmund feels like a family criminal. The insolent judgment of the children was too much for him. He had nowhere else to go and was sorry to come back. The tense atmosphere continued until he, resigned, went to sleep alone. In the morning Gwen, very reluctant to speak with him in the bathroom, behaved with suspicion, viewing him in awkward compliance and condemnation. Siegmund was insulted. The stress of the atmosphere was somewhat released in chapter XXV, where Beatrice and Siegmund tangle in an argument on financial support of the family and the children. Beatrice accuses him of irresponsibility, of not caring at all about the children. She thinks that it is the right time to face the problem and settle the matter for sure. She feels quite right in her angry accusation, which she proceeds:

"When does your engagement at the comedy theatre commence?" she had asked him coldly. He knew she was wondering about money. 'Tomorrow - if ever,' he had answered. She was aware that he hated the work. For some reason or other her anger flashed out like a sudden lightning at his "if ever".

'What do you think you can do?' she cried. 'For I think you have done enough. We can't do as we like altogether - indeed, we cannot. You have had your fling, haven't you? You have had your fling, and you want to keep on. But there is more than one person in the world. Remember that. But there are your children, let me remind you, whose are they? You talk about shrinking the engagement, but who is going to be responsible for your children, do you think?'

'I said not about shrinking the engagement,' replied Siegmund, very coldly. 'No there was no need to say. I know what it means. You sit there sulking all day. What do you think I do? I have to see to the children, I work and slave and I go on from day to day. I tell you I'll stop, I tell you I'll do, as I like. I'll go as well. No, I wouldn't be such a

coward you know that. You know that I wouldn't leave little children - to the workhouse or anything. They're my children; they mightn't be yours.' 'There is no need for this,' said Siegmund contemptuously. The pressure in his temples was excruciating, and he felt loathsomely sick. Beatrice's dark eyes flashed with rage.

'Isn't there!' she cried. 'Oh, isn't there? No, there is need for a great deal more. I don't know what you think I am. How much farther do you think you can go? No, you don't like reminding of us. You sit moping, sulking, because you have to come back to your children. I wonder how much you think I shall stand? What do you think I am, to put up with it? What do you think I am? Am I a servant to eat of your hand?' 'Be quiet!' shouted Siegmund. 'Don't I know what you are? Listen to yourself!' Beatrice was suddenly silenced. It was the stillness of white, hot wrath. Even Siegmund was glad to hear her voice again. She spoke low and trembling.

'You coward - you miserable coward! It is I, is it, who am wrong? It is I who am to blame, is it? You miserable thing! I have no doubt you know who I am.'

Siegmund looked up at her as her words died off. She looked back at him with dark eyes loathing his cowed, wretched animosity. His eyes were bloodshot and furtive, his mouth was drawn back in half a grin of hate and misery. She was goading him, in his darkness whither he had withdrawn himself like a sick dog, to die or recover as his strength should prove. She tortured him till his sickness was swallowed by anger, which glared redly at her as he pushed back his chair to rise." (Ibid.; 142)

After this tempestuous argument, the full loaded electricity in the atmosphere dies out, as Siegmund rises to leave the room defeated. He already knew that he could not satisfy the demands of his wife and his children. This seemed impossible for him. He would not live with his family, neither would he follow Helena who went to Waterloo for a picnic. As he returns from the station after Helena has gone with her friends, he contemplates at home alone, what to do next. Towards his family he would have to bear himself with humility henceforward. He would have to leave Helena, which he could not do. To play the music at the theater also seemed very absurd. He must provide for the children and Beatrice, as he was bound to an agreement; but humiliation at home, Helena forsaken and musical comedy night after night, all this was unbearable for

Siegmund. What was left then? What remained possible but to depart from life! "If thine hand offend thee, cut it off." It was plain and straightforward. The solution to this problem seemed very simple. He could not be strong enough to face humiliation, quarrelling and suspicion at home. He would rather run away. He loved his children so that he could not leave them to go to Helena.

He could not decide between these choices and did not have emotional and economical strength to change the conditions of his life in order to solve the problem. Like a man tangled up in rope, he chose the third way, suicide, which was not at all heroic or courageous. He resigned rather than fights the conditions, which he thought were unalterable. Suicide in any circumstance would be considered a defeat, a running away from the facts of life instead of facing them and fighting to alter them. 'Very well it was impossible! Then there remained only one door, which he could open in this prison corridor of life. Siegmund settled how he would commit the suicide, and he even gave up the decision of writing Helena to go on without him. In Siegmund's words, the act itself would be horrible and fearsome, but the after death is no more than struggling awake when one is sick with dreams. 'We are such stuff as dresses are made of,' he would conclude. A philosophy of life concludes and makes not only death but suicide as well, bearable for Siegmund:

"I know the heart of life is kind," said Siegmund, 'because I feel it. Otherwise I would live in defiance. But life is greater than anybody or me. We suffer, and we don't know why, often. Life doesn't explain. But I can keep faith in it, as a dog has faith in his master. After all, life is as kind to me as I am to my dog. I have, proportionally, as much zest. And my purpose towards my dog is good. I need not despair of life.'

It occurred to Siegmund that he was meriting the old gibe of the atheists. He was shirking the responsibility of himself, turning it over to an imaginary God.

'Well', he said, 'I cannot help it. I do not feel altogether self-responsible.'" (Ibid.; 159)

Here Siegmund says that he accepts life to be kind at heart. He could not accept showing open defiance or being considered a defiant person. He thinks that life is greater than anybody is. People suffer, but the reasons are unknown. He can

keep faith as a dog keeps faith in a master. There are no reasons to explain this faith. Life can be kind to a man as much as master is kind to his dog. The purpose of life is good, and there is no need to despair. This last sentence is expressed in spite of the openly faith distress and pity related in general throughout the novel at the significant unsolved problem and the very soon forgotten death of Siegmund. One could conclude that it is a pity that Siegmund dies, but who would care for him? Life would continue as it always did. All the people who seemed to need him, even Beatrice who would accuse him of irresponsibility, would go on living in better financial circumstances than before. The children would enjoy a new phase of life and Helena would find a new lover sooner than her sun-browned hair would turn back to its natural white color. Siegmund's violin would be thrown out of sight, decaying, its strings would snap and break, but nobody would care, although only two months had passed after the death. With his death the problem of Siegmund over the family is lifted and Beatrice and the children are free of distress, anger and the continual expectation of a hateful father. This wretched animosity was finally over for them. Helena was distressed for a while and needed the attention of her family and Cecil Byrne, but not yet a year after Siegmund's death, she had forgotten him and nestled in Cecil's chest, who regarded the sun-inflammation that was left from the last year, rather gravely, but still gladly undertook the responsibility of consoling and being her lover. Was it only Cecil who claimed to be sorry for Siegmund? It remained to be answered. Yes, one need not despair of life, although it may present all the examples of disloyalty. By shirking the responsibility of him, Siegmund merited the old mocking attitude. He came to the conclusion that he was after all not important for life as an individual. This is best seen in this thought in one of the earlier chapters.

"Ah, well!" thought Siegmund - he was tired - "If one bee dies in a swarm, what is it, so long as the hive is all right? Apart from gold light, and the hum and the color of day, what was I? Nothing! Apart from these rushing out of the hive, along with swarm, into the dark meadows of night, gathering God knows what, I was a pebble. Well, the day will swarm in golden again, with color and sweet smell and the sound of life, they exist, even if there is no bee; it only happens we see the iridescence on the wings of a bee. It exists whether or not, bee or no bee. Since the

iridescence and the humming of life are always, and since it was they who made me, then I am not lost. At least, I do not care. If the spark goes out, the essence of the fire is there in the darkness. What does it matter? Besides, I have burned bright; I have laid up a fine cell of honey somewhere - I wonder where? We can never point to it; but it is so - what does it matter, then!" (Ibid.; 122)

Apart from the community, 'what was 17' asks Siegmund. He does not consider himself important as an individual. If one person dies out of the many, there is no need to worry about it as long as the others are well off, but the individual should have never been underestimated, since all the hive is made of the single bees 'I was a pebble,' he says, and the sunny days will go on, that is life will continue again on the wings of other bees. Even if there is no bee, life will go on in some other form of existence. Here again the greatness of life in contrast to the individual and the partial existence as the single self, is marked and stressed, 'I have laid up a fine cell of honey somewhere... so what does it matter, then?' If the single self dies for some reason or other like Siegmund, who thinks now completely justified to commit the suicide, there is no need to worry and cry for the individual death, so long as life goes on. Here then is the message of the novel pointing to the reincarnation of existence: that is life goes on from the seed in spite of death, which bring back life again. The Lawrentian symbols of the phoenix, the bird, which is born again and again from the fires of death. Yet here in this novel, this statement of the philosophy of life has never relieved the generally felt sadness of the death of the individual in Siegmund's pathetic case. The tragedy and the sorrow thereof are strongly felt in spite of the serene and indifferent acceptance and resignation of Siegmund to the point of being a sacrifice. At this point Lawrence imposes a silent stunning effect. The sympathy of the writer is on Siegmund's side against the mechanical cool reaction at his death. In Chapter XXVIII, where Beatrice shouts at the window cleaner, who had already informed that Siegmund had hanged himself, to go in and see if he is dead. The cool behavior in the face of such a terrible death, the light consideration of tragedy, makes less of the

event. (Selincourt², 70; 47) In an answer to one writer, who wondered, why such an event so terrible, was more effective and tearless, as a tragedy should have been, it can be said that tragedy viewed without tears constitutes a subtle irony.

² Selincourt said: 'We feel that it is what would have happened, and wonder why we are not more affected by an event so terrible. There is something inhuman in watching such a thing tearlessly.'

CHAPTER III

SONS and LOVERS

With his third novel D. H. Lawrence returns to a previously introduced theme that he had already addressed in *The White Peacock*, but left there as an unimportant and an incomplete subject. The ambiguous and confusing relationship of Mrs. Beardsall, Cyril and Emily Saxton triangle has been developed into a very intense, full-scale powerful novel, gaining depth and meaning in the characters of Mrs. Gertrude Morel, Paul Morel and Miriam Leivers in *Sons and Lovers*. It can be readily recognized that Mrs. Morel, Paul and Miriam are the direct descendants of Mrs. Beardsall, Cyril and Emily in the first novel. While the conflicting relationship of the mother, son and sweetheart triangle becomes the primary and central subject of the third novel. The estrangement of the father from his family, which was the central subject of *The Trespasser*, has been reduced to a secondary topic. In the first two novels the father dies and gets cleanly out of the way, but in the third novel, being presented as an alien figure, the father outlives the mother. The mother has the strongest, vital influence on the children from their childhood until their youth. The emotional authority, which she established over the members of the family, is so permanent that it can scarcely be removed even after her death. The protagonist, Paul, is caught between the dilemma of his mother's strong and demanding love and of his two lovers, Miriam and Clara. He leaves both of them, not only because his mother wishes him to do, but also because he cannot find in either of them that the desired love he actually needed. After the death of his mother, he was free to do as he liked, but he married neither of them. At the end of the book he leaves his village going towards a new life, carrying the impact of his mother's soul carved in his own.

The novel is the sensitive and touching story of a miner's family growing up in the village of Bestwood, near Nottingham, and each moving to his own, destiny in life. Their close relationships within the family and their ties to the members of other families in the neighborhood gain importance as the children

grow up. Unlike *The White Peacock*, *Sons and Lovers* centre on the relationship of the sons instead of the sisters.

In an important letter to Edward Garnett in November 1912, D. H. Lawrence presents the main outline of the story as well as his intentions:

"It follows this idea; a woman of character and refinement goes into the lower class, and has no satisfaction in her own life. She has had a passion for her husband, so the children are born of passion, and have heaps of vitality. But as her sons grow up she selects them as lovers - first the eldest, then the second. These sons are urged into life by their reciprocal love of their mother - urged on and on. But when they come to manhood, they cannot love, because their mother is the strongest power in their lives, and holds them... As soon as the young men come into contact with women, there's a split. William gives his sex to a friable, and his mother holds his soul. But the split kills him, because he doesn't know where he is. The next son gets a woman who fights for his soul - fights his mother. The son loves his mother - all the sons hate and are jealous of the father. The battle goes on between the mother and the girl, with the son as object. The mother gradually proves stronger, because of the tie of blood. The son decides to leave his soul in his mother's hands, and, like his elder brother, go for passion. He gets passion then split begins to tell again. But almost unconsciously the mother realizes what is the matter, and begins to die. The son casts off his mistress, attends to his mother dying. He is left in the end naked of everything, with drift towards death.

It is a tragedy... It's the tragedy of thousands of young men in England." (Boulton, 79; 476)

The comment, 'the son loves the mother - all the sons hate and are jealous of the father', indicates an 'Oedipus Complex' expressed on emotional terms. The son decides to leave his soul in his mother's hands and tries to give his passion to his lovers. There is a split in love where passion only is not enough. It is intentional that the mother dies and clears out of the way, but still Paul is left in the end naked of everything drifting towards death. This last statement is not quite realized in the novel, because Paul has hope and will power to choose another way, although he wanted his mother alongside with him. The last lines of the novel reveal Paul's intention:

"But no, he would not give in. Turning sharply, he walked towards the city's gold phosphorescence. His fists were shut, his mouth set fast. He would not take that direction, to the darkness, to follow her. He walked towards the faintly humming glowing town, quickly." (Lawrence-*Sons and Lovers*, 68; 51)

It is clear that darkness and death are with Mrs. Morel, and Paul would not take that way to the darkness. He would follow the way to the glowing town to start a new life. He would not drift to death as his elder brother William did.

The writers explanations of mother love in his letters to Jessie Chambers and to Louie Burrows - his first and second fiancées - must have given the impression that not only Paul in *Sons and Lovers*, but also Lawrence himself were victims of 'Oedipal Complex' on emotional terms. However one critic, Frederick J. Hoffman, in *Freudianism and The Literary in Mind* (1945) writes that D. H. Lawrence: as been pointed out as a novelist with exceptional insight into such psychoanalytical problems as incest-horror and 'Oedipus Complex'. 'Yet', he says, 'that novel was written before Lawrence had any real acquaintance with Freud, and before he mentions Freud in any of his letters. We may consider such Freudian criticisms of *Sons and Lovers* as mistaken or at least exaggerated.' (Hoffman, 45; 149) Therefore it would be a mistake to say that Freud, or Bergson, or Mme. Blavatsky influenced D. H. Lawrence. One can only say that 'Lawrence was influenced by Lawrence'.

D. H. Lawrence's attachment to his mother is indeed remarkable, and this strong love influenced many of his works. In a letter to Louie Burrows, 6 December 1910, he wrote that it would be awful to write a biography of his mother, because she had a devilish married life, for nearly forty years and the conclusion was no relief. His mother was sick of cancer and she was near death as he addressed Burrows, saying:

"I must feel my mother's hand slip out of mine before I can really take yours. She is my first, great love She was wonderful, rare woman - you do not know; as strong, and steadfast, and generous as the sun. She could be as swift as a white whip - lash, and as kind and gentle as warm

rain, and as steadfast as the irreducible earth beneath us."
(The Letters of D. H. Lawrence; 195)

He explains here that his mother was sun, rain and earth to him. She is strong, steadfast and swift. He thinks that no woman can match her. In the same letter he explains again about her love for her son:

"My mother has been passionately fond of me, and fiercely jealous. She hated Jessie - and would have risen from the grave to prevent my marriage her. So I said, carefully, about a month or six weeks ago 'Mother, do you think it would be all right for me to marry Louie later?' Immediately she said 'No - I don't -' and then, after half a minute Well - if you think you'd be happy with her - yes."

Louie Burrows always believed this to be true. In a private family letter, 26 February 1962, she said: 'She (Mrs. Lawrence) was very fond of me.' Mrs. Lawrence loved her son passionately that she was fiercely jealous of Jessie and hated her, fearing that she would separate her son from his mother. With her consent though, D. H. Lawrence decides suddenly and sympathetically to propose Louie.

In another letter, to Rachel Annand Taylor, 3 December 1910, he defines his mother, her life, and their love. This concurs with the precise of *Sons and Lovers* that he had written.

"I will tell you. My mother was a clever, ironic delicately molded woman, of good old burglar descent. She married below her. My father was dark, ruddy, with a fine laugh. He is a coal miner. He was one of the sanguine temperaments, warm and hearty, but unstable he lacked principle, as my mother would have said. He deceived her and lied to her. She despised him - he drank.

Their marriage life has been one carnal, bloody fight. I was born hating my father: as early as ever I can remember, I shivered with horror when he touched me. He was very bad before I was born.

This has been a kind of bond between my mother and me. We have loved each other, almost with a husband with a husband and wife love, as well as filial and maternal. We knew each other by instinct. She said to my aunt - about me: 'but it has been different with him. He seemed to be part of me - and that was the real case. We have been like

one, so sensitive to each other that we never needed words. It has been rather terrible, and has made me, in some respects, abnormal.'" (Ibid.; 190)

Further on in the same letter he said that nobody could have his soul. His mother had it, and nobody can have it again. 'Nobody can come into my very self again, and breath me like an atmosphere. Don't say I am hasty this time - I know. Louie - whom I wish I could marry the day after the funeral. She would never demand to drink me up and have me. She loves me - it's a fine, warm - healthy - natural love - not like Jane Eyre, who is Muruel, but like say Rhado Fleming or a commoner Anna Karenin. She will never plunge her hands through my blood and feel for my soul, and make me set my teeth and shiver and fight away.' Although D. H. Lawrence said that he was not hasty and decided finally to marry the right girl he wanted, who would not have his soul, he was mistaken, because he broke up with Louie and decided to run away Frieda. He seemed so sure at the time when he said 'nobody can have the soul of me.' This is the split, which he tries to explain in the outline of his novel *Sons and Lovers*. In actual life the problematical relationship of his mother and father brought a split of body and soul in love. He must have thought, at least for some time, that in life, spiritual and physical love was different and could exist separately, a view to which Jessie objected strongly in her book, *A Personal Record*. D. H. Lawrence and Jessie are presented as arguing on love in the following:

"The trouble is, you see, I am (D. H. Lawrence) not one man, but two.' I refused to accept the idea, but he persisted gravely: 'It's true, it is so, I am two men inside one skin.'

Then he began to tell me (Jessie) that one of his selves could and did love me, but to the other self I had no significance at all. I repudiated the notion vigorously.

'I can see it', I said. 'To me are a whole man. If I am to love you at all, it must be as a complete whole.'

'But I am two men. One in me loves you, but the other never can love you.' 'One part of my nature in me needs you deeply', he would explain with moving earnestness. 'For some things I cannot do without you. But the other side of me wants someone else, someone different.'

Such a foundation for friendship was totally unacceptable to me because I was convinced that so far as

I was concerned love was a whole, a synthesis of all that I was. I could not move from my standpoint, even if I had wanted to. It was fundamental me, and there was no altering it. Lawrence was equally convinced of his duality, and of the two distinct kinds of 'love'." (Chambers, 81; 136)

In Jessie's account of the relationship between herself and D. H. Lawrence, it is clear that their love existed on a spiritual and intellectual basis, but D. H. Lawrence could not love her on physical basis, as Jessie also relates that he found her sexuality unattractive. In a letter to Jessie, in 28 January 1908, his statements concur with Jessie's. He says:

"What I see is the deep spirit within. That I love and can go on loving all my life... Look, you are a nun; I give you what I would give a holly nun. So you must let me marry a woman I can kiss and embrace and make the mother of my children..." (The Letters of D. H. Lawrence; 42)

In another letter in 1909, D. H. Lawrence considers her opinion about Emily in *The White Peacock* important and asks her:

"Do you mind if, in the novel, I make Emily marry Tom?" (p. 131)

It has been noted in the letters of D.H. Lawrence that Emily was a fictionalized portrait of Jessie Chambers. Although she has close associations in the novel with Cyril, she marries Tom Renshaw. This also shows that Jessie had considerable influence on D. H. Lawrence. But the problem in their relationship rises from the fact that their love was not based on both spiritual and physical grounds, but merely on intellectual and spiritual basis, which was not enough for marriage in D. H. Lawrence's opinion. The conflict of love, in Jessie's opinion is the consequence of D. H. Lawrence's dual character, his mother to whom he gave his soul and could not give it to Jessie who demanded both his physical love and his soul. Since D. H. Lawrence did not find Jessie sexually attractive, - she seemed like a nun to him - marriage was not possible. Was D. H. Lawrence in fact two men and not one as was reflected in Jessie's book - Were there always two selves in the write, always in conflict? Taking into account that Jessie might have related all

these in a prejudiced and distressed attitude, it would be unjust to judge his works - the novels - through the accounts given by Jessie without finding the exact evidence in letters. If his letters are of primary importance in this case, Jessie's account is secondary due to the effect of considerable unhappiness that she experienced in her relationship with D. H. Lawrence. However, the expressions of D. H. Lawrence's love for Jessie, as expressed in his letters that have been cited here, seem to concur with those statements of Jessie. Keeping in mind Jessie's emotional involvement in *Sons and Lovers*, it would be useful to consider her approach to the novel.

Jessie said: 'I began to realize that whatever approach Lawrence made to me inevitably involved him in a sense of disloyalty to his mother.' She continued further considering the novel a mere autobiography, forgetting perhaps that it was fiction and as such a work of art did not necessarily need to give the facts of life as they were. She said that the novel was written in D. H. Lawrence's "present" state of spirit, at the white heat concentration:

"The writing of it was fundamentally a terrific fight for a bursting of the tension. The break came in the treatment of Miriam. As sheets of manuscript came rapidly to me I was bewildered and dismayed at that treatment. I began to perceive that I had set Lawrence a task far beyond his strength. In my confidence I had not doubted that he would work out the problem with integrity. But he worked the real issue. It was his old inability to face his problem squarely. His mother had to be supreme, and for the sake of that supremacy every disloyalty was permissible.

The realization of this slowly dawned on me as I read the manuscript. He asked for my opinion, but comment seemed futile - not merely futile, but impossible. I could not appeal to Lawrence for justice as between his treatment of Mrs. Morel and Miriam. He left off coming to see me and sent the manuscript by post. His avoidance of me was significant. I felt it useless to attempt to argue the matter out with him."

Here it becomes quite obvious that Jessie considered the novel as the complete record of real life and, seeing that it was different than she expected, she was bewildered and dismayed. She thought, quite unjustly, that the task was beyond D. H. Lawrence's strength and she continued:

"He was aware but he was under the spell of the domination that had ruled his life hitherto, and he refused to know. So instead of a release and a deliverance from bondage, the bondage was glorified and made absolute. His mother conquered indeed, but the vanquished one was her son. In *Sons and Lovers* Lawrence handed his mother the laurels of victory."

Here Jessie identifies Mrs. Morel as D. H. Lawrence's mother and herself as Miriam, she states that the writer's bondage to his mother was glorified and made absolute. This is not quite true. First, Mrs. Morel is a fictional character and does not have to be a real, actual person in life. Secondly, although she is presented as a strong authoritative person, her main weakness of character lies in that, she is jealous of her son, fearful of losing him, which she cannot help doing otherwise. The writer has created the character of the mother objectively for he did not merely glorify her and exaggerate her strength beyond the limits of reality. That is, she is not a character of complete perfection, neither is Miriam or Clara. They all give the feeling of quite real people out of life in contrast to what Jessie had told. None of the women in the novel seems to be completely victorious over the protagonist, nor is Paul a vanquished son. He is strong enough to walk on to a new life. Jessie identifies Clara with three other people, but the names are not given. 'Having utterly failed to come to grips with his problem in real life, he created the imaginary Clara as a compensation', says Jessie and continues:

"The shock of *Sons and Lovers* gave the death - below to our friendship. If I had told Lawrence that I had died before, I certainly died again. I had a strange feeling of separation from the body. The daily life was sheer illusion. The reality was the betrayal of *Sons and Lovers*. I feel it was a betrayal in an inner sense, for I had always believed that there was a bond between us, if it was no more than the bond of a common suffering. But the brutality of his treatment seemed to deny any bond. That I understand so well what made him do it only deepened my despair..." (Lawrence-A Personal Record; 200)

Although Jessie tried hard to remind herself that *Sons and Lovers* was a novel, her emotional involvement and her

unavoidable tendency to identify herself and D. H. Lawrence with the characters of the novel shocked and gave the death - below to their friendship. She considered the novel a betrayal on the truth and the glorification of the mother who strongly disliked her. The experience of this relationship had been, no doubt, the source of great unhappiness for Jessie. This relationship of the writer was tragic enough to induce him create an outstanding novel, which he defined as the tragedy of thousands of young men in England. The novel is an autobiographical work, but it would be quite correct to concur with Keith Sagar in her book, *The Art of D. H. Lawrence*, that the issue is not simple enough as it seemed to Jessie. (Sagar, 81; 20)

Another woman who met D. H. Lawrence in March 1912 and who claimed to own *Sons and Lovers* was his wife Frieda. In *Not I, But The Wind*, she related that it was the first book he wrote with her. She said:

"I lived and suffered that book, and wrote bits of it when he would ask me: 'what do you think my mother felt like then? I had to go deeply into the character of Miriam and all the others; when he wrote his mother's death he was ill and his grief made me ill too, and he said: 'If my mother had lived I could never have loved you, she wouldn't have let me go.' But I think he got over it; only, this fierce and over powerful love had harmed the boy who was not strong enough to bear it. In after years he said: 'I would write a different *Sons and Lovers*; my mother was wrong, I thought she was absolutely right.'" (Lawrence, 83; 50)

One thing, which is strongly confirmed in all these statements, was that Mrs. Lawrence was an extraordinary woman who had a powerful emotional strength over her sons and the possessive nature of her love for them was somehow a hindrance for a sensitive youth as D. H. Lawrence, to love other women. The love of his mother became fearful for a youth that wanted to fly away from home to his liberty and perhaps who might have had a guilty conscience. His mother has been shown as the cause of disloyalty to his women. Whether Mrs. Lawrence was right or wrong, Mrs. Gertrude Morel in the novel was certainly not wrong.

In the first chapter called 'The Early Married Life of The Morel's', Mrs. Morel is presented as a delicate, small, but a resolute

woman of thirty-one years old, who expects her third child, Paul. Her other son William is about seven and her daughter Annie is only five. Her husband is a miner, and she was not anxious to move to the Bottoms from Bestwood where they lived. Carston, Waite and Co erected the Bottoms. On the hillside of Bestwood as an accommodation place for the miners, who worked in the six pits. Living in the Bottom was unsavory, because of the nasty ash - pits.

Mrs. Morel was not happy, but felt wrecked with the coming child. This coming child was too much for her. The father drank in public house, and she felt sick of the struggle with poverty, ugliness and meanness. She seemed very far away from the person of her girlhood. The writer comments on her unchanging destiny:

"Sometimes life takes hold of one, carries the body along, accomplishes one's history, and yet is not real, but leaves one self as it were slurred over." (Sons and Lovers; 13)

The feeling given here is that life is bigger than the individual, who would be carried on like a leaf by the wind, and who would be cast on recklessly, without pity. Mrs. Morel interprets her helpless condition in accordance:

"What have I do with it? She said to herself. 'What have I to do with all this? Even the child I am going to have! It doesn't seem as if I were taken into account.'" (Ibid.; 23)

Mrs. Morel thought she could make most of what she had, for children's sake. She had met her husband when she was twenty-three years old. He was finely built with black hair and black beard that had never been shaved. He was ruddy and often laughed heartily. This man who was so different from her fascinated Gertrude. He was soft, unintellectual, and warm. She was clever; she had a curious, receptive mind and was considered an intellectual woman who liked to argue on religion, philosophy or politics with some educated man. This woman, who spoke English with southern pronunciation, fascinated Walter Morel. Gertrude Morel was a puritan like her father who was high-minded and stern,

and she was rather contemptuous of dancing and never had the slightest inclination to dance. However, Walter with his soft sensuous spirit seemed wonderful and noble to her as he risked his life daily toiling below earth. Their marriage was a happy one for six months. The happiness was not at the end, when she retired to open her heart to him, but found that he could not understand her. At the seventh month she found out that the house they lived in belonged to her mother-in-law, to whom they paid rent and that Walter's parents spent the money, that he had given them thriftily, while they had still unpaid bills. This incident definitely changed her manner towards her husband; life became bitter thereafter because she knew now that her husband was a deceptive person. He was too different from her. She tried hard to force him to face things, but he could not endure and he could not undertake his own responsibilities. There began a battle between the husband and the wife. It was at this time, when Paul was born. He was a delicate frail child with dark grey eyes and he became a compensation for his mother's bitterness and disillusion. She made much of the child, when her faith in life was shaken and her soul felt lonely. The father was jealous. He became a troublesome man, began to bully and to hit the child, which caused him sometimes unconsciously to offend his wife, where he would not have done. William, his one-year-old son, was a very pretty child with golden hair, and Mr. Morel one day cropped off his golden hair without the knowledge of his wife. She was hurt and became furious with him seeing the close-clipped head of the child. She was one of those women who cannot cry; whom it hurts as it hurts a man. His wife's anger made the husband wretched and miserable. Although she tried hard not to allude to what he had done, the effect of the act was final on her. She remembered the scene all her life, as one in which she suffered most. The estrangement of the wife and the husband became final, and hate was to rule their lives, until death separated them. The cause of this disharmony lies in the lines of the writer as follows:

"This act masculine clumsiness was the spear through the side of her love for Morel. Before, while she had striven against him, as if he had gone astray from her. Now she is ceased to fret for his love: he was an outsider to her. This made life much more bearable.

Nevertheless she still continued to strive with him. She still had her high moral sense, inherited from generations of puritans. It was now a religious instinct, and she was almost a fanatic with him, because she loved him, or had loved him. If he sinned, she tortured him. If he drank, and lied, was often a poltroon, sometimes a knave, she wielded the lash unmercifully.

The pity was, she was too much his opposite. She could not be content with the little he might be; she would have him the much that he ought to be. So, in seeking to make him nobler than he could be, she destroyed him. She injured and hurt and scarred herself, but she lost none of her worth. She also had the children." (Ibid.; 25)

Mrs. Morel is sensitive and proud and she strives to change her husband in the direction that she thinks to be right. The first cause of her disillusionment was Mr. Morel's lack of frankness at home. He hid things from his wife, which he should not have done. Secondly, the husband's economical capacity was limited, but still his wife had thought that his hard work brought the necessity of self-sacrifice and therefore he was a noble man in spirit. Thirdly, she came from a puritan family, which had strict moral values. She was against Mr. Morel's pleasures such as drinking, dancing and going to the pubs. Fourthly, Mr. Morel spent most of his money on drink and sometimes neglected his children. He did not give the wife a chance to save money, and he did not save money himself. She also had occasionally to pay his debts on trifling things. Mrs. Morel did not like all his husband's friends, one of who was Jerry whose wife had died of consumption. She had such a strong dislike for her husband that it caused her hemorrhage when he came into her room, but Jerry did not seem to mind his wife's sickness and death and Mrs. Morel had always sympathized with the wife. After a pleasant journey with Jerry, Mrs. Morel berates her husband for coming late and drunk. Mr. Morel pushes pregnant to the child boiling in her. The flowers of the garden, which had a strange consoling effect on her, only soothed her rage, because of the stress:

"She became aware of something about her. With an effort she roused herself to see what it was that penetrated her consciousness. The tall white lilies were reeling in the moonlight, and the air was charged with their perfume, as with a presence. Mrs. Morel gasped slightly in fear. She

touched the big, pallid flowers on their petals, and then shivered. They seemed to be stretching in the moonlight. She put her hand into one white bin: The gold scarcely showed on her fingers by moonlight. She bent down to look at the binful of yellow pollen; but it only appeared dusky. Then she drank a deep draught of the scent. It almost made her dizzy."

Mrs. Morel became aware of another kind of life outside in the garden. This life came from the flowers, the lilies in the moonlight. The night was full and charged with their perfume. In some fear, she touched the petals and shivered. At her hand she had a piece of pollen dust and she drank the scent, until she became dizzy and sleepy with the life of the flowers in the garden. It was as if the flowers had embraced her and her distress had been soothed. She somehow found compassion and love in the night, which was lacking at her home, and she united with it. Chapter II, called 'The Birth of Paul, and Another Battle' considers Mrs. Morel's declining love for her husband. Mr. Morel sank from his assertive presence. He always made the breakfast alone, never dragged his wife out of bed at an early hour, and served her tea sometimes, but his service was never appreciated. Another boy was born, but the tired man, who came from the pit, wanted to have his dinner served first, before he would go to see his newborn child. Mrs. Morel became proud of her newborn son, who was delicate and frail. She would give all her love to her child in order to make up for bringing him into the worlds unloved. She was anxious about the health of the boy, which she named Paul. Another battle could not be avoided when the husband came home late drunk and insolently asked for food to eat. He flung a drawer at the mother with the baby at her hands. Her left brow bled rather profusely, but the baby was saved. There was always feeling of misery at the house. Morel would wake up, eat the meals alone and leave the house in haste as soon as possible. When he was gone, all would sigh in relief. Another day Mr. Morel stole some money from his wife's purse and when she discovered it he threatened to leave the house, but Mrs. Morel was dead sure that he would not have courage to leave his family. Mr. Morel shows the same kind of fear as Siegmund does in *The Trespasser*. Mrs. Morel would gladly get rid of him, but she fretted that keeping the children would not be possible without the father.

The conflict between the husband and the wife is not solved in the third chapter, although both of them make an effort of reconciliation. Mrs. Morel was more tolerant of her recovering husband, but she scarcely desired him. Neither of them knew that she was more tolerant, because she loved her husband less. She did not mind so much, what he did and could leave him alone. She was casting him off relentlessly from her life as far as she could. The mother's estrangement from the father was complete. When it was really over between them, they made a final attempt to come back somewhat to the old relationship of the first months of their marriage. The fault of this time was Arthur, her fourth child, who loved his father more than the others did. Meanwhile William was growing big and strong and was more active, while Paul was always delicate and quiet and trotted after his mother like a shadow. Mrs. Morel was very proud of William who was very capable as seen in the text:

"All the things that men do- the decent things- William did. He could run like the wind. When he was twelve he won a first prize in a race; an inkstand of glass, shaped like an anvil. It stood proudly on the dresser, and gave Mrs. Morel a keen pleasure. The boy only ran for her. He flew home with his anvil, breathless, with a 'look, mother!' That was the first real tribute to her. She took it like a queen" (Ibid.; 69)

William became a clerk and a book-keeper, and he gave all his money to his mother. He had good relations with the townspeople and he went to the dances with the girls, but Mrs. Morel turned out the girls who came for William in a rather comical fashion:

"Is Mr. Morel in? The damsel would ask appealingly. 'My husband is at home,' Mrs. Morel replied. 'I - I mean young Mr. Morel,' repeated the maiden painfully. 'Which one? There are several.' Where upon much blushing and stammering from the fair one 'I-I met Mr. Morel - at Rioley.' She explained. 'Oh-at a dance?' 'Yes' 'I don't approve of the girls my son meets at dances. And he is not at home.'

Then he came home angry with his mother for having turned the girls so rudely... 'Did a lady call for me yesterday, mother?' He asked. 'I don't know about a lady. There was a girl came.' 'And why didn't you tell me?'

'Because I forgot simply.' He fumed a little. 'A good-looking girl- seemed a lady.' 'I didn't look at her.' 'Big brown eyes?' 'I did not look. And tell your girls, my son, that when they're running after you, they're not to come and ask your mother for you tell them that - brazen baggage's you meet at dancing - classes.' 'I'm sure she was a nice girl.' 'And I'm sure she wasn't.' (Ibid.; 70)

While Mrs. Morel's objections to Paul's meeting with Miriam have serious overtones of bitterness, her objections to William's girl friends are related with an amusing touch at the beginning, but when William insists on going to these dances, Mrs. Morel's resistance becomes more bitter and passive. William gains a situation in Nottingham, with a rise in his income, which is later followed by another, better post in London for 120 pounds a year. The happiness and pride are lost, as the mother is not sure whether to rejoice or to grieve. She feels that she is about to lose her son and when William says:

'We shall all be rolling in money'
'We shall my son' she answered sadly.

Mrs. Morel loved her son so much, that she could not be glad of his success. She was hurt at his going away. She hoped in him so much that she almost lived by him. She liked to serve him food and iron his collars. Now that he was going away, she would not to these things for him. She felt that her son was going out of her heart and out of her life completely. Her grief and sadness could not be relieved. The mother worries over her son, not only because he would be lost for her, but also because he would be lost for himself, in such a big town, as London. She advises and warns him as follows:

"Dance, if you want to dance, my son; but don't think you can work in the office, and then amuse yourself, and then study on top of all. You can't; the human frame won't stand it. Do one thing or the other- amuse yourself or learn Latin; but don't try to the both." (Ibid.; 72)

The mother thinks and feels that, enjoyment and work would not go together and that the human body would not stand both. The story of the novel justifies her thought. When Williams is

away from her, she writes him a letters and always thinks about him. He was like a knight who wore her favour in the battle of life. There were great preparations for his coming home at Christmas. Mrs. Morel plenty for her son in her excitement as there were about eight different cakes prepared only for William's arrival. In contrast Mr. Morel's snap would be two thick slices of dirty bread - and - butter and he would obstinately eat these, considering all the cooking an extravagance. He would comment in a rather in a comical way:

"I'm not such an extravagant mortal as you lot, with your waste. If I drop a bit of bread at pit, in all the dust and dirt, I pick it up and eat it.' 'The mice would eat it.' Said Paul, 'It wouldn't be wasted.' 'Good bread and butter's not for mice, either.' said Morel. 'Dirty or not dirty, I'd eat it rather than it should be wasted.' 'You might leave it for the mice and pay for it out of your next pint,' said Mrs. Morel, 'Oh, might I?' 'He exclaimed.'" (Ibid.; 100)

Nevertheless all were happy to meet William at home. People joined in their happiness and came to see him, to see what difference London made on him and 'home was home, and they loved it with a passion of love, whatever the suffering had been.' He had brought them many different presents, which created a sense of luxury overflowing in the house. Every penny, which he earned, he had spent on them. For his mother, he bought an umbrella, with gold on the handle, which she kept until she died. Anxiety began as William had a girl friend, not because William did not send any money home, but for William himself. Mrs. Morel would have been satisfied with ten shillings sometimes, when she was in need. All the money he had now was spent for his life in dances and on his girl friend. William's girl friend was an expensive girl, tall and elegant, after whom many men were chasing and William chased her because of this. William's mother worried about her son, imagining him settled in an ugly, small house in some suburb, with his expensive and elegant wife. Her heart was always heavy with a motherly anxiety. She would rather prefer William to marry a girl who would be near to him. Sometimes she complained to Paul about William:

"That William promised me, when he went to London, as he'd give me a pound a month. He has given me ten

shillings - twice; and now I know he hasn't a farthing if I asked him. Not that I want it. Only just now you'd think he might be able to help with his ticket, which I'd never expected.' 'He earns a lot', said Paul. 'He earns a hundred and thirty pound. But they're all alike. They're large in promises, but it's precious little fulfilment you get'.

'He spends over fifty shilling a week on himself', said Paul. 'And I keep this house on less than thirty,' she replied; and am supposed to find money for extras. But they don't care about helping you, once they've gone. He'd rather spend it on that dressed - up creature'. 'She should have her own money, if she's so grand', said Paul. 'She should, but she hasn't. I asked him. And I know he doesn't buy her a gold bangle for anything. I wonder whoever bought me a gold bangle.'" (Ibid.; 125)

Although William had previously promised his mother twenty pounds a year, he had given her ten shillings twice and that was all. The mother, having a hard time at home because of scarce money, did expect her son to help her, but this was not possible, as her son spent almost all his money on his girl friend and spared nothing for him and for the family. Mrs. Morel was disappointed in her hopes and resented William's girl friend because she took him away from his mother and his home. Paul, feeling that he should defend his mother, said that the girl should have her own money and not William's to spend. She did not want to permit William to spend money on his girl friend. She compared her condition with that of the girl and thought that she herself was right, but she could not accept the difference between the two kinds of living in a big city and in a small town. Like Paul, all were 'prisoners of industrialism'. The luxurious town life was ready to take away the growing children from their hometown and from their mother, who had suffered poverty, sharing the fate of a miner's life.

The miner's children were all growing up and leaving their hometown, while they intensely hated their father and always sided with their mother. They discussed their problems with their mother and they shared their lives only with her, the father was considered an outsider, a stranger to the family. He was alone and therefore he became more irritable. Mrs. Morel had to young sons in the world of industry, one in London and the other, in Nottingham. Mrs. Morel took Paul to Nottingham, where he had applied for a work, in a surgical factory, as a clerk, for eight shillings a week. He

tried to fulfil his mother's wishes and gave almost all his money to his mother and kept a very small amount for himself. Mrs. Morel's sons were of her and their work also would be hers. The third son Arthur won a scholarship to the Grammar School in Nottingham and Annie, the daughter, became a junior teacher in the Board-School for four shillings. There would be financial peace in the house. Mrs. Morel became very confident in Paul, so that, of all that occurred to her during the day, she could tell to Paul and he listened with his earnestness. Mrs. Morel clung mostly to Paul and he stuck to his painting and to his mother; the two shared their lives. Paul planned a life with his mother when his father would die. When the father had an accident and rested in the hospital, they all learned how perfectly peaceful their home could be without him. They almost regretted that their father would soon come back home.

William became engaged to the girl, Miss. Western and brought her home at the Christmas. She was a tall, beautiful girl dressed in furs and she addressed William in very intimate tones, which made the rest of the family feel that they were outsiders. She dressed in fine evening clothes, which Mrs. Morel disliked and she behaved as if the family were inferior to her. She was given the place of honor at home Annie served her, as though she was a servant. The three children in admiration watched her, but William's heart was rather sore, as he sat late with his mother to hear her opinion about the girl. His mother felt rather hurt and humiliated, though her criticism was not harsh, but still quite ironic, as her son would be apologetic of his fiancée's manners; he would say:

"You know, she's not like you, mother. She's not serious, and she can't think." "She's young, my boy." "Yes; and she's had no sort of show. Her mother died when she was a child. Since then she's lived with her aunt, whom she can't bear. And her father was a rake, she's had no love." "No Will, you must make up to her." "And so - you have to forgive her a lot of things." "What do you have to forgive her my boy?" "I dunno. When she seems shallow, you have to remember she's never had anybody to bring her deeper side out. And she's fearfully fond of me." "But you know, mother - she's different from us. Those sorts of people, like those she lives amongst, they don't seem to have the same

principles." "You mustn't judge too hastily," said Mrs. Morel. But he seemed uneasy within himself." (Ibid.; 147)

Miss. Lilly Western's visit to them brought a different atmosphere to the house. It seemed to all that she dropped among them from a remote paradise, like a princess. She played the role of a grand lady, though she was not grand. She had been a sort of secretary in a London office, but she sat and let Annie or Paul wait on her, as if they were her servants. She treated Mr. Morel with patronage and Mrs. Morel with certain glibness, but Paul admired her whole - heartedly and his mother never forgave him for this adulation. William was angered that Lilly made a servant of her sister, and the mother was always very careful not to leave the two young people alone in the house. She never trusted the two young people on principle. The mother thought that it was not love between William and Lilly, as William said that he did not miss the girl, when he was away from her. As Lilly made Annie wash her clothes, Mrs. Morel would become furious with her and William would hate her, but Paul did not mind and decorated her hair with daisies. The whole affair seemed amusing to Paul. William admitted that Lilly was shallow, thoughtless and thriftless, but still he wanted to marry her as soon as possible, but his mother said that it would be a fine mess of a marriage. Mrs. Morel was right in her anxiety, but she could not stop her son. He considered that they went too far to break off and he insisted in denying his unhappiness. Mrs. Morel was contemptuous of the girl, who let William buy her underclothes and warned her son against a coming disaster and she said to her son:

"My boy, remember you're taking your life in your hands," said Mrs. Morel. "Nothing is as bad as a marriage that's a hopeless failure. Mine was bad enough, God knows, and ought to teach you something; but it might have been worse by a long chalk." (Ibid.; 164)

What Mrs. Morel said to her son was true, but although William always complained about the girl and sometimes hurt her with his criticism, he wanted to be engaged to her, and he could not let her go as he also needed her. William went on saying; 'Gyp's shallow. Nothing goes deep with her... She's very much in love with me now, but if I died she'd forget me in three months.'

This bitterness in William's heart made Mrs. Morel afraid and furious. Yet when the girl cried, she was softened and said, 'William! Why don't you be manlier? To do nothing but find fault with a girl, and then pretend you're engaged to her!' Mrs. Morel would subside in wrath and indignation and William would kiss the girl but still hate her, as what he said was true. In sadness William would repeat:

'In three months after I was buried, you'd have somebody else, and I should be forgotten,' ... 'And that's your love!'

The same kind of complaint would be repeated to his mother in a queer fear:

'You'd see, she'd never come home after here to look at my grave, not even once.' 'Why William,' said his mother, 'You're not going to die, so why talk about it?'

As the mother was realistic she knew that complaint was useless. The girl could not be changed and if he married her he had to accept the situation as it was.

The information about William's thought was a sinister omen foretelling his fate. Soon after he went to London, Mrs. Morel received a telegram saying that he was ill. Mrs. Morel did not hesitate to go to William and as she entered the room, she saw that no one had been with him. His clothes were tossed about, there was no fire in the room, and he was unconscious of high fever. As the doctor was called, Mrs. Morel had already begun to nurse her son. He had pneumonia and peculiar erysipelas, which started under his chin, where the collar chafed and was spreading over the face. In the night, she struggled with him, but William could not come to consciousness and he died. Mrs. Morel wired home. The day after William's death was a beautiful day, with sunshine of a soft blue sky. Paul could not realize that William was dead, it was unbelievable and Mrs. Morel was stunned, she seemed unaware of Paul. She was mute, white and stared into space. William's coffin was brought home and the mother wished that she should have died instead of her son. She did not listen to things and she shut herself off from life, sitting in her chair, looking blankly in front of her. The sixteen-year-old Paul was irritated to

see her always in the same situation. At Christmas Paul became ill of pneumonia, which brought his mother back to life. As Paul was very ill, his mother lay in bed at nights with him and he put his head on her breast to take ease of her for love. Paul loved to sleep with his mother and sleep with a beloved was considered to be good:

"Sleep is still most perfect, in spite of hygienists, when it is shared with a beloved. The warmth, the security and peace of soul, the utter comfort from the touch of the other, knits the sleep, so that it takes the body and soul completely in its healing. Paul lay against her and slept, and got better; whilst she, always a bad sleeper, fell later on into a profound sleep that seemed to give her faith." (Ibid.; 87)

Paul feels almost like a small baby in his mother's arms, who still needed her love and warmth and most of all the security and peace of her soul to get better. Paul had been in bed for seven weeks but he got better and he returned to life with his mother's love and tender nursing. His father wanted to show that he too was glad to see his son well, but Paul would rather prefer his mother's attention and rejects his father's approach for no defined reason. It is impossible for Mr. Morel to close the emotional bridge between his children and himself. He is disliked for being different and always seen as crude and rude person and his clumsiness, but he cannot help it. Mr. Morel could not be what Mrs. Morel and the children wanted him to be. He was what he was and he could not change the essence of his character as he could not change his physical self. In the mean time, it was remarked that this sickness of Paul was a good thing for the mother and that it saved her from emotional shock that she fell in and it brought her back to life. Mrs. Morel's life now rooted itself in Paul.

William's prophesy was actualised when Mrs. Morel and his sister received a letter from Lilly telling how well she enjoyed herself in parties and dances. Her life continued as if he had never suffered. He was unfortunately forgotten. His memory was erased from the minds as soon as possible and this seemed to be the cruellest fate, not only for William, but also for all. The other children, and the father in the family felt the sorrow and the impact of a timeless death most by the mother. Lilly did not even care to

come to visit William in the cemetery; neither was she there at the funeral, nor did she ever think of helping William when he was sick. Lilly was a companion of good times in one's life and not of bad times. William and his mother were aware of this, but William could not help living as he did. His mother had warned him before hand with a motherly anxiety; she wanted his son to be happy. She wished that William had formed a relationship with a devoted, loving, loyal and a self-sacrificing girl. William did not care as much about these virtues, as his mother who had these virtues, but who was still not happy. He desired sexual satisfaction, but having attained this, he discovered that he wanted something more than mere physical contact. He expected that his girl friend would be near him, would accompany him on cultural grounds, speaking with him on the subjects in which he was interested. Lilly would never succeed in finishing any book that she began reading. William was furious at her tendency to pretend. He rather wished that she would not spend so much money on clothes and that she would be thrifty. She was in fact, a person who was also created by the industry as a goods-consuming citizen. So far as industry was concerned, she was virtuous. William did not seek anybody like the self-sacrificing, thrifty and loyal miners' wives of Bestwood. They would not be good enough for him, perhaps because they have no sexual attraction and not much intellectual education. William wanted to have a person who would be accomplished in both of these qualities. He could not find the girl who would fit the ideal figure in his head and who would fulfil all his desires and expectations. What a woman would expect from a man like William was not taken into consideration. Nevertheless it seemed that Lilly attained what she wanted from William, despised though she was, for her conceit and her selfishness. The same feeling of sadness and pity was observed in William's death as it was seen, before in D. H. Lawrence's other novels, as in Annabel's death, in *The White Peacock* and in George's frustration, peculiarly after Siegmund's death in *The Trespasser*. Death is distressing for human heart, but for nature it is not. After each death the sky is blue and the sun shines; that is, nature around the living beings seem unaware of the distress in the human heart. The nature rejoices and life continues as ever in spite of death. Yet the distress of the heart is so strong even in Mr. Morel, who had been belittled as an irresponsible father, that he could never walk up to Shepstone to

pass the office, where his son worked and he always avoided the cemetery. This attitude was not the consequence of his lack of love, but it was the sequence of his fear of death and all his deep rooted, but unexpressed sadness and hate of death at the bottom. Mr. Morel was a man who sometimes behaved quite like a child, as when he had the accident in the mine, and dependant on Mrs. Morel for love and attention. He might have expressed his jealousy by being rude and ruthless to Mrs. Morel and always resented the fact that the mother had the children for herself.

Paul's contact with Miriam began, when his mother took him to Willey Farm one shiny and sunny day, when the fields were beautiful and green, decorated in some parts with apple blossoms. Miriam who flushed at seeing Paul had a beautiful warm coloring. Mrs. Leivers is a friendly woman and Miriam's brothers; Edgar (eighteen), Geoffrey (twelve) and Maurice (thirteen) are lively, energetic lads, who would like to taunt their sister, making her miserable and ashamed of herself. Paul trying to be somewhat sympathetic with Miriam teaches her hands. He shows off to her saying:

"Why, I'd let her take corn from my face." Said Paul, 'only she bumps a bit. She's ever so neat. If she wasn't, look how much ground she'd peck up every day.'

He waited grimly, and watched. At last Miriam let the bird peck from her hand. She gave a little cry-fear, and pain because of fear rather pathetic. But she had done it and she did it again." (Ibid.; 159)

The same type of scene is repeated in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* when Connie goes to Mellors' hut in the woods. This small, almost unimportant incident has significance, as it denotes the beginning of a contact between the two beings and the fear at the bottom of love. So does love begin between Miriam and Paul with a sensitive, quivering feeling, but does not end with happiness, as it would have been expected.

Mrs. Morel's first impression of her visit to the neighbouring farm is that of happiness mixed with slight tone of jealousy and admiration:

"Now wouldn't I help that man!" she did. 'Wouldn't I see to the fowls and the young stock! And I'd learn to milk, and I'd talk with him, and I'd plan with him. My word, if I

were his wife, the farm would be run, I know! But there, she hasn't the strength - she simply hasn't the strength. She ought never to have been burdened like it, you know. I'm sorry for her, and I'm sorry for him too. My word, if I'd had him, I shouldn't have thought him a bad husband! Not that she does either; and she's very lovable." (Ibid.; 160)

Mrs. Leivers had already remarked that she was not burdened with the cattle and that she was not used to it. Mrs. Morel did not actually have to be sorry for Mrs. Leivers who was quite happy with her family in the farm. She was not overburdened with work, as she had only to work inside the house for her four children who meant already enough work for the mother. Mrs. Morel personally thought that Mrs. Leivers was an unsatisfactory woman, because Mrs. Morel would rather wish to be in the place of the other woman. That is Mrs. Morel was jealous of Mrs. Morel would like to have married such a man as Mr. Leivers, though it meant plenty of work Willey farm was an admirable place compared to Morel's living place - The Bottoms.

Both Miriam and her mother are presented as brown-eyed mystical women who treasure religion inside them, breath it in their nostrils, and see the whole life in a mist thereof, 'So to Miriam, Christ and God made one great figure.' Religion was important to Miriam and for the rest of her time, she worked in the house always resenting the crude and cruel ways of her brothers considering them brutal louts. She did not hold her father in high esteem, because he did not cherish her mystical ideals. Miriam resented her position as a swine-girl and wanted to be educated, but this wish is seen with an ironical eye:

"She could not be princess by wealth or standing. So she was mad to have learning whereon to pride herself. For she was different from other folk, and must not be scooped up among the common fry. Learning was the only distinction to which she thought to aspire.

Her beauty - that of a shy, wild, quiveringly sensitive thing - seemed nothing to her. Even her soul, so strong for 'rhapsody' was not enough. She must have something to reinforce her pride, because she felt different from other people. Paul she eyed wistfully. On the whole, she scorned the male sex. But here was a new specimen, quick, light, graceful, who could be gentle and who could be sad, and who was clever, and who knew a lot, and who had death in

the family. The boy's poor morsel of learning exalted him almost sky-high in her esteem. Yet she tried hard in her the princess but only the swing-girl. And he scarcely observed her." (Ibid.; 178)

Here Paul does not tell the comments on Miriam, but they are remarked directly by the narrator on behalf of Paul. Miriam's strong desire to educate herself and to rise above her present level is viewed with a critical attitude. Learning would be the only way by which she could raise in life to a respectful statute and perhaps the only way to be free of the pressure at her home. Therefore it was a pity that her beauty meant nothing to her and even her strong soul would not be enough to keep her back. 'She must have something to reinforce her pride.' This declares her a proud person who scorned the male sex. Whereas Paul, quick, light, graceful and gentle, just like Lettie in *The White Peacock*, and clever, knew a lot. Being a person who had a death in the family, Paul needed sympathy and love and perhaps unconsciously desired this from Miriam who was too much involved in her own desire for education. Paul resented Miriam's tendency, although she had a very high esteem of him, and Miriam in consequence, resented Paul's behaviour for not understanding the princess in her, but only seeing her as a swine-girl. He scarcely observed Miriam's wishes. Both were different and both were unaware of the other's inner desires and strong needs. However the atmosphere of the Leiver's household attracted Paul, which was so different from his home. He visited Willey farm as often as he could. Paul watched and tried to understand their living. There was a silence inside the house and out. Miriam was beautiful with her dilated soft brown eyes and rhapsodical movements. She seemed in some dreamy tale, a maiden in bondage, and a beggar maid, whose spirit was dreaming for a few away magical lands. Paul was careful, and watched her with keen blue eyes to see what was underneath her appearance. She became self-conscious and ashamed of her broken boots and old frock. Miriam resented his seeing everything.

While Paul visits Leivers' family, a small incident occurs, when Paul talks with Miriam and her mother. The potatoes in the tin saucepan boil dry and as Paul remarks in chapter VII, it would not matter, but Miriam is gripped in self-conscious shame. Miriam and her mother knew that the boys were making trouble, if the potatoes were caught. During the mealtime the mother was ever

gentle in apologetic tone and her behavior brought out all the brutality in the sons. Edgar was angry with Miriam and asked:

"What was Miriam doing that she couldn't attend to them? Miriam looked up. He mouth opened, her dark eyes blazed and winced, but she said nothing. She swallowed her anger and her shame, bowing her dark head.

'I'm sure she was trying hard,' said the mother. 'She hasn't got sense even to boil the potatoes,' said Edgar. 'What is she kept at home for?' 'Only for eating everything that's left in the pantry,' said Maurice."

Paul was puzzled to see how Miriam was pitilessly humiliated, because of a few burnt potatoes. It was remarked that the mother exalted everything, even a bit of housework, to the plane of a religious trust. Paul instantly compared the atmosphere of the Leivers' home with his own and concluded that the sons' brutality was the reaction against their mother's religiosity, and that they felt themselves cut away underneath. Paul was just passing from childhood to manhood and:

"This atmosphere, where everything took a religious value, came with a subtle fascination to him. There was something in the air. His own mother was logical. Here there was something different, something he loved something that at times he hated." (Ibid.; 183)

Through Miriam was right to quarrel with her brothers, her mother disagreed with her manner and always warned her not to answer back. That is she advised Miriam to turn the other cheek, when her brother attacked her. Mrs. Leivers supposed that by doing this she would be stronger, but Miriam did not like to keep this promise about turning the other cheek. It was remarked that the religiosity at home had its crippling effect on the boys, as they had hated bitterly the appeal to their deeper feelings, because they felt that their sympathy was used. Not being very clever, they could not establish between themselves and an outsider, the ordinary human feelings and unexaggerated friendship. They were unaccustomed to the simplest social intercourse, behaved insolently in their superiority and suffered. They could not build close and genuine intimacy, because they scorn the first steps. However Paul had satisfaction in Mrs. Leivers' company in this

intensified and religious atmosphere. For Miriam ordinary life meant a nunnery garden, or a paradise, where sin and knowledge were not, or else an ugly, cruel thing. It took a long time for Paul to realize their love. Mrs. Leivers and her children became his disciples and they made him enthusiastic about his work that was teaching them on several subjects. His mother's influence on him was different. She wanted to make him patient, dogged and unwearied. Soon, the boys became intimate with Paul in gentleness and loveliness. In return they taught him to chop the hay and to milk the cows or to pulp the turnips. Paul loved them, working with them all through the high-harvest. The family was cut off from the world outside. Paul's intimacy with his family developed on three people – the mother, Edgar his close friend and Miriam, because she was humble. Miriam was always interested in his pictures, but he asked her why she was always sad, like Cyril in *The White Peacock*. Paul was critical:

"But even your joy is like a flame coming off of sadness," persisted. "You're never jolly, or even just all right."

Sometimes Paul hated Miriam's intense feeling of love for her brother Hubert who was only five. Folding him in her arms, she would sway slightly from side to side with love, her eyes half closed, half closed and her voice drenched in love. The child would oppose, but Miriam would insist on the child's acknowledgment of his sister's love. Paul was irritated at her intensity of emotions. It seemed to him fearful and demanding and he was thankful that his mother was reversed, sane and wholesome. D. H. Lawrence compared the same type of intense emotions shown by Emily with the attitude of Cyril's sister Lettie, who tended a hurt child in practical movements without emotion in the second part and forth chapter of *The White Peacock*. In both of the novels intense, emotional open love is despised, when compared with the reserved, checked behaviour that disguised love, which was supposed to be deep and genuine. Miriam's intense show of love for a small child was out of place and unnecessary, because the child did not want to be fondled. It seems that Paul's dislike and Cyril's dislike, in the previous novel, is similar reactions to differences of temperament in different people. Here in *Sons and Lovers*, two families of different temperaments are introduced. In the Morel family, the

mother's temperament, reserved in emotions, is dominant, but in the Leivers family, Miriam and the brothers show the characteristic southern European temperament of intensified feelings.

Miriam shows a strong desire to learn and to widen her knowledge of the world. She desires to free herself from her humiliated position at home and revolts against her position as a woman. She tells Paul:

"Don't you like being at home?" Paul asked her, surprised. "Who would?" She answered, low and intense. "What is it? I'm all day cleaning what the boys make just as bad in five minutes. I don't want to be at home."

"What do you want, then?" "I want to do something. I want a change like anybody else. Why should I, because I'm a girl, be kept at home and not allowed to be anything? What chance have I?" "Chance of what?" "Of knowing anything - of learning, of doing anything. It's not fair, because I'm a woman."

She seemed very bitter. Paul wandered. In his own home Annie was almost glad to be a girl. She had not so much responsibility; things were lighter for her. She never wanted to be other than a girl. But Miriam almost fiercely wished she were a man. And yet she hated men at the same time.

"But it's as well to be a woman as a man," he said, frowning. "Ha! Is it! Men have everything." "I should think women ought to be as glad to be women as men are to be men," he answered.

"No!" She shook her head - "no! Everything the men have." "But what do you want?" he asked. "I want to learn. Why should it be that I know nothing?"

"What such as mathematics and French?" "Why shouldn't I know mathematics? Yes! She cried, her eye expanding in a kind of defiance.

"Well, you can learn as much as I know," he said. "I'll teach you, if you like." (Ibid., 196)

Miriam's strong desire for education and her bitterness, having been continually bullied and mistreated by her brothers, leads her to Paul for learning. Learning subjects, she thinks, would carry her to a new future of attaining a job and to economical freedom. Being a woman over-burdened with responsibilities, and her labour not being valued causes dissatisfaction at home. She hates men because they mistreated her. At the time education of

girls seemed futile and unnecessary or more like a men's employment to Paul. Annie in the Morel family does not feel this kind of tendency, as she is not held responsible for the things, which she would not do. Miriam seems quite right in wanting to have education for a job as it would be hard and humiliating for her to stay at home where Edgar asks, 'what is she kept at home for?' That is, the men would not want her at home, if she did not serve them as properly as they wished. Miriam's statute at home is more than a servant's position, and Miriam wants to be more than a servant is. She wants to break her bondage. In Paul she sees her hope of doing what she wishes for her future. Learning with Paul begins in spite of Mrs. Leivers' home. Paul, being now in the position of her master, would sometimes bully her by throwing a pencil at her face. He flared at her, when she was not as fast as he was in learning. Miriam suffered and could only turn her face slightly aside, but the lessons went on. Paul, knowing that Miriam would suffer, would sometimes desert her for Edgar who had a scientific and nationalistic interest in life. However, whenever he finished a sketch, he would take it to her. Contact with Miriam, brought Paul insight into his work and his vision went deeper. From his mother, he drew the life-warmth, the strength to produce. Paul and Miriam went on long walks together. Mrs. Morel saw that this girl, who, in her opinion, would suck a man's soul out, till he had none of his own left, drew her son away. Morel hated this girl more than ever and quarrelled with his son, when he came home late. This quarrel is much the similar one that was already shown in *The White Peacock* (Chapter I) in the novel. However the continuation of the quotation can be given here to show the difference of Mrs. Morel attitude and her worked up anxiety about Miriam. Paul gets angry and shouts to his mother:

"It is not courting," he cried. "I don't know what else you call it." "It's not. Do you think we spoon and do? We only talk." "Till goodness knows what time and distance." was the sarcastic rejoinder. Paul snapped at the laces of his toots angrily. "What are you so mad about?" he asked. "Because you don't like her." "I don't say I like her. But I don't hold with children keeping company, and never did." "But you don't mind our Annie going out with Jim Inger." "They've more sense than you two." "Why?" "Our Annie's not one of the deep sort." He failed to see the meaning of this remark"

The last sentence denotes that Mrs. Morel is against Miriam, but not against Annie's going out with Jim. Paul knew that Miriam was hypersensitive even to the faintest suggestion of physical intercourse since she was thought up in a farm. Their intimacy went on in an utter chaste fashion, as Paul took his pitch from Miriam. She was the type of person who could very rarely get into human relations with anyone and her companion was nature, her lover was Nature.

In one of their walks, Paul puts forward two thesis on love; love begets love, that is if one person loves, the other does, and Miriam answered: 'I hopes so, because if it were not, love might be a very terrible thing.' To this Paul concluded: 'Yes, but it is at least with most people! Paul seems to warn her beforehand that she would be disillusioned and that she would suffer. Miriam prayed to God:

"O Lord let me not love Paul Morel. Keep me from loving him, if I ought not to love him.' 'But, Lord, if it is Thy will that I should love him, make me love him- as Christ would, who died for the souls of men. Make me love him splendidly, because he is Thy son."

Although Miriam prepared herself to love Paul with a religious pledge, Paul does not want this kind of love. He would not let them to be lovers. The intimacy was abstract and only platonic. He denied that there was anything between them. Miriam was silent and she agreed. Whenever she entered Paul's house the feeling would become tight and close. Mrs. Morel would become jealous of Miriam, sitting and listening to Paul absorbed in him and Paul would be impotent against Miriam's religious state, ignoring his manhood. Not only Mrs. Morel, but also Paul's sister, and all her friends would be against Miriam, except Paul, who would also hate her, for making him uneasy, and for spoiling the feeling of naturalness in their relationship.

Miriam introduces Clara Dawes to Paul who becomes interested in this married woman. Clara was different from Miriam and she came to work under Paul's responsibility in Jordan's. Miriam thinks that Paul would not leave her for Clara, who was interested in Women's Rights, and who lived separately from her husband. Her husband Baxter Dawes was a smith in the factory.

Baxter's defiance and sensual appearance, his readiness to knock anyone down, draws Paul's attention on him. Paul would lament always that Miriam was too spiritual for him and she never realized the male in him. She always wanted to embrace him so long as he did not want her. He felt that Miriam wanted the soul out of him and he could not embrace her, or give her passion and tenderness. He felt that Miriam wanted to draw his soul away from him. In spite of discord, they still loved to be together. Paul took intense pleasure in talking about his work to Miriam. She brought forth to him his imagination. This was how life was for them. Paul knew that Miriam loved him, but Paul's mother objected now bitterly to their relationship. Instinctively he realized that he was life to her and she was the chief thing to him, the only supreme thing. He tried to convince his mother that he did not love Miriam:

"No, Mother- I really don't love her. I talk to her, but I want to come home to you.' He had taken off his collar and tie, and rose, bare-throated to go to bed. As he stopped to kiss his mother, she threw her arms round his neck, hid her face on his shoulder, and cried, in a whimpering voice, so unlike her own that he writhed in agony: 'I can't bear it. I could get another woman- but not her. She'd leave me no room, not a bit of room...' And immediately he hated Miriam bitterly.

"And I've never- you know, Paul - I've never had a husband- not really...' He stroked his mother's hair, and his mouth were on her throat. 'And she exalts so in taking you from me-she is not like ordinary girls.' 'Well, I don't love her, Mother,' he murmured, bowing his head and hiding his eyes on her shoulder in misery. His mother kissed him along, fervent kiss. 'My boy!' she said in a voice trembling with passionate love. Without knowing, he gently stroked her face.' (Ibid.; 262)

Paul's Mother could not let his son go after William's death. The possibility of Mr. Morel fighting Paul caused her to faint and Paul was all but sympathy for his mother. Now he was dead sure that he would desert Miriam for his mother's sake. He could not cause her to suffer any more after she had all ready suffered for so long years. Mrs. Morel seems to act here in an egoistical manner, for not letting her son go to Miriam, but if Mrs. Morel was dead, could her son go to Miriam? Was the mother's suffering the actual

cause? In chapter IX, love between Paul and Miriam reaches creases. Paul had already commented on Miriam and their relationship. That it was not complete, not satisfactory, and that it was only on platonic level. He hated her bitterly because he made her suffer, but at the same time his love for Miriam was so strong, so strong that he had to make a choice between Miriam and his mother:

"Love her! She knew he loved her. He really belonged to her. This about not loving her, physically, bodily, was a mere perversity on his part, because he knew she loved him. He was stupid like a child. He belonged to her. His soul wanted her. She guessed somebody had influenced him. She felt upon him at the hardness, the foreignness of another influence. 'What have they been saying at home?' she asked. 'It's not that,' he answered. And then she knew it was. She despised them for their commonness, his people. They did not know what things were really worth.' (Ibid.; 272)

The writer here shows that in the failure of their relationship, Paul is to be blamed rather than Miriam, who had been continually accused by Paul for being too spiritual. Miriam could not help to be otherwise but Paul being to young and under the influence of his mother also could not do other than leaving Miriam and joining his mother. Paul's soul belonged to Miriam and this was exactly what the mother opposed. She was afraid that if Paul also loved this girl physically, she would lose her son forever. Miriam guessed that the foreign influence came from Paul's mother. Paul was faithful to his mother's love:

"There was one place in the world that stood solid and did not melt into unreality: The place where his mother was. Everybody else could grow shadowy, almost non-existent for him, but she could not. It was as if the pivot and pole of his life, from which he could not escape, was his mother.

And he came back to her. And his soul was a feeling of the satisfaction of self-sacrifice because he was faithful to her. She loved him first; he loved her first. And yet it was not enough. His new young life, so strong and imperious, was urged towards something else... It made him mad with restlessness. She saw this, and wished bitterly that

Miriam had been a woman who could take this new life of his, and leave her the roots. He fought against his another almost as he fought against Miriam."

Miriam hoped that desire for the higher things would conquer Paul, but she forgot that her 'higher' and the 'lover' were arbitrary.

Paul became excited at the idea of meeting Clara at Willey farm. In his childhood, Paul had burnt a doll called Arabella, which belonged to his sister, because he had broken it. Now he was about to burn Miriam not literally but symbolically. That it is he made her suffer and he was about to sacrifice her as he had done in the play. He wrote Miriam a letter marking the end of their love:

"Yes, see, I can give you a spirit love, I have given it you this long, long time; but not embodied passion. See you are a hen. I have given you what I would give a holy nun as a mystic monk to a mystic nun... That is why we cannot love in the common sense. Ours is not an everyday affection... If people marry, they must live together as affectionate humans, who may be commonplace with each other without feeling awkward-not as two souls. So I feel it."

Mrs. Morel's wish was thus actualized. Her son knew that she wanted him to climb into the middle class and to marry a lady. Mrs. Morel did not wish her son to enter into an unrecognized relationship with Clara, a married woman, never did she want Maria, but she would rather have her son marry with one of the girls in a better station in life. Paul would react to this and refused to form any relation with a girl who would be social superior.

Clara was a finely built, handsome woman. She had a reserved and superior among the woman that she worked and she had some of Miriam's passion for learning. She taught herself French. Paul tried to attract her attention by his insolent bossy manners. His sex desire was complicated. He would like to have denied Clara and her body which was not possible, but this 'Sex desire was a sort of a detached thing that did not belong to a woman' While his relationship with Clara continued. He still believed that he was bound to Miriam and if ever he should marry, it would be his duty to marry Miriam. He told this to Clara who interpreted the situation in a different manner, and she made Paul

realize that Miriam wanted the man in Paul. Paul returned to Miriam, but again the sense of sacrifice and the sense that he was hurting her against herself became dominant. Although he proposed to her, Miriam was not eager at marriage and after a week of love, Paul left for sure to go to Clara. Clara was welcomed at Paul's household. Mrs. Morel was not against Clara as she was against Miriam.

Mrs. Morel said that Miriam's affair was related to books. If they were no volumes the fire would die out. Clara felt almost that she was taken into Paul's family. She would help in the kitchen to Mrs. Morel. Miriam also saw that Clara was accepted, as she had never been.

Paul's relationship with Clara had no end. Paul had the baptism of fire in passion, but it was not the same for Clara she could not be satisfied, because she could not own him. Paul felt that her desire became a burden to him. He did not want to realize or to accept that a woman had her own feelings, which were to be satisfied. She hated Paul's attitude that love should be something mechanical, something that had to exist in spare time only. Clara became cold and contemptuous. A battle occurred between him and Clara. She would not divorce to her husband to marry Paul. She felt that her husband belonged to her, but Paul did not give her the feeling of surety. Baxter beat Paul, but as Baxter was ill in the hospital, he took Clara to Baxter in reconciliation. Clara knew that her husband was different and the fact of loving itself with Paul meant nothing to her as she could never have him and Paul only wanted the woman in her and not herself. He realized that he had left Clara out of count.

The end of the novel brings Mrs. Morel's death. She had cancer and could not be cured. As cancer progresses Paul and Annie are unable to burn her suffering. They want to end her distress. And overdose of morphine killed her. As they prepared the medicine they both laughed together like two conspiring children. On top of their horror flickered this little sanity. After the death, Mr Morel behaved as cold as possible and at his meal. Paul felt that the long suffering for his mother was over and now she was like a maiden sleeping. She was young again. 'And his soul could not leave her, wherever she was. Now she was gone abroad into the night and he was with him. Paul would walk towards the lights to the glowing town and not to the darkness to follow her.

The last part of the novel reveals a light of release in Paul's soul in spite of his deep bonds to his mother. He meets Miriam again but departs as she would not and could not insist to be taken by him, feeling the deep antagonism in Paul against herself. It seems that the mother's death was necessary for Paul to attain his freedom to start on a new life but not with Miriam as in this previous experience, he had found perfect life, which meant satisfaction and fulfillment of both body and soul together. However, being dissatisfied in the past did not mean to be unsatisfied in the future. There could still be hope for the better to come. Yet one thing was sure, that the mother's would become an inseparable part of the son's will. The mother's death meant a freedom for the son still in the subconscious direction her will. The mother's was also a part of the subconscious self of the son, after her death as crystallized in the words, 'his soul could not leave her, wherever he was'. He was to launch into his new life with his mother's soul, partaking in his subconscious self and Miriam was forever excluded, from that part of the son's life. To conclude, Paul could not be completely separated from his mother in his subconscious mind and therefore her wishes would continue to live as part of her son beyond her death. This was one important thing that separated Paul from Miriam the other important reason was, that he could not find complete union in body and in spirit in neither of the girls Miriam and Clara respectively, and neither were they satisfied with Paul in that respect. Love would be complete when union in body and spirit is attained. All the characters were after the happiness of this kind of love, but as Sons and Lovers presents, there was no perfect love except a slight removed tint of hope at the very end, seeing Paul moving towards the lights of the city. The question arises from the concept, whether people are after an ideal of love and not what is actual. Perhaps what the writer has been subconsciously trying to show is that perfect union in love is ideal and not the actual reality as far as he sees it.

CHAPTER IV

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER

D. H. Lawrence's last novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover* should not be considered an obscene advocacy of perpetual and casual sex, because the work is alive with moral intentions in the relationship of Lady Chatterley and the gamekeeper, Mellors, who is another version of Unable in *The White Peacock* and Cicio in *The Lost Girl*. There are two attitudes towards sex in the novel. One is the mechanical, despising attitude of Lord Chatterley or Clifford and his friends, who come to visit him in his house, Wragby Hall, and other is the attitude of the game keeper, and Constance Chatterley, who want love, not only on the basis of mere physical satisfaction. But on the need of tenderness and compassion, which both Connie and Mellors seek unconsciously, because they were not satisfied and not happy for several reasons in their previous marriages. The main reason for the unhappiness of Connie and Mellors in their marriages was that, love was considered as a based performance. It was not valued as performance of both body and mind in union, and in fact, it was only taken as a faction of the body. Connie Mellors valued love as a sacred creative force, which should accept legally in the union of marriage. Here also was the moral message of the writer that love should consider as a sacred process, not as a base function of the body.

The first chapter opens with a notion that the age of Catterleys in 1920's is a tragic age. Among the ruins of the war, there has to be erected a new life towards a better living. The tragedy of the age effected Connie's life, whose husband went abroad and returned home, paralyzed new lower half of his body forever. There were almost no relatives of the family and it was not possible for Connie to have children and to give Wragby a heir, about which Clifford was so much concerned. For Clifford sex was merely an accident, one of the curious, obsolete, organic functions, which was not necessary. Connie and Clifford were so close to each other, that Clifford didn't think the physical union of marriage was necessary. If Connie wanted children of her own, she would take the liberty to have lovers. Clifford would accept to be the legal parent of the children, whom he could not father, so that

Wragby and Chatterley name would continue. This was a false attitude to begin with. Chatterleys were already at an end as a family because Clifford would not have a child of his own heredity, but he pressed the idea, that the Chatterley name representing the aristocracy should go on. The novel gives the impression that there is no need for the Chatterley aristocracy to continue, because there is an end impassable gulf between Wragby Hall and Tevershall village, where the pit-bank has been burning. In the Midlands and industrial north, the gulf between the aristocracy and the pit-miners was unbreakable. There was no communication between the miners and Wragby Hall, the quiet sort of resentment continued on either side. Clifford was contemptuous of anyone not of his class. He was neither liked nor disliked by the people: he was just parts of things, like the pit-bank and Wragby itself. Clifford was now extremely shy and self-conscious, because he was lamed. He did not want to see anyone except his personal servants. The housekeeper and the housemaids were old. They had been in the house for forty years. There were endless rooms that nobody used. The Midlands routine and mechanical order and cleanliness was lacking in the warmth of the feeling. The house seemed dreary and disused. It was a dead house as the Chatterley generation.

Connie's England was different. She was used to Scotch Hills or the Sussex downs. She was a ruddy, country - looking girl with soft brown hair and sturdy body. She seemed to come from her native village, but in fact it was not so all. Her father was Sir Malcolm Reid. Her mother had been a cultivated Fabians in pre-Raphaelite days. Connie and her sister were educated in England, and had seen that centers of art. They leave it freely and argued with man over philosophical sociological and the artistic matters. After Connie married Clifford, she became a good host to quite a number of friends at Wragby Hall. Connie resembled rather and old fashioned village woman, in the Renoir drawings. She was not at all a boyish looking thin figure.

The young intellectuals, who visited Wragby Hall, all believed in the life of the mind. All the other matters of ordinary life, such as love, money or having affairs, concerned only the person, who was involved and had no interest for anyone else. Hammond commented on the sexual problem as followed:

"The whole point about the sexual problem is that there is no point in it. Strictly there is no problem. We don't want to follow a man into the W.C., so why should we want to follow him into bed with a woman? And there, in lies the problem. If we took no more notice of the one thing than the other, there'd be no problem. It's all utterly senseless and pointless, a matter of misplaced curiosity." (Lawrence-Lady Chatterley's Lover, 60; 33)

For Hammond, and others, who spoke within Connie's hearing sex had nothing to do with tenderness. Her husband told Connie, that he did not believe in fatherhood. Connie realized that her child would be only an 'it' to him. Clifford thought that people exaggerated the occasional sexual connections ridiculously, which were no more than the mating of birds. Clifford and all his friends were all selfish in a way. Gradually Connie felt the inward dread and emptiness spreading in her soul. Their marriage was a blank nothing. It was so many words that amounted to nothingness. Clifford's friends were all dead and passionless. They wanted to make display in words. Connie realized that she wanted to have her own children, who should have not only her love, but also the love of the real father. She met the gamekeeper, when he was returning to the wood with his stubborn child, crying. She could not bear the suffering of the child, so that she took her back to her grandmother. After seeing him again in the wood she decided that the gamekeeper was unlike a workingman, and that he might have been a gentleman. Mellors related to Connie that, when he was sixteen years old, he was supposed to be clever young fellow, with a bit of French and German, from Sheffield Grammar School. Like Paul in *Sons and Lovers*, he had a girl friend, which was a romantic sort that hated commonness. She urged him to read poetry and literature. He became a clerk in *Butterfly Offices*, fuming with the things that he read.

They were the most literacy-cultured couple in ten countries. Both of them adored one another, but the serpent in the grass was sex. The girl did not want to be involved in physical passion, as her love was of a Platonic, spiritual kind. There was a split in their relationship, because he thought that she loved everything about love except the sex. She hated Mellors, when he forced her into it. He left her for another woman. It is remarkable, how a gamekeeper could be educated and intellectual, and how he

could become a gamekeeper and be satisfied with his job. Mellor's experience reminds that, he is the descendent of Paul and his girl friend is another version of Miriam in *Sons and Lovers*. Her attitude to sex reminds also Emily's attitude in *The White Peacock*. Then, Mellors married a common woman, Bertha, but he could not be happy with her, because she turned to be nothing but an animal and treated him insolence. They could never have harmony in physical union that was not based on emotional ties. They both hated each other and departed to live separately. Mellors decided that most women wanted men, but they did not want physical relationship. He could not hope to attain any harmony in any relationship with a woman. He was disappointed.

The relationship of Connie and Mellors started very slowly, as neither of them wished that it would start. They were both frustrated and dissatisfied with their marriages, but afraid of a new relationship. Connie at first did not want to abandon Clifford, and Mellors did not want her to come to his hut, because he had a big wound from old contacts, and he wanted to be left alone. His last refuge was this wood and his recall from the outer world was complete. He dreaded any female will and insistence and he desired to keep his privacy. He wished above all things that she would go away. So the relationship with Mellors is not a promiscuous or calculated seeking out on either side. The entire relationship is based on tenderness. An instance of this is seen, when Connie holds a chick in her hands:

"There!" he said, holding out his hand to her. She took the little drab thing between her hands, and there it stood, on its impossible little stalks of legs, its atom of balancing life trembling through its almost weightless feet into Connie's hands. But it lifted its handsome, clean-shaped little head boldly, and looked sharply round, and gave a little 'peep'. 'So adorable! So Cheeky!' she said softly." (Ibid.; 119)

After they became lovers, they do not intend to use contraceptives, nor would they allow the baby that was conceived to be passed off to Clifford Chatterley's sponsorship and name. They see the results of their relationship and their responsibilities are theirs as well as the joy. All these elements meet in the baby. Both of them decide to divorce their partners. Connie leaves

Wragby and goes to live with Hilda in Scotland. Mellors leaves and goes to the country and gets work on a farm. The decision is that, he should get divorce, if possible, whether Connie gets hers or not. Both have to wait till spring is in, till the baby is born and till the early summer round again.

Mellors believes that there is hope in the little flame and union, between Connie and himself. 'So they won't be able to blow out my wanting you, nor the little glow there is between you and me. We'll be together next year. And thought I am frightened, I believe in your being with me... So I believe in the little flame between us. For me now it is the only thing in the world. I've got no friends, no inward friends. Only you. And now the little flame is all I care about in life. There's the baby that is a side issue. It's my Pentecost, the forked flame between you and me. The old Pentecost isn't quite right. God and me are a bit uppish, somehow. But the little forked flame between you and me: There you are! That's what I abide by, Cliffords and Berthas, colliery companies and government and the money-mass of people all not with standing.' (Ibid.; 316)

Mellors had hope in a higher mystery, that he called his forked flame. Even if Connie were away, his soul would flap in the little Pentecost flame with her. Their relationship and union created a being. Their love was creative and a mystery and now being consummated, peace and chastity would follow. He explains his feelings of the present state as follows:

"I love the chastity now that it flows between us. It is like fresh water and rain. How can men want wearisomely to philander? What a mystery to be like Don Juan, and impotent ever to fuck oneself into peace, and the little flame alight, impotent and unable to be chaste in the cool between-while, as by a river." (Ibid.; 317)

Mellors did not hold back his love and tenderness, because Connie was rich, but he did not also intend to loose his pride, dignity and integrity as a man. He recognised her as his mate. He thanked God that he had a woman, who was aware of him, and who was neither a bully nor a fool. He thanked God that she was tender, when his soul was with her in the creative act. Their love is presented as ideal kind of love, of union, of both body and mind and soul altogether. Their relationship depended on the respect of

their bodies, their souls and their personalities, wherein both Connie and Mellors found and discovered their true selfhood. They had learned to accept each other on the terms of the other's self, and had succeeded in putting aside the personal egoism. This was they were able to be happy.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE PLUMED SERPENT

In Kangaroo, the argument between Harriet and Lovat on the lord and mastership of the ocean of marriage, leads, in somewhat a comical manner to Lovat's insistence, that he will be lord and master and that Harriet, his wife, will be his nest to the phoenix in him, and will consider it a bliss to belong, to honor and to obey her lord in the ship of marriage. However Lovat persuades Harriet, whether she is inclined to be persuaded or not, that the perfect-companion-ship management is certainly Golden in marriage. This particular theme links the Australian novel to the Mexican novel called *The Plumed Serpent* and to *The Captain's Doll*, a novella, which denotes and presents the same theme to a better extent than the writer's Mexican novel. The Plumed Serpent is referred as a Mexican novel, because it reflects the Writer's impressions of his voyage to Mexico City and the Mexican living there. After leaving Australia, the Lawrences arrived in the United States in September 1922, and went straight to Taos in New Mexico. D. H. Lawrence made several trips to Old Mexico. The travel in Mexico was very important, because it dominated his imagination for three years until he left Taos in September 1925.

The Plumed Serpent begins with a bullfight and Kate, an Irish widow in early middle age, is in Mexico City as a tourist with two young Americans. They all go to the bullfight, and Kate is appealed at the bloody cruelty of the event and the squalid sadism of the spectators, who enjoy seeing animals hurt and killed. She hurries out and is caught in a violent rainstorm at the gateway of the enclosure. An unknown Mexican officer, who has excellent manners, rescues her from the storm. He is General Viendma, known as Don Cipriano, who was educated in England. In the opening Chapter, Kate is shown as a generous, rich, human character in contrast to the corrupt degradation of Modern Mexico.

"She was afraid more of repulsiveness than of anything. She had been in many cities of the world, but Mexico had an underlying ugliness, a sort of squalid evil, which made Naples seem debonaire in comparison. She was afraid, she was dreaded the thought that anything might

really touch her in this town, and give her the contagion of its crawling sort of evil. But she knew that the one thing she must do was to keep her head." (Lawrence-The Plumed Serpent, 73; 26)

The second chapter serves to establish the general Mexican scene and modern American attitudes toward it. Throughout the novel America stands for civilization, money and mechanism against the Mexican primitivism and culture. At the tea party, she had more opportunity of observing them. Cipriano was small and Indian. Don Ramon was large, handsome and Spanish. He reminded Kangaroo in the previous novel. They had an impressive sort of somber vitality. Kate read a newspaper relating that the ancient Gods of Mexico in Suyula, a lakeside village in Jalisco, was returning to Mexico. She heard that Don Ramon had an estate near by and she decided to go there.

So far Kate was both appalled and fascinated by the mixed Indian and Spanish culture in Mexico. Her fascination grew as her interest in Cipriano and Ramon increased. She went to the lake by a train and continued her journey by a boat on the river. A man bathing in the river announced himself as one of Quetzalcoatl's men, and demanded her tribute to the ancient gods. She was horrified by the stories of Aztec cruelty and of the strange brutal murders that have been committed around the region. At the same time the beauty of the country enchanted her. She did not know why she felt so bitter about the country. There was a naturally honest, truthful and generous beauty and gentleness in the natives around her. She was afraid of the horrors and the darkness, but she also hated what she called the "mechanical cog-wheel people" of the civilised world. She prayed and said:

"Give me the mystery and let the world live again for me! Kate cried to her own soul. And deliver me from man's automatism". (Ibid.; 114)

Kate believed that there was something rich and alive in the natives. They were mysterious to her like the Greath Breath. She was now glad that she had come to Suyula, which was a little Lake Resort. She was glad to see that the ancient Gods of the ancient culture of the natives were to be resurrected and 'Jesus (was) going home, to the Father, Marry (was) going back, to sleep

in the belly of the Father. And they both (would be recovering) from death, during the long sleep.' Kate went to the Plaza with her maid Juana and saw the elegance of the youths. She joined the crowd of men round the drummer. They sang a hymn announcing that Quetzalcoatl was coming and Jesus was going home. The ancient gods were to replace Jesus in Mexico. The ceremony and the music profoundly affected Kate. Don Ramon, it appears, is the leading man of the revived Quetzalcoatl mysteries, and Cipriano is his devoted disciple.

Kate meets Dona Carlota, Don Ramon's wife, and learns that she is a Catholic. She worships her husband and loves Don Cipriano, but is horrified at their attempt to restore the native religion and the ancient gods. Her religion is shown in contrast with Don Ramon's faith. She thinks that her husband wants to destroy Jesus and Blessed Virgin, for the people. In her opinion Don Ramon assumed the role of a Saviour. If he could submit to love, then he could also find God. Carlota thought that her husband was perverse and Don Ramon reacted to his wife's belief with hatred and related his feeling to her in revulsion:

"You do not love, save with your will. I don't like the love you have for your god: it is an love you have for me: it is the same. I don't like the love you have for your children. If ever I see in them in them a spark of desire to be saved from it, I shall do my best to save them. Meanwhile hate your love, have your will. But you know I dislike it. I dislike your insistence, I dislike your monopoly of one feeling, I dislike your charity works. I disapprove of the whole trend of your life. You are weakening and violating the boys. You do not love them, you are only putting your love- will over them. One day they will turn and hate you for it. Remember I have said this to you." (Ibid.; 220)

Don Ramon dislikes his wife, because of the nature of her love. As a devout Catholic and as a mother, she is insisting to impose her own will upon the others. She is at first seen as an embodiment of European religion and culture, wiping out the native religion of Quetzalcoatl and Indian, Aztec culture. Secondly, in the family she is seen, as an authoritative mother imposing her will on the other family members, and thus preventing the development of selfhood of her sons. Don Ramon would try to rescue his boys from the clutch of the domineering mother. Hence Carlota's death on the

altar steps was considered the will of The Omnipotent. 'His old connections were broken. She could hear him say 'There is no star between me and Carlota, -And how terribly true it was.'

The familiar theme of the domineering mothers is not new. It has been observed before in the earlier novels such as *The White Peacock*, *The Trespasser* and *Sons and Lovers*.

A couple of months later Ramon surprises Kate by marrying again. His bride is Teresa, a young Spanish woman of a good family, who has been oppressed and insulted by her two brutish brothers. Ramon rescues her by marrying her and restores her self-respect and her belief in herself as a woman. Her husband returns her dowry to her that was already intended for her, by her dead parents. Kate, forgetting all her submission to Cipriano, and to, god of death and destruction, and her selfhood as Malintzi, the wife, goddess of Huitzilopochtli, is inclined to be contemptuous of Teresa's submissive adoration of her husband. Kate accused her of sacrificing herself to Ramon. Teresa tried to persuade Kate that this was not sacrificing herself. Teresa had an air of independence and authority in her quiet besting, although she still had the tears of anger and bitterness of her insulted sex in the hands of her brothers. She loved her husband and her rescuer with 'a wild, virgin loyalty'. She was indebted to him for her restored pride and beauty. In return she felt a fierce reverence for him. Teresa is defined as:

"A fiery soul, in such a demure, slight, dark body... Her burning eyes never changed. Her dark Eyes flashed at him, and her mouth gave a little smile. It was evident she was hopelessly in love with him, in a sort of Trance or muse of love". (Ibid.; 412)

Kate, who is the white European woman assured of her self and her independence, called Teresa 'the harem type'. In another passage, in the same chapter, called 'Teresa', she is described in a similar manner:

"What a curious will the little dark woman had! What a subtle female powers inside her rather skinny body! She had the power to make him into a big, golden full glory of 'a man. Whilst she herself became almost inconspicuous, save for her big black eyes lit with a tigerish power". (Ibid.; 413)

The adjectives which are used to describe Teresa can be given as, virgin, royal, fiery, demure, dark, burning, flashing, powerful, little and skinny and tigerish. These qualities are represented in the self of a Mexican in contrast to Kate who is standing for the independent, white, self-assured, queen-like, handsome European woman. Both Kate and Teresa were feeling themselves to be potential enemies. Kate envied Teresa and could not bear the sight of Ramon in love with Teresa. Ramon was revered like a Sultan, Looking very handsome, yet soft, pleasant somewhat boyish in his physical well being. He was mixing a cocktail in his pasha-like way. Teresa watched Kate that is she kept an eye on her, on the woman talked with men on their own plane.

Kate was impatient to see that Ramon was enveloped in 'The toils of this dark little thing', employing 'Harem tricks!' on her husband. Kate also feared that she herself would succumb as part of the harem in the presence of that Sultan.

Kate had come from a world where man had made a queen of her, as if the skies rested on her. She felt that her womanhood filled the universe. Now the opposite was taking place. The descriptive lines on Teresa are repeated:

"This little bit of a black, eyed women had an almost uncanny power to make Ramon great and gorgeous in the flesh, whilst she herself became inconspicuous, almost invisible, save for her grate black eyes. Like a Sultan, he was, like a full golden Fruit in the sun, with a strange and magnificent presence, glamour, and then, by some mysterious power in her dark little body, the skinny Teresa held him most completely." (Ibid.; 414)

Kate saw that her glamour and power was declining and the power and self-assurance of the Mexican woman was rising. Ramon wanted to have the Mexican type of woman, who would love and give her soul and her life to her husband. Teresa told Kate that she in fact lost her soul to Ramon. It was not simply love that she had given to Ramon; love was only a little bit. She gave her life to Ramon and he was her life. Kate said:

"Surely it is better for one to live one's own life!"

Teresa did not agree with Kate's point of view and explained her ideas in the following lines:

"No! It is like seed. It is no good till it is given, I know. I kept my own life for a long time. As you keep it longer, it dies. And I tried to give it to God. But I couldn't, quite. Then they told me, if I married Ramon and had any part in the Quetzalcoatli heresy, my soul be damned. -But something made me know it was not true. I even knew he needed my soul. - oh, Senora-' a subtle smile came on Teresa's pale face- 'I have lost my soul to Ramon. What more can I say!' 'And what about his soul?' 'It comes home to me- here!' she put her hand over her womb. Kate was silent for a time. 'And if he betrays you?' she said. 'Ah, Senora!' said Teresa. 'Ramon is not just a lover. He is a brave man, and he doesn't betray his own blood. And it is his soul that comes home to me. And I would struggle to my last breath to give him sleep, when he came home to me with his soul, and needed it', she flashed. 'No, thank God! I have not got a life of my own! I have been able to give it to a man who is more than a man, as they say in their Quetzalcoatli language. And now it needn't die inside me, like a bird in a cage. -Oh, yes, Senora! If he goes to Sinaloa and the West Coast, my soul goes with him and takes part in all. It does not let him go alone. And he does not forget that he has my soul with him. I know it. - No, Senora! You must not criticise me or pity me.' 'Still!' said Kate. 'It still seems to me it would be better for each one to keep her own soul, and be responsible for it.' 'If it were possible!' said Teresa. 'But you can no more keep your own soul inside you for yourself, without its dying, than you can keep the seed of your womb. Until a man gives you his seed, the seed of your womb is nothing. And the man's seed is nothing to him. - And until you give your soul to a man, and he takes it, your soul is nothing to you. - And when a man has taken your whole soul.- Ah, do not talk about betraying. A man only betrays because he has been given a part, and not the whole. And a woman only betrays because only the part has been taken from her, and not the whole. That is all about betrayal. I know. But when the whole is given, and taken, betrayal can't exist. What I am to Ramon, I am. And what he is to me, he is. I do not care what he does. If he is away from me, he does as he wishes. So long as he will always keep safe what I am to him.' " (Ibid.; 425)

Kate, a woman of the world, handsome and experienced, always accustomed to homage, used to look on other women as inferior. She knew that Ramon was a greater man than Cipriano and Ramon chose Teresa instead of Kate. Kate had to ask whether Teresa was not a greater woman than she. It was impossible to think about it, but there it was. Kate's marriage to Cipriano was different. It was momentary. When Cipriano was away, Kate was her old individual self. The text said: "All these well - dressed, beautiful women from America or England, Europe, they all kept their souls for themselves, in a sort of purse, as it were." Teresa was determined that Kate should leave off treating her as an inferior. It was how all the foreign women treated the Mexican women. Ramon did not let other women mistreat Teresa.

Kate was legally married to Cipriano and she experienced the process of change within her blood. She realized the death in her of 'The Aphrodite of the foam: the seething, frictional, ecstatic Aphrodite'. Cipriano drew away from this in her. He would not give her satisfaction. 'There was no such thing as conscious satisfaction' in their relationship. Cipriano would keep his privacy round him like a cloak and left Kate with her own privacy. Kate insisted on intimacy. She had to accept his way and to live in his aura. 'A mindless communion of the blood.' Later on in the final chapter, Teresa told Kate that Cipriano was not like Ramon. He was a soldier, but Ramon was gentle. Kate was also a soldier among women, fighting all the time in her spirit. That was why she called a Malintzi. She would fight with herself, if she was alone. She would not leave Cipriano to return to Europe and her character showed a change of attitude, which was unexpected.

She wept in tears that Cipriano should not let her go even if her own test desire told her to leave Mexico.

'You don't want me to go, do you?' she pleaded. 'I like you very much!' he said to her. 'You won't let me go!' she said to him.

CHAPTER SIX

THE CAPTAIN'S DOLL

"The Captain's Doll" followed the previous theme in *The Plumed Serpent* and *Kangaroo*, that it was not a woman's business to love a man unless she was prepared to honor and obey him as well. This theme was presented in a very different atmosphere and place that it was in the novels. The setting was in occupied Germany and the protagonist was Countess. He showed no inclination to make up his mind and to decide on the situation. Hannele was in love with him and made a doll of him in her studio, where she earned her living by making and selling dolls, with her friend Baroness Mitchka. In the opening scene, Hannele was found, making a doll, which was the exact portrait of the Captain.

In the midst of this, the Captain's wife appeared. She was a comical character, with her pretty, small, over-decorated appearance and her half-witty and half-silly chatter. With her self-assurance and firm belief in her womanly intuition, she misinterpreted the whole situation. She talked with Hannele, tried to buy her husband's doll portrait and believe that the Captain was in love with Hannele's friend. She thought that the British authorities for being a danger to British men should bow Baroness Mitchka. Thus she made the position of these ladies excessively difficult. As things got complicated, she fell out of the window of her hotel room and died. Her sudden death solved the problem of Hannele and the Captain as the elderly wife cleared away from the scene. A brutal coincidence was thus for mere convenience and no more feeling of pity was necessary. A character that had served its purpose was removed.

Hannele understood that Captain was touched emotionally by the death of his wife. As he got married to her, he had promised to make her life a happy one almost head over heels. In a way Mrs. Hepburn also used her husband as a doll. Hannele found that the Captain was slightly ridiculous, so they parted and touched with each other.

The Captain went home realising that all his relations were broken up. However he could not forget Countess Hannele,

although she did not represent a rosy, romantic love to him. Suddenly he took the train back to Munching and inquired for Hannele and her shop, but his endeavours were fruitless. He was able to trace her, through his doll-portrait, which had become a noticed object of art. Hannele was to marry an Austrian official. In its part, the story revealed lively pictures of post-war Austria. The Captain was determined to have Hannele on his own terms. He does not want love on romantic basis. The quarrel of these two lovers presented a comical scene, when they came together. The Captain reproached and almost shouted at Hannele, because she made that doll of him. He did not think that Hannele loved him, as she should have, but Hannele did not agree, she thought and said that he actually acted like a doll. She did not believe that he could undertake to love her. The Captain said:

"I tried marriage once on a basis love, and I must say it was ghastly affair in the long run. And I believe it would be so, for me, whatever woman I had." "They must be something wrong with you, then," said she. "As far as love goes. And yet I want marriage." "I want marriage. I want a woman to honor and obey me." "If you are quite reasonable and very sparing with your commands" said Hannele. "And very careful how you give your orders." "In fact, I want a sort of patient Criselda. I want to be honored and obeyed. I don't want love." "How Criselda managed to honor that fool of a husband of hers, even if she obeyed him, is more than I can say," said Hannele."

Further down the Captain continued:

"Honor and obedience; and the proper physical feelings." He said. "To me that is marriage. Nothing else."

To this Hannele would reply:

"If you love, than everything is there-all the lot; you honor and obedience and everything. And if love isn't there. Nothing is there". She said. (Lawrence-The Novellas; 248)

The Captain concludes that a woman, who loved her husband, might make a doll of him any moment she desired. The doll would be her hero and her hero would be no more than her

doll. His wife had made a doll of him and her mind and now Hannele made another kind of doll of the Captain. If a woman loved a man, she would make a doll of him. Therefore the Captain did not want to be loved. It was an insult to be loved. He declared 'I won't be loved. And I won't love. I'll be honored and I'll be obeyed: or nothing.' And Hannele thought that all he would be to sit there like a sultan and enjoy his life. Hannele asked the Captain:

"What will you do for the woman, poor thing, while she is racking herself to pieces honoring you and obeying you and doing frightful house keeping in Africa: because I know it can be awful: awful." "Well," he said slowly, "she'll be my wife, and I shall treat her as such. If the marriage service says love and cherish - well, in that sense I shall do so." (Ibid.; 250)

Hannele promised to come with the Captain to Africa, but she said she would not promise to honor and to obey him, but The Captain said:

"I don't want you otherwise,"
 "But won't you have me even if I love you?" she asked him.
 "You must promise the other," he said.
 "It comes in the marriage service."

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE LOST GIRL

As D.H. Lawrence's previous three novels such as *The White Peacock*, *Sons and Lovers* and *The Rainbow* are, *The Lost Girl* is a novel about growing up and departing from one's parents into an independent adult life and selfhood. The protagonist is female and she experiences the strain of development as Paul Morel does, not because she suffers from the domination of a strong authoritative mother as Paul did, as one of the writers marked (Ruderman, 84; 39) but because of a self-centred father, who was emotionally unattached to both his daughter and to his wife, who died early, because she was not loved, her only child to the hands of the spinster governesses, who took charge of the house.

The novel was set in a mining townlet called Woodhouse with a population of ten thousand people in the year of 1920. The heroine of the story Alvina Houghton was the only child of James Houghton, who was considered the crème de la crème of Woodhouse society. James inherited a splendid business of Manchester goods at the age of twenty-eight. He was a man of elegant tastes, refined in conversation, literature and Christianity. He was above all a tradesman. He built Manchester House and got married to a small dark woman, daughter of a Derbyshire squire, from whom he expected to get ten thousand pounds, but was disappointed to get only eight hundred. He never forgave her, he was courteous, and gave his wife back what was her portion, and after Alvina was born, James had nothing more to do with his wife. For James, life consisted of woollens, silks and poplin and exquisite textures, which were to be purchased by charming high society people as princesses and empresses. For wife the house, which James had bought, was a monument, a gloomy Bastille of Mahogany. As the child was born in their second year of marriage, James departed into another bedroom. His wife, alone with the baby, developed a heart disease as a result of the nervous repression. Like a marquis in a Dickensian novel, James was a tyrant both to his family and to his shop-girls. The girls detested him and yet they submitted to him. His customers in Woodhouse

were week-buyers, not as he expected them to be and they wearied him with their common demands of flannel, merinos and alpacas. Everything that James handled was for ladies he scorned common people. He failed to see that the crowd hated his excellent taste and the elegance of fine fabrics that he brought his shop. Mrs. Houghton and Alvina were dressed in elegant frocks that impressed the town people, but Mrs. Houghton who had a heart disease stayed more and more at home and the child was given to the charge of governess. Miss Frost being a handsome, vigorous woman of thirty years with grey-white hair, though it is strange that a woman at the age of thirty years should have white hair, took over the responsibility of the child and determined her line in the family relationships. She defended little Alvina, whom she loved as her own and the sick, heart-stricken mother from the caprices of the father. The governess was a musician by nature. She sang in the choir of the chapel. She disliked and despised James Houghton for his airy and his gracious selfishness and his lack of human feeling and most of all his fantasy concerning his job. Almost imperceptibly she took into her hands the reins of the domestic government. She controlled the maids and suggestion the meals, which James ate without commenting on them. She brought in books and flowers, but no visitors were welcomed in the old declining Manchester House. She seemed to bring illumination to the poor domestic ship of the house. Miss Frost thought that James was a man of no feeling and she undertook the responsibility of motherhood at home, which James did not mind at all, as long as the Manchester house was kept in order.

Miss Frost became Alvina's tutor. She drilled Alvina in drawing, music and translations. What money she made, went chiefly support the Houghton household. She was unselfish and generous. She supported the nervous, invalid Clariss Houghton for a dozen of years and tended the child and protected her from the father as well as from the 'neurotic' mother. For nearly twenty years she saw that food was prepared, and clean sheets were spread on the beds, but she remained in the position of an outsidess, without gaining and established authority in James favour. He was neither thankful to Miss Frost, nor to Miss Pinnegar, who came to join and to share the responsibility of Manchester household.

Miss. Pinnegar was somewhat different from Miss. Frost in physical details. She was rather short, stout, mouse-coloured, an unsettling, spooky kind of a woman with pale grey eyes, and a padding step and a soft voice. Mrs. Houghton, Alvina and Miss. Frost detested her; they had to suffer her unwillingly, but had no alternative, because she had a curious domination over James.

Her soft, sure voice, suggestive in its power, secretly crept beneath their clothing. Miss. Pinnegar was not vulgar in her manner of approach, but the things she said were downright. She seemed to slip into her hearer's consciousness without his being aware of it, so that her speeches were accepted without slightest challenge and Alvina, though she adhered to her beloved Miss. Frost, did not really mind the quiet suggestive power of Miss. Pinnegar. Miss. Pinnegar was helpful in household affairs as well as in the shop. She would come to the shop-door to show herself to the ironical, jeering mob to impose silence on their joking criticisms of the delicate articles in the shop. Miss. Pinnegar pursued her own way in the shop producing, indestructible shirts and singlets for the colliers and serviceable aprons for the collier's wives and ordinary dresses for servants. She permitted herself to create no fancy dresses, which were regarded as a weekly comic issue by the window shoppers in Woodhouse. The women of Woodhouse came at last to depend on Miss. Pinnegar for their garments. That is her contribution to the Manchester shop was appreciated. She had small steady income and left the residue to James. In spite of her and of James' efforts, his business of manufacturing was going downs. As Mrs. Houghton and Miss. Frost died one after another, he cried after them, but made himself too busy to resurrect his shop. When his daughter was about twenty-seven years old, the shopping business was bankrupt.

Under Miss. Frost's protection Alvina went to school and worked on her piano. She took her walks and went to the Congregational Chapel for social life. As she grew older entered the choir at chapel. She was not particularly religious by inclination. She neither questioned nor accepted, but just let be. She was slim and distinguished in appearance and beautiful with grey-blue eyes. She was delicate lady like in her motions and her voice was flexible and attractive like her father's. Sometimes Miss. Frost had a hard time to understand Alvina's unsympathetic hilarious jeering. Alvina however remained the demure, refined

creature of her governess' desire for twenty years. It was not clear which shadow was greater over the child: That of Miss. Frost or of Manchester House. Alvina was herself unconscious of the odd derisive look at the back of her eyes which scared away the young men. It looked as if she would join the ranks of spinster-hood as Miss. Frost done.

When Alvina was twenty-three years old, she met Alexander Graham and was engaged to him, but neither Miss. Frost nor Mrs. Houghton liked him and the father told Alvina that if she went away with Alexander to Australia she would be entirely unprotected. Alvina felt that she could not to engage any longer. She broke off her engagement and packed his ring his letters and his little presents and posted them overseas. She was greatly relieved as her father told her that she acted wisely. She often looked at his picture afterwards and thought that all the young men of Woodhouse were humiliating, common, and inferior.

As Alvina was sweet in her manners to the members of the house, she was also intolerable. She declared that she was departing, as she would not be buried alive there. She could not stand this. She told the disapproving governess that she wanted to be maternity nurse. Her parents and Miss. Frost expected Alvina to be the old loving Alvina again, but she persisted. Alvina was changing; she was not frightened to go away. Alvina enjoyed coming to Islington to be trained there for her future profession. She learned how to fight tooth and nail to earn her respectability among her patients whom she attended. At this point the writer asks this question: " Was Alvina her own real self all this time? " As she returned home at Easter to visit her parents, everybody was shocked to see this frail, lady like girl become a fat, warm-coloured woman, strong and certain in her manners. Her father remarked, sarcastically that at least she looked healthy. Alvina related to Miss. Frost how she enjoyed going out with the young doctors to theatres and musicals and Miss Frost dared not ask whether Alvina betrayed herself with any of these young men.

As Alvina was on her way back to Islington in the train, it decided in herself that the beautiful, unbearable tyranny of Miss Frost should die out with her body. It was often repeated that it was high time for the lovely ideal lady to be immortal. Mortality should be replacing immortality of Miss Frost or her high-mindedness. Alvina defended her virginity but she was friendly

with such fellows as Headly, James and Young, Headly being at first defined to be a sandy haired man and then a brawny red-headed fellow, probably by some carelessness in chapter III.

It was implied that virginity was not worth after all, as Alvina wondered over it, no sin in thought was thought to be as bad as to sin in act. Can the thought be held equal to the act? She wished that she was not virgin any longer, but her curious Amazonic power kept her in distance and she remained friends with men. Alvina returned to Woodhouse to make her fortune, but the Woodhouse people thought that it was too expensive to hire her as a nurse and above all they thought her not as a nurse but as Miss Houghton. She belonged to them so much that there was something indecent in engaging her and they preferred either a midwife or a nurse who was advised by a doctor out of the unknown. Neither James nor Alvina could find demand in Woodhouse. Alvina was admired to go somewhere else to practice her nursing. In Woodhouse she was getting old, and looked older than she should, as she was twenty-four.

Mrs Houghton could not be able to stand her husband's coming in to her room, she would go blue at the lips so that he went out to his Throttle-Halfpenny ecstasy and did not come again. Whenever Alvina went to see her mother, she would cry and say that Alvina was not herself. Miss Frost was glad that Alvina had come to take the responsibility of nursing off her shoulders. The daughter and the mother loved one other with a kind of love in which no word was exchanged, and Alvina never her sick mother alone.

In the 4th chapter both the mother and Miss Frost die one after another. The attitude to death is the old-fashioned wisdom to let be, and not to think. It was mentioned that her day was not her parent's day and their life was not hers. No generation repeated the mistakes of the old generation in the same way. The young made its own mistakes and had no reason to be proud of their superiority over the old. The new generation had its own lies and hypocrisy and absolute wisdom did not exist. Thus Alvina refrained from pondering on her mother's life and fate. It was concluded, "What ever the fate of the mother, the fate of the daughter will be otherwise. That is organically inevitable. The business of the daughter is with her own fate, not with her mother's." This

indicates that Alvina's life would be different than the life of her mother. Whether it would be better, could not be understood yet.

In the mean time a question is being directed indicating the Writer's point of view, outside involvement of the characters, which concerns women:

"Is the only aim and end of a man's life, to make some woman, of parcel of woman, happy? Why? Why should anybody expect to be made happy, and develop heart disease if she isn't? Surely Clariss' heart disease was a more emphatic sign of obstinate self-importance than ever James' shop-windows were. She expected to be made happy. Every woman in Europe and America expects it. On her own head than if she is made unhappy: for her expectation is arrogant and impertinent. Then is -all and end- all of life doesn't lie in feminine happiness- or in any happiness. Happiness is a sort of soap-tablet- he won't be happy till he gets it, and when he's got it, the precious baby, it'll cost him his eyes and his stomach. Could any thing be more puerile than a mankind howling because it isn't happy: like a baby in the bath!

Poor Clariss, however, was dead-and if she had developed heart- disease because she wasn't happy, well, she had died of her own heart-disease, poor thing. Wherein lies every moral that mankind can wish to draw."(Lawrence-The Lost Girl, 70; 59)

Clariss' heart disease was interpreted as 'obstinate self importance' as James' shop-windows, but there is no real, convincing evidence until the end of Chapter IV, that Clariss is a self- centred person. In the later chapters, there is no recurrence of her person. Alvina is surprised how little trace her mother left after her death. It was as if she was dead, buried alive in Manchester house. Expectation of happiness means arrogance and impertinence in D.H Lawrence's words, and life does not lie in any happiness. Howling because of unhappiness is a juvenile attitude and D.H Lawrence is clearly against it. However one thing is clear that human beings would continue to run after happiness, and satisfaction is sometimes not possible. D.H Lawrence is against feminine demand, that men should be responsible for the happiness of women. However he also relates that women are in helpless condition concerning their happiness:

"Miss Frost wept in anguish, and saw nothing but another woman betrayed to sorrow and slow death. Sorrow and slow death, because a man had not married her. Miss Frost wept also for herself, for her own sorrow and slow death. Sorrow and slow death, because a man had not married her. Wretch man, what is he to do with these exigent and never -to-be- satisfied women? Our mothers pined because our fathers drank and were rakes. Our wives pine because we are virtuous but inadequate. Who is this sphinx this woman? Where is the Oedipus that will solve her riddle of happiness, and then strangle her? - Only to marry his own mother!" (Ibid.; 60)

D.H Lawrence presents here a general condition of women in nineteen twenties in England. There seems to be no alternatives of happiness for women who are either married or not married, because weep in both conditions. Woman is sphinx, a riddle that is hard to understand. In the first Chapter, he touches the problem of unmarried women but does not move deep in to the problem to explain the reasons. In 1920, D.H Lawrence may well have been influenced by the fact that the existence of a large proportion of unmarried women, a topical subject in 1913, was even more of a pertinent issue after the war. Women were taken away from their temporary war-work to make room for home coming soldiers, yet so many men had been killed in the war, that marriage was a realistic proposition for only a limited number of women, even those who were married were not completely happy seeing other women unmatched. D.H Lawrence has not thought that the war was the main reason, but he thought that either the middle-class women were too squeamish in their choice of husbands, or the lower middle class men assiduously climbed up and down in marriage, leaving their true partners stranded, there were no too many 'perhaps' in the writer's explanation, which meant that he was not sure which was which and thus Hilary Simpson's conclusion can be defended that the writer shows no clear engagement with the 'problem'. (Simpson, 82; 75)

After the death of her protectors, Alvina was faced with the problem being an old maid. She was twenty-six years old and her life was still utterly barren. She was shabby and penniless and her father did not let anyone help her with the housework. A panic overtook her, which overcame many unmarried women at about

the age of thirty. She would not care about marriage, if even she had a lover. A change of lover attitude to life seen in Alvina:

"Some sort of terror hunted her to the search of a lover. She would become loose, she would become a prostitute, she said to herself, rather than die off like Cassie Allsop and the rest, wither slowly and ignominiously and hideously on the tree. She would rather kill herself." (The Lost Girl; 81)

One of her friends, Lottie tried to help her to find a suitable man for her to marry, who would have been Albert who had gone to South Africa to occupy a post in a Grammar School in one of the cities of Cape Colony. He was in England to get his degree at Oxford and he was thirty-two years old. It has been stated in the context that Alvina did not have the 'natural gift' of a loose woman or a prostitute to be able to attract loose man. She was not promiscuous, but she was highly exclusive and selective. The negation of looseness or prostitution was a power that frightened men away from her, because she wanted something more than mere marriage, a profound and 'dangerous, inter relationship', beyond the understanding of marriage, is not clearly explained. Alvina's father became very stingy, so that food became scarce in her house. It was a constant struggle to get from him enough money for her small necessities, yet she could not go away to marry Albert, whom she found quite unattractive. He was nice, but there was a glass wall between them. Alvina met Arthur Witham, who hurt his leg and needed her nursing. He did a curious thing by pressing her hand down over his wounded leg with all his might, as if her hand were a plaster. He did this quite unconsciously, but Alvina had the feeling, that he was using her and taking the virtue out of her without even thanking her. Afterwards he would probably treat her as an if she were a pair of steps. Alvina had satisfaction shaking both of them off.

It was clear to Alvina that her ship would not sail. There lay the only alternative in work. Some work of some sort had to be found for her. She rebelled not only against routine work, but she would have her independence, as so many women did and would probably die, growing old and chattering. The word job was unbearable and vulgar, even humiliating. It was a form of slavery to a mechanical life for a certain amount of wage. To serve the mechanical routine of some modern work seemed worse than

serving some human being. Alvina's story had been commonplace, so far more or less the story of thousand of girls. They all found work or married a dull schoolteacher, but Alvina was an extraordinary person and her fate was to be an extraordinary fate. Before meeting the Natcha-Kee-Tawara Troupe, Alvina met an interesting, strange man called Mr. May who got in to business with her father as his manager in the cinema business. Houghton's last endeavour, which brought nothing to him except a failure in his business. James kept it a secret from his daughter and Miss. Pinnegar, who was actually shocked to hear that James had a manager. Mr. May had left his wife in London and told Alvina that she was a woman who would not eat supper and he had to loose pounds, because she hated him to eat or to cook for himself. She wanted him to live on lettuce leaf and drink water from the tap and then elevate himself with a Bernard Shaw pamphlet. Her morality was to live on almost nothing. Resenting this strongly, as there was no way of pleasing his wife, he asked her:

"What shall we have for supper, Grace? As sure as anything she'd answer,

"Oh, I shall take a bath when I go to bed that will be my supper."

Mr. May said that she was one of those advanced vegetarian women, who caused extraordinary hard lines on him. She would follow him to the kitchen in a fury to see that he cooked for himself and she would spoil his cooking by putting old carrot water into his delicious champignons. Mr. May said that all she gave him was gas in the stomach. His wife and the Fabians would challenge and examine his private morals for eugenic reasons. Mr. May decided never to see his wife again, although he supported her and his daughter, who also suspected him. Mr. May developed a curious relationship with Alvina. It was on purely verbal, descriptive plane. He was discouraged from making any physical advances with the memory of his previous overbearing relationship with his wife. He did not want to get into any new relationships with other women. He worshipped the angel-mother in woman, but generally he thought that women were horrific two-legged cats without whiskers. He never wanted to be seen out-of-doors with Alvina. Decidedly he turned his back on her in public, but he was very fond of her only as a sister to him, although Woodhouse

buzzed with scandal. He thought that Alvina was not physical but mental. This was the way he wanted Alvina to be. He was never in a harmonious relationship with his wife and he did not want to get into another relationship with any other women. It was Mr. May who introduced the Natcha-Kee-Tawara Troupe to James and Alvina. The Troupe consisted of five persons, Madame Rockard and four young men. One of them was an Italian from the south named Francesco, but preferred to be called Cicio. Madame was like a mother to the men and they revered her like her sons would have done. She had considerable power over the men. Alvina was influenced by Cicio's physical appearance. Cicio was handsome, fearless and suggestive, having a dark mysterious glamour on his face. He was passionate and remote. Alvina hated his beauty. He watched her when he had a spare time, but he did not want to meet her glance. Obstinate he held away from her, when she came to speak with him. Cicio kept an eye on Alvina as if he watched a serpent gliding in the theatre. She was also conscious of his powerfully built muscles. Alvina avoided the Madame as Cicio avoided Alvina. Cicio kept Alvina at a certain distance, and yet in a connexion. As the Natcha group departed from the town Alvina wept, because she loved them and wanted to be with them. The theatre was dull without them. She was obsessed and fascinated by them, even hypnotised.

Madame tried to persuade Alvina, that Italian men like Cicio would use their chance to come up in social life. He would think of rising by marrying Alvina, because she was English and after the marriage, he would perhaps beat her. Nobody would help a wife in Italy who would be beaten by her husband and she had to accept that she would only be a wife of labouring man. Cicio might expect her to be rich, but after the death of Alvina's father, it was known that nothing was left to Alvina. Alvina's mother had brought four thousand pounds with her, but James sank it all in Throttle Ha'penny, Klondyke and the Edeavour. Alvina and Miss Pinnegar had to leave Manchester House Collier's lives pitied her because no nice man turned up to marry her, but they also took pleasure in talking behind her back and in exaggerating her attitude towards men, because she was on the way of becoming an old maid. The women said:

"She's not much chance of getting off. How old you reckon she is? Must be well over thirty. You never say. Well

she looks it. She does begu- a dragged old mid. Oh but she springtles up a bit sometimes. Ay, when she thinks she's hooked on to somebody. I wonder why she never did take? It's funny. Oh, she was too high and mighty, before, and now it's too late. Nobody wants her. And she's got no relations to go to either, has she? No, that's her father's cousin who she's walking with. Look, they're coming. He's a fine-looking man, isn't he? You'd have thought they'd have buried Miss Frost beside Mrs Houghton. You would, wouldn't you? I should think Alvina would lie by Miss Frost. They say the grave was made for both of them, Ay, she was a lot more of a mother to her than her own mother. She was good to them, Miss Frost was. Alvina thought the world of her. That's her stone-look, down there. Not a very grand one, considering. No, it isn't, look, there's room for Alvina's name underneath." (Ibid.; 226)

However Alvina did not intend to remain an old maid. She wanted to be taken by the Natcha Tawara group. They accepted her to be the Daughter of the Tawaras, Allaye. After a ceremony of acceptance to the tribe, she was willingly taken by Cicio and lost her virginity, but the relationship brought her not a sense of happiness, instead a sense of humility and suffocation. She felt that Cicio wanted to make her his slave. His darkness and handsomeness dominated her with a certain spell. In the morning all the Tawaras announced that they were her brothers, but Alvina thought that all was mockery and felt bitterly inclined to cry. Cicio avoided Alvina at breakfast time and addressed himself to Gigi in French. The two men communicated, while Alvina was seriously offended. She wanted public recognition from Cicio, but left the table, because she got no attention. Alvina tried to please Madame and gave her valuable brooch to her, but decided to leave the tribe, because she felt hurt, although she actually loved Cicio. She wanted Cicio to notice her, but Cicio ignored her forever and Alvina was unhappy between humiliation and yearning. Cicio not wanting to loose Alvina, played yearning, Neapolitan songs on his mandolin, which pleased Alvina. They both decided to go to Woodhouse to Alvina's home and the breach between her and the tribe was established as Alvina invited Gigi to come and visit them. Miss Pinnegar wept, crying out that Alvina was a lost girl, but Alvina sounded happy and said: 'I like being lost.' Miss Pinnegar also decided to leave the old Manchester House, if Alvina was not

to live in it. Cicio and Alvina decided to marry Cicio confessed that he would marry Alvina for love and money would not matter.

When Alvina lost her house, she felt humiliated and strange in Woodhouse. She wanted to see nobody. Fearing that she would be much cheaper in Madame's eyes, she did not go to Mansfield. She felt that the troupe would insult her, because of the loss of her house. She found a post as a nurse and wrote to Cicio about it. She became jolly with the other women who worked with Dr. Mitchell. The doctor admired Alvina, because she seemed distinguished and she liked him, but she avoided him, when he made advances at her. The doctor followed Alvina and shouted for her to love him. It seemed horrible and comical that an elderly man should beg for love. She engaged to him. In Woodhouse this elevated her in common esteem, but in Lancaster, where she worked, it was of no importance. Cicio came again and played serenades on his mandolin and offered Alvina to go to Italy with him as his wife. Alvina not could revolt. She was as if bewitched by Cicio. She felt herself like one of the old sacred prostitutes: a sacred prostitute. Cicio's love extinguished her. She became obscure and veiled. She wondered whether this sinking into extinction under the spell of Cicio was atavism. It was a strange, sleep like submission in to his being. She felt that her selfhood was dissolved under his shadow, but she was content and proud of the dark obscure loneliness, which was sweet and rich. Her mind remained distinctly clear so that she could criticise and find fault with him. She had lost the power to care about his faults. Strange, sweet, poisonous indifference overtook her. It was as if she was drugged. They were legally married and she became Mrs. Marasca. She thought that there was no point in trying to be Miss. Houghton any longer. She was glad that she had eaten a dark poisonous fruit and recognised that it was beautiful. Cicio did not want to stay in England; he wanted to take his wife to Italy with him amid the beginnings of the spy craze. In London they stayed for some time in Cicio's cousin's house, where Alvina was always under his spell and leopard-like pride. She would commit herself to him through every eternity.

As they both London in a train, the women and children were crying and waving handkerchiefs. Both Alvina and Cicio were beautiful in their warm garments. There was the magic of estrangement as the passengers watched the couple. They were in

a boat far down the channel and the warm sunshine was on them, but behind the sunshine was England. "England, beyond the water, rising with ash-grey, corpse-grey cliffs, and streaks of snow on the downs above. England, like a long, ash-grey coffin slowly submerging. She watched it, fascinated and terrified. It seemed to repudiate the sunshine, to remain unilluminated, long and ash-grey dead, with streaks of snowlike cerements. That was England! Her thoughts flew to Woodhouse, the grey centre of it all. Home!

Her heart died within her. Never had she felt so utterly strange and far-off. Cicio at her side was as nothing, as spell-bound she watched, away off, behind all the sun shine and the sea, the grey, snow-streaked substance of England slowly receding and sinking, submerging. She felt she could not believe it. It was like looking at something else. What? It was like a long, ash-grey coffin, winter, slowly submerging in the sea. England?" (Ibid.; 347)

They arrived in Italian Alp after a long journey, where snow was deep, white, wonderful and fresh. They passed Alessandria, Genoa, Pisa and Rome. Alvina slept in the train in Genoa. As she woke in the moonlight, the sea beneath her was beautiful with silver lights. The world was magic to her. And she thought to herself: "Whatever life may be, and whatever horror men have made of it, the world is a lovely place, a magic place, something marvel over. The world is an amazing place." (Ibid.; 353)

At Pescocalascio there was a mysterious influence. Alvina was out off from everything she belonged to. It was written: "The soul itself needs its non-mysterious nourishment. The nourishment lacking, nothing is well." Alvina had to support the souls of the two men, Cicio and Pancrazio. The beauty of the place enraptured and stunned Alvina. She was once more lost, but happy in Califano where Pancrazio and Cicio's mother had been born. Califano was the chief of the tiny hamlet of houses. Alvina would accompany Pancrazio and return with him on a donkey. The winter days were sunny, blue, hot and pure. Cicio plough slowly with two great white oxen. Alvina seemed almost happy, but she noticed something in Cicio, which she did not mark before. Certain weariness possessed her. Cicio had no sense of home and domestic life as an Englishman had. Cicio's home was never his castle. His castle was the piazza of Pescocalascio. His home was nothing to him but a possession, and hole to sleep in. He did not live in it. He wanted to live in open air and in community. The true

Italian in him searched for company in the piazza, the little market place where men stood in groups and talked on politics and other intellectual matter but avoided the interference of women. Cicio's active, mindful self did not belong to Alvina. She only had his passive self, and his family passion. His masculine mind and intelligence had its home in the little public square of his village. She knew this as she watched him speak of politics. He could not come to her before he had finished.

Cicio shut off obstinately all masculine communication from her, particularly politics and religion. In politics he favoured socialism and in religion he was a free thinker. Alvina knew that somewhere in his soul there was the finality of his refusal to hold discussion with women. Alvina sometimes hardened her heart with indignant anger, but left herself remain outside. Taking it, all in all, she was happy in the quietness with Cicio. She loved his presence, the quality of his silence, so rich and physical. She felt that he was never far away. He was a good deal stranger in Califano as Alvina was. This brought them closer to each other. Then Pancrazio was a good friend. He also contrived to serve her and shelter her, he took loved her for being there.

The loveliness of April came, but the declaration of war drew near and Alvina knew that Cicio would go. It is known whether Cicio would return to her or not. He promised to come back and take her to America. Alvina had lost all that she valued and loved; she lost her mother, she lost Miss Frost, she lost all her lovers, she lost her father and her house, she even lost her country in her departure, she lost her virginity, but had gained Cicio's love, she lost herself-hood in Cicio's being, and finally war took away Cicio from her.

CHAPTER EIGHT

AARON'S ROD

Aaron's Rod presents a familiar theme about the estrangement of the father to his family and finally the abandonment of the family that has been previously seen and discussed in *The White Peacock*, in *Sons and Lovers* and in *The Trespasser*. In *The White Peacock*, the estrangement and abandonment took place and the children remained with their mother, who had been responsible for the family. As the father was out of their life, so was he put out of the novel and the theme constituted only a small portion of the novel, Siegmund's abandonment of his family and children gained central importance. He had emotional relationship with another woman, before he left his home and his flight to the Isle of Wight with Helena. Was to conclude this friendship in a physical union, but Helena did not share Siegmund's joy and she was labelled as the kind of woman who would destroy the natural man and thus destroy him altogether. Hence Siegmund's suicide is symbolical of the elimination of the natural man, for the spirit in him. In *Sons and Lovers* estrangement of the father to the family is always present in the disharmonious relationship of Paul's mother and father, but no abandonment took place. As in *The White Peacock*, the children sided with their mother and considered their father a hateful personalty in the house. In *Aaron's Rod*, the estrangement and abandonment was of central importance as in *The Trespasser*, but Aaron left his family long before he entered in to an extra-marital relationship.

The novel opens in a brilliant evening of twilight in winter. It is Christmas and the War is over with a sense of relief, but there is a new sense of nightmare in the air. Aaron Sisson was secretary to the Miners' union for his colliery and he was a musician like Siegmund. The war was over, but his home was all the same, everything was familiar, as he had built for his marriage twelve years ago. The changeless pleasantness of his house was unthinkable. He had a slim wife, two girls and a baby. The girls rustled around the Christmas tree and played with Aaron's blue ball that was his from the time he was a little boy, but the ball

exploded as Millicent tossed it wildly. Aaron picked it up and thought 'so-, this was what it was. And this was the end of it.' He felt the explosion in his head and in his heart. He played his flute beautifully. It was a 16th century Christmas melody, very delicate. As he played the exquisite music, his feelings were roused to an intensity of maddened exasperation. Yet he was in sheer bliss.

Millicent did not understand the music. She wondered if her father was going out to buy some candles for the Christmas tree, but Aaron was somewhere else, he was not present in his house, and he was carried away in the music. People passing, hesitated listening to this irresistible music. He was a character solitary by himself. He would not go with the stream, but had his own side current. His wife, critical of her husband's actions, said that he was contrary. She would not approve of his talking with the miners in the union. She thought that the miners would consider attaining more money and that they were ignorant. His wife watched him and thought that it was unfair for her to stay at home with children while he was free to go off to shopping. He noticed that the war killed the market of the town, but people were crowded in a frenzy of shopping all the same. Aaron had no interest in shopping as the other people who were busy buying Christmas presents for their children and friends. Aaron hated the scene of shopping people because he disliked money. When he was in the pub called 'Royal Oak', he said to the landlady:

"It's money we live for, and money is what our lives is worth - nothing else. Money we live for, and money we are when we're dead; that or nothing. An' it's money as in between the masters and us." (Lawrence-Aaron's Road, 72; 29)

Aaron disliked money because the emphasis was on money rather than human life and human value. It was a pity that money was all-important in life and in human relationships. He reacted against materialistic evaluation of life. Aaron was not happy and satisfied. An inner drive led him away to the warmth and presence of the landlady in the pub. He loved the luxuriate, like a cat, in the presence of this violent woman. He knew that she would be nice to him. He was attracted to her physically, but the opposing hard core in him repelled and opposed against the woman. He became hard and antagonistic. Something in him

would give neither to the woman, nor to the whisky, even to the music. An obstinate black dog in him revolted against letting himself go to the feeling of rosy life.

The landlady is described to be a very beautiful, strong but a wicked figure, because she was attractive. The face of this Hebrew woman was self-righteous, destructive and dangerous. She was lustful and he had a passion for her, but his mind inserted its power over his body and he let himself dislike her and her tricks. He had drowned himself once too often in the whisky and in love. Now he was hostile to the thought of it. He became aware that he was deadly antagonistic and hostile to the landlady. In fact Aaron did not only disliked the internal goodwill of the landlady, he disliked the internal goodwill and love of his wife. He would say: 'To hell with goodwill. It was more hateful than ill will. All righteous bullying, like poison gas!' It was righteous bullying that affected love that Aaron hated. He reacted against any kind of bullying that was disguised by goodwill and love. This was evident in the relationships of the nations, as it was seen in the relationships of persons. The dominion of the British government on Indian people was of this kind. Indians would rather have their own responsibility in governing than let it be taken by the British Government, because their race was older, and because they would prefer to be independent. The argument on Indians and The British Government was left at the point, as Aaron went out from the pub.

Instead of going home that night, he wandered alone and came to the house of Bricknells who were celebrating Christmas at home with some friends. Jim Bricknell welcomed Aaron, but Robert Cunningham, a young lieutenant, who was Julia's husband, was anxious about the stranger. However Aaron was invited to pass the night in Bricknell's house and forgetting to take the two packets of Christmas tree candles that he fallen from his pockets to the floor, he left the house in the morning without any notice. He went away strangely as he had come.

Bricknells lived in Shottle House, which was at the other end of the 'Royal Oak' public house. The old man, Alfred Bricknell was one of the partners of the colliery firm and spoke with incorrect English. Their home stood about two hundred yards from New Brunswick Colliery. The colliery, which was embedded in a plantation, glowed, fumed and stunned sulfur in the nostrils of

Bricknells. Apart from this, the place where they lived was pleasant with shrubbery and lawns. They were defined as odd people in the town. Julia, their daughter, who had arrived there for Christmas, and the others lighted up a fir-tree in the lawn and danced around tree. The lamp gave out lights like 'several little tongues of flame clipped sensitive and ruddy on the naked air, sending a faint glow over the needle foliage. The party round the tree became more and more absorbed and excited as more 'ruddy tongues of flame' pricked upward from the dark tree. The air became luminous and the illumination became complete and harmonious. It was as if the tree was burning with flames that harmoniously completed the New Brunswick Colliery, which 'fumed, glowed and stunned'. Aaron Sisson met them, as they were tired of dancing and when he was addressed, he did not answer, thinking that they were all illusory people, but he accepted the invitation silently as an outside observer.

Paul G. Baker, in his *A Reassessment of D. H. Lawrence's Aaron's Rod*, interpreted the fuming and glowing colliery scene as Sodom and Gomorrah and 'the lighted tree' around which the Bricknells danced was paralleled to the biblical burning bush. (Baker; 1983) Yet there was no indication, at least no convincing explanation, in the chapter, denoting any kind of severe evil done in the little mining town or in Brunswick Colliery, except its being ugly and the odd little dance around the flaming and glowing Christmas tree outside the house. The Christmas tree is symbolical of Christ and Christ is interpreted as the bread giving power to its worshippers. The Bricknells earn their bread by the fire and the light of the colliery and celebrate their Christmas by dancing around the Christmas tree and by being jolly, but Aaron is not so reckless and jolly as these people are. It may be that the disintegration and the split are in his mind and in his soul, which drifts him apart from his home. There is no real justification for his departure from home. His wife cannot be blamed for his fault and she seems right in her complaint to the doctor who had come to visit the sick child in Aaron's absence. She said indignantly that Aaron left to go off and to run away from all the responsibility, leaving the burden to her. Showing the letter to the doctor, she cursed her husband: "May evil be fall you, you selfish demon. And I hope it may." Aaron not entering the house and watching them through window, like Frank had done in *The White Peacock*, stood

motionless as if turned to a pillar of salt, very pale and ghostly looking, felt weak as a criminal and hurried across the field in the rain into the dark night. The name of Aaron's wife who is called Lottie reminds her biblical antecedent, as the two titles of the chapters called 'The Pillar of Salt' and 'More Pillar of Salt', which recall the story of Lot and his wife in Genesis.

Late in Chapter 7, when Aaron met Josephine, the girl whom Jim was engaged to, he explained her that he left his wife and children, because he wanted to have a bit of free room around and to loose himself. He wanted fresh air and felt forced to love. He felt that if he went home, he would be forced to love or care. Aaron complained of his wife for loving him too much and for not letting him off. Aaron knew that he would never love anyone else but his wife, but he said: "I am damned if I want to go on being a lover, to her or anybody. That's the top and bottom of it. I don't want to care, when care isn't in me. And I'm not going to be forced to it." (Aaron's Rod; 83)

In Chapter II, he took a train to the midlands. Although emotions concerning his abandoned family overcame him, he could not refrain himself from going to them. As he waited in the shed outside, he saw through the window, his wife, slim and graceful, holding a little mug to the baby's mouth. She looked lonely and Aaron was filled with wild emotions and a desire to be with her. When the children would be asleep and his wife sitting and sewing some little frock, he went down the garden path and entered with a violent conflict of tenderness. His wife started to her feet and cried out with hate at his arrival. Aaron's crave for the wild emotional reconciliation turned to feelings of disappointment. "Curious sensations and emotions went through the man's frame, seeming to destroy him. They were like electric shocks, which he felt she emitted against him. And an old sickness came in him again. He had forgotten it. It was the sickness of the unrecognized and incomprehensible strain between him and her." (Ibid.; 150) Lottie quarreled with him bitterly, but he could not answer her. He was puzzled to tell anything especially when the trouble went too deep for conscious comprehension. He could not say what he had against her, when Lottie continued to flame him for being unmanly, cowardly and evil. She sank to her, but he resisted her temptation as was indicated:

"But him, it half overcame, and at the same time, horrified. He had a certain horror of her. The strange, liquid sound of her appeal seemed to him like the swaying of a serpent, which mesmerizes the fated, fluttering, helpless bird. She clasped her arms around him, she drew him to her, and she half roused his passion. At the same time she coldly horrified and repelled him. He had not the faintest feeling, at the moment, of his own wrong. But she wanted to win his own self-betrayal out of him. He could see himself as the fascinated victim, falling to this cajoling, awful woman, the wife of his bosom. But as well, he had a soul outside himself, which looked on the whole, scene with cold revulsion, and which was as unchangeable as time.

'No,' he said. 'I don't feel wrong.'" (Ibid.; 154)

Aaron feeling that she was a serpent, which mesmerized, horrified and repelled him, went down the garden in one black movement. He was gone in an unconscious movement walking across the country until he came to a cornfield. He would not yield. The illusion of love was gone forever. Love was a battle in which each party, woman or man, did not want to yield. He thought that so far, man had yielded the mastery to woman and he was fighting for it back again. Aaron decided that he would keep the mastery of own soul, conscience and actions. Henceforth, there would be no double life but single life. He thanked for being alone and not to be driven as violated into something, which is not oneself. He thought that Lottie was herself more truly when she was alone with no man to distort her. He was thankful for the division between them. Through sheer and finished singleness, he would find living unison. Aaron did not have a definite job. He fidgeted in London and played at some concerts and some private shows. Having a letter from his friend Lilly, from Novara, he went to Novara and became a guest of Sir William and his wife, who were friends of Lilly. After questioning Aaron, Sir William decided that Aaron was extremely selfish, because he would only send his wife money when he earned money and as long as he had money to send her. If his wife wanted security and provision, then she must manage her rights for herself: Aaron would not accept his wife imposing her rights on him or her husband. Sir William thought that this was criminal selfishness and said to him: 'It is certainly a good thing for society that men like you and Mr. Lilly are not common.' Aaron could not explain why he left his wife and children. He could not

even leave off loving Lottie, but it happened as natural as birth or death or nothing. Lady Franks decided that Aaron and Lilly were both in a wicked state of mind. She warned them that both should be careful or some great misfortune may happen to them. Aaron understood that she wished it as a judgement on him and smiled.

Aaron concluded mildly that it was not her fault as it was not his fault to drift apart, but it could not be helped. For Aaron, life was nothing but a sheer spending energy and a spending of energy by storing up of produce and a conservation of energy. They were in opposition, the young and the old.

As Aaron walked to the wild country, which seemed almost virgin, although it was so near the town, he thought about his wife and the nature of the female wills that was so diabolical. It could press on man like a flat sheet of iron. He realized now that he had a horror of 'the female will', which was flat, inflexible and cunning as a snake that he could sing treacherous songs. He thought that only the one, but they both must also be on fault. He had loved Lottie as he loved nobody else. His other affairs were nothing except that they were done out of spite, defiance and curiosity. Their love had developed almost at once into a kind of combat. Lottie had been the only child of headstrong, well-to-do parents. He also had been the only child of his widowed mother. Both were brought up to consider themselves the first in whatsoever company they found themselves. During the first years of their marriage, he spoiled his young wife, but he considered himself as first and almost as single in any relationship. First and single he felt and as such he bore himself. It took him years to realize that also Lottie felt herself first and single. She had a conviction, as firm as steel that she, as woman, was the center of creation, the man was an adjunct. She, as woman, and particularly as mother, was the first great source of life and being, and also of culture. The man was only an instrument, but she was the life source and the essential substance. Lottie had not formulated this belief inside herself, but it was formulated for her in the whole world. This was considered to be the substantial and professed belief of the whole white world. Lottie represented the life-centrality woman. 'Woman, the life-bearer, the life-source.'

All men agree to the second life-bearing priority of woman, even while they demand their selfish rights as superior males. Tacitly they agree that all that is productive, all that is fine

and sensitive and most essentially noble, is woman. They believe this in their productive and religious souls. Although some may react against this belief, loathing their wives, running prostitutes, or drinking, out of reaction against this 'great' and 'ignominious' dogma of the sacred priority of women, still they do but profane

God they worship. Insulting woman, they still inversely worship her. In Aaron there was another seed. It was in his nature not to worship woman. He could yield himself, never. All his mad loving was only an effort. Afterwards, he was as devilishly unyielded as ever. Lottie was sure that her man should yield to her love. It was an instinct in her that she should envelop him, yielding, in her all-beneficent love. She had doubt that her love was all-beneficent and this was her idea of marriage. She held it not as an idea but as a profound impulse and instinct. All that was most sacred and deep in her, centered on this belief that developed in her by the age in which she lived. She was fascinated and was madly in love with him, but at the same time she hated him. It was an agony to her to live with him in this way. He gave her whatever he can as passionate lover, but he kept from her the very center of himself. She did not realize this for a long time. As the years passed, she began to understand and marriage became a torment to her. She asked why he never came to her and withheld himself. "He cheated and made play with her tremendous passionate soul, her sacred sex passion, most sacred of all things for woman. All the time, some central part of him stood apart from her, aside, looking on." (Ibid.; 194) Lottie, who loved Aaron to madness and who could have died for him, felt the agony, because she never really possessed him, not once. Lottie fought against her husband and mastered the strange fascination that he exerted over her, but suddenly an unbearable desire for him would rush up again. Her odd will was strong and diabolical, which was a cold grey snake that would fight and would not relax in her. Aaron realized that at this passive game, she would beat him with her fixed female soul and will, solid as a stone. In Aaron a life-automatism of fixed tension did break and left her inevitably. His will was entire and full and suddenly he realized that he had never intended to yield himself fully to her or to anything. He did not want to give himself entirely to her or to anything. His very being was pivoted on the fact of his aloneness and his isolated self-responsibility. He would abide and insist on his isolation and singleness of his own soul

although the skies fell on top of one another and heavens collapsed. Although Lottie had been the only person, who had mattered at all to him in the entire world, this had been the cause of strife with Lottie. There was for him, only her significance in the universe and mothers were, as they were between him and her.

He coldly and terribly hated her and this was a situation without a solution. At any rate Aaron's situation was now defined and he could have a rest. "In his new silent, maskless state of wordless comprehension, he knew that he had never wanted to surrender himself utterly to Lottie, nor to his mother, nor to anybody."

The narrator comes in here to explain that Aaron was not subtle and clever enough to think all these smart things:

"Don't grumble at me then, gentle reader and swear at me that this damned fellow wasn't half clever enough to think all these smart things, and realize all these fine-drawn-out subtleties. You are quite right, he wasn't, yet it all resolved itself in him as I say, and it is for you to prove that it didn't" (Ibid.; 200)

The narrator continued to explain about how Aaron realized love: "Love in its intense, was only an attribute of the human soul: one of its incomprehensible gestures. And to fling down the whole soul in one gesture of finality in love was as much a criminal suicide as to jump off a church tower or a mountain peak. Let man give himself as much as he liked in love, to seven thousand exterminates, he must never give himself away. The more generous and the more passionate a soul, the more it gives itself. But the more absolute remains the law that it shall never give itself away. Give thyself, but give thyself not away. That is the lesson written at the end of the long strange lane of love." (Ibid.) This is the message of the novel on love moral. This is how love should be and the narrator in critical of the other type of love, which is the love of 'long-drawn-out Christian day': "Man is the gift, woman the receiver. This is the sacrament we live by; the Holy Communion we live for. That man gives himself to woman in an utter and sacred abandon, all, all, himself given, and taken. Woman eternal woman, she is the communicant. She receives the sacramental body and spirit of the man" (Ibid.)

When the woman receives and possesses her man finally and ultimately without reservation in the perfection of the

sacrament, then, also, she is driven mad by the endless meal of the marriage sacrament, poisoned by the sacred communion, which was her goal and her soul's ambition. This is the way the narrator explains how love should not be, but in fact it was. According to the narrator, women ought not to wish for perfect possession of man in body and soul, and that she would be driven mad, if she wished to attain the endless meal of the marriage sacrament. This is the writer's opinion, but a woman's opinion would be still to have her man entirely to herself in body and soul, however selfish it may seem. It I said that "love is a process of the incomprehensible human soul: love also incomprehensible, but still only process. The process should work to a completion, not some horror of intensification and extremity wherein soul and body ultimately perish. The completion of the process of love is the arrival at a state of simple, pure self-possession, for man and woman. Only that, which isn't exciting enough for us sensationalists. We prefer abysses and maudlin self-abandon and self-sacrifice, the degeneration into a sort of slime and merge." (Ibid.; 200-201)

Love may be a process that moves in great stages, and at the end of each stage, the soul possesses itself in simple and generous singleness. Without this, love is considered a disease. Aaron crossing a certain borderline accepted his loneliness or singleness as a fulfillment, a state of fulfillment. The long fight with Lottie had driven him to himself so that he was a quiet man who lost his anxiety. A Lilly is like this; she may be glad or sorry, and continue her way. She is perfectly herself, whatever befalls; even if frosts cut her off. Lilly is happy and never to be in the grip of a monomania for happiness or love fulfillment. This is life-rottenness. It is being by oneself, life living, like the Lilly. Lilly wonders in all the communions alone swept by the winds, but never swept away from one's very self.

The splendid love was described in the example of Whitman's 'Dalliance of Eagles'. Two eagles in mid-air would be coming to their intensification grappling and whirling around. In mid air the love consummation would be reached, but all the time each would be bearing itself on its own wings at every moment.

In Florence, Aaron met Marchesa del Torre, an American woman from the Southern States, who had lived most of her life in Europe. She was about forty years of age, handsome and well dressed. Her husband, The Marchesa was a little intense Italian in a

Colonel's grey, cavalry uniform. He would have been taken for an Austrian or German military officer. He looked like a gnome – odd little man. His wife was a modern Cleopatra brooding without Anthony. Her hair was dark and her skin was fair. She was defined as having a peculiar remote quality of pre-occupation and neurosis. Aaron knew that Marchesa's father was a famous figure in Europe.

Both husband and wife seemed attached to one another and she was mute and numb. Marchesa invited Aaron to a cocktail as they approached their walking from a party in Algy's house. To Marchesa her husband was a little jailer and if he would throw away the castle keys, she would enjoy sore freedom. As Aaron looked at her, he knew that they understood each other. As he left Piazza to go to his home, he was robbed in the midst of a gang of soldiers, and had known it as if it were his fate. He felt as if some evil electric fluid struck him. Aaron thought that it was his fault to be robbed like this. If he was not so worked up with Marchesa and rushed kindled in streets and exposed himself, he would have never been robbed. The strict moral rule that blamed the victim followed: "No man is robbed unless he incites a robber. No man is murdered unless he attracts a murderer." Aaron had failed to protect himself properly.

Before Aaron lives with Marchesa, her husband, Lilly and Aaron have a discussion on sexual politics in a man and woman relationship. Lilly asks this question: "We, married men, who haven't left our wives, are supposed to seek anything? Aren't we perfectly satisfied and in bliss with the wonderful women who honor us as wives?" The Marchesa agreed to this. He said that he loved his wife, admired and trusted her and believed her. She was to him more than any other woman and even his mother, but they were not happy, although love had not changed. Perhaps it was in nature of love that gnawed inside the human beings like cancer. The Marchesa explained that he would not ask to be happy, because it would be childish, but there was a problem between the husband and wife in their relationships. The Marchesa told Lilly the source of this problem:

"Shall I say what I think? Yes? And you can tell me if it is foolish to you. Shall I tell you? Well. Because a woman, she now first wants the man, and he must go to her because he is wanted. Do you understand? You knew – supposing I go to a woman – supposing she is my wife – and I go to her,

yes, with my blood all ready, because it is I who want. Then she puts me off. Then she says, not now, not now, I am tired, I am not well, I do not feel like it. She puts me off – till I am angry or sorry or whatever I am – but still my blood has gone down again, you understand, and I don't want her any more. And then she puts her arms around me, and caresses me, once more. So, and so she rouses me – and so I come to her. And I love her, it is very good, very good. But it was she who began, it was her initiative, you know. I do not think, in all my life, my wife has loved me from my initiative, you know. She will yield to me because I insist, or because she wants to be a good submissive wife who loves me. So she will yield to me. But ah, what is it, you know? What is it, a woman who allows me, and who has no answer?"

The Marchesa insisted that it mattered to him in whom the desire initiated. It mattered to him as life and death. It was the custom in Italy that the desire started in man and the woman answered. It was a part of the culture and women were kept away from the men. For this reason Catholic religion tried to keep the young girls in convents, and innocent before marriage, which is also traditional in the eastern culture. The Marchesa hated a woman's desire over a man. 'This is Eve', he said and he hated Eve. He decided that he hated woman who knew and who willed. He said:

"I hate her when she will make of me that which serves her desire."

A woman may love him, may give her life to him, but he would not value this, because she would want him only to be hers. He would consider himself as doing a most intimate service to a woman and complained that he would be no other to her. He could not be satisfied and he thought that his opinion on woman was appropriate. The bourgeois husbands served their wives and their wives were stout and happy, because they loved them, but the Marchesa believed that such wives always betrayed their husbands, which could not have been true. He was afraid of Madame Bovary example. He thought that women would like to hold the bit and lead their husbands as they wished. Argyle agreed to this and said, 'I broke the shafts and smashed the matrimonial cart, I can tell

you, and I didn't care whether I smashed her up along with it or not. I didn't care one single bit, I assure you. And here I am. And she is dead and buried these dozen years.' Argyle could find solution only in smashing the whole matrimonial cart. The Marchesa complained that the women were active and they took the initiative in relationships of love and man played up. Lilly told them that men should accept this as a natural process, but the Italian would not agree to this. He said:

"Most men want only this: that a woman shall choose one man out, to be her man, and he shall worship her and come up when she shall provoke him. Otherwise he is to keep still. And the woman, she is quite sure of her part. She must be loved and adored, and above all, obeyed: particularly in her sex desire. There she must not thwart, or she becomes a devil. And if she is obeyed, she becomes a misunderstood woman with nerves, looking around for the next man whom she can bring under. So it is." (Ibid.; 287)

Here the Italian points that if a woman is obeyed, she becomes a misunderstood woman with nerves, looking around for the next man whom she can bring under. He expresses a feeling of mistrust and disbelief in woman in general and defends the opposite idea of what he criticizes. That is women should not be obeyed, loved or adored and most of all she should not be provocative, but should always wait for the man to take the initiative. This is a very egotistical and individualistic attitude towards women. Feeling the egotistical approach at the back of her husband's behavior, a woman would not join heartily or take part in a sided relationship. She would submit and yield to play up to her husband's wishes to be a good wife. But she would not be happy and the husband would complain as the Marchesa does, that his wife or the woman would not accept him when he comes to her out of his own initiative only. Here the problem arises from a disharmonious relationship between a husband and wife. The husband is to be blamed or he is the one who has more faults, because he thinks that the woman or his wife is simply a device who should serve his desire, but as a man he thinks that he is not to serve his wife's desire of love. As the wife understands this approach, she becomes cold in reaction and thus a harmonious relationship is not attained. As Lilly had said, the right way would

have been to accept women as they are, but as the writer presents, most of the men like The Marchesa and Argyle, are not like Lilly. They think that women should play up to men's wishes and initiative and not insert their initiative and wishes. When Aaron was asked how he thought, he also answered that he was in the same opinion as the Marchesa and Argyle. Although Lilly seemed to defend the opposite idea, he also expressed that His idea was not very different from theirs. It was suggested that the process should be changed that the man should be the asker and the woman the answerer, but they also knew that it would not change. Therefore the Marchesa said that he would in fact go after the young girls who would respond to his wishes, but then, they too would begin to act like old women after a year.

Lilly said that in love one was alone, but the others did not agree. Lilly philosophized and accepted that one was completely alone in one's self-knowledge. Argyle thought that he was becoming completely metaphysical. Although this may be so in the reason, the heart was different and never quite alone. Aaron knew that Lilly was alone and the real-center of the group, and asked nothing about them nor imposed anything. He left each to himself and he also remained himself. There was finality about this. Lilly was determined to receive no friendship in equality. He let it be unmarked and Aaron knew that he could depend on the other man for help, and almost for life itself, as long as it did not break the isolation of Lilly's soul. This was hateful to him, but there was a fascination in it. It meant that Lilly would not submit in friendship, but would in fact require Aaron to submit to him.

Aaron could not help feeling the power of The Marchesa's beautiful wife. She was a Cleopatra and Aaron would be Anthony, but he also hated her with his male spirit and after becoming her mate and leaving her, he wrote to Sir William his innermost truth:

"I don't want my Fate or my Providence to treat me well. I don't want kindness or love. I don't believe in harmony and people loving one another. I believe in harmony in the fight and in nothing else. I believe in the fight, which is in everything. And if it is a question of women, I believe in the fight of love, even if it blinds me. And if it is a question of the world, I believe in fighting it and in having it hate me, even if it breaks my legs. I want the world to hate me, because I can't bear the thought that it might love me. Of all things love is the most deadly to

me, and especially from such a repulsive world as I think this is..." (Ibid.; 307)

Aaron felt an intense dislike against the Marchesa. He remembered that Lilly had advised him to possess himself, and is alone in possession of oneself. Under the influence of Lilly, he tried not to hate Marchesa. She too was struggling with her fate. He decided to see Marchesa again and to tell her that any other woman than his wife was stranger to him. He was a husband but not a lover. Lilly had told him that a husband could not be a lover and a lover could not be a husband. Aaron believed in this. He saw that he was a husband to a woman who wanted a lover. All women wanted lovers and Aaron could not be any more. As Cleopatra killed her lovers in the morning, so would Marchesa kill his passion and initiative. Before he left house, he felt that he was locked in a prisoner. He would not be Anthony to Cleopatra.

Aaron meets Lilly in an Italian pub, where they discuss politics somewhat passionately. Lilly is against any kind of bullying of the individual. Every man is sacred and holy. Another friend Levisam thinks that some form of socialism is bound to come. Just then a bomb explodes and Aaron's rod is broken. His flute and his rod were trampled. An anarchist must have thrown a bomb to the pub. Aaron threw his rod into the river.

The last chapter of the book lays the emphasis on submission of women to men and men to men and on power motive. Aaron thought that if he had to give in to something, then he would give in to Lilly than to the beastly people of the world. In Lilly there was something incomprehensible, which had dominion over him if he chose to allow it. Lilly felt that he was caged in Europe and would rather go to some other place. Lilly tells Aaron that there is no goal outside him. None. There is only his very self and there is no God outside him. His own very self lies in him like a germinating egg, a precious Easter egg of his own soul. This self develops from the baby in his mother's womb to manhood until he dies. There is only one at a time of each person in the universe. Therefore his own singleness and oneness is his destiny. His destiny comes within. He develops the one and only itself into a dandelion and not into some other thing. Lilly's philosophy on God and on innate Holy Ghost follows in the lines below:

"You thought there was something outside, to justify you: God, or a creed, or a prescription. But remember your soul inside you is your only Godhead. It develops your actions within you as a tree develops its own new cells, and the cells push on into buds and boughs and flowers. And these are your passion and your acts and your thoughts, and expressions, your developing consciousness. You don't know beforehand, and you can't. You can only stick to your own soul through thick and thin."

'You are your own Tree of Life, roots and limits and trunk. Somewhere within the wholeness of the tree lies the very self, the quick: its own innate Holy Ghost. And this Holy Ghost puts forth new buds, and pushes past old limits, and shakes of a whole body of dying leaves. And the old limits hate being imposed and the old leaves hate to fall. But they must, if the tree-soul says so...' (Ibid.; 344)

Lilly here explains that the soul inside the man in his only Godhead, which develops and determines the actions, the thoughts and the passions in the very essence of the cells that develop and bud. The Holy Ghost inside the very self pushes the old limits and the dying body of leaves into a new way of life although the old leaves hate to fall, but they must fall if tree-soul or the Holy Ghost says so. D. H. Lawrence had expressed a similar thought in the essay called "The Lover Self":

"Old leaves have got to fall, old forms must die. And if men must at certain periods fall into death in millions, why, so must the leaves fall every single autumn. And so dead men. Even dead men's souls." (Fantasia of the Unconscious, Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious; 180)

Again in the short novel called *The Virgin and The Gypsy*, the grandmother is seen like some awful idol of old flesh, consuming young life and therefore she should die and be cleared away like the old autumn leaves.

Lilly made it clear that love alone could not rule. Aaron also agreed that love was a lie. Lilly told that there were two great life-urges. One was love and the other power. Individuals hated the power-urge and worked on love-urge exclusively. Urging on the love urge caused anarchy and murder and it was not good. Power-the power-urge should not be considered in Nietzsche's sense. The power-urge meant not intellectual, mental or conscious will power.

It was dark and living, fructifying power. It urged from within, darkly displacing the old leaves and inserting the new. It was self-central; it did not seek some God or some beloved outside the center, but acted from within itself. In love man is supposed to be the lover, the urger and the woman the beloved. He said:

"The woman must submit, but deeply, deeply submit. Not to any foolish fixed authority, not to any foolish and arbitrary will - but to something deep, deeper. To the soul in its dark motion of power and pride. We must reverse the poles. The woman must now submit - but deeply, deeply and richly! No subservience. None of that. No slavery. A deep, unfathomable free submission." (Aaron's Rod; 346)

Lilly found that Nietzsche was wrong. One should never bully and force from the conscious will. Nietzsche's was the love will. The deep power-urge in man was not conscious of its aims. The deep power urge in man would persist that woman should submit.

"Woman - and man, too. Yield to the deep power-soul in the individual man, and obey implicitly. I do believe that every woman must fulfill his own soul, not some, man's instrument, or some embodied theory. But the mode of our being whilst we are implicit in one of the great dynamic modes. We must either love or rule. And once the love-mode changes, as change it must, for we are worn out and becoming evil in its persistence, then the other mode will take place in us. And there will be profound, profound obedience in place of this love-crying, obedience to the incalculable power-urge. And men must submit to the greater soul in a man, for their guidance: and women must submit to the positive power - soul in man, for their being." (Ibid.; 347)

Lilly believed that all men wanted a leader and would submit to a greater soul than theirs. At the time, they wanted an instrument like Lloyd George, not exactly a leader. He insisted that Aaron had the need to submit and to yield to a more heroic soul. This would not be love, but life-submission, but Aaron would rather die than yield. Aaron asked the other man:

'And whom shall I submit to?'

'Your soul will tell you' replied the other.

That is, Aaron's Holy Ghost, in his spirit, would direct him to the man whom he should submit and there is no doubt that this man is Lilly himself. Lilly would not submit, but tells the other, that he should obey a higher soul and a higher power-urge and he believes that this is natural and right.

CONCLUSION

D. H. Lawrence is a writer who is greatly interested in the interior lives of his characters in their personal relationships. All of his novels are set on the general theme of conflicting personal relationships. Each novel puts a special emphasis on either one or the other aspect of human relationships determining the selfhood of man and woman as separate, unique beings and individuals. The writer's first novel, *The White Peacock* (1911) presents various themes, such as the growing up of youth into adult life and adult relationships, as searching for an appropriate mate in marriage. Conflict in the relationship of parents, alienation of a father to his family, but also outside the family circle. The final message of the novel is the motto of Annable, "Be a good animal, true to your animal instinct". However it is not to be expected, that living under the light of this motto, would be a solution to the troubles in personal relationships and in love. In spite of the tragic death of Annable, and in spite of the conflicts of life, with coming of summer, a new life like a conceived woman. The trees, the birds, the flowers never lament over death, when earth is teeming with life, warmth and sunshine. Death brings sorrow only to human consciousness, but nature is reckless about death.

The Trespasser (1912) takes the theme of a father's tragical alienation to his family, and his suicide, due to emotional instability. His short escape to an island with a lover does not bring him the peace of mind that he misses at home. The conflict of personal problems brings death and sorrow not to the people, with whom he is in close relationship, but to a distant friend Cecil. The writer's sympathy is also on the side of Siegmund, the alienated father. Siegmund thinks that he is nothing but a pebble, in a swarming hive of bees, and if one bee dies, what would it matter, so long as the hive is all right. 'If the spark goes out, the essence of the fire is there in the darkness. What does it matter?' he asks himself, as he decides on suicide. The thought of futility and recklessness overtakes him.

D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* (1913) is perhaps the best of all the writer's novels, because it relates the intimate, problematical relationships of the parents with their children, in a vivid, living and realistical manner. The novel is the writer's Oedipal novel, centering its theme on the relationship of son,

mother and lover triangle. Paul grows up as the son of a miner, and takes interest in a young girl, Miriam, in the neighboring farm. Paul's relationship with her is on platonic terms. She tells Paul, that she never had a true husband and Paul's relationship with his mother exceeds simple mother and son intimacy on the emotional level. She is authoritative and demanding of her sons, because she did not have a happy and satisfactory marriage, due to temperamental differences of characters of the husband and wife. When Paul deserts Miriam for Clara, a married woman, who works under Paul's supervision, his mother does not object to this relationship, as she did to the previous one. The mother is instinctively sure of her unrivaled place in her son's heart. Clara is no satisfied with this relationship, because she recognizes that Paul's attachment to her is only on physical basis. Paul deserts Miriam and gives Clara back to her husband. He treats neither of them well. His deepest emotional attachment is to his mother. When his mother dies of cancer, he walks out to the lights of the city relieved, but she is always with him and in him, in his very being. Both Paul and his sister give her an overdose of morphine, so that she would not suffer any longer. Paul thinks that his mother is a beautiful like a young girl in death, and he would not wish others to see her. Paul's father is left alone. All his life he had been an outsider, a stranger to the family members. The children had taken sides with their mother against their father's attitude of drinking and beating his wife. They were a poor family, never having enough to spend on their urgent needs or barely having enough to survive. The father being an uneducated, rough but a jolly miner and the mother coming from a bourgeois, educated environment constituted a contrasting, troublesome couple. *Sons and Lovers* has been generally accepted as an autobiographical novel. The effect of intense, frictional personal relationships was never reached in D. H. Lawrence's following novels.

The Rainbow (1915) is a different novel, which relates the story of the Brangwens of three generations. Like the other novels, this novel considers the conflict of love in the tangled relationships of men and women and the impact on the selfhood of the individual. First the marriage of Lydia Lensky, a Polish widow, and Tom Brangwen is related. Secondly, the marriage of Anne Brangwen and Will Brangwen is given, reflecting the conflicts of a wife and husband, after the birth of several children. Anna's life is

the life of a mother nursing her children. The third generation experiences a change in life, with the influence of woman's liberation movements. Ursula Brangwen goes through all of this. She is an educated, emancipated teacher, who falls in love with Anton Skrebensky, but breaks her engagement and loses her baby, after Skrebensky is gone. The symbol of hope, the rainbow brings new hope to Ursula. "The man would come out of Eternity to which she herself belonged... In everything she saw she grasped and groped to find the creation of the living God, instead of the old, hard barren form of by gone living." (Lawrence-*The Rainbow*, 78; 494)

D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love* (1920) relates the story of the two sisters Ursula and Gudrun Brangwen. Although both *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* are independent novels, they are at the same time two halves of one conception. Ursula Brangwen, who had fought to attain her education and her individual selfhood as an educated, emancipated woman, had experienced disillusionment in her relationship with Skrebensky. She had experienced frustration in the conflict of her womanhood and her social selfhood. Gudrun, who was small in *The Rainbow*, became a very attractive young woman, an artist who was sure of herself. Both of the girls were totally free to dispose themselves, as they liked. The book works on the relationship of the two girls with two young men Birkin with Ursula and Gerald with Gudrun. Birkin, a young inspector of schools and Gerald a colliery owner, develop an emotional friendly attachment, similar to the one in *The White Peacock* between Cyril and George, which has been often interpreted as homosexuality. Birkin thinks that Ursula's love is not enough. An eternal union in friendship is needed to complete his love for his wife. Ursula needs nobody else but Birkin, but Birkin needs another kind of love, the love of a man besides Ursula's. She thinks that this is perversity, but she is not able to change the fact. When Gerald dies, Birkin feels the pang of sorrow in his heart, but he is consoled by his philosophy of life. It is not right that God cannot do without man. God can do without man, as it did without 'Ichthyosaurus'. The mystery of creation can dispense man, if he failed to develop creatively. God is the creative mystery, which would dispose man and replace him with a finer creative being. This was consoling to Birkin. If humanity ruined itself, the timeless creative mystery would bring forth some other

finer and more wonderful being. He wished for a livelier race, to carry on the embodiment of creation. The game is never up and 'the mystery of creation' is fathomless. These key words of Birkin's philosophy are often repeated to teach the religious philosophy of life, in the method a preacher does, when he preaches in a church to his audience. As there is no opposition to truth of Birkin's thoughts on religion, it's left to accept them as the writer's own. The relationship of the couple, Birkin and Ursula, is reflected with sympathy and elevated of the two. Gudrun is left single, but as a woman, Ursula finds her identity in her marriage.

D. H. Lawrence's *The Lost Girl* (1920) is another novel, which treats the theme of growing up and departing from one's parents into an independent adult life and selfhood. The protagonist Alvina Houghton is brought up under the protection of mother substitutes, who trained her to be a well mannered lady, but Alvina decides to leave her father's house to become a maternity nurse and breaks off her engagement with Alexander, like Ursula had gone in *The Rainbow*. She becomes strong and certain in her manners and looks healthy. Alvina is faced with the problem of becoming an old maid, like other girls after the war because D. H. Lawrence thought that men did not take their true partners, but climbed up and down in marriage, leaving their true partners stranded. Work is another form of slavery to the mechanical life for a regular amount of wage. It seems that serving a routine work is worse than serving some men. She does not express these thoughts and it becomes clear that the writer considers working as a kind of mechanical slavery for women in general. After meeting a southerner, Cicio and his troupe, she decides to join them and marries him. There are ups and downs in the relationship between Alvina and Cicio, but he manages to take Alvina into his power. Alvina loses all that she values. Her father and her house are gone, and in departure from London, she loses her country. Her selfhood is lost, but she gains Cicio's love. Finally, Cicio is gone away from her to war and she does not know whether he would come back or not. She had told Cicio that fate was in their hands, but the development of incidents show that it is not the way that she thought therefore before. The interpretation of the end of the story depends on the reader. Alvina's life was not a pleasant and hopeful one as Ursula's was before in *Women in Love*.

Aaron's Rod (1922) picks up a familiar subject of a father's complete alienation to his family, similar to that in *The Trespasser*. The family is ignored in the novel and the fathers irresponsible wondering from one place to another is related in a vivid, lively fashion. Like Siegmund, his wife horrifies Aaron, but Aaron does not commit a suicide as Siegmund had done in the earlier novel. Aaron is like a lily, which wonders in all the communions alone, swept by the winds, but is never swept away from its self. Aaron's friend Lilly teaches him that he should submit to a greater power-urge in another man, who would be Lilly himself. The emphasis is laid on submission of man to the greater power-urge in another man and of women to men. As Aaron seems to accept submission to Lilly, he also agrees that love alone could not rule. Lilly insists that women must submit deeply to a dark motion of power in men, but slavery would not be accepted. Submission should be free and should come by free will only. Aaron is not the kind of man who would worship any woman, as the sacred life-giving partner. His wondering away from his home was due to his realization that he can never yield to his wife or any other woman. He was alone and isolated in his self-responsibility and singleness, but as Lottie would say, he was irresponsible. His attitude of repulsion and his irresponsibility came from him. He was running away from the mother image in his wife like a small child. In this aspect he is similar to Siegmund in *The Trespasser*. Aaron was running away to be free in his soul and selfhood. He felt an acute pressure of disharmony at home. Meeting Lilly, he was to learn the lesson of love, which said 'give thyself, but give thyself not away'. This teaching is not against giving love, but is against abandonment of selfhood in love. The narrator is critical of the love-moral of the 'long-drawn-out Christianity': Man is the gift, woman the receiver. This is the sacrament and the Holy Communion. Woman receives the sacramental body and the spirit of man. Woman is the communicant. Man is the utter giver and woman the taker. Both Lilly and the narrator agree that man should not abandon himself in love and woman should submit herself freely to her husband. It seems that this lesson of love-moral, in this novel, is particularly for man, who should not submit to woman in love. As in *The Lost Girl*, woman loses her selfhood and her identity in marriage relationship and as it was

shown in an essay called '*Give Her a Partner*', woman has to live, according to the pattern that man would draw for her.

In *Aaron's Rod*, the philosophy on God is reflected in Chapter 18, through Lilly's statement that soul inside the body is the only Godhead. It develops the action as a tree develops its own new cells. Somewhere, in the person lies the very self: it's own innate 'Holy Ghost'. The Holy Ghost is the life giver. It puts forth new buds, and passes old limits. Old leaves hate to fall, but they must fall, if the tree-soul says so. In an essay by Lawrence, called 'the Lower Self', this idea is emphasized that the old leaves must fall and die and make room for the fresh and the young. Likewise in one of his short novels, *The Virgin and the Gypsy*, the grandmother is seen like some evil old idol of a flesh, which is carried away by flood, to make room for the young. There is a mysterious creative power in the person and in nature, which determines the life. 'Holy Ghost' and the Godhead are part of this mysterious life force, which gives and takes life away. The Holy Ghost, as far as the novel explains, is the part of a vast creative force that is unfathomable. This can be experienced in nature and in the individual being, who is also part of the natural environment.

D. H. Lawrence's Mexican novel *The Plumed Serpent* (1926) prays in Kate's words to be delivered from man's automatism. The resurrection of the old Mexican, Aztec Gods is considered against modern mechanism. Kate was mystified by the rich and healthy liveliness of the natives at Suyula, which was a little lake resort. She was glad that the ancient Gods of the natives were to be resurrected. Although Kate is contemptuous of a Mexican woman's submission to her husband to Don Ramon, she also submits to her husband Don Cipriano and becomes a Malintzi, and a goddess of Heitzelopochtli, The God of War. The competition between 'the European' woman and 'the harem type' woman, who was Teresa, is evident. However Teresa is silently proud and revolting, and she maintains her female power. Kate becomes jealous sometimes of the power in this little woman. Don Ramon is happy to live a Sultan's life with his wife. Here it was emphasized that 'The Aphrodite of the Foam' was unwelcome.

The Captain's Doll (1928) is an amusing short novel, which emphasizes in an exaggerating manner, honor and obedience of the wife to the husband in marriage. This is what love

means according to the Captain, who would want his wife, if she only loved him. Then there would be both honor and obedience according to Hannele, who thought that something was in fact wrong with the captain, as was with Griselda's husband, who must have also envied the Sultans. In this respect, *The Captain's Doll* is the comical version of the theme of marriage in *The Plum Serpent*. *The Captain's Doll* has the comical and the amusing element, which the novel lacks.

D. H. Lawrence's last novel *Lady Chatterly's Lover* (1928) should not be considered an obscene novel of casual sex, but it should be read as a work of art, which reveals love, as it should be in the relationship of Connie and Mellors, who were dissatisfied in their previous marriages. Neither physical nor spiritual love alone is complete and acceptable in the moral sense. Love is perfect when body and spirit join in a communion of legal marriage and in the recognition of responsibility, as well as in the experience of the joy of a relationship. Tenderness and compassion are the terms, which would be clue to the love of Connie and Mellors in *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. Mellors explained the mystery of their love with the little Pentecost flame in Connie that would go on burning even if he were away from her.

According to D. H. Lawrence man is not only related to his fellow man, but also to the universe in a mysterious, religious way. In a letter he wrote to Dr. Trigant Burrow in 3rd Aug. 1927, he explained how this was:

"I do think that man is related to the universe in some 'religious' way, even prior to his relation to his fellow man. And I do think that the only way of true relationship between men is to meet in some common 'belief'-if the belief is but physical and not merely mental. I hate religion in its religiosity as much as you do... There is a principle in the universe, towards which man turns religiously- a life of the universe itself. And the hero is he who touches and transmits the life of the universe." (Lawrence-Stories, Essays and Poems, 67; 409)

D. H. Lawrence describes how he was steeped in the Bible in his last book *Apocalypse* (May 1932):

"From earliest years right into manhood, like any other non-conformist child I had the Bible poured everyday into

my helpless consciousness, till there came almost a saturation point." (Lawrence-Apocalypse, 81; 1)

Long before one could understand the Bible, the parts of the Bible were poured into him, till they became soaked in and they became an influence, which affected all the processes of emotion and thought. He wrote that he need only to begin to read a chapter to realize that he knew it with an almost nauseating fixity. He said, in the same book, that his first reaction was one of dislike, repulsion, and even resentment. "My very instincts resent the Bible", he concluded. Once a book is fathomed, once it is known, it is dead. "A book only lives while it has a power to move us, and move us differently", said D. H. Lawrence.

"The Bible is a book that has been temporarily killed for us, or fore some of us, by having its meaning arbitrarily fixed." (Ibid.; 3)

D. H. Lawrence attacked Christianity and resented Bible, because he believed that it denied too much of human nature, that by insisting on saintliness, on the postponement of reward, on renunciation, it presented a view of the world that was bound to become intolerable. Any rule of saints must be horrible, because the nature of man was not saintly. He wrote that Lenin was a saint and Lenin's rule of saints turned out quite horrible. Christ denied that 'Man is a being of power and then a being of love... And there must be a balance between the two'.

D. H. Lawrence found in the Book of Revelation, the older systems of thought, 500 BC, which should be received, rediscovered and restored. He feared that inadequate faith and humanless technology would bring forth destruction, if no change of mind were achieved. He argued that wrong reason and false religion repressed human accomplishment. D. H. Lawrence finished *Apocalypse* in January 1930 and died two months later. Since his *Apocalypse* was published, Stalin and Hitler reigned and a nuclear war was experienced. His fears and his warnings were prophetic.

D. H. Lawrence discusses John of Patmos, the exiled, imprisoned old man, who is credited with the authorship of the Book of Revelation. In *Apocalypse*, he shows the difference of thought between Christ and John of Patmos:

"By the time of Christ all religion and all thought seemed to turn from the old worship and study of Vitality, potency, power, to the study of death and death-rewards, death-penalties, and morals. All religion, instead of being religion of life, here and now, became religion of postponed destiny, that, and reward afterwards, 'if you are good'.

John of Patmos accepted the postponement of destiny with a vengeance, but he cared little about 'being good'. What he wanted was the ultimate power. He was shameless power-worshipping pagan Jew, gnashing his teeth over the postponement of his grand destiny." (Ibid.; 32)

D. H. Lawrence credited John of Patmos for knowing a good deal about the pagan value of symbols, as contrasted with the Jewish or Christian value. John of Patmos used pagan values when it suited him. D. H. Lawrence was sure that not only John of Patmos, but also St. Paul, St. Peter and St. John the Apostle knew a great deal about Kosmodynamos, the stars, and about the pagan cult, but chose wisely to suppress it all. John of Patmos did not. His Christian critics and editors from the 2nd century tried to suppress it.

D. H. Lawrence does not credit the Platonic idea and the modern conception of God. (Ibid.-Apocalypse II; 170) To this supreme mind the body must submit unto death. This is Jesus. The body has been sacrificed to Mind, but it will rise up a new body, a new life. Plato believed that the only happiness for man was the rule of Mind over the body. That is, he believed in a philosopher-king, one of the old tyrants - in the Greek sense - governed and swayed by reason, by philosophy, and by eternal Mind. D. H. Lawrence maintained that kingdoms ruled by Mind are nearly as unhappy as kingdoms ruled without Mind. The writer concluded in the following way:

"Let every man be governed from within by the Spirit. Now spirit, we know, is the will to submit, to sacrifice the self to Mind, or to Law, or to the other person. The Mind says that Sweet Reason shall rule, and the body cries its glad assent. And this is Shelly. All physical kings and rulers are evil. There shall be no rule, but the rule of 'love' - which means submission, submission to the sweet reason of the spirit." (Ibid.; 171)

Further down in the same work, he explains his own views about Mind and God:

"Man has made an enormous mistake. Mind is not a Ruler, mind is only an instrument. The natural laws don't 'govern', they are only, to put it briefly the more general properties of Matter." (Ibid.; 172)

On God, the writer wrote the following:

"God as we think him could no more create anything. God as we conceive him is the great know-all and perhaps be-all, but he could never do anything. He is without form of substance, he is Mind; he is the great derivative. God is derived from the cosmos, not the cosmos from him. God is derived from the cosmos as every idea is derived from the cosmos.

The cosmos is not God. God is a conception, and the cosmos is real.

...
Man is real, and Mind is a property of man. The cosmos is certainly conscious, but it is conscious with the consciousness of tigers and kangaroos, fishes, polyps, seaweed, dandelions, lilies, slugs, and men: to say nothing of the consciousness of water, rock, sun and stars. Real consciousness is touch. Thought is getting out of touch." (Ibid.)

According to D. H. Lawrence to core of the problem lies in the duality of man's consciousness. Touch, the being in touch, is the basis of all consciousness, and it is the basis of enduring happiness. Thought is a secondary form of consciousness. Mind is a second form of existence, which completes and adjusts the consciousness of touch. Man, in his dual nature, has to learn to function in these two ways of consciousness.

"God, what is God? The cosmos is alive, but it is not God. Nevertheless, when we are in touch with it, it gives us life. It is forever the grand voluted reality, Life itself, the great Ruler. We are part of it, when we partake in it. But when want to dominate it with Mind, then we are enemies of the great Cosmos, and woe betide us." (Ibid.; 173)

D. H. Lawrence resented the men, who worked and longed for the destruction of Cosmos; these men were the men of mind and spirit. They worked for the domination of the universe and final annihilation. They would only succeed in spoiling the earth, the life, and in the end-destroying mankind instead of the Cosmos. It is obvious that man cannot destroy Cosmos, but he threatens the world, which the mystery of life exists. It is obvious that the Cosmos can destroy man, who is in conflict with the Cosmos. D. H. Lawrence thought that man must inevitably destroy himself and perhaps this was his fate. He said:

"Before men had cultivated Mind, they were not fools."
(Ibid.; 174)

A short time before D. H. Lawrence died in Vence at a Sanitarium, he had written to Mabel, saying that if he had energy to get up and start, he had his wife would make plans to go back to the ranch in New Mexico. He may have made a new concept of life there. The only journey he could make was to Vence. In his article called 'New Mexico', D. H. Lawrence sympathized with the Arizona Apache Indians and commented on their religion:

"It is the religion, which precedes the god-concept, and is therefore greater and deeper than any God-religion.
And it lingers still, for a little while, in New Mexico; but long enough to have been a revelation to me." (Sagar, 82; 98)

The writer explains the religious point of view of the Apache country with his interpretation:

"It was a vast old religion, greater than anything we know: more starkly and nakedly religious. There is no God, no conception of a God. All is God. But it is not Pantheism we are accustomed to, which expresses itself as 'God is everywhere, God is in everything.' In the oldest religious everything was alive, not supernaturally but naturally alive. There were only deeper and deeper streams of life, vibrations of life more and more vast. So rocks were alive, but a mountain had a deeper, vaster life than a rock, and it was much harder for a man to bring his spirit, or his energy, into contact with the life of the mountain, and so draw strength from the mountain, as from a great standing

well of life, than it was to come into contact with the rock. And he had to put forth a great religious effort." (Ibid..)

Both in *Apocalypse* and in 'New Mexico', D. H. Lawrence puts the emphasis on the concept of religion, which precedes God-religion. This is not to say that D. H. Lawrence accepts the Apache religion, but it is to show that D. H. Lawrence gives credit to cosmos and to the mysterious life inherent in matter. The animals, flowers, and human beings, as well as water, rocks and nature and the mountains of New Mexico have life and energy in them. The deeper streams of life, the vast vibration of energy is inherent in nature and man is a part of it. This is not 'Pantheism' to use D. H. Lawrence's terms. 'All is God'. That is, Nature is full of life, and there - God is felt in the energy of life as it is felt in the cosmos.

In all of his novels, D. H. Lawrence introduced the characters in versatile relationships. Man in relation to the family members, man in relation to the members of other families, man in relation to animals, man in relation to business, man in relation to Nature and the Cosmos. Man is in infinity of these relationships. Man's individual selfhood is formed in the conflict of these relationships. The smallest, the simplest, everyday motions, such as timber cutting, sawing, dough kneading, bread baking, writing and washing are considered in relationship.

The relationship of man and woman is the essential theme of all D. H. Lawrence's novels. Love, both spiritual and physical, as a whole, is the force of creation. Neither spiritual, nor physical love, alone, is complete. Unhappiness is due to lack of one or the other, but perfect happiness is never achieved. There is no ideal relationship of love. D. H. Lawrence always stresses the point that from the pure communion of sensuality, wholeness of single-self is attained. He maintains that profane love is the only fire, which would pull the man from the chaos into his own singleness and his own unique separateness of being. The union of love is necessary and sacred, but reaching the single-self and separateness is also essential. Lilly's statement, 'give thyself, but give thyself not away', stresses this point in love relationship. Man must be in relationship creatively, but there must also be single, proud individuality and self-responsibility. Woman and man relationship reflects a continuous conflict, to attain this separate and proud individuality and selfhood. The men of D. H. Lawrence's novels are always against matriarchy and woman's authority, as the writer is in his

articles. The women are always fighting the male arrogance to keep their individuality intact. A strong feeling against men's liberation and professionalism is felt in almost all of the novels. Submission of women to men is a celebrated ideal of men, sometimes to an amusing extent, as in *The Captain's Doll*. Love is a relationship, but it does not rule. Power, which is the supreme quality of God and man, is the creative and destructive force of life. Love is the binding relationship. The act of love is an act of power. The power to create is given to man, but it is not our own. The power calls love into being and love calls power into motion. Power is the greatest of all mysteries.

'The dark God, of the lower self', should be valued in equal terms with the spirit to attain a balance and equilibrium in love communion. 'The dark God' is the god, from whom the dark sensual power of passion flows and not only the spiritual love of Christ. 'The dark God' can be seen in the dark ancient religions. 'The dark God' is the power of physical life and of body.

D. H. Lawrence believed that the key to greater self-realization is the body's natural wisdom of its immediate desires and dislikes. The person, who achieves an awareness of his immediate desires, of his unconscious sympathies, would fulfill his individual self, through profound and active relations with other individuals, with nature and with an organized society.

In a letter to Ernest Collins, with the date of Jan 17, 1913, D. H. Lawrence states his completing belief:

"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 our blood feels and believes and says is always true. The intellect is only a bit and a bridle. What do I care about knowledge? All I want is to answer to my blood, direct, without friabling intervention of mind, or moral, or what - not. I conceive a man's body as a kind of flame, like a candle flame, forever upright and yet flowing; and the intellect is just the light that is shed on to the things around. And I am not so much concerned with the things around - which is really mind - but with the mystery of the flame forever flowing, coming God knows how from out of practically nowhere, and being itself, whatever there is around it that it lights up. We have got so ridiculously mindful that we never know that we ourselves are anything - we think there are the poor flame goes on burning

ignored to produce this light. And instead of chasing the mystery in the fugitive, half-lighted things outside us, and say 'My God, I am myself!' That is why I like to live in Italy. The people are so unconscious. They only feel and want: they don't know. We know too much. No, we only think we know such a lot. A flame isn't a flame because it lights up two, or twenty objects on a table. It's a flame because it is itself. And we have forgotten ourselves. We are Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. We cannot be. 'To be or not to be' - it is the question with us now, by Jove. And nearly every Englishman says 'Not to be.' So he goes to Humanitarianism and such like forms of not - being. The real way of living is to answer to one's wants. Not 'I want to light up with my intelligence as many things as possible' but 'For the living of my full flame - I want liberty, I want that woman, I want that pound of peaches, I want to go to sleep, I want to look a beastly swell to - day, I want to kiss that girl, I want to insult that man.' Instead of that, all these wants, which are there, whether-or-not, are utterly ignored, and we talk about some sort of ideas. I'm like Carlyle, who, they say, wrote 50 volumes on the value of silence." (Stories, Essays and Poems; 371)

D. H. Lawrence despaired of humanity, because he saw that modern man was afraid of spontaneous feelings. In the state of present civilization, man repudiated his bodily life. Society was inclined to 'subdue the flesh' for the benefit of 'the love of neighbor'. This was self-denial and self-hate. Man would become increasingly the product of his unbalanced civilization - a social rather than a natural creature. Consequently, he saw that natural manhood was diminishing; the capacity of freedom was withering.

D. H. Lawrence's novels and his other writings as *Apocalypse*, show his desire to break down the barriers to spontaneity, to submerged, fundamental selves and to man's essential being. He celebrates, therefore, the dark God of the lower self, who has been suppressed, in one - God religions. From his childhood, onwards, the writer had been treated with the Bible to a saturation point. He resented this strongly and attacked Christianity. He thought that Christianity was dead and should be resurrected that it should be born again and revised. He searched for the older systems of thought in the Book of Revelation of John of Patmos, because this book preferred a study of vitality and power and potency to the study of death - penalties and death

rewards as the Bible did. D. H. Lawrence valued and credited a good deal the pagan values in contrast with the Jewish and Christian values. He even credited the study of Kosmodynamos.

According to Jesus, the body must be sacrificed to Mind. Plato also believed that the life of the body. Shelly claimed that 'Sweet Reason' should rule and the body-cry its glad assent. But man has made a great mistake according to D. H. Lawrence. Mind is not a Ruler; it is only an instrument. Mind is the property of the Matter. 'God is derived from the cosmos', but the cosmos is not God. Man is real, the cosmos is real, and animals are real. Nature is real with its waters and rocks. Real consciousness begins with the relationship of touch. The being in touch, is the basis of all consciousness. The Cosmos is not God. The grand reality is Life itself. Life is the greatest Ruler and man, in his various relationships, is a part of Life and the great Ruler. The conflict between Life and Mind is evident, because man tries to dominate the Cosmos with Mind. D. H. Lawrence fears that this inclination of man would destroy him. D. H. Lawrence favors and develops a 'Life - worshipping' ideal. He saw this in the Indian Apache country, where all was God. This is not Pantheism, which expresses itself as 'God is everywhere, God is in everything'. In the oldest religion, everything was alive, not supernaturally, but naturally alive. The great well of life was present in Nature and in Matter. This was better, because it preceded the God-concept. The God-concept is secondary to Life, which is 'the great Ruler' in Matter.

Opinions on D.H Lawrence's general aim and philosophy of life are versatile. Graham Hague, in his work *The Dark Sun* (New York; 1957) finds 'naturalistic' elements in D. H. Lawrence's work, especially in *The Lost Girl*. William Dillingham, in Frank Norris' *Instinct of Art* (University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1969), compares D. H. Lawrence with Frank Norris, who said that man's soul is "a dark forest", and that the deep-seated urges within are the 'strange gods, which come forth from the forest into the clearing of my own self, and then go back. "In D. H. Lawrence's works man 'must have' the courage to let them come and go". In *The Lost Girl*, D. H. Lawrence interprets Alvina's surrender to Cicio as an 'atavistic' attitude. Judith Ruderman, in *D. H. Lawrence and the Devouring Mother* (1984), marks that *The Lost Girl* has a naturalistic atmosphere, but still the novel is full of 'passionate psychological preoccupation'. Kenneth Inniss, in D. H. Lawrence's *Bestiary*

(Mouton, 1971), writes that Lawrence's Weltanschauung is naturalistic and pantheistic. 'There may be some unresolved elements of theism and misleading connotations, which recites in his use of Biblical language, but he is mighty Living God is in nature, a numinous species of primitive sane" (p. 33). Inniss credits Graham Hague's analysis and summary of Lawrence's doctrines in the final chapter, in *The Dark Sun*.

John Alcorn, in his *The Nature Novel From Hardy to Lawrence* (1977), defines the 'naturalist' novel and discovers naturalistic elements in D. H. Lawrence's *Women in Love*, in Birkin's expressions at the very end of the novel. Alcorn writes in Chapter I:

"It is Birkin who, at the very end of *Women in Love*, best expresses the central natural inheritance from Darwin: whatever the mystery, has brought forth men and the universe, it is a non-human mystery, it has its own great ends, man is not the criterion."

Alcorn defines the naturalistic world in the following way in the Preface:

"The naturalistic world is a world of physical organism, where biology replaces theology as the source both of physical health and moral authority. The naturalistic is a child of Darwin; he sees man as part of an animal continuum; he reasserts the importance of instinct as a key to human happiness; he tends to be suspicious of life of the mind; he is wary of abstractions. He is in revolt against Christian dogma, against conventional morality, against the ethic, which reigns in a commercial society. His themes are inevitably utopian; his attention is seldom diverted from questions of social organization, and usually some elements of socialism are at work in his philosophy. As a novelist, he is likely to prefer a loose plot structure, built around elaborately described landscape. As a descriptive artist, he tends to dislike the fixity of the still photograph, and he anticipates, in many respects, the effect of the "moving" pictures, which are coming to birth during these same years. Finally, he is part of that larger movement on behalf of sexual liberation, which is one of the marks of English literature from 1890 to our own day.

These writers comprise a loosely knit family: the naturalistic spectrum extends from the relatively primitive

group (Hudson, Tomlinson, and perhaps D. H. Lawrence) to the liberal humanist group represented by Butler and Forster."

D. H. Lawrence has been also interpreted as a religious writer. George A. Panichas, in *'The Meaning of D. H. Lawrence's Religious Quest'* (The Hague, Mouton, 1964; 15-30) reveals that D. H. Lawrence to be one of "the greatest and most intense religious seekers of the twentieth century", as reflected by James C. Cowan, in *"D. H. Lawrence: An Annotated Bibliography of Writings About Him"* (Northern Illinois, University Press, 1982).

It has been quoted that D. H. Lawrence is, "fiercely occupied with the universal problems of human experience, saw religion and life as interdependent facets of the search for the creative and spontaneous fullness of being, the achievement which, he had to break free of... legalistic and moralistic tradition. Seeing modern life increasingly deteriorating, action and thought becoming mutually exclusive and immoderate, and organized religion having lost its connections with the creative life-experience, D. H. Lawrence sought to disconcert life and to promote the rebirth of the spontaneous, living, individual soul. True religious faith and belief for Lawrence, signified the voyage of discovery towards the real and eternal and unknown lands. In this religious quest there is the consistent and continual affirmation of the mystery and wonder of human life and the cosmos.

Another writer, Anais Nin, also marked the religious aspect of D. H. Lawrence, in his book, *"D. H. Lawrence, An Unprofessional Study"* (Neville Spearman, London, 1961). On page 38, he said:

"Lawrence was in reality a profoundly religious man, in his search for God, which he pursued all through his life, and in his personal conception of God. For in spite of his non-conformity he realized God."

In *American Imago* (1979; 95-117), Daniel A. Dervin, records, on page 115 that D. H. Lawrence's "own love ethic is molded from the Ideals of Christianity: the 'worship ye thy wife's body' from the Apostles creed. 'Primarily I am a passionately religious man,' he would insist, 'and my novels must be written from the depth of my religious experience'."

As it is seen, an interpretation of D. H. Lawrence's philosophy of life shows dissimilarities. The difficulty of interpreting his philosophy rises from the fact that he does not exercise one faculty alone. He erects his world on a fusion of concepts and a philosophy, which is against division. The world, which he takes us into, is against the division of soul and body. There must be a desire of intellect, of imagination and of physical feeling. As he denotes in *Apocalypse*, 'Life is real' and 'Cosmos is real' and begins are real. D. H. Lawrence believes in Life and he is a Life-worshipper, but God is not Cosmos and God is not Life. God is only a product of human Mind. It is not creative. He believes in Resurrection and holds Phoenix as the symbol of Resurrection. It is not convincing to interpret his philosophy as Pantheism, which defends the idea that God is in everything, and God is everywhere. And is and that there is a polygamy of Gods, because according to D. H. Lawrence, 'God is not real' and 'not creative', and 'he could never do anything'. As D. H. Lawrence denotes in the article 'New Mexico', 'All is God' conception is equal to 'no conception of a God'. D. H. Lawrence's conception that 'Life is the only Ruler', is equal to 'All is God', and to 'no conception of a God'. This differs from Pantheism.

In D. H. Lawrence's philosophy, touch is the basis of enduring happiness. 'Thought is a secondary form of consciousness, and Mind is a secondary form of existence, a getting out of touch, a standing clear, in order to come to a better adjustment in touch'. D. H. Lawrence credits 'The Dark God', which can be interpreted as the symbol of the world of touch and physical relationships of human beings with matter, the basis of all consciousness.

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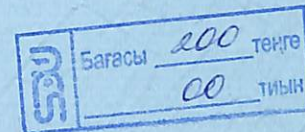
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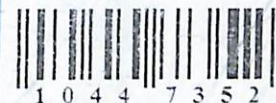
Human relationships
in
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MURAT KAPLAN

Тираж 100 экз. Объем 172 стр.
Формат 60x84/16. Бумага офсетная.
Плотность 80 г/м2. Печать RISO.
Подписано в печать 06.09.2000 г.

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Lawrence, D(avid) H(erbert) (1885-1930)

English novelist and poet, ranked among the most influential and controversial literary figures of the 20th century. In his more than 40 books he celebrated his vision of the natural, whole human being, opposing the artificiality of modern industrial society with its dehumanization of life and love. His novels were misunderstood, however, and attacked and even suppressed because of their frank treatment of sexual matters. Lawrence was born September 11, 1885, in Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, the son of a coal miner. His mother had been a schoolteacher. The disparity in social status between his parents was a recurrent motif in Lawrence's fiction. A graduate (1908) of University College, Nottingham, Lawrence published his first poems.