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I am submitting herewith a dissertation written by Martin Francis Kearney entitled "Pollyanalytics and Spirit of Place in D. H. Lawrence's Short Fiction." I have examined the final copy of this dissertation for form and content and recommend that it be accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, with a major in English.

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POLLYANALYTICS AND SPIRIT OF PLACE IN
D. H. LAWRENCE'S SHORT FICTION

A Dissertation
Presented for the
Doctor of Philosophy
Degree
The University of Tennessee, Knoxville

Martin Francis Kearney

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DEDICATED TO
THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER:
JOHN F. KEARNEY

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ABSTRACT

Spirit of place plays a significant role in all of Lawrence's fiction, yet critical interpretation of Lawrence's employment of place in his stories usually is divorced from the basic premises of his philosophy and psychology. Subsequently, this study investigates Lawrence's correlation of his pollyanalytics and spirit of place in his writings. The shorter fiction has been chosen as the focus of this work because it has received far less attention than the longer.

The four primary centers of human consciousness as set forth by Lawrence in Fantasia of the Unconscious are investigated in conjunction with other Lawrencean philosophical-psychological tenets present in his essays so as to illustrate Lawrence's integration of such pollyanalytics with specific places in the short fiction. Subsequently, three primary psychic polarities of Lawrence's pollyanalytics--North and South, Sympathetic and Voluntary, Life and Death--are examined in their relation to the shorter tales, and they are found to permeate place and psyche in fifty-two of Lawrence's sixty-seven shorter works.

This study illustrates the fact that Lawrence was supremely aware of the pollyanalytic-place interchange from his earliest short story, "The Fragment of Stained Glass" (1907). His skill in integrating place with psyche steadily improved so that in 1913, when he wrote "The Prussian Officer," he clearly was approaching artistic maturity. Nevertheless, Lawrence reached his pinnacle of effectiveness

with this technique in the tales written between 1921 and 1926, such as "The Captain's Doll" (1921), "The Border Line" (1924), "St. Mawr" (1924), and "The Man Who Loved Islands" (1926). Lawrence merges place and psyche more subtly in his later tales, but it still serves its original purpose: it is an effective and purely Lawrencean method of thematic and character development.

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LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN CITING WORKS

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

<u>CSS</u>	<u>The Complete Short Stories</u> , 3 vols. (New York: Penguin Books, 1980).
<u>Fantasia</u>	<u>Fantasia of the Unconscious</u> , in " <u>Fantasia of the Unconscious</u> " and " <u>Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious</u> " (New York: Penguin Books, 1977).
<u>FSN</u>	<u>Four Short Novels</u> (New York: Penguin Books, 1980).
<u>Letters</u>	<u>The Letters of D. H. Lawrence</u> , ed. Aldous Huxley (New York: Viking Press, 1932).
<u>MWD</u>	"The Man Who Died," in " <u>St. Mawr</u> " and " <u>The Man Who Died</u> " (New York: Vintage Books, 1971).
<u>Phoenix</u>	<u>Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence</u> , ed. Edward McDonald (New York: Penguin Books, 1980).
<u>Phoenix II</u>	<u>Phoenix II: Uncollected, Unpublished, and Other Prose Works by D. H. Lawrence</u> , eds. Warren Roberts and Harry T. Moore (New York: Penguin Books, 1981).
<u>PU</u>	<u>Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious</u> , in " <u>Fantasia of the Unconscious</u> " and " <u>Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious</u> " (New York: Penguin Books, 1977).
<u>R</u>	<u>The Rainbow</u> (New York: Penguin Books, 1976).
<u>St. M</u>	"St. Mawr," in " <u>St. Mawr</u> " and " <u>The Man Who Died</u> " (New York: Vintage Books, 1971).
<u>SCAL</u>	<u>Studies in Classic American Literature</u> (New York: Penguin Books, 1977).
<u>SS</u>	<u>Sea and Sardinia</u> (New York: Penguin Books, 1976).
<u>VG</u>	<u>The Virgin and the Gipsy</u> (New York: Bantam Books, 1978).
<u>WP</u>	<u>The White Peacock</u> (London: William Heinemann Ltd., 1955).

INTRODUCTION

D. H. Lawrence's reverential regard for nature is implicit in all his work. Whether it be a painting of red willow trees, a poem about a snake, an essay on Thomas Hardy, a short story about a ghost, or a novel about growing-up in turn-of-the-century rural England, life is the piece's vital concern. Lawrence's close friend Aldous Huxley writes of the artist:

He looked at things with the eyes, so it seemed, of a man who had been at the brink of death and to whom, as he emerges from the darkness, the world reveals itself as unfathomably beautiful and mysterious . . . He seemed to know, by personal experience what it was like to be a tree or a daisy or a breaking wave or even the mysterious moon itself. He could get inside the skin of an animal and tell you in the most convincing detail how it felt and how, dimly, inhumanly, it thought (Letters, p. xxx).

Such sensitivity, when combined with Lawrence's genius for self-expression and firm belief in the relativity of all matter, produced a unique corpus of literary works. Huxley's observation about Lawrence's writing talent is apropos:

Lawrence's special and characteristic gift was an extraordinary sensitiveness to what Wordsworth called "unknown modes of being." He was always intensely aware of the mystery of the world, and the mystery was always for him a numen, divine. Lawrence could never forget, as most of us almost continuously forget, the dark presence of the otherness that lies beyond the boundries of man's conscious mind. This special sensibility was accompanied by a prodigious power of rendering the immediately experienced otherness in terms of literary art (Letters, pp. xi-xii).

Lawrence not only incorporated this "otherness"--the vast plenum of being with which man is connected--into his fiction, he examined

otherness in great detail and presented his conclusions in various essays.

"Spirit of Place," written sometime between August 1917 and June 1918, published in the English Review in November 1918, and later revised for Studies in Classic American Literature (1923) is such an article. Herein Lawrence states that "every great locality has its own pure daimon."¹ He continues, "There is, no doubt, some peculiar potentiality attaching to every distinct region of the earth's surface over and above the indisputable facts of climate and geological condition. There is some subtle magnetic or vital influence inherent in every specific locality."² Lawrence later embellished this idea in his work on American fiction:

Every continent has its own great spirit of place . . .
Different places on the face of the earth have different
vital effluence, different vibration, different chemical
exalation, different polarity with different stars: Call
it what you like, but the spirit of place is a great
reality (SCAL, p. 12).

However, even before the revision of "Spirit of Place," a major reality for Lawrence was the existence of a subtle interchange between the vital effluence of spirit of place and man. To illustrate how place conveys this vital effluence to man, Lawrence compares it with the telegraph.

¹D. H. Lawrence, The Symbolic Meaning, Armin Arnold, ed. (London: Centaur Press Ltd., 1962), p. 30.

²Lawrence, The Symbolic Meaning, p. 20.

If we can understand the sending of wireless messages from continent to continent, can we not much more readily understand that the unthinkably sensitive substance of the human intelligence could receive the fine waves of vital effluence transmitted across the intervening space, could receive, and, as in a dream, plainly comprehend?³

This idea led to further exploration of spirit of place and its effect upon man's psyche, which resulted in Lawrence's philosophical-psychological treatises, Psychoanalysis of the Unconscious (1920) and Fantasia of the Unconscious (1921).

Fantasia, Lawrence's pollyanalytic handbook and by far the more important of the two studies, contains Lawrence's "metaphysic," upon which much of his art is dependent. In fact, Fantasia of the Unconscious is the result of Lawrence's attempt to determine his philosophy as it is expressed in his fiction and poetry. He explains in Fantasia's introduction:

. . . even art is utterly dependent on philosophy: or if you prefer it, on a metaphysic. The metaphysic or philosophy may not be anywhere very accurately stated and may be quite unconscious, in the artist, yet it is a metaphysic that governs men at the time, and is by all men more or less comprehended, and lived. Men live and see according to some gradually developing and gradually withering vision. This vision exists also as a dynamic idea or metaphysics--exists first as such. Then it is unfolded into life and art.

This pseudo-philosophy of mine--"pollyanalytics," as one of my respected critics might say--is deduced from the novels and poems, not the reverse. The novels and poems come unwatched out of one's pen. . . . The novels and poems are pure passionate experience. These "pollyanalytics" are inferences made afterwards from the experience (Fantasia, p. 15).

³Lawrence, The Symbolic Meaning, p. 23.

The term "pollyanalytics" is most interesting, for it appears only in this introduction to Fantasia. As for its implications, the term could indicate Lawrence's recognition that to his critics his attempt at critical theory is Pollyanna playing at analysis. It is more probable, however, that Lawrence coins the phrase so as to make fun of his critics--the canaille, as he so often called them.

The second view is supported by Lawrence's letters to publishers Thomas Seltzer, who balked at printing the introduction. A letter of November 1921 reveals both the great importance that Lawrence placed on the work and his pronounced hostility toward his critics.

Do print the introduction to the "Fantasia." The motto today is fight, fight, and always fight. Let them have it: they well deserve it, and they can't really do much harm.

To me "Fantasia" is important. But they'll try to push it aside as if it didn't matter. That's why it is better to go out against them tooth and nail and make them uneasy about what they're going to say. Print the introduction and to hell with them. For this book one must put up a fight.⁴

Thus, in a most unpollyanna-like fashion, Lawrence throws down the gauntlet before his critics and dares them to challenge the philosophical-psychological tenets in which he so strongly believes.

A major premise of Lawrence's pollyanalytice is that of man's fourfold psyche. In Psychoanalysis of the Unconscious Lawrence states that "the diaphragm really divides the human body, psychically as well as organically" and that there are "two planes of primary

⁴D. H. Lawrence, D. H. Lawrence: Letters to Thomas and Adele Seltzer (Santa Barbara, California: Black Sparrow Press, 1976), pp. 28-29.

consciousness--the first, the lower, the subjective unconscious, active beneath the diaphragm, and the second upper, objective plane, active above the diaphragm in the breast" (Psychoanalysis, p. 228). The lower plane is divided into two halves: the solar plexus (the sympathetic center) and the lumbar ganglion (the voluntary center). This lower plane corresponds to darkness, subjectivity, and the sensual aspects of man's being and consciousness. Likewise, the upper plane consists of two parts: the cardiac plexus (the sympathetic center) and the thoracic ganglion (the voluntary center). The upper plane corresponds to light, objectivity, and spirituality.

The solar plexus Lawrence calls one's "first and greatest and deepest centre of consciousness," the "deepest seat of awareness," wherein one is "primarily conscious" (Fantasia, p. 28). Lawrence elaborates:

. . . At this main center of our first mind we know as we can never mentally know. Primarily we know, each man, each living creature knows, profoundly and satisfactorily and without question, that I am I. This root of all knowledge and being is established in the solar plexus: it is dynamic, pre-mental knowledge, such as cannot be transferred into thought. . . . The knowledge that I am I can never be thought; only known (Fantasia, p. 34).

And what of the solar plexus' counterpart? The other half of the lower plane of consciousness, the lumbar ganglion, "is the center of separate identity," wherein one realizes that "I am I, in distinction from a whole universe, which is not as I am" (Fantasia, p. 35). This major voluntary center "is the first great centre of independence . . . the great dynamic centre of all the voluntary system,

of all the spirit of pride and joy in independent existence"
(Fantasia, p. 36).

The plane above the diaphragm is the obverse to that just examined. The upper level of consciousness' sympathetic nerve-center, the cardiac plexus, contains "new dynamic consciousness" (Fantasia, p. 37). Lawrence says of the cardiac plexus:

Here there is no longer the dark, exultant knowledge that I am I. A change has come. Here I know no more of myself. Here I am not. Here I only knew the delightful revelation that you are you. . . . Behold, that which was once negative has now become the only positive. The other being is now the great positive reality. I myself am as nothing. Positivity has changed places (Fantasia, p. 38).

This center's connection with the love principle is obvious. Conversely, the thoracic ganglion of the upper plane is "near the spine, by the wall of the shoulders" and "acts as the powerful voluntary centre of separateness and power" (Fantasia, p. 37). Subsequently, this center is the source of one's curiosity, the wish to be separate from others, and the desire to exert power over another in the form of one's "spiritual" will.

One well might wonder how four such diverse centers of consciousness operate in relation to one another. A "vital flow" exists between the "complementary dualities" of the vertical sympathetic-voluntary planes and the horizontal upper-lower levels: the result of the relationship between the human body, the primary human psyche, and material elements outside (Phoenix II, p. 227). For Lawrence, "At these four poles the whole flow, both within the individual and from without him, of dynamic consciousness and dynamic creative

relationship is centered" (Fantasia, p. 103). Subsequent objective and subjective circuits are established. Explains Lawrence:

By the objective circuits we mean those circuits which are established between the self and some external object: mother, father, sister, cat, dog, bird, or even tree or plant, or even further still, some particular place, some inanimate object, a knife or a chair or a cap or a doll or a wooden horse. For we must insist that every object which really enters effectively into our lives does so by direct connection. . . . The argument is that, between an individual and any external object with which he has an affective connection, there exists a vital flow, as definite and concrete as the electric current whose polarized circuits sets our tram cars running and our lamps shining, or our Marconi wires vibrating. Whether this object be human, or animal, or plant, or quite inanimate, there is still a circuit. My dog, my canary has a polarized connection with me. Nay, the very cells in the ash tree I loved as a child had a dynamic vibratory connection with the nuclei in my own centres of primary consciousness

So there is a definite vibratory rapport between a man and his surroundings, once he definitely gets into contact with these surroundings. Any particular locality, any house which has been lived in, has a vibration, a transferred vitality of its own. This is either sympathetic or antipathetic to the succeeding individual in varying degree . . .

Such is the objective dynamic flow between the psychic poles of the individual and the substance of the external object, animate or inanimate. The subjective dynamic flow is established between the four primary poles within the individual. Every dynamic connection begins from one or the other of the sympathetic centers: is, or should be, almost immediately polarized from the corresponding voluntary centre. Then a complete flow is set up, in one plane. But this always reuses the activity on the other, corresponding plane, more or less intense. There is a whole field of consciousness established, with positive polarity of the first plane, negative polarity of the second. Which being so, a whole four-fold field of dynamic consciousness now working within the individual, direct cognition takes place. The mind begins to know, and to strive to know (Fantasia, pp. 130-33).

But to appreciate fully the dynamic flow, or lack of same (many of Lawrence's characters seem to live primarily from a single plane--to their detriment), in a character's psyche, one must be

aware of Lawrence's view of man in relation to the universe and herein lies the basis for Lawrence's vitalism. He writes:

I think every thing is relative. But I also feel, most strongly, that in itself each individual living creature is absolute: in its own being. And that all things in the universe are just relative to the individual living creature. And that individual living creatures are relative to each other (Fantasia, p. 182).

He takes this idea a step further and illustrates in his essay "The Novel" (1925) how he uses various items in a story to initiate in a character an objective dynamic flow, which leads to a subsequent subjective dynamic response. (The key word in this passage and its appearance at the end of Sons and Lovers to denote Paul's movement toward life further illustrates Lawrence's vitalistic philosophy.)

The man in the novel must be "quick." And this means . . . he must have a quick relatedness to all the other things in the novel: snow, bed-bugs, sunshine, the phallus, trains, silk-hats, cats, sorrow, people, food, diphtheria, fuchsias, stars, ideas, God, toothpaste, lightning, and toilet paper. He must be in quick relation to all these things. What he says and does must be relative to them all (Phoenix II, p. 420).

So it is, as Kenneth Inniss notes, that many of Lawrence's characters are in such a "quick" relationship with nature.

Individual character, the central focus in the traditional novel, tends at moments of intensity to dissolve into its primal and impersonal elements; and man is seen in his connection with bird, beast and flower as part of the living mystery of the cosmos.⁵

⁵Kenneth Inniss, D. H. Lawrence's Bestiary (The Hague: Mouton & Co., 1971), p. 10.

Of course, most critics long have recognized nature's significance in Lawrence's work. In fact, a review of June 1925 notes that "the central source of D. H. Lawrence's power as a writer is his awareness of life in nature."⁶ A study of Lawrence's "mysticism" conducted by Frederick Carter a few years later remarks upon Lawrence's affinity with all elements of nature:

Always was he crying out for an immediate reply, for a result, a spontaneous, unconsidered, reciprocity in the world, in life, in man. Seas, hills, trees, gave something back to him, flowers gave much and animals too. He felt a part of himself reflected in them. A response came to his appeal.⁷

Later studies take a closer look. Keith Alldritt observes that landscapes enlarges the reader's sense of human relatedness.

The feeling for landscape as motion, force, and process . . . is . . . a main feature of Lawrence's art. In fact this type of landscape description is the most discernible way in which Lawrence conveys his characteristic sense of man's involvement with a natural order larger and more imposing than anything that can be rendered in merely social terms.⁸

John Alcorn's examination of the use of nature in Lawrence's novels advances Alldritt's thesis to conclude that "this relationship between setting and character, between spirit of place and sexual love, is the key . . . to his special quality as a novelist."⁹ Alcorn also

⁶Stuart P. Sherman, "Lawrence Cultivates His Beard," New York Herald Tribune Books, 14, June 1925, p. 1.

⁷Frederick Carter, D. H. Lawrence and the Body Mystical (London: Garden City Press Ltd., 1932), pp. 12-13.

⁸Keith Alldritt, The Visual Imagination of D. H. Lawrence (London: Edward Arnold Ltd., 1971), p. 15.

⁹John Alcorn, The Nature Novel from Hardy to Lawrence (New York: Columbia University Press, 1977), p. 79.

talks briefly about Lawrence's "technique of internalizing landscapes," which is "an idiom through which the subtle ebb and flow of the unconscious life of his characters might be charted through the device of nature description."¹⁰ The significance of Alcorn's idea of internalized landscape lies in its partial examination of character and landscape in terms of Lawrence's pollyanalytics. However, it is not a thorough pollyanalytic study because it ignores the ways in which spirit of place elicits a subjective dynamic response from a character and causes a new "circuit" to be established in the character's four nuclear centers of consciousness. Lawrence presents nature as more than a mere correlative of a character's psychic condition. (It is a limitation of Alcorn's study that he confines nature to this role in Lawrence's fiction.) Nature becomes a literal and a symbolic metaphorical-vehicle in Lawrence's work that has the potential to initiate change in a character's perception of himself and of the world around him as well as to reflect a character's psychic needs or fears.

Mark Schorer's brief essay "D. H. Lawrence and Spirit of Place" is the best examination of the topic to date. He writes:

. . . there is probably no other writer in literary history whose works responded so immediately to his geographical environment as Lawrence, and certainly there is no other modern writer to whose imagination "place" make such a direct and intense appeal, and in whose works, as a

¹⁰Alcorn, p. 90.

consequence, place usurps such a central role. Often it becomes the major character, as it were, Lawrence's arbiter, disposing of human destinies in accordance with the response that the human characters have made to itself, the nonhuman place. Or one may say that Lawrence's people discover their identities through their responses to place, and that, having thus come upon their true selves, they mark out their fate and are able to pursue it to another place--factory or farm, city or country, north or south, England or Italy, Europe or America, death or life.¹¹

Of course Schorer is right, but he too, like Acorn, does not follow up the idea with an examination involving the assistance of Lawrence's own thoughts on the matter as they are presented in the pollyanalytics. That, too, is a weakness in S. Ronald Weiner's study of Lawrence's use of nature, which echoes Schoerer's statement about the man-nature relationship but limits itself in its unpollyanalytic study of Sea and Sardinia, wherein Weiner states that Lawrence's "aim is to use his experience of these strange and remote territories to help his reader waken to the saving realization of the unknown vital regions within and without the self."¹² Jennifer Michaels-Tonks' study on Lawrence's use of a North-South polarity in his fiction does apply partially the pollyanalytics to spirit of place in several stories and notes that "the 'spirit of place' acts often as a catalyst on the characters in Lawrence's fiction, bringing them to

¹¹Mark Schorer, "Lawrence and the Spirit of Place," A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany, Harry T. Moore, ed. (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1959), p. 282.

¹²S. Ronald Weiner, "The Rhetoric of Travel: The Example of Sea and Sardinia," D. H. Lawrence Review, 2 (Fall 1969), 232.

a greater understanding of themselves, or sometimes exerting a destructive effect."¹³ However, the examination's self-imposed restrictions of noting only a character's response to Northern and Southern spirit of place as embodied in Germany and Italy and in examining only five stories limit the study's scope.

Surely everyone would agree with Rolf Gardiner's view of his friend-the-artist, D. H. Lawrence:

Lawrence fostered in us three things in which he himself as a seer and poet was adept: an acute sense of the living quality, "life-quality," he called it, of nature and landscape; a vivid awareness of the past in genius loci and the ancient places of the earth; and a fresh consciousness of the arcane reality behind living things and people.¹⁴

Yet, no one has examined closely the role of nature in Lawrence's fiction in relation to the writer's own philosophical-psychological views put forth in his pollyanalytics and other essays.

In this study I hope to make amends for the critical oversight and, in opening up this aspect of Lawrence's work, to provide further evidence of Lawrence's artistic powers by illustrating an essential connection between nature and man in works that hitherto have not been adequately examined. By a chronological examination of spirit of place in Lawrence's short fiction in relation to his pollyanalytics, I seek to deepen understanding of Lawrence's

¹³Jennifer Michaels-Tonks, D. H. Lawrence: The Polarity of North and South--Germany and Italy in His Prose Works (Bonn: Bouvier, 1976), p. 180.

¹⁴Rolf Gardiner, England Herself: Ventures in Rural Restoration (London: Faber, 1943), p. 11.

artistic development. In addition, the study will determine whether Lawrence's use of spirit of place shows increasing symbolic precision or subtlety as he clarified his philosophical and psychological ideas. And the examination will show how Lawrence uses spirit of place as a vehicle for character development.

Because the novels have received most of the critics' attention and because no systematic study of Lawrence's literary technique in his short fiction considers an adequate number of his short stories,¹⁵ Lawrence's short fiction is the focus of this study. Lawrence's skill in handling spirit of place in his short fiction becomes apparent immediately, and the study enhances one's sense of Lawrence's genius by focusing on works perhaps less familiar to most readers than the novels, but nonetheless at times of superior quality. H. E. Bates rightly notes in The Modern Short Story that Lawrence's tales are "again and again a superb expression of Lawrence's greatest natural gifts, sensibility, vision, a supreme sense of the physical (whether beautiful or ugly, human or otherwise), an uncanny sense of place, and a flaming vitality."¹⁶

In regard to this study's structure, it is sectioned into three major chapters: "North-South," "Sympathetic-Voluntary," and

¹⁵Adrian Hsia, D. H. Lawrence: Die Charaktere in Der Handlung Und Spannung Seiner Kurzgeschichten (Bonn: Bouvier, 1968), p. 15.

¹⁶H. E. Bates, The Modern Short Story (Boston: The Writer, Inc. Publishers, 1941), p. 198.

Places of Life-Places of Death." These dichotomies are employed extensively by Lawrence in all his writings and, taken as a unit, cover fully the pollyanalytics and their application to spirit of place. In each chapter only those spirits of place that play a significant role in a story will be discussed, for Lawrence presents presences throughout his fiction but always stresses some over others. Furthermore, in stories containing several significant spirits of place, each will be dealt with under its special heading. Inevitably, some overlapping will occur, especially in consideration of the longer tales. Each section of this study will deal with the works in a chronological fashion, beginning with the earliest works and moving up to the last. However, slight works or pieces in which spirit of place is not fully developed or particularly significant will be examined in much less detail than the others and are sometimes grouped at a section's end.

One final note before embarking upon what this writer considers a "thought adventure" in the purest Lawrencean sense: the surprising consistency in Lawrence's employment of his psychological categories makes it quite possible to show an almost perfect allegorical presentation of his psychological "centers" between place and person; however, it would be a mistake to reduce his fiction to categories of Fantasia of the Unconsciousness. The fiction is always richer in implication than the psychology. Although Lawrence's "technical" or "scientific" vocabulary is sometimes needed to define what Lawrence is doing in his handling of place, it is perhaps best

to avoid, in general, a vocabulary which most would find oppressively specialized or jargonish. Thus, this writer has usually preferred the plainest, most ordinary terms to designate the nature of the spiritual--sensual, objective--subjective flow between spirit of place and character.

CHAPTER I

NORTH AND SOUTH

Arctic vs. Tropic

D. H. Lawrence's "savage pilgrimage" took him from England to Western Europe, Southeast Asia, Australia, and North America. Each location's spirits of place were experienced first hand, duly recorded, and appear in the author's works as real and vital presences that greatly influence his characters. An examination of the manner in which certain landscapes and settings are presented in various stories provides thematic insight to these tales. Special attention will be given in this chapter to the development of one of Lawrence's most significant geographical dichotomies--North and South.

Harry T. Moore, Lawrence's definitive biographer, notes:

He [Lawrence] had always appreciated the landscapes of the north: The White Peacock and Sons and Lovers are full of them, presented as the writers of the Romantic movement saw them, vibrant and living and always affecting the human beings in the midst of them. But his experience with southern settings brought about a change in Lawrence, and he gradually became angered over what had been done to the landscapes of industrial regions.¹

These "southern settings" refer to Lawrence's early visits to Italy, which impressed him immensely. The beautiful scenery, unscarred by

¹Harry T. Moore, The Priest of Love (New York: Farrar, Straus, and Girous, 1974), p. 160.

the industrialism so evident in England, and the warm climate were more than merely agreeable to Lawrence, they became all but indispensable. As early as 1912, Lawrence wrote a friend:

I can't bear to be in England when I am in Italy. It makes me feel so soiled. . . . No, I don't believe England need be so grubby. What does it matter if one is poor, and risks one's livelihood, and reputation? One can have the necessary things, life, and love, and clean warmth. Why is England so shabby? (Letters, p. 67).

This negative attitude toward England's industrialization only grew more intense with time.

Lawrence came to see England's industrialism as a dehumanizing force that reduced the spirit of man and the land. Six months before his death in 1930, he wrote, "I dread and hate the north, it is full of death and the most grisly disappointment."² In England both mankind and the countryside Lawrence found obscene, for he revered life. That is another reason why he liked the southern regions of Italy: the people seemed alive. The modern world had not yet made inroads to all parts of Italy, so many of the people were unself-conscious and spontaneous in their actions. In fact, he viewed Italy as "one of the few places in the world where spontaneity had not been completely destroyed."³ Of the Italians he said, "I think they haven't many ideas, but they look well, and they have strong

²Jennifer Michaels-Tonks, D. H. Lawrence: The Polarity of North and South--Germany and Italy in His Prose Works (Bonn: Bouvier, 1976), p. 23.

³Michaels-Tonks, p. 23.

blood."⁴ As for the modern world's effect on the northern regions of Europe, in particular England and Germany, Lawrence wrote, "The North has all gone evil--I can't help feeling it morally or ethically. I mean anti-life."⁵

Living in Gargnano, Italy, from September 1912 to May 1913, Lawrence began to synthesize his ideas about man's consciousness. He felt strongly about "blood-knowledge" and believed that it played a large role in man's psychic being--even though it is opposite to man's intellect. In the famous letter of January 17, 1913 to Ernest Collings, he notes that the power of the blood is in essence his religion (Letters, p. 95). His idea about the blood would become in time an essential part of his philosophy; wherein he balances blood-knowledge and "mind"-knowledge. For Lawrence the blood-knowledge stems from man's lower plane of primary consciousness--that of the solar plexus and the lumbar ganglion--and corresponds geographically to Southern regions such as Italy, which are warm and exude a life-force. In opposition to this Southern pole of consciousness is the upper or Northern plane that consists of the cardiac plexus and the thoracic ganglion, which equate geographically to Northern regions like England and Germany that are cold and anti-life in Lawrence's view. Where the Italians seem a warm, living people fully in touch with their sensual unconscious natures that stem from their lower plane, Lawrence perceives the northern people

⁴Michaels-Tonks, p. 19.

⁵Michaels-Tonks, p. 23.

as mental mechanical units that run purely from the will of their upper plane. In short, Lawrence sees northern folk as divorced from their lower plane, wherein lie their vital centers of the senses and the emotions--centers that keep man in touch with his blood and body. Thus it is not surprising that Lawrence would write in his "Introduction to These Paintings":

The northern races are so innerly afraid of their own bodily existence, which they believe fantastically to be an evil thing--you could never find them feel anything but uneasy shame, or an equally shameful gloating, over the fact that a man was having intercourse with his wife, in his house next door (Phoenix, p. 561).

Anyone so out of touch with life Lawrence could only despise. He knew that such a negative perception of the sex act was purely the result of mental sensationalism rather than blood-consciousness.

In a further parallel of intellect with the geographic North and blood-knowledge with the geographic South, Lawrence writes:

The sun is anti-thought. Thought is made of shade. In the bright sunshine no man thinks . . . the sun . . . melts thought away, and sets the blood running with another, non-mental consciousness. . . . In the grey shadow the northern nations mould themselves according to a few ideas, until their whole life is buttoned and choked up (Phoenix, pp. 131-32).

So it is that Lawrence places the conscious mind in the cold life-denying region of the upper plane of consciousness, in the geographical Northern region, while he assigns the unconscious and pre-mental knowledge to the living, warm, lower, or Southern plane. Subsequently, the landscapes and settings that contain spirits of the upper and lower planes of consciousness are often Arctic and

Tropic, respectively, or have a direct correlation with the Arctic and Tropic, which forms the basis for this section on Lawrence's short fiction.

In 1976 Jennifer Michaels-Tonks noted Lawrence's use of the polarity of North and South in his fiction and applied it to five short stories dealing directly with Germany and Italy. She, too, notes:

In Lawrence's mind, Germany and Italy represented also the different northern and southern modes of life. Lawrence believed that northern civilization was based on the intellect and on a scientific approach to life. The southern, on the other hand, represented a life based on physical, sensual aspects.⁶

The stories that deal with Germany and Italy are but a small sample, however, of Lawrence's concern with North and South. He expands globally his geographic-psychological metaphor to encompass places and settings that contain spirits that fall into the regional categories of Arctic and Tropic. The manner in which Arctic and Tropic spirits of place are associated with, or symbolic of, a character's upper or lower level of consciousness will undergo exploration as will the psychological impact that such a spirit has upon a character.

Even in his earliest work, Lawrence shows a keen appreciation of the psychic aspects of places. "Once" is an early story--actually an extended sketch--thought to have been written in June 1912.⁷ It

⁶Michaels-Tonks, p. 8.

⁷Keith Sagar, D. H. Lawrence: A Calendar of His Works (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1979). All composition dates given for specific stories are from this source.

concerns a young Englishman who has taken up with a young married German aristocrat, Anita, while on holiday in the Tyrol. He asks Anita about her former lovers in an effort to truly understand her, and she tells him of one special passionate night in Dresden, when she was taken for a cocotte by a young German officer. Angry at the warmth with which Anita has told the story, the protagonist labels her a sensualist and dares her to say that love, as she has known it, has not lacked a certain essence. Her grave inability to do so is a victory for the protagonist over all the former lovers, for he hopes to be able to provide Anita with a fulfilled love.

Anita's confession about having never experienced real love, the protagonist's great desire that she do so, and the closeness they share in the story are all positive signs indicating that a fulfilling love is being established between them. First, of course, the protagonist must break Anita away from her gross sensualism; she has "sex in the head," as Lawrence would say, wherein sex becomes mental (of the upper plane of consciousness), replacing the warm, living, unconscious sexual instinct with cold, calculating sensation for its own sake: a spiritually deadening experience in Lawrence's view. Thus Lawrence's criticism of Anita as sensualist is implicit in the story and its theme.

The Arctic and Tropic idea of spirit of place is used nicely by Lawrence in the story. Although the setting of the Austrian Alps and the German ancestry of Anita place the story in the realm of the Arctic, the sun's tropical presence is dominant. This predominant

spirit is presented in the story's opening paragraph, a not uncommon practice of Lawrence's that serves to quickly establish the major issues in the story.

The morning was very beautiful. White packets of mist hung over the river, as if a great train had gone by leaving its steam idle, in a trail down the valley. The mountains were just faint grey-blue, with the slightest glitter of snow high up in the sunshine. They seemed to be standing a long way off, watching me, and wondering. As I bathed in the shaft of sunshine that came through the wide-opened mind went wandering through the hazy morning, very sweet and far-off and still, so that I had hardly wit enough to dry myself (Phoenix II, p. 44).

Herein we have the snow-topped mountains just barely in evidence, distant yet appraising, while the sun glints off the icy peaks, makes the river appear to steam, and lulls the protagonist into a blissful unconscious state of mind. Like the people of the south, the protagonist is for a time of the lower plane of consciousness. The sun's presence connects with his solar plexus, and he basks in the state of blood-consciousness. It is only fitting for such a person that the Arctic plane, which might be seen in the mountain's snowy peaks, would defer to the Tropical elements in him, for these are dominant in the man at this time. The sun then, on this particular morning, serves to reinforce the protagonist's connection with his lower plane of consciousness, the origin of love's true impulse. He is thus just the man to take on Anita and her arctic, austere conception of love that originates in her upper plane of consciousness. Bolstered by the tropical spirit of the sun, the protagonist's life-force should prove a match for the life-

denying spirit of the Alps evidenced in Anita's cold sensualism.

Through the use of this Arctic-Tropic polarity in spirit of place that opens this tale, Lawrence has established the major conflict of the story, shown which aspect is dominant, and implied an ending that parallels Lawrence's own love relationship with Frieda Von Richthofen Weekley, the aristocratic German who left her home, husband, children, and former lovers for the love of Lawrence.

"The Prussian Officer," one of Lawrence's best known short stories, was written in May 1913. It involves Germanic characters in northern Europe, too, and has the life-denying force of the military as one of its chief considerations and representations of the Arctic, or upper, level of consciousness. The dichotomy of the Arctic and Tropic is firmly established in the story's landscapes and in the natures of the two major characters: the Prussian Captain and his orderly, Schoner.

Whereas Schoner seems to "live out his warm, full nature, to give it off in his very movements" (CSS, p. 98), the Captain is a man of passionate temper, who always tries to suppress his dangerous emotion and has "the look of a man who fights with life" (CSS, p. 96). The military officer's domination by his conscious will and his refusal to acknowledge his lower plane of consciousness seems to be standard for such men in Lawrence's view. In his "Study of Thomas Hardy," he writes, "in some men, like Prussian army officers, the denial of marriage in the spirit is blasphemy (Phoenix, p. 476), for it prevents the Holy Spirit from reconciling the spirit with

the body, the two poles of his nature, leaving the man to operate only from the upper half of his consciousness.

Schoner's life-force irritates the Prussian officer to such an extent that one evening he repeatedly kicks the lad about the loins and upper legs (areas associated with the lower plane) as punishment for not answering quickly enough one of his questions. This brutal beating violates the boy's warm unconscious nature and casts him into a void of sorts for awhile. Lawrence describes the orderly's state:

He was dulled, as if nine-tenths of the ordinary man in him were inert. . . . It was as if he was disembowelled, made empty, like an empty shell. He felt himself as nothing, a shadow creeping under the sunshine (CSS, pp. 103 and 105).

In a spontaneous surge of blood-power, Schoner kills the officer in a wooded glade the following day, wanders dazed and half-mad through a forest toward the distant mountains until he can walk no further, and dies envying the mountains their peacefulness. As R. E. Pritchard notes, "the young orderly's murderous counterattack on the man who has destroyed his unselfconsciousness serves only to complete his isolation in a new and frightful world."⁸

Throughout the story Lawrence has set up a series of dichotomies--officer-soldier, aristocrat-peasant, mind-instinct, valley-

⁸R. E. Pritchard, D. H. Lawrence: Body of Darkness (London: Hutchinson & Co. Ltd., 1971), p. 65.

mountain⁹--that can be seen as representative of the Arctic-Tropic polarities of consciousness. Spirit of place in the story is presented most significantly and effectively in the first and last landscape descriptions.

The story begins In medias res the morning following Schoner's humiliating beating, during a forced-march exercise:

They had marched more than thirty kilometres since dawn, along the white, hot road where occasional thickets of trees threw a moment of shade, then out into the glare again. On either hand, the valley, wide and shallow, glittered with heat; dark-green patches of rye, pale young corn, fallow, and meadow and black pine woods spread in a dull, hot diagram under a glistening sky. But right in front the mountains ranged across, pale blue and very still, snow gleaming gently out of the deep atmosphere.

.
He walked on and on in silence, staring at the mountains ahead, that rose sheer out of the land, and stood fold behind fold, half earth, half heaven, the heaven, the barrier with slits of soft snow, in the pale, bluish peaks (CSS, p. 95).

The hot living presence of the fertile valley is more than Schoner can bear. It acts as a life-force suffocating in his attempt to make connection with his annihilated lower plane. In his benumbed condition, Schoner can only try to ignore this life-force and fix his attention, through an effort of conscious will, on the mountains ahead that seem to offer him solace, the nature of which he is unsure.

⁹Frank Amon, "D. H. Lawrence and the Short Story," The Achievement of D. H. Lawrence (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1953), p. 231.

The closing descriptions of the snow-capped mountains and their relation to the upper plane of consciousness, coming as they do after Schoner's mad and alienated flight through the German forest, clarify the orderly's desire:

There, straight in front of him, blue and cool and tender, the mountains ranged across the pale edge of the morning sky. He wanted them--he wanted them alone--he wanted to leave himself and be identified with them. They did not move, they were still and soft, with white, gentle markings of snow (CSS, p. 115).

.....
He roused on to his elbow and stared at the gleaming mountains. There they ranked, all still and wonderful between earth and heaven. He stared till his eyes went black, and the mountains, as they stood in their beauty, so clean and cool, seemed to have it, that which was lost in him (CSS, p. 116).

Schoner's upper plane of consciousness has made connection with the Arctic spirit of detachment and separateness. Having had his lower nature violated by the willful military officer, he longs only for the stillness and peacefulness of the mountains that he can obtain only through his death.

Michaels-Tonks, too, notes Schoner's deathward journey:

After the murder, the orderly becomes increasingly associated with the mountains, with the icy snows of suppression. The warmth of the wood and the growing corn, the vitality of the squirrels and the birds send him into a panic; he loses contact with living nature and feels close only to the cold mountains, revealing the destruction of his warm, living nature.¹⁰

Just as the icy mountains' presence dominates the landscape in this story, and makes the warm and fertile valley beneath it seem

¹⁰Michaels-Tonks, p. 153.

secondary to its arctic aloofness, so does Schoner's upper plane of consciousness dominate his brutalized lower plane and lead him to his demise.

Of course, Lawrence's point is that life is constantly violated in this world, be it the life of a victim like Schoner or the denial of one's own life-force, as we see in the Prussian officer, when one lives purely from one's conscious will-to-power. As for the military's identical life-denying force in connection with an entire society's, George Panichas notes: "From the opening sentence . . . [Lawrence] evinces the destructive and sadistic and killing instincts which a modern machine society can breed."¹¹ Schoner, translated "more-beautiful," is one of Lawrence's best examples of a willful nature's potentially deadening effect upon a man who lives primarily from the pulse-beat of his lower plane of consciousness.

Written a month after "The Prussian Officer," in June 1913, "The Thorn in the Flesh" also employs the military as "an image of repressive, modern society with its attempt to destroy spontaneity."¹² The setting is again Germany, and the story concerns a young soldier, Bachmann, whose Aryan features indicate that he primarily is of the northern or upper plane of consciousness, as does the fact that he

¹¹George Panichas, Adventures in Consciousness: The Meaning of D. H. Lawrence's Religious Quest (London: Mouton & Co., 1964), pp. 75-76.

¹²Michaels-Tonks, p. 154.

has "something of military consciousness, as if he believed in the discipline for himself, and found satisfaction in delivering himself to his duty" (CSS, p. 118).

During a training exercise involving the scaling of a high wall, he knocks a verbally abusive drill sergeant off the rampart and into the moat below. This instinctive response, his first act of manhood in which his lower plane exerts its independence from the military authority, illustrates his movement from the previously dominant upper plane to his rejuvenated lower plane.

In a funk, he seeks sanctuary from Emilie, a Baron's gipsy maid-servant, whom he asks to hide him in her room in the Baron's house. She does so, and they become lovers. R. E. Pritchard notes that "in his grasp on what Lawrence calls her 'loins,' he lays hands on what lies behind her sexuality and personality. . . . Acceptance . . . of the wholeness of physical being, produces a new strength and self confidence: the young man can now accept himself."¹³ It is this and more. Their mutual initiation to the mysteries of passion and sexual fulfillment causes the blossoming of their lower planes of consciousness and places them firmly in touch with the life-force.

This change of direction in Bachmann's consciousness--from the life-denying will to the life-promoting blood consciousness--instills in him a sense of self and of being that he has never

¹³Pritchard, p. 66.

before known. Thus, when he is captured at the story's end, he goes off to face his punishment, secure in the knowledge that the military can never touch his true essence of self, for his upper and lower planes of consciousness have been connected for the first time in his life, and he is whole. His new-found blood consciousness renders inaccessible his new discovery of himself--his metaphorical rebirth--to the scourge of the military's anti-life force. Subsequently, the upper plane of consciousness is subordinated to the life of the lower in this story of passion's breakthrough.

E. W. Tedlock notes that "as in 'The Prussian Officer,' the beauty of the countryside contrasts with the vitalistic deformity revealed in the barrenness of barracks."¹⁴ Similarly, Kingsley Widmer remarks, "With one of Lawrence's favorite devices, this inner torment of Bachmann's contrasts with the natural order scenically presented."¹⁵ They are both correct, as far as they go, but they miss the "objective" and "subjective" dynamic flows between the land and Bachmann.

The story opens with a description of the rye fields, vineyards, and lime trees that lie on the outskirts of the city of Metz. The sun shines on this fertile scene, which is the symbolic equivalent

¹⁴E. W. Tedlock, D. H. Lawrence: Artist and Rebel (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1963), p. 81.

¹⁵Kingsley Widmer, The Art of Perversity (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1962), p. 134.

of a tropical, southern climate that contrasts with the barracks. This dichotomy between sun and shade, blood and will, life and death, is quickly established, and by Lawrence's stressing the tropic, one sees with which plane of consciousness the story primarily will be concerned.

As Bachmann is marched to the field exercise, which he unconsciously fears, Lawrence depicts a significant relationship between the soldier and the land's presence of life:

Bachmann, one of the inner file of four deep, marched in the airless ranks, half suffocated with heat and dust and enclosure. Through the moving of his comrade's bodies, he could see the small vines dusty by the roadside, . . . the distant spaces of sky and fields all free with air and sunshine. But he was bound in a very dark enclosure of anxiety within himself (CSS, p. 118).

Bachmann's upper plane of consciousness keeps him prisoner; it will not allow a reciprocal flow of life to return to the land from his lower plane, for his will keeps him isolated from the life-force around him. His habitual recourse to his will, combined with the repressive force of the military, effectively blocks any life-flow that should exist between his tropical plane and the sun-filled landscape. Metaphorically, he is as dead as Gerald Crich when they find the mine owner of Women in Love in the frozen wasteland of the Alps. However, Bachmann's action of self-defense upon the rampart and his complete connection with Emilie restore the sanctity of his individuality that was almost negated by the military's authority and will-to-power over him. By the story's end his new-found integrity--his wholeness formed by a joining of his upper and lower

planes--brings him into connection with the life-force that is first presented in the story as emanating from the land.

Unlike Schoner of "The Prussian Officer," Bachmann is saved through his recontact with his lower plane, which makes his connection with Emilie possible. As Widmer notes, "it is one of the first instances of the healing nature of the sexual experience, a theme that continues to be an important concept in Lawrence's later works."¹⁶

In the "Wintry Peacock" of January 1919, Lawrence combines the Arctic with the Tropic in a very interesting manner. The setting is mountainous rural England, around a township called Tible, in midwinter. The unnamed narrator seems to be a stranger there and staying-on only temporarily. While walking one crisp winter's day, he is accosted by Mrs. Maggie Goyte, a slight acquaintance, who asks him to read a letter written in French addressed to her soldier husband, Alfred, who is due back home from a Scottish army hospital that evening after a long absence. The letter is from one Elise, a lover, telling Alfred that she has had his baby and asking him to join her and the child.

The narrator feels offended at having been coerced into reading another's mail by the strong-willed Maggie and subsequently lies for Alfred, a man he has never met but for whom he feels a male bond of protectiveness before his unscrupulous wife. Thus Maggie is told that Elise writes Alfred only as a friend to tell him of her joy at

¹⁶Michaels-Tonks, p. 154.

having a new baby brother. Maggie strongly suspects the truth. Simultaneously, Maggie's pet peacock, Joey, approaches her and the narrator and is fondled and cooed over by Maggie as a mother would a child. After the narrator departs, Alfred arrives, is taunted by Maggie about the contents of the letter, which she says she has burned, and he tries to shoot Joey. The story ends the following day with a kind of collusion between the narrator and Alfred wherein the contents of the letter are revealed to Alfred and the narrator admits having lied to Maggie for him. For Alfred's part, he swears that he will kill Joey, the symbol of his wife's willful nature, before long.

The winter setting, Maggie's willfulness and self-imposed distance from Alfred, and her connection with the tailless wintering bird of paradise combine to illustrate Maggie's arctic temperament and denial of her warm lower plane of consciousness. Similarly, the arctic spirit of place evoked the morning after the narrator's unpleasant experience with Maggie is void of life, which parallels Maggie's deadly will and, by means of subjective dynamic flow, threatens the narrator's life flow by temporarily imprisoning his lower plane of consciousness:

When I awoke, the morning after this episode, I found the house darkened with deep, soft snow, which had blown against the large west windows, covering them with a screen. I went outside, and saw the valley all white and ghastly below me, the trees beneath black and thin-looking wire, the rock-faces dark between the glistening shroud, and the sky above sombre, heavy, yellowish-dark, much too heavy for this world below of hollow bluey whiteness figured with black. I felt I was in a valley of the dead. And I sensed

I was a prisoner, for the snow was everywhere deep. . . . I looked down into the white-and-black valley that was utterly motionless and beyond life, a hollow sarcophagus.

Nothing stirred the whole day--no plume fell off the shrubs, the valley was as abstracted as a grove of death. I looked over at the tiny, half-buried farms away on the bare uplands beyond the valley hollow, and I thought of Tible in the snow, of the black witch-like little Mrs. Goyte. And the snow seemed to lay me bare to influences I wanted to escape (CSS, pp. 385-86).

The narrator's conversation with Alfred, however, illustrates that each will strive to preserve his life-force: he will attack the frigid will-to-power where he finds it and refuse to be subject to it. Thus Joey must die because his "'spiteful, inhuman behavior is the correlative of the spirit of the young farm wife."¹⁷ Lawrence states in Fantasia of the Unconscious:

Birds, which live by flight, impelled from the strong conscious-activity of the breast and shoulders, have become for us symbols of the spirit, the upper mode of consciousness. Their legs have become idle, almost insentient twigs. Only the tail flirts from the center of the sensual will (Fantasia, pp. 66-67).

It should be remembered that Joey has no tail, because of the winter season, so that he can be seen symbolically as the pure embodiment of the upper level of consciousness. Also, the fact that Joey is a tropical bird in an arctic climate illustrates the manner that Maggie's warm, lower plane of consciousness has been left unnaturally to the mercy of her arctic will, resulting in a predominantly mental

¹⁷Tedlock, p. 112.

approach to life that denies the warm flowing life-force of her lower plane.

With such an integration of this bird image--one might even take it so far as to see Maggie's and the bird of paradise's parallel as an allusion to fallen Eve cast out of Eden because of her will-to-power or as a reference to the female pride seen in this story and The White Peacock that demands a conquest and a possession--one can only wonder at Widmer's statement that the peacock "does not provide a satisfactory image."¹⁸ The "Wintry Peacock" thus uses setting and symbol to indicate Maggie's predominant upper level of consciousness, but it is the spirit of place and the narrator's response to it that best illustrate the story's thematic statement.

Unquestionably one of Lawrence's most effective and impressive presentations of spirit of place appears in "The Captain's Doll," a short novel written in November 1921. Set in Germany and Austria after World War I, the story concerns the eternal triangle: in this case the dark Scottish Captain Alexander Hepburn, who is stationed in Germany; his wife, who comes from England to reclaim him; and the Countess Hannelle, the Captain's German lover, who makes her living by cleverly constructing dolls in the likenesses of actual people. Mrs. Hepburn is dispatched rather abruptly midway in the story when she falls out of a window, but not before she has established a rift between the two lovers.

¹⁸Widmer, p. 111.

Hepburn primarily operates from his dark, lower plane, after his wife's death and realizes that in having married his wife, a woman who repressed her own lower plane to the point of extinction in her willful efforts to be of the upper plane, he was traitor to his life-force. He had married her believing in the ideal of love but soon found how lifeless a relationship based on such a mental conception becomes. He vows after her death that never again will he kneel to a woman and exist only to make her happy; rather, he is tempted this time to be the one who is adored. He seeks out Hannelle after a period of time by following the trail of a doll she had made in his likeness. He wants to marry her, for their former passionate relationship had involved a true marriage of their planes of consciousness.

However, when he finally does track down the Countess at a resort in the Tyrol mountains, he finds her engaged to an Austrian official and seemingly less than eager to renew his acquaintance. Hepburn finds the heart of the Tyrol "all terrible and devastating: the life-spirit seemed to be squirming, bleeding all the time" (p. 230). Hannelle has become quite willful in her own way and decides to allow Hepburn to court her, but only as long as she can retain her command of the situation, for she has learned to enjoy the exercise of her will-to-power. At an impasse, they decide to take a short excursion to a nearby glacier.

This day-hike is one of Lawrence's more amusing pieces, but the humor soon gives way to masterful landscape description and evocation of spirit of place:

So the two climbed slowly up the steep ledge of a road. This valley was just a mountain cleft, cleft sheer in the hard, living rock, with black trees like hair flourishing in this secret, naked place of the earth. At the bottom of the open wedge for ever roared the rampant, insatiable water. The sky from above was like a sharp wedge forcing its way into the earth's cleavage, and that eternal ferocious water was like the steel edge of the wedge, the terrible tip biting into the rocks' intensity. Who could have thought that the soft sky of light and the soft foam of water could thrust and penetrate into the dark, strong earth? But so it was . . .

In his heart of hearts Hepburn hated it. He hated it, he loathed it, it seemed almost obscene (FSN, p. 241).

This landscape becomes a literal metaphor wherein the upper plane of consciousness of light and water sexually possesses and dominates the lower plane, which parallels the dark earth of the valley.

Hepburn's subsequent subjective dynamic flow is one of repulsion, for his warm life-force rejects any effort of the life-denying arctic plane to supplant its dominance. Obversely, Hannelle's upper plane makes connection with this landscape of sensualism, and she is moved mentally to a kind of frenzy:

. . . the high air, the cold in the air the savage cat-howling sound of the water, those awful flanks of livid rock, all this thrilled and excited her to another sort of savageness (FSN, p. 242).

Meanwhile, Hepburn's hatred and repulsion of this display of the upper plane's supremacy in the form of spiritual will-to-power over the lower plane's life-force is replaced by anger. In a rage he sees the mountains as affected and declares that he hates their "uplift."

He goes on to say, "I hate people prancing on mountain-tops and feeling exalted. I'd like to make them all stop up there, on their mountain-tops, and chew ice to fill their stomachs" (FSN, p. 249). While declaiming this lifeless region, Hannelle notes how his face "seemed to her like a dark flame burning in the daylight and in the ice rains" (FSN, p. 249), which reinforces Hepburn's association with the warm, strong, life-force of the tropic plane of consciousness.

The Arctic-Tropic dichotomy is developed yet further as the couple approaches the glacier itself. It is depicted as an immense beast of death that preys on the life of the valley lying beneath its weight: "It was like some great, deep-furred ice-bear lying spread upon the top heights, and reaching down terrible paws of ice into the valley" (FSN, p. 252). Terrified by its prospect, yet determined not to be defeated by it, Hepburn ventures out "upon the huge body of the soft-fleshed ice" (FSN, p. 255). He reaches its brim and looks into "a world, a terrible place of hills and valleys and sloped, all motionless, all of ice" (FSN, p. 255). His subjective dynamic response to this vision of nullity is one of wonder, terror, and bitterness, for he sees the glacier, just as we should see the dominating arctic upper plane of consciousness, as "a world sufficient unto itself in lifelessness" (FSN, p. 255).

Lawrence had written four years earlier in an essay entitled "The Spirit of Place," "the white abstraction of the Arctic and Antarctic continents, the unspeakable immortality of the ice, where

existence is and being is not,"¹⁹ which applies to this story indirectly, for a relationship based on the life-denying will of the upper plane, like Hepburn's first marriage, would but exist and never be. So it is that Hepburn refuses to "plight his troth" in the traditional manner of a suitor to Hannelle, demands her honor, her obedience, and the "proper physical feelings" (FSN, p. 263) before he will accept her as his wife, and plans to take his new bride to Africa, where they will begin a plantation. As Michaels-Tonks observes, "He wants to till the soil, to keep his feet firmly planted on the ground, and to remain in close connection with the fruitful cycle of nature."²⁰ George Panichas points out quite accurately:

It is not spiritual grandeur and exaltation, Lawrence seems to be saying here, that man must concentrate on, but life in terms of its everyday actions and responsibilities. In essence, then, the mountains personify precisely those ideas which the Captain has now denounced as leading to inertia and escape.²¹

However, the mountains are more than mere personifications of a life-denying ideal and ideas; their arctic presence manifests these very nullities, which in turn directly affect the characters' planes of consciousness and evoke a subjective dynamic response from each.

"The Last Laugh" was written in January 1924 while Lawrence was staying in London for a time. The short story's midwinter

¹⁹D. H. Lawrence, The Symbolic Meaning (London: Centaur Press Ltd., 1962), p. 30.

²⁰Michaels-Tonks, pp. 156-57.

²¹Panichas, p. 110.

Hampstead setting implies that Lawrence was writing about his immediate surroundings, but the story's fantastical account of the return of the Greek god Pan serves to illustrate how Lawrence often blended the immediate with the imaginary.

The story begins at midnight as two friends, Marchbanks and Miss James, leave the home of a thinly disguised Lawrence, who is called by Lawrence's nickname, Lorenzo, after an evening social call. They find a thin snow-covering over everything and joke that Hampstead has become a "new world." As the couple heads for home, Marchbanks hears what turns out to be Pan laughing, but Miss James cannot hear it because she is partially deaf. As Marchbanks wanders off trying to pinpoint the laughter's source, and eventually ends up sharing the bed of a Jewess whom he meets on his rambles, Miss James catches a glimpse of Pan in some dark holly bushes. She is filled then with a strange sense of power, and her hearing suddenly is restored.

As a policeman conducts her home, they pass a church through an open window of which the wind is howling and from which the sounds of crashes and laughter emanate. Home at last, Miss James allows the frightened policeman to warm himself in the sitting room while she retires upstairs. She awakes in the morning to find that it is indeed a new world, but is disturbed to learn that the policeman is still downstairs.

She and Marchbanks, who has come from his night of "sensationalism" with the Jewess to pay Miss James a morning visit, go down to the officer to find that his foot has been transformed overnight so

as to look like a weird animal paw. Pan's laugh is again heard, and Marchbank's seems to see the god, although no one else can, and he exclaims, "I knew it was he!" (CSS, p. 646) and falls over dead like a man who has been struck by lightning. A faint scent of almond blossom pervades the room, and so the story ends.

The dichotomy of Arctic and Tropic--life-denying force and life-force--is evident in the two main characters' response to Pan's return. Marchbanks and Miss James have known each other for years and have a kind of "understanding" between them about keeping their relationship Platonic. Such a frigid arrangement stems from the upper level of their consciousness, thus repressing the life-force of the lower plane. However, when they are placed in contact with the Southern god of the life-force, Marchbanks finds someone with whom he can wallow in sexual sensationalism while Miss James is rejuvenated (her deafness is cured, and she experiences a newfound sense of power).

Clearly, we are to see that Miss James has made connection with her lower plane so that she is no longer living primarily from her upper plane's will. Marchbanks, on the other hand, continues to deny his lower plane and mentalizes his sexual nature. Subsequently, his literal death at the story's end parallels this metaphorical lifelessness that stems from his arctic existence. Michaels-Tonks says about Marchbanks:

Marchbanks, who is an intellectual and out of touch with nature, is stricken dead by his denial of Pan, showing the

penalty incurred by those who rely on their mental being alone and refuse to recognize a more intense way of life.²²

Spirit of place is everywhere in this story in the literalized presence of Pan. From the story's opening passage concerning a "new world," to Pan's destruction of the church, to the following "new morning," Pan's tropical life-force permeates the story, destroying the old anti-life forces wherever he finds them. The passage involving Pan and the church exhibits Lawrence's effective use of spirit of place particularly well:

There came a sudden crash, followed by a burst of chuckling, naked laughter. The snow seemed to make a queer light inside the building, like ghosts moving, big and tall.

There was more laughter, and a tearing sound. On the wind, pieces of paper, leaves of books, came whirling among the snow through the dark window. Then a white thing, soaring like a crazy bird, rose up on the wind as if it had wings, and lodged on a black tree outside, struggling. It was the altar-cloth.

There came a bit of gay, trilling music. The wind was running over the organ-pipes like pan-pipes, quickly up and down. Snatches of wild, gay, trilling music, and bursts of the naked low laughter.

"Really!" said the girl. "This is most extraordinary. Do you hear the music and people laughing?"

"Yes, I hear somebody on the organ!" said the policeman.

"And do you get the puff of warm wind? Smelling of spring. Almond blossom, that's what it is! A most marvelous scent of almond blossom. Isn't it an extraordinary thing!" (CSS, pp. 639-40).

These images of spring correlate directly to Pan's life-force. His attack of the church reflects Lawrence's unhappiness with the Christian ideal, which he felt had weakened with time so as to be anti-life in the twentieth century.

²²Michaels-Tonks, p. 125.

This story portrays the end of the Christian era and the start of Pan's rejuvenated cycle, for the myth will be remembered that a great voice told the world, "The Great Pan is Dead!" upon the day of Christ's birth. The reigns of Pan and Christ have gone full circle. With Pan's coming, a new vitalized world results that has its roots in the warm, southern climate that Lawrence saw as the seat of the life-force--man's lower plane of consciousness. Miss James describes this world:

She could see the snow outside, the bare, purplish trees. The air all seemed rare and different. Suddenly the world had become quite different: as if some skin or integument had broken, as if the old, mouldering London sky had crackled and rolled back, like an old skin, shrivelled, leaving an absolutely new blue heaven (CSS, p. 641).

Similarly, mankind has made connection with Pan's life force and been rejuvenated (like Miss James) or has denied Pan access to his lower nature and been chastized (as were the policeman and Marchbanks). James Cowan states:

As the Great God Pan departed at the birth of Christ, so now he returns to shatter the Christian church, transform the policeman, exalt the spinster, and execute the sexually frivolous intellectual--Lawrence's representatives of modern sterility.²³

An interesting note, Lawrence's essay "Pan in America," provides some basic information about the workings of Pan that is directly incorporated in this story:

²³James Cowan, D. H. Lawrence's American Journey (Cleveland: Case Western Reserve University Press, 1970), p. 58.

A man who should see Pan by daylight fell dead, as if blasted by lightning.

Yet you might dimly see him in the night, a dark body within the darkness. And then, it was a vision filling the limbs and the trunk of a man with power, as with new, strong-mounting sap (Phoenix, p. 22).

So it is that by use of spirit of place, Lawrence could merge ideas that might at first seem diverse (such as psychological and mythical elements) and make them breathe in a single unit, as he does in "The Last Laugh."

The short story "Glad Ghosts," written in December 1925, is one of several tales of the supernatural written by Lawrence. The two ghosts in this story correspond to Lawrence's idea of the two levels of consciousness, one of the arctic upper plane, the other is of the tropical lower mode. But first, the story itself. The first-person narrator, Mark Moriel, has recently returned to England from Africa and has received an invitation to visit an old friend, Carlotta Lathkill and her husband, Lord Lathkill, at their family estate, Riddings, in Derbyshire. He goes more out of curiosity than of friendship, for he and she have not seen each other for years. He finds her cold, distant and losing her youthful beauty, but he is still attracted to her, for he senses a spark of life in her that she keeps willfully repressed.

Moriel is primarily of the lower plane of consciousness and is in touch with his life-flow, so when he discovers Carlotta living in the tomb-like atmosphere of Riddings, he does his best to restore a bit of life to the place. He learns that the Lathkills have had

a run of bad luck--their two children had died unexpectedly--and that Lord Lathkill's mother is a spiritualist, who has been told during a seance that a man in Africa whose initial was "M" would be good for the family if he entered it. Moriel's surprise increases when he is shown his bedroom and told that it is sometimes visited by an amorous female ghost, who invariably restores the Lathkills' family fortune. He is placed there to tempt her, he is told. After a low-key dinner, the tone of which is broken several times by Moriel's outbursts advocating bringing the Roman gods Eros and Bacchus into the house so as to rid it of its deathliness, the Lathkills, Moriel, and two other live-in guests, Colonel and Mrs. Hale, talk a bit about spiritualism.

It seems that Lord Lathkill's mother, Lady Lathkill, keeps everyone in the household under her domineering influence. She has the Colonel so afraid of his first wife's spirit, Lucy, that he cannot consummate his latest marriage. Moriel abhors such capitulation to Lady Lathkill's bullying and chides everyone involved. Granted, he is a bit taken back when a sudden chill penetrates the room and inexplicable knocking sounds come from behind the drapes--indications that Lucy Hale's spirit is present--but he continues to argue in favor of the life force.

Rather than submit to such a numbing will, he advises the Hales and Lathkills to be stronger in the body, to respond physically to their respective mates and to be good to each other's body. With the exception of Lady Lathkill, they all respond positively to

Moriel's advocacy of the life-flow: Colonel Hale makes peace with Lucy's spirit by asking her forgiveness for not having made true sexual connection with Lucy before she died; Lord Lathkill and Mrs. Hale seem to have an unseen chord of communication between them; and Carlotta breaks out of the lifeless shell of the will and blossoms into the warm southern nature of her lower level of consciousness.

That night Moriel is visited by the Lathkill ghost, has a totally unconscious consummation with it, and wakes to the scent of plum-blossoms filling the air--although there are none in evidence. He departs the next morning because of Lady Lathkill's sudden illness and learns a year later that both Carlotta and Mrs. Hale have had children and that they were born three days apart. The implication, of course, is that the rejuvenated Carlotta played the part of the family ghost and that Moriel is the father of her child. Lord Lathkill, having fathered Mrs. Hale's child, is eternally grateful for Moriel's initiating the family's life-flow again and sends him an open invitation to visit Riddings.

Beside the spirits of Lucy and the Lathkill ghost that flit about the place, Ridding's has its own individual presence of lifelessness, and what is more, is set in a gloomy part of Derbyshire.

It was an old Derbyshire stone house, at the end of the village of Middleton: a house with three sharp gables, set not very far from the high road, but with a gloomy moor for a park behind.

Monday was a dark day over the Derbyshire hills. The green hills were dark, dark green, the stone fences seemed almost black. Even the little railway station, deep in the green, cleft hollow, was of stone, and dark and cold, and seemed in the underworld (CSS, p. 668).

As for the interior of Riddings: "There was a curious, unpleasant sense of the fixity of the materials of the house, the obscene triumph of dead matter" (CSS, pp. 669-70).

Such a lifelessness of place is in direct connection with Lady Lathkill, a woman who almost exclusively abides in her arctic level of consciousness--the level where the ideal and the egoistic will-to-power supplant the warm spontaneous life-flow of the lower plane of consciousness. Lawrence brilliantly depicts her life-denying nature:

The remoteness gathered about them, like the snows on Everest. The dowager peered across at me occasionally, like a white ermine out of the snow, and she had that cold air about her, of being good, and containing a secret of goodness: remotely, ponderously, fixedly knowing better. And I, with my chatter, was one of those fabulous fleas that are said to hop upon glaciers (CSS, p. 647).

Widmer says of her, "we find the fatal matriarch, the dowager Lady with the coldness, shrewdness . . . and vicious northern moral will."²⁴ It is not surprising that such a person in conjunction with the lifeless house could almost stifle the life-flow of the Hales, Carlotta, and her own son. Then, of course, there is Lucy's spirit to consider, too.

The presence of Lucy is marked by the smell of frost, a chill gloom, and thudding noises. Quite obviously, she represents the inhuman, deadly force of the arctic level of consciousness: a literal

²⁴Widmer, p. 188.

life-denying force. The fact that her presence always coincides with Lady Lathkill's seems to indicate that Lucy's spirit is in direct connection with Lady Lathkill's disembodied, lifeless level of consciousness. In this way, Lady Lathill's life-denying will all but permeates Riddings and its inhabitants.

The Lathkill ghost, however, is the obverse to Lucy. She is of the life-force and is compared to the harbinger of spring and flowers. Before retiring for the evening, Lathkill says to Moriel, "How friendly the house feels tonight! . . . And the smell of plum-blossom--don't you notice it? It is our ghost, in silence like a crocus" (CSS, p. 697). Harry T. Moore notes the appropriateness of this use of the plum-blossom, for "in oriental symbolism, the plum blossom stands for immortality, the perpetuation of life, and . . . the new year."²⁵ This ghost, regardless of her identity, revitalizes Riddings with the scents of spring and flower blossoms, which seems to foreshadow the subsequent birth of a Lathkill heir.

Mark Moriel's influence at Riddings is perhaps the most significant in the story. E. W. Tedlock calls him an "exorciser of ghosts and savior of the living dead,"²⁶ which he certainly is. Moriel is in touch with the warm life-force of his lower plane of consciousness, and it is through his efforts that he teaches the Hales

²⁵Moore, Priest of Love, p. 415.

²⁶Tedlock, p. 206.

and Lathkills to fight the life-denying arctic will of Lady Lathkill by being stronger in their bodies. Thus, they are able to exhort their lower planes of consciousness, throw off the repressive anti-life force that surrounds them at Riddings, and return to the life-flow of their tropical plane of consciousness.

"The Virgin and the Gipsy" was written in January 1926, one month after "Glad Ghosts" and it, too, stresses the necessity of the life-force to defeat any opposing life-deadening will if one is to truly live. The setting for this short novel is Papplewick, Derbyshire, which is consistently referred to as the "north country" and is depicted somberly as being very rocky, gloomy, and lifeless. Indeed, the Derbyshire landscape contains the primary spirit of place in the tale; but first, the story-line.

Yvette (the "Virgin" of the title) and Lucille Saywell return from France to live with their father and his mother in the vicarage at Papplewick, and the two young ladies (Yvette is nineteen--Lucille is twenty-one) find the vicarage unbearable. Not only are there few prospective suitors about, but they are under the indomitable will of the Mater--their grandmother--who is forever seeking her own female power and has an insatiable greed for life, the life of others. To make matters worse, their father happily places himself under the Mater's rule and through his obsession with the "evils of the flesh" becomes a life-denier in his own right.

Yvette is much closer to her lower plane of consciousness than is Lucille, although both are predominately of the upper plane.

However, when they unexpectedly meet the gipsy on a country lane, Yvette feels his dark eyes upon her and feels a fire in her breast/ His southern, tropical level of consciousness has made a connection with her own, although it is a purely unconscious one. Yvette feels drawn to him but does not know why. Pritchard believes that "She wants to submit to the 'piriah' gipsy, perverse demon-god of night and vengeful male potency, who casts his spell over her, almost literally . . . ,"²⁷ but surely such a sado-masochistic experience is not Lawrence's intent. The gipsy is in touch with his life-force, and Yvette's subjective dynamic flow to him stems from a similar response of her own life-force that his presence evokes.

Eventually, the gipsy saves Yvette from drowning in a flood from which they find refuge in her bedroom. While the raging waters below destroy the vicarage--her bedroom survives only because it is by the huge chimney--they provide each other with body warmth through the "world's end night" and thus do not die. (The Mater is not so lucky.) Yvette wakes in the morning, "reborn," to find her gipsy gone and a rescue crew outside about to "save" her, which they do. After the grandmother's funeral, Yvette receives a note from the gipsy confirming his safety and suggesting that they might meet again sometime in the future. Upon seeing his signature, Joe Boswell, she marvels that she has never thought of him as having a name. As

²⁷Pritchard, p. 185.

Widmer rightly states concerning this matter, "the regenerative eros has been impersonal."²⁸ Mary Springer, too, is correct when she says that "the lesson Yvette must learn is an awareness of the flesh and of the spirit submitting to itself, not to the intellect."²⁹

The gipsy's life-force has joined Yvette's; subsequently, her lower plane of consciousness has broken free from the tyrannical and life-denying clutches of the upper plane's will-to-power, providing her, in effect, with a new perception of life. Thus her essential being has been metaphorically and psychologically reborn.

Spirit of place plays an important role in this work. The presence of lifelessness haunts the Derbyshire countryside and the vicarage. The Vicar's house both appears and feels void of life: it has a "ghoulish grimness."³⁰ Lawrence writes:

The rectory was a rather ugly stone house down by the river Papple, before you come into the village. Further on, beyond where the road crosses the stream, were the big old stone cottonmills, once driven by water. The road curved uphill, into the bleak stone streets of the village (p. 2).

The rectory struck a chill into their hearts as they [the sisters] entered. It seemed ugly, and almost sordid, with the dank air of that middle-class, degenerated comfort which has ceased to be comfortable and has turned stuffy, unclean. The hard, stone house struck the girls as being unclean,

²⁸Widmer, p. 186.

²⁹Mary Doyle Springer, Forms of the Modern Novella (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1975), p. 147.

³⁰D. H. Lawrence, "The Virgin and the Gipsy," Times Literary Supplement (London), 23 October 1930, p. 861.

they could not have said why. The shabby furniture seemed somehow sordid, nothing was fresh (VG, p. 10).

Like Riddings in "Glad Ghosts," this house also is presided over by a willful, life-denying mother, who doubly increases the sense of death felt therein and represses the life-flow of the inhabitants' lower centers of consciousness.

The landscape, too, exudes a spirit of lifelessness found in the spiritual will-to-power.

The country, with its steep hills and its deep, narrow valleys, was dark and gloomy, yet had a certain powerful strength of its own. Twenty miles away was the black industrialism of the north. Yet the village of Papplewick was comparatively lonely, almost lost, the life in it stony and dour. Everything was stone, with a hardness that was almost poetic, it was so unrelenting (VG, p. 11).

At one point the girls go for a ride, and from the vantage point of a road high in the hills, they view a harsh landscape that is reminiscent of Clifford Chatterley's industrial midlands:

. . . it was veined with a network of old stone walls, dividing the fields, and broken here and there with ruins of old lead-mines and works. A sparse stone farm bristled with six naked sharp trees. In the distance was a patch of smokey grey stone, a hamlet. In some fields grey, dark sheep fed silently, somberly. But there was not a sound nor a movement. It was the roof of England, stony and arid as any roof. Beyond, below, were the shires (VG, p. 25).

We cannot miss the symbolism of this landscape as it applies to the spare lives of the people who live in the rocky area in contrast to those who live in the more arable lands of the shires. But this landscape also coincides with the Arctic-Tropic polarity and illustrates the life-denying force of the former. This willful spirit of the upper plane of consciousness bears down on Yvette's

spontaneous, southern pounce, much to her displeasure. She unconsciously wants her life-force to rise up and strike down any endeavors for its repression.

With the coming of spring, the landscape's spirit becomes filled with life, causing Yvette to long to visit the gipsy camp.

On the Friday afternoon especially she wanted to go. It was sunny, and the last yellow crocuses down the drive were in full blaze, wide open, the first bees rolling in them. The Papple rushed under the stone bridge, uncannily full, nearly filling the arches. There was the scent of a mezereon tree (VG, p. 103).

Such a living landscape works directly on Yvette's life-flow and elicits a subjective dynamic flow toward the life-force of the gipsy. Significantly, this scene is followed by the sudden flood, her rescue by the gipsy, and her subsequent "rebirth."

In June 1926, Lawrence wrote the short story "The Man Who Loved Islands." A favorite of his,³¹ the story is a tour de force of Lawrence's ability to merge landscape, character, and pollyanalytics into a single thematic statement. Spirit of place plays such a significant role in this story that it might be seen as the cohesive factor that unifies these diverse elements. The story concerns an Englishman named Cathcart, who desperately wants an island all his own whereon he can make his own world. In the course of the story, Cathcart has three such islands; however, none are to his satisfaction. He initially tries to tame an island that is four miles in

³¹Richard Young, "'Where Even the Trees Come and Go' D. H. Lawrence and the Fourth Dimension," D. H. Lawrence Review, 13 (Spring 1980), 39.

circumference. He brings sixteen men and women to the island to perform the necessary daily work. He then walks around the island dressed completely in white and is ironically referred to by his lackeys as the Master. Basically a kind man, Cathcart is a perfectionist who sees everything in the light of the ideal: he wants everyone happy and everything perfect. However, a host of malevolent spirits on the island (which will be discussed in the Light-Dark section of this study) and the conniving workers, who take advantage of Cathcart's impractical nature, cause him to move to a second island.

Of course, Cathcart's will-to-be-separate from the rest of humanity and his belief in the ideal world of the perfectionist indicate that he is primarily of the upper plane of consciousness. His move to this second, smaller island, to which he brings only five of the former workers, illustrates his further self-imposed isolation and denotes further movement away from the warm, southern life-force of his lower plane. Now this island is not a "world," as the former had been, but is regarded by Cathcart as a kind of refuge from the world. He is happy for a time on this island until he enters a disastrous affair with his housekeeper's daughter, Flora. Based purely on willful, mechanical sex, Cathcart's disgust returns for himself and all humanity. He feels even more distanced from himself, for he had entered the relationship hoping to experience one of the great life-mysteries but has subsequently been unable to break out of his arctic plane. Feeling nothing but contempt for himself, Cathcart leaves this second island (the spirit of which will be examined in

the Unity-Separateness section) for the last island, which is "a few acres of rock away in the north" (p. 738), where he will live alone.

Cathcart's solo move to this northern island marks his final movement away from his lower plane's life-flow, for he is effectively marooning himself in the icy region of his upper plane. As he looks over the barren landscape, he thinks:

He had never a tree, not even a bit of heather to guard. Only the turf, and tiny turf-plants, and the sedge by the pool, the seaweed in the ocean. He was glad. He didn't want trees or bushes. They stood up like people, too assertive. His bare, low-pitched island in the pale blue sea was all he wanted (CSS, p. 740).

His subjective dynamic flow to this lifeless situation is one of satisfaction in his isolate condition that stems from his arctic plane. Then winter arrives.

Until the arrival of winter's polar force, Cathcart had been existing in his willed isolation and had retreated further and further into this life-denying region. Any kind of contact with life, be it sheep, seals or even a cat, disgusted him. He found the letters of the brass label upon his paraffin stove obscene because they reminded him of speech, so he tore off the label and obliterated all lettering that he found in the cabin. Then, he awakes one morning and finds:

It had snowed. He got up and opened his door, and shuddered. Ugh! How cold! All white, with a dark leaden sea, and black rocks curiously speckled with white. The foam was no longer pure. It seemed dirty. And the sea ate the whiteness of the corpse-like land. Crumbles of snow were silting down the dead air (CSS, p. 744).

.
 . . . His house was a cell faintly illuminated with white light. He realised the snow was walled outside his window.

He got up, in the dead cold. When he opened his door, the motionless snow stopped him in a wall as high as his breast. Looking over the top of it, he felt the dead wind slowly driving, saw the snow-powder lift and travel like a funeral train (CSS, pp. 744-45).

But his island was gone. Its shape was all changed, great heaping white hills rose where no hills had been, inaccessible, and they fumed like volcanoes, but with snow powder. He was sickened and overcome (CSS, p. 746).

Cathcart's initial subjective dynamic response to this spirit of arctic anti-life is to recoil from his upper level; he is terrified and his life-force urges him to try and escape. However, Cathcart soon accepts his impending death. His upper plane of consciousness forms a connection with the northern life-denying spirit, a spirit that has been kin to his primary nature for years, and the story ends with another snow storm imminent.

Frederick Karl notes that "A northern type, Cathcart must, like Gerald Crich, perish through the iciness of his own heart."³² One might expand this idea pollyanalytically: the warm, heart-blood of Cathcart's life-force located in his tropical plane is frozen by the extension of his arctic plane into the southern region, where the roots of his life-force lie. Of course it is through the use of the arctic, life-denying spirit of place on the third island, wherein Lawrence brings Cathcart face-to-face with his own primary center of consciousness that Cathcart's lower plane of consciousness

³²Frederick Karl, "Lawrence's 'The Man Who Loved Islands': The Crusoe Who Failed," D. H. Lawrence Miscellany, H. T. Moore, ed. (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1959), p. 272.

is finally and forever sealed under arctic ice, which implies that Cathcart's heretofore metaphorical lifelessness will soon become literal.

"Blue Moccasins" of July 1928 is Lawrence's last completed piece of fiction. As Harry T. Moore sees the tale, it is "one of the typical satirical pieces of Lawrence's last period, containing no strong feeling, no color, no glow, no music."³³ One can only wonder at Moore's vituperation. E. W. Tedlock's view of the story is more objective, if somewhat equally off the mark; he finds the work "a Lawrencean comedy of outmoded woman's independence and the vitalistic consequences."³⁴ The claims that the piece is a comedy and that woman's independence is outmoded are open to debate, but Tedlock's statement about there being vitalistic consequences is surely accurate.

The story concerns the failing marriage between Lina M'Leod, a forty-seven-year-old independently wealthy painter of sorts, who had sworn for most of her life to be "manless," and Percy Barlow, a twenty-two year old bank clerk. They live in Lina's lifeless family home, Twybit, in England, and she paints flowers and still lifes while he takes a job of bank manager. Their relationship quickly becomes cerebral, for Lina's mental will-to-separateness finds the fulfilling of her conjugal duties humiliating. She thus

³³Moore, p. 453.

³⁴Tedlock, p. 220.

regains the "absolute privacy" of her own room, leaving Percy in a lifeless state wherein "in his will, in his body, he was asleep" (CSS, p. 832). Percy is thus psychologically and metaphorically annihilated by Lina's will, but he is "reborn" in the course of the story by means of the vital life-flow of a younger woman, to which his own life-force responds. Subsequently, the marriage between Lina and Percy is over. As for the story's end, Widmer notes, "The life-denying marriage has been exposed, along with the false idealism and egoism of the blue-eyed, white-headed Woman of the moral North."³⁵

The Arctic-Tropic dichotomy in the story first is evident in the physical features of the Barlows. Lina has white hair, a pale face, and extremely blue eyes while Percy has dark hair, thick dark brows, grey eyes, a full mouth, and a very deep voice. They are physical "models" for the Northern Woman and the Southern Man, and no connection is established between them. Lina's lower level of consciousness at first is stirred by Percy's presence and the sound of his voice, but her indomitable will soon resumes its position of ascendancy. She regards Percy's warm life-force from which flows his passion as "just his indiscriminating desire for Woman" (CSS, p. 832). And as, to her own mind, "she was not just unidentified Woman . . . she had recoiled and withdrawn herself" (CSS, p. 832). Lina's life-denying will-to-be-separate and her mental approach to

³⁵Widmer, p. 107.

sex stem from her thoracic ganglion, which denies connection with Percy's life-flow--effectively isolating one mate from the other.

The literal spirit of lifelessness occupies the M'Leod family home, Twybit Hall.

. . . in the semi-cloisteral atmosphere of Twybit Hall . . . Miss M'Leod wore tweeds and a natural knitted jumper, her skirts rather long, her hair done up pure silver, and painted her wonderful flower pictures in the deepening silence of the daytime (CSS, p. 831).

Percy's subjective dynamic flow to such an understated atmosphere is one of uneasiness: his warm life-flow is repressed by the life-denying presence in the house, which might well be a manifestation of Lina's lifeless center of consciousness.

The fact that spirit of place is employed by Lawrence even in this, his last completed piece of fiction, reflects the significance of "presence" in all of the writer's fiction. From the early sketches through the final stories, Lawrence's use of place is unique.

Light-Dark

In "The Two Principles," an essay written in 1919, Lawrence hypothesizes that all duality stems from the two halves of the cosmos: cosmic waters and cosmic fire. Subsequently, several dichotomies of man's psyche are established, such as Spirit--Senses, Consciousness--Blood-Consciousness, Light--Dark, and Upper--Lower, all of which in this section will be grouped under the headings Light-Dark since Lawrence resorts most frequently to this allegorical phrase when

referring to the polarity of the upper and lower levels of consciousness. In regard to this dichotomy, Lawrence states:

Man is divided, according to old-fashioned phraseology, into the upper and lower man: that is, the spiritual and sensual being. And this division is physical and actual. The upper body, breast and throat and face, this is the spiritual body; the lower is the sensual.

.....
Through the gates of the eyes and nose and mouth and ears, through the delicate ports of the fingers, through the great window of the yearning breast, we press into our oneness with the universe, our great extension of being, towards infinitude. But in the lower part of the body there is darkness and pivotal pride. . . . There the great whirlpool of the dark blood revolves and assimilates all unto itself. Here is the world of living dark waters, where the fire is quenched in watery creation ("The Two Principles," Phoenix II, p. 235).

Lawrence blends the senses, blood consciousness and lower plane into an image of darkness in Fantasia of the Unconscious:

. . . the active physical consciousness of the night is the blood-consciousness, the most elemental form of consciousness. Vision is perhaps our highest form of dynamic upper-consciousness. But our deepest lower consciousness is blood-consciousness.

. . . Sex is our deepest form of consciousness. It is utterly non-ideal, non-mental. It is pure blood-consciousness. It is the basic consciousness of the blood, the nearest thing in us to pure material consciousness. It is the consciousness of the night, when the soul is almost asleep.

The blood-consciousness is the first and last knowledge of the living soul; the depths (Fantasia, p. 173).

Obversely, the centers of consciousness and spirit reside in the upper plane of man's psyche, which Lawrence associates with light. He writes in his "Study of Thomas Hardy," "since the Renaissance there has been the striving for the Light, and the escape from the Flesh, from the Body, the Object . . . Light is the constant

symbol of Christ in the New Testament" (Phoenix, p. 470). He views spirit that lends itself to the formation of the ideal as negative, as already illustrated in connection with Pan's second coming in "The Last Laugh" and with the anti-life nature of Vicar Saywell in "The Virgin and the Gipsy." In Fantasia, Lawrence expands this view:

Our particular mode of idealism causes us to suppress as far as possible the sensual centres, to make them negative. The whole of the activity is concentrated, as far as possible, in the upper or spiritual centres . . . in contrast to the centres of sensual comprehension below the diaphragm (Fantasia, p. 119).

For Lawrence, the primary way that such a spiritual ideal negates man's dark nature is by means of the spirit's becoming self-conscious. In the 1928 essay "Introduction to Pictures," Lawrence rails against such life-thwarting domination:

The greatest enemy man has or ever can have is his own spirit, his own self-aware-of-itself . . . war goes on inside each human being, the war of the self-conscious ego against the spontaneous old Adam.
 . . . So the spirit, the self-aware-of-itself organized a grand battery of dynamic ideas, the pivotal ideal being almost always the idea of self-sacrifice and the triumph of the self-aware-of-itself, that pale Galilean simulacrum of a man (Phoenix, pp. 679-80).

Rather than man living primarily from one such level, Lawrence advocates man's recognition of both his planes of consciousness. As early as 1914 he notes, "There is now a new conception of life, an utterly new conception, of duality, of two-fold existence, light and darkness, object and spirit two-fold, and almost inimical" (Phoenix, p. 471).

Lawrence's strong belief in man's necessity to live from both his Light and Dark plane is unquestionable. Since the modern world

has over-stressed the spiritual-conscious plane of Light to the detriment of the sensual-blood conscious Dark plane, he felt the need to reintroduce the latter to modern man: thus his many essays on the subject. The following excerpt from the 1925 essay "The Novel and the Feelings" is an excellent example of Lawrence pleading his case for man's need for reacquaintance with his own lower level of consciousness.

Our knowledge, like the prohibition beer, is always near. But it never gets there. It leaves us feeling just as lonesome inside.

We are hopelessly uneducated in ourselves. . . . What am I, when I am at home? I'm supposed to be a sensible human being. Yet I carry a whole waste-paper basket of ideas at the top of my head, and in some other part of my anatomy, the dark continent of myself. I have a whole stormy chaos of "feeling." And with these self-same feelings I simply don't get a chance . . . our feelings are the first manifestations within the aboriginal jungle of us . . . Yet unless we proceed to connect ourselves up with our own primeval sources, we shall degenerate. . . . We have to cultivate our feelings

Now we have to educate ourselves . . . by . . . listening-in to the voices of the honourable beasts that call in the dark paths of the veins of our body, from the God in the heart. Listening inwards . . . to the lowing of the innermost beasts, the feelings, that roam in the forest of the blood, from the feet of God within the red, dark heart (Phoenix, pp. 755-59).

And how does one "educate" oneself in regard to this dark plane of consciousness? By obeying every blood-impulse--no matter how dis-honorable? By becoming a "sexual moron," as Lady Chatterley's lover has been described? Hardly. Absurd as these suggestions are, they have been leveled seriously against Lawrence's theory of blood-consciousness by critics such as Patricia Davis and Kate Millet, who should know better than to speak out on a matter before they

have fully researched it. In this same essay of 1925, Lawrence implies that his novels are places to experience and educate ourselves about such dark feelings if we cannot do so within ourselves.

Certainly Lawrence occasionally writes about acts of violence such as rape, murder, and human sacrifice, and these are manifestations of man's Dark plane. (One must distinguish between a work's plot and its themes, however.) Then too, Peter Garrett's comparison of Lawrence with Joseph Conrad, a comparison in which man's dark nature is extended to nature itself, is accurate: "Lawrence too is concerned with a heart of darkness located both within the self and in the external world, a darkness which the light of consciousness is unable to penetrate."³⁶ One must remember, however, that Lawrence advocates balance in the two planes of an individual. This idea of living from both the Light and Dark planes is expressed nicely in Twilight in Italy:

By retrogression back to the source of darkness in me, the Self, deep in the senses, I arrive at the Original, Creative Infinite. By projection forth from myself, by the elimination of my absolute sensual self, I arrive at the Ultimate Infinite, Oneness in the Spirit. They are two Infinites, twofold approach to God. And man must know both.

But he must never confuse them. They are eternally separate. The lion shall never lie down with the lamb. . . . To neutralise the one with the other is unthinkable, an abomination.³⁷

³⁶Peter Garrett, Scene and Symbol from George Eliot to James Joyce (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1969), p. 181.

³⁷D. H. Lawrence, Twilight in Italy (New York: Penguin Books, 1979), pp. 80-82.

Consequently, Lawrence's view of man's psyche as a duality, the opposed parts of which must neither be over nor understressed, reflects exactly his belief that one can be whole only when one accepts the natural rhythms of life--spiritual and sensual.

As has been seen with Lawrence's use of the Arctic-Tropic polarity in relation to his pollyanalytics and spirit of place, Lawrence also is consistent in relating the natural images of Dark and Light to his pollyanalytics in many of his stories. However, in dramatizing the struggle between light and darkness, Lawrence obviously was led to search for places that mirror these opposite psychic powers. Although Lawrence does not always connect light and darkness with place, generally speaking, he is always looking for opportunities to find correlatives of light and darkness in specific geographical areas. In some cases the non-human countryside, teeming with sensual unconscious elements, corresponds to man's blood-conscious nature. Then again, some buildings, such as a barn, an ancient cottage, and even a dusky medieval cathedral, serve as symbols of man's dark plane. Characteristically, Lawrence contrasts these "places of darkness" with "spiritual places"--places of light, such as a vicarage or an abbey with a large illuminated stained-glass window. Such symbolic places, in all their variety, correlate with the underlying unity present in the psychological categories of Light--Dark.

One of Lawrence's earliest and most fascinating tales is "A Fragment of Stained Glass," written in 1907 and first published in

the September 1911 edition of the English Review. Herein Lawrence uses light and darkness primarily as symbols for man's spiritual and blood-conscious natures respectively but only connects the dichotomy with spirit of place in one instance. A serf of fifteenth-century England and his lover flee deep into a wood one winter's night from the serf's angry master in the hope of finding protection with a band of outlaws when they suddenly behold a frightening sight.

We came directly on a large gleam that shaped itself up among flying grains of snow.

"Ah!" she cried, and she stood amazed.

Then I thought we had gone through the bounds into faery realm, and I was no more a man. How did I know what eyes were gleaming at me between the snow, what cunning spirits in the draughts of air? So I waited for what would happen, and I forgot her, that she was there. Only I could feel the spirits whirling and blowing about me.

Whereupon she clung upon me, kissing me lavishly, and, were dogs or men or demons come upon us at that moment, she had let us be stricken down, nor heeded not. So we moved forward to the shadow that shown in colours upon the passing snow. We found ourselves under a door of light which shed its colours mixed with snow. This Martha had never seen, nor I, this door open for a red and brave issuing like fires. We wondered.

"It is faery," she said (CSS, p. 193).

This sudden apparition of colored lights in what had been the blackness of night is, in fact, an illuminated stained-glass window belonging to an out-of-the-way abbey, but the serf and his lover see it as magical.

Lawrence's association of man's spirituality with light is both literal and symbolic here, since the light emanates from a church window. However, the subjective dynamic flow of the two lovers to the lights stems from the blood-consciousness; he is sure that they

have entered a fairyland wherein they are at the mercy of the spirits that abound there. Such a determination illustrates the dark level of consciousness that is primary in his nature, as well as his lover's, for their reaction is primitive and pagan rather than sophisticated and Christian. This idea is reinforced by further polly-analytic examination.

The serf's subjective dynamic flow is to the light, and he temporarily loses his identity as he feels spirits flowing all around him. His sudden transference to this realm of Light--of the spirit--stuns him in its completeness, and he forgets even that his lover is with him. Significantly, she renews her connection with him by appealing to his senses. Bolstered by her support, the serf "attacks" the unfamiliar presence of light and comes away with a red piece of stained glass, which he regards as his "blood" and "life-stone." Perceived as a talisman by his lover, he gives it to her, and they make love, succumbing to the urge of their blood-conscious for consummation.

Lawrence ingeniously complements the Spirit-Blood-conscious dichotomy in the story by means of a dual narrative device. In a vicar's well-lighted modern study, the Vicar reads a fifteenth-century monk's account of how one winter's night during a religious service in the abbey the devil broke the stained-glass window and peered through at them. Obversely, however, the vicar darkens the room so as to be in almost complete blackness--until he is nothing but a voice--and reads the serf's account of the same incident as

stated above. As Joseph Baim notes, "The vicar's conventional identity becomes obscured as he slips into the role of the spirit of England's primitive past . . . and he achieves, if only for a moment, a connection with the passionate life that was mirrored more clearly in an earlier age."³⁸

In addition, the juxtaposition of fifteenth-century life in the tale with the life of modern man depicted in the story's initial paragraph establishes further Lawrence's theme of man's lost connection with his dark plane through the centuries. Baim very accurately states:

"A Fragment" builds on the tension Lawrence contrives between a "primitive" age, the fifteenth century, and modern, industrialized England. Each is assigned a symbolic value: the fifteenth century is a period when men were fully attuned to passional experience; the present is a period that has witnessed man's declining capacity to establish a meaningful connection with the "living universe." Further, these two periods objectify the radical kinds of consciousness, blood-prescience, and mind prescience.³⁹

So it is that this very early story of Lawrence's contains pollyanalytic elements and subjective dynamic response to spirit of place, which become essential to so many of Lawrence's later works.

E. W. Tedlock is correct in his observation that

. . . the story has a feeling over and above the paraphrasable content, that is uniquely Lawrencean, having to do with the intensely created rejection and isolation,

³⁸ Joseph Baim, "Past and Present in D. H. Lawrence's 'A Fragment of Stained Glass,'" Studies in Short Fiction, 8 (Spring 1971), 324.

³⁹ Baim, 323.

the accompanying peril of the blood relationship, and, perhaps above all, a certain kinesis in objects and environment as well as action.⁴⁰

A "kinesis in objects and environment" there most certainly is, but in this early work Lawrence has not yet firmly established and connected his ideas of philosophy, psychology, and spirit of place that one finds in so much of his later work. Elements of each are present in "The Fragment of Stained Glass," but only in undeveloped and fragmented forms.

Four years later, in 1911, Lawrence wrote the short novel "Love Among the Haystacks," wherein landscape and darkness combine as a correlative with man's dark plane of consciousness. The story concerns the sexual initiation of two brothers, Maurice and Geoffrey, one summer's evening. The setting is reminiscent of the farm country portrayed in The White Peacock and Sons and Lovers, which is based primarily on the Higgs farm where lived Lawrence's first love, Jessie Chambers. After a long day spent haying, Maurice, the younger of the two brothers, stays the night to watch over the farm equipment that is to remain until the haying is completed. Alone, he is both excited and afraid as night falls, for Paula, his soon-to-be lover, is to join him later that evening.

The approaching night awakens his sensuality:

⁴⁰E. W. Tedlock, D. H. Lawrence: Artist and Rebel (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1963), p. 15.

Darkness was rising from the valley. Already, up the steep hill the cart-lamps crept indecisively, and the cottage windows were lit. Everything looked strange to Maurice, as if he had not seen it before. Down the hedge a large lime tree teemed with scent that seemed almost like a voice speaking. It startled him. He caught a breath of the over-sweet fragrance, then stood still, listening expectantly (FSN, p. 21).

In anticipation of his meeting with Paula, he decides to bathe.

He washed himself from head to foot, standing in the fresh, forsaken corner of the field, where no one could see him by daylight, so that now, in the veiled grey tinge of moonlight, he was no more noticeable than the crowded flowers. The night had on a new look: he never remembered to have seen the lustrous grey sheen of it before . . . And the tall trees, wrapped obscurely in their mantles, would not have surprised him had they begun to move in converse. As he dried himself, he discovered little wanderings in the air, felt on his sides soft touches and caresses that were peculiarly delicious: sometimes they startled him, and he laughed as if he were not alone. The flowers, the meadows-sweet particularly, haunted him. He reached to put his hand over their fleeciness. They touched his thighs. Laughing, he gathered them and dusted himself all over with their cream dust and fragrance. For a moment he hesitated in wonder at himself: but the subtle glow in the hoary and black night reassured him. Things had looked so personal and full of beauty, he had never known the wonder in himself before (FSN, pp. 21-22).

Maurice's connection with nature is purely on his unconscious sensual level. All of his senses are alive in response to the glory of nature on this wondrous summer's night. It is significant that Maurice's reaction to this night-time presence is unconscious--he never mentalizes his actions--and therein lies his source of "wonder" in nature and in his response to her. Such a natural experience awakens Maurice's sympathetic sensual impulses and is an almost ritualistic preparation for the dark sexual connection with Paula that soon is to be established. Again, Lawrence's full

integration of pollyanalytics and spirit of place is presented powerfully in an early work, which illustrates the importance that Lawrence placed on this device as a vehicle for characterization and thematic development even as early as 1911.

One of Lawrence's best-known short stories is "England, My England," written in June 1915 and revised in 1921 before it appeared as the title piece in a 1922 collection of short stories. It concerns a young married couple, Egbert and Winifred, and their struggle to raise a family in what Lawrence presents as the anti-life society in early twentieth-century Britain. Throughout the story the savage vitality of the land itself is contrasted with modern man's ineffectuality in living a whole life.

More about this aspect will be discussed in Chapter III of this study, but one element of England's primeval spirit of place in this story applies directly to Lawrence's Light-Dark dichotomy, for Lawrence presents the newly-wed couple's unconscious and sensual connection as stemming, in part, from Crockham Cottage, an ancient timbered cottage located in a wild section of "old England."

. . . Ah, that it might never end, this passion, this marriage! The flame of their two bodies burnt again into that old cottage, that was haunted already by so much bygone, physical desire. You could not be in the dark room for an hour without the influences coming over you. The hot blood--desire of bygone yeomen, there in this old den where they had lusted and bred for so many generations. The silent house, dark, with thick, timbered walls, and the big black chimney-place, and the sense of secrecy. Dark, with low, little windows, sunk into the earth. Dark, like a lair where strong beasts had lurked and mated, lonely at night and lonely by day, left to themselves and their own

intensity for so many generations. It seemed to cast a spell on the two young people. They became different. There was a curious secret glow about them, a certain slumbering flame hard to understand, that enveloped them both. They too felt that they did not belong to the London world any more. Corckham had changed their blood (CSS, p. 306).

Here we see how Lawrence merges the darkness, passion, and desire of the newly-wed's blood-conscious with Crockham Cottage's spirit of place. But the land, too, forms a connection with the characters, especially Egbert.

Having been all but abandoned by Winifred, who has since broken their former sympathetic sensual connection and retreated to her cerebral level of separateness, Egbert's subjective dynamic flow is the dark land whereon Crockham Cottage sits.

His heart went back to the savage old spirit of the place: the desire for old gods, old, lost passions, the passion of the cold-blooded, darting snakes that hissed and shot away from him, the mystery of blood-sacrifices, all the lost, intense sensations of the primeval people of the place, whose passions seethed in the air still, from those long days before the Romans came. The seethe of a lost, dark passion in the air. The presence of unseen snakes (CSS, pp. 323-24).

This connection between the land and Egbert's dark plane marks another first in Lawrence's pollyanalytic depiction of man's blood-consciousness in his short fiction. Here we see that man's lower plane of consciousness involves more than the passion that one associates with love: passion can also be negative and destructive. After all, man, as microcosm, is both destructive and creative, a fact which is explained pollyanalytically by the presence of a sympathetic and a voluntary blood-consciousness in man's psyche,

the latter of which contains essentially negative, divisive, and destructive sensual impulses. The snake imagery, also, refers directly to an aspect basic to man's dark plane, as Lawrence himself tells us in "The Crown," an essay written about the same time as this short story: "The snake is the spirit of the great corruptive principle, the festering cold of the marsh. . . . We revolt from him, but we share the same life and tide of life as he (Phoenix II, p. 407). Thus having been refused further vital connection with his wife, Egbert's response to spirit of place is in accord with what Lawrence in "The Crown" calls "the way of darkness," wherein man's dark level of consciousness becomes temporarily primary. However, the direction of the flow must reverse itself and become "the way of light" if one is to be whole and in harmony with his psyche, for Lawrence believed that man must live from both levels of his consciousness. In Egbert's case, he has temporarily lost the ability to form a connection with his level of Light, and thus like a "hide-bound cabbage," he is entrapped in his dark plane, wherein his psyche is left to plumb its own depths and wallow in corruption.

In "The Blind Man," a short story written in November 1918, Lawrence again juxtaposes the pollyanalytic levels of Light and Darkness by means of a married couple's basic opposition to each other: the husband pollyanalytically is primarily unconscious and sensual, the wife cerebral. In making blind the protagonist, Maurice Pervin, Lawrence presents a man who is literally and metaphorically a denizen of his dark plane of consciousness. Mark Spilka notes:

. . . he has always been a sensual man, but now, feeling his way about the farm, drenched always in darkness, his whole sensual apparatus is aroused and transformed, as it were, into a new center of consciousness . . . the famous "phallic" or bodily form of consciousness. . . . His blindness has resulted, then, in a change of being, and this change has led in turn to closer contact with primitive forces.⁴¹

Thus in the depiction of Maurice's consciousness, Lawrence clearly shows aspects of the nature of this dark level as he perceived them in 1918.

Blinded in World War I, Maurice returns to Isabel, his wife, and a new life on a farm in England. For a time they get on marvelously, but their harmony eventually becomes cacophonous. Maurice's blindness and his primarily sensual nature begin to try Isabel's nerves. She becomes pregnant and hopes that the child's needs will sanction the establishment of a certain distance between her and her husband. Her desire for separateness stems from her conscious will, as we see in her frightened reaction to the literal-symbolic darkness of a stormy night wherein she goes out to the barn to fetch Maurice in for dinner:

. . . It was very dark. The wind was roaring in the great elms behind the out-houses. When she came to the second yard the darkness seemed deeper. She was unsure of her footing. She wished she had brought a lantern. Rain blew

⁴¹Mark Spilka, "Ritual Form in 'The Blind Man,'" D. H. Lawrence: A Collection of Critical Essays, Mark Spilka, ed. (Englewood Cliffs, N. J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1963), pp. 113-14.

against her. Half she liked it, half she felt unwilling to battle.

She reached at last the just visible door of the stable. There was no sign of a light anywhere. Opening the upper half, she looked in: into a simple well of darkness. The smell of horses, ammonia, and of warmth was startling to her, in that full night. She listened with all her ears, but she could hear nothing save the night, and the stirring of a horse.

.
 Nothing came from the darkness. She knew the rain and wind blew in upon the horses, the hot animal life. Feeling it wrong, she entered the stable, and drew the lower half of the door shut, holding the upper part close. She did not stir, because she was aware of the presence of the dark hindquarters of the horses, though she could not see them, and she was afraid. Something wild stirred in her heart (CSS, pp. 352-53).

Isabel's response to the darkness is primarily fear. True, the darkness stirs her dark plane, but she consciously represses it and endeavors to be oblivious to such wild stirrings. The primitive animal--nature aspect of man's dark level is nicely embodied in the "invisible" horses, whose presence she feels in the symbolic barn. Also, as a literalized metaphor, Isabel's opening of the upper half of the barn door, her holding it "close," and her closing of the lower half symbolically parallels her inclination to the level of light and her resistance to her dark level.

Maurice reacts to the barn and his permanent darkness in just the opposite manner. For Maurice, this barn is "another world"--a sensuous place of darkness--like Tom Brangwen's in The Rainbow, as is seen in Tom and Anna's visit there on the night that Lydia has her baby. Lawrence describes Maurice's response to such a world:

Pervin moved about almost unconsciously in his familiar surroundings, dark though everything was. He seemed to know the presence of objects before he touched them. It was a pleasure to him to rock thus through a world of things, carried on the flood in a sort of blood-prescience. He did not think much or trouble much. So long as he kept this sheer immediacy of blood-contact with the substantial world he was happy, he wanted no intervention of visual consciousness. In this state there was a certain rich positivity, bordering sometimes on rapture. Life seemed to move in him like a tide lapping, lapping, and advancing, enveloping all things darkly. It was a pleasure to stretch forth the hand and meet the unseen object, clasp it, and possess it in pure contact. He did not try to remember, to visualize. He did not want to. The new way of consciousness substituted itself in him (CSS, p. 355).

Here we see stressed the unconscious blood-contact aspects of the dark plane. In addition, as Widmer notes, this level of consciousness involves "touch and physical awareness, a mysterious selfhood, a nonverbal and noncerebral relatedness to place and person, and the pervasive felt quality of experience."⁴² Subsequently, Maurice is almost purely of Lawrence's pollyanalytical dark level of consciousness, and his blindness complements his primarily dark nature. (But as Nancy Abolin accurately observes, Maurice and Isabel's opposite natures "represent an incomplete aspect of life, the incompleteness of which Lawrence condemns."⁴³)

Another character in the story, Bertie Reid, is an intellectual who abhors physical contact. Maurice's heartfelt attempt to

⁴²Widmer, Art of Perversity, p. 45.

⁴³Nancy Abolin, "Lawrence's 'The Blind Man': The Reality of Touch" in D. H. Lawrence Miscellany, Harry T. Moore, ed. (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1959), p. 216.

make friends with him by the mutual touching of each other's face results in Bertie's physical repulsion and attempted psychological retreat to his cerebral level where he can regain his isolation. Bertie, like Isabel, is so ensconced in his willed separateness that no connection can be made with Maurice, although the latter is led to believe otherwise. Thus Bertie, too, is "incomplete."

It is interesting that this 1918 story employs literal blindness and presents, as Abolin notes, "the outside world of natural elements as dark and violent,"⁴⁴ which provides further insight to Lawrence's view of man's Light-Dark dichotomy. Again, Lawrence's use of a character's subjective response to a presence albeit symbolic in this instance, provides a solid basis for an understanding of Lawrence's technique of characterization and symbolic polly-analytic development.

Six years later, in 1924, Lawrence wrote "The Border Line." This powerful short story also relates Lawrence's Light--Dark polarity to spirit of place and stresses the primitive and savage aspects of man's vitalistic dark plane of consciousness that was introduced in the short fiction nine years before in "England, My England."

The story itself concerns Katherine Farquhar, the daughter of a German baron; Alan Anstruther, Katherine's first husband, who was killed in World War I, and Philip Farquhar, Katherine's second

⁴⁴Abolin, p. 219.

husband who is an intellectual and lies ill in Germany waiting for his wife's return from England. James Cowan accurately describes the pollyanalytic conflict when he says that the story involves "the competition of two men, representing the opposites of light and dark, for the love of a woman at the border between life and death."⁴⁵

As Katherine travels across war-torn France to join Philip, her ill husband with whom she has never formed a vital connection on her lower plane of consciousness, she begins to experience a change in her perception and response to the world around her. Suddenly it seems that her deceased first husband, with whom she did have a vital connection, is still with her, that he has never left her side, and that she still belongs only to him.

In Strasburg, where she stops for the night, she decides to revisit the cathedral, despite the lateness of the hour and the bitter cold:

. . . And like a great ghost, a reddish flush in its darkness, the uncanny cathedral breasting the oncomer, standing gigantic, looking down in darkness out of darkness, on the pigmy humanness of the city. It was built of reddish stone, that had a flush in the night, like dark flesh. And vast, an incomprehensibly tall, strange thing, it looked down out of the night. The great rose window, poised high, seemed like a breast of the vast Thing, and prisms and needles of stone shot up, as if it were plumage, dimly, half visible in heaven.

⁴⁵James Cowan, D. H. Lawrence's American Journey (Cleveland: Case Western Reserve University Press, 1970), p. 52.

There it was, in the upper darkness of the ponderous winter night, like a menace. She remembered her spirit used in the past to soar aloft with it. But now, looming with a faint rust of blood out of the upper black heavens, the Thing stood suspended, looking down with vast, demonish menace, calm and implacable.

Mystery and dim, ancient fear came over the woman's soul. The cathedral looked so strange and demonish-heathen. And an ancient, indomitable blood seemed to stir in it. It stood there like some vast silent beast with teeth of stone, waiting, and wondering when to stoop against this pallid humanity.

And dimly she realized that behind all the ashy pallor and sulphur of our civilisation, lurks the great blood-creature waiting, implacable and eternal, ready at last to crush our white brittleness and let the shadowy blood move erect once more, in a new implacable pride and strength. Even out of the lower heavens looms the great blood-dusky Thing, blotting out the Cross it was supposed to exalt.

The scroll of the night sky seemed to roll back, showing a huge, blood-dusky presence looming enormous, stooping, looking down, awaiting its moment (CSS, pp. 595-96).

Robert Hudspeth is correct in his belief that the cathedral "now assumes not the Christian humility and passivity, but the pagan blood passion."⁴⁶ Also, the implicit phallic aspect of the cathedral is a further correlation of the building's spirit with man's sensual blood conscious nature.

This fierce spirit of the cathedral as experienced on this dark winter's night reflects Katherine's gradual shift from her cerebral consciousness to her emotive. She no longer responds to the church spiritually, as she had in the past. Rather, her dark plane forms a connection with it, and her subjective dynamic response flows

⁴⁶Robert Hudspeth, "Duality as Theme and Technique in D. H. Lawrence's 'The Border Line,'" Studies in Short Fiction, 4 (Fall 1966), 54.

from her blood-consciousness. Significantly, as she turns away from the black cathedral, Katherine meets her dead husband's spirit and she experiences again "the feeling she had forgotten, the restful, thoughtless pleasure of a woman who moves in the aura of the man to whom she belongs" (CSS, p. 596).

But is Katherine thus moving in the direction of death, and if so, does it denote a general spirit of death in Germany? Some critics believe so. James Scott sees the effect of the first husband's victory over Katherine as a turning of her "towards death and dissolution."⁴⁷ Anthony West says of the cathedral, "it is an outpost of the northern Germanic spirit in Latin territory, and the demonish menace which invests it is the new death spirit which has gripped Germany."⁴⁸ Such views, however, owe more to a traditional interpretation of symbols than to an understanding of Lawrence's pollyanalytics and his incorporation of them into his fiction.

Michaels-Tonks' interpretation of Lawrence's use of the cathedral in this story is much better informed and in keeping with Lawrence's vitalistic view of man's dark plane.

In Strasburg, although the city is conquered, life still stirs powerfully. The cathedral symbolizes this stir of life. . . . The cathedral awakens in Katherine a realization of other possible forms of life . . . This insight

⁴⁷James Scott, "D. H. Lawrence's Germania: Ethnic Psychology and Cultural Crisis in the Shorter Fiction," D. H. Lawrence Review, 10 (Summer 1977), 161.

⁴⁸Anthony West, "The Short Stories" in The Achievement of D. H. Lawrence, Frederick Hoffman and Harry T. Moore, eds. (Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 1953), p. 218.

occurs shortly before she meets Alan's ghost, who represents this new pride and strength of being which he imparts to her. Through her sensitivity to the spirit of the cathedral and through Alan, Katherine is aroused into a new state of being . . . she feels whole.⁴⁹

Katherine's blood-conscious connection with this vital spirit of the cathedral that would stamp out forces of anti-life that stem from the realm of Light is reinforced as she enters deeper into Germany.

In the great flat field of the Rhine plain, . . . the earth felt strong and barbaric, it seemed to vibrate, with its straight furrows, in a deep, savage undertone. There was the frozen, savage thrill in the air also, something wild and unsubdued, pre-Roman.

. . . some spirit was watching, watching over the vast, empty, straight-furrowed fields and the water-meadows. Stillness, emptiness, suspense, and a sense of something still impending (CSS, p. 599).

Katherine is now a whole being, having reestablished connection with her dark plane of consciousness as a result of her response to the dark vital spirits of her fatherland--spirits that would crush the ideal of spirit as conceived in the upper level. Thus this baron's daughter closely fits Lawrence's own description in Fantasia of the "real" German:

The true German has something of the sap of trees in his veins even now: and a sort of pristine savageness, like trees, helpless, but most powerful, under all his mentality. He is a tree soul, and his gods are not human. His instinct still is to nail skulls and trophies to the sacred tree, deep in the forest. The tree of life and death, tree of good and evil, tree of abstraction and of immense, mindless life; tree of everything except the spirit, spirituality (Fantasia, p. 45).

⁴⁹Michaels-Tonks, pp. 157-58.

This savage but vital aspect of man's dark plane appears in another tale written one month before "The Border Line," namely, "The Woman Who Rode Away." However, the primitive, savage, blood-conscious spirit in this first story is embodied in the religion and world-view of an Indian tribe and forms no connection with place per se. Therein, Lawrence focuses on the dichotomy of Places of Life-Places of Death, which will be examined in Chapter III of this study, and presents the Indian village as the seat of vitalistic existence for these Indians, who are so primarily of man's dark plane. With "The Border Line," however, Lawrence reestablishes the connection between man's dark plane and spirit of place.

Two years later, 1926, Lawrence's "The Man Who Loved Islands" presents for the last time in his short fiction man's Light--Dark dichotomy in connection with spirit of place. It will be remembered from the Arctic-Tropic discussion of this tale that the story concerns the idealist Cathcart's endeavor to make an island into a world of his own. The spirit of his first island, however, opposes his primarily upper-level nature by means of its savage blood-conscious nature that relates to Lawrence's consistent pollyanalytic view of the dark level of consciousness. Cathcart gets more with his first island than he bargained for:

. . . in the night, when the wind left off blowing in great gusts and volleys, as at sea, you felt that your island was a universe, infinite and old as the darkness; not an island at all, but an infinite dark world where all the souls from all the other bygone nights lived on, and the infinite distance was near (CSS, p. 723).

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He was uncannily aware, as he lay in the dark, that the blackthorn grove that seemed a bit uncanny even in the realm of space and day, at night was crying with old men of an invisible race, around the altar stone. What was a ruin under the hornbeam trees by day, was a moaning of blood-stained priests with crucifixes, on the ineffable night. What was a cave and a hidden beach between coarse rocks, became in the invisible dark the purple-lipped imprecation of pirates (CSS, pp. 724-25).

.
 . . . It set you yearning, with a wild yearning; perhaps for the past, to be far back in the mysterious past of the island, when the blood had a different throb. Strange floods of passion came over you, strange violent lusts and imaginations of cruelty. The blood and the passion and the lust which the island had known. Uncanny dreams, half-dreams, half-evoked yearnings.

The Master himself began to be a little afraid of his island. He felt here strange, violent feelings he had never felt before, and lustful desires that he had been quite free from (CSS, p. 731).

Cathcart's predominant spiritual level fights connection with the island's dark spirit and thus shuts itself off, preventing the impossibility of a subjective dynamic flow to his own dark level. He has no choice but to leave the island in search of one more harmonious with his own primary level of consciousness, which is, of course, a mistake. As Julian Moynahan states:

The point behind all this is that you cannot impose mind on nature. The island possesses its own reality and its own spirit. To master an island one must begin with what is there, not with an egocentric dream of perfection.⁵⁰

In the final analysis we should see Cathcart as but half a man. Lawrence's depiction of the idealist-turned-misanthrope contains the artist's inherent condemnation of a person who would consciously

⁵⁰ Julian Moynahan, The Deed of Life: The Novels and Tales of D. H. Lawrence (Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press, 1963), p. 194.

will his existence primarily from his level of light and literally-metaphorically run away from an acknowledgement of aspects of his dark plane--regardless of how abhorrent they seem to his spiritual-conscious intellect. The obverse of Egbert in "England, My England," Cathcart also is entrapped in a single level of his consciousness: he cannot reverse his dynamic flow from the direction of "the way of light" and is subsequently stranded in his spiritual level. Frederick Karl views "The Man Who Loved Islands" in a similar manner:

. . . this parable of modern man . . . delineates his central thesis about the fate of a "bloodless" man. For Cathcart . . . is a composite of everything Lawrence hated: a twentieth century Robinson Crusoe who is now, ironically, an Englishman without mettle or resolution.⁵¹

But what about the significance of the spirit of place on this first island? John Vickery is right in his assessment that "intensification of mood, clarification of character, and deepening of theme are all achieved by invoking such creatures as devils, demons, and ghosts."⁵² However, a deeper analysis is warranted. The savage dark nature of the spirit on this island and its various inhuman manifestations reveal its close proximity to the ideas of power and blood-consciousness--two aspects of man's dark plane that Lawrence first approached somewhat clumsily nineteen years before in

⁵¹ Frederick Karl, "Lawrence's 'The Man Who Loved Island': The Crusoe Who Failed" in D. H. Lawrence Miscellany, p. 265.

⁵² John Vickery, "D. H. Lawrence: The Mythic Elements" in The Literary Impact of the Golden Bough (Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press, 1973), p. 298.

"The Fragment of Stained Glass." In "The Man Who Loved Islands," however, there is a complete integration of pollyanalytics and spirit of place, which reflects Lawrence's artistry at its best.

Of course, not only these short stories that effectively employ Light-Dark pollyanalytics and spirit of place are representative of the mature writer's works. Many of Lawrence's best pieces, such as "The White Stocking" (1907), "New Eve and Old Adam" (1913), "Daughters of the Vicar" (1914), "The Fox" (1918), "The Ladybird" (1924), "Jimmy and the Desperate Woman" (1924), the aforementioned "Woman Who Rode Away" (1924), and "None of That" (1927) employ the Light-Dark dichotomy as essential to thematic development, but Lawrence does not relate this specific dichotomy to spirit of place in these tales. The same is true of such lesser tales as "The Witch A La Mode" (1911), "Old Adam" (1911), "Samson and Delilah" (1916), "Tickets, Please" (1918), and "Fannie and Annie" (1919). Invariably in these stories, characters are equated with a predominate Light-Dark plane of consciousness, and the characters' movement toward a balanced psyche or recoil upon a single level designates their vitality or lack of same in Lawrence's vitalistic scheme. Although the Light-Dark polarity in relation to spirit of place is not evident in these stories, other dichotomies are, in most cases, and they will be explored in future chapters.

CHAPTER II

SYMPATHETIC AND VOLUNTARY CENTERS

Unity-Separateness

We now turn from the horizontal, North--South, levels of Lawrence's primary plane of consciousness to examine Lawrence's use of spirit of place as a correlative of the vertical levels: the Sympathetic and the Voluntary. Parallel to each other, these vertical planes correspond to the front and the back of the body and consist of the solar plexus-cardiac plexus and lumbar ganglion-thoracic ganglion, respectively. In his essay "The Two Principles," Lawrence notes that these two levels form a polarity, for the sympathetic activity of the human system, the front part of the body, is open and receptive, while the back, sealed and closed as it is and housing the will, acts in direct compulsion, resistant (Phoenix II, 237).

In Fantasia, Lawrence provides an in-depth look into the nature of the voluntary plane:

We can quite well recognize the will exerted from the lower centre. We call it headstrong temper and masterfulness. But the peculiar will of the upper centre--the sort of nervous, critical objectivity, the deliberate forcing of sympathy, the play upon pity and tenderness, the plaintive bullying of love, or the benevolent bullying of love--these we don't care to recognize. They are the extravagance of spiritual will. But in its true harmony the thoracic ganglion is a centre of happier activity: of real, eager curiosity, of the delightful desire to pick things to pieces, and the desire to put them together again, the desire to "find out," and the desire to invent: all this arises on the upper plane, at the volitional centre of the thoracic ganglion (Fantasia, p. 41).

The sympathetic plane, too, is basic in its lower center; it is the seat of the knowledge of one's primary being while its counterpart on the upper level is the center of one's desire to leave oneself in an endeavor to join with another.

In "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1929), Lawrence writes of two "ways of knowing" for man, ". . . knowing in terms of apartness, which is mental, rational, scientific, and knowing in terms of togetherness, which is religious and poetic" (Phoenix II, p. 512). This dichotomy of "knowing" corresponds directly with man's polarity in his vertical planes of consciousness and focuses on a primary Lawrencean dichotomy therein--Unity and Separateness. As with the North-South pollyanalytics, Lawrence skillfully combines Sympathetic--Voluntary tenets with spirit of place in his short fiction. First, however, some background on the Unity-Separateness polarity will clarify this section's pollyanalytic investigation.

Man's unity with man, with nature, indeed, with the cosmos is seen as a vital necessity by Lawrence. In his last piece of prose, Apocalypse (1929), which he finished less than three months before his death, Lawrence writes fervently of such union. In powerful prose that not so much as hints at doubt or the possibility of error, Lawrence reaffirms in resolute, convinced declarations his belief in man's vital connection with everything around him.

We and the cosmos are one. The cosmos is a vast living body, of which we are still parts. The sun is a great heart whose tremors run through out smallest veins. The moon is a

it is a vital power, rippling exquisitely through us
all the time" (A, p. 29).

In Lawrence's view, we constantly are in connection with all aspects of nature (or would be, if we would allow ourselves). Once having read Lawrence's response to nature at his Kiawa ranch in New Mexico, one cannot forget his description of his sense of unity with a large solitary pine tree that stands before his cabin:

. . . one realizes that the tree is asserting itself as much as I am. It gives out life, as I give out life. Our two lives meet and cross one another, unknowingly: the tree's life penetrates my life, and my life the tree's. We cannot live near one another, as we do, without affecting one another.

.
 I am conscious that it helps to change me vitally. I am even conscious that shivers of energy cross my living plasm, from the tree, and I become a degree more like unto the tree . . . And the tree gets a certain shade and alertness of my life, within itself (Phoenix, p. 25).

Such an example of subjective dynamic flow illustrates a principle of Lawrence's pollyanalytics: a sympathetic spirit of place forms a connection with man if he approaches it from his Sympathetic plane, wherein he is open and receptive to the vital dynamic influences emanating from his surroundings. Such a movement toward unity, however, is only one of two possible responses from man's Sympathetic-Voluntary planes.

The other possibility is that man can metaphorically turn his back on such a sympathetic vital effluence and subsequently put it off with the outward force of his Voluntary plane. Then, too, there are some voluntary spirits of place that resist union with any other force, and they subsequently recoil from man's Sympathetic plane just as man's Voluntary plane does with a sympathetic spirit of place.

One can never forget when dealing with Lawrence that a dichotomy is the basis of all events, as he states in "The Two Principles, wherein the concept of Cosmic Water and Cosmic Fire is espoused. It should not be surprising, subsequently, that Lawrence's pollyanalytical view of Sympathetic-Voluntary, which correlates with Unity-Separateness in this chapter section, encompasses this combination of opposites. In an earlier essay, "Love Was Once a Little Boy," Lawrence nicely illustrates this dual nature of man's need for unity and separateness by the use of a metaphor:

Everything that exists, even a stone, has two sides to its nature . . . It fiercely resists all inroads. At the same time it sinks down in the curious weight, or flow, of the desire which call gravitation. And imperceptibly, through the course of ages, it flows into delicate combination with the air and sun and rain . . . And we, men and women, are the same as stones: the powerful resistance and cohesiveness of our individuality is countered by the mysterious flow of desire, from us and toward us (Phoenix II, p. 456).

Thus, as Daniel Schneider notes, one of man's basic oscillations is "between the sympathetic urge to surrender oneself to humanity or to love and the voluntary impulse to recoil from others and to achieve utter individuality and separateness,"¹ Gavriel Ben-Ephraim states that "the withdrawal into singleness so often depicted is correctly understood as one of the stages in the dialectic of relationship."²

Such a "stage," however, is criticized strongly by Lawrence in many of his essays. For example, in "We Need One Another" (1929),

¹Daniel Schneider, "The Laws of Action and Reaction in Women in Love," D. H. Lawrence Review, 14(Fall 1981), 240.

²Ben-Ephraim, p. 19.

presents the movement toward unity as an essential force flowing with life:

A man, as he lives and moves and has being, is a fountain of life-vibration, quivering and flowing towards someone, something that will receive his outflow and send back in inflow, so that a circuit is completed, and there is a sort of peace. Or else he is a source of irritation, discord, and pain, harming everyone near him (Phoenix, p. 191).

In the essay "The Real Thing," Lawrence examines pollyanalytically the movement toward separateness between men and women:

It is a great tearing and snapping of sympathies, and of unconscious sympathetic connexions. It is a great rupture of unconscious tenderness and unconscious flow of strength between men and woman. Man and woman are not two separate and complete entities . . . Man and woman are not even two separate persons; not even two separate consciousness, or minds . . . Man is connected with woman for ever, in connexions invisible, in a complicated life-flow that can never be analysed (Phoenix, pp. 197-98).

Lawrence sees modern man as fragmented in his desire to be separate, and he sees the cause as the individual's inability to love. He notes in Apocalypse:

. . . what our age has proved to its astonishment and dismay . . . the individual cannot love . . . When the individual loves he ceases to be purely individual. And so he must recover himself, and cease to love . . . Or when he loves, when she loves, he must take it back, she must take it back. . . . We are unnaturally resisting our connection with the cosmos, with the world, with mankind, with the nation, with the family . . . We cannot bear connection. That is our malady (pp. 123-25).

The result of such separateness is an unfulfilled existence. In Fantasia Lawrence embellishes this premises:

Half of our fulfillment comes through love, through strong, sensual love. But the central fulfillment, for a man, is that he possess his own soul in strength within him, deep and alone. The deep, rich aloneless, reached and perfected through love (Fantasia, p. 123).

So we see that Lawrence's Sympathetic--Voluntary planes are in a constant state of flux and flow. Man's psyche is like the poppy plant that Lawrence describes in his "Study of Thomas Hardy," "It is part of the great twin river, eternally each branch resistant to the other, eternally running each to meet the other" (Phoenix, p. 443). And how is one to respond to such opposite desires--to unite or separate? "You have to balance love and individuality, and actually sacrifice a portion of each" (Phoenix II, p. 457), Lawrence writes in "Love Was Once a Little Boy." He continues:

. . . The individual has nothing, really, to do with love . . . The two individuals stay apart, for ever and ever. But the two streams of desire, like the Blue Nile and the White Nile, from the mountains one and from the low hot lake the other, meet and at length mix their strange and alien waters, to make a Nilus Flux.
. . . Out of the ego streams neither Blue nor White Nile (Phoenix II, pp. 452-54).

It must be remembered that desire is holy for Lawrence, and that he draws a firm line between desire and appetite, the latter being a goad for mere animal-level sensualism while desire is the vehicle for man's connection with the cosmos. In the same essay, Lawrence writes about desire:

Desire itself is a pure thing, like sunshine, or fire, or rain. It is desire that makes the whole world living to me, keeps me in the flow connected. It is my flow of desire that makes me move . . . in a kind of accomplished innocence, not shut outside of the natural paradise . . . I accomplish nothing, not even my own fulfilled existence, unless I go forth, delicately, desirous, and find the mating of my desire; even if it be only the sky itself, and trees . . . (Phoenix II, p. 457).

For Lawrence, desire is the prompter of a movement toward true unity wherein one's essential being remains inviolate and at peace with

itself. Man must open his sympathetic centers and form connections with his fellow man, nature, and the cosmos if he is to find wholeness. In the essay "We Need One Another," written less than six months before his death, Lawrence expresses this idea most effectively.

The light shines only when the circuit is completed . . . Every light is some sort of completed circuit. And so is every life, if it is going to be a life . . . Apart from our connexions . . . we amount, all of us, to next to nothing. It is the living touch between us and other people, other lives, other phenomena that we move and have our being. Strip us of our human contacts and of our contact with the living earth and the sun, and we are almost bladders of emptiness. Our individuality means nothing (Phoenix, pp. 190-90).

This philosophy permeates all of Lawrence's fiction, and he frequently weds spirit of place to the Unity-Separateness dichotomy therein. For example, in his first novel, The White Peacock (1910), he writes of Cyril and George's connection with the countryside wherein they were raised: its waters and woods "were distilled in the essence of our veins" (WP, p. 334). Later in this novel this connection with Nethermere is threatened when Cyril moves away to the town of Norwood. Like Yeats' persona who dreams of his lake isle, Cyril yearns to reestablish a unity with the countryside of his youth:

The spirit of that wild little slope to the Mill would come upon me, and there in the suburb of London I would walk wrapt in the sense of a small wet place in the valley of Nethermere. A strange voice within me rose and called for the hill path; again I could feel the wood waiting for me, calling and calling, and I crying for the wood, yet the space of many miles was between us (WP, p. 256).

Lawrence's fourth novel, Women in Love (1921), employs spirit of place more subtly in conjunction with the Unity-Separateness

polarity. Alcorn notes that in this novel, "the challenge, for the lovers Birkin and Ursula, is to find a middle ground, a spirit of place in which this symphony of dualities can resolve into equilibrium."³ This spirit of place is found in Sherwood Forest, wherein Rupert and Ursula experience a true connection for the first time. Such connections, or the absence of same, between people and places occur in Lawrence's later novels, as well. Alvina Houghton's connection with the rugged Italian landscape in The Lost Girl (1920) and Connie Chatterley's sense of closeness with the English wood, in the midst of which lay Mellors' keeper's hut, in Lady Chatterley's Lover (1928), are examples of such pollyanalytic incorporation in his long fiction. The short fiction, too, contains such elements. From the earliest stories (Keith Cushman says of the Prussian Officer (1914), the first collection of Lawrence's tales, "This idea of human separateness reverberates throughout"⁴ to the last of them, Lawrence's Unity-Separateness polarity is incorporated with and connected to spirit of place.

The short story "A Modern Lover" written in 1909 parallels Lawrence's own unsuccessful love relationship with Jessie Chambers and foreshadows his treatment of Paul and Mirium in Sons and Lovers (1913). Cyril Merham returns after a two year absence to the farm country of his youth and to Muriel, a spiritual girl he had loved

³Alcorn, p. 96.

⁴Keith Cushman, "'I Am Going Through a Transition Stage': The Prussian Officer and The Rainbow," D. H. Lawrence Review, 8 (Summer 1975), 190.

platonically for many years. Cyril, however, has since matured physically, and he seeks out Muriel this special spring, hoping that their "love" can assume a sensual aspect and that Muriel can thus "give him enough of the philtre of life to stop the craving which tortured him" (CSS, p. 2).

As Cyril approaches the remote farmhouse where Muriel lives, Lawrence describes nature symbolically to illustrate Cyril's close connection with it. Consequently, as is characteristic of Lawrence's early works, spirit of place and a character's response to it are not as prevalent and well-developed as they are in stories written only a few years later. One such instance, however, is present in "A Modern Love."

Having escaped the confines of the farm house and walked out into the vital spring evening, Cyril experiences a sympathetic connection with the evening landscape, and seemingly with Muriel.

"Give me your hand," he said, and they went hand-in-hand over the rough places. The fields were open, and the night went up to the magnificent stars. The wood was very dark, and wet; they leaned forward and stepped stealthily, and gripped each other's hands fast with a delightful sense of adventure. When they stood and looked up a moment, they did not know how the stars were scattered among the treetops till he found the three jewels of Orion right in front.

There was a strangeness everywhere, as if all things had ventured out alive to play in the night, as they do in fairy-tales; the trees, the many stars, the dark spaces, and the mysterious waters below uniting in some magnificent game.

They emerged from the wood on to the bare hillside. She came down from the wood-fence into his arms, and he kissed her, and they laughed low together. Then they went on across the wild meadows where there was no path (CSS, p. 19).

However, his desire for unity with Muriel subsequently is checked abruptly by her refusal to become his lover, and "it was if she had tipped over the fine vessel that held the wine of his desire,

and had emptied him of all his vitality" (CSS, pp. 21-2).

Regarded by Lawrence as holy even as early as 1909, the desire of Cyril spurned by Muriel forces him to recoil from her, and his psyche, only moments before connected with the vitality of the spring evening that surrounded him and receptively open to Muriel's connecting flow, is forced into isolation. Rejected, saddened, and alone, Cyril returns to London.

In passing, Lawrence's above depiction of the midlands as "dark and wet" has a special significance. For Lawrence, fire represents man's vitality and creative nature, both of which are threatened by the females symbol water. Subsequently, the wet muddy midland countryside where Cyril and Muriel take their evening stroll may be seen as a correlative to Muriel, who douses Cyril's flame-like desire for unity with her cold damp will to resist such a union.

Two years later, in 1911, Lawrence wrote the tale of a young woman's return to her rural community after having been rejected by the only man she had ever wished to marry. Entitled "Second Best," this tale opens with the protagonist, Frances, in much the same straits as Cyril at the end of "A Modern Lover." Having unsuccessfully sought sympathetic connection with the man she had loved, Frances feels separate even from the countryside with which she once communed.

. . . Frances watched certain objects in her surroundings: they had a peculiar, unfriendly look about them: the weight of greenish elderberries on their purpling stalks: the twinkling of the yellowing crab-apple that clustered high up in the hedge, against the sky: the exhausted, limp

leaves of the primroses lying flat in the hedge-bottom:
all looked strange to her (CSS, p. 214).

Matters grow worse.

A mole, Lawrence's symbol here for man's dark vital nature, is killed before Frances' eyes. Her initial sympathetic response to the beastie's plight is overridden by her cool practical will, which has become dominant in Frances since being "thrown-over" by her beaux. The result is a further detachment from spirit of place and life's vital force.

"I suppose they have to be killed," she said, and a certain rather dreary indifference succeeded to her grief. The twinkling crab-apples, the glitter of brilliant willows now seemed to her trifling, scarcely worth the notice. Something had died in her, so that things lost their poignancy. She was calm, indifference overlying her quiet sadness (CSS, p. 216).

Frances' subsequent killing of a mole herself so as to gain favor in the eyes of a local unmarried farmer illustrates Lawrence's symbolic reflection of her willful repression of her own dark and vital nature. Her inability to form sympathetic connection with the spirit of place, too, illustrates the manner in which Frances is entrapped in her separateness--an isolation that undoubtedly will never be alleviated wholly by her willed marriage to the young farmer--her "second best" choice. Thus she not only allows part of her desire for oneness to die, she reinforces her newly dominant urge to be apart against its counterpart by her willful killing of the mole and calculated seduction of the farmer. It subsequently is evident that in 1911 Lawrence's use of spirit of place and pollyanalytics is somewhat more refined and developed than that seen in "A Modern Lover."

First written in 1908, the short story "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" was revised in 1914, at which time it appeared in The Smart Set. Lawrence correlates his pollyanalytics with place very skillfully in the tale. The unnamed protagonist has brought her husband to a sea-coast town in England for their honeymoon. Unknown to him, she had loved a young soldier there a few years before and had considered herself engaged to the lad until his parents had discovered the affair and scotched the relationship. She has come back on this sentimental pilgrimage for two reasons: to visit a rose garden wherein she and her former beaux had courted, and to learn what has happened to him.

The first morning there she gets rid of her husband, whom she thinks socially beneath her, and visits the rose garden at a time when she knows that she can be alone. The sight, scent and touch of the roses, combined with their connection with her lost lover, pervade her very being, causing her to "lapse out" as she forms a unity with the flowers.

Slowly she went down one path, lingering, like one who has gone back into the past. Suddenly she was touching some heavy crimson roses that were soft as velvet, touching them thoughtfully, without knowing, as a mother sometimes fondles the hand of her child. She leaned slightly forward to catch the scent. Then she wandered on in abstraction. Sometimes a flame-coloured, scentless rose would hold her arrested. She stood gazing at it as if she could not understand it. Again the same softness of intimacy came over her, as she stood before a tumbling heap of pink petals. Then she wondered over the white race, that was greenish, like ice, in the centre. So, slowly, like a white, pathetic butterfly, she drifted down the path, coming at last to a tiny terrace all full of roses. They seemed to fill the place, a sunny, gay throng. She was shy of them, they were so many and so bright. They seemed to be conversing and laughing. She felt

herself in a strange crowd. It exhilarated her, carried out of herself. She flushed with excitement. The air was pure scent.

Hastily, she went to a little seat among the white roses, and sat down. Her scarlet sunshade made a hard blot of colour. She was no more than a rose, a rose that could not quite come into blossom, but remained tense. A little fly dropped on her knee, on her white dress. She watched it, as if it had fallen on a rose. She was not herself (CSS, pp. 225-26).

Such total absorption of spirit of place and man's psyche, is an excellent example of sympathetic connection. The protagonist's will-to-be-separate that she has imposed upon herself since her unsuccessful love affair here defers to her more natural need for unity. The spirit of the rose garden forms this connection with the protagonist's unconscious, and we see her a sympathetic unity with the roses.

E. W. Tedlock makes a keen observation of Lawrence's use of the rose garden in this story.

The use of natural objects as correlatives of psychic states is characteristic Lawrence. As she wanders abstractly, the pink roses arouse in her the former softness of intimacy.⁵

Likewise, Barbara Seward's study The Symbolic Rose contributes to Lawrence's use of roses in his fiction: "symbolic roses communicate the mystery of conscious human love but do not carry on to the still greater mysteries of the unconscious and the cosmos."⁶ However, neither critic sees the vital flow that exists between nature and psyche.

⁵Tedlock, p. 25.

⁶Barbara Seward, The Symbolic Rose (New York: Columbia University Press, 1960), p. 139.

Lawrence explains it best. In his "Study of Thomas Hardy," written the same year as this story, he makes a significant observation in his discussion of Jude the Obscure about Jude and Sue's experience with roses in a market.

The roses, how the roses glowed for them! The flowers had more being than either he or she these two beings met upon the roses and in the roses were symbolized in consummation. The rose is the symbol of marriage-consummation in its beauty. To them it is more than a symbol, it is a fact, a flaming experience (Phoenix, pp. 506-07).

Exactly! It is an experience, for them as well as for the protagonist in "The Shadow in the Rose Garden," and the experience is one of intense sympathetic consummation. For a brief moment, the cast-off lover of the soldier finds peace in her communion with the rose garden's spirit of place.

Her subsequent meeting of the soldier in that very place, his madness induced by World War I, and her admission to her husband of having gone "the whole hogger" with the man when she had formerly been wooed by him, bashes this temporary peaceful union into shards of despair and loneliness. As Keith Cushman notes about the story's end, "now they must live with the awareness of the awful separateness between them."⁷ The husband on his honeymoon thus learns "the width of the breach between them" (CSS, p. 233), and another of Lawrence's depicted modern marriages has a less than auspicious beginning because of the couple's inability to form a sympathetic union.

"The Ladybird," a short novel, was written in December 1921 and concerns the development of a dark love relationship between a

⁷Cushman, p. 192.

Bohemian, Count Psanek, and Lady Beveridge, a married Englishwoman, after the close of World War I. At one point in the story, Count Psanek, a small dark man who has been almost mortally wounded in the war and who is in a period of transition wherein he is approaching life once again after having been so close to death, visits the Beveridge's at Thoresway, their country estate.

The mansion is depicted as a habitation of isolation that stands amidst the vital English countryside. It keeps its occupants to itself and peers out its windows at nature. Psanek, half-heartedly struggling to return to "the world of the living" and form a connection with life, finds the mansion's enforced separateness between himself and the outside world stifling.

It was a beautiful Elizabethan mansion, not very large, but with those magical rooms that are all a twinkle of small-paned windows, looking out from the dark panelled interior. The interior was cosy, panelled to the ceiling, and the ceiling moulded and touched with gold. And then the great square bow of the window with its little panes intervening like magic between oneself and the world outside, the crest in stained glass crowning its colour, the broad window-seat cushioned in faded green. Dionys [Psanek] wandered round the house like a little ghost . . . (FSN, p. 97).

Feeling entombed, Psanek takes to sitting on the roof of the mansion, where he enjoys the view of the countryside that surrounds him.

He liked to be alone, feeling his soul heavy with its own fate. He would sit for hours watching the elm trees standing in rows like giants, like warriors across the country. The Earl had told him that the Romans had brought these elms to Britain. And he seemed to see the spirit of the Romans in them still. Sitting there alone in the spring sunshine, in the solitude of the roof, he saw the glamour of this England of hedgerows and elm trees . . . (FSN, p. 98).

This feeling of aloneness with which the Nietzschean Count cloaks his consciousness echoes the Lawrencean pollyanalytic that one must be able to be alone in his own being at times, which is stated nicely in Fantasia:

There is only one single other thing to do . . . leave off loving . . . and in your own soul be alone and be still. Be alone, and be still, preserving all the human decencies, and abandoning the indency of desires and benevolencies and devotions, those beastly poison-gas-apples of the Sodom vine of love-will . . . don't let them drive you out of your solitude, your singleness within yourself . . . contain yourself and say, "My soul is my own. It shall not be violated." And learn, learn, learn the one and only lesson worth learning at last. Learn to walk in the sweetness of the possession of your own soul (Fantasia, pp. 145-47).

However, the obverse sympathetic connection with life is also necessary, and such a vitalistic unity is formed eventually between Psanek and Lady Beveridge.

The Count perceives the Roman spirit of place in the elms, and he appreciates the beauty of the setting, but he forms no connection with it. He remains aloof, separate from the world that he hates for its being "civilized." (Indeed, the Roman spirit is negative for Lawrence because it is a "civilizing" force that attempts to "tame" human nature and nature itself.) Thus Psanek's voluntary isolation, the aloneness he feels in his soul, is reinforced by the spirit of place that he perceives around Thoresway. In addition, throughout the tale Psanek connects himself with the underground of Greek mythology; his wish to "live" there further correlates his basically isolate nature with unvital place.

In April 1924 Lawrence wrote "The Overtone," a piece that Widmer erroneously labeled "a badly overwritten early story."⁸ The tale is neither. The subject of the story is one that greatly interested Lawrence--a bad marriage. Indeed, in the essay "On Being a Man," written less than a year before this story, Lawrence says of this topic: "Marriage is the great puzzle of our day. It is our sphinx-riddle. Solve it, or be torn to bits, is the decree" (Phoenix II, p. 619). This particular failed marriage is that of Will and Edith Renshaw, a childless couple now in their early fifties. As Widmer notes, accurately this time,

. . . the sexually embittered pair are mockingly described as "good friends" . . . Such a relation lacks both the conflict and the communion of true marriage.⁹

By means of retrospection, Lawrence shows how the invisible well of willed isolation has been established between this couple.

Will Renshaw, unconsciously watching a full moon one evening while his wife and several other suffragettes conduct a session in the same room, recalls vividly six months after his marriage when he had taken his wife for a walk into the country on a night that had seemed magical in its vital intensity.

He sat outside, by the remnant of the fire, looking at the country lying level and lustrous grey opposite him. Trees hung like vapour in a perfect calm under the moonlight. And that was the moon so perfectly naked and unfaltering, going her errand simply through the night. And that was the river faintly rustling. And there, down the darkness, he saw a flashing of activity white betwixt black twigs. It was the water mingling and thrilling with the moon. So! It made

⁷Widmer, p. 152.

⁸Widmer, p. 153.

him quiver, and reminded him of the starlit rush of a hare. There was vividness then in all this lucid night, things flashing in and quivering with being, almost as the soul quivers in the darkness of the eye. He could feel it (CSS, pp. 748-49).

This feeling of oneness with the night and the countryside around him is suddenly dispersed when he begins to sense a certain self-imposed distance established between them by Edith. At that same moment, he hears a bird's unsympathetic cry, and Will suddenly feels separate from his surroundings and his wife, as if an invisible membrane has come between him, forming a slight but perceptible breach between himself and that with which he would be as one.

. . . a corncrake began to call in the meadow across the river, a strange, dispassionate sound, that made him feel not quite satisfied, not quite sure. It was not all achieved. The moon, in her white and naked candour, was beyond him. He felt a little numbness, as one who has gloves on. He could not feel that clear, clean moon. There was something betwixt him and her, as if he had gloves on. Yet he ached for the clear touch, skin to skin--even of the moonlight. He wanted a further purity, a newer cleanness and nakedness. The corncrake cried too. And he watched the moon, and he watched her light on his hands. It was like a butterfly on his glove, that he could see, but not feel. And he wanted to unglove himself. Quite clear, quite, quite bare to the moon, the touch of everything, he wanted to be. And after all, his wife was everything--moon, vapour of trees, trickling water and drift of perfume--it was all his wife (CSS, pp. 749-50).

Will's subsequent request that Edith make love with him then and there stems from his sympathetic urge for unity and achievement that recoils from the imminent physical and spiritual separateness from the countryside and Edith. However, in the same manner that he has lost connection with the spirit of place, Edith coldly rejects his request to make love, thus dashing to the depths of despair his

almost holy desire for a physical-spiritual consummation that would have been to him sacramental. Will's desire for unity subsequently is replaced by a kind of hatred for his wife: she would not join him in a sympathetic unity, thus forcing him into an imposed separateness that parallels her own willed isolation. Subsequently, it is evident that Lawrence uses Will's loss of connection with spirit of place in this section of "The Overtone" to foreshadow his isolation that is created by Edith's will-to-be-separate and to illustrate what happens when a sympathetic nature tries to form a union with one who will be separate. First Edith's urge to be alone draws Will out of harmony with nature, and it then rebuffs his effort to form a conjugal bond with her at a crucial moment in their relationship's development, leaving them forever apart. (After his initial sense of separateness from Edith, Will's inability to experience a connection with the moon, Lawrence's symbol for the female principle, parallels many instances in Lawrence's fiction wherein the feminine moon threatens a male character's integrity: Birkin's "stoning" the moon's reflection on a pond's placid surface in Woman in Love is perhaps the most memorable response to such a character to the moon's menace of willed isolation.)

Will and Edith's plight parallels countless Lawrence couples, for he saw this problem of willed separateness between married partners as one of the major negative characteristics of modern society. Ten years prior to writing this story, he gave the following advice to a friend, which reveals Lawrence's "cure" for such marriages.

. . . perhaps you may be separating your inner life from hers.
I don't mean anything actual and external--but you may be

taking yourself inwardly apart from her, and leaving me inwardly separate from you: which is no true marriage, and is a form of failure . . . Your most vital necessity in this life is that you shall love your wife completely and implicitly and in entire nakedness of body and spirit. Then you will have peace and inner security, no matter how many things go wrong (Letters, p. 207).

Of course when one recalls Lawrence's own parents' unhappy marriage, his unsuccessful relationship with Jessie Chambers, the sham of the Weekley's relationship, and his own often stormy marriage to Frieda, it is not surprising that the "sphinx-riddle" of modern marriage preoccupied Lawrence much of the time.

Two months following the composition of "The Overtone," Lawrence wrote "The Woman Who Rode Away," which also concerns a bad marriage, but only incidentally. Leavis aptly observes that "the poetic power of the tale is, in its creative way, an earnestness and profundity of response to the problems of modern civilization."¹⁰

In this tale Lawrence focuses on a woman's effort to escape the isolation that she experiences in her unvital marriage via learning firsthand about the religion of the Chilchuis Indian tribe, descendants of the Aztecs, who live in a remote part of Mexico. (Although Lawrence viewed the American Southwest and Mexico as lands of Will and Power, and he saw a certain pride and integrity instilled into the modern Indian inhabitants there that sprang from their corresponding spirit of separateness, the Chilchuis tribe with its Aztec heritage has maintained a primal

¹⁰Leavis, p. 345.

connection with the willful land upon which they live: a connection based upon a "passional cosmic consciousness" that has no place for willed personal consciousness such as this woman possesses.) Unhappy with her lifeless isolation in the Chihuahua mountains, she rides off unannounced one day, leaving her family behind, to seek the Chilchuis tribe in the hope of finding life along the way. As Lawrence says of this willful nameless American woman, "She was overcome by a foolish romanticism more unreal than a girl's. She felt it was her destiny to wander into the secret haunts of these timeless, mysterious, marvellous Indians of the mountain" (CSS, p. 549).

Thus she meets the Indians and is taken prisoner after they learn that she has come "to know their gods" (CSS, p. 554). Periodically she is administered a bitter drink that temporarily changes her perception of the world around her. For example, at one point she believes that she has heard her little dog conceive in its womb. After a time, her consciousness as she has known it dissipates, and she perceives every aspect of her surroundings differently. In this remote place, this mountain Indian village that at times seems to approach the world's omphalos, the woman's natural vision becomes unfettered, and she sees an order and a balance about the place that could only be seen by one who has become unified with it.

. . . at this time her commonplace consciousness was numb, she was aware of her immediate surroundings as shadows, almost immaterial. With refined and heightened senses she could hear the sound of the earth winging on its journey, like a shot arrow, the ripple-rustling of the

air, and the boom of the great arrow-string. And it seemed to her there were two great influences in the upper air, one golden towards the sun, and one invisible silver; the first travelling like rain ascending to the gold presence sunwards, the second like rain silverily descending the ladders of space towards the hovering, lurking clouds over the snowy mountain-top. Then between them, another presence, waiting to shake himself free of moisture, of heavy white snow that had mysteriously collected about him. And in summer, like a scorched eagle, he would wait to shake himself clear of the weight of heavy sunbeans. And he has coloured like fire. And he was always shaking himself clear, of snow or of heavy heat, like an eagle rustling.

Then there was a still stranger presence, standing watching from the blue distance, always watching. Sometimes running in upon the wind, or shimmering in the heat-waves. The blue wind itself, rushing, as it were out of the holes into the sky, rushing out of the sky down upon the earth. The blue wind, the go-between, the invisible ghost that belonged to two worlds, that played upon the ascending and the descending chords of the rains.

More and more her ordinary personal consciousness had left her, she had gone into that other state of passional cosmic consciousness, like one who is drugged. The Indians, with their heavily religious natures, had made her succumb to their vision (CSS, pp. 573-74).

In an essay that was to be written four years later entitled "New Mexico," Lawrence expounds upon this very aspect of man's unity with place that he perceived in the Indians of America's Southwest.

In the oldest religion, 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. For the whole life-effort of man was to get his life into direct contact with the elemental life of the cosmos, mountain-life, cloud-life, thunder-life, air-life, earth-life, sun-life. To come into immediate felt contact and so derive energy, power, and a dark sort of joy (Phoenix, pp. 146-67).

The woman who rode away seems to have this very vision and sense of "naked contact" with her immediate surroundings that Lawrence designates as religious in nature. She has left the willed isolate aspect of her nature behind and has formed a sympathetic union with place that extends to cosmic unity. In the words of Lawrence's essay "Reflections of a Porcupine" (1925), she has blossomed, for "blossoming means the establishing of a pure, new relationship with all the cosmos" (Phoenix II, p. 471). The once willfully separate woman now has formed a sympathetic connection with the cosmos.

"Two Blue Birds," written in May 1926, is an interesting tale that concerns--yet again--a failed marriage. The two principle characters, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Gee, though "eternally married to one another" (CSS, p. 513), cannot live together. Thus Mr. Gee lives in England while his wife flits about southern Europe having extramarital affairs, returning to England only occasionally. Their literal separateness from one another directly parallels their innate individual will-to-be-separate. Each is so engrossed in his/her own happiness, which invariably stems from the exertion of his/her own will over another's, that no sympathetic urge to be receptive to or form a union with anyone or anything exists in either member of the marriage. They are thus unvital willful failures at life in Lawrence's view.

Mrs. Gee's isolate nature is portrayed when she takes a walk in her husband's garden one spring afternoon during one of her infrequent visits.

She went down the garden in the warm afternoon, when birds were whistling loudly from the cover, the sky being low and warm, and she had nothing to do. The garden was full of flowers: he loved them for their theatrical display. Lilac and snowball bushes, and laburnum and red may, tulips and anemones and coloured daisies. Lots of flowers! Borders of forget-me-nots! Bachelor's button! What absurd names flowers had! She would have called them blue dots and yellow blobs and white frills. No so much sentiment, after all!

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

It is true, as Widmer notes, that "the wife's response to the flowers not only desentimentalizes nature, it reveals her loss of the living sense of the universe . . . and a failure to reach outside the abstracting and negating self."¹¹ It is also important to recognize that Mrs. Gee's inability to form a reciprocal connection with the vital spirit of place in this garden reveals fully the dominance of her urge to be separate over her desire for unity. She has controlled her natural desire to form a union for so long that such repression is second to her nature.

Subsequently, her innate desire to become reunited with her psychically similar husband, which is the story's major concern, has as little chance of blossoming into reality as does Mr. Gee's private secretary's secret wish to be appreciated for her devotion to him. In this story of separateness, Lawrence depicts modern marriage as being a most woeful condition.

¹¹Widmer, p. 108.

"The Man Who Died" is a curious work, originally written in April 1927 and consisting of a single section, entitled "The Escaped Cock." However, in June 1928 a second part was written and the title of the work became "The Man Who Died." The tale concerns the resurrection of an anonymous Christ-figure who had lived his life preaching the love ideal, subsequently stressing man's spiritual plane over the sensual. Having been "reborn," however, the protagonist begins a literal-psychical journey away from his former isolate-ideal perception of existence to one involving sympathetic unity with all aspects of the world around him, including woman. As Lawrence says in "The Risen Lord," an essay of 1929, Christ arises "as a man in full flesh" so as to "take a woman to Himself, to live with her, and to know the tenderness and blossoming of the twoness with her" (Phoenix II, p. 575). This sympathetic union with woman, a result of tenderness, occurs in the second part of the tale and is exactly the opposite of the willed isolation seen in the protagonist before his "death" (and in Count Psanek of "The Ladybird" when he sits on the roof of Thoresway overlooking the glamorous English countryside).

Mark Schorer is accurate when he says of "The Man Who Died," "it is in a hot Mediterranean country; the spirit becomes flesh and is connected with the beauties of place."¹² Lawrence continues to relate spirit of place with pollyanalytics most effectively in his

¹²Schorer, p. 292.

fiction, as is seen in part of this tale wherein the protagonist's spiritual nature begins its transition to the sensual-sympathetic aspect one would find in a person who immerses himself in the vitality of the world around him. The cross-over is not easy.

Soon after his rebirth, the man who died is neither of this world nor the next. His motto is noli me tangere, and he sees a literal distance between himself and the natural world that had been unnoticed, but just as real, when he had lived only from his isolate spirit in his former existence.

He felt the cool silkiness of the young wheat under his feet that had been dead, and the roughishness of its separate life was apparent to him. At the edges of rocks, he saw the silky, silvery-haired buds of the scarlet anemone bending downwards. And they too were in another world. In his own world he was alone, utterly alone. These things around him were in a world that had never died. But he himself had died, or had been killed from out of it, and all that remained now was the great void nausea of utter disillusion.

.....
He opened his eyes, and saw the world again bright as glass. It was life, in which he had no share any more. But it shone outside him, blue sky, and a bare fig-tree with little jets of green leaf. Bright as glass, and he was not of it, for desire had failed (MWD, pp. 168 & 170).

It will be remembered that desire is holy for Lawrence because it encourages the forfeiting of the "me" to form an "us." Until this man can learn to do so in his new life, he is forced to remain separate from all life around him. Subsequently, his transition from the realm of the ideal to that of the actual involves an awakening of the sympathetic urge to become one with "other" and a letting go of the voluntary urge to be separate.

In part two of the tale, the protagonist meets a priestess of the goddess Isis, who perceives him as the long-sought-for Osiris. Through their mutual respect and the tenderness that is expressed between them, they consummate their love, subsequently rendering each of them "whole." (One can only wonder at Widmer's view of this ritual-life consummation as a "Black Mass."¹³) The result of such a sympathetic union with Isis is an established connection with the natural world--with place.

. . . the man looked at the vivid star before dawn, as they rained down to the sea, and the dog-star green towards the sea's rim. And he thought: "How plastic it is, how full of curves and folds like an invisible rose of dark-petalled openness that shows where the dew touches its darkness! How full it is, and great beyond all gods. How it leans around me, and I am part of it, the great rose of Space. I am like a grain of its perfume, and the woman is a grain of its beauty. Now the world is one flower of many petalled darknesses, and I am in its perfume as in a touch" (MWD, p. 208).

The transition from separateness to unity is complete in the man who died. He is one with place, nature, indeed with the world. In this superb example of unity between man and place, specific place "buckles," like Hopkins' perception of the world through a soaring kestrel, and the protagonist finds himself in direct connection with the universe: living "breast-to-breast with the cosmos."

An examination of this Unity-Separateness section reveals that Lawrence, from his earliest tales consistently uses a character's connection with spirit of place, or lack of same, as a correlative

¹³Widmer, p. 210.

of that person's ability to form a connection with a lover. It is as if a character must be able to see a vitalness in nature, or want to feel it in his very being, before he is capable of forming a connection with a person. Place itself in this section always is mysterious in its quickness, but at times, such as in "The Shadow in the Rose Garden," "The Woman Who Rode Away," and "The Man Who Died," place transcends itself in the character's perception and becomes a microcosm, the connection with which approaches a mystical experience of universal unity between the character and the cosmos.

Unity-Separateness, a major Lawrencean theme, appears in most stories in one form or another. Lawrence wrote such tales as "Odour of Chrysanthemums" (1909), "Shades of Spring" (1911), "New Eve and Old Adam" (1913), and "St. Mawr" (1924), all of which deal thematically with this central idea but which do not correlate this particular dichotomy with spirit of place. Each of these stories, however, does relate a different polarity with spirit of place and will be examined henceforth.

Love-Power

Another dichotomy stems from the Sympathetic-Voluntary pollyanalytic and also is incorporated by Lawrence into spirit of place: Love-Power. For Lawrence, love's sympathetic function is much the same as desire's; love, says Lawrence in "Study of Thomas Hardy," is "the deepest desire Man has yet known," and is "the greatest aspiration towards . . . complete consummation and . . .

joy" (Phoenix, pp. 455-56). In "The Crown" (1915) Lawrence remarks upon sexual consummation: "When a man seeks a woman in love, or in positive desire, he seeks a union, he seeks a consummation of himself with that which is not himself, light with dark, dark with light" (Phoenix II, p. 394). And in the Hardy essay, he examines love's effect upon man even more closely.

In Love, in the act of love, that which is mixed in me becomes pure, that which is female in me is given to the female, that which is male in her draws into me, I am complete, I am pure Male, she is pure Female . . . we are two, the light and the darkness, and how infinitely and eternally not-to-be comprehended by either of us in the surpassing One we make (Phoenix, p. 468).

Such sexual consummation is essential for man, but Lawrence notes in the essay "Love Was Once a Little Boy" (1925) that love promotes unity with all things:

In every living thing there is the desire for love, or for the relationship of unison with the rest of things. That a tree should desire to develop itself between the power of the sun, and the opposite pull of the earth's centre, and to balance itself between the four winds of heaven, and to unfold itself between the rain and the shine, to have roots and feelers in blue heaven and innermost earth, both, this is a manifestation of love: a knitting together of the diverse cosmos into a oneness, a tree (Phoenix II, p. 444).

This view implies that man, too, like a tree, should be a unified "knitting together of the diverse cosmos" and that love is the initiating force behind this merging action.

In this same essay of 1925, Lawrence sees love's essence as "the stream of clear and unclouded subtle desire which flows from person to person, creature to creature, thing to thing" (Phoenix II,

p. 452). Lawrence explains this process pollyanalytically in

Fantasia:

In sex we have our basic, most elemental being. Here we have our most elemental contact . . . From the dark plexus of sympathy run out the acute, intense sympathetic vibrations direct to the corresponding pole. Or so it should be, in genuine passionate love. There is not mental interference. There is even no interference of the upper centres. Love is supposed to be blind. Though modern love wears strong spectacles (Fantasia, p. 185).

Clearly love stems from man's sympathetic plane.

Love, however, is only half of the dichotomy with which this chapter section deals. Power, emanating from the voluntary centers, is the other. In Fantasia Lawrence notes:

Love, as we see, is not the only dynamic. Taking love in its greatest sense, and making it embrace every form of sympathy, every flow from the great sympathetic centres of the human body, still it is not the whole of the dynamic flow, it is only the one-half. There is always the other voluntary flow to reckon with, the intense motion of independence and singleness of self, the pride of isolation, and the profound fulfillment through power (Fantasia, p. 130).

Lawrence best addresses the subject of power in the appropriately titled essay "Blessed Are the Powerful" (1925). Herein he differentiates between will and power.

We have a confused idea, that will and power are somehow identical . . . True Power, as distinct from the spurious power, which is merely the force of certain human vices directed and intensified by the human will: true power never belongs to us. It is given us, from beyond (Phoenix II, pp. 436 & 441).

Thus we see that Power and will-to-power are quite contrary to one another. Power comes from without; it is described by Lawrence in the same essay as "life rushing in to us" (Phoenix II, p. 438).

Will-to-power, however, comes from within and is negative in its self-serving nature. As Lawrence notes in "The Crown" (1915), power that is misused "becomes spurious with sheer egoism" (Phoenix II, p. 381). For Lawrence, true power clearly is as revered and essential an aspect of humanity as is love, which is only fitting for those pollyanalytic counterparts.

Lawrence's correlation of the Love-Power dichotomy with place in his short fiction follows a now familiar pattern. This particular polarity, however, seems to have interested Lawrence the most in the early 1920's, the time of his "Leadership" period, for the majority of tales wherein this pollyanalytic becomes a correlative of place are written in that period--especially in 1924, when no fewer than four appear. Lawrence's treatment of Love in nature is rather infrequent; whereas, Power in nature is treated more often and quite dramatically. Perhaps Lawrence's interest in Nietzsche helps to account for this fact; perhaps he had personally experienced a sense of voluntary power emanating from nature more frequently and forcefully than one of sympathetic love. Whatever the reason, Lawrence's power pollyanalytic is frequently incorporated in nature. In "Pan in America" Lawrence observes that every aspect of nature contains some power in varying degrees and that man should tap into this "power source" to thus become "whole."

Tree, stone, or hill, river, or little stream, or waterfall, or salmon in the fall--man can be master and complete in himself, only by assuming the living powers of each of them, as the occasion requires (Phoenix, p. 29).

In so doing man would be admitting this "flow of life" that Lawrence calls power into his own essential being--thus becoming more alive.

Then too there are spirits of place so powerful and so inhuman that they normally defy sympathetic approach. Such spirits are in evidence in the outback of Australia, where it makes the hair of Somers, Kangaroo's protagonist, stand on end, and in America's Southwest, as we shall see in "The Princess." Likewise, it is just such a spirit that Lawrence presents in Sea and Sardinia (1921) with his description of Mount Etna:

Ah, what a mistress, this Etna! with her strange winds prowling round her like Circe's panthers, some black, some white. With her strange remote communications and her terrible vibrations of wicked and beautiful electricity she throws about her, like a deadly net! Nay, sometimes, verily, one can feel a new current of her demon magnetism seize one's living tissue and change the peaceful life of one's active cells. She makes a storm in the living plasm and a new adjustment . . . (SS, p. 8).

Such a Lawrencean connection between place and man involving the Love-Power dichotomy, as one might expect, also plays a significant role in some of the short fiction.

Written in November 1916, "Samson and Delilah" is the first example of Lawrence's using place as a correlative of the Love-Power polarity in a short story. Although, as might be expected, place and man's connection therewith are not as overt in this initial effort to integrate place and the Love-Power dichotomy, the story is a good point of departure to trace their development in Lawrence's short fiction.

The tale's setting is a small seacoast village in Cornwall, and the dark Celtic consciousness of the two main characters plays a vital role. In a letter written to J. D. Beresford the same year as the composition of this tale, Lawrence says of the Cornish coast and its inhabitants:

. . . the shore is absolutely primeval: those heavy, black rocks, like solid darkness, and the heavy water like a sort of first twilight breaking against them, and not changing them. It is really like the first craggy breaking of dawn in the world, a sense of the primeval darkness just behind, before the Creation (Letters, p. 315).

[In the Cornish themselves] . . . the old race is still revealed, a race which believed in the darkness, in magic, and in the magic transcendancy of one man over another, which is fascinating. Also there is left some of the old sensuousness of the darkness, a sort of softness, a sort of flowing together in physical intimacy (Letters, p. 316).

So it is that Lawrence sees a kind of primitive spirit of place in Cornwall that elicits an undulating tension between love and power in the Cornish people's dark unconscious level.

In this tale Willie Nankervis returns to his wife and daughter after having deserted them sixteen years earlier. As he nears "The Tinner's Rest," the pub his wife owns and operates, he experiences a kind of connection with his immediate surroundings:

. . . as he went along the dreary road, looking now at the lights away to sea, vessels veering round in sight of the Longships Lighthouse, the whole of the Atlantic Ocean in darkness and space between him and America, he seemed a little excited and pleased with himself, watchful, thrilled, veering along in a sense of mastery and of power in conflict (CSS, p. 411).

His inner conflict between mastery and power is in accordance with his connection with place and his immediate willful objective, which

is to return unannounced before his wife, demand that she accept him back as husband, and resume their intimate conjugal life as if he had never gone away.

He senses the life rushing in to him, the power, from his connection with place. Simultaneously, his innate sense of mastery, of transcendency over others, is about to be willed in his effort to overcome any and all objections that his wife might raise to his return: thus the conflict between true power and will-to-power. Willie's imposition upon his "Missis" results in a temporary battle of wills--he is hog-tied by soldiers and thrown out of the pub, after which his wife leaves the rear door open for him to return to her, which he does. Thus they are reconciled in "a sort of flowing together in physical intimacy," wherein Willie resumes his former mastery over his wife. Although place and its correlation to power are but subtly drawn in this tale, their thematic influence is significant.

Five years later "The Captain's Doll," already discussed in Arctic-Tropic section of this study, integrates place with the Love-Power pollyanalytic very skillfully. Hepburn and Hannele's climb into the Tyrols, it will be recalled, is the occasion for Lawrence's depiction of their true natures, as seen by their respective responses to the mountains. Hannele, with her sensualist's appreciation of the "thrill" provided by the Tyrols, is also seen as having a will-to-power. She tells herself that she will allow herself to love Hepburn only if he goes down on his knees before her

and pledges his love. Thus the massive mountains, Lawrence's symbol for Will here, strike a corresponding connection in her psyche. With Hepburn, however, it is different.

The Captain's innate sense of mastery is challenged by these mountains of spiritual will, and he scathingly tells Hannele of his hatred for them. Seeing her incredulity at his declarations of his superiority to the mountains, Hepburn cries out, "'They are not bigger than me . . . Any more than you are bigger than me if you stand on a ladder. They are not bigger than me. They are less than me'" (FSN, p. 249). Hannele is wonderstruck by this out-burst and observes that

he seemed to be standing a long way off from her, beyond some border-line. And in the midst of her indignant amazement she watched him with wonder and a touch of fascination. To what a country did he belong then?--to what dark, different atmosphere (FSN, p. 250).

Hepburn's indignant verbal response to the mountains gives away to "a passionate silence and imperiousness, a curious, dark, masterful force that supplanted thought in him" (FSN, p. 250). His dark Celtic nature, like Willie Nankervis', demands mastery over his mate, whose will-to-be-separate correlates with the willful mountains. In this instance, the inner power of Hepburn presents itself as coldly superior to such manifestations of spiritual will-to-power and no subsequent connection is established between woman/place and Hepburn. This tension between true power and will-to-power is developed further between Hepburn's psyche and the willful spirit of place. As Robert MacDonald notes, "the ice field which Captain

Hepburn scrambles about on at the end of "The Captain's Doll" probably represents the feminine will, which he must overcome before he can accept Hannele and she him."¹⁴ However, perhaps it is more accurate to view the glacier as the correlative of the spiritual will which calls for the male's submission to the female love-ideal.

Naturally, one might argue that Hepburn's response to Hannele's and the mountains' willed isolate natures is nothing more than his own will-to-power seeking dominance over them. However, Lawrence's depiction of Hepburn's "dark masterful force" in the above passage serves to disprove such a position. Written during Lawrence's "Leadership" period, the Love-Power dichotomy correlates with Hannele's and Hepburn psyches and with spirit of place to illustrate Lawrence's belief that the ideal of love must defer to true power and its counterpart--true sympathetic connection--before a marriage, in the strictest sense of the word, could take place, as it eventually will between the deferring Hannele and the masterful Hepburn. Viewing the theme in this light, Graham Hough's statement, which echoes much feminist criticism of Lawrence's "misogyny," "it is not a woman's business to love a man unless she is prepared to honor and obey him as well,"¹⁵ seems both inaccurate and inadequate in conveying Lawrence's Love-Power pollyanalytic.

¹⁴Robert Mac Donald, p. 151.

¹⁵Graham Hough, The Dark Sun (New York: Macmillan Company, 1957), p. 177.

Less than three years later, January 1924, Lawrence wrote "The Last Laugh," the first of four tales written that year that correlate Love-Power with spirit of place. Walking alongside the young police officer who conducts her home early in the A. M. after being deserted by Marchbanks, the normally passive Miss James experiences a surge of power within her that emanates from the suddenly revitalised surroundings--the result of Pan's return. Without consciously recognizing the source of her power, Miss James first marvels at it and then becomes attuned to certain presences around her.

Her breast felt full of power, and her legs felt long and strong and wild. She was surprised herself at the strong, bright, throbbing sensation beneath her breasts, a sensation of triumph and rosy anger. Her hands felt keen on her wrists. She who had always declared she had not a muscle in her body! Even now, it was not muscle, it was a sort of flame.

Suddenly it began to snow heavily . . .

And the whirling snowy air seemed full of presences, full of strange unheard voices. She was used to the sensation of noises taking place which she could not hear. This sensation became very strong. She felt something was happening in the wild air.

The London air was no longer heavy and clammy, saturated with ghosts of the unwilling dead. A new, clean tempest swept down from the Pole, and there were noises (CSS, pp. 637-38).

Miss James responds to Pan's presence much as a bacchante might to Bacchus. One need only recall the fate of Orpheus to perceive a parallel between Miss James' sense of power and the bacchantes'. Her connection with Pan, however, is less rapacious: her hearing is restored and she finds the strength to see her former

affinity with Marchbanks as an unvital mockery of a true man/woman relationship. Miss James' unscathed survival at the story's end, as opposed to the policeman's clubbed foot and Marchbank's abrupt demise, is due to her "rebirth" into a world of vitality and power. So it is that in "The Last Laugh" Lawrence has permeated London with Pan's presence, whose power destroys the vestiges of the unvital, willed, "ideal" realm and changes Miss James' psyche as a result of her connection with it.

In February 1924, one month following the writing of "The Last Laugh," Lawrence wrote "The Border Line," another tale that deals with the coming of a destructive power to a "civilized" city: Strasburg. A creature of blood-consciousness, the spirit seen by Katherine Farquhar in the medieval cathedral also correlates with Lawrence's pollyanalytic of true power.

Mystery and dim, ancient fear came over the woman's soul. The cathedral looked so strange and demonish-heathen. And the ancient, indomitable blood seemed to stir in it. It stood there like some vast silent beast with teeth of stone, waiting, and wondering when to stoop against this pallid humanity (CSS, p. 595).

Katherine's response to this presence of pure power is a letting-go of her will-to-power, from which she has lived since the death of her first husband, Alan. Significantly, her deference to this true power enables her to form a connection with Alan's spirit, which she sees immediately upon turning away from the cathedral, and her response to Alan's spirit's presence is identical to that experienced with the cathedral's "beast"--she defers to it. As

Lawrence describes the psychic transition, "And there came over her again the feeling she had forgotten, the restful, thoughtless pleasure of a woman who moves in the aura of the man to whom she belongs" (CSS, p. 596). Spurious or conscious will-to-power is defeated again in the face of true power, just as it is in "Samson and Delilah" and "The Captain's Doll." As in the latter tale, too, spirit of place in "The Border Line," as correlative of Lawrence's Love-Power pollyanalytic, elicits a response from the protagonist that reveals his/her psychic development at that given moment.

Lawrence wrote "The Overtone" in April of 1924, and this story, like "The Last Laugh," deals with Pan. However, Pan is more a topic of discussion in this tale of the Renshaws' failed marriage than he is a realized presence. Since the Unity-Separateness polarity in this story has been explored fully in the previous section of this chapter, the Love pollyanalytic correlating with landscape in this story will be mentioned only in passing.

The newly-wed couple's excursion into the moonlit countryside is the occasion for Renshaw's sympathetic connection with the spirit of place, a spirit which seems to him to merge landscape, moonlight, and his wife--all that is female--and which seems to need only his male connection with it to be a fully integrated whole.

. . . he was humble, but he felt it was great. He had looked into the whole of the night, as into the pupil of an eye. And now, he would come perfectly clear out of all his embarrassments of shame and darkness, clean as the moon who walked naked across the night, so that the whole night was as an effluence from her, the whole of it was hers, held in her effluence of moonlight, which was her perfect nakedness, uniting her to everything (CSS, p. 750).

Edith's willful cold rebuff of her husband's desire for consummation causes a psychic barrier to be established between them, and they live out their lives with no true connection ever having been established. However, remembering Lawrence's view that love is "the greatest aspiration towards complete consummation" and that love promotes unity with all things, one can see how Renshaw's sympathetic connection with the landscape on the spring evening was a natural Lawrencean prelude to a love connection being established between the husband and wife. Thus the correlation between Lawrence's Love pollyanalytic and place is quite apparent in this tale.

In August 1924 Lawrence wrote "St. Mawr," a powerful and impressive short novel that juxtaposes the spirit of the Willful American Southwest with "dead" early twentieth-century England. In addition, the work condemns the unvital "love ideal" in favor of the kind of power associated with Pan. The story line concerns Lou Witt, a rich young American, and her failed passionless marriage with an Australian fop, her intuitive fascination with the red stallion, St. Mawr, her leaving Rico, her husband, behind in England as she takes St. Mawr to America, and her subsequent buying of a ranch in the mountains of New Mexico, where she senses a primitive spirit of place that attracts her vitally.

Before leaving England, however, Lou and her mother visit a rock formation called the Devil's Chair, which serves as a correlative for Lawrence's Power pollyanalytic.

They came at last, trotting in file along a narrow track between heather, along the saddle of a hill, to where the knot of pale granite suddenly cropped out. It was one of those places where the spirit of aboriginal England still lingers, the old savage England, whose last blood flows still in a few Englishmen, Welshmen, Cornishmen. The rocks, whitish with weather of all the ages, jutted against the blue August sky, heavy with age-moulded roundnesses (St. M, p. 63).

Lou, who desperately needs some connection with life, does not find it here. Instead, the place makes her feel very aged and instils in her a desire for death. The ancient spirit of place at Devil's Chair exudes a primitive savageness that Lou's lifeless nature envies but cannot assume. While in England, only the fire and vitality seen in St. Mawr stirs within her an urge to strike out anew in the world and live--to break out of her hide-bound existence.

Naturally, it is very Lawrencean that a stallion be the vehicle for Lou's recontact with the living world. Lawrence's view of horses and their significance is phrased best in Apocalypse:

Far back, far back in our dark soul the horse prances. He is a dominant symbol: he gives us lordship: he links us, the first palpable and throbbing link with the ruddy-glowing Almighty of potency . . . And as a symbol he roams the dark underworld meadows of the soul. He stamps and threshes in the dark fields of your soul and of mine . . .

. . . The Horse, the horse! the symbol of surging potency and power of movement, of action, in man (p. 61).

F. R. Leavis sees another important element in the stallion, St.

Mawr: "he stands for the sure intuition, the warning perception, of the vitally dangerous, the wrong path,"¹⁶ Leavis' view is accurate,

¹⁶Leavis, p. 298.

for Lawrence constantly contrasts the stallion's true power with the ineffectual "men" in Lou's circle of acquaintances and with the repressive nature of "civilized" English society. Patricia Merivale also makes a keen observation about St. Mawr: he is "a creature who carries within him the power and mystery of the unfallen Pan."¹⁷ As for St. Mawr's becoming an "illusion" to Lou later in the novel, an issue that has puzzled many readers, Alan Wilde best reconciles the problem:

. . . he is illusory because he is only the appearance of the vital force that to some degree operates through him. He is neither the force itself nor its ideal embodiment."¹⁸

Lawrence's dropping St. Mawr midway through the novel and the subsequent depiction of Pan power in the New Mexican landscape supports nicely Wilde's premise.

One would be hard pressed to think of a Lawrence short story that correlates pollyanalytics and spirit of place in a more dramatic manner than does "St. Mawr." One major reason for the stress that Lawrence places on spirit of place in the tale, of course, lies in Lawrence's own response to the New Mexican landscape when he first visited there and where he felt compelled to buy a ranch (like Lou Witt). In the essay "New Mexico," he says of the countryside, "it

¹⁷ Patricia Merivale, Pan the Goat-God (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1969), p. 204.

¹⁸ Alan Wilde, "The Illusion of 'St. Mawr': Technique and Vision in D. H. Lawrence's Novel," Publication of the Modern Language Association, 79 (March 1964), 167.

had a splendid silent terror, and a vast far-and-wide magnificence" (Phoenix, p. 143). Similarly, Lawrence says in a letter of May 1924 from New Mexico to Catherine Carswell, "I do like having the big unbroken spaces round me. There is something savage, unbreakable in the spirit of place out here" (Letters, p. 610). That Lawrence associated this landscape with aspects of Pan is evident in his essay "Pan in America" (1924), wherein he discusses a pine tree on his ranch, Kiawa:

. . . here, in America . . . the old Pan is still alive . . . Here, on this little ranch under the Rocky Mountains, a big pine tree rises like a guardian spirit in front of the cabin where we live . . . its column is always there, alive and changeless, alive and changing. The tree has its own aura of life . . . the tree is still within the allness of Pan . . . It is a tree, which is still Pan (Phoenix, pp. 24-25).

As one might expect, critics have noted significant aspects of the landscape and its function in "St. Mawr." David Cavitch writes, "Trying to get at the symbolic meaning of the landscape, he [Lawrence] regained an intenser, more analytic vision of life than any he had written since completing Women in Love."¹⁹ Kenneth Inniss notes that "it is the expressionist New Mexican landscape that dramatizes Lawrence's deeper poetic intuition, and this . . . is figured as a dragon of force."²⁰ Inniss continues:

The final pages of the tale, in which the seething mountain landscape is vividly rendered in all its sense of danger and beauty, move toward creative symbolism.²¹

¹⁹David Cavitch, D. H. Lawrence and the New World (New York: Oxford Press, 1969), p. 149.

²⁰Kenneth Inniss, p. 169.

²¹Inniss, p. 171.

For Inniss, this expressionist landscape "is a concrete universal of forces beyond good and evil."²² These symbolic and Nietzschean views seem accurate in their appraisals of Lawrence's use of landscape, but a pollyanalytic examination of this aspect employs the firm foundation of Lawrence's philosophy-psychology upon which to construct further criticism about Lawrence's use of place.

The reasons for Lou Witt's leaving England and staying-on at the isolated New Mexican ranch are open to critical interpretation. R. E. Pritchard believes that "what draws Lou is a masochistic impulse to submit to dangerous, deadly male sexuality that is destructive of normal civilized life."²³ A similar view is shared by David Cavitch, who says of Lou's remaining at the ranch, "She does nothing but worshipfully confront the sexual annihilation that is pictured in the loveless, savage energy of the landscape."²⁴ Lou does recoil from the unvital sexual relationship that she has had with her husband, and her weariness with such a lifeless arrangement is a major reason for her going to America. However, to regard her subsequent connection with the spirit of power on the ranch as "masochistic" or as sexual annihilation is certainly an extreme view. E. W. Tedlock comes closer to the nature of Lou's psychic response to her unvital marriage and the hope with which spirit of place

²²Inniss, pp. 173-74.

²³R. E. Pritchard, p. 159.

²⁴Cavitch, pp. 162-63.

provides her when he notes that

Lou's strongest desire is for relief from nervous tension and "recovery of her soul," that part of the Lawrencean cycle, religious in its pattern, that rejects the world and human relationship.²⁵

Lou joyfully forfeits her will-to-power, which is primary to her nature, disillusioned as it has been, in the face of the spirit's true power. She recognizes immediately upon seeing it for the first time the vital nature of the ranch and the landscape that surrounds it.

. . . it was the place Lou wanted. In an instant, her heart sprang to it. The instant the car stopped, and she saw the two cabins inside the rickety fence, the rather broken corral beyond, and, behind all, tall, blue balsam pines, the round hills, the solid uprise of the mountain flank: and, getting down, she looked across the purple and gold of the clearing, downwards at the ring of pine-trees standing so still, so crude and untamable, the motionless desert beyond the bristles of the pine crests, a thousand feet below: and, beyond the desert, blue mountains, and far, far-off blue mountains in Arizona: "This is the place," she said to herself (St. M., p. 141).

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. . . The landscape lived, and lived as the world of the gods, unsullied and unconcerned. The great circling landscape lived its own life, sumptuous and uncaring. Man did not exist for it (St. M., p. 148).

This "uncaring" aspect in the landscape fascinates Lou in the same manner as had St. Mawr's disregard for mankind. She had experienced the "caring" aspect of a "love" relationship and found it wanting in depth and sincerity, for her marriage had not been based on a true sympathetic connection between her and Rico. Subsequently, she is ready for a change. She needs to form a connection

²⁵E. W. Tedlock, p. 178.

with a vital force that she can truly respect: to respond to an effluence that in the very act of paying it homage, she herself is honored. The spirit of power in the New Mexican countryside seems to afford her this opportunity.

Lawrence describes the aloof savage nature of the ranch in no uncertain terms:

There was no love on this ranch. There was life, intense, bristling life, full of energy, but also with an undertone of savage sordidness (St. M., p. 150).

As Pan's return in "The Last Laugh" marked the end of the Christian era with its stale lifeless worship of the love ideal, so does the landscape in this tale take on overtones of being infused with the vital powerful nature of the returned classical diety.

. . . it was a world before and after the God of Love. Even the very humming-birds hanging about the flowering squawberry-bushes, when the snow had gone, in May, they were before and after the God of Love. And the blue jays were crested dark with challenge, and the yellow-and-dark woodpecker was fearless like a warrior in warpaint, as he struck the wood. While on the fence the hawks sat motionless, like dark fists clenched under heaven, ignoring man and his ways (St. M., p. 151).

The spirit of place itself has varying degrees of isolation and severity. At times, it seems almost approachable to Lou. However, sometimes the spirit embodies a force of pure destruction:

Bones of horses struck by lightning, bones of dead cattle, skulls of goats with little horns: bleached, unburied bones. Then the cruel electricity of the mountains. And then, most mysterious but worst of all, the animosity of the spirit of place: the crude, half-created spirit of place, like some serpent-bird for ever attacking man, in a hatred of man's onward-struggle towards further creation.

The seething cauldron of lower life, seething on the very tissue of the higher life, seething the soul away, seething at the marrow (St. M., p. 154).

Lawrence is very adamant about man's vital role in the face of such power.

. . . all the time, man has to rouse himself afresh, to cleanse the new accumulations of refuse. To win from the crude wild nature the victory and the power to make another start, and to cleanse behind him the century-deep deposits of layer upon layer of refuse: even of tin cans (St. M., p. 154).

Lou brings herself to this primary separate spirit with the full knowledge that she can rarely, if ever, form a sympathetic connection with it. Yet she feels that serving this spirit of power will be in a sense her salvation.

. . . There's something else even that loves me and wants me. I can't tell you what it is. It's a spirit. And it's here, on this ranch. It's here, in this landscape. It's something more real to me than men are, and it soothes me, and it holds me up. I don't know what it is, definitely. It's something wild that will hurt me sometimes. I know it. But it's something big, bigger than men, bigger than people, bigger than religion. It's something to do with wild America. And it's something to do with me. It's a mission, if you like. I am imbecile enough for that--But it's my mission to even waited for such as me. Now I've come! Now I'm here. Now I am where I want to be: with the spirit that wants me . . . And I am here, right deep in America, where there's a wild spirit wants me, a wild spirit more than men. And it doesn't want to save me either. It needs me. It craves for me. And to it, my sex is deep and sacred, deeper than I am, with a deep nature aware deep down of my sex (St. M., pp. 158-59).

Lou has sensed a sacred aspect in the place's spirit and from the very first has been struck with reverence for it. As Lawrence phrases it:

. . . it seemed to her that the hidden fire was alive and burning in this sky, over the desert, in the mountains. She felt a certain latent holiness in the very atmosphere, a young spring-fire of latent holiness, such as she had never felt in Europe, or in the East (St. M., p. 140).

So it is that Lou dedicates herself, body and soul, to the true power present in the New Mexican landscape. Critic Bob Smith embellishes this aspect of the story with a very nice analogy:

It [the ranch] was the place for her to establish her temple. The vigor of the land and its raw beauty confirmed her earlier recognition of her role as Vestal Virgin, keeper of the holy fire . . . She has discovered that love can't come in from the outside but must be outgoing.²⁶

Smith is correct in his belief that love is an important thematic element in this tale. True, the spirit of place unquestionably is one of power. However, Lou's response to its awesome nature stems from her desire to serve it with all her heart and soul. Surely this desire emanates from her sympathetic plane of love, but it goes beyond "love." Love, as vestal virgin serves the divine mystery beyond egoistic love. After having lost all faith in love due to a willful passionless marriage, Lou's desire to merge into a oneness is sparked by her connection with the true power that Lawrence infuses in the New Mexican landscape.

In September of 1924, one month after "St. Mawr," Lawrence wrote the short story "The Princess." This tale, too, involves a willful Englishwoman's journey to the American Southwest, a Lawrencean place of Will, and her subsequent experience there with

²⁶Bob Smith, "D. H. Lawrence's 'St. Mawr': Transposition of Myth," Arizona Quarterly, 24 (Autumn 1968), 207.

spirit of place in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. Dollie Urquhart had been taught as a child by her father that she was different from others: that she was superior and thus must maintain a constant distance between herself and the rest of mankind. Thus denied sympathetic connection, she lived primarily by exerting will-to-power over others.

In New Mexico, while staying at a kind of "dude ranch," Dollie is attracted to an Indian-Spanish guide, Romero, and despite her usual desire to be separate, she arranges for the two of them to take a trip by horseback to a remote section of the mountains so as to satisfy her mental curiosity about their appearance and to afford Romero and her an opportunity to be alone. Once there, she is horrified by the inhumanness of the upper Rockies:

In front now was nothing but mountains, ponderous, massive, down-sitting mountains, in a huge and intricate knot, empty of life or soul. Under the bristling black feathers of spruce near-by lay patches of white snow. The lifeless valleys the hog-backed summits of grey rock crowded one behind the other like some monstrous herd in arrest. It frightened the Princess, it was so inhuman. She had not thought it could be so inhuman, so, as it were, anti-life. And yet now one of her desires was fulfilled. She had seen it . . . (CSS, pp. 496-97).

The force of Dollie's will-to-power dwindles in the face of such fierce power and will, and she suddenly experiences a need, perhaps for the first time in her life, for sympathetic connection. She and Romero make love, but Dollie is unable to forfeit completely her will, rendering the act of love hateful to her.

In like manner, Romero has been affected by the mountains' spirit. He felt lonesome--repelled by this spirit of inhuman power. His attempt to establish a love connection with Dollie foiled by the latter's refusal to give up her will-to-power, Romero reacts from sympathy to willfulness, self-assertion, and attempts to force such a connection by repeatedly raping her. Dollie's will-to-be-separate and her will-to-power eventually defeat Romero, who thereafter is gunned-down like a mad animal by forest rangers. Dollie survives, more than a little mad, and later is pleased to marry an elderly man.

It is evident that Lawrence's correlation of the Power pollyanalytic with spirit of place in "The Princess" is performed skillfully and parallels that found at the end of "St. Mawr." As Widmer accurately notes about the landscape of the Rockies in "The Princess," "The breakthrough into the heart of the destructive cosmos provides the same period spirit of place . . . that Lawrence developed at such length in the last section of 'St. Mawr.'"²⁷

Then too, S. Ronald Weiner sees an interaction of sorts between place and psyche in this tale, but he is vague about its nature.

The short story "The Princess" illustrates a characteristic Lawrencean "shift" . . . The shift is not only in scene, but in the way the protagonists and the reader relate to the scene, and in the way Lawrence's tone enforces that relation.²⁸

²⁷Widmer, p. 85.

²⁸S. Ronald Weiner, "Irony and Symbolism in 'The Princess,'" *A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany*, Harry T. Moore, ed. (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1959), p. 221.

However, by means of this pollyanalytic exploration of this tale, one can discern not only how but why Lawrence's characters respond to place and subsequently to each other as they do. They are both initially overwhelmed by the pure aspect of inhuman Will that is perceived through contact with spirit of place; they recoil from this hostile force and form a brief sympathetic connection from which, in turn, they recoil to their previous isolate conditions that are maintained by their respective wills-to-power. One is led to believe that Lawrence juxtaposes the true but frightening Power and Will of the Rocky Mountains with the corrupt will-to-power of Dollie (which is responsible for the eventual exertion of Romero's will-to-power) so as to illustrate graphically the squalid unnaturalness of the latter, which becomes all the more apparent when contrasted with the frightening but "natural" Will and Power embodied in the spirit of the mountains. Weiner certainly is accurate in his assessment of the tale when he states that

. . . the tale as a whole powerfully demonstrates that the maintenance of an illusory self destroys one's real and the self-respect of others, that in attempting to be an isolated "something," one becomes nothing.²⁹

That Lawrence correlates pollyanalytics with place in "The Man Who Loved Islands" (1926) has been established in the first chapter of this study. Just as Lawrence's Arctic pollyanalytic is evinced in Cathcart's third island and the Dark-Light dichotomy is incorporated in the first island, so is the Love-Power polarity

²⁹Weiner, p. 225.

portrayed in the spirit of the largest of Cathcart's islands. Almost at every turn, Cathcart finds his efforts to establish the "love ideal" on the island thwarted by the savage powerful spirit that exists in the isle.

. . . As sure as the spirits rose in the human breast, with a movement of joy, an invisible hand struck malevolently out of the silence. There must not be any joy, nor even any quiet peace. A man broke a leg, another was crippled with rheumatic fever. The pigs had some strange disease. A storm drove the yacht on a rock. The mason hated the butler, and refused to let his daughter serve at the house.

Out of the very air came a stony, heavy malevolence. The island itself seemed malicious. It would go on being hurtful and evil for weeks at a time. Then suddenly again one morning it would be fair, lovely as a morning in Paradise, everything beautiful and flowing. And everybody would begin to feel a great relief, and a hope for happiness.

Then as soon as the Master was opened out in spirit like an open flower, some ugly blow would fall (CSS, pp. 730-31).

Before too long, this inhuman spirit of Will and Power breaks Cathcart's own willful attempt to shape the island and human behavior thereon according to an ideal concept of love. Unwilling and unable to subject any longer his will-to-power to such overwhelming true power, Cathcart deserts his large island and opts for a small islet, with which he foolishly hopes to have better luck in making his own. Subsequently, by means of correlating the Power pollyanalytic with the spirit of the large island which, in turn, evokes a specific response from the protagonist, Lawrence continues to utilize his unique method of integrating philosophy, psychology, and place in his fiction.

Almost one year later, May 1927, Lawrence turns again to such integration in the short story "Things." A tale that traces the

philosophical changes over a period of years of an American couple, the Melvilles, we watch as they travel around the world, acquiring antique pieces of furniture as they go. (Their almost religious idealism and their surname parallel Herman Melville, who Lawrence regarded as a mystic idealist.) Their will to live for nourishment of the spirit--they will have it so--results in a "flux of corruption," a hollow hide-bound existence wherein their inner essence eats at itself until it is all but nonexistent. In this long process of dissolution, the Melvilles gradually become the epitome of materialists--lugging all their antiques, artifacts from the "dead" continent of Europe, to willful America, where they store the "things" in a warehouse for three years until they can find a house in which to put them on display in a suitably impressive manner.

Having become disillusioned with Europe's "deathliness" after living there for twelve years, the idealistic Melvilles return to America and seek a kind of spiritual rebirth on the California coast. The inhuman spirit of Power that they encounter there, however, is hardly amenable to their will-to-be-spiritual. Lawrence describes the Melvilles' experience.

Alas! the Pacific pounded the coast with hideous brutality, brute force itself! And the new soul, instead of sweetly stealing into their bodies, seemed only meanly to gnaw the old soul out of their bodies. To feel you are under the fist of the most blind and crunching brute force: to feel that your cherished idealist's soul is being gnawed out of you, and only irritation left in place of it: well, it isn't good enough (CSS, p. 851).

The place determined to be spiritually wanting in all respects, the Melvilles', just like the man who loved islands, recoil from true power's presence and withdraw to a place where their self-important will-to-power is not so threatened: Cleveland.

In May 1928, one year following "Things," Lawrence integrates his Love-Power dichotomy and place for the last time in his short fiction in "Mother and Daughter." Rachael and Virginia Bodoïn, the mother and daughter of the title, both have a caustic wit, and they tend to "sit on" people whom they do not like. They team up for a time and move into an apartment in Bloomsbury, where they entertain eligible young bachelors until Mrs. Bodoïn inadvertantly scares them all off after having "obliterated" them by means of her free-wheeling will-to-power--which Virginia emulates. Before too long, however, the will-to-dominate that reigns in each of the women's psyches begins to conflict one against the other. Each woman is irritated by the mere presence of the other, and Virginia finds the apartment itself, decorated by her mother, to be unbearable.

. . . Virginia felt it was the last grand act of bullying on her mother's part, she felt bullied by the assertive Aubusson carpet, by the beastly Venetian mirrors, by the big over-cultured flowers. She even felt bullied by the excellent food, and longed again for a Soho restaurant and her two poky, shabby rooms in the hotel. She loathed the apartment: she loathed everything (CSS, p. 817).

Rachael Bodoïn's will-to-power is integrated with the very apartment to such an extent that her daughter recoils from both the apartment and her mother. As Leavis notes:

The impossibility of their continued living together presents itself to us as the most formidable of facts; a field of force seems to be generated between them in spite of themselves that leaves no relation possible except antagonism.³⁰

Virginia's unsympathetic response to her mother's will-to-power initiates her sympathetic connection with an Armenian older than she--much to her mother's disgust--which eventually results in a clean break between mother and daughter.

Quite clearly spirit of place's correlation with the Power polarity is oblique and does not play as major a role in this late tale as it does in most of the earlier stories covered in this section. However, the presence of this Lawrencean device in this late story is significant, for it supports the tale's thematic development and illustrates a consistency in Lawrence's art by means of this incorporation of his philosophical-psychological tenets.

Lawrence's Love-Power pollyanalytic, sans its integration with spirit of place, also is prominent in the following tales: "The Christening" (1912), "The Blind Man" (1918), "The Fox" (1918), "Monkey Nuts" (1919), "The Ladybird" (1921), "The Woman Who Rode Away" (1924), "Sun" (1925), and "The Man Who Died" (1927 & 1928). One can conclude by means of an examination of the composition dates of these stories and those discussed in detail in this section that Lawrence was interested in the Love-Power dichotomy as early as 1912 but that it was not until the early twenties, especially 1924, that he began overtly to correlate this pollyanalytic with spirit of

³⁰Leavis, p. 349.

place in his short fiction. By 1928, however, with "Mother and Daughter," Lawrence's use of this particular pollyanalytic's integration technique was on the wane. However it is important to note that Lawrence presents in "Mother and Daughter" a place that almost parodies places of true power that appear in stories written but a few years prior to 1928. (His depiction of Mrs. Bodoïn's stifling apartment, with its will-to-power and sense of self-importance, certainly captures his view of civilization at its worst.) In this sense, one thus can perceive how Lawrence's correlation of polly-analytic and place is significant, even in this late tale, wherein it is so seemingly slight, for it calls to mind places of true Love and true Power, alongside which this apartment deservedly dwindles in stature and vitality.

CHAPTER III

LIFE AND DEATH

Places of Death Versus Places of Life

Nature, alive and flourishing, elicited a joyful vital response from Lawrence, just as it does in so many of his fictional characters who have been infused with enough of life's quickness to feel connection with nature's life force. Vacationing at Littlehampton in the summer of 1915, Lawrence wrote to Lady Cynthia Asquith of the pleasure that he found in the pristine pulsating setting.

We have lived a few days on the seashore, with the wave banging up at us. Also over the river, beyond the ferry, there is the flat silvery world, as in the beginning, untouched: with pale sand, and very much white foam, row after row, coming from under the sky, in the silver evening; . . . the flat unfinished world running with foam and noise and silvery light, and a few gulls swinging like a half-born thought. It is a great thing to realize that the original world is still there--perfectly clean and pure (Letters, p. 249).

Similarly, Lawrence's great esteem for natural settings that impart a vital sense of the life force is evident in a letter of May 11, 1917, to Catherine Carswell.

I have never seen anything so beautiful as the gorse this year, and the blackthorn. The gorse blazes in sheets of yellow fire, and the blackthorn is like white smoke, filling the valley bed. Primroses and violets are full out, and the bluebells are just coming. It is very magnificent and royal . . . My gardens are so lovely, everything growing in rows, and so fast--such nice green rows of all kinds of young things. It looks like a triumph of life itself (Letters, p. 412).

Implicit in each of these descriptive passages is Lawrence's belief that man's vitality does not parallel that found in nature and landscape so much as it establishes contact with it, which results in a reciprocal relationship of vital reinforcement. The same is true of man's connection with his fellowman. As Lawrence states in Studies in Classic American Literature (1923).

What is the breath of life? My dear, it is the strange current of interchange that flows between men and men, men and women, and men and things. A constant current of inter-flow, a constant vibrating interchange. That is the breath of life (SCAL, p. 124).

Lawrence respects this "breath of life" to such an extent that he formulates a moral code with life as its base. In the essay "Return to Bestwood" (1926), he presents the Nietzschean statement:

What is alive, and open, and active, is good. All that makes for inertia, lifelessness, dreariness, is bad. This is the essence of morality. What we should live for is life and the beauty of aliveness, imagination, awareness, and contact (Phoenix II, p. 266).

This vitalistic theme, so inherent in all of Lawrence's fiction, is expressed wonderfully in characteristic Lawrencean fashion in the essay "The Novel" (1925).

We have to choose between the quick and the dead. The quick is God-flame, in everything. And the dead is dead. In this room where I write, there is a little table that is dead: it doesn't even weakly exist. And there is a ridiculous little iron stove, which for some unknown reason is quick. And there is an iron wardrobe trunk, which for some still more mysterious reason is quick. And there are several books, whose mere corpus is dead, utterly dead and non-existent. And there is a sleeping cat, very quick. And a glass lamp, alas, is dead.

What makes the difference? Quien sabe! But difference there is. And I know it.

And the sum and source of all quickness we will call God.
And the sum and total of all deadness we may call human.

And if one tries to find out wherein the quickness of the quick lies, it is in a certain weird relationship between that which is quick and--I don't know; perhaps all the rest of things. It seems to consist in an odd sort of fluid, changing, grotesque or beautiful relatedness (Phoenix II, pp. 419-20).

This vital "relatedness" between the quick in nature and in man is described very appositely by Mark Spilka:

. . . just as the essence of religious ritual is communion, so Lawrence saw all deeply significant contacts between human beings--or even between man and the living universe--as spontaneous forms of communion, either sacred or debased, either nourishing or reductive.¹

Similarly, Graham Hough comments on this essential aspect of Lawrence's philosophy:

. . . For him God is in nature. He flames in the poppy, darts in the snake, ripens and bursts in the fig . . . God only transcends these things in the sense that he is more than any one of them. But he has no being outside them . . . God, then, is the whole natural order seen in the mode of reverence and delight . . . and all creatures, including man must find their fulfillment in their natural being, in harmony with the whole natural order . . . His apprehension of the world is far closer to that of primitive religion, which had not thought to distinguish clearly between organic and inorganic, spirit and matter, but saw the whole universe and parts of it simply and obviously alive.²

Anyone who has read any of Lawrence's fiction recognizes the truth and accuracy of this assessment.

¹Mark Spilka, "Ritual Form in 'The Blind Man'" in D. H. Lawrence: A Collection of Critical Essays, Mark Spilka, ed. (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1963), pp. 112-13.

²Graham Hough, p. 224.

Lawrence's Life-Death pollyanalytic is woven skillfully into the fabric of virtually all of his fiction. A "vitalist," Lawrence's themes concern man's dissociation from life in the modern world. As he writes in "The Crown" (1915 & 1925),

While we live, we are balanced between the flux of life
and the flux of death . . .

While we live, we change, and our flowering is a constant
change.

But once we fall into the state of egoism, we cannot change.
The ego, the self-conscious ego remains fixed, a final envelope
around us . . .

And as we can't be born, we can only rot (Phoenix II,
p. 396).

So it is that many of Lawrence's fictional characters are portrayed as egoists--willful individuals deathward bound. It is also for this reason that Lawrence's most significant characters are those who allow themselves to be drawn to life's quickness. Paul Morel, Ursula Brangwen, Rupert Birkin, Kate Leslie, Constance Chatterley: each seeks and finds connection with life's flow. It is the same with the short fiction. Many protagonists therein are presented with the opportunity to form a vital connection with life. Often such established circuits are between the protagonist and a distinctly inhuman object that overflows with vital effluence. Janice Harris writes of such Lawrencean incorporation of life in animals and landscape.

Among the ways Lawrence asserts his belief in an animated universe is to dramatize the unique responsiveness or life mode of a specific natural object--a stallion, a fox, a rabbit, or a Rocky Mountain landscape--until the

responsiveness of the particular image expands to imply the quickness of the entire living, mysterious universe.³

Lawrence's integration of his Life-Death pollyanalytic with spirit of place is the focus of this chapter. Man is in harmony with Lawrence's Life principle, it will be recalled, when the four centers of his psycho are balanced; however, a psychic imbalance results in such negative manifestations as dominant spiritual will, will-to-power, will-to-separateness, and over intellectualization: life-denying features connected with the Death principle. Lawrence's Places of Life invariably possess an organic wholeness and health that correlates with a balanced psycho. Thus, "live" places often exhibit quickness, spontaneity, warmth, openness, and freshness. His Places of Death are inorganic (sometimes mechanical) and correspond with psychic imbalance. Accordingly, Lawrence's "dead" places are stagnant, inert, fixed, rigid, and cold. This section will investigate tales wherein characters move toward a balanced psyche--toward a rejuvenated Life--by means of an established connection with Places of Life and/or by their rejection of Places of Death.

Stories wherein characters respond vitally to Life in spirit of place will be discussed first; the tales in which characters reject Death in spirit of place will be explored second. Although some of the stories discussed in this section involve both means of psychic

³Janice Harris, "Insight and Experiment in D. H. Lawrence's Early Short Fiction," Philological Quarterly, 55 (Summer 1976), 430.

rebirth, one or the other predominates, inevitably. This grouping of tales, although it departs from the strictly chronological presentation utilized in the earlier chapters, is warranted by the thematic similarity of the great number of tales in this section, and it subsequently will provide a more clear and concise view of Lawrence's pollyanalytic artistry therein. The same is true of this chapter's second section, as well.

Since a great many of Lawrence's tales that involve the rebirth theme wherein the Life-Death pollyanalytic is correlated with place have been discussed in earlier sections of this study, detailed analyses are provided mostly for stories not previously explored. The remaining works, although receiving less explication, are examined fully for their Life-Death pollyanalytic significance.

This section illustrates a developing pattern in Lawrence's short fiction wherein place becomes a correlative of his Life-Death pollyanalytic and wherein psychical rebirth occurs. As denoted by the groupings of the tales in this section, eight stories involve rebirth by a character's vital response to the life principle as it is imbued in spirit of place, and eight different tales concern a character's rebirth by means of that character's rejection of the Death principle that is integrated in place and his subsequent turning towards life. Five of the eight tales that fall into this latter group were written between 1911 and 1919, and seven of the eight tales from group one were written between 1921 and 1928. Thus, it is evident that Lawrence's rebirth motif, in connection with his Life-Death

pollyanalytic, was moving away from the employment of places of Death as being predominate in the tales to the predominate incorporation of places of Life therein. One can only speculate as to this movement's significance, but perhaps it reflects Lawrence's gradual distancing of himself from the anti-life forces of World War I and the revitalizing effect that the American Southwest had upon him for several years.

"Strike Pay," written in March 1912, is a tale that captures the difficult times of a young recently-married English coalminer and his pregnant wife who live with the latter's widowed mother out of economic necessity. Lawrence's description of the miner's living quarters presents the grim economic reality of their lives and correlates his Death pollyanalytic with the cluttered dismal place.

It stands in the Square. Forty years ago, when Bryan and Wentworth opened their pits, they put up the "squares" of miners' dwellings. They are two great quadrangles of houses enclosing a barren stretch of ground, littered with broken pots and rubbish, which forms a square (CSS, p. 45).

For Lawrence this world of ugliness and enclosure, so reminiscent of his native Eastwood, is always a form of the Death principle.

Forced temporarily to live on a meager strike-pay, several miners one day decide to "cut loose" and walk nine miles to see a football match. Ephraim Wharmby, the protagonist, is shamed into accompanying these cronies on this adventure, and as they walk through the blooming countryside, they become animated and alive, temporarily shrugging off the heavy-heartedness that so often weights them down. As they approach the town of Nuttall, they pass a graveyard that is an obvious correlative of Lawrence's Life-Death pollyanalytic.

They swung along the high-road under the budding trees. In Nuttall churchyard the crocuses blazed with yellow at the brim of the balanced, black yews. White and purple crocuses clipt up over the graves, as if the churchyard were bursting out in tiny tongues of flame (CSS, p. 48).

For a time, life's flame flares--as in the flowers, so in the men. The countryside's vitality is absorbed by the mine-deadened benumbed miners. As Lawrence notes, "It was a beautiful day, mild, pale, blue, a 'growing day,' as the men said, when there was the silence of swelling sap everywhere" (CSS, p. 49).

Ephraim's subsequent loss of his "strike-pay" while riding a pit-pony for a lark, his solitary walk back to his wife and willful mother-in-law, the accidental death he witnesses along the way, and the scene that he knows awaits him over the lost money are sobering events that greatly diminish the life connection established so shortly before between the landscape and himself. However, the spontaneous manner that he stands up to his bullying mother-in-law (undoubtedly for the first time) and the closing lines of the story, "She attended to him. Not that she was really meek. But--he was her man, not her mother's" (CSS, p. 53), reflect Ephraim's newly acquired manhood.

E. W. Tedlock writes of this story, "the miners take a moral holiday from which they gain a desultory, temporary sense of adventure and mastery."⁴ But surely Ephraim's "mastery" is not temporary. Ephraim's newly formed connection with the spirit of Life, which

⁴E. W. Tedlock, p. 27.

Lawrence integrates into the English Midland countryside, has elicited a vital flame-like response in him that he carries even into the depths of his mother-in-law's den. Thus, Lawrence's excellent closing lines reflect the deep regard that Ephraim and his wife feel for each other. Their reestablished vital connection supplants any battle-of-will that may have existed formerly between them and implies the rebirth of their relationship. The pregnancy of Ephraim's wife thus becomes emblematic of the couple's rejuvenated vital union.

Another short story not yet contemplated in this study is "Sun" (1925), a Lawrencean tour de force that illustrates nicely the artist's pollyanalytic awareness and increased skill some 13 years after the composition of "Strike Pay" in integrating the Life-Death dichotomy with place. "Sun" concerns an American woman, Juliet, who is directed by her doctor to go to the south of Europe--into the sun--to improve her health. Leaving her passionless husband behind, Juliet takes their young child and one midnight sails from New York Harbor. The cursory description of the embarkment and the voyage makes it apparent that Juliet is leaving a place of Death for a place of Life.

The ship ebbed on, the Hudson seemed interminable. But at last they were round the bend, and there was the poor harvest of lights at the Battery. Liberty flung up her torch in a tantrum. There was the wash of the sea.

And though the Atlantic was grey as lava, she did come at last into the sun (CSS, p. 529).

Soon after her arrival on the isle of Sicily, Juliet follows her doctor's orders and begins to take sun baths. She finds an

isolated place on the island where she can sun bathe nude in privacy. However, as she feels the sun's rays pour down upon her body, she begins to undergo a change--a connection is formed between her and the vital Male principle of the sun.

But she found a place: a rocky bluff, shoved out to the sea and sun and overgrown with large cactus . . .

. . . She slid off all her clothes and lay naked in the sun . . . He faced down to her with his look of blue fire, and enveloped her breasts and her face, her throat, her tired belly, her knees, her thighs and her feet.

. . . She could feel the sun penetrating even into her bones; nay, farther, even into her emotions and her thoughts. The dark tensions of her emotion began to give way, the cold dark clots of her thoughts began to dissolve. She was beginning to feel warm right through. Turning over, she let her shoulders dissolve in the sun, her loins, the backs of her thighs, even her heels. And she lay half stunned with wonder at the thing that was happening to her. Her weary, chilled heart was melting, and, in melting, evaporating (CSS, pp. 530-531).

. . . Every day, in the morning towards noon, she lay at the foot of the powerful, silver-pawed cypress tree, while the sun rode jovial in heaven. By now she knew the sun in every thread of her body, there was not a cold shadow left. And her heart, that anxious, straining heart, had disappeared altogether, like a flower that falls in the sun, and leaves only a ripe seed-case (CSS, p. 532).

. . . She was like another person. She was another person (CSS, p. 533).

So it is that Juliet experiences a kind of metamorphosis wherein her former fretful and willful self is transformed into a woman who is very much alive and sympathetically connected with life that surrounds her on the southern island, which is nourished by the sun.

Harry T. Moore is correct in his assertion that "Sun" "embodies much of his [Lawrence's] essential doctrine, dramatized

through symbolism."⁵ This tale is an excellent example of Lawrence's vitalism, certainly. Mark Schorer, too, comments on "Sun" and Lawrence's use of place therein.

Place, in Lawrence's account, is seldom presented without its cultural and even sociological implications as Lawrence perceives them . . . Or, if the implications are not directly cultural and sociological, they are psychological, as in that most intense evocation of all the places that he drew, the Sicilian landscape in the story "Sun" in which ritualistic rebirth is nearly accomplished; and accomplished through the power of place.⁶

Schorer hedges on the completeness of Juliet's transition to Life because of her eventual return to her "lifeless" and "city-branded" husband. But Juliet's subsequent rejection of a vital peasant to whom she is attracted sexually and her acceptance of her husband as the inevitable father of her next child illustrates just how "complete" she has become. She recognizes the presence of the sun's sympathetic element in all men and will thus turn to her lawful mate for spiritual-physical consummation. Her vital connection with the sun, presumably, will afford her once lifeless marriage a new opportunity to flourish via sympathetic connection. This is not to say that the chances for such a revitalized marriage are good; they are not. In the final analysis, Juliet's return to her husband may well be an illustration of the lifeless direction that Lawrence viewed modern

⁵Harry T. Moore, pp. 413-14.

⁶Mark Schorer, p. 288.

man as having taken. In Lawrence's last work, Apocalypse, he sets forth his vitalistic views on the sun, which shed light on Juliet's connection with this life force in "Sun."

The sun has a great blazing consciousness, and I have a little blazing consciousness. When I can strip myself of the trash of personal feelings and ideas, and get down to my naked sun-self, then the sun and I can commune by the hour, the blazing interchange, and he gives me life, sun-life, and I send him a little new brightness from the world of the bright blood. The great sun, like an angry dragon, hater of the nervous and personal consciousness in us. As all these modern sunbathers must realize, for they become disintegrated by the very sun that bronzes them. But the sun, like a lion, loves the bright red blood of life, and can give it an infinite enrichment if we know how to receive it. But we don't. We have lost the sun. And he only falls on us and destroys us, decomposing something in us (Apocalypse, p. 28).

Juliet finds the sun and is created anew by its vital life-flow that permeates the southern isle. Whether she loses her connection with Life after having discovered it is conjectural. However, Lawrence's skillful correlation of Life with place in this tale makes for one of his most powerful vitalistic statements to appear in his fiction.

Although the following six tales have been discussed earlier in this study, Lawrence's integration of his Life-Death polarity with place in these stories and the manner that this device aids in the development of his vitalistic theme make it imperative that they be re-examined in these new contexts. For the most part different passages from those formerly employed from the stories are utilized to illustrate the correlation of Lawrence's Life-Death pollyanalytic with place therein.

"The Ladybird" (1921), discussed in Chapter II, braces the development of Count Psanek and Lady Beveridge's love relationship from their respective rebirths to their fully-realized vital connection. Almost killed in World War I, Psanek's ensuing circuit to Life is supported by the spirit of Life that he experiences everywhere in the countryside around Thoresway, where he is recuperating.

And the charm of the old manor around him, the garden with its grey stone walls and yew hedges--broad, broad yew hedges--and a peacock pausing to glitter and scream in the busy silence of an English spring, when celandines open their yellow under the hedges, and violets are in the secret, and by the broad paths of the garden polyanthus and crocuses vary the velvet and flame, and bits of yellow wallflower shake raggedly, with a wonderful triumphance, out of the cracks of the wall. There was a fold somewhere near, and he could hear the treble bleat of the growing lambs, and the deeper, contented baa-ing of the ewes (FSN, p. 99).

It will be recalled that he seems to see the Roman's spirit in the rows of elm trees that are visible from his roof-top perch. In addition the budding flowers, the peacocks and the sheep, as well as the seasonal spring weather, strike a chord in his developing nature. Soon thereafter, Lady Beveridge senses that "the Count had something that was hot and invisible, a dark flame of life that might warm the cold white fire of her own blood" (FSN, p. 99).

Psanek's subsequent recovery of his health and his newly vitalized Nietzschean disregard for the modern world anticipate the dark vital connection that is established between Daphne Beveridge and himself at the story's end. Joost Daalder comments astutely about Psanek's rebirth and its significance:

The status of a character depends on his/her ability to be reborn in the lower consciousness and to be released from the shackles of the upper consciousness-notably from the tyranny of such things as ideals, the life of the spirit, benevolence, the conventional notion of 'love,' a belief in the virtue of democracy, etc. The Count, amongst other things, therefore is King of Hades; Daphne becomes a mythological figure.⁷

E. W. Tedlock's view of "The Ladybird" involves these same Lawrencean aspects: "The details of the story are unified by their ultimate reference to the central death and resurrection symbol of the lady bird and Psanek's concomitant power."⁸ Of course, Lawrence viewed the exercise of power as a pure expression of Life, as he notes in the essay "Blessed Are the Powerful" (1925).

Living consists in doing what you really, vitally want to do: what the life in you wants to do, not what your ego imagines you want to do. And to find out how the life in you wants to be lived . . . this is the real exercise of power (Phoenix II, p. 433).

Accordingly, Psanek must be viewed as being direct connection with Life at the end of the short novel. As W. R. Irwin observes, "Despite wounds, near-death, and imprisonment in England, he retains his masterless energy, his anger against the world of man, and his dedication to the 'blessed god of destruction.'"⁹ It is for this

⁷Joost Daalder, "Background and Significance of D. H. Lawrence's 'The Ladybird,'" D. H. Lawrence Review, 15(Spring-Summer, 1982), 110.

⁸Tedlock, p. 121.

⁹W. R. Irwin, p. 165.

reason, notes Tedlock, that "Psanek can be her lover, because he is, in a sense, the priest of the vitalistic source."¹⁰

To emphasize the vitalistic theme of the tale, Lawrence has Psanek depart from Daphne at the story's close with the inevitability of his return assured. Thus, Widmer is correct in his assertion that the Count's promised return parallels "an eternal cycle of return and regeneration . . ."¹¹ Accordingly, Count Dionys(us) Psanek's newly established connection with Life is reflected in his day-to-day actions which, in turn, correspond with the cosmic rhythm of the Life-Death polarity.

A similar rebirth into the realm of Life from modern society's sterile unvital world is borne by Miss James in "The Last Laugh" (1924). As she walks to her flat in Hampstead late one snowy night, she witnesses Pan's return. Initially she senses the god's presence in some "big black holly trees tufted with snow, and old, ribbed, silent English elms" (CSS, p. 634). Her response takes the form of "a blithe, unaccustomed sense of power" (CSS, p. 637), and London's air is "full of presences"--"no longer heavy and clammy, saturated with ghosts of the unwilling dead" (CSS, p. 638). The sight of a church being ransacked by this powerful and life-promoting presence, the smell of spring that pervades the scene, and Miss James'

¹⁰Tedlock, p. 123.

¹¹Kingsley Widmer, p. 48.

miraculously restored hearing illustrate the vital nature of transformation that is occurring in London and in the protagonist. The following morning finds the spirit of Life in attendance where Death had previously prevailed. Lawrence describes the scene:

. . . She could see the snow outside, the bare, purplish trees. The air all seemed rare and different. Suddenly the world had become quite different: as if some skin or integument had broken, as if the old, mouldering London sky had crackled and rolled back, like an old skin, shrivelled, leaving an absolutely new blue heaven (CSS, p. 641).

Miss James, too, has formed a connection with Pan's life-force. Although she is not changed utterly--she needs the touch of a vital man before "she herself would emerge new and tender out of an old, hard skin" (CSS, p. 643)--she is revitalized enough to see the ridiculousness of her former lifeless existence. The closing of the tale wherein Miss James detects Pan's almond blossom scent--the almond is called the symbol of resurrection in Birds, Beasts, and Flowers--as she views the suddenly struck-down Marchbanks in a life-denying sensualist, illustrates her continuing connection with the rejuvenated Life principle, emblematic of Pan, which is integrated with what so recently were lifeless London locales.

Lawrence employs Pan as a vitalistic vehicle in another work, "St. Mawr" (1924), which was completed eight months after "The Last Laugh." Again, England is spiritless, and Lou Witt recognizes with horror her own lifeless nature only after perceiving true Life in the red stallion St. Mawr. Subsequently, she discerns the deadly essence of her world.

Since she had really seen St. Mawr looming fiery and terrible in an outer darkness, she could not believe the world she lived in. She could not believe it was actually happening, when she was dancing in the afternoon at Claridge's, or in the evening at the Carlton, sliding about with some suave young man who wasn't like a man at all to her . . . She seemed to be eating Barmecide food, that had been conjured up out of thin air, by the power of words . . . The strange nonentity of it all! Everything just conjured up, and nothing real (St. M., p. 27).

It might be argued that Lawrence uses the New Mexican landscape in this short novel as a literal metaphor for the kind of power usually associated with Pan--impersonal and vital--that is not present in modern civilization.

Lou wishes to form a connection with this vital spirit of Will, which she sees as holy. As she views the ranch, Las Chivas,

. . . it seemed to her that the hidden fire was alive and burning in this sky, over the desert, in the mountains. She felt a certain latent holiness in the very atmosphere, a young spring-fire of latent holiness, such as she had never felt in Europe, or in the East (St. M., p. 140).

Her recognition of Pan's vitalism in the very landscape and her desire to honor this principle of Life lead her to self-realization. Thus, Lou says, "I am one of the eternal Virgins, serving the eternal free," and "I want my temple and my loneliness and my Apollo mystery of the inner fire" (St. M., p. 140). This decision of Lou's echoes a Lawrencean idea recorded almost ten years prior to "St. Mawr" in "Study of Thomas Hardy." Herein Lawrence criticizes society's irreligious and repressive nature as it affected Judy Fawley and Sue Bridehead.

But why, in casting off one or another form of religion, has man ceased to be religious altogether? Why will he not recognize Sue and Jude, as Cassandra was recognized long ago, and Achilles, and the Vestals, and the nuns, and the monks? Why must being be denied altogether?

Sue had a being, special and beautiful . . .

She was not a woman. She was Sue Bridehead, something very particular. Why was there no place for her? Cassandra had the Temple of Apollo. Why are we so foul that we have no reverence for that which we are and for that which is amongst us? If we had reverence for our life, our life would take at once religious form . . .

If we had reverence for what we are, our life would take real form, and Sue would have a place, as Cassandra had a place . . . (Phoenix, p. 510).

Lou Witt, it seems, has found such a place wherein the religious form of her life reflects the reverence she has for Life, integrated as it is in the New Mexican landscape.

This living landscape of "St. Mawr," essential as it is to the tale's theme, has received some critical attention. For example, Frank Kermode observes rightly:

. . . its metaphysical implications do not reduce its physical presence. The American wilderness into which Lawrence . . . sends his heroine to find herself, is the antithesis of England's countryside, which has grown "little, old, unreal."¹²

F. R. Leavis correctly correlates the land's spirit of Life with Lou's revitalized existence (although he does not examine Lou's pollyanalytic connection with place);

. . . the life she (Lou) proposes on the ranch, with its history and its symbolic value, in the 'wild America' is the antithesis of that represented by the Bloomsbury world she lived in with Rico. And we still feel that she truly

¹²Frank Kermode, D. H. Lawrence (New York: Viking Press, 1973), p. 120.

apprehends, in this antithesis, something positive, a possibility of creative life . . .¹³

Then there is Kenneth Inniss, whose appraisal of the tale as "an individual quest for connection with the dragon-wilderness of potentiality so as to get life 'straight from the source,'"¹⁴ is most accurate.

Lou Witt is like Lawrence himself, who was to write in the essay "New Mexico" (1928), "In the magnificent fierce morning of New Mexico one sprang awake, a new part of the soul woke up suddenly, and the old world gave way to a new" (Phoenix, p. 142). She has been reborn into the world of Life, leaving her former realm of Death behind. As Alan Wilde notes:

. . . Lou enters into her inheritance in a more mature and more Lawrentian spirit. She is aware that life at Las Chivas will exact a difficult balance from her, for she must neither give in to the debilitating breath of the mountains nor attempt to impose on her surroundings the civilization she has rejected.¹⁵

Like Miss James, who is similarly rejuvenated via her contact with Pan's vitalism, Lou Witt finds herself at the story's end on the threshold of a new world wherein she will be in direct contact with Lawrence's principle of Life.

¹³F. R. Leavis, p. 306.

¹⁴Kenneth Inniss, p. 174.

¹⁵Alan Wilde, "The Illusion of 'St. Mawr': Technique and Vision in D. H. Lawrence's Novel, PMLA, 169.

In his essay "Taos" (1922), Lawrence writes:

The Indians say Taos is the heart of the world . . .
Places can lose their living nodality . . . Taos still
retains its old nodality (Phoenix, p. 100).

Fascinated with the Indians of the American Southwest and the manner that they lived in religious harmony with the land, it is understandable that Lawrence would write "The Woman Who Rode Away" (1924), wherein an Indian tribes' ancient adherence to the principle of Life is contrasted with western civilization's movement toward disintegration and Death. Divided into two sections in which as R. P. Draper notes, section one's death-movement counterpoises section two's life-movement,¹⁶ the first part of the tale correlates the lifeless nature of the protagonist's existence with a wretched little Mexican town and the land upon which it is located, where she lives with her silver-miner husband.

. . . Great green-covered, unbroken mountain-hills, and in the midst of the lifeless isolation, the sharp pinkish mounds of the dried mud from the silver-works. Under the nakedness of the works, the walled-in, one-storey adobe house . . .

.
And in his battered Ford car her husband would take her into the dead, thrice-dead little Spanish town forgotten among the mountains. The great, sun-dried dead church, the dead portales, the hopeless covered marketplace, where, the first time she went, she saw a dead dog lying between the meat-stalls and the vegetable array, stretched out as if for ever, nobody troubling to throw it away. Deadness within deadness (CSS, pp. 546-47).

¹⁶R. P. Draper, "The Defeat of Feminism: D. H. Lawrence's 'The Fox' and 'The Woman Who Rode Away,'" Studies in Short Fiction, 5(Spring 1966), 195.

Only the distant mountains, "green-covered" and "unbroken," afford the protagonist a perception of Life, and, suddenly rousing herself from out of a stupor wherein she has merely existed for the past ten years, she one day rides off to them in hopes of leaving such lifelessness behind. Graham Hough writes aptly of this deadness from which she travels:

. . . The little Spanish town is dead, for it represents an alien civilization . . . The church is dead because it represents an alien faith. The whole scene exists powerfully in its own right; but it is also a grim symbol of modern Western civilization withering amid the terrifying powers of nature with which it has no living connection.¹⁷

Having been taken captive by Chilchuis Indians, the tale's second part begins with the woman who rode away being conveyed to their remote village deep in the mountains, a vital place that is the obverse of the place of Death from which the protagonist has journeyed.

. . . in the full blaze of the mid-morning sun, they could see a valley below them, between walls of rock, as in a great wide chasm let in the mountains. A green valley, with a river, and trees, and clusters of low flat sparkling houses. It was all tiny and perfect, three thousand feet below. Even the flat bridge over the stream, and the square with the houses around it, the bigger buildings piled up at opposite ends of the square, the tall cotton-wood trees, the pastures and stretches of yellow-sere maize, the patches of brown sheep or goats in the distance, on the slopes, the railed enclosures the stream-side. There it was, all small and perfect, looking magical, as any place will look magical, seen from the mountains above (CSS, pp. 558-59).

As the Indians and their prisoner come closer to the village, its vital nature becomes even more apparent.

¹⁷Hough, pp. 141-42.

They had emerged in the valley-head. Just in front were the maize-fields, with ripe ears of maize . . .

They passed the maize, and came to a big wall or earthwork made of earth and adobe bricks. The wooden doors were open. Passing on, they were in a network of small gardens, full of flowers and herbs and fruit trees, each garden watered by a tiny ditch of running water (CSS, p. 561).

However, the protagonist forms no vital connection with this vibrant landscape; as Lawrence describes her condition, "she saw the bright flowers shadowily, as pale shadows hovering, as one who is dead must see them" (CSS, p. 559). Her will-to-power having been destroyed by her Indian captors, the protagonist's old self had died. She must gain a new perception of the world and her role therein and thus be reborn.

As the months pass in the Indian village, the protagonist's "ordinary personal consciousness" defers to a "state of passional cosmic consciousness" as she gradually succumbs to the Indian's vision (CSS, p. 574). She subsequently begins to see literal presences in the upper air above the village: a sign that her former perception of reality has died and been transformed into the vital cosmic vision of the Indians. The woman thus attains direct connection with the living universe, although she still cannot go as far as the Indians. She has progressed in her lifeward journey almost as far as is possible for her. Thus, her subsequent destruction at the hands of the Indians is the culmination of her connection with Life.

Lawrence reconciles this seeming ambiguity in his essay "The Crown" (1915 & 1925):

Destruction and Creation are the two relative absolutes between the opposing infinities. Life is in both. Life may even, for a while be almost entirely in one, or almost entirely in the other. The end of either oneness is death. For life is really in the two, the absolute is the pure relation, which is both (Phoenix II, p. 404).

The protagonist realizes that her sacrificial death will result in the rejuvenation of the Indian's universe. Accordingly, the Indian's destruction of her is an act of creation that will reunite them with the quick of the cosmos. So it is that the protagonist's individual rebirth and subsequent connection with Life (although it leads to her physical death) has generated a cosmic resurrection for the Chilchuis tribe. Writes Graham Hough on this tale's theme of rebirth,

A mystery of death and rebirth, certainly; but not one of the joyful mysteries in which the victim itself is to be reborn. What is reborn is an impersonal power, mana, and the victim is simply there to accomplish its transfer from one people and one mode of consciousness to another.¹⁸

Surely this view is correct.

One additional note is in order. The woman who rode away, like Lou Witt of "St. Mawr" and Juliet of "Sun," departs from the Death that she sees everywhere around her and that she feels creeping into her very being and begins a long journey, both literally and figuratively, to Life. In each instance the life with which the protagonist forms a connection emanates from a specific place, which Lawrence has integrated with his Life pollyanalytic. When Lawrence wrote his essay "New Mexico" (1928) several years after these tales,

¹⁸Hough, p. 144.

his presentation of the Indians' attempt to form a connection with Life, which is curiously similar to these three protagonists' efforts, implies that great religious dedication is necessary on the pilgrims' part. He writes:

. . . the whole life-effort of man was to get his life into direct contact with the elemental life of the cosmos, mountain-life, cloud-life, thunder-life, air-life, earth-life, sun-life. To come into immediate felt contact, and so derive energy, power, and a dark sort of joy. This effort into sheer naked contact, without an intermediary or mediator, is the root meaning of religion (Phoenix, pp. 146-47).

Accordingly, one may discern that these three protagonists, each of whom has formed a connection with "the elemental life of the cosmos" as it is integrated with place have succeeded in a religious endeavor made possible by their conscious rejection of Death and their subsequent connection with Life that Lawrence deemed essential in order for a world of quickness and vitality to come into being. Lawrence's view of Life as sacred is presented clearly in these three tales, which provide further insight into the development of Lawrence's religious philosophy.

Another tale written in 1924, the same year as "St. Mawr" and "The Woman Who Rode Away," that deals with Lawrence's belief in destruction as an essential aspect of Life (as does "The Woman Who Rode Away") is "The Border Line." This story is remarkable, not only for Lawrence's skillful correlation of his Life-Death pollyanalytic with place, but also for his presentation of a place that is between Life and Death--the Marne country--which is neither one nor

the other and which becomes the literal and pollyanalytic borderline of the title.

Katherine Farquhar, like the woman who rode away, finds herself merely existing in a lifeless world after having married a cerebral unvital Scotsman, Philip, upon the death of her first husband, Alan, who was killed in World War I. Lawrence describes her response to such lifelessness:

Then gradually, a curious sense of degradation started in her spirit. She felt unsure, uncertain. It was almost like having a disease. Life became dull and unreal to her, as it had never been before. She did not even struggle and suffer. In the numbness of her flesh she could feel no reactions. Everything was turning into mud (CSS, pp. 592-93).

Journeying through the war-torn Marne countryside to join her ailing Philip in Germany, her psyche forms a connection with the deadness of the landscape.

As she looked unseeing out of the carriage window, suddenly, with a jolt, the wintry landscape realized itself in her consciousness. The flat, grey, wintry landscape, ploughed fields of greyish earth that looked as if they were compounded of the clay of dead men. Pallid, stark, thin trees stood like wire beside straight, abstract roads. A ruined farm between a few more trees. And a dismal village filed past, with smashed houses like rotten teeth between the straight rows of the village street (CSS, p. 593).

As Michaels-Tonks accurately notes, this winter landscape, wherein "everything seems dead and dismal, with no hope left," is "an image of her [Katherine's] own frozen weariness and of that which besets society."¹⁹ As she approaches the Rhine valley, the divisive

¹⁹ Michaels-Tonks, pp. 157-58.

borderline between the deadness of post-war Western Europe and Germany's gradual vital resurgence, Katherine enters a religion of limbo-like neutrality. Lawrence describes this place as a "point of pure negation, where the two races [the Latin and the Germanic] neutralised one another, and no polarity was felt, no life--no principle dominated" (CSS, p. 599). Temporarily nullified herself, it is her connection with the blood beast present in the Strasburg cathedral--that vital yet destructive force "waiting, implacable and eternal, ready at last to crush our white brittleness and let the shadowy blood move erect once more, in a new implacable pride and strength" (CSS, p. 596)--that reunites her with Alan's spirit and anticipates her crossover to Germany: a place of Life.

Lawrence's vivid description of place and his integration of his Life pollyanalytic therein is presented with great mastery when Katherine leaves the death and nullity behind her as she departs from the borderline region and travels into Germany.

At last they set off, northwards, free for the moment, in Germany. It was the land beyond the Rhine, Germany of the pine forests. The very earth seemed strong and unsubdued, bristling with a few reeds and bushes, like savage hair. There was the same silence, and waiting, and the old barbaric undertone of the white-skinned north, under the waning civilization. The audible overtone of our civilization seemed to be wearing thin, the old, low, pine forest hum and roar of the ancient north seemed to be sounding through (CSS, p. 600).

Michaels-Tonks observes that Germany in this tale "no longer represents mental abstraction and mechanical life (as it does in "The Prussian Officer" and "The Thorn in the Flesh"), for "it is a

country that has reverted to barbarism."²⁰ The critic continues with her accurate assessment of the tale's thematic movement from Death to Life.

Barbarism is set up in this story against modern civilization, which is conceived of as dead and sterile, while barbarism offers a chance to return to an older way of life with its sense of pride and courage. The spirit of place in Germany gives Katherine some of the strength and courage that she was lacking in England, while it destroys the weak Philip."²¹

Katherine's connection with the vitality of place in Germany is her Lawrencean salvation, certainly. She begins to despise the weak and passionless Philip, whose little will-to-power gradually is being crushed, as is his desire to live, by the vital Will imbued in Germany (the same Pan-power kind of Will that Lou Witt finds in New Mexico). Katherine senses the presence of the alive and passionate spirit of her dead husband, Alan, in the German landscape. For example, when walking in a forest one day:

. . . She could feel Alan among the trees, the thrill and vibration of him. And sometimes she would glance with beating heart at a great round fir-trunk that stood so alive and potent, so physical, bristling all its vast drooping greenness above the snow. She could feel him, Alan, in the trees' potent presence. She wanted to go and press herself against the trunk (CSS, p. 603).

Philip's subsequent death and Katherine's reunion with Alan's spirit--emblematic of Life's passion and vitality--conclude the tale, and Katherine's literal-metaphorical journey away from Death, through

²⁰Michaels-Tonks, p. 157.

²¹Michaels-Tonks, p. 158.

a void of Neutrality, to a place of Life reaches its terminus. As Robert Hedsbeth states, "The physical journey is simultaneously a metaphor for her psychic transformation."²² Katherine has formed a connection with Life and found in her former husband's spirit a reason for living. Yet how can this be? How can Life issue from Death? It is true that many of Lawrence's protagonists must die and be reborn before they can form a connection with Life; the woman who rode away, the horse dealer's daughter, and the man who died are examples. However, Katherine Farquhar does not metaphorically die; although she is close to death, she retreats from it in time to be rejuvenated by the German landscape's spirit of Life and her husband's ghost. In Fantasia Lawrence indirectly solves this seeming inconsistency with the lines:

I am sorry to say I believe in the souls of the dead.
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 that life is always the life of living
creatures, and death is always our affair (Fantasia,
p. 23).

There it is. Alan's vital passionate spirit indeed does infuse itself in a quickening connection with his wife that gives her strength and helps her turn to the Life principle that she finds imbued in Germany's spirit of place.

The last of the stories to be discussed in this group, "The Man Who Died" (1927 & 1928), concerns Christ's literal and psychic

²²Robert Hudspeth, "Duality as Theme and Technique in D. H. Lawrence's 'The Border Line,'" Studies in Short Fiction, 4(Fall 1966), 51.

rebirth. All but dead, Jesus wakens in his tomb "neither of this world nor the next" (MWD, p. 167). Like Katherine Farquhar's experience in the Marne country, Christ is in a psychically neutral state from which he must journey and establish a connection with Life if he is not to revert to his former deathward direction, wherein his spiritual will predominates in his psyche.

As he walks through a farmer's field, he senses the principle of eternal Life imbued in the living landscape.

. . . He felt the cool silkiness of the young wheat under his feet that had been dead, and the roughishness of its separate life was apparent to him. At the edges of rocks, he saw the silky, silvery-haired buds of the scarlet anemone bending downwards. And they too were in another world. In his own world he was alone, utterly alone. These things around him were in a world that had never died. But he himself had died, or had been killed from out of it, and all that remained now was the great void nausea of utter disillusion (MWD, p. 168).

Temporarily transfixed between Life and Death, he cannot break out of his void yet and form a connection with the Life principle. His awareness of its existence, however, and his increasing awe for it are first steps toward joining this life-flow. As Lawrence writes:

. . . The man who had died looked nakedly on life, and saw a vast resoluteness everywhere flinging itself up in stormy or subtle wavecrests, foam-tips emerging out of the blue invisible, a black and orange cock or the green flame-tongues out of the extremes of the fig-tree. They came forth, these things and creatures of spring, glowing with desire and with assertion (MWD, p. 171).

Christ begins to lie in the sun, for he finds that it makes him stronger and better prepares him to undertake the journey to completeness--to a unification with the Life principle--that he has

begun to desire. Explains Lawrence: "The sun and the subtle salve of spring healed his wounds, even the gaping wound of disillusion through his bowels was closing up" (MWD, p. 179).

Once his health is recovered, Christ journeys to the Mediterranean and stops in Lebanon, where he meets a priestess of Isis. The temple there and its location in the midst of a wooded grove on a peninsula strikes a harmonious chord in Christ, for he senses a kind of perfect relatedness there that anticipates his connection with Life via his sexual union with the priestess. Lawrence's description of the temple's relatedness to the eternal elements of sun and water reinforces the setting as a place of Life:

Upon it all poured the royal sunshine of the January afternoon. Or rather, all was part of the great sun, glow and substance and immaculate loneliness of the sea, and pure brightness (MWD, p. 186).

Christ responds vitally to such Life in nature, but he is still unable to form a complete connection with it, for he still senses that he is somehow incomplete. Yet, he knows that he has progressed toward the Life principle and that his perception of reality has changed. He observes:

. . . He had come back to life, but not the same life that he had left, the life of little people and the little day. Re-born, he was in the other life, the greater day of the human consciousness (MWD, p. 194).

To fully comprehend the import of Christ's transformation from existing in the "little day" to having become part of the "greater day," one must recall Gethin Day's Book of Days from Lawrence's

fragment "The Flying Fish." Therein Gethin's ancestors had recorded in flowery prose the differentiation between the "lesser" and "greater" day.

Beauteous is the day of the yellow sun which is the common day of men; but even as the winds roll unceasing above the trees of the world, so doth that Greater Day, which is the Uncommon Day, roll over the unclipt bushes of our little daytime. Even also as the morning sun shakes his yellow wings on the horizon and rises up, so the great bird beyond him spreads out his dark blue feathers, and beats his wings in the tremor of the Greater Day (Phoenix, p. 782).

Quite clearly, the perception of the Greater Day is held only by those who are in a special relation with the cosmos: characters like the woman who rode away, who witnesses an unearthly bird-like presence in the sky similar to the one of this passage. Yet Christ is not yet wholly reborn, despite his perception of the greater day, until his sexual consummation with the priestess, which results in his union with the life-force and compels him to proclaim, "I am risen!" (MWD, p. 207). So it is that Christ's literal-metaphorical journey to Life is effected by means of his gradual realization of Life's principle as it is present in place, allowing him to perceive the greater day, and by his sexual consummation with the priestess, which is the occasion for his psychic rebirth.

The tale ends with the priestess pregnant and Christ preparing to depart, but as E. W. Tedlock notes, "He promises her that he will come again 'as sure as spring returns,' a second coming implicit in

the cycle of nature."²³ Christ's "second coming" in this story is an excellent example of Lawrence's vitalistic view. As Lawrence states in "The Crown" (1915 & 1925) concerning man's rebirth,

. . . if we are to break through, it must be in the strength of life bubbling inside us. The chicken does not break the shell out of animosity against the shell. It bursts out in its blind desire to move under a greater heavens (Phoenix II, p. 415).

Subsequently, it is evident that in "The Man Who Died," Lawrence has presented a protagonist who has broken out of his constraining shell by means of the priestesses instilling in him "blind desire," held sacred by Lawrence. As Lawrence writes elsewhere in "The Crown," "The near touch of death may be a release into life; if only it will break the egoistic will, and release that other flow" (Phoenix II, p. 399). Such has been the case with the man who died, as with several other protagonists in this first group of tales.

Group two in this section concerns stories wherein characters reject the predominant principle of Death that is integrated with spirit of place and subsequently experience a rebirth and psychic reversion via their vital connection with the Life principle present in a love relationship. "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" (1916), often anthologized, is the first such tale to be discussed. The spirit of Death pervades this short story and is present particularly in the old barren landscape.

²³Tedlock, p. 220.

This lifeless nature of the countryside is evident as the despondent Mabel Pervin decides to make her final visit to her mother's grave.

In the afternoon she took a little bag, with shears and sponge and a small scrubbing-brush, and went out. It was grey, wintry day, with saddened, dark green fields and an atmosphere blackened by the smoke of foundaries not far off. She went quickly, darkly along the causeway, heeding nobody, through the town to the churchyard.

There she always felt secure, as if no one could see her, although as a matter of fact she was exposed to the stare of everyone who passed along under the churchyard wall. Nevertheless, once under the shadow of the great looming church, among the graves, she felt immune from the world, reserved within the thick churchyard wall as in another country (CSS, p. 447).

Upon reaching the churchyard, Mabel attends her mother's grave by trimming the grass, arranging some flowers, and washing the headstone in a ritualistic manner reminiscent of the washing of a corpse before its burial. Lawrence writes:

It gave her sincere satisfaction to do this. She felt in immediate contact with the world of her mother . . . as if in performing this task she came into a subtle, intimate connection with her mother (CSS, p. 448).

Certainly, her connection with this place of Death provides her with a sense of grim peacefulness. As Clyde Ryals notes, "There can be no question that Mabel is dead, spiritually dead."²⁴ Her lifeless nature becomes more unvital via her connection with the Death principle present in the bleak countryside and the fading day. As she leaves the cemetery, the afternoon itself has all but expired:

²⁴Clyde Ryals, "D. H. Lawrence's 'Horse Dealer's Daughter,'" Literature and Psychology, 12(Spring 1962), 40.

"It was grey, deadened, and wintry, with a slow moist, heavy coldness sinking in and deadening all the faculties" (CSS, p. 448), writes Lawrence. Virtually alone in the world with no one to whom to turn, Mabel decides to make her connection with her mother's world complete--to commit suicide.

Subsequently, the protagonist walks into a pond, unaware that a doctor's assistant, Jack Ferguson, sees her do so. As he tries to save Mabel, it becomes clear that the pond is a symbol for a tomb, thus becoming a correlative of the Death principle present in Mabel's life-denying female will-to-be-separate.

He slowly ventured into the pond. The bottom was deep, soft clay, he sank in, and the water clasped dead cold round his legs. As he stirred he could smell the cold, rotten clay that fouled up into the water. It was objectionable in his lungs. Still, repelled and yet not heeding, he moved deeper into the pond. The cold water rose over his thighs, over his loins, upon his abdomen. The lower part of his body was all sunk in the hideous cold element. And the bottom was so deeply soft and uncertain, he was afraid of pitching with his mouth underneath. He could not swim, and was afraid.

. . . he touched her clothing. But it evaded his fingers. He made a desperate effort to grasp it.

And so doing he lost his balance and went under, horribly, suffocating in the foul earthy water, struggling madly for a few moments. At last, after what seemed an eternity, he got his footing, rose again into the air and looked around. He gasped, and knew he was in the world. Then he looked at the water. She had risen near him. He grasped her clothing, and drawing her nearer, turned to take his way to land again.

. . . The water was now only about his legs; he was thankful, full of relief to be out of the clutches of the pond. He lifted her and staggered on to the bank, out of the horror of wet, grey clay (CSS, p. 450).

Ferguson carries the partially recovered Mabel from this pond of watery dissolution to nearby Oldmeadow, the recently foreclosed

upon Pervin house, and places her--naked and wrapped in a blanket like a new-born child--before the fire-warmed kitchen hearth. She gradually regains her senses, and upon her realization as to what has happened, Mabel asks this man who has risked his life to save her if he loves her. As Widmer notes, "Mabel regains consciousness to find herself on the desperate edge between life and death, love and despair."²⁵ Clyde Ryals' assessment is more to the point: Mabel is "ready for the acceptance of rebirth, by which her former condition is transcended."²⁶ Her question asked of Ferguson illustrates the fact that his saving of her has pollyanalytically reversed the former deathward direction of her psychic flow and turned it toward life.

In defense of the sudden nature of Mabel's surge toward the Life principle, Thomas Gullason writes: "she . . . acts and reacts abruptly and emotionally because she is engaged in a rational-irrational life-and-death struggle to liberate her inner self and her whole being."²⁷ This view is correct, surely, as is Steven Phillips' statement that "both Mabel and Ferguson have descended into the 'cold, rotten 'clay' of the grave, the world of Mabel's

²⁵Widmer, p. 173.

²⁶Ryals, 41.

²⁷Thomas Gullason, "Revelation and Evolution: A Neglected Dimension of the Short Story," Studies in Short Fiction, 10(Fall 1973), 347-356.

mother, and both have been reborn."²⁸ However, these conclusions can be taken a step further via a pollyanalytic explication.

Mabel's deadly will-to-separateness, like Donne's personified Death, has itself died. Mabel's deliverance from the death-filled pond has resolved the Life-and-Death struggle in her psyche. She now desires sympathetic connection with Ferguson, and her life-flow breaks down his cerebral defences, releasing his long-pent life-force. In this sense, Widmer is accurate when he writes that the tale "shows the characteristic pattern, in stark form, of the impersonal unfolding of desire."²⁹ The birth of this desire, this sacred life-flow forever extant between the sexes, is the manifestation of the Life principle into which Mabel and Ferguson are reborn.

One can see clearly the manner that Lawrence forms a correlation between his Death pollyanalytic and the dismal English countryside in "The Horse Dealer's Daughter." The rebirth theme dominates in this story, just as it does in the eight works presented in group one of this section; however, the technique employed in this tale in which the spirit of Death dominates the entire setting, until Mabel and Ferguson's rebirth, is quite the obverse of that used in

²⁸Steven Phillips, "The Double Pattern of D. H. Lawrence's 'The Horse Dealer's Daughter,'" Studies in Short Fiction, 10(Winter 1973), 96.

²⁹Widmer, p. 172.

group one. Equally effective, the two modes of Lawrence's integration of the Life and Death pollyanalytic with landscape in his short works wherein rebirth is effected are excellent examples of Lawrence's artistic diversity.

In his discussion of "The Horse Dealer's Daughter," E. W. Tedlock accurately asserts that the story "is a memorable, beautifully wrought development of Lawrence's vitalistic death and resurrection theme, resembling the earlier "Love Among the Haystacks" (1911).³⁰ This comparison is valid in regard to Geoffrey's, Maurice's older brother's, rejection of the Death principle that is integrated into the English countryside and his subsequent connection with the Life principle that he finds in his love-relationship with Lydia, a young woman deserted by her vagrant husband.

Before this rejuvenation, Geoffrey is depicted as a captive of his will-to-separateness, which restrains him from forming a vital connection with anyone. There is sometimes "a danger of his sinking into a morbid state, from sheer lack of living, lack of interest" (FSN, p. 5). Geoffrey's close affinity with the Death principle is evident one afternoon when he contemplates suicide after having thrown his younger brother off a high haystack in a fit of jealousy.

. . . He had wild notions of pitching himself head foremost from the stack: if he could only extinguish himself, he would be safe. Quite frantically, he longed not to be. The

³⁰Tedlock, p. 114.

idea of going through life thus coiled up within himself in morbid self-consciousness, always lonely, surly, and a misery, was enough to make him cry out (FSN, p. 11).

Later that night, as he goes out into the darkened hayfield to see that the stacks are covered from the rain, he experiences a deeper connection with the spirit of Death that pervades the provincial setting.

. . . Geoffrey listened everywhere: no sound save the rain. He stood between the stacks, but only heard the trickle of water, and the light swish of rain. Everything was lost in the blackness. He imagined death was like that, many things dissolved in silence and darkness, blotted out, but existing. In the dense blackness he felt himself almost extinguished (FSN, pp. 30-31).

No longer desirous of death, Geoffrey quickly returns to the shelter, where his soon-to-be lover, Lydia, has taken refuge. She becomes the means of his rebirth, just as Mabel Pervin does for Jack Ferguson, and he awakens to a lifeless landscape no longer in its thrall.

. . . the dawn came like death, one of those slow, livid mornings that seem to come in a cold sweat. Slowly, and painfully, the air began to whiten.

. . . By morning light, things look small. The huge trees of the evening were dwindled to hoary, small, uncertain things, trespassing in the sick pallor of the atmosphere. There was a dense mist, so that the light could scarcely breathe. Everything seemed to quiver with cold and sickliness (FSN, p. 34).

Lydia's babe-like presence beside him and his new-found vitality have instilled in Geoffrey the strength to reject his former deathward flow and to reverse it lifeward.

. . . Her face in sleep moved all his tenderness: the tight shutting of her mouth, as if in resolution to bear what was very hard to bear, contrasted so pitifully with

the small mould of her features. Geoffrey pressed her to his bosom: having her, he felt he could bruise the lips of the scornful, and pass on erect, unabateable. With her to complete him, to form the core of him, he was firm and whole. Needing her so much, he loved her fervently (FSN, p. 34).

He thus decides to leave this land that is so imbued with Death's spirit and go to Canada, an untamed place less socially repressive, where he and Lydia, whom he can never marry, can start life anew.

Accordingly, one's comparison of "Love Among the Haystacks" and "The Horse Dealer's Daughter" is apt in regard to their both possessing Lawrence's vitalistic death and resurrection theme. From a pollyanalytic stance the latter tale is much more developed, as would be expected of a later tale. However, the same Death-to-Life process is utilized in "Love Among the Haystacks," as is the correlation between Lawrence's Death pollyanalytic and place. The next story to be investigated follows these Lawrencean patterns, but it differs in a most interesting manner: the movement away from Death is not complete at the story's end, temporarily stranding the protagonist in a limbo wherein she is psychically neither alive nor dead.

The short novel "The Fox" (1918), like the two tales already discussed in this group, integrates so completely a bucolic English setting with Lawrence's Death pollyanalytic that the landscape becomes a dominant feature of the story. Two women, Jill Banford and Nellie March, thirtyish and quite possibly lovers, unsuccessfully attempt to run Bailey Farm by themselves. March is the "man about

the place" and, although she enjoys the role, she is not able to operate the farm efficiently. Thus, they must sell their cattle at a loss, the number of chickens continuously is depleted by a pilfering male fox, which March has had in her gun sights but which she cannot bring herself to kill. Into this sterile setting comes Henry Grenfel, a twenty-year-old Cornishman whom the women allow to stay for awhile. To March, he is the fox, and her usually predominate will-to-power dissipates before his male presence.

Of these three characters, only Grenfel sees the lifeless nature of Banford and March's existence: the women are both mateless and meatless. Subsisting from their life-denying individual wills, the women are living but a sham of a vital life. Grenfel falls in love with March and desires her to be his wife, but he must contend with Banford's objections, for her will-to-power controls March much of the time. As he ventures out into the countryside one night in an effort to kill the fox, Grenfel is overcome suddenly by the sensation of his being caught in a snare. The hedged English landscape becomes netlike to him, and he realizes that this constricting countryside will be his death if he remains there, just as surely as it will be his counterpart's, the fox's.

As he stood under the oaks of the wood-edge he heard the dogs from the neighbouring cottage up the hill yelling suddenly and startlingly, and the wakened dogs from the farms around barking answer. And suddenly it seemed to him England was little and tight, he felt the landscape was constricted even in the dark, and that there were too many dogs in the night, making a noise like a fence of sound, like the network of English hedges netting the view. He felt the fox didn't

have a chance. For it must be the fox that had started all this hullabaloo.

. . . It seemed to him it would be the last of the foxes in this loudly-barking, thick-voiced England, tight with innumerable little houses (FSN, p. 146).

Desirous of forming a vital connection with March, Grenfel rejects this place--this England so imbued with the presence of impending annihilation. Subsequently, he cultivates the Life principle at Bailey Farm by pruning it: he disposes of the life-denying Banford, thus leaving March free to blossom with new vitality and to bear to fruition her love relationship with himself. Grenfel's killing of the baneful Banford stresses the story's vitalistic theme, certainly, for as H. Coombes notes, "what Lawrence has given is a situation where the necessity we call tragic is ultimately in the interest of truer and more real life."³¹

March's grave difficulty in making the transition from her unvital relationship with Banford, wherein she played an assertive male role, to the potentially vital love relationship with Grenfel, in which she must forfeit her former will-to-power and defer to her man's assertiveness, reveals the complexity of such a psychic metamorphosis. As they honeymoon off the Cornish coast, March is in a kind of psychic chrysalis from which she cannot emerge as a whole being in direct connection with the Life principle. Subsequently, she can form no connection with the sea, the symbol of her potential female nature.

³¹H. Coombes, "A Word for 'The Fox,'" Essays in Criticism, 9 (October 1959), 452-53.

Something was missing. Instead of her soul swaying with new life, it seemed to droop, to bleed, as if it were wounded. She would sit for a long time with her hand in his, looking away at the sea. And in her dark, vacant eyes was a sort of wound, and her face looked a little peaked. If he spoke to her she would turn to him with a faint new smile, the strange quivering little smile of a woman who has died in the old way of love, and can't quite rise to the new way (FSN, p. 175).

In Bryan Fulmer's view, Grenfel and March are at a permanent impasse at the story's end.³² This assessment, however, does not take into account the couple's plan to emigrate soon to Canada, nor does it consider the manner that Lawrence correlates his pollyanalytics with place in his fiction. Canada is a Lawrencean place of Will, just as is all of North America. If Tedlock is correct in declaring March "the Lawrencean woman of vital potentiality,"³³ and all indications in the story do support such a view, March's individual little will-to-power might well defer to the Canadian spirit of Will, just as Lou Witt's does in the American Southwest. If such a vital connection can be established between March and place in the New World, she will have broken out of her psychic chrysalis, affording her love relationship with Grenfel the opportunity for its belated consummation.

"The Fox" is somewhat unusual in two respects: Lawrence leaves the protagonist's probable rebirth open to conjecture, and

³²Bryan Fulmer, "The Significance of the Death of the Fox in D. H. Lawrence's 'The Fox,'" Studies in Short Fiction, 5 (Spring 1968), 282.

³³Tedlock, p. 117.

the Death principle that is incorporated in the tale's setting is perceived only by the character who is attuned to the Life principle, who subsequently removes his would-be lover from the place of Death and transports her to a place of Life. In these two respects, however, the story is by no means unique. Two other tales follow suit.

The first of these stories is "You Touched Me" (1919), and its plot, its correlation of the Death pollyanalytic with place, and its incomplete movement from a character's contact with Death over to Life are remarkably similar to these elements in "The Fox." Again, two older women subsist together in a lifeless setting, but this time around, the women are sisters, and they reside in an English industrial town. Already old maids, despite their being only in their early thirties, Matilda and Emmie Rockley nurse their former industrialist father, who is dying, in the Pottery House: their home that once prospered because of the success of the adjoining Pottery, since closed.

The tale begins with a description of the sister's "estate," thus setting the story's bleak tone and establishing the place as a correlative of Lawrence's Death pollyanalytic.

The Pottery House was a square, ugly, brick house girt in by the wall that enclosed the whole grounds of the pottery itself. To be sure, a privet hedge partly masked the house and its ground from the pottery-yard and works: but only partly. Through the hedge could be seen the desolate yard, and the many-windowed, factory-like pottery, over the hedge could be seen the chimneys and the out-houses. But inside the hedge, a pleasant garden and lawn sloped down to a willow pool, which had once supplied the works.

The Pottery itself was now closed, the great doors of the yard permanently shut. No more the great crates with yellow straw showing through stood in stacks by the packing-shed. No more the drays drawn by great horses rolled down the hill with a high load. No more the pottery-lasses in their clay-coloured overalls, their faces and hair splashed with grey fine mud, shrieked and larked with the men. All that was over (CSS, p. 394).

Even the garden, normally a Lawrencean place of Life, is cut-off from real nature, for it is walled-in. As for the similarly enclosed willow pond, it was "put to work" and undoubtedly owes its present existence to this former turn in its nature. As for the sisters, Lawrence writes: "Certainly their lives were much more grey and dreary now that the grey clay had ceased to spatter its mud and silt its dust over the premises" (CSS, p. 394).

Into this dolorous lifeless setting enters Hadrian Rockley, the sisters twenty-two-year-old brother, who had been adopted by their father when the lad was six-years-old. Having emigrated to Canada some years before, Hadrian has returned for a visit following his stint as a soldier in the recently-ended First World War. A product of the New World, Hadrian has become "democratic"; oblivious to social distinctions and rank, much to his sisters' chagrin and his father's delight. Hadrian's response to the sterile atmosphere of the Pottery House is one of cold disdain.

Given his father's room in which to sleep, Mr. Rockley having been moved downstairs because of his illness, Hadrian is awakened that first night by Matilda's caressing voice and the touch of her hand upon his brow. When she realizes her error, that it is indeed

not her father to whom she is administering comfort, but Hadrian, Matilda is mortified. Hadrian, however, has been touched to the quick of his being by Matilda's tender caress, and he determines to ask for her hand in marriage from her father, who, upon being asked, thinks it a good idea.

Matilda and Emmie are disgusted by the "guttersnipe's" audacity and disgusted at the "immoral" implications involved in such a match. However, when Mr. Rockley threatens to give their entire inheritance to Hadrian if Matilda refuses his dying request, Matilda reluctantly agrees to the marriage. The story closes with a symbolic transfer of Matilda's fealty from her father to her soon-to-be husband, which is ritualistically conducted by Mr. Rockley as he commands Matilda to kiss first him and then Hadrian. Surely, the reason for Mr. Rockley's having forced this marriage is, as F. R. Leavis asserts: "In the father's confident sense of things, Hadrian stands for life, and the marriage is the assurance of a living future. . ."³⁴

As in the case of Nellie March and Grenfel, it is evident that Matilda, who has not yet undergone rebirth, will go with Hadrian to Canada, where her psychic rejuvenation may come into being. Having taken her from a place of Death to a place of Life, Hadrian and Matilda might very well find in their love relationship a mutual connection with Lawrence's Life principle.

³⁴Leavis, p. 319.

The other tale wherein, like "The Fox" and "You Touched Me," a male reborn comes to a place of Death from which he will remove a woman to a place of Life, where she, too, presumably will be rejuvenated, is the previously discussed short novel "The Captain's Doll." Following the accidental death of his wife, Captain Hepburn withdraws from all contact with other people. This self-isolation marks the deathward direction of Hepburn's psyche, but he eventually turns back toward the Life principle. Lawrence describes this psychic rebirth of Hepburn's: ". . . he began to bud with a new yearning" (FSN, p. 225)--a desire to find physical and psychic completeness via a love relationship. Thus he decides to track down his former lover, Hannele, in the Tyrol mountains of post-World War One Germany.

Having been reborn, however, Hepburn's idea of what a male-female relationship should be has drastically changed. No longer a believer in the love ideal, he will expect his former lover to defer to his male assertiveness. Therein lies the essence of his rebirth, for as Lawrence writes in the essay "The Real Thing" (1929), the fight between the sexes will end only when "a man finds his strength and his rooted belief in himself again . . . when the man has died, and been painfully born again with a different breath, a different courage, and a different kind of care, or carelessness" (Phoenix, p. 199). These characteristics capture Hepburn's change exactly.

Although forming a very beautiful setting, Hepburn finds the Tyrol mountains "terrible and devastating," wherein "the life-spirit

seemed to be squirming, bleeding all the time" (FSN, p. 230). The spirit of Death becomes more prominent as Hepburn and Hannele approach a giant glacier, the lifelessness of which becomes a correlative of Hannele's life-denying will-to-power. Disgusted by this huge manifestation of Death, Hepburn observes:

The wonder, the terror, and the bitterness of it. Never a warm leaf to unfold, never a gesture of life to give off. A world sufficient unto itself in lifelessness, all this ice (FSN, p. 255).

Departing from the glacier and demanding that Hannele forfeit her will-to-power and defer to his natural male assertiveness if they are to be man and wife, Hepburn literally and pollyanalytically turns Hannele in the direction of Life. Her subsequent decision to burn the ridiculous Stillleben painting, wherein her doll of Hepburn is featured beside a poached egg, illustrates her acquiescence to Hepburn's demand; she will no longer attempt to mold her man into her life-limiting image of him. This initial step taken on Hannele's journey toward Life is complemented by Hepburn's plan to take her to South Africa--to a tropical place of Life--where they will begin their new life together as man and wife. Like Mellors at the end of Lady Chatterley's Lover. Hepburn will work a farm in this place of vitality. Thus, although Hannele's rebirth into the Life principle is not complete at the story's close, its inevitability is implied strongly by her initial psychic movement in that lifeward direction and by the literal move she is to make to a place of Life.

The final three tales to be discussed in this group contain the now familiar movement toward rebirth and away from the former flow in the direction of the Death principle, which is integrated with place in the tales. Unlike the last three tales discussed, rebirth is completely effected in these stories, and places of Death are recognized and rejected as such by those characters who are eventually psychically rejuvenated. A common bond in these three works is Lawrence's employment of houses as the dominant places of Death therein. The previously discussed "Glad Ghosts" is a good story with which to begin.

It will be recalled that the vitalistic protagonist, Mark Morier, upon his return to England from Africa, is summoned to visit Lord and Lady Lathkill at their gloomy Derbyshire estate, Riddings. Backed by a dark moor, the old stone house is dead-like to Morier. As for the house's furnishings, "there was a curious, unpleasant sense of the fixity of the materials of the house, the obscene triumph of dead-matter" (CSS, pp. 669-70).

Clearly a correlative of the Death pollyanalytic, Riddings' spirit of death emanates from the Lord's mother's life repressive will-to-power and it has formed a connection with the house's inhabitants, all of whom lead lifeless existences. Dominated by Lord Lathkill's mother's life-denying will-to-power, the denizens of Riddings are completely out of touch with the Life principle. The Lathkills and their guests, Colonel Hale and his young wife, Dorothy, are in constant fear of the ghost of the Colonel's first wife, Lucy,

who haunts Riddings and who seems to be in contact with the Lord's willful mother, a spiritualist.

The purpose of Morier's visit is to cheer up his old friend, Lady Lathkill, who has suffered much misfortune since her marriage to Lathkill. He suggests a "spring-cleaning" of the house by bringing in Bacchus and Eros to freshen it and rid it of its "dead smell" (CSS, p. 677). Morier's vital presence elicits a sympathetic response from Lord and Lady Lathkill and the Hales. Only the willful mother of Lord Lathkill, who subsequently becomes ill, rejects Morier's efforts to reinstill Life into the company. Even the hostilities extant between Lucy's spirit and the Colonel are laid to rest by the vital effect that Morier's alive nature has upon the group.

This man from Africa, the sensual South, teaches the Lathkills and Hales the Lawrencean vitalistic lesson that a man-woman relationship relies upon an unconscious sensual connection rather than one of a cerebral-spiritual nature. Subsequently, each member of the group is rejuvenated and placed in direct contact with the Life principle. This "night of vitalistic resurrection," as E. T. Tedlock calls it, culminates with the conception of two children, which results from Morier's vitalistic role as "exorciser of ghosts and savior of the living dead."³⁵

³⁵Tedlock, p. 206.

Thus, when Morier departs from Riddings the following morning, soon to return to his tropical place of Life, he leaves behind him his gift of Life, which has embued the once gloomy Riddings with the ever-present fresh scent of plum-blossom and has been responsible for the rebirth of the Lathkills and Hales. Accordingly, he has effected a transformation of the Life principle in both place and psyche, correlatives of Lawrence's vitalistic pollyanalytic.

Whereas Riddings is rejuvenated and freed from its former atmosphere of Death, such is not the case with Vicar Lindley's modern vicarage in the short story "Daughters of the Vicar" (1915). That Lawrence's Life-Death pollyanalytic is integrated with the dwellings located in the village of Aldecross is evident in the tale's opening passage.

Mr. Lindley was first vicar of Aldecross. The cottages of this tiny hamlet had nestled in peace since their beginning, and the country folk had crossed the lanes and farmland, two or three miles, to parish church at Greyreed, on the bright Sunday mornings.

But when the pits were sunk, blank rows of dwellings started up beside the high roads, and a new population, skimmed from the floating scum of workmen, was filled in, the cottages and the country people almost obliterated (CSS, p. 136).

It is apparent that the vital land had always been complemented by the cottages of the rural folks, who had lived in close harmony with the countryside and whose dwellings "nestle in peace" there. On the other hand, the blank brick because of the miners "start up" in ugly disassociation from the bucolic setting, paralleling the mine-owners' destructive and inharmonious relationship with the land.

Like the church at Aldecross, which had not been erected until the coming of the coal pits, Mr. Lindley's vicarage is a recent building--a cottage it is not--and thus is connected with the lifeless nature evident in the rows of the miners' dwellings. Mr. Lindley's vocation as a spokesman for the Christian ideal, likewise, provides the rectory with a stale unvital ambience. As Janice Harris notes, the Reverend and his wife come to Aldecross "and establish an atmosphere of failing energy and bitter, disappointed expectations,"³⁶ which feeds the already death-surfeited dwelling.

Set in direct opposition to the unvital vicarage is the cottage of the Durants'--a remnant of an older time when man was closer to the land upon which he lived. Out of place in the modern industrial setting, the cottage preserves its integrity by seemingly retreating from the unvital world. Hinting of death and resurrection, it crouches "darkly and quietly away below the rumble of passing trains and the clank of coal-carts, in a quiet little under-world of its own" (CSS, p. 139). It is, as Janice Harris states, "a home shut tight, caught up in winter, but unlike the vicarage, rich with potential for natural growth and affection."³⁷

In true Lawrencean fashion, Louisa Lindley, the rector's youngest daughter, whose instinct for the Life principle rejects the Death principle so prevalent in the vicarage's atmosphere and in her

³⁶Janice Harris, 426.

³⁷Harris, 426.

parent's Christian hypocrisy, has fallen in love with Alfred Durant, a young miner with an overwhelming will-to-separateness. One wintry night she finds the rectory's restraint no longer bearable. Lawrence describes the dwellings' "living room" as it appears to Louisa that evening.

The room was dull and threadbare, and the snow outside seemed fairy like by comparison, so white on the lawn and tufted on the bushes. Indoors the heavy pictures hung obscurely on the walls, everything was dingy with gloom (CSS, p. 158).

She subsequently departs from this place of Death and walks to Quarry Cottage--the Durant's home. She is determined to make Alfred love her, for her will-to-power is quite strong. As she reaches the cottage and looks through the window into the kitchen, the animated setting contrasts greatly with the one she has just abandoned:

. . . Peeping in, she saw the scarlet glow of the kitchen, red firelight falling on the brick floor and on the bright chintz cushions. It was alive and bright as a peep-show (CSS, p. 161).

Appropriately, it is in this place of Life, Alfred's kitchen, that Louisa and her would-be lover are reborn through their true love connection. Lawrence describes their love's labor:

Then, gradually, as he held her gripped, and his brain reeled round, and he felt himself falling, falling from himself, and whilst she, yielded up, swooned to a kind of death of herself, a moment of utter darkness came over him, and they began to wake up again as if from a long sleep (CSS, p. 181).

Having turned away from the Death principle integrated in the vicarage and the industrialized savaged landscape (which becomes correlatives of the couple's former willful natures), Louisa

and Alfred form a connection with the Life principle via their love relationship in this place of Life. To insure the couple's continued contact with Life, Lawrence ends the tale on the now familiar note of the couple's impending marriage and their subsequent emigration to a new place of Life--again, Canada.

There is an interesting side note in connection with Lawrence's integration of his Life pollyanalytic with the Durants' cottage. In an earlier version of this tale, entitled "Two Marriages" (1911), Louisa and Alfred are wed and settle in England. As she awaits her husband's return from the pit one evening, Louisa experiences the recognition that their house is imbued with their own spirit of life.

. . . Then suddenly she saw that their home was a fabric made out of his energy of tenderness: he had woven it out of his spirit. She sat still and worshipped in reverence. And she thought of the vicarage, where she had lived. Her children would be born into a real home, whose very stuff would have in it some of their father's spirit--and their mother's . . . It would be nearly like a living thing, of their own blood. It was indeed a home.³⁸

Necessarily struck from the story's final form, wherein the couple is to emigrate to a place of Life, the passage illustrates, nevertheless, Lawrence's original determination to have this couple's connection with the Life principle extend beyond their love relationship so as to include spirit of place, where he maintains and expands in "Daughters of the Vicar."

³⁸ Keith Cushman, D. H. Lawrence at Work: The Emergence of the Prussian Officer Stories (Charlottesville, Virginia: University Press of Virginia, 1978), p. 86.

Again, a vicarage becomes the correlative of Lawrence's Death pollyanalytic in the final story to be explored in this section, the well-known short novel "The Virgin and the Gipsy" (1926). The Vicar Saywell of Papplewick, it will be recalled, is a willful hypocrite who bemoans the loss of his wife Cynthia, who left him long ago for another man. Thus, it is as Widmer notes: "In contrast to his irresponsible wife, who had been a moral unbeliever, he [Saywell] is a 'life-unbeliever.'"³⁹ The Vicar, who has a strong spiritual will, and his two daughters, Lucille and Yvette, are dominated by the will-to-power of the Mater, the Reverend's mother, who lives with them at the vicarage. Accordingly, as Tedlock notes, "the stone house, then, is ruled by a substitute matriarchy based on denial of vital human reality."⁴⁰

Between the Vicar and the Mater's wills constantly being superimposed upon them, the daughters have a dull time of it in Papplewick. Such bullying, notes Lawrence in Fantasia, results in the perpetrator's "living a sort of half-life" (Fantasia, p. 52) from the cerebral and spiritual aspects of the psyche, which often leads to egoism. Certainly, this life-denying process has occurred to the Mater and her son, for their lifeless natures fit precisely the description of an egoist that appears in Lawrence's essay "The Real Thing" (1929):

³⁹Widmer, p. 180.

⁴⁰Tedlock, p. 206.

The egoist, he who has no more spontaneous feelings, and can be made to suffer humanly no more. He who derives all his life henceforth at second hand, and is animated by self will and some sort of secret ambition to impose himself, either on the world or another individual . . . the true pose of the modern egoist is that of perfect suaveness and kindness and humility: oh, always delicately humble! (Phoenix, p. 200).

Such egoism on the Vicar's part explains his wife's erratic behavior, as well. Lawrence continues in "The Real Thing:"

When a man achieves this triumph of egoism . . . then the woman concerned is apt to go really a little mad. She gets no more responses. . . She becomes wild, outrageous. The explanation of the impossible behavior of some women in their thirties lies here (Phoenix, p. 200).

The vicarage, housing so much life-repression and resentment toward the living, is itself described as "ugly," "almost sordid," "unclean," wherein "nothing was fresh" (VG, p. 10). Julian Moynahan certainly is correct in his assessment of the dwelling's atmosphere: "The stale air of the rectory is charged with a murderous potential of static electricity, heavy with poisonous fumes of hatred."⁴¹ Pollyanalytically, one can take this appraisal a step farther and view the vicarage as a place of Death--a correlative of Lawrence's Death dichotomy--away from which the protagonist, Yvette, will have to turn before she can be reborn into a vital existence.

The harsh dismal Derbyshire landscape does not offer Yvette much solace, for "the country, with its steep hills and its deep, narrow valley, was dark and gloomy . . ." (VG, p. 11). The same is true of the remote village in which she lives:

⁴¹Julian Moynahan, p. 215.

. . . the village of Papplewick was comparatively lonely, almost lost, the life in it stony and dour. Everything was stone, with a hardness that was almost poetic, it was so unrelenting (VG, p. 11).

However, her discovery of the gipsy camp, curiously reminiscent of Quarry Cottage from "Daughters of the Vicar" in its microcosmic and secluded vitality, marks her first step toward forming a connection with the Life principle, for it is here that she first meets her gipsy, a resurrected man, and here that she later almost becomes his lover. Lawrence describes this place of life.

The girls saw for the first time a deep recess in the side of the road, and two caravans smoking. Yvette got quickly down. They had suddenly come upon a disused quarry, cut into the slope of the road-side, and in this sudden lair, almost like a cave, were three caravans, dismantled for the winter. There was also deep at the back, a shelter built of boughs, as a stable for the horse. The grey, crude rock rose high above the caravans, and curved round towards the road. The floor was heaped chips of stone, with grasses growing among. It was a hidden, snug winter camp (VG, p. 28).

It is evident that the gipsies live in such harmony with the land that, like the pueblos seen by Lawrence in New Mexico, their camp is almost indistinguishable from the land upon which it rests. Thus, the gipsies' connection with the Life principle, inherent even in this bleak Derbyshire landscape, is implied.

As for the "civilized" place in Derbyshire from which Yvette has fled, G. B. Crump is correct in his assertion that "the church, the rectory, Papplewick itself, a turreted bridge spanning a river, the stone wall that conspicuously caves in before the surging water--

all contribute to this rigid death-in-life."⁴² The ensuing purgative flood, of course, is the vehicle for Yvette's rebirth into a vitalistic existence, as is the gipsy. Having been pulled from the flood waters by the gipsy and taken into the nearby vicarage, they must seek the sanctuary of Yvette's bedroom, for its close proximity to the main chimney's support provides a better chance of its survival in the rising rampaging water than any other part of the house. As the gipsy goes to the bedroom door to survey the situation, he is presented with nothing less than an apocalyptic vision.

A terror creeping over his soul, he went again to the door. The wind, roaring with the waters, blew in as he opened it. Through the awesome gap in the house he saw the world, the waters, the chaos of horrible waters, the twilight, the perfect new moon high above the sunset, a faint thing, and clouds pushing dark into the sky, on the cold, blustery wind (VG, p. 113).

The bedroom does withstand the flood, even though the majority of the life-denying vicarage is washed away, for as Tedlock notes, it is "the one area of hope of life in the house."⁴³ Appropriately, it is in this room of living potential that the gipsy revives Yvette and unites her with the Life principle by means of the establishment of their love relationship. Thus, R. E. Pritchard is correct in his appraisal that "the flood and the night together are apocalyptic," and that Yvette "is reborn."⁴⁴

⁴²G. B. Crump, "Gopher Prairie or Papplewick?: 'The Virgin and the Gipsy' as Film," The D. H. Lawrence Review, 4 (Summer 1971), 143.

⁴³Tedlock, p. 206.

⁴⁴R. E. Pritchard, p. 186.

One must agree with F. R. Leavis' view of the flood as "the contained force of life that implicitly menaces . . . the stagnation of the rectory. . ."⁴⁵ Subsequently, this story differs from the others in this section (indeed, it is unique in Lawrence's short fiction) in the total destruction therein of the place of Death, which had been rejected by the life-seeking protagonist. Although in other tales some such places are themselves rejuvenated, like Riddings in "Glad Ghosts" and London in "The Last Laugh," they are not first annihilated. Thus, Lawrence's philosophic belief that creation comes from destruction--each aspect of the polarity being a part of Life--finds its most effective short fictional manifestation in "The Virgin and the Gipsy."

The next section of this chapter will explore the obverse of Lawrence's employment of his Life-Death pollyanalytic in his short fiction. Entitled "Live Worlds Versus Dead Worlds," the tales are probed for Lawrence's integration therein of this pollyanalytic with place, much as has been done in this section. The difference between the two sections, however, lies in the predominate motifs of the tales found in each section. Whereas the first section has dealt with tales involving rebirth, the following segment will investigate Lawrence's short fiction that concerns dissolution.

⁴⁵Leavis, p. 371.

Places of Life Versus Places of Death

In Fantasia Lawrence writes, "The tree of life is a gay kind of tree that is for ever dropping its leaves and budding out afresh, quite different ones"; he also states that "the whole tree of our idea of life and living is dead" (Fantasia, p. 83). This juxtaposition clearly illustrates Lawrence's view that conceptualized thought has distanced man from the Life principle. Thus, states Lawrence, "Instead of living from the spontaneous centres, we live from the head" (Fantasia, p. 83). Such a cerebral attitude is connected with the Death principle, for as Lawrence observes:

It is the death of all life to force a pure idea into practice. Life must be lived from the deep, self-responsible spontaneous centres of every individual, in a vital, non-ideal circuit of dynamic relation between individuals. The passions or desires which are thought-born are deadly (Fantasia, p. 85).

So it is that a purely cerebral perception thwarts vital connection and encourages will-to-separateness--an element of Lawrence's Death principle.

For Lawrence, one either lives from one's balanced psyche, or one slips into dissolution by allowing one psychic center to become dominant. In The Symbolic Meaning (1917), Lawrence depicts modern man's epidemic life-denying will-to-power that is the result of an unbalanced psyche.

. . . in every man lies latent the passion to control and compel the issue of creation, by force of the subconscious will. We have a latent craving to control from our deliberate will the very springing and welling-up of the life impulse itself. This craving, once admitted, . . . carries

mankind to unthinkable lengths in the frenzied, insane purpose of having the life issue utterly under human compulsion.⁴⁶

This penchant to control the vital flow of life, when acted upon by one's predominating will-to-power, initiates a deathward movement and is thus another integral part of the Death pollyanalytic.

Gross materialism, as well as the ideal will-to-power and will-to-separateness, forms yet another correlative with the anti-life spirit found in Lawrence's Death pollyanalytic. In the very same letter to Lady Asquith that opens this chapter, Lawrence, after having sung the praises of the pristine original world as he had seen it on the English seacoast, writes with disgust about having to return to the life-denying resort town of Littlehampton.

I was so sick I felt I could not come back: all these little amorphous houses like an eruption, a disease on the clean earth; and all of them full of such a diseased spirit, every landlady harping on her money, her furniture, every visitor harping on his latitude of escape from money and furniture. The whole thing like an active disease, fighting out the health (Letters, p. 249).

Lawrence's firm belief that man over the centuries progressively has drawn further and further away from the Life principle as a result of his psychic imbalance is evident in his earliest novel, The White Peacock (1910). Herein the opening passage integrates the Death principle with the countryside surrounding Nethermere, a once vital landscape now in decline that correlates with modern man's deathward direction.

⁴⁶D. H. Lawrence, The Symbolic Meaning, ed. Armin Arnold (London: Centaur Press Ltd., 1962), p. 26.

The shadowy fish . . . were grey, descendants of the silvery things that had darted away from the monks, in the young days when the valley was lusty. . . . Only the thin stream falling through the mill-race murmured to itself of the tumult of life which had once quickened the valley (WP, p. 1).

Although Nethermere is not yet a Place of Death (the stream recalls the valley's vitality), it is at best somnolent and at worst, dying. If one views the grey descendants of the silvery quick fish in this passage as modern man and the once vital valley as the world, one assumes Lawrence's perception of contemporary man's condition.

Thus Lawrence's great theme is a religious vitalism wherein man is urged to reverse his deathward direction and to journey toward Life. Sometimes, as illustrated in the former section, Life is attained by means of a metaphoric psychic death from which one is reborn into the Life principle. At other times, however, characters do not turn away from their deathward direction nor are they reborn; they proceed further on their journey toward Death, and some literally die. The subsequent pathos reinforces Lawrence's vitalistic theme; one understands immediately Lawrence's insistence that man live breast-to-breast with the cosmos. The sight of lifeless characters merely subsisting by the infliction of their predominant little wills over others and over their environment--their horrible unnaturalness and their close affinity with the Death principle--very effectively reinforces Lawrence's vitalistic theme.

Contrary to the former section, this segment will explore the obverse of Lawrence's employment of his Life-Death pollyanalytic in

his short fiction. The tales are probed for Lawrence's integration of this pollyanalytic with place, much as has been done in the previous sections, but the difference between the two sections lies in the predominant motifs of the tales found in each section. Whereas the first section has dealt with tales involving rebirth, this segment will investigate Lawrence's short fiction that concerns a character's dissolution as a result of his psychic imbalance that is correlated with a Place of Death.

The eleven tales to be explored fall into two groups. Group one concerns five tales wherein a Place of Life, an organic place of wholeness and health, gives way to a Place of Death, an inorganic and sometimes mechanical place, resulting in a character's turn toward dissolution. The six tales that form group two are dominated by Places of Death that correlate with the Death pollyanalytic, and a character's subsequent literal or metaphorical demise is the result of his psychic imbalance that is correlated with the Place of Death. Tales previously discussed that fit into this section will appear at the chapter's end.

The first two tales to be explored, "A Lesson on a Tortoise" (1908) and "A Fly in the Ointment" (1910 & 1913), appear in Phoenix II and are interesting both for their depiction of Lawrence as school teacher and for their correlation of place with the Life-Death pollyanalytic. In "A Lesson," the protagonist's young class busily sketches a turtle as the teacher looks out the classroom window at a sunset over a cityscape.

. . . I stood and looked across at the sunset, which I could see facing me through my window, a great gold sunset, very large and magnificent, rising up in immense gold beauty beyond the town, that was become a low dark strip of nothingness under the wonderful up-building of the western sky. The light, the thick, heavy golden sunlight which is only seen in its full dripping splendour in town, spread on the desks and the floor like gold lacquer. I lifted my hands, to take the sunlight on them, smiling faintly to myself, trying to shut my fingers over its tangible richness (Phoenix II, p. 25).

The quickness and warmth of the sun's rays contrast strikingly with the "dark strip of nothingness" that is the life-denying city itself.

The protagonist's connection with this sunny sight--the sky, the desks, the floor, his hands, all radiating with the sun's quickness--snaps suddenly with his discovery that his most trusted student has been stealing school supplies. As the protagonist leaves the school shortly thereafter, the city seems to embody the essence of the Death principle that encompasses the lad's willful nature.

. . . I turned out the last light, tried the cupboards, and went home.

I felt very tired, and very sick. The night had come up, the clouds were moving darkly, and the sordid streets near the school felt like disease in the lamplight (Phoenix II, p. 28).

Temporarily dissociated from the Life principle evident earlier in the sun-filled room, the protagonist trudges deeper into the dark deathly city, sick at heart over the corruption evident in man and his city.

In "A Fly in the Ointment," a similar episode removes the protagonist from contact with a Place of Life and leaves him in dark despair. Having received a box of wild flowers from his sweetheart

in the English Midlands, the city-pent protagonist is cast into a day-long reverie that places him in direct contact with the late-winter landscape of his Midland home.

Muriel had sent me some mauve primroses, slightly weather-beaten, and some honeysuckle, twine threaded with grey-green rosettes, and some timid hazel catkins

. . . those mauve primroses had set my tune for the day: I was dreamy and tender; school and the sounds of the boys were unreal, unsubstantial; beyond these were the realities of my poor winter-trodden primroses, and the pale hazel catkins that Muriel had sent me (Phoenix II, p. 13).

When he returns to his lodging that evening, the protagonist decides to write home, for he feels in touch with the quick countryside of home.

I will not say at what time I finished my letter, I can recall a sensation of being blind, dim, oblivious of everything, smiling to myself as I sealed the envelope; putting my books and papers in their places without the least knowledge of so doing, keeping the atmosphere of Strelley Mill close round me in my London lodging. I can remember turning off the electric light. The next thing of which I am conscious is pushing at the kitchen door (Phoenix II, p. 14).

The discovery of a burglar in the kitchen--a whiny cowardly thief at that--jolts the protagonist from his vital connection so that his "blood seemed to change its quality" as it becomes "cool and sharp with disgust" (Phoenix II, p. 15). Face-to-face with this product of a diseased society, the protagonist realizes that the incorrigible thief is beyond his understanding. A symbol for the Death principle that pervades modern society and its life-denying cities, the burglar departs, taking with him, at least temporarily, the protagonist's sense of life. As the protagonist retires for the night, he thinks of the incident as a nightmare, for the thief had become to him "a

blot, like a blot fallen on my soul, something black and heavy which I could not decipher" (Phoenix II, p. 17).

Like the school teacher at the end of "The Lesson on a Tortoise," this protagonist's connection with a Place of Life is severed for a time by his contact with a living component of the Death principle. Unlike the former tale, the Place of Life in "A Fly in the Ointment" is not juxtaposed with a literal Place of Death--the burglar's lifeless nature is symbolic of such a place, however, as he retreats into the darkened city at the story's end.

Clearly, Lawrence's condemnation of the two thieves for their willful self-serving natures in these tales is a blanket criticism of any society that promotes such willful lifelessness in its members, for not only do the offenders divorce themselves further from a vital connection with the Life principle, but, like a contagion, their contact weakens others' vital link with Life. An ever-widening circle of dissolution is the result.

In the remaining three tales in this group, Lawrence continues to condemn the deathly nature of modern society by contrasting its psychic manifestations, such as will-to-power and will-to-separateness, with Places of Life, but he does so more effectively by focusing in detail upon character's psychic imbalances. The short story "The Shades of Spring" (1911 & 1914) is a case in point.

In this tale the spiritually willful and recently married Syson returns after eight years to the countryside of the English Midlands for a surprise visit with Hilda, a former sweetheart with

whom he once had established a purely spiritual relationship.

Lawrence describes this Place of Life to which Syson has returned:

. . . where daffodils all along the hedgerow swung like yellow, ruffled birds on their perches. He loved the place extraordinarily, the hills ranging round, with bear-skin woods covering their giant shoulders, and small red farms like brooches clasping their garments; the blue streak of water in the valley, the bareness of the home pasture, the sound of myriad-threaded bird-singing, which went mostly unheard. To his last day, he would dream of this place when he felt the sun on his face, or saw the small handfuls of snow between the winter twigs, or smelt the coming of spring (CSS, p. 202).

Unfortunately for Syson, this temporary connection with the quickness of the countryside soon is shattered by his new perception of the once-thought-to-be-spiritual Hilda.

Embittered over Syson's marriage, Hilda tells him of her own "marriage" to the local keeper, consummated the same evening as his own wedding, and takes the bewildered Syson to her lover's hut, where she shows him their sensual barbaric boudoir.

. . . The apartment was occupied almost entirely by a large couch of heather and bracken, on which was spread an ample rabbit-skin rug. On the floor were patchwork rugs of cat-skin, and a red calf-skin, while hanging from the wall were other furs. Hilda took down one, which she put on. It was a cloak of rabbit-skin and of white fur, with a hood apparently of the skins of stoats. She laughed at Syson out of this barbaric mantle (CSS, p. 206).

The couch filled with dead wild vegetation and the animal skins all about the apartment make this Place of Death a correlative of Hilda's unbalanced psyche--her approach to sex seems to be cerebral and sensational.

With this new knowledge about his would-be Beatrice, the realization that he had never truly known Hilda casts the Dante-like Syson into an internal interminable hell.

. . . He climbed the bank to the gorse bushes, whose sparks of blossom had not yet gathered into a flame. Lying on the dry brown turf, he discovered sprigs of tiny purple milkwort and pink spots of lousewort. What a wonderful world it was--marvellous, for ever new. He felt as if it were underground, like the fields of monotone hell, notwithstanding. Inside his breast was a pain like a wound. He remembered the poem of William Morris, where in the Chapel of Lyonesse, a knight lay wounded, with the truncheon of a spear deep in his breast, lying always as dead, yet did not die, while day after day the coloured sunlight dipped from the painted window across the chancel, and passed away (CSS, p. 210).

Like the knight, Syson is on the cusp of Life and Death. However, the story's final line, "Syson . . . departed, going back to town" (CSS, p. 211), implies strongly his deathward direction, which, in turn, reinforces the death reference in the tale's title.

For this Dante there is no eternal rose, no Beatrice, and no rejuvenation. Syson has perceived that his predominant spiritual will, with which he had held Hilda in thrall for so long, is just as life-denying and lifeless as is Hilda's newly developed sensationism. Subsequently, Syson is left drifting toward the Death principle, "the shades," as is evident in the underground motif and in his inability to form a connection with the flowering landscape with which he had been in touch so shortly before. Like many of Lawrence's early short stories, place in this tale is employed as a correlative of a state of mind.

This movement from Life to Death is the central motif of another short story that appears in Phoenix II, "The Mortal Coil"

(1913 & 1916). Again, a character's psychic imbalance prevents his connection with a Place of Life and becomes a correlative with a Place of Death. In regard to the storyline, Baron Von Freideburg, a young German officer, has accumulated so many gambling debts that he decides to extract himself from the embarrassing situation by the only means at his disposal--suicide. Marta Hohenest, his vital spontaneous lover, tries to instill in the officer a desire to live by offering him her real love, but the Baron suffers from an overwhelming will-to-separateness and can never truly love anyone. However, he pretends to accept Marta's love while, in fact, he only wants her sexually.

Early the next morning, the officer leaves his bed, Marta nestled therein, to take his men on a day-long training march. As he witnesses the day's dawn, his willful lifeless nature almost forms a connection with the freshly awakened landscape.

The dawn came. He saw the rosiness of it hang trembling with light, above the east. Then a strange glamour of scarlet passed over the land. At his feet, glints of ice flashed scarlet, even the hands of the men were red as they swung, sinister, heavy, reddened.

The sun surged up, her rim appeared, swimming with fire, hesitating, surging up. Suddenly there were shadows from trees and ruts, and grass was hoar and ice was gold against the ebony shadow. The faces of the men were alight, kindled with life. Ah, it was magical, it was all too marvellous! If only it were always like this! (Phoenix II, p. 80).

It is "too marvellous," indeed, for Freideburg's dominant will-to-separateness soon distances him from the Life pollyanalytic evident in the fresh open landscape. As the day drags on for the officer, the lifelessness of his psyche becomes a correlative of the now death-like countryside.

By afternoon the sky had gone one dead, livid level of grey. It seemed low down, and oppressive. He was tired, the men were tired, and this let the heavy cold soak in to them like despair. Life could not keep it out.

... They marched on and on, stumbling with fatigue under a great leaden sky, over a frozen dead country. The men were silent with weariness, the heavy motion of their marching was like an oppression. Freideburg was tired too, and deadened, as his face was deadened by the cold air. He did not think any more; the misery of his soul was like a frost inside him (Phoenix II, p. 81).

Upon returning to the garrison town that night, the officer heads for his home (and Marta), there "to change and get warm and renewed" (CSS, pp. 81-82). It is not to be, however. As he enters his house, he learns that Marta is dead, accidentally asphyxiated by the stove's fumes. As Lawrence notes, "This was the end of him. The quick of him was pierced and killed" (CSS, p. 83). His only means of contact with Life is gone, although because of his isolate nature this connection was not complete. No longer will anyone or anything stand between the officer and the fulfillment of his death wish, even though in actuality his psychic imbalance had rendered him metaphorically dead long before.

Freideburg's process of dissolution wherein he rejects the vital and the quick while place and psyche become correlatives of the Death pollyanalytic reflects Lawrence's view of modern man's psychic condition. As the officer earlier observed,

. . . Strange, that human life was so tenacious! Strange, that man had made of life a long, slow process of torture to the soul. Strange, that it was no longer than this! Strange, that but for man, this misery would not exist. For it was not God's misery, but the misery of the world of man (Phoenix II, p. 82).

For Lawrence, it is clear that the blame for modern man's willful movement toward dissolution lay with man himself. Such a death-oriented man as Freideburg Lawrence viewed as a direct threat to the Life principle and to those, such as Marta, who are in harmony with it.

Such is the case in the final story to be investigated in this group, "Her Turn" (1912), wherein a miner's wife, Mrs. Radford, exerts her predominant will-to-power over her naturally assertive husband, whose balanced psyche is a correlative of the fresh spring countryside behind his home.

Angry at the small allowance given her for household expenses out of Radford's strike pay (he knows that they have savings that can tide them over if necessary, and he enjoys his pint or two each evening at the local), Mrs. Radford decides to take the upper hand in the matter. She spends all of their savings on useful, but unnecessary, household items. When she returns from her shopping spree, she finds Radford peacefully puttering about his garden.

Her husband was gardening in a desultory fashion when she got back home. The daffodils were out. The colts in the field at the end of the garden were tossing their velvety brown necks.

"Sithee here, missis," called Radford, from the shed which stood half-way down the path. Two doves in a cage were cooing.

"What have you got?" asked the woman, as she approached. He held out to her in his big, earthy hand a tortoise. The reptile was very, very slowly issuing its head again to the warmth (CSS, p. 42).

His connection with this Place of Life is soon shattered, however, when the purchased items are delivered. Amazed at his wife's

extravagance, he almost strikes her when he learns that all of their savings are gone. Gaining control of himself, he retreats to his garden, where he seeks solace by stroking the turtle's head. As for his wife,

She stood hesitating, watching him. Her heart was heavy, and yet there was a curious, cat-like look of satisfaction round her eyes. Then she went indoors and gazed at her new cups, admiringly (CSS, p. 44).

These bourgeois lifeless items render the kitchen even more a Place of Death.

Clearly, Mrs. Radford's materialism and will-to-power have put her in economic control. When Radford receives his strike pay thereafter, he docilely hands all of it over to his wife and humbly accepts the shilling that she doles out to him in return. Mrs. Radford's will-to-power has reigned supreme over her husband's assertiveness, effectively reversing their roles.

Radford's resentment upon being so put upon must contribute to an unbalanced psyche, and a lifeless marriage consisting of a battle of wills (like Lawrence's own parents' marriage) seems certain in their future. Thus, the vital and quick relationship formerly extant between Radford and his wife, due to his wife's predominate will-to-power, is destined to become cold and inert. So it is that Lawrence's vitalistic theme again employs a juxtaposition between a Place of Life, indicative of a balanced psyche, and a character's turn toward dissolution as the result of an encounter with a character's unbalanced psyche. The transformation of the house indicates this turn.

This second group of tales differs from the first in that, except for the first story to be explored, "The Lovely Lady" (1927), no Places of Life exist therein. Rather, five of these six tales contain only Places of Death, which correlate with an unbalanced psyche. As in the first group, characters in these stories are moving away from the Life principle and closer to the Death principle. The dissolution of such characters, again, stems from psychic imbalance.

"The Lovely Lady" is an apt tale for the transition between the two groups, for it contains what would normally be a Lawrencean Place of Life, but because of the lifeless natures of the characters who visit it, the place is presented objectively as being inanimate. The willful culprit of this tale is, again, a woman. Pauline Attenborough, a seventy-two-year-old Englishwoman of some substance, has complete domination over her son, Robert, and her live-in niece, Cecilia. A woman of indomitable will, Pauline prides herself upon her extraordinary youthful appearance, her taste in antiques, and her iron-fisted hold on her son, who offers her his constant devotion, much to the chagrin of Cecilia, whose secret designs upon Robert are no secret to Pauline.

Pauline's selfish nature and her predominant will-to-power clearly link her with the Death principle. E. W. Tedlock is correct when he writes of Pauline, "By feeding on sensation and the lives of the young, she preserves her looks even at the age of seventy-

two."⁴⁷ Kingsley Widmer, too, is accurate in his assessment of Pauline's deadly will:

The martiarch's emotional cannibalism keeps up her facade to the world . . . Pauline is a living death, as Lawrence mockingly emphasizes in the opening description of her "exquisite skeleton" and "skull."⁴⁸

The description of Pauline's drawing room extends her connection with Death and clearly presents the room as a correlative of her imbalanced psyche.

Robert took coffee with his mother and Ciss in the warm drawing-room, where all the furniture was so lovely, all collectors' pieces--Mrs. Attenborough had made her own money, dealing privately in pictures and furniture and rare things from barbaric countries--and the three talked desultorily till about eight or half-past. It was very pleasant, very cosy, very homely even: Pauline made a real home cosiness out of so much elegant material. The chat was simple, and nearly always bright. Pauline was her real self, emanating a friendly mockery and an odd, ironic gaiety. Till there came a little pause.

At which Ciss always rose and said good night (CSS, p. 764).

Aware of the possessive power of possessions, her fear of them implicitly condemns Pauline herein. Pauline is materialistic, obviously, and her holding in high esteem inert artifacts from the past becomes one more connection between her and the Death polly-analytic. Her bullying nature, too, is evident in this passage as she dominates Robert's attention and treats Cecilia as a servant.

Such bullying, in Lawrence's view, is a deadly manifestation of an imbalanced psyche. In Fantasia, Lawrence writes that the

⁴⁷Tedlock, p. 211.

⁴⁸Widmer, p. 96.

inflicting of one's will upon another person results in "a suppression of the great lower centres, and a living sort of half-life, almost entirely and exhaustively from the upper centres" (Fantasia, p. 52). So it is that Pauline's drawing room is a Lawrencean Place of Death that correlates with her will-to-power and materialism.

Like the protagonists in "A Lesson on a Tortoise," "A Fly in the Ointment," and "Her Turn," who are turned, at least temporarily, in the direction of dissolution by their encounter with an unbalanced psyche, so are Robert and Celia by Pauline's overbearing will. As they walk out into the countryside one night, their vital natures numbed by their long exposure to Pauline's will, the full extent of the damage done to their spontaneous and quick psychic centers by the unnatural mother becomes evident:

. . . in silence, in the dark, they walked down the garden and over the little bridge to the paddock, where the hay, cut very late, was in cock. There they stood disconsolate under the stars.

"You see," he said, "how can I ask for love, if I don't feel any love in myself. You know I have a real regard for you--"

"How can you feel any love, when you never feel anything?" she said (CSS, p. 773).

The setting is dead to this couple because their unbalanced psyches cannot respond to the Life principle inherent in the garden and paddock. Robert and Cecilia have lost the ability to feel true emotion, and accordingly, they are connected with the Death principle.

Cecilia's eventual destruction of Pauline is an act of the former's own will-to-power, an act worthy of the person from whom she learned to exert it--Pauline herself. Thus, the lifeless

stagnant existences of the two surviving characters at the close of the tale imply that they are destined to continue in their direction of dissolution and to find a Place of Death, such as the garden and paddock, awaiting them at every turn--correlatives of their willful and emotionless psyches. So it is that Widmer is right when he writes of the lovely lady, the progenitor of her son and niece's lifelessness, "This woman is the key representative of the society's will to the artificial and purposeless mechanism."⁴⁹ She valued only what she could control, and everything that she touched turned toward dissolution.

The remaining five tales are permeated with the Death principle that manifests itself in Places of Death--correlatives of unbridled human will. The first to be explored, the 1924 tale "Jimmy and the Desperate Woman," is the counterpart to "The Border Line," written one month after "Jimmy." In this tale Jimmy Firth, a cerebral literary editor who makes his physical weakness his strength by playing on the sympathy of others, thus exerting his will over them, goes to the north of England to "rescue" a would-be poet from her coal miner husband. He has received poems submitted to his magazine by Mrs. Pinnegar, and her sensitivity and unhappy circumstance have moved him to seek her out and to bring her back to London as his mistress. Little does he know that the poet has as great a will-to-power as his own and that she would endure anything to escape her unpleasant marriage with a man who refuses to defer to her will.

⁴⁹Widmer, p. 97.

The description of Mill Valley, the mining town where Firth has gone to "win" Mrs. Pinnegar, reveals in its hellishness a Place of Death from which no resurrection is probable.

. . . The mines, apparently, were on the outskirts of the town, in some mud-sunk country. He could see the red sore fires of the burning pit-hill through the trees, and he smelt the sulphur. He felt like some modern Ulysses wandering in the realms of Hecate. How much more dismal and horrible, a modern Odyssey among mines and factories, than any Sirens, Scyllas or Charybdises.

So he mused to himself as he waded through icy black mud, in a black lane, under black trees that moaned an accompaniment to the sound of the coal-mine's occasional hissing and chuffing, under a black sky that quenched even the electric sparkle of the colliery. And the place seemed uninhabited like a cold black jungle (CSS, p. 610).

The result of an industrial society that has lost touch with the Life principle, Mill Valley is a correlative of the will-to-power so prevalent in such members of the society as Firth and Mrs. Pinnegar, and it illustrates the hideous dissolution to which such an unbalanced psyche leads. Surely Mill Valley parallels Lawrence's native Eastwood, of which he wrote in an autobiographical fragment, "It is a queer thing that countries die along with their inhabitants. This countryside is dead: or so inert, it is as good as dead" (Phoenix, p. 822).

When he does meet Mrs. Pinnegar, Firth sees her indomitable will-to-power in the very way that she looks at him and in the manner that she makes him feel seedy and small. Like a moth drawn to a flame, Firth must have her home with him, where he imagines that his own little insidious will-to-power will make her forever his. Several days later, when Jimmy goes to the train station to meet his future

"conquest," he sees "her slow cat's eyes smouldering under her straight brows, smouldering at him: he almost swooned" (CSS, p. 629). Surely Widmer is correct when he writes that Jimmy "will inevitably submit to the desperately willful woman, and he will be even less a man."⁵⁰ So it is that these two willful characters, whose unbalanced psyches are integrated with Mill Valley--a Place of Death--become Lawrencean examples of death-in-life. Their unvital relationship will take them ever deathward.

A Place of Death quite similar to Mill Valley is found in the well-known tale "Odour of Chrysanthemums" (1909, 1911 & 1914). Again an unhappy marriage is depicted, this time between an assertive coal miner, Walter Bates, and his egotistical wife, Elizabeth. The tale's opening passage, deemed pure genius by Lawrence's first publisher, Ford Maddox Ford, clearly correlates the Life-Death pollyanalytic with place.

. . . A woman, walking up the railway line to Underwood, drew back into the hedge, held her basket aside, and watched the footplate of the engine advancing. The trucks thumped heavily past, one by one, with slow inevitable movement, as she stood insignificantly trapped between the jolting black wagons and the hedge; then they curved away toward the coppice where the withered oak leaves dropped noiselessly, while the birds, pulling at the scarlet hips beside the track, made off into the dusk that had already crept into the spinney. In the open, the smoke from the engine sank and cleaved to the rough grass. The fields were dreary and forsaken, and in the marshy strip that led to the whimsey, a reedy pit-pond, the fowls had already abandoned their run among the alders, to roost in the tarred fowl-house. The

⁵⁰Widmer, p. 144.

pit-bank loomed up beyond the pond, flames like red sores licking its ashy sides, in the afternoon's stagnant light. Just beyond rose the tapering chimneys and the clumsy black headstocks of Brinsley Colliery

.
 . . . At the edge of the ribbed level of sidings squat a low cottage, three steps down from the cinder track. A large bony vine clutched at the house, as if to claw down the tiled roof (CSS, p. 283).

Like Mill Valley, the once vital countryside around Brinsley has been savaged by an uncaring willful industrial system until it is now a Place of Death. As Robert Hedspeth astutely observes:

The dreary land, lit only by the demonic glare of the mine, is an embodiment of the psychic lives of the couple who stand at the center of the story. The grimness, the desolation, the connotations of waste and ruin are all appropriate to the lives of Walter and Elizabeth Bates.⁵¹

Elizabeth's psychic imbalance has manifested itself in a will-to-power that has turned their marriage into a raging battle-of-wills. Such constant bidding for domination on each of their parts has also instilled in each a will-to-separateness that has resulted in mutual isolation that parallels modern man's plight in an industrial world. As Lawrence writes in the essay "A Propos of Lady Chatterley's Lover,"

The sense of isolation, followed by the sense of menace and fear, is bound to arise as the feeling of oneness and community with our fellow-men declines, and the feeling of individualism and personality, which is existence in isolation, increases . . . the old togetherness, the old blood warmth has collapsed, and every man is really aware of himself in apartness (Phoenix II, p. 513).

Such is the case in the microcosmic marriage of the Bates.

⁵¹ Robert Hudspeth, "Lawrence's 'Odour of Chrysanthemums': Isolation and Paradox," Studies in Short Fiction, 6 (Fall 1969), 631.

Additionally, such isolation quite logically leads to egoism, and Elizabeth's is illustrated in her picking of a chrysanthemum and her placing it in her waistband, a Lawrencean act of will as indicated in his essay "Nottingham and the Mining Countryside" (1929?).

Most women love flowers as possessions, and as trimmings. They can't look at a flower, and wonder a moment, and pass on . . . they must at once pick it, pluck it. Possession! A possession! Something added on to me! And most of the so-called love of flowers today is merely . . . egoism (Phoenix, p. 137).

So it is that the Bates' unbalanced psyches--representative of the death-oriented industrial society of which they are members--are integrated with the landscape of Brinsley to form a Place of Death.

When Walter is killed in a mining accident, Elizabeth is forced to the recognition that their wills-to-separateness have needlessly robbed them of the vital quick relationship that they had originally enjoyed. Accordingly, as she washes her husband's corpse, Elizabeth realizes that they have been merely subsisting in a kind of life-in-death. She is filled with awe at the wonder of real Life, with which she had lost contact shortly after her marriage, and her discovery that it is too late to share such vitality with her husband, whom she now holds in reverential respect, is as hard for her to accept as is the knowledge that death has sealed him eternally apart from her. Thus R. E. Pritchard is correct in his assessment that in this tale "Lawrence is concerned to show that 'life' and 'death' are not what she had thought, nor as different as they might seem."⁵²

⁵²R. E. Pritchard, p. 63.

"Odour of Chrysanthemums" is one of Lawrence's most effective vitalistic statements. Julian Moynahan's view of the tale is apt.

Bates' death restores the truth which the anomalous and alienating creatures of the industrial system have covered up. With perfect objectivity and compassion Lawrence describes a waste of life in order to affirm life.⁵³

The incorporation of a Place of Death--Brinsley's countryside--as a manifestation of modern man's life-denying will-to-power and will-to-separateness, as seen in Walter and Elizabeth's unbalanced psyches, again illustrates the dissolution inherent in a psyche that is dominated by personal will.

The final tale in this group that deals with an unhappy marriage wherein a battle of wills is waged is "Delilah and Mr. Bircumshaw" (1912), a little-known tale that appears in Phoenix II. Unlike the later "Samson and Delilah" (1916), wherein a wife's will-to-power eventually defers to her husband's assertiveness, Mrs. Bircumshaw's will wins the battle. She not only belittles her husband in front of a female guest, but she increases the effectiveness of her caustic castrating remarks by bringing the guest into the foray as a comrade-in-arms. Utterly humiliated before this woman for whom he had had such respect, he skulks off to bed--despite the earliness of the hour--and sulks.

⁵³Julian Moynahan, p. 184.

Mrs. Bircumshaw then takes her guest into the cold cheerless kitchen that is a correlative of the Bircumshaw's lifeless marriage and the wife's will-to-power.

The kitchen was bare, with drab walls glistening to the naked gas-jet. The tiled floor was uncovered, cold and damp. Everything was clean, stark, and cheerless. The large stove, littered with old paper, was black, black-cold. There was a baby's high chair in one corner, and a teddy-bear, and a tin pigeon. Mrs. Bircumshaw threw a cloth on the table that was pushed up under the drab-blinded window, against the great, black stove, which radiated coldness since it could not radiate warmth (Phoenix II, p. 88).

A Place of Death, the kitchen reflects the life-denying nature of Mrs. Bircumshaw's unbalanced psyche.

Bircumshaw's wife had won. All of his natural assertiveness had fallen before this willful female team effort. He now wishes only to be left alone so that he can nurse his wounds. A victim of his wife's overwhelming will-to-power, Bircumshaw's will-to-separateness becomes predominant in his psyche. Ironically, her husband's further withdrawal from herself was not Mrs. Bircumshaw's wish. She berated her husband because to her he did not seem manly enough. Perhaps she felt that if he were pushed far enough that he would stand up to her bid for power and wrest it from her. But Bircumshaw's sensitive nature has been pushed too far, and the tale ends with his wife much more alone than she would have wished.

Widmer's reading of the story is persuasive:

If the man is not capable of dominant purpose, or if the female cannot or will not submit, Samson and the faith of marriage collapse. . . . The epiphany to this awkwardly

done piece shows that the Delilah defeats herself when she defeated her husband.⁵⁴

Thus a character's predominant will-to-power correlated with a Place of Death once again initiates the deathward movement that must result from an imbalanced psyche.

Unlike "Delilah and Mr. Bircumshaw" wherein a lifeless room reflects their life-in-death marriage, Lawrence's depiction of place as a correlative of the Death pollyanalytic moves geographically from the general to the specific in his story "The Primrose Path" (1913). The black sheep of the family, Daniel Sutton, has followed the primrose path since his late teens and thus has lived a dissolute existence in which his wife left him for another, one of his children was adopted, and he went to Australia to seek his fortune. Recently returned from Australia where his mistress had tried to poison him, the bullying Sutton despises England, which he describes to Daniel Berry, his visiting nephew, as "this cankering, rotten-hearted hell of a country" (CSS, p. 427): clearly a Place of Death in Sutton's eyes. Although he does not equate England with his own life-denying will-to-power, Sutton wants to return to Sydney, for money is to be made there.

Having met his nephew at Victoria station, Sutton drives him to his house, the road to which takes them "past a cemetery" into "rather grimy country" where "in the lanes the high hedges shone

⁵⁴Widmer, p. 149.

black with rain" (CSS, p. 430). This general atmosphere of oppression and death is intensified when they stop to visit Sutton's former wife, who is dying of consumption. Sutton's horror at this deathbed scene stems from the fact that, as a sensualist and egoist, he cannot bear to be reminded of man's end, for his every waking moment is directed to controlling his life-flow and that of others with his will-to-power. Thus Death to Sutton is a loss of this power--a placing of himself in a helpless situation--and it terrifies him. Lacking a balanced psyche wherein he perceives that the flow of death is merely the counterpart of life's flow--that one is just as natural and necessary as the other--Sutton clings to his perception of life as being his own personal property, which only he controls, as if this view encompasses his eternal salvation.

When young Berry reaches his uncle's home, he finds a young girl and her working-class mother living there. The girl is Sutton's lover. Both women are terrified of Sutton, for he has bullied them with his will-to-power, as he has most people with whom he has come into contact. The grounds surrounding the house are in serious decline, making them a correlative of Sutton's life-denying bullying.

. . . Berry stood curiously at the top of the stone stairs that led from the high-road down to the level of the house, an old stone place. The garden was dilapidated. Broken fruit trees leaned at a sharp angle down the steep bank . . .

Berry went down the steps. Through the broken black fence of the orchard, long grass showed yellow. The place seemed deserted (CSS, p. 436).

Sutton's indecent display of sensualism for the girl before her unnatural mother and his nephew, the obvious fear that the women feel

for his willful nature, and the nephew's accurate prediction that the girl will soon "hate him like poison" (CSS, p. 440) and go off with another, close the tale on an apt note of dissolution.

So it is that Lawrence in this tale first depicts the whole country of England as cankering, then moves to a particular grimy countryside, and closes with a specific house's dilapidated grounds. Thus, Lawrence condemns with increasingly specificity the life-denying will-to-power as it is manifested in place. Subsequently, the vitalistic theme again is developed effectively in this story by Lawrence's integration of Places of Death with psyche.

Another such integration is present in the final tale to be examined in this chapter, "The Rocking-Horse Winner" (1926), wherein a haunted house is a correlative of Paul's, the protagonist's, mother's gross materialism and will-to-separateness. A cold woman who feels put upon by her children whom she cannot love, Paul's mother forever laments over the family's lack of money. Unable to feel a vital connection with her husband or children, the life-denying mother's unbalanced psyche causes her to seek self gratification by means of worldly acquisitions.

The house in which the family lives assumes the mother's materialistic anxiety and is filled with a desperate air, calling for more money.

. . . the house came to be haunted by the unspoken phrase:
There must be more money! There must be more money!
 The children could hear it all the time, though nobody said it aloud. They heard it at Christmas, when the expensive and splendid toys filled the nursery. Behind

the shining modern rocking-horse, behind the smart doll's house, a voice would start whispering: "There must be more money! There must be more money!" And the children would stop playing, to listen for a moment. They would look into each other's eyes, to see if they had all heard. And each one saw in the eyes of the other two that they too had heard. "There must be more money! There must be more money!" (CSS, p. 791).

Clearly, the house is a Place of Death.

Paul senses his mother's self-imposed distance from him, and he determines to make her love him by presenting her with what she most desires--money. Accordingly, Paul feverishly rides his hobby-horse until he arrives at the names of horses that will win specific races. He then places bets on the horses and eventually wins a great deal of money, which he anonymously gives his mother. However, the results of the gifts are not what Paul had expected.

. . . The voices in the house suddenly went mad, like a chorus of frogs on a spring evening. There were certain new furnishings, and Paul had a tutor. He was really going to Eton, his father's school, in the following autumn. There were flowers in the winter, and a blossoming of the luxury Paul's mother had been used to. And yet the voices in the house, behind the sprays of mimosa and almond-blossom, and from under the piles of iridescent cushions, simply trilled and screamed in a sort of ecstasy: "There must be more money! Oh-h-h; there must be more money. Oh, now, now-w! Now-w-w--there must be more money!--more than ever! More than ever!" (CSS, p. 800).

The more that Paul's mother's materialistic appetite is stimulated, the more money she desires.

So it is that Paul continues to tax his unconscious psyche, riding his hobby horse for the names of winners, despite the debilitating effect it has upon him. Eventually, Paul dies from "brain fever" due to his exertions, leaving his Mother eighty thousand

pounds in winnings. Accordingly, Michael Goldberg's view of the tale's parental-neglect and sacrifice of humanity as being Dickensian aspects of the worship of Mammon is accurate.⁵⁵ Even more important, however, is the pollyanalytic idea that the mother's lifeless nature and unbalanced psyche, correlatives of the haunted house, cause the dissolution of her son's psyche which, in turn, leads to his literal death. But what exactly does happen to Paul psychically? To answer this question, Paul's divination technique must be examined.

Caroline Gordon and Allen Tate observe that "the rocking horse is a link between the visible and invisible worlds and is his prime symbol."⁵⁶ Rephrasing this assessment pollyanalytically, Paul's riding entails a mentalizing of his unconscious, which, like an intellectualizing of the senses, is a Lawrencean aspect of the Death principle. Thus, W. D. Snodgrass' adjudgement that "the evil is that he [Paul] has chosen to know, to live by intellection"⁵⁷ is exactly right. Paul is guilty of forcing the will. Paul's unnatural means by which he tried to satisfy his mother's desire of money--a manifestation of her unbalanced psyche--results in his exploitation of

⁵⁵Michael Goldberg, "Lawrence's 'The Rocking-Horse Winner': A Dickensian Fable?" Modern Fiction Studies, 15 (Winter 1969-70), 525.

⁵⁶Caroline Gordon and Allen Tate, "'The Rocking-Horse Winner': Commentary," The House of Fiction: An Anthology of the Short Story (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1960), p. 230.

⁵⁷W. D. Snodgrass, "A Rocking-Horse: The Symbol, the Pattern, the Way to Live," D. H. Lawrence: A Collection of Critical Essays, ed. Mark Spilka (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1963), p. 120.

of his unconscious and the development of his subsequent psychic imbalance, leading to his dissolution. As usual, in this tale Lawrence integrates place and psyche with his pollyanalytic as an effective means to develop theme and character.

Thirteen other tales fit into this chapter section, too, but they will not be explored here because the predominant pollyanalytic in each has been fully examined and discussed in its respective chapter section. In chronological order, these tales are: "A Fragment of Stained Glass" (1907), "A Modern Lover" (1909), "The Witch A La Mode" (1911), "Second Best" (1911), "The Prussian Officer" (1913), "England, My England" (1915 & 1921), "Wintry Peacock" (1919), "The Overtone" (1924), "The Princess" (1924), "Two Blue Birds" (1926), "The Man Who Loved Islands" (1926), "Things" (1927), and "Mother and Daughter" (1928). Subsequently, as the great number of tales that fall into the Life-Death pollyanalytic implies, this heading is the all-subsuming category of Lawrence's fiction--both short and long.

EPILOGUE

Despite the significance that Lawrence placed on the man-landscape relationship in his short fiction, it was not until 1953 that an essay was written on the subject. Anthony West's "The Short Stories" praised Lawrence's ability to integrate setting and character and brought the subject to the fore. Two years later, in 1955, perhaps the best study of Lawrence's short fiction to date, F. R. Leavis' D. H. Lawrence: Novelist, was published, but it did not fully explore Lawrence's use of place or pollyanalytic. However, Mark Spilka's The Love Ethic of D. H. Lawrence, also published in 1955, took a long and perceptive look at the man-landscape connection in Lawrence and concluded that it was a vital relationship more integral than symbolic.

Spilka's recognition that Lawrencean place was alive and responsive led the way to the first study of place per se in Lawrence's fiction--Mark Schorer's "Lawrence and the Spirit of Place" (1959). Although Schorer's essay is brief, it is important for its recognition that Lawrence's landscapes elicit responses from characters and thus have psychological implications. Still, the logical connection of place, psychology, and Lawrence's pollyanalytics had not been made yet.

Four years later, in 1963, E. W. Tedlock noted in D. H. Lawrence: Artist and Rebel that natural objects in Lawrence's writings were used as correlatives of psychic states. That same

year, another step was made toward an eventual pollyanalytic examination of place with Mark Spilka's "Ritual Form: 'The Blind Man'" (1963). Therein Spilka saw a "communion" between man and place--a give and take--but the pollyanalytics, which would have clarified and strengthened the writer's argument, were not consulted. It was not until the following year and the subsequent appearance of Ronald Draper's D. H. Lawrence (1964) that the pollyanalytics were given their due. Draper's section on Lawrence's philosophy-psychology effectively illustrates their importance as commentary on Lawrence's fiction. Critics were quick to recognize the significance of the pollyanalytics and to incorporate them into new studies of Lawrence's art.

However, it was not until 1972 and the appearance that year of Leo Gurko's essay "D. H. Lawrence's Greatest Collection of Short Stories" that an oblique connection was made between place and pollyanalytic in Lawrence's fiction. Restricted to four short novels--"Love Among the Haystacks," "The Fox," "The Ladybird," and "The Captain's Doll"--Gurko noted that the search for emotional balance in these tales had geographical equivalents. (It will be recalled that the protagonists of these tales depart from Europe for a more vital location at the close of the stories.)

Four years later, Jennifer Michaels-Tonks took the pollyanalytic-place connection a logical step further in her D. H. Lawrence: The Polarity of North and South--Germany and Italy in His Prose Works (1976). Michaels-Tonks thus extended the geographical

scope of Gurko's study and applied a specific Lawrencean polly-analytic dichotomy--North and South--in her excellent analysis of the correlation of place and psyche in the handful of Lawrence's works that deal specifically with Germany and Italy.

Thus, the function of this exploration, which for the first time investigates the primary Lawrencean pollyanalytic dichotomies and their correlation with spirit of place in all of the short stories, is to take the studies of the preceding critics--from West to Michaels-Tonks--to their conclusion. A clearer perception of Lawrence's consummate skill and artistic mastery hopefully has resulted.

The short fiction of D. H. Lawrence, although not as well known as his novels, contains some fine work. In fact, Julian Moynahan notes that as a short story writer Lawrence "has no equal among English writers" and adds that "the common judgment that Lawrence's short stories and novellas contain a higher proportion of assured artistic successes than do his novels is substantially correct."¹

However, many critics do not view Lawrence so favorably. One major area of contention involves Lawrence's technique of characterization. William Pritchard objects to Lawrence's incorporation of

¹Moynahan, p. 175.

his philosophy-psychology in the fictions' themes and characters. Writes Pritchard, "One should read him . . . with a distrustful eye cocked at the doctrine and a disdain for the way it hobbles characters into the narrow confines of an author's will."² Such an assessment reflects the critic's dislike of Lawrence's pollyanalytics and method of characterization but offers no valid objective criticism of Lawrence's fiction. It is evident that Pritchard wants to change the nature of Lawrence's stories. In a similar vein, D. B. Woolsey accuses Lawrence of presenting his characters as "symbolic, 'emotional abstractions' rather than people."³ In defense of Lawrence's characterization, one must remember that Lawrence was not interested in "character" except as the embodiment of universal forces. This study has illustrated that Lawrence's revelation of character's psyches by means of their connection (or lack of same) with spirit of place and with other people portrays them either as quick vital entities in the midst of living or inert lifeless beings moving toward dissolution.

Critics are more in agreement as to the significance of the man-nature relationship in Lawrence's fiction. Although they may not agree as to exactly how the tension between character and

²William Pritchard, Seeing Through Everything: English Writers 1918-1940 (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1977), p. 86.

³D. B. Woolsey, "Bards of Passion and of Mirth," New Republic, 56(August 29, 1928), 54.

landscape is important, the critics are aware that it is significant. Chaman Nahal is correct in his assertion about Lawrence's view of man and nature:

. . . the feeling of the "interdependability" of things never leaves him. There is an undercurrent of force and life everywhere in the cosmos, and it is up to man to keep himself open to the flow. For the vitality in nature aids the vitality in man.⁴

John Vickery observes how Lawrence incorporates this idea in his fiction.

Complementing the mythic and ritualistic qualities of Lawrence's characters and their actions is their physical background, the natural phenomena with which the author invests their world and to which they respond . . . The majority of these instances reveal the natural flourishing of lives that maintain contact with the underlying rhythms of the physical world.⁵

This assessment is accurate, for it echoes Lawrence's view as expressed in "Pan in America" (1924) of man's relationship with nature:

What can man do with his life but live it? And what does life consist in, save a vivid relatedness between the man and the living universe that surrounds him?

.
 . . . when all is said and done, life itself consists in a live relatedness between man and his universe, sun, moon, stars, earth, trees, flowers, birds, animals, men, everything (Phoenix, pp. 27 & 31).

That this same "vivid relatedness" between man's psyche and place is correlated in most of Lawrence's short fiction has been made evident by this study.

⁴Chaman Nahal, D. H. Lawrence: An Eastern View (New York: A. S. Barnes and Company, 1970), p. 72.

⁵John Vickery, p. 318.

Landscape, for Lawrence, quite clearly is a vital aspect of man's "living universe" with which he is to live in harmony. Thus, in the essay "Introduction to These Paintings" (1929), Lawrence writes, "for me, personally, landscape is always waiting for something to occupy it. Landscape seems to be meant as a background for an intenser vision of life" (Phoenix, p. 561). As with painting, so with Lawrence's fiction, for landscape often conveys a keener vision of vitality to Lawrence's characters; Lou's view of the holiness in Las Chivas and Elizabeth Bates' desolate Brinsley countryside readily come to mind. All critics, however, do not regard Lawrence's integration of place and psyche as an admirable facet of his fiction because they disagree with or, as is more often the case, they do not understand the implicit pollyanalytic present therein.

Thus, critic Anthony West states:

It is terribly easy to mock at Lawrence . . . for his emotionalism: the mind tempered in the classical school knows that furrows in a half-flooded field do not vibrate, that a savage thrill cannot be felt in the air of any place and that such things cannot have any place in a rational chain of thought that would satisfy the requirements of logic.⁶

This criticism's premise that a classical education dismisses as non-existent any and all phenomena that it cannot explain away with logic is disturbing in its egoism. Yet this charge against Lawrence

⁶West, p. 221.

of "emotionalism," which translates to "anti-intellectualism" in most scholarly circles, is far too common.

Another proponent of this erroneous view is Anais Nin. In a study that one must believe was intended to honor Lawrence's work, Nin unwittingly damns it by an incomplete understanding of Lawrence's pollyanalytics. Writes Nin:

His philosophy was not a coolly constructed formula, an assemblage of theories fitting reasonably together: it was a transcending of ordinary values, which were to be vivified and fecundated by instincts and intuitions. To such intuitive reasoning he submitted himself and all his characters.⁷

Correct up to a point, for Lawrence does acknowledge that man's unconscious psyche is significant, Nin ignores Lawrence's insistence that man must learn to live from a balanced psyche. Thus, Lawrence condemns the dominance of any of the four centers and views a predominantly unconscious psyche just as negatively as a too-conscious one.

As for the charge that Lawrence's theories do not fit reasonably together, a close examination of Lawrence's pollyanalytics reveals a complex, well-thought-out, philosophical system. When condemned once by an anonymous critic for not maintaining the same high standard for his intellect as had for his art, Lawrence replied that "he [Lawrence] hopes to heaven he is riding a horse that is alive of itself, not a wooden hobby-horse suitable for the nursery"

⁷Anais Nin, D. H. Lawrence: An Unprofessional Study (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1964), p. 13.

(Phoenix, p. 805). Thus Lawrence states, in his own inimitable manner, that his art is what it is--alive and vibrant--because it is integrated with his vital philosophy.

Accordingly, it is discouraging, as Daniel Schneider notes, that many critics today take an illfounded view of Lawrence's philosophy:

. . . the view that Lawrence's thinking is incoherent, compulsive, self-defensive, or just plain silly--a view that ignores his detachment, his power of observation, his intelligence, his prolonged efforts to define and account for the deep psychological and moral problems of our age, and his prolonged meditation on the sources of renewal of individual and social health.⁸

Schneider's D. H. Lawrence: The Artist as Psychologist provides excellent arguments against such misreadings of Lawrence's psychological-philosophical ideas by means of an enlightening account of the influence of other great thinkers, such as Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Freud, and Jung, upon Lawrence's pollyanalytics.

This study on pollyanalytics and spirit of place in Lawrence's short fiction does not examine the formation of Lawrence's psychological-philosophical ideas per se, but it does depict the manner that Lawrence merged these pollyanalytics, sometimes unconsciously, into his short novels and tales. Accordingly, this work has expanded the pollyanalytic connection between North-South places and psyche first examined by Jennifer Michaels-Tonks so as to

⁸Daniel Schneider, D. H. Lawrence: The Artist as Psychologist (Lawrence, Kansas: University Press of Kansas, 1984), p. 3.

include virtually all of Lawrence's pollyanalytics that have been integrated with place in his short fiction. Subsequently, it has become evident that Lawrence was supremely aware of the man-place interchange from his earliest short story, "A Fragment of Stained Glass" (1907), and that he continued to integrate psyche and place in his tales up through his last short works, "The Blue Moccasins" (1928) and "The Man Who Died" (1927 & 1928).

This study has determined that Lawrence correlated his pollyanalytics with place in fifty-two of his sixty-seven pieces of short fiction, which is 78 percent of it. His skill in integrating place with psyche steadily improved so that in 1913, when he wrote "The Prussian Officer," he clearly was approaching artistic mastery. Another tale written that year, "New Eve and Old Adam," with its explicit examination of a character's struggle between his vital blood consciousness and his mental consciousness illustrates how fully developed Lawrence's conscious-unconsciousness pollyanalytic was at even that early date.

Following the publication of The Prussian Officer and Other Stories (1914), Lawrence's merging of place and psyche in his short fiction continued with increased precision until he reached his pinnacle of effectiveness with this technique in the tales written between 1921 and 1926, such as "The Captain's Doll" (1921), "The Border Line" (1924), "The Woman Who Rode Away" (1924), "St. Mawr" (1924), "Sun" (1925), and "The Man Who Loved Islands" (1926). Although psyche is still integrated with place in the tales following

1926, such as in "Things" (1927) and "The Man Who Died" (1927 & 1928), Lawrence does not seem to develop or stress the correlation to as great an extent as he had earlier. However, such a conclusion is erroneous.

In fact, if anything, Lawrence stressed the necessity of man's living in harmony with nature more in his short fiction as he approached the end of his career than he had earlier. In his early works, he is primarily interested in states of mind; whereas, in his later works, he is interested in man as a derivation from the Source filled with all the energies found in other aspects of nature. One might say that Lawrence uses "the pathetic fallacy" in his early works, but strives for greater objectivity in the later. Certainly his merging of place and psyche in these later tales is more subtle. For example, the temple of Isis' position on the peninsula between sun and sea in "The Man Who Died," where it forms a unity of perfect relatedness and anticipates the psychic balance of Jesus and the priestess, is much more understated than the spirit of Las Chivas in "St. Mawr," yet it nevertheless effectively promotes Lawrence's urgent vitalistic theme.

So it is that Lawrence integrates the North-South, Voluntary-Sympathetic, and Life-Death pollyanalytics with spirit of place consistently and with increasing precision in his short fiction as an effective and purely Lawrencean method to develop theme and character. In addition, the significant number of instances of polly-analytic overlap evident even in the early tales reflects Lawrence's

great skill at synthesizing his pollyanalytics and his fiction. He took Hardy's vital landscape into the realms of psychology and philosophy, incorporated it into his art, and subsequently crafted some of the most superior short fiction in the English language--lyrical tales that, even when death is implicit therein, move ever lifeward.

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