

CHAPTER - I V

'THE PRINCESS' AND
OTHER STORIES AND
'THE VIRGIN AND
THE GIPSY'

CHAPTER - IV

D.H. LAWRENCE'S SHORT STORIES

'The Princess' and Other Stories and 'The Virgin and the Gipsy'

4.1 'THE PRINCESS' AND OTHER STORIES :

This collection of his stories was published in 1971. It has twelve stories, all from the eight years of his life, when his vision sought expression more and more in the form of fables. The collection includes the first reprint since 1928 of the unexpurgated version of 'Sun', and one previously unpublished story, 'The Wilful Woman'

This volume and its companion *The Mortal Coil and Other Stories* complete the publication of his shorter fiction in Penguin. These twelve stories all date from the eight years of his life. The three stories, 'The Blue Moccasins', 'Things', 'Mother and Daughter' were all written in the later half of 1928. They are typical of the satirical and often cruel stories of this period. Lawrence died in 1930, at the age of 44. The movement of his later fiction away from realism towards myth and fable is evident in this collection.

4.2 'THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY':

The collection of this book is published in 1930. It affirms the powers of instinct and intuition in their struggle against the constraints of civilization and anticipates *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in its theme. In it, he tells the reverent tale of a young girl's emotional awakening in the elemental presence of a gipsy.

4. 'The Princess' and Other Stories and 'The Virgin and The Gipsy'

4.1 'The Man Who Was Through With The World' :

Theme

Whatever appeal the life of isolation had for Henry, he shows no illusions about it.

Character

Henry - a hermit

Plot

The story itself was the description of a man, with his philosophy of life, his approach towards life, his thoughts. He felt he was through with the world, so he decided to be a hermit. He had a little money, and he knew that now-a-days there were no hermitages going rent-free. So he bought a bit of wild land on a mountain field with a few chestnuts trees growing on it. He waited till spring; then went up and started building himself a little cabin, with the stones from the hillside. By summer, he had got himself a nice little hut with a chimney and one little window, a table, a chair, a bed and the smallest number of things a hermit may need. Then he himself considered set up as a hermit.

His hermitage stood in the rocks of the mountains, and through the open door he looked out on the big, staggering chestnut trees of upper region. He felt, however, a bit vague of God. In his youth, he had been sent to Sunday school, but he had long been through with all that. He had, as a matter of fact, even forgotten the Lord's prayer, like the old man in the Tolstoi Parable. Before he was through with everything, he had read quite a lot about Brahma and Krishna and Shiva and Buddha and Confucius and Mithras, not to mention Zeus and Aphrodite and the bunch, nor the Wotan family. He began to think in this way, "The Lord is my shepherd, somehow Shiva would start dancing a Charleston in the back of his mind, and Mithras would take the bull by the horns, and Mohammad would start patting the buttery flanks of Ayesha, and Abraham would be sitting down to a good meal off a fat ram, till the grease ran down his beard. So that it was very difficult to concentrate on God with a large 'g' and the hermit had a natural reluctance to go into refinements of the great I Am, or of thatness. He wanted to get away from all that sort of thing.

But alas, he found it was not so easy. He thought he should have to sit, in the door of his hut in the sunshine, and concentrate on something holy. This hermit would sit in the door of his hut in the sunshine right enough, but he couldn't find anything holy enough really to keep him concentrated. So gradually, the hermit became desparate. There was not a single holiness or high and mightiness that interested him enough to bring concentration. Spring changed into summer. The primroses by the little stream where he dipped his water faded and were gone only their large leaves spread to the hotter days. The violets flickered a finish at last not a purple spark was left. The leaves overhead had emerged and overlapped. One another, to make the green roof of summer. Then he became angry, bored. He saw nobody up there: an occasional goat boy, an occasional hunter shooting little birds went by, looking askance. Then at intervals, he went down to the village for food. The village was four long miles away, down the steep side of the mountain. He always hurried back to his hermitage in disgust. 'People badly need to have souls, to hatch out with wings after death', he thought to himself. So he went back to his hermitage glad to get away from his fellow- men but no happier at having to hang on to his solitude by his eyebrows in danger of slipping off any minute.

He brought no books with him, having renounced the world of which they were part. He lived stubbornly on from day to day, letting his brown beared grow busly round his nose, and black hair long on his neck. When it was warm enough, he went nude, with just a loincloth. The strings of the chestnut flowers had fallen, the fruits set and grew big, of a clear green colour and fuzzy. The hermit had to decide whether he would stay on after the chestnuts had come down, and the very fact that he was alone, that no people came near him, was a source of positive satisfaction. To buy the material he went to the city. He bought his necessities with disgust, hurrying to get it over. Everybody stared at him as if he were a cameleopard, and he knew the police wanted to arrest him at sight. He had to spent the night in town, so he stayed at the big hotel. He left the hotel. He hired a donkey at the village piled his goods upon it. and shook the stink of his fellow-men out of his clothing. He went down to his pool to wash himself and stayed naked in the sun till sunset, to clear himself from the pollution of people.

There he followed a busy period. He gathered the chestnuts scrupulously as they fell, pilling them in a heap near the door. He built a lean-to against his little house, and stacked his

wood there, that he cut in the forest. And he began to collect the big pine-cones that have pine-kernels inside them. He emerged in the morning in warm wollen clothing, which he peeled off the sun rose and at last went about in his own brown skin.

At last he never felt happy. He found, the more clothing he had to wear, the more he was restless and needed to think, needed some sort of salvation and on the other hand, the more he could go naked in the sun, the less he went in need of any salvation. So while he could, he went about stark, and gradually, he grew tougher. In the days of cold rain, he did his chores in his hut and made himself bread, and cooked pies, and mended his clothes.

Assessment

Lawrence has explained the life of a man, who tries to become a hermit, leaving the regular life. He tries to become a hermit, facing the difficulties. It is full of the philosophy of the man towards life, his approach, regarding it, his thoughts, Lawrence has explained in details. Lawrence himself was such a man at times. He felt very strongly the attraction of the hermit life. In 1922, he had written that he thought one must for the moment withdraw from the world, away towards the inner realities that real. He was tired of the World and wanted the peace like a river; not the whisky and soda. He had more sympathy for Henry, the hermit.

4.2 'The Wilful Woman' :

Theme

It was the personal experience of an American woman, the main character of this story. She was travelling from New York to the South West, by one of the tourist train. But it was taking so much time that she raged with painful impatience.

Character

Mark

An American Woman

Plot

An American Woman was a sturdy woman with a round face, like an obstinate girl of fourteen. She sat there devouring her unease, her heavy, muscular fore-arms inert in her lap.

She was of forty, travelling alone, she thought the train would never arrive, perhaps she felt that some power of her will would at last neutralize all together the power of the engines, and there would come an end to motion, so there they would sit, forever, the train and she, at a deadlock on the Santa Fe Line She said to the negro to put her bags out. She thought she would have an automobile. So at last was produced an old-worn-out Dodge with no springs left, belonging to a boy of sixteen. The boy had never travelled that trail, but didn't know the way. The boy would get twenty-six dollars. She crossed the whole road and saw one spot. But at least there was a country that hit her with hard knuckles, right through to the bone. It was something of one country.

Luckily, she telegraphed to Mark, who would be waiting for her at Lamy Station. Mark was her third husband. One was dead, one was divorced. She torn him in two and pitched him piecemeal away into the South-Western desert. She was after him once more, going to put humpty-dumpty together with a slam. Of course, he was an artist, a foreigner, a Russian. She was an American woman, several generations of wealth and tradition in various cities of New York State behind her. She herself had stayed in the old Meurice.

These American families do actually tend to cumulate and culminate in one daughter. Not that the family had as yet cumulated in Sybil Mond. She had started as Sybil Hamnett, and been successfully Sybil Thomas and Sybil Danks before she married the Jewish artist from somewhere Poland way, who was in her family's eyes, the anti-climax. Her family was her mother and the General, her step-father. For she was as well-off for step-fathers as for husbands. The family had actually culminated in Sybil-all the force of the Hamnetts, on her father's side, and the push of the Wilcoxes. On her mother's focused into this one highly-explosive daughter. At forty, she was heavy with energy like a small bison and strong and young - looking as if she were thirty. The old colonial vigour had, collected in her as in some final dam, like the buffalo's force in his fore head. She had her own sufficient income, but the mass of the family wealth rested on her mother.

The rickety machine in which she rode had of course no headlights, and the November night fell. The boy had not thought to put the lamps on. No headlights. Frustration, always frustration. She annihilated the boy in her soul, and sat still. On rather, with her body lashed

and bruised, her soul sat crying and ominous. There was nothing to be done but to scramble for the nearest station. The air was cold in nostrils, the desert seemed weird and uncanny. It was a new world. Destiny had made her get out of the train into that rickety machine, even had made the boy bring no headlights. Her ponderous storm began to evaporate. She looked round the night as they emerged from a dark canon out into a high flat bit of vague desert with mountains guarding the flatness beyond, shadows beyond shadows. It impressed her. It was not like a desert but a wilderness, wilderness of temptation. It was her destiny, she should come to that land, see the land for the first time, alone, lost, without light.

It was not possible for him to get her to Lamy without lights or anything. He must forfeit some of the twenty-six dollars. He was disappointed, but he admitted the truth of her contention. She remembered a sort of dome of hill in the night. After which nothing to be done but to go to the 'hotel' to wait three hours for the slow train.

Assessment

The story is of the woman full of her personal life. It is her own experience. The background is of the train, her travelling from New York to the South West.

4.3 'Mercury' :

Theme

It was absolutely the description of the hill. The story opened with reference of a particular Sunday, it was very hot. The holiday-makers flocked to the hill of Mercury, to rise two thousand feet above the steamy haze of the valleys. Every time it made the ascent, the funicular was crowded. It hauled itself up the steep incline, that towards the top looked almost perpendicular, the steel thread of the rails in the gulf of pine trees, hanging like an iron rope against a wall. The women held their breath.

Character

The Travellers

Plot

The hill was a pine-covered cone, paths wound between the high tree-trunks, and one

could see the glimpses of the world all round, the dim, the far-river plain, east, the inner valley, with two villages, factory chimneys, pointed churches, and hills beyond, and north, the steep hills of forest, with reddish crags and reddish castle ruins. Only on the very summit of the hill there was a tower, an outlook tower, a long restaurant with its beer garden, all the little yellow tables standing their round disks under the horse-chestnut trees. The Sunday crowd came up in waves from the funicular. Nobody was spending money. Some paid to go up the outlook tower, to look down on a world of vapours and black, agile-crouching hills, and half-cooked towns. There was nothing to do. There was no point in coming on the Mercury. One could think. On the hill of mercury no one could take notice of it.

The hours passed by, the people wandered and disappeared and reappeared. All was hot and quiet. Humanity was rarely boisterous any more. There was nothing to do but to lie down under the pine trees. At the foot of the obsolete tower there was an old tablet stone with a very much battered Mercury in relief. There was an alter, or votive stone, both from the Roman times. The Romans supposed to have worshipped Mercury on the summit. The battered God, with his round sun-head looked very hollow-eyed and unimpressive in the purnish-red sandstone of the district. The Sunday men didnot look at it. They kept passing on into the pine trees. And many sat on the benches. The storm started there. They wanted to get down, off the hill of Mercury. They streamed towards the furnicular. It followed by a blaze of lightning, crash of thunder, and great darkness. They took refuge in the deep varanda of the restaurant. It was darkness, the crowd was panting with fear, as the lightning again striked white, and something again seemed to burst. After an eternity of dread, it ended suddenly. Then they decided to go out. The furnicular station was on the worth side of the hill, they came back.

On the South side of the outlook tower two bodies lay in the cold but thawing hail. The dark-blue of the uniforms showed blackish. Both men were dead. But the lightning completely removed the clothing from the legs of one man, so that he was naked from the hips down. There he lay, his face sideways on the snow and two drops of blood running from his nose into his big, blond. miilitary moustache. He laid there near the votive stone of the Mercury. His companion, a young man, lay face downwards, a few yards behind him. Then the sun began to emerge. The crowd gazed in dread, afraid to touch the bodies of the men. The furnicular wouldnot work. Something had happened in the storm to it. The crowd began to wind down the

bare hill, on the sloppy ice.

Assessment

The story itself is written for nature. It is full of the scenes, the description of hill. Lawrence has shown his minute observation of nature in itself. It opens with reference to hill and it ends near the hill. It has given the full sketch of nature. He has described the experience of the travellers observing the very sight of nature.

4.4 'The Undying Man' :

Theme

At the beginning of October 1927, Lawrence's friend S. S. Koteliansky sent him two stories, recorded by his mother which he had translated from the Yiddish, in the hope that Lawrence might remake them. Afterwards, he began the first of them, under the new title. 'The Undying Man' his first five paragraphs hardly differ from koteliansky's version, but once the little vein has been sealed in its jar, Lawrence's imagination begins to take hold, and the whole of the rest of his version is expanded from a mere dozen lines in his own. Since, he never finished it.

Characters

Robbi Moses

Aristotie

Plot

In Spain, there were living two learned men, clever and knowing so much that they were famous all over the world. One was called Robbi Moses, Maimonides, a Jew, blessed his memory, and the other was Aristotle, a Christian, belonged to the Greeks. They were great friends, because they always had studied together and found out the thing they had been specially trying for. They discovered that if one took a tiny little vein out of a man's body and put in a glass jar with certain leaves and plants, it would gradually begin to grow, and would grow and would grow until it became a man. When it had grown as big as a boy, one could take it out of the jar and then it would live and keep on growing till it became a man, a fine man, who would never die. He would be never dying. Because he had never been born, he would never

die, but live for ever. Because the wisest men on earth had made him, he didnot have to be born. Then they decided they would really make a man. Up till then, they had only experimented. But then they would make the real undying man.

The question was from whom they should take the little vein?. Because the man they took it from would die, so at first they decided to take it from a slave. But then they thought a slave was not good enough to make the beginings of the undying man. So they decided to ask one of their devoted students to sacrifice himself. They might get a man they didn't like, and whom they wouldnot want to be the beginning of the man who would never die. So, at last they decided to leave it to fate; they gathered together their best and most learned disciples, and they all agreed to draw lots. The lot fell to Aristotle, to have the little vein cut from his body. Aristotle suggested his partner to take the swear before starting the task. So Malmonides took the little vein and placed it among the leaves and herbs, as they had discovered in the great glass jar, and he sealed the jar. Then he set the jar on a shelf in his own room where nobody entered but himself, and he waited. The days passed by and he recited his prayers, pacing back and forth in his room among his books and praying loudly, as he paced, as the Jews. Then he returned to his books and chemistry. But every day he looked at the jar. For a long time it didnot change.

Then at last it seemed to change, to have grown a little, Robbi gazed at the jar transfixed, and forgot everything else in all the wide world; lost all and everything, he gazed into the jar. And at last he saw the tiniest, termor in the little vein, and he knew it was a termor of growth. He sank on the floor and lay unconscious, because he had seen the first termor of growth of the undying man. It was almost night. He was afraid. He did not know why he was afraid of. He rose to this feet, and glanced towards the jar. And it seemed to him, in the darkness on the shelf there was a tiny red glow, like the smallest ember of fire. But it didnot go out. It stayed on, glowed a tiny dying glow that didnot die. Then he knew he saw the glow of the life of the undying man, and he was afraid. He locked his room, and went out into the town. People greeted him with bows and reverences, for he was the most learned of all rabbis. But that night they all seemed very far from him. They looked small and they grimaced like monkeys in his eyes. He thought they would die, but at the same time he also thought that he also would die, but that little red spark from Aristotle would not die. It would live forever like God. God alone

lives forever. He will live as good as God, for ever. For surely, to be as good as God, and to be also a man and alive, that would be better than being God, he thought to himself.

He cried for the help of the God, and with that thought he entered the room. At last he sank down in exhaustion and then his women tapped at his door and set down the tray. He told her to take the tray away, he would not eat in his room, but would come downstairs. He ate there and slept in the guest-room. Indeed, he could not sleep well, but lay and groined in spirit, thinking of that little red light which alone of all light was not the light of God. And he knew it would grow and grow, and be a man, most splendid, a man who would never die. And all the people would think, what the wonderful of all the things, seen or unseen.

Assessment

It is the main story of Lawrence's two stories. Afterwards Lawrence made some changes, but he never finished it, it remained incomplete. It is the story of the two friends, living together. Lawrence has described their experiment in detail.

4.5 'The Flying Fish' :

Theme

Gethin Day, the hero of the story, was also recovering from a near-fatal illness. He saw that radiance through his eyes. Later Lawrence read that fragment to his friends the Brewsters, who pleaded with him to finish it. Gethin Day came home at forty and married a girl from the valley. When woman's thought turned on herself Fish turns his belly up. When she reversed the vane, the world looked different. She felt free. She thought she might love the engineer whom she saw stopping his car. She thought she might have a cap of peacock breast feathers. She thought it was wrong, when he fell ill. She felt life bigger freer. She wanted freedom. She wanted to go up to town. He took her to town; her child was born: She adored it, but at the very centre, was cold about it, and she knew it. She was ill then, saw in the sky a cloud like a dead fish, belly up.

Character

Gethin Day

Lydia

Plot

Gethin Day read the cablegram, and came to know whom it was written. He lay in his bed in the hot October evening, sick with malaria. He imagined all the nature and put before his eyes the whole picture of nature and was eager to have look it. He was fascinated by the mysterious green blood that ran in veins of plants, and the purple and yellow and red blood that coloured the faces of flowers. Daybrook was a sixteenth-century stone house among the hills in the middle of England. He was of forty and had not spent more time near Daybrook. He was a soldier and had wandered in many countries. At home, his sister-Lydia, twenty years older than himself had been the Day in Daybrook. The cablegram was from her. The 'Book of Days' was a sort of secret family Bible at Daybrook. He knew the book by heart.

He fell ill, wanted to go to home. He no longer minded the curious quiet atmosphere of Daybrook in which he had left he would stifle as a young man. He no longer resented the weight of family tradition, nor the peculiar sense of authority which the house seemed to have over him. He lay in the nausea of the tropics, and the days pass over him. Meanwhile, the doctor checked him. At last he crawled out into the plaza. The square was like a great low fountain of green and of dark shade, now it was autumn and the rains were over. At last, however, he could crawl away. The train came again. He cabled to England and received the answer that his sister was dead. It seemed so natural, there under the powerful November sun of Southern Mexico, in the digging powerful odours of the night-flowers, that she should be dead. Dead, as he could think of her as quite near and comforting and real, whereas while she was alive, she was so utterly alien, remote and fussy, ghost like in her petty Derbyshire day. He read again the 'Book of Days' personally, he resented the symbolism and mysticism of Elizabeth ancestor. But it was in vain. And he was going home back, back to the house with the flying fish on the roof. He was in train, observing the whole things from the window. He came at nightfall to a small square town, more in torch with civilization where the train ended its frightened run.

Afterwards, he sailed off, away from the hot shores, from the high land hanging up inwards. And world gave place to world. In an hour it was only ship and ocean, the world of land and affairs was gone. He was travelling second. There were so many other passengers. Like a dream, the flocks of flying fish swept into the air, from nowhere, and went brilliantly

twinkling in their flight of silvery, watery wings rapidly fluttering, away, low as swallows over the smooth curved surface of the sea. The sea was still and silky-surfaced, blue and softly heaving, empty, purity itself, sea.

No one should come there on the edge. It was too beautiful, pure and lovely, the Greater Day and the third morning there was a school of porpoises leading the ship. They stayed below surface all the time. It was a spectacle of the purest and most perfected joy in life that Gethin Day ever saw. The porpoises were ten or a dozen, round-bodied for pedofish, and they stayed there as if they were not moving, with no motion apparent. It seemed as if the tail-flukes of the last fish exactly touched the ship's bows, under water, with the frailest. He watched spell-bound, minute after minute, an hour, two, the ship speeding, cutting the water, and the strong-bodied fish heading in perfect balance of speed underneath. They gave off into the water, their marvellous joy of life, such as the man had never met before. It was the most laughing joy, pure unmixed. He thought these fish, fleshy warm-bodied fish achieved more than the flowers. It was the purest achievement of joy. Men have not got in them that secret to be alive together and make one like a single laugh, yet each fish going his own gait. It would be wonderful to know joy as these fish know it. No wonder, ocean was still mysterious, when such red hearts beat in it. No wonder man, with his tragedy, was pale and sickly thing in comparison. What civilization would bring us to such a pitch of swift laughing togetherness as these fish had reached.

At last, he reached to Havana and found difficult to spend even Sunday looking at the city. The next morning they woke to greyness, grey low sky, hideous low grey water and a still air. He felt the ship as a plague-ship, everyone disappeared. He felt as if he had taken poison, and slept, and yet was all the time aware of the ghastly motion, heavingly up. Then he felt better and got up. The ship was empty. They remained three persons on the long table. The story remained unfinished.

Assessment

The present story is written by Lawrence after a grave illness. He survived and hoped to write it. He had sheer will to live, and during his convalescence dictated to Frieda the beginning of a story called, 'The Flying Fish'. He loved every minute of life at the ranch. The morning, the

squirrels, every flower that came in its turn, the big trees, chopping wood, the chickens, making bread, all hard work and the people and all assumed the radiance of new life. He has described the hero of this story, recovering from a grave illness, his love, desire for life with its aspects. But unfortunately the story remained unfinished.

4.6 'A Dream of Life' :

Theme

Like Lawrence's most of the stories, the present story also remained unfinished. It begins with the inner thoughts of his own mind, regarding his birth-place. He became disturbed to come to his birth place, at New-Thorpe, the coal-mining village. He described the village of thirty-years ago. He found the people of his generation as good husbands. They were so forbearing, willing to listen to reason, at the street corners and the entry ends. When he was a boy, the people used to say that the good time would come. In fact the time came and gone also.

Plot

Lawrence's mothers generation was the first generation of working-class mothers to become really self-conscious. But with the next generation, the women freed herself at least mentally and spiritually from the husband's domination, and then became that great institution, that character-forming power, the mother of his generation. The women of his generation was in reaction against the ordinary high-handed, obstinate, husband who went off to the pub to enjoy himself and to waste the bit of money that was so precious to the family. The mothers who produced so many good sons and future good husbands, were at the same time producing daughters, perhaps without taking so much thought or exercising so much will-power over it. Daughters, should be expected morally confident.

Their grandmothers dreamed of wonderful 'free' womanhood in a 'pure' world, surrounded by 'adoring', humble, high minded men. Their mothers started to put the dream into practice. They were such stuff as their grandmother's dreams. But these dreams were changes with every coming generation. The women of his generation began to have ideas about their sons. It should be known about the next generation. As a tiny child he used to sit at Engine Lane

crossing and watch the trucks remained in passage of time. Everything had been changed there. All there he saw impersonal and mechanical and abstract. Movrgreen went to the old spot, it was a little crystalline cavity in the rock, all crystal, a little pocket or a womb of quartz, among the common stone. It was pale and colourless. The place fascinated him, especially the vein off purple, and it seemed very warm in there. Then he awakened by the feeling that something lifting him. Roused by a terrific shock of amazement, suddenly a new thing rushed into him, right. All of a sudden he saw the man's face, a ruddy sort of face with a nose and trimmed beard. He came to know that he was lying in sun on new earth that was spilled before little, opened cave. He came to, himself. He sat up and saw earth, rock and sky.

The one held him, the other put a woolen shirt. They fastened shoes on his feet. He asked them about his clothes. They looked at one another. They were strange men to him, with their formal, peaceful faces, and trimmed beards, like old Egyptians. His heart began to lift with strange, exultant strength. The man with the blue eyes went down slowly the heap of loose earth and stones which he remembered had fallen. There he saw no trees, the place was bare. They stood on a little path of paved stone, only about a yard wide. Then the other man came up from the quarry carrying tools with a red cord. Then, he came alone, walking. And almost immediately the soft warm rhythm of his life pervaded him anguish.

He saw three horsemen came cantering up, from behind. All the word was turning home towards the town at sunset. They were men in soft yellow sleeveless tunics. The road low begin to be full of people, slowly passing up the hill towards the town. He saw the guide, following him into the room. They climbed up towards the top of the town. and he felt he must be passing the very place where he was born, near where the Western chapel stood. They crossed and mounted the steps of another building, through the great hall where people were passing, on a door at the end of a corridor, where a green guard was seated. A man came forward to meet him, wearing a thin.

4.7 'The Blue Moccasins' :

Theme

In 'The Blue Moccasins' emotions generated by a call-up result in the marriage of a

young man to a woman socially superior and more than twenty years his senior. After the war, his married life becomes increasingly negative, and he finds happiness in the company of war widow of his own age. There can be no doubt where Lawrence's sympathy lies.

Characters

Lina M'Leod

Her Mother

Percy Barlow

Plot

Lina M'Leod was almost painfully modern. At sixty almost obsolete, she started off in life to be really independent. Miss M'Leod had an income from her mother. Therefore, at the age of twenty, she turned her back on that image of tyranny, her father and went to Paris to study art. She turned her attention to the globe of earth, she wanted to escape the man. It was in Mexico, she purchased the blue moccasins, blue bead moccasins, from an Indian who was her guide and her subordinate. In her independence, she made use of man, of course, but merely as servants, subordinates.

When the war broke out, she came home. She was then forty-five and already going grey. Her brother, two years older than herself, a bachelor, went off to the war; she stayed at home in the small mansion in the country, and did what she could. She was small, and erect and brief in her speech, her face was like pale ivory, her skin like a very delicate parchment. She never touched her delicate face with the pigment.

She was good enough as she was honest-to-God, and the country town had a tremendous respect for her. In her various activities she came pretty often into contact with Percy Barlow, the clerk at the bank. He was only twenty-two when she first set eyes on him, in 1914, and she immediately liked him. He was a stranger in the town, his father being a poor country vicar in Yorkshire. But he was of the confiding sort. He soon confided in Miss M'Leod, for whom he had a towering respect, how he disliked his step-mother, how he feared his father was but as wax in the hands of that downright woman and how, in consequence, he was homeless. Wrath shown in his pleasant features, but somehow it was an amusing wrath, at

least to Miss M'Leod.

He was distinctly a good-looking boy, with stiff dark hair and odd, twinkling grey eyes under thick dark brows, and a rather full mouth and a queer, deep voice that had a caressing touch of hoarseness. It was his voice that somehow got behind Miss M'Leod's reserve. He looked up to her immensely : "she's miles above me". When she watched him playing tennis letting himself go a bit too much, hitting too hard, running too fast, being too nice to his partner, her heart yearned over him. He was so absolutely willing to do everything she wanted : devoted her. But at last the time came when he must go. He was twenty-four and she forty-seven. He came to say good-bye, in his awkward fashion. She suddenly turned away, leaned her forehead against the wall, and burst into bitter tears. He was frightened out of his wits. Before he knew what was happening he had his arm in front of his face and was sobbing too. Her blue eyes were brilliant with tears. He decided to marry her and they got married. They stayed in her family. Her brother was dead. The man was her strange discovery. Then he went off to Gallipai and became a captain.

They lived modestly, for a good deal of her money had been lost during the war. But still she painted pictures. Marriage had only stimulated her to this. They were always together. Then he accepted the offer from the bank and he became the manager. He was popular, a nice, harmless fellow, everyone said of him. Some of the men secretly pitted him. The rector's daughter took upon to wake him up. Percy tried to compare her and M'Leod. He was like a man in a dream, or in a crowd. He was quite a good- bank manager, in fact very intelligent. Alice Howells longed to ask him about his wife. But she darent. For M'Leod, marriage was a humilliation.

It was in the late, dark months of this year that she missed the blue moccasins. She had hung them on a nail in his room. Not that he ever wore them; they were too small. Moccasins were male footwear, among the Indians, not female. But they were of a lovely turquoise-blue colour made all of little turquoise beads. After their marriage, he remarked that they were not blue as her eyes. So naturally, she had hung them to up on the wall in his room, and there they had stayed. When she couldnot see them she couldnot find them.

On the occasion of Christmas Eve, Percy decided to stage a play. He got her consent

and performed the play. As it was raining outside, the woman could not feel well and without knowing him, she, with her driver went to see it. There, luckily, she got the seat. At that time, the play started. Percy was the hero and Alice Howells was the heroine she saw she had put on her own blue moccasins. It made her disturbed. A bomb of rage exploded in her and in Alice also. At the end, she threw away the blue moccasins. The play was over and she took her own blue moccasins.

She returned home back, not giving the moccasins again. She never intended to use them for that kind of thing. Then she requested him to drive her to home. But he refused to do it. It made him upset and disturbed when she left him. Then Alice tried to comfort him. She commented that M'Leod was fond of her husband. With the Christmas Eve theatricals he reaches a fascinating climax in what has all the appearance of an entertaining story.

Assessment

The present story is full of emotions giving a full description of the Eve of Christmas, beginning with it and ending with it. Lawrence has sympathy for the man in the story. He, in the beginning felt unhappy in his life, but afterwards, finds some pleasure in his company of the widow. His emphasis on 'desire' as a necessary condition of growth informs an earlier tale, 'The Blue Moccasins'. Characteristically the tensions in the story are between loyalty to the 'life' in oneself and to socially-approved institutions.

It is the characteristic of Lawrence in the sense that it too communicates the certainty and the assurance. It dramatizes the Lawrence's perception that life is only bearable when the mind and the body are in harmony, and there is a natural balance between them, and each has a natural respect for the other.

4.8 'The Princess' :

Theme

The havoc created by dissociation of mind and body in sex is the subject of this story. Dollie Urquhart is betrayed by her will. Brought up in a splendid isolation by her crazy father, she becomes 'impervious' as crystal. Having read Zola and Maupassant she seemed to understand things in a cold light perfectly. When her father died she came to a dude ranch in New Mexico,

assumed that marriage was her goal, though she had no vital interest in men. A vague, unspoken intimacy developed with Mexican guide Romero, but she couldn't think of him in marriage. The journey with him in mountains has symbolical features.

Characters

Dollie Urquhart

Romero

Boston Aunts

Uncles

Plot

Dollie was brought up in such a family, where, for her father she was 'the princess', to her Boston aunts, uncles she was just Dollie, a poor little thing. Colin Urquhart was just a bit mad. He was of an old Scottish family and he claimed Royal blood. The blood of Scottish kings flowed in his veins. On this point, his American relatives said. He was just a bit off. The whole thing was rather ridiculous and a sore point.

He was a handsome man with a wide-open eye, for the rest he was one of these gentlemen of sufficient but not excessive means who fifty years ago wandered vaguely about, never arriving anywhere. He did not marry till he was nearly forty and then it was wealthy Miss Prescott, he fascinated at her. Mrs. Urquhart lived three years in the mist and glamour of her husband's presence. He was always charming, courteous, perfectly gracious in that hushed, musical voice of his. He was like a living echo. Then the baby was born, a little princess. Then the mother died. He broke the relations with the Prescotts. The child was always with the father. He considered the girl the last of the Royal race of the old people. He warned her not to disclose the secret that he was the only prince and, she, only the princess. She had two houses in U.S. she remained sexless fairy and looked twenty three. Her father died when she was thirty-eight she was still tiny, like a dignified scentless flower.

She found herself on the fringe of the vulgar crowd, sharing their necessity to do something. She felt any sudden interest in men, or attraction towards them. There was an intimacy between her and Miss Cummins. They both went to New Mexico. For her marriage

remained still complete in the abstract. The only man that intrigued her at all was one of the guides, Romero, He was almost a typical Mexican to look at with the typical heavy, dark, long face clean shaven. At one she felt was her 'fine demon'. A vague, unspoken intimacy grew up between them. She liked his voice, appearance. He seemed very elegant slender.

At last, they set off towards the mountains. After a long journey, her companion returned back as she was tired. So Romero and the princess alone continued their journey. That high with full enjoyment of the mountains they lived there. Meanwhile, she gave everything to that man. She wanted to keep herself to herself. She felt like a victim. She challenged him that he wouldnot conquer her at last. But she was firm that he couldnot take her under his will.

In violating her, Romero had violated himself. Both had suffered psychic death. He couldnot conquer her, but he had roused part of her which she didnot wish to realize. The crystal was shattered, and Dollie was found 'not a little mad.'

Assessment

In a frank manner, Lawrence has described the relationship between Dollie and Romero. He has described acutely the scenes, the nature. It has given great impression in the mind of the readers. He depicts the horrible personality of a woman.

'The princess' illustrates a characteristic of language. It demonstrates the superb use of irony, throughout the tale, an irony so found that it allows the princess got great substlety and remarkable clarity of colour and structure, a tonality so artfully poised that. Our emotional response is to the characters and the plot is always when Lawrence wishes to be. It is precisely 'the telling, the mystery that makes the tale such a unique experience, and so thoroughly Lawrence's'.

4.9 'Things' :

Theme

One of Lawrence's stories, 'Things' was suggested by the Brewster's habit of 'picking up', 'bric-a-brac' in their travels. They are recoghizable in the freedom lovers whose soul climbs towards 'the sun of old European culture' or 'old Indian thought', only to find the props supporting their idealistic vines fall one after another, while their horizontal interests make them clutch at 'things'.

Characters

Two Idealists

Plot

They were two idealists from New England. Several years before the war they met and married. He was a tall, keen-eyed young man. She, a smallish puritan looking young woman. They had a little money. They were of twenty-five and twenty-seven, a pair of true idealists, with a mutual love of beauty, and an inclination towards Indian thought. They wished to live a full and beautiful life. They married in Paris, and lived happily. Then France had disappointed them. Then they moved to Italy. It found them more beautiful and poignant than France, full of sympathy, pure, without the materialism and the cynicism of the French. The two idealists seemed to breathe their own fresh air in Italy. They entered the swelling stream of modern Buddhistic emotion and they read the books and practised meditation, and they deliberately set themselves to eliminate from their own souls, greed, pain and sorrow.

But America entered the war, and the two idealists had to help them. They did hospital work. And though the experience made them realize more than ever that greed, pain and sorrow should be eliminated from the world, nevertheless, the Buddhism, or the Theosophy did not emerge very triumphant from the long crisis. They felt greed, pain and sorrow would never be eliminated. They had one boy, they gave him the parent's love and affection. They lived in Europe. Then they left Europe behind, but they took as much of along with them as possible. All those adorable and irreplaceable things. And they arrived in New York, idealists. Child and the huge bulk of Europe they lugged along.

'The Things' remained in warehouse. It cost her a dollar an hour and horrid pangs. 'The Thing' poor things, looked a bit shabby and wretched, in that warehouse. Valerie's mother definitely said to her that Erasmus ought to take a job, so that she could live decently. Her mother did not think her daughter's life so much marvellous at present, homeless, with a husband idle, forty, a child to educate. But he did not want to earn living. He panted for Europe, leaving the boy there, they once more set off for Europe, but it found them a complete failure.

Erasmus, in a state of frustration bordering on rage and insanity just went round in Italy in a poverty-stricken fashion. He found his post in University to teach French, Italian and Spanish

literature. His wife encouraged him to accept that job because Europe had already been dead and finished. They offered them a cottage and a room for their things. He accepted that job. He was completely changed man. Looking at the world outside, he said to her that that was the biggest thing the modern world had to show. At last they preferred America. He accepted the change in his life that he was in cage and very safe inside. And, she evidently, the real self at last. She had got the goods. He at last liked what he accepted.

4.10 'Mother and Daughter' :

Theme

'Mother and Daughter' contains nothing really new in it, it is a selection of familiar Lawrencian ingredients, heavily spiced with the mother's sarcasm and her author's satire.

Characters

Virginia Bodoïn

Mother Bodoïn

Henry

Plot

Virginia had a good job, she was head of a department in government office, held a responsible position. Rachel Bodoïn was her mother, had an income of about six hundred a year, on which she had lived in the capitals of Europe. After some years of virtual separation and freedom, mother and daughter once more thought of setting down. They had become, in course of time, more like a married couple than mother and daughter. They knew one another very well indeed, and each was a little 'nervous' of the other. They had lived together and parted several times.

Virginia was thirty and didn't look like marrying. For four years she had been as good as married to Henry a rather spoilt young man who was musical. But he let her down for he couldn't stand her mother. And Virginia had not a soul of her own. He was earning very little than Virginia, he couldn't more then.

In the end, Henry backed out. He saw himself being simply reduced to nothingness by

two women, and old witch with muscles like the sphinx, and a young, spell-bound witch, lavish, elvish and weak, who utterly spoilt him but who ate his marrow. The two witches howled when he was lost to them. She was really half crazy, she didn't know what to do with herself. She had a violent recoil from her mother. Mrs. Bodoin was filled with furious contempt for her daughter : that she should let such a hooked fish slip out of her hands !

Mrs. Bodoin was one of those women of sixty or so, with a terrible inward energy and a violent sort of vitality. Like an independent woman, she used her wits, and decided most emphatically not to be either youthful or appealing. She was positive. From her appearance, she was exactly of eighteenth century, the early half. Her appearance was perfect. Virginia was not clever. She didn't know anything. She worked with men, spent most of her time with men, her friends were practically all men. She didn't feel very easy with women.

Yet she had no lover, nobody seemed eager to marry her, nobody seemed eager to come close to her at all. According to Mrs. Bodoin, Virginia was a one-man-woman. she was like her grand mother and her own mother, Mrs. Bodoin. Mrs. Bodoin thought that it was proper time to make a move. So they took a quite handsome apartment fitted it up and furnished it with extreme care, and with some quite lovely things, got in a very good man, an Austrian, to cook, and they set up married life together, mother and daughter. Virginia, for the first time in her life, had the pleasure of making a home. She was again entirely under her mother's spell. They, both had mostly men. So there were dinners and well arranged evenings. Mrs. Bodoin wanted Virginia to fall in love and marry.

Henry was a healthy and normal and very good looking boy of good family, with no money, alas, but clerking to the House of Lords and very hopeful, and not very clever, but simply in love with Virginia's cleverness. He was only twenty-six and Virginia of thirty-one. To him, Virginia had the finest mind of earth. Virginia was the continuation of Rachel's own self Virginia was Rachel's alter ego, her other self. The two women were now mostly alone, Virginia was tired to have company in the evening. So there was the gramophone or loud-speaker or else silence. Virginia felt it was the last grand act of bullying on her mother's part. Her mother tried hard to persuade Virginia to give up her work and come and live with her.

Arnault, a man of sixty, had his family, with numerous grand children, but he was a

widower. His manner was humble. He had been very wealthy. One felt he was not alone. He had his sons, his family, his tribe behind him. He was in love with Virginia. He saw first and foremost the child in her, as if she were a lost child in the gutter. It was necessary for him to live in London, for some years. This girl would be useful. She had no money, she would be an investment in his business. And then the apartment. Virginia, of course, did not know why she liked being with Arnault. Her cleverness was amazingly stupid when it came to life, to living. She found his business 'cunning', 'intriguing'. He did not want just to make love to her; he wanted to marry her, for all his multifarious reasons. And he must make himself master of her.

But Mrs. Bodoin had no idea that Virginia was intimate with the Turkish Delight. Virginia informed her mother that Arnault was going to have the apartment after their marriage. Arnault commented her that her mother was a wonderful lady and he won't mind if she would come with them to live as she had no husband. But Virginia refused him. Meanwhile, he observed the drawing room of Mrs. Bodoin and thought that all the valuable things would be of his own. He thought to give Virginia all kind of comfort to content her, the thin girl.

Afterwards Mrs. Bodoin took all her personal belongings and left the apartment for Paris to live rest of her days of life. She assured Virginia that all the things should be settled. She exposed her contempt, hatred about the old man, stressing his weak-points. At last Virginia commented harshly that all the daughters go by contraries, like dreams.

Assessment

'Mother and Daughter' illustrates the extraordinary range of Lawrence's art. It is a sardonic comedy. It helps to explain the difference between Lawrence's ironic note everywhere. His irony has never a touch of animus never a touch of that egoistic superiority which makes the ostensibly comparable work of other writers. The distinction of this novel is that it exhibits its particular mode so perfectly, it keeps to its given limits and achieves perfection with them. The theme of the portrayal of the movement from sickness to health is more challenging. It is obvious that a part of Virginia responds to her possessive and destructive mother and the weak Henry cannot counter her mother's influence.

Inevitably Mrs. Bodoin's plan of having Virginia fall in love and marry fails, and the mother

and daughter begin to avoid each other and this contrasts with the earlier emphasis on the closeness and relationship.

4.12 'The Overtone' :

'The Overtone' is a youthful, swinburnian affirmation, in some of Lawrence's most poetic prose. Past and present are fused principally by images, some of which recall Virginia Woolf.

Theme

Husband and wife have never lived. She talks with her friend on the state-endowment of mothers, while he watching the night's great circle, full of the fire that flickers unquenchably, sits outside reliving the crisis from which their mutual inhibitions sprang. The feelings of her host and hostess drift like tride scene upon the quick of the nymph Elsa. As she listens, she stirs her finger in a bowl of withering rose-leaves, knowing that the husband had never bared the sun of himself to his wife all of whose flowers had been shed inwards. So that her heart was a heap of 'withered' almost scentless petals that had never given joy to anyone. To the husband, Pan is dead. The nymph believes that 'Pan is in the darkness, and christ in the pale light and they must go 'day and night' hight and day. For ever apart, for ever together. It is a reconciliation which Lady Dphne couldn't find in marriage.

'The overtone' approaches perfection in a kind of fiction which Lawrence attempted too rarely. It is a family story. The wife was of fifty-one, and the husband was of fifty-two. The woman with her friend was discussing the state endowment of mothers. Elsa Laskell stirred uneasily in her chair, observing the old man to be her father.

Characters

Elas Laskell,

Mrs. Hunkin,

Husband

Wife

Plot :

It is a family story of a husband and his wife. They were . . . fifty -two and fifty-one. They

were discussing the state- endowment of mothers in general. Their daughter, Elsa looked at her father who was enough old in his state. The father reminded their marriage.

After their marriage they went to the mountains, but the wife was not giving response to him. He became restless. She wanted to leave him. But for him, she was the whole nature, the honey, the moon. After wards, he stopped coming to her because she came to know that she hated him, his body, full of ugliness. So they had no children. Then she changed herself. She was needed of him, as a husband. She thought he was her sun, shining with his beams. But he became afraid of her. When she was open and eager to him he was afraid. So they had been mutually afraid of each other. Whenever she had needed him at some mystery of love, he had over turned her censers, and her sacraments, and made profane love in her sacred place. Once he suggested as a husband to her, that she should go another man to have children and it was the most cruellest thing for a woman. Yet they were married they were good friends. They were the most friendly married couple in the country. In this way, they reminded their past.

Their daughter had a kind of affection for her father. She frankly expressed her feelings about her husband, a lover, a man. For her Christ and Pan were in different manner, but they both were for her. For Pan she would throw her covering down and run headlong through the leaves, because of the joy of running. Pan would give her children and joy and Christ would her pride. Pan would be her man and Christ her husband. To Pan she was nymph and to Christ she was a woman. Pan was in the darkness and Christ was in the pale light.

Assessment

It is a very simple short story, based on the past and present life of the main characters. Through the simple images the past life of the husband and wife is shown. It is a complete story of a husband and wife. It is written in a poetic style. The images, the poetic techniques are used very nicely.

4.13 'The Virgin and the Gipsy' :

Theme

'The Virgin and the Gipsy' was hurriedly written at the opening of 1926, and its setting in

hilly Doerbyshire is rendered unidentifiable by many misleading place names. The opening develops slowly, with some vitriolic sketches of the Weekly family based partly on Barbara's recent gossip; and the fascination the gipsy has for Yvette ensures that the question whether she will disgrace for family at the rectory as her mother had done remains in suspense.

Tension is generated with the arrival of subsidiary characters, to be followed by absurd sensationalism. On realistic grounds the story is rarely convincing symbolically, it achieves little imaginative significance. The flood which appears like 'a wall of lions' may or may not echo, the peculiarly dangerous sort of selfishness, like lions and tigers. 'It comes to nothing, the flood does not carry away Yvette & the gipsy. He saves her and vanishes. She loves him, but acquiesces in his disappearance, her 'young soul' knowing the 'wisdom of it'.

Characters

Yvette

Lucille

Leo

Aunt Cissie

Eastwoods

A Gipsy

Plot

The story affirms the powers of instinct and intuition in their struggle against the constraints of civilization and anticipates *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in its theme. In it Lawrence tells the reverent tale of a young girl's emotional awakening in the elemental presence of a gipsy.

There was a family, with a husband, a wife and their two little girls of seven and nine. The husband was very handsome, having a beautiful wife. But the wife went off with a young and penniless man. The girls never knew about it. He became the rector and called his brother, sister and mother from the village. He was of forty- seven. He would love his wife till the end. His feelings were sacred. The children brought up in that atmosphere of cunning and self-sanctification and of unmentionability. Mater, the old woman had a great rival, that was the

younger girl, Yvette. She also hated the elder girl, Lucille. For in the family there was a whole tradition of 'loyalty' to one another, and especially to the Mater. Outside the family, there was danger, insult and ignominy. Lucille and Yvette were going to school. Yvette had good time, had friends, came for her in their motor cars and off she went to the city, to the afternoon dance in the chief hotel. Lucille got a job in the city. They both wanted the really social life.

Once they set out for picnic with their friends. They were enjoying their picnic. The car ran on between the grass and the stone walls of the upland lane, and the young people were silent, looking out over the far network of stone fences. Ahead was a light cart driven by a man, and trudging along at the side was a woman, sturdy and elderly, with a pack on her back. The man on the cart was a gipsy, one of the black, loose-bodied, handsome sort. He remained seated on his cart turning round and gazing at the occupants of the motor-car from under the brim of his cap. Leo made the horn stream, the gipsy turned round at the bin. She met his dark eyes for a second, their level search, their insilence, their complete indifference, to people like-Bob and Leo, and something took fire in her breast. He was a man of thirty. Meanwhile, a gipsy woman appeared there who could tell the fortune. They insisted about their own. They had to give a sheeling for their fortune. When Yvette's turn came, she refused her to tell so, the woman took her to such a place that nobody could hear it. The man she saw was stronger than her. At night she thought about the gipsy woman and the man and her fortune-telling. The thought of the gipsy released the life of her limbs, and crystaized in her heart the hate of the rectory.

From the end of the house, she could only see the road curving round past the wall with its laurel hedge, down to the bridge. She always expected something to come down. One day she saw the same cart of the gipsy from her window. She got permission from Aunt Cissie to go out for the broom- seller-gipsy. He talked with her and invited her on Friday to see him. There were plenty of young men to make to love her. Her question was why nothing was important? She had got no reply for her question, no solution. She never even thought of the gipsy. He was the perfect negligible incident. She thought of Friday. She was not present in her body the shell of her body. She liked him but she never thought about her engagement. Then she frankly rejected the proposal of Leo and tried to avoid him.

Once, she set off for riding, alone. She went far away, and at the road side she saw the gipsy man with three children and an old woman. A delicate, barely discernible smile of triumph was on his face. She took her lunch with them. They, both talked on many topics frankly. He told about her own life. He was aware of one thing, the mysterious fruit of her virginity, her perfect tenderness in the body. She met there the little Jewess, the major, as she called them Eastwoods. They both lived in isolation, without any maid-servant. He had already resigned his commission in the regular army and called himself Mr. Eastwood. The little Jewess was thirty-six, she was a divorcee. She was really amazed by that couple. She liked and appreciated the major doing house-hold work. The both sisters hated sex. They talked frankly on sex and love. She felt that the young officer looked at her with an old amusement bird-like and unemotional, in his keen eyes. They talked frankly on love. Jewess got surprised when she heard that she never had been in love and couldn't feel there would be a love. Further, Yvette expressed that the only man who made her feel something was the gipsy. He looked at her differently from the other men.

But her friendship with the half divorced couple her father at last came to know. It made him furious and it disliked him. He warned her not to go there. But she described the couple as honest one. He thought the people would think about her as the stray dog. Having to run round indecent couples, he warned her not to mix up with the rest of the family members because they already had endured the shock of shame. He insisted her to write a note to inform the couple to make end of their friend ship. So she wrote the note in the name of Mrs. Eastwood frankly about her father's warnings. Her life seemed now nothing but an irritable friction against the unsavoury household of the saywells, in which she was immersed. She forgot the couple after all. She did not forget the gipsy, but she had time for him. She saw him twice, at the time of his selling. She liked that mysterious endurance in him.

The gipsy informed her that they were going to make the end of their camp and invited her to beed good bye. But as usual she could not keep her promise. Then unfortunately there was a flood. The water was risen and everything of her house was swept away. It was gipsy who saved her from the water. He helped her for giving warmth, and even rubbed her, taking her into arms. The next day, they had a search for gipsy and the girl. Bob also made search for her.

The policeman was told by the old gipsy woman that she had seen her son with the girl, so he knocked her room. She heard it. She cluthed the sheets round her nakedness. He saw her and informed all of them about her. She was fast asleep and she thought at first about the man. She came to know that the gipsy had gone and in the room there was the policeman. He informed her that there was nobody in their rooms and the house was going to fall any time. She saw no sign of him. She decided to keep the secret of the gipsy. Her Granny remained no more there.

The flood was caused by the sudden bursting of the great reservoir up in Papple Highdale. They stayed at the Framleys home till a new home could be found. Then she saw that the gipsy went away some other place. She became nervous and expressed that she loved him. The grief over him kept her prostrate. Yet practically, she too was acquiescent in the fact of his disappearance. Her young soul knew the wisdom of it. At last she received a little letter from him that he read the news of her safety in the newspaper. Then he explained that he would meet her in the cattle fair. Then she came to know that he had a name. He saved her and vanished. The flood didnot carry away the both. The girl's calm, virgin contempt was that of the free-born for the base-born and was particularly directed against her grandmother, the 'fungoid' ruler of the house, who was like a toad in the static inertia of her unsavoury power. Neither the evolution of the story nor at times, the writing suggests critical attention. Leo's smile (unlike gipsy's penetrating glance) hit her on the outside of the body like a tennisball: she fainted appropriately.

Assessment

It is one of the longest tales. It is a long enough to have been published first in a separate volume as a novel. It is one of Lawrence's finest things and is itself enough to establish the author's genius as major and as distinctively that of a novelist.

It is a decert, solid, self-respecting family. It, the negative, of course, the positive is evoked. And in the presentment of the rector his relations with the wife who has left him play a crucial part. The tale is concerned with defining and presenting desire as something prominently real. It begins as a report but it reports an extraordinary agent. The neutrality of tone indicates that the evaluation has already began. It also draws our attention to his preoccupation with the nature of morality. After all, the story is Yvette's story. Her irritation and awful temper suggestive as they are of her vague awariness of the unsatisfactory order the rectory stands for, are

ironically, made parts of the family convention

4.11 'Sun'

Theme

'Sun' is not a success upto a point, it is a Lady Chatterley Story, the wife feeling a blood intimacy with the Mediterranean peasant which makes her wish that her child could be his not her husbands. The story is symbolical, the sun entering the woman's body, and relieving her and her child of tensions, until she feels a contempt for human-being. She had been at variance with her shy husband, a business man in America, and the iron had entered her soul, now she was a new person.

He arrived unexpectedly, and saw her clothed in the 'golden-rose tan of the sun'. She could not go back, but she was ready to bear his child.

Characters

Juliet

Maurice

Plot

As per the warning of the doctor she was taken out in the sun. She was with a nurse, her child, her mother over the sea. The ship sailed at midnight she remembered how bitterly they had wanted to get away from one another. She was herself, just the same, with all her anger and frustration, inside her, and her incapacity to feel anything real. The child irritated her, and preyed on her peace of mind. She felt so horribly, ghaspy responsible for him as if she must be responsible for every breath he drew. And that was torture to her to the child and to everybody she concerned.

Juliet (the woman) refused her mother to lie in the sun. For the first time, she was looking such a sun-rise that she wished to go naked in the sun light. But at once she wanted to go away from the house, the people. She took off her clothes and lay on the grass, enjoying the sun-rays over her naked body. She lay with shut eyes, the colour of rosy flame through her lids. It was too much. She reached and put leaves over her eyes. She could feel the sun penetrating even into her bones, further even into her emotions, and her thoughts. When the child came to her she thought if the child were in the sun, he would spring up. Then and there

she took off his clothes and set him naked in the sun. She thought the son should not grow up like his father, like a worm that the sun had never seen. She was no longer vitally interested in the child. She took the strain of her anxiety and her will from off him. She was thinking inside herself, of the sun in his splendour and her mating with him. Her life was now a whole ritual. She remained always eager to be before the sun.

But sometimes he came ruddy, like a big, shy creature. She couldn't see him only the level cloud threw down gold and scarlet from above, as she moved behind the wall. She was fortunate. Weeks went by, and though the dawn was sometimes clouded, and afternoon, grey, never a day passed sunless. She wanted to be naked before the sun. When she lay unclothed he focussed on her. It was one of the wonders of the sun, he could shine on a million people and still be the radiant, splendid, unique sun, focused on her alone.

With her knowledge of the sun, and her conviction that the sun knew her, in the cosmic carnal sense of the word. Came over her a feeling of detachment from people and a certain contempt for human beings altogether. They were so like graveyard worms. With her indifference to people, to men, she was not now cautious about being unseen. She had told Marinina, who went shopping for her in the village, that the doctor had ordered sun-baths. Marinina was an old woman of sixty. She knew the world more. She felt tragedy is the lack of experience it must be beautiful to go unclothed in the sun, she said it with a shrewd laugh. She had far memories.

Juliet's body was very white and she knew about it her son was admired by all people as an angel of the Heaven. But he mistrusted his mother. She saw in his wild blue-eyes, centre of fear which she thought as the fear of the sun. His spirit was like a snail in the shell, hidden from the sun. It made her think of his father. It was not only taking sun-bath. Something deep inside her unfolded and relaxed and she was given. She herself, her conscious self, was secondary, a secondary person, almost an onlooker. The true Juliet was this dark flow from her deep body to the sun. She had always been mistress of herself aware of what she was doing. She had a power beyond herself. Every day she and the child spent their time in the sun light. In the month of March, the sun was growing very powerful. She would lie in the shades of the trees. One day Marinina sent unexpectedly her husband, Maurice.

Maurice, the husband of Juliet, appeared before his wife. She was a man of forty. He managed his own business carefully, without starting success, but efficiently. He saw his wife. He hesitated, and glanced away from her. He turned his face aside. He saw her golden body in the sun. He was dazed with admiration, but also, at a deadly loss. He advised her not to go back. He started thinking about herself before he felt a change in herself after the birth of the child. He thought women's feeling take reverse direction even against their own selves. It found him difficult to live with her. He decided to go for managing his business and promised her to come only on holidays. He could live as he wished, and she also could live as she.

She observed his moderation, his table manners. Unknowingly, Juliet was having the attraction, affinity for that peasant whom she met once. He gave her freedom to walk everywhere she liked. He had no child. Gradually, Juliet and he had become intimate, across the distance they were aware of one another. She knew, in the morning, the moment he arrived with his ass. And the moment she went out on the balcony he turned to look. But they never saluted. Yet she missed him when he did not come to work. Once he saw her walking naked in the sun. A flame went over his eyes, and a flame flew over her body, melting her bones.

Since then there had been a definite pain of consciousness in the body of each of them. though neither would admit it, and they gave no sign of recognition. But the man's wife was instinctively aware. Juliet thought why she should not meet the man and bear his child. She felt a spark between them. She thought to live in his company for some hours to identify herself with man. But she never made any sign.

But as last she would have to bear her husband's child as she saw it in his eyes. In his way, he was a man, he faced the world and was entirely quenched in his male courage. He would dare to walk in the sun, even ridiculously. He would have been a procreative sunbath to her, and she wanted it. The next child of her would be of Maurice. The fatal chain of continuity would cause it. The ending had been intended like his pictures to shock people's castrated social spirituality. The wider symbolism of the story is to be found in 'Aristocracy'.

