REALISM AND ROMANCE IN THE EARLY NOVELS OF D. H. LAWRENCE

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BY

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

This is to certify that Mr. Jawed S. Ahmad has worked on "Realism and Romance in the Early Novels of D.H. Lawrence" under my supervision. His M.Phil dissertation on the above topic is the result of his intensive study of Lawrence's early novels and contains some useful and original interpretations.

He has my permission to submit his dissertation for assessment.

Dr. Ghufranullah Khan
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(JAWED S. AHMED)
CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

D.H. Lawrence has been considerably well evaluated by critics and readers alike regarding his reputation as a novelist. It cannot be denied that he was indeed a great novelist, and his lucidity and simplicity has captivated innumerable readers. It is his propelling narration and his probing into the inner consciousness of man that gives sustenance to his art.

The volume of Lawrence's works baffles the reader as also his rich and wide variety. The underlying design, the thematic concerns of his literary creations add to the enigma. Most critical works have tended to stress the variety of techniques and subject-matter. The present study seeks to illustrate how a system of ideas underly the various diversities in Lawrence's earlier novels- the elements of realism and romance and how the two aspects have been inter-related with each other.

Lawrence's novels can be seen to revolve around the writer's attitude towards men and women. His frigidity and (to a certain extent) cynicism gave way to a general acceptance often called humanitarian attitude. It shaped
him to become more objective. He showed a flair for iron-
cical observation and this found full scope in his interpre-
tation of life. On certain occasions this developed into
an indifference which was a kind of defence mechanism of a
sensitive mind against its own sensitivity.

Several of Lawrence's works show his detachment to
life; we can feel through his characters that he is strugg-
ling for a satisfying pattern of life. In his attempt to
arrive at this underlying and positive philosophy, Lawrence
exposes the raw and unlovely spots in human nature. He
becomes disenchanted with the contemporary ethics of his
time and gives vent to his inner feelings in a variety of
his works—mostly novels.

Lawrence's novels were the products of his age. They
are a stark commentary on the prevailing ethos of which he
was a staunch critic.

The new, positive literature of his time was
born of confrontations and depicts a world
without stable truths and fixed frontiers. Old
pieties had been cleared away, alongwith
supposed certainties, diverse influences were
being accepted; cultural hegemony was loosening
its hold, language was evolving achieving stylistic independence. Most of Lawrence's novels are an expression of agnosticism and an acknowledgement that there were no irrefutable truths, or cultural bequeathings which remained sacred. He began to look upon the earth as moving at random through space, without God or man as its master. And the reader is affected by the angst latent in such a perception. The reader cannot experience the characters of his novels (except perhaps Sons and Lovers) as solidly "real". He finds them possessed of a paperiness, walking around in a world of shadows, floating adrift in a sea of words. (Incidentally, this is also a hallmark of post-religious writing) once God dropped out of the novel, alongwith metaphysical certitudes, and a set social world of manners to react against.¹

Lawrence can be said to have accepted precise historical realism as a measure of excellence. He inherited from writers such as George Eliot and Tolstoy a faith in the validity of earth-bound human beings and local truth rooted in a specific political, philosophical or social order. However, today even novelists such as Rushdie and

Paul Scott, analysing history in their own lifetimes or in the recent past, are thinking about the world which made them, rather than the dynamic forces which shaped that world. Their focus is individualistic—much the same as Lawrence can be seen in majority of his works.

The genre of social realism and romance is quite conspicuous in the writing of Lawrence. The element of realism is self-conscious, aware of its alienation. In modern times, a new genre of the "brutal novel" has come up—the aspects of which are exemplified in several of Lawrence's novels. Brutal, because it is hard to be a part of this world. A vast array of characters in some of Lawrence's novels are portrayed as alienated from their immediate social milieu or even from their own respective domesticity. Instances which can be cited are Siegmund in The Trespasser, Walter Morel in Sons and Lovers, and even in the case of George in The White Peacock. These characters find it difficult to acclimatise themselves in their own particular domain. Lawrence presents a variety of characters on a wide spectrum who are not in consonance with the existing societal infrastructure.
At least a couple of his novels can be said to be written from so-called "ghetto perspectives" and ferocious fables by a socially conscious "self-exile". Lawrence found himself detached from the circle in which he found sustenance. Hence his plight was no better than that of one in exile (here social as well as literary).  

That he was a socially conscious being cannot be doubted and he invariably sought to reform the "degenerated" society. He took the entire burden of this on his frail shoulders. There are linguistic muddles, inadequacies, no doubt a re-knitting of spoken English. This can be somewhat disturbing - especially for someone accustomed to a more chaste and stable language.

Lawrence's literary journey spanning roughly eighteen years, has been a journey along the razor's edge; painful and dangerous, but with flashes of incisive dexterity. The will-o'-the wisp that Lawrence skilfully hunted over his writing career has, with the exception of a few detours, been what lies at the human

heart of the matter. In essence, he had a jaundiced view of modern civilization. According to him the root cause of the ills pervading the society was the extensive mechanisation. He had his own particular viewpoint, his own utopian vision through which he sought to establish a noble order which would root out all the social evils. This obsession with the risky perimeter of civilization can be summarized by one of Browning's poetic line—"Our interest's on the dangerous edge of things."

Lawrence under-stated 'angst', intimations of which came to him during his boyhood spent in the chill, bleak environs where his father was a miner, was never allowed to lose the discipline of tense, lucid expression (which only sometimes degenerated into the rhetoric of rage). His novels have proved uniquely cinematic— a few of them being turned into films at one time or another. Unquestionably his most controversial has been *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Lawrence's novels may not exactly be classified as among those possessing element of beauty but there are elements of unaffected warmth, humanity and even wit. If the

critical cliche "deceptively simple" adheres to Lawrence's work, it is because he takes pains to ensure an effortless reading. Lawrence, imbued with a missionary zeal, carefully analysed the various issues which he considered relevant and accordingly projected them in a manner which overtly seeming simple, carried much weight in them. The ideas projected in the first three novels sometime appear to be seemingly off-the-cuff but once analysed carefully, the reader is bound to be deeply influenced by their contents. There is a perfect blend of the elements of realism and romance in his earlier novels. This synthesis adds to the quality, and the whole texture of the novels is given a distinct colour.

The evils of a mechanized society simmered in Lawrence like a volcano and his easy amiability cloaks an electrifying mind. The firm, measured tone of his views on subjects close to his heart is reminiscent of the sinewy texture of his prose. Lawrence was indeed a man of uncommon substance and a novelist of immense power. It would not be an exaggeration to say that to a certain degree he was a social activist of unbreakable tenacity. The dense web of injustice, exploitation and hunger that enveloped
the world around him filled him with intense pain and indignation, but in his scheme of things there is no room for pessimism. He asserted that change was bound to come, albeit slowly. Social revolution is a slow historical process and one cannot expect overnight miracles. He was quite optimistic about the future generations.

Quite realistically he pointed out that merely handing over the reins of power to the oppressed masses, the latters’ problems would not be solved. It is the warped collective mindset of a well-enconsed class of exploiters that has to be changed first. Hence, Lawrence continued with quiet determination to write about the harried and exploited class of his times besides of course on his famous theories on man-woman relationship, and so on. The former constituted a significant (though in relatively small measure) aspect of his writing.

No writer has ever conveyed with more compelling immediacy his sensuous awareness of life, nor expressed opinions with more burning conviction; though many, no doubt, have argued with greater cogency and greater consistency. The element of sensuousness forms a pivotal point in Lawrence's treatment of romance.
The presence of elements of romance is perhaps one of the most conspicuous aspects of Lawrence's novels. That he gives considerable weight to this aspect can quite clearly be seen in a novel like *Sons and Lovers* which, even though essentially a realistic novel, has been given deft touches of romance particularly in the case of Paul-Miriam episode. *The Trespasser* too is replete with exquisite love story element and this, coupled with adroit mingling of adventure and thrill (between the principal figure, Siegmund and Helena) together presents a remarkable example of a perfect blend of romance and realism.

Lawrence lends a sensuous touch to romance through the beautiful use of poetic language. This goes a long way in enhancing the beauty and style of his description. The description of the scenic splendour is yet another remarkable feature of Lawrence's treatment of romance. The manner of his describing the flora and fauna is simply breathtaking. He started writing at a relatively young age (he was merely twenty when he was writing *The White Peacock*) and at such a tender stage he won considerably favourable critical acclaim - by no means a minor achievement. This bears testimony to the fact that he was unmistakably an artist who, in his early phase was much given to the problems
of romance and realism.

The unequal distribution of wealth in Lawrence's stories and novels is not a major issue. (These are merely marginal rather than central theme). If a rich man is contrasted with a poor man he (Lawrence) wishes to stress how, in terms of human freedom, the former is less well off than the latter. But his visionary schemes did not impel him along a road which led to anything which even remotely was suggestive of a Welfare State. The voice of Lawrence will seem to many as powerfully persuasive and he has claims to be considered as an educator in both the narrow sense (i.e. one concerned with education in school) as well as the broad sense (which is implicit in most of his important works).

Lawrence's own priorities made him an uncompromising rebel. His flight from the age held in it absolutely nothing of the poseur or the escapist. It was an expression of his utter involvement with life at its source, and of his deep concern for the future of his fellow men. His main concern was always with the new man, the new woman
who was potentially capable of rising
like a phoenix from the ashes of the
deaf self.¹

There seems to be no discrepancy between Lawrence
the man, his life, and his art. Hence it would not be an
exaggeration to submit that almost every page of Lawrence
is "characteristic of Lawrence and a microcosm of his views".
Of course, this (the total involvement of Lawrence with his
art) had its demerits too. A time came when the "message"
became more important then the art! (for instance in
"Kangaroo"). There was nothing to which Lawrence held
allegiance except the truth of his own experience. This
factor ingrained in his works an element of realism. He
had an extraordinary clarity of mind.

Lawrence sees people in terms of essential
being. They live authentically only in so
far as they live from their roots and are
aware of the deeper, buried self. Human
relationship — an "amazingly difficult and
vital business" — Lawrence called it — is
the most important factor in the growth of

¹ R.H. Poole and P.J. Shepherd, D.H. Lawrence: A
such awareness. This awareness of another individual at the deepest level leads to a heightened awareness of self and its potentialities.¹

The balance and harmony which Lawrence achieved is, in fact, surprising. One is aware in his work of tensions, of things opposed but complementary. Hence his love of and, as an artist, his need for, concepts that suggest balanced opposition (as is evident in the arch image in The Rainbow). His attitude to science, though at times perverse, did not cause him to strike out blindly at the machine. He did not stand for a conscious simplification of life, like Gandhi, though his initial premises would probably lead to such a simplification.

'Unconsciously Lawrence is the product of nineteenth century sensibility. The early impact of romanticism is the most significance element in his development. It colours his attitude to nature, it emphasizes the extreme personal bias in his work, it is at the root of his theory of poetry, style and his reaction against though he reacts rather violently against one

¹ R.K. Sinha, Literary Influences on D.H. Lawrence, (Delhi, 1985), p. 5.
aspect of romanticism (the Shelleyan concept of love), he stays outside the anti-romantic fashion. In an age in which theories of neo-classicism were gaining ground rapidly, he alone championed the romantic cause of inspiration, of prophecy and the demoniac. His predilection of the romantic manifests itself in a preference for Spenser and Shakespeare.¹

Nineteenth century literature also provided Lawrence being possessed with certain tendencies in his work—an intense love of nature, a deeply autobiographical note and the element of prophecy. He also went through Emily Bronte and Charlotte Bronte and these stimulated the subjective bias in Lawrence with emphasis being on personal revelation, poetry and passion. Herein landscape and lyricism began to predominate.

'Like Hardy, Lawrence was an untutored genius. He redeemed his work by a passionate poetic vision and was quite sensitive to the infinite shades of nature. The nature-description in

¹ R.K. Sinha, Literary Influences on D.H. Lawrence, (Delhi, 1985), p. 5.
"The Trespasser" have intense lyrical dominates all his works - nature keenly observed and poetically rendered. It (nature is thoroughly alive in his novels; the flowers and the trees, the sun and moon are things more real than living men. In Lawrence's world the passions are exceptionally alive. Work is produced by passion, like kisses, it is not composed. The intellect, to him, is only a bridle, it is never creative.'

Against the social consciousness of the realists Lawrence places the individual consciousness of the romantic. Class consciousness is intensely alive in him and in almost all his characters. However Lawrence could create only quivering individuals- mainly because he presents the dilemma of an individual uprooted from his own class. Lawrence acquired realism, while others had the tradition of several realistic fiction to vitalise their respective works. The drama of love and hatred that goes on continually through several of his works (e.g. The Rainbow, Women in Love) is magnificently real. Lawrence seeks to penetrate to the inner reality and he succeeds to a large extent.

1. R.K. Sinha, Literary Influences on D.H. Lawrence, (Delhi, 1985), p. 44.
It can perhaps be rightly put that Lawrence was involved with a spirit of romance right from his childhood as certain influences made him so. It was his habit to walk across the fields to the Haggs farm (the Willey Farm of Sons and Lovers) on most occasions and he soon became a regular visitor there. Even merely visiting it was an escape from the constant tension caused by parental strife and also from the physical ugliness in Eastwood where his family lived. He was enchanted by the countryside. "The country is so lovely: man-made England so vile" - he once wrote.¹

When in April 1920, Lawrence and Frieda moved to a farm house in San Gaudenzio he was greatly enchanted by the natural climes. He wrote to Devid Garnett: "It is quite wonderful and unspoilt everywhere. There are little grape hyacinths standing blossom in pink among about, and peach the grey olives, the cherry blossom shakes in the wind. Oh, my sirs, what more do you want." He wrote of Italy: "my gaze was fixed on Italy, on the Mediterranean, and the mountains, and my beloved Italy" (as distinguished

from the 'vile' industrialized England.

His fascination never ebbed. Even during his last months he still responded with something like the old rapturous delight to the southern sun—"I still love the Mediterranean, it still seems young as Odysseus, in the morning".¹

Both his working class origin and his provincial background isolated him from the high culture and in a way gave fillip to the realism so evident in his works. Like all the great Romantics, Lawrence was passionately concerned about men in society. This concern is most apparent in "The Rainbow", and "Sons and Lovers".

Lawrence cannot be considered to be dated even now more than sixty years after his death. We are not sure whether he was a mystic, agnostic or atheist. In the succeeding chapters it would be my endeavour to trace through his first two novels (The White Peacock, and The Trespasser), the elements of realism and romance inherent in them. A careful and indepth study of these novels would indicate that there is indeed an exquisite intermingling of these two elements. Whereas the themes generally appear to be based on realistic social issues,

the romantic touches are a distinguishing feature of these earlier novels. It is intended to analyse his earlier novels and this can be done best going through them in their totality. Among the major topics which have drawn the attention of critics and scholars are Lawrence's view on sex, his primitivism, his social thoughts, feminism, his symbolism, his religious vision, and mysticism. However an attempt is made to dwell on Lawrence's sense of reality and his ideas of romance.
CHAPTER II

THE WHITE PEACOCK

The White Peacock is essentially a classic example of representing contemporary British life by D.H. Lawrence. Herein he has given an exquisite treatise illustrating the life and times as he found it. Not only does Lawrence give us a faithful picture of life, but the novel also represents a superb element of romance. Realistic descriptions of various aspects of life that are found in abundance in the novel makes it remarkable. Besides the distinct love story element in the overall romance of the novel conflicts with the element of realism. The presence of romance not only includes thrill, fantasy and adventures but it also makes it rise above the ordinary material plane.

Lawrence as a novelist had his own basic vision of life which he depicted most specifically in his later novels. Traces of these can be found in his third novel Sons and Lovers and then in The Rainbow and Women in Love. His main theme was to focus on man-woman relationship. He was rather obsessed with the desire to bring about a radical change in people's attitudes towards life and its
various manifestations.

However Lawrence's first two novels — *The White Peacock* and *The Trespasser* do not sufficiently serve the medium of propounding his vision of life. They are somewhat found wanting in this regard and perhaps fall short of the expectations. Rather they serve as fine examples of pieces of art representing faithful observations of life, its people and romance which is often inclusive of a finely knitted love story.

*The White Peacock* is made up of Lawrence's early youthful experiences and closely exhibits his imaginative vision. Looked at as an ordinary novel, *The White Peacock* does not make much sense though the two couples—Lettie and George—impinge as attitudes rather than as characters. Lettie is "tall, nearly six feet in height ... a sable Persephone come into freedom ..." The man in love with her is George, a young farmer seen almost always in brutish circumstances—drowning a wounded cat, breaking the neck of a rabbit, and finally drinking himself into "delirium tremens." Cyril, the brother of Lettie, is the narrator of the story.
Insofar as there is a plot, it deals with the reprehensible conduct of Lettie in flirting with George while encouraging the advances of the son of the local squire and coal-owner whom she eventually marries. This person, Leslie Tennant, is the prototype of such later Lawrentian characters as Gerald Crich and Sir Clifford Chatterley. But he lacks their definition and is recognised mainly in his propensity for sprawling about and lying down sometimes, it must be admitted, as a result of illness rather than debility.

The refinement and superficial brilliance of Lettie's little world seem to intensify those true feelings which she occasionally expresses but chooses to ignore for the sake of social ambition.

Like Catherine Earnshaw in *Wuthering Heights*, she plays a taunting role to her bucolic lover and like Catherine, her ambition led her to adopt a double character without exactly intending to deceive anyone. In fact her repudiation of an instinctive bond with George are the cause of his moral collapse and
decline which form a more normal analogue to Heath Cliff's developing madness. 1

Lawrence has quite adroitly synchronised natural objects with human relationships. There is a sense of the young people beginning to drift apart; a sense allied to the natural objects that symbolically underpin the book:

we felt ourselves the centre of the waters and woods that spread down the rainy valley. "In a few years", I said, "we shall be almost strangers ..." 2

The alder-overlooking the brook, recurs throughout the novel. Images such as these are as much of a unifying factor as more conventional devices of plot and character might be. Even though the callowness of the book is obvious, it has a remarkable grasp of natural beauty. It is redolent of an England which, even in Lawrence's time, was poignantly in retreat from the modern world.

The chapters are organised in terms of the seasons. All the last four form a continuous narrative of some fifteen hectic months in the lives of a group of young adults.

Autumn set in, and the red dahlias which kept the warm light alive in their bosom so late into the evening died in the night, and the morning had nothing but brown balls of rottenness to show ... p. 39

Lettie was twenty-one on the day after Christmas. She woke me up in the morning with cries of dismay. There was a great fall of snow, multiplying the cold morning light, startling the slow-footed twilight ... p. 127

Across the infinite skies of March the great rounded masses of cloud had sailed stately all day, domed with a white radiance, softened with faint, fleeting shadows ... p. 157.

Thus, through a summer of uncoiling ferns and grouped blue-bells, another
autumn with gorgeous cherry-trees
and crimson plumps, another winter
with the ice on Nethermere gleaming
in the moonlight, on to yet another
spring. The seasons indicate, also
the disintegration of the enthusiastic young group who disport themselves
in the pages of *The White Peacock*.
In much the same way, the 'Pagans' —
the generic name Lawrence's friends
of his early years gave themselves
Sported over the new legendary landmarks of the Lawrence country: Lamb
Close, Felley Mill, Haggs, Moorgreen Reservoir, (the Nethermere of the
novel)¹

Only one episode looks like conventional novel writing. It is that
which, paradoxically, at once gives the book its name and has least to
do with its fictional framework. It concerns the rough gamekeeper,
Annable, who was once a Cambridge-educated curate. He at that time
was married to a Lady Crystabel; the white peacock of the title, and a dim

simulacrum of Lettie. Now Annable lives in squalor with a slatternly woman and a horde of draggle-tailed children. In telling their story, Lawrence taps a vein of realism like nothing else in the novel - "A boy set on the steel fender, catching the dropping fat on a piece of bread. One, two, three, four, five, six drops and he quickly bit off the tasty corner and resumed the task with the other hand ...." (The Education of George).  

The setting of the novel is mainly confined to the region known as Nethermere with the focus of attention being given on the Beardsall cottage. The majority of the characters belong to the working class. But the novel has other functions for the working class than letting them occupy the natural foreground. The scenes describing them indulging in blatant rowdysm in the taverns are unique; they are fascinating examples of vitality or depravity, or both. And Annable's over-sized family with his children— or "litter" as he preferred to call them—

symbolise the working class.

Lawrence was greatly influenced by Meredith's *The Mill on the Floss* which was essentially a story set in the country-side. He incorporated the pastoral setting of this novel in *The White Peacock*. Meredith along with Schopenhauer influenced Lawrence to shift his attention to personal relationships and Leslie in this novel is a miniature version of the egoist.

The descriptions of the woods in spring and September are quite characteristic. There is however, no doubting the fact that a certain fancifulness is distinct. But the over-all effect does not blur the senses. Lawrence was a careful observer and he pin-points his materials to the core instead of indulging in sweeping generalisations.

Lawrence reaches remarkable imaginative heights in *The White Peacock*. The fancifulness is distinctly visual. The emphasis in the successive novels shifts towards the rhapsodic. The observation is not so keen but more experienced and more shimmery "as if painted the shimmering protoplasm, and not the stiffness of the shape." In fact,
it is Lawrence's obsession with shimmeriness which lends a romantic colour to the novel and the resultant passages are indeed splendid in obscurity. It can be duly contended that Lawrence was responsible for initiating as well as enlivening the English novel with the romantic bias. This results in subjectivism and its obvious domination. The effect is outstanding and the emotion is illumined with a sudden splendour. As pointed out earlier, the natural features are synchronised with the feelings—the landscape makes part of the emotion and is meant to symbolise the feelings.

Lawrence is so determined to make up characters and a novel which fit into his notion of "literature" and his sense of obligation to it. His characters act, talk, walk, pose, propose and conduct their lives "as if they were in a book". The character to whom most attention is given is Lettie. Not only does she show off her knowledge with all the delicacy of a sea-port tart showing her availability, the literary snobbery bites through to the love and we are presented with as dislikeable a young woman as you could ever dread.
to meet: spoil'd, a tease, thoughtless, very nearly a shrew and a terrible bore.¹

By virtue of being the farmer's son, George is obviously far removed from the "literariness" and he can be said to be the most successful character in the book. He is apparently sound and he catches the reader's eye till the time the author virtually polishes him off. Lawrence has made a very apt appraisal of his character and personality. He has his own problems, own solutions and the manner of his helplessness that it shown bears the hallmark of an "innocent" who yearns for something which he cannot reach or enjoy. All these are brilliantly depicted by Lawrence who also consolidates this character by the ripe Impressionistic realism of scenes which set him in his fields and at his work.

There are lumps all over the place in this curious custard of an offering. What are we to make of Annable, the fantastical aristocratic lady's lover turned gamekeeper, arrived fully mounted

and plumed in Lawrentian disgust at
the rottenness of the modern world?
He comes into the novel with as much
finesse as the dame in a pantomime
and then sees his intriguing autobio­
graphy ruined by being galloped over
in an extended parenthesis.¹

Annable infact is the most crucial figure in the
novel. Lawrence deploys this character to put forth his
point of view and his (Annable's) tale is narrated with
all the gusto of a master story-teller. Through Annable's
viewpoint Lawrence seeks to convey Lettie's corruptibility.
His contention is akin to that of Rousseau that man is the
only creature which is corrupt and his motto is exemplified
in "Be a good animal, true to your animal instinct".

The reason for this transformation was due to the
fact that Lady Crystabel, his first wife, worshipped him
as a Greek statue and denied him children or fulness of
life. Subsequently Annable chose to lead an "animal"
life thereby dispensing parental duties and his "brats"
suffer the consequences of this change. In fact Annable

had felt proud of his body and felt greatly humiliated at Lady Crystabel's attitude.

Lawrence captures the domestic scenes of Annable's household superbly. He has numerous children and he refers to them as "a lovely litter ... natural as weasels ... bred up like a bunch of young foxes". Even his wife is shown as overburdened and distraught.

An unconvincing accident removes him as soon as he has served Lawrence's moral purpose. The first stage of his funeral occasions a long poetical passage which turns into a keen. A sallow like a pale gold cloud with a fairy busby on every twig, a spink flashing past in triumph with a fleece from a bramble. The procession of mourners soon appear over the brow up the hill. "They are like priests in their robes ..." The elegaic description follows an outwarm pastoral tradition, it has its rythemical appropriateness (but it is overdone, to the point almost of sentimentality.)

Lawrence's concept of love is that it is pure and whole when it is developed on the sensual plane. The novel to him must carry a sense of physicality. He is dead against its "idealization." Annable reflects at the end of Lady Crystabel's story that "it wasn't her fault" and the narrator (Cyril) comments, "A white peacock, we will say." This comment does not imply either Crystabel's or Lettie's innocence—rather it is suggestive of that they are controlled too much by heredity as well as circumstances. (For instance Lettie was of the firm belief that her mother's disastrous marriage produced "death in her veins before I was born.")

White Peacock overtones (social vanity and life-denial) reach their climax after Lettie's marriage. The first we see of her is her white hand, then the whiteness of her face, as she throws back her hood and smiles in triumph at George, while Leslie kneels at her feet; when the three walk on, she flings her draperies "into loose eloquence" and there is a glimpse of her bosom "white with the moon." Indoors she lets her cloak "inside over her white shoulder and fall with silk splendour of a peacock's
gorgeous blue." over the arm of the settee, while she stands laughing and brilliant with triumph, her white hand upon the peacock of her cloak. 1

Lawrence's observation and depiction of life and love issues—both moral as well as ideological—he broached is indeed remarkable to say the least. It cannot be denied that he has given a faithful and realistic description. The impression we get is that he was a vivid observer of human emotions, the setting, the scenery, etc. His narration of social institution such as marriage is exquisite by any standard. The social moorings, the superficiality of love as depicted in the case of Lettie, who adopts double-standards in the game of love, is quite successfully dealt with. In fact there may hardly be any amateurish touch discernible in the entire novel.

Lawrence took upon him as a task to redeem the society which he manages to rip through the fragile veneer of morality and integrity of the major characters in the novel. He comes out quite distinctive by his sheer abili-

ty to get his ideas across to the reader. These ideas he portrays prominently through the reactions and the responses of the characters involved.

As far as realism is concerned, we have a dispassionate depiction of life as it is. In realism we have got nothing to do with the impressionistic aspect—rather we tend towards a photographic description of life, that is, portraying life as it is.

Included in the ambit of realism is life's observation in general, scenic description (locales, colours, seasons, description of woods and other such natural features.) Realism is to be taken on physical and ideological plane too, that is, how the characters feel, their social ethos, and how they react to this.

The question arises whether Lawrence was actually concerned with outside reality or the inner aspect of human beings. In The White Peacock he shows that he is concerned with the inner psyche of man. He probes deep into the inner consciousness of the character. Since The White Peacock was his first attempt, he convincingly
falls short of perfection. Yet there are touches of his latent genius and at the end he comes out with "a story of great power and beauty ... He gives life to every one of his characters; he makes his scenes startlingly real."¹

A few examples from the text will further make the above points clear. In the very first passage of the novel the author gives a very objective description of the natural features while he was reclining by the pond.

I stood watching the shadowy fish slide through the gloom of the mill-pond ... The thick-piled trees on the far shore were too dark and sober to dally with the sun ... Only the thin stream falling through the mill-race murmured to itself of the tumult of life which had once quickened the valley. p. 3.

Lettie comes up with an objective appraisal of herself as well as George's in Chapter III:

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¹ Extract from "The Daily Mail" review and reproduced on the back cover of *The White Peacock* (Cambridge, 1985).
Oh but you make me feel as if I'd like to make you suffer. If you'd ever been sick, if you'd ever been born, into a home where there was something which oppressed you ...
As for me, the flower is born in me, but it wants bringing forth. Things don't flower if they are overfed ... You wonder how I have touched death. You don't know ...
That was death in her veins before I was born. It makes a difference. (p.35)

The narrator, Cyril, gives vent to his inner frustrations regarding his father who had deserted his (Cyril's) mother long time back:

He was a liar, without notion of honesty and he had deceived my mother thoroughly. One after another she discovered his mean dishonesties and deceits ... when he left her ... she rejoiced bitterly. (p.40)

Inspite of all these, his mother is too overcome by shock (on the news of her husband's death) to have any negative sentiments for him:
I have had the feeling of him in me. I knew, yes, I did know he wanted me and you, I felt it. I have had the feeling of him upon me this last three months especially ... I have been cruel to him. (p. 41).

George feels tremendously let down when he is more or less certain that Lettie could not be his. He does not seem to have a high opinion of the fair sex and begins a tirade against them:

"She—she's like a woman, like a cat running to comforts—she strikes a bargain. Women are all tradesmen."
He continues: "I never knew I couldn't understand them ... But you know Cyril, she led me on". (p. 115).

Leslie reacts rather strangely when he becomes aware of the fact that his fiancee was a proclaimed flirt. This was not a bit disconcerting for him. "It pleased him to think what a flirt she had been ... and it (flirting) only added to the glory of his final conquest".

There seems to be some sort of minor conflicts at the social level as is proved in the discussion between Leslie and Lettie regarding the miners' strike. Here Lawrence shows his bias against women:
Women jumped to conclusions at the first touch of feeling. ... Women could not be expected to understand these things, business was not for them; in fact their mission was above business. (p. 156).

The same idea is expressed through Annable too when he says "I think I'd rather groom a horse than a lady ... One's more a man here in the woods though, than in my lady's parlour, it strikes me."

Another instance of a social conflict is evident in the discussion between Lettie and Emily where the male specy is described as a typical "Male Chavunist Pig."

"Ah, it's always the woman who bears the burden... Men are brutes and marriage, just gives scope to them," said Emily. (p. 224).

The conflict carries on at the personal level between George, Leslie and Lettie. Finally Cyril quietens George by saying "Pah, you thought you were too good to be rejected."
A note of realism is struck in the comment of George's father when he dwells on the advantage of migrating to another region:

You stay in one place, generation after generation, and you seem to get proud, and look on things as foolishness ... and I suppose they've done it before us. (p. 216).

One of the most remarkable features of the realistic description in the novel is that of George and Meg's marriage. The marriage celebration of George is described from the viewpoint of him (George) having ventured forth on a vast, alien land—"he felt as a man who has lived in a small island when he first sets foot on a vast continent ... Yet he was nervous ... He suffered from self consciousness and embarrassment ... He could not get over the feeling that he was trespassing."

In the following chapter too, George's feeling are described (after his marriage with Meg). He was happy and contended and in much better shape than before:
The fact was that his new life interested him and pleased him keenly. He often talked to me about Meg, how quaint and naive she was, how she amused him and delighted him. He rejoiced in having a place of his own, a home, and a beautiful wife who adored him. Then the public house was full of strangeness and interest. No hour was ever dull. (p. 306).

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder" - the reality of this adage is amply demonstrated by Emily when she writes in her letter to Cyril about her elated feelings when she turns up at home after a long interval:

I have been home for the week-end. Isn't it nice to be made much of, to be an important cherished person for a little time? It is quite a new experience for me. (p. 320).

The ideas of socialism was paramount in the mind of George and these had taken a definite shape after he assumed responsibilities as a husband and a father. The ever-widening gap between the rich and the poor was a source of constant exasperation for him. He counts
Lettie's contention that "the rich have as much misery as the poor, and of quite as deadly a sort ... It is question of life and the development of the human race..." by "Pah! that is rank cowardice. It is feeble and futile to the last degree."

Lettie however is unrelenting:

We can't grow consumption, proof in a generation, nor can we grow poverty proof. (p. 359).

George sums up their (Lettie's and his) relationship realistically when he describes their respective positions:

"I was only a warmth to you," he said, pursing the same train of thought. "So you could do without me. But you were like the light to me, and otherwise it was dark and aimless. Aimlessness is horrible". (p. 369).

Lawrence also very effectively gives a vivid portrayal of the modes of communication of his times. The
distinction in languages spoken by different members of society is realistically portrayed. For example, when we find Lettie conversing, we find in her dialogues high calibre of intellect. She quotes well-known literary figures and speaks of great musical mastreos. On the other hand, we have an almost rustic Annable speaking in a language that is quite in consonance with his character as a rough game-keeper. Referring to his children, he speaks of them as, "they can be like birds, or weasels, or vipers, or squirrels, so long as they ain't human rot."

On the other plane, the love story element which involves more than one couple, has its own excitement and thrill in the novel. Firstly, there is George, the silent but naive admirer of Lettie who finds himself snubbed by her when she marries Leslie—George is then betrothed to Meg after some romantic interludes. And then we have the narrator himself fascinated by Emily's charm. These adventurous and exquisite elements add to the aura of romance in *The White Peacock* and makes it more thrilling.

Included in the category of romance is one's love
for seeking life and adventure and a search for these is more true to Lawrence particularly in this novel. At certain stages in The White Peacock we find emphasis being given on elements of remoteness than on something that commonly happens. We have a few instances in the novel which outline these features. In the chapter titled "Strange Blossoms and Strange New Budding" after Lettie gives George the short shrift and leaves him for Leslie, George finds solace and comfort in the naive company of Meg. Soon both fall for each other. He finds Meg bewitching:

Meg, naive and unconscious ... and when she started back, jumped and kissed her neck with warmth. (p.174).

A characteristic example of this can also be traced in chapter II (part II). Herein we have glimpse of the romantic indulgence of Lady Crystabel with the gamekeeper, Annable. In the initial stages she pretended to be attracted towards the manly physique of her lover but gradually as Annable discovered to his intense chagrin that this was not the case:
They thought we'd gone, and they went and locked the door --- she'd got the idea from a sloppy French novel--- the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" I was the Poor Young Man. (p. 185).

George has an adventurous streak in him. He seeks the "forbidden apple" though without reaping the actual fruit in the long run. He, is still fascinated by Lettie's charm-inspite of being Meg's for keeps. He simply cannot let go off Lettie's and literally implores her not to leave him. Of course, Lettie is helpless. Nevertheless, before parting she lets him embrace her, as in the following scene:

She turned and kissed him gratefully. He then took her in a long, passionate embrace, mouth to mouth. In the end, it had so wearied her, that she could only wait in his arms till he was too tired to hold her. He was trembling already. (p. 265).

In the chapter "Puffs of Wind in the Sail", there is a rather long narration of the trio of Lettie, Leslie and George together. The latter two are smitten by
Lettie who idolises the glamour within her to the hilt. As she indulges herself in a charming manner both Leslie as well as George seem benumbed, as if in a trance and when Lettie finally "turns up the lamp" she "dispels some of the witch-craft from the room". At the same time she seemed to have discovered the wonderful charm of her womanhood." "She seemed to be moving in same alluring figure of a dance." So much were the two enraptured by her charm that George was "thrilled by the hidden magic" and "Leslie crouched before her." The "low-lit lamp" added to the aura of romance in the room.

In the chapter "Lettie comes of Age", we have the first instance of Lettie and Leslie physically coming together:

They continued to talk half romance, making themselves eloquent by quick looks and gestures and communion of warm closeness. The ironical tones went out of Lettie's voice. (p. 132).

One characteristic feature of romance is said to be its opposition to the element of realism. While rea-
lism aims at presenting life with a sense of objectivity, as the things stand in real life, to fly off real-life situations. This aspect is amply demonstrated in almost the entire first half of *The White Peacock* wherein Lettie constantly encourages the advances of George while eventually marrying Leslie.

It should be clarified that for Lawrence love and romance were chiefly at the physical plane and not in the sense of traditional level of bravery or chivalry.

We can quote certain passages from the novel which exhibit Lawrence's obsession with the physical sensation that is experienced by the characters involved therein. In chapter VII, there is the scene when Lettie is expecting her fiance Leslie. The time is 11.30 p.m. He comes and when:

> they were left alone. He came up to her and put his arm round her, "You do want me," he pleaded softly."Yes", she murmured. He held her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly, again and again, till she was out of breath ...
"I know you love me," he said gently, all tenderness, "Do you know", he murmured, "I can positively feel the tears rising up from my heart and throat. They are quite painful gathering, my love. There you can do anything with me." (p.101).

Towards the end of chapter VI (Part II) the spiritual aspect of love is highlighted.

She (Meg) looked up at him (George) as if he were noble. Her love for him was so generous that it beautified him. (p. 251).

In Chapter VII (Part II) George implores Lettie not to leave him. Lettie is sad and resigned. She explains to him her helplessness — that "the chord of my life is being twisted." She implies that her relationship with Leslie is sealed and it could not be broken up at any cost. Another aspect of spiritualism in love is evident when Leslie makes it known to Lettie his concept of "worship."
I think there's more in the warm touch of a soft body than in a prayer. I'll pray with kisses. (p. 105).

The novel's chief attraction is its Keatsian, indeed Shakespearean sense and sensuality before the natural world. Lawrence knew so much about flowers, trees, birds, plants, animals, smells, clouds, weather, farming, the whole fertile sweaty infinite heave of natural life. Further, he had the talent to identify, select and respond and of course the 'genius'—to quote Ford Madox Ford—to turn it into prose. He had an aching for respectability which is in a state of tension with his zeal for originality and it showed off its potential. Not only is there the saturated exactitude of the natural descriptions—though that would be enough—but we see it in some of the confrontations, the descriptions of poverty and sudden violence, in the sensation of well-being and also of waste. 1

This novel is notable for its fresh capture of the moods of landscape and season, and for an original feeling for the sexuality of man and woman. 1

From *White Peacock* he showed how a woman might admire a man's body without shame, might indeed, take the initiative without being wanton. 2

On the adverse side, critics have been quite forthright in their critique of the novel. F.B. Pinion in *A. D. H. Lawrence Companion* says "The White Peacock suffers from a lack of homogeneity. Scenes are presented at various levels, from the vividly imaginative and poetic (but often over-written) to the plain and surprisingly prosaic. In places the mosaic method of composition produces patchwork. Realistic scenes such as those at the gamekeeper's home and at the Ram Inn tend to be drab and tedious.

Thus coming to an end of the discussion we can

justifiably say that inspite of this being Lawrence's first novel, he has remarkably succeeded in projecting an interesting juxtaposition of the elements of realism and romance. All in all, The White Peacock is a marvellous piece of fiction and indeed an aesthetic delight to go through.
In Lawrence's second novel - The Trespasser- too, we find substantial presence of the elements of realism and romance. Realistic portrayals of scenery, domesticity, the sentiments of the principal characters- Helena and Siegmund- abound in the novel. This, coupled with an exquisite description of beautiful locales as well as adventurous incidents make for a pleasant reading. And in certain specific scenes Lawrence excels in the art of depicting deftly certain incidents which highlight his intellectual calibre. Quite a few descriptions will follow, but before that it would be prudent to discuss the story in short.

Essentially, The Trespasser deals with a tragic theme which is, however, enveloped in an ironical rather than a tragical atmosphere. Lawrence, in this novel, seems to have stepped off the beaten track. He seeks unabashed inspiration from the vast and venerable repertoire of nature's bounty to weave an intricate web of fantasy. The Trespasser is, in fact, a pleasant combination of
almost all cinematic genres of romance, tragedy, action and the realistic manner of describing the various episodes—the scenery, setting and nature makes the novel an aesthetic delight.

Siegmund does not seem to be happy with his professional returns in terms of finance. His career had not exactly been said to have stalked the garden of success. He was married at the age of seventeen; and not long after, he revolts against the petty cares and monotonies of life. He wrenches himself free from his wife and his four children and yields to the persuasion of a pupil Helena Verden, who is more or less an absorbent, dreamy creature.

His attraction for Helena acquires emotive overtones and in cynical disregard for his wife's sentiments, he starts a rollicking affair with Helena on the Isle of Wight. He spends an unconventional five-day holiday in her company and every instant of these five days, the joy of the pair, isolated in a paradise of their own making, seems to be described in full. It is "a wonderfully sustained description of emotion at high pressure". ¹

Both, Siegmund and Helena are remarkably unapologetic about their baser instincts and thereby lay themselves open to justifiable censure. His affair is, so to say, morally incompatible with his domestic status— with his wife and four children being aware of his (Siegmund's) relationship. Siegmund had failed to anticipate the horrendous fate envisioned for him and very soon he finds himself in a quagmire from where it was difficult to extricate himself.

Siegmund is in a cleft stick. On the one hand— family life which for him is tiresome, tedious but respectable and on the other hand— Helena, his attractive pupil with whom he had spent an idyllic and increasingly passionate week on the Isle of Wight. Nevertheless after five days he had to terminate deliberately his exquisite sojourn and on his return to London, he is faced with an impossible choice. Helena, his inhibited and dreamy lover, cannot help him; Beatrice, his resentful and jealous wife, will not.

Back home he tries to salvage some semblance of respectability by seeming overtly to play up to his little child Gwen, who however snubs him. In fact his whole
family rebuffs him on his return and the already cold reaction is chilled further into a state of deep freeze. He struggles against the cumulative domestic aftermath of the disturbed condition after his arrival. The gratuitous affront in their adverse reaction is explicit and this was too much for Siegmund to bear and he hangs himself. His hanging is indeed the ignoble act of the noble soul who dared to defy the sanctified moral code.

The outstanding feature of the novel is the vivid description of the beautiful locales, the scenic splendour, particularly of the Isle of Wight. The idyllic landscape is indeed, breathtaking and it is almost as though both, Siegmund and Helena were transported to a fairy land. At one place, he remarks, "fairy tales are true after all". Each stage of their exotic togetherness is narrated with faithful precision. The description of their thoughts, emotions, the lurking fear in their minds of their return back to their respective domesticity and finally their return back home is indeed striking. The reaction and responses of their respective homefolks is described in a manner that leaves the reader marvelling at the writer's authenticity.
There are indeed quite a few instances where Lawrence gives us a faithful representation of life. There are certain descriptive passages as well as daily scenes of domesticity in the Verden household and in Siegmund's too where the realistic portrayal is marvellous by any standard. Certain dialogues of the characters too reveal inherent realism in them. They come out with stark facts of life. The inner tension prevailing in the minds of the principal characters and the sentiments expressed by them are, on certain occasions, unabashed, revealing their innermost thoughts and feelings. Towards the latter part of the novel the pain and the sufferings of Helena and Siegmund are revealed with rare brilliance. All these are effectively substantiated in the following passages.

Lawrence portrays life as it actually exists. He has dealt with life and its institutions, the problems faced by various characters. Siegmund has his own problems— he is not able to cope up with his family— the dilemma he faces and how he copes up with it. At a certain stage he peeps into his inner consciousness and comes to an ultimate realisation that what he has done is morally irreprehensible when conveyed effectively.
The most striking feature of the novel is undoubtedly the illicit relationship between Helena and Siegmund. In fact Helena seemed to provide Siegmund with spiritual succour that he badly required, going by the sorry domestic plight he was in. We are given the description of the feelings of Siegmund whilst in the company of Helena and it is a brilliant commentary on his internal emotions:

When Siegmund had Helena near, he lost the ache, the yearning towards something, which he always felt otherwise. She seemed to connect him with the beauty of things, as if she were the nerve through which he received intelligence of the sun and the wind and sea, and of the moon and the darkness ... But with Helena, in this large sea-morning, he was whole and perfect as the day.¹

In fact Siegmund was under the spell of Helena to such a great extent that "she had him too much in love to disagree, or examine her words".

¹. This and the subsequent quotations are from the novel, The Trespasser published by Cambridge University Press, 1982.
And, when she speculates in a semi-delirious manner what life would be when she comes out of all this, she is horrified -

There will be no more sea, no more anything ... What shall I be when I come out of this. No, I shall not come out-except as metal to be cast in another shape... what will become of us, what will happen? (p. 103).

Lawrence taps a vein of realism like nothing else in The Trespasser, but oddly enough this realism forms part of the technique of this novel. The lovers' (that is, Helena and Siegmund) agonies and extasies are somewhat overwritten, especially when it becomes apparent that their affair is never satisfactorily consummated. However, Lawrence here gives us a perfect blend of realism with romance:

That night she met his passion with love. It was not his passion she wanted, actually. But she desired that he should want her madly, and that he should have all every­thing. It was a wonderful night to him.
It restored in him the full "will to live". But she felt it destroyed her. Her soul seemed blasted". (p.61).

Of the first three novels of Lawrence, The Trespasser is the most self-consciously literary, the most deliberately made according to a pattern. Realism is evident, among other things, the creation of the Mac Nair children, and the moment when Beatrice gets a window-cleaner to find what her husband has done which creates the fact of death far better than does the tragic sense of doom. The man peers into the room.

"I believe 'e'anged' himself from the door'ooks!"

"No"! cried Beatrice. "No, no, no,!"

Intense feeling is answered only by the language of native caution, the novel stops trying to impress us, and creates a realistic human situation, caught, between disaster and comedy.1

The emotional subjective pattern in The Trespasser manifests itself. The scenario he depicts is but refrac-

tions of his own personality, coloured by his emotional violence. He himself got entangled in a relationship with Helen Corke (the Helena of *The Trespasser*) and the affair was perhaps an offspring of this curious and morbid affair. It is essentially a record of his own emotional and spiritual dilemma and their attempted resolution.

The novel combines some of the most exquisite imaginative writing in modern fiction with a particular emphasis on the physical details that sometimes is almost morbid in its ugliness. Few writers have been able to equal Lawrence's description of the human mind, and wave and far sea mist, of shore and moor. Herein we find even minute details described with great felicity and the choice of expressions used by the writer demonstrate his uncanny command over the subject. It is just as if the reader is directly transported to the scene of the action. For instance in the following passage Lawrence proves his class while describing Helena sitting in the garden waiting for Siegmund.
The garden in front of their house, where Helena was waiting for him, was long and crooked, with a sunken flagstone pavement running up to the door by the side of the lawn. There was just a murmur of bees going in and out of the brilliant little porches of masturtium flowers. The masturtium leaf-coins stood cool and grey in their delicate shade, underneath in the green twilight, a few flowers shone their submerged gold and scarlet. There was a faint scent of mignonette. Helena, like a white butterfly in the shade, her two white arms for external stretching firmly to the bench... imagined the long path lifting and falling happily.(p.64)

We also get a glimpse of the theatre of Lawrence's time. Siegmund, the principal character was by profession a member of an orchestra and after a particular show ended, the curtain came down, the great singers bowed, and Siegmund felt the spattering roar of applause quicken his pulse... The theatre-goers were tired, and life drained rapidly out of the opera house. The members of the orchestra rose, laughing, mingling their weariness with
good wishes for holiday, with sly
warning and suggestive advice, pressing
hands warmly ere they disbanded. (p. 13).

A remarkable example of intensely realistic descrip-
tion is when Siegmund returns home to his family after his
sojourn on the Isle of Wight. Siegmund returns with a
touch of sunstroke to his family which treats him, more or
less, like a moral leper. His physical collapse is manifest
in his speech and bearing. He is greeted by his family with
a cold, insulting silence. And the fifty pages that narrate
his homecoming, his reception, and the stages of his humili-
tation, mental agony and delirium, are clear and strong in
their psychological intensity. After he returns, all his
children side with their mother, console her in her anguish
and pass adverse remarks upon Siegmund. Some of their
comments give adequate proof of their intense hatred for the
man.

"He is not worth the flicking of your little
finger, mother", said Vera. "At any rate,
he's come back red enough", said Frank, in
his grating tone of contempt. "He is like
boiled salmon..."

"That damned coward! Ain't he a rotten
funker"? said Frank. (p. 172).
Thus all of them are candid in their negative appraisal of their father.

When things reached a point of no return, he contemplated death.

I can't endure this. If this is the case I had better be dead. To have no want, no desire: that is death to begin with. (p. 182)

Beatrice gives vent to her inner frustrations at last when she pours forth her seething rage.

You have had your fling, haven't you?... But there are your children, let me remind you. Whose are they?... who is going to be responsible for your children, do you think? (p. 189).

Siegmund's response to these venomous remarks is a stark realisation of the fact that "the children are happier without me".

The reaction of Siegmund's family after his death
is described in these words:

Vera was too practical-minded... she concerned herself with judging him sorrowfully, exonerating him in part because Helena, that other, was so much more to blame. Frank, a sentimentalist, wept over the situation, not over the personae. The children ... longed for a restoration of equanimity. By common consent, no word was spoken of Siegmund. (p.23C).

The story is pursued to the end with unflinching realism, tempered with the sympathy that springs from psychological perception.¹

This is perhaps best distinguished in brief situations between Siegmund and two of his children, the youngest especially:

"Hello!" said her father, "Are you here!" The child, without altering her expression in the slightest, turned her back on him.

and continued wiping her neck ...

"Where have you been to?" she asked suddenly.

"To the sea-side", he answered smilingly ...

"Couldn't you take me?" she asked.

"You might have taken me," said the child reproachfully.

"Yes, I ought to have done, oughtn't I?" he said, as if regretful...

"Come here, said Siegmund". I believe you've got a tooth out, haven't you?"

He was very cautious and gentle. The child drew back. He hesitated, and she drew away from him, unwilling.

"Come and let me look", he repeated. She drew further away, and the same constrained smile appeared on her face, shy, suspicious, condemning...

Siegmund, rebuffed by the only one in the house from whom he might have expected friendship, proceeded, slowly to shave, feeling sick at heart. (pp.178-9).
Melvyn Bragg has very succinctly summed up the literal significance of the title of the novel. He says:

The title of the novel is, so to say, quite literal as is evident in numerous episodes in the novel itself. Almost every character trespasses on what is other's personal domain. You can make great play with the title. Not only does the heroine-mistress trespass on the life of the married man she teases away to an illicit holiday, but he trespasses on an irresponsible freedom denied to him as husband, father and breadwinner. Lawrence trespasses on the real story of Helena Corke who herself trespassed on the world of Herbert Baldwin Macartney. The young Lawrence also felt himself a trespasser in the powerful and apparently indifferent world of established London literature, and finally although there are many more trespasses in this infinitely curious episode, Lawrence in the novel is beginning to trespass on the estate of passionate and erotic writing in which he was to hunt so successfully and as a consequence he pursued throughout his life by moralising gamekeepers of many denominations.¹

Towards the end Lawrence gives us in a realistic manner what a person (a woman in this case) Beatrice, could do in spite of all the problems she had already faced. Not to be cowed down, she endures all the hardships and is finally able to re-establish herself in a successful manner. Through a major part of the novel she is projected as a disappointed, embittered woman who is dragged down by the weight of family worries, and the struggles she has to endure in order to maintain the gentilities she was formerly accustomed to. As would have been quite obvious and natural for a woman in her position, she possessed an intense hatred for her husband's beloved. She expresses her feelings in these words: "God strike her dead- Mother of God, strike her down". She hated Helena.

But then instead of these proving to be deterrent in her venturing forth on the road to success, she proves her worth by handling the piquant situation in a remarkable manner:

She however rises on the stepping stone of the tragedy, which she has only allowed to affect her to the extent of making her an interesting object of pity, to prosperity,
Helena, after a year's poignant anguish, allows herself to be given rest and warmth by Cecil Byrne.

Siegmund's acquaintance, the musician Hampson, expounds the theme which the author of The Trespasser appears to labour: She can't live without us, but she destroys us. These deep, interesting women don't want us; they want the flowers of the spirit they can gather of us. We, as natural men, are more or less degrading to them and to their love of us; therefore they destroy the natural man in us that is, us altogether.

Siegmund seemed everything to Helena. He was a pillar of strength to her. Towards the end of chapter XX, she gives a clear indication that she could not survive without him:

She looked at him with the same steadiness, which made her eyes feel heavy upon him.

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2. Ibid., p. 50.
and made him shrink. She wanted his strength of nerve to support her, and he submitted at once, his one aim being to give her out of himself whatever she wanted. (p. 149).

However a stage comes when the realisation dawns on Helena that what she was getting from Siegmund was not love or comfort or even an understanding mate. Rather she felt repulsive and wanted to free herself from the chain that seemed to grip her:

His voice was nothing to her, it was stupid... What was all this? This was not comfort or love. He was not understanding or helping, only chaining her, hurting. She did not want his brute embrace—she was most utterly alone, gripped so in his arms ... She struggled to escape. (p. 112).

Thus Lawrence has given us a faithful picture of the sentiments of Helena who is described as bereft of joy, comfort or solace after her holiday with Siegmund.

We also have a realistic portrayal of the scene
when the daughter, Helena returns to her house, dazed and in a deep mental shock upon learning the news of Siegmund's death. Equally troubled are her parents; perhaps even more, at the state of their daughter and do their level best to restore Helena's mental state.

The strain Lawrence himself was under at this period shows in the writing: the psychological notation, so powerful in middle period, is barely under control here. Paradoxically, the best parts of the novel are those which have the least to do with his subsequent work and which, on the face of it, seem distinctly out of place. There is, for example, a telling scene when, after the holiday, Siegmund comes back to his suburban home to his disaffected wife and family:

He went towards the dining room, where the light was, and the uneasy murmur. The clock, with its deprecating, suave chime, was striking ten. Siegmund opened the door of the room. Beatrice was sewing, and did not raise her head. Frank, a tall, thin lad of eighteen, was bent over a book. He did not look up. Vera had her fingers thrust in among her hair, and continued to read the
magazine that lay on the table before her. Siegmund looked at them all. They gave no sign to show they were aware of his entry, there was only that unnatural tenseness of people who cover their agitation. He glanced around to all where he should go. (p.163).

Basil de Selincourt has remarked quite appropriately that

the characters are all individually seen, however small part they have to play, and the two main actors in the drama become intensely real to us. They become real, and yet though we share with them every moment of their crisis of life, they do not become dear... We wonder why we are not affected by an event so terrible (Siegmund's suicide). There is something inhuman in watching such a thing tearlessly. Mr Lawrence strikes but, he has not yet learned to touch us.1

Thus we see that The Trespasser abounds in scenes and description with deft realistic touches in them. Whether Lawrence describes the scenery, the romantic interludes or simply human emotions, he proves his class.

Insofar as romance in The Trespasser is concerned, it is basically the love story element in the novel. The elements of romance are quite discernible as far as the relationship between Siegmund and Helena is concerned. The enthusiasm which they show in seeking extra-marital pleasure is an essential ingredient of the spirit of romance. Their love for adventure is unbounded and when the time comes for departure from the Isle they are at a loss as to how to re-acclimatise themselves in their respective households. The two have a gala time together and the realities of the home harsh life back/are lost on them as they engaged themselves in sheer ecstatic delight. Their physical union is amply demonstrated in several passages. One example of this is in chapter III:

At the same moment, she rose, and stepped across to him. Putting her arms round his neck she stood holding his head ... for a while. (p. 25).
Siegmund admires Helena not only for the spiritual succour she provides but:

"by Jove, I'd rather see her shoulders and breast than, all heaven and earth put together could show ..." It was his physical self thinking. (p. 45)

The desperateness of Siegmund at the thought of separation from Helena makes him tremble. He literally implores her to be near him for some more time:

"I think we should be able to keep together if", he faltered, "if only I could have you a little longer. I have never had you". Some sounds of failure, telling her it was too late... made Helena cling to him wildly ... almost beside herself.(p.140)

In the love story we find the Lawrentian touch quite discernible. He opined that by actual physical love one can reach mystical heights and the experiences of Helena and Siegmund give ample demonstration of this. One is elevated from a purely mundane level to a spiritual level.
Included within the ambit of romance is also the description of beautiful locales as well as the exquisite nature. The amorous feelings that pervade the psyche of the principal characters are beautifully blended together with Nature description.

The objects of Nature are like exterior nerves and veins for the conveyance of feeling. The beauty of Nature excites in them a rapture, an ecstasy, inflatus, that approaches, "the condition of intense prayer" of "Communion". It is this communion that Helena breathless in a joy of adoration partakes of in the vision of the blazing sea in *The Trespasser*. The nature descriptions in the novel have intense lyrical rhapsodic note.¹

The spirit of romance is captured effectively in the following passages:

In the miles of morning sunshine, Siegmund's shadows, his children, Beatrice, his sorrow, dissipated like mist, and he was elated as a

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young man setting forth to travel. When he had passed Portsmouth Town, everything had vanished but the old gay world of romance. He laughed as he looked out of the carriage window... It was no time, it was Romance, going back to Tristan.

Women, like crocus flowers in white and blue and lavender, moved gaily. Everywhere fluttered the small flags of holiday. Every form danced lightly in the sunshine.

And beyond it all, were the silent hillsides of the island, with Helena. It was so wonderful, he could bear to be patient. She would be all in white, with her cool, thick throat left bare to the breeze, her face shining, smiling as she dipped her head because of the sun, which glistened on her uncovered hair. (p.21).

In the following chapter, too, there is a beautiful scenic description lending a romantic touch to the proceedings:
The gold march of sunset passed quickly, the ragged curtains of mist closed to. Soon Siegmund and Helena were shut alone within the dense, wide fog. She shivered with the cold and the damps. (p. 31).

At a particular stage Siegmund feels as if both he and Helena were transported to "a fairy land" - this sentiment is representative of the spirit of romance pervading the novel - particularly the first half of it. The prose is quite sensuous and poetic - lending a romantic flavour to the episodes.

Thus to conclude the discussion, it can aptly be summed up that The Trespasser has a simple theme handled with freshness and simplicity altogether charming which can be praised for its vivid realism.

John Worthen remarks in his study of Lawrence that,

Lawrence's original motive for taking up the story seems to have been a compound of practical sympathy - the best way of helping her (Helen Corke) through the
experience being to understand it completely himself, sympathy with her which bordered on love, and fascination with the subject.¹

However, *The Trespasser* is remarkably a revealing book. It cannot be dismissed as mere youthful or immature as among other things, its composition was intertwined with *Sons and Lovers*, the novel generally thought to mark Lawrence's maturity as a writer.

CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSION

Thus after an extensive and indepth study of the first two novels of D.H. Lawrence, we may come to the conclusion, quite justifiably, though, that the novels are written with a perfect mix of the elements of realism and romance. The preceding analysis of the two novels taken as illustration, however, indicates that the element of realism outweighs the element of romance. For instance in The White Peacock certain realistic portrayals inherent in the texture of the novel are outstanding. So too is in the case of The Trespasser where Lawrence excels in the description of quite a few realistic scenes. Nevertheless the romantic indulgences of Siegmund and Helena on the Isle of Wight and the vivid description of their romantic interludes are simply a class apart. Lawrence does it with great indulgence, superb felicity and ingenuity— all the hall-marks of a master-artist at his best.

The fact that Lawrence was able to carve out a niche for himself must have been partly because of his presenting a stark picture of the society of his times— a
society of which he was totally disillusioned and was filled with intense hatred due to its materialistic afflictions, perverted sexual notions and lack of 'religious' zeal. Personal sufferings only served to aggravate his disillusionment and colour the entire pattern of his life. His father, a coal-miner by profession, took little interest in the well-being of his children and it was left to his mother to look after the family in the face of heavy odds. Lawrence was a typical product of his age. His contemporaries saw in him an iconoclast, a prophet of sexual liberty. He wanted to "destroy the fusty hypocrisy of the Victorian times". His candour sometimes periphered on being outrageously blatant too.

Lawrence represents the rebellious spirit in the English novels. He was against the fragmentation of human psyche which were there as a result of an individual's not being able to respond to life in a unitive way. He aims at establishing a kind of an order in which a man has to establish a perfect kind of relationship with his fellow beings as his "circumbient universe". By establishing the perfect order so desired, a new kind of order is to be formed - ultimately ushering in a new world order.
Lawrence used the various shades of the middle class in his works which brought to life that particular ethos in graphic detail. He was a natural and gifted writer, on certain occasions even referred to as "Prophet". He did not have an academic approach (as can be seen in the present study of his first two novels - The White Peacock and The Trespasser) nor any intellectual pretensions. He did, however, have an insight into human nature. This is amply demonstrated in the vivid portrayal of the characters he has presented in The White Peacock (eg. George, Lettie, Leslie and others) and in The Trespasser (Helena and Siegmund). He began his career as a rebel and remained so throughout his life till his death in 1928. At times Lawrence was defiant just for defiance's sake and loved to provoke and shock people. In short, he possessed an uncanny knack of creating sensations.

Lawrence was an avid reader and this made a deep impact on his highly sensitive mind, though the manner in which his creative genius absorbed and assimilated the influences was extraordinary. His wide reading can be seen in a novel like The White Peacock where he has discussed wide ranging issues - from taking up a social aspect like
the miners' strike to discussing French writers and their works. The various influences are so fully assimilated with his creative sensibility that they become inalienable from his own highly individual style.

In the process of analyzing the aspects of realism as well as romance, one can probe deep into the nature of the very growth and development of Lawrence's mind from the beginning of his writing career. As mentioned earlier, Lawrence had not gained the requisite expertise in dealing with the principal themes, yet he comes out quite successfully on the subject he has broached in these two novels. This work therefore, is not merely an exhaustive enumeration of only two mentioned elements, it is, indeed, a very perceptive critical analysis and evaluation of his creative genius.

There is ample evidence of it in the fact that Lawrence was no more than twenty-one when he started The White Peacock and to think that one could come out with such a brilliant piece de art at so relatively a young age is enough to shower encomiums on such a potential genius. The novel is by no means an amateurish attempt, as certain
critics tend to claim. Rather it exhibits all the hall-
marks of an erudite mind set to work in an environ not yet
conducive to the quality of fare Lawrence seemed intent to
dish out. The trio - Lettie, Leslie and George - their
strange predicament, even unnatural at times, and finally
their attempted resolution are all brilliantly brought
forth by the writer. In between their dilemma Lawrence
has broached several other wide-ranging issues pertaining
to day-to-day affairs and these are dealt with great
aplomb. We find vivid realism and the spirit of adventure
alternating but never working at cross-purpose through the
whole texture of the novel.

Lawrence's grasp over the observation of life and
its depiction especially in regard to the elements of life
and love has found full representation in The White Peacock.
He has done his best in giving it a faithful and realistic
touch to the best of his capability. He can very clearly
be seen as an adept craftsman of human emotions, the locale
settings, scenery, etc. We have seen in the preceding
discussions on unparalleled narration of social institut-
ions such as marriage and the social moorings strengthened
further by his belief in the superficiality of love in the
case of Lettie in the novel who clearly adopts double standards. The novel essentially remains a combination of realism and romance apart from its over-all thrust of projecting Lawrence's own sense of life.

The theme has more narrowed down in the second novel that has been taken up for study, that is, *The Trespasser*. The emphasis here is more on the illicit relationship between Siegmund and Helena and almost the entire first half of the novel concentrates on this aspect. In between we find numerous instances when certain scenes are realistically described and these have been enumerated in the previous chapter. The streak of adventurism that is typical in the personalities of both Siegmund as well as Helena have been exquisitely dealt with in the novel. In fact the whole relationship between the two can be summed up in the statement that: it is significant that Helena connects Siegmund with "the beauty of things" as if she is "the nerve" through which he communicates with the universe.

The attitudinal differences that we find in regard to love vis-a-vis Helena and Siegmund appears to be the most striking feature of *The Trespasser*. Helena's percep-
tion of love has been bordering the boundaries of fantasy in a hazy and unclear state of mind. It maybe said to be more off the realistic plane and more on to the plane of romance. On the other hand the approach of Siegmund is characterized by a sense of fleeting durability and probably he knows he cannot hold it on any long-term basis. Consequently his carrying home the sense of guilt makes him quite akin to a moral leper. He cannot stand eye-to-eye with his close family members and if the issues involved in the affair are stretched a little further we may by implication infer that Helena's attitude to love is more of a romance while Siegmund's is very much in the realistic realm. The novel is replete with examples which are an extension of the wide emphasis that Lawrence gives in the novel to his exposition of the elements of realism and romance.

Although the major purpose of Lawrence was to communicate his perception of man-woman relationship which he is sufficiently successful in doing yet he is markedly seen to have achieved this end through a perfect juxtaposition of the elements of realism of romance.
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