A STUDY OF STYLE:
THE DEVELOPMENT OF D.H. LAWRENCE'S STYLE
IN THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER TALES

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ABSTRACT

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Most criticism begins by studying the major structure - plot or character, thought or feeling. Style-study begins as it were at the other end of the scale, with the precise verbal manifestations; and this is not only a manner of method; it enshrines a kind of faith - a faith that it is only by the close and intimate examination of verbal texture that the true being of a work of literary art can ever be reached.*

The Prussian Officer tales, written between the years 1908 and 1913, were revised as a group between July 1913 and July 1914 for publication in December 1914. Many of the tales exist in two versions and a comparison of these versions reveals a striking change in Lawrence's style of writing and in his imaginative approach to the same subject at two different periods. It is the purpose of this thesis to examine the development of Lawrence's writing through a close comparison and discussion of the tales in their respective versions, with reference to the novels where such reference is illuminating. Attention is concentrated on those tales whose versions reveal the greatest differences in style and approach: "Odour of Chrysanthemums", "The White Stocking", "Daughters of the Vicar", "The Prussian Officer", and "The Thorn in the Flesh". The remaining tales are discussed in Appendix A.

The method of examining the tales is through close verbal analysis, concentrating on the changes in the author's use of language which contribute to the change in his style, on how these changes modify the effect of the tales, and on how Lawrence's method of revision gradually crystallized. The thesis does not seek to establish a comprehensive method for the analysis of prose fiction but seeks to illuminate the outstanding characteristics of Lawrence's style in a period when his experimentation with language and style was developing with the utmost rapidity and when his insight into human nature was deepening profoundly. Each chapter presupposes that an analysis of Lawrence's prose fiction must be as flexible as the work of art itself and therefore each discussion examines those features of style and changes in method which are most distinctive in that tale and its versions. At the same time stylistic features which establish themselves as consistently present in the tales are related to the development of Lawrence's style and method of revision.
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INTRODUCTION

The creative genius of D.H. Lawrence places him indisputably among the greatest novelists of the English tradition. What precisely Lawrence's genius was is difficult to define, but it manifested itself in an extraordinary sensitivity to the wonder and mystery of the world around him and in the power to transmute his direct experience of that world into conscious literary art. The novels, above all, are Lawrence's medium for rendering his experience and for hammering out his ideas. They reveal a consistent development in his way of perceiving the world and in his way of setting down his perceptions.

Lawrence's novels have had critical attention and acclaim for a long time but his mastery of the short story form has only recently received the recognition it deserves. In terms of sustained imagination and artistic organisation many of the stories are among Lawrence's finest achievements. If the tales alone survived, Lawrence would still stand among the greatest English writers of prose fiction.

The range and scope of the stories are immense. Although they do not reveal the consistent development of ideas and style which can be traced through the major novels, they are nearly always related to the novels either thematically or stylistically or both. They may be episodes left out of a novel;¹ they are often more compact statements of what Lawrence had previously attempted to express in a novel; or they are independent works composed in the style of

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¹ "The Christening" was originally part of an early draft of The White Peacock, and many of the tales are related to Lawrence's autobiographical novels.
whichever novel Lawrence was currently writing. Graham Hough points out in *The Dark Sun* that the stories are rarely the media through which Lawrence first expresses his new ideas. It is because they are more mature reflections of the ideas first explored in the novels that their craftsmanship is often superior to these longer works of fiction.

The tales published in Lawrence's first collection of short stories, *The Prussian Officer*, are of particular interest in that they reveal a continuity and development in Lawrence's style and approach to his subjects; one gets the impression in reading the early tales that there is not a significant development to be traced chronologically as there is, for example, through the early works from *The White Peacock* to *The Rainbow*. What is not generally recognized is that although the tales were written between the years 1908–1913, they were revised as a group between July 1913 and July 1914 for publication in *The Prussian Officer* collection (December 1914). Many of the tales had already been published in their earlier versions, and a comparison of these with the revisions reveals a marked change in Lawrence's style and his imaginative approach to the same subject in two different periods. The compact form of the short story is particularly useful in such a comparison since it lends itself more easily to examination and analysis than do the bulky drafts of the novels.

A descriptive analysis of these stories is facilitated by Lawrence's unusual method of writing. Aldous Huxley describes his technique:

Lawrence's manuscripts...furnish material for a most interesting study in the psychology of literary composition. Turning over the pages of these unpretentious exercise books, one discovers two very significant facts about the nature and artistic methods of the man who filled them with his clear, flowing handwriting. The first is that the writing and, along with it, the whole manner and tempo of the composition are subject to periodical changes. There is a quiet, collected mood in which the writer works slowly and unsuspectingly. Then, all at once, the regular, decorous calligraphy seems to go wild. The pen begins to hurry across the paper; the letters change their shape and character; an element of exaggerated...
urgency comes into the handwriting; the words look somehow as though they were impatient, even furious. And furious, no doubt, is what they are — furious with the *furore poeticae* of sudden inspiration rushing up, violently and eruptively, from the depths of the creative mind.

The other significant thing one notices, as one looks through these manuscripts, is the fact that there are practically no corrections. The script runs on, page after page, with hardly a blot or an erasure.

Lawrence's method of revision was as unique as his method of composition. From his letters and from other sources it is clear that he did not, perhaps could not, revise merely at the sentence level. Rather than submit to careful revision he rewrote whole passages, chapters, stories, even entire novels, following the impulse of his creative daemon to express anew the theme of his novel or tale. Many of the novels and stories therefore exist in one or more versions and by comparing and collating these versions much is revealed about the workings of Lawrence's mind and his method of composition.

A study of the development of an author's vision and style from his first writings to the work of his maturity provides valuable critical information. With a writer like Lawrence, whose writing changed with great rapidity, a study of his style and its development is unusually illuminating and offers insight into the excellence of his early work. The tales in *The Prussian Officer* are especially valuable for a study of this sort since many of them were published in early versions significantly different from their rewritten forms in the collection, and the mutations they passed through provide striking evidence of the change in Lawrence's vision and style in the period 1908-1914. It is the purpose of this thesis to examine the development of Lawrence's creative writing through a close comparison and discussion of some of the early tales in their

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first versions and the revised stories published in *The Prussian Officer*.
Attention will be concentrated on the changes in the author's use of language which contribute to the change in his style, on Lawrence's general pattern of revision, especially the habitual change in his narrative method, and on the way in which such changes modify or affect the impact of the stories.
CHAPTER 1: A STUDY OF STYLE

I. Style and Method

Style is a way of writing, a way of saying something. The concept of style presupposes that there is a choice from the mass of linguistic material which is language. When examining a writer's style or the style of a literary work, we look for the choices that writer has made, the idiosyncrasies of his language, any deviations from the norm of language, recurrent linguistic features such as a predilection for certain syntactic constructions, and the choice of lexis. The writer's choice of narrative method and his use of narration and dialogue are also, in a wider sense, a part of his style. It is in this sense that the word "style", embracing both general method and the writer's individual use of language, is used in the title of this thesis. However, the distinction between a writer's method, which he may have in common with other authors, and his individual style in using language, facilitates textual analysis and will be used throughout the discussion of Lawrence's stylistic development.

It is a general principle that the novelist's choice of narrative method determines his approach to and handling of his story.

The whole intricate question of method, in the craft of fiction, I take to be governed by the question of the point of view, the question of the relation in which the narrator stands to the story.

If he follows the traditional conventions of the novel, he has the choice of telling his story in the first person, either as a personal memoir or through letters, or through third person narrative. The third person narrative method varies considerably from that of the omniscient author to narration in which the

author remains more or less impersonal, allowing or seeming to allow, the protagonists to further the story as much as possible through their own actions, speech, and thoughts. He may also follow a now fully established convention and give the illusion of effacing himself completely to allow the apparently undiscriminating and comprehensive report of the stream of consciousness of one or more characters to carry the story along. In practice few novelists restrict themselves to a single one of these methods throughout a whole work but find it advantageous to mix them. The author may at one point describe an incident in his story, next he may concentrate on the aspect the incident wears in a character's thoughts. The centre of vision in the novel shifts - at one moment it is the author's description, at the next a character's internal reflection or a dialogue between characters showing the event from their viewpoints. The alternation between narrative and dialogue, the shifting point of view, is a basic technique which governs the development of the story.

The value of narration lies in the wide scope it gives the author, permitting him to range over the whole of human experience to choose the elements for his narration. The author can condense action, describe scenes, range over vast stretches of time and place. He has the power to present, judge, or reflect on the characters and their actions; he can create mood and atmosphere in a few phrases. The advantage of dramatic dialogue lies in that it gives the reader the illusion of receiving impressions directly from the characters, of being immediately present at a specific time and place, and of being free to interpret dialogue and events for himself. (In fact if the author does not by these means elicit the interpretation he wants he will have failed. The notion of the reader's freedom, although valuable and delightful, is essentially an illusion).
The way in which the author reports his characters' speech is integral to his method. Traditional grammar has allowed him two alternatives for conveying the speech of other people: oratio recta, the reproduction of direct utterance (direct speech); and oratio obliqua, the indirect report of speech (indirect speech). The former is dialogue, a direct transcription of an utterance; but the indirect speech is embedded in the narration, generally in a subordinate clause dependent on a "verb of saying" such as "he exclaimed, said, answered, wrote."

She was too good for him, everybody said.²

Indirect speech may also be embedded in the direct utterance of another character.

"But you said you'd have a real holiday," said Paul, "and now you work."³

A third form of speech reproduction is the rendering of a character's thoughts, his internal monologue. This free direct speech is occasionally introduced by a verb of saying or thinking and sometimes set off by quotation marks but it is always recognised as the character's, not the author's thoughts because it preserves the first person and the colloquial character and rhythm of dialogue.

"It wouldn't matter but for the boys," she said to him. "Only Miriam

² Lawrence, "A Sick Collier" from The Prussian Officer, p. 187.
³ Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, p. 177.
knows what a trouble they make if the potatoes are 'caught'.

"Then," thought Paul to himself, "you shouldn't let them make a trouble."

But oh my dear! Mrs. Bolton was thinking to herself. Is it Oliver Mellors' child you're preparing us for? Oh my dear, that would be a Tevershall baby in the Wragby cradle, my word! Wouldn't shame it, neither!

The uses of free direct speech vary greatly. The free direct speech may be no more than a fleeting thought, a brief question or exclamation interrupting the flow of the narrative.

Constance felt her heart lurch. My God!

There was almost a cynicism in his tone, something that frightened her. And a voice inside her warned her: "Don't go any further." She had a sudden dread of him, as of something fiendish.

It may be a fully developed monologue.

"What is she after all?" he said to himself. "Here's the sea-coast morning big and permanent and beautiful; there is she, fretting, always unsatisfied, and temporary as a bubble of foam. What does she mean to me, after all? She represents something, like a bubble of foam represents the sea. But what is she? It's not her I care for."

Then, startled by his own unconscious thoughts, that seemed to speak so distinctly that all the morning could hear, he undressed and ran quickly down the sands.

The value of internal monologue lies principally in its dramatic power. The novelist could, of course, tell the reader what is going on in a character's

4. ibid., p. 146
5. Lawrence, Lady Chatterley's Lover, p. 154.
6. ibid., p. 97.
7. Lawrence, The First Lady Chatterley, p. 70.
8. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, p. 358.
mind, and frequently does, but by allowing the reader a glimpse into the mind first-hand, he creates a powerful feeling of intimacy with that character.

The world of silent thought is thrown open, and instead of telling the reader what has happened there, the novelist uses the look and behaviour of the thought as the vehicle by which the story is rendered...we watch the thought itself, the hidden thing, as it twists to and fro in his brain - watch it without any other aid to understanding but such as its own manner of bearing may supply.

The mingling of narrative and free direct speech can result in extremely subtle effects. The author has the power to describe and picture the consciousness of one of his characters while simultaneously using the resources of drama in presenting that character's thoughts directly.

Again there was no answer, but a stroke of hot stubbornness inside his chest resisted his own annihilation.

There was a sound of a heavy cart clanking down the road. Suddenly the electric light went out; there was a bruising thud in the penny-in-the-slot meter. He did not stir, but sat gazing in front of him. Only the mice had scuttled, and the fire glowed red in the dark room.

Then, quite mechanically and more distinctly, the conversation began again inside him.

"She's dead. What was it all for - her struggle?"
"That was his despair wanting to go after her."
"You're alive."
"She's not."
"She is - in you."

Suddenly he felt tired with the burden of it.
"You've got to keep alive for her sake," said his will in him.

Something felt sulky, as if it would not rouse.
"You've got to carry forward her living, and what she had done, go on with it."

But he did not want to. He wanted to give up.

This passage, from the conclusion of Sons and Lovers, illustrates the dramatic

10. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, pp. 411-412.
potential of narrative combined with free direct speech. The author has effaced himself completely, acting merely as a recording mind to present on the one hand the concreteness of the physical surroundings and on the other the intangible but no less real sensations of Paul Morel as his mind carries on a dialogue with itself.

There is a fourth speech category - free indirect speech - which can report both speech and thought. It is a subtle technique whose principal value lies in its delicate intermediary position between a character's direct utterance or thoughts, and the distancing effect of an authorial report of that utterance or thought. Free indirect speech has many advantages. It serves as a valuable stylistic alternative to dialogue and narrative yet it does not commit the author to an exact reproduction of a character's words, as in direct speech; neither does it commit the author to the explicit subordination of reported, indirect speech. It preserves the emotive and expressive features of a character's language normally excluded in indirect reporting, such as questions, exclamation; interjection; emphasis, colloquial or slang terms which may reveal the speaker's character. This makes free indirect speech, among its many uses, an effective vehicle for irony and for the portrayal of a social milieu.

Mrs Morris could not speak with any temper of such grievances, nor of the quantity of butter and eggs that were regularly consumed in the house. 'Nobody loved plenty and hospitality more than herself - nobody more hated pitiful doings - the parsonage she believed had never been wanting in comfort of any sort, had never borne a bad character in her time, but this was a way of going on that she could not understand. A fine lady in a country parsonage was quite out of place. Her storeroom she thought might have been good enough for Mrs Grant to go into. Enquire where she would, she could not find out that Mrs Grant had ever had more than five thousand pounds.'

Lady Bertram listened without much interest to this sort of invective. She could not enter into the wrongs of an economist, but she felt all the injuries of beauty in Mrs Grant's being so well settled in life without
being handsome, and expressed her astonishment on that point almost as often though not so diffusely as Mrs Norris discussed the other."

The above example is unusual in that it is set off by quotation marks but the passage is certainly free indirect speech and exhibits the linguistic features of that speech type: the passage is in the third person (not the first person, as it would be were Mrs. Norris speaking out loud or thinking to herself); it is in the past tense; and it dispenses with a subordinating verb of saying. The passage is a highly effective comment on Mrs. Norris' character and conveys the quality of her speech through the use of italics for emphasis and some repetition of syntactic constructions and lexis.

Free indirect speech can be a dramatic yet subtle way of presenting a character's emotional stress. The author is spared the necessity of giving a direct, literal transcription of the protagonist's thoughts. The oblique character of free indirect speech allows him to move into this intimate mode from the narrative without a sudden change of viewpoint. (A change from narrative to free direct speech, on the other hand, always demands an adjustment by the reader to the new viewpoint).

Anna started quility when he left the house. She had hastened preparing the tea, hoping he would come back. She had made some toast, and got all ready. Then he didn't come. She cried with vexation and disappointment. Why had he gone? Why couldn't he come back now? Why was it such a battle between them? She loved him - she did love him - why couldn't he be kinder to her, nicer to her?" (Italics indicate free indirect speech sentences.)

Lawrence preserves the very inflexion of spoken language here; the repetitiveness and the interrogatives convey Anna’s emotional state.

Like free direct speech, free indirect speech may consist of isolated flashes embedded in the narrative, or it may develop into a kind of internal monologue.

(1) She stood self-convicted. Then came an agony of new shame. She shrank within herself in a coil of torture. Did she want Paul Morel, and did he know she wanted him?

(2) His heart went hot, and he was angry with them for talking about the girl. What right had they to say that? Something in the speech itself stung him into a flame of hate against Miriam. Then his own heart rebelled furiously at Clara’s taking the liberty of speaking so about Miriam. After all, the girl was the better woman of the two, he thought, if it came to goodness. He went indoors.

(3) She had finished, but she had done enough. He sat aghast. He had wanted to say: "It has been good, but it is at an end." And she — she whose love he had believed in when he had despised himself — denied that their love had ever been love. "He had always fought away from her?" Then it had been monstrous. There had never been anything really between them; all the time he had been imagining something where there was nothing. And she had known. She had known so much, and had told him so little. She had known all the time. All the time this was at the bottom of her! He sat silent in bitterness. At last the whole affair appeared in a cynical aspect to him.

The first example is only a stray thought of Miriam’s. The second example illustrates the subtlety with which free indirect speech and narrative can merge, the one flowing into the other without the reader feeling any change in viewpoint between Paul Morel and the author. It is unusual in that a verb of saying is explicitly present - "he thought" - perhaps to avoid the possibility of ambiguity, the possibility of the judgment in the story being taken as the

13. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers, p. 171.
14. ibid., p. 326.
15. ibid., p. 297.
author's, not Paul's. The third example is a highly complex variation of narrative, free direct speech, free indirect speech, and reported speech, which delicately conveys Paul's bewilderment and his reaction to Miriam's accusation.

Free indirect style is a mimetic device which crosses the borderline between narrative and direct of free direct speech, and imperceptibly merges them. The author reports the character's thoughts or speech but refrains from stating that he is doing so. In a sense free indirect speech is the author's sympathetic identification with the character in his story. This identification may lead to a fruitful ambiguity with the author reinforcing the thoughts of the character. (This ambiguity is often present when modal verbs are used and there is uncertainty whether the modal quality is authorial or belongs to the character).

The seeing eye is with somebody in the book, but its vision is reinforced; the picture contains more, becomes richer and fuller, because it is the author's as well as his creature's, both at once. Nobody notices, but in fact there are now two brains behind that eye; and one of them is the author's who adopts and shares the position of his creature and at the same time supplements his wit. 16

...what I have called the sound of the narrator's voice...is less insistent in oblique narration, even while it seems to be following the very same argument that it would in direct, because another voice is speedily mixed and blended with it. 17

The technique may, on the other hand, lead to misunderstanding. The character's half-formulated thoughts or his reverie may be attributed to the author. If he identifies himself too closely with the character this may result in the sense of authorial intrusion.

17. ibid., p. 259.
Just beyond were the new school buildings, expensive pink brick, and gravelled playground inside iron railings, all very imposing, and mixing the suggestion of a chapel and a prison. Standard Five girls were having a singing lesson, just finishing the la-me-doh-la exercises and beginning a "sweet children's song". Anything more unlike song, spontaneous song, would be impossible to imagine: a strange bawling yell that followed the outlines of a tune. It was not like savages: savages have subtle rhythms. It was not like animals: animals mean something when they yell. It was like nothing on earth, and it was called singing. Connie sat and listened with her heart in her boots, as Field was filling petrol. What could possibly become of such a people, a people in whom the living intuitive faculty was dead as nails, and only queer mechanical yells and uncanny will-power remained?

In this example, which comes from a passage several pages long, Lawrence attributes too much of his own insight and feelings towards the industrial Midlands to Connie Chatterley. Lawrence's rhetoric masquerades behind the façade of oblique narrative, of free indirect speech, but it is not consistent with the character of Connie.

The linguistic features which mark a sentence as being free indirect speech are the third person, the absence of a verb of saying, and the past tense. Free indirect speech is often emphatic or interrogative; it repeats syntactic constructions as well as lexical items and their semantic variants; it retains colloquialisms, turns of phrase, and idioms; it can be transformed into direct speech by a simple change of tense and person, which can rarely be done with narrative. However, the clues which suggest that a sentence or passage is in the mode of free indirect speech are contextual as well as linguistic. Free indirect speech sentences are more often determined by their semantic association with previous sentences and by the context in general than by any formal grammatical principle.

To summarize, free indirect speech is a useful stylistic variant. It spares the author the necessity of presenting a faithful transcription of a character's thoughts or actual utterance while preserving the idiosyncrasies and often the

18. Lawrence, Lady Chatterley's Lover, p. 158.
very intonation of that speech. It retains emotive elements normally left out or reduced in indirect reporting and is admirably suited to convey irony and ambiguity.

In using all of these speech types, the author is bound only to be consistent. He cannot at one moment merge with his character in a free indirect speech identification and at the next be the omniscient author dispassionately analysing and commenting on his creature, without there being a sense of disorientation and shock for the reader. A skilful blending of narrative, free indirect speech, and the dramatic direct and free direct speeches, results in a richer and more varied presentation of a tale and the way in which an author uses these speech devices is of significant interest to the critic.

This is a difference of method that constantly catches the critic's eye in reading a novel. Is the author writing, at a given moment, with his attention upon the incidents of his tale, or is he regarding primarily the form and colour they assume in somebody's thought? He will do both, it is probable, in the course of his book, on the same page, perhaps, or even in the same sentence; nothing compels him to forego the advantage of either method, if his story can profit in turn from both...generally a novelist retains his liberty to draw upon any of his resources as he chooses, now this one and now that, using drama where drama gives him all he needs, using pictorial description where the turn of the story demands it. The only law that binds him throughout, whatever course he is pursuing, is the need to be consistent on some plan, to follow the principle he has adopted; and of course it is one of the first of his precepts, as with every artist in any kind, to allow himself no more latitude than he requires. A critic, then, looks for the principle on which a novelist's methods are mingled and varied - looks for it, as usual, in the novelist's subject, and marks its application as the subject is developed.

The writer's use of narrative and speech, then is a major aspect of his style. Style, as stated earlier, also means a characteristic use of language, a way of writing which bears the stamp of the writer's personality: "Le style,

c'est l'homme même." In a sense a writer employs a language within a language; he chooses the elements of his writing from the resources of the language or languages he is using. The writer is both the master and the servant of the language he is writing in. He must know what its rules are, he will inevitably be aware to a greater or lesser extent of the linguistic and literary traditions of his age, and he manipulates these factors both consciously and unconsciously to serve his own ends. A writer is necessarily limited by the very medium through which he expresses himself; his mode of expression is always bound by the rules of his language.

20 Man is on a tiny grammar-bound island of human

The work of Leo Spitzer (see especially the title essay in Linguistics and Literary History) on the analysis of style as individual idiosyncrasy is now regarded as a contribution to stylistics. Spitzer's method evolved through a habit he had formed of underlining expressions in modern French novels which struck him as aberrant from general usage and which often exhibited a certain consistency in their deviation. He rightly believed that these expressions pointed to stylistic traits in the writer. He developed a method which, from the initial intuitive response to a striking use of language in a text, moved to the critical recognition of the linguistic cause of that response; that is, he related a particular literary effect to the language which created that effect. He believed that close examination of the text would facilitate a general hypothesis or interpretation of the writer's style which could be confirmed or modified by further responses to, and analyses of, that text. His method becomes unsatisfactory, however, when he seeks to establish a psychological interpretation of the author on the basis of these linguistic phenomena and then generalizes still further to a theory about the cultural milieu in which the author wrote and the linguistic and cultural changes of that milieu. Furthermore he reveals a strong philological bias in his method - what he termed the "linguistic" or "philological circle" - which places a disproportionate emphasis on the writer's linguistic deviations from the general norm of his linguistic background. Spitzer's research is most valuable for present day stylistics if his notion of observing and analysing the linguistic characteristics of a text is isolated from his subsequent psychological and philological theorizing.
thought and speech in the midst of a sea of feeling. The features of a writer's style must therefore be determined with reference to the language from which they were derived: deviations from the norm of language - neologisms, grammatically incomplete sentences, unusual syntactic constructions, the breaking of grammatical restrictions such as number or gender - can only be detected by comparison with that norm. When describing the features which characterise a style we look not only for deviations from normal linguistic usage but also for habitual aspects - a fondness for certain syntactic patterns, for example, or for certain words or word combinations. Recurrent patterns within the norm, no less than deviations from it, characterise a style.


22. Stephen Ullmann's Style in the French Novel examines the use of certain stylistic devices in the French novel. Ullmann's analysis is a valid and illuminating one. He points out the importance of sound, lexis and semantics, and syntax in style and recognizes that the use of these linguistic categories in a novel may be demonstrated either by the close analysis of selected passages or by the wider description of these devices as they appear in the whole novel (or in several novels) and that such an examination can reveal significant stylistic traits. Thus he analyses the lexis of the Romantics, the syntax of Flaubert and the Goncourt brothers, and the imagery of Proust - rightly pointing out their importance in the styles of the respective authors in the novels selected - but his analysis concentrates on linguistic deviations or innovations and does not examine those qualities of style which are not strikingly new. He ignores the multiple interaction of linguistic features which together make up the individual style. Moreover he begins with a philological approach, not a critical response; his analysis is based on a limited number of pre-established categories of style and on the use of certain stylistic devices which he assumes are present in the work, rather than on the initial critical response which examines a work to discover how the language was used to create the impression it did.
Style means choice in the use and handling of words, and a study of word meanings reveals much about a writer's style. A word - or indeed any grammatical unit from a simple suffix to a complex phrase - undergoes shifts in value according to the context in which it occurs. Any unit gains in meaning as it is used and may call up its previous usage by association whenever it occurs subsequently. Thus the meaning of "rainbow" in Lawrence's novel develops from its first occurrence to the final use of the image in the last chapter. Some words and phrases - slang, dialect, archaisms, foreign words - peculiar to a certain social milieu or style have the power to evoke their previous associations. This is an important technique for irony, parody, and social criticism. Words less pronouncedly evocative may build up images or transmit value judgments through technique which are not the particular property of any one writer but are common, in the sense of being widely used, stylistic devices. Thus the repetition of certain adjectives implies social criticism in the examples below, even though the styles of the two passages are different.

Petersburg in general affected him with its usual physically invigorating and mentally depressing aura; everything so clean, so comfortably well-arranged, and the people so lenient in moral matters, that life seemed easy. A fine, clean and polite cabman drove him past fine, clean, polite policemen, along the fine, clean, sashed streets, past fine, clean houses to the house in which Mariette lived.

At the front door stood a pair of English horses, with English harness, and an English-looking coachman on the box, with the lower part of his faced shaved, proudly holding a whip. The doorkeeper, dressed in a wonderfully clean livery, opened the door into the hall, where in still cleaner livery with gold braid stood the footman with his splendid whiskers well combed out, and the orderly on duty in a brand-new uniform.

23. Tolstoy, Resurrection, p. 287. Although a translation, there can be no doubt that this passage accurately reproduces Tolstoy's own use of this particular device.
...You trail past the benevolent policeman and the inoffensive passport officials, through the fussy and somehow foolish customs — we don't really think it matters if somebody smuggles in two pairs of false-silk stockings — and we get into the poky but inoffensive train, with poky but utterly inoffensive people, and we have a cup of inoffensive tea from a nice inoffensive boy, and we run through small, poky but nice and inoffensive country, till we are landed in the big but unexciting station of Victoria, when an inoffensive porter puts us into an inoffensive taxi and we are driven through the crowded yet strangely dull streets of London to the cozy yet strangely poky and dull place where we are going to stay. And the first half-hour in London, after some years abroad, is really a plunge of misery.

The same stylistic technique, however, is not always used for, nor does it result in, a similar effect, just as a splash of grey paint gives a different contrast when on a black or a white background. Two writers may use similar stylistic techniques for completely different purposes and effects. Thus the positioning of the conjunction "and" at the beginning of each sentence or clause in a passage gives a sense of timelessness to the smooth progression of Biblical narrative, or placed at the beginning of each line in a sonnet the "and"s greatly emphasize the poet's indignation and the tension conveyed through the cataloguing of injustices and abuses; and Lawrence's use of conjunction is especially interesting since he employs it for so many different effects, in the third example given below he is humorously sarcastic.

(1) And God said, "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it separate the waters from the waters." And God made the firmament and separated the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. And it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And there was evening and there was morning, a second day.

(2) Tyr'd with all these for restful death I cry,
   As to behold desert a beggar borne,
   And needle Nothing trim'd in jollitie,
   And purest faith unhappily forsworne,
   And gilded honor shamefully misplast,
   And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,
   And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
   And strength by limping away disabled,
   And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,
   And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,
   And simple-Truth miscalled Simplicitie,
   And captive-good attending Captaine ill.
   Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
   Save that to dye, I leave my love alone.

(3) The Scarlet Letter gives the show away,
   You have your pure-pure young parson Dimmesdale.
   You have the beautiful Puritan Hester at his feet.
   And the first thing she does is to seduce him.
   And the first thing he does is to be seduced.
   And the second thing they do is to hug their sin in secret and gloat over it, and try to understand.
   Which is the myth of New England.

Stylistic devices or techniques are used for similar or dissimilar reasons to create the same or different effects according to the nature of the subject of the work, the author's ability to manipulate language, and what may be called his stylistic predilection.

When a style is full of strongly marked idiosyncrasy, the most striking feature contributing to its uniqueness is generally its syntax. A reader will often recognise the style of a passage as belonging to a certain writer by responding to the syntactic patterns of the text.

Miss Fynsent would have said, before Mrs. Bowerban's visit, that she had no account to render to any one; that she had taken up the child


27. Lawrence, "Nathaniel Hawthorne" from Studies in Classical American Literature, p. 82.
(who might have starved in the gutter) out of charity, and had brought him on, poor and precarious through her own subsistence, without a penny's help from another source; that the mother had forfeited every right and title; and that this had been understood between them — if anything in so dreadful an hour could have been said to be understood — when she had gone to see her at Newgate (that terrible episode, nine years before, still overshadowed all Miss Pynsent's other memories); had gone to see her because Florentine had sent for her (a name, face and address coming up out of the still recent but sharply separated past of their working-girl years) as the one friend to whom she could appeal with some chance of a pitying answer.

We know enough. We know too much. We know nothing. Let us smash something. Ourselves included. But the machine above all. Dana's small book is a very great book: contains a great extreme of knowledge, knowledge of the great element.

And after all, we have to know all before we can know that knowing is nothing.

The first passage, of course, is by Henry James and derives the complexity of its structure primarily from the grammatical rule known as "embedding". The second, by Lawrence, relies on repetition and deletion for the brusque quality of its prose.

Both the choice of sentence constructions and the positioning of their elements are integral to a writer's style. Lawrence, in contrast to the argumentative tone of the above example (and to the sarcastic tone of the previous example illustrating his use of the conjunction "and") can give his narrative a flowing, authoritative quality by linking sentences with initial conjunctions and prepositions and by binding paragraphs together through this technique:

But something bigger in him withheld him, kept him motionless. So he went out of the house for relief. Or he turned to the little girl for her sympathy and her love, he appealed with all his power to the small Anna.

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29. Lawrence, "Dana"s 'Two Years Before the Mast'" from *Studies in Classical American Literature*, p. 123.
So soon they were like lovers, father and child.

For he was afraid of his wife. As she sat there with bent head, silent, working or reading, but so utterly silent that his heart seemed under the millstone of it, she became herself like the upper millstone lying on him, crushing him, as sometimes a heavy sky lies on the earth.

Recent theories in the field of linguistics have suggested a precise approach to the analysis of style through an exhaustive description of its syntax. The linguist's position is summarised in an article by Richard Ohmann, which claims to analyse Lawrence's style in one of the examples which support the central argument.

The passage is from D.H. Lawrence's Studies in Classical American Literature, a book with an especially brusque, emphatic style, which results partly from Lawrence's affection for kernel sentences. But his main idiosyncrasy is in the use of truncated sentences, which have gone through a variety of deletion transformations. Here is the excerpt:

The renegade hates life itself. He wants the death of life. So do these many "reformers" and "idealists" who glorify the savages in America. They are death-birds, life-haters. Renegades.

We can't go back. And Melville couldn't. Much as he hated the civilized humanity he knew. He couldn't go back to the savages. He wanted to. He tried to. And he couldn't.

Because in the first place, it made him sick.

With the deleted segments replaced, the passage reads, somewhat absurdly, like this:

The renegade hates life itself. He wants the death of life. So do these many "reformers" and "idealists" who glorify the savages in America. (want the death of life). They are death-birds. (They are) life-haters. (They are) renegades.

We can't go back. And Melville couldn't (go back). (Melville couldn't go back, as) much as he hated the civilized humanity he knew. He couldn't go back to the savages. He wanted to (go back to the savages). He tried to (go back to the savages). And he couldn't (go

30. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 64.

31. See David Lodge, Language of Fiction, Part II, for a good summary of the historical concept of style and for a discussion of the contribution of modern linguistics to stylistics.
One does not need grammatical theory to see that Lawrence is deleting. But the restoration of the full form which is allowed by the grammar does reveal two interesting things. First, there is a large amount of repetition in the original passage, much more than actually shows. Perhaps this fact accounts for the driving insistence one feels in reading it. Second, Lawrentian deletion is a stylistic alternative to conjunction, which can also take place whenever there are two sentences partly alike in their constituents. The reasons for Lawrence's preferring deletion to conjunction might well be worth some study.

And in general, study of that sort should be the goal of stylistic analysis. All I have done here is outline, briefly and in part informally, a fruitful method of stylistic description. But no analysis of a style, in the fuller sense can get off the ground until there are adequate methods for the humble task of description. Such methods, I think, are provided by transformational grammar. Furthermore, I have argued, such a grammar is especially useful for this purpose in that it alone is powerful enough to set forth, formally and accurately, stylistic alternatives to a given passage or a given set of linguistic habits.

Mr Ohmann's point is well made but it is limited. Conjunction is not merely a stylistic alternative to deletion as he suggests, nor can it only take place when there are "two sentences partly alike in their constituents". As illustrated earlier, conjunction can be used in many ways for widely different effects. Lawrence often uses conjunction, as we have seen in the example from The Rainbow above, to semantically link sentences and sentence fragments. He does not simply use conjunction as an alternative to make truncated sentences into one long unit, quite the contrary. If he used conjunction in this way, the passage previously quoted from The Rainbow would read:

But something bigger in him withheld him, kept him motionless, and so he went out of the house for relief, or he turned to the little girl for her sympathy and her love, and he appealed with all his power to the small child, and so soon they were like lovers, father and child, for he was afraid of his wife as she sat there with bent head, silent, working or reading, but so unutterably silent that his heart seemed under the millstone of it, and she became herself like the upper millstone lying on him, crushing him, as sometimes a heavy sky lies on the earth.

Whether Lawrence uses deletion or conjunction is determined by the subject on which he is writing and by the effect he wishes to create, not because he is in the grip of a particular stylistic technique and cannot break loose. "The reasons for Lawrence's preferring deletion to conjunction" in the critical essay are surely simply to create the brusque, forceful effect of that passage. When he wishes to convey something of the slow, rhythmical, seasonal life of the Brangwen family, he uses conjunction in the way meant by Mr. Ohmann.

It was enough for the men, that the earth heaved and opened its furrows to them, that the wind blew to dry the wet wheat, and set the young ears of corn wheeling freshly round about; it was enough that they helped the cow in labour, or ferreted the rats from under the barn, or broke the back of a rabbit with a sharp knock of the hand. So much warmth and generating and pain and death did they know in their blood, earth and sky and beast and green plants, so much exchange and interchange they had with these, that they lived full and surcharged, their senses full fed. Their faces always turned to the heat of the blood, staring into the sun, dazed with looking towards the source of generation, unable to turn round.

It is largely in the original use of various stylistic techniques, which he alternates to suit his ends, that the uniqueness and excellence of Lawrence's prose style lies.

The fallacy in Mr Ohiaann's article, as with many of the linguists who deal with style, is the premise that stylistic analysis has its formal analogue in transformational grammar, that the realisation of transformational alternatives to kernel sentences results in syntactically different sentences which therefore differ **stylistically**. This may be true as far as individual sentences and short pieces of text are concerned. "After three years, he decided to return to his native land" may also be "He decided, after three years, to return to his native land" or "He decided to return to his native land, after three years." These are three syntactic alternatives to a single proposition. Transformational grammar clearly offers a formal way of stating **constructional** alternatives; in examining a passage the linguist can therefore transform the sentences into their kernel starting points and then indicate which were the key transformations (working in reverse) that operated to achieve this. But this presupposes that syntax is the central determinant of style and this is simply not true, except for texts marked by some very strong syntactic idiosyncrasy. A glance at the prose of many writers - take, for instance, E.M. Forster, Doris Lessing, or Lawrence Durrell - reveals no very striking syntactic irregularities. A transformational analysis of the prose of these writers would reveal little difference between them yet their styles vary considerably. Clearly it is not in their grammatical structure alone that the salient qualities of their various styles lie. Consider:

I returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and change happeneth to them all.

Objective consideration of contemporary phenomena compels the
conclusion that success or failure in competitive activities exhibits no tendency to be commensurate with innate capacity, but that a considerable element of the unpredictable must invariably be taken into account.34

The linguist’s fallacy is the old one of separating form and content (or his analogues to these literary terms, syntax and semantics) and in using the linguistic unit of analysis, the sentence, for stylistic analysis.35 But style is the sum of all the techniques used in a literary work and of all the sentences it contains, not just the syntactic patterns used in the sentences of a particular passage. Style, like language, is not merely a series of sentences to be isolated and analysed in vacuo; it is connected discourse. A literary work and the stylistic qualities of that work reveal themselves like the unrolling of a scroll; any portion is dependent on what has gone before and determines and influences what will come after. The effectiveness of a style – the impact of its syntax and lexis – depends on the whole of its environment. The sense of style is cumulative, and this is precisely where linguistics falls short.

An exhaustive linguistic verbal analysis of a text – listing all the features of that text, all the lexical items and their immediate contexts – is of no great use, except perhaps to stimulate an awareness of language. The mere listing of all the features of the language of a text does not result in an estimate of the stylistic qualities that make it unique,

34. George Orwell, "Politics and the English Language" Selected Essays, p. 149.
35. The essays in Style and Language (ed. Sebeok) are a good example of the futility of attempting to account for all the effects of language in poetry and prose through purely linguistic analysis. Also see the article by M. Kifferterre "Criteria for Style Analysis" (word, XV, 1959, pp. 154-174) which attempts to foist a theory of efficiency onto style and is rightly criticised by David Lodge in the chapter "Style and Modern Linguistics" (Language of Fiction, pp.56-64).
nor does it exhaustively describe the import of that text (whose meaning is greater than the sum of all its syntactic and semantic components anyway). One is concerned to characterise a style, to state what its determining qualities are, not to list all its features. This can best be done by analysing what kinds of linguistic choices the writer has made and what the effects of these choices on the reader are. A description of style must be selective, it must pick out the salient features which characterise a style and by describing these seek to define the nature of that style.  

All claims to turn literary study into a science are extremely dubious; it is hard to imagine a state of affairs in which the style-study of an individual author could arrive at the incontrovertible status of a scientific demonstration. There will always be room for disagreement about the distribution of emphasis, about the relative importance of different features observed; but it is possible to point out objectively the existence of certain linguistic features; it is possible to arrange these in a logically and psychologically compelling order; and it is possible to bind these together into an argument that can reach, if not certainty, at least a very high degree of persuasiveness. Not one would wish to wipe out the partisan and speculative elements from criticism altogether, but there is a great deal to be said for founding them on a basis of agreed, demonstrable analysis and description.

To summarize: Style is a way of writing, embracing both general method — which the writer has in common with other writers — and the idiosyncratic use of language which is the hallmark of that writer's individual mode

36. Two sensible discussions of the potential value of linguistics for literary criticism are found in R. Fowler's essays: "Linguistic Theory and the Study of Literature" (Essays on Style and Language, pp. 1-26) and "Linguistics, Stylistics; criticism?" (Lingua, 16, 1966, pp. 153-165).  

37. Graham Hough, Style and Stylistics, pp. 46-47.
of writing. The characteristics of a style are determined by comparison
with the norm of language and by comparison with other texts: the style of
John Donne's sermons differs from that of the present Archbishop of
Canterbury in such and such ways; the style of Lawrence's The White Peacock
differs from that of The Rainbow in the following ways. In describing a
style one seeks to discover the kinds of choices that are made, both
deviations from the norm, and recurrent or habitual patterns, which are
the features of that particular style. Stylistic description may analyse a
selected passage or passages in a text or it may trace significant
features through one or more texts. Either method will have interesting
results but it is the advantage of dealing with the compact form of the short
story that one may combine both of these critical approaches without
unwieldiness, yielding a richer analysis of style and language than either
method alone would. Of course no examination of a writer's use of language
is fully exhaustive since the object of analysis, the literary text, is
greater than any description of it. An analysis of general method and
individual style cannot and does not seek to replace the aesthetic and
emotional impact produced by the literary work itself, but such description
can explain many of the ways by which that impact is created.

38. A good example of the close study of language in a chosen passage is
Ian Watt's article "The First Paragraph of The Ambassadors: An
Explication" (Essays in Criticism, X, July 1960, pp. 256-274).

39. The tracing of a specific technique over an entire novel is
illustrated in Roger Sale's "The Narrative Technique of 'The
Rainbow'" (Modern Fiction Studies V No. 1, 1959, pp. 29-38).
II. Lawrence's Developing Style

A study of the development of Lawrence's prose writing is particularly rewarding since his early and his later, strongly idiosyncratic styles are strikingly different. The changes between the successive drafts of his early works reveal Lawrence's growing mastery of various stylistic techniques, his increasing confidence in himself as a writer, and the growth of those individual features which differentiate Lawrence's style from that of other writers. A comparison of separate versions of the same work, rather than a purely chronological study of Lawrence's fiction is useful because it illuminates the differences in his approach to and handling of the same subject at different stages of his career - that is, the changes in style and method which resulted from his coming to the same subject with a more mature and developed mind.

The versions of the earliest tales reveal that both Lawrence's mode of composition and his revision are meticulous and painstaking. In the revisions he generally condenses his phrasing, prunes narration, cuts description, and omits scenes and dialogues, especially passages in dialect. But as he gains in assurance and virtuosity, Lawrence's revisions and his mode of composition take on a different pattern. The correction at sentence level becomes less and less evident until his revisions are fresh re-writings of complete paragraphs, chapters, stories and even entire novels. The general change in method in these revisions is remarkably consistent. There is a decrease in dialogue with a corresponding increase in narrative which probes deeper into the consciousnesses of the characters, presenting their thoughts, emotions and the inner motivations for their actions.
Thus the narrative method alters from narrative and direct speech to a more complex use of narrative mixed with free direct and free indirect speech. Frequently this change in method occurs at the end of a story, when Lawrence was dissatisfied with the existing ending but did not care to re-write the whole tale and so only revised the conclusion. The new ending always reveals a more profound understanding and analysis of the characters in the tale.

Lawrence's individual style undergoes substantial changes, most noticeably acquiring that quality of repetitiveness which gives such force to his prose, and the flowing narrative technique which relies on conjunction to bind together sentences and paragraphs. Both are features of his mature style, the style we recognise as typically "Laurentian".

Lawrence began writing his first novel The White Peacock, or Nethermere as it was then called, in 1906, with no clear idea of a plot or characters.

Lawrence now began to talk definitely of writing. He said he thought he should try a novel, and wanted me to try to write one too, so that we could compare notes.

'The usual plan is to take two couples and develop their relationships', he said. 'Most of George Eliot's are that plan. Anyhow, I don't want a plot, I should be bored with it. I shall try two couples for a start.' It was in the Whitsuntide holiday that he brought the first pages to me. 40

The problems of writing his first novel occupied Lawrence for four years, during which he struggled to find a way of developing his subject and to establish a consistent style. The book was published in January 1911.

Lawrence's literary debut, however, had already come in 1907 with the publication of "A Prelude", a short story which he had written in the autumn

40. Jessie Chambers, A Personal Record, p. 103.
of that year, while studying at Nottingham University College. The Nottinghamshire Guardian had advertised a competition for the best Christmas short story and Lawrence submitted three tales, one under his own name, and the others through Jessie Chambers and Louie Burrows. He wrote to the latter on 20th October 1907:

Dear Louie,

I have a request to make. Perhaps you know that the 'Nottm. Guardian' asks for three Christmas stories & offers a prize of £3 for each. I have written two just for fun, & because Alan & J asked me why I didn't, & so put me upon doing it to show I could. I may write a third.

They ask for an Amusing Adventure, a Legend, and an Enjoyable Christmas. But one person may not send in more than one story. So will you send in the Amusing in your name?...It is the Amusing I want you to send, because it is the only one that is cast in its final form. I want you to write it out again in your style, because mine would be recognised. Indeed you may treat it just as you like. I am sorry to take up your time - but would you mind? If not I will bring you the story & give full instructions. The legend you shall read when you come & see us, which will be next Saturday if you please, or the foll. Sat. if you prefer.

"A Prelude", entered by Jessie Chambers, won and was published in December 1907. The acceptance of the story led Lawrence to consider publishing his poetry and a few other stories he had written, but it first fell to Jessie

41. Boulton, Lawrence in Love, p. 6. Lawrence submitted "Legend", which he subsequently re-wrote as "A Fragment of Stained Glass", (see Appendix A (f) for these versions) and gave an early sketch which formed the basis for "The White Stocking" to Louie Burrows. Both tales were revised and included in The Prussian Officer collection. The early "White Stocking" manuscript however, is lost.

42. Boulton, Lawrence in Love, pp. 6-7.

43. "Lawrence and I first talked about the publication of his work, so far as I remember, on a cold evening in the spring of 1908, when he had been bringing his writings to me for two years." Chambers, A Personal Record, p. 15.
Chambers to submit Lawrence's work to Ford Madox Hueffer, editor of the _English Review_. Hueffer consented to publish several of Lawrence's poems as well as the stories "Goose Fair" and "Odour of Chrysanthemums".

Lawrence's writing in these early years was primarily a search for method, for the right way in which to approach and develop in fiction what he wanted to say. From the initial idea of merely writing a novel, he gradually developed a critical awareness of the techniques needed to create a literary work.

Lawrence was constantly bringing his writing to me, and I always had to tell him what I thought of it. He would ask whether the characters had developed, and whether the conversation was natural, if it was what people really would say. He found conversation easy and wondered if it was too easy. He feared he had a tendency towards verbosity; perhaps he ought to condense his writing more...

The writing of _The White Peacock_ sharpened Lawrence's understanding of the shortcomings of his method and style. On 11th November 1908 he wrote to Blanche Jennings:


There is some question about precisely which manuscripts were first read by Hueffer. Miss Chambers states that she initially sent only a few poems (cf. _A Personal Record_, pp. 157-158) but Hueffer believes that she also included "Odour of Chrysanthemums", (cf. Nehls, _P. H. Lawrence; The Composite Biography_, Vol. I, p. 167).

The first poems published in the _English Review_ were:


(5: 4-8) April 1910: "Night Songs", "Workaday Evenings", "Wakened", "At the Window", "Rebuked".

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45. The first poems published in the _English Review_ were:


(5: 4-8) April 1910: "Night Songs", "Workaday Evenings", "Wakened", "At the Window", "Rebuked".
I have nearly read Lactitia. It bores me mightily in parts. You can none of you find one essence of its failure: it is that I have dragged in conversations to explain matters that two lines of ordinary prose would have accomplished far better; I must cut out many pages of talk, and replace them with a few paragraphs of plain description or narration; secondly, one is cloyed with metaphoric fancy; thirdly, folk talk about themes too much; - slight incidents - such as the sugar in Eugenie - should display character, not fine speeches;......What the whole thing needs is that the essential should be differentiated from the non-essential.47

The replacement of dialogue with narrative is a noticable tendency in Lawrence's revisions and is particularly apparent in the successive versions of his early stories. Lawrence understood the need to create an immediate impression within the limited scope of the short story, as he reveals in his letters to Louie Burrows, criticizing two stories written by her.

The great thing to do in a short story is to select the salient details - a few striking details to make a sudden swift impression. Try to use words vivid and emotion-quickening; give as little explanation as possible;...be very careful of slang; a little is as much as most folks can stand.48

You need, I think, to elaborate a bit: do a bit of character drawing, & give your locality: you want to give more setting: the figures are all right, but examine the scene pictorially - it is not there. Gather the picture - get the essentials for description - present to the eye...49


46. Chambers, A Personal Record, p. 115.
47. C.L. I, p. 36. Lactitia was another title for The White Peacock.
49. Boulton, Lawrence in Love, p. 49.
The ability to render a scene pictorially through a few vivid details is a consistent feature in Lawrence's own writing and is clearly revealed in the openings of even the earliest short stories.

Through the gloom of evening, and the flare of torches of the night before the fair, through the still fogs of the succeeding dawn came paddling the weary geese, lifting their poor feet that had been dipped in tar for shoes, and trailing them along the cobble-stones into the town. Last of all, in the afternoon, a country girl drove in her dozen birds, disconsolate because she was so late. She was a heavily built girl, fair, with regular features, and yet unprepossessing.

"Goose Fair"

She was too good for him, everybody said. Yet still she did not regret marrying him. He had come courting her when he was only nineteen, and she twenty. He was in build what they call a tight little fellow; short, dark, with a warm colour, and that upright set of the head and chest, that flaunting way in the movement recalling a mating bird, which denotes a body taut and compact with life.

"A Sick Collier"

The mistress of the British School stepped down from her school gate, and instead of turning to the left as usual, she turned to the right. Two women who were hastening home to scramble their husbands' dinners together - it was five minutes to four - stopped to look at her. They stood gazing after her for a moment; then they glanced at each other with a woman's little grimace.

"The Christening"

The unusual distinction of such passages needs no underlining. The minutely observed and selected details are presented in an unpretentious, clear, rhythmical prose which stimulates the reader's imagination. We are aware at once, as perceptive contemporary readers must also have been, of a new voice in English fiction.

With the writing of the second and third novels, The Trespasser and Sons and Lovers, during 1910-1912, Lawrence's method and style developed

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50. The Trespasser (The Saga of Siegmund) was begun in March 1910 and written in three months (I, p. 61, p. 66). Lawrence re-wrote it in
significantly. It was during this period that his habit of substantially or entirely re-writing his stories and novels, with a decrease of revision at the sentence level, began to crystallise. The completion of these novels and the inception of The Rainbow in 1913 in its early drafts mark the beginning of Lawrence’s mature style and his characteristic pattern of revision. In January and February of that year he writes to Edward Garnett:

The thought of you peddling away at the novel frets me. Why can’t I do those things - I can’t. I could do hard work, to a certain amount. But apply my creative self where it doesn’t want to be applied, makes me feel I should burst or go cracked. I couldn’t have done any more at that novel - at least for six months. I must go on producing, producing, and the stuff must come more and more to shape each year. But trim and garnish my stuff I cannot - it must go on.\(^5\)

This new novel is going quite fast. It is awfully exciting, thrilling, to my mind - a bit outspoken, perhaps. I shall write it as long as I like to start with, then write it smaller. I must always write my book twice.\(^5\)

The change in Lawrence’s mode of composition, from the hesitant beginning in 1906 to the assured writing and revision of 1913-1914, reveals a striking growth in his craft as a writer. Both method and style develop

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51. ibid., pp.175-176, (dated 12 January 1913).
52. ibid., p. 186, (dated 18 February 1913).
significantly and this development can be traced through the successive drafts of the tales in *The Prussian Officer* collection. Not all of the stories for this volume, however, were extensively revised, and of the tales which were re-written, not all the versions are available for comparison. "Goose Fair", "A Fragment of Stained Glass", and "Second Best" reveal only minor alterations – changes in lexis and some re-phrasing – which neither alter the basic style of the works concerned nor the general method of approach. The endings are also slightly changed but again this is of limited significance. Similarly "The Soiled Rose" and its revision "The Shades of Spring" and the two published versions of "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" reveal extensive revision of lexis and the latter is altered at its ending, but the stories show little stylistic development between the versions. These tales are briefly discussed in Appendix A and complete lists of the changes between the versions of each of the stories are given.

There are no early versions available of "A Sick Collier" and "The Christening", although Lawrence mentions revising them in a letter to Edward Garnett dated July 1913:

...now I have revised them and they are type-written... 'A Sick Collier' and perhaps 'The Baker's Man' – the one when they christen the illegitimate child. I rewrote the end and made it good. 54

"A Sick Collier" has a few minor differences between the text as published in *The New Statesman* for 13 September 1913 and *The Prussian Officer*, but

53. Permission to examine an early sketch of "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" – entitled "The Vicar's Garden" – and the early story "Legend" – which became "Fragment of Stained Glass" – was granted only after the present thesis was completed. However, discussions of these sketches and the revised tales are in Appendix A.

54. C.L. I, p. 213.
the changes are very slight. "The Christening" is similar to the baptism scene in the early manuscript version of *The White Peacock*, but unfortunately this manuscript is not available for comparison with the published text.

The early versions of *The Prussian Officer* tales, with the exception of the German stories "Honour and Arms" and "Vin Ordinaire", were written before 1912. The themes for these stories are drawn from Lawrence's early life in Nottinghamshire. Many of the tales depict the life of the mining district which he portrayed in *Sons and Lovers* and are written in the clear and objective style of that novel. These stories, with the exception of "The Christening", were published in both their early and late versions but one of the earliest tales, "Odour of Chrysanthemums", exists in three versions written and revised over a period of several years and the differences between these texts reveal the significant progress of Lawrence's early writing. The tale is especially interesting because its versions undergo both of the methods of revision which characterise *The Prussian Officer* tales: the story reveals the minute and painstaking corrections at sentence level which are usual in Lawrence's early writing when he was still searching for a style and means through which to express what he had to say, and it also foreshadows Lawrence's later revision technique of completely re-writing a paragraph, section, or even the entire tale if he was dissatisfied with it. This second method of revision is characteristic of

55. "An autobiographical story (published in *The Prussian Officer*) similar to the baptism scene is the early manuscript version of *The White Peacock.*" Powell, *The Manuscripts of D.H. Lawrence*, p. 23.

56. The manuscript is in a private collection and permission to examine it has been refused.
"The White Stocking" stories, "Two Marriages" and "Daughters of the Vicar", and the German tales, stories which will be discussed in detail in subsequent chapters. 57

The method of examining Lawrence's use of language in the tales will analyse passages of stylistic and literary interest and will point out significant features in the text as a whole as well as in the stories as a group. The aim in the following chapters, however, is not to trace the development of a genre or even the changes in a writer's style throughout his works, but to follow the development of that style during the early years of his creative writing. The stylistic parallels between the stories and, where relevant, the novels, will also be discussed and the features which are revealed will be related to Lawrence's stylistic development during the period 1908-1914. The discussion will seek to demonstrate and analyse the excellences of Lawrence's prose, the idiosyncrasies of language which come more and more to characterise his writing, and the change in narrative method which is a consistent pattern in his revisions.

57. Discussions of the other early tales and their revisions are in Appendix A.
CHAPTER 2: "ODOUR OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS" – THE THREE VERSIONS

Lawrence wrote "Odour of Chrysanthemums" before the summer of 1909, for Jessie Chambers submitted the manuscript to the *English Review* in June of that year. The first set of proofs are dated 10th March 1910 but publication of the story was delayed until June 1911, and the published version differs from that of the proofs. Lawrence subsequently revised the story and included it in *The Prussian Officer* collection of 1914.

These three copies of the story were substantially corrected and revised. The changes between the first proofs and the story as it appeared in the *English Review* were probably initiated by the editor Ford Madox Hueffer, for Lawrence states in a letter to his then fiancée Louie Burrows that Hueffer had asked him to shorten the story.¹ The revision caused him some difficulty, since in March and April of the following year² he again wrote to Louie Burrows mentioning the necessity for further changes.

"The desideratum is to shorten sufficiently the first part. Of course that part has to reveal the situation. I hope you’ll manage to make out all the alterations: it’s not particularly plain. Send it me when you’ve done, will you. You need not hurry.

...It has taken me such a long time to write these last two pages of the story. You have no idea how much delving it requires to get that deep into cause and effect."³

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1. Boulton, *Lawrence in Love*, p. 52. In a letter dated 24th July 1910, Lawrence writes: "They have sent me back a rather nice story from the *English* – asking me to cut it 5 pages: a devilish business."

2. *ibid.*, p. 87. Lawrence wrote on 29th March 1911: "Tomorrow I’m going to call in the evening to see him about the story he’s got, which I think he wants altering a bit." The editor was now Austin Harrison and it is probable that some of the changes were due to his suggestion.

I'm glad you like the story. Mind you leave out all I have crossed away. All the playing part - most of the kiddies share - goes out, I think. I intend it to. The story must work quicker to a climax.4

There is no specific reference in Lawrence's letter to subsequent work on the story although he briefly mentions his revision of several tales for The Prussian Officer collection.5 Nevertheless, the last version of "Odour of Chrysanthemums", although thematically similar to the earlier two, reveals a major change in the treatment of the concluding pages.

The stylistic changes between the three versions of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" are of three main types: first, changes of vocabulary, phrasing, and syntax made at the sentence level; secondly, passages considerably altered, omitted, or entirely re-written; and thirdly, in the conclusion of all three versions, which differ both in style and method, in the approach to and treatment of the subject. The most significant stylistic changes of the first two kinds occur between the early proofs and the second version of "Odour of Chrysanthemums", where Lawrence is concerned with shortening the early part of the story and moving more quickly towards the climactic scene where the wife and mother are confronted with the miner's dead body. The third version differs only slightly from the second6 until the final pages, and for this reason I will first examine the stylistic differences between versions one and two, and then discuss the change in Lawrence's vision and style which resulted in the three different endings to the story.

4. ibid., p. 93, (dated 6th April 1911).
6. For a word comparison between the third and second versions see Appendix A (d).
"Odour of Chrysanthemums" is on the familiar tragic theme of a miner brought home dead after a pit accident. Walter Bates has been a drinker and a bad husband. His wife, a woman of superior education, has had to contend both against her husband's tendency to drink and against the worries of poverty common to the mining community. The story opens with a description of the colliery district and the miner's home where Elizabeth Bates is awaiting her husband's return from the pits. As the hours pass without his appearance her anger and frustration grow. At last, having put the children to bed, she goes out to look for her husband but discovers that he is not at any of the usual pubs. She has a foreboding of disaster and returns to her home, a miner friend of her husband's having undertaken to find her "Master". Bates' mother arrives with news of a pit accident and soon afterwards the manager and some colliers bring home the body of Elizabeth's husband. The effect of the dead man on the two women is profound and disturbing, and Lawrence's analysis of their reaction reveals the insight and descriptive power which place "Odour of Chrysanthemums" among the finest of his achievements.

The opening paragraph of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" identical in all three versions, shows Lawrence's early writing as its best. The narrative evokes the wasted countryside and atmosphere of the industrial Midlands with

7. It is a theme Lawrence touches on in many of his stories and novels and which he developed in "The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd" (The Complete Plays of D.H. Lawrence, Heinemann, London, 1965), a play which exists in several drafts and which was completed by 1914. The characters and dialogue are strikingly similar to "Odour of Chrysanthemums" and a comparison of the versions of the story with those of the play would undoubtedly reveal further mutations which this theme underwent in Lawrence's creative imagination.

economy and precision, through a series of balanced contrasts between machinery and the natural setting it has destroyed. The locomotive engine, with its ludicrous efforts at speed, is easily outstripped by the colt it has startled. "The gorse which still flickered indistinctly in the raw afternoon" is paralleled by man's contribution, the pit-bank, whose "flames like red sores" lick its ashy sides "in the afternoon's stagnant light."

The locomotive engine, with its ludicrous efforts at speed, is easily outstripped by the colt it has startled. "The gorse which still flickered indistinctly in the raw afternoon" is paralleled by man's contribution, the pit-bank, whose "flames like red sores" lick its ashy sides "in the afternoon's stagnant light."

The withered trees of the coppice and the colliery chimneys and wheels are alike outlined against a raw afternoon sky. Pit-bank looms over pond, the free flight of birds is contrasted with the mechanical spasms of the colliery engine. As the fowls leave the black alders to roost in the "tarred fowl-house", the miners are "turned up" from their pit. The smoky landscape, with its "dreary forsaken fields" has been ruined until it is a mass of dismal black and grey, relieved only by a few scarlet hips, the touches of yellow gorse and the lurid light of the pits. Tension is established between the colliery as emblem of the quest for material gain which created the industrial complex, and its encroachment on nature and on free living things. This tension is heightened by the introduction of a solitary human figure, a woman who, unlike the colt and the birds, cannot escape and is "insignificantly trapped" between hedge and railway track by the locomotive's "slow inevitable movement". Man and nature alike are at the mercy of the machine, and this theme of human entrapment underlies the story in "Odour of Chrysanthemums". Scene and atmosphere set, Lawrence now focuses on a single element in the desolate landscape, a collier's home, and narrates a personal tragedy within the framework of the greater one.

The power of this opening paragraph to create setting and mood is evident, and Lawrence left it unchanged in the subsequent drafts. His main objective in revising the first version was to shorten the descriptions of the miner's
home, the children, and Elizabeth Bates' domestic duties, in order to "work quicker to a climax". He therefore pared down superfluous phrases and unnecessary adjectives, achieving a more economical narrative style, and he shortened or omitted several scenes and much character dialogue. The language of his narration becomes more concise and idiomatic. In several instances he corrects an earlier sentimentality or cliché: phrases such as "small wan flowers", "little flanellette shirt sleeves", and "little parted lips" in the later versions become "wan flowers", ("shirt sleeves" deleted), and "parted lips". Many phrases undergo change in each version but the change is always to make the phrase more compact and often more powerful.

(I) lamentation and self-commiseration
(II) lament and self-pity
(III) lamentable

(I) Walter's no better than he was
(II) Walter's got another bout on
(III) "

(I) with all his courtesy and sympathy in his tones
(II) courteously
(III) "

(I) ragged pink locks of the pale chrysanthemums
(II) ragged pink wisps of pale chrysanthemums
(III) ragged wisps of pale chrysanthemums

(I) Elizabeth sat strangling in the cords of suspense
(II) Elizabeth waited
(III) "

(I) Elizabeth sat in a coil of half-twisted suspense
(II) Elizabeth waited in suspense
(III) "

Descriptive passages of greater length also undergo reduction so that the narration may move more quickly. In the following passage, for example, where Elizabeth Bates leaves home to look for her husband, Lawrence has omitted unnecessary phrases and has reduced the narrative to a more concise statement of her movements and thoughts. The paragraph illustrates Lawrence's progress as a writer. He is learning to discriminate, to select what is essential in a description and to omit what is not. Phrases omitted in the first version are in parentheses; words added in the second draft are in square brackets.  

Something scuffled down the yard as she went out, and she started, though she knew it was only the rats, with which the place was overrun. The night was very dark. In the great bay of railway-lines where the black trucks rose up obscurely there was no trace of light, only away black she could see a few yellow lamps at the pit-top, and the red smear of the burning pit-bank of the night. (She could see the street lamps threading down hill beyond the railway and the field, shining large where the road crossed the lines, and tangling like fireflies in a blur of light where she looked straight down into Old Brinsley). She hurried along the edge of the track, (stepping carefully over the levers of the points, and) /then/, crossing the converging lines came to the stile by the great white gates (near the weighing machine), whence she emerged on the road. Then the fear which had led her (by the hand unhesitating loosed its hold, and) shrank (back). People were walking up to New Brinsley; she saw the light in the (window of his mother's) house/ (below the road by the crossing); twenty yards further on were the great windows of the "Prince of Wales," very warm and bright, and the loud voices of men could be heard distinctly. What a fool she had been to imagine that anything had happened to him! (Here, in the common-place movement of the sordid village, her sense of tragedy, with its dignity, vanished). He was merely drinking over there at the "Prince of Wales." She faltered. She had never yet been to fetch him, and she never would. (Yet, while

10. The system of notation for quotations used is I, II, III, referring to the three drafts in order of composition. Page numbers refer to the printer's proofs as published in Renaissance and Modern Studies Vol. XIII 1969, to the pages of the English Review for 1911, and to the Penguin edition of The Prussian Officer, for the three drafts, respectively. Where necessary, line numbers follow the page reference, separated by a colon, thus: I p. 18:10-18:14.
she was out, she must get some satisfaction). So she continued her walk, (with the black wooden fence and the railway on her right, and across the road,)/towards/ the long straggling line of houses standing blank on the highway. She (went across the road, and) entered a passage between the houses.

(This entry sloped down sharply, as the houses were built on the drop to the brook, and had downstairs kitchens. The houses were in pairs, as is usual, the back doors facing each other, and between them a small breadth of brickyard. She did not know for certain which was the house of Jack Rigley, one of her husband's fellow butties. She asked at the wrong house.

"No, Rigley's is next door - there look!" And Elizabeth Bates turned round, moved past the big, lighted kitchen windows of the two houses, and knocked at the other door.)

I pp. 27-28

Much detail is omitted in the revision. Elizabeth hurries along the edge of the track as far as the white gates, crosses the line, and emerges onto the road. The visual details of her stepping over the levers of the points and of the gates being situated next to a weighing machine are unnecessary since it is dark. The impression Lawrence wishes to give is of haste, and the passage therefore loses nothing by this omission. The narration of Elizabeth's walk omits the visual "with the black wooden fence and the railway on her right" as well as the description of her entry into the passage between the houses and her enquiring at the wrong house. Little is lost by the excision of this paragraph unless the original purpose of sending Elizabeth to the wrong house was to emphasize her isolation in the mining community. From previous information, the remote position of the cottage in relation to the houses of the other colliers, from Lawrence's description of Elizabeth and her correct English speech, it is clear that Elizabeth is physically and mentally superior to the other miners' wives. This is confirmed by her uncertainty as to which house belongs to Bates' fellow butty, surely an unusual circumstance in a small mining community, and by Mrs. Rigley's address to Elizabeth in
a voice "tinged with respect".

A significant alteration is Lawrence's excision of a line of authorial commentary with its rather heavy judgment on the "sordid" village. Instead, Lawrence allows Elizabeth's thoughts, rendered through free indirect speech, to convey her common-sense reaction directly to the reader.

...the loud voices of men could be heard distinctly. What a fool she had been to imagine that anything had happened to him! Here, in the common-place movement of the sordid village, her sense of tragedy, with its dignity, vanished. He was merely drinking over there at the "Prince of Wales". She faltered.

The tendency to drop authorial explanation and to allow the characters to carry on the narrative, is one of the most constant patterns of change in Lawrence's revisions.

In the first version of the tale Lawrence repeatedly describes the mother's anger and the atmosphere of suspense and waiting in the cottage. In the subsequent versions these insistent references are dropped. None of the following passages occur in the later versions.

Irritation and suspense gathered like the thickening darkness:

p. 18:15-18:16
The mother let loose, now, the silent anger and bitterness that coiled within her. She said little, but there was the grip of "trouble", like the tentacle of an octopus, round the hearts of the children.

p. 19:15-19:19
She silenced herself, and rose to clear the table. When she was actively engaged she could endure, but as she sat still her fury seemed to sway like fighting imps within her, and to break out of her control.

Annie trotted after her mother with the tea-things, and helped to wipe them, chattering all the time, almost feverishly chattering. Anything was better than the clouds of silence that would settle on...
them. When there was no more house-work to be done Annie stood disconsolate for a moment. She felt almost unequal to the struggle with the pressure of the trouble. Yet, in childish dread of abnormal states, in terror of an approaching climax, she forced herself to play.

p. 23:11-23:22

It there was one thing she shrank from doing, it was from lifting up her voice, which was like a child in rebellion, and would need all her efforts to command; sulky, it was, with shut lips.

p. 25:6-25:9

...and in front of her eyes shone love and pity, and close behind pity stood anger, with shadowy hate, like a phantom, and scorn, glittering and dangerous; all these on the darkened stage of the mother's soul, with pity and love in front. The children hid their faces in her skirts, and were full of comfort and safety, and they prayed to her, for she was the God of their prayers.

p. 26:14-26:20

The atmosphere of tension, however, is not diminished without these passages, rather it is made more dramatic through the plainer narration which, by increasing the speed of the plot, also heightens the feeling of impending disaster.

Few of Lawrence's deletions result in emptiness or inconsistency, but occasionally this does happen as the following comparison illustrates.

She went out of the house, returning directly with a dustpan of coal, with which she mended the fire. As she dropped piece after piece of coal on the red fire, the shadows fell on the walls, till the room was almost in total darkness.

I p. 21:11-21:14

She went out. As she dropped piece after piece of coal on the red fire, the shadows fell on the walls, till the room was almost in total darkness.

II p. 420:7-420:9

Similarly, the phrase she "rolled back the rug" (II p. 425:2) has no meaning in the second and third drafts where it occurs since it is only in the first version that Lawrence describes Elizabeth rolling up the rug before leaving the house. This detail shows Lawrence's keen observation of the habits of working-class life and should have been left in.

However, the error is minor and does not significantly detract from the
Longer descriptions, notably those of the kitchen and Elizabeth's thoughts and actions as she prepares the supper, are shorter. Lawrence also omitted entire scenes such as the account of the children's games and the mother's reading of a bed-time story which cover two and a half pages in the first draft but are only briefly mentioned in the subsequent versions.

While for an hour or more the children played, subduedly intent, fertile of imagination, united in fear of the mother's wrath, and in dread of their father's homecoming.

Descriptions of Elizabeth's house-cleaning and sewing and her emotions while performing these domestic tasks are very much shorter, although the apt comparison of her suppressed anger to a caged beast is retained throughout.

She worked at her sewing with energy, listening to the children, and her anger wearied itself of pacing backwards and forwards like an impotent caged creature, and lay down to rest, its eyes always open and steadily watching, its ears raised to listen. Sometimes, even her anger quailed and shrank, and the mother suspended her sewing, tracing the footsteps that thudded along the sleepers outside; she would lift her head sharply to bid the children "hush", but she recovered herself in time, and the footsteps went past the gate, and the children were not dragged out of their play-world.

She worked at her sewing with energy, listening to the children, and her Anger wearied itself, lay down to rest, opening its eyes from time to time and steadily watching, Its ears raised to listen...

She worked at her sewing with energy, listening to the children, and her anger wearied itself, lay down to rest, opening its eyes from time to time and steadily watching, its ears raised to listen....

III p. 211

Elizabeth's reflections on hearing of her husband's accident are more explicit in the first version, but again Lawrence deletes the phrases of authorial commentary in the subsequent versions following the pattern of revision mentioned above. His analysis of her pity as "a deep womanly pity which is only akin to love when its object is physically struck down" is omitted and the passage relies on the transmission of Elizabeth's feelings through free indirect speech and plain narrative alone.

The tears came to her eyes at the picture. Then in thought she arose once more - he had killed her "sentiment" - and began to consider the children. At any rate she was absolutely necessary for them; she must save herself for them. She clung to the thought of the children; and, covering the ugly image of him, rose her pity, a deep womanly pity, which is only akin to love when its object is physically struck down. He would be weak, and she would have him in her hands. Then she was full of tenderness.

I p. 35

The tears came to her eyes at the picture. Then in thought she arose once more - he had killed her "sentiment" - and began to consider the children. At any rate she was absolutely necessary for them; she clung to the thought of the children.

II p. 426

The tears offered to come to her eyes at the picture. But what sentimental luxury was this she was beginning? She turned to consider the children. At any rate she was absolutely necessary for them. They were her business.

III p. 216

The description becomes increasingly terse with each succeeding draft. The attempt to exploit emotion by many words and authorial comment is replaced by a few vivid phrases which leave the reader to fill in the rest. In the final version Elizabeth's only concern is for the welfare of the children, their material welfare as suggested by the matter of fact "They were her business", and her feelings of pity and then the
common-sense rejection of pity, are left to the reader to imagine.

The changes Lawrence made in dialogue, reducing especially those passages in the dialect, are among the few alterations one regrets. Lawrence leaves out several speeches between the mother and her children. 14

"Is tea ready?" asked the boy, standing with his arms on the table, which was laid with a cloth and cups and saucers.
"Take your arms off the table! Yes, when your father or Annie comes in. They're turning the soft coal men up —"
"Can I've summat t' eat?"
"'Summat t' eat' — who says that! You can have 'something to eat' when you have your tea."

I pp. 16-17

It is unfortunate that Lawrence deleted both this particular passage and the one following. These dialogues make an important contribution to the story in confirming the reader's earlier impression of Mrs. Bates as a woman of superior station, and in providing vivid touches of realistic description. She has been described, in all the versions, as a "tall woman of imperious mien, handsome, with definite black eyebrows" her face "calm and proud with defiance, her mouth...closed with disillusionment". Her correction of the son's dialect reveals her precise English and, presumably, either superior class or education, early in the story.

"What are you making?" she repeated.
"A tram," he answered, meaning a little truck such as is used down pit.
"Don't make a litter," she said.
"They on'y go on th' steerfoot mat," he replied.
"Very well," said his mother, repeating his words to correct their vulgar pronunciation, "see they do only go on the stairfoot mat, and then shake it when you've done."

I p. 17

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This dialogue strengthens the impression of Elizabeth Bates' struggle against the conditions around her. Brought up with higher standards of living and education than those of her present situation, she is engaged in a foredoomed battle against the way of life dictated by the colliery.\(^{15}\)

There are substantial cuts in other dialogues. The conversation between Elizabeth and the Rigleys is made shorter and given less prominence, in keeping with the briefer description of her walk to their home. Lawrence alters the descriptive phrases around the speeches in each version, as well as the speeches themselves, implying the tone in which the dialogue is spoken rather than explicitly stating it. Thus superfluous phrases, such as "and some concern" in the following passage,
are omitted or altered in later versions.

"'Asna 'e come whom yit?" asked the man, without any form of greeting, but with a fine rough sympathy, and some concern: "I dunny think there's owt amiss - 'e's non ow' theer, though!" - he jerked his head to signify the "Prince of Wales."

"'E's 'appen gone up to th' 'Yew,'" said Mrs. Rigley, gently, showing by her tone that she was upset.

I p. 30

"'Asna 'e come whoam yit?" asked the man, without any form of greeting, but with a fine rough deference and sympathy. "I dunnna say wheer he is - 'e's non ow' theer!" - he jerked his head to signify the "Prince of Wales."

"'E's 'appen gone up to th' 'Yew,'" said Mrs. Rigley, as if trying to make the best of it.

II p. 423-424

"'Asna 'e come whoam yit?" asked the man, without any form of greeting, but with deference and sympathy. 'I couldn't say wheer he is - 'e's non ow' theer!' - he jerked his head to signify the

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15. This is further suggested by her bitter outburst in all the versions: "And this is what I came here to, to this dirty hole, rats and all-" (I p. 23, II p. 421, III p. 210).
Prince of Wales.

"'S's ' appen gone up to th' Yew," said Mrs. Rigley.

Similarly Elizabeth's gratitude to Rigley for his help is taken for granted in the later versions and the pathos of the first draft is toned down.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Rigley," she replied, and the pathos and gratitude of her voice upset him.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Rigley," she replied.

Some lines of dialogue, as well as Lawrence's somewhat sententious explanations, are omitted.

"I'll just step up to Salmon's an' see if 'e is theer," offered the man, afraid of appearing concerned, and afraid of taking liberties with this woman. The bounds of intimacy are very dangerous to overstep.

"Oh, I wouldn't think of bothering you that far," said Elizabeth Bates, with the decision of a woman who knows her own affairs.

"It wouldn'a be no bother to me," urged the man. Elizabeth Bates hesitated.

"Yes - go on, Jack!" said his wife persuasively. "You can go up th' line an' across th' fields. It's as near as any way, an' then you can go with 'er to th' gate" - she looked at him significantly.

Elizabeth Bates understood quite well that this meant "you can call at the pit top and get them to telephone down to the deputy," but she gave no sign.

"I'll just step up to Dick's an' see if 'e is theer," offered the man, afraid of appearing alarmed, afraid of taking liberties.

"Oh, I wouldn't think of bothering you that far," said Elizabeth Bates, with emphasis, but he knew she was glad of his offer.

The cuts in these dialogues, unlike the omission of the speech between Elizabeth and her son, are good. By leaving out the non-essential Lawrence allows the reader's imagination to supply the characters' reactions as the probability of tragedy grows stronger.

The tendency to abbreviate continues as the story moves to its climax. Old Mrs. Bates' lament is slightly shorter and the description of the
parlour in which the collier's body is to be laid is pared down. The colliers' and pit manager's discussion of the tragedy is made shorter and the bustle accompanying the carrying in of the body is described with less detail. The horror of the accident is brought home with greater force in the third version where the manager's report is more dramatic. Instead of "'not ten feet of space'" and that the rock"' shut 'im in, like a vault' - he made a sweeping gesture with his hand," the third version has "'Not four foot of space' and the phrase "'shut 'im in, like a mouse-trap' - he made a sharp, descending gesture with his hand." The horror of the thing is intensified by the mouse-trap simile - the miner caught like an animal - and the manager's physical action describing the accident. The tension growing in the imaginations of the people as they visualize the tragedy described by the manager is broken by the sudden cry from the child upstairs. In the third version this interruption is dramatically done. The sentence "The horror of the thing bristled upon them all" is immediately followed by the child's cry. The earlier versions, however, diminish the effect of this interruption by a line of ineffectual dialogue from the manager.

They forced the horror of the thing upon the woman's imagination, and it gripped her as in some great invisible hand.

"Don't take on!" said the manager, "it's no good now, Missis, it isna. It's a bad job, I know it is, but——"
Then they heard the girl's voice upstairs calling shrilly:

I p. 40

They forced the horror of the thing upon the woman's imagination.

"Steady, Missis!" said the manager. "It's a bad job, I know it is, but——"
Then they heard the girl's voice upstairs calling shrilly:

II p. 429

The horror of the thing bristled upon them all.
Then they heard the girl's voice upstairs calling shrilly:

III p. 220
The mother's speech with the child is slightly shorter in the later drafts but the change is not significant and is only another instance of abbreviation of detail.

These changes in dialogue reveal Lawrence's increasing awareness of the demands of drama, both of the elements which best hasten that drama and of those which hinder it. All of the cuts described eliminate unnecessary detail and concentrate attention on Elizabeth's fear and shock and the resolution of these emotions when the body is laid out by the two women. Lawrence's alterations in the second and third versions are, therefore, until the final pages, deletions of description, authorial commentary and dialogue, and serve to make the story move more quickly to a climax. The attention of the reader is next sharply focused on the effect of the miner's body on the wife and the mother.

The process of revision for the concluding pages is markedly different from the earlier process of deletion. This striking change is nothing less than the complete revision of the conclusion of the tale, resulting in three endings, different both in theme and style, to a story which has hitherto been thematically identical in all its versions. All three versions present the colliery district and then focus on Elizabeth Bates, her home and children, her angry wait for the husband, and both her reaction and that of Mrs Bates to his death. But Elizabeth's emotions and thoughts when confronted with her husband's body are substantially different. The conclusion of the first version is brief, scarcely half a page long, and presents the mingled feelings of awe and maternal love for the dead man felt by the wife. For Elizabeth he has become "beautiful and gentle and helpless", "so heavy, and helpless, more helpless than a
baby, poor dear!—and so beautiful." In death she forgets the bully he had become and re-creates the young man she once loved.

The second draft, however, with its swifter narration of events in the miner's home, places greater emphasis on the effect of the miner's corpse on his wife. The last scene describing Elizabeth's sorrow is expanded to nearly three times its original length and includes a long moralizing authorial commentary on Elizabeth and Walter Bates and on the evils of industrialism. Elizabeth's re-awakened love is more complex, less purely maternal in this version. Mingled love and grief overwhelm her but there is also "triumph and joy" in her sorrow, for she believes that in the fight against the recreant in her husband she has won.

Yet more joy was mixed in her emotion than she knew. He might have come home ugly, befouled, so that she would have had a loathly, strange creature to combat. Ah! how she had fought that him, the disfigured coward, which gradually replaced her man! How wise of death to be so silent! Even now her fear could not trust him to speak. Yet he was restored to her fair, unblemished, fresh as for the splendour of a fight.

II p. 433

Her idealization of him is greater than in the first ending. The early version described the miner's face as showing "traces of the disfigurement of drink", but both the second and third drafts insert a negative: "...showed no traces of the disfigurement of drink"; and "his face showed no traces of drink."

In the final version of the story, the longest and most complex of the three, Elizabeth feels utterly isolated from her husband. She realizes the moral wrongness of her battle against him. She understands that she had never truly known him and that their separation, both in this world and the next, was and is eternal. Lawrence does not present Elizabeth's
love for her husband but her recognition of the chasm that existed between them as husband and wife. The final version therefore presents not the mother love and grief of the first ending, nor the blend of maternal love and triumph in an idealization of her dead husband of the second, but anguish, hopelessness, fear of death and shame.

Now he was dead, she knew how eternally he was apart from her, how eternally he had nothing more to do with her. She saw this episode of her life closed. They had denied each other in life. Now he had withdrawn. An anguish came over her. It was finished then; it had become hopeless between them long before he died.

She was almost ashamed to handle him; what right had she or any one to lay hands on him; but her touch was humble on his body. It was hard work to clothe him. He was so heavy and inert. A terrible dread gripped her all the while; that he could be so heavy and utterly inert, unresponsive, apart. The horror of the distance between them was almost too much for her – it was so infinite a gap she must look across.

III pp. 223-224

Lawrence's changing conception of Elizabeth's feelings as she lays out the body of her husband is paralleled by a subtle change in his view of the relationship between her and old Mrs Bates. There is friction between them in all the drafts but it is strongest and most explicit in the first version, where it is indicated as soon as Mrs Bates arrives with news of the pit accident and delays her message as long as she can.

She knew it was aggravating, but then - her daughter-in-law had nettled her; and she could not rise too abruptly out of the luxurious bed of her grief.

I p. 34

The same grief—that of mother love—is felt by both women for Walter Bates and therefore the rivalry between them is intense.

When they rose and looked at him lying naked in the beauty of death, the women experienced suddenly the same feeling; that of motherhood, mixed with some primeval awe. But the pitiful mother-feeling prevailed. Elizabeth knelt down and put her arms round him, and laid her cheek
on his breast. His mother had his face between her hands again, and was murmuring and sobbing. Elizabeth touched him and kissed him with her cheek and her lips. Then suddenly she felt jealous that the old woman had his face.

I p. 42

Although there is a difference in their reactions to the body as they wash it, Lawrence leaves the different undefined in this version.

Sometimes they forgot it was death, and the touch of the man's body gave them strange thrills, different in each of the women; secret thrills that made them turn one from the other, and left them with a keen sadness.

I p. 43

The claim of motherhood proves the stronger - "But he wasn't your son, Lizzie- an' it makes a difference" - and the victory is old Mrs. Bates'.

'I'm my lad again now, Lizzie.'

I p. 43

In the second version, however, the subtle victory is the wife's. There is still an undercurrent of jealousy between the rival women and Mrs. Bates cannot resist a triumphant monologue:

"Eh, but he used to have a hearty laugh. I loved to hear it. He's like he was when I had him, Lizzie. The heartiest laugh he had ——"

II p. 431

Lawrence gives greater prominence to Elizabeth's life with Bates by describing and analysing the cause of friction in their marriage. With the emphasis on her married life and Elizabeth's recognition that "the great episode of her life was closed with him" the balance tips in her favour and the old mother recedes into the background.

The old mother was hushed in awe. She, the elder, less honourable woman, had said: "She drives him to it, she makes him ten thousand times worse." But how the old mother bowed down in respect for the wife. As the passion of Elizabeth's grief grew more, the old woman shrank and tried to avoid it.

II p. 433
The final draft minimizes the jealousy between the two women and leaves out most of the friction between them, although the old woman loses none of her rather tiresome, querulous character. The emotions felt by the women are different and the difference is made explicit.

They never forgot it was death, and the touch of the man's dead body gave them strange emotions, different in each of the women; a great dread possessed them both; the mother felt the lie was given to her womb, she was denied; the wife felt the utter isolation of the human soul, the child within her was a weight apart from her.

III pp. 221-222

The mother's formerly unalloyed rapture and maternal love now contain some elements of the terror which possesses Elizabeth.

"Bless him," whispered his mother, looking always at his face, "he looks as if he was just waking up. He's smiling a bit, bless him. Look, he's smiling a bit, just in his old way —" She spoke in a faint, sibilant rapture.

I p. 43

"Bless him," whispered his mother, looking always at his face, "he looks as if he was just waking up. Dear lad — bless him!" She spoke in a faint, sibilant rapture.

II p. 431

'Bless him,' whispered his mother, looking always at his face, and speaking out of sheer terror. 'Dear lad — bless him!' She spoke in a faint, sibilant ecstasy of fear and mother love.

III p. 222

The mother-in-law's claim to her son is diminished until only a hint remains: "He had the heartiest laugh, Lizzie, as a lad —". The concluding pages eliminate Mrs Bates altogether and deal solely with Elizabeth's anguish and horror.

The change between these versions is not only thematic but stylistic. Lawrence's conception of the way in which Elizabeth would be affected by her husband's death alters. As he imagines her reactions more complex, he presents them more explicitly and his change in style in these versions
is based on the wish to convey Elizabeth's emotional turmoil with greater precision in each succeeding draft. The way in which Lawrence uses language to transmit the inchoate quality of emotion and thought in a situation of stress is nowhere revealed with greater clarity than in these endings. His mastery of prose technique is revealed in his fluent use of various types of speech to convey Elizabeth's mental state to the reader.

In the first version, the least complex of the three endings, Lawrence uses the technique of free indirect speech and free direct speech presenting Elizabeth's love and grief with greater force than would be possible through narrative alone. The second version differs considerably, for Lawrence does not allow his character to express herself, but gives a long narrative analysis of her relationship with her husband. Here, too, Lawrence intrudes with a long didactic passage on the evils of drink. The final version is a mean between the two different techniques used in the earlier versions, that is the free indirect speech dominant in the first and the authorial narrative of the second. Lawrence's use of various speech types here is confident and masterly. The third text exhibits a fluent shifting between the modes of free indirect speech, narrative, and free direct speech, bringing the reader into closer contact with the character through a complex mingling of her thoughts, her emotions as described by the author, and both her thoughts and emotions as they flit, only half-articulate, through her consciousness.

The point at which the three stories radically diverge in their conclusions begins with the sentence "Elizabeth...looked up" on pages 44, 431, and 222 of the three versions respectively. Hitherto, although the texts have differed to some extent, both theme and manner of presentation have been similar. Now Lawrence writes three endings,
different both in theme and style, giving three effects of the husband's death on the wife.

The conclusion to the first version is mainly composed of free indirect speech sentences with some narration. The text is short and is worth quoting in full for the purpose of discussion and analysis. Free indirect speech and free direct speech sentences are underlined.

(1) Elizabeth, who had sobbed herself weary, looked up. (2) Then she put her arms round him, and kissed him again on the smooth ripples below the breasts, and held him to her. (3) She loved him very much now — so beautiful, and gentle, and helpless. (4) He must have suffered! (5) What must he have suffered! (6) Her tears started hot again. (7) Ah, she was so sorry, sorrier than she could ever tell. (8) She was sorry for him, that he had suffered so, and got lost in the dark places of death. (9) But the poignancy of her grief was that she loved him again — ah, so much! (10) She did not want him to wake up, she did not want him to speak. (11) She had him again, now, and it was death which had brought him. (12) She kissed him, so that she might kiss Death which had taken the ugly things from him. (13) Think how he might have come home — not white and beautiful, gently smiling... Ugly, befouled, with hateful words on an evil breath, reeking with disgust. (14) She loved him so much now; her life was mended again, and her faith looked up with a smile; he had come home to her, beautiful. (15) How she had loathed him! (16) It was strange he could have been such as he had been. (17) How wise of death to be so silent! (18) If he spoke, even now, her anger and her scorn would lift their heads like fire. (19) He would not speak — no, just gently smile, with wide eyes. (20) She was sorry to have to disturb him to put on his shirt — but she must, he could not lie like that. (21) The shirt was aired by now. (22) But it would be cruel hard work to get him into it. (23) He was so heavy, and helpless, more helpless than a baby, poor dear! — and so beautiful.

Free indirect speech, as defined earlier, is often initiated by an interrogative, an imperative, or an emphatic phrase, and is characterized by repetition of the same or similar lexical items, colloquialisms and slang terms, and syntax suggesting the rhythm of speech. It differs from free direct speech, the character’s direct thoughts or internal monologue, by being in the past tense and not using the first person. The opening
sentences of this passage are the author's narrative description of Elizabeth's physical attitude at that moment and the sudden rush of love for her husband which overwhelms her. However, the emphatic sentences 4 and 5 which follow are certainly meant to be read as Elizabeth's thoughts about her husband's death. The emphasis and repetition, with only minor syntactic alteration, of "must have suffered" point to free indirect speech or free direct speech. Since Lawrence rarely sets off his character's internal monologue with quotation marks and since the usual markers of person and tense are not clearly present here (the subject being about a third person's state in the past), it is uncertain whether Elizabeth's thought is being presented directly or indirectly. It is clear, however, that the sentences are Elizabeth's, irrespective of which label is applied to them. Sentence 6 is narrative since it is a description of an outward manifestation of Elizabeth's grief. Sentence 7 is possibly free indirect speech since it contains the lexical repetition "so sorry, sorrier" but "sorrier than she could ever tell" is authorial analysis of her feelings and the sentence is best read as a description of Elizabeth's emotions rather than her own expression of them, especially since the next sentence (8) uses the same word "sorry" and is narrative. The repetition of sentence 10, however, indicates free indirect speech. With sentence 12 Lawrence explains the reason for Elizabeth's embracing her husband: "She kissed him, so that she might kiss Death which had taken the ugly things from him." Lawrence wishes to convey her unconscious recognition that death had removed all ugliness from her husband and restored to her the pure young lover of her early marriage. He then presents Elizabeth's own thoughts in the free direct speech of sentence 13: "Think how he might have come home - not white and beautiful, gently smiling..." Lawrence initiated the subject of Death's
removal of "ugly things" from the miner, permitting the character's own thoughts to continue the theme.

This interpretation of sentences 7 to 13 is based on the premise discussed earlier that when the mode of free indirect speech is dropped this usually indicates a change in the character's train of thought, a discontinuity in his reflections. The connection is purely one of semantic association, for when new material or a variation of the previous thought is introduced by narrative there may be a return to free indirect speech. Thus, after presenting Elizabeth's reflections on how her husband might have returned to her, Lawrence narrates Elizabeth's love for him and states that the miner's physical beauty has both mended her faith and erased her hatred of the man he had been. Having stressed her love for him "now" and that he "had come home to her beautiful," Lawrence allows her to recall her former loathing for the husband in the following free indirect speech sentences, 15, 16, and 17.

Sentence 18 is ambiguous and may be either narrative or free indirect speech. Since the train of thought is unbroken (the previous sentence praises the silence of death) and the following sentences are free indirect speech and continue this theme, sentence 18 may also be considered a free indirect speech sentence. On the other hand the unidiomatic quality of "would lift their heads like fire" brands the sentence as Lawrence's narrative. Either view is supportable and the ambiguity is not undesirable. The borderline between free indirect speech and narrative is often temposus, but the effect of the sentence in transmitting Elizabeth's thoughts is undiminished regardless which label one applies to it. The sentence describes an impossibility and introduces a new topic for Elizabeth's thoughts, in this case a denial of its being a possibility.
Sentences 19 to 23 are all the wife's thoughts and are free indirect speech. The fragmentary phrases and incomplete sentences suggest the process of thought rather than of formal narration. Commas indicate pauses in the syntax which suggest the natural rhythm of speech. The hyphens connecting sentences with phrases which are semantic continuations suggest the associative process of stream of consciousness. These final sentences, a mimesis of Elizabeth's thoughts, are written with delicacy and insight. In mixing free indirect speech with his narrative, Lawrence places the reader in closer contact with the character's reflections than narrative alone could achieve. Simultaneously he preserves some privacy around the grief-stricken mind, an effect which would not result were the paragraph a first person monologue:

How I have loathed him! It is strange he could have been such as he was. How wise of death to be so silent! If he speaks, even now, my anger and my scorn will lift their heads like fire. He will not speak - no, just gently smile, with wide eyes. I am sorry to have to disturb him to put on his shirt - but I must, he can not lie like that. The shirt is aired by now. But it will be cruel hard work to get him into it. He is so heavy, and helpless, more helpless than a baby, poor dear! - and so beautiful.

The use of the first person is too intrusive and blunt, too intimate, and is out of keeping with the woman of reserve and dignity we feel Elizabeth Bates to be. Free indirect speech is the ideal mean between plain narrative commentary and free direct speech, and reveals a tact and delicacy remarkable so early in Lawrence's writing career.

The second ending to "Odour of Chrysanthemums" is three times the length of the first, yet contains fewer lines about Elizabeth's feelings. Lawrence replaces the free indirect speech of his character with a passage of some forty lines describing the miner's youthful person which
the wife had loved, but which drink had coarsened over the years. Lawrence delivers an intrusive homily on the evils of the public house in a speech which destroys what might have been a successful piece of objective narrative by forcing the author's beliefs on the reader, thinly disguised in the description of the collier's moral degeneration.

Life with its smoky burning had gone from him, had left a purity and a candour like an adolescent's moulded upon his reverie. His intrinsic beauty was evident now. She had not been mistaken in him, as often she had bitterly confessed to herself she was. The beauty of his youth, of his eighteen years, of the time when life had settled on him, as in adolescence it settles on youth, bringing a mission to fulfil and equipment therefor, this beauty shone almost unstained again. It was this adolescent "he", the young man looking round to see which way, that Elizabeth had loved. He had come from the discipleship of youth, through the Pentecost of adolescence, pledged to keep with honour his own individuality, to be steadily and unquenchably himself, electing his own measures and serving them till the wages were won. He betrayed himself in his search for amusement. Let Education teach us to amuse ourselves, necessity will train us to work. Once out of the pit, there was nothing to interest this man. He sought the public-house, where, by paying the price of his own integrity, he found amusement; destroying the clamours for activity, because he knew not what form the activities might take. The miner turned miscreant to himself, easing the ache of dissatisfaction by destroying the part of him which ached. Little by little the recreant maimed and destroyed himself.

Lawrence is over-anxious that the reading public should not miss the moral in the story's tragedy. The ending is the worse for the author's intrusion, for there is too great a contrast between the picture of what has passed through Elizabeth's mind and that which the author sees for himself.

When one has lived into the experience of someone in the story and received the full sense of it, to be wrenched out of the story and stationed at a distance is a shock that needs to be softened and

16. Austin Harrison, editor of the English Review at this time, may have prompted Lawrence to make the moral more explicit.
muffled in some fashion. Otherwise it may weaken whatever was true and valid in the experience; for here is a new view of it, external and detached, and another mind at work, the author's - and that sense of having shared the life of the person in the story seems suddenly unreal. 17

The Biblical similes and the comparison of the collier to a pure young knight are unconvincing. The concluding summary of the conflict between husband and wife, centering on the husband's degeneration, might have been successfully developed had Lawrence avoided the temptation to idealize and exalt the struggle. 18

It was this recreant his wife had hated so bitterly, had fought against so strenuously. She had strove, all the years of his falling off, had strove with all her force to save the man she had known new-bucklered with beauty and strength. In a wild and bloody passion she fought the recreant. Now this lay killed, the clean young knight was brought home to her. Elizabeth bowed her head upon the body and wept.

She put her arms round him, kissed the smooth ripples below his breasts, bowed her forehead on him in submission. Faithful to her deeper sense of honour, she uttered no word of sorrow in her heart. Upright in soul are women, however they bow the swerving body. She owned the beauty of the blow.

II p. 432

Lawrence develops the metaphor of the recreant in the miner but the idealization of Bates as a knight and the exaggeration of Elizabeth's "wild and bloody passion" ring false. The authorial voice intrudes painfully in the smug sweeping judgment "Upright in soul are women, however they bow the swerving body." One feels that the character of


18. As, indeed, Lawrence did develop it in *Sons and Lovers*. "There began a battle between the husband and wife - a fearful, bloody battle that ended only with the death of one. She fought to make him undertake his own responsibilities, to make him fulfil his obligations. But he was too different from her. His nature was purely sensuous, and she strove to make him moral, religious. She tried to force him to face things. He could not endure it - it drove him out of his mind." p. 14.
Elizabeth is not one which will tamely "own the beauty of the blow". The passage, with its strained comparisons and metaphors is thoroughly bad writing. Moreover it is contradictory. Consider the illogic of the phrase "She uttered no word of sorrow in her heart" followed immediately by a contradiction in the next paragraph "And all the while her heart was bursting with grief and pity for him."

Once he has delivered himself of the homily, Lawrence briefly returns to the more successful mode of using free indirect speech and Elizabeth's thoughts.

(1) And all the while her heart was bursting with grief and pity for him. (2) What had he suffered? (3) What stretch of horror for this helpless man! (4) She wept herself almost in agony. (5) She had not been able to help him. (6) Never again would she be able to help him. (7) It was grief unutterable to think that all was over between them. (8) Even if it were a case of meeting in the next world, he would not need her there; it would be different. (8) She saw the great episode of her life closed with him, and grief was a passion.

In this passage sentences 2 and 3 are free indirect speech, similar to those in the early version. Sentence 4 is narrative, describing Elizabeth's actions. However, sentences 5, 6, 7, and 8 are problematic. Since Lawrence has mentioned the wife's agony in the previous sentence 4, it is possible to read these sentences as free indirect speech, confirming through Elizabeth's thoughts what the author has stated. The repetitive quality of these sentences and their semantic similarity, especially sentences 5 and 6, and the two parts of sentence 8, suggest the process of thought, and the despairing nature of that thought is indicated by the repeated negatives "not" (5), "never" (6), "not" (8). If the sentences are free indirect speech, however, they are less idiomatic and convincing than comparable ones in the first-draft of the story. The uncertainty whether
The remaining twenty-four lines are narrative interspersed with a few lines of dialogue between Elizabeth and Mrs. Bates. The narrative has a distancing effect on the reader, partly caused by the use of nouns and adjectives which reflect the author's judgment, instead of the pronoun "she" used almost exclusively in the conclusion of the early draft. Here value judgments are made or implied: "the old mother"; "the elder, less honourable woman;" "the wife".

The final paragraphs are entirely narrative in contrast to the free indirect speech of the last paragraph in the previous version. The opening sentence of the last passage again presents the omniscient author.

(1) Yet more joy was mixed in her emotion than she knew. (2) He might have come home ugly, befouled, so that she would have had a loathly, strange creature to combat. (3) Ah! how she had fought that him, the disfigured coward, which gradually replaced her man! (4) How wise of death to be so silent! (5) Even now her fear could not trust him to speak. (6) Yet he was restored to her fair, unblemished, fresh as for the splendour of a fight.

II p. 433

The paragraph is an authorial commentary stating what in the first version was presented through the character's thoughts. There is a striking contrast between the second sentence and its parallel in the early version. The one is Lawrence's comment and the other is a direct thought from Elizabeth.

(13) Think how he might have come home - not white and beautiful, gently smiling .... Ugly, befouled, with hateful words on an evil breath, reeking with disgust.

I p. 44

The identical sentence "How wise of death to be so silent!" in both
versions, undeniably free indirect speech in the first but narrative in the second, illustrates the subtle difference in viewpoint between the two endings. The factors which determine whether a sentence is free indirect speech or not depend not only on the linguistic characteristics of that sentence, that is its syntax and lexis, but also on its semantic associations with the co-text and its position in that text. In this version the speech type of the concluding paragraphs is almost entirely narrative and the voice is the omniscient author's. There is little to suggest that any of the sentences in the last paragraph are free indirect speech rather than narrative.

In re-writing the conclusion to "Odour of Chrysanthemums" for the *English Review* Lawrence sacrificed free indirect speech and the sense of close contact that it gives with the character's mind for ability to express an authorial point of view through omniscient narration. His moralizing attempt to underline the reasons or, as he put it, to "establish cause and effect," for the tragedy in the second conclusion destroys the artistic consistency of tone that hitherto had unified the tale. Lawrence must have realised the disunity of his second ending for he avoids the preaching tone in the final version of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" and replaces it with a complex analysis of the tragedy communicated through Elizabeth's thoughts and through description of her emotions.

The laying out of the miner's body is described in the same way in the early versions but Elizabeth's reaction is different. She feels "countermanded" and, unable to accept this, lays "her land on him, in claim". Her efforts to achieve some sort of connection with her husband are fruitless: "She was driven away. He was impregnable." Fear and a sense of isolation possess her as she washes the body. She attempts to
embrace him but whereas in the earlier versions she holds him to herself, her own, in the third ending the fact of death drives her away. "He was dead and her living flesh had no place against his."

The concluding paragraphs, beginning with "Elizabeth looked up" are an intense and complex portrayal of the wife's growing understanding of the meaning of death and the fact of her husband's complete isolation from herself. Devoid of life, the miner appears to her a different being and she realizes that she had never truly known him even in life but had fought against an illusion,"a husband who did not exist". This dawning comprehension, initiated by horror at the manner of her husband's death and by fear of death itself, is conveyed through a complex of stylistic techniques which Lawrence did not employ in the earlier versions. In going deeply into Elizabeth's reactions Lawrence has had to depict the workings of a mind under emotional stress. Elizabeth's gradual recognition of her relationship with her husband is not achieved through a crisp, logical progression from idea to idea but through a fluctuating process of examination and re-examination, question and answer, repeated idea and phrase. The lexical, syntactic, and semantic repetition is Lawrence's attempt to convey the chaotic quality of thought when a mind is under severe emotional stress. In order to transmit the impression of such a mind Lawrence as author has had to recede and use narration primarily to record the character's emotions, minimizing description of action and scene.

Lawrence's narrative style therefore employs new features, the most striking being a persistent use of verbs of "knowing", "feeling", and "seeing" in the sense of "understanding". The concluding paragraph of the first version contains none of these verbs while the second version
has only two. In the third version, however, verbs of this class "she knew", "she saw", "she felt", occur fourteen times and their repetition brings the reader into close contact with the character. With the help of these verbs the author is able to record a very inward process of the character's. The rhythmic and flowing quality of Lawrence's prose is increased by the use of a large number of connectives at the beginning of sentences. "And", "For", "Whereas", "But", link the sentences they begin with the previous ones and provide a flowing continuity. The effect of these techniques is to create a sense of intimacy with the character's mental and emotional state which makes the transitions to free direct and free indirect speech, the character's own thoughts, perfectly natural. The author's presence is diminished and the narrative is used to help present Elizabeth's progress in self-knowledge and understanding, not to comment on it.

(1) Elizabeth looked up. (2) The man's mouth was fallen back, slightly open under the cover of the moustache. (3) The eyes, half shut, did not show glazed in the obscurity. (4) Life with its smoky burning gone from him, had left him apart and utterly alien to her. (5) And she knew what a stranger he was to her. (6) In her womb was ice of fear because of this separate stranger with whom she had been living as one flesh. (7) Was this what it all meant — utter, intact separateness, obscured by heat of living? (8) In dread she turned her face away. (9) The face was too deadly. (10) There had been nothing between them, and yet they had come together, exchanging their nakedness repeatedly. (11) Each time he had taken her, they had been two isolated beings, far apart as now. (12) He was no more responsible than she. (13) The child was like ice in her womb. (14) For as she looked at the dead man, her mind, cold and detached, said clearly: (15) Who am I? (16) What have I been doing? (17) I have been fighting a husband who did not exist. (18) He existed all the time. (19) What wrong have I done? (20) What was that I have been living with? (21) There lies the reality, this man. (22) And her soul died in her for fear: she knew she had never seen him, he had never seen her, they had met in the dark and had fought in the dark, not knowing whom they met nor whom they fought. (23) And now she saw, and turned silent in seeing. (24) For she had been wrong. (25) She had said he was something he was not; she had felt familiar with him. (26) Whereas he was apart all the while, living as she never lived, feeling as she never felt. III pp. 222-223
Although the opening narrative sentences of this passage are identical with those in the second "Odour of Chrysanthemums", Lawrence's style changes with sentence 4 to become the intimate one distinctive of this final version. Lawrence's initial statement, in sentences 4 and 5, of the theme of isolation and its subsequent variation and development through lexical and syntactic repetition gives his prose almost the quality of musical organisation. The motif of separateness and fear develops through subtle variation and repetition: "apart", "utterly alien", "stranger", separate stranger", "utter intact separateness", "isolated beings", "far apart", "nothing between them", "dead", "deadly". This theme, established in the sentences beginning the paragraph, links Lawrence's narration with the free indirect speech of sentence 7 (marked as this speech type by the interrogative) which continues the theme. Moreover the balanced contrasts of cold and heat, death and life, occur in both sentence types and serve to bind narration and character's thoughts. Thus the "ice of fear" — Elizabeth's feeling of isolation from her husband in death — in narrative sentence 6 is linked to her realisation in free indirect speech sentence 7 that "utter intact separateness" had always existed between her and her husband but had been concealed by life, by the "heat of living". The linking of lexical items across sentences is continuous throughout. Narrative sentences 8 and 9 are bound together by "her face" and "the face" of her husband. The impersonality of death is stressed in using the article "the" as against the personal "her" of the living woman. These sentences are further joined by an understood conjunction: "In dread she turned her face away (because) the face was too deadly".

Sentences 10, 11, and 12 continue the theme of isolation, repeating
Elizabeth's realisation that she and her husband were always "two isolated beings" "far apart as now", as far apart as life and death. Sentence 13 reiterates her coldness and fear: "The child was like ice in her womb" (13), presenting her physical feeling after her mental one. The description and linking of physical and mental states gives the reader the impression of simultaneously apprehending all Elizabeth's reactions. We understand the situation both as it is experienced and understood by Elizabeth and as it is appreciated by Lawrence. Thus sentence 14 is joined to 13 not only by the introductory "For" but also by the association of "ice" in her womb" and her "mind, cold and detached". This recalls the previous juxtaposing of mental and physical knowledge in sentences 5 and 6: "And she knew what a stranger he was to her" linked with the "ice of fear in her womb because of this separate stranger".

The narrative of these sentences leads to the first person interior monologue of sentences 15 to 21, indicated by quotation marks, which introduces yet another means of increasing the vivid intimacy of our apprehension of Elizabeth's emotional experience. The monologue confirms that Elizabeth Bates is capable of formulating the abstract and complex thoughts which were previously described as hers in the narrative and which will later appear in some free indirect speech sentences. As she articulates her thoughts and feelings she realizes the wrong she has done her husband in not recognizing his individuality, his intrinsic otherness. The free direct speech sentences are connected by the question of individual reality and existence. The accumulation of questions, the repetition of "Who", "What", "What", "What", is resolved in the last sentence (21) of her monologue where she recognizes reality in the form of
"this man" before her. Not her man or her husband, but the simple demonstrative "this" and the impersonal "man", emphasizing the total lack of any significant connection between them.

Lawrence returns to narration at the connective "And" of sentence 22. The appearance of effortless, almost naive simplicity of sentences 22 to 24 conceals a daring virtuosity, an acute awareness of grammar and punctuation and a considerable divergence from their conventional usage. The uniqueness of these sentences is that they continue the easy flow of Elizabeth's emotions in language as connected with her character as that of the passage set off by quotation marks. They simultaneously re-introduce the author and his view of the situation and both author and character become fused in reflection so that the distinction between them collapses. Lawrence is Elizabeth and Elizabeth is Lawrence (and it is this capacity for identification with his characters, particularly women, that is one of the most striking qualities of his fiction). To read these sentences is like looking at a piece of shot silk. They shimmer before the eyes. If we look at them one way, we see Elizabeth's consciousness and her emotions but a slight alteration of the angle of vision produces Lawrence's awareness of and identification with them and sometimes also his comment on them. The effect is achieved by several means which we will examine.

The initial "And" of sentence 22 brings the reader back to narration. "And her soul died in her for fear": The function of the colon, where a full stop would be more orthodox, is to project the author's voice into the second part of the sentence which approaches the mode of free indirect speech: "she knew she had never seen him, he had never seen her, they had
met in the dark and had fought in the dark, not knowing whom they met nor whom they fought." This is, of course, narrative. What did she know? "She knew she had never seen him...etc." The single unit composing Lawrence's sentence 22 is actually several sentences, with the verb of knowing and the conjunction "and" deleted.

And her soul died in her for fear. She knew she had never seen him (and she knew) he had never seen her. (She knew) they had met in the dark and had fought in the dark, not knowing whom they met nor whom they fought.

The deletion of the verb of knowing and the accumulation of similar phrases increasingly produces the quality of free indirect speech as we read on. This is Elizabeth's consciousness and the fact that this is not her speaking to us but Lawrence telling us what she knew is nearly forgotten by the end, but not quite. Lawrence's voice is heard in the repetitive, semantically similar verbs of knowing in sentences 22 to 26: "She knew", "she had never seen him", "he had never seen her", "not knowing", "now she saw", "turned silent in seeing", "she had felt". The insistent repetition of these verbs coupled with the presence of a great many negatives - "never", "never", "not", "nor", "not", "never", "never" - combine to create an aura of futility, emptiness, and negation.

The flowing, rhythmic nature of the sentences is based on repetition of phrase and word and on the use of initial conjunctions "And", "And", "For", "Whereas", (sentences 22, 23, 24, 26). The balanced repetitiveness of sentence 22 for example - "she had never seen," "he had never seen", "they had met in the dark", "had fought in the dark", "whom they met", "whom they fought" - creates a rhythm in itself but this rhythm is also extended over the whole passage by an idiosyncratic use of grammar and
punctuation. The "And" beginning sentence 23 would surely normally be preceded by a comma and similarly the "For" at the beginning of sentence 24. These are sentence fragments, bound to each other semantically. The punctuation does not divide this unit grammatically or according to sense, for the sense of 22, 23, and 24 is continuous, but it is used to create a rhythm and to blur the distinction between narrative and free indirect speech. The long straggling quality of 22 contrasts with the simplicity of 23, and the effect of the five curt words of 24 after this is startling. The passage is a carefully structured progression from reflection (22) to the bleakness of recognition (24). These are Elizabeth's thoughts but by treading the borderline between narrative and free indirect speech Lawrence has left his own impression on them. Sentence 24 conveys as much his awareness of futility as Elizabeth's, for he has been with her on her emotional pilgrimage. He has left his impression in the simplicity of the vocabulary and the strong, insistent quality of the rhythm. A similar progression and rhythm occur in sentences 25 and 26. The prose of this entire passage has an authority that Elizabeth's own thoughts unaided could never have had. It is the authority and strength of epic or Homeric narrative or of the language of the English Old Testament (which was never far below the surface of Lawrence's mind).

The motif of fear and alienation and Elizabeth's growing awareness of her isolation continue in the next paragraph, which is virtually a semantic repetition of this one.

(1) In fear and shame she looked at his naked body that she had known falsely. (2) And he was the father of her children. (3) Her soul was torn from her body and stood apart. (4) She looked at his naked body and was ashamed, as if she had denied it. (5) After all, it was itself. (6) It seemed awful to her.
In the initial narrative sentence Lawrence recalls the physical setting - Elizabeth looking down on her husband's body - and recapitulates her sense of fear and sexual falsity. It is again an almost musical device in which an allusion to the main theme leads to further development of it. This theme and variation technique is one of the most original features of Lawrence's prose writing. Both narrative and free indirect speech intimately describe and transmit emotions and thoughts, and the transitions between the two modes are scarcely perceptible. Narrative becomes free indirect speech, free indirect speech becomes narrative, both develop and amplify the main theme of fear and isolation. The statement of sentence 1 is followed by a scarcely noticeable transition, aided by the initial conjunction "And", to free indirect speech, the fleeting thought that passes through Elizabeth's mind as she looks at her husband. The startling language of sentence 3 shows the original quality of Lawrence's narrative, here an attempt to describe an almost inaccessible inner experience through narration "Her soul was torn from her body and stood apart". The theme of fear and shame is repeated in sentence 4: "She looked at his naked body and was ashamed,". Just as a free indirect thought followed the narrative statement of fear and shame in sentence 1, so this semantically parallel sentence is followed by the free indirect speech sentence 5, Elizabeth's recognition of the self-sufficiency of her husband's body in death. The narrative of sentence 6 sums up Elizabeth's feelings.
The sentences which form the rest of the paragraph interweave descriptions of Elizabeth's outward actions and the motivations for these actions. The passage is so closely concerned with Elizabeth that the narrative takes on the stamp of her character and can neither be formally described as narration nor as free indirect speech—it is both and possesses the qualities and advantages of both. The sentences describe Elizabeth's feelings and thoughts so intimately that they seem to emanate directly from her, yet in such a situation of stress Elizabeth could not formally articulate her feelings as Lawrence does. "How does one think when one is thinking passionately and with suffering? Not in words at all but in strange surges and cross-currents of emotions which are only half-rendered by words."

Lawrence's narrative is his expression of the "cross-currents" of Elizabeth's emotions and what would be her thoughts if she could articulate her emotions. His narrative suggests the incoherent state of her mind through the repetitive techniques already mentioned. Thus Elizabeth's recognition of the opposition of life and death in sentences 7 and 8 is conveyed through repetition of lexical items and syntactic constructions: "his face" (in death) and "her face" (in life); "his way" (death) and "her way" (life). The verb "look" in sentence 7 whose subject is the living Elizabeth is repeated as a noun in sentence 8, the dead man's look. These lines also recall the sentences in the first paragraph of this ending: "In dread she turned her face away. The face was too deadly." Not it is "his face" rather than "the face".

Lawrence conveys both the impersonality of the miner in death and a sense of the living, individual man he had been.

As in the earlier passages the narrative sentences have a subtle rhythm which is created through a system of balanced phrases and semantic and lexical repetition as well as through the use of conjunction to begin sentences. "She looked" and "she turned" (7); "his look" and "hers" (8); "his way" and "her way" (8); "She had denied him what he was "(9) and "She had refused him as himself" (10), (again the device of mixing impersonality, "what he was", with individuality, "him as himself"); "And this had been her life and (this had been) his life" (11); "She was" (12) and "She knew she was" (13); "to death" (12) and "not dead" (13).

The technique again results in that air of authority reminiscent of Biblical narrative, which is frequently referred to in this thesis.

Having worked out the theme and variations of Elizabeth's musing, Lawrence introduces a new motif, her grief, and interweaves this theme with the others.

(1) And all the while her heart was bursting with grief and pity for him. (2) What had he suffered? (3) What stretch of horror for this helpless man! (4) She was rigid with agony. (5) She had not been able to help him. (6) He had been cruelly injured, this naked man, this other being, and she could make no reparation. (7) There were the children - but the children belonged to life. (8) This dead man had nothing to do with them. (9) He and she were only channels through which life had flowed to issue in the children. (10) She was a mother - but how awful she knew it now to have been a wife. (11) And he, dead now, how awful he must have felt it to be a husband. (12) She felt that in the next world he would be a stranger to her. (13) If they met there, in the beyond, they would only be ashamed of what had been before. (14) The children had come, for some mysterious reason, out of both of them. (15) But the children did not unite them. (16) Now he was dead, she knew how eternally he was apart from her, how eternally he had nothing more to do with her. (17) She saw this episode of her life closed. (18) They had denied each other in life. (19) Now he had withdrawn. (20) An anguish came over her. (21) It was finished then; it had become hopeless between them long before he died.
Yet he had been her husband. But how little!
III pp. 223-224

The power and originality of this paragraph, lies in the organic, growing nature of its prose. Grief and pity, and the realisation of her husband's separateness from herself are the motifs taken up and worked out in all their variations in Elizabeth's mind as she muses over her husband's body. The growing quality is semantic - thought breeds thought. Imagination of the miner's suffering leads to the natural idea of reparation to the dead by bearing children in their image:

"And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence /Save breed to brave him, when he takes thee hence." 20 But children are themselves intrinsically other and belong to life, and the primary relationship is still that of husband and wife. 21 With this realisation Elizabeth returns to the knowledge of her hollow and meaningless life with her husband. The paragraph is musical in construction: they key is the minor one of grief and pity, the theme and its variations are Elizabeth's growing understanding of her relationship with her husband.

Lawrence continues to follow the pattern of stating his character's feelings and then moving into a free indirect speech development of these feelings through the character's thoughts. After the statement of


21. This belief foreshadows Lawrence's later statement:

"The great relationship, for humanity, will always be the relation between man and woman. The relation between man and man, woman and woman, parent and child, will always be subsidiary. And the relation between man and woman will change for ever, and will for ever be the new central clue to human life. It is the relation itself which is the quick and the central clue to life, not the man, nor the woman, nor the children that result from the relationship, as a contingency."

Elizabeth's grief and pity in sentence 1 come the thoughts (sentences 2 and 3) which created this pity. Sentences 4 "She was rigid with agony" is followed by several free indirect speech sentences (5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11) explaining the specific, immediate causes of her agony. The summarizing sentence 20 "An anguish came over her" is followed by the thoughts (sentences 21, 22, and 23) which prompted this anguish.

Lawrence's method of presenting Elizabeth's emotions through both narrative and the thoughts passing through her consciousness which stimulate these emotions thus creates a complex apprehension of her grief-stricken mind.

The linking of narrative and free indirect speech sentences by conjunction, syntactic patterns, and semantic association gives the prose a fluid quality where speech type merges into speech type. Both narrative and free indirect speech are concerned with the workings of Elizabeth's mind. The stream of thought is made contiguous by semantic association rather than by the use of any formal linguistic devices, yet there are linguistic features which mark some sentences as free indirect speech. The interrogative and emphasis of sentences 2 and 3 proclaim them to be Elizabeth's thoughts. Sentences 3, 6 and 8 use the demonstrative "this" which is a feature of Elizabeth's speech (cf. her internal monologue): "this helpless man", "this naked man", "this other being", "this dead man".

When, however, the sentences are Lawrence's narrative the article "the" is nearly always used, as in "the man's mouth", "the dead man", "the face". Only sentence 10 is problematic. It changes from free indirect speech in the phrase "She was a mother" to narrative marked by a verb of knowing: "-but how awful she knew it now to have been a wife." The division into narrative and free indirect speech is here indistinct, the sentence may be all one or the other or both. It is a mark of the
pliability of Lawrence's writing that the speech types of narrative and free indirect can merge so unobtrusively in a single sentence.

Rhythmically and lexically the sentence then joins with the free indirect speech of sentence 11. The narrative phrase "how awful she" (10) is paralleled by "how awful he" (11); both sentences contain an emphatic "now"; "to have been a wife" (10) and "to be a husband" (11) are parallel; and the cataloguing of "a mother" (free indirect speech, 10), "a wife" (narrative 10), and "a husband" (free indirect speech 11), provides a subtle link between the narrative and free indirect sections and further diminishes the distinction between these speech types. The rhythmical building up of phrases which recall earlier phrases either through their lexis or syntax contributes to the blurring of speech categories. It is through such methods that Lawrence's narration transcends the formal distinctions between narrative and speech, merging them into one shimmering awareness of the character, and it is this technique that constitutes a major aspect of the greatness of his prose.

With the return of the principle motif of isolation in sentence 12, Lawrence moves into a narrative variation and recapitulation of Elizabeth's previous free indirect musings, employing verbs of knowing and feeling to retain a sense of intimacy with the character: "she knew it now" (10), "she felt that" (12), "she knew how" (16), "she saw" (17). The repetitive style used is the one characteristic of Lawrence when he describes the progress of thought in a fraught mind: "She knew how eternally he was apart from her, how eternally he had nothing more to do with her." (16) The rhythm of these narrative sentences with their repetitiveness of theme, syntax and lexis, builds up the passage to Elizabeth's climactic realisation that the great episode of her life is over. She is seized
with anguish (20) and the concluding sentences of the paragraph are the free indirect speech culmination and summary of all her previous musing. They are three incomplete sentences which convey the incoherent nature of her thoughts. Linked by semantic association as well as by "Yet" and "But", the concluding sentences are easily rendered into internal monologue and could not be Lawrence's narrative. They are undoubtedly Elizabeth's final, despairing thoughts.

An anguish came over her. 'It is finished then; It was hopeless between us long before he died. Yet he was my husband. But how little!'

Elizabeth's thoughts are sharply interrupted by Mrs Bates and with her practical question the reader leaves Elizabeth's mind and returns to the physical reality of the parlour and domestic activity.

'Have you got his shirt, 'Elizabeth?'
Elizabeth turned without answering, though she strove to weep and behave as her mother-in-law expected. But she could not, she was silenced. She went into the kitchen and returned with the garment. 'It is aired', she said, grasping the cotton shirt here and there to try. She was almost ashamed to handle him; what right had she or any one to lay hands on him; but her touch was humble on his body. It was hard work to clothe him. He was so heavy and inert. A terrible dread gripped her all the while; that he could be so heavy and utterly inert, unresponsive, apart. The horror of the distance between them was almost too much for her - it was so infinite a gap she must look across.

III p. 224

As Elizabeth clothes her husband's body she experiences a feeling of shame. The sentence follows the familiar pattern of narrative statement of feeling with free indirect speech continuation or explanation. "She was almost ashamed to handle him; what right had she or any one to lay hands on him; but her touch was humble on his body." Lawrence states
that Elizabeth is ashamed; the second part of the sentence is free indirect speech giving the reason; the third section brings the emotion and thought back to physical reality, her touch on the miner's body. In a single sentence Lawrence has drawn together and summarized the three aspects of Elizabeth's reaction to her husband's body: the emotional, mental, and physical.

The paragraph which concludes this version of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" places the tragedy in the perspective of everyday life. The impact of the miner's death is finished when Elizabeth leaves the body of her husband - symbolic of both the concept and the actuality of death. By evoking a few details such as the closing of the parlour door, the mention of the children, and the tidying of the kitchen, Lawrence recedes from Elizabeth's inward experiences and returns to physical reality. In the last three sentences he presents Elizabeth's actions and concludes with a final authorial statement of the fear and shame which are her heritage from this phase of her life.

At last it was finished. They covered him with a sheet and left him lying, with his face bound. And she fastened the door of the little parlour, lest the children should see what was lying there. Then, with peace sunk heavy on her heart, she went about making tidy the kitchen. She knew she submitted to life, which was her immediate master. But from death, her ultimate master, she winced with fear and shame.

III, p. 224

The three endings to Odour of Chrysanthemums" reflect different stages in Lawrence's understanding of the tragedy developed in this tale. Lawrence re-wrote the endings because his understanding of the situation had changed and the versions thus reveal a progressively deepening insight into the psychological complexity of Elizabeth's reaction to
her husband’s death. The brief account of version I is replaced by
the author’s retrospective analysis of the social causes of the tragedy
in II. Version III is the result of a still later and more mature
insight into the experience which, unlike the moralizing of version II,
presents the fruits of Lawrence’s reflection through Elizabeth herself,
through the immediate, dramatic presentation of her thoughts and
sensations. Lawrence wrote:

The novels and poems come unwatched for out of one’s pen.
And then the absolute need one has for some sort of satis-
factory mental attitude towards oneself and things in general
makes one try to abstract some definite conclusions from one’s
experience.22

The three endings reveal Lawrence’s progressive search for these
"definite conclusions from one’s experience", but it is the third
conclusion which, as the discussion above has shown, is the most complex,
complete and artistically integrated.

The "Odour of Chrysanthemums" story, to summarize, underwent a series
of mutations, although the three versions are thematically and
stylistically similar until their respective conclusions. The revisions
reveal that Lawrence’s writing in this period is still highly subject
to the influence of others and that his corrections are thorough and
meticulous. The final ending to the tale, however, differs signifi-
cantly in that Lawrence has grafted onto the earlier story and style a
more profound analysis which includes the notions of each person’s
otherness and of the primary importance of the marriage relationship,
which came increasingly to influence Lawrence after his writing of
Sons and Lovers. Moreover, in its complex blending of the various

22. Fantasia of the Unconscious, Preface.
stylistic techniques discussed in this chapter, the third ending foreshadows the style which Lawrence developed in *The Rainbow*.

Lawrence originally wrote most of The Prussian Officer tales in a style similar to that of *Sons and Lovers*. Of these tales, "The White Stocking", which underwent extensive revision, is of special significance since the last version bears a strong similarity to the later style of *The Rainbow*. The following chapter will discuss the differing styles and thematic alterations between "The White Stocking" versions and the importance of these changes in Lawrence's stylistic development.
The development of Lawrence’s style after the writing and publication of *Sons and Lovers* was rapid. The book marked the end of a stage in Lawrence’s progress as a writer as he himself realised.

The copy of *Sons and Lovers* has just come – I am fearfully proud of it. I reckon it is quite a great book. I shall not write quite in that style any more. It’s the end of my youthful period.*

To this "youthful period" belong all the early versions of *The Prussian Officer* stories (except for "Honour and Arms" and "Vin Ordinaire") and to the next period, the period of experimentation which culminated in *The Rainbow*, belong most of the revised tales in that collection. The direction taken by Lawrence in his writing after *Sons and Lovers* is clearly predicted in a letter to Ernest Collings written on 17th January 1913 (before *The Prussian Officer* revisions, which were done between the summer of 1913 and the summer of 1914).

My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true. The intellect is only a bit and a bridle. What do I care about knowledge. All I want is to answer to my blood, direct, without fribbling intervention of mind, or moral, or what-not. I conceive a man’s body as a kind of flame, like a candle flame, forever upright and yet flowing; and the intellect is just the light that is shed on to the things around. And I am not so much concerned with the things around – which is really mind – but with the mystery of the flame forever flowing, coming God knows how from out of practically nowhere, and being itself, whatever there is around it, that it lights up. We have got so ridiculously mindful, that we never know that we ourselves are anything – we think there are only the objects we shine upon. And there the poor flame goes on burning ignored, to produce this light. And instead of chasing the mystery in the fugitive, half-lighted things

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outside us, we ought to look at ourselves, and say 'My God, I am myself!'...A flame isn't a flame because it lights up two, or twenty objects on a table. It's a flame because it is itself.²

The letter foreshadows Lawrence's well-known statement of a year and a half later when he discusses his ideas of "will" and "ego" and the working out of these concepts in his writing.

Lawrence's style in the experimental drafts of the novels which were to become The Lost Girl and The Rainbow becomes, as he puts it, less "visualised".³

I have done 100 pages of a novel...It is quite different in manner from my other stuff - far less visualised. It is what I can write just now, and write with pleasure, so write it I must, however you may grumble.⁴

...So new, so really a stratum deeper than I think anybody has ever gone, in a novel...It is all analytical - quite unlike Sons and Lovers, not a bit visualised.⁵

The changes in style are intimately related to the change in Lawrence's interest, as he emphasizes in his correspondence with Edward Garnett about the new novel during 1913 and 1914.

I can only write what I feel pretty strongly about; and that, at present, is the relation between men and women.⁶

2. ibid., p. 180
3. Mark Kinkead-Weekes points out in his article "The Marble and the Statue" (pp. 371-418, Imagined Worlds, ed. Gregor) that this passage refers to The Insurrection of Miss Houghton (which became The Lost Girl) although it has often been quoted in connection with The Rainbow. For the purposes of this discussion, however, the importance of the letters lies not in which novel they refer to but that they indicate the new direction of Lawrence's writing and interests.
5. ibid., p. 193 (dated 11 March 1913).
6. ibid., p. 200 (dated 18 April 1913).
It is very different from *Sons and Lovers*: written in another language almost. I shall be sorry if you don't like it, but am prepared. I shan't write in the same manner as *Sons and Lovers* again, I think — in that hard, violent style full of sensation and presentation. You must see what you think of the new style. 7

I have no longer the joy in creating vivid scenes, that I had in *Sons and Lovers*. I don't care much more about accumulating objects in the powerful light of emotion, and making a scene of them. I have to write differently.

...I am going through a transition stage myself... 8

Lawrence's changing interest manifested itself in the search for a way to describe the relationship between men and women in terms other than those of the depiction of mere "characters" (in the sense of the ordinary interaction and motivation of stable egos). He sought to understand and to render in fiction the actual states through which not only the mind but also the body, pass in the conscious and unconscious interplay of emotions, perceptions and thoughts. He succeeded in *The Rainbow*. But several of the stories in *The Prussian Officer* collection, revised during the "transition stage" of his experiments with that novel, display this interest and the altered style through which Lawrence crystallised his understanding of the interactions between men and women.

Some of the revisions, as mentioned earlier, were only slightly modified, whether because of lack of interest or time on Lawrence's part is uncertain, and some such as "Odour of Chrysanthemums" and "The Shadow in the Rose Garden"9 were significantly altered in the new style only in their endings. But several of the tales, particularly "The White Stocking" and "Two Marriages" ("Daughters of the Vicar") were completely

7. ibid., p. 259 (dated 30 December 1913).
8. ibid., p. 263 (dated 29 January 1914).
9. see Appendix A (e).
re-written and the revisions clearly demonstrate the immense development which Lawrence underwent between 1912 and 1914.

An examination of the two versions of "The White Stocking" reveals this progress. The story was originally one of the three Lawrence wrote for the Nottinghamshire Guardian competition in 1907 and, according to his letter to Louie Burrows quoted earlier, was the first of these to be completed. Unfortunately there is no trace of this early manuscript and the only account of it is Jessie Chambers' brief description:

The third story probably formed the basis for The White Stocking. It was an idealized picture of his mother as a young girl going to a ball at the castle and drawing out a long white stocking in mistake for a pocket handkerchief.

Lawrence refers to the story several times in his letters to Louie Burrows. On 23rd January 1910 he writes:

I have re-written the White Stocking.

Lawrence was dissatisfied with this version too for he again re-wrote the tale in the spring of 1911 as he tells Louie Burrows:

I've finished the fourth story - it's the 'White Stocking' written up. Mac says it's fantastic. Really, it's not up to a great deal. But I intended to do four, & four are done. I'll send them as soon as I get the Chrysanthemums from you. Then Austin Harrison can see how he likes 'em.

10. Boulton, Lawrence in Love, p. 6 (see Chapter 1 footnote 42).
13. ibid., p. 98, (dated 12th April 1911). The four stories were: "The White Stocking", "Odour of Chrysanthemums", "A Fragment of Stained Glass", and probably "Second Best".
There is no further mention of the tale until 30th December 1913 when Lawrence tells Edward Garnett that he owes Ezra Pound a commission for having arranged for the publication of two stories for the *Smart Set*; these were "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" (published March 1914) and "The White Stocking" (published October 1914). \(^{14}\) It is probably the 1911 version of "The White Stocking" which is the one published in the *Smart Set*. Lawrence does not mention the tale again by name although it is clear from some of his letters that it must have been among the tales revised between the summer of 1913 and that of 1914 for *The Prussian Officer* collection. \(^{15}\) The two published versions of "The White Stocking" evolved from the early idealised sketch described by Jessie Chambers. The motifs of the white stocking and the Christmas ball are retained, but the subsequent versions have developed into accounts of a crisis in the marriage of a young couple. Both the 1911 and 1914 versions contain the same central characters but the development of the story – and especially

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14. "I owe him something like a sovereign, which the *Smart Set* sent him as commission, for getting them my two stories." C.L. I, p. 259.


It is uncertain when Lawrence actually revised the story for the last time. From the *Collected Letters* it appears that Ezra Pound submitted the early 1911 version for Lawrence to the *Smart Set*, which eventually published it. Lawrence writes on 6th October 1913:

> I have asked Ezra Pound to forward to the *English Review* two stories he had, which were returned from the *Smart Set*. One of them, 'Once', if Harrison dare print it, would go excellently well with the two soldier stories.

C.L. I, p. 229

Since the two stories eventually printed by *Smart Set* were "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" and "The White Stocking", it is reasonable to assume that Pound first submitted two other stories, (of which one was "Once"), which were rejected and then sent the two which were published. The early "White Stocking" was therefore submitted between 6th October and 30th December 1913. The revision of the
its ending - are differently handled and the later version presents a
deeper analysis of the characters of the young people and the situation
in which they find themselves. The tale is one of Lawrence's finest,
revealing that acute observation of detail with which he brings a working-
class environment sharply into focus, and that profound understanding of
human nature which enables him to depict simultaneously the shallowness
and the charm of pretty Elsie Whiston in her conflict with her husband.

Both stories have similar beginnings and are divided into three parts,
but since events in each version differ increasingly after the opening
pages, it is convenient to give a synopsis of the respective versions
before dealing with their differences in greater detail.

The story begins at 7 a.m. on St. Valentine's Day and Elsie Whiston is up
early to intercept her valentines. These consist of a hideous cartoon, a
white handkerchief, and a long white stocking, identical to one she
received last Valentine's Day. There is something heavy in the toe of the
stocking and Elsie discovers a small box which contains a pair of pearl
earrings. She conceals them from her husband, knowing that they are sent by
Sam Adams, in whose factory she was formerly employed. She tells her husband
that Adams has sent her the stockings and confesses that she spoke to him on
the tram and that he offered to send her a ticket to a ball. Ted Whiston,
angry and uneasy, goes to work. Elsie puts on the earrings and delights
in them.

Elsie's past connection with Sam Adams is explained in Part II of the
story, an account of a period two years before her marriage. This section

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story was probably done in the spring of 1914, although it is not
possible to date it precisely. However, if the tale had been
revised earlier, in 1913, it would have been the later text which
was published in the Smart Set, not the earlier one.
probably contains elements of the 1907 sketch, for Elsie is going to a Christmas ball given by her employer. At the ball she dances with Sam Adams and is made much of by him. She is whirled off by Adam’s nephew, Henry, to the gaming room where Ted is rather gloomily playing cards. All three emerge and are accosted by Sam Adams. While describing his heroic part in a Paris riot, Adams accidentally knocks a cup of hot coffee out of Whiston’s hand and scalds himself. He makes a scene, is laughed at by the guests, and retires discomfited to change trousers. When he returns he finds Elsie mocking him. His revenge comes when he leads Elsie to the dance floor, for she pulls out a long white stocking in mistake for a pocket handkerchief. Instead of masking her error, Adams holds up the stocking so that the whole company can see. Elsie is humiliated. Whiston snatches the stocking from Adams and takes Elsie home. Lawrence briefly tells the reader that they were married shortly thereafter and had one child, which died.

Part III returns to the present. After her husband’s departure to work, Elsie puts on the pearl earrings and in the afternoon saunters around her former place of employment with the intention of meeting Sam Adams and of flirting with him. But suddenly the impulse leaves her; she realises her basic dislike for Adams and returns home tired and depressed. Her husband arrives and they have a silent, dreary meal. Whiston is still irritated from the morning; he insults her and she, in defiance, runs upstairs and puts on the white stockings. She argues perversely with her husband. They quarrel. Afraid his anger will get the better of him, Whiston goes out into the garden. Elsie is afraid of the real mischief she may have done. She goes out after him but he ignores her. When he returns indoors and sees her shrinking, unhappy face, he makes a
pleading movement towards her and she takes him in her arms. Understanding wells up in her and the realization of how much she may mean to him; she acknowledges her deep love for him. The following day she returns both the stockings and the pearl earrings but never tells her husband about the latter.

The story as it was revised in 1914 exhibits significant changes, based on Lawrence's new interpretation of the characters and the situation in which they find themselves. Part I is similar to the 1911 version. Again it is St. Valentine's Day and Elsie gets up early to collect her valentines, but this time after she finds the earrings she lies to her husband, saying that the white stocking is a sample. Later at breakfast she confesses her lie and tells her husband that she also received a white stocking last year, presumably from Sam Adams. In reply to his questions she admits she recently saw Adams and had a cup of coffee and a drink with him. Whiston is furious and abuses her but as soon as he leaves for work, Elsie goes upstairs and puts on her earrings.

Again Part II reveals the past, describing Elsie's earlier relation with Adams. The events at the ball, however, differ significantly from the early version. Nearly the whole of this part is taken up with Adams' attempted seduction of Elsie. There is no mention of Henry Adams in this version, the gambling scene is reduced, and the whole episode of the coffee-spilling is omitted. The focus is constantly on Elsie's growing, fascinated attraction to Sam Adams. Lawrence adds a brief dialogue between Elsie and Ted in which the latter warns her of Adams' reputation. She ignores him and almost mesmerized gives herself up to the intoxication of dancing with Adams. Lawrence gives a superb analysis of the flighty Elsie's position, caught between the conflicting wills and attractions
of the two men. Again she mistakenly pulls out a white stocking for a
handkerchief but this time Adams takes it from her, covering up her mistake
so that the guests are unaware of it. Confused and troubled, she mentions
the occurrence to Whiston who angrily offers to "have it out" with Adams
but Elsie implores him not to. They leave the ball and as they walk home
Elsie breaks down. Whiston comforts her.

The concluding section is strikingly different from the early version.
We are told that Elsie has also concealed an amethyst brooch which came as
a valentine with the white stocking of the previous year. The deception
is carried further as she plans to have her mother "give" her the pearl
earrings so that she can wear them openly. When her husband returns she
is still irritated with him for his abuse that morning. He orders her to
burn the stockings and she refuses, runs upstairs to put them on, and
goads him in a flippant, jeering manner, pretending an interest in Adams
she does not really feel. Whiston becomes angrier and bullies her. She
defies him like a spiteful, resentful, child. Her behaviour rouses
Ted's uncontrollable anger and when he threatens her she replies with a
sneer. He goes out, afraid that he might hurt her. When he returns
Elsie taunts him with news of the brooch and earrings. Whiston's anger
explodes and he strikes her on the mouth. At the sight of her terrified
face his anger turns to shame, weariness, and contempt. He finds the
jewels and posts them to Adams. On his return he tells Elsie to go upstairs,
he will sleep below, but at her forlorn and pathetic look his anger gives
way and he takes her in his arms.

Both the 1911 and 1914 versions contain accurate renderings of ordinary
daily life in a working-class environment, but the stories also show the
powerful hate that is inextricably entwined, in the love between two
people. There is nothing degrading, shocking or unusual in the hateful quarrel between Elsie and Ted in either version, or in the physical violence in the 1914 text, for Lawrence's account displays the strongest sympathy with, and understanding of, the protagonists. Rather, it is a recognition and depiction of the dark side of the daily life of two married people that social and literary conventions often ignore. Lawrence's achievement lies in the vitality and truth with which he depicts this deeper and more obscure side of human relationships.

The differences between the two tales rest on Lawrence's changed conception of the characters of Elsie and Ted and on the conflict that arises between the two sets of personalities. In both versions Elsie is something of a flirt. Secure and happy in her marriage she grows careless, but in the 1911 text this is specifically due to her energy and her boredom with domestic routine: "She had plenty of vitality and nothing vital to do". The first Elsie cares nothing for Sam Adams or his infatuation; he is at most a novelty or a distraction, and she both knows and values her husband's love.

16. How different and original Lawrence's writing was may be gathered from the reception that The Prussian Officer received from one reviewer, who steadfastly refused to admit the common truth of the situations depicted in The Prussian Officer tales.

"Here are twelve short stories from Mr. D. H. Lawrence's pen — all brilliant, all superhuman, and at the same time inhuman. Of each one read separately we should be able to say that Mr. Lawrence had chanced to light upon an unusual personality and had portrayed it with vigour and force. At the same time we should have realized that many such personalities would burn up the world. All their thoughts are thought at a white heat. Their hates are of the corrosive kind. Their passions are volcanic. In a word they are as unlike the normal folk we know as though they were indeed denizens of another planet."

Unsigned review in Outlook, Vol. XXXIV (19 December 1914) xxxiv, pp. 795-796.
Seeing her bare arm through the town sleeve of her kimonno, he clasped it with his large hand, gently, with a tenderness of protection and appeal. Everything seemed to stand still in her, for a second, as she realised how he loved her.

I, p. 99

She is a responsible and mature character and though she errs through boredom and in expecting her husband to take too much responsibility in the marriage partnership, she learns her mistake in time.

The second Elsie is a shallower person, a careless "untidy little minx" with an inclination to tell tales. Her attitude to her marriage is dangerously unthinking.

Inside of marriage she found her liberty. She was rid of the responsibility of herself. Her husband must look after that. She was free to get what she could out of her time.

II, p. 180

Her delight in the earrings blinds her completely to the consequences her giddy actions might have on her marriage.

In a moment she went upstairs to her earrings. Sweet they looked nestling in the little drawer - sweet! She examined them with voluptuous pleasure, she threaded them in her ears, she looked at her self, she posed and postured and smiled and looked before the mirror. And she was happy and very pretty.

She was stimulated all day. She did not think about her husband. He was the permanent base from which she took these giddy little flights into nowhere. At night, like chickens and cursles, she would come home to him, to roost.

II, p. 169

17. The system of notation is I for the 1911 text and II for the 1914 version. Page numbers refer to the page and column (A or B) for the 1911 story as it appeared in Smart Set (see Appendix B) and the Penguin edition of The Prussian Officer for the 1914 text. (Free indirect speech sentences are underlined, as in the previous chapter).
The difference between the two Elsies is succinctly illustrated in their respective attitudes toward Ted Whiston before marriage: the first Elsie's discerning evaluation is a great contrast to the frivolous, romantic notions of the second.

Meanwhile Whiston was courting her. She liked him, too. He was a man who knew what he was about, a man whom one felt one could trust. And she loved some quality in his voice, something honest and warm, so that she felt she could leave herself to him.

I, p. 101 A

But meanwhile Whiston was courting her and she made splendid little gestures, before her bedroom mirror, of the constant-and-true sort.

'True, true till death -'
That was her song. Whiston was made that way, so there was no need to take thought for him.

II, p. 170

The character of Ted Whiston is altered to balance the changed personality of Elsie. In both versions he is a steady young man of about twenty-eight, honest and kind:

He appeared in the doorway, a biggish fellow with a bit of thin, close mustache and eyes that seemed the very blue of kindliness.

I, p. 98 B

He gave her, as ever, a feeling of warmth and slowness. His eyes were very blue, very kind, his manner simple.

II, p. 165

The first Ted remains more or less just this, for the tale centres on Elsie and her progress from illusion to self-knowledge and a greater understanding of her husband. In the later version Ted is more clearly defined, in keeping with the more dominant and authoritarian role he plays. The achievement of the first story rests on the convincing presentation of the play of vanity, resentment, and remorse in Elsie's consciousness. The achievement of the second lies in Lawrence's ability
to convey both the great charm and shallowness of pretty Elsie Whiston as well as the deep love that a man of Whiston's integrity and worth can have for her. In the hands of many writers, the conflict between a shallow, flirtatious wife and her rather stolid, ordinary husband, would be a subject for irony or comedy. That Lawrence is able completely to engage the understanding and sympathetic response of his reader in a situation of this sort is a mark of the profundity and power of his art.

Lawrence's changed conceptions of his characters and the strife between them is paralleled by changes in his style. It is sometimes difficult to separate the alterations in content in a story from the purely stylistic changes, for Lawrence did not simply go back and re-cast an old tale in a new style. He revised the tale because his understanding of this particular situation — the dark side of the marriage relationship — underwent a transformation, and the new conception of the tale had to be expressed in a new style. By discussing Lawrence's different approach to the stories and the way in which he uses language to express his changed vision, the stylistic differences between the two versions will become clear. For the purpose of comparing the differing styles and methods of the 1911 and 1914 versions, and the latter's affinities with The Rainbow, the following discussion will examine the tales by contrasting the three parts of each of the versions in turn.

The revision of the 1911 version follows many of the tendencies discussed earlier in Lawrence's re-writing of "Odour of Chrysanthemums". As with the colliery story, he eliminates details and condenses his descriptions

18. *C.I.,* I, p. 263 (quoted earlier this chapter on footnote 8).
of scenes and actions in order to place greater emphasis on the events leading up to the crisis in Part III. The decrease in descriptive detail is accompanied by an increase in analysis of the characters' minds and emotions. Thus, although the two tales are similar in length, the later version, by omitting description and scenes present in the first, can focus more intensely on the crisis in the marriage and can give greater prominence to it.

An interesting departure from Lawrence's usual pattern of revision lies in his use of speech in these two stories. The amount of dialogue and free indirect speech are approximately the same but surprisingly the amount of free indirect speech, used extensively to define the thoughts of Elsie Whiston in the first text, is greatly diminished in the second. There are forty-five lines of free indirect speech from Elsie in the first version but only fifteen lines in the second, and some of these are Ted Whiston's thoughts. This reflects the altered plot of the tale and the roles of the central characters. Elsie's free indirect speech in version one is necessary since the story is presented largely through her eyes and the progress of the tale depends on having access to her thoughts, in understanding the irrational but comprehensible impulses which lead her to flirt with Adams and the change of feelings which prompts her return to Ted. The frivolous second Elsie, however, sees nothing morally wrong in deceiving her husband and concealing another man's gift of expensive jewelry to her. The conflict in her marriage is caused by her unthinking actions and it is sufficient to depict these actions and

19. The second version is only about two pages longer.
let them speak for themselves. Lawrence includes an occasional flash of
thought from her, not as an indication of her motives—she is too giddy
to have conscious, thought-out motives—but to underline her triviality.
The text departs from the first version in assigning some free indirect
speech to Ted because the revelation of Elsie's infidelity in Part III
is described largely in terms of the effect it has on him. The difference
in use of speech types in these stories is therefore based on the change
in the characters rather than on Lawrence's usual habit of revision,
which generally increases the amount of free direct and free indirect
speech in the later text.

The events in Part I are roughly similar in both versions, but the
difference in style is apparent from the opening paragraphs; the second
version, although only a few words longer than the first, has gained in
power and precision.

"I'm going to get up, Teddilinks," said Mrs. Whiston, and she
jumped out briskly.
"What's got you?" asked Whiston.
"Nothing," she replied.

It was only about seven o'clock, on a cold morning of grayish
color—forty years ago.

Whiston, not by nature inquisitive, lay and watched her. She was
a pretty little thing, with her rather short, curly black hair all
tousled. She got dressed quickly, throwing her clothes upon her.
Everything about her was untidy, but it only made Whiston smile and
feel warm, even when he saw her break off a torn end of lace from
her petticoat and fling it on the dressing table. She stood before
the mirror, half dressed, and roughly scrambled together her profuse,
rather short hair. He loved the softness and quickness of her young
shoulders.

"Rise up," she said, laughing, to him, "and shine forth."

'I'm getting up, Teddilinks," said Mrs. Whiston, and she sprang out
of bed briskly.
'What the Hannover's got you?' asked Whiston.
'Nothing. Can't I get up?' she replied animatedly.

It was about seven o'clock, scarcely light yet in the cold bedroom.
Whiston lay still and looked at his wife. She was a pretty little thing, with her fleecy, short black hair all tousled. He watched her as she dressed quickly, flicking her small, delightful limbs, throwing her clothes about her. Her slovenliness and untidiness did not trouble him. When she picked up the edge of her petticoat, ripped off a torn string of white lace, and flung it on the dressing-table, her careless abandon made his spirit glow. She stood before the mirror and roughly scrambled together her profuse little mane of hair. He watched the quickness and softness of her young shoulders, calmly, like a husband, and appreciatively.

'Rise up,' she cried, turning to him with a quick wave of her arm — 'and shine forth'.

II, p. 163

Lawrence has subtly altered the opening scene by emphasizing the contrast between Whiston in bed — "Whiston lay still" — and Elsie's energetic activity, and by presenting the scene more definitely through Ted Whiston's eyes. Lawrence also used more evocative verbs, adverbs, and adjectives in the later version, for example:

(1) and she jumped out briskly

and she sprang out of bed briskly

(2) she replied

she replied animatedly

(3) Whiston, not by nature inquisitive, lay and watched her. Whiston lay still and looked at his wife.

(4) She got dressed quickly, throwing her clothes upon her. He watched her as she dressed quickly, flicking her small, delightful limbs, throwing her clothes about her.

(5) He loved the softness and quickness of her young shoulders. He watched the quickness and softness of her young shoulders, calmly, like a husband, and appreciatively.

Elsie's actions are defined more precisely. In the first version she merely breaks off a torn bit from her petticoat; in the later version the "edge" of the petticoat is "picked up" and the torn bit "ripped off" with "careless abandon". The substitution of "she cried, turning to him with a quick wave of the arm" for "she said, laughing" brings the scene
vividly to the reader's eye. Lawrence omits unnecessary phrases such as "on a cold morning of grayish color – forty years ago" these details are not relevant. He alters adjectives and nouns for greater descriptive precision without detracting from the economy with which he presents the scene.

(1) rather short, curly black hair  
fleecy, short black hair

(2) profuse, rather short hair  
profuse little mane of hair

(3) untidy  
untidiness and slovenliness

(4) a torn end of lace  
a torn string of white lace

(5) it only made Whiston smile and feel warm  
her careless abandon made his spirit glow

Lawrence's tendency is to eliminate superfluous detail in order to concentrate on the relationship between the characters in the story. Thus several passages are made shorter in the second text: Elsie's dialogue with the postman is reduced to a couple of lines; the enumeration of the furnishings in the sitting room is omitted; and the description of the valentines is much shorter, for example:

She closed the door, and tore open the thin envelope. It was a long valentine, of a man glancing lugubriously over his shoulder at the ghost face of a young lady smiling and showing her teeth. It was entitled: "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still." She looked at it, and drew herself up, offended.

I, p. 98 A

She tore open the thin envelope. There was a long, hideous, cartoon valentine. She smiled briefly and dropped it on the floor.

II, p. 164

Lawrence eliminates phrases which are redundant or which describe the obvious.
As was her habit, she caught her lower lip between her teeth...
Again she caught her lower lip between her teeth, with the
effort.

I, p. 98 A
She had her lower lip caught earnestly between her teeth.

II, p. 165

She began to fix them in her ears, which had been pierced.

I, p. 98 A
...she began to hook them through her ears...

II, p. 165

However, descriptions which reveal the characters of the story's
protagonists are expanded. Lawrence firmly establishes the different
personalities of the two Elsies in their respective responses to the
valentines and the earrings.

At last the earrings were fixed, the pearl drops hung under her
rosy small ears. She looked at herself with satisfaction, and shook
her head to make the drops swing. They went chill against her
neck in little tickling touches. She smirked to herself. Then
suddenly she turned to read the posy that had been wrapped round
the jewel.

I, 98 A-B
Then the pearl ear-rings dangled under her rosy, small ears.
She shook her head sharply, to see the swing of the drops. They
went chill against her neck, in little, sharp touches. Then she
stood still to look at herself, bridling her head in the dignified
fashion. Then she simpered at herself. Catching her own eye, she
could not help winking at herself and laughing.
She turned to look at the box.

II, p. 165

The first Elsie regards her image in the mirror "with satisfaction" and
the accompanying poesy with contempt. The second Elsie's frivolity is
conveyed through a few compact, evocative phrases: "bridling her head",
"simpered at herself", "winking at herself and laughing". Her
reaction to the poesy is less disapproving: "She made a grimace and
a grin."

The second Elsie's childlike, rather flighty nature is emphasized in
her habit of singing rhymes and in the breakfast dialogue with her
husband.
Over the breakfast she grew serious. He did not notice. She became portentous in her gravity. Almost it penetrated through his steady good-humour to irritate him.

'Teddy!' she said at last.

'What?' he asked.

'I told you a lie,' she said, humbly tragic.

His soul stirred uneasily.

'Oh aye?' she said casually.

She was not satisfied. He ought to be more moved.

'Yes,' she said.

He cut a piece of bread.

'Was it a good one?' he asked.

She was piqued. Then she considered — was it a good one? then she laughed.

'No,' she said, 'it wasn't up to much.'

'Ah! he said easily, but with a steady strength of fondness for her in his tone. 'Get it out then.'

'You know that white stocking,' she said earnestly. 'I told you a lie. It wasn't a sample. It was a valentine.'

'Then what did you invent it as a sample for?' he said. But he knew this weakness of hers. The touch of anger in his voice frightened her. 'I was afraid you'd be cross,' she said pathetically.

II, p. 167.

The phrase "portentous in her gravity", "humbly tragic", "He ought to be more moved," "She was piqued", "she laughed", "she said pathetically", reveal it all to be half play-acting and more than half self-indulgence.

Elsie's later comment: "'I suspect it's Sam Adams,' she said with a little virtuous indignation" (p. 168) is more serious — it reveals her to be a hypocrite.

The difference in the marriage relationships and individual characters of the two sets of couples is further brought out in their quarrels about the white stockings and Elsie's seeing Adams. In the first version this is a quarrel between equals, with some right on either side.

"You've not seen anything of Sam Adams lately, have you?" he asked roughly, from between the folds of the towel.

"No; I saw him in the tram one morning."

"Did you speak to him?"

"He spoke to me."

"I should ha' thought you'd not ha' let him."

"Well, I couldn't cry out as soon as I saw him get in the tram, 'You mustn't speak to me,' could I?"
"You are a damned little good-for-nowt, talking to him at all." He was angry, and his eyes glared at her in hostility. This always roused her to spiteful resentment, because there seemed a little contempt in his stare...

"Oh, dear, if I've got to go about with my mouth shut all day, it's a poor lookout," she said.

And he knew she was rather lonely and unoccupied while he was at work, and his heart grew more sullen. They parted angrily.

In the second version the quarrel is one-sided and Ted more authoritarian and abusive.

"You haven't been seeing anything of him, have you?" he asked roughly.

'Yes,' she answered, after a moment, as if caught guilty. 'He got into the tram with me, and he asked me to drink a coffee and a Benedictine in the Royal.'

'You've got it off fine and glib,' he said sullenly. 'And did you?' 'Yes,' she replied, with the air of a traitor before the rack. The blood came up into his neck and face, he stood motionless, dangerous.

'It was cold, and it was such fun to go into the Royal,' she said. 'You'd go off with a nigger for a packet of chocolate,' she said, in anger, and contempt, and some bitterness. Queer how he drew away from her, cut her off from him.

'Ted — how beastly!' she cried. 'You know quite well — ' She caught her lip, flushed, and the tears came to her eyes.


Again, Elsaie is partly play-acting: "she answered... as if caught guilty", and "she replied with the air of a traitor before the rack." Her reaction is characteristic: "She went about her work, making a queer pathetic little mouth, down which occasionally dripped a tear." But the instant her husband leaves the house she abandons all pretence of grief and runs upstairs to her earrings with all the guilty pleasure of a child doing something forbidden.

In a moment she went upstairs to her ear-rings. Sweet they looked nestling in the little drawer — sweet! She examined them with voluptuous pleasure, she threaded them in her ears, she looked at herself, she posed and postured and smiled and looked before the mirror. And she was happy and very pretty.

II, p. 169.
The first Elsie also puts on the earrings but it is out of anger with her husband rather than for the sake of the earrings themselves: "They did make her happy - why she neither knew nor asked," (I, p. 100 B). Her state of mind is revealed in an important free indirect speech paragraph which ends Part I of the first version.

She, when she thought of her husband, rather angrily put him aside. She could not be happy, with him there. He was always getting between her and her happiness, cutting her off from it.

I, p. 100 B

The second Elsie never gives her husband, or the possible consequences of her actions a thought, and it falls to the author to describe her relationship with Whiston.

She did not think about her husband. He was the permanent basis from which she took these giddy little flights into nowhere. At night, like chickens and curses, she could come home to him, to roost.

II, p. 169

The differences between the two marriages are further revealed in the effect of the quarrel on the two men. The Ted of version one is angry, with a "gnawing anxiety in his heart, because of his uneasiness about his wife," but this anxiety stems purely from the morning’s quarrel. The anxiety of the second Ted is more serious; it suggests a deep insecurity about his married life.

Meanwhile Whiston, a traveller and confidential support of a small firm, fretted about his work, his heart all the while anxious for her, yearning for surety, and kept tense by not getting it.

II, p. 169.

This insecurity in marriage and the very vocabulary of the 1914 version foreshadow the strife between Anna and Will in The Rainbow.
The surety, the surety, the inner surety, the confidence in the abidingness of love; that was what she wanted. And that she did not get. She knew also that he had not got it.\textsuperscript{21}

The single sentence describing Ted's anxiety is another instance of reduced narrative detail. In the first version Lawrence is more explicit about Whiston's job, but the later story loses nothing by the omission of this detail. On the contrary, the briefer statement in the 1914 text concentrates attention on the instability of the marriage.

Whiston was a traveller for a small lace firm. He went on the near-at-hand round. All day he was busy, thinking of his work, of his orders; hurrying to the train with his bag, going to the various tradesman, getting a hurried lunch in a commercial hotel, talking in the railway carriage about politics and the new machinery. He was scarcely aware of the small gnawing that went on inside him, making him hasty and active, stimulating him to get through a great deal of work, driving him on and on: the gnawing of anxiety in his heart, because of his uneasiness about his wife.

I, p. 100 B

The two versions diverge increasingly in Part II and both the style and method of the 1914 text begin to show striking affinities with The Rainbow. In the second story Lawrence concentrates on depicting the internal states of his characters rather than on rendering the external situation - here the dance - in which they find themselves. He does this in a style which has significantly altered from that of the early "White Stocking" and Sons and Lovers and which, with its unusual vocabulary and its semantic and lexical repetitiveness, is similar to the style characteristic of much of The Rainbow and Women in Love.

\textsuperscript{20} This is not to suggest that Elsie and Anna are alike or that the conflict in their marriages stems from similar causes, only that in both novel and story Lawrence depicts the tension that stems from insecurity in marriage. In The Rainbow both partners feel this, in the second "White Stocking" it is felt only by Ted Whiston.

\textsuperscript{21} Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 167.
Part II opens in both versions with descriptions of Elsie, in her previous occupation as a warehouse girl, and of her employer Sam Adams. Although the passages are approximately equal in length and the descriptions are similar, there is a subtle change from the first portrait of Adams, which concerns his physical appearance alone, to the second version which includes the impression that Adams makes on those around him. The first text only mentions Elsie's opinion of Adams.

She had never been quite comfortable with his talk. True, she enjoyed the refined pronunciation and the accent of a gentleman. But what he said was—well, a bit free, particularly if he had been drinking.

I, p. 101 A

The second version interweaves the description of Adams with suggestions of reciprocal attraction between him and Elsie and the effect they have on each other.

His fondness for the girls, or the fondness of the girls for him, was notorious. And Elsie, quick, pretty, almost witty little thing—she seemed witty, although, when her sayings were repeated, they were entirely trivial—she had a great attraction for him. He would come into the warehouse dressed in a rather sporting reefer coat, of fawn colour, and trousers of fine black-and-white check, a cap with a big peak and scarlet carnation in his button-hole, to impress her. She was only half impressed. He was too loud for her good taste. Instinctively perceiving this, he sobered down to navy blue. Then a well-built man, florid, with large brown whiskers, smart navy blue suit, fashionable boots, and manly hat, he was the irreproachable. Elsie was impressed.

II, p. 170

In this second version Lawrence becomes increasingly occupied analysing the relationships between men and women; with the different attractions of both Whiston and Adams for the flighty Elsie. To give himself more scope for analysis within the limited form of the short story Lawrence makes his narrative descriptions, such as the account of Elsie and Ted on their
way to the dance, more compact in the later version. The early text contains elements of the 1907 sketch and reveals that acute observation of visual detail which gives Lawrence's writing its descriptive power.

It was a cold night but dry, with clouds rolling thin across the moon. As there was only about a mile to go, Elsie decided to walk. Besides, cabs were a luxury beyond them. She was very proud of herself, in her plain, close-fitting dress of blue silk, showing her neat little body above her great full skirts. Wrapped in a big shawl, Wilston stalking beside her with her shoes in his pocket, she had gone happily through the dark streets. As they passed between the park gates, her heart was beating quickly. The Castle Rock rose high and dark above them. She hastened along under the naked trees, where the old yellow lamps went dotting down the darkness. Overhead, very high, the rocks blotted black into the moonlit, moving sky, the square form of the castle cut out in silhouette.

I, p. 101 A-B

Lawrence condenses this in the revision:

They passed through the park gates, and her spirits rose. Above them the Castle Rock loomed grandly in the night, the naked trees stood still and dark in the frost, along the boulevard.

II, p. 170

when, on the contrary, he is dealing with the experiences of his characters with one another, Lawrence expands his narrative. This can be seen in the widely different accounts of the first dance in both versions; the straightforward description of the first, and the deeper, more profound analysis of the second.

The music began; everything quickened into life. They were dancing together.
"How is the floor?" he asked her anxiously.
"Lovely", she answered.
"Is it all right?" he repeated.
She was afraid she did not dance well. But he gave her such support, she seemed to divine where he wanted her to go. This was the joy of it. His hand held her firmly in the small of her back, and seemed to speak to her, holding her, carrying her, telling her what to do, and a thousand other things. He was a man who knew what he was about.
At the end, flushed, she looked straight at him quickly, saying: "It was lovely."

He laughed with a queer little laugh, pleased throughout the whole of him. And he paid her attentions.

The first text is simply a statement of a young woman's enjoyment of a dance with a good partner - Adams gives her the "support" that any fine dancer would. Her sensations while dancing with him are quickly glossed over: "His hand held her firmly in the small of her back, and seemed to speak to her, holding her, carrying her, telling her what to do, and a thousand other things." It is these "thousand other things" that Lawrence seeks to analyse explicitly and present in the revised version.

'I now then, Elsie,' he said, with a curious caress in his voice that seemed to lap the outside of her body in a warm glow, delicious. She gave herself to it. She liked it.

He was an excellent dancer. He seemed to draw her close in to him by some male warmth of attraction, so that she became all soft and pliant to him, flowing to his form, whilst he united her with him and they lapsed along in one movement. She was just carried in a kind of strong, warm flood, her feet moved of themselves, and only the music threw her away from him, threw her back to him, to his clasp, in his strong form moving against her, rhythmically, deliciously.

When it was over he was pleased and his eyes had a curious gleam which thrilled her and yet had nothing to do with her. Yet it held her. He did not speak to her. He only looked straight into her eyes with a curious, gleaming look that disturbed her fearfully and deliciously. But also there was in his look some of the automatic irony of the roué. It felt her partly cold. She was not carried away.

The 1914 version is a subtle, deep examination of Elsie's unconscious but powerful response to Adams' physical attraction, expressed in a style radically different from that of the early text. Elsie "gives herself up" to Adams in the dance and his domination is suggested through the passive terms ascribed to Elsie's emotional and physical sensations while Adams is always the active agent: "his voice...seemed to lap... her body",
"she gave herself up", "he seemed to draw her close in", "he united her with him," "She was just carried," "her feet moved of themselves," "the music threw her away from him, threw her back to him." The partial dissolving of Elsie's will is conveyed through metaphors of warmth and liquid: "his voice that seemed to lap the outside of her body in a warm glow," "he seemed to draw her close into him by some male warmth," "she became all soft and pliant," "flowing to his form", "She was just carried in a kind of strong, warm flood." This softening of Elsie's will and the impression of her abandonment to the dance are summarised in the unusual use of the verb "lapsed" in the sentence "They lapsed along in one movement". The verb suggests a falling away from reality into the illusion of oneness with one's partner that rhythm and music and movement can create.

The language of the passage contains that lexical and semantic repetition characteristic of Lawrence's Rainbow style: "curious caress", "curious gleam", "curious gleaming look", "the gleam". The repetition of "delicious (ly)" is significant: it is linked with the attractions Adams uses to seduce Elsie: his voice, his body, and his look which "disturbed her fearfully and deliciously". Although the "male warmth" and the "warm glow" of Adams' voice and body pervade her, she is partially brought back to her senses by the "curious gleam" in his eyes which betrays his irony. "It left her partly cold." The presence of mind in the cynical, calculating Adams is linked with a cold gleam, in contrast to the warmth of his passion. The enchantment of the dance is lessened by Elsie's incomplete attraction to Adams and she moves, "driven by an opposite, heavier impulse, to Whiston."

A brief dialogue between Ted and Elsie follows and Lawrence summarizes Elsie's subsequent contact with Adams, echoing the vocabulary of the
previous passage: "delicious embrace", "the gleam", "warmed right through", "the glow",

She went with anticipation to the arms of Sam Adams, when the time came to dance with him. It was so gratifying, irrespective of the man. And she felt a little grudge against Whiston, soon forgotten when her host was holding her near to him, in a delicious embrace. And she watched his eyes, to meet the gleam in them, which gratified her.

She was getting warmed right through, the glow was penetrating into her, driving away everything else. Only in her heart was a little tightness, like conscience.

H, p. 172

The development of events in the two versions differs substantially at this point. In the first version there is only the one account of Elsie's dancing with Adams; we are told that later he "paid her attentions", without mention of what these "attentions" were. The story moves to a dialogue between Elsie and Henry Adams (this is omitted in the later text), describes the gaming room where Whiston is playing, and Elsie's interest in the game.

Whiston sat back in his chair. She leaned in front of him and cut his pack. She watched him eagerly to see if he would win. She bent over his cards, her hair tickling his face. He made ten. "You see!" she cried.

And Whiston gave a little laugh, comforted.

I, pp. 102B-103A

It is illuminating to contrast this scene with the corresponding one in the later version. The second Elsie "radiant, roused, animated", "too strong, too vibrant a note in the quiet room", chatters trivially, interferes with Whiston's playing, and has far from the comforting effect on him of her earlier counterpart. Here again Lawrence's method is to go deeper, however briefly into the feelings of his character.

'It's good,' she cried, 'isn't it?'

He did not answer, but threw down two cards. It moved him more
strongly than was comfortable, to have her hand on his shoulders, her
curls dangling and touching his ears, whilst she was roused to another
man. It made the blood flame over him.

II, p. 173

The two texts now diverge completely. The first summarizes Elsie's
simultaneous attraction to and repulsion from Adams when he comes to
collect her for the last dance before the interval.

Elsie put her hand on his sleeve in spite of herself. She vaguely
felt that she was doing something she did not want to do. And yet she
did want to go out on Sam Adams' arm. She only hated it when he
laughed. And sometimes she disliked his voice. When he was silent,
and she walked on his arm, feeling him erect and finely clad beside
her, she was very gratified, first in the room.

In the interval, he took her down for refreshments.

I, p. 103A

A long dialogue between the guests and the unfortunate spilling of coffee
on Adams follow. The episode has great naturalness and reveals Lawrence's
ability to create humour and spontaneity of dialogue. It is omitted
entirely from the revision, and Lawrence substitutes a detailed account of
a later dance with Adams. This account bears no resemblance, either
in content or style, to anything in the early version or indeed to
anything from Lawrence's youthful period. What Lawrence succeeds in
doing is to describe a process which, because it is an activity of the
whole being and not merely mental, physical, or emotional, can never be
analysed - the overwhelming of moral will by desire and sensation.

That dance was an intoxication to her. After the first few steps,
she felt herself slipping away from herself. She almost knew she was
going, she did not even want to go. Yet she must have chosen to go.
She lay in the arm of the steady, close man with whom she was dancing,
and she seemed to swim away out of contact with the room, into him.
She had passed into another, denser element of him an essential
privacy. The room was all vague around her, like an atmosphere, like
under sea, with a flow of ghostly, dumb movements. But she herself
was held real against her partner, and it seemed she was connected
The language of this passage, describing Elsie's surrender to Adams, is unique in Lawrence's pre-Rainbow work. The inchoate quality of much of the language, its semantic impreciseness, and the lexical, syntactic, and semantic repetitiveness, combine to describe the gradual dissolution of a young woman's will. "That dance was an intoxication to her". The analogy is not an unfamiliar one - we know what the losing of oneself in a dance means - but Lawrence's subsequent development of this analogy is unique. He is not content merely to state a fact, he is concerned to analyse the progression from, to continue the analogy, sobriety to complete intoxication. It is in passages such as this that we understand Lawrence's claim:

I think it's great - so new, so really a stratum deeper than I think anybody has ever gone.

The sinking of Elsie's conscious will is stated in the second sentence: "After the first few steps she felt herself slipping away from herself", it's gradual, reluctant submerging is expressed through the repetition of three almost meaningless phrases which nevertheless convey her helpless surrender: "She almost knew she was going, she did not want to go. Yet she must have chosen to go." Lawrence's problem
is how to describe a process which elusively defies description. He achieves this through a depersonalization of the characters concerned; nowhere in this passage is there motion of Elsie Swain or Sam Adams. The two figures dancing are impersonal forces, two abstract wills, the more powerful seeking to dominate the weaker, to force its surrender. The depersonalization is evidenced in the quantity of pronouns in this passage - forty-five in only fourteen sentences. The physical presence of a character is conveyed by mentioning a part of the body and is rendered impersonal by use of the definite article with a general noun, thus: "the arms", "the steady, close man" instead of proper names.

The loss of normal perception in the intoxication of the dance is described through unusual metaphors of liquid and of swimming. The external world becomes fluid and unreal, blurred, a parallel to Elsie's inner state.

...she seemed to swim away out of contact with the room, into him. She had passed into another, denser element of him, an essential privacy. The room was all vague around her, like an atmosphere, like under sea, with a flow of ghostly, dumb movements.

She becomes passive, borne and upheld only by the reality of the body of her partner. Her passivity is conveyed through the large number of verbs of feeling and seeming, the passive voice, and the use of modals. Everything is described as it seems, nothing is: "She felt herself slipping away," "She almost knew", "She must have chosen", "She seemed to swim," "she...was held real", "it seemed she was connected", "his fingers seemed to search", "she felt she would give way", "she would fuse", "he seemed to sustain", "his warmth seemed to come closer into her", "it would fuse right through her", "she would be as liquid".
The blurring of reality, the surrender of her will, are expressed through a series of balance repetitions and opposites: "She did not even want to go. Yet she must have chosen to go."

"The room was all vague...But she herself was held real"; "the movements of his body and limbs were her own movements, yet not her own movements." With the dissolution of her will and her normal consciousness the only reality becomes the body of her partner, the only positive force emanates from his limbs and her own reality is sustained and upheld by him alone: "Only his large, voluptuous body gave off a subtle activity. His fingers seemed to search into her flesh"; "She lay in the arm of the steady, close man;" "she was held real against her partner"; "he bore her round";

"she was connected with him;" "he seemed to sustain all her body".

Adams' identity is also submerged in the dance and his dominance over Elsie is exerted through purely physical means: "He also was given up, oblivious, concentrated, into the dance". The "curious gleam" in his eye, the betrayal of the cold reason and calculating will which warned Elsie in the previous dance, is filmed over: "His eye was unseeing."

The warmth and glow of the earlier dance were mere groundwork for Elsie's surrender here described through the language of liquid fire: "she would...sink molten", "the fusion point was coming," "she would fuse down", "his warmth would...fuse right through her," "she would be as liquid to him, an intoxication". The language of melting and heat describes the dissolving of a psychological resistance, Elsie's normal consciousness and Elsie's will are made fluid under the influence of another. The repetition increases and intensifies over the last three sentences which, through the large number of connectives as well as the
semantic and lexical repetition, create the pulsing, growing, cumulative impression of the overcoming of Elsie’s will to her complete surrender: "she would be as liquid to him, as an intoxication only."

Every moment and every moment, she felt she would give away utterly, and sink molten; the fusion point was coming when she would fuse down into perfect unconsciousness at his feet and knees. But he bore her round the room in the dance, and he seemed to sustain all her body with his limbs, his body, and his warmth seemed to come closer into her, nearer, till it would fuse right through her, and she would be as liquid to him as an intoxication only.

Elsie’s transition through various stages in the disintegration of her identity and will is an illustration of Lawrence’s explanation of his characterization in The Sisters.

...I don’t so much care about what the woman feels – in the ordinary usage of the word. That presumes an ego to feel with. I only care about what the woman is – what she is – inhumanly, physiologically, materially – according to the use of the word: but for me, what she is is a phenomenon or as presenting some greater, inhuman will, instead of what she feels according to the human conception...You mustn’t look in my novel for the old stable ego – of the character. There is another ego – according to whose action the individual is unrecognisable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we’ve been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same single radically unchanged element.22

Elsie’s progress from the solidity of her normal ordinary consciousness to a completely fluid state where she is subject to another’s dominance is an example of that passage through "allotropic states" that Lawrence describes. There is no account of what Elsie feels in the sense of her thoughts about what is happening to her, only an account of what actually does happen to her body, her emotional and her will – "inhumanly,

physiologically, materially" - and this is reflected in the language
Lawrence uses, his analogies with "elements" and the states of solid and
liquid.

The account of the dance bears a striking resemblance to the passage
in the second half of The Rainbow which describes the dancing of Anton
and Ursula.

At the touch of her hand on his arm, his consciousness melted away
from him. He took her into his arms, as if into the sure, subtle
power of his will, and they became one movement, one dual movement,
dancing on the slippery grass. It would be endless, this movement,
it would continue for ever. It was his will and her will locked in
a trance of motion, two wills locked in one motion, yet never fusing,
ever yielding one to the other. It was a glaucous, intertwining,
delicious flux and contest in flux.

They were both absorbed into a profound silence, into a deep,
fluid underwater energy that gave them unlimited strength. All the
dancers were weaving intertwined in the flux of music. Shadowy couples
passed and repassed before the fire, the dancing feet danced silently
by into the darkness. It was a vision of the depths of the underworld,
under the great flood.25

The stylistic parallels are evident. Here is the same balanced, controlled
repetitiveness, the same organic, growing quality in the prose. Again
Lawrence uses the imagery of water, the intoxication of movement to music,
the melting of the normal consciousness into release of pure will, only
here the dancers are separate and equal forces, neither seeking to dominate
the other.24


24. A similar passage occurs in Women in Love:

His arms were fast around her, he seemed to be gathering her into
himself, her warmth, her softness, her adorable weight, drinking in
the suffusion of her physical being, avidly. He lifted her, and seemed
to pour her into himself, like wine into a cup.

'This is worth everything,' he said in a strange, penetrating voice.

So she relaxed, and seemed to melt, to flow into him, as if she were
some infinitely warm and precious suffusion filling into his veins,
like an intoxicant. Her arms were round his neck, he kissed
There is another interesting parallel to Adams' seduction of Elsie in The Rainbow, in Will Brangwen's attempted seduction of Jennie. Brangwen, like Adams, is here an impersonal, purely sensual force bent on a single end:

He was purely a world to himself, he had nothing to do with any general consciousness...He did not care about her, except that he wanted to overcome her resistance, to have her in his power, fully and exhaustively to enjoy her.  
...he would fuse away her resistance.  

Like Adams, Brangwen is seeking to "fuse away" the girl's resistance.  

But he was patiently working for her relaxation, patiently, his whole being fixed in the smile of latent gratification, his whole body electric with a subtle, powerful, reducing force upon her.  
His veins fused with extreme voluptuousness.  
And gradually the intoxication invaded him again.  

Throughout the passage there is the same curious impersonality; the her and held her perfectly suspended, she was all slack and flowing into him, and he was the firm, strong cup that receives the wine of her life. So she lay cast upon him, stranded, lifted up against him, melting and melting under his kisses, melting into his limbs and bones, as if he were soft iron becoming surcharged with her electric life.  
Till she seemed to swoon, gradually her mind went, and she passed away, everything in her was melted down and fluid, and she lay still, become contained by him, sleeping in him as lightning sleeps in a pure, soft stone. So she was passed away and gone in him, and he was perfected.

26. ibid., p. 232  
27. ibid., p. 231  
28. ibid., p. 232  
29. ibid., p. 233  

Women In Love, pp. 373-374
characters are forces, abstract wills, never mentioned by name. It is the same language as that of "The White Stocking" paragraph quoted above and bears no resemblance to anything in Lawrence's early writing. Contrast again these passages from the second "White Stocking" and from The Rainbow with the earlier description of that dance in the first "White Stocking".

She was afraid she did not dance well. But he gave her such support, she seemed to divine where he wanted her to go. This was the joy of it. His hand held her firmly in the small of her back, and seemed to speak to her, holding her, carrying her, telling her what to do, and a thousand other things. He was a man who knew what he was about.

At the end, flushed, she looked straight at him quickly, saying: "It was lovely."

He laughed with a queer little laugh, pleased throughout the whole of him. And he paid her attentions.

I, p. 102 A

The penetrating analysis of states of consciousness in the second "White Stocking" does not admit the easy transition to ordinary dialogue of the first version in the paragraph above. Lawrence summarizes the effect of the dance on Elsie with the simple statement: "It was exquisite" and follows it with a rapid description of her quick return to normal consciousness at the end of the dance.

It was exquisite. When it was over, she was dazed, and was scarcely breathing. She stood with him in the middle of the room as if she were alone in a remote place. He bent over her. She expected his lips on her bare shoulder, and waited. Yet they were not alone, they were not alone. It was cruel.


The return to reality is condensed in five lines, balanced between the summing up of Elsie's reaction to the situation - "It was exquisite" - and of the social reality which inhibited it - "It was cruel".
The charm of the dance is weakened and although Elsie cannot tear herself away from Adams' influence, she slowly grows aware of Whiston.

She was not aware of what she was doing, only a little grain of resistant trouble was in her. The man, possessed, yet with a superficial presence of mind, made his way to the dining-room, as if to give her refreshment, cunningly working to his own escape with her. He was molten hot, filmed over with presence of mind, and bottomed with cold disbelief. In the dining-room was Whiston, carrying coffee to the plain, neglected ladies. Elsie saw him, but felt as if he could not see her. She was beyond his reach and ken. A sort of fusion existed between her and the large man at her side. She ate her custard, but an incomplete fusion all the while sustained and contained within the being of her employer.30

The linking of heat with sensual passion and of cold with will and reality continues. Adams is "molten hot" within but controlled by "cold disbelief"; Elsie is bound to him in "a sort of fusion", "an incomplete fusion". The contrast between the purely physical dominance of Adams and the enduring, if temporarily eclipsed attraction of Whiston, is underlined in their respective images in Elsie's consciousness.

Adams, as mentioned before, is never referred to by name throughout the dance; he is always an abstraction or a body; "The florid, well-built man" (173); "the steady, close man", "partner", "his large voluptuous body", "his limbs", "his body", "The man" (174); "the large man", "the being of her employer", "the other man", "the body of the other man"(175). The return to normality from the intoxication of the dance is heralded by the introduction of a personal name, significantly that of Whiston: "In the dining-room was Whiston". Whiston represents the reality

30. One wonders whether the substitution of "custard" for the earlier version's "champagne" here is intended to be ironic: custard, also a liquid, contrasted with molten metals and fusing!
incompatible with Elsie's illusion which she must acknowledge.

But she was growing cooler. Whiston came up. She looked at him, and saw him with different eyes. She saw his slim, young man's figure real and enduring before her. That was he. But she was in the spell with the other man, fused with him, and she could not be taken away.

II, p. 175.

The dance was over. Adams was detained. Elsie found herself beside Whiston. There was something shapely about him as he sat, about his knees and his distinct figure, that she clung to. It was as if he had enduring form. She put her hand on his knee.

II, p. 176.

The notion of distinctness and clarity of form, suggesting the separate otherness of an individual is present in much of Lawrence's later writing. Tom Brangwen recognizes Lydia when he first meets her on the road.

He saw her face clearly, as if by a light in the air. He saw her face so distinctly, that he ceased to coil on himself, and was suspended.

'That's her,' he said involuntarily. 31

Ursula's impression of Anton Skrebensky when she first knows him is of someone "finely constituted, and so distinct, self-contained...He was isolated within his own clear, fine atmosphere." 32

But Elsie's acknowledgement of Whiston is prevented by her temporary physical obsession with Adams.


32. ibid., p. 292.

Similarly Connie Chatterley immediately recognises Parkin's self-sufficiency: "...he had a peculiar clear-cut presence, she remembered he always stood out very distinctly from his background..." The First Lady Chatterley, p. 11.
She was also conscious, much more intimately and impersonally, of the body of the other man moving somewhere in the room.

II, p. 176.

It is worth contrasting the respective attitudes of the two Elsie's toward Ted Whiston after the dance with Adams. In the early version Elsie seeks to comfort Ted after he has spilled the coffee on her employer.

"You're not bothering yourself, are you?" asked Elsie Swain, her heart touched by the gloom on Whiston's face. Suddenly he glanced at her, and their eyes met. He seemed to look right through that shallow self of hers, which was playing with Adams, into her real being. It hurt her, and she turned aside, blushing with shame. But she seemed unable to get away from the influence of those honest blue eyes, that demanded something of her.

I, p. 104 A-B

The second Elsie resents the return to normal consciousness which Ted represents.

A slight soberness came over her, an irritation at being frustrated of her illusion...She sat silent. He was forcing her into consciousness of her position. But he could not get hold of her feelings, to change them. She had a curious, perverse desire that he should not.

II, p. 176.

The difference is clear: the first Elsie can be reached and brought back to awareness and responsibility, the second Elsie cannot, she is fused with Adams and feels Ted as a mere irritant.

In the first version the spell of Adams' attraction is broken by his ridiculous behaviour when the coffee is spilled on him and thereafter Elsie is free enough to be able to mock him.

"'Gad, that's scalded me!" mocked Elsie, throwing up her hand. Adams was just coming down the room. He hated her, knowing she ridiculed him. He could not bear to be laughed at. So he cut her.

I, p. 104 B
Adams' subsequent pointed avoidance makes the rest of the dance a humiliation for her, and his revenge comes when Elsie pulls out the white stocking.

He looked over her shoulder, ignoring her as he spoke to her. She felt exceedingly humiliated, yet could not refuse to dance with him. Bewildered, ashamed, she went forward on his arm, feeling Whiston's eyes upon her. She had been a despicable flirt that evening; she hated Sam Adams.

At the last minute, when all were nearly ready, she thought she wanted her handkerchief. In confusion, she stooped to take it from her pocket. She shook it out hastily, feeling Adams waiting for her. With a start of horror she realized she was shaking a long white stocking in front of her. In an agony of embarrassment she tried to snatch it back, glancing round to see if people had noticed.

A loud guffaw of laughter came from Adams, at her side. In her agitation, she could not get the stocking into her pocket. The foot hung out. Then she dropped the thing on the floor. The place had all gone red and blurred to her. The people were tittering.

Sam Adams, laughing outright, picked up the fallen stocking, and held it at arm's length. There was a shout of laughter down the room. Elsie stood crimson with shame, her lower lip between her teeth.

The passage reveals Lawrence's early style at its finest. The first paragraph succinctly presents Elsie's humiliation at having to dance with Adams. Her self-hatred is expressed through the free indirect thought of the last sentence "She had been a despicable flirt that evening; she hated Sam Adams" - a judgment which the author should not intrusively make. The depiction of Elsie's struggle with the white stocking, the visual picture of her "shaking a long white stocking" linked with her immediate and reaction of horror, Lawrence's minute description of her efforts to hide her mistake conveys all the slow agony of knowing oneself the centre of inescapable public attention. The humourous, yet embarrassing, picture conjured up by the simple sentence "The foot hung out" is a masterly stroke summing up the nightmare of Elsie's mistake. As the visual picture centres on the white stocking Lawrence builds up the impression
of the surrounding public ridicule through the progressive increase of laughter from Adams' initial "guffaw" and the subdued "tittering" of the assembled guests to Adams' "laughing outright" echoed by the "shout of laughter down the room".

The dropping of the white stocking has a different significance in the later version, corresponding to the different significance of the dance, which replaces the white stocking as the central feature of Part II. The coffee-spilling episode and the ensuing dialogue of the first version are here omitted, and Lawrence is free to concentrate on the tension leading up to Elsie's last dance with Adams which she awaits "half in desire, half in dread". Elsie is "distracted, lost to herself between the opposing forces of the two men", each of whom seeks to claim her.

The time came for her to dance with Adams. Oh, the delicious closing of contact with him, of his limbs touching her limbs, his arm supporting her. She seemed to resolve. Whiston had not made himself real to her. He was only a heavy place in her consciousness.

But she breathed heavily, beginning to suffer from the closeness of strain. She was nervous. Adams also was constrained. A tightness, a tension was coming over them all. And he was exasperated, feeling something counter-acting physical magnetism, feeling a will stronger with her than his own, intervening in what was becoming a vital necessity to him.

Elsie was almost lost to her own control.

II, p. 177

The dance becomes a clash of wills in which Elsie's purely sensuous response to Adams is inhibited by the unconscious knowledge of Ted's antagonism. The description of the resulting strain between the characters reveals Lawrence's ability to analyse the feelings of both Elsie and Adams, blending them in the same paragraph in such a way as to give the impression of simultaneously apprehending both characters.

The function of the white stocking here is to break the nearly unbearable
tension between Elsie and Adams, allowing a return to relative normality.

As she went forward with him to take her place at the dance, she stooped for her pocket-handkerchief. The music sounded for quadrilles. Everybody was ready. Adams stood with his body near her, exerting his attraction over her. He was tense and fighting. She stooped for her pocket-handkerchief, and shook it as she rose. It shook out and fell from her hand. With agony, she saw she had taken a white stocking instead of a handkerchief. For a second it lay on the floor, a twist of white stocking. Then, in an instant, Adams picked it up, with a little surprised laugh of triumph.

'That'll do for me', he whispered — seeming to take possession of her. And he stuffed the stocking in his trousers pocket, and quickly offered her his handkerchief. II, p. 177

Adams keeps the stocking as a symbol of his potential power over Elsie and hands her to Ted at the end of the dance.

The dance began. She felt weak and faint, as if her will were turned to water. A heavy sense of loss came over her. She could not help herself any more. But it was peace.

When the dance was over, Adams yielded her up. Whiston came to her. II, p. 177

Elsie is exhausted by the tension and drained of the capacity for any response. Lawrence now focuses on Ted, whose anger has been mounting all the while, and expands the original single line of his direct speech in the first version to two pages of dialogue which reveal his accumulated frustration and fury. The neutrality of the exhausted Elsie "detached and mute", "pale", "silent", "pitiful" is contrasted with Whiston "hard with opposition", "dark with fury", "black with rage", "in a black fury".

The dialogue serves to bring out Ted's reaction to the dance and the forthright direct speech is both a contrast to and a relief from the close narrative analysis of the Elsie-Adams relationship.

The conclusions to the climax in Part II of the two versions summarize the vast change in outlook and style between them. The brief denouement
of the early story is a fitting conclusion to the climax of Part II - the humiliating mistake of the white stocking.

She was so ashamed, she did not know how she got out of the room. "Which are your things?" asked Whiston of her, roughly, in the cloakroom, and in a few moments the two were hurrying down the park. She clung to his arm, and felt that if he were not there to protect her she would die.

They had married shortly afterward, when Whiston had got another job. There had been one child, which had died.

The account occasionally borders on cliche in sentences such as "She was so ashamed, she did not know how she got out of the room" and "she ... felt that if he were not there to protect her she would die."

The conclusion to the second version is much longer since, in accordance with Lawrence's changed conception of the story, it must analyse the relationship between Ted and Elsie in greater depth and detail. There is a long dialogue as the two walk home, ending in Elsie's collapse and her surrender to Ted.

And he held her very safe, and his heart was white-hot with love for her. His mind was amazed. He could only hold her against his chest that was white-hot with love and belief in her. So she was restored at last.

The conclusion is presented through Ted's feelings, unlike the focus on Elsie at the end of the first version, and in its language it is reminiscent of The Rainbow.

"Don't cry, my love, he said, in the same abstract way. In his breast his heart burned like a torch, with suffering. He could not hear the desolativeness of her crying. He would have soothed her with his blood... His body trembled as he held her. He loved her till he felt his heart and all his veins would burst, flood her with his hot,
healing blood. He knew his blood would heal and restore her.\(^{33}\)

Although different analogies and similes are employed both passages use the language of fire, the healing flame linked to the 'heart' and the 'blood' (in contrast to the merely sensual heat of Adams' passion).

(1) his heart white-hot with love
    his chest that was white-hot with love and belief

(2) his heart burned like a torch with suffering
    his hot, healing blood

The different accounts of the dance reveal Lawrence's substantial development towards the Weltanschaung and style of The Rainbow during the interval between the writing of the two stories. To the visual precision and detail of the first version he adds the more profound psychological analysis of the later text. One recalls again Lawrence's letters to Edward Garnett of 1913\(^{34}\) in which he mentions his growing preoccupation with the relationship between men and women and the new style of writing through which he could explore and analyse these relationships. The originality of Lawrence's analysis is well summarized by Graham Hough in The Dark Sun:

...the novel in general, owing to the importance commonly attributed to the 'creation of character', has concentrated to excess on the stable ego, on motives that can be explained and understood. And Lawrence, by attending to actual states of body, mind and soul, rather than to consistent motivation, has greatly extended its range, has done more justice than anyone before him to the irrationalities, the inexplicable fluxes and reflexes of feeling which life is obviously chequered, but which fiction is commonly shy of dealing with.\(^{35}\)

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33. Lawrence, The Rainbow, p. 156.
35. Graham Hough, The Dark Sun, p. 76.
In the very different development and handling of the white stocking and
dance themes of Part II and in the events of Part III in the 1914 version,
the new depth of Lawrence's analysis becomes apparent.

Conflict in the life of a married couple is present in most of the
novels and in many of the tales. But with the completion of Sons and Lovers,
Lawrence embraced a view of life which saw the relation between men and
women in marriage as the means to the creative fulfilment of human beings.
The first "White Stocking" presents the necessity for responsibility in
marriage and presents it by concentrating on action and character,
through dialogue and thought. The second "White Stocking", however,
is a more profound rendering of the fluctuations of feeling and sub-
conscious impulses which form a large part of all human relationships.

The theme of dominance and submission in love and the strain of violence
which becomes increasingly prominent in Lawrence's writing in The Rainbow
and Women in Love, are foreshadowed in the second "White Stocking".
At the beginning of the conflict between husband and wife Lawrence
states: "It was a war now" (p. 182). Lawrence's belief that integrity
in a relationship can be better achieved by violence than by the suppression
of grievances is expressed in the second story's account of Ted's
unnaturally heightened consciousness.

A curious little grin of hate came on his face. He had a long
score against her.
II, p. 182
And his lust to see her bleed, to break her and destroy her, rose
from an old source against her. It carried him. He wanted
satisfaction.
It made his mad desire to destroy her come back.
II, p. 184

The quarrel between Elsie and Ted in the second version is not only
presented through dialogue and the thoughts of one partner, but also through
the dissolution of the characters' normal consciousness — the "stabilized ego" as Lawrence called it — and the depiction of the changing passions within each character.

Lawrence's changed vision in Part III of the two tales can be clearly seen in the different method and style he employs for each story. The 1911 version briefly summarizes Elsie's marriage and the excess vitality and carelessness that lead her into mischief.

They had married shortly afterward, when Whiston had got another job. There had been one child, which had died.

But this was all two years before. Elsie had had time to get used to her husband, and to take him for granted, as one takes the air one breathes. Inside the marriage she found her real liberty. She need not be afraid now. And so her carelessness led her into risks. She had plenty of vitality and nothing vital to do. Whiston was away for ten hours a day, and liked to be quiet when he did come home. Therefore, when Sam Adams seemed to take up the old thread of adoration for her — well, it was exciting.

She had met him once or twice in the streets, and chatted with him. She felt she knew a lot more about men, now she was married.

And he was really jolly, and said most flattering things. Of course she took them for what they were worth — but still —

Now he had sent her the earrings. They gave her joy. Therefore she would keep them — why not?

The passage reveals that subtle shifting between the mind of the author and that of his character which so often characterizes Lawrence's analysis of his protagonists. The passage is partly authorial commentary and partly Elsie's feelings and thoughts, conveyed through the occasional colloquial free indirect speech phrase which supplements and confirms the author's statement. Thus the free indirect phrases "well, it was exciting," "Of course she took them for what they were worth — but still—" and "—why not?" bind Elsie's thoughts to Lawrence's description of them and give that description the conviction of truthful analysis in the form of corroboration from the character herself. Much of the
Effect of this technique lies in its ambiguity. It is sometimes difficult to separate the free indirect phrase from the author's description, for example:

She felt she knew a lot more about men, now she was married. And he was really jolly, and said most flattering things. Of course she took them for what they were worth—but still—

Now he had sent her the earrings. They gave her joy. Therefore she would keep them—why not?

I, p. 105 B

Lawrence's analysis of the false logic which Elsie's thoughts follow is given the stamp of truth by the illusion of partial access to the character's mind. The combining of authorial analysis and free indirect speech gives an added richness to the passage.

Elsie's meeting with Adams dispels her illusion about him. The actual presence of the man 'florid and facile' who 'seemed to dominate her' brings her quickly back to reality, depressed and secretly despising herself. The irritation of husband and wife with one another flares up on Whiston's arrival home, sparked mainly by Elsie's refusal openly to acknowledge herself to be wrong, but also by her husband's incomplete understanding of her character. Her perverseness is caused by a number of conflicting emotions: depression, self-hatred, and resentment of her husband for not knowing her better.

She felt his voice in judgment on her, and it thrilled her with joy. She felt perverse altogether.

"Oh, nothing. He only asked me if I'd wear them for the sender's sake."

His face slowly contracted into a kind of grin. How she was really afraid. She did not know this still, grinning man. His voice seemed to come out of him without his producing, bitter, toneless.

"Ah—he did!"

There was silence. She wished he would move or say something. It was for him to get them both out of the situation. But he sat stiff and still. She went weary. Would she have to lie, or make mock?
She had got in a mess. Very well, it was his fault; he should look after her.

The conflict between Elsie and Ted shown primarily through its effect on Elsie; Lawrence's description of Ted and his speech are given in relation to her, in her replies, her emotional reactions, and her thoughts.

"Do you mean to say you want to carry on with him?" he asked.

This made her angry. Why would he force her through these questions? He ought to know, she didn't want anything to do with Sam Adams. But he should keep her himself, then, she would not answer.

Elsie's progression from resentment to fear of the consequences of her actions is presented through a blending of narrative, dialogue, and free indirect speech. Each technique reinforces the others, uniting to produce an accurate account of how the characters look to one another and how they speak and of the discrepancy between what each character actually feels and what he or she is driven by anger, resentment and fear to say. In the case of Elsie the reader also follows her thoughts and in the see-saw between resentment and fear of what she has done, the ultimate balance in favour of the latter is made completely convincing.

She was angry and insulted. Why had he chosen this way of getting out of it?

If only he had loved her a little, she would have told him, and thrown away the other business gladly. But he gave her no chance. He gave her no chance — off he went straightway into his insult and contempt. No, she was furious; she hated him. And yet, at the bottom of her heart, she dreaded the mischief she might have done. What if —

At last she rose to go and look for him.

Elsie's recognition that the responsibility for her actions is hers leads her to seek reconciliation, and her initiative changes the balance of passion in Ted.
"Ted!" she called, very softly. "Ted!"

He could not answer, his heart was set so stubbornly. She went faltering indoors. Then he was sorry for her. But still he felt as if he were paralyzed, and could not move. Again he remembered her faltering, the movement of her white ankles.

Slowly he went down into the house. She looked up, frightened and shrinking, as he entered. Her face was very pale, her eyes looked black. It shocked her. She was afraid of the power of his feelings. It even destroyed her pity. She felt impersonal.

But he made a pleading movement toward her. He could not bear it when she shrank from him.

Lawrence has an unusual ability to describe alternately a character's inner feelings and the same character's perceptions of the external world which act on and alter those emotions. The faltering movement of Elsie's white ankles changes Ted's anger to pity; the sight of her, frightened and shrinking, prompts his pleading motion. For Elsie the strong trembling of her husband's body as she embraces him, awakens a variety of new emotions and thoughts.

He only trembled more, and held her faster, and did not speak. A little wonder woke in her heart. "How he clings to me, as if he needed me!" A new fear came up in her, fear of what she herself might represent to him.

"My love!" she whispered in a little ecstasy. "My love!"

And she clung to him trembling.

"I love you," she whispered to him.

And she felt the powerful vibration of her husband's body, as he pressed her to him, clinging to her. He did not say anything. She felt rather stunned, rather bewildered, rather afraid of this intensity of feeling. Why wouldn't he say something, so that she could understand, something she could hold on to afterward? What was she to think of this feeling of his, that frightened her? Here he did nothing but bury his head against her and cling to her, pressing her so she could never escape any more.

But she loved him. Oh, down in the very kernel of her, she loved him. It had never gone so deep before. She was glad. It made her feel so much bigger.

I, p. 108 A-B

Again, the boundary between free indirect thought and narrative is vague.

It is Lawrence's description of Elsie's emotions mingled with her own
thoughts ("How he clings to me, as if he needed me!") and her half-articulated feelings. The merging of narrative into free indirect thought and back again to narrative creates a richness of description that narrative or internal monologue alone could not achieve.

Elsie's movement from illusion and irresponsibility to a new self-knowledge and a stronger love for her husband are summarized in the brief ending to the story.

Next day she sent back both stockings and earrings. She never told her husband about the latter.

Her character remains unchanged but she has acquired maturity and understanding. Her action in returning the earrings without revealing them to her husband shows tact and responsibility and the ending to the tale is an optimistic one.

Lawrence's method in the first "White Stocking" is to trace the progress of the conflict through the play of emotions in Ted and Elsie and through the thoughts of the latter. His method in the second story is different. It is not only a description of the altered characters of Ted and Elsie and of the deeper, more serious rift in their marriage, but also an analysis of the unconscious passions and motivations that lie beneath external appearances. It is in the presentation of the interplay between appearance and action on the one hand, and the flux of primal emotions within the character on the other, that the originality and force of Lawrence's method and style in the second version lie.

Lawrence describes the Whistons' marriage at greater length in the revised tale, omitting Elsie's meeting with Adams. He describes Elsie's

36. Part III in the 1914 version is also a fifth longer than the 1911 version.
love for her husband in the early days of their marriage as "a fierce little abandon of love that moved him to the depths of his being, and gave him a permanent surety and sense of realness in himself." This "surety" is, however, flawed since we are told on the following page:

They spoke once or twice of the white stocking.
'Ah!' Whiston exclaimed. 'What does it matter?'
He was impatient and angry, and could not bear to consider the matter. So it was left unresolved.

A marriage in which something is left "unresolved" is in some danger and Whiston's attitude "Whatever troubled him, at the bottom was surety" is ironic in view of subsequent events.

The climax of Part III - when Ted strikes Elsie - is built up gradually over four pages, beginning with the author's revelation that Elsie has concealed Adams' brooch for a year and is making plans for the earrings to "explain their presence". The passage contains one of the few instances of free indirect speech in this version, here a flash of Elsie's gay, irresponsible thoughts.

She made a little plan in her head. And she was extraordinarily pleased. As for Sam Adams, even if he saw her wearing them, he would not give her away. What fun, if he saw her wearing his earrings! She would pretend she had inherited them from her grandmother, her mother's mother. She laughed to herself as she went downtown in the afternoon, the pretty drops dangling in front of her curls.

Unlike the 1911 version, the later text does not base the account of the account solely on the progress of Elsie's thoughts and feelings. Instead Lawrence employs a number of different techniques, in particular the use of highly emotive verbs and adverbs to convey the growing hostility of husband and wife to each other. Ted's first utterance when
he returns home is spoken in a "strong and brutal voice"; Elsie replies "flippantly" and he answers "harshly". As the quarrel becomes more serious Lawrence's descriptions of the quality of Elsie's speech become more evocative: "She was...inclined...to make mock of him and jeer at him", "she could not help goading him", "half jeering", "in defiance", "she mocked", "she sneered", "her jeering scorn", "she said, with a queer chirrup of mocking laughter". Elsie's defiance is spitefully childish:

She stood, a small stubborn figure with tight-pressed lips and big, sullen, childish eyes.
Her big, black, childish eyes watched him.

Whiston's progression from irritation to uncontrollable rage is built up over these pages not only through authorial description but also through the significant change in his direct speech. Initially he speaks correct English, although his voice is "strong and brutal".

"Put your skirts down and don't make a fool of yourself," he said.

As his contempt and irritation turn to anger his speech loses its grammatical correctness and becomes mixed with dialect, which first appears in his reply to Elsie's defiant jig around the room.

"You little fool, ha' done with it," he said. "And you'll backfire them stockings, I'm telling you." He was angry.

His incorrect grammar gives Elsie the opportunity to parody him mockingly.

'I shan't backfire them stockings,' she sang, repeating his words.
'I shan't, I shan't, I shan't.'
And she danced round the room doing a high kick to the tune of her words. There was a real biting indifference in her behaviour.
As Ted's anger grows his pronunciation and language become more uncouth and coarse.

"We'll see whether you will or not,' he said, 'trollops! You'd like Sam Adams to know you was wearing 'em, wouldn't you? That's what would please you.'

II, p. 182

"Yer nasty trolley,' he cried. 'Put yer petticoats down, and stop being so foul-minded.'

II, p. 182

The progressive change in Ted's speech, acting as an indicator to the force of his anger, is a favourite technique used by Lawrence. In the first version it is less obvious, since the dialogue between husband and wife is shorter and the reader follows the progress of the quarrel through Elsie, but the first Ted also changes from more or less correct English to dialect.

"What did you do with that white stocking?" he asked.
"Put it in the drawer."
He puffed in silence, slow and masculine and pondering.
"And what're yer goin' ter do wi' it?"

I, p. 106 A

"Do you mean to say you're wearin' a pair of stockings as Sam Adams sent you?" he asked, using an uncouth pronunciation.

I, p. 106 B

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37. The change to dialect is an emotional barometer for many of Lawrence's characters. In The First Lady Chatterley Lawrence specifically mentions what the degrees of dialect and good English mean in Parkins' speech.

'She was beginning to know him - and to understand his change into dialect. When they were merely two people together, quite pleasant, he spoke more or less good English. When he really loved her, and cooed over her in the strange, throaty cooing voice of a man to his tender young wife, he said "thee" and "thou". And when he was suspicious or angry, he used the dialect defiantly, but said "you" - or rather "yer" - and not "thou".' p. 149.

The same general pattern is true of the later gamekeeper, Mellors. (see his switch to dialect in defiance of Hilda, Lady Chatterley's Lover, pp. 254-255.)
Ted returns to more or less standard speech when he reaches a certain pitch in anger.38 The second Ted follows a similar pattern, his insults and later threats to Elsie are spoken in abusive but correct English.

"What am I frightened of him for?" he repeated automatically. "What am I frightened of him for? Why, for you, you stray-running little bitch."

II, p. 183

Nevertheless his language is common and coarse and Elsie flings this in his face.

She laughed, shrill and false.

"How I hate your word "break your neck", ' she said, with a grimace of the mouth. 'It sounds so common and beastly. Can't you say something else -'

There was a dead silence. II, p. 183

The contrast between Elsie laughing "shrill and false" and the "dead silence which follows exemplifies the use of highly emotive phrases to convey the unnatural strain of the situation. The progressive build-up of tension and hatred between husband and wife is achieved not only through their speech and the phrases describing that speech, but also through Lawrence's indication of the emotions which often contradict what is said governing the characters for example.

38. This is a recurrent feature in the speech of Mellors too. When angry he sometimes speaks "good English" (Lady Chatterley's Lover, pp. 233 and 255). Walter Morel affects a correct English when he reaches a certain level of drunkenness and anger.

"Is there nothing to eat in the house?" he asked, insolently, as if to a servant. In certain stages of his intoxication he affected the clipped, mincing speech of the towns. Mrs. Morel hated him most in this condition.

"You know what there is in the house," she said, so coldly, it sounded impersonal.

He stood and glared at her without moving a muscle.

"I asked a civil question, and I expect a civil answer," he said affectedly. (Sons and Lovers, p. 38.)
'Pf!' she sneered. 'Do you think I'm frightened of you?' She spoke coldly, detached.
She was frightened, for all that, white around the mouth.

Whereas the first version concentrated largely on the effect of the quarrel on Elsie and presented it partly through her free indirect thoughts, the second version analyses the reactions of both characters more deeply, especially those of Ted in order to justify his violence. Lawrence alternately describes the aspect each character wears in the other's eyes and the emotions of each character, thus creating a complex apprehension of the state of each character's body, mind, and feeling.

'And besides,' she said, with a queer chirrup of mocking laughter, 'what do you know about anything? He sent me an amethyst brooch and a pair of pearl ear-rings.'
'He what?' said Whiston, in a suddenly normal voice. His eyes were fixed on her.
'Sent me a pair of pearl ear-rings, and an amethyst brooch,' she repeated, mechanically, pale to the lips.
And her big, black, childish eyes watched him, fascinated, held in her spell.

He seemed to thrust his face and his eyes forward at her, as he rose slowly and came to her. She watched transfixed in terror. Her throat made a small sound, as she tried to scream.

Then, quick as lightning, the back of his hand struck her with a crash across the mouth, and she was flung back blinded against the wall. The shock shook a queer sound out of her. And then she saw him still coming on, his eyes holding her, his fist drawn back, advancing slowly. At any instant the blow might crash into her.

The dialogue alternates with a description of the appearance of each character as he or she speaks: Ted's "eyes...fixed on" Elsie who is "pale to the lips". The scene is then described as it appears to Elsie: "her big, black, childish eyes watched him," "she watched," "she saw him still..."
coming on, his eyes holding her". The picture of Ted, described from Elsie's viewpoint as a face and eyes and, later, a fist advancing on her, is a remarkable piece of visual psychology, for of course this is what one would see in Elsie's position. We are given the shock of the blow on her, her temporary blindness, and then the advance of Ted with a flash of her unformulated thought articulated by Lawrence: "At any instant the blow might crash into her." From initial shock which makes her incapable of movement - "She watched transfixed in terror" - she becomes "Mad with terror, she raised her hands with a queer clawing movement" and the narrative moves to describe how she appears to Ted and how he is affected by her appearance.

Mad with terror, she raised her hands with a queer clawing movement to cover her eyes and her temples, opening her mouth in a dumb shriek. There was no sound. But the sight of her slowly arrested him. He hung before her, looking at her fixedly, as she stood crouched against the wall with open, bleeding mouth, and wide-staring eyes, and two hands clawing over her temples. And his lust to see her bleed, to break her and destroy her, rose from an old source against her. It carried him. He wanted satisfaction.

But he had seen her standing there, a piteous, horrified thing, and he turned his face aside in shame and nausea. He went and sat heavily in his chair, and a curious ease, almost like sleep, came over his brain.

II, p. 184

Again the emphasis is on the visual effect of one character on the other, this time Ted's reaction to Elsie's appearance: "the sight of her," "looking at her", "had seen her standing there". Elsie's terror is evoked through the description of her movements as dumb and animal-like: "queer clawing movements", "hands clawing", "dumb shriek", "crouched against the wall", "a piteous, horrified thing". She is reduced, in her terror, to something subhuman. Ted's loss of control and his surrender to the primitive "lust to...break her and destroy her" is checked by "the sight of her". Lawrence describes him as poised between impulse and reason: "He hung before her, looking at her fixedly". The diminishing of Ted's
passion is achieved through the simple but effective placing of the connective "but" in a new paragraph, thus providing semantic continuity with the previous sentence and yet conveying the turn in Ted's passion.

Lawrence moves to a general view of the room and the two characters, again shifting from one to the other as they speak. The clash of wills is unabated and for an instant the two are balanced between the dual possibilities of further violence or the abatement of passion. The emotional crisis passes and the movement away from violence is completely convincing.

She felt that now nothing would prevent him if he rose to kill her. She could not prevent him any more. She was yielded up to him. They both trembled in the balance, unconscious.

'What have you had to do with him?' he asked, in a barren voice.
'I've not had anything to do with him,' she quavered.
'You just kept 'em because they were jewellery?' he said.

A weariness came over him. What was the worth of speaking any more of it? He did not care any more. He was dreary and sick.
She began to cry again, but he took no notice. She kept wiping her mouth on her handkerchief. He could see it, the blood-mark. It made him only more sick and tired of the responsibility of it, the violence, the shame.

The denouement of the tale is presented from Whiston's viewpoint, through his free indirect thoughts, his perceptions and reactions. The change in focus (in the first version it was on Elsie) is consistent with the different development of events in this story, for the second Elsie does not acknowledge her error but continues defiant.

'I won't,' she wept with rage. 'You're not going to bully me and hit me like that on the mouth.'

And she sobbed again. He looked at her in contempt and compassion and rising anger.

40. In its phrasing the account bears a striking similarity to Lawrence's later essay "Morality and the Novel" in which he writes of the "trembling and oscillating of the balance" in the relationship between a man and a woman. "All emotions, including love and hate, and rage and tenderness, go to the adjusting of the oscillating, unestablished balance between two people who amount to anything." (p.529, Phoenix).
Elsie’s illusions about Adams—the jewelry may have been shattered but there is no evidence that she has gained understanding or maturity. It falls to Ted to undo her mischief and to initiate and carry out the reconciliation.

In a few moments she lifted her tear-stained, swollen face and looked at him with eyes all forlorn and pathetic. A great flash of anguish went over his body. He went over, slowly, and very gently took her in his hands. She let herself be taken. Then as she lay against his shoulder, she sobbed aloud:

'I never meant—'

'My love—my little love—' he cried, in anguish of spirit, holding her in his arms.

II, p. 186

Ted accepts the responsibility and the burden of his wife’s frailties much as Lydgate is forced to accept his "narrowed lot,“41 though Elsie’s failures, due largely to the boredom with habit that besets most marriages at some stage, are less fundamental than Rosamund’s. Indeed the comparison shows just what Lawrence has succeeded in doing in "The White Stocking". Ted and Elsie are not presented as "stable egos". They are characterised in much less detail than Lydgate and Rosamund and are presented in less psychological soundness and depth. We know less about them as people in everyday life. But we know much more about what it felt like to be them in the situation they got themselves into, about the texture of their fundamental urges, impulses and feelings of which identifiable psychological traits are but manifestations.

41. "Poor Rosamund’s vagrant fancy had come back terribly scourged—meek enough to nestle under the old despised shelter. And the shelter was still here: Lydgate had accepted his narrowed lot with sad resignation. He had chosen this fragile creature, and had taken the burthen of her life upon his arms. He must walk as he could carrying that burthen pitifully."

The presentation and working out of the conflict between Elsie and Ted in the 1914 text reveals Lawrence's understanding of the deepest impulses in human nature and his re-creation of the truths of human relationships as he saw them in his prose fiction. Lawrence's conception of the tale, as well as his whole idea of style, underwent a remarkable development between 1911 and 1914. The first version is a fully realised story but the 1914 text is a far more profound account of the situation and its changed style and outlook display affinities with those of The Rainbow.

The technique of revision between the two texts reveals some similarities with the pattern of revision between the three versions of "Odour of Chrysanthemums", in the tendencies to cut dialogue, to delete superfluous scenes, to present in greater depth the workings of the characters' emotions, and in the tendency to make the endings longer. What is not evident in the "White Stocking" texts is the meticulous pruning of phrases and words at the sentence level which was a feature of Lawrence's revision in the first and second "Odour of Chrysanthemums" versions. Lawrence has attained greater assurance and mastery of his prose style. "Odour of Chrysanthemums" was written only in 1909 and Lawrence's mode of composition developed greatly in the years that followed. It is probable that sometime in this period his habit of completely re-writing his prose, instead of meticulously correcting it, crystallized. With the exception of Part I, which is similar in both the "White Stocking" texts, it is clear that Lawrence wrote the second version according to his new conception of the theme of the story.

It has been argued by many critics that the tales in The Prussian Officer
are all from Lawrence’s *Sons and Lovers* period and reflect both the themes and styles of the early Lawrence. This is perhaps a fair estimation of stories such as "Odour of Chrysanthemums", "The Shade of Spring", "A Sick Collier", "Second Best", "Goose Fair", and "The Christening", all of which deal with topics from Lawrence’s early life in Nottinghamshire and none of which were completely re-written for *The Prussian Officer* collection. It is manifestly untrue of the other stories, "The White Stocking", "The Prussian Officer", "The Thorn in the Flesh" and especially untrue of the story which has often been considered the finest product of Lawrence’s *Sons and Lovers* period - "Daughters of the Vicar".
"Daughters of the Vicar" has been critically acclaimed by F. R. Leavis as one of the finest examples of Lawrence's early work in the period of *The White Peacock* and *Sons and Lovers*.

Of the shorter forms of prose fiction — short story and longer tale — Lawrence is surely the supreme master. His genius manifests itself there with an authority of original power, and an astonishing maturity, from the start. And, before examining *The Rainbow*, I want to enforce this judgement in a detailed study of one of the earlier tales: I want to show what he can do (for oddly enough, it seems necessary) where, in that early phase of *The White Peacock* and *Sons and Lovers*, his genius as a creative writer is most undeniable.

*The Prussian Officer* came out in 1914, so that the stories it collects were written during his first creative years. It is easy to understand that the disturbing sensuous intensity with which the psychological insight of such things as the title story and *The Thorn in the Flesh* is conveyed should have made a great impression. But the tale that I wish to consider, *The Daughters of the Vicar*, seems to have escaped notice. I choose it because it is representative of Lawrence's genius in a central profound way, and because it provides a peculiarly effective answer to some misconceptions about him that are still current.¹

However, as the *Collected Letters* and other sources reveal, many of the tales in *The Prussian Officer* collection, although originally composed in the early years of Lawrence's creative writing, were revised between the summers of 1913 and 1914,² after Lawrence had begun writing the novel which was to be *The Rainbow*. Some of the tales were extensively altered and show strong stylistic affinities with that novel. "Daughters of the Vicar" was almost completely re-written and the revised version, far from being an early product, reveals many similarities to the style and vision

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¹ Leavis, D.H. Lawrence. *Novelist*, p. 75.
² see *C.L. I*, p. 212, p. 215, and p. 287.
of The Rainbow. These similarities become striking if one compares "Daughters of the Vicar" with its early version "Two Marriages" which was, in fact, written in Lawrence’s youthful period.

Lawrence wrote "Two Marriages" in July of 1911. 3

Oh, I’ve been writing all day long, 38 pages of a long short story. I’ve written all day long & all night.

Well, I’ve finished the short story - called 'Two Marriages' - & you can see it as soon as you come to Croydon - it’s not worth sending by post. 4

He posted the story to Edward Garnett on the 25th of September 5 and when Garnett returned the tale a few days later Lawrence altered it, probably according to Garnett’s suggestions. He mentions revising the story both to Louie Burrows and Edward Garnett in October of the same year.

I’ve been bowing my head and been quite subservient - sent Garnett a long 3-part story which he thinks the Century may accept when I've had it typed out, & I’ve promised to go & lunch with him on Wednesday. ...I am so busy revising 'Two Marriages' for the typewriter. 6

Thanks for the return of "Two Marriage" with such good hopes. I am doing it up, will split it in three, and will keep it between 12 and 15 thousand words. 7

3. Keith Sagar puts the composition of "Two Marriages" "by September 1911" (The Art of D.H. Lawrence, p. 16) but Lawrence’s letters to Louie Burrows quoted above reveal the exact month of the story’s composition.

4. Boulton, Lawrence in Love, p. 12 (dated 15th and 16th July 1911, respectively).

5. C.L. I, p. 80.


7. C.L. I, p. 81 (dated 2 October 1911).
Lawrence sent the corrected manuscript to be typed, with the intention of submitting the story to the Century magazine which apparently rejected it. The story was then set aside, and Lawrence does not mention it again until August 1913 when he re-wrote it and gave it a new title.

I enclose the letter from the Northern Syndicate. I think they might take Two Marriages - now called Daughters of the Vicar - which they might easily split up to a three-part serial.

It is significant that this new version was completed well after Lawrence had written most of the first draft of The Sisters. In the spring of 1913 he wrote to Edward Garnett:

I was glad of your letter about the Sisters. Don't schimp, I shall make it all right when I re-write it. I shall put it in the third person. All along I knew what ailed the book. But it did me good to theorize myself out, and to depict Frieda's God Almightyness in all its glory. That was the first crude fermenting of the book. I'll make it into art now. I've done 256 pages, but still can't see the end very clear. But it's coming.

8. See C.L. I, p. 81 and Boulton, Lawrence in Love, p. 146.

9. L.C. Powell (The Manuscripts of D.H. Lawrence) lists several manuscripts of incomplete early drafts of the story as well as two complete holograph manuscripts of the two versions as they were published under their respective titles. For the purpose of this thesis only the two published versions will be considered. Page numbers refer to "Two Marriages" published in the "Supplement to Time and Tide" (March 24, 1934) and "Daughters of the Vicar" in the Penguin edition of The Prussian Officer.

Although the second version appears in several anthologies, the first version was only published once. A final typescript, in the possession of the University of California, contains several differences from the actual published text, but the changes are very minor and may have been made by the editor of Time and Tide. For a list of these corrections see Appendix A (1).


11. Frieda Lawrence, The Memoirs and Correspondence, p. 196 (dated May 1913?).
Even without the evidence of the letters, the vast changes in style and vision between "Two Marriages" and "Daughters of the Vicar", and the latter's strong stylistic parallels with The Rainbow, can be demonstrated. Dr. Leavis' judgement that "Daughters of the Vicar" is an early product of The White Peacock and Sons and Lovers period is incorrect.

"Two Marriages" and "Daughters of the Vicar" tell the story of two sisters who are confronted with the choice of marrying for economic and social security or of marrying for love. The pride of class superiority is the governing force in the impoverished lives of the Reverend Ernest Lindley and his wife. The necessity to marry a person of the right social station and the duty to sacrifice herself for her family's financial well-being drive the stately and beautiful Mary Lindley into a socially desirable but humanly degrading marriage with the sickly and repellent little cleric Mr. Massy. Louisa Lindley rebels against her sister's marriage and rejects her parents' canons of duty and self-sacrifice. Instinctively attracted to what is real and vital in life she turns to the spontaneity and warmth of a working-class home and decides to marry the young collier, Alfred Durant.

12. Lawrence altered three proper names in the later version. Ronald Lindley becomes Ernest Linaley; Aldoar becomes Aldecross; Mr. Massy becomes Mr. Massy. References to the characters and the village will use the spelling in the version under discussion. In general discussion the names of the later version will be used.

13. The vital attraction between a young woman of superior social position and a man of the working classes is a theme which occurs in each of Lawrence's fiction. It is particularly clear in the novels and novellas: The White Peacock, Sons and Lovers, The Lost Girl, The Fox, St. Mawr, The Virgin and the Gipsy, Love Among the Haystacks, The Rainbow, Women in Love, The First Lady Chatterley, Lady Chatterley's Lover; and in the stories "A Fragment of Stained Glass," "The Shadow in the Rose Garden," "A Sick Collier" (from The Prussian Officer) and "You Touched Me", "Fannie and Annie" (from England, My England).
The two versions differ considerably in their handling of this story. "Two Marriages" opens with a highly emotive statement of Louisa's loathing for her brother-in-law and her indignation with her parents for having consented to the marriage. A description of Aldecar and the arrival and life of the Lindleys there follows. An altercation between the Reverend Ronald Lindley and Mrs. Durant reveals their respective characters as well as the social and economic position of the Lindleys in the village. "Two Marriages" presents a powerfully repulsive picture of Mr. Massey, but there is only a brief statement about Mary's marriage to him and Louisa's reaction to that marriage. Three years pass and Mary returns to the vicarage for Christmas with her husband and children. Louisa, angered by Massey's treatment of his wife and Mary's submission, flounces out of the house and goes to see Mrs. Durant. She finds the old woman lying injured in her garden, carries her upstairs, and sends for the doctor. There is an authorial summary of the Durants and their way of life, of Alfred's relationship with his mother, his training in the Navy and his current work in the pit. A lively description of a collier's day "down pit" and a dialogue among the miners in the vernacular focuses attention on Alfred Durant. The young man returns home, learns of his mother's illness and speaks to her. Louisa gives him his supper, washes his back, and nurses Mrs. Durant. The old woman, clearly on her deathbed, leaves Alfred to Louisa. Louisa goes downstairs to write a note to the vicarage. The story ends rather abruptly with Louisa looking at Alfred, understanding both his attractions and limitations and, implicitly, deciding to have him.
He looked at her very keenly. She noticed his eyes were golden-brown, with a very small pupil.

"He is very keen-sighted, he can see a long way," said Louisa, looking full at his eyes. "But he can't see into things, he's not introspective. Ah well!" 14

I, p. 399e

"Daughters of the Vicar" contains nearly all of the story and scenes in "Two Marriages", often word for word, but is nearly twice the length of the early version.15 The description of the Lindley family is longer and the futile gentility of their impoverished lives is analysed with clarity and understanding. The characters of Mary and Louisa emerge much more distinctly in this version; their thoughts, beliefs and the motivations of their actions are defined and examined. The horror of Mary's marriage, which was only hinted at in the early version, is here made explicit, both in its effect on Mary and on her sister. When the story moves to Mrs. Durant's dwelling there is a long description of Alfred's life with his mother and his inability to form relationships with other women. Louisa's need to be accepted into this working-class home is emphasized and her activities in the cottage, especially the washing of Alfred's back, are made more significant in terms of how she is affected

14. The page size of the "Supplement to Time and Tide" makes it impractical to include a xerox copy of it in Appendix B. The story has therefore been typed out. Since one magazine page is equivalent to four or five thesis-sized pages, the numbering of each page is followed by alphabetical characters for as many sheets as equal the magazine page. Thus the first page of "Two Marriages" (p. 393 in Time and Tide) appears in Appendix B on several sheets numbered 393a, 393b, 393c; the next page is, accordingly, 394a, 394b, and so on. Quotations from the first version ("Two Marriages") will be prefixed by I and those from the second version ("Daughters of the Vicar") by II.

15. The material directly drawn from the first draft has been expanded from 28 to 38 pages and "Daughters of the Vicar" continues for 14 additional pages after the point at which "Two Marriages" ends. The lengths of the two stories are 28 pages and 52 pages for first and second texts.
by and reacts to the demands of this environment. Unlike "Two Marriages" the story does not end with Louisa's note to the vicarage. Lawrence continues the story for another fourteen pages, which include a profound analysis of Alfred's state after his mother's death, reminiscent of Paul Morel's grief in *Sons and Lovers*. Louisa visits the cottage after Mrs. Durant's funeral and the attraction between the young couple becomes evident. It is Louisa who eventually takes the initiative and confesses her love. The story describes their courtship, the effect of it on the Lindleys and their opposition, and the young peoples' decision to marry and emigrate to Canada.

When Lawrence re-wrote the tale he took the plot and characters of "Two Marriages" and transformed the early story into a profound analysis of a situation in which individuals governed by class-consciousness seek to work out their destinies. "Daughters of the Vicar" is the first example in Lawrence's longer prose fiction in which class is a central factor - neither *The White Peacock* nor *Sons and Lovers* dealt significantly with the tensions between social classes - and the story reveals an objective and sympathetic understanding of the worlds of vicarage and mining community depicted. Lawrence does indeed contrast the sterility of life at the vicarage "dingy with gloom" where "the very air seemed starved" with the warmth of the cottage "alive and bright as a peepshow" but he avoids satirizing the one or sentimentalizing the other. He is interested in the humanity of the persons, regardless of their class, on whom the force of class-consciousness operates and with their solutions to the problems that confront them.
The two versions have many passages in common, such as the descriptions of the village, vicarage, cottage, and the pit; but it will be noted that Lawrence nearly always condenses such descriptions in the latter version, making them more compact; for example in the descriptions of quarry cottage.

Alfred now kept his mother, and they two lived together in the old house that stood down in an ancient quarry bed, where the Durants had lived for a hundred years. From the highway hedge, by the railroad crossing, the garden sheered down steeply, like the side of a hole, then dropped straight in a wall. In this depth was the house, its chimneys just level with the road. Miss Louisa descended the stone stairs, and stood in the little back yard, the wall and garden bank rising high behind her, the house sheer in front, while big boughs of the fruit trees bent overhead. It was a quaint, secret dwelling, down in that pit.

Louisa felt snug and secure from the world down there. She knocked at the open door, then looked round. I, p. 397a

Alfred was not at home again, living with his mother in the cottage below the road. From the highway hedge, by the railroad crossing, the snowy garden sheered down steeply, like the side of a hole, then dropped straight in a wall. In this depth the house was snug, its chimney just level with the road. Miss Louisa descended the stone stairs, and stood below in the little backyard, in the dimness and the semi-secrecy. A big tree leaned overhead, above the paraffin hut. Louisa felt secure from all the world down there. She knocked at the open door, then looked round. II, p. 76

The passage illustrates the precision and economy of Lawrence's descriptive writing which here emphasizes the most interesting feature of the cottage - its position in an old quarry - through the simple phrase "its chimney(s) just level with the road". This ability to communicate a quick visual impression to the reader by describing only a few salient details is a feature of Lawrence's writing which is present in
all his works. 16

The two texts contain much dialogue which is the same or similar, in particular Louisa's speech with Mrs. Durant. Lawrence's description of the characters, however, undergoes a significant change. In the later version he probes beyond the physical appearance and direct speech of the protagonists to analyse their characters and their reactions to the world around them more deeply. An example of this is his different account of the Lindleys at the opening of the story. Whereas he merely lists the members of the Lindley family in "Two Marriages", in the later text he omits the proper names but still conveys the impression of a large family (as he also does in the first tale) as well as its social and economic position in Aldecross, and the personalities of Mary and Louisa.

He had a large family, six girls and two boys. May, the eldest, a fine girl with a haughty, clear brow, was a peripatetic governess, who gave lessons to the tradesmen's daughters. Louisa also was at home. She was house-keeper and peripatetic music-teacher, giving lessons on the piano to all but miners' daughters. Frances was a missionary in China. Ronald was a bank clerk in Nottingham. Muriel was married to a poor curate in Newcastle. Rachael, newly home from school, was hanging about, getting on everybody's nerves. Luther would shortly be coming home. Hilda had two more years at the school for clergyman's daughters. It was an accumulation enough to worry any man into the grave.

I, p. 394d

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

16. "Quany Cottage" and its inhabitants provided Lawrence with material for much of his early prose fiction. "Mrs. Holroyd" was an aunt of mine - she lived in a cottage just up the line from the railway-crossing at Brinsley, near Eastwood. My father was born in the cottage in the quarry hole just by Brinsley level-crossing. But my uncle built the old cottage over again - all spoilt. There's nice path goes down by the cottage, and up from the fields to Coney Grey farm - then round to Eastwood or Moorgreen, as you like. "Letters, ed. Huxley, p. 675 (dated 3 December 1926).
Gradually Mr and Mrs Lindley lost all hold on life, and spent their hours, weeks and years merely haggling to make ends meet, and bitterly repressing and pruning their children into gentility, urging them to ambition, weighting them with duty. On Sunday morning the whole family, except the mother, went down the lane to church, the long-legged girls in skimpy frocks, the boys in black coats and long, grey unfitting trousers. They passed by their father's parishioners with mute, clear faces, childish mouths closed in pride that was like a doom to them, and childish eyes already unseeing. Miss Mary, the eldest, was the leader. She was a long, slim thing with a fine profile and a proud, pure look of submission to a high fate. Miss Louisa, the second, was short and plump and obstinate-looking. She had more enemies than ideals. She looked after the lesser children, Miss Mary after the elder. The collier children watched this pale, distinguished procession of the vicar's family pass mutely by, and they were impressed by the air of gentility and distance, they made mock of the trousers of the small sons, they felt inferior in themselves, and hate stirred their hearts.

The second passage interweaves the theme of class which underlies the story with the description of the family. The technique of lexical and semantic repetition, which will be discussed later in this chapter, emphasizes the isolation of the Lindleys in the mining community: "very proud", "very genteel", "upper classes", "part from", "quite isolated", "semi-transparent look of the genteel, isolated poor", "gentility", "mute, clear faces", "childish mouths closed in pride", "childish eyes already unseeing", "proud, pure look of submission to a high fate", "pale, distinguished", "air of gentility and distance". The later account amplifies the simple enumeration of characters in "Two Marriages" to a more complex description of the family's life in the mining community. Mary's submission to her parents' code and Louisa's subsequent rebellion are better understood after this glimpse into their backgrounds.

Lawrence's heightened awareness in a later, more mature period in his life of the individual's position in a community is apparent from the different accounts of the elder Lindleys in the opening of the two stories. In "Two Marriages" the Reverend Ronald Lindley's failure to cope with his
parish is summarized in a few lines; in "Daughters of the Vicar" Lawrence probes for the causes of this failure in Lindley's social and economic position in the community and in the weakness of his own character.

Mr. Lindley, however, continued to be patronizing. His voice was sonorous, his manner pompous, as his father's had been before him. He visited where he might, and wherever he visited, he condescended. Perhaps he loved his flock collectively. Certainly, individual by individual, he hated them almost without exception; those he knew, that is, for the greater part were strangers to him.

At last, passing from indignation to silent resentment, even, if he dared have acknowledged it, to conscious hatred of the majority of his flock, and unconscious hatred of himself, he confined his activities to a narrow round of cottages, and he had to submit. He had no particular character, having always depended on his position in society to give him position among men. Now he was so poor, he had no social standing even among the common vulgar tradespeople of the district, and he had not the nature nor the wish to make his society agreeable to them, nor the strength to impose himself where he would have like to be recognized. He dragged on, pale and miserable and neutral.

The second version reveals an insight into Lindley's character which is more discerning than the superficial summary of the first text. Similarly the statement of Mrs. Lindley's life in the colliery district in the first version becomes, in the later story, a penetrating analysis of her character, her humiliation and her defeat.

She expected to queen with arrogance her husband's parishioners, as she had been used to queen the farm-labourers in the fens. She was mistaken. So was her husband. The colliers were ridiculously well-to-do, and insolent beyond belief. They insulted her flagrantly when she passed round to receive her first homage. Their attitude towards her was one long insult. She held the whole people in aversion. Then poverty came, and further undermined her pride. After the first year, the vicar's lady was never seen outside her vicarage, save on her short transit to church each Sunday morning, or, very rarely, seated in the trap hired from the "Robin Hood" to drive her the three miles to the station.
At first his wife raged with mortification. She took on airs and used a high hand. But her income was too small, the wrestling with tradesmen's bills was too pitiful, she only met with general, callous ridicule when she tried to be impressive.

Wounded to the quick of her pride, she found herself isolated in an indifferent, callous population. She raged indoors and out. But soon she learned that she must pay too heavily for her outdoor rages, and then she only raged within the walls of the rectory. There her feelings was so strong that she frightened herself. She saw herself hating her husband, and she knew that, unless she were careful, she would smash her form of life and bring catastrophe upon him and upon herself. So in very fear she went quiet. She hid, bitter and beaten by fear, behind the only shelter she had in the world, her gloomy, poor parsonage.

II, pp.51-52.

The presentation of character and the techniques used to effect this presentation differ significantly in the two versions. "Two Marriages" is written in a brisk style very like that of Sons and Lovers and "Odour of Chrysanthemums" and relies primarily on dialogue to reveal the personalities of the characters and the direction of events in the story. The more detailed character analysis in "Daughters of the Vicar" which presents the mental and emotional states of the characters as well as the motivations behind their actions, rests on a significant change in method: first, the amount of dialogue is much reduced and second, there is a substantial increase in narrative explanation and in the use of free indirect and free direct speech. The use of these speech types and Lawrence's technique of blending them with his narration in the later text often creates the illusion of direct, or at least close, access to the character's

17. The proportion of lines/spoken dialogue to narrative in "Two Marriages" is 1:3, but in "Daughters of the Vicar" it is only 1:5. The reduction of dialogue is a fairly consistent pattern in Lawrence's revision (see especially the chapter on "Odour of Chrysanthemums").
mind. This change in general method between the two versions of the story and Lawrence's growing interest in and understanding of the relationships between men and women in the social framework of a community, are the features which underlie the striking differences in outlook and style between "Two Marriages" and "Daughters of the Vicar". Before analysing the development of Lawrence's style between these tales and the affinities of the later text with The Rainbow, I will illustrate the changes in method between the two versions and the effect these changes have on the impact of the stories on the reader.

Lawrence's tendency when revising to reduce character-revealing dialogue and to substitute penetrating narrative analysis instead is exemplified at the beginning of the tale when Mr. Lindley visits the Durants. In "Two Marriages" Lawrence describes the Durant household in twelve lines but writes nearly four pages of vigorous dialogue between the vicar and the old woman which reveal the sterile, pedantic character of Lindley and the tart quality of Mrs. Durant's personality. In "Daughters of the Vicar", however, Lawrence expands his description of the Durants to one and a half pages but reduces the spoken dialogue by nearly half. He also tones down the vernacular features in Mrs. Durant's speech which were present in the early text, for example: 18

18. It is interesting to compare this dialogue with one similar to it between Paul and his mother on the subject of Arthur's enlistment in the army. (see Sons and Lovers pp. 181-2)

"Just as he was getting on, or might have been getting on, at his job - a young nuisance - here he goes and ruins himself for life. What good will he be, do you think, after this?"

"It may lick him into shape beautifully," said Paul.

"Lick him into shape! - lick what marrow there was out of his bones. A soldier! - a common soldier! - nothing but a body that makes movements when it hears a shout! It's a fine thing!"
"And to go for a Queen's sailor, to be treated like dirt, like a dog, by any jack-sprat - she broke off in bitterness. "I think it will do him a great deal of good," said the vicar. "Then if it does," she flashed," I wish it wouldn't. I'd rather he was bad than that he was a dog for any man's kid."

I, p. 394b

'Do you think I want my lad climbing ropes at another man's bidding, like a monkey -?'

'There is no dishonour, surely, in serving in the Navy?'

'Dishonour this dishonour that,' cried the angry old woman. 'He goes and makes a slave of himself, and he'll rue it.'

II, p. 56

Mrs. Durant's speech is less idiosyncratic in the second example which eliminates the slang "jack-sprat" and "he was a dog for any man's kid."

The quarrel over the organist's salary which was a telling comment on the vicar's precarious economic position in Aldecar is omitted in the later text and Lawrence instead gives the reader this information through narration during the course of the story.

"It will be necessary to provide a salary for the organist. I am asking all members if they will contribute a small sum annually for that purpose."

"And who's to be the organist?" she asked pertinently.

"Miss Louisa," he replied, very coldly.

"And does she need to have a salary for that bit of a job?" asked Mrs. Durant. She knew the vicar was in debt to Mr. Smeaton, the butcher, to Dakes, the grocer - so she rubbed it in. The vicar was righteously incensed.

"It is not a question of her need, it is a question of an organist's salary," he replied, very haughtily.

"And must two old people be asked to pay for her?" she sneered.

"Two old people, living in the lap of luxury -"

"My Sirs! - the lap of luxury!" she exclaimed.

19. A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English defines "Jack Sprat": "an undersized man or boy: mid-c. 16-20, ob. except in dial." There is no entry for "a dog for any man's kid," a phrase which is presumably local. The speech of other characters also tends to be less colourful. Thus "My Sirs alive, Miss Mary's got a catch there! Did ever you see such a badly little gudgeon?" becomes "Did ever you see such a sickly little shrimp!" (Gudgeon" is considered a slang term although "shrimp" is not, unless used in the seventeenth century sense of a harlot.)
"Ought," he continued, "to be only too glad to contribute a little to help the Church work, before they are called to their account."

"I'm quite ready to meet all my accounts, Mr. Lindley, both in heaven and down here. That's more than everybody can say. I'd rather face my Maker in my shoes than in yours."

"Mrs. Durant, if I have had your answer, I will take my leave," he answered. "Another Judge than I will decide your acts."

"For which I'm very thankful, Mr. Lindley. But I haven't said I wouldn't help Miss Louisa."

I, p. 394c - d

'There's that envelope for the organist's fund -' said the old woman, and rising, she took the thing from the mantelpiece, went into the shop, and returned sealing it up.

'Which is all I can afford,' she said.

Mr. Lindley took his departure, in his pocket the envelope containing Mrs. Durant's offering for Miss Louisa's services.

II, p. 57.

Lawrence's purpose in cutting out dialogue was to concentrate on the two marriages which are the main theme of the story, but the omission of the vigorous argument between the clergyman and the old woman leaves the story poorer.

Similarly, the lively dialogue in the vernacular among the miners which in "Two Marriages" is over a page long and vividly conveys the warm camaraderie of the pit to the reader, is reduced to a few lines in the later text. This tendency to reduce or omit dialect in his revisions is a fairly consistent but puzzling pattern in Lawrence's writing, for the story would be richer had he left the dialect in. 20

20. For Lawrence's reasons for this kind of omission, see his letter to Blanche Jennings (C.L. I, p. 36, dated 11 November 1908) on dialogue in The White Peacock and a conversation with Jessie Chambers as she reports it (A Personal Record, p. 115). Both these are quoted in full in Chapter 1. (see footnotes 46 and 47).
"It's been snowin', sonny!" exclaimed one of the men as Durant came up.

"Tha' river says!" ejaculated the young man.

"Ah, bu' though, it has: four inch thick."

"Ne'er mind; ma' e us a' feel easier when we get woam."

"The man well talk," said another, "as 'asna no father than th' gates to go. If tha had ter lug up to Eastwood -"

"I sh'd happen get stuck 'a' efway," said Durant.

"Ay ay!" exclaimed a chorus of men heartily.

"Yea an' I'll wager tha would," said the man. "Tha'd want a drop o' summath ter get thee up ter th' top."

"I reckon my own legs 'ud be enough," said Durant.

I, p. 398b - c

'Is it raining?' asked Durant.

'Snowin,' said an old man, and the young one was pleased. He liked to go up when it was snowing.

'It'll just come right for Christmas,' said the old man.

'Ay,' replied Durant.

'A green Christmas, a fat churchyard,' said the other sententiously.

II, p. 82

It is probable that Lawrence shortened the miners' dialogue in order to concentrate attention on the character of Alfred and his relationships with his mother and Louisa but, again, the omission leaves the story poorer.

The decrease in dialogue is accompanied by an increase in narration significantly different from the narrative style of "Two Marriages". An illuminating example of this change is Lawrence's different account of Mr. Massy in the two versions. The description in "Two Marriages" illustrates Lawrence's application of his advice to Louie Burrows quoted earlier:

"The great thing to do in a short story is to select the salient details - a few striking details to make a sudden impression. Try to use words vivid and emotion-quickenit; give as little explanation as possible."

The opening paragraph of "Two Marriages" and Lawrence's description of Mr. Massy are rendered through words which are indeed "vivid" and "emotion-quickenit."


Also see Chapter 1 (footnote 48).
Miss Louisa loathed her brother-in-law. Most folk were merely pitiful or contemptuous in their attitude towards him, but Miss Louisa knew better. He was not insignificant; rather, very significant in her life. She loathed him, with horror. Beneath her habit of religious dutifulness, she was deeply indignant with both her parents for having given Mary to such a little monster.

I, p. 393a

He looked like nothing in the world but an abortion, a foetus of a man. He was very little, meagre to the last degree, silent, very nervous, looked about him in a vacant, goggling way from behind his spectacles, was apparently an idiot: he had the stoop and the rambling gestures and the vacant expression of one. Yet one soon felt he had an indomitable little 'ego'. His silence became terrible when it would be followed by some venomous little sneer, or by his giggling little laugh of irony.

I, p. 394a

There is not very much explanation of Massey's character after his physical description; Lawrence's success in describing Massey in such extreme terms - "an abortion," "a foetus", "monster", "idiot" - makes the desired "sudden impression". The subsequent account of his mannerisms is carried to the point of grotesque caricature. Mr. Massey stammers and is scarcely articulate; he "pads" around the house; he is constantly blinking: "said, blinking", "blinked nervously", "stood blinking", "looked...blinking", "blinked round like a naked owl shrinking up", "like a critical plucked owl that had a monomania".

The account of Massy in "Daughters of the Vicar" has been radically altered. His appearance is still something of a shock but the shock is conveyed not only through the author's description but by the effect Massey has on the women characters.

There arrived instead a small, châtif man, scarcely larger than a boy of twelve, spectacled, timid in the extreme, without a word to utter at first; yet with a certain inhuman self-sureness.

"What a little abortion!" was Mrs. Lindley's exclamation to herself on first seeing him, in his buttoned-up clerical coat. And for the first time for many days she was profoundly thankful to God that all her children were decent specimens.
He had not normal powers of perception. They soon saw that he lacked the full range of human feelings, but had rather a strong, philosophical mind, from which he lived. His body was almost unthinkable, in intellect he was something definite.

II, p. 59

Thus the very emotive word "abortion" is not directly used by Lawrence but by Mrs. Lindley and, later, by Mary herself. Lawrence doubles the length of his description of Massy, analysing him beyond his purely physical appearance. He avoids the highly emotive phrases and comparisons of the early version, in particular "foetus", "little monster", "naked owl", "critical plucked owl" and the Massy that emerges from Lawrence's analysis in "Daughters of the Vicar" is a believable human being. Lawrence repeatedly refers to him in the later version as "the little man", "little clergyman". The story is stronger through the more balanced view of Massy as an understandable, although very limited, person rather than as something subhuman whose mind "it would need a pathologist to study."

Lawrence's description in the second version has a dignity and restraint not achieved in the first. The second Massy is a Casaubon-like figure and Mary's acceptance of him as a husband becomes more believable although still tragic. The sheer revulsion which the marriage of a beautiful young girl with a "little monster" stimulates in "Two Marriages" is changed to pity at the tragedy of the later alliance and the tale gains artistically by this change.

It is clear that Lawrence's insight into and understanding of human nature have grown between the writing of the two versions. This is revealed in his analyses of the other characters in "Daughters of the Vicar" as well.

22. see p. 68.
The summary of Mary’s marriage in "Two Marriages" becomes, in the revised text, a searching analysis of the consequences of that marriage both on Mary and on her sister Louisa. In this revised account Lawrence opens the minds and hearts of his characters to the reader through the second important change in his narrative method - the increase in use of free direct and free indirect speech. The early text reads:

Nevertheless, in a year’s time she was married to him. And never, in their courtship and marriage, did he kiss her. The religious ideal is self-sacrifice; her parents would have Mary sacrifice herself. In doing so, she practically cut herself off from the rest of the world. People looked at her husband, looked at her, and were shocked. This isolated her, as the little man was isolated. It would need a pathologist to study his mind; hers we can understand.

* * *

She went away with him to the tiny village. There, as everywhere, the men looked in contempt on him, the women in horror. Mrs. Massey led a terrible year.

I, p. 395e

In the revised version Mr. Massey’s actual proposal and the subtle but powerful forces which move Mary to accept him are explicitly presented. For Mary, as for Gwendolen Harleth, the force of circumstance proves too strong:

She seemed to herself to be, after all, only drifting towards the tremendous decision: - but drifting depends on something besides the currents, when the sails have been set beforehand.23

Just as Massey’s character has been examined more deeply in the later text, so Mary’s mind is also analysed and the concluding sentence of the "Two Marriages" passage quoted above is expanded into a searching examination of precisely what Mary did feel married to Massey.

(1) Mary, in marrying him, tried to become a pure reason such as he was, without feeling or impulse. (2) She shut herself up, she shut herself rigid against the agonies of shame and the terror of violation which came at first. (3) She would not feel, and she would not feel. (4) She was a pure will acquiescing to him. (5) She elected a certain kind of fate. (6) She would be good and purely just, she would live in a higher freedom than she had ever known, she would be free of mundane care, she was a pure will towards right. (7) She had sold herself, but she had a new freedom. (8) She had got rid of her body. (9) She had sold a lower thing, her body, for a higher thing, her freedom from material things. (10) She considered that she paid for all she got from her husband. (11) So, in a kind of independence, she moved proud and free. (12) She had paid with her body; that was henceforward out of consideration. (13) She was glad to be rid of it. (14) She had bought her position in the world - that henceforth was taken for granted. (15) There remained only the direction of her activity towards charity and high-minded living.

II, pp.67-68.

The paragraph presents Mary's disillusionment and sexual humiliation by describing her emotions and the progress of her thoughts through narration and simultaneously giving the reader the illusion of being directly in contact with those thoughts through the free indirect speech which is combined with the narration. The first two sentences are the author's statement but with the repeated, italicized modal "would" the passage becomes free indirect speech. Mary's near hysteria is conveyed through the repetition and emphatic build up of "she would not feel", "she was", "she elected", "she would be", "she would live", "she would be", "she had sold", "she had got rid of", "she had sold", "she considered". The rhythm of the free indirect speech sentences is broken by a return to narrative with the authorial summary of Mary's position beginning: "So, in a kind of independence, she moved proud and free". Lawrence uses a favourite technique in the passage of continual, slightly modified repetition which is a characteristic of his mature style and which will be discussed later in this chapter. It is sufficient here to point out the success of this repetitive technique in conveying the only half-articulate but powerful
train of reasoning behind Mary's adjustment to her life with her husband. Similarly, the birth of Mary's first child is briefly summarized in "Two Marriages":

Mrs. Massey led a terrible year. Then her first baby was born.

I, p. 395e

In the later version this statement becomes a deep and sensitive depiction, over two pages long, which includes an intimate analysis of Mary's reaction to her pregnancy and the birth of the child. The isolation in which she lives is momentarily broken down and all the horror behind the earlier simplification "Mrs. Massey led a terrible year" is revealed to the reader through the blending of narrative and the speech types mentioned above.

Louisa's reaction to the news of Mary's engagement and her subsequent rebellion against the marriage are also treated differently in the two versions and the difference follows the pattern of change in method which has been suggested. "Two Marriages" summarizes Louisa's reaction in one of the rare occurrences of free direct speech in the early text:

Louisa, in face of such gross trespass, set up her own judgment. She had been brought up to submission, self-subordination; she had been trained never to judge save by the given canons, never to be independent, never to move save on authority. But now the woman in her rose and judged. "My father and mother did this to Mary; they would do the same to me. Is this love? I would die rather than be disposed of in such a way."

She said nothing, she did nothing; but her parents bore themselves deferentially towards her.

I, p. 396a

The later text, however, relays the entire sequence of Louisa's thoughts from initial hurt and bitterness to her new resolution. This is done through a complex blending of free indirect speech, narrative, and free direct speech which creates a sense of intimate contact with the mind of the young woman.
When Miss Louisa knew, she was silent with bitter anger against everybody, even against Mary. She felt her faith wounded.

She wanted to get away. She thought of Mr. Massy. He had some curious power, some unanswerable right. He was a will that they could not controvert.

Suddenly a flush started in her. If he had come to her she would have flipped him out of the room. He was never going to touch her. And she was glad. She was glad that her blood would rise and exterminate the little man, if he came too near to her, no matter how her judgement was paralysed by him, no matter how he moved in abstract goodness. She thought she was perverse to be glad, but glad she was. 'I would just flip him out of the room,' she said, and she derived great satisfaction from the open statement. Nevertheless, perhaps she ought still to feel that Mary, on her plane, was a higher being than herself.

But then Mary was Mary, and she was Louisa, and that also was unalterable.

The passage illustrates Lawrence's highly sophisticated technique of merging narrative with other speech types in a way which leaves the paragraph open to several interpretations. Given the premises discussed in Chapter 1 it is reasonable to assess the sentences in the paragraph according to the following interpretation. The first two sentences are straightforward narrative but sentence 3 is free indirect speech since it has no verb of saying or feeling and is in the past tense, third person, interrogative, and includes the colloquial noun phrase "real thing". Sentences 4 and 5 are narrative, Lawrence explaining Louisa to the reader. However, after the verb of thinking is given in sentence 5, it is probable that sentences 6 and 7 are Louisa's reflections, presented through free indirect speech. Sentence 8 is the narrator's description of his character's physical state but sentences 9 and 10 are again free indirect. The principal indicator for this speech type in sentence 9 is the colloquial phrase "She would have flipped him out of the room" which is Louisa's as the later utterance (sentence 14) indicates: "I would just flip him out of the room". Sentence 10 is also free indirect since it possesses the italicized "her" and is
readily transformed into direct speech: "He is never going to touch me". Sentence 11 may be either Louisa's thought or Lawrence's description but sentence 12 is narration, for if one treated it as potentially free indirect speech and rendered it into direct speech the result would sound formal and unconvincing: "I am glad that my blood will rise and exterminate the little man, if he comes too near to me, no matter how my judgement is paralyzed by him, no matter how he moves in abstract goodness." Sentence 13 continues the narration of Louisa's thoughts and feelings. Sentence 14 is clearly Louisa's speech, either direct or free direct, indicated as such by the quotation marks and a verb of saying. The last two sentences, 15 and 16 are free indirect speech, indicating the direction of Louisa's final thoughts and her conclusion: "But Mary is Mary and I am I, and that is unalterable".

Taken individually and out of context, it would be difficult to prove that these sentences belong to the speech types suggested. When reading a passage one directly comprehends the entire message/pausing consciously to name or examine the elements which compose the text. One's information is based on an immediate - and in that sense intuitive - understanding of the linguistic and situational relationships in the given work. The interpretation offered here derives directly from an examination of the text in the light of the premises discussed in the introductory chapter. In discussing a style one of whose qualities is, as has been said, its ability to evoke many-sided insights and impressions, it would be a mistake to be dogmatic. But if another reader wished to produce a radically different analysis of the language in this passage, he would need to defend his position by arguing at least as closely from the evidence. The purpose of analysing this passage is such detail is to demonstrate the complexity of Lawrence's technique in "Daughters of the Vicar", in contrast to the
simpler method in "Two Marriages", and to point out his greater mastery both over language and the devices of style in the later text.

A similar development in complexity is seen in the contrast between Louisa's single free direct utterance in "Two Marriages" and the mental dialogue which replaces it in "Daughters of the Vicar".

"I would die rather than eat that little creature's bread," thought Louisa. Not because Mr. Massey was mean, but because he had married her sister.

I, p. 396d

'I'd beg the streets barefoot first,' said Miss Louisa, thinking of Mr. Massey.

(1) But evidently Mary could perform a different heroism. (2) So she, Louisa the practical, suddenly felt that Mary, her ideal, was questionable after all. (3) How could she be pure — one cannot be dirty in act and spiritual in being. (4) Louisa distrusted Mary's high spirituality. (5) It was no longer genuine for her. (6) And if Mary were spiritual and misguided, why did not her father protect her? (7) Because of the money. (8) He disliked the whole affair, but he backed away, because of the money. (9) And the mother frankly did not care: her daughters could do as they liked.

II, p. 70

The pattern of speech in the second text, after the free direct thought, is:

(1) narrative
(2) narrative
(3) free indirect speech
(4) narrative
(5) narrative
(6) free indirect speech
(7) free indirect speech
(8) free indirect speech
(9) narrative

Sentence (9) is perhaps ambiguous since the determiner 'the' before 'mother' indicates remoteness and possibly contempt and these qualities may be either the narrator's or the character's. However, the free indirect speech of sentence (6) uses the personal pronoun 'her' before 'father' so that the impersonal 'the' before 'mother' is likely to be the author's,
not Louisa's, and the sentence is therefore most probably narrative.

The difference in method between the two versions of the tale is very well illustrated in Lawrence's different account of Louisa's rebellion against her parents' code of self-sacrifice. The early text presents only the result of this struggle in Louisa; the later text traces the course of the mental debate in the young woman's mind and presents her decision in an internal monologue:

Her mother's pronouncement:
'Whatever happens to him, Mary is safe for life,' - so evidently and shallowly a calculation, incensed Louisa.
'I'd rather be safe in the workhouse,' she cried.
'Your father will see to that', replied her mother brutally. This speech, in its indirectness, so injured Miss Louisa that she hated her mother deep, deep in her heart, and almost hated herself. It was a long time resolving itself out, this hate. But it worked and worked, and at last the young woman said:
'They are wrong - they are all wrong. They have ground out their souls for what isn't worth anything, and there isn't a grain of love in them anywhere. And I will have love. They want us to deny it. They've never found it, so they want to say it doesn't exist. But I will have it. I will love - it is my birthright. I will love the man I marry - that is all I care about.'

II, pp.70-71

Louisa's formulation of her new belief is convincing because the reader has witnessed the thoughts which led up to it. A significant part of the stylistic difference between the two versions rests on the deeper analysis of Louisa's verbal consciousness in the later text. The second version also exhibits that careful and deliberate use of repetitiveness which is a feature of Lawrence's mature style. This is most evident when he is describing a character under emotional stress or tension and reflects a psychological fact most people will be aware of - that the mind in such conditions commonly does function repetitively and is liable to attach itself in the thought process to certain key words which become symbolic of the whole state of
feeling. Lawrence recognised this stylistic trait in himself and defended it as being both "natural to the author" and appropriate, for he believed that "every natural crisis in emotion or passion or understanding comes from this pulsing, frictional to-and-fro, which works up to culmination".  

It is clear from the above passage that an entirely new note has come into the later version of the story, one which anticipates many of the ideas Lawrence explored in The Rainbow and Women in Love. In the "Foreword to Women in Love" (parts of which novel, it is important to remember, were written as early as 1913), Lawrence writes:

The creative, spontaneous soul sends forth its promptings of desire and aspiration in us. These promptings are our true fate, which is our business to fulfil. A fate dictated from outside, from theory or from circumstance, is a false fate... Man struggles with his unborn needs and fulfilment. New unfoldings struggle up in torment in him, as buds struggle forth from the midst of a plant. Any man of real individuality tries to know and to understand what is happening, even in himself, as he goes along. This struggle for verbal consciousness should not be left out in art. It is a very great part of life. It is not the superimposition of a theory. It is the passionate struggle into conscious being.

The relevance of this explanation to "Daughters of the Vicar" is striking. It is Lawrence's exploration of the "struggle into conscious being" in his characters - Mary, Louisa, and Alfred - and their choices of "false" or "true fate", that contribute to the change in method and style between the two versions of the tale.

In the previous chapter on "The White Stocking" I quoted from Lawrence's letters to Edward Garnett in 1913 in which he mentions his growing interest

in the nature of the relationships between men and women and his need to give expression to these new ideas through a new style. The notions of "will" and "otherness" which evolved from Lawrence's depiction of these relationships in his novels after Sons and Lovers are clearly fore-shadowed in "Daughters of the Vicar". It is important to stress again that for Lawrence subject and style were inseparable, so that Louisa's internal monologue on her will to love is written in the repetitive style characteristic of much of The Rainbow, especially in the passages which also explore such notions. Since "Daughters of the Vicar" was written concurrently with the early draft of that novel, the story may be seen as a bridge between the Weltanschauung and style of Sons and Lovers and those of the final draft of The Rainbow. Although the tale contains stylistic and thematic characteristics which are similar to Sons and Lovers, its strongest affinities, as I will demonstrate, are with The Rainbow.

The idea of "will" in Louisa's monologue is the climax to the several senses of will which have been woven into the first part of "Daughters of the Vicar". Each of the main characters - Massy, Mary, Alfred, and Louisa - uses his or her will in a different way. Mr. Massy is an example of mechanical, wrong will.


27. There is an interesting similarity between the early Mr. Massy and the more fully realised figure of Loerke in Women in Love. Both are described in very similar terms and both exist through a wholly self-centred will. Compare:
"...a small chétif man..." ("Daughters of the Vicar", p. 59).
"...he looked chétif and puny" (Women in Love, p. 527).
"He existed a pure, unconnected will, stoical and momentous". (Women in Love, p. 480).
His will was set. II, p. 66.
He was a will they could not controvert. II, p. 67.
...his will was just blindly male, like a cold machine. And on most points he was logically right, or he had with him the creed they both accepted. It was so. There was nothing for her to go against. II, p. 69

Mary directs her will to warp her own life:

She would not feel, and she would not feel. She was a pure will acquiescing to him. II, p. 68

Alfred is an example of misguided will when he firmly sets himself apart from Louisa.

Miss Louisa saw Alfred once more, but he was stiff before her now, treating her not like a person, but as if she were some sort of will in command and he a separate, distinct will waiting in front of her. She had never felt such utter steel-plate separation from any one. It puzzled and frightened her. What had become of him? And she hated the military discipline - she was antagonistic to it. Now he was not himself. He was the will which obeys set over against the will which commands. She hesitated over accepting this. He had put himself out of her range. He had ranked himself inferior, subordinate to her. And that was how he would get away from her, that was how he would avoid all connexion with her; by fronting her impersonally from the opposite camp, by taking up the abstract position of an inferior. II, p. 65

The modified repetition in the passage emphasizes Alfred's willful alienation from Louisa. By altering the terminology slightly the sense of this alienation is presented in several sentences without monotony, as in the last three sentences (deleted elements are in parentheses):

He had put himself out of her range
He had ranked himself inferior (to her)
(He had ranked himself) subordinate to her
That was how he would get away from her
that was how he would avoid all connexion with her
by fronting her impersonally from the opposite camp
by taking up the abstract position of an inferior
The flash of free indirect speech "What had become of him?" presenting Louisa's bewilderment suggests that the following sentences with their continual, slightly modified repetition may be her thoughts as well. By including overtones of Louisa's personality, the passage contains a fruitful ambiguity — the sentences are on the borderline between free indirect speech and narration, they are now echoes of Louisa's thoughts, now the author's narration.

Louisa's outburst — "I will have love" — quoted earlier is a manifestation of right will, the result of her "struggle into conscious being," her determination to fulfil her personal needs and desires. It is significant that the earliest statement of this notion in Lawrence's prose fiction occurs in "Daughters of the Vicar" and that "will", in this sense, does not occur in "Two Marriages."

The notion of each person's intrinsic otherness is present in "Daughters of the Vicar" but not in the early version of the tale. An illuminating example of this is the difference in the two accounts of Louisa's reactions to Alfred when he comes back from the pit.

Miss Louisa served him his dinner. She loved doing it, it was so living, so different from the hateful barrenness at home. It was so personal, to live in this way with people: it seemed to satisfy her. She watched him as he sat for a few moments turned away from his food, looking at the fire, thinking, and he seemed pleasant to her eyes. His black face and arms were strange, his red mouth under the small, trim, but very coarse-fibred moustache, that looked like cocoanut fibre, only

of a lighter brown, startled her. But in its dirt his face had a kind of nobility, now he was sad and thinking. His coarseness was not repulsive to her, because it would wash off, and for the rest, he was so natural.

Miss Louisa served his dinner. It was strange and exciting to her. She was strung up tense, trying to understand him and his mother. She watched him as he sat. He was turned away from his food, looking in the fire. Her soul watched him, trying to see what he was. His black face and arms were uncouth, he was foreign. His face was masked black with coaldust. She could not see him, she could not know him. The brown eyebrows, the steady eyes, the coarse, small moustache above the closed mouth - these were the only familiar indications. What was he, as he sat there in his pit-dirt? She could not see him, and it hurt her.

II, p. 85.

In the second text Lawrence analyses Louisa's attempt to understand something beyond the physical appearance of the man before her; her search transcends the visible known, the "familiar indications" to the reality of the being beneath. The metaphysical nature of her search is suggested through the unusual formulation "Her soul watched him", which recalls a similar phrase in the conclusion to the third version of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" (also revised at this time): "Her soul was torn from her body and stood apart." The style of the second passage is the repetitive one characteristic of The Rainbow: "trying to understand", "trying to see", "she could not see", "she could not know", "she could not see", and "what he was", "he was foreign", "what was he". In its stylistic repetition and in the theme of isolation and otherness the paragraph foreshadows The Rainbow episodes describing Tom Brangwen's attempt to understand his foreign wife.


30. Birkin states this idea succinctly in a dialogue in Women in Love, pp. 115-116. "One man isn't any better than another, not because they are equal, but because they are intrinsically other, that there is no term of comparison."
They were such strangers, they must forever be such strangers, that his passion was a clanging torment to him. Such intimacy of embrace, and such utter foreignness of contact! It was unbearable. He could not bear to be near her, and know the utter foreignness between them, know how entirely they were strangers to each other.\textsuperscript{31}

He knew her so little. They were so foreign to each other, they were such strangers. And they could not talk to each other...And when he looked at her, an over-much reverence and fear of the unknown changed the nature of his desire into a sort of worship, holding her aloof from his physical desire, self-thwarting.\textsuperscript{32}

These two brief examples reveal the same structure of balanced repetitive phrasing and vocabulary characteristic of some passages in "Daughters of the Vicar", only here the technique is more assused.

\begin{itemize}
\item they were such strangers
\item they must forever be such strangers
\item unbearable
\item he could not bear
\item utter foreignness
\item how entirely they were strangers
\item He knew her so little
\item They were so foreign to each other
\item They were such strangers
\item They could not talk to each other
\end{itemize}

The repetition is perhaps more obvious but Lawrence avoids monotony by inserting a semantic contradiction in the second sentence of the first illustration: "Such intimacy of embrace, and such utter foreignness of contact!" The two contradictory phrases neatly sum up the paradox of ultimate physical intimacy in the sexual act and the intrinsic separateness of the

\textsuperscript{31} Lawrence, \textit{The Rainbow}, p. 49.  
\textsuperscript{32} ibid., p. 57.
participating individuals notwithstanding. By the final draft of *The Rainbow* Lawrence has refined this repetitive technique to the point where he can convey such a paradox in half a dozen lines.

This idea of otherness occurs briefly at the end of *Sons and Lovers* when Paul Morel questions Clara's existence, but the style here is manifestly different from the passages quoted from "Daughters of the Vicar" and *The Rainbow*. Paul's query is presented in a coherent internal monologue without the subtle, searching quality that the repetitive narrative and free indirect speech--phrases, characteristic of the later texts, give the reader.

"What is she after all?" he said to himself. "Here's the sea-coast morning, big and permanent and beautiful; there is she, fretting, always unsatisfied, and temporary as a bubble of foam. What does she mean to me, after all? She represents something, like a bubble of foam represents the sea. But what is she? It's not her I care for." 33

The original quality of the later style lies in its completely convincing analysis and presentation of thoughts and feelings which are only half-articulate in the consciousness of the characters to whom they are attributed.

Louisa achieves a measure of success in her attempt to understand Alfred - "What was he as he sat there in his pit dirt?" - when she washes his back. The account of this scene differs significantly in the two versions. "Two Marriages" describes the embarrassment natural to a young woman of superior social position who must wash the back of a collier, but the account in "Daughters of the Vicar" presents Louisa's dawning recognition of the separate existence of the being before her.

33. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*, p. 358.
Alfred had just lathered his head thick with soap, and was rubbing the white cap of suds vigorously, doing the back of his neck repeatedly at the same time. Louisa watched him. It seemed a strange adventure to her, that she should wash the shoulders of a young man. When he had rinsed his head free of soap, and pressed the water out of his eyes, she said:

"Your mother said I was to wash your back".

He ducked his face round, looking up at her in a very comical way.

"How funny he looks with his face upside down," she thought. But she appeared so calm and official that he merely groped in the black water, fished out the soap and flannel, and handed them backwards to her without a word. Then he remained with his two arms thrust straight in the panchion, supporting the weight of his shoulders. His skin was beautifully white and unblemished of an opaque, solid whiteness. Miss Louisa flushed to the roots of her hair as she sponged him and saw that his neck and ears had grown flaming red. He was glad, however, because he knew he was so perfectly developed, and in such good condition. She knew nothing either about development or condition, only that he had a beautiful skin. They were neither of them sorry when the washing was done. She put down the flannel and fled upstairs, flushing furiously.

I, p. 399c.

He was mechanically rubbing the white lather on his head, with a repeated, unconscious movement, his hand every now and then passing over his neck. Louisa watched. She had to brace herself to this also. He bent his head into the water, washed it free of soap, and pressed the water out of his eyes.

'Your mother said you would want your back washing,' she said.

Curious how it hurt her to take part in their fixed routine of life! Louisa felt the almost repulsive intimacy being forced upon her. It was all so common, so like herding. She lost her own distinctness.

He ducked his face round, looking up at her in what was a very comical way. She had to harden herself.

'How funny he looks with his face upside down,' she thought. After all, there was a difference between her and the common people. The water in which his arms were plunged was quite black, the soap-froth was darkish. She could scarcely conceive him as human. Mechanically, under the influence of habit, he groped in the black water, fished out soap and flannel, and handed them backwards to Louisa. Then he remained rigid and submissive, his two arms thrust straight in the panchion, supporting the weight of his shoulders. His skin was beautifully white and unblemished of an opaque solid whiteness. Gradually Louisa saw it: this also was what he was. It fascinated her. Her feeling of separateness passed away; she ceased to draw back from contact with him and his mother. There was this living centre. Her heart ran hot. She had reached some goal in this beautiful, clear, male body. She loved him in a white, impersonal heat. But the sunburnt, reddish neck and ears; they were more personal, more curious. A tenderness rose in her, she loved even his queer ears. A person - an intimate being he was to her. She put down the towel and went upstairs again, troubled in her heart.

II, p. 86.
The analysis in the second text of Louisa's reactions to the demand made on her stresses her initial dislike: "She had to brace herself", "Curious how it hurt her", "almost repulsive intimacy being forced upon her", "so common, so like herding", "lost her own distinctness", "had to harden herself", "difference between her and the common people", "scarcely conceive him as human". Her subsequent response to the living beauty of the body before her is made more dramatic by her earlier resistances: "She had reached some goal in this beautiful, clear, male body." The account bears a striking resemblance to the scene in Lady Chatterley's Lover when Connie accidentally comes across Mellors washing himself:

In the little yard two paces beyond her, the man was washing himself, utterly unaware. He was naked to the hips; his velveteen breeches slipping down over his slender loins. And his white slim back was curved over a big bowl of soapy water, in which he ducked his head, shaking his head with a queer, quick little motion, lifting his slender white arms, and pressing the soapy water from his ears, quick, subtle as a weasel playing with water, and utterly alone. Connie backed away round the corner of the house, and hurried away to the wood. In spite of herself she had had a shock. After all, merely a man washing himself; common-place enough, Heaven knows!...Connie had received the shock of vision in her womb, and she knew it; it lay inside her. But with her mind she was inclined to ridicule. A man washing himself in a backyard! No doubt with evil-smelling yellow soap! She was rather annoyed; why should she be made to stumble on these vulgar privacies?34

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34. Lawrence, Lady Chatterley's Lover, pp. 68-69.
The First Lady Chatterley has a similar passage:

She walked round to the back and suddenly, in the yard, came upon Parkin washing himself. He had taken off his shirt, as the colliers do, and rolled his breeches on his hips and was ducking his head in the bowl of water. Constance retired immediately and went back into the wood, to stroll around for a time.

But in the dripping gloom of the forest, suddenly she started to tremble uncontrolably. The white torso of the man had seemed so beautiful to her, splitting the gloom. The white, firm, divine body with that silky firm skin! Never mind the man's face, with the fierce moustache and the resentful, hard eyes! Never mind his stupid personality! His body in itself was divine, cleaving through the gloom like a revelation.
The initial reaction of both Louisa and Connie is to be repelled and in both texts this is conveyed through free indirect speech:

It was all so common, so like herding...After all, there was a difference between her and the common people.

After all, merely a man washing himself; common-place enough, Heaven knows!...
Why should she be made to stumble on these vulgar privacies?

The similarity in technique is the more interesting when one recalls that fifteen years separate the writing of these two passages. This is not, of course, to suggest that Lawrence's style became fixed and static after 1914, but it does emphasize the rapidity of the change in his style between 1912 and 1914 and the establishment by 1914, of many of the stylistic patterns and characteristics which we recognise as essentially Laurentian.

In The First Lady Chatterley Connie asks: "Mightn't the body have a life of its own - perhaps truer than the personality?" The earliest statement of this notion appears in Lawrence's letter to Ernest Collings in January of 1913 (quoted in the last chapter) where he writes: "My great belief is in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect."

The expression of this belief, and the ideas arising out of it, in Lawrence's fiction can be found in abundance after 1912 but, significantly, not before it. The final versions of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" and "Daughters of the Vicar" contain this belief but their respective early

35. Lawrence, The First Lady Chatterley, p. 20. See also Chapter II (pp. 17-25) on the life of the body.

versions do not. Thus Elizabeth Bates looking down at her husband's dead body recognizes, for the first time, his intrinsic otherness which she had denied while he was alive.

She looked at his naked body and was ashamed...After all, it was itself...She had denied him what he was - she saw it now, she had refused him as himself.  

Louisa, striving to understand Alfred, succeeds where Elizabeth Bates failed by responding to the reality and beauty of the body before her.

Gradually Louisa saw it: this also was what he was...She had reached some goal in this beautiful, clear male body.  

II, p. 86.

It is significant that both women see the existence of the body as a separate thing; the terminology in both passages is "what he was" not "who he was" (This is further underlined in the "Odour of Chrysanthemums" phrase "it was itself). The living reality of the body, in the beauty of the flesh, are ideas which play an increasingly prominent part in Lawrence's writing. The full exploration of these ideas first appears in The Rainbow but it is interesting to trace the earlier genesis of these notions. The absence of them in the early versions of The Prussian Officer tales and their subsequent appearance in the later versions supports my

37. This notion is not explicitly stated in the second "White Stocking" but there are hints of it which were not present in the first text, for example: "She saw his slim, young man's figure real and enduring before her. That was he". p. 175.
"There was something shapely about him as he sat, about his knees and his distinct figure, that she clung to. It was as if he had enduring form." p. 176.

thesis of the rapidly growing vision and changing style of the young Lawrence in the period between 1912 and 1914.

When Lawrence extensively revised a story or novel at a later period it was because his understanding of human nature and the situations depicted in that fiction had deepened and matured. It is at least partly for this reason that Lawrence's revised stories become more comprehensive, in the sense that they cease to concentrate on a single character but include the thoughts and reactions of other characters to the situation depicted in the tale. Thus the conflict between husband and wife which was shown almost exclusively from Elsie Whiston's point of view in the first version of "The White Stocking", also includes her husband's reactions and feelings in the second version and even those of Sam Adams, in the dancing scene. In "Two Marriages" the story is seen through Louisa's eyes, it concentrates on her thoughts and emotions; "Daughters of the Vicar" also presents those of Mary and Alfred. Similarly, The First Lady Chatterley, is told entirely from Connie Chatterley's understanding of the situation in which she finds herself (we know relatively little of the gamekeeper Parkin until the end since we see him through Connie's eyes) but the third version develops the personalities of Mellors, Clifford, and Mrs. Boulton, and gives the reader access to their thoughts as well, thus creating a multiple perception of the situation in the novel. This change in presentation is achieved largely by the more complex and assured use of stylistic devices in the later versions, in particular the blending of free direct and free indirect speech with narrative to open the minds and hearts of the characters.

Furthermore, many problems and issues which are only mentioned in early
versions are later developed more fully, for example the nature of Alfred's relationship with his mother, only a page long in the early story, which in the later tale is expanded to two and a half pages. In particular, the brief mention of Alfred's chastity in "Two Marriages" is extended.

The early text reads:

He was thirty-one years old, and had never had a sweetheart: not because he was timid or a ninny, but because he had never turned his thoughts to a girl, being never in a position to marry whilst his mother needed and monopolized him.

In "Daughters of the Vicar" this statement becomes a searching analysis of a young man's sexual inhibitions which reveals a maturity and understanding of those problems that the writer of "Two Marriages" and Sons and Lovers did not reveal and probably did not possess. It is difficult to believe that any normal young man, no matter how inhibited, has by the age of thirty-one "never turned his thoughts to a girl". Lawrence oversimplifies the issue in the early version. "Daughters of the Vicar" and the account in The Rainbow of Brangwen's related problems are strikingly similar.

He came home again, nearly thirty years old, but naive and inexperienced as a boy, only with a silence about him that was new; a sort of dumb humility before life, a fear of living. He was almost quite chaste. A strong sensitiveness had kept him from women. Sexual talk was all very well among men, but somehow it had no application to living women. There were two things for him, the idea of women, with which he sometimes debauched himself, and real women, before whom he felt a deep uneasiness, and a need to draw away. He shrank and defended himself from the approach of any women. And then he felt ashamed. In his innermost soul he felt he was not a man, he was less than the normal man...And he went away imagining sexual scenes between himself and a woman, walking wrapt in this indulgence. But when the ready woman presented herself, the very fact that she was a palpable woman made it impossible for him to touch her. And this incapacity was like a core of rottenness in him.
But he knew he was always thinking of women, or a woman, day in, day out, and that infuriated him. He could not get free: and he was ashamed. He had one or two sweethearts, starting with them in the hope of speedy development. But when he had a nice girl, he found that he was incapable of pushing the desired development. The very presence of the girl beside him made it impossible. He could not think of her like that, he could not think of her actual nakedness. She was a girl and he liked her, and dreaded violently even the thought of uncovering her. He knew that, in these last issues of nakedness, he did not exist for her nor she for him.

The entire account in The Rainbow is of course very much longer and more detailed, given the greater scope permitted by the novel, but the essential experience of Alfred and Tom Brangwen is the same and Lawrence's description is very similar in each case, even to some very close parallels in phrasing and vocabulary, for example.

39. The Rainbow, pp. 20-21

40. This description occupies about ten pages in the first chapter of The Rainbow (see pp. 19-29).

41. Consider also the similarities between the following accounts.

So several times he went, drunk, with his companions, to the licensed prostitute houses abroad. But the sordid insignificance of the experience appalled him. It had not been anything really: it meant nothing. He felt as if he were not physically, but spiritually impotent: not actually impotent, but intrinsically so. II, p. 80.

The disillusion of his first carnal contact with woman, strengthened by his innate desire to find in a woman and embodiment of all his inarticulate, powerful religious impulses, put a bit in his mouth...He was tormented how with sex desires, his imagination reverted always to lustful scenes. But what really prevented his returning to a loose woman, over and above the natural squamisheas, was the recollection of the paucity of the last experience. It had been so nothing, so dribbling and functional, that he was ashamed to expose himself to the risk of a repetition of it...The Rainbow, p. 20.
But when the ready woman presented herself, the very fact that she was a palpable woman made it impossible for him to touch her.

The very presence of the girl beside him made it impossible. He could not think of her like that, he could not think of her actual nakedness.

The development of insight that has taken place between the simple statement in "Two Marriages" and the penetrating analyses in "Daughters of the Vicar" and The Rainbow needs no underlining. The later version of the story is concerned, as the earlier was not, to convey to the reader the problems of a young man's growing awareness of and need for, a woman.

The divergence of the tales at the point where Louisa writes a note to the vicarage has already been mentioned. The new section of "Daughters of the Vicar", fourteen pages long, best illustrates the intermediary position of the second version between Sons and Lovers and The Rainbow. We have seen that both versions of the story owe much to Sons and Lovers and that, simultaneously, the later text points to the wider issues and to the new style of The Rainbow. The gradual fading of problems which were important in Sons and Lovers and the presentation in subsequent fiction of new ideas is illustrated in Lawrence's handling of the motif of a mother's death and the effect of it on her son in the early novel and the growing concern with the relationship between men and women which largely replaces this issue in "Daughters of the Vicar" and The Rainbow.

There is a significant decrease in the intensity with which the mother-son theme is presented after Sons and Lovers, an abatement of emotional involvement by the author. This may sound irrelevant to a criticism of prose fiction but it is not, for much of the integrity of Lawrence's writing depends on his ability to transmute his own experiences into fiction.
Writing, for Lawrence, was largely a cathartic exercise as he himself recognised and mentioned in a letter to A.W. McLeod (dated October 1913).

I felt you had gone off from me a bit, because of *Sons and Lovers*. But one sheds one's sickness in books - repeats and presents again one's emotions, to be the master of them.

Thus the account of a relationship which once dominated an entire novel occupies only a few paragraphs in a story a year later while in *The Rainbow* there is only a brief summary of Brangwen's reaction to his mother's death. "Daughters of the Vicar", written between these novels, contains a fuller account of the mother-son motif than *The Rainbow* but, like that novel, it is also concerned with the finding of personal fulfilment through marriage. The description of Alfred's grief for his dying mother therefore recalls the style of the concluding pages of *Sons and Lovers*, while the new section on Louisa and Alfred is similar to that of *The Rainbow*.

The final chapter in *Sons and Lovers* describes the dissolution of Paul Morel's normal world and the chaos into which he is flung by his mother's death through a blending of narrative, free indirect speech, a long internal monologue and some dialogue. The account in "Daughters of the Vicar" is a narrative summary of Alfred's similar experience, with an occasional flash of free direct or free indirect speech, yet it is closer in vision and style to the early novel than to the brief statement of Brangwen's loss in *The Rainbow*. The three passages quoted below clearly illustrate the progressive decrease both in the writer's intensity and in the demands

42. *C.l.* I, p. 234.
made on the reader’s emotional involvement with the protagonist from

Sons and Lovers to The Rainbow. 43

(1) Little stars shone high up; little stars spread far away in the
flood-waters, a firmament below. Everywhere the vastness and terror
of the immense night which is roused and stirred for a brief while
by the day, but which returns, and will remain at last eternal,
holding everything in its silence and its living gloom... But yet
there was his body, his chest, that leaned against the stile, his
hands on the wooden bar. They seemed something. Where was he? —
one tiny upright speck of flesh, less than an ear of wheat lost in
the field. He could not bear it. On every side the immense dark
silence seemed pressing him, so tiny a spark, into extinction, and
yet, almost nothing, he could not be extinct. Night, in which
everything was lost, went reaching out, beyond stars and sun. Stars
and sun, a few bright grains, went spinning round for terror, and
holding each other in embrace, there in a darkness that outpassed
them all, and left them tiny and daunted. So much, and himself,
infinitesimal, at the core a nothingness, and yet not nothing.
"Mother!" he whispered — "mother!"44

43. There are other passages which further reveal the similarity of
Lawrence's treatment of Paul Morel and Alfred Durant. Consider the
following example:

While everything was arranging, and a crowd was in the house, whilst
he had business to settle, he went well enough, with only those
uncontrollable paroxysms of grief. For the rest, he was superficial.
By himself, he endured the fierce, almost insane bursts of grief
which passed again and left him calm, almost clear, just wondering.
He had not known before that everything could break down, that
he himself could break down, and all be a great chaos, very vast
and wonderful. It seemed as if life in him had burst its bounds, and
he was lost in a great, bewildering flood, immense and unpeopled. He
himself was broken and spilled out amid it all. He could only breathe
panting in silence. Then the anguish came on again.

II, p. 92.

He was most himself when he was alone, or working hard and
mechanically at the factory. In the latter case there was pure
forgetfulness, when he lapsed from consciousness. But it had to come
to an end. It hurt him so, that things had lost their reality... The
days passed, the weeks. But everything seemed to have fused, gone
into a conglomerated mass. He could not tell one day from another,
one week from another, hardly one place from another. Nothing was
distinct or distinguishable. Often he lost himself for an hour at a
time, could not remember what he had done. Sons and Lovers, pp.410-11.

44. Sons and Lovers, p. 420.
(2) As Alfred came to the latch-gate, he felt the grief at his heart again, and saw the new heavens. He stood a moment looking northwards to the Plough climbing up the night, and at the far glimmer of snow in distant fields. Then his grief came on like physical pain. He held tight to the gate, biting his mouth, whispering "Mother!" It was a fierce, cutting, physical pain of grief, that came in bouts, as his mother's pain came on in bouts, and was so acute he could scarcely keep erect. He did not know where it came from, the pain, nor why. It had nothing to do with his thoughts. Almost it had nothing to do with him. Only it gripped him and he must submit. The whole tide of his soul, gathering in its unknown towards this expansion into death, carried him with it helplessly, all the fritter of his thought consciousness caught up as nothing, the heave passing on towards its breaking, taking him further than he had ever been.

II, p. 90

(3) Then, when he was twenty-three, his mother died, and he was left at home with Effie. His mother's death was another blow out of the dark. He could not understand it, he knew it was no good his trying. One had to submit to these unforeseen blows that come unawares and leave a bruise that remains and hurts whenever it is touched. He began to be afraid of all that which was up against him. He had loved his mother.45

The degree of the author's personal identification with Paul Morel in the first passage is very great and is betrayed in the second sentence which, although it may pass for one of Paul's coherent and highly articulate thoughts, is actually a direct authorial intervention in the present tense: "Everywhere the vastness and terror of the immense night which is roused and stirred for a brief while by the day, but which returns, and will remain at last eternal, holding everything in its silence and its living gloom..." That there is no sense of dislocation or distancing in the switch from the author's present tense sentence to the description of Paul in the past tense which follows or to Paul's subsequent free indirect thoughts, confirms the closeness of Lawrence's involvement with his character. The second passage from "Daughters of the Vicar" is less intimate;

45. The Rainbow, p. 21.
Lawrence has distanced himself and concentrates on describing Alfred's states of being and his sensations: "It was a fierce, cutting, physical pain of grief, that came in bouts, as his mother's pain came on in bouts, and was so acute he could scarcely keep erect." There is the occasional flash of free direct or free indirect speech from Alfred which brings the reader into contact with the young man but the degree of emotional involvement demanded of the reader is very much less than in *Sons and Lovers*. The story describes Alfred's sensations but it is not the narrative of a personal experience being lived at the moment of writing or reading as *Sons and Lovers* is. By comparison with the two previous texts the third passage is very detached indeed, a simple statement of an event strictly in the past which has little bearing on events in the novel.

The resolutions to these three similar losses in the three texts are revealing. *Sons and Lovers* ends with Paul's determination to live but there is no indication of how he will do so; he is indeed, as the title of the last chapter states, a "derelict". "Daughters of the Vicar" and *The Rainbow* depict the next stage - the pledging of a man and a woman to each other for their mutual salvation - and the similarities between story and novel illustrate the development of Lawrence's vision and style in this direction after *Sons and Lovers*.

So far the discussion has pointed out the primary features which distinguish Lawrence's youthful writing from his later work, in particular the changes in method, the greater assurance in his use of stylistic devices, and his growing understanding of human experiences which he felt compelled to transmute into fiction. But the greatest change in Lawrence's prose during this transition period
between *Sons and Lovers* and *The Rainbow* is his increasingly idiosyncratic and original use of language itself.

Aldous Huxley has commented on the regular and striking changes in calligraphy in Lawrence's manuscripts (see *Introduction*) which suggest a "sudden inspiration rushing, up, violently and eruptively, from the depths of the creative mind." This inspiration was both unpredictable and uncontrollable, and often left Lawrence completely bewildered at the thing he had created. In the spring of 1913 he writes to A.W. McLeod:

> I am doing a novel which I have never grasped. Damn its eyes, there I am at page 145 and I've no notion what it's about. I hate it. Frieda says its good. But it's like a novel in a foreign language I don't know very well - I can only just make out what it is about.\(^{47}\)

Later that year he states in two letters to Edward Garnett:

> I am working away at *The Sisters*. It is so different, so different from anything I have yet written, that I do nothing but wonder what it is like.

> It is very different from *Sons and Lovers*, written in another language almost.\(^{48}\)

The phrases "it's like a novel in a foreign language I don't know very well" and "written in another language almost" indicate the extent of Lawrence's involvement in linguistic experimentation or discovery in this period.

Lawrence's need to express his ever-deepening perceptions of the nature of


\(^{47}\) *C.L. I.*, p. 203 (dated 26th April 1913).

\(^{48}\) ibid., p. 230 and p. 259 (dated, respectively, 6th Oct. and 30th Dec. 1913).
experience compelled him to use the resources of language in new ways.
The organic, growing quality in his prose which has been mentioned is one
result of this experimentation. Another is his use of words in semantically
and grammatically unusual ways in order to describe states of being and
emotions which the language of prose fiction had not previously evolved
a vocabulary for describing. Phrases from "Daughters of the Vicar" such
as "Now he was not himself", "Then she relapsed to him", "She was quite
external to them", "He stood almost himself, determined", are semantically
puzzling out of context, yet read in their original settings they form a
comprehensible and necessary part of Lawrence's description of his
character.

These unusual semantic usages can and do misfire and the reader can be
left with an accumulation of terms which are too vague or ambiguous to
convey the desired information. Such a failure, however, should be seen
not as a lapse into jargon or mere incoherence but rather as a failure in
Lawrence's search to find the right verbal expression for something hitherto
unexpressed. The impulse behind his creative genius does not fail but the
verbal expression of that impulse may. Thus, in reply to Edward Garnett's
criticism of a draft of The Sisters Lawrence writes:

I am glad you sent back the first draft of The Wedding Ring, because
I had not been able to do in it what I wanted to do. But I was upset
by the second letter you wrote against it, because I felt it insulted
rather the thing I wanted to say: not me, nor what I had said, but
that which I was trying to say, and had failed in...You know how
willing I am to hear what you have to say, and to take your advice and
to act on it when I have taken it. But it is no good unless you will
have patience and understand what I want to do. I am not after all a
child working erratically. All the time, underneath, there is something
deep evolving itself out in me. And it is hard to express a new thing,
and you should understand, and help me to the new thing, not get angry
and say it is common and send me back to the tone of the old Sisters...
primarily I am a passionately religious man, and my novels must be
written from the depth of my religious experience. That I must keep to, because I can only work like that.\textsuperscript{49}

It is in this "something deep evolving itself" and this need "to express a new thing" that we find the motivation behind the changing style which culminated in the prose language of The Rainbow.

The evolution of this style can be followed through the successive drafts of The Rainbow and Women in Love\textsuperscript{50} but strong traces of these changes are also evident in the new section of "Daughters of the Vicar" which deals with the relationship between Alfred and Louisa, and which reveals many features characteristic of the language of The Rainbow, especially in those passages describing a character's changing state of awareness or the force of some powerful emotion in him. Compare, for example the following passages: the first presents Alfred's new awareness of Louisa mingled with grief for his dying mother; the second describes Tom Brangwen's heightened consciousness after he has met a woman he desires.

And, when he got out of the house, he was afraid. He saw the stars above ringing with fine brightness, the snow beneath just visible, and a new night was gathering round him. He was afraid almost with obliteration. What was this new night ringing about him, and what was he? He could not recognize himself nor any of his surroundings. He was afraid to think of his mother. And yet his chest was conscious of her, and of what was happening to her. He could not escape from her, she carried him with her into an unformed, unknown chaos.

II, p. 89.

Brangwen went up to his room and lay staring out at the stars of the summer night, his whole being in a whirl. What was it all? There was a life so different from what he knew it. What was there outside his knowledge, how much? What was this he had touched? What was he in this new influence? What did everything mean? Where was life, in

\textsuperscript{49} C.L.H. I, p. 273 (dated 22 April 1914).

\textsuperscript{50} See Kinkad-Wekes' essay "The Marble and the Statue: The Exploratory Imagination of D.H. Lawrence" which mentions some changes between the drafts of these novels.
that which he knew or all outside him? 51

The unusual use of language in the sentences "He was afraid almost with obliteration" and "she carried him with her into an unformed, unknown chaos" aptly suggests the breakdown of Alfred's conception of his world. The emotional stress created by fear for his mother warps Alfred's normal way of perceiving and reacting to the universe. Consider this highly unusual phrase which breaks several normal linguistic restrictions: "He saw the stars ringing with fine brightness". The language of sight and that of sound are interchanged and the linguistic confusion both evokes the brilliance of the night sky and the confusion in Alfred's mind. Similarly the sudden enlarging of Brangwen's experience - precipitated by his having met a desirable woman and her aristocratic lover - which has shaken his limited understanding of the world is conveyed through a series of interrogatives, some of which are formulations used in an original way: "What was he in this new influence?" and "what was this he had touched?" The questions reveal that fruitful ambiguity between free indirect speech and narrative which often characterizes Lawrence's writing. Here it is a necessary ambiguity since Lawrence is attempting to express the powerful but only half-articulate thoughts which pass through Brangwen's consciousness.

Lawrence's account of Alfred and Louisa acknowledging their love for one another displays some striking parallels with the language in which he describes the courtship of Lydia Lensky and Tom Brangwen.

Then clumsily he put his arms round her, and took her, cruelly, blindly, straining her till she nearly lost consciousness, till he himself had almost fallen.

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

After a while his arms slackened, she loosened herself a little, and put her arms round him, as he held her. So they held each other close, and hid each against the other for assurance, helpless in speech. And it was ever her hands that trembled more closely upon him, drawing him nearer into her, with love.

And at least she drew back her face and looked up at him, her eyes wet, and shining with light. His heart, which saw, was silent with fear. He was with her.

II, pp. 96-97.

He had her in his arms, and, obliterated, was kissing her. And it was sheer, blanched agony to him, to break away from himself. She was there so small and light and accepting in his arms, like a child, and yet with such an insinuation of embrace, that he could not bear it, he could not stand.

He turned and looked for a chair, and keeping her still in his arms, sat down with her close to him, to his breast. Then, for a few seconds, he went utterly to sleep, asleep and sealed in the darkest sleep, utter, extreme oblivion.

From which he came to gradually, always holding her warm and close to him, and she was as utterly silent as he, involved in the same oblivion, the fecund darkness.

He returned gradually, but newly created, as after a gestation, a new birth, in the womb of darkness. Aerial and light everything was, new as a morning, fresh and newly-begun. Like a dawn the newness and the bliss filled in. And she sat utterly still with him, as if in the same.

Then she looked up at him, the wide, young eyes blazing with light. And he bent down and kissed her on the lips. And the dawn blazed in them, their new life came to pass. It was beyond all conceiving good. It was so good, that it was almost like a passing-away, a trespass. He drew her suddenly closer to him.52

The fear was like bliss in his heart. He looked down. Her face was shining, her eyes were full of light, she was awful. He suffered from the compulsion to her. She was the awful unknown. He bent down to her, suffering, unable to let himself go, yet driven, drawn. She was now the transfigured, she was wonderful, beyond him.53

52. ibid., p. 46.

53. ibid., p. 94.
The two passages are paradigms of Lawrence's unusual use of language to describe deep emotion. The losing of one's ordinary consciousness in an emotion which overwhelms the identity of self is written in that long, organic second sentence with its accumulation of verbs and noun phrases which convey the lapse of normal consciousness in language of falling and death: "reeled", "falling, falling", "yielded up", "swooned", and "falling from himself", "death of herself", "utter darkness came over him". The organic, growing quality is created by repetition, subordination of clauses, and by the large number of conjunctions and connecting adverbs: "then", "and", "till", "till", "then", "as", "and", "and", "and", "and", "as", "so", "and", "And", "And", "and", "and", "and", "and", "and".

The passage from the novel uses similar language and technique. The blurring of consciousness in Brangwen is described in like language: "obliterated", "break away from himself". The passing into new states of awareness in both texts is conveyed through metaphors of darkness, sleeping, and awakening or re-birth: "utter darkness", "they began to wake up again as if from a long sleep"; and" he went utterly to sleep, asleep and sealed in the darkest sleep, utter, extreme oblivion. From which he came to gradually." The vocabulary and the formulation of some expressions is virtually the same in both texts:

At last she drew back her face and looked up at him, her eyes wet, and shining with light. His heart, which saw, went silent with fear.

Then she looked up at him, the wide, young eyes blazing with light.

The fear was like bliss in his heart. He looked down. Her face was shining, her eyes were full of light...

"Daughters of the Vicar" exhibits the same lexical and semantic repetitiveness
the reiteration of phrases and the conjunction which are characteristic features of *The Rainbow* style. The story, like the novel, uses the technique of linking paragraphs to each other with prepositions or conjunction; thus offering a continuity and yet, with the indentation of a new paragraph, indicating a change in the character’s state of consciousness or being.

And it was ever her hands that trembled more closely upon him, drawing him nearer into her, with love.

*And* at last she drew back her face and looked up at him...

...he went utterly to sleep, asleep and sealed in the darkest sleep, utter, extreme oblivion.

*From* which he came to gradually...

*The Rainbow* text adds to the metaphors of awakening and re-birth with light imagery: "aerial and light", "morning", "dawn", "dawn", "light", and "newly created", "gestation", "new birth", "new as morning", "fresh and newly begun", "newness", "new life". Isolated like this, the degree of repetitiveness becomes apparent. Both texts are highly repetitive and both lapse into some semantic vagueness in their attempts to express the essence of the felt experience, but the vagueness is not incoherent; it is the careful use of language to form a new vocabulary for expressing the quality of intense emotion. "And the dawn blazed in them, their new life

54. Alternatively one may call this the deletion transformation pointed out by Omann. But the technique is a subtle one and cannot be accounted for simply by citing that the deletion transform occurs twice or three times in a single sentence. This illuminates nothing about the effect of the text. The repetition of "almost fallen", he felt himself falling, (he felt himself) falling from himself" has a cumulative effect which conveys the gradual blurring of consciousness in the protagonist. To simply say that Lawrence deletes is grammatically true but critically trivial.
came to pass, it was beyond all conceiving good, it was so good, that it was almost like a passing-away, a trespass."

One has only to compare these two passages with the earlier description of Paul Morel kissing Clara in the chapter entitled "Passion" to see the vast different in conception and style between the 1912 novel and the two later texts.

The blood flamed up in him. He stood showing his teeth. She drooped sulkily. The lane was dark, quite lonely. He suddenly caught her in his arms, stretched forward, and put his mouth on her face in a kiss of rage. She turned frantically to avoid him. He held her fast. Hard and relentless his mouth came for her. Her breasts hurt against the wall of his chest. Helpless, she went loose in his arms, and he kissed her, and kissed her.
He heard people coming down the hill.
"Stand up! stand up!" he said thickly, gripping her arm till it hurt. If he had let go, she would have sunk to the ground.

What places "Daughters of the Vicar" firmly in the same stylistic category as The Rainbow is that whereas the early novel gives a statement of something that happens - Paul kisses Clara - the two later texts convey what the actual experience of this kiss was and felt like to the two protagonists; not what it felt like consciously or looked like to an observer, but what it was actually, in Lawrence's words "inhumanly", "physiologically".

It is a proof of Lawrence's control over his medium that he is able to withdraw from so intense an account of an emotional experience without the reader's feeling any sense of dislocation. As the tide of passion ebbs at the close of the long embrace between the young people in "Daughters of the Vicar", the narrative merges perception of the external world (that is,

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55. Sons and Lovers, p. 327.
how each character appears to the other) with the description of inner feeling, and then progressively distances the reader's involvement with dialogue:

And at last she drew back her face and looked up at him, her eyes wet, and shining with light. His heart, which saw, went silent with fear. He was with her. She saw his face all sombre and inscrutable, and he seemed eternal to her. And all the echo of pain came back into the rarity of bliss, and all her tears came up.

'I love you', she said, her lips drawn to sobbing. He put down his head against her, unable to hear her, unable to bear the sudden coming of the peace and passion that almost broke his heart. They stood together in silence whilst the thing moved away a little.

At last she wanted to see him. She looked up. His eyes were strange and glowing, with a tiny black pupil.

II, p. 97

The break into the shy dialogue between Alfred and Louisa which follows is entirely natural and appropriate and by means of this dialogue Lawrence is able to distance both his characters and his reader from the intense emotional experience of the previous pages. The dialogue has great charm and brings the courteship section to an apt conclusion.

'Your face is black', she said
He laughed.
'Yours is a bit smudged,' he said.
They were afraid of each other, afraid to talk. He could only keep her near to him. After a while she wanted to wash her face. He brought her some warm water, standing by and watching her. There was something he wanted to say, that he dared not. He watched her wiping her face, and making tidy her hair.
'They'll see your blouse is dirty,' he said.
She looked at her sleeves and laughed for joy.
He was sharp with pride.
'What shall you do?' he asked.
'How?' she said.
He was awkward at a reply.
'About me,' he said.
'What do you want me to do?' she laughed.
He put his hand out slowly to her. What did it matter?
'But make yourself clean', she said.

II, p. 98.
The intensity and diminution of emotional involvement demanded of the reader during the love scene is handled with a skill and delicacy unequalled anywhere in Lawrence's early fiction and the success with which he achieves these difficult transitions in "Daughters of the Vicar" points to the growth of his mastery over the prose medium.

The conclusion to the tale, set in the vicarage, is nearly all dialogue but Lawrence retains the sense of intimacy with Louisa and Alfred established in the previous pages by using free indirect speech to suggest their thoughts during the conversation with the Lindleys.

"I wanted, Mr. Lindley - ' he began respectfully, then all the colour suddenly left his face. It seemed now a violation to say what he had to say. What was he doing there? But he stood on, because it had to be done. He held firmly to his own independence and self-respect. He must not be indecisive. He must put himself aside: the matter was bigger than just his personal self. He must not fall. This was his highest duty."

II, p. 99.

Later there is a brief flash of annoyance from Louisa:

Miss Louisa was angry to see him standing there, obedient and acquiescent. He ought to show himself a man.


The bringing together of the parent Lindleys and the two daughters with their chosen husbands recalls the wider issues in the story - the theme of class, the notions of false and true choice, and of right and wrong will. The story ends neatly where it began, with the Lindley family, but that claustrophobic and limited world of the vicarage is now contrasted with the bright new life awaiting Alfred and Louisa in Canada. By making the final page an opening out as well as an ending, Lawrence has manifestly progressed in the technique of bringing a short story to a satisfactory
conclusion. Consider again the immature and inconclusive ending of "Two Marriages" which leaves the reader dangling at the end of the tale:

He looked at her very keenly. She noticed his eyes were golden-brown, with a very small pupil.

"He is very keen-sighted, he can see a long way," said Louisa, looking full at his eyes. "But he can't see into things, he's not introspective. Ah well!"

I, p. 399e.

To summarize, then, "Daughters of the Vicar" is closer in both spirit and language to The Rainbow than to the work of Lawrence's youth where Dr. Leavis would place it. The later tale is in almost every way a richer and more complete version than "Two Marriages". In method the tale enlarges its scope; whereas "Two Marriages" presented Louisa's thoughts only, the later text includes those of Mary and of Alfred, giving added depth to the story. The ending to "Daughters of the Vicar" is neater than that of the earlier tale. The devices of free direct and free indirect speech are used more freely and with greater assurance in the second version. The quality of the language in the later story approaches the rich style of The Rainbow and exhibits many linguistic similarities with that later style, in particular the bending or breaking of normal linguistic restriction to create a language of emotion.

The last stories written for The Prussian Officer volume were "Daughters of the Vicar" and two stories about German soldier life, "Honour and Arms" ("The Prussian Officer") and "Vin Ordinaire" ("The Thorn in the Flesh").

56. The omission of some dialogue and especially of the dialect passages in the later version which we have noted earlier are the only changes for the worse.
Although the respective versions of the German stories were written within a few months of each other, the revision technique follows the changes in style and method that have been pointed out earlier. The German tales mark the beginning of Lawrence's mature period and it is these tales and the significance of their place in the development of Lawrence's writing that I will now discuss.
CHAPTER 5: THE GERMAN STORIES

Lawrence wrote both "Honour and Arms" and "Vin Ordinaire" (which became, respectively, "The Prussian Officer" and "The Thorn in the Flesh") while he was travelling on the continent, probably in early June of 1913. "Honour and Arms" was completed by the 11th of June since Lawrence mentions it in a letter to Edward Garnett written then.

I have written the best short story I have ever done - about a German Officer in the army and his orderly. Then there is another good autobiographical story. I think it is good: then there is another story in course of completion which interests me. I might send them away, mightn't I?¹

"Vin Ordinaire" was probably written at about the same time but certainly before Lawrence returned to England at the end of that month. He wrote to Garnett on the 21st of June:

Now I have written three good short stories just before we came to England - two about German soldier-life. I want to know whether to send them to him* or not.²

Lawrence also wrote a third tale about Germany and soldiers entitled "Once" but it is probably "Vin Ordinaire" that he means in the letter above since in subsequent correspondence he mentions "Once" by title, distinguishing it from the "two soldier stories" that he sent to Austin Harrison for


2. ibid., p. 211 (*Ezra Pound).
I enclose you a letter from Harrison. It seems to me pretty fair. What do you think? As I am pretty badly off for money, I am jolly glad of the offer. I suppose you could get back from Pinker the one story—would you? Perhaps you will see Norman Douglas at lunch one day, and can tell him. I have asked Ezra Pound to forward to the English Review two stories he had, which were returned from the Smart Set. One of them once if Harrison dare print it, would go excellently well with the two soldier stories. You remember, it is the tale of a woman who was loved by a young officer—he threw roses on her—one night in an hotel. What do you think of the chances of that? For a fourth, I think I would write one I have had in my mind for a long time.4

"Vin Ordinaire" was published in the English Review for June 1914 and "Honour and Arms" came in the issue for August 1914.5

Both tales were altered for The Prussian Officer volume in the summer of 1914. The revision of "Honour and Arms" is unusual because it is one of the rare occasions when Lawrence was satisfied enough with his work not to feel extensive re-writing necessary. The story is written in the assured

3. Harrison was in possession of all three soldier tales early in October as Lawrence states in a letter to A.W. McLeod later that month:

"He (Harrison) has got three soldier stories, which he is going to publish in a sort of series—perhaps four—so he says—which will make a book afterwards." (C.L. I, p. 235, dated 26 October 1913).

See also C.L. I, p. 221, p. 222, p. 237.

Harrison did not accept "Once", however, which was first published in Love Among the Haystacks and Other Pieces (The Nonesuch Press, London, 1930).


5. "Honour and Arms" also appeared in the November 1914 issue of Metropolitan (the New York issue spelled the title "Honor and Arms"). The issue also had an illustration (see Appendix A (j))—one of the few occasions when a story of Lawrence's was illustrated.
and rich style towards which Lawrence was working in the transition period discussed earlier. The alterations in the second text do not affect either the conception or the style of the original. The change of title to "The Prussian Officer" was not Lawrence's but Edward Garnett's, who was supervising the publication of the collection for Duckworth and who altered the title and gave it to the volume of collected tales without consulting Lawrence. Lawrence wrote to his agent J.B. Pinker on 5th December 1914 expressing his annoyance at the change, but Garnett's title has always been retained (except in the first publications in the English Review and Metropolitan).

Garnett was a devil to call my book of stories The Prussian Officer - what Prussian Officer? 6

"Vin Ordinaire", however, follows the pattern of change which is characteristic of Lawrence's revisions. Although it had been recently published Lawrence was dissatisfied with it and kept it back from the other tales which he forwarded to Duckworth for publication. In a letter to Edward Garnett in the summer of 1914 he says:

I send you herewith another batch of the short stories. There remains only one to send - one story. It is the German soldier story that came in last month's English Review. I find it wants writing over again, to pull it together. I have gone over the stories very carefully...
I will send in the last story - Vin Ordinaire - within a day or two. 7

Lawrence's changed conception of the subject of this story prompted him to write another version, significantly different from the first, entitled "The Thorn in the Flesh." Because the techniques of rewriting are very different between the versions of "Honour and Arms" and those of "Vin Ordinaire", it is convenient to discuss each tale and its revision separately.  

The two German stories and their respective versions fall naturally into a separate group from the other tales in the collection because of their unusual (for Lawrence) subject matter and because they were the last tales written and their revised versions are stylistically very similar. Both "Honour and Arms" and "Vin Ordinaire" are stories about the effect of German military life on two young soldiers. The other tales in The Prussian Officer are set in the English mining and farming communities and deal with working-class people but the German stories present a way of life which Lawrence can only have caught a brief glimpse of after he left England in 1912. In their deep insight into and understanding of a different culture the tales mark a significant development in Lawrence's scope as a

8. The correspondence quoted above proves that these stories are not from the early period of Lawrence's writing as Dr. Leavis believes:

"It is surprising how large a proportion of that first volume, published (to Lawrence's annoyance) as The Prussian Officer, is good. The title-story and The Thorn in the Flesh are in an early Lawrence vein that he soon outgrew; sultrily overcharged, sensuously and emotionally, they seem to associate with The Trespassers, and with all their unpleasant kind of power, they share essentially the same kind of immaturity as the negligible and more obviously immature A Fragment of Stained Glass." (D.H. Lawrence, Novelist, p. 257).

Independent of the evidence of the letters, it is clear - as I will demonstrate in this chapter - that the style of these stories is the rich and fluent one characteristic of Lawrence's experimental Rainbow writing and bears little resemblance to the clumsy style of some of his early work such as the "Fragment of Stained Glass" (see Appendix A(f) for a discussion of this tale and its early version "Legend").
writer. Hitherto he had depicted a world he knew intimately and had drawn the themes for his stories largely from his own experiences; here he has learnt to interpret a different and unknown reality in his fiction by reliance upon observation and imagination alone.

I. "Honour and Arms" and "The Prussian Officer"

"Honour and Arms" is a powerful psychological study of two men in the German infantry, a sadistic, latently homosexual Captain and his peasant orderly. Part I (the story is in four parts) describes how the Captain, a Prussian aristocrat, becomes increasingly irritated by the warm, natural manner of his young orderly which is antipathetic to his own rigid militarism. The officer can neither respond to the other's spontaneity nor be unaware of it; his careful neutrality as an officer is broken and he becomes obsessed by the young man. Incapable of forming a creative relationship with him, he resorts to sarcasm and bullying, tormenting the youth in order to elicit some sort of response from him. As the officer loses control of himself the bullying becomes sadistic brutality; eventually he half-kills his orderly with vicious kicks. Part II describes the next day’s march when the young man, dazed with pain, develops sunstroke and brain fever. At the mid-day halt he meets his officer in a glade and in a delirium kills him. After a nightmarish flight through the wood (Part III) the young man’s fevered mind becomes progressively weaker and he loses consciousness. Part IV, only a few lines long, describes how his body is found and states simply that he dies. The story is presented through the thoughts and changing states of awareness and feeling in the two men. Lawrence’s conception of both the Prussian Officer’s diseased mind and the thoughts and perceptions of the tormented orderly and
his imaginative rendering of these insights into prose fiction is sustained and convincing in both versions of the tale.

The revision of this tale is unusual in that neither conception nor style alter. There are a few corrections of phrasing, vocabulary, and paragraphing but these are relatively unimportant and do not affect the style of writing. Lawrence occasionally changes a word for one that is more precise or emphatic, thus: "ruined fruit-trees" becomes "scraggy fruit-trees" (p. 1) since "ruined" is incompatible with the picture of the lush, fertile valley through which the troops are marching; "held his breath" is "compressed his breath" (p. 1) which better evokes the orderly's effort to repress his pain; and "put his limbs straight" becomes "pushed his limbs straight" (p. 24) where the change of verb makes the effort of laying out the dead officer's body more apparent. Some unnecessarily repetitive phrases are deleted such as: "He felt as he felt in a blackish dream" which becomes "He felt as in a blackish dream" (p. 19), and "all the world seemed the same" which is condensed to "all seemed the same" (p. 24). One or two near-cliches change: "This was to be another man to man encounter" is later "This was to be man to man between them" (p. 22); "burning a hole in his brain" becomes "burning in his brain" (p. 27); and the vague "He was amid the truth" is altered to "He was amid the reality, on the real, dark bottom" (p. 27).

"The Prussian Officer" is longer than "Honour and Arms" by about 1,500 words which form twelve new passages. The appearance of these additions

9. There are sixty-two minor alterations in twenty-three pages of text. For a complete list of changes between the versions see Appendix A (j).

10. Since the two texts are virtually identical, except for the dozen insertions, "The Prussian Officer" version will be used here (page numbers are those of the Penguin edition). A reasonably accurate idea of the first text is gained simply by marking off the twelve later passages, thus eliminating laborious cross-referencing. These passages and any sentences or phrases not in the magazine version will be set off by parentheses.
seems to depart from Lawrence's characteristic method of revision, but this is not the case. Professor Tedlock says of the manuscript and published versions of the tale:

The text published in the English Review varies slightly from that of the manuscript. The text in The Prussian Officer represents still later modification, varying occasionally in paragraphing and phrasing from the manuscript. An idea of these relatively slight variations may be gained by comparing with the published text the last three paragraphs of the manuscript.

He then gives the following examples:

"He died in the hospital at night, of sunstroke, without having seen again. The doctors saw the bruises on his legs, behind, and were silent. On this account the affair was hushed up. The bodies of the two men lay together, side by side, in the mortuary, the one white and slender, but laid eternally at rest, the other looking as if every moment it must rouse into life again, so young and unused."

The later texts differ only by deleting" of sunstroke", substituting "rigidly" for "eternally", and by adding "from a slumber" to the last sentence.

However, a recent article by Keith Cushman points out that the holograph manuscript (currently in the possession of the University of Texas Library) which antedates both the "Honour and Arms" and "The Prussian Officer" texts does in fact contain the 1,500 words of the story

12. ibid., p. 48.
as it appeared in the book version, and that Professor Tedlock was mistaken in his assessment of the manuscript and published texts. Mr. Cushman suggests that the original text was cut in order to shorten the tale to the length desired by the English Review and proposes that Norman Douglas was responsible for the cuts. Lawrence subsequently restored the missing passages when the tale was being revised for book publication.

The two versions then, do not differ stylistically even though "The Prussian Officer" is significantly longer. Lawrence only altered a few words and phrases which do not affect the basic impact of the tale itself. However, the omitted passages do much to illuminate the relationship between the two protagonists and are an integral part of the story. The discussion of the tale will centre on the deleted passages, pointing out their stylistic characteristics which represent the style of the whole story, and their importance in maintaining the artistic integrity of the tale. The discussion will also point out the immense development in style

14. ibid., p. 264 ("The 1,500 words 'added' to the book version can be found in the holograph that antedates both magazine and book texts.").

15. "The man responsible for the magazine form of "The Prussian Officer" was - of all people - Norman Douglas, who was Harrison's assistant at the English Review at the time. Contemporary criticism generally sees incremental repetition and prose artistry in the tale. In his informal autobiography, Looking Back, Douglas remembered only redundancy:

'He sometimes turned up at the English Review office with stories like The Prussian Officer written in that impeccable hand-writing of his. They had to be cut down for magazine purposes; they were too redundant; and I was charged with the odious task of performing the operation. Would Lawrence never learn to be more succinct, and to hold himself in hand a little?' ibid., pp. 268-269.
and technique which Lawrence has undergone since the earliest tales in The Prussian Officer collection.

The story opens in the present with an intensely visual description of a valley through which a band of soldiers is marching. The narration, describing the hot day, the countryside, and the sensations of the soldiers, displays that accuracy and economy of detail characteristic of Lawrence’s best writing.

They had marched more than thirty kilometres since dawn, along the white, hot road where occasional thickets of trees threw a moment of shade, then out into the glare again. On either hand, the valley, wide and shallow, glittered with heat; dark green patches of rye, pale young corn, fallow and meadow and black pine woods spread in a dull, hot diagram under a glistening sky. But right in front the mountains ranged across, pale blue and very still, snow glistening gently out of the deep atmosphere. And towards the mountains, on and on, the regiment marched between the rye fields and the meadows, between the scraggy fruit trees set regularly on either side the high road. The burnished, dark green rye threw off a suffocating heat, the mountains drew gradually nearer and more distinct. While the effect of the soldiers grew hotter, sweat ran through their hair under their helmets, and their knapsacks could burn no more in contact with their shoulders, but seemed instead to give off a cold, prickly sensation.

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

He could now walk almost without pain. At the start, he had determined not to limp. It had made him sick to take the first steps, and during the first mile or so, he had compressed his breath, and the cold drops of sweat had stood on his forehead. But he had walked off. What were they after all but bruises? He had looked at them, as he was getting up; deep bruises on the backs of his thighs. And since he had made his first step in the morning, he had been conscious of them, till now he had a tight, hot place in his chest, with suppressing the pain, and holding himself in. There seemed no air when he breathed. But he walked almost lightly.

The text illustrates a technique which Lawrence uses in most of The Prussian Officer tales – with particularly fine effect in "Odour of Chrysanthemums", "Daughters of the Vicar", "The Prussian Officer", and "The Thorn in the
Flesh" - of initially describing a landscape and then sharply focusing on an individual in that landscape. The dreary fields around Brinsley Colliery create the appropriate setting for Elizabeth Bates' tragedy; the description of Aldecross and the mining countryside precedes that of the Lindley family, both the soldier stories begin with accounts of their settings and the regiments of soldiers in each before focusing on the protagonists.

This way of establishing setting and atmosphere for a tale by a vivid description recalls Hardy - one thinks of the opening of The Return of the Native - but, as Lawrence seems to have recognised, his own understanding of the relation between character and setting differs significantly from Hardy's whose sense of the drama is intimately linked to the setting - the setting is part of it. As Lawrence wrote of Hardy:

And this is the quality Hardy shares with the great writers, Shakespeare or Sophocles or Tolstoi, this setting behind the small action of his protagonists the terrific action of unfathomed nature; setting a smaller system of morality, the one grasped and formulated by the human consciousness within the vast, uncomprehended and incomprehensible morality of nature or of life itself, surpassing human consciousness.16

For Lawrence the morality of nature is not something separate from or greater than the human consciousness but rather a part of it. His settings, vividly realised though they are, seldom represent a morality outside or transcending humanity and do not become, as they do with Hardy,

16. Phoenix, p. 419 ("A Study of Thomas Hardy").
participants in the action. In the story "The Prussian Officer" the drama is enacted in the consciousnesses of the two soldiers without reference to any human or non-human morality outside them; the irrational, powerful unknown forces are not external to man but within him. The landscape, the surrounding universe is therefore presented to the reader as it is perceived by the young orderly and is significant primarily in relation to him and in his response to it. In the second version of the tale Lawrence makes this more explicit by means of the restored passage (in parentheses) which links the initial description of the valley and the subsequent statement of the youth's pain by indicating that we are to see the surrounding countryside through the young soldier's eyes.

The narrative technique at the beginning of this tale exemplifies Lawrence's early maxim to "give as little explanation as possible" in a short story. The reader is initially confronted simply with a regiment marching through a valley. When the focus shifts to the young soldier

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17. This is of course another way of saying that Lawrence sees the relation between nature and man in a more beneficent light than Hardy could - if man is part of nature, nature is also part of man; he did not see man as the doomed victim of blind forces in Hardy's way but as being offered unlimited possibilities of fulfillment through a proper understanding of and an ultimately religious adjustment to nature within him. And, as "A Study of Thomas Hardy" tell us, he could not share Hardy's views of man as subject to necessity and without freedom of will.

18. See Boulton, Lawrence in Love, p. 19 (dated 7 Oct. 1908). The relevant portion of this letter has been quoted in the previous chapter on "Two Marriages" and "Daughters of the Vicar".

Most of Lawrence's tales begin with quick and vivid descriptions of settings ("The Prussian Officer", "The Thorn in the Flesh", "Daughters of the Vicar", "Fragment of Stained Glass", "Odour of Chrysanthemums") or with a simple, forceful, unqualified statement. Thus "Two Marriages" opens with "Miss Louisa loathed her brother-in-law". "A Sick Collier" begins "She was too good for him everybody said" while "The Christening" states without explanation "The mistress of the British School stepped
and the reader learns of the bruises, there is no account of how the bruises came to be there. By simply stating the disturbing existence of the bruises Lawrence firmly engages his readers interest. The narrative merges with the consciousness of the young soldier through the occasional flash of free indirect speech "What were they after all but bruises!" and it is through the youth that the reader moves into the past, "remembering" how the officer looked that morning and then returns to the present appearance of the officer seen through his orderly's eyes.

The Captain's hand had trembled at taking his coffee at dawn; his orderly saw it again. And he saw the fine figure of the Captain wheeling on hoseback at the farm-house ahead, a handsome figure in pale blue uniform with facings of scarlet, and the metal gleaming on the black helmet and the sword-scabbard, and dark streaks of sweat coming on the silky bay hose. The orderly felt he was connected with that figure moving so suddenly on hoseback: he followed it like a shadow, mute and inevitable and damned by it. And the officer was always aware of the tramp of the company behind, the march of his orderly among the men.

Lawrence's narration subtly conveys the scene as it appears to the youth and also as it would appear to an observer, thus supplementing the necessarily limited view of his character while preserving the illusion of intimacy with him. Lawrence uses the resources of narrative to analyse the bond between the orderly and his officer and the officer's developing irritation with the youth. "The Prussian Officer" contains four significant passages which analyse in greater detail the Prussian aristocrat's unstable character, his latent homosexuality, and the young down from her school gate, and instead of turning to the left as usual, she turned to the right." "The Shades of Spring" begins simply "It was a mile nearer through the wood." The technique engages the reader's interest at once and is characteristic of nearly all Lawrence's prose fiction.
soldier's reaction to his bullying. The first addition describes the officer's usual attitude to his men and to his orderly in particular, contributing both an explanation of and a contrast to his later behaviour.

(With the men, however, he was merely impersonal, though a devil when roused; so that, on the whole, they feared him, but had no great aversion from him. They accepted him as the inevitable.

To his orderly he was at first cold and just and indifferent: he did not fuss over trifles. So that his servant knew practically nothing about him, except just what orders he would give, and how he wanted them obeyed. That was quite simple. Then the change gradually came.)

"The change" is the Prussian's growing irritation with the youth which is more explicitly analysed in the second version, deepening the presentation of the officer's growing but negative emotional involvement with the youth.

Gradually the officer had become aware of his servant's young, vigorous, unconscious presence about him. He could not get away from the sense of the youth's person, while he was in attendance. (It was like a warm flame upon the older man's tense, rigid body, that had become almost unliving, fixed.) There was something so free and self-contained about him, and something in the young fellow's movement, that made the officer aware of him. And this irritated the Prussian. (He did not choose to be touched into life by his servant. He might easily have changed his man, but he did not. He now very rarely looked direct at his orderly, but kept his face averted, as if to avoid seeing him. And yet as the young soldier moved unthinking about the apartment, the elder watched him, and would notice the movement of his strong young shoulders under the blue cloth, the bend of his neck. And it irritated him). To see the soldier's young, brown, shapely peasant's hand gasp the loaf or the wine-bottle sent a flash of hate or of anger through the elder man's blood. It was not that the youth was clumsy: it was rather the blind, instinctive sureness of movement of an unhampered young animal that irritated the officer to such a degree.

The build-up of tension and irritation in the officer and the first signs of a break in his self-control are described in the third restored passage.
which presents a specific instance of that break and the shock of it on the orderly.

(Once, when a bottle of wine had gone over, and the red guashed out on the tablecloth, the officer had started up with an oath, and his eyes, bluey like fire, had held those of the confused youth for a moment. It was a shock for the young soldier. He felt something sink deeper, deeper into his soul, where nothing had ever gone before. It left him rather blank and wondering. Some of his natural completeness in himself was gone, a little uneasiness took its place. And from that time an undiscovered feeling had held between the two men.

Henceforward the orderly was afraid of really meeting his master. His subconscious remembered those steely blue eyes and the harsh brows, and did not intend to meet them again. So he always stared past his master, and avoided him. Also, in a little anxiety, he waited for the three months to have gone, when his time would be up. He began to feel a constraint in the Captain's presence, and the soldier even more than the officer wanted to be left alone, in his neutrality as servant).

pp. 9-10

The added passages of the later text stress the progressive nature of the officer's obsession. Lawrence examines why and how the later tragedy develops. His insight into the Prussian's distorted character and his understanding of the mounting tensions between the two men are revealed in these supplementary passages. The later version is the richer and more complex for the inclusion of these passages but the style of both is exactly the same except that in a few of his new passages, (for example in the next except quoted below), Lawrence tends to connect his prose with more conjunctions, making it approach the rhythmical, biblical style of some of The Rainbow passages discussed earlier.

(But now if he were going to be forced into a personal interchange with his master he would be like a wild thing caught, he felt he must get away.

But the influence of the young soldier's being had penetrated through the officer's stiffened discipline, and perturbed the man in him. He, however, was a gentleman, with long, fine hands and cultivated movements, and was not going to allow such a thing as
the stirring of his innate self. He was a man of passionate temper, who had always kept himself suppressed. Occasionally there had been a duel, an outburst before the soldiers. He knew himself to be always on the point of breaking out. But he kept himself hard to the idea of the service. Whereas the young soldier seemed to live out his warm, full nature, to give it off in his very movements, which had a certain zest, such as wild animals have in free movement. And this irritated the officer more and more).

p. 10

(Once he flung a heavy military glove into the young soldier's face. Then he had the satisfaction of seeing the black eyes flare up into his own, like a blaze when straw is thrown on a fire. And he had laughed with a little tremor and a sneer).

p. 11

The second example quoted above is not an important addition, although it might be argued that Lawrence wished to emphasize the officer's earlier bullying, which is only implied in "Honour and Arms", by presenting another specific instance of it.

Half of the restored passages thus occur in the first quarter of the tale, filling in the outline of the Prussian's character given in the deleted version with deeper analysis of the stresses beneath the officer's military detachment and with specific instances of his bullying. The subsequent scene in which the officer sadistically kicks his orderly is more believable after the presentation of his gradual loss of self-control and of the growth of his obsession. The repulsively powerful description of this kicking is something rare in Lawrence's writing, 19 the officer's sadistic interrogation of his orderly, unique. The accounts are identical in both versions except for a few lines in the later text

19. The only other example even vaguely comparable in his early work is the fight between Paul Morel and Baxter Dawes in Sons and Lovers (see the chapter "Baxter Dawes").
which correct the slight discrepancy in the action of "Honour and Arms" where the text omits to state that the officer moves back into his room.

As he was crouching to set down the dishes, he was pitched forward by a kick from behind. The pots went in a stream down the stairs, he clung to the pillar of the banisters. And as he was rising he was kicked heavily again and again, so that he clung sickly to the post for some moments. His master had gone swiftly into the room and closed the door. The maid-servant downstairs looked up the staircase and made a mocking face at the crockery disaster.

The officer's heart was plunging. He poured himself a glass of wine, part of which he spilled on the floor, and gulped the remainder, leaning against the cool, green stove. He heard his man collecting the dishes from the stairs. Pale, as if intoxicated, he waited. The servant entered again. The Captain's heart gave a pang, as of pleasure, seeing the young fellow bewildered and uncertain on his feet, with pain.

'Schmer!' he said.

The soldier was a little slower in coming to attention.

The dramatic impact of the dialogue which follows between the Captain and his orderly is one of the most disturbing and powerful scenes in Lawrence's fiction. The account is not only visual and aural, Lawrence also includes the sensations of each man; the reader alternately feels the orderly's anguish and the officer's sadistic pleasure. Lawrence's genius as a master of dialogue is revealed in the sustained tension of this flickering interrogation which links the reader's perception with each speaker in turn (pp. 14-15).

The denouement of this scene, when the young soldier leaves, is immediately followed by a close analysis of the officer's unconscious but powerful gratification. The drama of the nameless forces warring within the mind and body follows and complements the earlier drama of spoken dialogue.

The officer, left alone, held himself rigid, to prevent himself from thinking. His instinct warned him that he must not think. Deep inside him was the intense gratification of his passion, still working powerfully. Then there was a counter-action, a horrible breaking down of something inside him, a whole agony of reaction.
He stood there for an hour motionless, a chaos of sensations, but rigid with a will to keep blank his consciousness, to prevent his mind gasping. And he held himself so until the worst of the stress had passed, when he began to drink, drank himself to an intoxication, till he slept obliterated.

"The Prussian Officer" adds to this analysis an account of the Captain's unconscious self-justification the following morning. In its repetitiveness and especially in the last three sentences the passage suggests the unconscious thoughts and rationalizations which pass through the officer's mind, half-acknowledged but submerged.

(When he woke in the morning he was shaken to the base of his nature. But he had fought off the realization of what he had done. He had prevented his mind from taking it in, had suppressed it along with his instincts, and the conscious man had nothing to do with it. He felt only as after a bout of intoxication, weak, but the affair itself all dim and not to be recovered. Of the drunkenness of his passion he successfully refused remembrance. And when his orderly appeared with coffee, the officer assumed the same self he had had the morning before. He refused the event of the past night—denied it had ever been—and was successful in his denial. He had not done any such thing—not he himself. Whatever there might be lay at the door of a stupid, insubordinate servant).

The final lines merge into the boundary between narrative and free indirect speech articulating the substance of the unformulated thoughts in the officer's mind. Echoes of the Captain's inner evasions are caught in the phrases "He had not done any such thing" and "a stupid, insubordinate servant". The inserted passage analyses the very process of unconscious rationalization; it sums up not only the Prussian's attitude but the reasons for and the inner progress toward it.

In both versions Lawrence describes the orderly's anguish immediately after analysis of the officer. The later version, however, makes this description more evocative and includes the account of the youth's painfilled
slumber, which corrects the rather abrupt transition in "Honour and Arms" from the orderly's actions in the evening to the manoeuvres the following morning.

The orderly had gone about in a stupor all the evening. He drank some beer because he was parched, but not much, the alcohol made his feeling come back, and he could not bear it. He was dulled, as if nine-tenths of the ordinary man in him were inert. He crawled about disfigured. Still, when he thought of the kicks, he went sick, and when he thought of the threat of more kicking, in the room afterwards, his heart went hot and faint, and he panted, remembering the one that had come. He had been forced to say 'For my girl.' He was much too done even to want to cry. (His mouth hung slightly open, like an idiot's. He felt vacant, and wasted. So, he wandered at his work, painfully, and very slowly and clumsily, fumbling blindly with the brushes, and finding it difficult, when he sat down, to summon the energy to move again. His limbs, his jaw, were slack and nerveless. But he was very tired. He got to bed at last, and slept inert, relaxed, in a sleep that was rather stupor than slumber, a dead night of stupefaction shot through with gleams of anguish).

p. 16

The lines which both texts have in common convey the dazed feeling of hollowness in Schoen through the emotive words "parched", "inert", "disfigured", "sick", "hot", "faint", and through the powerfully disturbing image created by the verb phrase "He crawled about disfigured". The sentence "He was dulled" is unusual because it is a passive without an agent (unlike, for example, "He was dulled by intoxication" which is an ordinary usage); the sentence has something disturbingly non-human about it, as though the youth were beyond conscious recognition of his state (thus Lawrence does not say "He felt dull or dulled"). The additional lines are necessary; they intensify the impression of the youth's state of shock through the piled up adjectives "vacant", "wasted", "slack", "nerveless", "inert", and through the verb phrases "wandered...painfully...slowly...clumsily" and "fumbling blindly". The mockery of sleep is evoked in the striking conjunction of the last phrases "rather stupor than slumber, a dead night of
stupification" and "shot through with gleams of anguish". By varying the phrasing and lexis in the added lines Lawrence intensifies the impression of the mist of pain and nausea through which the sick youth struggles.

Part II evokes the torment of the regiment's march for the youth, the reader is plunged into his nightmare-like existence. The sensuous, sultry quality of the writing in these pages shows a skilful use of language to convey the impression of unnaturally brilliant colours, suffocating heat and smells which overwhelm the senses of a fevered mind.

The company turned up the hill, to make a loop for the return. Below, from among the trees, the farm-bell clanged. He saw the labourers, moving bare-foot at the thick grass, leave off their work and go downhill. Their scythes hanging over their shoulders, like long, bright claws curving down behind them. They seemed like dream-people, as if they had no relation to himself. He felt as in a blackish dream; as if all the things were there and had form, but he himself was only a consciousness, a gap that could think and perceive. pp. 18-19

(The soldiers were tramping silently up the glaring hill-side. Gradually his head began to revolve, slowly, rhythmically. Sometimes it was dark before his eyes, as if he saw this world through a smoked glass, frail shadows and unreal. It gave him a pain in his head to walk.

The air was too scented, it gave no breath. All the lush green-stuff seemed to be issuing its sap, till the air was deathly, sickly with the smell of greenness. There was the perfume of clover, like pure honey and bees. Then there grew a faint acrid tang- they were near the beeches; and then a queer clattering noise, and a suffocating, hideous smell; they were passing a flock of sheep, a shepherd in a black smock, holding his crook. Why should the sheep huddle together under this fierce sun? He felt that the shepherd would not see him, though he could see the shepherd.)

p. 19.

20. Nine of the twelve restored passages have appeared in Part I (which itself is half the story). These revised sections amplify the analysis of the Prussian Officer's growing obsession and make the intolerable existence of the orderly, which goads him to kill his officer, more explicit. Of the three remaining passages two occur in Part II and one in Part III. All three are devoted to analysing the orderly's state of being.
The added paragraphs in the second version make Schoner's sensation of being "in a blackish dream" more exact; they describe what the state of such being is actually like. The account of the smells of the countryside — not just a statement of the green smell of the meadow but the impact of successive different smells — is an unusual feature of the writing. The sense of smell, perhaps the most difficult of the senses to suggest in words, becomes Schoner's most heightened perception as his vision declines — "Sometimes it was dark before his eyes."

The sentence "he himself was only a consciousness, a gap that could think and perceive" typifies Lawrence's narrative technique in the rest of the story. Schoner's perceptions and occasional thoughts are the vehicles by which the narrative progresses. The young man's senses register smells, as in the above example, and sights but as his fever grows his mind increasingly fails to evaluate the information that strikes his consciousness. Gradually the "consciousness ... that could think and perceive" loses the ability to think and becomes an uncomprehending recording eye.

At last there was the halt. They stacked rifles in a conical stack, put down their kit in a scattered circle around it, and dispersed a little, sitting on a small knoll high on the hill-side. The chatter began. The soldiers were steaming with heat, but were lively. He sat still, seeing the blue mountains rising upon the land, twenty kilometres away. (There was a blue fold in the ranges, then out of that, at the foot, the broad, pale bed of the river, stretches of whity-green water between pinkish-grey shoals among the dark pine woods. There it was, spread out a long way off. And it seemed to come down-hill, the river. There was a raft being steered, a mile away. It was a strange country. Nearer, a red-roofed, broad farm with white base and square dots of windows crouched beside the wall of beech foliage on the wood's edge. There were long strips of rye and clover and pale green corn. And just at his feet, below the knoll, was a darkish bog, where globe flowers stood breathless still on their slim stalks. And some of the pale gold bubbles were burst, and a broken fragment hung in the air. He thought he was going to sleep). pp. 19-20.

As his reason deteriorates the youth relies increasingly on sheer instinct
and it is this instinct - "which had been jerking at the young man’s wrists" - that drives him to murder the officer. The account of the killing (pp. 22-23) as well as the rest of Part II, is identical in both texts. It is intensely visual as well as aural - the reader sees Schoner hurling himself at the officer, hears the sickening crunch of bone and sees the death spasms - and it is intensely subjective in that the narrative also describes the scene from the youth’s viewpoint. The illusion of intimacy with the young man is created by blending the narrative description of Schoner’s sensations and perceptions as he kills his officer with the free indirect speech rendering of the orderly’s unarticulated thoughts and feelings. Thus Lawrence tells the reader that Schoner “felt as if his head went to vapour” and a few lines later subtly focuses on the dead officer’s body through Schoner’s eyes and his thoughts: “How curiously the mouth was pushed out, exaggerating the full lips, and the moustache bristling up from them” and “It was a pity it was broken”. Through this merging of the character’s sensations, perceptions, and thoughts, Lawrence describes the orderly’s escape and his subsequent loss of consciousness.

Part III is set within the dying soldier’s mind, describing his sensations, warped by brain fever, and the horror of perceiving a world no longer understood. This imaginative creation of a fevered consciousness is perfectly sustained throughout this section: the youth sees and hears with the hyper-sensitivity of delirium, but has lost the power to rationally analyse what he perceives. In one of his intervals of consciousness he experiences a horror at the sight of little birds darting up a tree trunk.
When he opened his eyes again he started seeing something creeping swiftly up a tree-trunk. It was a little bird. And the bird was whistling overhead. Tap-tap-tap - it was the small quick bird rapping the tree-trunk with its beak, as if its head were a little round hammer. He watched it curiously. It shifted sharply, in its creeping fashion. Then, like a mouse, it slid down the bare trunk. Its swift creeping sent a flash of revulsion through him. He raised his head. It felt a great weight. Then, the little bird ran out of the shadow across a still patch of sunshine, its little head bobbing swiftly, its white legs twinkling brightly for a moment. How neat it was in its build, so compact, with pieces of white on its wings. There were several of them. They were so pretty - but they crept like swift, erratic mice, running here and there among the beech-mast.

He lay down again exhausted, and his consciousness lapsed. He had a horror of the little creeping birds. All his blood seemed to be darting and creeping in his head. And yet he could not move.

He came to with a further ache of exhaustion. There was the pain in his head, and the horrible sickness, and his inability to move. He had never been ill in his life. He did not know where he was or what he was. Probably he had got sunstroke. Or what else?
he had silenced the Captain for ever—some time ago—oh, a long time ago. There had been blood on his face, and his eyes had turned upwards. It was all right, somehow. It was peace, but now he had got beyond himself. He had never been here before. Was it life, or not life? He was by himself. They were on a big, bright place, those others, and he was outside. The town, all the country, a big bright place of light; and he was outside, here, in the darkened open beyond, where each thing existed alone. But they would all have to come out there sometime, those others. Little, and left behind him, they all were. There had been father and mother and sweetheart. What did they all matter? This was the open land.

He sat up. Something scuffled. It was a little brown squirrel running in lovely undulating bounds over the floor, its red tail completing the undulation of its body—and then, as it sat up, furling and unfurling. He watched it, pleased. It ran on again, friskily, enjoying itself. It flew wildly at another squirrel, and they were chasing each other, and making little scolding, chattering noises. The soldier wanted to speak to them. But only a hoarse sound came out of his throat. The squirrels burst away—they flew up the trees. And then he saw the one peeping round at him half-way up a tree-trunk. A start of fear went through him, though in so far as he was conscious, he was amused. It still stayed, its little keen face staring at him half-way up the tree-trunk, its little ears pricked up, its clawey little hands clinging to the bark, its white breast reared. He started from it in panic.)

The first paragraph begins with linear narrative sentences but shifts into free indirect speech for the rest of that passage. The feverish part-thoughts, part-perceptions which flit across the youth's brain are too confused and incoherent to form an internal monologue but they can be subtly articulated by the intermediary form of free indirect speech which conveys both the dissolution of the youth's reason and the remnant of reason still left to him. Schoner's occasional half-thoughts reveal themselves in sentences which echo the rhythm of speech, for example: "he had silenced the Captain for ever—some time ago—oh, a long time ago" and "They were on a big, bright place, those others, and he was outside".
At least part of the value, using free indirect speech here rather than internal monologue (free direct speech) is its closeness to narrative, which makes the transitions between a free indirect speech rendering of a character’s thoughts and a narrative description of external reality almost imperceptible. The change to the straightforward narration of the second paragraph, with its beautiful natural description of the squirrel, follows without any sense of dislocation the delirious ramblings of the previous paragraph. The squirrel is so ordinary and normal "friskily enjoying itself" that the soldier is compelled to watch it for a moment, amused: "And then he saw the one peeping round at him half-way up a tree-trunk. A start of fear went through him, though in so far as he was conscious, he was amused". Again the youth loses that precarious hold on reason in a vague sense of anthropomorphic menace from the "little keen face", "clawey little hands", "little ears pricked up" and the somehow ominous "white breast reared". Because the soldier perceives without recognising he panics; his progressive breakdown of human understanding which imposes order on our perception of the universe.

The young man loses consciousness again and when he re-awakens he is weaker and his reasoning power has further diminished.

When, to his dumb wonder, he opened his eyes on the world again, he no longer tried to remember what it was. There was thick, golden light behind golden-green glimmerings, and tall, grey-purple shafts, and darkness further off, surrounding him, growing deeper. He was conscious of a sense of arrival. He was amid the reality, on the real, dark bottom. But there was the thirst burning in his brain. He felt lighter, not so heavy. He supposed it was newness. The air was muttering with thunder. He thought he was walking wonder-fully swiftly and was coming straight to relief—or was it to water?

p. 27

Schoner’s perceptions of the external world are still vivid but almost
completely uncomprehending—"he no longer tried to remember what it was"—so that the forest is no longer a forest. We see it through his eyes as a "thick, golden light behind golden-green glitterings, and tall, grey-purple shafts", as a "coloured mirage" that appears before uncomprehending, unreasoning eyes. His subsequent glimpse of a human figure stimulates incomprehension and fear.

Suddenly he stood still with fear. There was a tremendous flare of gold, immense—just a few dark trunks like bars between him and it. All the young level wheat was burnished gold glaring on its silky green. A woman, full-skirted, a black cloth on her head for head-dress, was passing like a block of shadow through the glistening, green corn, into the full glare. There was a farm, too, pale blue in shadow, and the timber black. And there was a church spire, nearly fused away in the gold. The woman moved on, away from him, he had no language with which to speak to her. She was the bright, solid unreality. She would make a noise of words that would confuse him, and her eyes would look at him without seeing him. She was crossing there to the other side. He stood against a tree.

pp. 27-28

The passage illustrates Lawrence's immensely subtle use of narration, his ability here to convey not only the scene as it appears to the dying man but as it really is, so that the reader can judge the extent of the youth's delirium against an objective picture of the reality around him. The line "She would make a noise of words that would confuse him" vividly presents a further decline in the dying soldier—his loss of the faculty of language itself and therefore even the capacity for rational thought. It is characteristic of Lawrence's genius that he is able to render the instincts and responses of the delirious soldier in a verbal account without interfering with our illusion of sharing his mindless perception.  

21. William Golding has developed this technique into a more sustained narrative method in *The Inheritors* and in many passages in *Pincher Martin*, showing what it is like to perceive when the faculty for interpretation and rational analysis is diminished or absent.
As the dying youth's strength ebbs he no longer responds to the external world but is alone with the delirium which confuses past and present anguish and perception.

And the mere delirium of sickness and fever went on inside him - his brain opening and shutting like the night - then sometimes convulsions of terror from something with great eyes that stared round a tree - then the pang of hate for the Captain, followed by a pang of tenderness and ease. But everything was distorted, born of an ache and resolving into an ache.

The sense of dissolution, the very sensation of dying in torment is here communicated to the reader.

The tale ends in the half dozen sentences which comprise Part IV. The full horror of the youth's long-drawn death, of his brain "opening and shutting like the night" for hours after his regiment have found him is conveyed simply in the phrase "But he was still alive."

When the soldiers found him, three hours later, he was lying with his face over his arm, his black hair giving off heat under the sun. But he was still alive. Seeing the open, black mouth the young soldiers dropped him in horror. He died in the hospital at night, without having seen again. The doctors saw the bruises on his legs, behind, and were silent. The bodies of the two men lay together, side by side, in the mortuary, the one white and slender, but laid rigidly at rest, the other looking as if every moment it must rouse into life again, so young and unused, from a slumber.

The only difference between the two versions in this part is the substitution of "the young soldiers dropped him in horror" for "the young soldiers started from him in horror" in the first version and the deletion in "The Prussian Officer" text of a superfluous sentence from "Honour and Arms" (parentheses).

The doctors saw the bruises on his legs, behind and were silent. (On this account the affair was hushed up).
In its theme, method, and style the tale in both its versions - but especially in the text with its restored passages - marks an important stage in Lawrence's development as a writer; in particular it reveals his growing fascination with the processes of thought and consciousness in the human mind and with the powerful and inexplicable forces within man which govern his being and behaviour. "The Prussian Officer" represents a decisive advance in Lawrence's ability to analyse and present these processes in fiction and foreshadows his detailed exploration of them in the protagonists of *The Rainbow*. The differences between the two texts of the story are not stylistically important as the discussion has pointed out, nor does Lawrence follow his usual pattern of extensive revision. However, in the revision of the other German story ("Vin Ordinaire" and "The Thorn in the Flesh") he changed in his conception of the tale and therefore altered the style when he revised it.

II. "Vin Ordinaire" and "The Thorn in the Flesh"

"Vin Ordinaire" and "The Thorn in the Flesh" tell the same story: a frightened young soldier accidentally knocks his sergeant over some fortifications and runs off, taking refuge in the house where his sweetheart is employed, but he is found and arrested. The development of this plot in the two versions, however, the conception of the characters involved, and the style in which it is written differ strikingly. The early version, "Vin Ordinaire", is divided into five parts ("The Thorn in the Flesh" is in six parts and about a page and a half longer). The story opens with a description of an army camp and the surrounding countryside
and then focuses on a soldier in the camp. The soldier, Bachmann, waiting to take part in drill over some fortifications, is tense and anxious because he is afraid of heights. When his turn comes to climb the fortifications he places the ladder and climbs up but, nearly at the top, his nerve fails. Instinctively, he clings to the ladder but he is unable to move up or down. At last he is dragged up to the top by the sergeant who abuses him. Bachmann throws up his arm to ward off the sergeant’s face, accidentally knocks him off balance, and the man falls into the moat under the fortifications. Bachmann runs away.

In Part II the young soldier asks protection from Emilie, a girl who works in a Baron’s household. The governess, Fräulein Hesse, takes Bachmann’s part and suggests that he hide in Emilie’s room. He does so and plans his escape to France. Part III, only a page long, briefly narrates that Emilie brings Bachmann the evening meal and that he seduces her. Part IV describes the sleeplessness of the two young people: Emilie is resentful and sullen, Bachmann is gnawed by the shame of his dual failure - at the military drill and with Emilie for she will not come to him again. In the final section, Part V, a lieutenant and three soldiers from the barracks come to the Baron’s home. They and the Baron find Bachmann and the young soldier is arrested. The conclusion is rather puzzling. Emilie is interrogated by the Baron and denies having gone to bed with Bachmann whereupon the Baron is furious with her for failing to support the youth in public. The tale ends with Emilie preparing coffee.

When Lawrence re-wrote this story his whole conception of the situation and the characters had changed and this is reflected in the very different handling of the tale in "The Thorn in the Flesh". Like the early version the later story begins with a description of the countryside, the barracks,
and army life, but the descriptions of Bachmann, the sergeant, and the account of the soldiers' scaling the fortifications differ significantly. Both texts are roughly similar in sequence of events until Part II where they diverge because the characters of Bachmann and Emilie and the relationship between them have altered. The young soldier, shielded by Emilie and Fräulein Hesse, takes refuge in Emilie's room, as in the earlier text, but the roles played by each of the characters and the interplay of feeling between them are substantially different. Part III contains completely new material; it describes the backgrounds and personalities of the two young people. Part IV adds a routine visit by the military patrol who are looking for the deserter and analyses Emilie's feeling for Bachmann. The fact that the couple are mutually attracted in "The Thorn in the Flesh" is the strongest thematic departure from "Vin Ordinaire"; whereas the early version presented the frustration of a failed relationship, the second version describes the wonder and fulfillment of a successful consummation. In Part V Bachmann and the two young women discuss his plans for escape and later, in a fine internal monologue, Bachmann analyses his position. He stays another night in Emilie's room and she comes to him. The two versions dovetail in the final section, Part VI, in the sense that the second version, like the first, also describes Bachmann's arrest, but the significance of the arrest for the protagonists is completely different. In "The Thorn in the Flesh" the reality of Bachmann's impending court marshal is almost insignificant compared to the fulfillment of the young man and woman in each other. Lawrence has also altered the attitude of the Baron from the inappropriate bullying sarcasm of "Vin Ordinaire" to the reaction of a shaken and humane man whose concern is to help the young soldier and his sweetheart. The theme of the
tale has thus changed from the account of a dual failure in the youth
to the coming together of a man and woman "translated in the peace of
satisfaction" which transcends the contingencies of external reality.

The marked changes in the conception and development of the story are
paralleled by equally profound changes in the style in which each version
is written. In comparison to its later version the early text is a
powerful but crude tale, filled with clichés and burdened with vague suggestions
and emotional undercurrents in the narrative which the characters fail
to support. The stylistic alterations between the versions follow Lawrence's
usual pattern of revision; in particular descriptions are made at once
more forceful and compact, superfluous detail is eliminated, Lawrence
avoids the clichés which fill the early text as well as the authorial
value judgments that flaw "Vin Ordinaire". The nature of the differences
between the two versions are similar to the stylistic differences between
"Two Marriages" and "Daughters of the Vicar", and "The Thorn in the Flesh"
bears much the same relation to The Rainbow that "Daughters of the Vicar"
does. The later version is a deeper and more profound analysis of the
characters' emotions, thoughts, states of being. It describes in addition
the joy of their coming together in language reminiscent of The Rainbow
and embodies the belief in the creativity of the sexual act which Lawrence
explores in that novel.

The differences in style are noticable from the opening pages of the
two versions and become increasingly apparent as the tales diverge in
plot. The discussion will therefore compare similar passages in the stories
so long as the texts run roughly parallel and will analyse wider issues
and general features of style - especially the close relationship between
"The Thorn in the Flesh" and The Rainbow - when close textual analysis of
comparable passages is no longer possible. 22

A wind was blowing, so that occasionally the poplars whitened as if a flame ran up them. The sky was blue and broken among moving clouds. Patches of sunshine lay on the level fields, and shadow in the rye and the vineyards. In the distance, very blue, the cathedral bristled against the sky, and the houses of the city piled up to her.

The barracks were a collection of about a dozen huts of corrugated iron, that sweltered like Dutch ovens on the hot summer plain, but were gay with nasturtiums climbing ambitiously up. The soldiers were always outside, either working in the patch of vegetable garden, or sitting in the shade, when not at drill in the yard enclosed by the wire fence.

Now the huts were deserted, the beds pushed up, everything tidy. Baehmann went to his cupboard for the picture postcard which he usually sent to his mother on Wednesday afternoon. Then he returned, to sit on the bench under the lime tree, that was sweet with blossom. Green-bladed flowers, like tiny wrecked aeroplanes, lay scattered in a circle on the ground, and the bench under the tree, shaken down by the wind. Another soldier was writing: three more were talking, their conversation full of the dirty language they always used.

I, p. 298

A wind was running, so that occasionally the poplars whitened as if a flame flew up them. The sky was broken and blue among moving clouds. Patches of sunshine lay on the level fields, and shadow in the rye and the vineyards. In the distance, very blue, the cathedral bristled against the sky, and the houses of the city of Metz clustered vaguely below, like a hill.

Among the fields by the lime trees stood the barracks, upon bare, dry ground, a collection of round-roofed huts of corrugated iron, where the soldiers' nasturtiums climed brilliantly. There was a tract of vegetable garden at the side, with the soldiers' yellowish lettuces in rows, and at the back the big, hard drilling-yard surrounded by a wire fence.

At this time in the afternoon, the huts were deserted, all the beds pushed up, the soldiers were lounging about under the lime trees waiting for the call to drill. Bachmann sat on a bench in the shade that smelled sickly with blossom. Pale green, wrecked lime flowers were scattered on the ground.

II, p. 30

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22. As in previous discussions, the first version will be indicated by I, the second by II, followed by the page numbers respectively. Pages refer to "Vin Ordinaire" as published in the English Review for June 1914 (see Appendix B (f)) and the Penguin edition of The Prussian Officer for "The Thorn in the Flesh."
The opening paragraphs of the two versions succinctly illustrate Lawrence's way of intensifying the visual vividness of the description by revision while leaving the length unaltered or even paring down details. The first two sentences in each version reveal two subtle lexical changes—the substitution of the more unusual "a wind was running" and "a flame flew up" for "a wind was blowing" and "a flame ran up" and a slight but important change in word order which emphasizes the dappled aspect of the sky with "The sky was broken and blue among moving clouds" instead of "The sky was blue and broken among moving clouds". But this type of meticulous correction at sentence level was not most characteristic of Lawrence (although when it does take place it always moves towards greater precision); rather Lawrence re-thought the picture he wished to convey in its entirety as with the two descriptions of the barracks in the second paragraphs of the passages above. The first example conveys an adequate but not very original picture through the vague enumeration "about a dozen huts", the comparison "like Dutch ovens", and the phrases "hot summer plain" and "gay nasturtiums climbing ambitiously up". The generalization about the soldiers which follows is simply trite. In the later version, however, Lawrence places the location and aspect of the barracks simply and precisely "among the fields by the lime trees" and suggests both the climbing power and bright colour of the flowers through the unusual adverb in "the soldiers' nasturtiums climbed brilliantly". He deletes the generalization about the soldiers.

In the third paragraph of "The Thorn in the Flesh" Lawrence eliminates the superfluous accumulation of detail which contributes little to the early text—in particular the cupboard, the mention of its being Wednesday, the lengthy description of the lime blossoms, the enumeration of the nearby soldiers and their activities—and the crude value judgment
about the soldiers "their conversation full of the dirty language they always used." The second account is shorter but more evocative because Lawrence has presented only the details essential for a vivid presentation and has deleted the non-essential.

Descriptions of characters in the later text are more detached. In "Vin Ordinaire" the picture of Bachmann is an uneasy mixture of visual detail and generalizations about the youth which are thinly disguised authorial value judgments, the later text describes Bachmann in a series of simple and detached statements. Compare the two accounts of Bachmann when he has finished writing the postcard.

He signed himself with love, got a stamp out of his purse, and stuck it on. Then, apprehensively, he looked round. He had handsome, rather prominent blue eyes, the colour of speedwell. His manner of lounging was somewhat voluptuous and sprawling, as if he were too full of life to do a thing meagrely. His comrades were assembling in the yard. He put the postcard into his pocket and joined them, laughing. No one would have guessed that his heart was gnawed inside him with apprehension. He moved with indifference and a little abandon, martial also, since he was a soldier. There was something young and conceited about him, something swagger and generous. The men treated him with a familiarity of affection, but they handled him rather cautiously for all that. He was easily the most noticeable among them, the most handsome, the best proportioned, quite un-German in his gracefulness of bearing and remarks also a little given to showing off.

I, p. 299

He signed himself, and looked up, as a man looks to see if any one has noticed him in his privacy.

There was a self-conscious strain in his blue eyes, and a pallor about his mouth, where the young, fair moustache glistened. He was almost girlish in his good looks and his grace. But he had something of military consciousness, as if he believed in the discipline for himself, and found satisfaction in delivering himself to his duty. There was also a trace of youthful swagger and dare-devilry about his mouth and his limber body, but this was in suppression now.

He put the postcard in the pocket of his tunic, and went to join a group of comrades who were lounging in the shade, laughing and talking grossly. Today he was out of it. He only stood near to them for the warmth of the association. In his own consciousness something held him down.

II, pp.30-31.
The first passage is filled with vague generalizations and authorial asides such as "No one would have guessed that his heart was gnawed inside him with apprehension" while the phrase "quite un-German in his gracefulness of bearing and remark" is discordant. The language of the generalizations in the first version is clumsy, in particular "His manner of lounging was somewhat voluptuous and sprawling, as if he were too full of life to do a thing meagrely." The second version condenses the description, avoids the superficial impression of a lounging man with prominent eyes the colour of speedwell, to suggest instead that man's state of mind and being: "There was a self-conscious strain in his blue eyes", "in suppression now", "he was out of it" and "In his own consciousness something held him down".

Similarly Lawrence's description of the sergeant changes for the better in the later text.

Presently the sergeant appeared. He was a strongly built, rather heavy man of forty. But it was evident he had gone to pieces. His head stuck forward, dropped a little between his straight, powerful shoulders. His face, once handsome and full of character, had relaxed, so that all its lines hung sullenly. The dark eyes were heavy underneath. It was the face of a passionate, ruined, hateful man. His duties were only intervals in his drinking.

I, p. 299

Presently they were summoned to ranks. The sergeant came out to take command. He was a strongly built, rather heavy man of forty. His head was thrust forward, sunk a little between his powerful shoulders, and the strong jaw was pushed out aggressively. But the eyes were smouldering, the face hung slack and sodden with drink.

II, p. 31.

The author's preaching tone is very noticeable in the first passage in asides such as "It was evident he had gone to pieces", "His duties were only intervals in his drinking", "His face, once handsome and full of character" (a phrase which recalls the moralizing on Walter Bates in the second
"Odour of Chrysanthemums", "his face showed traces of the disfigurement of drink") - and in the use of the highly emotive adjectives "passionate", "ruined", "hateful". The second account avoids these usages and is the better for its shorter, more balanced description. The difference in technique of description here recalls the two accounts of Mr. Massey in "Two Marriages" and "Daughters of the Vicar"; in the later versions of both sets of tales the crudeness of the early account is corrected and the tales gain by the change. The revision shows characteristic improvements - the intensification of visual impressions without additional words (indeed, detail is often pared down), the elimination of authorial intrusions and of a moralizing tone quite out of key with the significance of the story.

Although Lawrence omits superfluous details from his narrative revisions he amplifies descriptions of his characters' experiences in terms of how they respond to the external world. This is a consistent feature of his revision; for example in "Honour and Arms" and "The Prussian Officer", the primary change in the later text was Lawrence's concern to make Schoner's thoughts and states of consciousness more explicit. Similarly, in "The Thorn in the Flesh" Lawrence describes the march and the scaling of the fortifications in greater detail, emphasizing Bachmann's feelings and experiences in the course of participating in these actions. The account of the march to the place of drill is expanded in the second version so that the reader both sees the countryside through Bachmann's eyes and

23. Lawrence continues these thoroughly bad asides on the sergeant throughout "Vin Ordinaire" (but they are all omitted in the later text) for example: "his powerful body and miserable face" (p. 300), and "the long snarl of a man whose blood is disintegrated with irritation" (p. 301).
experiences the physical sensations of the march, much as he experienced
the half-conscious, fevered sensations of Schomer on the march in "The
Prussian Officer".

He gave his orders briefly, evidently not one to waste words, and
the little company moved down the white road. The vines on either
side were dusty, the poppies at the edge of the corn blown to
pieces, whilst the tall rye bowed deeply, and deeply again, in the
wind.

I, p. 299

He gave his orders in brutal, barking shouts, and the little
company moved forward, out of the wire-fenced yard to the open road,
marching rhythmically, raising the dust. Bachmann, one of the inner
file of four deep, marched in the airless ranks, half suffocated
with heat and dust and enclosure. Through the moving of his comrades'
bodies, he could see the small vines dusty by the roadside, the
poppies among the tares fluttering and blown to pieces, the distant
spaces of sky and fields all free with air and sunshine. But he
was bound in a very dark enclosure of anxiety within himself.

II, p. 31

The description in the second passage also contrasts the ordinary reality
of the physical world "all free with air and sunshine" with the core of
tension in Bachmann, bound by fear "in a dark enclosure of anxiety within
himself". In this second version Lawrence does not tell the reader, as he
does in the first tale, what Bachmann's fear is about; and at least part
of the sureness of this presentation of the anxiety in the youth lies in
the impression it conveys of mounting fear without defining the cause for
that fear. The first version, however, baldly states that Bachmann is
afraid of climbing and follows with his physical accomplishments which reads
suspiciously as though Lawrence were apologizing for his character's fear
of heights.

Now he was afraid. At the very core he was gnawed with a shame of
fear. He knew the taciturn officer24 disliked him, and more or less

24. Throughout "Vin Ordinaire" Lawrence incorrectly refers to the sergeant
as an "officer". He corrects this in "The Thorn in the Flesh".
saw through his braggadocio. He was afraid of the climbing. He could not bear to be at a height. It made his bowels melt and his limbs turn to water. But there it lay before him, this afternoon, and it had to be done. He had never quite given himself away yet. He was supposed to be a reckless dare-devil. Nor was he afraid, in the water, or fencing with swords. He had accustomed himself to these things since he was a boy. And fear of these things harassed his soul like shame, in company of men. With women it did not matter.

I, p. 300

Lawrence deletes these unnecessary half-apologies in the second version.

He marched with his usual ease, being healthy and well adjusted. But his body went on by itself. His spirit was clenched apart. And ever the few soldiers drew nearer and nearer to the town, ever the consciousness of the youth became more gripped and separate, his body worked by a kind of mechanical intelligence, a mere presence of mind.

II, p. 31

The impression of mounting tension and anxiety is conveyed through the strikingly evocative formulations "His spirit was clenched apart" and (his) "consciousness...became more gripped and separate." The unusual application of verbs and adverbs usually suggesting physical control - "clench apart", "grip", "separate" - to the non-physical - "spirit" "consciousness" - strengthens the impression of the force of the fear and the amount of effort needed to keep it under control.

The different accounts of the drill in the two stories illustrate the change in method and style between the two versions. The first version records Bachmann's reaction when watching a comrade scale the fortifications.

The blue-uniformed figure of the climbing soldier mounted, clambering, grasping, to the height, moved along the edge of the little precipice, and prepared to descend again. It was doing everything according to command, so that it had a blind, unintelligent look about it. Small at the height, blue and scarlet among the intense greenery, it went, apart from everything, with dull feet to the next point, crouched, and began to make ready for the descent. But it was evident from the blind groping of the feet, the tense stiffness of the legs and back, that the body was moving against its own will, almost subjugated, but not stiff. The sight of it made a flame of rage and impotence and fear go through Bachmann. He trembled slightly.
As a rule, when he obeyed, he obeyed himself, identifying his will with that of the authority. Often it cost him a bitter effort, and made his face pale with ignominy. But then, in his soul, he had acquiesced to the great fact of the Army, and so had more or less identified himself with it. Now came the supreme test — whether his will, sufficiently identifying itself with the will of the Army, could control his body. If not —. He stood waiting, the anxiety gnawing in his chest, full of the torture of fear.

I, p. 301.

The paragraph reveals that accurate observation of detail which characterizes Lawrence's descriptive writing but the passage is flawed by the author's intrusion into what should be (and is in the revised version) Bachmann's reaction alone. Phrases such as "It was doing everything according to command so that it had a blind, unintelligent look about it" and "it was evident from the blind groping of the feet, the tense stiffness of the legs and back, that the body was moving against its own will" are the author's judgment not the protagonist's. The authorial voice becomes embarrassingly strident in the analysis of will, soul and the army in the latter half of the paragraph. Nothing has prepared the reader to accept such judgments as the character's thoughts; they are Lawrence's and the attempt to attribute them to Bachmann is unsuccessful — it is not in keeping with the little that the reader knows of his character. Lawrence's tendency to preach in order to be certain of eliciting the "right" response from his reader reveals itself in many early versions of the tales — in particular the English Review version of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" discussed earlier but it is a temptation he generally avoided when he re-wrote a tale. The

25. There are many instances of this in The Prussian Officer tales; see the stories in Appendix A, especially "Goose Fair" and "The Soiled Rose" (an early version of "The Shades of Spring").
The water of the moat was motionless. In silence the practice began. One of the soldiers took a scaling ladder, and passing along the narrow ledge at the foot of the earthworks, with the water of the moat just behind him, tried to get a fixture on the slightly sloping wall-face. There he stood, small and isolated, at the foot of the wall, trying to get his ladder settled. At last it held, and the clumsy, groping figure in the baggy blue uniform began to clamber up. The rest of the soldiers stood and watched. Occasionally the sergeant barked a command. Slowly the clumsy blue figure scrambled higher up the wall-face. Bachmann stood with his bowels turned to water. The figure of the climbing soldier scrambled out on to the terrace up above, and moved, blue and distinct, among the bright green grass. The officer shouted from below. The soldier tramped along, fixed the ladder in another spot, and carefully lowered himself on to the rungs. Bachmann watched the blind foot groping in space for the ladder, and he felt the world fall away beneath him. The figure of the soldier clung cringing against the face of the wall, cleaving, groping downwards like some unsure insect working its way lower and lower, fearing every movement. At last, sweating and with a strained face, the figure had landed safely and turned to the group of soldiers. But still it had a stiffness and a blank, mechanical look, was something less than human.

Bachmann stood there heavy and condemned, waiting for his own turn and betrayal. Some of the men went up easily enough, and without fear. That only showed it could be done lightly, and made Bachmann's case more bitter. If only he could do it lightly, like that.

II, pp. 32-33.
This second version of Bachmann's watching the drill is longer than the earlier account and through its precise and minute description of the climbing soldier's every movement it creates the illusion of the slow passage of time for the anxious youth as he watches every detail of the climb. The account simultaneously conveys the mechanical, impersonal nature of the drill (which in the first version was clumsily discussed in the section on will and the army) by repeatedly referring to the soldier making the climb as a mere "figure" thus: "clumsy, groping figure;" clumsy blue figure", "the figure of the climbing soldier", "the figure of the soldier", "the figure landed". The impression of impersonality is deepened through the only simple in the passage which describes the soldier "groping downwards like some unsure insect working its way lower and lower, fearing every movement". Lawrence conveys Bachmann's fear of the climb by using evocative verbs that describe that climb; "clamber", "clambered", "scrambled", "clung cringing", "groping", "cleaving".

Much of the power of this narrative lies in Lawrence's technique of linking Bachmann's perceptions with his involuntary physical reaction to what he sees: "Bachmann watched the blind foot groping in space for the ladder, and he felt the world fall away beneath him." Thus the reader is only gradually made aware of what the youth's anxiety is all about. The subtlety of this account, the way in which Lawrence conveys Bachmann's fear without explicitly stating what it is, is immensely better than the first version's bald statement "He was afraid of climbing" and the deprecatory justification of that fear which follows. The second paragraph of "The Thorn in the Flesh" version summarizes Bachmann's feeling of fear and gives the reader intimate insight into the bitterness of his position.
in the flash of free indirect thought from the youth: "If only he could do it lightly, like that" which is again, an improvement over the conclusion in "Vin Ordinaire": "Now came the supreme test – whether his will, sufficiently identifying itself with the will of the Army, could control his body. If not--".

The two descriptions of Bachmann's climb reveal similar differences. The early version is flawed by melodramatic writing and thinly concealed authorial observations.

His turn came. He knew by some intuitive feeling that the officer had perceived his condition. The sergeant was furious today. Occasionally came the long snarl of a man whose blood is disintegrated with irritation. Bachmann went in silence along the ledge at the foot of the wall. He placed his ladder at last successfully, his previous failures having made him the more chaotic and blind. Then he began to climb. The ladder was not firm. At every hitch his heart went molten hot. He hung against the face of the wall in mid-air, in agony pawing to grip the rungs with his toes. If one fell, one would be nicely broken against the ledge, as one dropped into the water. His heart began to melt. Vaguely, he was conscious of the growing space beneath his feet. He clutched the rungs of the ladder with his hands. Things were beginning to spin out of their places. He was sensible to the firmness of the ledge in the space below, but not the firmness of the ladder on which he hung. And he seemed to be reaching to the hardness below. Already he was in mid-air unsupported, so that there was nothing to do but fail. And so everything went pitching in a sickening swoop. The sergeant's voice was thundering away underneath. That was nothing. His heart gave another furious, circling swoop, his wrists were melting off, his knees, his ankles going. He would fall. Then a little, hot sensation penetrated to him as in a swoon. His water was running down his leg. He hung on to the ladder in mid-air like a mangled fly, neither able to fall or to mount. Quite still, quite-inert, he hung there, shame, like an anaesthetic, having for the moment blotted him out. Perhaps his hands were growing slacker. The soldiers below had stirred and laughed uneasily. Now they were silent. The officer was yellow with fury. Even he at last was silent. They watched the inert figure, blue and pitiable, cleaving against the wall, just below the broken grass that bristled unconcerned. The officer, in his rage, ran to another ladder and climbed up, giving the men instructions to come after.

I, pp. 301-302.
The opening sentences attribute an absurd sadism to the sergeant, especially the second one "He knew by some intuitive feeling that the officer had perceived his condition" which Lawrence rightly corrected in the revised version to "He knew intuitively that nobody knew his condition." Sentences and phrases like "The sergeant was furious to-day", "Occasionally came the long snarl of a man whose blood is disintegrated with irritation" and later in the passage "The officer yellow with fury" and "The officer, in his rage," are simply bad writing - one exists in a state of perpetual fury - and are rather lame attempts to invest the situation with more emotion that it can support. Similarly Lawrence's effort to create an atmosphere of tension and suspense in this version is unsuccessful, in particular his attempt to pass off his own observation as Bachmann's thought: "If one fell, one would be nicely broken against the ledge, as one dropped into the water". The ironic "nicely broken" betrays the sentence as the author's, not the character's. Lawrence fluctuates between describing what Bachmann looked like to an observer - "like a numbed fly" - and what he was feeling during the climb - "he was sensible to, he seemed to be reaching", "he was conscious of", "shame, like an anaesthetic, having for the moment blotted him out" - and attempting to create a feeling of intimacy between the reader and Bachmann through an occasional thought flash "Perhaps his hands were growing slacker". But the attempt is unsuccessful because the transitions from narrative to free indirect speech are unconvincing, they are unmotivated. The passage on the whole is flawed by writing which verges on bathos especially in phrases such as "the inert figure blue and pitiable" and "the broken grass that bristled unconcerned". Lawrence fails to transmit the sensations of his characters either directly or through narrative description. The writing verges on the
sensational, the attempt to infuse the situation with a sense of the dramatic is too obvious and crudely managed.

The comparable passage in "The Thorn in the Flesh", however, corrects these flaws.

His turn came. He knew intuitively that nobody knew his condition. The officer just saw him as a mechanical thing. He tried to keep it up, to carry it through on the face of things. His inside gripped tight, as yet under control, he took the ladder and went along under the wall. He placed his ladder with quick success, and wild, quivering hope possessed him. Then blindly he began to climb. But the ladder was not very firm; and at every hitch a great, sick, melting feeling took hold of him. He clung on fast. If only he could keep that grip on himself, he would get through. He knew this, in agony. What he could not understand was the blind gush of white-hot fear, that came with great force whenever the ladder swerved, and which almost melted his belly and all his joints, and left him powerless. If once it melted all his joints and his belly, he was done. He clung desperately to himself. He knew the fear, he knew what it did when it came, he knew he had only to keep a firm hold. He knew all this. Yet, when the ladder swerved and his foot missed, there was the great blast of fear blowing on his heart and bowels, and he was melting weaker and weaker, in a horror of fear and lack of control, melting to fall.

Yet he groped slowly higher and higher, always staring upwards with desperate face, and always conscious of the space below. But all of him body and soul, was growing hot to fusion point. He would have to let go for very relief's sake. Suddenly his heart began to lurch. It gave a great, sickly swoop, rose, and again plunged in a swoop of horror. He lay against the wall inert as if dead, inert, at peace, save for one deep core of anxiety, which knew that it was not all over, that he was still high in space against the wall. But the chief effort of will was gone.

There came into his consciousness a small, foreign sensation. He woke up a little. What was it? Then slowly it penetrated him. His water had run down his leg. He lay there, clinging, still with shame, half conscious of the echo of the sergeant's voice thundering from below. He waited, in depths of shame beginning to recover himself. He had been shamed so deeply. Then he could go on, for his fear for himself was conquered. His shame was known and published. He must go on.

II, pp. 33-34.

The passage describes the flux of Bachmann's sensations, his mindless physical being, accentuated by the flashes of only half-formulated thought which pass through his consciousness. It is an immensely powerful yet
subtle description which conveys the strain between the character's physical fear and the control of that fear by his will through the technique of continual, modified repetition. The repetition correlates Bachmann's internal effort of will with the external effort of clinging to the ladder by using the same terminology to describe both, thus: "inside gripped tight", "under control", "grip on himself", "he clung desperately" to himself", "keep a firm hold", "lack of control" - are linked to the physical effort on the ladder "he clung on fast". The repetitiveness creates the progress of growing fear and the repeated free indirect speech sentences (representing Bachmann's half-articulate thoughts) are the formulae around which Bachmann's will centers to keep that fear under control: "He knew the fear, he knew what it did when it came, he knew he had only to keep a firm hold. He knew all this" re-creates the incoherent, desperate process of his mind as fear overwhelms it. The utter futility of this conscious knowledge against involuntary, instinctive reaction is evoked by the same technique: "blind gush of white-hot fear...which almost melted his belly and all his joints...it melted all his joints and belly...the great blast of fear blowing on his heart and bowels and he was melting weaker and weaker, in a horror of fear and lack of control, melting to fall."

The continual, slightly modified lexical and semantic repetition and the use of conjunction creates the impression of seeming eternity of time spent on the ladder.

The complete collapse of the youth's will is similarly conveyed in the repeated, modified phrases "inert as if dead, inert, at peace". The transition from blank mindless inertia to the slow re-awakening of consciousness is transmitted with great subtlety through the initial impersonal "There came into his consciousness" followed by the slight rousing of the
mind, enough to think "What was it?" to conscious recognition "Then slowly it penetrated him. His water had run down his leg". The shame which subsequently overwhelms the youth and which he uses as the antidote to his fear is rendered through the same repetitive technique used to describe that tear: "still with shame", "in depth of shame", "He had been shamed so deeply", "His shame was known and published".

The sudden rescue of Bachmann is described in "The Thorn in the Flesh" in a single brief paragraph.

Slowly he began to grope for the rung above, when a great shock shook through him. His wrists were gasped from above, he was being hauled out of himself, up to the safe ground. Like a sack he was dragged over the edge of the earthworks by the large hands, and landed there on his knees, grovelling in the grass to recover command of himself, to rise up on his feet.

II, p. 34.

The correlation of mental shock - the rescue of himself from himself - with the actual physical movement up the ladder is brilliantly achieved; "he was being hauled out of himself up, up to the safe ground". The rapid movement of rescue, its bewildering suddenness, and the very limited perceptions one would have in such a situation are described with precision and economy through the passive voice "he was being hauled", "he was dragged", (he was) "landed there on his knees", and through the limited visual and tactile perception of "wrists", "large hands", "knees", and "feet".

By contrast the account in "Vin Ordinaire" is lengthy, burdened with intrusive authorial observations, clichés, and unconvincing attempts at free indirect speech thoughts from the character.

But as he reached to clasp the next rungs, large hands seized his wrists, and, in a great gap of fear, he was being hauled over the edge and on to the trampled grass. He lay on his knees. Then slowly, his senses coming to him through a thick daze of disappointment and unconsciousness, he rose to his feet.
The sergeant, panting with rage, his face yellow and livid, stood glaring at him, unable to speak. Bachmann waited, still too stunned to know anything but shame, only feeling a certain flame shoot to his heart, as he was aware again of the contact of the officer's hands with his own wrists, felt the officer's strength gripping him and pulling him up. He was bewildered. Then he began to tingle with pitiable rage. He had been climbing up without the officer's interference. A flame went through his heart as he felt again those large hands suddenly grasping and hauling at his wrists, just when he was in motion to succeed of himself. Now — he was a miserable carcass hauled there. A fierce, self-destroying rage possessed him, tempered with hate and self-justification. 

I, pp. 302-303.

Phrases such as "The sergeant panting with rage, his face yellow and livid, stood glaring at him, unable to speak;" "Bachmann's pitiable rage" "miserable carcass" and "A fierce, self-destroying rage possessed him, tempered with hate and self-justification" are a series of clichés and emotive statements. The passage is repetitive; not in the organic, flowing mode of the style of "The Thorn in the Flesh" but merely repeating unnecessary information over and over again. In particular the passage describes Bachmann's sensation of large hands seizing his wrists and hauling him up three times: "large hands seized his wrists...he was being hauled over the edge," "he was aware again of the contact of the officer's hands with his own wrists, felt the officer's strength gripping him and pulling him up" and "he felt again those large hands suddenly grasping and hauling at his wrists".

Part I of "Vin Ordinaire" ends with a long passage composed of terse, short sentences, mixed narrative and free indirect speech, but the account is stilted; it says little at great length, lacks concentration, and much of Bachmann's thinking is thinly veiled authorial comment.

But no, he would not be taken. A wave of revulsion against it all went over him. He would get away. He was himself. Rapidly, he thought of all the places in which he might hide. How heaped with
purple the lilac-trees were, how clean the grass and the white walks by the river! He could not think. There was nowhere to go. It was a beautiful afternoon. He felt dark. It seemed to him curious the soldiers riding by so negligently should not notice him; that he was conspicuous like a man in a black cloak.

Perhaps it would be easier to go back to the barracks and take his punishment. He did not care what they did to him.

But then his heart hardened itself. He did care. He hated them all. They did not give him a chance to be himself. He hated the army. It had trampled him when he was willing and had made him ashamed. Why should he give into the army any more? Why should he let it put him in prison? He was himself.

But then, how could he help himself? There was only his mother. Ah, what a shame for her! And he could not help it. He hated the army, the uniform he wore, the very movement of an officer's steed. And everybody would be against him - everybody. Each one of the common soldiers would be there to lay hands on him. And what for? - For nothing. In a dazed heaviness he walked along. Everywhere was militarism - there was no getting away from it. France! America! suddenly he caught at the idea of another land. He wanted to be in America. To be in a foreign land would be to be himself again.

I, p. 304

Much of the above passage is clearly meant to be a transcript of Bachmann's thoughts but the clipped sentences have none of that spontaneous, incoherent quality of the thought process in an emotionally fraught situation which Lawrence conveys in many of his stories - in particular in the conclusion of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" when Elizabeth Bates muses over her husband's dead body, the thoughts of Mary and Louisa in "Daughters of the Vicar", the rendering of Elsie Whiston's flighty emotions and thoughts in the second "White Stocking" and the delirious part-thoughts, part-perceptions that flit through the fevered brain of Schoner in "The Prussian Officer".

The sentences above are written in a terse style that makes it difficult to determine precisely which sentences are narrative and which are free indirect speech but unlike the fruitful ambiguity of merging these speech types in the other tales, the uncertainty here serves no purpose since it does not deepen the reader's understanding of the character. The sentences exhibit none of that subtle change in tense and modality nor the fluent, organic syntax which are normally features of Lawrence's use of
free indirect speech. The passage is contrived and reveals the logic of a thought-out speech; the account of accumulated injustices suffered in the army is unconvincing coming from Bachmann under the circumstances, and reads as the author's thinly disguised condemnation of military life — "everywhere was militarism — there was no getting away from it."

"The Thorn in the Flesh" omits this passage and instead relieves the intensely intimate drama of the preceding pages — which described Bachmann's sensations during the drill — by evoking first the serene beauty of the town, its effect on the soldier, and only then nudging the character to conscious thought and action.

He felt for the moment quite at peace, relieved from a great strain. So he turned along by the river to the public gardens. Beautiful were the heaped, purple lilac trees upon the green grass, and wonderful the walls of the horse-chestnut trees, lighted like an altar with white flowers on every ledge. Officers went by, elegant and all coloured, women and girls sauntered in the chequered shade. Beautiful it was, he walked in a vision, free.

II
But where was he going? He began to come out of his trance of delight and liberty. Deep within him he felt the steady burning of shame in the flesh. As yet he could not bear to think of it. But there it was, submerged beneath his attention, the raw, steady-burning shame.

II, p. 35.

Bachmann's flight to Emilie is the last account which both versions of the tale have in common. The description of Bachmann walking through the fields on the way to the Baron's house is particularly revealing.

26. "The Thorn in the Flesh" does have an internal monologue from Bachmann but it is more appropriately placed in Emilie's room where the young man thinks of his failure at drill in tranquil recollection, not while in action.
He got out of the tram at the terminus and took the field path. The wind was still blowing, but not so strongly. He could hear the faint whisper of the rye, then the long swish-swish as a stronger gust came. The vines smelt sweet to him. He liked their twinnings and the tender look of the young shoots. In one of the fields men and women were taking up the hay. The bullock-wagon stood on the path, and the men in their blue shirts, the women with white cloths over their heads, carried the hay in their arms to the cart. He was thinking of his own village. There the hay was being cut. It was a still, beautiful sight to see the sun on the shorn grass, and on the movement of the harvesters.

I, p. 305

He got out at the terminus and went down the road. A wind was still running. He could hear the faint whisper of the rye, and the stronger swish as a sudden gust was upon it. No one was about. Feeling detached and impersonal, he went down a field-path between the low vines. Many little vine trees rose up in spires, holding out tender pink shoots, waving their tendrils, He saw them distinctly and wondered over them. In a field a little way off, men and women were taking up the hay. The bullock-wagon stood by on the path, the men in their blue shirts, the women with white cloths over their heads carried hay in their arms to the cart, all brilliant and distinct upon the shorn, glowing green acres. He felt himself looking out of darkness on to the glamorous, brilliant beauty of the world around him, outside him.

II, p. 36

The second paragraph is made both visually more vivid than the first version and more significant because it presents the setting in terms of Bachmann's perception of it and his reaction to it. In "Vin Ordinaire" the paragraph is superfluous - the story would lose little by its deletion - but in "The Thorn in the Flesh" it is necessary to convey Bachmann's feeling of isolation: "Feeling detached and impersonal" and "He felt himself looking out of darkness on to the glamorous, brilliant beauty of the world around him, outside him" which recalls the similar presentation of Schoner's isolation in "The Prussian Officer" - "The town, all the country, a big bright place of light; and he was outside, here, in the darkened open beyond,
where each thing existed alone. "27

The two versions diverge completely after the arrival of Bachmann at the Baron's house. Since the texts differ very markedly in plot as well as style and method, the discussion will first examine "Vin Ordinaire" and then "The Thorn in the Flesh", indicating the improvements of the second version over the first.

The style of "Vin Ordinaire" is flawed by the faults discussed earlier, especially by the continued intrusion of the author in unnecessary asides and explanations. The meeting between Bachmann and Emilie (p. 306) is melodramatic, the dialogue stilted (pp. 306-308) and the narrative filled with charged phrases which neither the plot nor the characters can support. Phrases such as "It was like judgment" (p. 306), "as if calmly submissive to fate" (p. 307), "And he waited for the two women to dismiss his fate" (p. 307) evade the feelings of the characters and attempt to invest the narrative with a sense of drama greater than is consistent with the situation.

Lawrence is uncharacteristically coy and ponderous in some passages, for example:

"Where can you go?" asked Emilie, in her subdued, meaningless voice. He, helpless, looked up at her. She stared a moment at him, then at Fräulein Hesse. Her colour came, and she shrank slowly away from him, lowering her eyes, unable to speak. He looked at Fräulein Hesse. Her eyes were roused. They looked straight into his with a kind of smile. She was taking lead for him, and seemed to communicate with him privately.

"Your room would be the only safe place, Emilie," said she, bravely. Emilie flushed darkly, and did not answer. Then she raised her head and looked at him challengingly, like a woman forced into a compact and assuming a responsibility against her will.

I, p. 306

Much of the motivation of the characters is not explained or is explained away by unsatisfactory hints. For instance, there is no reason for Fräulein Hess to side intimately with Bachmann and her doing so is neither explained by previous nor by subsequent action. Lawrence uses a great many inappropriate similes and qualifications in this early version, as in the above passage where he does not analyse Emilie's feelings nor state what they are but cloaks them in a vague simile "like a woman forced into a compact and assuming responsibility against her will". In "The Thorn in the Flesh" this passage is corrected to the simple and unambiguous lines:

"He could hide in your room," the governess said to her.
The girl drew herself away. She could not bear the intrusion.
"That is all I can think of that is safe from the children," said Fräulein Hesse.

Emilie gave no answer. Bachmann stood waiting for the two women.
Emilie did not want the close contact with him.

II, p. 38

The character of Emilie in the first version is not very successfully realised. She is described merely in terms of her appearance and actions, often through clumsy analogies to servility: "Emilie...stood, like a servant, silent and inscrutable", "Emilie entered and silently, like a servant, closed the door". Later she is likened to "a slave, by herself", by "like a slave at bay", although she has been previously described as standing "questioning and superb" with a "challenging stare". This is

28. There are two dozen of these similes and comparisons, most of them inappropriate or at best superfluous, in "Vin Ordinaire" but only four in the later version which are well used.
repeated when the military patrol arrives - she "stood erect and challenged them in her magnificent fashion" - but almost immediately her attitude changes: "she felt weak in herself and foiled" and stands "more withdrawn than usual, as if waiting to defend herself". Emilie's changing attitudes are not in themselves unbelievable but they have no continuity because the rapid changes in her appearance and actions are not correlated with the internal motivations for her behaviour.

Lawrence's tendency to intrude with his own personal opinions reveals itself in an implied value judgment on religion. The long description of Emilie's room and Bachmann's reaction against her religion simply serve no purpose in terms of the story nor do they significantly illuminate Bachmann's character.

The room was bare and severely tidy. He had often been into his mother's bedroom. Yet this gave him a curious sensation, of fear, of alertness, excitement. There was a picture of the Sacred Heart over the chest of drawers, and above a low praying-chair a crucifix, rather large, carved in wood. He stood and looked at it. He had been brought up a Protestant. He stood and looked at the symbol. His senses quickened, he perceived for the first time in his life that the carved figure on the Cross was that of a young man, thin and wasted and cramped. It was a crucifix carved by a peasant-worker in Bavaria. The Christ was lean and rather bony, with high cheek-bones and a dead face, the mouth hanging slightly open. He was a common man. Bachmann had seen many a peasant who might have been his brother. And it startled him. He was shocked to think of the cramped torture the man must have gone through. He wondered what Emilie, dark and proud and isolated, thought when she looked at the naked, dead man carved there. "It might be me," thought the soldier.

He saw her rosary beside the bed, and the strip of pictures representing the Stations of the Cross. He resented her religion, became violently Protestant. Then he looked round for water. There

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29. The carved wooden crucifixes of the Italian and Austrian Tyrol had made a great impression on Lawrence which he recorded in the essay "Christ in the Tyrol" published in the Westminster Gazette (March 22, 1913) and in revised form in the Atlantic Monthly (August 1933). The essay also appears in Twilight in Italy.
was none in the room. And he wondered if she would attend on him — bring him coffee perhaps. He wanted a drink.

I, p. 309.

In the later story this lengthy and rather unnecessary passage is pared down to a simple short description, giving the essential issue of the tale — the coming together of Emilie and Bachmann — more space and prominence.

The syntax of "Vin Ordinaire", even of the passages describing Bachmann's thoughts, is terse and has none of the flowing, conjunctive feature of Lawrence's prose when he is describing the flux of thought or feeling in his characters. Thus the passage relaying Bachmann's plans for his escape reads badly because the division between narrative and free indirect speech is not clearly marked in terms of tense, syntax, or modality. The short, clipped sentences merely convey information and do not give the illusion of access to the soldier's thoughts or emotions.

She did not come. He sat down on the bed, feeling as if already he had crossed the sea into another land, almost into another self. Then he took off his belt and his boots, and wondered what he should do. He felt a little bit forlorn that she did not come at all. He would want a suit of clothes and a bicycle, that was all. His mother would give him money. She was well-off. There remained to cycle across the border into France. He would start the next night. That would mean thirty hours in this room. Better that than years in prison.

The thought of prison made him grasp the bed-post hard. And then came the strong, curious sense of Emilie's presence in the house.

I, p. 309.

The passage is a good example of the style of "Vin Ordinaire" in general which gives the impression of reading almost like a set of notes. It is as though Lawrence wrote down an outline of his story lest he forget the essentials.

The account in Part III (pp. 310-311) of Bachmann seducing Emilie fails to present a real situation.
"You'll marry me, Emilie — as soon as ever —?"

But words were a falsity, and he fell into silence. He was kissing her throat. She did not know what she was panting for, waiting for. But his mouth, with the soft moustachhe, was moving across her throat to her cheek, and at last their mouths met. He met him in the long, bling, final kiss that hurt them both. And then in positive pain, blind, unconscious, she clutched him to her. She did not know what it was that hurt her with sheer pain. He, shuddering slightly, was growing afraid, so unconscious, and awful she seemed. With trembling fingers he unbuttoned her bodice to feel the breasts that had been in his consciousness so long, buttoned firm under the cotton dress. He found them, and she started with agony.

Then her mouth met his mouth again. And now she was sheer instinct. It was so powerful that she would have died if she had to be taken from him at this moment. It went through her limbs till she felt she was sinking loose.

I, pp. 310-311.

The passage is filled with clichés and evasions: "word were a falsity", "she did not know what she was panting for, waiting for", "she started with agony", "she would have died if she had to be taken from him at this moment". The language relies on emotionally facile adjectives and nouns: "intolerable flame", "long, blind, final kiss", "positive pain", "blind", "sheer pain", "agon", "sheer instinct". The words are indeed "a falsity" and we are not given the reality against which to contrast them.

The failure in Part III to present a real situation contributes to the failure in Part IV (pp. 311-313) to portray convincingly the responses of Emilie and Bachmann after their affair. We are given no insight into the girl, she is simply described over and over again as "sullen", "reserved", "dull", "submissive", "sullen", "suffering blindly", "burning almost with hate of him", "waiting in a slow torture", "unable to sleep or think", "sullen and dull with hate". Bachmann's failure with Emilie is never stated outright nor are its implications analysed, they are only hinted through a series of repetitious and ambiguous sentences in Part IV describing
the young woman: "something gnawing in all her veins", "she bore him some deep, unfathomed grudge", "the slow, mean misery of half-satisfaction kept her awake", "she hated him that he left her so", "It was for him to finish what he had begun", "why could he not set her free to be herself again?"

Of course this is what Emilie would feel under the circumstances and it could be that we are left to assume this but since we know nothing about her character this becomes just a list of attributes.

Similarly Bachmann, unable to sleep, recollects his inadequacy. That is, he is aware that he has somehow been an inadequate lover but this is never explicitly stated nor, from the little we know of Bachmann, can we assume precisely what happened. Lawrence hasn't defined Bachmann to himself and so can't to us and the attempt to describe the soldier's mental and physical state is unsatisfactory.

Then the physical shame of the time when he had clung on to the ladder, the shame of being hauled up like a sack, of having failed with himself, came up strongly, under the new pressure of her not wanting him. He lay feeling without honour and without worth. And he thought of the next night's danger, and saw himself shot. Though, really, he hoped for the morning, when everything would come right again. In the morning she would come. If he and she were all right, the other thing would be all right. If she had done with him, then he was afraid - there was nothing for him to grasp, to keep himself together. But his thoughts rambled on, to his escape, to his new life - and he fell fitfully asleep.

I, pp. 312-313.

Like the free indirect speech passages quoted earlier, the account here is unconvincing because the transcript of Bachmann's thoughts as he lies sleepless has none of the compulsive, repetitive, circling quality of the thought-process in a mind under emotional stress. Sentences such as "Though really, he hoped for the morning, when everything would come right again" are authorial asides which destroy any sense of intimacy with the
The concluding section, Part V, introduces a new character, the Baron, but like the earlier description of Emilie it relies too much on the repetition of mere formulae in its description. He is identified primarily in terms of his clothing - "in his suit of green linen", "in his green linen", "in his old gardening-suit of green linen" - and by his one unusual mannerism - "he shook his wounded hand", "wounded hand fluttered with irritation", "his wounded hand...shaking spasmodically". His character is never fully developed and so his reaction to the arrest of Bachmann is inappropriately violent in terms of his role in the story. He is consistently irate and violent towards Emilie but little reason is offered for his attitude: "he flashed around on her", "the agitated, fuming Baron", "angrily", "he grew furious", "bitingly", "hating her and despising her", "his eyes began to glare at her", "irritable distress", "with a bitter sneer", "turning with a furious smile".

The arrest of Bachmann, Emilie's rejection of her lover, and the conclusion to the tale are clumsily handled. The symbolic crowing of the cock, with its uneasy associations, is heavy-handed, Emilie's attitude is puzzling and ambiguous, and the Baron's "bitter sneer" inappropriate.

"No", said Emilie, forcing her lips apart. "I was with Fräulein Hesse. Bachmann, hearing her struggling voice hating the imputation, faltered in his walk. The soldier pulled him by the sleeve, uneasily, miserable in his position. And when the prisoner started again, it was with uncertain steps, and his teeth closed on his lower lip, his eyes staring fixedly; and whichever way the soldier twitched his arm, he went obediently.

The sun was breaking through the morning. The Baron, in his old gardening-suit of green linen, stood watching the soldiers go down the drive. A cock crowed vociferously in the still new air. They were gone round the hedge. The Baron turned to Emilie. She stood more withdrawn than usual, as if waiting to defend herself. Her cheek was a little pale.

"The Baroness will be surprised," said the Baron to the stiff-
standing maid. She turned her eyes to him, like a slave at bay, unable to understand his tone. He bent his head.

"Hiding one of the soldiers in your room," he continued, as if in raillery.

"He came and asked me," she said, through scarcely-moving lips.

"So! Then it's his own look-out?"

"Yes," said the maid, not understanding.

"Yes," echoed the Baron, and with a bitter sneer on his face, he went to the door. "In fact you had nothing to do with it," he said, turning with a furious smile. She stared at him. Why was he so angry with her? He was gone with his head down. She continued her preparation of coffee. I, p. 315

The ending to "Vin Ordinaire" is inconclusive and unsatisfactory not because it presents the failure of a relationship between a young man and woman, but because Lawrence has not established the characters of his protagonists; he has not invested them with the motivations for their actions, speeches, and attitudes. His attempt to convey the implications of the tale through his narrative alone fails because the language of that narrative, while attempting to be emotionally compressed and charged really is not, and because it is filled with authorial asides and comments which attempt to integrate character and plot and to infuse both with a deeper meaning that neither can support.

When Lawrence re-wrote the tale he created out of the plot and characters of a seriously flawed story one of his finest pieces of short fiction. In his letter to Edward Garnett, quoted earlier in this chapter, he states his intention of altering the tale - "I find it wants writing over again to pull it together" - but in accordance with his usual habit of revision he re-wrote nearly the whole story. The style of this second version is very different from that of the first and the changes stem from Lawrence's altered conception of the characters in the tale, their relationship (which

in many ways foreshadows that of Tom Brangwen and Lydia Lensky) and his growing belief in the redemptive potential of the sexual act which he explored in The Rainbow. "The Thorn in the Flesh" eliminates the stylistic faults of "Vin Ordinaire" so that the dialogue between Fräulein Hesse, Emilie and Bachmann in Part II is natural and simple, the clichés and burdensome authorial comments on militarism and religion are deleted, and the terse style is replaced by an easy and flowing one. The tale expresses the ideas which increasingly influenced Lawrence in his post-

Sons and Lovers writing. Many of these notions determined the revisions of The Prussian Officer tales discussed earlier and in "The Thorn in the Flesh" the statement of these ideas and the language in which they are couched are strikingly similar to their later development in The Rainbow. The following discussion will therefore point out the changes in conception and language between "Vin Ordinaire" and the later "The Thorn in the Flesh" in terms of the latter's affinities with the themes and style of The Rainbow.

A major fault of "Vin Ordinaire" was its failure to integrate the protagonists' internal motivations with their actions and appearance. "The Thorn in the Flesh" corrects this by devoting the whole of Part III to a compressed but revealing synopsis of the characters of Emilie and Bachmann. Unlike her vague and insubstantial prototype, the Emilie of this version

31. See especially the conclusion to the third "Odour of Chrysanthemums", the deeper significance given to the relationship between Alfred and Louisa in "Daughters of the Vicar", and the profound analysis of Elsie's seduction by Adams in the second "White Stocking".
emerges as a distinct personality and the portrait of the dark girl, a Roman Catholic but inwardly" a naive paganly religious being" is in its turn a forerunner of Lydia Lensky in The Rainbow with her wish to serve "a dark religion". The sensitive Emilie's contempt of the common men" and the revealing free indirect speech flash "The common soldiers were brutes, mere nothing" (p. 41) is also echoed in Lydia's aristocratic dismissal of the Polish peasants 'she called them "cattle"'. The description of Bachmann and the account of the Brangwens are strikingly similar. Compare these passages from the story and the novel, respectively.

But Bachmann was not quite a common soldier. Fräulein Hesse had found out about him, and had drawn him and Emilie together. For he was a handsome, blond youth, erect and walking with a kind of pride, unconscious yet clear. Moreover, he came of a rich farming stock, rich for many generations. His father was dead, his mother controlled the moneys for the time being. But if Bachmann wanted a hundred pounds at any moment, he could have them. By trade he, with one of his brothers, was a waggon-builder. The family had the farming, smithy, and waggon-building of their village. They worked because that was the form of life they knew. If they had chosen, they could have lived independent upon their means.

II, p. 41

They were fresh, blond, slow-speaking people, revealing themselves plainly, but slowly, so that one could watch the change in their eyes from laughter to anger, blue, lit-up laughter, to a hard, blue-staring anger; through all the irresolute stages of the sky when the weather is changing.

Living on rich land, on their own land, near to a growing town, they had forgotten what it was to be in straitened circumstances. They had never become rich, because they were always children, and the patrimony was divided every time. But always, at the March, there was ample.

So the Brangwens came and went without fear of necessity, working hard because of the life that was in them, not for want of the money.

32. The Rainbow, p. 51.
33. ibid., p. 61
34. ibid., p. 7.
Moreover the theme of attraction between a dark woman and a blonde man, the coming together and merging of opposites - light and dark, male and female - becomes an increasingly characteristic motif in Lawrence's fiction. 35

Lawrence's more detailed description of Emilie in this text includes an intimate analysis of the conflict in the young woman after she has hidden Bachmann in her room.

Her situation was intolerable to her. All evening long the burden was upon her, she could not live. The children must be fed and put to sleep. The Baron and Baroness were going out, she must give them light refreshment. The man-servant was coming in to supper after returning with the carriage. And all the while she had the unsupportable feeling of being out of the order, self-responsible, bewildered. The control of her life should come from those above her, and she should move within that control. But now she was out of it, uncontrolled and troubled. More than that, the man, the lover, Bachmann, who was he, what was he? He alone of all men contained for her the unknown quantity which terrified her beyond her service. Oh, she had wanted him as a distant sweetheart, not close, like this, casting her out of her world.

II, p. 42.

The passage is composed of narrative and free indirect speech sentences which merge one into the other to convey the flow of emotion and only partially-formulated thoughts in the girl. Emilie's understanding of her position is rendered through a free indirect speech enumeration of her duties.

"The children must be fed and put to asleep. Then the Baron and Baroness were going out, she must give them light refreshment. The man-servant was coming in to supper after returning with the carriage." Lawrence's analysis of Emilie - "And all the while she had the unsupportable feeling of being out of the order, self-responsible, bewildered" - merges with her

35. Thus the first Brangwen marries a dark woman from Heanor and his son Tom marries Lydia Lensky; in the next two generations the colours are reversed so that the Anna and Ursula are light, Will and Birkin dark. The blonde-dark motif is present in nearly all Lawrence's fiction after The Rainbow.
thoughts on the unknown being to whom she is now bound, "Who was he, what was he." The free indirect thought reveals her recognition of the intrinsic otherness of her lover. It is the same recognition which is experienced by Louise for Alfred - "What was he, as he sat there in his pit-dirt?" - and which Elizabeth Bates is forced to acknowledge as she gazes at her dead husband - "What was that I have been living with?" Emilie's reaction is summed up in the thought "Oh, she had wanted him as a distant sweetheart, not close, like this" which shimmers on the borderline between narrative and free indirect speech, neither wholly the author nor the character but the one summarising and expressing the powerful but inarticulate feeling of the other. One notices, yet again, that it is in his ability to convey the very essence of felt experience that Lawrence's greatest gift lies and the coming together of the two young people in this story bears no resemblance to the stereotyped account in "Viri Ordinaire".

She was quite helpless. Her hands leapt, fluttered, and closed over his head, pressing it deeper into her belly, vibrating as she did so. And his arms tightened on her, his hands spread over her loins, warm as flame on her loveliness. It was intense anguish of bliss for her, and she lost consciousness.

36. Emilie's earlier vision of Bachmann as he lay asleep in her room - "She saw his pure white flesh" - has strong associations with Louise's reaction to Alfred as she washed his back, and foreshadows the later doctrine in Lady Chatterley's Lover of the beauty of the flesh.

37. See also The Rainbow, p. 48 and p. 57. Similarly Tom Brangwen's recognition and fear of the unknown in Lydia and his coming to terms with that unknown two years after their marriage in revealing:

"He did not know her any better, any more precisely, now that he knew her altogether. Poland, her husband, the war - he understood no more of this in her... But he knew her, he knew her meaning, without understanding."

(p. 96)
When she recovered, she lay translated in the peace of satisfaction. It was what she had had no inkling of, never known could be. She was strong with eternal gratitude. And he was there with her. Instinctively with an instinct of reverence and gratitude, her arms tightened in a little embrace upon him who held her thoroughly embraced. And he was restored and completed, close to her. That little, twitching, momentary clasp of acknowledgement that she gave him in her satisfaction, roused his pride unconquerable. They loved each other, and all was whole. She loved him, he had taken her; she was given to him. It was right. He was given to her, and they were one, complete.

Warm, with a glow in their hearts and faces, they rose again, modest, but transfigured with happiness. 'I will get you something to eat', she said, and in joy and security of service again, she left him, making a curious little homage of departure. He sat on the side of the bed, escaped, liberated, wondering and happy.

II, pp. 43-44

The passage is written in the style of The Rainbow with its continual, slightly modified lexical, semantic, and syntactic repetition. Thus the third paragraph repeats "She had no inkling of" in "never known could be"; "gratitude" and "instinctively" are repeated in the variation "instinct of reverence and gratitude". Emile's "little embrace" makes complete her unity with the other who holds her "thoroughly embraced". The fourth paragraph illustrates this repetitive technique in its fullest degree, establishing the complete fulfillment of the two in each other; it conveys the vague but powerful feeling of fulfillment in the young people through the very vagueness of its re-iterated terminology. The repetition falls into semantic groups which intertwine with one another so that the motif of "complete", "all", "whole", "one", "complete", is merged with the repetition of "They loved each other", "She loved him" and "he had taken her", "she was given to him", "he was given to her". The phrases "translated in the peace of satisfaction" and "transfigured with happiness" echo the biblical language of The Rainbow, in particular the very similar
passage which describes the coming together of Tom and Lydia after two years of marriage. 38

They had passed through the doorway into the further space, where movement was so big, that it contained the bonds and contraints and labours, and still was complete liberty. She was the doorway to him, he to her. At last they had thrown open the doors, each to the other, and had stood in the doorways facing each other, whilst the light flooded out from behind on to each of their faces, it was the transfiguration, the glorification, the admission.

And always the light of the transfiguration burned on in their hearts. He went his way, as before, she went her way, to the rest of the world there seemed no change. But to the two of them, there was the perpetual wonder of the transfiguration. 39

The passage makes use of the same grammatical variation and repetition that characterised the paragraphs describing Emile and Bachmann, thus:

38. This biblical language is by no means confined to passages describing love or passion or desire. It is rather a language Lawrence created to convey the effect of a profound and overwhelming emotion on one's being. Thus, Ursula, in a fit of revulsion from Birkin is described in the repetitive style similar to the one Lawrence uses to describe more positive and creative emotions.

"When he was gone Ursula felt such a poignant hatred of him, that all her brain seemed turned into a sharp crystal of fine hatred. Her whole nature seemed sharpened and intensified into a pure heart of hate. She could not imagine what it was. It merely took hold of her, the most poignant and ultimate hatred, pure and clear and beyond thought. She could not think of it at all, she was translated beyond herself. It was like a possession. She felt she was possessed. And for several days she went about possessed by this exquisite force of hatred against him.

She thought of his face, white and purely wrought, and of his eyes that had such a dark, constant will of assertion and she touched her own forehead, to feel if she were mad, she was so transfigured in white flames of essential hate.

She could not escape this transfiguration of hatred that had come upon her." (Women in Love, pp. 221-222)

Note especially the phrases "translated beyond herself", "transfigured in white flames of essential hate", "this transfiguration" of hatred (italics mine) which are the very obverse of the characteristic usage of these terms in both The Rainbow and in "The Thorn in the Flesh" discussed above.

"She was the doorway to him, he (was the doorway), to her" and "They had thrown open the doors, each (had thrown open the doors) to the other", and "He went his way" and she went her way". Both sets of couples are described as "transfigured" or as having undergone a "transfiguration".

Because the characters of Emilie and Bachmann have been firmly established in this version, the successful consummation of their love and its profound effect on them is convincing. On Bachmann, especially, the effect is important since throughout this version his failure at the drill has been linked with shame physically felt in the flesh as well as in the spirit: "the steady burning of shame in the flesh" (p. 35), "his shamed flesh" (p. 35), and:

Within his own flesh burned and smouldered the restless shame. He could not gather himself together. There was a gap in his soul. The shame within him seemed to displace his strength and his manhood.

His coming together with Emilie is thus a restoration and a healing, the description of his as "escaped, liberated, wondering and happy" is appropriate. Bachmann is now able to come to terms with the earlier shame and because we have felt with him both the shame and its exorcism, the connected internal monologue which follows is convincing and understandable.

There he sat on the side of the bed, thinking. Again he went over the events of the afternoon, remembering his own anguish of apprehension because he had known he could not climb the wall without fainting with fear. Still, a flush of shame came slight in him at the memory. But he said to himself: "What does it matter? - I can't help it, well then I can't. If I go up a height, I get absolutely weak, and can't help myself." Again the memory came over him, and a gush of shame, like fire. But he sat and endured it. It had to be endured, admitted, and accepted. 'I'm not a coward, for all that,' he continued. 'I'm not afraid of danger. If I'm made that way, that heights melt me and make me let go my water' - it was torture for him to pluck at this truth - 'if I'm made like that, I shall have to abide by it, that's
all. It isn't all of me.' He thought of Emilie, and was satisfied. 'What I am, I am; and let it be enough,' he thought.

II, p. 45.

This working out of deeply felt experience and belief in a coherent internal monologue is a feature of many of Lawrence's revisions. 40

The last sections of "The Thorn in the Flesh" (Parts V and VI) follow Lawrence's revision pattern of making the endings to his tales longer and of probing more deeply the inner states of his characters. These concluding sections of "The Thorn in the Flesh" are five pages long, twice the length of the "Via Ordinaire" conclusion, and contain a profound analysis of Bachmann and Emilie. Lawrence describes in detail the fulfillment of the young people in each other which transcends the reality of the external world.

In the morning, when the bugle sounded from the barracks they rose and looked out of the window. She loved his body that was proud and blond and able to take command. And he loved her body that was soft and eternal. They looked at the faint grey vapour of summer steaming off from the greenness and ripeness of the fields. There was no town anywhere, their look ended in the haze of the summer morning. Their bodies rested together, their minds tranquil. Then a little anxiety stirred in both of them from the sound of the bugle. She was called back to her old position, to realize the world of authority she did not understand but had wanted to serve. But this call died away from her. She had all.

II, p. 46.

For Emilie, as for Bachmann, what Lawrence called the "tremulous wonder of consummation" 41 has released her from constraint and from the compulsion of the material world.

40. See especially Louisa's monologue on her will to love the man she wants ("Daughters of the Vicar", pp. 70-71).

41. The Rainbow, p. 156.
She went downstairs to her work, curiously changed. She was in a new world of her own, that she had never even imagined, and which was the land of promise for all that. In this she moved and had her being. And she extended it to her duties. She was curiously happy and absorbed. She had not to strive out of herself to do her work. The doing came from within her without call or command. It was a delicious outflow, like sunshine, the activity that flowed from her and put her tasks to rights.

II, p. 46.

The two passages again illustrate Lawrence's gift for verbally expressing actual feeling; they are necessary to the story in that they conclusively establish the bond between the young people so that Bachmann's subsequent arrest can have the effect on them that it does.

Bachmann, secure in his possession of Emilie, plans his escape in earnest. Unlike the unconvincing comparable passage in "Vin Ordinaire" the indirect rendering of the young man's thoughts here catches the excited, almost feverish intensity of his planning and his will to live. The ever-mounting desire for freedom and the compulsive circling of his thoughts around the means of escape are conveyed by the use of a repetitive technique and free indirect speech. The abrupt check to these plans, the complete cessation of thought is dramatically evoked by cutting off the indirect monologue in mid-thought: "He was taken".

Bachmann sat busily thinking. He would have to get all his plans ready. He must write to his mother, and she must send him money to Paris. He would go to Paris, and from thence, quickly, to America. It had to be done. He must make all preparations. The dangerous part was the getting into France. He thrilled in anticipation. During the day he would need a time-table of the trains going to Paris - he would need to think. It gave him delicious pleasure, using all his wits. It seemed such an adventure.

42. "Vin Ordinaire", p. 309.
This one day, and he would escape then into freedom. What an agony of need he had for absolute, imperious freedom. He had won to his own being, in himself and Emilie, he had drawn the stigma from his shame, he was beginning to be himself. And now he wanted madly to be free to go on. A home, his work, and absolute freedom to move and to be, in her, this was his passionate desire. He thought in a kind of ecstasy, living an hour of painful intensity.

Suddenly he heard voices, and a tramping of feet. His heart gave a great leap, then went still. He was taken.

The ending of this story - the confrontation between the Baron and Emilie and the subsequent arrest of Bachmann - is one of the finest dramatic scenes in Lawrence's fiction. In the conclusion Lawrence alternates the dialogue and narrative so as to analyse the effect of the tragedy not only on Emilie but on a new character, the Baron. With the finest and most skilful tact, Lawrence leaves the inner thoughts and the reaction of Emilie to the reader's imagination, almost as self-evident, and concentrates on yet another character.

'And do you know anything of the fellow?' asked the Baron, looking at her with his blasing, greyish-golden eyes. The girl looked back at him steadily, dumb, but her whole soul naked before him. For two seconds he looked at her in silence. Then in silence, ashamed and furious, he turned away.

'Go up!' he said, with his fierce, peremptory command, to the young officer.

The lieutenant gave his order, in military cold confidence, to the soldiers. They all tramped across the hall. Emilie stood motionless, her life suspended.

The Baron marched swiftly upstairs and down the corridor, the lieutenant and the common soldiers followed. The Baron flung open the door of Emilie's room, and looked at Bachmann, who stood watching, standing in shirt and trousers beside the bed, fronting the door. He was perfectly still. His eyes met the furious, blazing look of the Baron. The latter shook his wounded hand, and then went still. He looked into the eyes of the soldier, steadily. He saw the same naked soul exposed, as if he looked really into the man. And the man was helpless, the more helpless for his singular nakedness.

The development of the Baron's character from the bullying, unattractive figure in "Vin Ordinaire" to the humane and deeply shaken man of this
version, forced into a false position but nevertheless aware of the tragedy facing the young soldier and his sweetheart, needs no underlining.

Because Lawrence has established a creative relationship between Bachmann and Emilie earlier in the story, the effect of Bachmann's arrest on the young people is different from that described in "Vin Ordinaire". When, as in the early version, neither Emilie nor Bachmann look at each other during the arrest, it is not in denial of one another but because they have no need to exchange a recognition which they already possess in its deepest sense.

Soon he was ready. He stood at attention. But only the shell of his body was at attention. A curious silence, a blankness, like something eternal, possessed him. He remained true to himself.

The lieutenant gave the order to march. The little procession went down the stairs with careful, respectful tread, and passed through the hall to the kitchen. There Emilie stood with her face uplifted, motionless and expressionless. Bachmann did not look at her. They knew each other, they were themselves. Then the little file of men passed out into the courtyard.

II, p. 48

The core of affirmation between them has been established and is final. Once again, the parallel to the fulfillment of Tom Brangwen and Lydia Lensky in one another is striking.

But he knew her, he knew her meaning, without understanding. What she said, what she spoke, this was a blind gesture on her part...They did not think of each other - why should they?43

The ending of "The Thorn in the Flesh" transforms that of the earlier version in a variety of other ways. The force of Bachmann's departure, for example, is made more dramatic by the precise description of the retreating soldiers with their various gaits and of the gradual dwindling

43. The Rainbow, p. 96.
The Baron stood in the doorway watching the four figures in uniform pass through the chequered shadower under the lime trees. Eachman walked neutralized, as if he were not there. The lieutenant went brittle and long, the two soldiers lumbered beside. They passed out into the sunny morning, growing smaller, going towards the barracks.

II, pp. 48-49

The concluding dialogue between the Baron and Emilie sums up the tragedy in the attitude of Baron's fiery distress and Emilie's of quiet resignation and suffering.

"So he stayed the night here?" he said.
The girl looked at him scarcely seeing. She was too much herself. The Baron saw the dark, naked soul of her body in her unseeing eyes. 'What were you going to do?' he asked
'He was going to America,' she replied, in a still voice. 'Pah! You should have sent him straight back,' fired the Baron. Emilie stood at his bidding, untouched.
'He's done for now,' he said. But he could not bear the dark, deep nakedness of her eyes, that scarcely changed under this suffering.
'Nothing but a fool,' he repeated, going away in agitation, and preparing himself for what he could do

II, p. 49

The conclusion to "The Thorn in the Flesh" succeeds where that of "Vin Ordinaire" fails both because it is fully consistent with the characters of its protagonists and because in the quiet finality of its ending it nevertheless conveys a sense of achievement. Lawrence has taken the skeletal story of "Vin Ordinaire" with its ambiguous ending and has transmuted it into a statement of belief in the reality and redemptive potentiality of sexual communion. "My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect". 44 "The Thorn in the

Flesh", the last of The Prussian Officer tales to be written and to be revised, is the first of Lawrence's stories to take this belief as its central theme.

In "Honour and Arms" and "The Prussian Officer" we find, for the first time in Lawrence's writing, a tale written in the assured prose style of The Rainbow, needing little or no revision. "The Thorn in the Flesh" is also closely bound to that novel both by its beliefs and by its prose style. The German stories illustrate the significant change in Lawrence's vision and style from those early tales which were drawn from his youthful experiences in the mining community of Nottinghamshire and which he set down in the style of Sons and Lovers. The change in Lawrence's writing and his approach to his fiction is intertwined with his understanding of man and the universe around him. While he was revising the conclusion to "Odour of Chrysanthemums" in 1911 he wrote to Louie Burrows:

It has taken me such a long time to write these last two pages of the story. You have no idea how much delving it requires to get that deep into cause and effect.

Three years later his understanding has deepened profoundly and is summarized in this excerpt from an essay:

Man is not a little engine of cause and effect. We must put that out of our minds forever. The cause in man is something we shall never fathom. But there it is, a strange dark continent that we do not explore because we do not even allow that it exists. Yet all the

45. However, it was characteristic of Lawrence that he continued to re-write and revise his stories and novels (as the revision of "Vin Ordinaire" to "The Thorn in the Flesh" shows) even when he had evolved a prose style which expressed what he wished to say.

46. Boulton, Lawrence in Love, p. 91 (dated 2nd April 1911).
time, it is within us: the **cause** of us, and of our days. 47

The German tales, inspired by Lawrence's travels to the continent, express no less his growing awareness of and fascination with that "strange dark continent" within man himself which he subsequently explored in his novels.

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   The date of this essay, first published in *Phoenix*, is not known but there can be no doubt that the essay reflects Lawrence's changing ideas about character in the period after *Sons and Lovers*. 
CHAPTER 6: VISION AND REVISION

The scope and depth of Lawrence's insight into human experiences and his ability through his art to transmute that insight into fiction which extends the reader's own experience are fully revealed in The Prussian Officer tales and are incisively and succinctly identified in a general way in Aldous Huxley's description of Lawrence's particular strength as a writer.

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

The growth of Lawrence's understanding and of the language in which he expressed that understanding was simultaneous. A new vision meant the revision of a tale or novel, almost always in a different style and method from the early version, as the comparison of the early and late versions of The Prussian Officer tales has illustrated. The previous chapters have sought to explore the process of that growth and vision through the different versions with reference to the novels where such reference was illuminating. I would now like to summarize the progress.

1. Huxley, Letters, "Introduction" p. xi. The passage above has been frequently mis-quoted, as in Graham Hough's The Dark Sun which omits "and characteristic", "intensely", "almost", "the boundaries of" and inserts "conscious" before "literary art".
of Lawrence's craft as a writer - both the development of his style and the method of revision which comes more and more to characterise his re-writing - through a brief recapitulation of the line of reasoning developed in this thesis.

The early tales "Goose Fair", "Second Best", "The Shadow in the Rose Garden", "A Fragment of Stained Glass", "The Shades of Spring", and the tale analysed in detail as representative of this group, "Odour of Chrysanthemums", show the progress of Lawrence's search for a prose style and method. Comparison of the first and second versions of these tales (see Appendix A) reveals that nearly all the revision is at sentence level and that more extensive re-writing occurs only at the conclusion of the tale. Lawrence was keenly aware of his readers during this early period and of their probable reactions to his writing. He welcomed criticism of his work, as his letters to Edward Garnett confirm and as Jessie Chambers records:

Lawrence was constantly bringing his writing to me, and I always had to tell him what I thought of it. He always declared that he did the writing for me. 'Every bit I do is for you,' he said. 'Whenever I've done a fresh bit I think to myself: "What will she say to this?"'

This tentative early attitude is in sharp contrast to Lawrence's later mode of writing.

2. Chambers, *A Personal Record*, pp. 115 and 116 (see also p. 103). This is not to suggest that Lawrence did not allow his later work to be read and criticised. On the contrary, it is clear from his letters and from Frieda Lawrence's recollections (see *The Memoirs and Correspondence* and *Not I, But the Wind*) that much of his work was read and commented on by friends. Lawrence was generally aware of the probable effect of his fiction on his contemporaries' minds but this did not significantly influence him in what he had to say or how he said it, as it sometimes did in his early period.
One writes...to some mysterious presence in the air. If that presence were not there, and one thought of even a single solitary actual reader, the paper would remain forever white.3

The differences between the three versions of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" summarize the beginnings of Lawrence's revision technique in the tendency to abbreviate description, to delete authorial commentary, and to condense or omit dialogue, especially in dialect. The endings become longer in each version - as they do in nearly all his revisions - and the narrative method and style of the third ending offers a dramatic contrast to the style of the rest of the story. It presents Lawrence's deeper understanding of Elizabeth's experience in a profound analysis of her emotions and thoughts. The new vision is conveyed through a new style which blends narrative, free indirect speech and free direct speech, to create a many-faceted impression of Elizabeth Bates in a moment of crisis. The third ending contains themes which Lawrence later explored in The Rainbow and in Women in Love, in particular the notions of each person's otherness and the intrinsic self of the individual.

The wife felt the utter isolation of the human soul. III, p. 222.
She had denied him what he was - she saw it now. She had refused him as himself. III, p. 223.
After all, it was itself. III, p. 223.

The formulations "him as himself", "it was itself", occur in various forms in Lawrence's later writing and in some of the 1913-1914 versions

3. McDonald, A Bibliography of the Writings of D.H. Lawrence (Foreword by D.H. Lawrence) p. 11.
of the tales but not, significantly, in the pre-1913 work. Thus
"Daughters of the Vicar" has "He was himself" and "He stood almost
himself" while the conclusion to "The Thorn in the Flesh" has "He
remained true to himself" and "They were themselves".

Lawrence's growing understanding of the relationship between men and
women which compelled him to revise the ending of "Odour of Chrysanthemums"
also prompted him completely to re-write "The White Stocking" and "Two
Marriages", tales originally written in an early style similar to that of
Sons and Lovers, and again, the change in vision was manifested through
a change in style. The revisions of these tales, especially "Daughters
of the Vicar", no longer exhibit the meticulous correction of sentences
which was the main feature of the early tales, but are rather complete
re-writings. Lawrence still alters his descriptions to make them at once
shorter and more evocative but the major change in his writing is the
concentration on his characters' inner states and thoughts. This he
achieves through blending narrative with other speech types to give the
reader a feeling of intimate access to the character. The language is
often highly repetitive and conjunctive in an organic, growing way; that
is, the repetition is not merely lexical but also semantic and syntactic.
The prose is often characterised by the breaking or "bending" of normal
linguistic restrictions, particularly in passages which seek to convey
the compulsive circling of thoughts in a mind under stress or the powerful
flux of feeling in a character. These features give Lawrence's prose
that biblical quality noted several times in this thesis.

4. "Vin Ordinaire" also has "He was himself", p. 304.
The greater depth of analysis is paralleled by a widening of scope in the revisions. The first "White Stocking" concentrated on Elsie but the second version renders the emotions of Ted and Sam Adams as well. Similarly "Two Marriages" focused on Louisa but "Daughters of the Vicar" contains compelling analyses of the Reverend Ernest Lindley, his wife, and Mr. Massery and reveals a profound understanding of the full horror of Mary's sacrifice and the effect on Alfred of his mother's death.

The increasing and extraordinary skill which Lawrence showed in this period in exploring the impulses and forces that govern men and women helps to answer a question he asked himself as a young man:

'You see, it was really George Eliot who started it all,' Lawrence was saying in the deliberate way he had of speaking when he was trying to work something out in his own mind. 'And how wild they all were with her for doing it. It was she who started putting all the action inside. Before, you know, with Fielding and the others, it had been outside. Now I wonder which is right?'

He has shown that whatever was right for the age of Fielding, his own approach was right for the twentieth century. The versions of The Prussian Officer tales chronicle the progress of Lawrence's interest from describing the external world to his absorption in the unexplored "dark continent" within the individual. This changing attitude is reflected in his notion of character and therefore in his use of the resources of narrative and

6. What is distressing, and gives rise to deep apprehension about the values of its last quarter, is that he has found no successors. No prose writer since Lawrence has shown the same concern for human truth or the same disregard for popular opinion and sales figures.
speech in his prose. Early in 1915 Lawrence wrote to Edward Garnett expressing his idea of the "individual".

And instead of chasing the mystery in the fugitive, half-lighted things outside us, we ought to look at ourselves, and say 'My God, I am myself!'... A flame isn't a flame because it lights up two or twenty objects on a table. It's a flame because it is itself.7

The letter in likening the self to a flame adumbrates a comparison which Lawrence later used to describe his idea of character in fiction.

Character is a curious thing. It is the flame of a man, which burns brighter or dimmer, bluer or yellower or redder, rising or sinking or flaring according to the draughts of circumstance and the changing air of life, changing itself continually, yet remaining one single, separate flame, flickering in a strange world: unless it be blown out at last by too much adversity.8

Although it was written long after The Prussian Officer tales, the passage defines a view which Lawrence probably formed during the transition period between Sons and Lovers and The Rainbow, and it suggests one reason behind the changes in his narrative method.

This change is particularly striking in the last tales he wrote, "The Prussian Officer" and "The Thorn in the Flesh". The former, especially, is a story which is presented almost entirely in terms of the central character's perceptions and states of mind. Lawrence's initial account of the soldier's effect on his officer uses the flame simile: "like a warm flame upon the older man's tense, rigid body." Schoner's own states are

described in similar terms. When he was been kicked by the officer his life flame burns dim - "He himself was empty as a shadow" - but the flame flares up again in the glade - "the flame sprang out of the orderly's heart...again the flash of flame." Lawrence describes not only what the soldier feels but what he is until the warm flame of his life is "blown out at last by too much adversity". The states of being in Bachmann are similarly rendered, but because he was fulfilled himself in Emilie the flame of his inner being burns steadily despite the arrest, the "draught of circumstance."

The language of these last tales, and of many passages in the 1914 versions, is strikingly similar to the style of The Rainbow. The development in method and style from the early tales to the profound rendering of inner experience in the revised stories and in the German tales will be evident.

Lawrence's experimentation with language and style to express his growing vision of human nature was at its height between 1912 and 1914, and whatever the subsequent changes in his language, the characteristics and habits which evolved during this period of transition remain constant features of his writing. Similarly, Lawrence's habits of revision and re-writing had by now crystallized into a definite pattern: he condenses descriptions of settings but extends analyses of characters both through longer narrative description and through increased use of free direct and free indirect speech. It is Lawrence's expanding vision of the nature of the relationships between men and women and of the forces that govern humanity that dictates the nature of his search for expression in prose. His exploration of these new issues is founded upon a method of revision as creative as actual composition. Certainly Lawrence's style did not
become static after 1914. On the contrary, the outstanding feature of his writing—whether in poetry or prose—is its spontaneity, and it is in the immediate setting down of an insight or impulse that much of the freshness and originality of Lawrence's writing lies. His revisions, too, are no less spontaneous, as Aldous Huxley has pointed out.

It was characteristic of him that he hardly ever corrected or patched what he had written. I have often heard him say, indeed, that he was incapable of correcting. If he was dissatisfied with what he had written, he did not, as most writers do, file, clip, insert, transpose; he re-wrote. In other words he gave the daimon another chance to say what it wanted to say.9

Lawrence believed in the necessity for immediate expression and his remarks on Walt Whitman and free verse are strikingly true of his own mode of writing and revision.

The clue to all his utterance lies in the sheer appreciation of the instant moment, life surging itself into utterance at its very wellhead...Whitman pruned away his cliches—perhaps his cliches of rhythm as well as of phrase. And this is about all we can do, deliberately, with free verse. We can get rid of the stereotyped movements and the old hackneyed associations of sound or sense. We can break down those artificial conduits and canals through which we do so love to force our utterance. We can break the stiff neck of habit. We can be in ourselves spontaneous and flexible as flame, we can see that utterance rushes out without artificial smoothness. But we cannot positively prescribe any motion, any rhythm. All the laws we invent or discover—it amounts to pretty much the same—will fail to apply to free verse.10

And the application of fixed laws, whether aesthetic or moral, to Lawrence's writing will similarly fail to characterize that writing. An examination

of Lawrence's prose must be as flexible as the work itself, it must respond to the work of art with its own critical spontaneity.

Lawrence defined his notion of literary criticism:

Literary criticism can be no more than a reasoned account of the feeling produced upon the critic by the book he is criticizing. Criticism can never be a science: it is in the first place, much too personal, and in the second, it is concerned with values that science ignores. The touchstone is emotion, not reason. We judge a work of art by its effect on our sincere and vital emotion, and nothing else. All the critical twiddle-twaddle about style and form, all this pseudo-scientific classifying and analysing of books in an imitation-botanical fashion, is mere impertinence and mostly dull jargon."

A critic only shares with his reader his own personal feeling about a work. A study of style, of the way in which language is used in a text to create the effect it does, is one way of providing a "reasoned account" of that feeling. The word style, as used throughout this thesis, means a characteristic use of language and an examination of style is only a means of discovering how the writer expressed himself. Such a study is especially illuminating when applied to Lawrence since his vision and style - what he says and how he says it - are closely bound together and developed simultaneously together. For Lawrence a change of vision always entailed revision.

The present thesis has not attempted to list or analyse all the features of Lawrence's use of language exhaustively. It has sought to illuminate the outstanding characteristics of his style and to explain how it obtains some of the effects it does in The Prussian Officer tales. It is doubtful

whether a study of a work of art can do more. Although the language of any text can be broken down with modern linguistic techniques, aided by the computer, into its basic phonological, syntactic and semantic components, as one can explain the construction of a rainbow by analysing it as a system of molecules and light reflection, neither the beauty of the rainbow nor that of creative literature can be explained by scientific analysis. Literature, like the rainbow, has a perceptible body, but the wonder of its effect on the mind, like that of the rainbow's, is ultimately beyond analysis.

Even the rainbow has a body
made of the drizzling rain
and is an architecture of glistening atoms
built up, built up
yet you can't lay your hand on it,
nay, nor even your mind.12

I. The Publication of The Prussian Officer

Martin Secker first approached Lawrence about the possibility of publishing a book of short stories in June 1911.

I am very much flattered by your offer to publish a volume of my short stories: to tell the truth, I sit in doubt and wonder because of it.

There have appeared in print, in the English Review, two and two only of my tales. Because nobody wanted the things, I have not troubled to write any. So that, at present, I have two good stories published, three very decent ones lying at home, and several slight things sketched out and neglected. If these would be any good towards an autumn volume, I should be at the top of happiness. If they are not enough — I am in the midst of a novel, and besjungled in work, alas!

The stories referred to are "Goose Fair" and "Odour of Chrysanthemums" for the English Review and "Second Best", "A Fragment of Stained Glass" and probably "The White Stocking." The "Slight things" may be "Intimacy" and "A Modern Lover". Lawrence does not mention the collection of tales again until the summer of 1915 when he writes to Edward Garnett and A.W. McLeod about the revision of a set of tales for Duckworth.

The typed stories are beginning to come now — they look nice. When the rest arrive I shall send them out... I am drudging away revising the stories. How glad I shall be when I have cleaned that mess up! I will keep a list.

2. ibid., pp. 212-213 (dated July 14, 1913).
I have been grubbing away among the short stories. God, I shall be glad when it is done.

By July 1914 the stories had been revised, collected and sent off to Duckworth for publication.

I have just finished getting together a book of short stories. Lord, how I've worked again at those stories - most of them - forging them up. They're good, I think.

Lawrence sent a list of the stories in the other he wanted them to appear in the collection to Edward Garnett.

I send you herewith another batch of the short stories. There remains only one to send - one story. It is the German soldier story that came in last month's English Review. I find it wants writing over again, to pull it together. I have gone over the stories very carefully. I wish you would go through the selection I have sent in, and see if there is anything you would leave out, and any you would like putting in. I think all the stories have been already printed, except Daughters of the Vicar. I would like them arranging so:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Words</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Fragment of Stained Glass</td>
<td>6,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goose Fair</td>
<td>6,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Sick Collier</td>
<td>2,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Christening</td>
<td>3,300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Odour of Chrysanthemums</td>
<td>8,000</td>
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<td>18,980</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Shadow in the Rose Garden</td>
<td>6,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Dead Rose</td>
<td>7,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The White Stocking</td>
<td>8,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vin Ordinaire</td>
<td>9,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Honour and Arms</td>
<td>9,600</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Which makes it about 88,000 words. If you would like any more, please tell me. And which of the titles will you choose for a book-title? Goose Fair?

3. ibid., p. 215 (dated 22 July 1913).
4. ibid., p. 287 (To Edward Marsh, dated 15 July 1914).
5. There is no record of "The Christening" having been published before.
I will send in the last story - *Vin Ordinaire* - within a day or two. Tell me if this lot is all right.

We are an irrefutable married couple now. Does it seem dull to you, to be so respectable? The trouble about the children is very acute just now.

Many regards,
D.H. Lawrence

I sent the first batch of stories in to Mr. Duckworth a week ago on Thursday.5

However, Garnett did not follow the order of tales suggested by Lawrence nor did he accept either of the titles Lawrence put forward for the collection, much to the latter's annoyance.

The proofs of the stories keep on coming. What good printers these Plymouth people are. They never make a mistake. And how good my stories are, after the first two. It really surprises me. Shall they be called *The Fighting Line*? After all, this is the real fighting line, not where soldiers pull triggers.6

Garnett was a devil to call my book of stories *The Prussian Officer* - what Prussian Officer?8

*The Prussian Officer and Other Stories* was published in December 1914.

II. Editions

A flower laughs once, and having had his laugh, chuckles off into seed, and is gone. Whence? Whither? Who knows, who cares? That little laugh of achieved being is all.

And so it is with books. To every man who struggles with his own soul in mystery, a book that is a book flowers once, and seeds, and is gone. First editions or forty-first are only the husks of it.

Yet if it amuses a man to save the husks of the flower that opened once, for the first time, one can understand that too. It is like


the costumes that men and women used to wear, in their youth, years ago, and which now stand up rather faded in museums. With a jolt they resemble for us the day-to-day actuality of the by-gone people, and we see the trophies once more of man's eternal fight with inertia.9

The first edition of The Prussian Officer exists in two issues, the difference being marked not by the binding but by the catalogues at the end of the volume. However the publishers were unable to remember which issue came first, as E.D. McDonald recalls:

One of these catalogues is described above; the other, twenty instead of sixteen pages, is: A Selection from Duckworth & Co.'s List of Publications.

The publishers were unable to say which catalogue was in the first issue, and showed what amounted to alarm that anyone should be interested in the matter. They evidently regarded their correspondent as mildly insane. Publishers are of two varieties: the sort who understand the collector not at all, and the sort who understand him too, too well... The question of the real first issue of The Prussian Officer must, therefore, remain unsettled.

The first American edition of The Prussian Officer was published from the Duckworth sheets, by B.W. Huebsch, New York, 1916.10

Subsequent editions of The Prussian Officer were also made from the Duckworth sheets. There are no differences between these editions apart from lay-out and the occasional printer's error and the question of editions is of little critical importance.11 Far more intriguing is Lawrence's letter to W.E. Hopkin of January 1915 in which he mentions a set of proofs

11. Lawrence would have been the first to agree.

"Books to me are incorporate things, voices in the air, that do not disturb the haze of autumn, and visions that don't blot out the sunflowers. What do I care for first or last editions? I have never read one of my own published works. To me, no book has a date, no book has a binding.

What do I care if "a" is somewhere upside down, or "g" comes from the wrong fount? I really don't." ibid., p. 9 (The Bad Side of Books).
which differ from the published stories.

I just remember I’ve got this set of duplicate proofs of my stories, and perhaps you’ll accept them in lieu of a bound volume. If ever I rise to fame these will be unique—because there are many differences between these sheets and those revised and published. There is no mention of these proofs in any Lawrence catalogue or bibliography and efforts to trace them have proved unsuccessful. If the proofs ever do come to light they will undoubtedly provide further insight into Lawrence’s mode of revision.

III. Reviews.

The Prussian Officer tales were received with mixed feelings by the critics. Lawrence wrote to Amy Lowell:

My book of short stories is out. I am sending you a copy. I don’t think it is doing very well. The critics really hate me. So they ought.

One of the more discriminating reviewers, although by no means wholly sympathetic, recognised the profound truth of the situations depicted by Lawrence in his stories.

In these stories Mr. Lawrence shows himself the Salvator Rosa of modern psychologists. He takes the most ordinary human beings and thrusts them into a veritable tempest of emotion. The thunder rolls through their mental atmosphere; lightning sears their souls. It is magnificent. And yet the reader feels an irksome doubt as to whether the circumstances justify all this sound and fury...
...The fact is that Mr. Lawrence is a master of psychological analysis, but like the old Germans of the Romantic period, he loves to operate in a "Storm und Drang" environment, and thereby he necessarily limits his field of operations. But let there be no doubt as to his power of analysis. It is almost inspired, almost uncanny in its truthfulness. Some arresting sentence, some piece of startling insight, constantly crosses our path. The vicar of a mining village who slipped into "conscious hatred of the majority of his flock and unconscious hatred of himself" is one example out of a thousand of his skill in portraiture. A correlative of the subtlety of analysis is subtlety of observation, as when he remarks of this vicar's family that they had "the curiously clean semi-transparent look of the genteel isolated poor". Not a little of the power of the pictures here presented to us lies in the contrast between the minute work of the brush in some parts of the canvas, and the broad dashing effects in others, when the colour is laid on in splashes, so that a farm labourer, for example, is described in one breath as "uneasy, triumphant and baffled". To scrutinize too closely such work is to lose its effect. Studied at a distance as a whole the strong colours melt, as in Gainsborough's work, into a harmonious unity, and produce a lasting impression.14

Somewhat less appreciative was the reception of The Prussian Officer in America:

Plainly there is little peace in this volume for the nervous reader, little good cheer for the purchaser of sweet and pleasant fiction. And I am by no means sure that there is enough force here to atone for all the disagreeableness. Finally, the reader may be cautioned that according to American magazine standards these are sketches and not stories at all.15

Other reviewers fluctuated between cautious appreciation of the tales and reaction against them. In the first group are the reviews in The Bookman (London) quoted earlier, The Athenæum for 23 January 1915, and the Nation (New York) for 15 March 1917; reactions against the collection were

notable in the New York issue of *The Bookman* quoted above and an unsigned review in *Outlook* for 19 December 1914.\footnote{16}

IV. The Prussian Officer Revisions.

The *Prussian Officer* tales and their early versions in this Appendix were not included in the thesis since most of them were revised only slightly until their conclusions without significant stylistic or thematic changes and this type of revision has been analysed by comparing the three versions of "Odour of Chrysanthemums". Two very early sketches, "The Vicar's Garden" and "Legend" which became, respectively, "The Shadow in the Rose Garden", and "A Fragment of Stained Glass" give valuable insight into the rapid growth of Lawrence's progress as a writer but permission to examine these sketches was granted only after the present thesis was completed. Since the texts of these sketches are not readily available, copies have been included in the appropriate sections. The following discussion will follow the method of approach used throughout this thesis: that is, the discussion will establish the dates of composition of the various versions of the tales and will then compare those versions; it will include word lists to illustrate the differences where such comparison is revealing, and it will discuss whole texts where the differences between versions are too great to permit comparison at the sentence level.

The Appendix also includes comparison between the 1911 and 1913 versions of "Odour of Chrysanthemums", the very slight differences between the

\footnote{16. See Chapter 3, footnote 16, where a portion of this review is quoted.}
typescript of "Two Marriages" and the published form in Time and Tide, and a complete list of changes between "Honour and Arms" and the restored version "The Prussian Officer". Since these tales have been analysed in the thesis there is no discussion accompanying the comparisons. The tales in this Appendix are interleaved to facilitate their location and are in the following order according to approximate date of writing: "Goose Fair", "A Sick Collier", "Odour of Chrysanthemums", "The Shadow in the Rose Garden", "A Fragment of Stained Glass", "Second Best", "The Shades of Spring", "Two Marriages", and "Honour and Arms".
<table>
<thead>
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<th>First Published</th>
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<tr>
<td>1907</td>
<td>&quot;The Vicar's Garden&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;Legend&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;A Sick Collier&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;The Christening&quot;</td>
<td>1908</td>
<td>THE WHITE PEACOCK</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;The Shadow in the Rose Garden&quot;</td>
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<td>(&quot;Vicar's Garden&quot;)</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;A Fragment of Stained Glass&quot;</td>
<td>April 1911</td>
<td>SONS AND LOVERS</td>
<td>Sept. 1911</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Second Best&quot;</td>
<td>April 1911</td>
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<td>Feb. 1912</td>
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<td>1911-</td>
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<td>1912</td>
<td>(Marriage to Frieda. The Lawrence's travel on the continent)</td>
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<td>1913</td>
<td>&quot;Honour and Arms&quot; revised to &quot;The Prussian Officer&quot;</td>
<td>10th June</td>
<td>THE RAINBOW</td>
<td>Aug. 1914</td>
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<td>1913</td>
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<td>&quot;Vin Ordinaire&quot; revised to &quot;The Thorn in the Flesh&quot;</td>
<td>June 1913</td>
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<td>1914</td>
<td>THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER revision:</td>
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"Goose Fair"
"Goose Fair" was Lawrence's first published prose under his own name and came out in the *English Review* for February 1910 (4: 399-406). Lawrence's letters to Louie Burrows during the summer and autumn of 1909 about the tale reveal the tentative nature of his early composition and his need for criticism. It is uncertain when the story was actually written - it might have been as early as the summer of 1908 - but Lawrence mentions sending a version of the tale to an agency in the summer of 1909.

From the letters it is clear that Lawrence and Louie Burrows criticized each other's literary efforts and possibly collaborated on some stories.

"Goose Fair" underwent several drafts and much revision during the autumn of 1909.

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1. Boulton, *Lawrence in Love*, p. 38, postmarked. Boulton has a footnote on this letter which states:

"Lawrence had sent his short story *Goose Fair* to the London and Provincial Press Agency, to be placed with a publisher. The Agency wrote (on 20th July 1909) requesting 5 s. as the registration fee."

Here I am at last, & I have got 'Goose Fair'. See what you think of it. I am sorry I have kept the pictures so long. I return you the 'Goose Fair' - you may as well keep it entirely. If I had it I should write it all out again, & vivify in places; but you will use your own discretion. When you have got your story from J., let me see it. I am always interested. But pray, do not write too romantically; write as near to life as possible. You needn't be pessimistic or cynical, but it is always best to be true.3

Many thanks for your suggestion. If there is anything else, you alter it.

What I want you to do is to send in the story for the Christmas prize competition; get a Guardian & see what it says. The prize per story is £3, & they keep the copyright. They would print your name: are you satisfied? You will have to swear that the story is yours - but what does it matter? If we win we go whacks, according to agreement.4

Lawrence attributes much of "Goose Fair" to Louie's influence but whether any of the story was actually written by her is uncertain. It is most likely that the tale was written by Lawrence but revised according to Louie's suggestions. If the tale were not his, it is doubtful whether he would have included it in The Prussian Officer collection without substantially re-writing it.

Concerning 'Goose Fair'. You will have got the rules, & you will have found, I think, that I could not send in the tale for the competition. If you think I might, I am quite willing to have the thing under my own name; only you can legally claim that the tale is as much your child as mine.5

I have got the cheque at last for Goose Fair, & I hasten to remit you. It is not a vast sum that I send you, but it is worth having; & being the first-fruits of your literary tree, you ought to make much of it. I think I told you I could not do anything with the other story.6

3. ibid., p. 44 (dated 17th October, 1909).
4. ibid., p. 45 (dated early November 1909).
6. ibid., p. 50 (dated 9th March, 1910).
Lawrence does not specifically discuss the story in any of the correspondence in the *Collected Letters* nor is it possible to determine precisely when the last version was completed. The final revision was, however, probably done from the corrected typescript of the *English Review* version for inclusion in the *Prussian Officer* collection.

"Goose Fair" belongs to the early group of tales - "Odour of Chrysanthemums", "A Sick Collier", "The Christening", "The White Stocking" (1911) and "Two Marriages" - which evoke the working-class atmosphere of Lawrence's early life in the mining area of Nottinghamshire. The story describes an episode in the life of a middle-class girl who is engaged to the son of a local factory owner. Lois' romantic notions about her lover's tragic part in a fire which guts his father's factory, are given a rude shock when she discovers that he has had nothing to do with the fire but has spent the night carousing at the "Goose Fair". The story is vividly placed against the economic background of industrial Nottingham.

The first version of the tale belongs to Lawrence's *White Peacock* period, the second reveals the firmer, more objective manner of the first half of *Sons and Lovers*. The changes between the two versions, although too minor to affect the style of the work significantly, follow Lawrence's early habits of revision as discussed in this thesis in the chapter on "Odour of Chrysanthemums".

The tale is divided into four parts. The differences between the versions are mainly revisions of phrases and individual sentences until part four, which is rather more extensively altered. These minor corrections at

7. see C.L. I, p. 59 and p. 78.
8. This follows Lawrence's general habit of principally revising the endings of his stories. The tales which illustrate this pattern of revisions are: the second and third versions of "Odour of Chrysanthemums", the two texts
sentence level eliminate some of the rather jarring emotive phrases and
clichés found in the original version, for example:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English Review</th>
<th>The Prussian Officer</th>
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<tr>
<td>idiotic little Frenchmen...</td>
<td>Frenchmen</td>
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<tr>
<td>mountebanks</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>with dreadful, peaked, despairing face</td>
<td>with peaked, noble face</td>
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<tr>
<td>flaming letters in a dreadful message</td>
<td>flaming letters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>he said, tearing himself away</td>
<td>he answered</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>with the air of a woman who sends her lover to duty and to death</td>
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</table>

The stilted speech of the characters and occasionally of Lawrence's own language becomes more natural:

"There is a rumour of incendiary"  "They were afraid of the hands"
"You may regret more than you know, your hateful suspicions - baseless -"
lest he should rise to salute her - his moustache greasy.

Adjectives and adverbs tend to be eliminated:

very sadly she rose  she rose
imperiously took  took

The perceptible authorial intrusion in one paragraph is deleted:

of "Second Best", "The Soiled Rose" and "The Shades of Spring", the two versions of "The Shadow in the Rose Garden", and the two texts of "Goose Fair". The tales which were largely or completely re-written - "The White Stocking", "Two Marriages", and "Vin Ordinaire" - also reveal the greatest thematic and stylistic changes at the end of the stories.
slipped out of the house. left the house.
To say she slipped out of the house is to insult her. She left the house.

Part four is revised more extensively and the revisions are consistently improvements on the original. Note, for example, the melodramatic passage which reveals Lois' thoughts about her lover, filled with clichés such as "dreadful truth", "proud isolation", "foul play", "victim of infuriated workmen", "consumed in the fire", "great tragedienne". Granted that Lawrence intends to convey Lois' love of melodrama, the passage is too obviously ironical at her expense.

She alone suspected the dreadful truth, and the tragedy of it, and her own proud isolation in the knowledge sustained her. Will was burned, was lost in the factory. Who knew that there had not been some foul play which had left him perhaps murdered, perhaps stunned or wounded, the victim of infuriated workmen, to be consumed in the fire. When she had fought out her conclusions and had taken her attitude of dignity and silence, like some great tragedienne, she listened to the sounds in the house. She could hear her father walking downstairs, calling to one of the servant-maids. 

English Review, p. 404

She remembered her father's irritable answer to her question, concerning her lover's safety. - "Safe, aye - why not?" She knew that he suspected the factory of having been purposely set on fire. But then, he had never liked Will. And yet - and yet - Lois' heart was heavy as lead. She felt her lover was guilty. And she felt she must hide her secret of his last communication to her. She saw herself being cross-examined - "When did you last see this man?" But she would hide what he had said about watching the works. How dreary it was - and how dreadful. Her life was ruined now, and nothing mattered any more. She must only behave with dignity, and submit to her own obliteration. For even if Will were never accused, she knew in her heart he was guilty. She knew it was over between them. 

The Prussian Officer, p. 158.

The second version is a more imaginative rendering of Lois' thoughts about her lover. The occasional flash of free direct speech - "Safe, aye - why not?" and "When did you last see this man?"- conveys all the absurdity of Lois' train of thought about Will Selby without falling into the obtrusive authorial
sarcasm of the first version. The toning down of irony in the second text, especially in the confusion to the story, may be partially explained by the fact that the characters are drawn from life. In one of his letters to Louie Burrows in the autumn of 1909 Lawrence writes:

Do you recognize the people? - a glorified Lois Mee (is she glorified) & a glorified (?) Taylor?\(^9\)

It is reasonable to account for the change in tone at least partly in Lawrence’s return to the story at a time when he was no longer in personal contact with the people whose portraits are drawn in "Goose Fair".

The concluding pages of the second version reveal a more sophisticated technique. For example, the reader is given a glimpse into Will Selby’s mind as well as Lois’.

And he turned to look at his father’s ruined works, and he felt miserable and stubborn. The girl standing there so clean and out of it all! Oh God, he felt sick. He turned to go home.

*The Prussian Officer*, p. 161

The simple "forgive and forget" ending of the first version is made subtler with a hint of the complexity of stress and emotion between Will and Lois.

"Shall I go and tell him?" said Lois relenting. Her lover glanced at her and their looks met for a moment, then he turned quickly away, feeling the tears pressing in his throat and eyes.

"You will come along," she said as she left them, and there was a slight comfort in her tone. "Lucy, will you go home and say I have just called on Mr. Selby?"

*English Review*, p. 408

'Aye, well, they made a mistake for once,' he replied, with a curl of the lip.

Curiously enough, they walked side by side as if they belonged to each other. She was his conscience-keeper. She was far from forgiving him, but she was still farther from letting him go. And he walked at her side like a boy who had to be punished before he can be exonerated.

---

He submitted. But there was a genuine bitter contempt in the curl of his lip.

The Prussian Officer, p. 162

Lawrence's ability to go deeper into the complexities of the relationship between men and women, beyond those recognised by social and literary convention, is revealed in the second ending to "Goose Fair", which is much more penetrating in its brief statement of the respective feelings of Lois and Will than the early version. "She was far from forgiving him, but she was still farther from letting him go".

The story illustrates both the strengths and weaknesses of Lawrence's early style. The opening paragraphs with their precise visual detail reveal that style at its finest. The account of the fire and the description of the gutted factory the following morning are compact and visually forceful.

There was a crashing and bursting of timber, as the first floor fell in a mass into the blazing gulf, splashing the fire in all directions, to the terror of the crowd. She saw the steel of the machines growing white-hot and twisting like flaming letters. Piece after piece of the flooring gave way, and the machines dropped in red ruin as the wooden framework burned out. The air became unbreathable; the fog was swallowed up; sparks went rushing up as if they would burn the dark heavens; sometimes cards of lace went whirling into the gulf of the sky, waving with wings of fire.

The Prussian Officer, p. 156.

In the dull October morning the ruined factory was black and ghastly. The window-frames were all jagged, and the walls stood gaunt. Inside was a tangle of twisted debris, the iron, in parts red with bright rust, looking still hot; the charred wood was black and satiny; from dishevelled heaps, sodden with water, a faint smoke rose dimly.

The Prussian Officer, p. 160

The speech of the characters has that racey and unaffected quality which reveals Lawrence's talent for creating natural and spontaneous dialogue (see Jack's speech at the end of the tale) but the story also reveals Lawrence's regrettable tendency to preach, as in the passage on the ruined state of
trade in Nottingham. In his anxiety to convey the stark economic background to the tale, the author intrudes, and the intrusion is made by his unsuccessful attempt to disguise his judgements as his character's reflections.

She remembered the state of trade - Trade, the invidious enemy; Trade, which thrust out its hand and shut the factory doors, and pulled the stockingers off their seats, and left the web half-finished on the frame; Trade, which mysteriously choked up the sources of the rivulets of wealth, and blacker and more secret than a pestilence, starved the town.

The Prussian Officer, p. 153.

The language is inconsistent with the character of the goose girl as she has been presented. The paragraph following is more believably the girl's free indirect speech, her reflections on what "everybody said" about the state of trade in the town.

The Frenchmen were at the bottom of it! So everybody said, though nobody quite knew how. At any rate, they had gone to war with the Prussians and got beaten, and trade was ruined in Nottingham!

The Prussian Officer, p. 153.

Lawrence occasionally lapses into a dense, luscious prose out of keeping with the rest of his story's compact and forceful style.

She felt an intense longing at this uncanny hour to slough the body's untrammelled weariness and to issue at once into the new bright warmth of the far dawn where a lover waited transfigured: it is so easy and pleasant in imagination to step out of the chill grey dampness of another terrestrial daybreak, straight into the sunshine of the eternal morning! And who can escape his hour?

The Prussian Officer, p. 158.

The first two lines are just possibly a description of Lois' romanticism, but with the present tense of the next three lines the reflection becomes the author's. The language of these lines and the preaching "who can escape his hour" are inappropriate to the reality depicted in the rest of the story -
the "Goose Fair", the factory fire, the descriptions of Nottingham.

The faults of "Goose Fair" are ones which Lawrence outgrew as he progressed in his craft as a writer. The tendency to over-ornate language incompatible with the subject matter, the occasional preaching, the superfluous adjectives and phrases, are all tendencies which obscure the clarity and analytical approach of some of his early tales, but they are characteristics which gradually faded. "Goose Fair", for all its slight faults, is nevertheless a fine example of Lawrence's early approach and style.
through the flaring torches of schoon
pleasant to see
tone, very disagreeable
looking round to see if anyone had heard
fronting her road stubbornly
heard
The women
dangerous

the mysterious sources
idiotic little Frenchmen
but
as they deserved, the mountebanks,
ruining trade!
lifted up to advantage

pretty agitation
"Listen! you can hear it so far what do they find to enjoy in that commotion! I'm glad you've come to dinner," she shrugged her shoulders slightly, "the place is as dreary as an empty church, and the bray of the fair makes one more disconsolate. But (401) do come in."

infernal shame
"Man proposes - else woman - and it's generally the devil disposes." He turned aside with irony to smile to himself in the darkness and add "else man."

and I do feel wild
"well, you know they're a bit off about the work, and there have been fires lately-
"Dad's had rumours"...suspended attitude.

and the flare of torches
shoes
pleasant
tone
noticed
This afternoon the women sullen

the sources
Frenchmen
though
and trade was ruined in Nottingham!
lifted up

pretty welcome
"I came out to listen to it. I felt almost sure you'd gone. You're coming in, aren't you?" She waited a moment anxiously. "We expect you to dinner, you know," she added wistfully.

a shame
"Man proposes - the devil disposes." He turned aside with irony in the darkness.

I feel wild about it myself.
"They're a bit off about the work, and they'd just be in their element if they could set a lighted match to something-
"Dad's not sure"...attitude
"I've a good mind not to go, Lois. I'll stop with you."
"No, Will" she drew herself erect, and spoke with decision. "No, Will, you must go."
"What a shame..." taking her in his arms and kissing her.
She let him keep her for a moment, then she kissed him in return and disengaged him, saying, with the air of a woman who sends her lover to duty and to death, "Go now."
"Good night!" he said, tearing himself away. "Good night!" He hurried down the street. She listened to his footsteps echoing away, then stilled her sighs, and composing herself, she turned indoors.

"What's up miss?"
crisp, calm tones
"Not likely, fair night."
"Oh! the fair makes no difference."
"Oh! Where is he frying his fish, then?"
Lois looked at her father sternly, and answered (402) He's gone down to watch at the factory. There is a rumour of incendiary. Her father quickly put up the newspaper before his face.

very sadly she rose
Lois imperiously took her mother's arm.
Slipped out of the house. To say she slipped out of the house is to insult her. She left the house.

with dreadful, peaked, despairing face she watched the fire.
"Tell me he's safe."
"Safe, ay, he's safe enough..."
I've enough to think about; there's my own (403) place to watch, him safe! He's safe, you may bet your life on that."
"Why do you speak like that, dadda?"
she asked coldly.
"Go home - Sampson, just take Miss Lois home - now! Run along child!"

"I might stop a bit. It's all right for an hour, I should think."
She looked at him earnestly, then said in tones of deep disappointment and of fortitude: "No, Will, you must go. You'd better go - "
"It's a shame... standing a moment at a loose end. Then, glancing down the street to see he was alone, he put his arm round her waist and said in a difficult voice: "How goes it?"
She let him keep her for a moment, then he kissed her as if afraid of what he was doing. They were both comfortable.
"Well!" he said at length.
"Good night!" she said, setting him free to go.
He hung a moment near her, as if ashamed. Then "Good (155) night," he answered, and he broke away. She listened to his footsteps in the night, before composing herself to turn indoors.

155
"What's up, then?"
calm tones
"What, gone to the fair?"
"No."
"Oh! What's got him them?"
Lois looked at her father, and answered: "He's gone down to the factory. They are afraid of the hands."
Her father looked at her closely.
"Oh! aye!" he answered, undecided, and they set down to dinner.
she rose
Lois took her mother's arm.
156
left the house.

with peaked, noble face she watched the fire.

"Is Will safe?"
"Safe, ay, why not?... I've enough to bother me; there's my own place to watch. Go home now, I can't do with you here."
"Have you seen Will?" she asked.
"Go home - Sampson, just take Miss Lois home now!"
"You don't really know where he is - father?"
"You don't for one moment suspect that
he - he - Father!"

"Go on, child, go on. Your mother
will be having heart attacks and what
not. Do go, little woman."
dried by the heat.

...indignant grief at the suspicions
which her father had thrown on her
lover.
flaming letters in a dreadful message
burned away
Suxton

lips closed proudly

"but they find their mistake out.
There's no need to hurry, Miss Lois
- I'm not as young as I was. I can
remember the time when you'd hang on
my finger and run when I walked slow.
But things are altered, things are
altered. But I shouldn't like to come
to such a pass as William Selby. I
shouldn't indeed..."

404
She alone suspected the dreadful truth,
and the tragedy of it, and her own
proud isolation in the knowledge susta¬
inined her. Will was burned, was lost in
the factory. Who knew that there had not
been some foul play which had left him
perhaps murdered, perhaps stunned or
wounded, the victim of infuriated work¬
men, to be consumed in the fire. When
she had fought out her conclusions and had
taken her attitude of dignity and silence
like some great tragedienne she listened
to the sounds in the house. She could
hear her father walking downstairs,
calling to one of the servant-maids.
herself had just awakened trans¬
figured; for who has not skipped in
imagination out of the chill...

"Go home now - I don't want you here -"
the father ordered peremptorily.
dried by fear.

...her indignation at her father's light
treatment of herself and of her lover.
flaming letters
burned out
Buxton

157
lips closed

"but they find it won't last. William
Selby's sprung up in a day, and he'll
vanish in a night. You can't trust to luck
alone. Maybe he thinks it's a lucky thing
this fire has come when things are looking
black. But you can't get out of it as easy
as that. There's been a few too many of
'em..."

She could not bear to hear him talk so.

158
She remembered her father's irritable answer
to her question, concerning her lover's
safety. - "Safe, aye - why not?" she knew
that he suspected the factory of having been
purposely set on fire. But then, he had
never liked Will. And yet - and yet - Lois'
heart was heavy as lead. She felt her lover
was guilty. And she felt she must hide her
secret of his last communication to her.

She saw herself being cross-examined -
"When did you last see this man?" But she
would hide what he had said about watching
the works. How dreary it was - and how
dreadful. Her life was ruined now, and
nothing mattered any more. She must only
behave with dignity, and submit to her
own obliteration. For even if Will were
never accused, she knew in her heart he was
guilty. She knew it was over between them.
a lover waited transfigured; it is so easy
and pleasant in imagination to step out of
the chill...
in the study

lest he should rise to salute her, his moustache greasy.

"little girl."

"Come and have a chop - look, here's a nice "Have a chop - here's one! Ring for one! Ring for a hot plate. Eh, What? Ah, you may as well eat, you've got to sooner or later."

Her father glanced at her from time to time with the pale, nervous, baffled glance of a man who despises the source of grief, and who knows he can give no comfort. 

"And..."

"No, the young scamp. He's been up to something, I know"...They drew inevitably nearer to the subject.

"I thought we should have gone too, by Jove, I did."

"Well, nothing to mention, nothing in comparison." After another silence her father said: "It's an awful thing for William Selby, whether he meant it or not. You should have seen him, he was fair struck down, fairly shrunken, like any common man. And he talked like a common man too - quite broad. By Jove! And not a word about his son, not a word, poor beggar!"

"Father," broke in Lois, "don't! You may regret more than you than know, your hateful suspicions - baseless - "She ended suddenly. Her father bent his face to his plate and said nothing. After a while Lois rose and left the room. Her father sighed, and leaning his elbows on his knees whistled faintly into the fire.

accepting the grim tragedy of life.
If he were lost in there - ah, how inevitably were all traces vanished! She would say nothing: she alone would know: the innermost tragedy would rest immune with her.

"Oh, lord!" groaned the other as his cup overflowed.

he replied, smiling sickly.

"Fact - ask Billy."

The latter, however, only shuffled on his feet and smiled,

smiling

"Is it a very bad one?" he inquired whimsically.

"What?" she inquired, very short and cold, "My eye" - his lip curled up on one side just as ever.

She looked at him, withered him, then turned to her brother: "And what have you been doing?"

The young man glanced at his friend, and struggling against the horrid strain and discord of the situation, began to laugh.

smiling ironically

"Do I look pretty?" he inquired with a hateful twist of his lip.

"Very!" she replied.

"I thought I did," he replied. And he turned to look at his father's ruined works, and he felt miserable and stubborn. The girl standing there so clean and out of it all! Oh, God, he felt sick. He turned to go home.

The three went together, Lois silent in anger and resentment. Her brother was tired and overstrung, but not suppressed. He chattered on, blindly.

English Review

"It was a lark though! The fun was a bit slow when we got down to the fair. We managed to pick up Bob Osborne and Freddy Mansell and one or two others, and them there was a girl with some geese. She looked like the missis of a tiger show, and they all set like statues, her and the geese. It was Will here who began it. He wanted to pretend they were performing geese, an' he gave the girl - she was a very Zulu - he gave her threepence and asked her to begin the show. She called him a - well she called him something, and then somebody poked an old gander to stir him up, and somebody squirted him in the eye. He upped and squawked and came at us with his neck out. Laugh! We nearly killed ourselves, keeping off those old birds with squirts and teasers. Oh, Lum! There was quite a gang of us, an' the girl set an' laughed like a fiend. Those old geese, oh, scrimmy, they didn't know where to turn, they fairly went off their dots, coming at us right an' left, and such a row - Oh, Caesar! - it was
fun, you never knew - wasn't it though, Will? The girl she got up and knocked somebody over the jaw, but she enjoyed it, you may bet. Well, in the end, Billy here got hold of her round the waist -"

"Oh, dry it up!" exclaimed Will.

Jack looked at him, laughed, and continued: "An' we got hold of one goose piece—an' they did take some holding, I can tell you — and off we set round the fair, Billy leading with the girl. The bloomin' geese squawked an' pecked everybody they could come in reach of. Laugh! — I thought I should a' died — you should a' heard the things they said. Well, they began to get mad, the folks, an' then my goose went an' pecked Bill's girl on the neck, an' he laughed like anything. It made her mad when he laughed. Then he held her for it to get her again, and she swung round in such a tear, and landed him a black eye.

p. 408

Then there was a free fight, a beauty, an' we got run in. I don't know what became of the girl."

Lois surveyed the two men. There was no glimmer of a smile on her face, though the maid behind her was sniggering, Will also was very serious. He glanced at his sweetheart and at the ruined factory.

"How's dad taken it?" he asked dejectedly, signifying the burnt place, and addressing his Lois humbly.

"As you might think," she replied coldly, "He's in an awful way. And you — you don't know what you've cost him this night. He's broken his heart, that's all. Everybody thinks you set the place on fire and then cleared off."

Lois drew herself up. She had delivered her blow: Her feelings had moved her even to slang: but she had triumphed. She drew herself up, looked down on him in cold condemnation, and for a moment enjoyed her complete revenge. He was utterly cast down, very abject in his dishevelled, disfigured, unwashed condition, perhaps even a little pitiful in his forlorn misery.

"Shall I go and tell him?" said Lois relenting. Her lover glanced at her and their looks met for a moment, then he turned quickly away, feeling the tears pressing in his throat and eyes.

"You will come along," she said as she left them, and there was a slight comfort in her tone. "Lucy, will you go home and say I have just called on Mr. Selby?"
(c)

"A Sick Collier"
"A Sick Collier"

"A Sick Collier" is the shortest story in the collection, only seven pages long, and tells the familiar tragedy of a miner who has met with an accident in the pit. It is probably an early sketch - Keith Sagar places it as early as the summer of 1908\(^1\) - although Lawrence does not mention it in any known correspondence until the summer of 1913.\(^2\)

Shall I send these Syndicate people some of my short things? You don't know how nice they look, and how convincing, now I have revised them and they are type-written.

They haven't all come yet, and so I can't send them out for a day or two. - I thought I might let this Syndicate have "A Sick Collier", and perhaps "The Baker's Man" - the one when they christen the illegitimate child. I rewrote the end and made it good."

The tale is written in Lawrence's early style and reveals that mastery over dialect speech and dialogue which evokes the atmosphere and daily life in a mining community. The story is very condensed, indeed it seems little more than a sketch of a situation which Lawrence developed more fully in "Odour of Chrysanthemums", and in "The Widowing of Mrs Holroyd", but in its own way it is completely realised.

There are only a few changes between the text as it was published in "The New Statesman" for September 1913\(^4\) and The Prussian Officer. These are probably proof corrections and do not alter the style of the story.

"The New Statesman"

722B

He was fond of her,
something of a self-assured boy,
she bowed her head and took him.

The strange thing is

"planked"

723A

could induce him to leave her

so well married

violent modesty common in working-
class men.

723B

"a little pudding I was making you"
"Shonna, Fork out wi' it"

"while I bring you that pudding"

724

When he sat quieter, shouting, and raving,

slow retreating Lucy

"the' peen's commin' - I tell thee it is!"

"Let me lay hands on 'er!"

glowering

gently

rocking himself

"They say they can't do it!"

---

The Prussian Officer

257

He was taken with her,

without much intelligence, but having
a sort of physical brightness, she considered, and accepted him.

259

planked

260

could unsettle his almost infantile satisfaction

well married

261

savage modesty usual in such men.

262

"your pudding"

263

"Shonna, gie's hold on't"

264

"now an' be quiet"

725A

A little pudding I was making you"

265

When she escaped from him, who was shouting and raving,

the slow retreating Lucy

"it's 'er fault as th' pain comes on - I tell yer it is!"

"I want to kill 'er!"

coldly

with his face to the window
(d)

"Odour of Chrysanthemums"
"Odour of Chrysanthemums"

English Review (8: 415-435) June 1911

415
primroses

many twiggy apple trees...sinister looking bushes

416
torn and scattered groups of dish¬
evelled pink chrysanthemums.
there was no quickness, no lightness in her movements.
calm and proud
dark and cold
pale chrysanthemums

throwing the flower away

the pair stood

417.
"I've just come right for a cup of tea," he said in a merry little
fashion.
mash for him
trying to resume his merry
excusing himself:
"...living with strangers, a man of
my years. I'm used to sitting on my
own hearth with my own woman. And
if I'm going to marry again it may as
well be soon as late - a few months
make no difference."

stared about in much discomfort
"I don't know when he hasn't"

"He is doing well - an gives me."..

The Prussian Officer

204
wintry primroses

205
some twiggy apple trees

dishêvelled pink chrysanthemums
-
calm and set
dark
chrysanthemums

206
laying the flower aside
The mother and son stood

"Have you got a cup of tea"? he said
in a cheery, hearty fashion.
mash
reassuring his cheery
yet with dangerous coldness:
"...for a man of my years, to sit at
my own hearth like a stranger. And
if I'm going to marry again it may
as well be soon as late - what does
it matter to anybody?"

stood assertive
"When hasn't he?"

207
"He gives me..."
"It's a crying shame, he wants horse whipping." said the little man.

Walter Bates counted nothing but his own pleasure and interest. Even now slouched past A child clothes

"I've repented the day I ever let you have him."

She seemed to be occupied by her husband. slung past Someone outdoor things

"I am doing!"

wondering anger, itself, its, its, anger

"...in his button-hole".

with deference and sympathy

"I dunna thing there's om't amiss - 'e's non ower theer, though!" - he jerked his head to signify the "Prince of Wales."

as if trying to make the best of it "I bet that's wheer he is!" declared the husband.

minutes...thee "It's a' right - dunna mention it - you quite welcome!"

She was about sixty years old, pale, with blue eyes, and her face all wrinkled and lamentable. She shut the door and turned to her daughter-in-law peevishly.
the other's strong, capable hands.

...wailed

The tears were running down the furrows which her old laments had left.

...and with despair

"and now this —!"

"What have you come to tell me? Let me know!"

loose fountains...sharpness

wailed..."It's an awful thing, it is indeed an awful thing!"

426

startled

"straight down to you"

"Think of that poor little thing as isn't here by six months"

The tears came to her eyes at the picture. Then in thought she arose once more - he had killed her 'sentiment' - and began to consider the children. At any rate she was absolutely necessary for them. She clung to the thought of the children.

"he was a good lad. I don't know - good lad...a dear lad."

"good lad wi' me, he was, there's no denying."

plaintive

427

"a dear little lad as ever you could wish to set eyes on."

"You've nothing left - but trouble; and you're never too old for trouble, never too old for that —!"

...nodded...garden

cried

--

--

"I'm sure it's enough -!"

"What do you mean? What is it?"

fountains...directness

moaned..."it's a thing, it is indeed!"

216

frightened...almost brought her to herself.

"straight down"

"How long is it, six months"

The tears offered to come to her eyes at the picture. But what sentimental luxury was this she was beginning? She turned to consider the children. At any rate she was absolutely necessary for them. They were her business.

"he was, in his way: happy lad...only full of spirits

"jolly enough lad wi' me, he was, I can assure you."

irritating

217

"an' I learned to understand him and to make allowances. You've got to make allowances for them -"

"But it's trouble from beginning to end; you're never too old for trouble, never too old for that -"

...darkness
"Well, it wor like this,"
"And is he much—has it made a mess of him?" asked

"What?—did 'e say 'e was suffocated?"

"Yes.—that's 'ow it wor!"

"My boy!"

"They'd no business to ha' left 'im. ...Not ten feet of space, there wasn't yet it never bruised him."

lying serene
"I never knew anything like it...it ...like a vault—" sweeping gesture.

"It wor that!" corroborated one of the men.

They forced the horror of the thing upon the woman's imagination.


"Steady, Missis!" said the manager. "It's a bad job, I know it is, but—"

was much gentler than when she had called at the foot of the stairs.

"They only brought your father home."

They could imagine her smoothing the bedclothes over the shoulders of the soothed children.

"Well, I couldn't say for sure,"
"And crushed him?" cried seems

"What?—what did e' say it was?"
"'E wor smothered!"

unknowning

of horror

"He'd no business to ha' been left. Not four feet to space—scarce bruised him."

lying prone
"It is the most terrible job I've ever known...like a mouse-trap"—sharp, descending gesture.

—

The colliers standing by jerked aside their heads in hopeless comment.

The horror of the thing bristled upon them all.

was much agitated, with an unreal gentleness.

"Has he come?"

"Yes, they've brought him..."

They could hear her voice in the bedroom. They waited whilst she covered the children under the bedclothes.
"No! Don't be silly..."
"and don't wake him."
"Is it him asleep?"
"Yes, He's all right, what are you bothering for?"

so she became quiet

with the face of her son between her hands
whispered softly
very dim
She pulled off his stockings, vexed by the knot of the dirty tape garter. Like most miners, he was fairly clean in his person, so that she was not ashamed for him. Elizabeth unfastened the leathern belt from round his waist.

whispered,

(A complete word comparison between the 1909 and 1911 texts may be found in J.T. Boulton's "D.H. Lawrence's 'Odour of Chrysanthemums': An early version" published in Renaissance and Modern Studies, Vol. xiii, 1969, pp. 6-48.)
"The Vicar's Garden"

and

"The Shadow in the Rose Garden."
"The Vicar's Garden"
and
"The Shadow in the Rose Garden"

"The Shadow in the Rose Garden" was first published in The Smart Set for March 1914. Lawrence does not mention the story by title in his correspondence but it is undoubtedly "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" he means in his reference to two stories accepted by The Smart Set.¹

I wish you would send to Ezra Pound - 10 Church Walk, Kensington, W. - three or four copies of my poems, and send me the bill for them. I owe him something like a sovereign, which the Smart Set sent him as commission, for getting them my two stories. This commission he sent on to me 'as being averse from returning anything to the maw of an editor, and unable to take commission on my work!' - I didn't want Pound's pound of commission.²

Keith Sagar places the date of composition "as early as the summer of 1908"³ and believes that the tale was "probably written about the same time as The Vicar's Garden,"⁴ but the style and handling of the early sketch are very different from the later versions of the tale. Moreover, "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" bears a strong similarity both in style and method to the second and third "Odour of Chrysanthemums" versions and to the early "White Stocking" and it is more probable that it was written in that period, between 1910 and 1911.

1. The other tale is "The White Stocking".
4. ibid., p. 7.
"The Vicar's Garden" is a juvenile piece of writing which gives little promise of Lawrence's later mastery over the short story form. Tedlock says of it:

This manuscript probably dates from the same time as 'Legend', 1907, Lawrence's second college year, since it is on identical paper and both texts bear the same relationship to the texts published in The Prussian Officer.

The manuscript text is little more than a descriptive sketch. A honeymooning couple discover a beautiful rose garden, delight in it, wonder what kind of person the owner, a vicar, can be. In a brief denouement the landlady of the house where they are staying tells them that the vicar does not live in the house in the garden but keeps there his son who returned from the war insane. The text ends in amateurish fashion: "The honeymoon will not, I fear, be spent by that bonny northern bay." In the published text Lawrence developed a much more complex and dramatic situation, and his growing mastery is evident.

"The Vicar's Garden" is a poor piece of writing, burdened with heavy allusions and sentimentality, as the opening paragraph reveals.

She had been silent for some minutes. The hill from the Bay is so steep that words only brew in the mind and are not uttered until the short stretch of level lane is reached. When she began to speak I knew she had been taking a wistful look into the Future from the delightful promontory of the Present which we had gained now after a long hoping, and planning, and working. Lawrence has not yet learned to let his characters describe themselves in the tale, relying instead on his narrator (the tale is in the first person, a framework which Lawrence seldom used with success), and the accounts are sentimental and stereotyped.


6. "The Vicar's Garden", p. 1 from a typescript in the possession of The University of California. A copy of the tale is included in this section of Appendix A following the above discussion.
He was a little man with ragged black whiskers, as meek as a maggot. The idea of fleeing before him! Moreover he was good-natured, flowing with the milk of human-kindness and the honey of generosity.

The conclusion to the tale is similarly flawed, with its condescending portrait of the landlady and the unconvincing dialogue between her and the young couple.

"The Vicar's Garden!" exclaimed our old landlady in her delightful accent – she was a charming woman – "Oh, we call it the vicarage garden, because the vicar doesn't live there. No – it's his son, you know, and he's mad."

"Mad!" echoed my companion, clinging to my arm. "If I had known I should not have dared go by those windows. There now, that's why they have no curtains, front or back, for fear he would set fire to them. I knew there was a reason."

"Yes," continued our landlady, lifting her hands and shaking her head. "The Vicar, poor man, lost both of his sons. This one went out to a war – there was a war some time back?" I nodded, and she went on: "Yes, he went to the war, and he had a fever, and it got in his head, poor man, and he's never been right since. So the vicar put him in the vicarage with his keepers, and himself lives in the Bay."

"And the other son?" she asked in great concern.

"He went to Australia, a wild country, and got lost in the bushes and wandered round and round, but there's no water there, so he died of thirst. Ay, very sad, very sad." The old lady wiped away a tear.

"And they were all he had," she concluded.

"The honeymoon will not, I fear, be spent by that bonny northern bay." 7

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7. ibid., p. 6.
8. ibid., p. 8.

An insight into the reasons behind this wholly uncharacteristic sentimentally in Lawrence's writing may be gained from some of his correspondence about the early drafts of Lastititia (which became Nethermae and, finally, The White Peacock.) On 4 May 1908 he wrote to Blanche Jennings:

"College game me nothing, even nothing to do – I had a damnable time there, bitter so deep with disappointment that I have lost forever my sincere boyish reverence for men in position...Well, when my boyhood – and I was born a boy, out out for eternal boyishness – began to drop from me as the grains drop one by one from a head of oats, or ten at a time when rudely shaken, then I began to write. Consequently, I wrote with crude sentimentality, being sick, having lost the health of my laddishness, all the humour that was the body of my mind's health dead. I finished the first writing last June – since then I have written the whole thing again." (C.L. I, pp. 8-9.)
When Lawrence re-wrote the sketch he took the theme of this immature piece of writing and transformed it into a dramatic account of an episode in the life of a newly married couple. "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" retains the story of a young honeymooning couple who go to a seaside resort but Lawrence has altered the nature of the incident that takes place in the vicar's garden. Instead of the superficial description of a romantic girl's absorption with some roses, Lawrence gives us a dramatic confrontation between this newly married woman and her former lover, now a lunatic, and the impact of this event both on her and on her husband when she tells him of the encounter. The profound understanding revealed in the accounts of the respective reactions of the young people clearly demonstrates the immense development between the early sketch and the later stories and gives tribute to Lawrence's growing insight into human nature and to his craft as a writer.

The two versions of "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" are very similar and the differences between them are not stylistically major ones. The tales bear much the same relationship to each other as the second and third versions of "Odour of Chrysanthemums" do and the re-writing reveals a pattern of revision similar to that colliery tale. The language becomes more precise and forceful and hints of authorial intrusion are eliminated. Thus in the opening paragraph of the two versions "miserable oil-paintings" becomes "oil paintings"; the young man's "air of resignation" is altered to the more precise and evocative "expression of stiff endurance"; and

In a letter, again to Blanche Jennings, dated 26 October, 1908, Lawrence vows: "I want to have another whack at Laetitia, to take the sentimentality out of her...I will certainly squash the sticky juice of sentimentality out of her." (G.L. I, p. 32).
the miner's evaluation of the painting is left to speak for itself in the change from "evidently getting some satisfaction out of 'The Stag at Bay', which held him for a few moments" to "giving careful but hostile attention to 'The Stag at Bay'."

Lawrence changes some of the dialogue between the young couple and makes it more natural. The hint of the authorial voice in "As a rule... there's nothing so miserable as going back to places where you used to live" becomes "I should ha' thought you'd rather go to a fresh place," he said at length," which, with its hint of a dialect, is more in keeping with the miner's character.

In the confrontation between the young woman and her former lover, Lawrence gives a deeper analysis of the woman's reaction to the meeting.

Contrast:

He was a young man somewhat military in appearance, but growing stout. His black hair was brushed smooth and bright, his mustache was waxed. But there was something rambling about his gait. She looked up blanched to the lips with fear, and saw his eyes. They were black and stared without seeing. But he was coming to her.

He made a sharp, jerky salute, and sat down beside her on the seat. He moved on the bench, shifted his feet in a shuffling fashion, saying: "I - I don't disturb you - do I?"

She was paralyzed with fear and shock. He was scrupulously dressed in dark clothes and a linen coat. Not seeing his face, some of her fear went, and a certain warmth, a wild hope came up in her. She lost her head for a moment, seeing his hands, with a ring she knew so well on the little finger, resting on his thighs. But even their curious half-grasping look frightened her. She was utterly lost to herself.

I, p. 74.

He was a young man, military in appearance, growing slightly stout. His black hair was brushed smooth and bright, his moustache was waxed. But there was something rambling in his gait. She looked up, blanched to the lips, and saw his eyes. They were black, and stared without seeing. They were not a man's eyes. He was coming towards her.

He stared at her fixedly, made unconscious salute, and sat down beside her on the seat. He moved on the bench, shifted his feet, saying, in a gentlemanly, military voice: 'I don't disturb you - do I?"
She was mute and helpless. He was scrupulously dressed in dark clothes and a linen coat. She could not move. Seeing his hands, with the ring she knew so well upon the little finger, she felt as if she were going dazed. The whole world was deranged. She sat unavailing. For his hands, her symbols of passionate love, filled her with horror as they rested now on his strong thighs.

II, pp. 144-145.

In the revised story Lawrence eliminates phrases which are near-cliches or which state the obvious, thus: "blanched to the lips with fear" and "paralyzed with fear and shock" become "blanched to the lips" and "mute and helpless". His description of the mad officer is better through a few minor but effective changes, in particular the addition of the sentence "They were not a man's eyes". The first version contains phrases reminiscent of the language used to describe Elsie in "The White Stocking" such as "She was utterly lost to herself", which recalls "Elsie was almost lost to her own control". The technique of referring to the protagonists as "he" and "she" (there is no mention of the names of the protagonists) links the tale to this phase of Lawrence's work. The second version's semantically unusual language in the sentences "She felt as if she were going dazed" and "She sat unavailing" convey the shock of the meeting on the young woman. 9

Similarly the subtle but significant alterations in the second text a few lines later improve the analysis of the young woman.

9. The unusual use of language to convey emotion was something Lawrence recognised very early in his writing. He writes to Blanche Jennings about Balzac's Eugenie Grandet:

"As for Eugenie's kiss - an unconscious artist often puts the wrong words to the right feeling. So long as the feeling's right, it doesn't matter so much."

(U.L. I, p. 43).
"No," she said, and her heart went cold, her soul fell back from him. He moved, made a sharp salute and started up, and went away eagerly. She sat motionless with fear. And yet she loved him, the shape of his head, of his hands. But there was a curious stiffness about him that horrified her. Suddenly he came back again, his hand in his jacket pocket.

I, p. 74.

'No,' she said, and her heart was cold, her soul kept rigid. He moved, made a loose salute, rose, and went away. She sat motionless. She could see his shape, the shape she had loved, with all her passion: his compact, soldier's head, his fine figure now slackened. And it was not he. It only filled her with horror too difficult to know.

II, p. 145.

The sensation of horror is better conveyed in the second text which links the woman's perception of her lover - "his shape, the shape she had loved, with all her passion: his compact, soldier's head, his fine figure now slackened" - with the flash of free indirect speech "And it was not he". The thought is similar to Elizabeth Bates' recognition of the isolation of the human soul when she looks at her husband's body "It was itself". Moreover the formulation "It was not he" connects the tale with the second "White Stocking" where Elsie recognises Ted's presence "That was he".

Although the two versions of "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" do not differ greatly Lawrence has expanded the conclusion in accordance with his usual method of revision, going more deeply into the effect of the lovers' meeting on the husband and wife. The profound insight into the young couple and the language which Lawrence uses to describe that insight both recall the conclusion to "The White Stocking".

10. The formula is repeated several lines later, emphasizing the shock of this recognition on the young woman: "She sat and heard him talking. But it was not he. Yet those were the hands she had kissed, there were the glistening, strange black eyes that she had loved. Yet it was not he."

(Italics mine) II, pp. 145-146.
Still she did not answer him anything. He went away from the door to the window. A yellowish dimness was coming over the sky. There was going to be a storm. He stood with hands behind him, his back to her. She looked at him. His hands looked gross to her, the back of his head paltry.

At length, almost against his will, he turned round, asking suddenly:

"And how far did it go?"
"Did what go?" she replied coldly.
"Between you and him?"
She lifted her head, averting her face from him.
"I loved him, whatever I did," she answered enigmatically.
He stood looking at her, trying to get a real answer.
"You mean —"
He seemed to shrink, awaiting her answer.
"Yes."

Very slowly, he lifted his open hand and laid it on the dressing table to steady himself. He began to speak, but got nothing out. Then, hurt into simplicity, he said:
"You should have told me."

It was this she felt so hard to accept. She closed her mouth and held herself shut from him. Then a queer, pathetic look came into her face, as if she were yielding herself up to pain.

"And then today," she went on, confessing to something greater than he, "I saw him in the rose garden - and he is out of his mind -"

There was silence in the room. He felt the suffering was greater than he was. It was queer, to him, to find himself submerged.

"In what way?" he asked.
"I don't think he knew me; he has a keeper to - look after him."

Still she did not answer him anything. He went away from the door to the window. He stood with his hands behind him, his back to her.

She looked at him. His hands seemed gross to her, the back of his head paltry.

At length, almost against his will, he turned round, asking:

"How long were you carrying on with him?"
She lifted her head, averting her face from him. She refused to answer. Then she said:

"I don't know what you mean, by carrying on. I loved him from the first days I met him - two months after I went to stay with Miss Birch."
"And do you reckon he loved you?" he jeered.
"I know he did."
"How do you know, if he'd have no more to do with you?"
There was a long silence of hate and suffering.
"And how far did it go between you?" he asked at length, in a frightened, stiff voice.

"I hate your not-straightforward questions," she cried, beside herself with his baiting. "We loved each other, and we were lovers - we were. I don't care what you think: what have you to do with it? We were lovers before ever I knew you -"
'Lovers - lovers,' he said, white with fury. 'You mean you had your fling with an army man, and then came to me to marry you when you'd done -'

She sat swallowing her bitterness. There was a long pause.
'Do you mean to say you used to go - the whole hogger?' he asked, still incredulous.

'Why, what else do you think I mean?' she cried brutally.

He shrank, and became white, impersonal. There was a long, paralysed silence. He seemed to have gone small.
'You never thought to tell me all this before I married you,' he said, with bitter irony, at last.
'You never asked me,' she replied.
'I never thought there was any need.'
'Well, then, you should think.'

He stood with expressionless, almost childlike set face, revolving many thoughts, whilst his heart was mad with anguish.

Suddenly she added:
'And I saw him today,' she said. 'He is not dead, he's mad.'

Her husband looked at her, startled.
'Mad!' he said involuntarily.
'A lunatic,' she said. It almost cost her her reason to utter the word. There was a pause.
'Did he know you?' asked the husband in a small voice.
'No,' she said.

The early text tends to be slightly melodramatic with its hint of the storm to come: "A yellowish dimness was coming over the sky. There was going to be a storm" and in the dialogue between husband and wife in which Lawrence is uncharacteristically coy: "'You mean - ' He seemed to shrink, awaiting her answer. 'Yes.'". In the later version Lawrence gives this dialogue greater dramatic effect in a number of ways, in particular by merging the characters' speech with description of their states of being and of the emotions underlying the words which pass between them, as in "There was a long silence of hate and suffering." The dialogue becomes more natural with a convincing use of idiom and colloquialism, thus: "'You mean you had your fling with an army man' and 'Do you mean to say you used to go - the whole hogger?'" Lawrence gives the conflict between husband and wife added depth by linking the characters' physical appearance, that is
how each character looks to the other or to an observer, with the emotions inside that character. "He stood with expressionless, almost childlike set face, revolving many thoughts, whilst his heart was mad with anguish."
The similarities between "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" and "The White Stocking", both dealing with conflict in a marriage, are evident, even to some striking parallels in phrasing between the tales. Consider:

(1) He was satisfied, taking her for granted like the sky above. "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" (I, p. 72)

(2) Else had had time to get used to her husband, and to take him for granted, as one takes the air one breathes. "The White Stocking" (I, p. 105).

The concluding paragraphs to the two "Rose Garden" versions succinctly demonstrate the differences between them and confirm the method of revision which the thesis has suggested is characteristic of Lawrence.

Her husband watched her. She was pale and silenced. And he had nothing to do with her. He lifted himself, trying to ease himself, and sighed.
"We can't stop here then," he said.

I, p. 77.

He stood and looked at her. At last he had learned the width of the breach between them. She still squatted on the bed. He could not go near her. It would be violation to each of them to be brought into contact with the other. The thing must work itself out. They were both shocked so much, they were impersonal, and no longer hated each other. After some minutes he left her and went out.
II, p. 151.

The first version suggests the breach between the couple in the phrase "And he had nothing to do with her" but the second version makes the isolation of the individual more explicit, and in its technique and style it is similar to the third ending of "Odour of Chrysanthemums".

The alterations between the texts, with the exception of the endings, do not result in a significant difference in style or method, but they
do illustrate once again Lawrence's tendency, even in minor revision, to
greater verbal precision in his revisions and his impulse to search deeper
into his characters' minds and hearts for the motivations for their
actions and speech. Both the conception and execution of "The Shadow
in the Rose Garden" put it far closer to "The White Stocking" and "Odour
of Chrysanthemums" than to the early "Vicar's Garden" of Lawrence's
pre-White Peacock period where Keith Sagar would place it.

The complete text of "The Vicar's Garden" is given below and a word
comparison of the two versions of "The Shadow in the Rose Garden" follows.
She had been silent for some minutes. The hill from the Bay is so steep that words only brew in the mind and are not uttered until the short stretch of level lane is reached. When she began to speak I knew she had been taking a wistful book into the Future from the delightful promontory of the Present which we had gained now after a long hoping, and planning, and working.

"This," said he, "would be a perfect place for a honeymoon."

Then she blushed and I smiled.

"You see," she said hastily, "the hills and the headlands give us such a lovely, happy corner of the world to ourselves, and then there are such—"

"Smug little nests in the cliffs," I suggested, but she was meditating a higher flight.

"Such great stretches of moor where you might fancy you were the only two in the world."

"Paradise Regained" I commented.

The comment was lost on her. She had dropped my arm and was peeping through a doorway opening in a high stone wall by the roadside. I must peep also. She was already tip-toeing.

(2) across a shadowy courtyard paved with blue and brown pebbles from the beach towards a cluster of inquisitive, beckoning sunbeams on the other side. Through a tall, narrow archway in the opposite wall crowded the sunbeams, forcing a way through the clusters of half-translucent young ivy-leaves, and tempting us on to a green and gold path of light promising warmth and beauty beyond.
It was too tempting for the woman. She crept on. I looked this way at the open house door, and that way, where was another egress from the cool shadows of the courtyard. Then a man appeared, and I retreated hastily on to the lane. I heard his clattering tread across the narrow pebbles, I heard the rustle of a dress and the patter of feet as she flew towards us. But the man followed determinedly. She brushed her stray hair into place and prepared to meet him. I turned my back on him.

"Did you want anything?" asked a meek little voice.

"It looked so pretty and fascinating," she replied. "I felt I must have just one look."

I took courage and looked around. He was a little man with ragged black whiskers, as meek as a maggot. The idea of fleeing before him! Moreover he was good-natured, flowing with the milk of humanity and the honey of generosity. He carried a shallow basket, almost like a wicker-work tray, whereon rolled great gooseberries, heavy and fat, and purple like aldermen, and

(3)

where reclined bunches of currants, black and big with pale-green sweetness.

"The garden was open to visitors yesterday," said the delightful little man musingly. He saw her look of appeal and continued almost bashfully:

"You can go in now, if you like."

In an instant she was tripping across the gloomy courtyard, scorning the servant who stared through the black uncurtained window. Joy to tread the path of sunlight, joy to pass through that wonderful archway which tempted one so with its lofty promises! She waited for me impatiently on the lawn, by the gleaming bay-bush, then before I reached her she darted off
again to the flower-beds along the sides of the grass-plot, hovering over them like a white butterfly. Having found a seat by the path at the far end of the lawn, I sat down and looked before me.

At my feet the ground sloped downwards, slanting, I surmised to the little beck, the same that babbleth through the village and rushes into the sea so eagerly between the waves. I lifted my eyes from the godetias and pansies, over the rose-bushes, over an arch of crimson ramblers, over the tops of the tall trees that fill the beck valley, and I saw the little northern bay sleeping before me, and the great headland seeming in the morning haze an infinite distance away. Beyond the splendour of the flowers so near to me, crimson and scarlet, pink and purest white, lay the mysterious sea, pale, grey-blue, and very still. The rugged beck was softened and made tender also by the morning yet young and fond.

My companion was by my side, reproaching me. "How can you sit still in this lovely place and not look at the flowers? Come, see this."

She lifted a heavy-headed rose, and I must put my face to its cool, fresh lips, and inhale the sweetness and sympathy it breathed out to me; I must stroke with my finger the velvet smoothness of the darkest crimson blossoms; I must taste the piquancy of this strange tea-scented flower. Unless I admired and was ecstatic she was not satisfied; when I was all rapture she too was happy. She took a great spray in her arms, and clasped the big loose-petalled blossoms till her breast was covered and her face glowed over a bush of roses. I did homage, and she led me on.

The paths wound down the hill, now between the dark high hedges, now out among the sunlit roses and under trailing clusters of honeysuckle and of
clematis. Occasionally, when the ground was for a space level, or nearly so, we would come upon a glorious company of roses which leaned cheek to cheek in happy sisterhood or flaunted bravely in the sun, or fluttered down to the ground like a cloud of butterflies settling. There were roses almost black, dusky and splendid, and the colour ran through crimson and carmine till it was found lingering like a faint pure passion in the heart of some virgin flower; there were nuns with white full

(5)

bosoms in the depths of which purity reflecting upon purity showed cold and green, the colour of ice; there was the 'beaute inconstante', flaming in the bud, but fickle, apt to turn out sullen reddish-yellow.

How we gloried in the Vicar's roses. We followed the downward path to its end in the chilly pine-wood, then wound our way up again on the other side of the garden. When we sat again on the seat at the end of the lawn the headland was less distant, and the morning older by over an hour.

"I have never," she sighed, sinking down onto the seat beside me, "I have never been so happy."

She, however, had not looked across at the sea and felt again its immense mystery and aloofness.

"I wonder," she mused, "what kind of a man the vicar is. I wish I were he. I could write sermons in the garden and live holily in the vicarage. While I am toiling away, the vicar's daughter sits here with her book or her canvas. But it's good of him to let us come, and perhaps we have something he has not. I will just go and get a glimpse of those greenhouses in the other garden."
So off she went again, as wandering and erratic as her thoughts.

"The vicar's garden!" exclaimed our old landlady in her delightful accent - she was a charming woman - "Oh, we call it the vicarage garden, because the vicar doesn't like there. No - it's his son, you know, and he's mad."

"Mad!" echoed my companion, clinging to my arm. "If I had known I should not have dared go by those windows. There now, that's why they have no curtains, front or back, for fear he would set fire to them. I knew there was a reason."

"Yes," continued our landlady, lifting her hands and shaking her head. "The vicar, poor man, lost both of his sons. This one went out to a war - there was a war some time back?" I nodded, and she went on: "Yes, he went to the war, and he had a fever, and it got in his head, poor man, and he's never been right since. So the vicar put him in the vicarage with his keepers, and himself lives in the Bay."

"And the other son?" she asked in great concern.

"He went to Australia, a wild country, and got lost in the bushes, and wandered round and round, but there's no water there, so he died for thirst. Ay, very sad, very sad." The old lady wiped away a tear. "And they were all he had," she concluded.

The honeymoon will not, I fear, be spent by that bonny northern bay.

Typescript, in the possession of the University of California.
An air of resignation came onto his face. He rose; miserable oil-paintings evidently getting some satisfaction out of "The Stag at Bay", which held him for a few moments with the satisfaction he had derived from the sight of himself. It had healthy body but derived no nourishment therefrom glancing round guiltily turned hastily wistfully and doubtfully shut off. To be in ignorance of him, so mild smile for hours "If I were you," she said, "I should forget the pit while we're here." looking with a faint twitch of contempt entirely indulgent. Evidently she found fault with their apartments "...whilst Mrs. Coates lays the table I can hear her setting the tray." "be quick about it," Mrs. Coates, the desired, masculine fashion, because his wife was on his arm. "Just of a height they are, just." "equal in wits."

And expression of stiff endurance came on to his face. Then he rose oil-paintings giving careful but hostile attention to "The Stag at Bay". with his appreciation of his own physiognomy. It was new and had confident body Then sauntered on to the next plant. glancing round turned watching her apart abstracted and in ignorance of him. wild smile long enough 'I shouldn't have thought the pit would occur to you here.' looking grudgingly indulgent. She shrugged her shoulders at the apartment. "... till Mrs. Coates brings the tray." "be quick"

Mrs. Coates confident fashion, with his wife, on his arm. 'Just of a height they are.' 'equal otherwise'.
"I should ha' thought he'd want 'em more if he wasn't happy," said the child, in the tone of a wiseacre.

gratification
he sat down to breakfast

*I didn't come for that, either".
"What for, then."
"You know I lived here for two years"

"As a rule", he said, "there's nothing so miserable as going back to places where you used to live."

became...stealthily

"And do you think I'm going to be miserable?" she asked.

"Don't talk about me in the village, Frank", 'I don't want them bothering me."

"Why?"

"Yes - only - I wondered why you came at all."
"To see"

He was satisfied, taking her for granted like the sky above.

"to come so badly"

laughed prettily.

"They'd be sure to tell you what a little flirt I was."

he...smiled to himself

"I'll bet you were," he said comfortably.

said, subdued

he said, laughing, "I won't' give you away; I want to keep you myself."

impatience
the couple came in to breakfast.

141
"I'm at home here - it's not like a strange sea-side place to me."

"How long were you here?"

'Two years'.

'I should ha' thought you'd rather go to a fresh place,' he said at length.

sat...delicately

"Why?" she said, 'Do you think I shan't enjoy myself?'

'But don't say anything about it in the village, Frank,' 'There's nobody I want to meet, particularly, and we should never feel free if they knew me again!'

'Why did you come, then?'

'Not if you don't want to know anybody.'

'I came to see' He did not say any more.

"to come"

laughed shakily.

'I don't want my past brought up against me, you know.'

said phlegmatically:

'I'll bet you've had a lot of past.'

said, caressive

he said, comforting, laughing, 'I won't give you away.'
He was pleased with himself, because of this speech.

She jerked up her head, changing the subject, and said, rather hard and yet forcing the tone of a caress:
"I must see Mrs. Coates this morning, and I've several little things to do. So you go into the bay, will you, and we'll have dinner at one; then I'll show you where I used to live - shall I?"

talking with"

"What a blessing I brought some benzine!"

so when...onto the cliffs.

Tiptoed timidly
forward

"The Rector lets visitors in on all days but Sundays and Tuesdays."

tentatively
sweet smile
as through a gate of fire
within
jutted
with a transfiguration
was a great bed of flowers,
put down
looking at the many flowers
then standard roses
In the middle were beds of other flowers...

...uplifted

142
He was pleased.

She remained silent. After a moment or two she lifted her head, saying:
'I've got to arrange with Mrs. Coates, and do various things. So you'd better go out by yourself this morning - and we'll be in to dinner at one.'

"arranging with"

'I've got plenty of little things to do this morning. You'd better go out by yourself'.

so that when...on to the cliffs, suppressedly angry.

tiptoed nervously
again forward
towards

143
'The rector lets visitors in on Fridays and Tuesdays.'

coaxingly

winning smile
a gate of colour
with
jutting
transfigured with pain and joy
a great host of flowers shone, closed
among the many flowers
or roses balanced on the standard bushes.

By the open earth were many other flowers...
upraised.
dreamy
hold
talking
flushed slightly
note
a rose that was going to fall, slip its white petals.
suddenly dropped onto her knee. She saw it violently...something moved

Everything vanished; the sunshine became common, the trees hard;...the use went from her somewhat militarily in his appearance but growing stout.
about
blanched to the lips with fear
But he was coming to her
He made a sharp, jerky salute, and
feet in a shuffling fashion, saying:

"I - I don't disturb you, do I?"

She was paralysed with fear and shock.

Not seeing his face, some of her fear went, and a certain warmth, a wild hope came up in her. She lost her head for a moment, seeing his hands, with a ring she knew so well on the little finger, resting on his thighs. But even their curious half-grasping look frightened her. She was utterly lost to herself.

asked suddenly...with a dart

"Certainly," she murmured, ineffectively, for he was not listening. Perhaps he recognized her and was only awkward. A flash went through her. She began

pathetic
fill
conversing
flushed
blot
a rose that could not quite come into blossom, but remained tense.
dropped on her knee...She watched it cruelly...a figure moved into her sight.
The morning was shattered, the spell vanished away...the strength went from her military in appearance, growing slightly stout.
in
blanched to the lips
They were not a man's eyes. He was coming towards her.
He stared at her fixedly, made unconscious salute, and
saying in a gentlemanly, military voice:

'I don't disturb you - do I?'

She was mute and helpless.

She could not move. Seeing his hands, with the ring she knew so well upon the little finger, she felt as if she were going dazed. The whole world was deranged. She sat unavailing. For his hands, her symbols of passionate love, filled her with horror as they rested now on his strong thighs.

asked intimately, almost secretly

She could not answer, but it did not matter, he was in another world. She wondered, craving, if he recognized her - if he could recognize her. She sat pale with anguish. But she had to go through
he said thoughtfully
paid no need to his words, only she
attended to him. Could he recognize her,
or was it all gone? She sat still in
a frozen kind of suspense.

'I smoke John Cotton,' he said, 'and I must
economize with it, because it is expensive.
You know, I'm not very well off while these
lawsuits are going on.'

was cold...kept rigid.
loose salute, rose,...
She could see his shape, the shape
of his compact, soldier's head, his fine
figure now slackened. And it was not he. It only filled her with
horror too difficult to know. Suddenly
he came again.

said. 'Perhaps I shall be able to
see things more clearly.'

filling
fine strong fingers
inclined
healthy man
moved inaccurately
business
'precisely...but I can never get it
done.'

74-75

He was mad. Her heart went still,
and the world seemed to spin around
her. Then a great tenderness filled
her heart. He dropped his pipe.
She picked it up and put it in his
hand, as if he were a child. The
contact with him made her tremble: he
was the man she had loved, and still
loved. Suddenly he started up, and

145-146.
She sat and heard him talking.
But it was not he. Yet those were the
hands she had kissed, there were the
glistening, strange black eyes that
she had loved. Yet it was not he.
She sat motionless with horror and
silence. He dropped his tobacco pouch,
and groped for it on the ground. Yet
she must wait if he would recognize her.
her heart seemed to explode in her breast.

"I suppose my solicitor will have come."

handsomely made and in perfect health, a man of about thirty. She had been so overweeningly proud of him.

"Won't you come to supper?" he said. She was looking at his splendid physique which she had loved so much, which roused in her some of the same passion, and at the same time made her shrink with horror. He took her hand nervelessly, dropping it almost immediately.

He went

'I have just been giving the lady a little," the latter said politely.

Set and mechanical

her brain...and fell, and yet her state was unbearable. She sat with clenched fists...an ivy spray waved monotonously, up and down, up and down.

She sat perfectly still, afraid to move from her set position.

she began to listen

alert, sturdy figure

slightly angry

stood sturdily

Why could she not go! In a moment he rose.

'I must go and see if he has come.'

uncertain. He was a handsome, soldierly fellow, and a lunatic. Her eyes searched him, and searched him, to see if he would recognize her, if she could discover him.

'You don't know me?' she asked, from the terror of her soul, standing alone.

He looked back at her quizzically. She had to bear his eyes. They gleamed on her, but with no intelligence. He was drawing nearer to her.

'Yes, I do know you,' he said, fixed, intent, but mad, drawing his face nearer hers. Her horror was too great. The powerful lunatic was coming too near.

approached, hastening

The deranged man stopped and looked at him.

The keeper went...

'I was just asking this lady to stay to lunch,' the latter said politely. 'She is a friend of mine.'

Hastening and blind

some membrane...in her...fell
She sat...an ivy spray waved slowly up and down in the sea wind.

She sat perfectly still, without any being. She only felt she might be sick, and it (147) might be blood that was loose in her torn entrails. She sat perfectly still and passive.

she registered his movement.

alert figure

puzzled and angry

stood obstinately
He could not bear it suddenly on her, he asked: She flinched, but answered: "No; why?"

and hated him, amongst her other feelings.

Why couldn't they leave her alone? heart swelled hot in her. How she hated him and his dinners! She was paralyzed, and did not want to move. But speak...and she answered her husband's anxiety with the cold answer that nothing was the matter. He became silent with rage.

bedroom door accumulated rage against her had never really had her; she had never loved him and given herself up to him. This had baffled him. But he was And he
Gradually this had hurt his self-respect, because she did not love him.

turned suddenly latch guilty toward him because she did not love him. ominously

It exasperated him on her at length, driven, he asked: 'No, Why?' she said neutral. He did not exist for her, except as an irritant.

and, with the residue of feeling left to her, she disliked him because he tormented her. But she could not move. She had no being. heart grew tight in her. It was difficult for her to endure his presence, for he would (148) interfere with her. She could not recover her life. talk...She sat absent, torn, without any being of her own. He tried to go on as if nothing were the matter. But at last he became silent with fury.

bedroom door. She must be alone. suppressed anger against her who held herself superior to him.

had never really won her, she had never loved him. She had taken him on sufferance. This had foiled him. He was

But all the while, the injury and ignominy had been working in his soul because she did not hold him seriously.

turned catch hatred towards him because he did not leave her free. determinedly
She hated him. She hated the way he spoke, lifting his lips from his teeth, which clenched the pipe.

sideways, in a dangerous fashion

coolly to consider

asked, challenging her to tell a lie
If she did lie, he would turn his back on her. After all, he was honest. She was afraid.

"torment me, is it?"
"I want to know what it is."
"Why should you?"

he said.

he was determined

he seemed petty to her

lifted her head in pride

pang of pity for his tortured eyes

of a stubborn animal.

She was wrong to him; she had never loved him.

Suddenly

he so much

He stood with his back to the door

she began,

" - she and the Rector had been friends since they were children, and she was awfully fond of Oswald. He was the Rector's son, and his mother had died when he was little."

The husband looked at his wife.

" - then he quarreled fearfully with his colonel, who was a beast, and he came out of the army."
I was watching the wedding ring on her hand and watching her movements which filled his veins with madness.

"Twenty-seven"
"Well, get on."

She hardened herself as if from a blow, and said callously:

hating her for having been thrown over by another man
with resentment

"Tripoli...dysentery -"

"He shouldn't ha' gone, then," said the husband, almost sympathetic now. "He wouldn't if it hadn't been for me," she said.
"Why?", he asked angrily
But she paid no heed to the question. Neither spoke for a time.

A yellowish dimness was coming over the sky. There was going to be a storm.

His hands looked gross
he turned round, asking suddenly:

The Smart Set
"And how far did it go?"
"Did what go?" she replied coldly. "Between you and him?"

She lifted her head, averting her face from him.
"I loved him, whatever I did," she answered enigmatically.
He stood looking at her, trying to get a real answer.
"You mean - "

He seemed to shrink, awaiting her answer. "Yes".

Very slowly, he lifted his open hand and laid it on the dressing table to steady himself. He began to speak, but got nothing out. Then, hurt into simplicity, he said:

"You should have told me."

It was this she felt so hard to accept. She closed her mouth and held herself shut from him. Then a queer, pathetic look came into her face, as if she were yielding herself up to pain.
"And then today," she went on, confessing to something greater than he, "I saw him in the rose garden — and he is out of his mind —"

There was silence in the room. He felt the suffering was greater than he was. It was queer, to him, to find himself submerged.

"In what way?" he asked.

"I don't think he knew me; he has a keeper to — look after him."

Her husband watched her. She was pale and silenced. And he had nothing to do with her. He lifted himself, trying to ease himself, and sighed.

"We can't stop here then," he said.

The Prussian Officer

(see pages 150 and 151)
"Legend"

and

"A Fragment of Stained Glass"
"Legend"
"A Fragment of Stained Glass"

"Legend" was one of the three stories Lawrence submitted for the Nottinghamshire Guardian competition in 1907. L.W. Tedlock writes of the manuscript:

The manuscript text begins with three paragraphs, "A page from the Annals of Gresleia," telling how the monks while they chanted were startled by a noise at the chapel window. To them it was the Devil, envious of the beautiful glass and seeking to enter, but the Lord sent Angels to drive the Devil away, though the window was broken. Thenceforward the broken figure of the Saint Bartolph had power to heal. After this introduction, the story of the serf begins, with him already a fugitive, and told in the third person. The flight of the serf and the girl who befriends him and the stealing of a bit of glass is in both texts, but the published version bears no resemblance to that of the manuscript beyond mere framework.

Unfortunately this early manuscript version was not available for comparison with the later text until after the completion of the thesis.

Lawrence re-wrote the tale in the spring of 1911 and mentions it in his letters to Louie Burrows.

I've done the transcript of the Legend tale. It's jolly good. If Austin Harrison wants it, you can have the proofs. — And soon, in a day or two, I'll send you the Chrysanthemums to copy — shall I?

The other story won't want copying, I think. I think it'll stand just as it is. You shall see it in a day or so.

By the end of July Lawrence had corrected and returned the proofs of the tale to the English Review and it was published in the September 1911 issue.

2. Boulton, Lawrence in Love, p. 89 (dated 1st April, 1911).
3. ibid., p. 93 (dated 6th April, 1911).
I send you the MSS of the story that is to appear in the September English. I have corrected and returned the proofs. Hope you will like the tale. Lawrence's estimation of the story, however, subsequently changed and whenever thereafter he refers to it, he speaks critically of it.

Thank you for your eulogism on the 'Stained Glass' story. It is a bit of tour de force, which I don't care for - the tale I mean.

He writes to Ernest Collings in 1912:

You should look up, in back English Reviews, "Odour of Chrysanthemums" - a story full of my childhood atmosphere - and the glamorous enough "Fragment of Stained Glass". Excuse my cheek.

I'm glad you prefer "Odour of Chrysanthemums" - I do. But the literary people who have talked to me, so many of them, prefer "Stained Glass". But I hate the conventionalized literary person.

Lawrence's opinion about the popularity of the "Stained Glass" story is supported by the Athenaeum review of The Prussian Officer volume which considered "A Fragment of Stained Glass" one of the best stories in the collection!

One of the stories, "A Fragment of Stained Glass", is a clever piece of imaginative work, well conceived, and showing knowledge of the periods presented of old-time life in an English country-side.

The early "Legend" is related to the later tales by its similar theme but the style of the sketch is laboured and amateurish. Lawrence's attempt to invest the opening paragraphs with an archaic quality is unsuccessful since the language bears little relation to the medieval English it is intended to suggest.

6. ibid., p. 126 (dated 24th July, 1911).
8. ibid., p. 171 (dated 24 December 1912).
His descriptions of his protagonists, in particular the account of Scarlatte, are unconvincing. Lawrence links together adjectives which attribute a series of contradictory qualities to a character. We are told of Scarlatte: "He was a great sturdy fellow, loutish in his movements, but having something imposing in his appearance, because of his slouching defiance and crude humour." Neither "slouching defiance" nor "crude humour" are characteristics which are particularly imposing. Of the millar we are told: "The bullying old scoundrel stamped off", yet there has been no previous description of the man to support the author's value judgment. Thus at an early period we can see Lawrence's tendency to exaggerate, in his desire to make a forceful impact on the reader, through his choice of adjectives and adverbs as he later does in the portraits of Mr Massey in "Two Marriages" and those of the sergeant and the Baron in "Vin Ordinaire". His failure to establish convincing qualities in his characters contributes to the failure to portray the relationships between those characters. Thus the account of the relationship between Scarlatte and Matty is so sketchy and conventional that it reads like something out of a women's magazine: "From the exulting chuckle Matty then knew he was thinking of liberty, and recklessness, perhaps of her own soft, plump figure." Again, the unsatisfactory description of the relationship between a young man and woman foreshadows the badly handled one between Emilie and Bachmann in "Vin Ordinaire".

The later versions of the tale are substantial improvements over this early sketch. The descriptions of the countryside, especially, contain some promise of the freshness and observation of detail characteristic of Lawrence's writing at its best.

Beauvale is, or was, the largest parish in England. It is thinly populated, only just netting the stragglers from shoals of houses in three large mining villages. For the rest, it holds a great tract of woodland, fragment of old Sherwood, a few hills of pasture and arable
land, three collieries, and, finally, the ruins of a Cistercian abbey. These ruins lie in a still rich meadow at the foot of the last fall of woodland, through whose oaks shines a blue of hyacinths, like water, in May-time. Of the abbey, there remains only the east wall of the chancel standing, a wild thick mass of ivy weighting one shoulder, while pigeons perch in the tracery of the lofty window. This is the window in question.

The narrative moves into the first person, the story is told indirectly by the vicar of Beauvale.

He put a shade over the lamp so that the room was almost in darkness. 'Am I more than a voice?' he asked. 'I can see your hand,' I replied. He moved entirely from the circle of light. Then his voice began, sing-song, sardonic: 'I was a serf in Rollestoun's Newthorpe Manor, master of the stables I was.'

The tale is expanded to twice its original length and is made more believable since the descriptions of the characters are to some extent linked to descriptions of the motivations for their actions and speech. Nevertheless "A Fragment of Stained Glass" is considered by common critical consent to be an immature piece of writing. Graham Hough dismisses it as "a feeble juvenility, with its laborious but pointless indirect narration and its absurd attempt at historical evocation." The tale is perhaps one of the few failures in Lawrence's early experimental writing.

The textual changes between the tale as it was published in the English Review and The Prussian Officer are very slight and do not reveal a significant change in method or style. The alterations are generally in favour of brevity

10. The Prussian Officer, p. 103.
11. ibid., p. 105.
and Lawrence has avoided a few of the more obtrusive clichés:

(1) "and her cheek, which was wet with the rain of her eyes whose running mingled with mine" is altered to "and her hair, which was wet with the rain of my eyes";

(2) "the livid face of the pond" becomes simply "the pond";

(3) "refreshment" becomes "food";

(4) "pain and sleep will give me over" is altered to "I shall sleep till somebody finds me".

The changes are too minor and too few to affect the style, tone, or content of the tale. In the word comparison given below, page numbers refer to the text as it appears in the English Review and the Penguin edition of The Prussian Officer. The full text of "Legend" follows.
"No, of course not. Tell me what you think."
"I gloss my book," he replied.
"Your great work? - Good. Tell me."

The brute
I was sturdy because we horse-serfs got plenty to eat. I was sturdy but they flogged me till I could scarcely move.

...till they thought I was dead. I was sturdy because we horse-serfs got plenty to eat. I was sturdy but they flogged me till I did not move.

night after night
wind
food
the pond
wasted labour
grunted
Shuddering with hunger and fear
squealing
She held my wrist, looking afraid into my eyes. I clasped her to kiss her.

was keen in kissing.

"It is enough. I am willing."
"No," she said, and she wept softly.

"None shall kill me but myself."

shivered convulsively

shivered and my throat would not swallow.
"pains and sleep will give me over"

"What else?"

"I shall sleep till somebody finds me."

"What?"

angered

108

"I am tired."

---

Her tears fell helplessly

"before I am discovered."

"for I am unarmed."

"You are tall," she said, "You are strong, but"

"Your eyes are dark, they shine, but ah, with weariness."

I...be cheered.

"Your eyes are dark but they are wide open?"

---

"What do I find in the wood... save evil things. And shall I run into the morning gibbering and fond to be no more a man, but a witless creature... Alone in the forest will I not go now, through fear of the night."

"Ahey will not hurt me,"

"Not along — do you come —"

for gladness

246

"I will not sleep in the wood... for I am afraid. I had better be afraid of the voice of man and dogs than the sounds in the woods... Alone will I not go now."

"Bring me a knife;"

"Not now — I will not —"

---

"Let us go," she said, and blindly I followed her.

Then I knew where I was.

110

angry...weal

deep into

gleam
"Ah," she cried, "What is it? 'Tis you are afraid."
"Nay, though we wander through doors into faery or heaven's room, I am careless at heart. Though faery glance at us between the snow, or cunning spirits, or though we pass through flying, wondering angels, and find ourselves elsewhere, I care not. It matters not what surrounds us. Like a shadow I am to thee, that no wind can blow away, nor spirit steal."

Ah..." she called.

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

249

with bold feet

sunrise

"wear such a like a red flower—only a small, a little, like a rose- berry scarlet in one's breast."

flew like coloured moths

"have such a little light like a red flower—only a little, like a roseberry scarlet on one's breast!

250

"My arms", said I, "are smeared with blood, my knees, my feet, my back."

and her cheek, which was wet with the rain of her eyes whose running mingled with mine.

"You have killed it," she answered.

251

"Ah"

"Ah..." she called.

red with my blood

"Mine," she pleaded.

"Yours," I said and I gave it. She smiled in my face, lifting her arms to me. I sought her out with my mouth, found her mouth, her white throat.

"Hush," I said.

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and her hair, which was wet with the rain of my eyes.

"It is magic," she answered.

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"But..." she answered.

red of blood

"Give it me," she pleaded.

I gave it her. She held it up, she smiled, she smiled in my face, lifting her arms to me. I took her with my mouth, her mouth, her white throat

"No," I said.
"Suddenly, as we chanted the Gloria in Excelsis, came a cracking from the great window where hong in the glasse Our Lord upon the Cross. It was the malicious, envious Devil which in his wroth did rend the beauteous picture of the glasse, and sought to enter and silence the Triumph of the Lord. Then saw we the iron claws of the monster pierce the window, and his face, flaming red, did glour down upon us. Our hearts melted, and we sank on our knees. The foul breath of the Unrighteous filled the Church, weakness took all our limbs, and we thought to die. Flames of hot poisonous air scorched us. We fell on our faces. 

Then the Lord sent his angels to take charge of us. The Unholy one uttered a loud roar which did burn our bowels, and the earth heaved. With hideous howlings and screechings, as of a legion of demons, the Filthie one was driven from us. Those bold enough among us looked up and saw the golden wings of the Saint Botolph gleam as he came from the Glorious Heavens to defend us. From a sling which he spun till it was one righ of flame he hurled his white-hot bolts into the Evil One whose poisonous weapons could not harm the Holy Saint. By the Glorious Saint were we delivered.

(2)

When the sun rose again on Christmas morning we ventured out on the snow. The Evil One had hurled down the figure of Holy Botolph, which lay broken on the ground, and there was a great hole in the window where the Blood from the Blessed Woundes had dissolved out at the touch of the Devil. But so had it hurt his beastly hands that he must needes let it fall,
where it splashed the shaft of the window, and lay upon the broken figure of the Saint. Henceforward the broken Saint had vertue for the heal and bless..."

Scarlatte kicked the sere, yellow grass in surly indecision. He looked towards the West, over the frozen water, where the sickly winter sun set in smoky fog. He had eaten nothing all day, but had hid in the forest under the broken yellow bracken. Now hunger brought him out, and lent him the courage of desperation.

Scarlate was the serf of Ralph de Molun. He had joined the peasants and villeins in thir revolt; he had been present at the hanging of the lawyer Tend from Nottingham, then he had fled into the woods, homeless and friendless, to save his miserable life. Now hunger made him desperate, and he stood under the great oaks on the border of the forest, kicking the coarse frozen grass with his great clouted boot.

(3)

There was a sound of hoofs along the road and Scarlatte, though tired of life, bounded with great leaps into the darkness of the wood, his leather breeches crackling as he ran. He was a great sturdy fellow, loutish in his movements, but having something imposing in his appearance, because of his slouching defiance and crude humour. He swung on through the wood, devouring the distance with great strides. It was astonishing how quietly he moved, considering his heavy clownish gait. But he swung his feet clear of the thick bedded s$k-leaves and dropped them noiselessly in the brown,
yielding mass. Sometimes he snapped the tangled branches, or stumbled in the brambles, but he bore on determinedly.

Soon he came again to the edge of the wood, into the openness of the twilight. He did not look round, but passed on among the black, moss-scattered boles of the great trees till he came within hearing of falling water. It was a sound which made him shiver. He stopped and looked round.

Hundred yards from the woodside stood a little cottage in a hollow, with a taller building beside, and one or two sheds. It was a little mill. From the shed came the curses of a man as the cow shifted from the milk-bucket. A girl with a yoke across her shoulders bearing two wooden pails crossed the frozen filth of the yard to a shed where pigs were screeching and squealing, having smelt or heard, or spied her approach through the chill dusk. There was a slobbering splash as she emptied the pails, followed by grunts, and slovenly suckings, and squalls of disappointment and rage.

(4)
The man in the wood felt half-inclined to rush out and take what he could to eat from the mess. But he waited a moment. The girl took a stick and prodded the greediest swine from the trough. Then came the wailing cry of a peewit from the wood, which she did not hear because of the squealing din. He called again, and again.

She heard and remembered how in the servants' kitchen Scarlatte would amuse the rout by imitating the calls of birds and animals. Wondering, she ventured out a little way towards the wood, peering about. Scarlatte appeared, and she turned and fled in terror. "Matty, Matty," he called softly.

She hesitated, halted and turned round. He waved to her, and she waited.
Cursing her timidity, he strode across the grassy space and crouched into the pigsty, pulling her after him. "Fetch me some bread, little Matt," he whispered eagerly.

"What for?" asked she, trembling and stupid.

"To eat, fool. I have starved all day in the wood. Matty, feel here; I am dead cold, and have eaten nothing all day. I am glad to feel you, you are so warm. But fetch me some bread, Matty, or I shall die here and the pigs will eat me."

"The girl shuddered, and then said simply:

"Come. I will tell my father to give you food: he is good."

Scarlatte thought of the curses from the cowshed, and remembered the bullying miller when he, the serf, had gone to fetch flour for the manor.

(5)

"I am outlawed, Matty, and if they find me they hang me. You would not have me hanged?"

"No," she whispered, ready to cry.

"Bring me food, then, Matty. It is heaven to feel the warmth of your body. Go then."

When she went, he made friends with the pigs and lay among them. They were suspicious and would suddenly wriggle from him with a squeal, but he lay still, and they became confident.

It was some time before she returned. At last she crept through the low door, and from her underclothing took out a flat brown loaf and a piece of meat. The man almost tore them from her hand, then, noticing her fright at the savage gesture, fought down his fierce desire to tear the food; he moderated himself and kissed her before beginning to eat. As he
ate he held one of her hands, and when bread and meat were gone, he said:

"What shall I do, Matty? Today I have lain like a skulking rabbit under the bracken till I was frozen stiff and almost famished. I must do the same tomorrow and the next day, till I am frozen so stiff I can never move again."

"You could run about; that's how to get warm," said Matty.

"Shall I run like a fool for nothing? No, I shall go to Snottage."

"And he hanged?"

"Better he hanged than live in misery. It is only a choking rope round the throat; then one feels no more cold, and hunger, and loneliness."

(6)

I am just the fellow to dangle from a tree like rotten fruit." He stroked his fine legs, and pushed back the tangled black hair from his dark eyes. Then he dropped his head. Matty began to cry, so he drew her to him, and put his bearded cheek against her fresh young face. After a while:

"Farewell," he said, though not attempting to go.

"No, no," said Matty, clinging to him.

"But what can I do? Your father will come out and find me, and I shall die today instead of tomorrow. Poor Matty, never mind; there's no need for you to cry. Why, if you cared, you might help me."

"Oh, I do care; you must not be hanged like all those I have seen."

"Then don't cry. I would rather be caught than make you cry. There."

He kissed her and stroked her cheek.

"Matty", he said in a new tone, "if you would bring me a knife and another coat and some more bread when your father is asleep, I might find the coney
cave that no one knows, and be safe there."

"But in the morning what should I do? Oh, I daren't."

"If you would go with me, Matty, I should be a glad man. Think. I should be freed; we would live together in the big cave so snug and dry. I could catch rabbits and a deer now and then, and I would take from the rich that which they've got from our blood. I would get you beads, Matty, and earrings for your ears. You would have to feed no pigs, but you'd be my lady, Matty. I would be your servant."

(7)

"Hark!" she said. "That is my father. Wait," and Matty hurried out.

With the cunning of the simple she answered her father's questions: "I was littering down the sow in the little sty. I think they will come tomorrow."

"I'll go and have a look," he said.

"No, don't," she interrupted eagerly. "She is mad now, and you know if you make her wild she'll eat her farrow. There is a body of vagabonds in the wood. I heard them. Is the mill bolted?"

"Ay, well enough. Go on, while I look round," and the bullying old scoundrel stamped off. After a while he returned, ready to go to bed.

"You had better put your bow ready, father, for fear they come," said the girl.

"Don't be a fool," he answered; "they will not trouble me. Come, get to bed. What on earth do you want, sitting wasting rushlights?"

"It is so cold; I will have a sheepskin to cover me," and taking one, she retired to the little cell where she slept among the stacks of firewood and the food.

After some time her father began to snore. She got up, wrapped food in
the sheepskin, put on her cloak and crept into the next room. The old man snored on, by his side his bow and arrows.

(8)

These, and a hunting-knife, she snatched up, and noiselessly unlatching the door, slipped out. It was a moonless night, frosty, and bitter cold. She ran to the stable and called him softly. He limped out, rubbing his cramped limbs. Seeing her, he kissed her again, slung the food and the sheepskin over his shoulder, took the bow and knife from her trembling hands, and, without a word, holding her hand in his, they hurried off through the wood.

Soon they came out of the wood again onto the open grassland, where only occasional trees had wandered from the forest. Scarlatte laughed now as they hurried on. From the exulting chuckle Matty knew he was thinking of liberty, and recklessness, perhaps of her own soft, plump figure. At any rate he put his arm round her, under her cloak, and she trembled.

Suddenly they came on the tall dark buildings of the Abbey. Scarlatte guided her back to the edge of the forest, about a hundred yards from the little chapel. But the monks began to sing, and Matty was curious. She begged to be allowed to listen, and they crept nearer. The great east window glowed with colour, streaming radiant light on the hard ground.

"Oh! Oh!" she grasped as she perceived the wonder of the stained glass. "Oh, get me that red," and she pointed to the Blood of the Hands and Feet and Side as it gushed out in great streams in the pictured Crucifixion.

"No," he said, "I can't - you don't want it."

"I do; you said you would get it me. Oh, I do want it. Oh,
it is all wonderful, redder than poppy-flowers," She gazed transfixed on the glowing red glass, nor would she move to his entreaty. With a little curse he flung down his bundle and taking only his knife, began to climb the carved front. At last he got upon the head of a saint, and could reach the lowest panes of red. He dug at the lead with his knife but could not poke out a piece. Getting angry, he hit hard and knocked a hole in the window through which he peeped at the terrified monks, who had hushed their Christian hymn. He grinned and chuckled as he saw their terror, craning forward to see them better. This was his undoing. The stone saint came from its pedestal and with a loud roar he fell, carrying with him a piece of the window, and slitting his arm so that the blood rushed out.

Matty wailed and rushed to him. He got up, unhurt except for the cuts, and taking the red glass and his other belongings, set off at a run for the forest, Matty following, sobbing and panting.

When they had reached the little spring where Robin Hood was wont to drink, Scarlatte knelt down and drank deeply, for the running and the wounds made him thirsty. Matty sat by his side, still sobbing.

"Here, fool," he said as he tore a strip of cloth from her clothing to bind up his arm, "here is what you made all the trouble for," and he gave her the glass.

"This is not it," she wept. "This is rough black stuff.

This is not it. Oh, I wish I had not come."

"Tie up my arm, Matty; it is so sore." She dried her tears and, between her little convulsive sobs, bound up his wounds.
She was weary before they reached the wave, and leaned on him. At last, however, they arrived. He put her on the sandy floor and wrapped the sheep-skin round her; then, having collected dried oak-leaves, he made a fire. Having warmed himself, he took her in his arms.
"Second Best"
"Second Best" appeared in the English Review issue for February 1912 (10: 461-469). It is an early story, written before the spring of 1911, for Lawrence mentions in a letter to Louie Burrows dated 12th April 1911 that he intends to send four stories to Austin Harrison for approval.

I've finished the fourth story - it's the 'White Stocking' written up. Mac says it's fantastic. Really, it's not up to a great deal. But I intended to do four & four are done. I'll send them as soon as I get the Chrysanthemums from you. Then Austin Harrison can see how he likes 'em.

The four stories were "The White Stocking", "Odour of Chrysanthemums", "A Fragment of Stained Glass" and probably "Second Best". "The White Stocking" was not published in the English Review but the others appeared in the issues for June 1911, September 1911, and February 1912, respectively.

The only other early reference which might include the tale occurs in Lawrence's correspondence of 12 June 1911 with Martin Secker on the publication of a volume of short stories.

There have appeared in print, in the English Review, two and two only of my tales. Because nobody wanted the things, I have not troubled to write any. So that, at present, I have two good stories published, three very decent ones lying in the hands of the editor of the English Review, another good one at home, and several slight things sketched out and neglected.

The two published stories refered to are "Goose Fair" and "Odour of Chrysanthemums". Lawrence mentions a story which is undoubtedly "Second

1. Boulton, Lawrence in Love, p. 98.
2. G.L., I, p. 78.
Best" in his letters to Louie Burrows and Edward Garnett in January 1912.

This is the MS of a story that is to appear in next month's English. I don't care much for it. Harrison is putting in next month's English story I do not care for. Altogether, I am out of sorts in my literary self just now.

The story is one which, like "The Shades of Spring" and "A Modern Lover" deals with Lawrence's unresolved relationship with Jessie Chambers. Unlike the other two tales, however, "Second Best" is presented from the woman's point of view and is, as Graham Hough put it, "better for the hero's absence". It is little more than a sketch. Two sisters are talking to one another and we learn that the elder, Frances, has been abandoned by her cultured, sophisticated lover. She settles instead for another young man: "If she could not have the best - Jimmy, whom she knew to be something of a snob - she would have the second best, Tom."

The differences between the texts published in the English Review and The Prussian Officer are very slight and do not affect the style or tone of the tale. The ending is expanded and slightly changed, revealing Lawrence's

5. "The Shades of Spring" was written by 30th December 1911 (see C.L. I, p. 90) and revised by 8th March, 1912 (see C.L. I, p. 102).
6. "A Modern Lover" was an early story, written before the summer of 1909 (see C.L. I, p. 102).
tendency, even in such a brief revision, to go deeper into the physical and emotional states of his characters in his rewriting.

She laughed in his face, a strange little laugh that caught her breath, all agitation, and tears, and appeal. He looked so helpless and wistful. She put her hand on his bare arm.

"Do you care for me?" he asked in low, shame-faced tones.

She nestled her face on his bosom, with a shaky laugh. She badly wanted fondling, caressing, soothing. He caressed her very tenderly.

\[\text{English Review p. 469.}\]

She laughed in his face, a strange little laugh that caught her breath, all agitation, and tears, and recklessness of desire. He looked frightened and upset. She put her hand to his arm.

'Shall you go out wi' me?' he asked, in a difficult, troubled tone.

She turned her face away, with a shaky laugh. The blood came up in him, strong, overmastering, overmastering. He resisted it. But it drove him down, and he was carried away. Seeing the winsome, frail nape of her neck, fierce love came upon him for her, and tenderness.

'We'll 'ave to tell your mother,' he said. And he stood, suffering, resisting his passion for her.

'Yes,' she replied, in a dead voice. But there was a thrill of pleasure in this death.

\[\text{The Prussian Officer p. 138}\]

The second passage, although not substantially different from the first, contains hints of the repetition ("overmastering, overmastering") and semantic vagueness ("he was carried away") which characterise Lawrence's later style when describing the emotions of his characters. The slight reduction in dialogue in the revised text and the longer ending are consistent with Lawrence's general habits of revision.
in astonishment on the other hand, was twenty-three, despairing but resenting from love

dry-grassed hillside the red and orange of the village shone like fruits.
very quiet
"Why not, don't other men?"

eye

"Why not, he's as much right as anybody else?"

fond glared painfully she walked with a beautiful dignity of repose natural advance

now she was coming to Tom quite amiably...but remaining easy-minded, free of thought or introspection as any lad of seventeen.

He did not examine or appreciate: he only felt that Frances was a rare, delicate kind of being, whom he scarcely perceived, but whom he realised with a queer and delicious stimulation in his veins.

surprised was much older, about twenty-three, desperate objecting to

hill-side shone the small red and orange of the village.
very detached 'Look here, and relief

eyes

"Why not, he's as much right as anybody else?"

fond of her glared white she walked with dignity, detached, and forgetful.
unheeding advance

This man only affected her slightly.

amiably...but remaining unattached, free of trouble for the most part. Only he knew he wanted a woman.

Frances was a rare, delicate kind of being, whom he realised with a queer and delicious stimulation in his veins.
let him
about her life
Still if she did not hold out her
hands to life and cry to it, she
loved it well enough.

467
"Hello, you are back!"...appeal in his
voice. "Which part of you?"
lived him
really liked
innocence of life...fascinating
masculinity.
"You never was staunch enough to tackle
it by yourselves, was you?" he teased.
Well, it bit me",
"Oh, I see..." he mocked.
"Don't you talk like that!" Anne scolded
sharply.
"Oh, why wasn't I?"
"Because our Frances doesn't like it."
"Oh, I see, that's it, is it?"
He glanced in some sort of fussiness at
Frances.

"I don't mind, Tom can talk as he pleases
Frances flashed. She was offended by
his readiness to jump at intimacy.
The vulgar speech did disgust her,
moreover, for Jimmy, whom she longed
for, was so particular, such a
gentleman. However, she remembered her
resolve, and managed to add sweetly,
smiling at Tom:

He, however, being matter-of-fact in his
mind, did not realize. His feeling had
never become conscious, purposive.

show him
-
Still, she would have something.

snob

"You are back, then!"...uncertainty in his
voice. "This isn't you, then?"
was with him
-
ignorance...slow masculinity.

"Did you find it dead?" he asked

"No, it bit me,"
"Oh, aye,..."
"No it didn't!" Anne scolded sharply.
"Such language!"
"Oh, what's up wi' it?"
"I can't bear you to talk broad".
"Can't you?"
He glanced at Frances

137
"It isn't nice," Frances said. She did
not care, really. The vulgar speech
jarred on her as a rule; Jimmy was a
gentleman. But Tom's manner of speech
did not matter to her.
"Though I like you to talk nicely when I'm here."

"I see," he replied, again tilting his hat distractedly.

"And generally you do, you know," she smiled.

"I'll have to have a try if I can manage it," he muttered.

flippancy that cost her a great effort. flippancy that was hateful to her.

English Review, pp. 468-469.

"I'll bet it di an' all," he replied, turning deferentially to her, and adding tenderly: "Well that was better than having ever so many goes at it, as you'd have had to do shouldn't you?"

"Not if I was cross," she said decisively.

"No? I can't see you killing a mole, though," he replied, still with the tenderness of a lover.

"I could if I was cross," she retorted, "Of if it was necessary."

He was quick to seize his opportunity.

"And isn't it necessary?" he asked.

"We - ell - is it?" she drawled, laughing.

"It is to me," he replied, very weightily.

She laughed quickly.

"And does that say it is to me?" she asked.

"That's just as you please," he answered humbly.

She did not care for his humility, yet anything else would have offended her.

"I see," she said; and there was an awkward pause.

"You'd like me to kill moles then, would you?" she asked tentatively, after a while.

"They do us a lot of damage," he said.

"Well, I'll see the next time I come across one," she promised. Their eyes met and the bond of intimacy was established between them. He felt troubled as he never had been before, excited, expectant, restless. She smiled as she departed.

The Prussian Officer, pp. 137-138.

"You're not so good at knockin' em?" he said, turning to her.

"I don't know, if I'm cross," she said decisively.

"No?" he replied, with alert attentiveness.

"I could," she added, harder, "if it was necessary."

He was slow to feel her difference.

"And don't you consider it is necessary?" he asked, with misgiving.

"W - ell - is it?" she said, looking at him steadily, coldly.

"I reckon it is," he replied, looking away, but standing stubborn.
She laughed quickly.
"But it isn't necessary for me," she said, with slight contempt.
"Yes, that's quite true," he answered.
She laughed in a shaky fashion.
"I know it is," she said; and there was an awkward pause.
"Why, would you like me to kill moles then?" she asked tentatively, after a while.
"They do us a lot of damage," he said, standing firm on his own ground, angered.
"Well, I'll see the next time I come across one," she promised, defiantly. Their eyes met, and she sank before him, her pride troubled. He felt uneasy and triumphant and baffled, as if fate had gripped him. She smiled as she departed.

English Review
-
said Frances

The Prussian Officer
to my thinking,
said Frances coldly

English Review

469
"Well, I've done it you see," she said.
"Ay, I see you have," he replied, taking the velvet corpse into his fingers and examining it minutely. This was to hide his trepidation.
"Did you think I shouldn't?" she asked, her face very near his.
"Well, I didn't know what to think."
She laughed in his face, a strange little laugh that caught her breath, all agitation and tears and appeal. He looked so helpless and wistful. She put her hand on his bare arm.
"Do you care for me?" he asked in low, shame-faced tones.
She nestled her face on his bosom, with a shaky laugh. She badly wanted fondling, caressing, soothing. He caressed her very tenderly.

The Prussian Officer

139
"Here you are then!" she said.
"Did you catch it?" he replied, taking the velvet corpse into his fingers and examining it minutely. This was to hide his trepidation.
"Did you think I couldn't?" she asked, her face very near his.
"Nay, I didn't know."
She laughed in his face, a strange little laugh that caught her breath, all agitation, and tears, and recklessness of desire. He looked frightened and upset. She put her hand to his arm.
"Shall you go out wi' me?" he asked, in a difficult, troubled tone.
She turned her face away, with a shaky laugh. The blood came up in him, strong, overmastering, overmastering. He resisted it. But it drove him down,
and he was carried away. Seeing the winsome, frail nape of her neck, fierce love came upon him for her, and tenderness.

"We'll 'ave to tell your mother," he said. And he stood suffering, resisting his passion for her.

"Yes," she replied, in a dead voice. But there was a thrill of pleasure in this death.
(h)

"The Soiled Rose"

and

"The Shades of Spring"
Lawrence wrote "The Soiled Rose" immediately after a severe illness in the winter of 1911.

I think I'll send you this story. My sense of beauty and of interest comes back very strong. I wrote this story last week, in bed—before I could sit up much. You'll find it, perhaps, thin—maladif. I can't judge it at all—one reason why I send it.

The story was revised in March 1912 and accepted by the New York magazine *Forum* although it was not published until March 1913.

It is good news from the *Forum*! I have altered the story much to my satisfaction. What do you think? I enclose also the duplicate. Will the title do? Shall you send the duplicate to the English and ask Harrison to publish it simultaneously with the *Forum*? You know better than I.

I enclose a story I wrote three years back, and had forgotten. It is on the same theme, and I thought it might interest you.—it is really curious. But before it was ever submitted to a publisher I would like thoroughly to revise it.

The other story referred to is "A Modern Lover". Lawrence attempted to have the tale published simultaneously in England and asked Edward Garnett to submit it on his behalf. Austin Harrison, then editor of the *English Review* to whom Garnett sent the tale, rejected "The Soiled Rose" and the story did not appear in England until May 1913 in the *Blue Review* (successor to *Rhythm*), which also

1. C.L. I, p. 90 to Edward Garnett (dated 30 December 1911).
3. C.L. I, p. 102, to Edward Garnett (dated 8 March 1912).
4. published in *Life and Letters* (9:257-289) for September 1933 and collected in *A Modern Lover*. 
published some of Lawrence's stories). 5

Lawrence was initially pleased with the tale as his letter to Katherine Mansfield about its publication indicates:

Dear Miss Mansfield: I can't send you a story from here, not at once, because I haven't one. But the Forum is publishing one either in March or February - I am not sure - called 'The Soiled Rose' - a sickly title, but not a bad story, I think. If it were for March, might you not publish simultaneously? Ask Edward Garnett, will you - he got the Forum man to take that story for me. 6

However, his opinion of it changed subsequently.

Perhaps you are a little bit mistaken about 'The Soiled Rose'. I wrote it while I was still in Croydon - still in bed after the last illness. Don't you think it a bit affected? It is a bit stiff, like sick man's work. - So that the philosophy which is in 'The Soiled Rose' didn't hold good for me long after the writing of the story. I had not really seen the best, when I left Croydon.

This letter is significant because it reveals Lawrence's growing insight into his own artistic temperament and the relationship between his experience and his writing. The letter foreshadows the well-known correspondence to A.W. McLeod a few months later in which Lawrence writes:

I felt you had gone off from me a bit, because of Sons and Lovers. But one sheds one's sicknesses in books - repeats and presents again one's emotions, to be master of them.

5. The correspondence dealing with the publication of 'The Soiled Rose' is quite extensive. See C.L. I, p. 104, p. 106, p. 169, p. 181, p. 182, and p. 192. See also Letters (ed. Humley) p. 202 (dated 7 July 1914) where the story is listed for The Prussian Officer volume under the title 'The Dead Rose.'


7. ibid., p. 206 to Helen Corke (dated 29 May 1913).

8. ibid., p. 234 (dated ? 26 October 1913).
These letters reveal his deep personal commitment to his work and support Graham Hough's belief that much of the integrity of Lawrence's writing is connected with his progress in self-knowledge. Graham Hough writes of "The Shades of Spring":

There are two stories directly concerned with the Miriam relationship: "A Modern Lover" and, rather more developed, "The Shades of Spring". In both a Midland young man, now half-sophisticated by a spell of metropolitan life, comes back to see the girl he has left. In both stories she has found another man, but the endings are different. In "A Modern Lover", the less real of the two, the girl returns to the hero; in "The Shades of Spring" she reproaches him for his futility, and reveals that on the day of his marriage she has given herself to her new gamekeeper lover. The constant re-handling of this theme reveals an unsolved personal problem, and neither story makes any advance towards a solution. This sounds irrelevant, but it is not quite; the integrity of Lawrence's writing on this theme depends on progress in self-knowledge. Here we have a mere compulsive circling round. Both stories are nearer to The White Peacock than to Sons and Lovers, and the uneasy element of half-deprecatory preening in the presentation of the hero is even more apparent.

Lawrence's break with Jessie Chambers affected him profoundly as he himself admitted:

Muriel wants absolutely to have done with me - neither to hear of me nor from me any more. She sent my last letter back - it was in Italy, two months ago. It was a stupid letter - you know how stupid I can be - but it hardly merited being sent back. It upset me. But there, she knew her own affairs best, and it was definite.

Jessie Chambers describes the disintegration of their relationship.

It roused my irony that he should take my doom for granted, and in spite of my misery I laughed, and replied:

'No, I don't think I shall turn bitter.' But Lawrence was in such deadly earnest that he did not perceive why I laughed. Now, in the novel, he had taken up the same position, and appointed himself judge and executioner. He held over me a doom of negation and futility. It pressed upon me like a weight, making the nights and days a torture. I dreaded lest I should come to fulfil it, as he seemed convinced I must.


10. C.L. I, p. 207 to Helen Corke (dated 29 May 1913). The earlier portion of this letter has been quoted above; see footnote 7.

This "doom of negation and futility" which Lawrence hung over Jessie in the novel is also present in "The Soiled Rose" and "The Shades of Spring".

The two versions were written within three months of each other but although the revisions are extensive neither the theme of the tale nor its style alter. This is because Lawrence has made little progress in understanding the problem of his failed relationship with Jessie Chambers; his conception of the situation had not altered and so both his style and method in the revised text remain essentially unchanged.

The story contains lyrical descriptive passages of great beauty which Lawrence left the same in the revised text. Thus the description of the countryside on the first page was barely altered at all (words in the early version are in parentheses).

The path through the wood, on the very brow of a slope, ran *winding* easily for a time. All around were twiggy oaks, just issuing their gold, and floor spaces diapered with wood-ruff, with patches of dog-mercury and *tafts* of hyacinth. Two fallen trees still lay across the track. Syson jolted down a steep, rough slope, and came again upon the open land, this time looking north as through a great window in the wood. He stayed to gaze over the level fields of the hill-top, at the village which strewed the bare upland (plain) as if it had tumbled off the passing waggons of industry (civilisation), and been forsaken. There was a stiff (forlorn), modern, grey little (little grey) church, and blocks and rows of red dwellings, lying at random; at the back, the twinkling headstocks of the pit, and the looming pit-hill. All was naked and out-of-doors, not a tree! It was quite unaltered (since his childhood).

"The Shades of Spring" p. 114.

It is in the accounts of the characters and their conflicts with each other that the writing becomes strained and neurotic. Lawrence identifies himself with Syson and attempts to invest him with a superiority which is clearly a dream wish-fulfilment. The opening dialogue between Syson and the gamekeeper is revealing:
He stood with the butt of his gun on the ground, staring insolently and questioningly at Syson. The dark, restless eyes of the trespasser, examining the man as if he were a tree or a flower, troubled the keeper and made him angry.

"Where's Naylor, and his velveteen skirts? He can't be dead —?" Syson implored.

"You're not from the House, are you?" inquired the keeper. It could not be, since everyone was away. Syson's mobile mouth broke into a laugh.

"No, I'm not from the House," he said. It seemed to amuse him.

"Then are you going to answer my question?" said the keeper disagreeably.

"Which? Oh, certainly — I beg your pardon!" Syson was laughing all the time. "I am going to Willey Water Farm."

"This isn't the road." The man was certainly a bully.

"I think so. Down this path, paddle through the water from the well, and out by the white gate. I could go blind if I tried."

"Happen so, but you'd be trespassing all the same, did you know that?"

"Did I? I say, how strange! I am sorry. No, I used to come so often, in Naylor's time, I had forgotten. Where is he, by the way?" 12

"The Soiled Rose" p. 7.

He stood with the butt of his gun on the ground, looking uncertainly and questioningly at Syson. The dark, restless eyes of the trespasser, examining the man and penetrating into him without heeding his office, troubled the keeper and made him flush.

"Where is Naylor? Have you got his job?" Syson asked.

"You're not from the House are you?" Syson asked. It could not be, since everyone was away.

"No, I'm not from the House," the other replied. It seemed to amuse him.

"Then might I ask where you were making for?" said the keeper, nettled.

"Where I am making for?" Syson repeated. "I am going to Willey-Water Farm."

"This isn't the road."

"I think so. Down this path, past the well, and out by the white gate."

"But that's not the public road."

"I suppose not. I used to come so often, in Naylor's time, I had forgotten. Where is he, by the way?"

"The Shades of Spring" p. 115

The repetition of words and phrases which are intended to suggest Syson's superiority betray the author's involvement, in particular: "It seemed to amuse


13. And the young Lawrence's mistaken notion of what upperclass or refined speech was like, in the repetition of phrases like "I say" and "Quite so".
him", "which? Oh, certainly - I beg your pardon!", "laughing all the time", "I say, how strange!" and the descriptions of the gamekeeper speaking "insolently", "disagreeably", and the value judgment of him "The man was certainly a bully." The revised text omits the more intrusive of these but the account is essentially the same.

Similarly the dialogue between Syson and his old friends betrays Lawrence's immature day dream of going back to assert his superiority over the friends he has left. The speech between the characters is stilted and charged with emotional undercurrents which the reader is given no apparatus for evaluating. Again, the revised version is toned down and much bitterness is omitted.

"I am sorry I interrupt your lunch," said Syson.
"Don't mention it. Sit down and have a bit," said the farmer, trying to be free and easy.
"It's early for me," said Syson. He noticed the women were uncomfortable, and would rather he did not accept.
"Why, what time do you reckon to have your dinner?" asked Frank, the second son, insolently.
"Dinner? - usually at half-past seven." "Oh - ah - !" sneered the sons altogether. They had once been intimate friends with this young man.
"We'll give Addy something when we've finished," said the mother, an invalid.
"Do not let me be any trouble. Lunch does not matter to me." "The Soiled Rose" p. 11.

'I am sorry I come at lunch-time,' said Syson.
'Hello, Addy!' said the farmer, assuming the old form of address, but his tone cold. 'How are you?'
And he shook hands.
'Shall you have a bit?' he invited the young visitor, but taking for granted the offer would be refused. He assumed that Syson was become too refined to eat so roughly. The young man winced at the imputation.
'Have you had any dinner?' asked the daughter.
'No,' replied Syson. 'It is too early. I shall be back at half-past one.'
'You call it lunch, don't you?' asked the eldest son, almost ironical. He had once been an intimate friend of this young man.
'We'll give Addy something when we've finished,' said the mother, an invalid deprecating.
'No - don't trouble. I don't want to give you any trouble,' said Syson. "The Shades of Spring" pp. 118-119.
The heart of the problem is revealed in the meeting and dialogue between Syson and Hilda. The texts are different in these pages but there is little stylistic change, although Lawrence eliminates some rather flowery and far-fetched comparisons, thus "her soul was trembling on one of those sudden changes that are so striking in women; as when a drop of acid suddenly throws out a black, turbid precipitate in a clear liquid" (p. 20) which becomes "her soul was trembling on a dangerous crisis" (p. 126). The first version has several parallels to the language of the second ending to "Odour of Chrysanthemums" (see Chapter 2, pp. 69-70).

Whilst she kept her ideal 'Me' living, I was sort of responsible to her: I must live somewhere up to standard. Now I have destroyed Myself, Ah! I am alone, my star is gone. I have destroyed the beautiful 'Me' who was always ahead of me, nearer the realities. And I have struck the topmost flower from off her faith.

"The Soiled Rose", pp. 21-22.

The beauty of his youth, of his eighteen years, of the time when life had settled on him, as in adolescence it settles on youth, bringing a mission to fulfil and equipment therefor, this beauty shone almost unstained again. It was this adolescent "he", the young man looking round to see which way, that Elizabeth had loved. He had come from the discipleship of youth, through the Pentecost of adolescence, pledged to keep with honour his own individuality, to be steadily and unquenchably himself...

"Odour of Chrysanthemums" II, p. 432.

The idealised "Me", "destroyed Myself", "the beautiful Me" recalls the authorial homily on the dead miner. "The Shades of Spring" eliminates this section, substituting instead the image of a slain knight, again reminiscent of the second "Odour of Chrysanthemums": "In a wild and bloody passion she fought the recreant. Now this lay killed, the clean young knight was brought home to her." (II, p. 432).

Both versions make use of language which reflects Lawrence's intense involvement. The first version repeats "ironic," "cynically", "bitingly", "mockingly" and semantic variations of these some thirty times in connection with Syson while Hilda is described as speaking "bitterly", "sarcastically", and
"cuttingly". "The Shades of Spring" omits most of these although it retains "bitterly" and "with sarcasm" (see the comparison between the two texts given below) and some uneasy language remains, in particular:

His black, straight, glossy hair was brushed clean back from his brow. His black eyes were playing a polite game with her, and his face, that was clear and cream, and perfectly smooth and healthy, was flickering with polite irony. "The Soiled Rose" p. 18.

His black, straight, glossy hair was brushed clean back from his brow. His black eyes were watching her, and his face, that was clear and cream, and perfectly smooth, was flickering. "The Shades of Spring" p. 124.

Lawrence ignores his own maxim to "give as little explanation as possible" in a short story, which has been quoted several times in this thesis, and to allow characters to speak for themselves. He gives a stilted and unconvincing account of Syson's rise to gentility in an attempt to invest the tale with some factual basis to support the extreme emotional situation and language. The account is similar in both versions and equally clumsy in both.

"You would have me take the Grammar School scholarship — and you would have me foster poor little Botell's fervent attachment to me, till he couldn't live without me — and because Botell was rich and influential. You insisted on my accepting the wine-merchant's offer to send me to Cambridge, there to chaperon his only child. Then you bade me go into the business until I had money — and then — and then —; well, 'Now' is the realisation. I have done exceedingly well, for an orphan son of a village school-master." "The Soiled Rose" p. 19.

'You would have me take the Grammar School scholarship — and you would have me foster poor little Botell's fervent attachment to me, till he couldn't live without me — and because Botell was rich and influential. You triumphed in the wine-merchant's offer to send me to Cambridge, to befriend his only child. You wanted me to rise in the world. And all the time you were sending me away from you — every new success of mine put a separation between us, and more for you than for me. You never wanted to come with me: you wanted just to send me to see what it was like. I believe you even wanted me to marry a lady. You wanted to triumph over society in me." "The Shades of Spring" p. 125.
"The Soiled Rose" and "The Shades of Spring" were written to effect a catharsis, to "shed one's sicknesses". Lawrence's failure to exorcise this "sickness" contributed to the failure of the tale in both its versions. With the juvenile "A Fragment of Stained Glass", the tale has perhaps the least merit of the stories in The Prussian Officer collection.
The Soiled Rose

6

this self-assured trespasser
dressed in stylish tweeds,
—
delighted

It is a wonderful thing, at
twenty-nine, to have a Past.
Like an emigrant he had returned,
on a visit to the country of
his past, to make a comparison.

ran easily
and was again
forlorn modern, little grey church
since his childhood

7
—

The man was inclined to be
offensive. Syson looked at him
with an artist's impersonal,
observant gaze.

The keeper was
comely
He had large, dark blue eyes,
which now stared aggressively.

rather self-conscious, almost
feminine mouth.

The man was unusually virile.

He was just
proud carriage...life...balanced
at ease.

staring insolently

The Shades of Spring

114

The trespasser.
—

He was back in the eternal
glad

Like an uneasy spirit he had returned
to the country of his past, and he
found it waiting for him, unaltered.

ran winding easily
and came again
still, modern, grey little church,
—

115

He was curiously elated, feeling himself
back in an enduring vision.

The tone of his question had a challeng¬
ing twang. Syson looked at the fellow
with an impersonal, observant gaze.

It was
well favoured

His dark blue eyes now stared aggressively
at the intruder.

rather soft mouth.

The fellow was manly and good-looking.

He stood just
self-sufficient body,...animal life,
...balanced in itself.

looking uncertainly
as if he were a tree or a flower, troubled the keeper and made him angry.

"Where's Naylor, and his velveteen skirts? He can't be dead—?" Syson implored.

Syson's mobile mouth broke into a laugh.

"No, I'm not from the House," he said.

"Then are you going to answer my question?" said the keeper disagreeably.

"Which?" Oh, certainly—I beg your pardon!" Syson was laughing all the time. "I am going to Willey Water Farm."

The man was certainly a bully.

"Down this path, paddle through the water from the well, and out by the white gate. I could go blindfold."

"Happen so, but you'd be trespassing all the same, did you know that?"

"Did I? I say, how strange! I am sorry. No, I used to come so often."

8

"I say!"

"You'd happen tell me what your name it?"

"late of Cordy Lane."

"As used to court...?"

curious smile

and penetrating into him without heeding his office, troubled the keeper and made him flush.

"Where is Naylor? Have you got his job?" Syson asked.

—

"No, I'm not from the House,' the other replied.

'Where might I ask where you were making for?' said the keeper, nettled. 'Where I am making for?' Syson repeated. 'I am going to Willey Water Farm.'

—

'Down this path, past the well, and out by the white gate.'

'But that's not the public road.'

'I suppose not. I used to come so often,'

9

'Is he?'

'And who might you be?'

116

"I used to live in Cordy Lane'.

'Used to court...'

pained smile
a very awkward silence

"And you will introduce yourself" asked Syson.

"Well, at that rate I should like you to know - as I'm courtin' Hilda Millership."

with a blaze of defiance, almost pitiful. Syson opened new eyes of astonishment.

"No -o?" he cried, with incredulous irony. The keeper went scarlet to the ears. But:
"And she," he said, huffed "is keeping company with me."
"Good God!" exclaimed Syson. The other man waited uncomfortably.

"And is it a fixed thing between you?" asked the intruder.

"What do you mean by that?" retorted the other sulkily.

"Well - does she - do you think of getting married before long?" It was evidently a sore point. The keeper kicked at a sod, "he sh'd ha' been married before now, if - "Pilbeam was full of resentment.

"Ah!" Syson expressed his understanding in the monosyllable.

an awkward silence

'And you - who are you?' asked Syson.

There was a pause of some moments before the keeper blurted: 'I'm courtin' Hilda Millership.'

with a stubborn defiance, almost pathetic. Syson opened new eyes.

'Are you?' he said, astonished. The keeper flushed dark. 'She and me are keeping company,' he said.
'I didn't know!' said Syson. The other man waited uncomfortably.

'What, is the thing settled?' asked the intruder.

'How settled?' retorted the other sulkily.

'Are you going to get married soon, and all that?'
The keeper stared in silence for some moments, impotent. 'I suppose so,' he said, full of resentment.

'Ah!' Syson watched closely.

2

with a touch of contempt

quick way

heavy, sulky, inscrutable gaze, apparently thinking back, and making connection.

'Why, what of it?"
"Nothing," said the other sulkily, turning away.

"I will leave you. I suppose you don't intend to turn me back."
The keeper paid no attention. The two men stood high in an open space, grassy, set.

"Nothing," said the other sulkily, turning away.

"I will leave you. I suppose you don't intend to turn me back."
The keeper paid no attention. The two men stood high in an open space, grassy, set.

lovely
shadow blue

a world of regret in his tones; for this was his past, the country he had abandoned, in which he was now only a visitor.

myriad birds
as you reckon you are
all them poetry books
in astonishment for a time, then he began to smile:
"You see," he said, "I was not aware that she - that you..."

10
flushed scarlet

"But if you reckon to be..."

"Well -?" queried the other mockingly.

But...Syson felt he had been wrong.
"I have been keeping her - a sort of dog-in-the-manger," he said to himself. Aloud:

"What do you keep on with her for, then?" urged the keeper.
"But why shouldn't I?" Syson returned. He knew quite well. There was silence. Syson suddenly

\begin{quote}
'But you keep sending her books,' challenged the keeper.
Syson, silenced, looked at the other man quizzically, half pitying. Then he turned.
\end{quote}
struck his thigh with his
gloves, and drew himself up.

bowing, very polite and distant.
He strode off downhill. Now,
everything seemed to him ironic:

And now, in the paths sacred to
their youth, he was walking after a
smart of condemnation from a game-
keeper for interfering with the
latter's girl.

"the poor chap...because she
won't marry him. I'll do my
best on his behalf." ...being in
a very bad temper.

Almost, the wall of trees seemed
to form the fourth side.

With many pangs, Syson...daffodils
...and on the...

11

sneering...ironic spirit.

he bowed low:
"Myself - in all humility," he
said.

He entered with reluctance

"I'm sorry I interrupt your lunch,"
"Don't mention it. Sit down and
have a bit," said the farmer,
trying to be free and easy.

"It's early for me," said Syson.
He noticed the women were uncomfor-
table and would rather he did not
accept.

"Why what time do you reckon to
have your dinner?" asked Frank,
the second son, insolently.

and was gone. Now, everything irritated
him:

What a fool he was! What god-forsaken
folly it all was!

' the poor devil... I'll do my best for
him'....in a very bad temper.

The wall of trees formed the fourth
side.

With tangled emotions, Syson...

jeering...tormented spirit.

he waited.

' Myself - why not?' he said.

He followed her.

'I'm sorry I come at lunch-time,'
'Hello, Addy!' said the farmer, assuming
the old form of address, but his tone
cold.

'How are you?'
And he shook hands

'Shall you have a bit?' he invited the
young visitor, but taking for granted the
offer would be refused. He assumed that
Syson was become too refined to eat so
roughly. The young man winced at the
imputation.
"Dinner? — usually at half-past seven", "Oh — ah!" sneered the sons altogether.
They had once been intimate friends with this young man.

"Do not let me be any trouble. Lunch does not matter to me." "He allus could live on fresh air an' scenery."

12

the bareness of the pasture on the home-hills... bird-song

—

boyish

—

dark auburn hair

imperious

"It is perfectly arcadian and delightful," he said. "I almost look for your belt of straw and ivy buds." Still they mocked each other with irony. He knew it hurt her. But — she was courting the gamekeeper and should marry him.

In his private heart he was thinking, "What a woman she is — what a lot older she is!" He was afraid of her now, seeing her so much altered. Her curt, sure speech; her proud, hard bearing, her reserve, were unfamiliar

119

I shall be back at half-past one.
"You call it lunch, don't you?" asked the eldest son, almost ironical. He had been an intimate friend of this young man. depreciating

'No, don't trouble. I don't want to give you any trouble,' said Syson. 'you could allus live on fresh air an' scenery.'

the bareness of the home pasture bird-singing.

or smelt the coming of spring constrained

He felt foolish, almost unreal, beside her. She was so static.

dark hair
distant

'It is awfully nice,' he said. 'You keep a real idyllic atmosphere — your belt of straw and ivy buds.!' Still they hurt each other. He was uneasy before her. Her brief, sure speech, her distant bearing, were unfamiliar to him. He admired again her grey-black eyebrows, and her lashes. Their eyes met. He saw, in the beautiful grey and black of her glance, tears and a strange light, and at the back of all calm acceptance of herself and triumph over him.
to him. He admired again her
grey-black eyebrows, and her lashes;
He quarrelled with her set mouth,
with the expressionless composure
of her face. Their eyes met.
He saw, in the beautiful grey and black
of her glance, tears and bitterness and
at the back of all, calm acceptance
of sorrow.
"She's much older than I," he said
to himself. With an effort he kept up
the ironic manner.

13
a fresh piano

- aristocratic

"Ay - ! Show me."

"You are the only man who could
use them," she said, with a little
thrill. "The only one of your
men, perhaps," he said, putting
the scissors aside with a sudden
darkening in his soul.

asked softly

14
"Ay!"

that flooded over the daring and
the ecstasy in his heart, was fear.
Something big was going to happen
to him and to her, unless he
took care, his soul warned him.

He felt himself shrinking. With an effort
he kept up the ironic manner.

another piano

splendid

It was the old, delicious sublimation,
the thinning, almost the vaporizing of
himself, as if his spirit were to be
liberated.

'Did you? Where are they?'

'I knew you could use them,' she said,

121

with certainty.
She meant his fingers were fine enough
for the small-looped scissors.
'That is something to be said for me,'
he laughed, putting the scissors aside.
He was looking at her with new eyes, and
she was a different person to him. He
did not know her. But he could regard
her objectively now.

asked

"Yes!"

that troubled the excitement and
perplexity of his heart, was fear, fear
of that which he saw. There was about
her the same manner, the same
intonation in her voice, now as then,
but she was not what he had known her
to be. He knew quite well what she had
been for him. And gradually he was
realizing that she was something quite
other, and always had been.
for she had been one to go dreamily unobservant.

she laughed. He was dumb and stupid, and at the bottom, afraid. If he were going to fall in love with this old lover, whose youth had marched with his as stately, religious nights march beside reckless days, then it would be a love that would invade many lives and lay them waste. His soul realised this, not his reason. His mind was almost paralysed.

For her part

"Teenty little things."

"nearly every shelf - hundreds...of the glamour of early markets."

The wasted poet in him did honour to her. He felt weak as water in her hands. She did not mind his silence, but was always a brilliant hostess entertaining him in her wood.

"I can't find out," she quickly corrected herself.

"We?" he questioned.

she gently reprimanded him, dropping again into the intimate tone.

the spirit of combat

very bonny

"And which have you turned to now?"

"Do you think I have left the old one?" she asked pathetically.

"No, not really. It was your highest, the one you kneeled at with me-"

"But you have left it," she said. He caught his breath, with a quick, painful frown.

"Ay, but the man doesn't matter so much," he said. There was a pause.

"And you are mistaken. I have turned away," she admitted, in a

at a certain hardness like arrogance hidden under her humility.

her eyes went hard. She saw the scales were fallen from him, and at last he was going to see her as she was. It was the thing she had most dreaded in the past, and most needed, for her soul's sake.

Now he was going to see her as she was. He would not love her, and he would know he never could have loved her. The old illusion was gone, they were strangers, crude and entire. But he would give her her due - she would have her due from him.

---

122

"Tiny little things."

'Nearly every bough, every ledge...of noisy early markets.'

She was using the language they had both of them invented. Now it was all her own. He had done with it. She did not mind his silence but was always dominant, letting him see her wood.

she said. It was half an appeal to him, who had known the names of things.

she said, with assurance, yet dropping again almost into the intimate tone.

the spirit to fight her

good-looking

'To whom is the new one?'

'There are no old ones,' she said. 'I was always looking for this.'

'And whose is it?' he asked.

'I don't know,' she said, looking full at him.

'I'm very glad for your sake,' he said, 'that you are satisfied.'

'Ay - but the man doesn't matter so much,' she said. There was a pause.

'No!' he exclaimed, astonished, yet recognising her as her real self.

'It is one's self that matters,' she
low, husky tone, averting her face from him.

"No," she said,

He looked at her a quick question.

She replied, in the same grave, deliberate manner. "Tandaradai," he mocked

She turned to him brightly seeming assurance to keep pace

To keep pace, she meant, with Syson, whom she loved with the deepest part of her nature.

"And does it amount to much, this understanding?" he asked, cynically. She was shocked.

"A very great deal - does it not to you?" she replied.

"And you are not disappointed?" "Far from it!" Her tone was deep and sincere.

"Then you love him?" "Yes, I love him". She was tender, and gentle, in her thought of the keeper.

"Good!" he said.

This silenced her for a while. "Here, among his things, I do love him truly," she said.

His conceit would not let him be silent.

"And me?" he asked, bitingly. "So different!" she cried.

He laughed shortly. "You turned Opportunist?" he said.

"It's your doing," she replied.

For a moment the hearts of these two idealists stood still with despair.

was...and bright hung...and below were bright
She pressed some knots of wood in
the side wall, and an opening appeared
in the bare logs, disclosing a second, small apartment.

"Is he a romantic, then?" asked
Syson, ponderingly.
"Perhaps so! He is very curious —
up to a certain point, cunning — in
a nice sense — and inventive, and so
thoughtful — but not beyond a
certain point."

skin edged with white fur and with

"Then where does your keeper come
short?" he asked.

said, intensely, "nor the forget-me-
nots. You could make them flash and
quiver, and the forget-me-nots (18)
come up at me like phosphorescence.
I have found it out — it is true."

"Ay," she assented sadly. "It is a
pity."

quickly
"Why?" he asked, mockingly.

were playing a polite game with her,
and his face, that was clear and
cream, and perfectly smooth and
healthy, was flickering with polite
irony.

"You are very different," she said
bitterly

"you are becoming"

"But you have still hopes of me!
Then what must I do to be —" he
checked himself — "to avoid this
calamity?"
She saw that he was always laughing
at her.
"If your own soul doesn't tell you, I
cannot."

She turned some knotch in the side wall,
and disclosed a second, small apartment.

'How romantic!' said Syson.

'Yes. He is very curious — he has some
of a wild animal's cunning — in a nice
sense — and he is inventive and thought-
ful — but not beyond a certain point."

skin of white fur with

'Where does he come short, then?' he
asked.
said. 'You could make them flash and
quiver, and the forget-me-nots came up
at me like phosphorescence. You could
make things wonderful. But I have them
all for myself now. '

'You ought to make poetry. ' 

'Aye,' she assented. 'But I have them
all now.'

bitterly

were watching her, and his face, that
was clear and cream, and perfectly smooth,
was flickering.

'You think we might & — he glanced at
the hut — 'have been like this — you
and I?' She shook her head.
'You! No; never! You plucked a thing
and looked at it till you have found
out all you wanted to know about it,
then you threw it away,' she said.
"I say," he cried, mock-serious, "where 'Did I?' he asked. 'And could your way have I heard that before? Besides," he continued politely, "one cannot live in Rome without being Romanised - unless one if fanatically patriotic - and really, you know, I am of no country."

"No -?" she said bitterly.

"Unless I have been adopted unware." That, he felt, was insulting, and his spirit turned in shame.

"You are a Roman of the Romans," she said sarcastically.

"Of the emasculated period," he laughed. "But 'twas you would have it so."

exclaimed

19

insisted on my accepting the wine-merchant's

chaperon

Then you bade me go into the business until I had money - and then - and then - ; well, 'Now' is the realisation. I have done exceedingly well, for an orphan son of a village school-master."

"And I am responsible?" she asked, with sarcasm.

"I was a glib youth," he laughed.

"Ah," she cried, "I sent you away too soon."

"But I am a great success - and really, I enjoy it. You keep preaching me the 'Tongues in trees' business and 'good in everything' that is not London. But I assure you, there's quite a lot to be said for my side. I would not change it."

"You are too glib," she said, in very cutting tones.

"I always had that defect," he said, bowing.

exclaimed in pride

triumphed in the wine merchant's offer

befriend

You wanted me to rise in the world. And all the time you were sending me away from you - every new success of mine put a separation between us, and more for you than for me. You never wanted to come with me; you wanted just to send me to see what it was like. I believe you even wanted me to marry a lady. You wanted to triumph over society in me."

"And I am responsible," she said, with sarcasm. (126)

'I distinguished myself to satisfy you,' he replied.

'Ah!' she cried, 'you always wanted change, change, like a child.'

'Very well! And I am a success, and I know it, and I do some good work. But - I thought you were different. What right have you to a man?'

'What do you want?' she said, looking at him with wide, fearful eyes.

He looked back at her, his eyes pointed, like weapons.

'Why, nothing,' he laughed shortly.
"I know him - I've met him before," growled the keeper. "Never mind - I want to introduce you formally. Addy, Mr. Pilbeam, to whom I am engaged to be married. Arthur - Mr. Syson, who was an old friend of ours." Syson bowed, but the other mechanically held out his hand. "He two men shook hands.

"Allow me to congratulate you heartily," said Syson. "In his heart he was saying bitterly, "Mrs. Pilbeam - Good God!" He bade the woman good-bye. "Which way will you go?" she asked. "Over Foster's" he replied. "Arthur, you will go with Mrs Syson to the gate," she said. They went all three together down the gloomy path.

"Ah les beaux jours de bonheur indiscible Où nous joignions nos bouches..." quoted Syson, half-sincere, half-mocking.

"I've met him already," said the keeper. 'Have you? It is Addy, Mr Syson, whom you know about. This is Arthur, Mr Pilbeam,' she added, turning to Syson. The latter held out his hand to the keeper, and they shook hands in silence. 'I'm glad to have met you,' said Syson. 'We drop our correspondence, Hilda?' 'Why need we?' she asked.

'I must go,' said Syson.

'Yes,' she replied.

answered gravely

her soul was trembling on a dangerous crisis.

she said, trembling.

"Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand l'espoir," quoted Syson, not knowing what to say.
"C'est possible!" she replied, in the same spirit.
"Good!" he cried. "We might have rehearsed it. I never could help being sentimental. How does it go on?"
"'Qu'il etait bleu, le ciel, et grand l'espoir.'"

"I never liked farce," she replied, cuttingly. "Besides, we cannot walk in our wild oats. You were too modest and good to sow any at that time.

Syson looked at her. He was shocked that she could sneer at their young love, which had been the greatest thing he had known. Certainly he had killed her love at last, as he had often wished he could.

Now he felt a great sense of desolation.

21

At the bottom of the path she left him. As he went along with the keeper, towards the open, he said:
"You will let me know when you are going to be married, will you?"
"Why?" asked the keeper.
"Because she will not write to me at least till after - I know."

"Well - !" said the keeper disagreeably, but hesitating.
"I shan't be in Nuttall again for years - perhaps never. I shall want to know your news, for all that. So if you'll write to me, I will write to you. All the correspondence shall be between us two."

He handed the young keeper his card.
"All right then - we'll let it stand at that."

They were at the gate. Syson held out his hand. When he was a dozen yards across the field, the other called:
"I say, I'll only write when there's something definite."
"Quite so!" said Syson, and each turned his several way.

"What do you mean?" she said. "Besides, we can't walk in our wild oats - we never sowed any."

Syson looked at her. He was startled to see his young love, his nun, his Botticelli angel, so revealed. It was he who had been the fool. He and she were more separate than any two strangers could be. She only wanted to keep up a correspondence with him - and he, of course, wanted it kept up, so that he could write to her, like Dante to some Beatrice who had never existed save in the man's own brain.

At the bottom of the path she left him. He went along with the keeper, towards the open, towards the gate that closed on the wood. The two men walked almost like friends. They did not broach the subject of their thoughts.
wretched

He began to count his losses. In spite of himself, he was unutterably miserable, though not regretful. He would not alter what he had done. Yet he was drearily, hopelessly wretched. After a while he had got it clear.

"She always knew the best of me, and believed in the best I might be. Whilst she kept her ideal 'Me' living, I was sort of responsible to her: I must live somewhere up to standard. Now (22) I have destroyed myself in her, and I am alone, my star is gone out. I have destroyed the beautiful 'Me' who was always ahead of me, nearer the realities. And I have struck the topmost flower from off her faith. And yet it was the only thing to do, considering all the other folk." He lay quite still, feeling a kind of death.

Presently he heard voices: the keeper was coming down the path, with his wife.

"Say what ails thee?" Syson heard the keeper ask gently, but with a touch of resentment.

'I am a bit upset - don't bother me," pleaded the woman.

Syson turned over. The air was full of the sound of larks, as if the sunshine above were condensing and falling in a shower. Amid this bright sound, voices sounded small and distinct.

"Yes, but what upsets thee," persisted the man.

"Go home now, Arthur, I will talk to you to-night."

Hilda was leaning on the gate, tears running down her face.

Syson at last made out, was catching the bees as they settled on the

moved

What a wonderful world it was - marvellous, for ever new. He felt as if it were under-ground, like the fields of monotone hell, notwithstanding. Inside his breast was a pain like a wound. He remembered the poem of William Morris, where in the Chapel of Lyonesse, a knight lay wounded, with the truncheon of a spear deep in his breast, lying always as dead, yet did not die, while day after day the coloured sunlight dipped from the painted window across the chancel, and passed away. He knew not it had never been true, that which was between him and (128) her, not for a moment. The truth had stood apart all the time.

Syson turned over. The air was full of the sound of larks, as if the sunshine above were condensing and falling in a shower. Amid this bright sound, voices sounded small and distinct.

"But if he's married, an' quite willing to drop it off, what has ter against it?" said the man's voice.

'I don't want to talk about it now. I want to be alone.'

Hilda was standing in the wood, near the gate.

playing with the bees as they settled on the white bramble flowers.
white bramble flowers, crushing them in his palm, and letting them fall, not aware what he was doing.

her tears

handsome arm

He put his arms round her, and was kissing her.

won't understand

"-I don't know what I should do without you..." she ended plaintively. He kissed her warmly, murmuring. She laughed quickly, but slightly bitter.

"You can tell people, and make arrangements." He embraced her again.

"Shall we be married at church, or chapel or what -?"

"We will be married at church."

It was the first time she had used the plural pronoun in that way, which moved the keeper to embrace her fervently.

looking South over the sunny counties towards London, far away.

Syson also departed, going south.

her will

arm

in the shadow

don't understand

's-don't trouble about him...' He kissed her, murmuring. She laughed hollowly.

'But not just yet.' He spoke to her again.

Again was heard the murmur of the keeper's voice troubled by fear and passion.

'But why should we be married at once?' she said. 'What more would you have, by being married? It is most beautiful as it is.'

looking over the sunny country.

Syson also departed, going back to town.
"Two Marriages"
"Two Marriages"

The typescript is without any corrections and is signed by Lawrence. It is owned by the University of California.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Typescript</th>
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<td>393A vicar's</td>
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<td>5 &quot;what'll happen&quot;</td>
<td>394A &quot;wha'll happen&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 Miss Mary was twenty-seven years old</td>
<td>394B Miss Mary was twenty-two years old</td>
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<td>12 She was twenty-two years old</td>
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<td>22 &quot;Louie&quot;</td>
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<td>398B &quot;There he is?&quot;</td>
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</table>
"Honour and Arms"
and
"The Prussian Officer"
meal went on in silence. But the orderly was eager. He made a clatter with the dishes. "Are you in a hurry?" asked the officer, watching his keen, warm face of his servant. He did not reply.

"Can you answer my question?" said the Captain, "sir," replied the orderly, standing with his back to the deep army plates. The Captain waited. Then, "are you in a hurry?" he wanted. The orderly, in his throat, sent a flash that went on the listener.

"What?"

"What?"

And the officer was going out.

"I want you this morning, sir," replied the orderly, standing with his back to the deep army plates.

"Are you in a hurry?"

The orderly turned to them.

"Why have you a knife of pencil in your pocket?"

The orderly hesitated, then answered, "The plates in the door, the stump of pencil is dry, and put it in the pocket. Having a sentimental idea, felt himself set verse for his heart's birthday. He returned to the table.

"Sir," answered the orderly, "through this.

"Sir," answered the orderly, "through this.

"Sir," answered the orderly, "through this.

The officer's eyes were open; he had a little, little smile.

"I have you a piece of pencil in your ear?"

The orderly took his hands full of dishes. His mouth was standing near the great green stove, a face on his face, his chin thrust forward. The young soldier saw him his heart suddenly. He felt blind. Instead of answering, he turned to the door. As he was bellowing, he was pitted forward from behind. The pots went in a stream. The young soldier watched the sauce going to the pillow of the board. He saw he was rising to kick heavy, and again, so that he clung sickly to the some moments. His master had gone into the room and closed the door. The young soldier was little slower in coming to attention..."

It was pleasant to have that hard jaw in his hands

The orderly's mouth had gone dry, and his tongue rubbed its tip against dry brown paper. He worked his throat. The officer raised his foot. The orderly went stiff.

"Some poetry, sir," came the crackling, unrecognizable sound of his voice.

"Poetry, to whom?" asked the Captain, with a sickly smile.

Again, the officer had suddenly gone down heavily, and he stood forward.

"My girl, sir," he heard the dry, inhuman sound. "Oh!" he said, turning away. "Clear the table."

"Click!" went the officer's throat; then again, "click!"; and then the half-articulate:

"Yes, sir."

The young soldier was gone, looking old, and walking heavily. The officer, left alone, held himself rigid, to prevent himself from thinking. His instinct warned...

"I had been writing."

"Writing what?"

Again the officer looked him up and down. The orderly could hear him panting. The smile came into the blue eyes. The officer worked his dry throat, but could not speak. Suddenly the smile lit like a flame on the officer's face, and a kick came heavily against the orderly's thigh. The youth moved a pace sideways. His face went dead, with two black, staring eyes.

"Well?" said the officer.

faint, and he panted, remembering the last had come. He had been forced to say "girl." He was much too done even to understand. The ache in his chest, the dryness of his throat, the awful steady feeling of misery, made him come awake and dreamy at once. But without thinking what had happened, he knew that the day had come again, which would go on with his round. The last bit of daylight was being pushed into the room. He would drag himself out of the chair, and go on. It was so little trouble. He was beside himself, only wished to save him from the coming, nothing could be done. He wished to get up and answer the Captain's hour. He did not..."

and it was inevitable. And yet thought, the thought, it was free. Yet they must leave him and go. You must go and get the coffee. He was too..."

"No, sir."

"The pain was gone. And the young soldier, his order, his bruises, his swarthy flesh, knew that, if he could leave him, he could go. At last, after..."

Slowly, economically, he got dressed to himself. Walking everywhere was his doldrums. The orderlies replied and the morning. The very pause of his doldrums was his doldrums.

"He said, turning away. "Clear the table."

"Click!" went the officer's throat; then again, "click!"; and then the half-articulate:

"Yes, sir."

The young soldier was gone, looking old, and walking heavily. The orderly, left alone, held himself rigid, to prevent himself from thinking. His instinct warned...
ruined fruit trees

held his breath

short and well brushed

on one

erlder man glance at him.

scraggy fruit trees

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

compressed his breath

short upon his skull

But his mother had been a Polish Countess.

he rode one

With the men, however, he was merely impersonal, though a devil when roused; so that, on the whole, they feared him, but had no great aversion from him. They accepted him as the inevitable.

To his orderly he was at first cold and just and indifferent: he did not fuss over trifles. So that his servant knew practically nothing about him, except just what orders he would give, and how he wanted them obeyed. That was quite simple. Then the change gradually came.

It was like a warm flame upon the elder man's tense, rigid body, that had become almost unliving, fixed.
looked direct at his orderly, but kept his face averted, as if to avoid seeing him. And yet the young soldier moved unthinking about the apartment, the elder watched him, and would notice the movement of his strong young shoulders under the blue cloth, the bend of his neck. And it irritated him.

elder man's

Once, when a bottle of wine had gone over, and the red gushed out on to the tablecloth, the officer had started up with an oath, and his eyes, bluey like fire, had held those of the confused youth for a moment. It was a shock for the young soldier. He felt something sink deeper, deeper than his soul, where nothing had ever gone before. It left him rather blank and wondering. Some of his natural completeness in himself was gone, a little uneasiness took its place. And from that time an undiscovered feeling had held between the two men.

Henceforward the orderly was afraid of really meeting his master. His subconsciousness remembered those steely blue eyes and the harsh brows, and did not intend to meet them again. So he always stared past his master, and avoided him. Also, in a little anxiety, he waited for the three months to have gone, when his time would be up. He began to feel a constraint in the Captain's presence, and the soldier even more than the officer wanted to be left alone, in his neutrality as servant.

But now if he were going to be forced into a personal interchange with his master he would be like a wild thing caught, he felt he must get away.

But the influence of the young soldier's being had penetrated through the officer's stiffened discipline, and perturbed the man in him. He, however, was a gentleman, with long, fine hands
and cultivated movements, and was not going to allow such a thing as the stirring of his innate self. He was a man of passionate temper, who had always kept himself suppressed. Occasionally there had been a duel, an outburst before the soldiers. He knew himself to be always on the point of breaking out. But he kept himself hard to the idea of the Service. Whereas the young soldier seemed to live out his warm, full nature, to give it off in his very movements, which had a certain zest, such as wild animals have in free movement. And this irritated the officer more and more.

and knew
In spite intelligence, he

"Herr Hauptmann"

unmeaning, dark eyes
"cattle...look me..."

Once he had flung a heavy military glove into the young soldier's face. Then he had the satisfaction of seeing the black eyes flare up into his own, like a blaze when straw is thrown on a fire. And he had laughed with a little tremor and a sneer.

put it
dare to acknowledge it

He thought what amazing good fellows they were. But, without knowing it, he was alone.

unspoken fashion. They loved each other.
But the Captain...mortification.

reserved, waiting doggedly

acknowledge the passion

would not admit the passion

would not know

admit the passion

would not admit

His own nerves

hung on

The Captain...irritation.

He poured himself a glass of wine, part

of which he spilled on the floor, and

guiled the remainder, leaning against

dark, doggedly unalterable

panted for words

"Poetry, to whom?"

"My girl, Sir."

made an effort for words

"Poetry, what poetry?"

"For my girl, Sir."

"Poetry, to whom?"

"My girl, Sir."

When he awoke in the morning he was

shaken to the base of his nature. But

he had fought off the realization of

the passion, which he had

feared. He had not done any such thing

the morning before. He refused the service of

his orderly, who had a glass of wine, part

of which he spilled on the floor, and

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the morning before. He refused the service of

his orderly, who had a glass of wine, part

of which he spilled on the floor, and

guiled the remainder, leaning against

dark, doggedly unalterable
killed
"To my girl."

drag up
alone

on the rebound...Captain seemed to grow vague...bent up with pride.
sensation
and he gone - as if he must shut his eyes on his own existence.
to get away

complain
could scarcely move in the presence of to efface himself
to efface himself
to efface himself
prouder and fuller

He felt as he felt in a blackish dream

inert
"For my girl."

His mouth hung slightly open, like an idiot's. He felt vacant, and wasted. So, he wandered at his work, painfully, and very slowly and clumsily, fumbling blindly with the brushes, and finding it difficult, when he sat down, to summon the energy to move again. His limbs, his jaw, were slack and nerveless. But he was very tired. He got to bed at last, and slept inert, relaxed, in a sleep that was rather stupor than slumber, a dead night of stupefaction shot through with gleams of anguish.

to move

17
free

seemed to regain himself...Captain began to grow vague...bent up.
situation
everything

18

- 

speak
must move under the presence of
to stay in shadow
prouder, overriding

19

He felt as in a blackish dream

The soldiers were tramping silently up the glaring hill-side. Gradually his head began to revolve, slowly, rhythmically. Sometimes it was dark before his eyes, as if he saw this
world through a smoked glass, frail shadows and unreal. It gave him a pain in his head to walk.

The air was too scented, it gave no breath. All the lush green-stuff seemed to be issuing its sap, till the air was deathly, sickly with the smell of greenness. There was the perfume of clover, like pure honey and bees. Then there grew a faint acrid tang— they were near the beeches; and then a queer clattering noise, and a suffocating, hideous smell; they were passing a flock of sheep, a shepherd in a black smock, holding his crook. Why should the sheep huddle together under this fierce sun? He felt that the shepherd would not see him, though he could see the shepherd.

There was a blue fold in the ranges, then out of that, at the foot, the broad, pale bed of the river, stretches of whitish-green water between pinkish-grey shoals among the dark pine woods. There it was, spread out a long way off. And it seemed to come downhill, the river. There was a raft being steered, a mile away. It was a strange country. Nearer, a red-roofed, broad farm with white base and square dots of windows crouched beside the wall of beech foliage on the wood's edge. There were long strips of rye and clover and pale green corn. And just at his feet, below the knoll, was a darkish bog, where globe flowers stood breathless still on their slim stalks. And some of the pale gold bubbles were burst, and a broken fragment hung in the air. He thought he was going to sleep.

This was to be another man to man encounter.

This was to be man to man between them.

-
He had lost his normal consciousness in his chest.

He laid it put the limbs straight— all the world seemed the same being cut off from the others.

He had never been ill in his life. He did not know where he was or what he was. Probably he had got sun-stroke. Or what else? - he had silenced the Captain for ever — some time ago — oh, a long time ago. There had been blood on his face, and his eyes had turned upwards. It was all right, somehow. It was peace. But now he had got beyond himself. He had never been here before. Was it life, or not life? He was by himself. They were on a big, bright place, those others, and he was outside. The town, all the country, a big bright place of light: and he was outside here, in the darkened open beyond, where each thing existed alone. But they would all have to come out there sometime, those others. Little, and left behind him, they all were. There had been father and mother and sweetheart. What did they all matter? This was the open land.

He sat up. Something scuffled. It was a little brown squirrel running in lovely undulating bounds over the floor, its red tail completing the undulation of its body — and then, as it sat up, furling and unfurling. He watched it, pleased. It ran on again, friskily, enjoying itself. It flew wildly at another squirrel, and they were chasing each other, and making little scolding, chattering noises. The soldier wanted to speak to them. But only a hoarse sound came
out of his throat. The squirrels burst away — they flew up the trees. And then he saw the one peeping round at him half-way up a tree-trunk. A start of fear went through him, though in so far as he was conscious, he was amused. It still stayed, its little keen face staring at him half-way up the tree-trunk, its little ears pricked up, its clawey little hands clinging to the bark, its white breast reared. He started from it in panic.

41  He was amid the truth
    burning a hole in his brain
    - or to water to drink

His connection with her was gone. grove

42  the pang

43  started from him in horror

On this account the affair was hushed up

27  He was amid the reality, on the real, dark bottom.
    burning in his brain.
    - or was it to water?

28  She was the bright, solid unreality.
    grove

    a pang

29  dropped him in horror
APPENDIX B

Typed and xeroxed texts of the early published versions of The Prussian Officer tales discussed in the body of the thesis. The texts retain their original published page numbers but have been inter-leaved to facilitate their location in the Appendix.
(a)

"Odour of Chrysanthemums"

1909
Odour of Chrysanthemums

by D. H. Lawrence

The small locomotive engine, Number 4, came clanking, stumbling down from Selston with seven full waggons. It appeared round the corner with loud threats of speed, but the colt that it startled from among the gorse, which still flickered indistinctly in the raw afternoon, outdistanced it at a canter. A woman, walking up the railway-line to Underwood, drew back into the hedge, held her basket aside, and watched the footplate of the engine advancing. The trucks thumped heavily past, one by one, with slow inevitable movement, as she stood insignificantly trapped beneath the jolting black waggons and the hedge; then they curved away towards the coppice where the withered oak-leaves dropped noiselessly, while the birds, pulling at the scarlet hips beside the track, made off into the dusk that had already crept into the spinney. In the open, the smoke from the engine sank and crept to the rough grass. The fields were dreary and forsaken, and in the marshy strip that led to the whimsey, a reedy pit-pond, the fowls had already abandoned their run among the shaggy black alders, to roost in the tarred fowl-house. The pit-bank loomed up beyond the pond, flames like red sores licking its ashy sides, in the afternoon's stagnant light. Just beyond rose the tapering chimneys and the clumsy black headstocks of Brinsley Colliery. The two wheels were spinning fast up against the sky, and the winding-engine rapped out its little spasms. The miners were being turned up.

The engine whistled as it came near the rows of trucks that were standing in the bay of railway-lines by Brinsley pit. Already among the waggons the men were moving; those who were going up to Underwood stood aside to let the train jolt past, lifting their blackened faces to call something to the driver. Then they passed on, loudly talking, their shapeless grey-black figures seeming of a piece with the raw November afternoon, the tea-bottles rolling in their pockets, while the stumbling of their great boots across the sleepers resounded from afar.

The train slowed down as it drew near a small cottage squat beside the great bay of railway-lines. Four black steps, old sleepers, led down from the cinder-track to the threshold of the house, which was small and grimy, a large bony vine scrambling over it, as if trying to claw down the tiled roof. Round the small bricked yard was a rim of sooty garden with a few chill primroses. Beyond, a long garden sloped down to a tree-hidden brook course. There were twiggy apple-trees and winter-crack trees, forlorn and black, and a number of ragged cabbages. Beside the path there hung torn and scattered groups of dishelved pink chrysanthemums. A woman came bending out of the felt-covered fowl-house half-way down the garden. She closed and padlocked the door, then drew herself erect, having brushed some bits from her white apron.

She was a tall woman of imperious mien, handsome, with definite black eyebrows. Her smooth black hair was parted exactly. For a few moments she stood steadily watching the miners as they passed along the railway: then she turned towards the brook-course. There was no quickness, no lightness, in her movements. Her face was calm and proud with defiance, her mouth was closed with disillusionment. After a moment she called:

"John!" There was no answer. She waited, and then 30 said distinctly:

"Where are you?"

"Here!" replied a child's sulky voice from among the bushes that crowded darkly on the bank of the brook. The woman looked piercingly through the dusk.

25-28 There . . . called] Crossed out in A; but MS note added instructing Louie Burrows to keep this in
29 MS note inserting She called after John! Insertion became unnecessary when Lawrence decided to retain previous four lines
33 that . . . brook] B: deleted
"Are you at that brook?" she asked sternly.

For answer the child showed himself before the raspberry-canes that rose like whips towards alders. He was a small, sturdy boy of five, and he stood quite still, like some "farouche" creature.

"Oh!" said the mother, conciliated. "I thought you were down at that wet brook—and you remember what I told you——"

The boy did not move or answer.

"Come, come on in," she said more gently, "it's getting dark and cold—and listen, there's your grandfather's engine coming down the line!"

The lad came slowly forward, with resentful, taciturn movement. He was dressed in trousers and waistcoat of cloth that was too thick and hard for the size of the garments. They were evidently cut down from a man's clothes. He wore no coat, and his mother looked at his little flannelette shirt-sleeves as she waited for him to precede her up the path.

"You'll be catching cold, out at nightfall without your jacket," she said.

As they went slowly towards the house he tore at the ragged pink locks of the pale chrysanthemums and dropped the petals in handfuls along the path.

"Don't do that—it *does* look nasty," said his mother. He refrained, and she, suddenly pitiful, broke off a twig with three or four small, wan flowers and held them against her face. When they reached the yard her hand hesitated, and instead of throwing the flower away, she pushed it in her apron band. Mother and boy stood at the foot of the wooden steps looking across the bay of lines at the passing home of the miners. The

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3 towards alders] B: deleted
4-5 five . . . creature] B: five. He stood quite still, <sullenly> defiantly.
9 came slowly forward] B: advanced slowly
13-20 He . . . said.] B: deleted
21-22 ragged pink . . . pale] B: ragged pink wisps of pale C: ragged wisps of pale
24 *does* C: does 29 Mother and boy] C: The pair
26 small, wan] B: wan 29 wooden] B: three
27 they] C: mother and son
30 passing home] B: passing-home C: as in A

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trundle of the small train was imminent. Suddenly the engine loomed past the house and came to a stop opposite the gate.

The engine-driver, a short man with round grey beard, leaned out of the cab high above the woman.

"I've just come right for a cup of tea," he said in a merry little fashion.

"I haven't mashed it yet. If you'll wait just a minute though —the kettle is on the boil," she replied.

"Never mind, never mind—no, don't bother—no——"

It was in vain he cried his remonstrances; the woman went indoors. Directly, she returned.

"I didn't come and see you on Sunday," began the little grey-bearded man. "I'd promised——"

"I didn't expect you," said his daughter coldly.

The little engine-driver winced; then, trying to resume his merry, airy manner, he said:

"Oh, have you heard then? I thought they'd be running to tell you! And what do you think——?"

"I think it is soon enough," she replied.

At her brief, cold censure the little man made an impatient gesture, and said coaxingly, excusing himself:

"Well, what's a man to do? It's no sort of life living with strangers, a man of my years. I'm used to sitting on my own hearth with my own woman. And if you're going to marry again it may as well be as late—a few months make no difference."

The woman did not reply, but turned and went into the house. The little man in the engine-cab stared about in much discomfort till she returned with a cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter on a plate. She went up the steps and stood near the footplate of the dark, looming engine.

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5 *Ive*] B: I've
6-11 fashion. " I . . . Directly] B: fashion. It was her father. <(The woman)> She went in, saying she would mash <(the tea) for him. Directly
13 I'd promised] B: Because
15 little engine-driver] C: engine-driver
17-18 then? I . . . And] B: then? Well—and C: then? Well, and
20 brief, cold] B: brief 28 little man] C: man
24 you're] B: I'm 31 dark, looming] B: hissing
“You needn’t ‘a brought me bread an’ butter as well,” said the little man. “But a cup of tea”—he sipped appreciatively—“it’s very nice.” He sipped a moment or two, then: “I hear as Walter’s no better than he was,” he said.

“ ‘We don’t expect him to be any better,” said the woman bitterly.

“I heered tell of him in the ‘Lord Nelson’ braggin’ as he was going to spend that b— afore he went: half a sovereign that was.”

When? asked the woman, very curtly.

“A’ Sat’day night—an’ I know it’s true.”

“Very likely,” laughed the woman with great bitterness.

“He is doing pretty well—an’ gives me twenty-three shillings. I’d rather have bad times than good, he hasn’t so much to spend.”

“It’s a crying shame, he wants horseshipping!” said the little man. The woman turned her head with weary impatience. Her father swallowed the last of his tea, and handed her the cup.

“Ay,” he sighed, wiping his mouth. “I’ve repented the day I ever let you have him.”

He put his hand on the lever. The little engine strained and groaned, and the train rumbled towards the crossing. The woman again looked across the metals. Darkness was settling over the spaces of the railway and the trucks: the miners, in grey sombre groups were still passing home. The winding engine was pulsing hurriedly, with brief pauses. The woman looked at the dreary flow of men, then she went indoors.

“Is tea ready?” asked the boy, standing with his arms on the table, which was laid with a cloth and cups and saucers.
She turned away. Her son was very much like herself, yet something in him always pained her, and roused her opposition. He had his father's brutality, without his father's frank boisterousness. She glanced again at the clock, and took the potatoes to strain them in the yard. The garden and the fields beyond the brook were closed in uncertain darkness. When she rose with the saucepan, leaving the grate steaming into the night behind her, she saw the yellow lamps were lit along the highway that went up the hill away beyond the space of the railway-lines and the field. Then again, she watched the men trooping home, fewer now, and fewer.

Indoors the highest flush of the fire had passed and the night pressed round the ruddy glowing room. The woman put her saucepan on the hob, and set a batter pudding near the mouth of the oven. Then she stood unmoving. Irritation and suspense gathered like the thickening darkness: then, gratefully, came quick young steps to the door. A child hung on the latch a moment, and a little girl entered.

“Oh!” she exclaimed, sniffing, “Stew! Can I have some, mother?”

She began pulling off her clothes, dragging a mass of curls just ripening from gold to brown over her eyes with her hat. “Well,” said her mother. “Shut the door! You’re late, aren’t you?”

“Why, what time is it? We had a lovely game of king o’ the mountain down Nethergreen. Oh, mother, is tea ready? I thought of it against the crossing, an’ I run, for it did seem beautiful—tea.”

She hung her grey scarf and her clothes on the door. Her mother chid her for coming late from school, and said she would have to keep her at home the dark winter days.

“Why, mother, it’s hardly a bit dark. The lamp’s not lighted, and my father’s not home yet.”

“No, he isn’t. But it’s quarter to five! Did you see anything of him?”

The child became serious. She looked at her mother with large, wistful blue eyes.

“No, mother, I’ve never seen him. Why, has he come up an’ gone down Old Brinsley? He hasn’t, mother, ’cos I never saw him.”

“He’d watch that,” said the mother bitterly, “he’d take care as you didn’t see him, child. But you may depend upon it, he’s seated in the ‘Prince o’ Wales.’ He wouldn’t be this late.”

The girl looked at her mother piteously. The boy sat with his head bowed over his bit of wood. The mother let loose, now, the silent anger and bitterness that coiled within her. She said little, but there was the grip of “trouble,” like the tentacle of an octopus, round the hearts of the children.

“Let’s have our teas, mother, should we?” said the girl, plaintively; with woman’s instinct for turning aside from the thing she feared. The mother called John to table. He took the mat to shake the bits in the fire first.

“Nay,” said his mother, “that’s a sloven’s trick!” and she put him back with her hand. “Take it outside.”

He went very slowly. She opened the door for him and leaned out to look across the darkness of the lines. All was deserted: she could not hear the winding-engines.

“Perhaps,” she said to herself, “he’s stopped to get some ripping done.”
They sat down to tea. John, at the end of the table near the door, was almost lost in the darkness. Their faces were hidden from each other. After the first piece of bread, the girl asked: “Can I have cobbler’s toast, mother?”

“Can I?” said John.

The mother hesitated awhile.

“Yes,” she said at last, “only it’s a waste of butter, and you generally want twice as much if you have toast.”

The girl crouched against the fender slowly moving a thick piece of bread before the fire. The lad, his face a dusky mark on the shadow, sat watching her, transfigured as she was in the hot red glow.

“I do think it’s beautiful to look in the fire,” said she pensively.

“Do you?” said her mother. “Why?”

“It’s so red, and full of little hot caves—and it feels nice, so, and you can fair smell it.”

“It’ll want mending directly,” replied her mother. “And then if your father comes he’ll carry on and say there never is a fire when a man comes home wet from the pit. A public house is always warm enough though.”

There was silence till the boy said complainingly: “Make haste, our Annie.”

“Well, I am! I can’t make the fire do it no faster, can I?”

“Keep wafflin it about so’s to make ‘er slow,” grumbled the boy.

“Don’t have such an evil imagination, child,” replied her mother. “I’m sure it’s done now, Annie, you’re only making the butter drip out. Look!”

“I don’t like it soft on the buttery side,” complained the girl quietly, looking at her piece of bread where the butter was bubbling in places, with patches browning elsewhere.

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3-8 After the .... toast.”] B: deleted
12 hot red] C: red
13-14 she pendiely.] B: the child.
16 nice so] B: so nice
20 wet] C: sweating
21 enough though.] B: enough.
27 her] B: the 28-32 I’m sure .... elsewhere.] B: deleted

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Soon the room was busy in the darkness with the crisp sound of crunching. The mother ate very little. She drank her tea determinedly, and sat thinking, full of anger. When she rose and took the Yorkshire pudding from the oven her accumulated anger was evident in the stern, unbending head. She looked at the pudding in the fender, and broke out:

“It is a scandalous thing as a man can’t even come in to his dinner. If it’s crozzled up to a cinder I don’t see why I should care. Past his very door he goes to get to a public house, and here I sit with his dinner waiting for him——”

She went out of the house, returning directly with a dustpan of coal, with which she mended the fire. As she dropped piece after piece of coal on the red fire, the shadows fell on the walls, till the room was almost in total darkness.

“I canna see,” grumbled the invisible John. In spite of herself, the mother laughed.

“You know the way to your mouth,” she said. She set the dustpan outside the door, and came in, going across to the pantry to wash her hands. When she came again like a tall shadow on to the hearth, the lad repeated, complaining sulkily:

“I canna see.”

“Good gracious!” cried the mother irritably, “you’re as bad as your father if it’s a bit dusk!”

Nevertheless she took a paper spill from a sheaf on the mantelpiece and proceeded to light the lamp that hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room. As she reached up her figure displayed itself just rounding with maternity.

“Oh mother——! exclaimed the girl.

“What?” said the woman, suspended in the act of putting the lamp-glass over the flame. The copper reflector shone...
She looked at the children. Their eyes and their little parted lips were piteous. The mother sat rocking in silence for some time. Then she looked at the clock.

“Twenty minutes to six!” In a tone of fine bitter carelessness she continued: “Eh, he’ll not come now till they bring him. There he’ll stick! He needn’t come rolling in here in his pit-dirt, for I won’t wash him. He can lie on the floor— Eh, what a fool I’ve been, what a fool! And this is what I came here for, to this dirty hole, rats and all, for him to sink past his very door. Twice last week—he’s begun now—”

She silenced herself, and rose to clear the table. When she was actively engaged she could endure, but as she sat still her fury seemed to sway like fighting imps within her, and to break out of her control.

Annie trotted after her mother with the tea-things, and helped to wipe them, chattering all the time, almost feverishly chattering. Anything was better than the clouds of silence that would settle on them. When there was no more housework to be done Annie stood disconsolate for a moment. She felt almost unequal to the struggle with the pressure of the trouble. Yet, in childish dread of abnormal states, in terror of an approaching climax, she forced herself to play.

“Our John, should we play at gipsies?”

They hung an old red table cloth from the sofa to their father’s large arm-chair, and in the corner behind it was their gipsy caravan. They played with peculiar intentness, were brilliantly fertile in inventions, united in terror against the oncoming of which they knew not what. John was a tinker and Annie sold clothes-peg. They knocked at the dresser and interviewed an imaginary housewife; they knocked at the pantry door, and an imaginary dog flew at them, when John had the pleasure of kicking it under the jaw, they knocked at the stair foot door, and sold two pegs, putting them under the mat, they could make no one hear at the parlour door; then John returned to the pantry and was given a lading can to mend. Whilst he soldered it Annie washed the clothes. When it was

1-2 her face to] C: to face
5-6 relieved .... “One] C: relieved. “One
8 shadow .... on] C: shadow was seen floating vaguely on
12-13 light .... felt] B: light them all uneasy revealed their suspense
so that the woman felt
15 from out of] C: out from
16 cried Annie] C: Annie cried
17 flowers] C: sprig
19-20 lips .... murmuring] B: lips, murmuring
23 “Hateful .... It] B: “No!” she said. “Not to me. It C: “No,” she said,” not A proposed change in A from hate to detest is cancelled

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finished he took it back: "And did you get tenpence, John? Oh that's very nice! Now what should we have for dinner?"


"Oh, no, not hedgehog!"

But he insisted, and it had to be baked in clay. In a few seconds it was done: a pair of the father's stockings, black specked with red, rolled in a duster for clay. Annie was forced to pretend to eat, though she dithered at the bare idea.

At last they wore the game out, and John demanded "pit."

This Annie hated, but she would have played anything to avoid a crisis.

John crept under the sofa, and, lying on his side as his father had taught him, pretended to be hacking a hole in the wall with a little stick—"holing a stint," he said. Meanwhile Annie dragged up a little box on wheels, and put in it all the boots and slippers—"loading a waggon"—and then "taking a carffie to the bottom." John could grunt and sweat in safety under the sofa, but Annie had only her horse to address: "Gee Dobbins! Whoo!" and the game at last grew to be too much of a burden to her. She had no more heart to play.

The mother all this time sat in her rocking-chair making a "singlet" of thick cream-coloured flannel, which gave a dull sound when she tore off the grey strip at the edge. She worked at her sewing with energy, listening to the children, and her anger went back of pacings backwards and forwards like an impotent caged creature, and lay down to rest, its eyes always open and steadily watching, its ears raised to listen. Sometimes, even her anger quailed and shrank, and the mother suspended her sewing, tracing the footsteps that thudded along the sleepers outside; she would lift her head sharply to bid the children "hush," but she recovered herself in time, and the footsteps went past the gate, and the children were not dragged out of their play-world.

24-25 anger woreied itself ..... lay] B: anger woreied itself, lay
C: Anger ..... Itself ......
25-27 rest ..... and] B: rest, opening its eyes from time to time
C: ...... Its ......
27-28 its ears ..... anger] C: Its ears ..... Anger
32 dragged] B: flung

But at last Annie sighed, and gave in. She glanced at her waggon of slippers, and loathed it. Hesitating, falttering, she dragged it to a corner and left it, turning plaintively to her mother.

5 "Read us a tale, mother!" she pleaded.

Her mother had bent her head over her sewing. If there was one thing she shrank from doing, it was from lifting up her voice, which was like a child in rebellion, and would need all her efforts to command; sulky, it was, with shut lips.

10 "Shall you, mother?" insisted the girl. John, under the sofa, lay still to hear the answer. The mother looked at the clock. It was a quarter to seven, and they were not to be undressed for bed till seven. A quarter of an hour may be an age.

15 "Which one?" she asked, temporising.

"The Fir Tree!" and gladly the girl turned to the dresser and took from one of the drawers an old volume of Andersen.

"Now look," she said, "let me get it!" and she quickly found the place. The child's demonstration of gaiety loosened the lips of the mother's silence, and she began to read, listening to the sound of her own voice. John crept out like a frog from under the sofa. His mother looked up:

"Yes," she said. "Just look at those shirt-sleeves!"

25 The boy held them out to look at them, and said nothing. The reproof was a sign that the mother had in some measure recovered her usual equilibrium, and as such was grateful. The tale began well, but somebody called in a hoarse voice down the line, and the old silence woke up and bristled in the room, till two people had gone by outside, talking. Then the mother continued to read, but it was a mere barrenness of words. The same subtle determination that had kept the children playing made the mother read the tale to the end, though it had no meaning for anybody. At last it was finished, and:

35 "There!" she exclaimed in relief. "You must go to bed now—it's past seven o'clock."

2-3 loathed ..... plaintively] B: loathed the game. She turned plaintively
MS note substituting and turned for and left it, turning is cancelled
4-p. 26, l. 2 mother ..... mother] B: see Appendix D
“My father hasn’t come,” said Annie plaintively, giving way at last. But her mother was primed with courage:

“Never mind. They’ll bring him when he does come—like a log.” She meant there would be no scene. “And he may sleep on the floor till he wakes himself. I know he’ll not go to work to-morrow after this!”

The children had their hands and faces wiped with the flannel, and were undressed on the hearthrug. They were very quiet. When they had put on their nightdresses, they knelted down, and the girl hid her face in her mother’s lap, and the boy put his face in his mother’s skirt at the side, and they said their prayers, the boy mumbling. She looked down at them, at the brown silken bush of intertwining curls in the nape of the girl’s neck, and the little black head of the boy, and in front of her eyes shone love and pity, and close behind pity stood anger, with shadowy hate, like a phantom, and scorn, glittering and dangerous; all these on the darkened stage of the mother’s soul, with pity and love in front. The children hid their faces in her skirts, and were full of comfort and safety, and they prayed to her, for she was the God of their prayers. Then she lighted the candle and took them to bed.

When she came down, the room was strangely empty, with a tension of expectancy. The mother took up her sewing and stitched for some time without raising her head. Meantime her anger was accumulating. She broke the spell sharply at last, and looked up. It was ten minutes to eight. She sat staring at the pudding in the fender, and at the saucepan to which the … B: with the flannel. They C: with a …

7-8 B: with the … They] C: deleted
9-11 nightdresses … they] B: nightdresses, they
12 She] B: The mother
13-14 neck, and] B: neck, at
14-18 boy] B: boy, love and pity, anger and hate yielded one to another alternately as she thought of the children, then of their father’s] and her heart burst with anger at their father who caused all three such distress. The C: lad, …
19-22 skirts … When] B: skirts for comfort. When
22 she] B: Mrs. Bates MS notes Elizabeth deleted
23 The mother] B: She
24-p. 27, l. 4 Meantime … clock] B: Meantime her anger tinged with fear. The clock MS notes substitute cotton for spell; she felt afraid for fear arrived in the room and stood foremost; Elizabeth’s for her; as for the final and. All were deleted
of Wales,” very warm and bright, and the loud voices of men could be heard distinctly. What a fool she had been to imagine that anything had happened to him! Here, in the commonplace movement of the sordid village, her sense of tragedy, with its dignity, vanished. He was merely drinking over there at the “Prince of Wales.” She faltered. She had never yet been to fetch him, and she never would. Yet, while she was out, she must get some satisfaction. So she continued her walk, with the black wooden fence and the railway on her right, and, across the road, the long stragglng line of houses standing blank on the highway. She went across the road, and entered a passage between the houses.

This entry sloped down sharply, as the houses were built on the drop to the brook, and had downstairs kitchens. The houses were in pairs, as is usual, the back doors facing each other, and between them a small breadth of bricked yard. She did not know for certain which was the house of Jack Rigley, one of her husband’s fellow butties. She asked at the wrong house.

“No, Rigleys is next door—there look!” And Elizabeth Bates turned round, moved past the big, lighted kitchen windows of the two houses, and knocked at the other door.

“Mr. Rigley?—Yes! Did you want him? No, he’s not in at this minute.”

The raw-boned woman leaned forward from her dark scullery and peered at the other, upon whom fell a dim light through the blind of the kitchen window.

“Is it Mrs. Bates?” she asked in a tone tinged with respect.

“Yes. I wondered if your Master was at home. Mine hasn’t come yet.”

2-3 Here . . . . . vanished.] B: deleted
7-8 would . . . . So] C: would go. So
8-10 walk . . . . the long] B: walk towards the long MS note substituting opposite for across the road; note deleted
11 She . . . . . entered] B: She entered
12 houses] B: dwellings
13-22 This entry . . . . door.] B: deleted MS notes substituting door for house (L. 19); and again perhaps for at the other door. Both are deleted

28-29 Bates . . . . Mrs] B: Bates. Mrs C: as in A

“‘Asn’t ‘e! Oh, Jack’s been ‘ome an’ ad ‘is dinner long since. E’s just gone for ‘alf an’ our afore bed-time, but ‘e won’t be long. Did you call at th’ ‘Prince of Wales’?”

“No—"

5 “No, you didn’t like——! Its not very nice, is it?” the other woman was indulgent and kind. There was an awkward pause. “Jack never said nothink about——about your Mester,” she added.

“No! I expect he’s stuck in there!”

Elizabeth Bates said this bitterly, and with recklessness. She knew that the woman across the yard was standing at her door listening, but she was sick, and did not care. She was turning away.

“Stop a minute! I’ll just go an’ ask Jack if ‘e knows anything,” said Mrs. Rigley.

“Oh, no—I wouldn’t like to put——!”

“Yes, I will, if you’ll just step inside an’ see as th’ childer doesn’t come downstairs and set themselves afire.”

Elizabeth Bates, murmuring a remonstrance, stepped inside, hesitating at the kitchen door.

“Come in! Sit you down. I shanna be a minute. Dunna look at th’ ‘ouse, Ah’n on’y just got ‘em off to bed.”

The kitchen needed apology. There were little frocks and trousers and childish undergarments on the squab and on the floor, and a litter of playthings everywhere. On the black American cloth of the table were pieces of bread and cake, crusts, and a teapot with cold tea.

“Eh, ours is just as bad,” said Elizabeth Bates, looking at the woman, not at the house. Mrs. Rigley put a shawl over her head and hurried out, saying:

2 our] C: hour
3 th’] C: the
5-6 Its . . . . it?] the] B: It’s not very nice.” The
6 indulgent and kind.] B: indulgent.
8 added.] C: said.
12-14 she . . . away.] B: she did not care. As she turned away, C: . . . she turned:
19-23 inside . . . . The] B: inside. The other woman apologised for the state of the room. The
28-29 Bates . . . . Mrs] B: Bates. Mrs C: as in A
“I shanna be a minute.”

The other sat quite still, waiting, noting with faint disapproval the general untidiness of the room, which was clean, if littered. Then she fell, with womanly curiosity, to counting the shoes of various sizes scattered over the room. There were twelve. She sighed and said to herself, “No wonder!”—glancing again over the litter. Then came the scratching of two pairs of feet across the yard, and the Rigleys entered. Elizabeth Bates rose. Rigley was a big man, with very large bones. His head looked particularly bony. Across his temple was a large blue scar, caused by a wound got in the pit, a wound in which the coal-dust remained blue like tattooing.

“'Asna 'e come whom yit?” asked the man, without any form of greeting, but with a fine rough sympathy, and some concern: “I dunna think there's owt amiss—'e's non ower ther, though!”—he jerked his head to signify the “Prince of Wales.”

“E's 'appen gone up th' Yew,” said Mrs. Rigley, gently, showing by her tone that she was upset.

“'I bet that's wheer 'e is!” adjoined the husband. “'Else at Jack Salmon's. 'E's very likely at Jack Salmon's, th' knows 'is daughter wor married yesterdarr’.

There was another pause. Rigley had evidently something to get off his mind:

“Ah left 'im finishin' a stunt,” he began. “Loose—a 'ad bin gone about ten minutes when we com'n away, an' I shouted, 'Are ter comin', Walt? 'an' 'e said, 'Go on, Ah shanna be but

1 alfr B: aef a
1-2 Bower . . . . worl B: Bower thinkin' 'as 'e wor C: Bowers . . . .
2-3 behind us . . . an' c: behint, an'
3 perplexed and concerned B: perplexed
4 desertion of C: desertng
5 ate to C: gone up to
6 em B: it a bit too bad C: it too bad
7 Salmon's's B: Dick's
8 concerned, and B: alarmed
9 with . . . . overstep B: deleted
10 it . . . . em B: it a bit too bad C: it too bad
11 Salmon's's B: Dick's
12 concerned, and B: alarmed
13 with . . . . overstep B: deleted
14-15 with . . . . overstep B: deleted
15-16 'em B: with emphasis. But he knew she was glad of his offer. (He put on his cap and they went out.) As they stumbled up C: with emphasis, but . . . .
"Ah, that's what I can do!" said Rigley with relief. He put on his cap again, and they went out.

"Good night, Mrs. Bates. I'm sure it'll be all right! Don't you bother now!"

As they went up the entry, Elizabeth Bates heard Rigley's wife run across the yard and open her neighbour's door. Then suddenly all the blood in her body seemed to switch away from her heart.

"Mind!" warned Rigley. "Ah've said many a time as Ah'd fill up them ruts in this entry, sumb'dy 'll be breakin' their legs yit."

She recovered herself and walked quickly along with the miner. She wanted to get home—for fear there should be anything.

"I don't like leaving the children in bed, and nobody in the house," she said.

"No, you dunna!" he replied, with all his courtesy and sympathy in his tones. They were soon at the gate of the cottage. All was still.

"Well, I shanna be many minutes. Dunna thee be frettin' now, 'e'll be a' right," said the butty.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Rigley," she replied, and the pathos and gratitude of her voice upset him.

"It's a' right—dunna mention it—you quite welcome!" he stammered, moving away. "I shanna be many minutes."

The house was quiet. Elizabeth Bates took off her hat and shawl, and rolled back the rug. Then she turned up the lamp and began to straighten the house. She took the pudding jar into the pantry, emptied the potatoes on a plate, and put these away too. She was in a hurry to straighten the house, even to lay the children's clothes neatly on the sofa arm. Somebody would be coming, she knew. She folded her sewing and put it in the dresser cupboard. She would do no more of it that night; this also she knew. When she had finished all her tasks, she sat down. It was a few minutes past nine. She was startled by the rapid chuff of the winding-engine at the pit, and the sharp whirr of the brakes on the rope as it descended.

Again she felt the painful sharp sweep of her blood, and she put her hand to her side, saying aloud, "Good gracious!—it's only the nine o'clock deputy going down," rebuking herself. She sat still, listening, her whole body gripped in suspense.

Half an hour of this, and she was wearied out.

"What am I working myself up like this for?" she said pitably to herself, "I'll only be doing myself some damage."

She did not mean herself alone.

What could she do to occupy herself? She took out her sewing again, but it was a pit singlet, and the thought of that took away her energy. She would have liked to begin and make some cake—but she couldn't have those things about when somebody was coming in. So she began to patch the elbow of one of the boy's coat-sleeves.

At a quarter to ten there were footsteps. She sat quite still, listening. One person! She watched for the door to open. It was an elderly woman, in a black bonnet and a black woollen shawl—his mother. This was a short woman of sixty or thereabouts, pale, with blue eyes, and her face all shapen to lines of old lamentation and self-commiseration. She shut the door and came straight to her daughter, and put her old hand on the other's strong, capable hands.

"Ah, Lizzie, whatever shall we do, whatever shall we do!" she said.
The elderly woman went and seated herself on the sofa. The tears were running down the furrows which her old laments had left.

"I don't know, child, I can't tell you!"—she shook her head slowly and with despair. Elizabeth sat watching her, anxiously and vexed.

"I don't know," replied the grandmother, sighing very deeply. "Trouble never leaves us, it doesn't. The things I've gone through, and now this——!" She wept without wiping her eyes, the tears running freely. She seemed to be looking back down the long dark avenue of her troubles.

"But mother," interrupted Elizabeth decisively. "What have you got to tell me? Let me know!"

The grandmother slowly wiped her eyes. The loose fountains of her tears were stopped by Elizabeth's sharpness. She wiped her eyes slowly. She knew it was aggravating, but then—her daughter-in-law had nettled her; and she could not rise too abruptly out of the luxurious bed of her grief.

"Poor child! eh, you poor thing!" she asked. "I don't know what we're going to do, I don't—and you as you are—it's an awful thing, it is indeed, an awful thing!"

Elizabeth sat strangling in the cords of suspense.

"Is he dead?" she asked, and at the words her heart swung violently, though she felt a slight flush of shame at the ultimate extravagance of the idea. The question sufficiently startled the old lady.

"Don't say so, Elizabeth! The Lord won't let it be as bad as that; no, the Lord will spare us that, Elizabeth. Jack Rigley came just as I was sittin' down to a glass afore going to bed, an' he said, "Appen you'll go down th' line, Mrs. Bates. Walt's had an accident. 'Appen you'll go an' sit wit' er till we can get him home."

"I hadn't time to ask him a word, afore he was gone. An' I put my bonnet on an' come straight down to you, Lizzie. I thought to myself, ' Eh, that poor blessed child, if anybody should come an' tell her of a sudden, there's no tuffin' what'll 'appen to 'er.' You mustn't let it upset you, Lizzie—you mustn't child. Think of that poor little thing as isn't here by six months—or is it five, Lizzie? Ay!"—the old woman shook her head—"time slips on, it slips on! Ay! How long is it since you had 'im, Lizzie?"

Elizabeth's thoughts were busy elsewhere. If he was killed—would she be able to manage on the little pension and what she could earn?—she counted up rapidly. If he was hurt—they wouldn't take him to the hospital—how tiresome he would be to nurse!—but perhaps she'd get him away from the drink and his hateful ways. She would—while he was ill. The tears came to her eyes at the picture. Then in thought she arose once more—he had killed her "sentiment"—and began to consider the children. At any rate she was absolutely necessary for them; she must save herself for them. She clung to the thought of the children; and, covering the ugly image of him, rose her pity, a deep womanly pity, which is only akin to love when its object is physically struck down. He would be weak, and she would have him in her hands. Then she was full of tenderness. Her mother startled her. She captured the echo of the question.

"How long? It's eight years come Christmas."

"Eight years!" repeated the old woman, "an' it seems but a week or two since he brought me his first wages. Ay—he was a good lad, Elizabeth, he was a good lad. I don't know—I don't know why he got such a trouble, I don't. He was a good lad at home, a dear lad. But there's no mistake he's been a handful o' trouble, a handful o' trouble, he has! I hope the
and she must be ready, and whatever happened, she must not forget the children. "They'll lay him in the parlour," she said to herself, standing a moment pale and perplexed.

Then she lighted a candle and went into the tiny room.

The air was cold and damp, but she could not make a fire, there was no fireplace. She set down the candle and looked round. There was a sofa, and four chairs, and a chiffonier, and the room was crowded. The candle-light glittered on the lustre-glasses, and on the two glass vases that held some of the pink chrysanthemums. There was a cold deathly smell of chrysanthemums in the room. Elizabeth stood looking at the flowers. Vaguely, they recalled her wedding. She turned away, and calculated whether they would have room to lay him on the floor, between the couch and the chiffonier. She pushed the couch down against the narrow wall, and put the chairs at that end also. There would be room to lay him down and to step round him. Then she fetched the old red table-cloth, and another old cloth, spreading them down to save her bit of carpet. She shivered on leaving the parlour; so, from the dresser drawer she took a clean shirt and put it at the fire to air. All the time her mother-in-law was rocking herself in the chair and moaning.

"You'll have to move from there, mother," said Elizabeth. "They'll be bringing him in. Come in the rocker."

The old mother rose mechanically, and seated herself by the fire, continuing to "keen." The parlour door was open, and inside it looked very dim and cold, with one yellow candle on the dark red chiffonier. Elizabeth went into the pantry for another candle, and there, in the little place under the naked

1-2 and whatever ______ children.] B: deleted MS note substituting also for and, cancelled
7-8 There ______ crowded.] B: deleted MS note inserting with those before the room, cancelled
9 ______ glasses ______ vases] B: -glasses, on the two vases
10 ______ vases] B: -chrysanthemums, and on the dark mahogany.
12 ______ wedding.] B: deleted
13 they would have] B: there would be
15-16 couch ______ also.] B: chairs aside.
26 "keen") B: lament
26-28 The parlour ______ chiffonier.] B: deleted
29 place] B: pent-house
30 One of the men had knocked off a vase of chrysanthemums. He stared awkwardly, then they set down the stretcher. Elizabeth did not look at her husband. As soon as she could get in

1 MS note replacing them by their, cancelled
4-5 mother rose and stood] B: mother was C: woman was
10 great pit-boots] B: pit-boots C: nailed pit-boots
11 to] C: at
13 old manager] C: manager
23-26 Elizabeth ______ other.] B: deleted MS note inserting as she after
Elizabeth, cancelled
28 'im] C: 'im

tiles, she heard them coming. She stood still in the pantry doorway, listening. She heard them pass the end of the house, and come awkwardly down the three steps, a jumble of shuffling footsteps and muttering voices. The old mother rose and stood silent. The men were in the yard.

Then Elizabeth heard Matthews, the manager of the pit, say: "You go in first, Jim. Mind!"

The door came open, and the two women saw a collier backing into the room, holding one end of a stretcher, on which they could see the great pit-boots of the dead man. The two carriers halted, the man at the head stooping to the lintel of the door.

"Whee will you have him?" asked the old manager, a short, white-bearded man.

Elizabeth roused herself and came away from the pantry, carrying the unlighted candle.

"In the parlour," she said.

"In there Jim!" pointed the manager, and the carriers backed round into the tiny room. The coat with which they had covered the body fell off as they awkwardly turned through the two doorways, and the women saw their man, naked to the waist, lying stripped for work. Immediately the old woman began to moan in a low voice. "My boy!" Elizabeth followed to see where they laid him, and she came face to face with the manager, who was on the heels of the second bearer. Neither noticed the other.

"LAY th' stretcher at th' side," snapped the manager, "an' put 'im on th' cloths. Mind now, mind! Look you now—!!"

One of the men had knocked off a vase of chrysanthemums. He stared awkwardly, then they set down the stretcher. Elizabeth did not look at her husband. As soon as she could get in
Lord'll spare him to mend his ways, I hope so, I hope so. You've had a sight o' trouble with him, Elizabeth, you have indeed. But I'm sure he was a good lad wi' me, he was, there's no denying. I don't know how it is... Eh! they don't turn out well, they don't! They run your legs off, an' make you tired out when they're little, an' when they're big, you sit still wi' more trouble than you can well carry because of 'em. It is so——

The old woman continued to think aloud, a monotonous plaintive sound, while Elizabeth drove her thoughts fiercely here and there, arrested once, when she heard the winding-engine chuff quickly again, and the brakes skirr with a shriek. Then she heard the engine more slowly, and the brakes made no sound. The old woman did not notice. Elizabeth sat in a coil of half-twisted suspense. The old woman talked, with lapses into silence.

"But he wasn't your son, Lizzie—an' it makes a difference. Whatever he was, I remember him when he was little, a beautiful little lad, as ever your eyes could wish."

It was half-past ten, and the old woman was saying: "You've nothing left—but trouble; and you're never too old for trouble, never too old for that——" when the gate banged, and there were heavy feet on the steps.

"I'll go, Lizzie, let me go," cried the old woman, rising.

But Elizabeth was at the door. It was a man in pit-clothes.

"They're bringin' im, Missis," he said, simply. Elizabeth's life halted a moment within her. Then it switched on again, almost suffocating her.

3 I'm sure he] B: he
4-8 Eh!...is so] B: deleted MS note substituting bear for carry
9 think] C: muse
10-11 drove...once] B: thought concentratedly, startled once
12 quickly again] B: quickly
14-15 sat...suspense.] B: waited in suspense.
15 old woman] C: mother-in-law
18 beautiful] B: dear
19 your eyes...wish.] B: you could wish to set eyes on.
22 banged.] C: banged back,
26 'im,] C: 'im in,
27 life...her.] B: heart halted a moment. 27 switched] B: surged

D. H. Lawrence's 'Odour of Chrysanthemums'

"Is he—is it bad?" she asked.
The man nodded and turned away, looking at the garden:
"The doctor says 'e'd been dead hours. 'E saw 'im i' th' lamp cabin."

5 The old woman, who stood just behind Elizabeth, dropped into a chair, and folded her hands, crying: "Oh, my boy, my boy."
"Hush!" said Elizabeth, with a sharp twitch of a frown.
"Be still, mother, don't waken th' children: I wouldn't have them down for anything!"

10 The old woman moaned softly, rocking herself. The man was turning away. Elizabeth took a step forward.
"How was it?" she asked.
"Well, it wor this like," the man replied, very ill at ease.
"'E wor finishin' a stint, an' th' butties 'ad gone, an' a lot o' stuff come down atop 'n 'im."

"And is he much—has it made a mess of him?" asked the widow, with a shudder. She dreaded most of all at this moment that he should look ghastly; she felt she could not stand it.
"No," said the man, "it fell at th' back on 'im. 'E wor under th' face, tha sees, an' it never touched 'im. It shut 'im in. 'E wor smothered."

Elizabeth shrank back with a low cry. The thought of it was like a weapon against her life. She heard the old woman behind her say:

25 "What?—did 'e say 'e was suffocated?"

The man replied, more loudly: "Yes—that's 'ow it wor!"
Then the old woman wailed aloud, and this calmed Elizabeth.
"Oh, mother," she said, putting her arms round the old woman, "don't waken th' children, don't waken the children."

30 She wept a little, while the old woman rocked herself and moaned. Elizabeth did not think of it—she did not think of him. She only thought that they were bringing him home,
the room, she went and picked up the broken vase, and the flowers.

"Wait a minute!" she said.

The three men waited in silence while she put the bits of glass and the flowers in the ashpan, and mopped up the water with a duster. Then they lifted the body and put it on the cloths, and stood up with a sigh, keeping their eyes on the man.

"Eh, what a job, what a job, to be sure!" the manager was saying, rubbing his brow with trouble and perplexity.

"Never knew such a thing in my life, never! They'd no business to ha' left 'im, you know, no business to ha' left him. I never knew such a thing in my life! Fell over him clean as a whistle, an' shut him in. Not ten feet of space, there wasn't—but it never bruised him."

He looked down at the dead man, lying serene, half naked, all grimed with coal-dust.

"'Sphyxiated,' the doctor said. I never knew anything like it. It seems as if it had to be. Clean over him, an' shut 'im in, like a vault"—he made a sweeping gesture with his hand.

"It war that!" corroborated one of the men.

They forced the horror of the thing upon the woman's imagination, and it gripped her as in some great invisible hand.

"Don't take on!" said the manager, "it's no good now, Missis, it isna. It's a bad job, I know it is, but—"

Then they heard the girl's voice upstairs calling shrilly:

"Mother, mother—who is it? Mother—who is it?"

Elizabeth hurried to the foot of the stairs and opened the door:

"Go to sleep!" she commanded sharply. "What are you shouting about? Go to sleep at once—there's nothing—"

---

4-5 put ... ashpan and] B: deleted
6-7 Then .... man.] B: deleted
11 'im .... him.] C: deleted
18 it had to be.] B: it was done o' purpose.
22-24 imagination ... It's] B: imagination. "Steady Missis!" said the manager." Steady, then, Steady! It's C: imagination. "Steady, Missis!" said the manager. "It's

MS note substituting cried for commanded, cancelled

Then she began to mount the stairs. They could hear her on the boards, and on the plaster floor of the little bedroom. They could hear her distinctly:

"What's the matter now?—what's the matter with you, silly thing?"—her voice was much gentler than when she had called from the foot of the stairs.

"I thought it was some men come," said the plaintive voice of the child.

"They only brought your father home. There's nothing to make a fuss about. Go to sleep now, like a good child."

They could imagine her smoothing the bedclothes over the shoulders of the soothed children.

"Is he drunk?" the girl asked, timidly, faintly.

"No! Don't be a silly. He—he's asleep."

"Is he asleep downstairs?"

"Yes... and don't wake him."

There was silence for a moment, then the men heard the frightened child again:

"What's that noise? Is it him asleep?"

"Yes! He's all right, what are you bothering for?"

The noise was the grandmother moaning. She was quite oblivious of everything, sitting on her chair rocking and moaning. The manager put his hand on her arm and bade her "Sh—sh!!"

The old woman opened her eyes and looked at him. She was stung by this interruption, but she became quiet, very pitiful and forlorn.

"What time is it?"—the plaintive thin voice of the child, reassured, sinking back to sleep, asked this last question.

"Ten o'clock," answered the mother softly. Then she must have bent down and kissed them, and they heard the soft level flight of her voice, but could not tell what she said.

Matthews beckoned the men to come away. They put on their caps and took up the stretcher. Then, stepping over the
body, they tiptoed out of the house. None of them spoke till they were far from the wakeful children.

When Elizabeth came down she found her mother alone on the parlour floor, with the face of her son between her hands, the tears dropping on him.

"We must lay him out," she whispered softly. She went and put on the kettle, then returned and kneeling at the feet, began to unfasten the knotted leather laces. The room was very dim with only one candle, and she had to bend her face almost to the floor. At last she got off the heavy boots and took them away. Then she pulled off her stockings, with dirty tape garters: black and red "mingled" stockings, like those of the children's hedgehog. She unfastened the thick leather belt from round his waist.

"We must get his trousers off," she whispered to the little old woman, and together, with difficulty, they did so.

When they rose and looked at him lying naked in the beauty of death, the women experienced suddenly the same feeling; that of motherhood, mixed with some primeval awe. But the pitiful mother-feeling prevailed. Elizabeth knelt down and put her arms round him, and laid her cheek on his breast. His mother had his face between her hands again, and was murmuring and sobbing. Elizabeth touched him and kissed him with her cheek and her lips. Then suddenly she felt jealous that the old woman had his face.

She rose, and went into the kitchen, where she poured some warm water into a bowl, and brought soap and flannel and a towel.

"I must wash him," she said decisively. Then the old mother rose stiffly, and watched Elizabeth as she gently washed his face, tenderly, as if he were a child, brushing the big blonde moustache from his mouth with the flannel. Then the old woman, jealous, said:

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Elizabeth, who had sobbed herself weary, looked up. Then
she put her arms round him, and kissed him again on the smooth
ripples below the breasts, and held him to her. She loved him
very much now—so beautiful, and gentle, and helpless. He
must have suffered! What must he have suffered! Her tears
started hot again. Ah, she was so sorry, sorrier than she could
ever tell. She was sorry for him, that he had suffered so, and
got lost in the dark places of death. But the poignancy of her
grief was that she loved him again—ah, so much! She did not
want him to wake up, she did not want him to speak. She had
him again, now, and it was Death which had brought him.
She kissed him, so that she might kiss Death which had taken
the ugly things from him. Think how he might have come
home—not white and beautiful, gently smiling... Ugly,
befouled, with hateful words on an evil breath, reeking with
disgust. She loved him so much now; her life was mended
again, and her faith looked up with a smile; he had come home
to her, beautiful. How she had loathed him! It was strange
he could have been such as he had been. How wise of death
to be so silent! If he spoke, even now, her anger and her scorn
would lift their heads like fire. He would not speak—no, just
gently smile, with wide eyes. She was sorry to have to disturb
him to put on his shirt—but she must, he could not lie like that.
The shirt was aired by now. But it would be cruel hard work
to get him into it. He was so heavy, and helpless, more helpless
than a baby, poor dear!—and so beautiful.

In the following appendices are printed the revisions which were too
extensive for the margins of the proof-sheets and which Lawrence wrote
out on sheets of exercise-book paper (see illustration). Before using
these separate sheets he had made some alterations on the proofs
themselves; though in most cases they were discarded, they are included
below wherever possible (within angled brackets).

APPENDIX A

p. 12, l. 25–p. 13, l. 17 The engine...... A woman] B: The engine whistled as it came into the (great) wide bay of railway lines beside the colliery, where rows of
trucks stood in harbour. Miners, single, trailing, and in groups, passed like shadows diverging home. <Beside> At the edge of the ribbed level of sidings squat
a low cottage, three steps down from the cinder track. A large, bony vine scurried over the house, as if to claw <it down> down the tiled roof. Round the
bricked <threshold> yard was a rim of black garden, with a few chill <gera> primroses. Beyond, the long garden sloped down to a bush-covered brook course.
There were many twiggy apple trees, winter-crack trees, sinister-looking bushes, and <dishevelled> ragged cabbages. Beside the path hung torn and scattered
groups of dishevelled pink chrysanthemums, like cloths hung on bushes. A woman C: ...... yard grew a few primroses. Beyond ...... like pink cloths.

APPENDIX B

p. 17, l. 10–p. 18, l. 4 The kitchen......boisterousness. She] B: The kitchen was
small and full of firelight; red coals piled glowing up (to) the chimney mouth. All
the life of the room seemed in the white warm hearth and the steel fender <reflected
red> reflecting the red fire. The cloth was laid for tea; cups <shone> glinted in the
shadow. <The chintz covering on the sofa looked wasted & cozy> At the back, where
the lowest stair protruded into the room, the boy sat struggling with a knife &
a piece of white wood. <It was half past four.> He was almost hidden in the shadow,
only his movement seemed visible. <She left the oven door slightly ajar so that the
room was filled with the savour of stewed meat.> It was half past four. <She had
only to wait for her husband.> They had but to await the father's coming before
beginning tea. As the mother watched her son's sullen struggle with the wood,
she saw herself in his silence & pertinacity, she saw the father in her child's
indifference to all but himself. Walter Bates counted nothing but his own pleasure
and interest. Even now, he had probably gone past his home, slouched past his
own door, to drink before he came in, while his dinner spoiled and wasted in
waiting. She C: ...... shadows. At ...... stairs protruded ...... hidden in the
shadow. It was ...... coming to begin tea ......

APPENDIX C

p. 23, l. 11–p. 24, l. 23 table. When ..... She] B: table. While for an hour or
more, the children played subduedly, intent, fertile of invention, united in fear
<against the developing of a gathering storm an ugly scene> of their mother's
wrath and in <hate of> dread of their father's homecoming. Mrs. Bates sat in her
rocking-chair making a 'sightlet' of thick, cream coloured flannel, which gave
a dull wounded sound as she tore off the grey edge. She C: ...... fertile of
imagination, ...... the mother's ......
The beauty of his youth, of his eighteen years, of the time when life had settled on him, as in adolescence, it settles on youth, bringing a mission to fulfil and equipment therefor, this beauty shone almost unstained again. It was this adolescent 'he', the young man looking round to see which way, that Elizabeth had loved. He had come from the discipleship of youth, through the Pentecost of adolescence, pledged to keep with honor his own individuality, [illegal cancellations] to be steadily and unquenchably himself, electing his own masters & serving them till the wages were won. He betrayed himself in his search for amusement. Let Education teach us to amuse ourselves, necessity will [force] train us to work. Once out of the pit, there was nothing to interest this man. He sought the public house, where, by paying the price of his own integrity, [illegal cancellations] he found amusement, destroying the clamours for activity, because he knew not what form the activities might take. The miner turned miscreant to himself, easing the ache of dissatisfaction by destroying that part of him which ached. Little by little, the recreant maimed and destroyed himself.

It was this recreant his wife had hated so bitterly, had fought against so strenuously. She had strove all the years of his falling off, strove with all her force to save the man she had known, new bucklered with beauty and strength. In a wild and bloody passion she fought the recreant. Now (he was dead) this lay killed, the clean young knight was brought home dead to her. Elizabeth bowed her head upon the body and wept.

She put her arms round him, kissed the [mouth] smooth ripples below his breasts, bowed her forehead on him in submission. Faithful to her deeper sense of honor, she uttered no word of sorrow in her heart. Upright in soul are women, however they bow the swerving body. She owned the beauty of the blow.

And all the while her heart was bursting with grief and pity for him. What had he suffered? What stretch of horror for this helpless [child] man! She wept herself almost in agony. She had not been able to help him. Never again would she be able to do anything for him. It was a grief unutterable to think that now all was over between them. Even if it were a case of meeting in the next world, he would not need her there, [they would not be husband and wife] it would be different. She saw the great episode of her life (closed) with him closed, and grief was a passion. [Even] The old mother was hushed in awe. Often she, the elder, less honorable woman, had said: "She drives him to it, she makes him ten thousand times worse." But now the mother (saint) bowed down in respect for the wife. As the passion of Elizabeth's grief grew more, the old woman shrank and tried to avoid it.

"Have you got his shirt, 'Lizabeth?" Elizabeth wept without [heed] answering, [but striving] though she strove to lull and recover. At last she rose, went into the kitchen. Returning:

"It is aired," she said, grasping the cotton shirt here & there to try. (It was a pity) She was sorry to disturb him, but he could not lie naked. It was [crude] hard work to clothe him. He was so heavy, and helpless, more helpless than a baby [tumbled] fallen heavily asleep. [illegal cancellations] They had to struggle with him as if he were a rebellious child. This made Elizabeth's heart weep again.
Yet more joy was mixed in her emotion than she knew. He might have come home ugly, befouled, so that she would have had a loathly strange creature to combat. Ah, how she had fought that him, the disfigured coward which gradually replaced her man. How wise of death to be so silent. Even now her fear could not trust him to speak. Yet he was restored to her, fair, unblemished (in heart) fresh for the splendour of a fine fight. She thanked God for it, and her heart exulted. Ah, he was so beautiful for the re-issuing into the next life. C: . . . . I had him, Lizzie. The heartiest laugh he had—"Elizabeth looked . . . . eyes, half shut, did not show . . . . destroying the part . . . . had strove with all her force . . . . home to her . . . . Never again would she be able to help him. It was grief . . . . life closed with him . . . . She, the elder . . . . But now the old mother . . . . rose and went . . . . fresh as for the splendour of a fight. Remainder deleted.
(b)

"Odour of Chrysanthemums"

1911
An Herrn Theodor Apel in Leipzig, Neuer Neumarkt, Apel’s Haus
(Post-mark: Magdeburg 27/12. Seal: R.W.)

I hope your wrath will have calmed since the letter which you must have received by last Tuesday at latest. I can imagine how you must be feeling, dear old fellow;—you despatched me a piece of your life [the Columbus], and will have to wait a long time, at this distance, ere you can reunite yourself with it. So put an end to your torture, and run over as soon as you can. Your Columbus is in just the phase I told you last;—by New Year Ludwig Maier will arrive,—who must undertake Vinzente Pinzon,—so we shall wait to give the roles out till he’s here.—But now listen: you must be here yourself by New Year’s day—next Thursday—for it will be a joke to you in any case to see the performance of a festival piece composed by me to poetry by Schmale:—I’ve so much to do in consequence, that I hardly know where to commence. There are five numbers in all:—a grand overture, which I made in 1½ hour, and choruses and allegoric [i.e. melodrama] music, which I wrote in one forenoon;—for I only received the commission the day before yesterday.—Bad as it ought to have been, I am vexed enough at its having turned out good for all that;—only I still have to instrument the whole thing.—So I entreat you, come hither for New Year’s day; you’ll amuse yourself here—and perhaps bore yourself there.—Taken all round, it’s fairly lively here now, quite a number of “guests”; a tenor Gösel has arrived already,—the Low is coming for New Year,—a new heroine also, the Bauer, who’s said to be immensely pretty;—so do come! Adieu.

Thy
Richard.

* Afterwards mother of the singers Lilli and Marie Lehmann.—Tr.

(To be continued)

Odour of Chrysanthemums
By D. H. Lawrence

The small locomotive engine, Number 4, came clanking, stumbling down from Selston with seven full waggons. It appeared round the corner with loud threats of speed, but the coil that it started from among the gorse, which still flickered indistinctly in the raw afternoon, outdistanced it at a canter. A woman, walking up the railway line to Underwood, drew back into the hedge, held her basket aside, and watched the footprint of the engine advancing. The trucks thumped heavily past one by one, with slow inevitable movement, as she stood in the ditch between the jolting black waggons and the hedge; then they curved away towards the coppice where the withered oak-leaves dropped noiselessly, while the birds, pulling at the scarlet hips beside the track, made off into the dusk that had already crept into the spinney. In the open, the smoke from the engine sank and cleared to the rough grass. The fields were dreary and forsaken, and in the marshy strip that led to the whimsey, a reedy pit-pond, the fowls had already abandoned their run among the alders, to roost in the tarry fowlhouse. The pit-bank loomed up beyond the pond, flame-like red sores licking its ashy sides, in the afternoon’s stagnant light. Just beyond rose the tapering chimneys and the clumps of black headstocks of Brinsley Colliery. The two wheels were spinning fast up against the sky, and the winding-engine rapped out its little spasms. The miners were being turned up.

The engine whistled as it came into the wide bay of railway lines beside the colliery, where rows of trucks stood in harbour.

Miners, single, trailing and in groups, passed like shadows, diversing home. At the edge of the ribbed level of siding, a small cottage, three steps down from the cinder track. A large bony vine scrambled over the house, as if to claw down the tiled roof. Round the bricked yard grew a few primroses. Beyond, the long garden sloped down to a bush-covered brook course. There were many twiggy apple-trees, winter-cranes, trees, sinister looking bushes, and ragged cabbages. Beside the
engine loomed past the house and came to a stop opposite the gate.

The engine-driver, a short man with round grey beard,
leaned out of the cab high above the woman.

"I've just come right for a cup of tea," he said in a merry little fashion.

It was her father. She went in, saying she would mash for him. Directly, she returned.

"I didn't come and see you on Sunday," began the little grey-bearded man. "Because—"

"I didn't expect you," said his daughter coldly.

The engine-driver winced; then, trying to resume his merry, airy manner, he said:

"Oh, have you heard then? Well, and what do you think—?"

"I think it is soon enough," she replied.

At her brief censure the little man made an impatient gesture, and said coaxingly, excusing himself:

"Well, what's a man to do? It's no sort of life living with strangers, a man of my years. I'm used to sitting on my own hearth with my own woman. And if I'm going to marry again it may as well be soon as late—a few months make no difference."

The woman did not reply, but turned and went into the house. The man in the engine-cab stared about in much discomfort, till she returned with a cup of tea and a piece of bread and butter on a plate. She went up the steps and stood near the footplate of the hissing engine.

"You needn't 'a brought me bread an' butter as well," said her father. "But a cup of tea"—he sipped appreciatively— "it's very nice." He sipped for a moment or two, then:

"I hear as Walter's got another bout on," she said.

"I don't know when he hasn't," said the woman bitterly.

"I heered tell of him in the 'Lord Nelson' braggin' as he was going to spend that b— afore he went: half a sovereign that was."

"When?" asked the woman.

"A Sat' day night—an' I know it's true."

"Very likely," she laughed bitterly. "He is doing well—an' gives me twenty-th'ee shillings. I'd rather have bad times than good, he hasn't so much to spend."

"It's a crying shame, he wants horsewhipping!" said the little man. The woman turned her head with weary impatience. Her father swallowed the last of his tea and handed her the cup.
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"Ay," he sighed, wiping his mouth. "I've repented the day I ever let you have him."

He put his hand on the lever. The little engine strained and groaned, and the train rumbled towards the crossing. The woman again looked across the metals. Darkness was settling over the spaces of the railway, and the trucks: the miners, in grey sombre groups, were still passing home. The winding-engine pulsed hurriedly, with brief pauses. Elizabeth Bates looked at the dreary flow of men, then she went indoors. Her husband did not come.

The kitchen was small and full of firelight; red coals piled glowing up the chimney mouth. All the life of the room seemed in the white, warm hearth and the steel fender reflecting the red fire. The cloth was laid for tea; cups glinted in the shadows. At the back, where the lowest stairs protruded into the room, the boy sat struggling with a knife and a piece of white wood. He was almost hidden in the shadow. It was half-past four. They had but to await the father's coming to begin tea. As the mother watched her son's sullen little struggle with the wood, she saw herself in his silence and pertinacity; she saw the father in her child's indifference to all but himself. Walter Bates counted nothing but his own pleasure and interest. Even now he had probably gone past his home, slouched past his own door, to drink before he came in, while his dinner spoiled and wasted in waiting. She glanced at the clock, then took the potatoes to strain them in the yard. The garden and fields beyond the brook were closed in uncertain darkness. When she rose with the saucepan, leaving the drain steaming into the night behind her, she saw the yellow lamps were lit along the high road that went up the hill away beyond the space of the railway lines and the field.

Then again she watched the men trooping home, fewer now and fewer.

Indoors the fire was sinking and the room was dark red. The woman put her saucepan on the hob, and set a batter pudding near the mouth of the oven. Then she stood unmoving. Directly, gratefully, came quick young steps to the door. A child hung on the latch a moment, then a little girl entered and began pulling off her clothes, dragging a mass of curls, just ripening from gold to brown, over her eyes with her hat.

Her mother chid her for coming late from school, and said she would have to keep her at home the dark winter days.

"Why, mother, it's hardly a bit dark yet. The lamp's not lighted, and my father's not home."

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"No, he isn't. But it's a quarter to five! Did you see anything of him?"

The child became serious. She looked at her mother with large, wistful blue eyes.

"No, mother, I've never seen him. Why? Has he come up an' gone past, to Old Brinsley? He hasn't, mother, 'cos I never saw him."

"He'd watch that," said the mother bitterly, "he'd take care as you didn't see him. But you may depend upon it, he's seated in the 'Prince o' Wales.' He wouldn't be this late."

The girl looked at her mother piteously.

"Let's have our teas, mother, should we?" said she.

The mother called John to table. She opened the door once more and looked out across the darkness of the lines. All was deserted: she could not hear the winding-engines.

"Perhaps," she said to herself, "he's stopped to get some ripping done."

They sat down to tea. John, at the end of the table near the door, was almost lost in the darkness. Their faces were hidden from each other. The girl crouched against the fender slowly moving a thick piece of bread before the fire. The lad, his face a dusky mark on the shadow, sat watching her, transfigured as she was in the red glow.

"I do think it's beautiful to look in the fire," said the child.

"Do you?" said her mother. "Why?"

"It's so red, and full of little hot caves—and it feels so nice, and you can fair smell it."

"It'll want mending directly," replied her mother, "and then if your father comes he'll carry on and say there never is a fire when a man comes home sweating from the pit. A public-house is always warm enough."

There was silence till the boy said complainingly: "Make haste, our Annie."

"Well, I am! I can't make the fire do it no faster, can I?"

"She keeps waflin it about so's to make 'er slow," grumbled the boy.

"Don't have such an evil imagination, child," replied the mother.

Soon the room was busy in the darkness with the crisp sound of crunching. The mother ate very little. She drank her tea determinedly, and sat thinking. When she rose her
anger was evident in the stern unbending of her head. She looked at the pudding in the fender, and broke out:

"It is a scandalous thing as a man can't even come home to his dinner! If it's crozzled up to a cinder I don't see why I should care. Past his very door he goes to get to a public-house, and here I sit with his dinner waiting for him—"

She went out. As she dropped piece after piece of coal on the red fire, the shadows fell on the walls, till the room was almost in total darkness.

"I canna see," grumbled the invisible John. In spite of herself, the mother laughed.

"You know the way to your mouth," she said. She set the dustpan outside the door. When she came again like a tall shadow on the hearth, the lad repeated, complaining sulkily:

"I canna see."

"Good gracious!" cried the mother irritably, "you're as bad as your father if it's a bit dusk!"

Nevertheless she took a paper spill from a sheaf on the mantelpiece and proceeded to light the lamp that hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room. As she reached up, her figure displayed itself just rounding with maternity.

"Oh mother — !" exclaimed the girl.

"What?" said the woman, suspended in the act of putting the lampglass over the flame. The copper reflector shone handsomely on her, as she stood with uplifted arm, turning to face her daughter.

"You've got a flower in your apron!" said the child, in a little rapture at this unusual event.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed the woman, relieved. "One would think the house was afire." She replaced the glass and waited a moment before turning up the wick. A pale shadow was seen floating vaguely on the floor.

"Let me smell!" said the child, still rapturously, coming forward and putting her face to her mother's waist.

"Go along, silly!" said the mother, turning up the lamp. The light revealed their suspense so that the woman felt it almost unbearable. Annie was still bending at her waist. Irritably, the mother took the flowers out from her apron-band.

"Oh mother—don't take them out!" Annie cried, catching her hand and trying to replace the sprig.

"Such nonsense!" said the mother, turning away. The child put the pale chrysanthemums to her lips, murmuring:

"Don't they smell beautiful!"

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Her mother gave a short laugh.

"No," she said, "not to me. It was chrysanthemums when I married him, and chrysanthemums when you were born, and the first time they ever brought him home drunk, he'd got brown chrysanthemums in his coat. When I smell them I could always think of that, me dragging at him to get his coat off."

She looked at the children. Their eyes and their parted lips were piteous. The mother sat rocking in silence for some time. Then she looked at the clock.

"Twenty minutes to six!" In a tone of fine bitter carelessness she continued: "Oh, he'll not come now till they bring him. There he'll stick! He needn't come rolling in here in his pit-dirt, for I won't wash him. He can lie on the floor— Eh, what a fool I've been, what a fool! And this is what I came here for, to this dirty hole, rats and all, for him to sink past his very door. Twice last week—he's begun now—"

She silenced herself, and rose to clear the table.

While for an hour or more the children played, subduedly intent, fertile of imagination, united in fear of the mother's wrath, and in dread of their father's homecoming, Mrs. Bates sat in her rocking-chair making a "singlet" of thick cream-coloured flannel, which gave a dull wounded sound as she tore off the grey edge. She worked at her sewing with energy, listening to the children, and her Anger wearied itself, lay down to rest, opening its eyes from time to time and steadily watching, its ears raised to listen. Sometimes even her Anger quailed and shrunk, and the mother suspended her sewing, tracing the footsteps that thudded along the sleepers outside; she would lift her head sharply to bid the children "hush," but she recovered herself in time, and the footsteps went past the gate, and the children were not flung out of their play-world.

But at last Annie sighed, and gave in. She glanced at her waggon of slippers, and loathed the game. She turned plaintively to her mother.

"Mother!"—but she was inarticulate.

John crept out like a frog from under the sofa. His mother glanced up.

"Yes," she said, "just look at those shirt-sleeves!

The boy held them out to survey them, saying nothing. Then somebody called in a hoarse voice away down the line, and suspense bristled in the room, till two people had gone by outside, talking.

"It is time for bed," said the mother.
"My father hasn't come," wailed Annie plaintively. But her mother was primed with courage.

"Never mind. They'll bring him when he does come—like a log." She meant there would be no scene. "And he may sleep on the floor till he wakes himself. I know he'll not go to work to-morrow after this!"

The children had their hands and faces wiped with a flannel. They were very quiet. When they had put on their night-dresses, they said their prayers, the boy mumbling. The mother locked down at them, at the brown silken bush of intertwining curls in the nape of the girl's neck, at the little black head of the lad, and her heart burst with anger at their father who caused all three such distress. The children hid their faces in her skirts for comfort.

When Mrs. Bates came down, the room was strangely empty, with a tension of expectancy. She took up her sewing and stitched for some time without raising her head. Meantime her anger tinged with fear.

The clock struck eight and she rose suddenly, dropping her sewing on her chair. She went to the stairfoot door, opened it, listening. Then she went out, locking the door behind her.

Something scuffled in the yard, and she started, though she knew it was only the rats with which the place was overrun. The night was very dark. In the great bay of railway lines, bulked with trucks, there was no trace of light, only away back she could see a few yellow lamps at the pit-top, and the red smear of the burning pit-bank on the night. She hurried along the edge of the track, then, crossing the converging lines, came to the stile by the white gates, whence she emerged on the road. Then the fear which had led her shrank. People were walking up to New Brinsley; she saw the lights in the houses; twenty yards further on were the broad windows of the "Prince of Wales," very warm and bright, and the loud voices of men could be heard distinctly. What a fool she had been to imagine that anything had happened to him! He was merely drinking over there at the "Prince of Wales." She faltered. She had never yet been to fetch him, and she never would go. So she continued her walk towards the long straggling line of houses, standing blank on the highway. She entered a passage between the dwellings.

"Mr. Rigley?—Yes! Did you want him? No, he's not in at this minute."

The raw-boned woman leaned forward from her dark scullery and peered at the other, upon whom fell a dim light through the blind of the kitchen window.

"Is it Mrs. Bates?" she asked in a tone tinged with respect.

"Yes. I wondered if your Master was at home. Mine hasn't come yet."

"Ain't 'e! Oh, Jack's been 'ome an' 'ad 'is dinner long since. E's just gone for 'alf an hour afore bedtime, but 'e won't be long. Did you call at the 'Prince of Wales'?"

"No—"

"No, you didn't like—! It's not very nice." The other woman was indulgent. There was an awkward pause.

"Jack never said nothing about—about your Mister," she said.

"No!—I expect he's stuck in there!"

Elizabeth Bates said this bitterly, and withreelessness. She knew that the woman across the yard was standing at her door listening, but she did not care. As she turned:

"Stop a minute! I'll just go an' ask Jack if 'e knows anythink," said Mrs. Rigley.

"Oh, no—I wouldn't like to put—!"

"Yes, I will, if you'll just step inside an' see as th' childer doesn't come downstairs and set theirselves afire."

Elizabeth Bates, murmuring a remonstrance, stepped inside. The other woman apologised for the state of the room.

The kitchen needed apology. There were little frocks and trousers and childish undergarments on the squab and on the floor, and a litter of playthings everywhere. On the black American cloth of the table were pieces of bread and cake, crusts, and a teapot with cold tea.

"Eh, ours is just as bad," said Elizabeth Bates, looking at the woman, not at the house. Mrs. Rigley put a shawl over her head and hurried out, saying:

"I shanna be a minute."

The other sat, noting with faint disapproval the general untidiness of the room. Then she fell to counting the shoes of various sizes scattered over the floor. There were twelve. She sighed and said to herself, "No wonder!"—glancing at the litter. There came the scratching of two pairs of feet on the yard, and the Rigleys entered. Elizabeth Bates rose. Rigley was a big man, with very large bones. His head looked particularly bony. Across his temple was a large blue scar, caused by a wound got in the pit, a wound in which the coal-dust remained blue like tattooing.

"'Asna 'e come whoam vit?" asked the man, without any other question.
Ah'd fill the yard and shine up the rug. When she had finished, she sat down. It was a few minutes past nine. She was startled by the rapid clack of the winding-engine at the pit, and the sharp whir of the brakes on the rope as it descended. Again she felt the painful sweep of her blood, and she put her hand to her side, saying aloud, "Good gracious!—it's only the nine o'clock deputy going down," rebuking herself.

She sat still, listening. Half an hour of this, and she was wearied out.

"What am I working myself up like this for?" she said pitiably to herself, "I'll only be doing myself some damage."

She took out her sewing again.

At a quarter to ten there were footsteps. One person! She watched for the door to open. It was an elderly woman, in a black bonnet and a black woollen shawl—his mother. This was a short woman of sixty or thereabouts, pale, with blue eyes, and her face all shapen to lines of old lament and self-pity. She shut the door and came straight to her daughter, putting her old hand on the other's strong, capable hands.

"Eh, Lizzie, whatever shall we do, whatever shall we do!" she wailed.

Elizabeth drew back a little, sharply.

"What is it, mother?" she said.

The elder woman went and seated herself on the sofa. The tears were running down the furrows which her old laments had left.

"I don't know, child, I can't tell you!"—she shook her head slowly and with despair. Elizabeth sat watching her, anxious and vexed.

"I don't know," replied the grandmother, sighing very deeply. "There's no end to my troubles, there isn't. The things I've gone through, and now this—!" She wept without wiping her eyes, the tears running freely.

"But mother," interrupted Elizabeth decisively. "What have you come to tell me? Let me know!"

The grandmother slowly wiped her eyes. The loose fountains of her tears were stopped by Elizabeth's sharpness. She wiped her eyes slowly.

"Poor child! Eh, you poor thing!" she wailed. "I don't know what we're going to do, I don't—and you as you are—it's an awful thing, it is indeed an awful thing!"

Elizabeth waited.

"Is he dead?" she asked, and at the words her heart swung about again.
violently, though she felt a slight flush of shame at the ultimate extravagance of the question. Her words sufficiently startled the old lady.

"Don't say so, Elizabeth! We'll hope it's not as bad as that; no, the Lord will spare us that, Elizabeth. Jack Rigley came just as I was sittin' down to a glass afore going to bed, an' 'e said, 'Appen you'll go down th' line, Mrs. Bates. Walt's had an accident. 'Appen you'll go an' sit wi' 'er till we can get him home.' I hadn't time to ask him a word afore he was gone. An' I put my bonnet on an' come straight down to you, Lizzie. I thought to myself, 'Eh, that poor blessed child, if anybody should come an' tell her of a sudden, there's no knowin' what'll happen to 'er. You mustn't let it upset you, Lizzie—you mustn't, child. Think of that poor little thing as isn't here by six months—or is it five, Lizzie? Ay!"—the old woman shook her head—"time slips on, it slips on! Ay!"

Elizabeth's thoughts were busy elsewhere. If he was killed—would she be able to manage on the little pension and what she could earn?—she counted up rapidly. If he was hurt—they wouldn't take him to the hospital—how tiresome he would be to nurse!—but perhaps she'd be able to get him away from the drink and his hateful ways. She would—while he was ill. The tears came to her eyes at the picture. Then in thought she arose once more—he had killed her "sentiment"—and began to consider the children. At any rate she was absolutely necessary for them. She clung to the thought of the children.

"Ay!" repeated the old woman, "it seems but a week or two since he brought me his first wages. Ay—he was a good lad, Elizabeth, he was a good lad. I don't know—I don't know why he got to be such a trouble, I don't. He was a good lad at home, a dear lad. But there's no mistake he's been a handful of trouble, he has! I hope the Lord'll spare him to mend his ways. I hope so, I hope so. You've had a sight o' trouble with him, Elizabeth, you have indeed. But he was a good lad wi' me, he was, there's no denying. I don't know how it is..."

The old woman continued to muse aloud, a monotonous plaintive sound, while Elizabeth thought concentrically, startled once, when she heard the winding-engine chuff quickly, and the brakes skirr with a shriek. Then she heard the engine more slowly, and the brakes made no sound. The old woman did not notice. Elizabeth waited in suspense. The mother-in-law talked, with lapses into silence.

"But he wasn't your son, Lizzie, an' it makes a difference.

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Whatever he was, I remember him when he was little, a dear little lad as ever you could wish to set eyes on."

It was half-past ten, and the old woman was saying: "You've nothing left—but trouble; and you're never too old for trouble, never too old for that—" when the gate banged back, and there were heavy feet on the steps.

"I'll go, Lizzie, let me go," cried the old woman, rising.

But Elizabeth was at the door. It was a man in pit-clothes.

"They're bringin' 'im in, Missis," he said, simply, Elizabeth's heart halted a moment. Then it surged on again, almost suffocating her.

"Is he—is it bad?" she asked.

The man nodded and turned away, looking at the garden: "The doctor says 'e'd been dead hours. 'E saw 'im i' th' lamp-cabin."

The old woman, who stood just behind Elizabeth, dropped into a chair, and folded her hands, crying: "Oh, my boy, my boy!"

"Hush!" said Elizabeth, with a sharp twitch of a frown.

"Be still, mother, don't waken th' children: I wouldn't have them down for anything."

The old woman moaned softly, rocking herself. The man was turning away. Elizabeth took a step forward.

"How was it?" she asked.

"Well, it wor like this," the man replied, very ill at ease.

"'E wor finishin' a stint, an' 'er butties 'ad gone, an' a lot o' stuff come down atop 'n im."

"And is he much—has it made a mess of him?" asked the widow, with a shudder.

"No," said the man, "it fell at th' back of 'im. 'E wor under th' face, tha sees, an' it niver touched 'im. It shut 'im in. 'E wor smothered."

Elizabeth shrank back. She heard the old woman behind her cry:

"What?—did 'e say 'e was suffocated?"

The man replied, more loudly: "Yes—that's 'ow it wor!"

Then the old woman wailed aloud, and this relieved Elizabeth.

"Oh, mother," she said, putting her arms round the old woman, "don't waken th' children, don't waken th' children."

She wept a little, while the old mother rocked herself and moaned. Elizabeth remembered that they were bringing him home, and she must be ready. "They'll lay him in the parlour," she said to herself, standing a moment pale and perplexed.
Then she lighted a candle and went into the tiny room. The air was cold and damp, but she could not make a fire, there was no fireplace. She set down the candle and looked round. The candlelight glittered on the lustre-glasses, on the two vases that held some of the pink chrysanthemums, and on the dark mahogany. There was a cold, deathly smell of chrysanthemums in the room. Elizabeth stood looking at the flowers. She turned away, and calculated whether there would be room to lay him on the floor, between the couch and the chiffonier. She pushed the chairs aside. There would be room to lay him down and to step round him. Then she fetched the old red tablecloth, and another old cloth, spreading them down to save her bit of carpet. She shivered on leaving the parlour; so, from the dresser-drawer she took a clean shirt and put it at the fire to air. All the time her mother-in-law was rocking herself in the chair and moaning.

"You'll have to move from there, mother," said Elizabeth. "They'll be bringing him in. Come in the rocker."

The old mother rose mechanically, and seated herself by the fire, continuing to lament. Elizabeth went into the pantry for another candle, and there, in the little penthouse under the naked tiles, she heard them coming. She stood still in the pantry doorway, listening. She heard them pass the end of the house, and come awkwardly down the three steps, a jumble of shuffling footsteps and muttering voices. The old woman was silent. The men were in the yard.

Then Elizabeth heard Matthews, the manager of the pit, say: "You go in first, Jim. Mind!"

The door came open, and the two women saw a collier backing into the room, holding one end of a stretcher, on which they could see the nailed pit-boots of the dead man. The two carriers halted, the man at the head stooping at the lintel of the door.

"Wheer will you have him?" asked the manager, a short, white-bearded old man.

Elizabeth roused herself and came from the pantry carrying the unlighted candle.

"In the parlour," she said.

"In there, Jim!" pointed the manager, and the carriers backed round into the tiny room. The coat with which they had covered the body fell off as they awkwardly turned through the two doorways, and the women saw their man, naked to the waist, lying stripped for work. Immediately the old woman began to moan in a low voice, "My boy!"

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"Lay th' stretcher at th' side," snapped the manager, an' put 'im on th' cloths. Mind now, mind! Look you now——!

One of the men had knocked off a vase of chrysanthemums. He stared awkwardly, then they set down the stretcher. Elizabeth did not look at her husband. As soon as she could get in the room, she went and picked up the broken vase and the flowers.

"Wait a minute!" she said.

The three men waited in silence while she mopped up the water with a duster.

"Eh, what a job, what a job, to be sure!" the manager was saying, rubbing his brow with trouble and perplexity. "Never knew such a thing in my life, never! They'd no business to ha' left 'im. I never knew such a thing in my life! Fell over him clean as a whistle, an' shut him in. Not ten feet of space, there wasn't—yet it never bruised him."

He looked down at the dead man, lying serene, half naked, all grimed with coal-dust.

"'Sphyxiated,' the doctor said. "I never knew anything like it. It seems as if it was done o' purpose. Clean over him, an' shut 'im in, like a vault"—he made a sweeping gesture with his hand.

"It wer that!" corroborated one of the men.

They forced the horror of the thing upon the woman's imagination.

"Steady, Missis!" said the manager. "It's a bad job, I know it is, but——"

Then they heard the girl's voice upstairs calling shrilly:

"Mother, mother—who is it? Mother, who is it?"

Elizabeth hurried to the foot of the stairs and opened the door:

"Go to sleep!" she commanded sharply. "What are you shouting about? Go to sleep at once—there's nothing——"

Then she began to mount the stairs. They could hear her on the boards, and on the plaster floor of the little bedroom. They could hear her distinctly:

"What's the matter now?—what's the matter with you, silly thing?"—her voice was much gentler than when she had called at the foot of the stairs.

"I thought it was some men come," said the plaintive voice of the child.

"They only brought your father home. There's nothing to make a fuss about. Go to sleep now, like a good child."
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They could imagine her smoothing the bedclothes over the shoulders of the soothed children.

"Is he drunk?" asked the girl, timidly, faintly.

"No! Don't be silly. He—he's asleep."

"Is he asleep downstairs?"

"Yes—and don't wake him."

There was silence for a moment, then the men heard the frightened child again:

"What's that noise? Is it him asleep?"

"Yes! He's all right, what are you bothering for?"

The noise was the grandmother moaning. She was quite oblivious of everything, sitting on her chair rocking and moaning. The manager put his hand on her arm and bade her "Sh—sh!!"

The old woman opened her eyes and looked at him. She was shocked by this interruption, so she became quiet.

"What time is it?"—the plaintive thin voice of the child, sinking back into sleep, asked this last question.

"Ten o'clock," answered the mother softly. Then she must have bent down and kissed the children.

Matthews beckoned to the men to come away. They put on their caps and took up the stretcher. Stepping over the body, they tiptoed out of the house. None of them spoke till they were far from the wakeful children.

When Elizabeth came down she found her mother alone on the parlour floor, with the face of her son between her hands, the tears dropping on him.

"We must lay him out," the wife whispered softly. She put on the kettle, then returning knelt at the feet, and began to unfasten the knotted leather laces. The room was very dim with only one candle, so that she had to bend her face almost to the floor. At last she got off the heavy boots and put them away. She pulled off his stockings, vexed by the knot of the dirty tape garter. Like most miners, he was fairly clean in his person, so that she was not ashamed for him. Elizabeth unfastened the leather belt from round his waist.

"You must help me now," she whispered reverently to the old woman. Together they stripped the man.

When they arose, saw him lying in the reckless dignity of death, both women bowed in primeval awe, while the tears of motherhood rose in each. For a few moments they stood religiously silent. Then the mother-feeling prevailed. Elizabeth knelt down, put her arms round him, laid her cheek on his breast. He was still warm, for the mine was hot where he

was murmuring incoherently. The old tears fell in succession as drops from wet leaves; the woman was not weeping, merely her tears flowed. Elizabeth embraced the body of her husband, with cheek and lips. Suddenly she felt jealous that the mother held his head.

She rose, went into the kitchen, where she poured warm water into a bowl, brought soap and flannel and a soft towel.

"I must wash him," she said decisively.

Then the old mother rose stiffly, and watched Elizabeth as she gently washed his face, tenderly, as if he were a child, brushing the big blonde moustache from his mouth with the flannel. The old woman, jealous, said:

"Let me wipe him!"—and she kneeled on the other side drying slowly as Elizabeth washed, her big black bonnet sometimes brushing the dark head of her daughter. They worked thus in silence for a long time. Sometimes they forgot it was death, and the touch of the man's body gave them strange thrills, different in each of the women; secret thrills that made them turn one from the other, and left them with a keen sadness.

At last it was finished. He was a man of handsome figure and genial face, which showed no traces of the disfigurement of drink. He was blonde, full-fleshed, with fine round limbs.

"Bless him," whispered his mother, looking always at his face, "he looks as if he was just waking up. Dear lad—bless him!" She spoke in a faint, sibilant rapture.

Elizabeth sank down again to the floor, and put her face against his neck, and trembled and shuddered till she was tired. The old woman wept slow, noiseless tears, touching him, regarding him with endless fondness and unwearing interest.

"White as milk he is, clear as a twelve-month baby, bless him, the darling!" she whispered to herself. "Not a mark on him, clear and clean and white, beautiful as ever a child was made," she murmured with pride. Elizabeth kept her face hidden.

"He went peaceful, Lizzie—peaceful as sleep. Isn't it wonderful? You'd think he was smiling a bit. 'Appen he made it all right, Lizzie, shut in there. He'd have time. He wouldn't look like this if he hadn't made his peace. He's smiling a bit. Eh, but he used to have a hearty laugh. I loved to hear it. He's like he was when I had him, Lizzie. The heartiest laugh he had—"

Elizabeth looked up. The man's mouth was fallen back, slightly open under the cover of the moustache. The eyes...
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half shut, did not show glanced by the small candlelight. His wife
looked at him. He seemed to be dreaming back, half awake.
Life with its smoky burning gone from him, had left a purity
and a candour like an adolescent's moulded upon his reverie.
His intrinsic beauty was evident now. She had not been mis-
taken in him, as often she had bitterly confessed to herself she
was. The beauty of his youth, of his eighteen years,
the time when life had settled on him, as in adolescence it settles
on youth, bringing a mission to fulfil and equipment therefor,
this beauty shone almost unstained again. It was this adolescent
"he," the young man looking round to see which way, that
Elizabeth had loved. He had come from the discipleship of
youth, through the Pentecost of adolescence, pledged to keep
with honour his own individuality, to be steadily and un-
quenchably himself, electing his own masters and serving them
with the wages were won. He betrayed himself in his search for
amusement. Let Education teach us to amuse ourselves,
necessity will train us to work. Once out of the pit, there was
nothing to interest this man. He sought the public-house,
where, by paying the price of his own integrity, he found
amusement; destroying the clamours for activity, because he
knew not what form the activities might take. The miner
turned miscreant to himself, easing the ache of dissatisfaction
by destroying the part of him which ached. Little by little
the recreant maimed and destroyed himself.

It was this recreant his wife had hated so bitterly, had fought
against so strenuously. She had strove, all the years of his
falling off, had strove with all her force to save the man she
had known new-bucklered with beauty and strength. In a wild
and bloody passion she fought the recreant. Now this lay
killed, the clean young knight was brought home to her.
Elizabeth bowed her head upon the body and wept.

She put her arms round him, kissed the smooth ripples
below his breasts, bowed her forehead on him in submission.
Faithful to her deeper sense of honour, she uttered no word of
sorrow in her heart. Upright in soul are women, however they
bow the swerving body. She owned the beauty of the blow.

And all the while her heart was bursting with grief and
pity for him. What had he suffered? What stretch of horror
for this helpless man! She wept herself almost in agony. She
had not been able to help him. Never again would she be able
to help him. It was grief unutterable to think that now all
was over between them. Even if it were a case of meeting in
the next world, he would not be there with her.

ODOUR OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS

different. She saw the great episode of her life closed with
him, and grief was a passion. The old mother was hushed in
awe. She, the elder, less honourable woman, had said: "She
drives him to it, she makes him ten thousand times worse."
But now the old mother bowed down in respect for the wife.
As the passion of Elizabeth's grief grew more, the old woman
shrank and tried to avoid it.

"Have you got his shirt, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth wept without answering, though she strove to
lull and recover. At last she rose and went into the kitchen.
Returning:

"It is aired," she said, grasping the cotton shirt here and
there to try. She was sorry to disturb him, but he could not
lie naked. It was hard work to clothe him. He was so heavy
and helpless, more helpless than a baby fallen heavily asleep.
They had to struggle with him as if he were a rebellious child.
This made Elizabeth's heart weep again.

Yet more joy was mixed in her emotion than she knew.
He might have come home ugly, befouled, so that she would
have had a loathly, strange creature to combat. Ah! how
she had fought that him, the disfigured coward, which gradually
replaced her man! How wise of death to be so silent! Even
now her fear could not trust him to speak. Yet he was
restored to her fair, unblemished, fresh as for the splendour
of a fight.
(c)

"The White Stocking"
"I'm going to get up, Teddilinks," said Mrs. Whiston, and she jumped out briskly. "What's got you?" asked Whiston. "Nothing," she replied.

It was only about seven o'clock, on a cold morning of grayish color — forty years ago.

Whiston, not by nature inquisitive, lay and watched her. She was a pretty little thing, with her rather short, curly black hair all tousled. She got dressed quickly, throwing her clothes upon her. Everything about her was untidy, but it only made Whiston smile and feel warm, even when he saw her break off a torn end of lace from her petticoat and fling it on the dressing table. She stood before the mirror, half dressed, and roughly scrambled together her profuse, rather short hair. He loved the softness and quickness of her young shoulders.

"Rise up," she said, laughing, to him, "and shine forth."

They had been married two years, and yet, when she had gone, he felt as if all the life and warmth and interest had passed out of the room, and he knew it was a cold morning.

"What's got her now?" he wondered. She usually lay in bed till nigh on nine o'clock. Then he rose himself. There was no longer any reason why he should stay.

The house was a small seven-and-sixpenny dwelling in town. Whiston fastened a belt round his waist, and in his shirt and trousers, went down the steep, narrow stairs. He heard her singing away in her snappy fashion. Passing down the narrow hall, he stumped across the kitchen. He was a well made young fellow of about twenty-eight. The water drummed into the kettle, and she began to whistle. He loved the quick way in which she seemed to dodge a lighted match into the gas jet. Then, with a little gesture of triumph, she popped the kettle onto the ring of flame.

"Teddilinks!" she cried as she turned round and saw him. Then she was gone into the gloomy kitchen. She wore a kimono jacket of black silk embroidered with wistaria, pinned across her breast. But one of the sleeves, coming unfastened, showed a delightful little arm.

"Why don't you sew your sleeve up?" he asked, suffering because he thought that round arm might be cold.

"Where?" she asked, peering round.

"Nuisance!" she exclaimed, seeing the tear. Then, quickly and lightly, she went on setting the table.

It was an old house. The kitchen was of fair size but rather gloomy. It was plainly, rather coldly furnished. Suddenly there was heard the flap of the letter box away at the front door.

"I'll go," she cried, and flew down the passage. Whiston gathered sticks and firelighters.

Mrs. Whiston opened the door. The postman was a ruddy-faced man, who had been a soldier. He was smiling broadly.

"There's one or two for you," he said caressingly. She put her hand to her hair, and shook her head at him.

"It is well for you there are," she said.

"Nay, they're none of my sending," he laughed, standing on the threshold, not attempting to go.

"But you'll catch it if they're not nice," she said, and, beginning to exam-
"Good morning," he called, half disagreeably.

"Morning," she answered brightly, but without knowing to whom.

She closed the door, and tore open the thin envelope. It was a long valentine, of a man. He glanced lugubriously, over his shoulder, at the ghost face of a young lady. Smiling and showing her teeth, it was entitled: "Her Bright Smile Haunts My Still!"

She looked at it, and drew herself up, offended. Then she dropped it onto the floor. The second envelope contained a white silk handkerchief. She snifted its perfume delicately, while the silk against her cheek, and tore open the third envelope. It contained apparently a white pocket handkerchief, neatly folded. She shook it out sharply. It was a white cotton stocking, very fine. Quickly she perceived that there was something in the toe of the stocking.

She opened the door against which she was standing, and went into the front room. It was rather prettily furnished, with lustre glasses on the mantelpiece, and water colors on the wall. She stepped into the handkerchief onto the round table, and dived her hand into the white stocking. As was her habit, she caught her lower lip between her teeth in her effort to get at the something which was hidden in the toe of the thing. At last, with a little flush of triumph, she brought it out, and with nimble fingers folded the tiny packet. It was a pair of pearl earrings. She went pink with joy. Hurling the mirror, she began to fix them in her ears, which had been pierced again. She caught her lower lip between her teeth, with the effort. Curiously concentrated and intent she seemed as, with her head bent on one side, she fingered the lobe of her ear. At last the earrings were fixed, the pearl drops hung under her rosy small ears. She looked at herself with satisfaction, and shook her head to make the drops swing. They went, white stocking lying on the table. "Is this one, an' all?" he asked, picking it up. She went very pink and still.

"It's Sam Adams—" she replied.

"He sent me one last year; I never told you, because I knew you'd be mad.

Whiston picked up the piece of paper, holding the stocking dangling in front of him.

"Pearls are fair, but you are fairer. Wear these for me, and I love the wearer."

"Darned fool!" he exclaimed. "He'd better wear white stockings himself; it's all he's fit for. Why didn't you tell me last year?"

"Because I didn't want you to bother."

"I'll bother him, the fool!" and he turned sulky aside. He was not good-looking, and his roughened skin seemed to have been slightly pitted with smallpox. His neck was smooth, however, and he was perfectly strong and healthy. Only his blue eyes were honest and kindly, so that one at once loved him. Also he had the easy bearing of a healthy, good man.

She was afraid of his seeing the earrings. Slipping past him and going to the passage, she cried again:

"Have you seen the comic?"

"No," he answered, following her. Seeing her bare arm through the torn sleeve of her kimono, he clasped it with his large hand, gently, with a tenderness of protection and appeal. Everything seemed to stand still in her, for a second, as she realized how he loved her.

"It's a horrid thing she cried, pointing to the paper on the floor of the passage. Then she flitted upstairs, and stood panting in front of her mirror, hastily taking off her earrings.

Whiston stooped and picked up the cartoon.

"Her bright eyes haunt me still," he read softly to himself. "Pish! But this did not touch him much."

"Isn't it horrid of them?" she cried, reappearing at the top of the stairs.

"Parcel of fools," he replied.

He stood looking at the cartoon. She ran lightly down the stairs, and leaping past him, clutched it to her bosom. But she was not a good dancer, for she dropped the earrings as she ran. He held them out to her while clapping her on the shoulder. But she smiled and said, "I put 'em in my hair to make me look like a girl."
way in which he rubbed his face and neck with soap amused her. He dried his face and breasts. The hair stood upon his forehead; his face was red from the cold water, his eyes very fresh and blue.

"You've not seen anything of Sam Adams lately, have you?" he asked roughly, from between the folds of the towel.

"No; I saw him in the tram one morning.

"Did you speak to him?"

"He spoke to me."

"I should ha' thought you'd not ha' let him."

"Well, I couldn't cry out as soon as I saw him in the tram. You mustn't speak to me, could I?"

He did not answer, but went into the kitchen and struggled with his collar. She scarcely noticed him, and yet something in his movements, even in his wrists
drawn in the shirt cuffs, gave her a feeling of ease and liberty. He was there to look after her, so she could do
as she liked.

At breakfast he ate hurriedly, almost clumsily. It did not offend her. None of his movements ever displeased her, only sometimes his attitude to her was irksome.

"'An' I'll bet you chattered to him like a magpie," she said, putting down his cup after a long drink.

"No, I didn't."

"What did you say?"

"I've forgot. He asked me if I was going to the ball on St. Patrick's night, and I said I'd got nobody to go with."

"You can go if you want to."

"With you dragging behind like wet weather."

They had reached rather a sore place. This was a wonder you didn't say you'd go with him.

"He said he'd send me a ticket."

"You are a damned little good-for-nothing, talking to him at all." He was angry, and his eyes glared at her in hostility. This always roused her to spittle resentment, because there seemed a little contempt in his stare. His heavy mouth was pushed out kindly.

fine clear-cut tempers and his steady eyes were degraded by the rather bestial anger of the lower part of his face.

"Oh, dear, if I've got to go about
with my mouth shut all day, it's a poor lookout," she said.

And he knew she was rather lonely and unoccupied while he was at work, and his heart grew more sullen.

They parted angrily. At the last minute he could not go out of the house without taking leave of her, so he kissed her.

"I shan't be home till seven," he said. "Mind you go out." But his kiss meant little to her. He only kissed her because he would feel uncomfortable afterward during the day if he had not done so. It was not for her sake but for his own.

In a moment she went upstairs and put on her beloved earrings. They did make her happy—why she neither knew nor asked. But every time she felt their weight on her ears, every time they swung against her neck, every time she caught sight of them in the mirror, in motion below her ears, a flush of delight came over her.

She wore them all the morning, at her housework. It was exciting to go to the door in them, wondering if the baker would notice. That day the tradesmen found her very attractive and pretty.

Whiston was a traveler for a small lace firm. He went on the near-at-hand round. All day he was busy, thinking of his work, of his orders: hurrying to the train with his bag, going to the various tradesmen, getting a hurried lunch in some common hotel, taking in the way carriage about politics and the new machinery. He was scarcely aware of the small graving that went on inside him, making him harry and active, stimulating him to get through a great deal of work, driving him on and on; the gnawing of anxiety in his heart, because of his uneasiness about his wife.

She, when she thought of her husband, rather angrily put him aside. She could not be happy, with him there. He was always getting between her and her work. She would not have him in her way. She liked his look when he was out of her sight. She liked him better when he was away.

The White Stocking

Martha had been a warehouse girl, in Adams' lace factory, before she was married. Sam Adams, her employer, had a smallish factory. He was a bachelor of about forty-three, a man getting fat and red-faced with good living, but healthy. He had a big, military mustache of brown color; his head was bald. His eyes were a bit glazed with good living, but he was active and good-tempered. He drank considerably, and it was never quite certain what he would do next.

He had paid her marked attentions. He often came into the warehouse, dressed in a rather sporting reeler cost of fawn color, and trousers of small black and white check, a smart cap on his head, a scarlet carnation in his buttonhole. Then he stood and talked to her. He had once been in a cavalry regiment, and his chest still stuck out in front. He usually kept his head covered, because then he was good-looking if rather common in appearance. It did not suit him with his red, full-fed face, to be bald.

She had never been quite comfortable with his talk. True, she enjoyed the refined pronunciation and the accent of a gentleman. But what he said was—well, almost free, particularly if he had been drinking.

Meanwhile Whiston was courting her. She liked him, too. He was a man who knew what he was about, a man whom one felt one could trust. And she loved some quality in his voice, something honest and warm, so that she felt she could leave herself to him.

Adams gave a Christmas party every year to his workpeople. On the first night came clerks, overseers, warehouse girls; on the second, the factory hands. Whiston had agreed to escort Elsie Swain. They were not really engaged; nothing was settled between them. But he asked if he might call for her, and she said yes. This was two years ago.

It was a cold night but dry, with clouds rolling him across the moon. As there was only about a mile to go, Elsie went in her own carriage, while Whiston had to walk. They stopped at a little hotel, and Whiston gave her a light supper, and then they went on.

"You've come at last!" he said, offering her his arm. "You're like royalty, keeping us waiting." And she was floating down the room, feeling as if she were in midair. He was a very jolly man, whatever might be said.
anyone. She had quite forgotten Whiston. All the time she seemed to be floating on air. He had kept his card almost clean for her to give him dances.

"Oh, but you are such a splendid dancer," she said, afraid.

"Else I haven't asked you to accompany me," he replied, smiling.

This made her blush. She was not quite pleased. She gave him a Schottisch and quadrilles.

"But you're not going to pinch me at that rate," she said, with evident sincerity. This made her flush with pleasure.

"What about the first?" he asked, consulting his card.

She blushed and agreed. He wrote his name against half a dozen dances.

The music began; everything quickened into life. They were dancing together.

"How is the floor?" he asked her anxiously.

"Lovely," she answered.

"Is it all right?" she repeated.

She was afraid she did not dance well.

But he gave her such support, she seemed to divine where she wanted to go. This was the joy of it. His hand held her firmly in the small of her back, and seemed to speak to her, holding her, carrying her, telling her what to do, and a thousand other things. He was a man who knew what he was about.

At the end, flushed, she looked straight at him, quickly saying: "It was lovely."

"It was lovely."

She laughed with a queer little laugh, pleased throughout the whole of him.

And he paid her attentions.

She saw nothing of Whiston. He did not dance, so would probably be playing cards. She did not trouble about him. Everything seemed vague, and there was a delicious confusion in her blood.

People talked to her, she to them. The women were jealous of her. She was the most important person present. The host had singled her out. She knew he scarcely was aware of anyone in the room but her, and she cared only about him.

While she was sitting after a dance, Harry Adams hobbled up to her. He was Sam Adams' nephew. He had sprained his ankle on the ice and could not dance. Whiston and he were friends.

He was a thin, sandy, freckled fellow of about thirty. It was he who, in fact, did most of Sam Adams' work at the factory.

"I'm a lame dog at a hunt," he said, sitting down beside her.

"What a shame!" she replied.

"The women always say the nicest men don't dance," he laughed.

"I'm sure I don't say it," she replied.

"You have no occasion. You are having a good time?"

"Oh, lovely.

"Yes, my uncle dances well. Come down to the cardroom with me, will you? If I can't have the honor of a dance, I may offer you my arm in a walk."

She never quite knew how to take him. And it was almost too much of a gentleman for her; it made her uneasy. She was more flattered by his wanting her to walk on his arm than by Sam Adams' adulation. But it did not give her so much gratification.

She passed down the room with the limping man. In the cardroom they were smoking.

"Call this the nether world," said Harry Adams to her.

"What are you playing—whist?" she asked.

"I was playing pokker for pennies."

She looked round the room. It was a vague with smoke. Some men were playing dominoes. There was the rattle of the pieces, the chatter of talk. Whiston sat at cribbage with another man.

"Are you white or red?" she asked him, looking at the pegging board.

"Red," answered Whiston gloomily. He was not in evening dress. His hair was ruffled; he looked unhappy.

"Oh, you are losing!"

"You'd better cut for him and bring him in," said Harry Adams, laughing.

"Can I?" she cried, delighted with the sense of importance. Whiston sat back in his chair. He leaned in front of him and cut his pack. She watched him eagerly to see if he would win. She bent over his cards, her hair tickling his face. He made ten.

"You see!" she cried.

And Whiston gave a little laugh, comforted.

Just then Sam Adams came in, very ruddy. He had been up to change his collar.

"Well, how are we here?" he called jovially.

"At," came the answer.

"Got everything you want?" —and so he came forward to the table, where Elsie and his nephew were watching the cards.

There was something very offensive to Whiston in the big front and tight, erect body of his host. He seemed to be obtuse in his coarse manner. Always he was amiable and loud.

"Hello, Miss Elsie, you flown down here?"

"Come to bring Whiston luck," said the nephew ironically.

"Oh! Glad to hear it. Bring anybody luck—would Miss Swain. So, how's the game goin', Whiston?"

"Oh, all right," replied Whiston, who had flished a dull red.

"Game's all right, is it? That's good. Now then, Mademoiselle Elsie, tu me feras le bonheur?"—and he offered her his arm.

"Which bonheur is that, Uncle Sam?" asked the nephew, very ironically. The elder man burst into a loud laugh.

"Don't ask questions, my boy!" he said, radiantly.

Elsie put her hand on his sleeve in spite of herself. She vaguely felt that she was doing something she did not want to do. And yet she did want to go out on Sam Adams' arm. She only hated it when he laughed. And sometimes she disliked his voice. When he was silent, and she walked on his arm, feeling him erect and firmly clad beside her, she was very gratified, first in the room.

In the interval, he took her down for refreshments. The room was crowded with people; the servants were bewildered. Elsie left herself in his charge. She felt very proud, hearing Sam Adams' voice commanding the servants to her bidding. She was too excited to eat. There was a bottle of champagne, and she sipped her glass, afraid of making herself cough.

She had not noticed that Whiston was in the room. As usual, he was attending to the plain, retiring ladies of uncertain age. Such folk always loved him. He waited on them, because he could not bear that they should feel neglected or slighted. But he did not hear or see anything of them; he only knew that Sam Adams was playing the gallant to Elsie Swain, and that she was hanging her dark curls over her glass of champagne, sipping, and looking at the red-faced man with her wide, watchful eyes, as if half hypnotized.

Whiston struggled at the sidelong for coffee for Miss Brefit. He could hear Sam Adams, who was getting more and more affected by wine and heat and by the pretty girl who watched him with these wide, watchful eyes—laughing, talking, almost with a little laugh. It was as if fascinated, the young fellow went toward the group, balancing his two coffee cups.

Sam Adams was just telling about an exciting time he had had during the last revolution in Paris. He drew himself up in front of Elsie, erect, acting the part of a man who is being challenged. He said something rapidly, then started back like one who draws a sword with a flourish.

This drawing of the sword sent one of the cups of coffee spinning out of Whiston's hand.

"Gad, that's scalded me!" cried Adams, and with a ridiculously exaggerated gesture, he leapt and pulled the wet trouser from against his leg. Whiston stood still, looking up and down. Elsie giggled in spite of herself. The whole room was silent.

Adams, his face purple, looked up at Whiston, struggling hard to repress his rage.

"Why don't you look where you are going?" he said, his anger sounding in his tone.

"You knocked it out of my hand," said Whiston.

A servant hastened up with a cloth.

"It's scalded me, right enough," said Adams. Then, putting back the servant, who would have rubbed the coffee from his leg: "Nay, you can't rub it; it's
scalded me, I tell you. I shall have to go and see to it. Excuse me, Miss Elsie."

He went off in a towering passion. Immediately he was gone, a smile broke over the faces of the guests, and a loud burst of talk began. Adams had exclaimed so loudly, and looked so ridiculous, standing holding the cloth of his trousers away from his leg, that everyone was infected.

Elsie made all haste to finish her eating. Harry Adams had come to keep her in countenance.

"Do you think it has hurt Mr. Adams much?" she asked. But there was an almost touch of malice in the extreme candor of the question.

"I hope not," replied the nephew.

"Was it coffe or black coffee?"

"Oh, it had milk in it," replied Elsie.

"Then I know the milk is a good way below boiling point. No, I think there is no need for us to take it to heart."

"I'm very glad," replied Elsie. "It might have been awful if it had been black coffee.

"Frightful," said the nephew. "Is Whiston out of countenance over it, too?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"Let's go and see."

And the lame man limped down the room to where Whiston sat beside Miss Brefit.

"Wasn't it awfully unfortunate?" exclaimed Miss Brefit. "But really it was Mr. Adams's fault—if it was anybody's fault. It was a pure accident. But I say, I'm awfully sorry. It was my coffee that did it, too.

"You must have some more," said Harry Adams. "I'll tell the girl to bring it Whiston, you look very down."

"I'm a fool," replied Whiston. "So's most folk," replied Harry Adams, and he called to a waiter for coffee.

"You're not bothering yourself, are you?" asked Elsie Swain, her heart touched by the gloom on Whiston's face. Suddenly he glanced at her, and their eyes met. He seemed to look right through that slant of her, which was playing with Adams, and his face began to change. It hurt her, and she turned aside, blushing with shame. But she seemed unable to get away from the influence of those honest blue eyes, that demanded something of her.

"Bothering about a drop of spilled coffee!" he exclaimed. "No."

"It's no use eating over spilled milk," said Miss Brefit.

"Oh, it depends what it's spilled on," said the nephew.

"On Mr. Adams's leg?" mocked Elsie.

"But I had to laugh."

"Yes," said the nephew. "It was the leap of a sportive fawn."

"Gad, that's scalded me!" mocked Elsie, throwing up her hand. And Adams was just coming down the room. He hated her, knowing she ridiculed him. He could not bear to be laughed at. So he cut her.

Whiston began to be mollified. Directly after the dancing began, Sam Adams was trying to regain his composure, but he felt he had made a fool of himself, and things were uncomfortable. As long as possible he avoided Elsie. She sat feeling rather unhappily, and wished she could go away. Once Whiston, to assert his rights, came across to speak to her. But at last it was her turn to dance the quadrilles with Adams. He came, very stiff and martial, his excessive joviality gone. Occasionally, he brushed his mustache with the tips of his fingers, repeating the movement. He was not sweating any more. He looked over her shoulder, ignoring her as she spoke to him. She felt exceedingly humiliated, yet could not refuse to dance with him. Bewildered, ashamed, she was looking forward to him to feel Whiston's eyes upon her. She had been a despicable flirt that evening: she had snatched it back, glancing round to see if people had noticed.

A loud guffaw of laughter came from Adams, at her side. In her agitation, she could not get the stocking into her pocket. The foot hung out. Then she dropped the thing on the floor. The place had all gone red and blushed to her. The people were tittering.

Sam Adams, laughing outright, picked up the fallen stocking, and held it at arm's length. There was a shout of laughter down the room. Elsie stood crimson with shame, her lower lip between her teeth.

Then all at once Whiston jumped from his place, snatched the stocking from the hand of Adams, who started back. But the other took no notice of him.

"Come away here!" he said to Elsie, nodding his head in the direction of the door.

She was so ashamed, she did not know how she got out of the room.

"Which are your things?" asked Whiston of her, roughly, in the cloakroom, and in a few moments the two were hurrying down the park, she clung to his arm, and felt that if he were not there to protect her she would die. They had married shortly afterward, when Whiston had got another job. There had been one child, which had died.

### III

But this was all two years before. Elsie had had time to get used to her husband, and to take him for granted, as one takes the air one breathes. Inside the marriage she found her real liberty. She need not be afraid now. And so her carelessness led her into risks. She had plenty of vitality, and nothing vital to do. Whiston was away for hours a day and, liked to be quiet when he did come home. Therefore, when Sam Adams seemed to take up the old thread of adoration for her—well, it was exciting.

She had met him once or twice in the street, and chatted with him. She felt

was married. And he was really jolly, and said most flattering things. Of course she took them for what they were worth—but still—

Now he had sent her the earrings. They gave her joy. Therefore she would keep them—why not?

In the afternoon, out of sheer mischief, and because she had nothing to do, she went downtown at about the time when Sam Adams usually came out of the warehouse, and she hung about, wearing her earrings. At last she saw him and his nephew. They took their hats to her. Sam Adams came up.

"How are you?" he asked. "Had many valentines?"

"One or two," she answered.

"Nice ones, I hope?"

"Nice and nasty, mixed."

"I see. And the nasty ones you threw away, and the nice ones you kept."

"That's it."

"For the sender's sake?"

"Oh, I don't know who the senders are."

"Not a notion?"

"Not the faintest notion."

The elder man winked at her, and felt he was being very cunning in feminine duplicity.

"Still, you like what was in 'em?"

"Oh, very much." And she shook her earrings out of pure mischief.

"That's good—always show gratitude, eh?"

"I hope so."

He, florid and facile, stood near her and seemed to dominate her. Suddenly she felt a strong aversion to him. She was afraid. He seemed to have some sort of mastery. Hastily she took her. But he still seemed master. As she went home, her heart grew heavy, she was depressed. She felt as if her life were worth nothing. Everything was wrong. She took off her earrings, put on her pinfaire and began to cook the evening meal. But she had no heart for the job.

Whiston came home, pale and rather tired. He, too, seemed depressed. Neither had the energy to cheer the
They were very pretty, and he loved them very much. But he was angry with her; it hurt him to see her ankles.

"Do you mean to say you're wearin' a pair of stockings as Sam Adams sent you?" he asked, using an uncouth pronunciation.

"Why not?" she replied.

This naive question made the anger flame up in his breast till he could scarcely breathe. It was some moments before he answered.

"Are they his stockings?" he asked.

"They're the stockings I got as val¬
etines—I don't know who sent them.

"Don't yer? Have yer seen him lately?"

"I saw him today."

He glared at her with difficulty, forcing the words out of a suffocated chest, when he asked:

"To speak for! He came and spoke to me."

Now she was getting afraid. Her heart began to quiver.

"What about?"

"He asked me if I'd had any valen¬
tines."

His face flushed dark. Now his eyes were fixed on her, eyes with big pupils, full of hate, watching her. She was afraid, yet she exulted.

"An' what else?"

She felt his voice in judgment on her, and it thrilled her with joy. She felt perverse altogether.

"Oh, nothing. He only asked me if I'd wear them for the sender's sake."

His face slowly contracted into a kind of grin. Now she was really afraid. She did not know this still, grinning man. His voice seemed to come out of him without his producing it, bitter, toneless.

"Ah—he did!"

There was silence. She wished he would move or say something. It was for him to get them both out of the situation. But he sat still and still. She went weak. Would she have to lie, or make mock? She had got in a mess. Very well, it was his fault; he should look after her.

"And why are you wearing them—"
arms round his neck and drew down his head, kissing him.

"My love, my love!" she murmured.

He only trembled more, and held her faster, and did not speak. A little wonder woke in her heart. "How he clings to me, as if he needed me!" A new fear came up in her, fear of what she herself might represent to him.

"My love!" she whispered in a little ecstasy. "My love!"

And she clung to him trembling.

"I love you," she whispered to him.

And she felt the powerful vibration of his husband's body, as he pressed her to him, clinging to her. He did not say anything. She felt rather stunned, rather bewildered, rather afraid of this intensity of feeling. Why wouldn't he say something, so that she could understand, something she could hold on to afterward? What was she to think of this feeling of his, that frightened her? Here he did nothing but bury his head against her and cling to her, pressing her so she could never escape any more.

But she loved him. Oh, down in the very kernel of her, she loved him. It had never gone so deep before. She was glad. It made her feel so much bigger.

Next day she sent back both stockings and earrings. She never told her husband about the latter.
"Two Marriages"
Miss Louisa loathed her brother-in-law. Most folk were merely pitiful or contemptuous in their attitude towards him, but Miss Louisa knew better. He was not insignificant; rather, very significant in her life. She loathed him, with horror. Beneath her habit of religious dutifulness, she was deeply indignant with both her parents for having given Mary to such a little monster.

The Reverend Ronald Lindley and Mrs. Lindley appeared, however to feel no contrition with regard to their eldest daughter. Their lives had become little more than a mannerism, and the marriage was in accord with this mannerism of duty and self-sacrifice.

Mr. Lindley was the first vicar of Aldecar, which place, until 1860, had been a tiny agricultural hamlet lying among the last hill of Derbyshire. Fifty years ago, however, a coal-mine was sunk outside the village; then another, two miles north, at Underwood; then at Nethergreen, and at Moorgreen, and at Watnall, a constellation of collieries, crescent-shaped, stretching for ten miles. The colliery railway connecting them ran blithely over a beautiful landscape, now blotched with dwellings, crossing on an embankment over the monks' ancient meadows at Beauvale, cutting through the oak glades of Sherwood, by Robin-Hood well, at Watnall.

Now the people of Aldecar had for centuries attended the old church at Greymede, two or more miles away. There were church paths cutting clean across the farm lands. But the new colliery population would not trudge two hilly miles to hear a parson. Therefore Aldecar church was built, a quaint little place with two turrets, like a crouching mouse with pricked ears. Occupying the open fields between the two-fold ugliness of Old and New Aldecar, it was almost as conspicuous as some crumbling church stranded in the fens.

Mr. Lindley, new from college, became first vicar of Aldecar. His church was scarcely more than a Chapel of Ease from Greymede, his stipend, all told, scarcely more than £120 a year. But he had a large, unwieldy flock to gather in his corner of a large, unwieldy...
parish. He married the daughter of a Cambridgeshire clergyman. She was a haughty, healthy young lady, with £800 fortune. She expected to queen with arrogance her husband's parishioners, as she had been used to queen the farm-labourers in the fens. She was mistaken. So was her husband. The colliers were ridiculously well-to-do, and insolent beyond belief. They insulted her flagrantly when she passed round to receive her first homage. Their attitude towards her was one long insult. She held the whole people in aversion. Then poverty came, and further undermined her pride. After the first year, the vicar's lady was never seen outside her vicarage, save on her short transit to church each Sunday morning, or, very rarely, seated in the trap hired from the "Robin Hood" to drive her the three miles to the station. Gradually she retired into an invalid's sofa, her only refuge from overwhelming mortification of poverty, worry, and insult; she had eight children.

The vicar succeeded no better. In his populous, disorganized corner of a parish he was set at nought. The miners' wives were Nonconformists, who did not hesitate to tell him what they thought of him; the miners were nothing in the way of religion. Mr. Lindley, however, continued to be patronizing. His voice was sonorous, his manner pompous, as his father's had been before him. He visited where he might, and wherever he visited, he condescended. Perhaps he loved his flock collectively. Certainly, individual by individual, he hated them almost without exception: those he knew, that is, for the greater part were strangers to him.

He had been nearly twenty years in Aldecar when he went, one Christmas, down to the Durant's on an errand of consolation. John Durant had been the village tailor, and his wife had kept the one haberdashery-shop in Old Aldecar for forty years. The woman, although she was over sixty, had smooth, nut-brown hair, and a quick interest. She sat in her rocking-chair, her hands folded over her apron, musing bitterly. Opposite her, her husband a very large but not stout old man, sat on the sofa, wrapped in a brown blanket, looked lovingly at the fire. He was ten years older than his wife, and the life was dead in his eye.

The Durants were Church of England people, at least nominally. The vicar tapped at their door, then entered without summons. It was just after eleven o'clock. The room was hot and teeming with plenty. On the table the little lunch was not cleared away. The vicar glanced at the beer-jug, the piece of home-made pork-pie; he was too late to be invited to partake. Mrs. Durant was starting from her chair.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Lindley!" she exclaimed. She had not the
vernacular; she came from Nottingham, was a burgher's daughter.

"Good morning, Mrs. Durant. Good morning, Mr. Durant. I am very sorry to hear of your new trouble - that is, in one way - perhaps for your sakes - today - I am sorry; but considering all things, I am glad." He sat down.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Durant, coldly.

"It is true, I presume, that your son Alfred has run away from home and joined the Navy?"

"Yes, it is," she replied, tartly.

"Well, as I say, you may feel it as a trouble today. But in the long run it will prove a very good thing for everyone concerned. He needed to be put under control."

"The Lord above knows what'll happen in the long run - and it seems you do as well. But it's little comfort to me as sits fretting for him back, and thinking wha'll happen afore I see him in this room again."

"We must trust that to Higher Hands than ours, Mrs. Durant. One thing is certain: your son Alfred will be better in the Navy than your son Walter is in the public-house."

"Walter's not happy in his wife. There's a wide difference between Walter and Alfred. Besides" - she suddenly flashed in wrath - "I don't know as I wouldn't rather have my lad sitting drunk in that chair where you are, than dressed in a blue blouse and climbing ropes like a monkey at another man's bidding - and I would!"

"It is impious wish, Mrs. Durant, I must say - and it seems to me unmotherly."

"Yes, and it may do!" - she rocked herself in grief.

"Tha' 'appen thinks as ivrybody's as glad ter get rid o' their children as thee," muttered the inanimate old man, looking slowly and dully at the vicar.
Mr. Lindley took no notice, but turned to the wife.

"Your son Walter is a disgrace to Aldecar — he's killing himself with drink: do you like to see that? Your son Jim is going the same way — can you deny it? And this boy Alfred, with violent temper and his little respect for authority, would doubtless have started on the same course."

"How can you sit there and say it!" cried Mrs. Durant. "Where could you find a steadier lad, and where a better? Just because he's hasty and impulsive, because he fights a man as insults him, his name's to be dragged through the dirt. Let me tell you, he'd more lovingness and consideration in his little finger than most folk have in their whole bodies, all their days." There was a pause. "And to go for a Queen's sailor, to be treated like dirt, like a dog, by any jack-sprat — " she broke off in bitterness.

"I think it will do him a great deal of good," said the vicar.

"Then if it does," she flashed. "I wish it wouldn't. I'd rather he was bad than that he was a dog for any man's kid."

"I think you mistake yourself — " began the vicar.

"And I'm content to, Mr. Lindley," she cried. Her hurt was too new to admit of such consolation.

There was a silence. Mr. Lindley drew a large, folded white paper from a bundle he carried. Laying this on the table, he said, in a cold tone of displeasure:

"The new Parish Almanac."

"I hope it's a better one than last year's," replied Mrs. Durant.

"That you no doubt will decide for yourself. As it is a gift, you can scarcely expect to order the particulars."

"Well, I don't ask for it," she replied. She reached for the large square, opened the Almanac, and exclaimed, petulantly: "I do like a bit of colour!"

The vicar made no reply. She looked at one picture after another.

"You did well to put 'The Sailor's Home-coming' in," she said ironically. And as she handed the great sheet to her husband:

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"How is it," she asked, "that they can't have a bit of a coloured picture in their almanacs nowadays?"

"If the people appreciated and supported the Church," he said, "they might be expected to grumble when the almanacs that are given to them do not please them."

"Might as well ing a newspaper-sheet up," muttered the old man.

"And you can take it back, if you're that choice of it," the wife replied to the vicar.

"I have brought it, and have no intention of carrying it away again, Mrs. Durant."

"Well, it'll do to hang in the scullery," she said. "You'll see last year's there, if you look."

There was a pause.

"I also wish to say," the vicar began, "that Mr. Brentall has very generously offered the church a new organ, which we have needed many years."

"True, we have," she said. He swallowed.

"It will be necessary to provide a salary for the organist. I am asking all members if they will contribute a small sum annually for that purpose."

"And who's to be the organist?" she asked pertinently.

"Miss Louisa," he replied, very coldly.

"And does she need to have a salary for that bit of a job?" asked Mrs. Durant. She knew the vicar was in debt to Mr. Smeaton, the butcher, to Dakes, the grocer - so she rubbed it in. The vicar was righteously incensed.

"It is not a question of her need, it is a question of an organist's salary," he replied, very haughtily.

"And must two old people be asked to pay for her?" she sneered.

"Two old people, living in the lap of luxury -"

"My Sirs! - the lap of luxury!" she exclaimed.
"Ought," he continued, "to be only too glad to contribute a little to help the Church work, before they are called to their account."

"I'm quite ready to meet all my accounts, Mr. Lindley, both in Heaven and down here. That's more than everybody can say. I'd rather face my Maker in my shoes than in yours."

"Mrs. Durant, if I have had your answer, I will take my leave, he answered. "Another Judge than I will decide your acts."

"For which I'm very thankful, Mr. Lindley. But I haven't said I wouldn't help Miss Louisa -"

"It was the organist's salary I spoke of, Mrs. Durant. You mistake yourself."

"I don't mistake you, I think, Mr. Lindley," she said. Then, closing her eyes ironically: "But I am ready to help with the organist's salary. Miss Louisa was always as nice a young woman as ever stepped in shoe-leather."

Mr. Lindley went away shaking with mortification and with five shillings of the old woman's money in his pocket. It was no wonder he loathed his flock individually.

*    *    *

He had a large family, six girls and two boys. Mary, the eldest, a fine girl with a haughty, clear brow, was a peripatetic governess, who gave lessons to the tradesmen's daughters. Louisa also was at home. She was house-keeper and peripatetic music-teacher, giving lessons on the piano to all but miners' daughters. Frances was a missionary in China. Ronald was a bank clerk in Nottingham. Muriel was married to a poor curate in Newcastle. Rachael, newly home from school, was hanging about, getting on everybody's nerves. Luther would shortly be coming home. Hilda had two more years at the school for clergymen's daughters. It was an accumulation enough to worry any man into the grave. Mrs. Lindley's resource was to become an invalid.

It happened, when Miss Mary was twenty-two years old, her father broke his leg. The son of one of Mrs. Lindley's cousins offered to come and officiate for the time being. His coming was much looked forward to. Who was there in Aldecar the girls might marry? No one, absolutely: only colliers, petty tradesmen who despised the parson's poverty - and no one else. Miss Louisa and Miss Mary were public figures. No one gave them any other names

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than Miss Mary, Miss Louisa. They were respected for their quietness and dignity, but Miss Mary was called haughty, Miss Louisa sulky. No wonder that the coming of an eligible and very distant relative was keenly anticipated, though little was said. The Lindley's in their home were silent, almost sullen people.

The Reverend Edward Massey arrived. It was a great shock to the women. He was a Cambridge man, thirty years old, Master of Arts in Roman Law, about to be preferred to a five-hundred-a-year living in South Notts: to a tiny little place in the heart of agriculture. What could sound better to Miss Louisa and to Miss Mary? But he came. He looked like nothing in the world but an abortion, a foetus of a man. He was very little, meagre to the last degree, silent, very nervous, looked about him in a vacant, goggling way from behind his spectacles, was apparently an idiot: he had the stoop and the rambling gestures and the vacant expression of one. Yet one soon felt he had an indomitable little 'ego'. His silence became terrible when it would be followed by some venomous little sneer, or by his giggling little laugh of irony. Instantly the girls heard that, they were afraid of him. He was unremittingly shy, kind, and thoughtful as he could be. What he sneered at was stupidity, illogical reasoning. He would put himself to endless trouble to help anyone who asked for help, but was so agonizingly shy, that to proffer assistance was too much for him. He would sit up with Mr. Lindley if the pain were bad, would take great pains with the official regulations, spent diligent hour after hour in putting in order all the accounts and papers of his sick brother, thought out a plan for getting a younger son to Cambridge in a decent manner, undertook to carry it out - and so forth.

But in human relations he was intolerable. Quite unable to converse, he padded silently round the house, sat in the dining-room looking nervously from side to side never joining in the family talk, but occasionally making some ironic remark, which would often be followed by a little, sneering giggle. No one else ever laughed. He was a man who always giggled alone over his own gibe.

Mary, in her queenly, patrician way, tried to be hospitable.

"You would perhaps like to take a walk?" she asked, raising her dark head from her sewing, and allowing her clear grey eyes to rest womanly upon him. This needed an effort, but she was schooled in self-control.
The little man writhed with nervousness. He was painfully frail and thin. It was some time before he could answer in rapid, fluttered tones:

"I may not walk far, thank you. Thank you very much."

"You have not been well?" she asked, in her kind, dignified way.

"I have something wrong - internal," he replied. He was not aware how this made her shudder inwardly.

There was silence, whilst she bowed over her sewing, recovered her composure.

"I am sorry to hear that," she murmured.

There was a long space of silence. At length it became intolerable.

"You will excuse me," she said. "I have to pay a sick-visit."

He looked up, agog.

"I will do that," he said.

"No - it is rather far, and the roads are bad. I will go."

"I will go," he said, and he padded out of the room, fixedly keeping his idea. It never occurred to him to try to persuade anyone, and he never was persuaded. He seemed not to hear, he did not hear, persuasion.

Presently he returned, wearing a cap, and buttoned up to the chin in a black overcoat. He was bent-shouldered. From behind he looked a sickly lad of thirteen. Mary pitied him, but she felt some aversion.

She was twenty-two years old, of handsome figure, tall and with beautiful repose of demeanour. Her clothes were poor. She wore a silk scarf round her neck because she had no furs. As the people saw her walking down-hill to Old Aldecar, her tall and proud, beside the feeble little man, they turned and gazed after her dumbfounded.

"My Sirs alive, Miss Mary's got a catch there! Did ever you see such a badly little gudgeon?"

Miss Mary knew well enough what they thought, but she held her head only the proudlier. She pitied the little creature beside he
They were going to see old Mr. Durant, who was struck down with paralysis. Mrs. Durant admitted them, and they went upstairs.

"How is Mr. Durant this morning?" asked Mary.

"He seems no different to me - but there, how should he!"

The little man had not spoken. The three stood for some time looking on the form of the large old man stretched prostrate. The grey beard spread over the sheet.

"It is very dreadful," said Mary.

"It's how I always thought he would die," replied the wife quietly. They looked at her, rather shocked.

The two women were uneasy, waiting for Mr. Massey to say something. He had not spoken since he entered the house. At last with a great effort, he said, blinking:

"It is a paralytic stroke?"

"Yes - the doctor gives him not more than three days now."

"Can he - can he understand?"

"Sometimes, a very little."

"Not - not - there is nothing I can do?"

"No, thank you."

They stood again in silence. The sick man looked round vacantly. Except for his eyes, he was as one dead. To Mary this waiting was intolerable. What did Mr. Massey want? She dared not turn to take leave, feeling that he had not finished.

As they stood in suspense, they heard a man's footsteps, and then a man's voice called softly:

"Are you upstairs mother?"

Mrs. Durant started. She was much agitated. She moved towards the stairs, but already the heavy tread sounded on the boards. The mother was at the top of the stairs, looking down. The son, running up quickly, said:

"He's not gone, mother? They let me off -
Then he put his arms round her and kissed her. He was a young man in sailor's clothes. Mary stood much moved. Mr. Masse blinked nervously: he seemed not to understand: the general emotion excluded him. They felt him there a witness, nervous, shrinking, but dispassionate. The mother and son conquered their emotion, entered the room. The sailor's boots clicked on the plaster floor. He was ruddy, and he bowed his head with dignity. Miss Mary knew Alfred. She was ashamed to be there at the moment.

"The doctor gives him three days at most," said the mother.

Alfred, looking at the impassive form of his father, at the dead face and the great grey beard of the sick man, and at the wandering eyes, turned very pale. He bit his lip, and his breast began to heave.

"Oh, my son!" came a little cry from the mother. She had borne and hidden as much as she could bear, now she lifted her hands to him.

"Mother!" he said, and he hid his face on her shoulder. She wept a few, fierce sobs on his breast. She was a small woman, did not reach above his breast. Mary saw his form shake, but he made no sound. She and Mr. Massey stood on one side of the bed, mother and son on the other. Between them was spread the dying man.

The young woman turned away, bitterly shamed to intrude. Mr. Massey stood blinking. Mary knew he did not understand, neither the awfulness of death, nor the bitterness of grief, nor the keen pain of love. He was too small to contain the greater emotions. She felt a flash of hatred toward him.

"Shall I offer a prayer?" he said, gently, timidly, but in a voice devoid of understanding. The mother kneeled down, hiding her face, the son kneeled beside her. Mary and Mr. Massey kneeled on the other side of the bed. The grey-bearded old man stretched between them. Mary, grieved in her proud spirit, kept her head erect, and was open-eyed during the prayer. She saw the thin, brown hair of the mother, with its straight parting, close beside the dark head of the son, whose hair, thick and crisp with vitality allowed no parting. She noticed the thin, white, grooved nape of the mother's neck, with its wisps of hair, and the flat, broad strength of the son's. They kneeled close together, as if they were lonely. Mary's heart stirred.

And all the time Mr. Massey was praying nervously. His thin voice had a certain decision in it that forbade scorn. Mary heard whilst she watched. She noted the honesty of the prayer, its genuine kindliness, its almost scientific fittingness, and she
respected Mr. Massey. But there was a lack of reverence, a lack of the sense of the greatness of sorrow and of love, which made her ashamed to be there, obtruding upon these people's natural nobility.

She talked about it to Louisa that night. She and Louisa were exceedingly dear to one another.

"Yes," said Louisa. "I often go and see Mrs. Durant. There is a sense of honour about her."

Miss Louisa hungered for this, after the life at the vicarage.

"But he seems," said Mary, of Mr. Massey, "he seems not to have more than a part of human nature."

"He's an imbecile, I think," said Miss Louisa.

"No, he's not. Oh no, not by any means! He seems to me like a - a seven-months' child - or a six-months'. Can you remember that -" She could not get any further.

"No, but," she resumed, "he seems to have been born before his time - the spirit didn't fill into him. He's got all the sense - but not the understanding. That's why I shudder to be near him."

Nevertheless, in a year's time she was married to him. And never, in their courtship and marriage, did he kiss her. The religious ideal is self-sacrifice; her parents would have Mary sacrifice herself. In doing so, she practically cut herself off from the rest of the world. People looked at her husband, looked at her, and were shocked. This isolated her, as the little man was isolated. It would need a pathologist to study his mind; her's we can understand.

* * *

She went away with him to the tiny village. There, as everywhere, the men looked in contempt on him, the women in horror. Mrs. Massey led a terrible year. Then her first baby was born. It was a healthy lad, bonny and fine. Her husband, in a kind of pleased amazement, entered the service of his child. His wife he tyrannised over, never harshly, and perhaps unconsciously, yet he succeeded in tyrannising over her, first because of his abstractness, his unconsciousness of her, which made his mind use her as an insen instrument; secondly because, once she revolted, even in a small thing there would spring the irreparable breach between them - she would have definitely to say to him: "No, Edward, I do not wish to, and will not do this," whereupon he would look at her in amazement and anger, not understanding anything but her thwarting of his just desire; then probably there would...
be definite hostility between them, and she was afraid of it, so she submitted. Once she revolted, the horror would be too great, the marriage would be smashed. She could go on in self-abnegation. But, of necessity, she must accept no sympathy. That would be to begin the revolt. This put barriers between her and her husband. It put an unconquerable breach between her and Louisa. The two sisters loved each other devotedly; they continued to love each other all their lives long, yet after Mary's marriage there was a great, unspanned distance between them. They were never other than reserved and conventional one with the other, though their souls were full of profound love.

This hardened the individuality of both women. Louisa, in face of such gross trespass, set up her own judgment. She had been brought up to submission, self-subordination; she had been trained never to judge save by the given canons, never to be independent, never to move save on authority. But now the woman in her rose an judged. "My father and mother did this to Mary; they would do the same to me. Is this love? I would die rather than be disposed of in such a way."

She said nothing, she did nothing: but her parents bore themselves deferentially towards her.

The one definite emotion she would allow herself to show was her loathing of her brother-in-law. On no occasion would she speak to him, or appear to notice him. This did not much matter, he never addressed anyone save his wife.

Mary had another baby, a girl, when her boy was three years old. That year her husband's health was worse than usual, and he was always extremely delicate. Mary felt she could not endure to stay in her rectory this Christmas; it would drive her mad.

"I should like to go home for Christmas, Edward," she said. The little man looked at her for a minute or two, blinking, absorbing the idea.

"We should have to take baby by train," he replied.

"Baby is ten months old," she said.

"It is too cold," he said.

"It is not too cold, Edward. Whatever I suggest, you thrust 'baby' in the way. It is enough to make me detest the child."

He cast up the balance of this. It seemed to him that it would never do to have hostility in the mother's feeling.

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They went. When they were in the train, it began to snow. From the window of his first-class carriage the little man vacantly watched the almost solid whirl of snow across the open country. The storm seemed worse owing to the race of the train.

"Sit right back in this corner," he commanded his wife, "and hold baby close back. We had better - we had better -" He tailed off, thinking in front of his words, or considering them not worth saying.

"Cross to this side, Jack; sit on this side, out of the draught," he commanded his young son.

"Look, mother, look!" cried the child, ignoring him. "They fly at my face -" He meant the snowflakes.

"Take this seat, Jack," the father repeated. "You're in a draught there." But in vain he commanded. He had not the slightest authority over the child.

"Tell him to come on this side," the little man ordered his wife.

"Jack, father wants you to come to this window," Mrs. Massey said quietly. "Come along," she added.

The boy slid over to her.

When they got to the vicarage at Aldecar it was half-past two. They had not had dinner.

"How are you, Edward?" said Mr. Lindley, in his most patronizing tone. The vicar was pale and thin, with a worried, haughty look, and he gave one the impression of being coldly angry with the whole world.

"How are you, Edward?" said Mrs. Lindley. "You'll excuse me if I do not rise. What a dear baby!"

She was a stout woman, with a heavy, sulky jaw. Her voice was almost snarling. What she seemed to want was a passive existence of indifference. Everyone who spoke to her intruded upon her and made her angry.

"I did not want to bring the baby - I am afraid she has taken cold," was all Edward's reply.

"Nonsense, Edward," said Mrs. Massey, in wifely tones. Louis was looking at the baby, whom she had never seen.

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"Ah, you poor little beauty," she cried. The baby was strong and healthy as the boy.

Edward glanced furtively at Louisa. She took no notice of him.

"Will you put baby into a hot bath, Mary?" the little man said.

"I think there is no need, Edward," Mary replied.

"Don't you? I will go and bring down the flannels," he said, and he went upstairs to unpack the bag.

"I can give her a bath in the kitchen," said Mary, quietly.

"The girl is scrubbing there," said Louisa, very cold and displeased.

Louisa brought in the bath, and put it on the hearthrug. The dining-room was very gloomy and threadbare. The large window looked on to a scrap of lawn, hardly bigger than a white pocket-handkerchief as it shone in the snow, and round the lawn was a barrier of black, high shrubs. Mrs. Lindley was exclusive. The pictures were black, their heavy gilt frames all dull. There were only ponderous dark ornaments of Victorian age, and the chandelier was so black and so barbarous-looking, it should have been hung in a vault.

In the warmth of the fire they laid the bath. Mrs. Massey quietly undressed the child. The little man held the flannels to warm, and then the towel. The boy was hanging on the door-knob to get out.

"Come away from the door, Jack," said his father.

Jack tugged harder at the door. Mr. Massey blinked round like a naked owl shrinking up.

"Tell him to come away from the door, Mary. There will be a draught if he opens it."

"Jack, come away from the door. Go and tell Auntie Louie what you saw in the train."

Auntie Louie loved Jack, but she had eyes only for the domestic scene. Mr. Massey stood with much solemnity holding the towel in readiness to receive the baby.

"Put me on this seat," cried Jack.
"Louisa, do you mind lifting Jack?" asked Mary. The father was not strong enough to do it.

When baby was flannelled, Mr. Massey went upstairs, returning with four pillows, which he heaped before the fire to warm, whilst the child was being fed. Again he stood waiting, watching the mother and baby like a critical plucked owl that had a monomania.

Meanwhile Louisa, seething with rebellion, was preparing a meal for her sister and brother-in-law. The parents went upstairs, father carrying the pillows, mother the baby. After a while Mr. Massey came down.

"What is Mary doing?" asked Mrs. Lindley.

Mr. Massey started, and began to flutter.

"She is staying with baby till she goes to sleep. I may not stay upstairs in the cold because of my illness. Mary will ask the girl to put a fire in the room," the little man answered, rapidly and nervously.

"But Mary has had no lunch at all," said Louisa, with hostility.

"I will take her something. What can I take?" he nervously asked.

No one said anything: because, through Mary, came nearly a hundred a year to help with the Aldecar vicarage.

"I would die rather than eat that little creature's bread," thought Louisa. Not because Mr. Massey was mean, but because he had married her sister. Mr. Massey was very generous to her father. Louisa went upstairs. Her sister sat there in the cold, silent and impassive.

"Your eggs are getting cold, Mary," she said.

"Baby will soon be asleep," Mary replied, in very quiet tones. It was the resignation that hurt Louisa most. She went downstairs.

"I have to go out," she said to her father. "I may not be home to tea."

* * *

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No one remarked on her exit. She put on her fur hat, that the village people knew so well, and the Norfolk jacket that they said was immortal. Louisa was short, plump, and plain. She had her mother's heavy jaw, her father's proud brow, and her own grey, brooding eyes that were very beautiful when she smiled. It was true as the people said: she looked sulky. Her one attraction, according to them was her glistening, heavy, deep blonde hair, which shone and gleamed with a warmth, a splendour that looked foreign to her.

"Where shall I go?" she said to herself, when she got outside in the snow. She did not hesitate, however, but, by mechanical walking, found herself descending the hill towards Old Aldecar. In the valley that was black with trees the colliery breathed in stertorous pants, sending out high conical columns of steam that stood upright, white as the snow on the hills. Louisa did not know in the least where she was going till she came to the railway crossing. Then the bunches of snow in the twigs of the old apple-tree that leaned towards the fence told her she wanted to see Mrs. Durant. The tree was in Mrs. Durant's garden.

The old man had been dead some years. Alfred now kept his mother, and they two lived together in the old house that stood down in an ancient quarry bed, where the Durants had lived for a hundred years. From the highway hedge, by the railroad crossing, the garden sheered down steeply, like the side of a hole, then dropped straight in a wall. In this depth was the house, its chimneys just level with the road. Miss Louisa descended the stone stairs, and stood in the little back yard, the wall and garden bank rising high behind her, the house sheer in front, while big boughs of the fruit trees bent overhead. It was a quaint, secret dwelling, down in that pit.

Louisa felt snug and secure from the world down there. She knocked at the open door, then looked round. The tongue of garden narrowing in from the quarry-bed was white with snow; she thought of the thick fringes of snowdrops it would show beneath the currant bushes in a month's time. The ragged fringe of pinks hanging over from the garden brim behind her was whitened now with snowflakes, that in summer held white blossom to Louisa's face. It was pleasing she thought, to gather flowers that stooped to one's face.

She knocked again. Peeping in, she saw the scarlet glow of the kitchen, red firelight falling on the brick floor and on the bright chintz cushions. It was alive and magic as a peepshow.
She crossed the scullery, where still an almanac hung. Mrs. Duran was nowhere about.

"Mrs. Durant," called Louisa softly. "Mrs. Durant!"

She went up the brick step into the front room that still had its little shop-counter and its bundles of goods, and called from the stair-foot. Then she knew Mrs. Durant was out.

She went into the yard, to follow the old woman's footsteps up the garden-path. Passing between the currant-bushes, she went by the pig-sty, that was dug out of the bank like a prehistoric dwelling, and where the pigs nosed towards her, squealing. Then the wall ended, and the land shelved down to the path, the bright brown raspberry-canes flourishing over her head, patches of snow between. She emerged from the bushes and canes. There lay the whole quarry bed, a great garden white and dimmed, lying half-submerged. On the left, overhead, the little colliery train rumbled. Right away at the back was a mass of willow-trees.

Louisa followed the open path, looking from right to left, and then she gave a cry of concern. The old woman was sitting, rocking slightly, among the ragged snowy cabbages. Louisa ran to her, found her whimpering with little, involuntary cries.

"Whatever have you done?" cried Louisa, kneeling in the snow.

"I've - I've - I was pulling - a brussel-sprout stalk - and - Oh-h! - something tore inside me. I've had a pain." The old woman wept from shock and suffering, gasping between her whimpers: "I've had a pain there - a long time - and now - Oh-h!" She panted, pressed her hand on her side, leaned as if she would faint as she looked yellow-white against the snow. She was turned seventy. Louisa supported her.

"Do you think you could walk now?" she asked.

"Yes," gasped the old woman.

Louisa helped her to her feet.

"Get the cabbage. I want it for Alfred's dinner," panted Mrs. Durant. Louisa picked up the stalk of brussel-sprout, and with difficulty got the old woman indoors. She gave her brandy, laid her on the couch, saying:

"I'm going to send for a doctor - wait just a minute."

The young woman ran up the steps to the public-house a few yards away. The landlady was astonished to see Miss Louisa.
"Will you send for the doctor at once to Mrs. Durant?" she said, with some of her father in her commanding tone.

"Is somethink the matter?" fluttered the landlady in concern.

Louisa, glancing out up the road, saw the grocer's cart driving to Eastwood. She ran out and stopped the man.

"Will you tell Dr. Forman to come to old Mrs. Durant at once? Dr. Forman - old Mrs. Durant - at once - say I sent you," Miss Louisa repeated as the man looked vacant.

"Is there --" the man began.

"Be quick," commanded Louisa. And he went.

Mrs. Durant lay on the sofa, her face turned away to hide its distortion from suffering.

"I'd better put you to bed," Louisa said. Mrs. Durant did not resist.

Louisa knew the ways of the working-people. In the bottom drawer of the dresser she found dusters and flannels. With the old pit flannel she snatched out the oven shelves, wrapped them up, ran and put them in the bed. From the son's bed she took a blanket, and, running down, set it before the fire. Having undressed the little old woman, Louisa carried her upstairs.

"You'll drop me, you'll drop me," cried Mrs. Durant.

Louisa did not answer, but bore her burden quickly to bed. She could not light a fire, because there was no fireplace in the bedroom. And the floor was plaster. So she fetched the lamp, and stood it, lighted, in one corner.

"It will air the room," she said.

"Yes," moaned the old woman.

Louisa ran with more hot flannels, replacing those from the oven shelves. Then she made a bran bag, and laid it on the woman's side. There was a big lump on the side of the abdomen.

"I've felt it coming a long time," moaned the old lady, when the pain was easier, "but I've not said anything; I didn't want to upset our Alfred."

Louisa felt bitterly towards "our Alfred."
"What time is it?" came the plaintive voice.

"A quarter to four."

"Oh!" wailed the old lady. "Our Alfred'll be here in half-an-hour, and not a bit of dinner ready for him."

"What shall I do?" asked Louisa.

"There's that cabbage - and you'll find the potatoes and the meat in the pantry - and there's an apple-pie you can hot up. But don't you do it!"

"Who will do it, then?" asked Louisa.

"I don't know," moaned the sick woman, unable to consider.

Louisa did it.

The doctor came, and gave serious examination. He looked very grave.

"What is it, doctor?" asked the old lady, looking up at him with old, pathetic eyes in which already hope was dead.

"I think you've torn a bit of skin a tumour hangs on," he replied. "You've not done anything very serious."

"Ay!" she murmured, and she turned away.

"You see, she may die any minute - and it may be swealed away," said the old doctor to Louisa.

The young woman went upstairs again.

"He says the lump may be swealed away, and you may yet get quite well again," she said.

"Ay!" murmured the old lady. It did not deceive her. Presently she asked:

"Is there a good fire?"

"I think so," answered Louisa.

"Alfred'll want a good fire, coming home from the pit," the old mother said plaintively. Louisa attended to it.
Since the death of Durant, the widow had come to church occasionally, with Alfred. And between Mrs. Durant, in her age and sorrow, and the young woman in her deep trouble, there had sprung a friendship. Mrs. Durant had been fairly well educated. She was still very active and energetic. With her, experience counted for something, and it was for this fruit of experience that Louisa came to her. Mrs. Durant had had six sons and one daughter. The daughter had died a few years back, at the age of forty. Of the sons, one was killed in the pit, one was killed with drinking, another was killing himself in the same way, two were well-to-do miners, and Alfred, her youngest and her darling, was at home with her now.

As a boy, Alfred had been spoiled: him alone of all her children she spoiled. He was gentle, and, somehow, full of native honour. On the other hand, he had grown ungovernably passionate, and unconsciously selfish. Like the other boys, he had wilfully insisted on going into the pit as soon as he left school. This had been a trouble to her. He had never drunk, however, and had never liked women's society, preferring his own company on the whole. The garden had occupied him when he was not in the pit, and besides this he was fond of swimming, and played cricket with the church team.

Then he had run away and served seven years in the Navy. This had cured him of his spoiling. His love for his mother, rid of overgrowth, became the strongest force in his life, which life had refined remarkably pure. Now for four years Alfred had kept his mother at home. He was thirty-one years old, and had never had a sweetheart: not because he was timid or a ninny, but because he had never turned his thoughts to a girl, being never in a position to marry whilst his mother needed and monopolized him. He was very erect, very healthy, buoyant in his spirit. The Navy training had left him with a keen sense of his own person, so that he still did the physical

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exercises, bathed, and was carefully barbered. For the rest, he was naive as a lad of fourteen, and played the flute very well. Miss Louisa had accompanied him at various concerts, for they knew each other, and were friendly. She did not concern herself seriously with him, because he seemed such a lad, amiable, and clean, but innocent of the dark and bitter side of life, which was her important side.

* * *

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It was not often that Durant was impatient for the time to pass so that he could get away from the pit. As a rule, he worked away vigorously in the stall with his mates. There were three butties and two day-men in the stall. No one was worked harder than Durant although whilst they did a thing, most of the men did it lustily. Then they would sit and chat. Endless talk and gossip goes through the pit. Naked to the waist, hot and sweaty with labour, they would squat on their heels for a few minutes and talk, seeing each other dimly by the light of the safety lamps, while the black coal rose and jutted round them, and the props of wood stood like little pillars in a low, black, very dark temple. Then the pony came, and the young lad would generally have some order, or a message from Number 7, or a bottle of water from the horse-trough for a man particularly thirsty, or some news of the world above. The day passed pleasantly enough. There is, or was, an ease, a go-as-you-please about a collier's day, and a delightful intimate camaraderie of men shut off from the rest of the world, in a dangerous place, and a variety of labour, holing, loading, timbering, and a glamour of mystery in the atmosphere, that makes the pit very attractive to men who have thoroughly got used to it.

This day, however, Durant wearied of the afternoon. There was not a great deal to do: he did not want to talk. He never did talk much, and never about the Navy, which he had hated. He was sick of the pit that afternoon; by five minutes to four he was dressed and ready to depart.

"Loose-all," came the word. Durant would not quit the stall, as some of the men did, at a quarter to four, so that after he had walked six miles underground, crawling out into the black by-way, pushing open with his shoulder the solid draught-doors that the win pressed hard, calling to the men swinging their lanterns, unrecognizable, along the underground main road, whose sleepers stand bolt out of the thick silted rust, and make the walking very heavy - standing in the hollows in the coal face as a little tram rumbled by hearing the drub-drub of miners' feet echoing from the sleepers in the tunnel - he came at last to the white-washed coal walls of the underground office, and felt the warm, stifling presence of the stables. Round the bottom of the stack, down which black, heavy drops of water fell "plop" into the sump, sat dozens of miners, lighted by the electric lights and by the faint glare down the shaft. They had blown out their lamps.

"It's been snowin', Sonny!" exclaimed one of the men as Durant came up.

"Tha niver says!" ejaculated the young man.
"Ah, bu' though, it has: four inch thick."

"Ne'er mind: ma'e us a' feel cosier when we get whoam."

"Tha mun well talk," said another, "as 'asna no farther than the gates to go. If tha had ter lug up to Eastwood -"

"I sh'd happen get stuck 'a'efway," said Durant.

"Ay ay!" exclaimed a chorus of men heartily.

"Yes an' I'll wager tha would," said the man. "Tha'd want a drop o' summat ter get thee up ter th'top."

"I reckon my own legs 'ud be enough," said Durant.

"Tha'rt a big handy feller - what dost do wi' thysen? Tha'rt non married, tha'rt a teetotaller -"

"I keeps rabbit," twitted another man. Everybody laughed.

"But that's a rare house o' yourn. Tha might let me ha'e it when they mother's gone. Why, you could put one leg out o' bed and be down pit, and put t'other out on th'opposite side into th'New Inn."

"Tha'd ofteonest put thy left leg out," said Durant.

"I would that!" and there was a shout of laughter. The thought of snow made the men merry.

The cage came down, a dozen men lined on. Durant noticed tufts of snow on the perforated dome, and on the bars. It pleased him, with its hint of white freshness, at the bottom of the pit.

"Yes, Sonny!" said an old man, as the chair rose, and the feet of twelve men vanished upwards. "Thy mother's non goin' ter last for ever. Then we'll see what'll happen, when an emp'y house turns thee out."

"I'm not goin' ter fret my fat about it yet," said Durant irritably.

"'Appen tha'rt not, 'appen tha'll ha'e to. 'Er's been looking poorly of late. Tha'd better be castin' round thee for a 'ousekeeper o' some sort, ter take 'er place. Own wimmen doesn't live for ever."

"Who said they did!" exclaimed Durant.

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"Well, tha needna' get thy shirt in a knot. I'm nobbut tellin' thee. Tha'll be a bit more pal-ly, I'm tellin' thee, when 'er's goin' thro'."

"Tha' nedna din it in," said the young man.

"No - I'm not dinnin' it in. It on'y just struck me, tha'd ha'e ter ma'e pals o' some o' us, when th'hearthstun wor empty."

The cage came down. Durant wrathfully watched the elder being whirled to realms above.

"It 'ud be a long time afore I made pals o' such as thaigh," he muttered. The legs of the elder swiftly vanished.

Presently it was Durant's turn.

The upper world came like a flash: the snow glimmered so. Hurrying along the bank, and giving his lamp in at the office, Duran came out into the open. Up the hills on either hand the snow went pallid and blue in the dusk. Along the railway the fall was mottled, but it stretched far off to the dark cave of the spinney, before which all was blue and smooth. To the west there was a pinkness in the sky, amongst which a star glimmered. Already the light of the pit came out crisp and yellow, while the lights of Old Aldecar twinkled in a row in the bluish, raw twilight.

Durant quickly swung down the line, among the dragging groups of miners. They were many of them bowed or twisted, had most of them the right shoulder higher than the left, but he was very straight and robust. He felt angry with the man for suggesting his mother might die.

* * *

By the great white gate of the railway, in the fence, was a little latch-gate that he kept locked. As he unlocked this wicket he noticed the kitchen window shone duskily on to the bushes and the snow outside.

"She's burning a candle till the night's fair set in," said he, smiling at her little economy. He slid down the steep path to the level below, and came through the bushes to the house. The mother, lying in bed, listening, exclaimed to herself in panic: "There he is?" as she heard his great boots ring on the scraper.

"I had better go and tell him," said Miss Louisa. While she was running downstairs she heard him say, from the doorway:

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"How much worth of oil do you reckon you save by that candle, mother?"

He had just put down his bottle and snapbag, and was hanging his coat behind the scullery-door, when Miss Louisa came upon him. He was smiling. He had small, white teeth with spaces between them, and his scarlet lips shone in his black face.

"Good evening," said Miss Louisa.

He started round. Immediately his subconscious fears leaped up.

"Your mother's had a little accident," she said. His face went blank. "How?" he exclaimed.

"In the garden," she answered.

He seemed quite dumbfounded.

"And where is she?" he asked.

"She's in bed," said Miss Louisa, who found it hard to deceive him. He was silent, waiting for her to tell more: she did not know where to begin. He went into the kitchen, sat down heavily in his father's old chair, and began to pull off his boots. His head was small, rather finely chiselled. His dark hair, close and crisp, seemed too full of vitality. Having taken off his coat, his arms were bare to above the elbow. He wore a black waistcoat and the heavy mole-skin trousers that have just the stale, exhausted scent of the pit. Women hate the miners' cumbrous moleskins. He put on his slippers.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Something internal," she replied.

He went heavily upstairs. His mother was terrified at his coming. Louisa felt his tread shake the plaster floor of the bedroom.

"What have you done?" he asked.

"It's nothing, my lad," said the old woman soothingly. "It's nothing. You needn't fret, my boy, it's nothing more the matter with me than I had yesterday or last week. The doctor said I'd done nothing serious."

"What was you doing?" asked her son.

"I was pulling up a cabbage, and I suppose I pulled too hard; for oh - there was such a pain."
Her son looked at her quickly. She laughed at him.

"But who doesn't have a sudden pain sometimes, my boy? We all do. . . ."

"And what's it done?"

"I don't know," she said, making mock of her own hurt rougishly; "I don't know. Nothing, to my thinking. I don't know why they're keeping me in bed, I'm sure."

The big lamp in the corner was screened with a dark green screen, so that he could scarcely see her face. He shivered with apprehension, and with many emotions. All found vent in a burst of something like anger.

"What did you want to go pulling your inside out at cabbages for!" he said loudly. "I've told you time and enough not to do them things. Why couldn't you leave it for me to do? What the Hanover did you want to go dragging at cabbage at all for, in the snow, and the ground frozen! Wasn't there no potatoes in the house?"

"And don't you look down your nose if it's potatoes and cold meat?" she teased him.

"No, I don't. I never say a word."

"There's no need to say; your look is enough."

She had guided him safely away, and was smiling to herself. Miss Louisa, who could hear him plainly downstairs, thought he was a bully, and she was angry with everybody.

"But are you sure it's nothing much, mother?" he asked, plaintively, after a silence.

"Yes, my lad, yes," smiled the old woman.

"I don't want you to - to - be badly - you know."

"I'm not badly," she mocked, and her heart wept with anguish, for she knew she was going to die: moreover the pain was torture just then. "They're only cossetting me up a bit because I'm an old woman. Miss Louisa's very good. I couldn't have thought anybody in the world could be so kind. And she'll have got your dinner ready, my lad, and you must go and eat it, or else I s'il have to get up and look after you - and they say I mustn't, for a day or two at any rate. . . ."
He felt strangely choked, as if he could scarcely breathe. Why did he feel so miserable, if she was going to be up in a day or two? - and he believed her, that she would. He put his hard, black hand on hers for a moment: he was as black as a Negro with coal-dust; then, feeling a little bit relieved, he went downstairs.

He had resumed the old habit of his brothers of eating his dinner before he washed himself. Down the mine he must eat his food amid stale air and coal dust, and with black hands. What difference did his hands make at home! Miss Louisa served him his dinner. She loved doing it, it was so living, so different from the hateful barrenness at home. It was so personal, to live in this way with people: it seemed to satisfy her. She watched him as he sat for a few moments turned away from his food, looking at the fire, thinking, and he seemed pleasant to her eyes. His black face and arms were strange, his red mouth under the small, trimmed, but very coarse-fibred moustache, that looked like coconu" fibre, only of a lighter brown, startled her. But in its dirt his face had a kind of nobility, now he was sad and thinking. His coarseness was not repulsive to her, because it would wash off, and for the rest, he was so natural.

She ran upstairs, presently coming down with the flannel and the bran bag, to heat them, because the pain was on again.

"What's that?" he asked. He was half-way through his dinner. His appetite vanished.

"To soothe the wrench," she replied.

He half rose.

"No," she said, "you mustn't go upstairs now."

He understood from her tone, and he sat down again. She went upstairs. The poor old woman was in a white, cold sweat of pain. Louisa wept silently to herself as she went about to relieve her, as she sat afterwards and waited. After a time, Mrs. Durant said fair

"Alfred's washing himself - he'll - he'll want his back washing.

Louise thought she was rambling, and did not reply.

"He says - he can't sleep if his back isn't washed - for the coal-dust -" the old woman gasped. Louisa rose, wiped the cold sweat from her brow, and kissed her, murmuring:

"Must I go and do it?"
"If you will," murmured the sick woman.

Louisa waited till she saw her patient grow easier, then she ran downstairs. She scarcely considered what she was going to do. Like a nurse, everything was duty, nothing was personal.

Alfred was kneeling on the hearthrug, stripped to the waist, washing himself in a very large panchion of red, thick earthenware. It is so common for the men to wash themselves thus before the fire, that no one notices it, any more than if they were merely washing their hands. Even in presence of strangers it seems as natural to a miner as it seems to some folk to dip their fingers in a finger-bowl after dinner.

Alfred had just lathered his head thick with soap, and was rubbing the white cap of suds vigorously, doing the back of his neck repeatedly at the same time. Louisa watched him. It seemed a strange adventure to her, that she should wash the shoulders of a young man. When he had rinsed his head free of soap, and pressed the water out of his eyes, she said:

"Your mother said I was to wash your back."

He ducked his face round, looking up at her in a very comical way.

"How funny he looks with his face upside down," she thought. But she appeared so calm and official that he merely groped in the black water, fished out the soap and flannel, and handed them backwards to her without a word. Then he remained with his two arms thrust straight in the panchion, supporting the weight of his shoulders. His skin was beautifully white and unblemished of an opaque, solid whiteness. Miss Louisa flushed to the roots of her hair as she sponged him and saw that his neck and ears had grown flaming red. He was glad, however, because he knew he was so perfectly developed, and in such good condition. She knew nothing either about development or condition, only that he had a beautiful skin. They were neither of them sorry when the washing was done. She put down the flannel and fled upstairs, flushing furiously.

The pain was easier. Mrs. Durant looked at the young woman and smiled.

"I'd forgotten you weren't used to the colliers," she said.

Miss Louisa did not answer, save to ask after the pain. Mrs. Durant mused a while, then she said plaintively:

"I suppose you wouldn't marry a collier, Miss Louisa?"

"I'd marry any man I loved," replied Louisa.
"Ah, we only love where we know it's any use, or else where we get encouraged to love, don't we?" said the old woman.

Louisa experienced a great wave of revolt against her parents, and their outlook.

"Often," she said, hotly.

Mrs. Durant wondered a little at her. Then in a pain-weary voice she said:

"I'd leave him to you, if you'd have him."

"He hasn't asked me," quickly replied Louisa.

"If you let him - he will do," said the faint, monotonous, impersonal voice, that now sounded so tired and hopeless. Louisa was silent.

"And," the faint voice resumed, "if he's left with nobody, he'll go wrong. And after all my prayers for him, after all the prayers I've said for him, he mustn't go wrong. He must live here, for the garden - and -" She panted a little. Louisa kissed her, saying:

"You're tired. Try to rest now."

She sat with the old woman's hand in hers, till Mrs. Durant said, from out of a half-sleep of pain:

"Have you sent word to the vicarage?"

"No."

"Oh, you must. You say you will stay. Send them word by Alfred," the plaintive, singsong voice protested.

"I will write," said Louisa softly.

The young woman put Mrs. Durant's worn old hand under the bed-clothes, then went downstairs.

Alfred was sitting with his arms on his knees, his head dropped. He glanced up quickly. There was still in his face some of the red which the sea and the wind had beaten into it when he was a sailor. The skin on his cheeks was slightly irregular, as if it had been burnt. That was how it had suffered from exposure, because it was delicate. He put up his brown, crisp eyebrows in a question to Louisa.
"I want to write a note to the vicarage - will you give me some paper?"

He looked at her very keenly. She noticed his eyes were golden-brown, with a very small pupil.

"He is very keen-sighted, he can see a long way," said Louisa, looking full at his eyes. "But he can't see into things, he's not introspective. Ah well!"
(e)

"Vin Ordinaire"
Vin Ordinaire

By D. H. Lawrence

I.

A wind was blowing, so that occasionally the poplars whitened as if a flame ran up them. The sky was blue and broken among moving clouds. Patches of sunshine lay on the level fields, and shadow on the rye and the vineyards. In the distance, very blue, the cathedral bristled against the sky, and the houses of the city piled up to her.

The barracks were a collection of about a dozen huts of corrugated iron, that sweltered like Dutch ovens on the hot summer plain, but were gay with nasturtiums climbing ambitiously up. The soldiers were always outside, either working in the patch of vegetable garden, or sitting in the shade, when not at drill in the yard enclosed by the wire fence.

Now the huts were deserted, the beds pushed up, everything tidy. Bachmann went to his cupboard for the picture postcard which he usually sent to his mother on Wednesday afternoon. Then he returned, to sit on the bench under the lime tree, that was sweet with blossom. Green-bladed flowers, like tiny wrecked aeroplanes, lay scattered in a circle on the ground, and the bench under the tree, shaken down by the wind. Another soldier was writing: three more were talking, their conversation full of the dirty language they always used.

Bachmann addressed his card, but could not think of anything to say to his mother. His brain was quite empty. The postcard lay on the bench before him, he held the pencil in his fingers suspended. He was a long-backed, limber youth of twenty-two, and his clumsy uniform could not quite conceal the grace of his figure. His face was tanned by the sun, and yet had a certain fair-skinned delicacy, showing the colouring of his cheeks. His moustache was reddish, and continually he stroked it with his left hand, as he sat and stared at the postcard.

"Dear Mother"—that was all he had written. And in a few more minutes he would have to set off. He stared at the "Liebe Mutter." Then suddenly he began to write: "I am just off to the drill, climbing the fortifications. The walls go clean up from the water." He stopped. "I can tell you, it is exciting." He stopped again. Then, a little pale, he continued: "The frost has got most of the cherries. Heidelberg cherries are 80 a pound. But they are all right here. Are ours all right?" The postcard was filled. He signed himself with love, got a stamp out of his purse, and stuck it on. Then, apprehensively, he looked round. He had handsome, rather prominent blue eyes, the colour of speedwell. His manner of lounging was somewhat voluptuous and sprawling, as if he were too full of life to do a thing meagrely.

His comrades were assembling in the yard. He put the postcard into his pocket and joined them, laughing. No one would have guessed that his heart was gnawed inside him with apprehension. He moved with indifference and a little abandon, martial also, since he was a soldier. There was something young and conceited about him, something swagger and generous. The men treated him with a familiarity of affection, but they handled him rather cautiously for all that. He was easily the most noticeable among them, the most handsome, the best proportioned, quite un-German in his gracefulness of bearing and remark: also a little given to showing off.

Presently the sergeant appeared. He was a strongly-built, rather heavy man of forty. But it was evident he had gone to pieces. His head stuck forward, dropped a little between his straight, powerful shoulders. His face, once handsome and full of character, had relaxed, so that all its lines hung sullenly. The dark eyes were heavy underneath. It was the face of a passionate, ruined, hateful man. His duties were only intervals in his drinking.

He gave his orders briefly, evidently not one to waste words, and the little company moved down the white road. The vines on either side were dusty, the poppies at the edge of the corn blown to pieces, whilst the tall rye bowed deeply, and deeply again, in the wind.
Bachmann walked with his usual ease. His comrades had a manner of marching head-first, something like bears. He had none of that dogged submissiveness, but went easily when he was not tired, and then his shoulders, not his head, went slack with fatigue.

Now he was afraid. At the very core he was gnawed with a shame of fear. He knew the taciturn officer disliked him, and more or less saw through his braggadocio. He was afraid of the climbing. He could not bear to be at a height. It made his bowels melt, and his limbs turn to water. But there it lay before him, this afternoon, and it had to be done. He had never quite given himself away yet. He was supposed to be a reckless dare-devil. Nor was he afraid, in the water, or fencing with swords. He had accustomed himself to these things since he was a boy. But he was afraid to ride on horseback, and he was afraid of heights. And fear of these things harassed his soul like shame, in company of men. With women it did not matter.

They drew near to the walls of the town, passed down a path among trees, and came to a halt. At their feet, the grass ended in a winding canal of water, whose edge was planted with trees in little thickets. The place was silent except for the rustling of the leaves. In the distance a sentinel was seen occasionally passing through the waving shade and sunlight. Marguereite daisies and the gold of lady's slipper glimmered peacefully among the mysterious fortifications, in the deep grass. Occasionally, a puff of wind made the grass pale.

The group of soldiers stood at the end of one of the moats, in their light blue and scarlet uniforms. The officer, with his powerful body and miserable face making the young soldier's heart uneasy, was explaining tersely and brutally. The water was dead still. On the other side of it, the stone wall of a rampart rose again, a low cliff, along whose summit the grass grew and tall daisies stood, showing their form against the dark of the waving trees beyond, overhead. The soldiers felt dwarfed, down in face of the ramparts. Still and lush and mysterious the place was, gloomy with trees. And penetrating to this silence came the run of tramcars and the noise of the town, a hundred yards away.

Bachmann's heart was beating as he listened to the terse but not very intelligible instructions of the officer. Then the practice began. One man had to take the ladder along the stone ledge at the foot of the wall, over the water, and, fixing it, climb to the land above. Bachmann watched, and it seemed easy. But he felt shaky himself. He had been too long in suspense because of this climbing.

The blue-uniformed figure of the climbing soldier mounted, clambering, grasping, to the height, moved along the edge of the little precipice, and prepared to descend again. It was doing everything according to command, so that it had a blind, unintelligent look about it. Small at the height, blue and scarlet among the intense greenery, it went, apart from everything, with dull feet to the next point, crouched, and began to make ready for the descent. But it was evident from the blind groping of the feet, the tense stiffness of the legs and back, that the body was moving against its own will, almost subjugated, but yet stiff. The sight of it made a flame of rage and impotence and fear go through Bachmann. He trembled slightly. As a rule, when he obeyed, he obeyed himself, identifying his will with that of the authority. Often it cost him a bitter effort, and made his face pale with ignominy. But then, in his soul, he had acquiesced to the great fact of the Army, and so had more or less identified himself with it. Now came the supreme test—whether his will, sufficiently identifying itself with the will of the Army, could control his body. If not—. He stood waiting, the anxiety gnawing in his chest, full of the torture of fear.

His turn came. He knew by some intuitive feeling that the officer had perceived his condition. The sergeant was furious to-day. Occasionally came the long snarl of a man whose blood is disintegrated with irritation. Bachmann went in silence along the ledge at the foot of the wall. He placed his ladder last successfully, his previous failures having made him the more chaotic and blind. Then he began to climb. The ladder was not firm. At every hitch his heart went molten hot. He hung against the face of the wall in mid-air, in agony pawing to grip the rungs with his toes. If one fell, one would be nicely broken against the ledge, as one dropped into the water. His heart began to melt. Vaguely, he was conscious of the growing space beneath his feet. He clutched the rungs of the ladder with
his hands. Things were beginning to spin out of their places. He was sensible to the firmness of the ledge in the space below, but not the firmness of the ladder on which he hung. And he seemed to be reaching to the hardness below. Already he was in mid-air unsupported, so that there was nothing to do but fall. And so—everything went pitching in a sickening swoop. The sergeant's voice was thundering away underneath. That was nothing. His heart gave another furious, circling swoop, his wrists were melting off, his knees, his ankles going. He would fall. Then a little, hot sensation penetrated to him as in a swoon. His water was running down his leg. He hung on to the ladder in mid-air like a numbed fly, neither able to fall or to mount. Quite still, quite inert, he hung there, shame, like an anaesthetic, having for the moment blotted him out. Perhaps his hands were growing slacker.

The soldiers below had stirred and laughed uneasily. Now they were silent. The officer was yellow with fury. Even he at last was silent. They watched the inert figure, blue and pitiable, cleaving against the wall, just below the broken grass that bristled unconcerned. The officer, in his rage, ran to another ladder and climbed up, giving the men instructions to come after.

Bachmann was just coming out of his swoon of panic. Once again he could feel his wrists and knees firm. Things were taking their places too, as to one who wakes from a nightmare. For a minute they had all dissolved, and there had been nothing but space into which he had hung unsupported, with certainty of the hard ledge far beneath, whose very blow that would break his body would be a panting relief to his soul. Now all things were growing fixed again. Eagerly, he was rousing. In a moment he would be able to grasp the grasses and perform that feat which had paralysed him in awaiting him-climb over the edge of the wall.

But as he reached to clasp the next rungs, large hands seized his wrists, and, in a great gap of fear, he was being hauled over the edge and on to the trampled grass. He lay on his knees. Then slowly, his senses coming to him through a thick daze of disappointment and unconsciousness, he rose to his feet.

The sergeant, panting with rage, his face yellow and livid, stood glaring at him, unable to speak. Bachmann waited, still too stunned to know anything but shame, only feeling a certain flame shoot to his heart, as he was aware again of the contact of the officer's hands with his own wrists, felt the officer's strength gripping him and pulling him up. He was bewildered. Then he began to cling with pitiable rage. He had been climbing up without the officer's interference. A flame went through his heart as he felt again those large hands suddenly grasping and hauling at his wrists, just when he was in motion to succeed of himself. Now—he was a miserable carcass hauled there. A fierce, self-destroying rage possessed him, tempered with hate and self-justification.

He became aware of the low, hissing voice of the officer, a squeezed voice that came from a big panting chest. The sound cut him through with shame. His head hung, he did not hear what was said, only he felt the low, tense flame of contempt and destructive abuse in the other man's voice. But somewhere in his heart he resisted, he would not give in. Suddenly he started back as if his heart would leap out of his body. The officer, his voice growing louder, had thrust his discoloured face forward into that of the soldier. Bachmann started away; the vision of the sergeant's face, the open mouth, the upper lip raised from the teeth, the snarling, barking look had shocked him away on the reflex. His heart was pounding, his limbs began to tremble, his nerves felt like fine, white-hot threads. There was a moment of anguished suspense. Then, the voice getting louder, the face of the officer thrust suddenly into his again, the mouth opening and gibbering with words whose noise only he heard, Bachmann starting from it in blind revulsion, was jerking up his arm to protect his face, when his elbow caught the officer's mouth and nose with a cruel blow. The elder man jumped, staggered backward, and stepped over the edge of the ramparts, while the soldiers sprang forward to stop him. There was a shout, then a loud crash of water.

Bachmann stood impotent with fear. The soldiers broke into movement.

"You'd better run, Bachmann," said one, in a voice of pleased excitement. The guilty soldier turned and walked down the tree-hidden path into the street.

There, he stood in the sunshine, watching the officers
ride by, the soldiers passing, the few civilians sauntering on their errands. He went towards the town. Over the bridge the trams were running. Down below, at the water's edge, the unequal, old French houses shone gaily in sunshine. The Cathedral was fine, her myriad little pinnacles pricking into the blue sky. Everybody was easy and comfortable, this sunny afternoon. He felt for a moment quite at peace. But he was aware of a great strain in the past—and in the future. He would soon be taken. And he faltered and stood still.

But no, he would not be taken. A wave of revulsion against it all went over him. He would get away. He was himself. Rapidly, he thought of all the places in which he might hide. How heaped with purple the lilac-trees were, how clean the grass and the white walks by the river! He could not think. There was nowhere to go. It was a beautiful afternoon. He felt dark. It seemed to him curious the soldiers riding by so negligently should not notice him; that he was conspicuous like a man in a black cloak.

Perhaps it would be easier to go back to the barracks and take his punishment. He did not care what they did to him.

But then his heart hardened itself. He did care. He hated them all. They did not give him a chance to be himself. He hated the army. It had trampled him when he was willing and had made him ashamed. Why should he give in to the army any more? Why should he let it put him to prison? He was himself.

But then, how could he help himself? There was only his mother. Ah, what a shame for her! And he could not help it. He hated the army, the uniform he wore, the very movement of an officer's steed. And everybody would be against him—everybody. Each one of the common soldiers would be there to lay hands on him. And what for?—for nothing. In a dazed heaviness he walked along. Everywhere was militarism—there was no getting away from it. France! America! suddenly he caught at the idea of another land. He wanted to be in America. To be in a foreign land would be to be himself again.

There was no way out—no way out. He was walking just blindly nowhere. Yet it was only forty miles to France. He took the next bridge across the river. Soon the order would be given for his arrest. He knew it was quite hopeless to think of escape. He was too much alone.

His heart gave a sudden leap and stood still. There was Emilie. If he hid till night, then he might get away over the border. Emilie was a servant at the Baron von Freyhof's, at the big house half a mile away from his own barracks, and not more than two miles out of town. Yet it was quite in the country. He would go there. It was a chance. By taking the Scy tram, he would not have more than a mile to walk, across the fields. And soldiers were so common.

He got into the small, quick-running tramcar, all eager now to come to Scy and to Emilie. He felt he could trust her. She was proud and reserved. Once she had walked to town with him, and at evening he had talked to her in the courtyard of the Baron's house. At any rate, he would go there. He had a feeling that it was right.

He got out of the tram at the terminus and took the field path. The wind was still blowing, but not so strongly. He could hear the faint whisper of the rye, then the long swish-swish as a stronger gust came. The vines smelled sweet to him. He liked their twinings and the tender look of the young shoots. In one of the fields men and women were taking up the hay. The bullock-wagon stood on the path, and the men in their blue shirts, the women with white cloths over their heads, carried the hay in their arms to the cart. He was thinking of his own village. There the hay was being cut. It was a still, beautiful sight to see the sun on the shorn grass, and on the movement of the harvesters.

The Baron's house stood square and grey in its big garden, among the fields. Across, he could see the low swarm of the barracks' buildings. He did not hesitate, but walked as Fate led him, to the courtyard entrance of the house. The dog, Peter, seeing a soldier, only danced. The pump stood peacefully in the shadow. Everything was still.
The kitchen door was open. He hesitated, then walked in. The two women started. Emilie had just lifted the coffee-tray. She stood, questioning and superb, fronting him across the room. She was very dark, with closely-banded black hair, proud, almost cold grey eyes, and the faint shadow of hair darkening her upper lip. She wore a peasant's dress of bright blue stuff with little reddish roses scattered over it. The silver, and the white and rose of the coffee-service, shone in her hands. The outline of her firmly-covered breasts showed distinctly. She stared at the young soldier.

A look of recognition, of question devoid of feeling was in her eyes as they rested on him. He was aware of the nursery governess sitting at the table picking a dusky heap of cherries. She was a young woman of about twenty-five, pale, freckled, pretty, dark-haired. Her dark eyes were looking questioningly at him; she had a pleasant but rather hard face.

He went pale, meeting Emilie's challenging stare, and felt rather dreary. It was harder than he thought, appealing here. He was half-minded to turn and go again. But Fräulein Hesse looked kind and attentive. Bachmann seemed to feel the open courtyard behind him like an exposure.

"I had a go with Huber," he said, slowly, his tall, graceful body leaning slightly forward, his blue eyes strained and trying to smile. Emilie's inquiring look, shy eyes and haughtily defensive bearing, made it hard for him.

"How do you mean?" she asked, half-audibly.

"I knocked him down the fortifications—partly by accident—and ran," he replied, looking at her rather vaguely. It was all so mechanical.

"You what?" cried Fräulein Hesse, rising dismayed and capable from her chair. Emilie stood unmoving. He glanced at the governess for support. But he felt the steady, hard grey eyes of Emilie watching him. And somehow, it was to this woman he belonged. Beautiful she looked, too, in the blue dress tightly covering her breasts, straight and proud in her bearing. She was still waiting for him. It was like judgment.

"I thought perhaps I might hide for a night, and then get away to France," he said. And for the first time his blue eyes met those of Emilie, and he looked back at her, straight into her. It made him suffer too. He wanted something to back him up. Slowly, she lowered her eyes.

"Yes," she said, as if she had not understood, and turned away, going through the inner door with the tray. He watched her proud, straight back, her strong loins, the thick, black plait of hair bound round her head. She was gone. He felt lost and forsaken.

"They are having coffee in the garden," said the governess, "and the children are there. What did it do to him?"

He looked at her quickly. But she was gazing directly at him, thinking, waiting.

"I don't know," he answered, rather bitterly. Seeing the cherries lying near him, he took a handful and began eating them, slowly. Fräulein Hesse regarded him, half-wondering. Accustomed to the atmosphere of soldiers, she was at a loss for the moment.

"And what happened?" she said.

"He was ragging me. You've seen him push his face into yours and you mustn't move. I couldn't keep still. I put my arm up to keep him off and it caught him, and he fell down the fortifications." The young soldier had become an actor at once. He went through the scene with vigorous gestures, his blue, rather full eyes staring. Fräulein Hesse watched, fascinated. He finished, and began to stroke his reddish moustache.

"You don't know what it did to him?"

"Might have killed him—I don't know," he replied, looking at her as if calmly submissive to fate. He had rather a beautiful, abandoned pose. Nevertheless, he was gnawed with anxiety to know how much the officer had been hurt. But he kept his thoughts from the question—it was too disturbing. Fräulein Hesse stared at him, her face full of wonder and speculation. Emilie returned. She closed the door behind her, then went and closed the outer door. He continued to sniff the scent of coffee, wishing for a drink while he ate cherries thirstily. Something was steaming on the stove. The enamel pans shone blue on the wall. He felt a little bit out of place, as if he were acting some part. The pans hung so easy and natural. And he waited for the two women to dismiss his fate.
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"Where can you go?" asked Emilie, in her subdued, meaningless voice. He, helpless, looked up at her. She stared a moment at him, then at Fraulein Hesse. Her colour came, and she shrank slowly away from him, lowering her eyes, unable to speak. He looked at Fraulein Hesse. Her eyes were roused. They looked straight into his with a kind of smile. She was taking lead for him, and seemed to communicate with him privately.

"Your room would be the only safe place, Emilie," said she, bravely. Emilie flushed darkly, and did not answer. Then she raised her head and looked at him challengingly, like a woman forced into a compact and assuming a responsibility against her will.

"Come then," she said, moving to the door.

"I will see it is all right," said Fraulein Hesse.
In a moment he was following humbly and obediently. He noticed the scarlet mantle of a child on the hall-stand, the great maps on the wall, the queer engravings on the stairs. Then they went down a long corridor. Emilie, closed and withdrawn, opened the door for him, and stood, like a servant silent and inscrutable, waiting for him to enter. He passed her, and stood in the little room, his head bent. There was a good deal of humiliation. Emilie entered and silently, like a servant, closed the door behind her. She stood waiting. A little hot feeling flickered up in his heart.

It cost him an effort to raise his head to her. Then he told her, briefly what had happened. He was afraid she should see the quiver of light in his eyes. The two of them were in a kind of bondage. In her silence and dumbness, she was so close to him.

"I shall think of a plan," he said, watching her.

"Yes," she said, staring at him.

"Do you think I shall be safe here?"

"If nobody has seen you." She turned away from his eyes.

"It feels safe enough," he said, vaguely.

"Yes," she said.
And, without looking at him, a blush fading off her dark cheek, she left him.
He looked round the little room, standing in the middle, half afraid to touch anything. He knew she resented his having forced the privacy of the room. Yet there was something else, too, in her feeling, that made him rouse in his pride. The room was bare and severely tidy. He had often enough been into his mother's bedroom. Yet this gave him a curious sensation, of fear, of alertness, excitement. There was a picture of the Sacred Heart over the chest of drawers, and above a low praying-chair a crucifix, rather large, carved in wood. He stood and looked at it. He had been brought up a Protestant. He stood and looked at the symbol. His senses quickened, he perceived for the first time in his life that the carved figure on the Cross was that of a young man, thin and wasted and cramped. It was a crucifix carved by a peasant-worker in Bavaria. The Christ was lean and rather bony, with high cheek-bones and a dead face, the mouth hanging slightly open. He was a common man. Bachmann had seen many a peasant who might have been his brother. And it startled him. He was shocked to think of the cramped torture the man must have gone through. He wondered what Emilie, dark and proud and isolated, thought when she looked at the naked, dead man carved there. "It might be me," thought the soldier.

He saw her rosary beside the bed, and the strip of pictures representing the Stations of the Cross. He resented her religion, became violently Protestant. Then he looked round for water. There was none in the room. And he wondered if she would attend on him—bring him coffee perhaps. He wanted a drink.

She did not come. He sat down on the bed, feeling as if already he had crossed the sea into another land, almost into another self. Then he took off his belt and his boots, and wondered what he should do. He felt a little bit forlorn that she did not come at all. He would want a suit of clothes and a bicycle, that was all. His mother would give him money. She was well-off. There remained to cycle across the border into France. He would start the next night. That would mean thirty hours in this room. Better than years in prison. The thought of prison made him grasp the bed-post hard. And then came the strong, curious sense of Emilie's presence in the house.

He took off his tunic and lay down, pulling the great over-bolster across him. He felt subdued and disconsolate.
There was nothing to get hold of anywhere, and he was not a man who could easily be much alone, or stand alone. He always wanted to feel other lives associated with his. Now there was nobody. Well, he would have to put up with it for the time being. Sometimes his heart beat fast when he thought she was coming. And then, too, he could ask her for a drink. But she did not come.

III.

When at last she opened the door he started and sat up in bed. His eyes, staring at her from the twilight, startled her too.

"Did you bring a drink?" he asked.

"No," she said. They were afraid of each other. She went away, returning quickly with a jug of water. And she had to impose a restraint on herself, to bear it, whilst he drank long and heavily. Then he wiped his moustache on the back of his hand. He was afraid to begin to eat before her. He sat on the bed. She stood near the door. He looked at her strong, erect, aloof figure. She glanced at him. He was in his shirt and trousers, sitting bending forward on the bed.

"I thought I might..." he said. And he told her quickly his plans. She heard, almost without paying attention. She wanted to go. A certain power, something strong and of which she was afraid, was taking hold on her. It was growing darker. His voice seemed to be getting slower, reaching to her, and she could not move. At last, slowly, after a silence, he slid off the bed, and in his silent stocking-feet, approached her. She stood like a rock.

"Emilie!" he said, afraid, and yet driven.

He put his hand on her. A shock went through her frame. Still she could not move. And in a moment his arms were round her, he was pressing her fast, holding her body hard against his own, which quivered through her in its vibrating. He had put his face on her, was kissing her throat. And there came upon her one intolerable flame, burning her breath away. She was beginning to swoon.

"You'll marry me, Emilie—as soon as ever—?"
she could not sleep. All through the night the un-satisfaction, the slow, mean misery of half-satisfaction kept her awake. She lay suffering blindly, stubborn to what ailed her. But her heart was hot with sense of him, burning almost with hate of him. She lay and waited, waited in a slow torture, unable to sleep or to think. Something held her from going to him. It did not even occur to her. She lay almost without thought. Yet all the time she hated him that he left her so. It was for him to finish what he had begun. Every fibre of her hurt with a kind of painful sensibility of him! Why could he not set her free to be herself again? She struggled, for him, against him. Through the early, beautiful dawn she lay awake, waiting, watching, waiting for something that never came. Some inertia held her. She could not go near of herself. Like a thing bound down, the whole woman in her was held hour after hour, all through the night.

Towards five o'clock she dozed fitfully. She awoke again at six and got up. Her heart was sullen and dull with hate. She could have trampled on him. She went downstairs. The Baron was already stirring.

Bachmann had slept uneasily, with dreams and restlessness all the night. At first, quivering with anxiety, trembling he knew not why, he had lain and listened for her, the minutes one long-drawn-out space of waiting. Then at last his heart had thudded heavily, hearing her come upstairs. She was coming. But another door closed, and there was silence—a silence that grew longer and longer and more desert. Then slowly his heart sank very deep. She would not come. Nor could he move to find her. She would not come. So there was this strain between them, bleeding away his vitality. She had left him. She did not wish to come to him.

Then the physical shame of the time when he had clung on to the ladder, the shame of being hauled up like a sack, of having failed with himself, came up strongly, under the new pressure of her not wanting him. He lay feeling without honour and without worth. And he thought of the next night's danger, and saw himself shot. Though really, he hoped for the morning, when everything would come right again. In the morning she would come. If he and she were all right, the other thing would be all right. If
The Baron's wounded hand fluttered with irritation.
"And what about him, then?" he asked, angrily.
The very resentment in his tone prevented her answering. There was a pause, while everybody felt strained and falsified. Emilie alone stood, like a slave, by herself.
"Did he come here?" asked the Baron.
He grew furious. Standing in front of her, his eyes began to glare at her, his wounded hand, half-hidden by his side, shaking spasmodically. She knew he wanted her to say "No." She stood straight, stubbornly muted. It made her soul go dead in her, to be bullied at this juncture. She did not answer. Slowly, the Baron submitted to the effect of her silence.
"Shall we go then and see?" he said, rather bitingly, to the lieutenant. And Emilie knew that he was hating her and despising her.

The soldiers, heavy and bearlike, tramped with their rifles after the two gentlemen. Emilie stood rooted, unable to move, but her anger was deep. She listened.
Bachmann heard the heavy feet approaching the door. So strong a tension stretched him, that he was unable to feel. He stood watching the door. It opened, and revealed the soldiers.
"So!" exclaimed the Baron, quietly, seeing him.
Now they had got him, the common soldiers lost their up-pricked excitement, and grew uncomfortable. As soon as the lieutenant had given the command to finish dressing, they went dull, and stood like clods near the door. The Baron took a pace or two, in irritable distress. He watched the shaking hands of Bachmann fastening at the belt. Then the expressionless face of the young soldier was raised in obedience. The Baron went out of the room. The voice of the lieutenant gave the order to march. Two soldiers went first, then one soldier holding Bachmann by the arm, then the officer in his fine uniform and the Baron in his green linen.
Bachmann moved dimly, scarcely realising anything. The soldiers went lumbering down the stairs, tramped through the hall, and then down one step into the kitchen. There was a smell of coffee and of morning. The prisoner was aware of the straight form of Emilie standing apart, her fine arms, bare from the elbows, hanging at her sides.

She too held her face a little averted. He did not want to look at her, but her presence was very real to him.

The Baron came to a halt in the kitchen, hesitated and looked round.
"So you share your room with a deserter, Emilie," he said to her ironically. Then he clapped his heels and shook hands very formally with the lieutenant.
"No," said Emilie, forcing her lips apart. "I was with Fräulein Hesse." Bachmann, hearing her struggling voice hating the imputation, faltered in his walk. The soldier pulled him by the sleeve, uneasily, miserable in his position. And when the prisoner started again, it was with uncertain steps, and his teeth closed on his lower lip, his eyes staring fixedly; and whichever way the soldier twitched his arm, he went obediently.

The sun was breaking through the morning. The Baron, in his old gardening-suit of green linen, stood watching the soldiers go down the drive. A cock crowed vociferously in the still new air. They were gone round the hedge. The Baron turned to Emilie. She stood more withdrawn than usual, as if waiting to defend herself. Her cheek was a little pale.
"The Baroness will be surprised," said the Baron to the stiff-standing maid. She turned her eyes to him, like a slave at bay, unable to understand his tone. He bent his head.
"Hiding one of the soldiers in your room," he continued, as if in raillery.
"He came and asked me," she said, through scarcely-moving lips.
"So! Then it's his own look-out?"
"Yes," said the maid, not understanding.
"Yes," re-echoed the Baron, and with a bitter sneer on his face, he went to the door. "In fact, you had nothing to do with it," he said, turning with a furious smile. She stared at him. Why was he so angry with her? He was gone with his head down. She continued her preparation of coffee.

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