CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION: LAWRENCE’S CONCEPT OF NATURE

David Herbert Lawrence, one of the distinguished English novelists of the twentieth century, was born in Eastwood, an industrial village in Nottinghamshire in the Northern Midlands of England, on September 11, 1885. He was the fourth son of parents who had been married almost ten years when he was born. His father Arthur Lawrence was a miner. But his mother belonged to the upper middle class. As Lawrence himself tells -

I was born among the working classes and brought up among them. My father was a collier, nothing praiseworthy about him. He was not even respectable, in so far he got drunk rather frequently, never went near a chapel and was usually rather rude to his little immediate bosses at the pit. He practically never had a good stall, all the time he was a butty........ and he grumbled.

Lawrence’s father John Arthur Lawrence was a handsome, well—built man with a vigorous black beard. He was a man with reputation for dancing. Lawrence’s mother Lydia Beardsell met him after being jilted by her first lover, a teacher who married his landlady, a widow with property. She (Lydia) was attracted towards Arthur. Arthur was also
attracted towards her. She was to him a thing of mystery and fascination. She was a lady to him. Therefore, inspite of the class—difference both of them were attracted to each other and got married. But all this fascination and attraction could not last long and after sometime, Lawrence’s mother was disillusioned. The mining country looked ugly to her. She could never adjust with the miners. She could also never adjust with her husband. She was a puritan and idealist. She wanted that her husband should also rise from his level and should come up to her mental standard. But her husband was not ready for all this. He was a collier and accepted this fact but his wife (i.e. Lawrence’s mother) was not ready to accept this fact.

Therefore, their ways were parted and Arthur began to go to public house and drink. Lydia, as a strict puritan, took more avoidly to the congregational chapel and the visits from the ministers. And after the birth of their first child, their estrangement was complete. Lydia was proud of her motherhood and became disdainful. With the coming of more children, the father became more and more of a drunkard and the mother neglected him more and more. There were frequent quarrels between his father and the mother.

Thus, Lawrence lived in this atmosphere of hatred, hostility and discord. Since his childhood, Lawrence had a sympathy with his mother and hated his father. He thought that his father was the root cause of all
these sufferings. He loved his mother very much. He was her favourite child. His mother was the greatest single influence on Lawrence. It was due to his mother that Lawrence did not become a coal—miner and could get educated. She wanted that her sons should be kept away from the mines and should enter the working classes. Therefore, Lawrence was sent to a local Council School to get education and at 13, he went to Nottingham High School. Three years later, he took his first job with a firm of surgical goods manufacturers. When he was 18 years old, he went to Nottingham University College to take a teaching certificate. At this early age, he started his first novel The White Peacock. It was completed in 1910, just before the death of his mother to whom he was especially close. After gaining his teaching certificate, Lawrence taught for nearly two years at Davidson Road School in Croydon, near London. This period marked his introduction to the South of England, and to the literary establishment of his time.

In 1914, Lawrence married Frieda, wife of Professor Ernest Weekley, of Nottingham University. She was six years older than Lawrence and was already the mother of three children when she met Lawrence. She was the daughter of Baron Von Richthofen, a German Aristocrat and soldier. She had married—the, Professor fifteen years older than herself. She was leading a life of superficial comfort and contentment and found real fulfilment in her contact with Lawrence. She
eloped with Lawrence in 1912, when the *Sons and Lovers* was also completed. For two years, the lovers were wandering from place to place on the continent and they were able to marry only in July 1914 after Frieda had been granted divorce from her first husband. This marriage brought some sense of permanence and stability in the life of Lawrence. Now, he was always aware of the need to write a lot and to write well enough to be publishable.

The war of 1914—18 affected Lawrence profoundly. For much of the time, he was hounded by the authorities in England, suspected of subversion, immorality, espionage and anarchism. Lawrence is in many ways the most English of authors, as his description of the English landscape and language, his wide acquaintance with the English social system, and his roots in its industrial life testify, but his bitterness at the way he and his wife were treated during the war, coupled with his horror at what the war represented, meant that he felt betrayed by the country of his birth. The war—years proved the most creative period of his life. It was in this period that he wrote the novels like *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*. *The Lost Girl* was Lawrence’s first attempt at fiction after the war was over. Actually, the script of the novel was begun before the war but was completed after the war. When the war was over, Lawrence was reluctant to start a new novel. But this disenchantment with fiction did not last, though it was in the wandering last decade of his life, 1920—30,
that he wrote most of his non—fiction: Major essays like ‘Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious’ (1921) ‘Studies in Classic American Literature’ (1923) and ‘A Propos of Lady Chatterley’s Lover’ (1930), the travel books ‘Sea and Sardinia’ (1921), *Mornings in Mexico* (1927) and *Etruscan Places* (published in 1934), verse collections such as *Tortoises* (1921), *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* (1923), *Pansies* (1929) and ‘The Book of Revelation, Apocalypse’ (published 1931).

After the war, Lawrence began his ‘Savage Pilgrimage’ in search of a more fulfilling mode of life than Industrial Western civilization could offer. He went to Cicily, Ceylon, Australia and finally New Mexico. He returned to Europe in 1925. Lawrence’s last novel *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, was banned in 1928 and his paintings were confiscated in 1929. He died in Venice in 1930 at the age of 44.

In the novels of D.H. Lawrence, nature, broadly speaking, has been viewed from two opposing and contrasted angles, the mystical angle and the materialistic angle. The novelist’s own vision, being mystical, does not approve of the materialist’s of the scientist’s mode of observing nature. Whereas the Lawrence an protagonists like Birkin and Ursula view nature with a sense of energy, wonder, mystery and terror and area deeply and animatedly aware of what we may call the dark luminosity of nature, a materialist like Gerald has little to do with the beautiful and unrevealed aspects of nature. The latter is busy subjugating matter to his
own ends. In the words of Lawrence, ‘the subjugation itself was the point, the flight was the be-all, the fruits of victory were results.’ Mines failed to awake any sense of the dark and the unfathomable in Gerald:

He looked around. There lay the mines. They were old, obsolete. They were like old lions, no more good. He looked again. Pah; the mines were nothing but the clumsy efforts of impure minds. There they lay, abortions of a half-trained mind. Let the idea of them be swept away. He cleared his brain of them, and thought only of the coal in the under earth. How much was there?

As a matter of fact, the darkness of nature persists and will always keep on persisting, but the materialists chooses to avoid it willfully by living away nature. He exclusively works under the passive instinct. On the contrary, the Lawrence an protagonist, makes an energetic and intuitive attempt to penetrate into the being of natural objects to show what they are in themselves….

On penetrating into the fabric of natural objects, he or she finds that the objects are full of energy and flow; they have their unknown and even unknowable aspects and dimensions; they are as much alive and vital as human being are; they exist in their own right and as such, have a validity and solidity of their own. Their mystery shall always persist. Ursula is irresistibly charmed by the strange laws of the vegetable world.
She had here a glimpse of something working entirely apart from the purpose of the human world. Suddenly she three over fresh. She would take honours in botany. This way was the are study that lived for her. She had entered into the lives of plants. She was fascinated by the strange laws of vegetable world. She had here a glingre of something working entirely apart from the purpose of the human world:

Suddenly she threw over French. She would take honours in Botany. This was the one study that lived for her. She had entered into the lives of the plants. She was fascinated by the strange laws of the vegetable world. She had here a glimpse of something working entirely apart from the purpose of the human world.  

Her view of nature is visionary, witnessing the marriage of dark and light everywhere in nature:

On Sunday, the visionary world came to pass. She heard the long hush, she knew the marriage of dark and light was taking place. In Church, the Voice sounded, re-choing not from this world, as if the Church itself were a shell that still spoke the language of creation.

The readers of the novels of Lawrence witness a recurring and reveling conflict between the mystical view of nature and the materialistic, scientific approach to nature. In the later chapters of this work, this
conflict has been underlined, examined and placed in the right perspective. There is the element of the dark, unknown, mysterious in an about nature. A typically Lawrence an nature description underlines, emphasizes and even re-emphasizes this element not to the exclusion of the luminous element, but including it in what may be termed as a state of animated tension. Instinctive and institutional as were the responses and reactions of Lawrence as a creative artist, he felt the present of unknown modes of feeling and being in the midst of nature with the help of imagination. In this respect, Colin Clarke suggests:

The key through here, in regard to Lawrence in the war years, is the statement, “It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to re-create.”

In fact, Lawrence feels nature with the whole imagination. Dark in nature has almost always been visualized symbolically by Lawrence. In ‘The Rainbow’, when Ursula longed to know what she was, she arrived at the conclusion:

Only she was fully of rejection, of refusal. Always, always she was spitting out of her mouth the ash and grit of disillusion, of falsity. She could only tiffen in rejection, of falsity. She seemed always negative in her action. That which she was, positively, was dark and unrevealed, it could not come forth. It was like a seed buried in dry ash.
Within the darkness there are points of light. In the words of the novelist, ‘yet all the time, within the darkness she had been aware of points of light, like the eyes of wild beasts, gleaming, penetrating, vanishing.\(^9\)

Light which is not aware of dark is merely blinding light, the Light which the modern industrialism and its offspring materialism seem to renegade:

The inner circle of light in which she lived and moved, where in the trains and the factorises ground out their machine-produce and the plants and the animals worked by the light of science and knowledge, suddenly it seemed like the area under an arc-lamp, where in the months and children played in the security of blinding light, not even knowing there was any darkness, because they stayed in the light.\(^{10}\)

As a matter of fact, the existence of dark and light is inter-dependent, inseparable and integral. An artist who is not aware of dark cannot feel and realist light. Day in Lawrence symbolizes rationality, ambition, materialism:

Now the Colliers had also an instinct of beauty. The collier’s wives had not. The Colliers were deeply alive, instinctively. But they no daytime ambition, and no day time intellect. They avoided, really, the rational aspect of life. They preferred to take life instinctively and intuitively.\(^{11}\)
Day is not all. There is much beyond it. Its existence is not free and independent. Ursula is aware of all this:

But she should see the glimmer of dark movement just out of range, she saw the eyes of the wild beast gleaming from the darkness, watching the vanity of the camp fire and the sleepers; she felt the strange, foolish vanity of the camp, which said, ‘Beyond our light and our order there is nothing, turning their faces always inward towards the sinking fire of illuminating consciousness which comprised sun and stars, and the creators, and the system of Righteousness, ignoring always the vast darkness that wheeled round about with half revealed shapes lurking on the edge.¹²

In the words of Graham Hough, ‘Lawrence’s naturalism is radically dualistic. Reality exists only as a pair of opposites. If there is universal, infinite darkness, then there is universal infinite light, for there cannot exist a specific infinite save by virtue of the opposite equivalent specific infinite.¹³ Lawrence create again and again to his dichotomy, under a great variety of names. The proper relation between the opposites has been described by Lawrence as polarity, not allowing the merging of the opposites, but maintaining both in a state of mutual, complimentary balance. In ‘Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine’, Lawrence amply clarifies his stand thus: In the beginning, the light touches the darkness,
the darkness touches the light, and the two embrace. They embrace in opposition, only in their desire is their unanimity. There are two separate statements, the dark wants the light, and the light wants the dark. But the two statements are contained within the one: They want each other. It is obvious from these passage that Lawrence present on integrated, inseparable picture of light and darkness. In fact, the novelist does not accept their separate identity or existence. In Lawrence, the white aspects and objects of nature symbolise the negation of warmth, coldness, death-like coldness, the colder vanity and snobbishness, the cold and heartless process of industrialisation which mars the beauty and mystery of the countryside and isolates man from man. On the whole, it stand for mind-consciousness, the mechanical modes of living and being. Almost all the novels of Lawrence are characterised by the conflict between mind and instinct, knowledge and intuition, spirit and flesh, bird and serpent and in some way or the other, try trot reconcile the fundamental dualism of his mind. The winter side of Lawrence’s nature has everything to do with mind, knowledge spirit and bird.

In the novel, ‘The White Peacock’, the peacock stand out as the basis symbol of the novel. ‘The bird seems a symbol of the Lady Creatable of pride and vanity proceedings from resplendent and showily idealisms that victimise man.’ Among the woman of the novel, the representative of the white-peacock symbol are the Lady Crystabel, Mrs.
Beardsall, Lettie, Mrs. Wagstaffe, Meg. (The woman George marries), Gertile (George’s vicious daughter), and most of the girls who attend the parties, the Church Services and the giddy pastoral in the meadow.\textsuperscript{16}

There is darkness within man and without him. It if the dark woods greet man in nature, the dark forests reside within him too. The bane of the modern materialistic society which claims to be entirely rationalists and scientific in its perspectives and as such, is rendered oblivious of the darker element of nature within man, is that it fails to discover any mystery and magic in nature. Thus in the case of Lawrence, nature with all its objects and phenomena, turns out to be an endless, every alive and perennially green source of symbols with which his nature descriptions are filled and permeated. The theme of symbolism in these descriptions has been death with at some length in chapter 4 of this case.

Nature in Lawrence is an inexhaustible source of energy and vitality. Vitality responds to vitality and discovered vitality. All around in nature. This is what exactly happens in the case of Lawrence’s visualization of nature. Virility at Lawrence would like to have it, is instinctive and intuitive. As institution and intuitions of the novelist are untamed, spontaneous and untainted with modern materialism, he finds nature, dark nature as a perennial and endless treasure of vitality and vigor. Vitality is inseparable from fluidity. Relevantly and character characteristically equals. Lawrence seldom renders nature static,
immobile and right; he always discover it to be flowing, changing, trembling, quivering.

Some of the nature descriptions of Lawrence are distinctly marked by ‘encounters between man and the non-human, the perpetual mystery of the animal and vegetable creation.’ One such conspicuously ‘violent tussle’ is between Gerald and let us say, the dark and unearthly rabbit set out in the following lines:

The long demon-like beast lashed out again, spread on the air as if it were flying, looking something like a dragon, then closing up again, inconceivably powerful and explosive. The man’s body, strung to its efforts, vibrated strongly. Then a sudden sharp white-edged watch came up in him. Swift as lighting he drew back and brought his free hand down like a hawk on the neck of the rabbit. Simultaneously, there came the unearthly abhorrent scream of a rabbit in the fear of death. It made one immense writhe, tore his wrists and his sleeves in a final convulsion, all its belly flashed white in a whirlwind of paws, and then he had slung it round and had it under his arm, fast. It cowered and skulked. His face was gleaming with a smile.
The fierce clash between Birkin and then moon is well known, meaningful and symbolical and has rightly caught the fascination of the critics. The reflection of the moon is being stoned:

And he was not satisfied. Like a madness, he must go on. He got large stones, and threw them, one after the other, at the white-burning centre of the moon, till there was nothing but a rocking of hollow noise, and a pan drugged up, no moon any more, only a few broken flakes tangled and glittering broadcast in the darkness, without aim or meaning, a darkened confusion, like a black and white kaleidoscope tossed at random.¹⁹

Lawrence is trying to show that when man faces threat to his existence or supremacy in this universe, his attitude undergoes a sudden change and faced with unpleasant and unsavory situations, he sometimes becomes very cruel and callous.

Obviously Lawrence’s vision of nature emanaturs from his vision of man and life. In fact, both visions are one organic whole, indivisible. On the vision of Lawrence great writers like Blake, Whitman, Emerson, Edward Carpenter, Carlyle, Ruskin, Wordsworth, Frazer, Jefferies, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Darwin, T.H. Huxely and Freud did exert their influence, but much could not be made of it as all such influences stood
assimilated to the purposes of the novelist which were distinctly and originally his own.

The influence of Wordsworth on the psyche of Lawrence cannot be in any way minimised and underestimated. Both of them are mystically inclined and do not fall a prey to the dichotomy between the subject and the object. Both of them draw their heroes from the domain of nature. Both of them are clear and bitter critics of the industrialised and mechanised society of the day. Both of them commune with the receive speechless message from nature. But then there is a marked difference between their individual view of nature. Wordsworth’s softness, sense of peace and tranquillity is not shared by Lawrence who is deeply and intensely involved in any concerned with the darker and wilder aspects of nature.

It goes without saying that Lawrence was a sincere and great admirer of the open, vertical and free, uninhibited ideas and fancies of Walt Whitman. In his own words, ‘Whitman was the first heroic see to seize the soul by the scruff of her neck and plant her down among the postsherd.’

Whitman’s motif of the open road simply fascinates him:

The open road. The great home of the soul is the open road.

Not heaven, not paradise. Not ‘above’. Not even ‘within’.
The souls is neither ‘above’ nor ‘within’ It is a way freare
down the open road.21

In his eyes, Whitman advocate ‘a morality of actual living, not of salvation’
which for all practical purposes turns out to be novelist’s own morality:

But Whitman, the greatest and the first and the only
American teachers, was no Saviour. His morality was no
morality of salvation. His way a morality of the soul living
her life, not saving herself. Accepting the contact with sols
along the open way, as they lived their lives.22

Whitman’s Championship and unreserved acceptance and confirmation
of the claims of flesh and blood as against those of the soul finds a much
stronger expression and projection in the nature descriptions of Lawrence.

The one pertinent question arises: did Lawrence come under Indian
influence, the impact of the well-known philosophy of Vedanta directly
or indirectly? This is sure that he did assimilate and imbibe the Indian
through his deep reading of the three great American writers, Edward
Carpenter, Emerson and Walt Whitman. On this aspect of the problem,
Emile Delavenay’s book ‘D.H. Lawrence and Edward Carpenter, A Study
in Edwardian Transition’ throws much light.23 Regarding Edward
Carpenter, Emile Delavenay writes:

Thus Carpenter, starting from a criticism of the mechanistic
exaggerations of nineteenth-science, show the way back to a
religious creed different from the, for him, out dated Christian doctrine, doctrine, with a strong injection of Indian mysticism.  

A strong injection of Indian mysticism, that is what Lawrence received from all these mystical writers. Like a true Indian mystic, Lawrence views nature as an integral part of his own self, rejecting outmoded Christian dogma.

Nature, in the context of Lawrence, has a larger significance and accommodations; it certainly includes those instinctive and intuitive men and women, the very offspring’s of dark, wild nature, who having been born and bred in the free and unfettered surrounding of nature, are beings of fierce vitality and mobility. They have been depicted and presented a fighting violent and ceaseless battle against the dead, immobile commandment of the Bible and the over mounting industrialism of the day which are bent upon blunting and numbing the basic instincts and intuitions of man. In fact, such men and women are the mount pieces of Lawrence’s view of life. They have been conceived and presented as an integral part of nature. If they have any individuality, it originates from and ends upon nature itself. We may say that Lawrence’s natural men and women have a common mark and stamp. They are little intellectually inclined and as such their mind consciousness does not needle with the
working of their age-old instincts and intuitions. Let us call them dark, wild, untamed beings.

The gipsy in the short novel, ‘*The Virgin and The Gipsy*’ is the epitome of nature. ‘The wildness he (Lawrence) values is that which exists in conscious opposition of bourgeois society and which is to be found in its marginal figures like that of the gipsy.’ As the following extract from a letter of Lawrence Indicates, the novelist was bewitchingly enamored of the gipsy way of life:

A real panic comes over me, when I feel I am on the bring of tacking another house. I truly wish I were a fox of a bird – buy my ideal now is to have a caravan a house, and move on for ever, and never have a neighbour. This is a real after-the war ideal. There is a gipsy came near here – and how I envy them – down a sandy lane under some pine trees.

In fact, the image of the gipsy always possessed and haunted him. The novelist’s own yearing in projected in Yvette’s intense longing for her gipsy as expressed here:

She was conscious of her gipsy, as she sat there musing in the sun. Her should had the half painful, half easing knack of leaving her, and straying away to some place, to somebody that had caught her imagination. Some days she would be at the Framelys’, even through she did not go near them. Some days, she was all the time in spirit with the East
and today it was the gypsies. She was up at their encampment in the quarry. She saw the man hammering his copper, lifting his head to look at the road; and the children playing in the horse shelter:

and the women, the gypsy’s wife and the strong, elderly woman coming home with their packs, along with the elderly man. For this afternoon, she felt intensely that was home for her: the gipsy camp, the fire, the stool, the man with the hammer, the old crone.27

Ultimately she leaves behind the dead Christianity of the rectory for an uninhibited life of instincts and blood…

In ‘The White Peacock’, Annabel, the gamekeeper, Cambridge, educated and once a curate, is a worthy offspring of dark and non human nature. ‘Inspire of his understanding of the social world, Annabel rejected it and turns to a deep sympathy and fusion with nature.28 In the words of Robert E. Gajudsek, ‘Annabel is a mythine figure, standing for the bond between humanity and nature that every civilisation must establish if it is not to be overrun.29 He is violet, brutish, coarse sand guide strong; yet, like Lawrence’s other gamekeepers, he is really a sort of gentlemen in disguises. In the words of Graham Hough, ‘he is the first bearer of what later because an important part of Laurentian philosophy, and as such is clearly an object of fascination to his creator. He has repudiated, not only the ordinarily social bonds and duties but all the decency and gentleness
of ordinary human intercourse. All has been scarified, to his own code—‘Be a good animal’—to mama in its crudest and least differentiated form. He is an extreme example of the heresy of feeling which Mr. Eliot detects in Lawrence’s work. In the words of the novelist, ‘he was a man of one idea: that all civilization was the painted fungus of rottenness. He hated any sign of culture.

In the words of Graham Hough, ‘… the circumference of the book includes, not only the characters and their personal fates, but the whole life of nature which surrounds and flows through them. The character are only forms into which this universal manna transitorily flows, and it is manna that is Lawrence’s real subject. Accordingly Annabel includes and embodies she whole life of nature which surrounds and flows through his veins. In the novel ‘The White Peacock’, Annabel looks upon the white peacock as a symbol of a woman to the end, all vanity and screech and defilement.

Lawrences once through of calling this novel ‘Tenderness’ and tenderness is the key to the study. We may safety conclude that Mellors symbolises tenderness:

He thought with infinite tenderness the woman. Poor forlorn thing, she was nicer than she knew, and oh : so much too nice for the touch lot she was in contact with. Poor thing she too had some of the vulnerability the wild hyacinths, she
wasn’t all tough rubber-goods and platinum, like the modern girl. And they do in all naturally tender life. Tender: Somewhere she was tender, tender with a tenderness of the growing hyacinths, something that has gone our the celluloid women of today. But he would protect her with his heart for a little while. For a little while, before the insentient iron world and the Mammon of Mechanised greed did them both in, her as well as him. In this aspect of the work, Lawrence’s off springs of nature compel comparison with those of Wordsworth. Whereas the former’s children of nature are vital wild and full of manifold potentialities of strength, the latter’s figures of nature are comparatively simple, docile, subdued and more virtuous than vital. Here one great example of Michael may be quoted. Regarding him, Wordsworth writes:

He had so often climbed : which had impressed

So many incidents upon his mind

Of hardship, skill or courage, joy of fear;

Which, like a book, preserved the memory

of the dumb animals, whom he had saved

Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts

the centainty of honourable gain;
Those fields, those hills – what could they less? had laid
Strong hold on his affection, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind be love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself. 34

Michael and his family, in the poet’s words, ‘wee as a proverb in the value for endless industry. 35 At the end of the poem, Michael, the old man is figured as broken, pitiable and totally unheroic:

‘Ties not forgotten yet
the pity which was then in every heart
For the old man – and ‘tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thirher went,
And never lifted up a single stone’
There, by the sheepfold, sometimes was he seen
Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet. 36

Wordsworth, for one, speaks of law and impulse in the same breath. His one heroine, Lucy is expected to imbibe both restraint and expression from nature:

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle of restrain.\textsuperscript{37}

Thus the Wordsworth men and women do function under some sort of discipline which is supposed to check and curb their wild and untamed desires and longings. On the other hand, in the case of Lawrence, we discover that there is not much of restraint and discipline originating from what he would like to term ‘mind consciousness’ to which his men and women may lay claim.

\textit{The Leech-gatherer} of Wordsworth is no dark figure; he does symbolise resolution and independence, but then he is not a totally alive ands stirring figure the two gamekeepers mentioned earlier:

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead
No all asleep – in his extreme old age;
His body was bent double, feet and heat
Coming together in life’s pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast.\textsuperscript{38}
In fact, the honest virtues of the leech gatherer have been emphasized an not that inexhaustible vitality which Lawrence an heroes and heroines such from nature:

From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
Housing, with God’s good help, by choice or chance,
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.\textsuperscript{39}

While Lawrence was shaping the form and destiny of his men and women of nature, he must have come under the direct and visible influence of Hardy’s practice in general and his one great novel, ‘the Return of the Native’ in particular. In both the cases, it is the primitive, primal earth which flings, breeds and even brings up such folks. In his ‘study of Thomas hardy’, he characteristically observes:

What is the real stuff of tragedy in the book?
It is the Health. It is the primitive, primal earth, where the instinctive life heaves up.’
There was the reality that worked the tragedy.
Close to the body of things, there can be heard
The stir that makes us and destroys us. The health
Have with raw instinct. Edgon, whose dark soil
Was strong and crude and organic as they body o a Beast. Out of the body of this crude earth the born Eustacis, Wildeve, Mistress Yeobright, Clym, and all the others.\textsuperscript{40}
In the Hardy and Lawrence, a black, powerful fecundity permeates and is ever-present is nature which keeps on throwing up instinctive and wild men and women who, after lighting their own battles, are taken back into the same nature from which they sprang Nature’s purpose and motives are sane and correct. ‘what is futile is the purpose of man.\textsuperscript{41}

The Health persists body is strong and fecund, it will hear many more crops beside this. Here is the somber, latent power that will go on producing no matter what happens to the product. Here is the deep, black source from whence all these little contents of lives are drawn.\textsuperscript{42}

Lawrence has introduced the gamekeepers to highlight the fact that modern man has snapped his links with nature and forgotten the natural manner of living. It is true that Lawrence admires Annable, but he does not want us to see the game keepers’s life and a final success. Annable remarks about himself: I’m like a good house, built and finished and left to tumble down again with nobody to life in it.\textsuperscript{43} While Lawrence is impressed with Annable’s vitality, he does not present him as the complete manifestation of ideal life.

In this first version of ‘\textit{Lady Chatterley’s Lover}, Connie thinks of the views of Clifford, though she does not agree with him. Her reaction is summed up like this:

She thought again of Clifford’s dictum: ‘Nature is a settled routine of crude old laws. One has to go beyond nature,
break beyond. And that is one’s destiny that makes one break beyond the settled, arbitrary laws of nature’.

She herself saw it differently. She couldn’t feel the laws of nature so arbitrary. It was the laws of man that bothered her. She couldn’t feel anything very arbitrary about the tossing daffodils, dipping now in shade. If only could be simpler and more natural; if only one could be really simple: Men were so complicated and full of laws.44

The ‘crude old laws’ really dominate thinking and actions of Clifford. Sitting in his wheel-chair, Clifford applies the law of survival of the fittest to his mines. On the other hand, the gamekeeper preserves the free life of Nature on the estate.

It is obvious that the mysterious world of nature appeals to Ursula and it is her strong desire to probe the mysteries surrounding this world.

Lawrence represents the predicament of modern man who has lost contact with nature, but still finds it difficult to reconcile himself to the present state of affairs in which industrialism and commercial values dominate his thinking and behaviour. It was because of his frustration with the prevailing situation that he wrote in 1923 to Witter Bynner:

Here I am – London – gloom – yellow air, bad cold bed – old houses – Morris wall paper – visitors – English voices –
teas in old cups, poor D.H.L. perfectly miserable, as if he was in his tomb.\textsuperscript{45}

Although it reveals a fit of ill-temper, it also shows that Lawrence has analysed the effects of industrialism. Often he would insist that he hated all that came from the north. His dissatisfaction with Northern Europe was so acute that he thought of leaving his homeland for a better alternative. He was in search of a place where he could belong. Aldous Huxley writes: ‘His travels were at once a flight and a search.’\textsuperscript{46} This indicates the purposes of his restless wanderings. He fact, Lawrence’s intention was to escape from Northern Europe because of its new commercial values.

The solution suggested by Lawrence is to discover a culture which should be unaffected by anxiety and boredom of the present day world. His four travel books, ‘Twilgnt in Italy’s’ (1916), ‘Sea and Sardinia’ (1921), ‘Mornings in Mexico’ Lawrence felt closer to the pulsations of a natural world which industrialisation was throttling. The Etruscan was no close to nature:

To the Etruscans all was alive; the whole universe lived; and the business of man was himself to live amid it all. He had to draw life into himself, out of wandering huge vitalities of the world. The cosmos was alive… and had a great soul, or anima and inspite of one great there were myriad roving,
lesser souls; every man, every creature and tree and lake and mountain and stream, was animate, and had its own peculiar consciousness. And has it today…

Obviously Lawrence’s emphasis is on being ‘alive’. The Cosmos is alive and is the fountainhead of all vitality and power. He believes that life is a single whole. That is why he cannot accept the short-sighted approach of the scientist:

As for the scientist, he has absolutely no use for me so long as I am man alive. To the scientist, I am dead. He puts under the microscope a bit of dead me, and calls it me. He takes me to pieces, and says first one piece, and then another piece, is me.

However, Lawrence regards man as one single whole who vibrates with life. This is perhaps the reason that the saint, the scientist, the philosopher, and the poet have all failed to appreciate the true spirit of life. Lawrence remarks:

Nothing is important but life. And for myself, I can absolutely see life nowhere but in the living. Life with a capital L is only man alive.

Symbols are essentially words not merely connotative, but also evocative. In addition to their literal meanings, they also place before the mind’s eye a host of associations connected with them, and are also rich in emotional
significance. For example, the word ‘hyacinth’ usually implies a flower, but it also evokes images of beauty and pity. It carries with it the emotional overtone or a feeling for the suffering of others, as it is supposed to be a flower that sprang from the blood of Hyacinthus, a young accidentally killed by Apollo. Thus, the symbolic style is obviously conducive to economy, indirectness, concentrated effect and great emotional and spiritual intensity which amount of direct statement can every hope to produce.

Symbols are generally of two types: traditional and personal. Traditional symbols are stock-pots, which have been in general use under certain arbitrarily chosen systems. For example, ‘Lotus’ is a traditional symbol of beauty in Hindi poetry, while Rose and Lily are traditional symbols of beauty in English poetry and have been employed by poets from time immemorial. The use of these stock symbols enhances the evocative pleasure. The reader feels pleasure on the spot when he reads the description of rosy cheeks and lotus eyes of a young lady. In this way, the complete picture of her beauty is symbolished without any element of complexity and obscurity. On the other hand, personal symbols are employed by the writer to serve his personal purpose to depict the vague fleeting impressions passing through his mind, or to convey his own sense of the sisterly of life. They express the author’s fogginess and unreality of thoughts, often mystical in nature. Such symbols, no doubt,
being vague and ambiguous in nature, create difficulties for the reader. But at the same time they increase the beauty, richness and expressiveness of the language, as they penetrate far below the conscious level of thought and feeling, and suggest much more than what they actually describe and assert.

Both Hardy and Meredith have left a powerful impact on Lawrence. Jessie Chambers has pointed out that Hardy’s name was often mentioned in Literary discussion and was almost a household word. His influence is strongly felt in Lawrence’s first novel, ‘The White Peacock’, which was originally called ‘Netheremer’. He wanted to describe the countryside in the Hardy had depicted Wessex. Lawrence knew his countryside as thoroughly as Hardy did. He loved the place deeply. The dense and dark woods and small red farms added to the charm of the valley of Eastood. In an ‘Autobiographical Fragment’, written towards the end of his life, he writes, ‘It was the landscape I knew best on earth.’

‘The White Peacock’ is an attempt to capture this very landscape which bears a clear and strong mark of Hardy’s Wessex. Ignoring the ugliness and fast-changing values of an industrial society, Lawrence here recreates pastoral atmosphere in the tradition of Hardy. Meredith’s influence was confined only to the initial stage of Lawrence’s artistic career and that too only to the descriptive aspects of nature, whereas Hardy’s influence, on the other hand, is felt over a wide spectrum, including Lawrence’s vision
of life. Meredith’s influence is mainly traceable in the atmosphere of ‘The White Peacock’. The farmhouse atmospheres of ‘The White Peacock’ reminds one of a similar Peacock’ reminds one of a similar feat in Meredith’s Love in the valley.’

In the words of Raymond Williams, ‘Lawrence takes over the major criticism of industrialism from the nineteenth-century tradition on point after point, but in tone he remains more like care lye than any other writer in the tradition, then or since. Here Ruskin too is involved in condemnation of industrialism and thus finds some echo in the writings of Lawrence. In the words of Richard Aldington: … many ways Lawrence resembled Ruskin. Both hated industrialism that they could only express abstractions in terms of symbols. They were alike in sensibility to nature beauty, through Lawrence was the closer observer and the more vivid writer. In Lawrence as in Caryle and Ruskin, industrialism basically has been condemned as an attitude of mind which nourished and fosters acquisitiveness and possessiveness.

Increasing industrialisation of the countryside in England was a great jolt to Lawrence as he viewed it as a severe and unforgivable encroachment on the world of nature. The coal mines were a clear indication of industrialisation. He was convinced that from then onwards, there would be rapid strides towards industrialisation and mechanization.
Man’s sprit would be subjugated and crushed and his links with nature snapped. He expresses his fears of growing industrialisation in the words:

‘The he looked wistfully out of the window. Already he was a prisoner of industrialism…. Already his heart went down. He was being taken into bondage. His freedom in the beloved home valley was going now.’

The forces, responsible for isolating man from Nature can be traced from Christianity, intellectual consciousness, industrialism and mechanization. As industrialization picked up, the old words of nature got diminished. Thus Kate in ‘The Plumed Serpent’, says, ‘I like the word, the sky and the earth and the greater mystery beyond.’ And Somers finds in the Midland’s a Universal desire to take life and down it. These horrible machine people, these iron and coal people.

Lawrence was conscious of the crushing and demoralizing effect of the present day civilization on natural human life. From ‘The White Peacock’ onwards in many of his writings, he has written about the gradual estrangement of man from nature and its effect on his life.

In fact, when Lawrence talks of growing industrialism and isolation of man from nature, he does so with a feeling of regret. He shows the slow but steady growth of industrialism in two stages. In the initial stage of industrialism, the colliers had not lost contact with nature. Lawrence had seen the country during his childhood days. It was then a
altogether different area. The life was a strange blend of industrialism and old agricultural England. The dialect was broad Derbyshire. Men of his father’s age could not really read.\textsuperscript{56}

In this way, instead of creating divisions among people, the pit proved to be a competing force. The colliers had an instinct for beauty of nature and could appreciate it in its various aspects. The life of the colliers was still moved and ruled by natural surrounding. Lawrence has his own image of the collier of the day:

He roved the countryside with his dog, prowling for a rabbit, for nests, for mushrooms anything. He loved the countryside, just the indiscriminating feelh of it or he loved just to sit on his heels and watch – anything or nothing… Life for him did not consist in facts, but in a flow. Very often, he loved his garden. And every often he had a genuine love of the beauty of flowers.\textsuperscript{57}

However, it is obvious that Lawrence makes a sublet distinction between disinterested love of flowers and love of flowers as possession. Most women regard flowers as possession and objection of decoration. If they see a flower that appeals to them, they are at once tempted to pick it, pluck it. This satisfies their sense of possession and
egonism. However, Lawrence is really impressed with the attitude of colliers which is one of devotion to the beauty of nature. He remarks:

Yet I have seen, many a collier stand in his back garden looking down at a flower with that odd, remote sort of contemplation which shows a real awareness of the presence of beauty.\(^{58}\)

In this way, Lawrence underlines that basically the collier was a son of the soil, a person deeply attached to nature and her beautiful surroundings. However, during the 19\(^{th}\) century, when industrialism struck deep roots, things took a turn for the worse. But as Lawrence repeatedly points out, the real tragedy of England is the tradey of ugliness. He loves English countryside for its charm and beauty, but he is sorry to find the increasing tide of industrialism, spoiling the cities and areas around them. The moneyed classes and promoters of industry betrayed the workers and left them in utter ugliness. The companies built sordid and ugly squares where these poor people could not find enough space for playing or moving about.

The rural background of the English people cannot be ignored. In fact, till 1800, the English people were strictly a rural people. England has had towns for centuries, but these have never been real towns, only clusters of village streets. The English character has failed to develop the urban side of man, the civil side. In fact, upto 1800, every Englishman
was a villager and cottager, my home, my garden. However, the English are town-birds through and through today as the inevitable result of industrialisation. As mentioned earlier, the spread of industrialism took place in two stages, the first of which was less harmful than the second. In the initial stage, the mines did not cause any alarm. The blended with the countryside as naturally as molenhills. The settlements which came up, also strayed casually and unobtrusively over the countryside. The railway, which came to the area as a consequence of these new mines, spread its network over the countryside. It suggests an enslavement of nature. In ‘The Rainbow’, Lawrence remarks:

Then, a short time afterwards, a colliery was sunk on the other side of the canal, and in a while the Midland Railway came down the valley at the foot of the Ilkeston hill, and the invasion was complete. The town grew rapidly, the Brangwens were kept busy producing supplies, they became richer, they were almost tradesmen. But the existence of mines and commercial activities did not disturb the peaceful atmosphere of the valley. The novelist goes on to say:

Still the Marsh remained remote and original, on the old quite side of the canal embankment, in the sunny valley where slow water wound along in company of stiff alders,
and the road went under ash-tress past the Brangwens’ garden gate.  

In ‘The Rainbow’, Tom’s death has its own significant, symbolic value. At this stage, he attains the stature of a patriarchal figure who embodies a distant world which dies with him. While the old generator stands for its proximity to nature, the new generation is caught between its attachment to the past and the emerging social set-up, with its emphasis on industrialisation. Another similar example is of Gerald Crich’s father. Although the old gentleman is a mine owner, yet his value is different. He is, in spite of his profession, attached to the land, he has lived on. His attitude towards his workers has almost been like that of a father towards the members of his family. This old gentlemen.

was a large employer of labour, he was a great mine owner. And he had never lost this from his heart, that in Christ he was one with his workmen. May, he had felt inferior to them, as if they through poverty and labour were nearer to God than he. He had always the unacknowledged belief that it was his workmen, the miners, who held in their hands the means of salvation. To move nearer to God, he must move towards his miners, his life must gravitate towards theories. They were, unconsciously, his idol, his God make manifest. In them he worshipped the highest, the great sympathetic, mindless Godhead of humanity.
It is obvious that the old gentleman belong to that early class of industrialists who identified themselves with their workers. His own words:

It’s no trouble just to hear what they have to say,

…it doesn’t hurt me to hear that they have to say. And if they really are in trouble-well, it is my duty to help them out of it.\(^{62}\)

Show how deeply he sympathised with the poor and needy miners. His death is like the snapping of the link with the past. However, England was fast heading towards industrialisation. New social values were emerging. Gerald Crich is a typical representative of this industrial ethos. He has taken over from his father, but his approach is mechanical towards the whole industrial empire. The new set-up has broken and its links with the world of nature. In Gerald Crich, Lawrence has presented a person who represents the new philosophy of mechanical materialism. Here machines has been elevated to the status of Godhead. The primary value of modern man is efficiency in which miners and other white collar workers, as human entities do not matter much. The new system seems to do away with Christian humanism. In fact, there is a world of difference between the values of father and those of son. Talking of the father, the novelist observes:

The mines, for him, were primarily great fields to produce bread and plenty for all the hundreds of human beings
gathered about them. He had lived and striven with his fellow owners to benefit the men every time. And the men had been benefited in their fashion. There were few poor and few needy. All was plenty, because the mines were good and easy to work. And the miners, in those days, finding themselves richer than they might have expected, felt glad and triumphant.63

However, the attitude of Gerald is altogether different. He was the God of the machine. He had no emotional qualms. Father and son look at things from different angles. Here is an example:

I’ve a pitiful here form Letherington, his father would say, in a tone of deprecation and appeal. ‘Don’t you think the poor fellow might keep on a little longer. I always Fancied he did very well.64

Gerald decided to run the coal mines on the most scientific lines. The effect of this change was felt immediately. Lawrence observes:

Everything was run on the most accurate and delicate scientific method, educated and expert men were in control everywhere, the mines were reduced to mere mechanical instruments. They had to work hard, much harder than before, the work was terrible and heart breaking in its mechanicalessn.65
Obviously it is an attempt to subjugate nature or to move away from nature. The consequences of such a move can easily be imagined. The novelist further remarks:

But they submitted to it all. The joy went out of their lives, the hope seeped to perish as they became more and more mechanised.  

Lawrence was all the time conscious of the growing hold of industrialism in the day to day affairs of men. He writes:

I rode slowly on, the plants dying around me, the berries leaning their heavy ruddy months, and languishing for the birds, the men imprisoned underground below me, the brown dashing in haste along the hedges.

The novelist feels that man’s link with nature is slipping. Miners seem to be like helpless prisoners in a trap. Men become conscious of the power of the new machines and the new system. The novelist remarks:

Gerald was their high priest, he represented the religion they really felt…. There was a new world, a new order, strict, terrible, inhuman but satisfying in its very destructiveness.

Here the inhuman and terrible aspect of the new system which destroyed human personality has been emphases. The novelist states:

It was pure organic disintegration and pure mechanical organization. This is the first and finest state of chaos.
Total domination of mechanical set-up brings about this chaos which is the greatest human tragedy. The decay pictured in the opening paragraph of the novel ‘The White Peacock’ overwhelms the children of Nethermere. A kind of culture-shock reduces George to a drunken horse-dealer and like judge, the mistakenly marries a sensual girl who cannot understand and appreciate his dilemma.

As Crycil goes to meet George in the last stages of the novel, Lawrence describes the movement of the novel away from a vivifying nature towards an imprisoning industrialism. Where ‘The White Peacock’, ends, ‘Sons and Lovers’ beings. It describes the strong grip and rising tride of industrialisation. Visitors to Eastwood can still see the streets which are described in the opening paragraph of ‘Sons and Lovers’. They move round the countryside where the presence of the coal pits is a reminder of the bitter struggle for survival, waged by the miners families. The colliers and their donkeys burrowed down ‘like ants into the earth, making queer mounds and little black places among the corn-fields and the meadow. It is obvious that the country side is being spoiled. Capitalistic enterprise is attracting everyone. Lawrence shows that the village of Bestwood and the coal and iron fields of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire deform the landscape in which they are located. Companies such as Carston, Waite & Co. have moved in form a former age to command and influence the lives of everyone here. Managers, workers
and their families are all degraded by the urbanised life which industrialisation brings about. A companionship of work sharing dies out. When Lawrence wrote this novel, the process of industrialisation was actively taking place. Looking at the changing face of England, Lawrence remarks:

The industrial England blots out the agricultural England…

The new England blots out the Old England.  

Lawrence believed that industrial life in a scar on each member of society. Charm had almost gone out of life. People had become narrow in their outlook, Through Paul Morel in ‘Sons and Lovers’, Lawrence express his disapproval of the coal fields. That Paul moves away from the restrictions of this life, clearly shows his protest against being born into the prison of the working class. Machine has undermined man’s dignity and taken away from him the joy of creative work with dignity and taken away from him the joy of creative work with his hands. When man tries to disown the forces that bind him to nature and the origin of his own being, he becomes exhausted, fretful and dissatisfied. In ‘The Rainbow’, the novelist gives us a glimpse of the life of the working class in England. The workers seem to be busy in the dull and strenuous activity which takes then nowhere Ursula looks at the ‘stiffened bodies of the colliers;  

Again there is the sight of the dry brittle terrible corruption spreading over the face of the land.
Lawrence cannot ignore the industrialised society of his times. There are frequent discussions about it. He is conscious of the poor quality of life, produced by the mechanised social set-up. While ‘The Rainbow’ only partly discusses this aspect, ‘Women in Love’, has it as the central theme. If, on the one hand, we find the scarred and marred landscape, we are also equally made aware of enslavement to which the poor miners are cruelly subjected.
REFERENCES


23. At the same time he (Edward Carpenter) was influenced by Indian mysticism and it is his ideas in the ‘three stages of consciousness’, his interest in the psychology of primitive fold, etc. which, along with his insistence on the beauty of love and his criticism of civilisation seen to find an echo in Lawrence.


32. *The Dark Sun*, p. 46.

33. *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, pp. 139-40.


44. *First Lady Chatterley*, p. 42.

55. *Kangaroo*, p. 115.


70.  *Sons and Lovers*, p. 7.

71.  *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, p. 163.