The relationship the self has with the non-human world or the world of Nature is a subject Lawrence is greatly concerned with in most of his fictional works. There is a vast range of interactions human beings have with Nature – from their day-to-day use or exploitation of Nature for their physical well-being to the fulfilment of their innate urges that seek the companionship of or communion with Nature as a kindred soul. So, human relation to Nature can be seen from several points of view, viz. economic, aesthetic, emotional, cosmological, philosophical and spiritual.

The Marxian concept of “use-value” (as opposed to “exchange value”) explains the economic and physical relationship man has with Nature in terms of the “combination of two elements – matter and labour.” Man with the constant help of natural forces works to change the forms of matter. Nature and labour together form the sources of man’s material wealth and, in the words of the seventeenth century political economist, Sir William Petty, whom Marx quotes in Capital, “labour is its father and the earth is its mother” (50).

In The Idea of Nature, R. G. Collingwood, the Oxford professor of Metaphysical Philosophy and author of The Idea of History, makes an in-depth study of the cosmological and philosophical views of Nature held by western man down the ages. The Greeks regarded the world of Nature as a world of bodies in motion (therefore “alive”) and in order (therefore “intelligent”). According to them, the world of Nature is “not only a vast animal with a ‘soul’ or life of its own, but a rational animal with a ‘mind’ of its own.” The Greek view was based on the “analogy between the world of Nature and the individual human being, who begins by finding certain characteristics in
himself as an individual, and goes on to think of Nature as possessed of similar characteristics.” The world of Nature as a whole was then explained as a “macrocosm” analogous to the “microcosm,” the human being.

The Renaissance view of Nature was based on “the Christian idea of a creative and an omnipotent God” and “the human experience of designing and constructing machines.” It denied that the world of Nature is “an organism” and “asserted that it is devoid both of intelligence and of life.” Instead of being an organism, the natural world is “a machine”, set going “by an intelligent mind outside itself.” While “for the Greeks this intelligence was nature’s own intelligence, for the Renaissance thinkers it was the intelligence of something other than nature: the divine creator and ruler of nature” (3-8).

Like the Greek and the Renaissance ideas, the modern cosmology too, according to Collingwood, is based on an analogy. But it is “the analogy between the processes of the natural world as studied by natural scientists and the vicissitudes of human affairs as studied by historians.” In Collingwood’s view, modern cosmology must only have arisen “from a widespread familiarity with historical studies, in particular with historical studies of the kind which placed the conception of process, change, development in the centre of their picture and recognized it as the fundamental category of historical thought”. It was the idea of “progress” that became famous in natural science in the theory of “evolution.” “The historical conception of scientifically knowable change or process was applied, under the name of evolution, to the natural world” (9-12).

Lawrence’s conception of Nature and its application in his creative works have several dimensions. As one endowed with a fine aesthetic sense, Lawrence is primarily interested in Nature for its own sake. Lawrence’s interest in the natural environment is so deep and wide that for a list of flowers or trees or birds in the English countryside it is enough if one turns the pages of a novel like The White Peacock. For example, in the
chapter “A Poem of Friendship,” the wind from the north and the north-east bringing rain is said to affect all the flowers – the Dandelions, the bluebells, the pin campions, the hawthorn buds, the forget-me-nots, and so on (252). As a writer exploring in language the complex phenomena of human life and relationships, Lawrence also discovers in Nature a fecund world of images and symbols. Lawrence is also drawn to Nature as one who believes in the need for vital, inseparable human relationships with the organic world of Nature. It is also to be noted that Lawrence finds in the phenomenon of nature models for some of his conceptions of individual and social relationships.

**Man, Woman and Nature**

Human beings have an inseparable relationship with Nature because they are, at least in their physical selves, part of Nature. Religious philosophies like pantheism speak of the immanence of God, which would imply the oneness of Man and Nature through the presence of God in both. Whether one believes in God or not, one cannot but recognize the absolute dependence of human life on Nature and the immediate contact of the human beings with Nature in their everyday existence. An important question in Lawrence is what kind of contact with Nature that really nourishes the whole human being, the body, the mind, the spirit and the deep consciousness all taken together.

In *The White Peacock* one could find passage after passage poetically rendering the beautiful scenes of nature in and around the Nethermere valley and the intimate relationship the people have with nature. Aldington says, in his first attempt itself Lawrence equalled “his master, Thomas Hardy, in just such passages where Hardy was thought to be inimitable” (Introd. 9). But, as the development of the theme lacks the subtlety and maturity of his major novels, these passages do not have the depth and
power of similar passages in novels like *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*. As Leavis says, in the novel “there is a great deal of the literary and conventional in the style and the treatment” (19).

Along with the beauty of the human body by itself, Lawrence also adores its rhythmic movement and vital contact with Nature as part of organic living. In *The White Peacock*, as Cyril joins George and his father in their work on the farm, scattering the manure, setting the potatoes and mowing the grass, he watches George “swinging silently at his work,” which seems to be in tune with the movement of the birds around: “The movement of active life held all my attention, and when I looked up, it was to see the motion of his limbs and his head, the rise and fall of his rhythmic body, and the rise and fall of the slow waving peewits” (253).

Often Lawrencian characters have much physical, emotional and ‘spiritual’ fulfilment in their direct contact with nature. In *The Trespasser*, Siegmund “frowns at the sudden cruelty of the sea” when a sharp, submerged point causes a bloody scratch on his thigh, but ventures into a white cave welling with green water and gets a bliss resembling sexual satisfaction (40, 57-58). There are several such passages in the novel, which carry “erotic overtones” (Draper 35). Siegmund swam in the sea and then threw himself down on the sand “that was pure as the shoulders of Helena” (57). And, when she lay on the sand, “the cold arms of the ocean lifted her and smothered her impetuously, like an awful lover” (113).

Of all the characters in *Sons and Lovers*, the one who has the most intimate communion with Nature is Miriam. She did not fit in with others; she could very rarely get into relations with any one: so it was Nature she found to be her friend, her companion, her lover. The only human being with whom she had close relationship was Paul Morel. During their walk to the Hemlock Stone, she saw him “as if the setting sun
had given him to her” (205). “To her, flowers appeared with such strength she felt she must make them part of her self. When she bent and breathed a flower, it was as if she and the flower were loving each other.” But Paul hated her for it (214). During spring, with “the deepest of his love” given to his mother, he had a battle with Miriam. She caressed the daffodils “with her mouth and cheeks and brows” and fondled them “lavishly.” She crouched and sipped the flowers with “fervid kisses” and stroked her lips against a ruffled flower. Terribly annoyed by what she was doing, Paul said, “You’re always begging for things to love you as if you were a beggar for love. Even the flowers, you have to fawn on them.” Miriam was stunned by the cruelty of the words that came from his “fretted, tortured soul” (267-68). But, in the chapter “The Test on Miriam,” Paul himself, gathering cherries one evening at Willey Farm, felt the direct impact of tearing of “handful after handful of the sleek, cool-fleshed fruit” from the boughs, perched insecurely in the top, slender branches. As “the cherries touched his ears and his neck as he stretched forward,” their chill finger-tips sent “a flash down his blood” (348).

It is this kind of “blood-intimacy” that Lawrence expects between human beings and the flora and fauna in their environment. In The Rainbow, as the farmers at the Marsh Farm took the udder of the cows “the pulse of the blood of the teats of the cows beat into the pulse of the hands of the men.” And there was also such intimacy in the young geese palpitating in their hands when the women pushed the food down their throttle (8). The description of the life at the farm, which involves so much of intimate contact with Nature, recalls the lives of the farmers in Hardy’s novels.

As Lawrence presents it, the closer the relationship between a human being and Nature, the greater is the realization of the wholeness of being. The personal self in every man and woman finds happiness and fulfilment in such a relationship. The young
widow Lydia Lensky's heart, which, in the oblivion of Cossethay, found life a grey
nothing, was "forced to lift up its voice in rivalry and answer," as she listened to the
singing of the thrushes from the shrubbery (54). Anna in the second generation, in a
happy state of mind with "the passion of love and begetting," "lifted her throat to the
breeze that came across the fields, and she felt it handling her like sisters fondling her,
she drank it in perfume of cowslips and appleblossoms" (180). In young Ursula in the
next generation even little bits of information about Nature's workings stirred an
"unfathomable passion." A flash of triumph and love went over her when she observed
that "in the tiny brown buds of autumn were folded, minute and complete, the finished
flowers of the summer nine months hence, tiny, folded up, and left there waiting" (335).
Of the three women, it is Ursula who seems to look into the secret of life that lies
hidden in the flora and fauna.

The relationship with Nature brings solace to the human heart that is fatigued by
the mechanistic monotony of the workaday life. Ursula brings with her to the classroom
the freshness of the scene of the wet hawthorn flowers and "the larks quivering their
song up into the new sunshine." For some time she stands before her class "unwilling to
give herself up to the activity of teaching, to turn her energy, that longed for the country
and for early summer, into the dominating of fifty children and the transferring to them
some morsels of arithmetic." "She is struggling between two worlds, her own world of
young summer and flowers, and this other world of work." There is "the glimmer of her
own sunlight between her and her class." The children who were once "a collective,
inhuman thing," are now "like almost big daisies in a dimness of the grass" (408).

In Women in Love, narrowly escaping from Hermione's deadly blow and
refusing to yield to her possessive will, Birkin found solace in the arms of Nature. In the
wet hill-side he took off his clothes and sat down naked among the primroses moving
all the limbs of his body in “a fine, cool, subtle touch” with the flowers. Then, in a clump of “young fir-trees,” the soft sharp boughs beat upon him and a little thistle pricked him “vividly”. It was “very good, very satisfying” to lie down and roll in “the sticky, cool young hyacinths,” to lie on the belly and cover the back with handfuls of “fine wet grass, soft as a breath, soft and more delicate and more beautiful than the touch of any woman” to feel the touch of the hazel on the shoulders, and to clasp the birch-trunk against the breast. Like “the lotus mystery” of the geese in the Chinese drawing, “the coolness and subtlety of vegetation” travelled into one’s blood. The leaves and the primroses and the trees “really came into the blood and were added on to him” and he did not want people, did not want a woman. “Here was his world, he wanted nobody and nothing but the lovely, subtle, responsive vegetation, and himself, his own living self.” However, it would not be possible for man to be forever away from the human world. It was “necessary” for Birkin “to go back into the world” (119-20). But he felt that the world of Nature “was his place, his marriage place” and the human world was “extraneous.” His communion with Nature was not merely through “the viewless wings of poesy” or “fancy” as in the case of Keats and his nightingale. It was largely a physical, ‘sensual’ experience, which was, to use Wordsworth’s words, “felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.” Like Wordsworth’s “blessed mood,” Birkin’s “lotus mystery” also enables one to “see into the life of things”, but unlike Wordsworth’s experience, Birkin’s does not involve any suspension of “the breath of this corporeal frame” and “the motion of our human blood.” Instead of our being “laid asleep / In body” and becoming “a living soul” we become a “living” body ourselves (“Tintern Abbey Lines”).

In *St. Mawr*, the titular character is drawn from the non-human world; it is a lovely red-gold stallion with “big black eyes.” He seems to be a descendant of the
powerful horses Ursula encounters at the end of *The Rainbow*. He was “a trifle raw somewhere” and it would be next to impossible even for a Gerald to control him with the force of will he used on the Arab mare at the railway gate in *Women in Love*. Only the previous summer it smashed the skull of a rider against a low, oak bough, and then crushed a groom against the side of the stall and injured him fatally. The horse, which was originally raised for stud purposes, was sold as it did not “seem to fancy the mares, for some reason.” However, there seemed to be a bond between Lou and the horse. At the touch of the horse “an ancient understanding seemed to flood in” “in her weary young-woman’s soul.” It looks as though the stallion, symbolizing male power and spontaneity of being, intruded into Lou’s married life and her consciousness. “She hid herself away from Rico. She could not bear the triviality and superficiality of human relationships. [. . .] it forbade her to be just Rico’s wife, young Lady Carrington, and all that.” To her, “the black fiery flow in the eyes of the horse” was “the only thing that was real” (21-23). When Lou speaks of the real contrast between the horse and modern men, she becomes a spokesperson for the author. She tells her mother what has gone wrong with men: “it’s the animal in them has gone perverse, or cringing, or humble, or domesticated, like dogs.” She wants man to be “a proud living animal.” And she is in favour of men like Lewis and Phoenix, who have an understanding closeness with the horse and thereby with Nature.

Phoenix, Mrs Witt’s groom, was “a half-breed,” the son of a Mexican father and a Navajo Indian mother from Arizona. “He was very good with horses, and had a curious success with turkeys and geese and fouls.” He had a deep desire in him to go back to Arizona, “with its dark, heavy mountains holding in their lap the great stretches of pale, creased, silent desert that still is virgin of idea, its word unspoken” (85). Lewis, the Welsh groom of St. Mawr, seemed the attendant shadow of that animal.” Lou finds
in him a “far more real mind than Dean Vyner or any of the clever ones. He has a good
intuitive mind, he knows things without thinking them.” According to Lou, in men like
Rico “the animal has gone queer and wrong” and “there is no mystery in them.” It is the
“burning life” in them as in St. Mawr that makes her say: “And I should be dead if there
weren’t St. Mawr and Phoenix and Lewis in the world.” She expresses only Lawrence’s
conception of “spontaneous being” when she exclaims: “If only there were some men
with as much natural life as they [Lewis and Phoenix, who were only “servants” in her
mother’s eyes] have, and their brave, quick minds that commanded instead of serving!”
(56-58).

Unable to understand Lou’s idea of the animal in man her mother teases her with
the question whether she wants the cave man, who would knock her head with a club.
This question seems to be connected with the one often asked whether Lawrence
advocates primitivism. Lou’s categorical answer is that she does not consider the cave
man “a real human animal at all.” She says, “a pure animal man would be as lovely as a
deer or a leopard, burning like a flame fed straight from underneath” (57-58). So the
conclusion may be drawn that Lawrence in seeming to go back to the cave men,
advocates the spontaneity of natural life and not the degenerate life of the primitive
people.

When St. Mawr shies seeing a dead adder, Rico pulls frantically at the reins,
which causes both of them to fall. The horse kicks another young man in the face and
knocks a couple of teeth. Rico’s crushed ankle makes him limp for life. Though Rico
wants the horse to be shot, it is decided to sell him to Flora Manby, who wants to buy it.
But Mrs Witt plans to save the horse by taking it to America. In the novel, St. Mawr
“represents deep impulsions of life that are thwarted in the modern world” and “he has
been mishandled and outraged by his human master, so that his ‘break’ isn’t mere
viciousness, but a compelled protest of life” (Leavis, *D. H. Lawrence* . . . 249). When asked by Lou about St. Mawr’s rearing, Phoenix says, “That horse don’t want to fall back on you, if you don’t make him. If you know how to ride him. That horse want his own way sometime. If you don’t let him, you got to fight him. Then look out!” (84). Rico paid the price for trying to assert his dominant will, when the horse, “one of the kings of creation,” standing for “the deep springs of life,” baulked at the adder with its sure intuition and warning perception of the vitally dangerous part (Leavis 250). In the ranch in Texas, where he is to be maintained as a stockhorse, St. Mawr makes “advances to the boss’s long-legged, arch-necked, glossy-maned Texan mare” and follows at her heels “almost slavishly” (137-38). The horse once “did not seem to fancy the mares, for some reason,” and if at all he did, he retained his pride and nobility (20, 82). Now “the mysterious power of St. Mawr is written off,” and he is dropped once and for all by the author, as Lou and her mother leave him in the ranch in the company of Lewis and go to Santa Fe (Drew Milne 209).

In *The Captain’s Doll*, when Hepburn says, “They [the mountains] are not bigger than me. They are less than me,” Hannele accuses him of “suffering from megalomania” (234). And when he climbs on to the glacier, though he is thrilled by the experience, the expanse of ice makes him feel “the wonder, the terror and bitterness of it.” When they return to the hotel, he says he prefers “the world where cabbages grow on the soil” and not the glaciers where nothing grows (239-40). In the livingness of the cabbage contrasted with the deadness of ice, as Leavis points out, there is “an affirmation of life”; “the deep centre of life” in Hepburn is “established for us as a potent reality” (226-27).

In *The Lost Girl*, when Alvina saw the flowers during her wanderings in Cicio’s village in Italy, she “felt like going down on her knees and bending her forehead to the
earth in an oriental submission, they were so royal, so lonely, so supreme" (392). In the modern world, in which man arrogates to himself supremacy over all the created beings, Lawrence is convinced that in the kingdom of Nature all creatures have their due place along with man. In the story “Sun,” while Juliet went for her usual sun-bath with her son, she saw a gold-brown snake rearing itself up a yard away from the boy. But it slithered away as Juliet waited in alarmed stillness. As “the curious power of the sun” filled her like a charm, she felt that “the snake was part of the place, along with her and the child” (501). While the mother and son had become part of the place, her husband Maurice, a representative of modern civilization, was an outsider. On that sunny day in March, when he came to the seaside in search of them, “he looked pathetically out of place, in that resplendent sunshine and the grace of the old Greek world; like a blot of ink on the pale, sunglowing slope” (503).

Direct bodily contact with nature is carried to the extreme in Lady Chatterley’s Lover when Connie and Mellors run naked in “the hard, slanting rain” and have sexual intercourse “on the path, in the roaring silence of the rain” (221-22). As Maurice Charney observes, the lovers become almost like pagan fertility gods, and Mellors taking Connie on the ground, “short and sharp [. . .] like an animal” is “right for the symbolism of the novel, where sex is restored to blood lust and primitive rituals.” And, “when Connie and Mellors decorate their naked bodies with wild flowers, they seem to be completing a religious ritual, where the nature gods must be appropriately decorated for the occasion.” Charney here recalls the “the pastoral innocence of Perdita and Florizel in the sheep-shearing scene of Shakespeare’s Winter’s Tale realized in all of its erotic implications” (108).

Nature in Imagery

In “Odour of Chrysanthemums,” the flower motif suggested in the title
itself has an important place in the evocation of the atmosphere of death enveloping not only the ‘low cottage’ of the miner but also the consciousness of the miner’s wife Elizabeth, who is to bear the full impact of the death. The flower which is to be associated with death is introduced even before the news of the death reaches home. The mother chides her little son for tearing at “the ragged wisps of chrysanthemums” and dropping “the petals in handfuls along the path. She herself breaks off a twig with a few flowers and pushes it in her apron-band. At home, when her daughter appreciates the flowers on the apron-band, the mother goes back to her gloomy past down memory lane: “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 button-hole” (273). And her subconscious would have added: “And now, it is chrysanthemums again, when he is brought home the last time.” As Pritchard suggests, “chrysanthemums are involved in her whole life, and now with death also” (63). And when Elizabeth and her mother-in-law get the parlour ready to receive the body, they keep two vases of pink chrysanthemums, which fill the room with “a cold, deathly smell.” When one of the men who carried the dead man in knocks off a vase, Elizabeth goes and picks up “the broken vase and the flowers” (280-81). Her life itself is broken and she has to pick up the pieces and live for the children, the flowers.

In The Trespasser, Nature seems to occupy a lot of space not only in the physical setting but also in the consciousness of the main characters, who had a strong inter-relationship with her. The sun and the sea appear quite often as metaphors, symbols in the experiences of Siegmund and Helena in the Isle of Wight. To Siegmund, and to the author, “Helena, with her blue eyes so full of storm” was “like the sea.” But the author also suggests, at the beginning itself, how also like the sea, she was “so
eternally self-sufficient, solitary." In failing to vitally reciprocate Siegmund’s love in its totality she proves to be a failure. Quite unusually, in The Trespasser, the sea is also compared to the male. After a bout of overpowering sexual desire Siegmund is said to be like the “blue and hazy” sea after a “volcanic” eruption. Sometimes, as in The White Peacock, the evocation of natural metaphors and similes seems to be contrived and stale, as for instance, Siegmund’s description of nature: “the darkness is a sort of mother, and the moon a sister, and the stars children, and sometimes the sea is a brother: and there is a family in one house, you see” (36-37).

When, with the urge of death in his unconscious, Siegmund looks at the sky from the door way of his room, the sun appears “like a great yellow cat” playing with its prey “the mouse-moon,” which lies “motionless with fear.” Obviously it is like life in all its cruelty chasing Siegmund to the extremity of death. But Siegmund, while holidaying on the island, was “a sunlover.” As Draper points out, “as in the short story ‘Sun’, Lawrence links fertility and sunshine as the expression of a physical and spiritual rebirth” (35). “Warmed with sudden love for the earth” while watching the great downs, Siegmund exclaims: “The earth is always kind; it loves us, and would foster us like a nurse.” One hears here echoes of Wordsworth’s reference to the earth as a “homely nurse” and Man as “her foster-child” in “Immortality Ode”.

In Sons and Lovers, Mrs Morel takes Annie and the newborn baby Paul and goes out following a display of violence on William by her husband. She goes over the sheep-bridge and across the meadows to the cricket ground. The entire evening scene with the play of light and dark and the colours assumes symbolic significance in Mrs Morel’s present moment of life, when there is a chiaroscuro of hope and despair, love and sorrow. The meadows appear like “one space of ripe, evening light” and the cricket field is “like a bed of a sea of light.” The children are playing in “the bluish shadow” of
the pavilion. The rooks cawing home across "the softly-woven sky" curve down into "the golden glow" "like black flakes on a slow vortex," over a clump of trees that made "a dark boss among the pasture." On the ground she sees "the white forms" of men shifting silently over the green, upon which already the under shadows were smouldering. Then, away at the grange, one side of the hay stack is "lit up" and the other sides are "blue-grey" (49). The sun is now going down having its colourful play of light on every object. In the field Mrs Morel notices a few shocks of corn standing up as if alive; she imagines them bowing, recalling Joseph's dream in the Bible:

So he [Joseph] said to them, "Please hear this dream which I have dreamed: There we were, binding sheaves in the field. Then behold, my sheaf arose and also stood upright; and indeed your sheaves stood all around and bowed down to my sheaf." (Gen. 30.6-7)

Mrs Morel imagines that her son would be a Joseph. The atmosphere of the evening brings to her "one of those still moments when the small frets vanish, and the beauty of things stands out," and she has "the peace and the strength to see herself." Now, as if bringing hope to her, the child, restless on its mother's knee, clambers with its hands at the light. But in "the peculiar knitting of the baby's brows, and the peculiar heaviness of its eyes" she discovers signs of the baby trying to understand her pain, her heart's burden. She has some relief as she thrusts the baby forward to "the crimson, throbbing sun" and the baby lifts its little fist (50-51).

In *The Rainbow*, Lawrence puts forth a wonderful cluster of images of fecundity, conception and birth, and merges them with those of germination, in his description of the cathedral and Will's ecstatic response to 'her' great presence. Will's soul quivers in "the perfect womb" of the cathedral, "in the hush and gloom of fecundity, like a seed of procreation in ecstasy" (201). It interesting to note here that in
the Hindu temples in India the sanctum sanctorum is called *garba griha* (‘abode of the embryo / foetus’).

Lawrence’s personal contact with Nature is so intimate that the natural imagery he uses easily falls in tune with the themes he handles. For example, he takes up the conventional association of flower imagery with women and handles it in the most original manner varying the suggestions given by the ‘vehicle’-‘tenor’ relationship according to the difference in context. He introduces one of the most revealing of flower images in connection with the young widow Lydia Lensky’s desire for life and the hopelessness that blocks her vital, creative life: “She could neither wake nor sleep. As if crushed between the past and the future, like a flower that comes above-ground to find a great stone lying above it, she was helpless” (54-55). As Moore points out, Lawrence’s works not only present the images of Nature as seen by “the eye of the painter” but also their movement or “kinetic aspect” as captured by “the eye of the poet” (103). In the man-woman relationship in *The Rainbow* the flower image used changes with the change in the intimacy between the man and the woman. In the beginning, when Lydia had “a sort of dimness, a faint absence” about her, in spite of her being “a flame” of passionate being, “her eyes shone, her face glowed for him, but like some flower opened in the shade, that could not bear the full light” (82). In the early days of their married life, after his wanderings in the town following his brief quarrel with Anna, Will came home late to confront his questioning wife. The quarrel was ignored and he held her in an embrace of passionate love. Expressing her joy in the passionate experience, Anna is “radiant like a newly opened flower, with tears like dew.” And, on occasions when he was oblivious of her, she almost went mad with fear, faced with the unknown self of her husband. Then “she was a flower that has been tempted forth into blossom, and has no retreat.” And, when they could free themselves
from their conflicts to unite again in love, “the pure love came in sunbeams between them;” she was then “like a flower in the sun to him” (167-70). And, towards the close of the novel, when Ursula faced the “new dawn” after a long struggle, she felt “frail and fine” “like the most fragile flower that opens in the end of winter” (493).

The flower imagery in *The Virgin and the Gipsy* is also thematically important. Mrs Saywell, who was “a pure white snowflower” to her husband at the time of their marriage, becomes a “horrid nettle” to the old Granny after her elopement with a young fellow (168-69). In the next generation, when the runaway mother’s daughter Yvette yields to the power of love in her prime, she is likened to “a snowdrop in the sunshine” (216). And the rector, when angry at his daughter’s belief that the ‘adulterous’ Jewess is honest, thinks his erstwhile wife’s face was like his daughter’s: “a snow-flower” (232).

In *Women in Love*, when Ursula’s active spirit is lying dormant with no clear vision of the future, her life is described as “a shoot that is growing steadily, but which has not yet come above ground” (57). In the similar image in *The Rainbow*, in Lydia’s life, there was a stone blocking the way of the flower, but here there is no such obstruction. Ursula will soon “launch into life”, though not in the same way as Paul Morel. In the chapter “Crème de Menthe,” in the strong sexual passion aroused by Minette, Gerald becomes aware of “her blue, exposed-looking eyes upon him.” “She had beautiful eyes, flower-like, fully opened, naked in their looking at him” (71). The flower image here carries in it, not only the inviting sexual appeal the girl has for Gerald, but also her readiness to be violated by him, the willingness to be his victim. Ursula is once again described as a flower, but this time it is in the chapter “Excurse” during the controversial sexual experience between Birkin and Ursula: “She was beautiful as a new marvellous flower opened at his knees, a paradisal flower she was, beyond the womanhood, such a flower of luminousness.” (353). And the flower image
is used again, to describe the tender freshness of Ursula’s face after she has unburdened herself to Birkin. “Now, washed all clean by her tears, she was new and frail like a flower just unfolded [. . .] She had the perfect candour of creation, something translucent and simple, like a radiant, shining flower that moment unfolded in primal blessedness” (416).

Lawrence draws from the world of Nature several images of animals and birds and puts them to the most appropriate use in the human context. In The Rainbow, he brings in the images of a tiger and a cow to describe the conflict between Anna, the “strange, exalted thing,” and Will Brangwen, who sought to exert his will “to the destruction of the free-running creature.” “He was pulling her down as a leopard clings to a wild cow and exhausts her and pulls her down”. But Anna soon realized that the “leopard that leapt on her” fastened onto her. She hated his utter dependence on her like a cripple, a defective, and a fragment (185-90). While Will’s soul “rose from its nest,” leapt up and found its ecstasy within the church, Anna wanted to get out of “the tide of passion” and “to rise from it as a bird rises with wet, limp feet from the sea, to lift herself as a bird lifts its breast and thrusts its body from the pulse and heave of a sea that bears it forward to an unwilling conclusion,” and to choose or find “the direction in which it shall be carried forward” (202-04). The quietude at the Brangwen home which “gradually” comes back after the yelling pandemonium created by the children is also described through the image of a bird: “After the church on Sundays the house was really something of a sanctuary, with peace breathing like a strange bird alighted in the rooms” (273).

One of the passages in The Rainbow most difficult for textual and symbolic interpretation is the stampeding of the horses at the closing pages of the novel. In this episode, in which Ursula has a terrifying encounter with some horses, the reader is left
to wonder whether the passage should not be read as a hallucination or as a dream, despite the fact that the narrative is mostly simple and straightforward and the situation is concrete. With a tumult in her heart Ursula slips out in the rain into the woods near Willey Green, where she experiences a “weight” oppressing her heart as some horses draw close to her. They quiver and strain and thrust their flanks and block her way. She is aware of their breasts, their red nostrils and their rounded, massive haunches, as they go mad and run against “the walls of time.” The darkness and wetness of rain is not able to put out “the hard, urgent, massive fire” that is locked within the flanks. At last, as the horses canter towards her, she climbs into the boughs of an oak tree and falls on the other side of the hedge in a heap. Then she hastens across the field, climbs the fence under an overhanging thorn-tree and reaches “the high-road and the ordered world of man” (488-90).

As Keith Sagar points out, in The Rainbow itself, the horse imagery is introduced in several other places and it reaches its climax in the horse episode. For example, in the Marsh Farm, the Brangwens “mounted their horses, held life between the grip of their knees, they harnessed their horses at the wagon, and, with hand on the bridle-rings, drew the heaving of the horses after their will” (8). In Fantasia of the Unconscious, there is a description of an example of a man’s “persistent passionate fear-dream about horses,” which clearly echoes the movement of the horses in the horse episode in the novel: “He suddenly finds himself among great, physical horses, which may suddenly go wild. Their great bodies surge madly round him, they rear above him, threatening to destroy him. At any moment he may be trampled down.” Sagar, as well as Draper, goes to a passage that follows this for an explanation of the symbolism of the horses.

[...] the horse-dream refers to some arrest in the deepest sensual activity
The horse is presented as an object of terror, which means that to the man’s automatic dream-soul, which loves automatism, the great sensual male activity is the greatest menace. The automatic pseudo-soul which has got the sensual nature repressed, would like to keep it repressed. Whereas the greatest desire of the living spontaneous soul is that this very male sensual nature, represented as a menace, shall be accomplished in life. The spontaneous self is secretly yearning for the liberation and fulfilment of the deepest and most powerful sensual nature. (170-71)

“The deep sensual activity” represented by the horses is repressed by the tyranny of mental consciousness in man. In the novel it seems to be a similar repression in woman. The horses are driven mad by repression, yet they can never be wholly repressed. Ursula’s “spontaneous self is secretly yearning for the liberation and fulfilment of the deepest and most powerful sensual nature,” and, as Draper puts it, it is “the old Brangwen blood-intimacy” (74).

After her terrible experience with the horses, before setting off for home, Ursula sat upon the bed of a stream, like a stone at rest at the bottom of the stream, “unconscious, unchanging, unchangeable, while everything rolled by in transience.” The inanimate object, the stone, seems to suggest symbolically the strength and determination that Ursula was to gain in order to fight the resistance of the workaday world in her attempt to realise the yearnings of her real self. During her illness, she felt that her soul was like the stone, “inviolable and unalterable, no matter what storm raged in her body.” “Her soul lay still and permanent, full of pain, but itself for ever” (490-91).

*Women in Love* is a novel in which there is a frequent but powerful use of
animal imagery. In her reaction to the ugliness of “the defaced countryside” Gudrun feels “like a beetle toiling in the dust” and is “filled with repulsion” (11-12). And there is a recurrent use of images of predatory creatures in connection with the members of the Crich family with the only exception of the head of the family, Thomas Crich. Mrs Crich appears to Gudrun like a woman “with a tense, unseeing, predatory look” (15). Later, at the wedding party, Mrs Crich is said to have “a sullen, eagle look” and a glance “like a sinister creature at bay” (30). The strong association of animal imagery with Gerald has already been discussed in chapter two. In opposition to Gerald’s hawk’s eyes, the degenerate artist Loerke’s eyes are described first as a mouse’s and then as a rabbit’s. His “fine, black hair” reminds Ursula of a bat (475-76). But Gudrun is fascinated by him “as if some strange creature, a rabbit or a bat, or a brown-seal, had begun to talk to her.” In Birkin’s words, Loerke is “the wizard rat that swims ahead” “to explore the sewers” (480-81).

The chapter “Moony” in Women in Love presents the famous symbolic scene in which Birkin throws stones at the image of the moon on the water in Willey Pond. Ursula, sitting among the roots of an alder tree, without being seen by him, watches Birkin’s movements and the play of the waves of light on the water running away and gathering again at the centre. The “distorted and frayed moon” reasserting itself “to be whole and composed, at peace” at the centre is likened to “a ragged rose” (280). Leavis interprets Birkin shattering the moon again and again and the moon re-forming as Birkin’s attack on Ursula’s possessiveness, her ‘Magna Mater’ attitude to man (188). But Colin Clarke is of the view that “the whole incident has much more to do with integration and disintegration, the need to smash the false integrity of the ego in order to make possible the true integrity of the blood” (“Living . . . 222). Birkin’s stoning of the moon brings out symbolically “the singleness of being,” which is the main object of his
quest. “The image of the moon yields before the aggressive male yet never forfeits its singleness; the individuality of the ego gives way to a true individuality, though a precarious one” (224). This scene is greatly commended by E. M. Forster, who refers to Lawrence as “the only prophetic novelist writing today.” Forster says “the prophet is irradiating from within, so that every colour has a glow and every form a distinctness which could not otherwise be obtained.” However, Forster does not attempt any interpretation of the scene. He only says: “It is the prophet back where he started from, back where the rest of us are waiting by the edge of the pool, but with a power of recreation and evocation we shall never possess” (146-47).

In The Virgin and the Gipsy, the animal imagery that describes the “insatiable greed” the old Granny has for other people’s lives is interesting, apt and evocative. She was like the old toad that swallowed the bees, one after the other, as they came out of the hive (180). In Aaron’s Rod, the fascination of Aaron as a victim of his wife Lottie’s words when she caressed him is powerfully expressed through the archaic image of a snake, which, when associated with woman by man carries misogynist thoughts. “The strange, liquid sound of her appeal seemed to him like the swaying of a serpent which mesmerizes the fated, fluttering, helpless bird” (154). The snake image recurs when he recalls his relationship with Lottie during his stay in Novara. Her will was “cunning as a snake that could sing treacherous songs” (191). And Lottie’s will was “like a flat cold snake coiled round his soul and squeezing him to death” (195). However, it should be noted that Lawrence also uses the snake as a phallic symbol. “Snake,” the most popular poem of Lawrence, celebrates in simple language “all those dark mysterious forces of nature” that are represented by the “earth-brown, earth-golden” Sicilian snake (Pinto 11-14) and as Pritchard suggests, the snake is “the representative of the libido,” “the phallic self” (146).
In The Plumed Serpent, in his description of the Mexican resistance to the imposition of White culture and the resurgence of the old religion and the native culture, Lawrence makes use of the symbol of the Tree of Life, whose roots "are deep and alive and forever sending up new shoots." "Each new shoot that comes up overthrows a Spanish church or an American factory. And soon the dark forest will rise again, and shake the Spanish buildings from the face of America" (113). Walker refers to Lawrence's reading Frazer's Golden Bough, in which motifs such as trees are dealt with in great detail (491).

In Lady Chatterley's Lover, for Connie, while Wragby Hall was "hell," the wood was the Garden of Eden, where there was fulfilment of the primal needs of the body and the soul in the background of benign nature. And, in the description of the bracken "lifting its brown curled heads, like legions of young snakes with a new secret to whisper to Eve," there is the suggestion that the new Eve is tempted to seek Mellors, the old Adam (184). Connie's first sex experience with Mellors was preceded by her feeling of ecstasy over the sight of the pheasant chicks in the hen coop. There was "Life! Life! Pure sparky, fearless new life! New Life!" And after the experience, Mellors, in tune with the springing of new life in nature, said he had thought he had done with it all, but now he felt he had begun his life anew (114-18). Commenting on this animal imagery suggesting regenerative sexual experience, Lydia Blanchard says, "As horse and rabbit suggest the brutality and cruelty of the love that Gerald and Gudrun will experience with each other, so the newborn chick suggests the tenderness of the love that will be manifested between Lady Chatterley and Mellors" (128). And, when she goes to the wood seeking her lover again, Connie "could almost feel it in her own body, the huge heave of the sap in the massive trees, upwards, up, up to the bud-tips, there to push into little flamey oak-leaves, bronze as blood" (121-122).
In the poetic language of *The Man Who Died*, there are several splendid images drawn from nature with great symbolic power. The escaped cock, which is "good for twenty hens," stands for male sexuality and power, the olive tree symbolizes wisdom and peace, and the fig tree is a symbol for the phallus and fertility. The livingness of the things in nature (which John Fowles calls *existingness* 95) draws the attention of "the man who had died"; he is "alive," but not yet in full contact with life around. The bright, blue sky shines "outside him" and the bare fig-tree is filled with "little jets of green leaves." He notices everything in nature "glowing with a desire and with assertion," and is drawn by "the everlasting resoluteness of life." He sees the cock not as a bird alone, but as "the crest" of a "sharp wave of life" (16-17). The most powerful image in the novel is the phallic symbol of the sun, which appears frequently, as in Indian myths and symbols in connection with the lotus. And, as Sagar points out, here the sexual symbol lotus is of Etruscan origin (219). The lotus-bud of the priestess did not stir "for the golden brief day-suns of show such as Anthony, and for the hard winter suns of power, such as Caesar." And, as the old philosopher advised her, she was waiting for "the re-born man," to whose caress alone the lotus would rise upwards and offer "her soft, gold depths such as no other flower possesses" (51).

**Nature and Sexuality**

In addition to the use of objects and functions of Nature as metaphors and symbols, Lawrence's imaginative mind also perceives Nature directly in terms of sex without explicitly loading them with metaphorical and symbolic meanings in the immediate context. The description of the earth-sun conjugal relationship in September, "the liveliest of months," in *The White Peacock* (75) anticipates similar descriptions in *The Rainbow* and the other novels. In *The Trespasser* the natural imagery is sometimes explicitly sexual. When Helena and her lover caress each other in passionate love,
Helena describes “the gorse and the stars and the sea and the trees” as being engaged in kissing. “The sea has its mouth on the earth, and the gorse and the trees press together, and they all look up at the moon, they put up their faces in a kiss, my darling” (73).

The sexual imagery in the oft-quoted description of the landscape of the Marsh Farm in The Rainbow that celebrates “the intercourse between heaven and earth” continues in the succeeding lines, but it is an implied ‘intercourse’ between the ploughman who “felt the pulse and body of the soil” and the soil “that opened to their furrow for the grain, and became smooth and supple after their ploughing” (8). This reminds one of Agrippa’s words in Antony and Cleopatra about the Egyptian queen: “Royal wench! / She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed: / He plough’d her, and she cropp’d” (2. 2. 228-30). Again, towards the close of the novel, during her visit to her college friend Dorothy’s cottage with Skrebensky, Ursula found the intercourse between the “great unabatable body” of the Sussex downs and “the changeful body of the sky,” the only trespassers being “a few bushes.” Ursula was not satisfied with merely describing Nature in terms of sex. She herself wanted to become a partner in the sexual union identifying herself with the downs. “And she lay face downwards on the downs, that were so strong, that cared only for the intercourse with the everlasting skies, and she wished she could become a strong mound smooth under the sky, bosom and limbs bared to all winds and clouds and bursts of sunshine” (464). The Captain’s Doll also presents this natural phenomenon in a description interpenetrated with words and expressions carrying sexual connotation. The description of the sky “forcing its way into the earth’s cleavage” is filled with words such as ‘cleft’, ‘hair’, ‘naked’, ‘insatiable water’, ‘sharp wedge’, ‘penetrate’ – all suggesting sexual intercourse (224).

As Salgado points out, Lawrence was “passionately convinced of the interconnectedness of human and non-human life” and his symbolism was most often
very complex. For example, in most scenes in *The Rainbow* in which the moon appears, it functions not merely as a symbol of "non-human energy" but also as a source of energy to the chief personage. In this connection, Salgado recalls the impact the moon had on Lawrence's own self as given in a description by Jessie Chambers of her walk by moonlight with Lawrence:

> In the evening he and I wandered along the beach waiting to see the moon rise over the sea. We set off light-heartedly enough, but gradually some dark power seemed to take possession of Lawrence, and when the final beauty of the moonrise broke upon us, something seemed to explode inside him. I cannot remember now what he said, but his words were wild, and he appeared to be in great distress of mind, and possibly also of body. (118)

Both Anna and Ursula, during their courtships, have a strange relationship with the heavenly bodies, especially the moon. On all such occasions, the girl seems to have seen something in the moon and the stellar bodies, which is more than what her lover could give. The moon and the stars themselves play the role of a rival. During the sheaf gathering scene Anna frequently "turned to the moon, which laid bare her bosom, so she felt as if her bosom were heaving and panting with moonlight." Even when he pursued her in his kisses, she could not be quite overcome. "He wondered over the moonlight on her nose! All the moonlight upon her, all the darkness within her!" (122-24).

At Uncle Fred's wedding-supper, in that "mysterious night," Ursula felt like "a new being." When the moon arose, "her two breasts opened to make way for it, her body opened wide like a quivering anemone, a soft, dilated invitation touched by the moon. She wanted a "communion" and a "consummation" with the moon. She was holding Skrebensky's hand. But "her naked self" was away with the moon. At the end
of the dance, they went to the stackyard, where new stacks of corn were glistening in
the moonlight. Skrebensky "strove subtly, but with all his energy to enclose her, to have
her.” But she was “cold as the moon and burning as a fierce salt” and her “burning,
corrosive self” “annihilated” him. Breaking the core of his being, she turned to offer
herself to the night glistening with “a magnificent godly moon white and candid as a
bridegroom”(317-24). Again, on a starry night in the Sussex downs Ursula took off her
clothes, and made her lover take off all his, and they ran and over the “moonless” turf,
“utterly naked, as naked as the downs themselves.” She ventured into the round dew-
pond and grasped at the stars lying “untroubled” in the water with her hands. When
Skrebensky also reached her, she “clenched him close, but her eyes were open looking
at the stars, it was as if the stars were lying with her and entering the unfathomable
darkness of her womb, fathoming her at last. It was not him” (465).

In the story “Sun”, while she lay naked to the sun in her hidden niche on the
shore, Juliet felt happy that “it was one of the wonders of the sun, he could shine on a
million people and still be the radiant, splendid, unique sun, focussed on her alone.” She
was convinced “that the sun knew her, in the cosmic carnal sense of the word” (497).
And in her “connection with the sun,” “the stream flowed of itself, from her womb”
(500). With the sexuality of Juliet’s wholesome exposure to “the sun in his splendour
and her mating with him,” one could appreciate the pun at the word ‘sun’ and consider
the little boy playing happily in the sun as the son born of Juliet and the sun.

The Spirit of Place

Lawrence believed in a spirit of place, which is “a great reality” ruling over each
continent or each region. “Every people is polarised in some particular locality, which is
home, the homeland. Different places on the face of the earth have different vital
effluence, different vibration, different chemical exhalation, different polarity with
different stars” (“The Spirit . . . 125-26). In Lawrence’s conception the spirit of place seems to mean the primal force of Nature manifesting itself in each place through the flora and fauna and the geophysical aspects of the place.

The last part of the short novel St. Mawr shifts from the animal with primal energy to the “vast and living landscape” of a ranch in America. Lawrence here presents with fine perception “the spirit of the place” fighting against “the will of man” represented by the New England wife of a trader who had bought the homestead of a hundred-and-sixty acres from a schoolmaster. “The pack-rats with their bushy tails and big ears,” were the “symbols of the curious debasing malevolence that was in the spirit of the place.” The New England woman’s cabin “crouched” under “a great pine tree” that was “the guardian of the place” (151-52). It was a “great pillar” from the old age that existed before “the great polarization of sex” which Lawrence has spoken about in Women in Love (225). It was a “passionless, nonphallic column, rising in the shadows of the presexual world, before hot blooded ithyphallic column ever erected itself” (152). The woman could not hold out for long against the attack of the primal forces of nature, and finally she had to give up the ranch. When Lou, its new owner, visited it with her mother, they saw on one of the roof planks a pack-rat sitting erect “like an old Indian keeping watch on a pueblo roof” (161).

Somers of Kangaroo, before coming to Sydney, had tried Western Australia, where “the vast, uninhabited land frightened him”; the sky was pure and blue and the air was wonderful, but “the bush, the grey charred bush” scared him; “the bush seemed to be hoarily waiting” and “it could not penetrate into its secret.” He thought of the “the spirit of the place,” and the intruders into its territory. He felt “the spirit of the bush” was watching, and waiting: “it was not tired of watching its victim. An alien people – a victim. It was biding its time with a terrible ageless watchfulness, waiting for a far-off
end, watching the myriad intruding white men” (19).

To Somers the huge granite boulders in the moors of the west of Cornwall appeared to be “bulging out of the earth like presences.” He felt that when men worshipped stones, they did not worship the stone but “the mystery of the powerful, pre-human earth, showing its might” (250). He could feel invading him “in the savage dusk” “the spirit of the ancient, pre-Christian world, which lingers still in the truly Celtic places” (263).

In *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, Connie, to get away from “the mad restlessness” she felt at home, “would rush across the park and abandon Clifford, and lie prone in the bracken.” She found the wood as “her one refuge, her sanctuary.” However, till she came into contact with Mellors, she did not really feel the touch of “the spirit of the wood.” The authorial voice here wonders quite ostensibly if the wood had “any such nonsensical thing” as spirit; but, as the novel progresses, the significant reality of the wood in the life of the protagonists is felt (20).

**Exploitation of Nature**

The modern German psychoanalyst and ethicist Erich Fromm differentiates human existence is from the animal negatively by “the relative absence in man of instinctive regulation in the process of adaptation to the surrounding world.” The animal adapts itself to changing conditions “by changing itself—autoplastically; not by changing its environment—alloplastically.” It either lives “harmoniously,” or dies out. But man, who emerges “at the point in the process of evolution where instinctive adaptation has reached its minimum,” is endowed with new qualities that differentiate him from the animal: his awareness of himself as a separate entity, his ability to remember the past, to visualize the future, and to denote objects and acts by symbols; his reason to conceive and understand the world; and his imagination through which he
reaches far beyond the range of his senses" (27-28). It is man in his greed and need for senseless excitement who thwarts the harmony between his own self and the rest of the created world. Human exploitation of Nature which was accelerated by industrialization and mechanization has been continuing at a mad pace despite warning from artists, humanists, ecologists and environmentalists.

The very opening lines of “Odour of Chrysanthemums,” show how Lawrence, who writes of everything “from the inside,” opposes living organic life to the world of the machine (Ford Madox Hueffer qtd. in Sagar 14). The colt, which was startled by “the loud threats” of the engine, “out-distanced it at a canter.” At the advance of the engine, “a woman walking up the railway line to Underwood, drew back into the hedge.” The oak trees dropped their leaves “noiselessly,” and the birds “made off into the dusk.” “In the open, the smoke from the engine sank and cleaved to the rough grass” (268). On the whole, as Sagar suggests, “Nature seems unable to compete, has given up the struggle” (15).

Poets and novelists lament both what “Man has made of Man,” and what Man has made of Nature. In The Rainbow, looking at the streets of London, Will laments “the ponderous, massive, ugly superstructure of a world of man upon a world of nature.” He is terrified by the works of man, which are “almost monstrous”(193). The train in Lawrence is not merely a symbol of industrialism; it is also man’s direct intrusion into the world of Nature. In The Rainbow, Ursula describes the train as a “gallant little thing” “running bravely” “over the water meadows and into the gap of the downs,” but she is in tears when she notices how the train has “tunnelled all the earth, blindly, and uglily” (463-64). In Women in Love, the Arab mare, which represents the organic world of Nature, winces away from the “unknown, terrifying” noise made by “the chuffing engine” at the railway crossing, but Gerald, sitting heavy on it, forces it
back and thrusts her back "against herself." The mare rears and throws her back away from the railway, when the locomotive puts on the brakes, and the trucks come back "rebounding on the iron buffers, striking like cymbals, clashing nearer and nearer in frightful strident concussions." The mare spins round and round and struggles to escape, but its master, the lord of the inorganic world of coal, presses into her "with an almost mechanical relentlessness." In full possession of the animal, the man closes round her and brings her down "almost as if she were part of his own physique." Ursula and Gudrun are shocked to see "the trickles of blood on the sides of the mare." But, on the very wound the bright spurs come down, pressing relentlessly. The "bright and unstained" will of Gerald gains absolute control over the struggling horse. The onslaught on the organic order of things here is two-pronged, one by the man-made machine and the other by man himself.

In the novel there are several such instances of man's subjugation of the world of nature, especially the animal 'kingdom.' In the chapter "Carpeting", reminding Gerald of the Arab mare incident at the railway-crossing, Ursula says the mare "has as much right to her own being, as you have to yours." But Gerald strongly disagrees with her. According to him the mare is for his use because that is "the natural order." Hermione says, "We must have the courage to use the lower animal life for our needs" and "it is false to reject our own feelings on every animate creature." However, what surprises one here is Birkin agreeing with Hermione. He says, "nothing is so detestable as the maudlin attributing of human feelings and consciousness to animals." In Gerald's view, a horse has no mind, but it has got a will like a man. "And if your will isn't master, then the horse is master of you." Then Birkin comes out with his 'two-wills theory'. Every horse, strictly, has two wills. With one will, it wants to put itself in the human power completely – and with the other, it wants to be free, wild." Birkin seems
to believe in man's higher being. He says the animal has its "love-impulse" to resign its will to the higher being. As he argues peculiarly in support of subjugation of animals (and women too) Birkin seems to Ursula "almost a monster of hateful arrogance" (154-57) However, Ursula holds on to her view that man has no right "to violate the feelings of the inferior creation" (159).

Here the reader wonders what Lawrence really feels about the argument. Obviously he makes Birkin here, in the words of Hermione, "a boy who must pull everything to pieces to see how it is made" (158). In "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine," as well as in "Aristocracy," Lawrence speaks of the hierarchy of beings in the order of life, from the green fern and the dandelion in the lower order to the race of man in the highest order, in terms of their vividness of living and their existence. Man's life is more vivid than the horse's, and man's existence is higher than that of the horse because he can destroy or subjugate the horse. But he also speaks of a fourth dimension of 'being', "the heaven of existence" in which any creature can find a place by attaining "its own fullness of being" ("Reflections . . . 469). And among men themselves he distinguishes differences such as "more alive," "more of a man," having "a greater being," having "a purer manhood" and having "a more vivid livingness" ("Aristocracy" 475). In the Arab mare incident Lawrence seems to recognize the natural order of things existing in a hierarchy. But, at the same time, he is emotionally with Ursula, in disapproving of Gerald's cruelty to the animal and the assertion of his will over Nature.

In Kangaroo, Lawrence expresses his grave concern over the denudation of forests during the war by gangs of woodmen, who cut down the trees, baring the beautiful spring woods, to make logs for trench-props (278). And in Lady Chatterley's Lover, when he watched the lights of the colliery villages from the wood, Mellors felt that "in the world of the mechanical greedy, greedy mechanism and mechanised greed,
sparkling with lights and gushing hot metal and roaring with traffic, there lay the vast evil thing, ready to destroy whatever did not conform. Soon it would destroy the wood, and bluebells would spring no more. All vulnerable things must perish under the rolling and running of iron" (119).

**Nature's Response to Human Drama**

The description of Nature's response to the death of Annable in *The White Peacock* is only conventional pathetic fallacy, but it fits well into the context. The birds and the trees are in deep sympathy with the man who protected them. “The peewits are not frightened, they add their notes to the sorrow; they circle after the white, retreating coffin, they circle around the women.” And, as the bearers lift up the coffin, after a little rest, “the elm-boughs rattle along the hollow white wood, and the pitiful red clusters of elmflowers sweep along it as if they whispered in sympathy – ‘We are so sorry, so sorry –’; always the compassionate buds in their fullness of life bend down to comfort the dark man shut up there” (184).

It is interesting to observe how “the huge old ash-tree” that stood in front of the house of the Morels in *Sons and Lovers* is made to witness the progress of the human drama and respond to what befalls the characters involved. On nights when their father came home drunk and snarled at his wife, the children would lie quietly in bed listening to all noises. Then there would be “a piercing medley of shrieks and cries from the great, windswept ash-tree” (77-78). As Aldington records, there was a great ash-tree outside the cottage of Lawrence’s in Walker Street, “whose branches shrieked in the night gales and mingled with the angry voices of the quarrelling parents” and the children would lie trembling in bed listening to the noises (Portrait ... 6). When the ash-tree appears again in the novel, it seems to be “a friend” to Paul, who comes home after work walking two and more miles from Keston (141). The next time Paul sees it is
when he looks out through the bay-window while “the front room” is being prepared to receive the body of William, who is dead. Then “the ash-tree stood monstrous and black in front of the wide darkness” (172). It seems to mourn for the death of the young man.

And it is the moon which witnessed Ursula’s final break with her lover on the sand dunes of Lincolnshire coast. Even before going out with Skrebensky, Ursula had felt “a yearning for something unknown,” “a passion for something she knew not what.” Her immediate craving came from what she saw in Nature. “The salt, bitter passion of the sea, its indifference to the earth, its swinging, definite motion, its strength, its attack, and its salt burning, seemed to provoke her to a pitch of madness, tantalizing her with vast suggestions.” As the two went to the dunes, “the moon was incandescent as a round furnace door, out of which came the high blast of moonlight, over the seaward half of the world, a dazzling, terrifying glare of white light.” Skrebensky led her to a dark hollow, but she suggested a slope “full under the moonshine.” There, under the moonlight, with all her desire and effort for consummation, she realized his failure to satisfy her, and he, in the glittering moonlight, watched a tear fall from her eye, into the darkness, on the sand (480).