

the Indian religion-of-life. The wind of singing is many individuals in one breath; the dancers are 'streams', of bending men paired with upright women, and the stream from the Summer people always answers the stream from the Winter House, treading their kinship with the earth. The life of the elements and landscape, humans, animals, birds, all enter into and are unified by the rhythms of the dance. It is against this sense of cosmic inter-relationship, that the writing on the wall for the Woman's 'intensely personal and individual kind of womanhood' has to be seen, and finally sacrificed – though I think that is made questionable in the story. See Mark Kinkead-Weekes, 'The Gringo Senora Who Rode Away'.

10. Lawrence does not identify 'the old pagan writer' from whom these words are apparently a quotation

## WORKS CITED

- Cyriax, Tony, *Among Italian Peasants* (New York: Dutton, 1919).  
 Green, Martin, *The Mountain of Truth* (Hanover and London: Tufts University, 1986).  
 Jowitt, Deborah, *Time and the Dancing Image* (New York: Morrow, 1987).  
 Kinkead-Weekes, Mark, 'The Gringo Senora Who Rode Away', *D.H. Lawrence Review*, 22.3 (Fall 1990), pp. 251-265.  
 Lawrence, Ada and Stuart Gelder, *The Early Life of D.H. Lawrence* (1931; New York: Russell and Russell, 1966).  
 Lawrence, D.H., *Etruscan Places in Mornings in Mexico and Etruscan Places* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books).  
 –, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, ed. Michael Squires (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993).  
 –, *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence*, vol.1, 1901-13, ed. James T. Boulton (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979).  
 –, *Mornings in Mexico in Mornings in Mexico and Etruscan Places* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1960).  
 –, *The Complete Poems*, ed. V. de Sola Pinto and F. Warren Roberts (London: Heinemann, 1964).  
 –, *Phoenix: The Posthumous Papers of D.H. Lawrence*, ed. Edward D. McDonald (London: Heinemann, 1936).  
 –, *The Prussian Officer*, ed. John Worthen (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1983).  
 –, *The Rainbow*, ed. Mark Kinkead-Weekes (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989).  
 –, *Sons and Lovers*, ed. Carl Baron and Helen Baron (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1992).  
 –, *The White Peacock*, ed. Andrew Robertson (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1983).  
 –, *Twilight in Italy* (Harmondsworth: Penguin Books, 1960).  
 –, 'The White Stocking' in *The Smart Set* xlv (October 1914).  
 –, *Women in Love*, ed. David Farmer, Lindeth Vasey and John Worthen (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987).  
 Luhan, Mabel Dodge, *Lorenzo in Taos* (New York: Knopf, 1969).  
 Martin, J, *Introduction to the Dance* (New York: W W Norton and Co, 1939).  
 Neville, George, *A Memoir of D.H. Lawrence*, ed. Carl Baron (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981).

## THE COST OF LIBERATION: SEXUAL POLITICS IN LAWRENCE'S 'TICKETS PLEASE'

Paul Wood

In a letter to Cynthia Asquith written out of profound discouragement with the war, Lawrence insists that the 'whole crux of life now lies in the relation between man and woman' (11 November 1916; *Letters* 3, 27). In his fiction, however, this relation is often depicted as somewhere between a skirmish and an all-out battle, in which, many contend, he shows no sympathy with the female combatants. Although 'Tickets Please' is not a usual source of evidence either for Lawrence's defenders or detractors, perhaps no story can better focus the continuing debate about whether he is essentially an ally of his women characters or their adversary. A careful reading might even resolve the debate in his favour.

This could be one of the stories Lydia Blanchard has in mind when she offers the general contention that in Lawrence's fiction women are not always dominated ('Love and Power' 439). In one of the handful of essays to focus exclusively on this story, however, Judith Breen insists that Lawrence's main interest is to demonstrate the 'fundamental impotence' of the women characters (64). No less an authority than his wife suggests the reason for such wishful thinking: his appreciation of female power, Frieda says, is precisely why 'In his heart of hearts ... he always dreaded women' (57).

This is the same writer who indirectly acknowledging his wife's enormous contribution to *Sons and Lovers*, declared to his friend A.W. McLeod that 'the only re-sourcing of art, re-vivifying it, is to make it more the joint work of man and woman. I think the one thing to do is for men to have the courage to draw nearer to women, expose themselves to them' (2 June 1914; *Letters* 2, 181). There does seem sufficient cause to wonder if this is anything more than the bravado John Thomas shows himself master of in 'Tickets Please' before the women so forcefully challenge it. Indeed, given the specific sexual indignity the young Lawrence supposedly underwent in a factory storeroom, it seems an awful unintended irony.<sup>1</sup>

Irony there might be. Clearly there is outright self-contradiction ensuing from this ambivalence towards women, most clearly in the non-fictional prose. His claim in the *Study of Thomas Hardy*, for instance, that '[t]he supreme desire of every man is for mating with a woman' (*Phoenix* 444) is greatly compromised by his insistence in a letter to Katherine Mansfield that in the union 'the woman must yield some sort of precedence to the man' ([5 December 1918]; *Letters* 3, 302). However, his direct insistence to men in *Fantasia of the Unconscious* that they should '[m]ake her yield once more to the male leadership' is undercut with qualification within this very sentence: 'if they've got anywhere to lead to' (191-2).



Too much can be made of such instant qualification, which in any case is rare in this part of the Lawrence canon. But perhaps too little has been made of it in his short fiction, where it is rarely absent. For if in Lawrence's life such ambivalence is no virtue, in his fiction it is another matter. When this open-ended contradiction in his life is transferred not to some male alter-ego in the fiction but to a woman character like Annie Stone of 'Tickets Please' it is transformed into an artistic closure that might please even those who demand of a story more than a narrowly poetic justice.

Some who do demand more fail to see that Lawrence's sympathies are no worse than divided, as in this story, between the man who is ostensibly his fictional surrogate and the woman who is this character's chief antagonist. Despite Lawrence's masterful revelation of the conflicted mind and heart of Annie Stone, his sympathy toward her – or any other woman character in his fiction – is far from a given for these critics. Some who are of this mind argue that at best he is being subtly exploitative in his portrayals of them, 'usually defining some aspect of himself rather than attempting the creation of the other sex' (Pullen 50). The most caustic of contemporary critics, Kate Millett, singles him out as 'the most talented of sexual politicians' (317) for just this subtle exploitation.

This same detractor only addresses specifically instances of anything but subtlety: the rape in 'The Princess', motivated by 'infinite malice and sexual enmity'; the gang rape 'by a group of shoddy toreadors' in a 'grim little piece of hate' called 'None of That' (286n); and, most damning evidence of all, the ritual murder of the title character in 'The Woman Who Rode Away' under a barely metaphoric totem: a giant icicle in the shape of what Millett insists is both Lawrence's 'god' and 'his weapon' (291). In fact, her characterisation of the victimisers in 'None of That' is Lawrence's own. And it is he who depicts the slaughterers in the second story as drug-crazed phallo-centrists.

However, as 'The Princess' shows most clearly, mindless machismo is not these women's only enemy: they are also victims of excesses of intellect Lawrence usually regretted – rather than resented – more in women than in men. In fact, he often depicts men as beyond redemption because of certain 'mind-forged manacles'. Correlatively, he shows this enslavement to be one cost to women who want to be more like men. This realisation is only one of those that give Annie Stone pause when she and her cohort are on the verge of asserting themselves too definitively against the thoroughly unliberated John Thomas. There is the suspicion on the part of some that Lawrence is merely trying to intimidate, perhaps even flatter, these women into keeping to the place men have prescribed for them. However, there is less justice than these critics claim in damning Lawrence with the faint praise of being as cunning as John Thomas, at a game that is even more subtly exploitative: using women to paint his self-portrait.

In fact, this projection of himself through them is more worthy of compliment than condemnation. A compelling case can be made that the writer who identifies with the very masculine John Thomas cannot dissociate himself from Annie Stone either, that what unites the story is its author's split allegiance between this man and this woman. Indeed, it is fair to invoke in defence of this story's achievement Lawrence's contention that such simplistic compartmentalisation of the sexes denies the complex equilibrium he maintained much better in his art than in his life. Unarguably there were chauvinistic excesses in the man, which the most dispassionate studies of this struggle in Lawrence's life attribute to overcompensation for his own female proclivities.<sup>2</sup>

Pursuits of psychological causes make for fascinating reading, and it is a great temptation to rely on them when the art isn't easy to interpret. Too many psychological and political studies, however, are concerned more with the root of Lawrence's problem than with the artistic result of his near obsessive probing into the dynamics of sexual behaviour. The result is stories that often show more understanding and sympathy for women than men.

That result only occurs, Millett contends, when the men are such as Lawrence has good or bad reason to despise. Thus, it does not mitigate for her the anti-feminism she sees emerging well before the overtly autobiographical hero of *Sons and Lovers* allegedly murders his own mother to achieve that 'level of power to which adult male status is supposed to entitle him' (247-8).<sup>3</sup> And she accuses Paul Morel of being only less cruel to the other women in his life, insulting Clara, the active feminist, with taunts of penis envy, and browbeating Miriam more literally: throwing in her face a pencil whose symbolism, Millett insists, not even Lawrence could have been unaware of.

With respect to Miriam, Millett might have done better by her cause simply to paraphrase the remark of Freud, godfather of all her sworn enemies, about his cigars: sometimes a pencil is only a pencil. For in Lawrence's all too capable hands this writing instrument might seem a doubly effective weapon whose offensive and defensive capabilities are both seemingly well evidenced in his re-writing of autobiographical fact, for other than literary purposes. There are indisputable examples of wish-fulfilment in Lawrence's fiction, such as Paul Morel's being nearly worshipped by the 'girls' at Jordan's factory rather than made sport of, as allegedly his creator was when he held that same job.

Though always somewhat insecure and immature as a man, as a mature writer Lawrence seems especially adept at using the verbal sword as an instrument not only of perhaps excusable wish fulfilment but of particularly vicious revenge. There seems no clearer indication of both capabilities than 'Tickets Please'. Here the fictional rehearsal of that trauma Lawrence himself supposedly underwent is apparently



resolved in a way that could not be further from biographical fact, with the ostensible triumph of the prerogatives of the male at the clear expense of women whose manifest destiny is to be wronged more than once over. Certainly they are wronged by Freud, if he truly believed their destiny was encoded in their anatomy – in blunter terms, that to be born female is to be born castrated. They are surely wronged a second time by their immediate adversary John Thomas, whose name is in effect a reverse eponym, deriving from the local idiom for that primary distinguisher of gender he is tremendously fearful about protecting.

The result of his frantic effort to protect all that this accident of birth entails seems a happy one for him, but not for the women who have discovered in themselves a degree of rather militant feminism. There is no doubt that even the most assertive of them, Annie, is subdued. Understanding precisely what has disarmed them is crucial to an understanding of the sexual politics in more than just this story.

One view says it is shock at 'the irrationality of their own behaviour' (Lainoff 651). More specifically, another says the cause of their shock is 'the intensity of their female sexuality', which nearly defeats the very thing they most admire and envy in him – his exuberant sexuality (Trilling 674). This story can't be understood apart from its many ironies. The only conclusion that can be drawn from the above readings enforces what seems the most important of them, and to some the saddest: the women have done more to disarm themselves than John Thomas has.

Commenting on the leader of this phalanx, a kindred reading says in more general terms that Annie realizes she has somehow or other 'spoilt a happy, natural relationship' (Pinion 32). Breen, however, insists there is nothing either happy or natural about it. Lawrence, she says, meant to confirm that Freud was right: the essential reality of sexual politics is a male genital power that, amongst other prerogatives, gives John Thomas the exclusive right to any and all choosing, on his own terms. Of course, as a true feminist, Breen believes this power Annie is supposedly too weak to combat has no basis in fact. For her it is the fantasy of a writer who perceived his primary inheritance from his father to be not a robust imagination but insufficient strength to combat women like those in 'Tickets, Please'.

Up to a certain point in the story their power has not been seriously intimidating. Yes, the younger men are taken to task for trying to ride without tickets and the older not so much for flirting as for blaspheming on the trams the women see, despite themselves, as in some respects extensions of the room back at the terminal to which they've added some nice domestic touches. But from the start this discipline was always good-natured. It is overwhelmed, however, in the ugly episode near the story's end.

If it were the end there would be no alternative to seeing this story as John Thomas's, not theirs, and his victory and their unqualified defeat. In fact, the most important moments in the story occur after his departure. In this final scene the women do seem stymied in part by their discovery in themselves of a thoroughly undomesticated erotic power that at least temporarily terrifies John Thomas. But as Keith Cushman points out, Lawrence has given their adversary an erotic power of his own more than equal to his fear: 'Though .... battered in body, the power of male sexuality prevents his destruction' (31). Nor does it surprise some that Lawrence begrudges these women a power marked only by their unfeminine dress and masculine bravado, both of which they will be made to surrender, the uniforms at the end of the war, the deeper mark of their liberation wrested away by Lawrence much sooner.

There is, however, another construction that can be put upon the story's resolution, an alternative to viewing the climax as the women's defeat, and their defeat as John Thomas's victory over a fear Richard Wheeler's Freudian interpretation of the story traces back in Lawrence far beyond anything that might have occurred in a factory storeroom. Unlike this in many respects compelling psychological reading, the story can be seen as focusing not on John Thomas but on one of his adversaries in particular. Those, such as Kate Millett, who so easily explain away Ursula Brangwen's primacy in *The Rainbow* to default – the absence of any male embodiment of Lawrencean values – are here faced with a more formidable challenge: Annie's always being in sharper focus than her adversary. And longer: there when the story ends, as he is not.

Of course, her receiving considerably more of the author's attention, even his sympathy, doesn't automatically bespeak unqualified endorsement of the action she instigates, an action at least one staunchly feminist interpretation insists has a most happy result: 'By bonding together to humiliate the promiscuous male the women have indeed broken several taboos of patriarchy, and their sense of the enormity of what they have done is justified. They have attacked the double standard and their own status as sexual objects', as well as 'the notion that women are incapable of solidarity and must always compete with each other when a man is at stake' (Simpson 69).

Such praise of Lawrence is well deserved. However, this specific reading of 'Tickets Please' is as incomplete as every other. While Simpson's focus on the women is appropriate, her clear implication that finally they have no reason to be anything but well satisfied with themselves is inaccurate. For she ignores the ambivalence in these women that Wheeler sees only in John Thomas, and this is to ignore what arguably is Lawrence's main interest and greatest achievement in this tale. Surely it might fairly be argued that it is not these taboos of which Simpson speaks that get broken



but the women's individual spirits. As to any solidarity, even as they temporarily close ranks against their common adversary it is clear that the women are divided still by the secret hope of each that 'he would look at her' (45).

If Annie no longer shares this hope, it is because, as the story tells us, 'something was broken in her' (45). Breen is certain the particular something is any illusion of gender equality. Admittedly this women's militia do appear insufficiently armed: their heroic behaviour on the job (a heroism the narrator's initial tone perhaps mocks?) doesn't seem to have the undivided support even of their own true temper and ultimate interest. It is their boon and their bane that they are self-divided, that they hunger for independence, 'dash and recklessness' (36), and 'wild romance' (35), but also covet what an unliberated male writer in a patriarchal society certainly would not begrudge them: the opportunity during that slack time between ten and one to concern themselves with hats and dresses.

Simpson sees these women as well on their way to liberation from patriarchy. To other feminist critics, however, it seems to be only in defence of patriarchy that Lawrence has the women willingly compromise a new-found freedom whose most dramatic manifestation is sexual. While there is no doubt Lawrence is happy they have done so, his motive might be worthy more of the degree of praise Simpson accords him than the blame Breen insists on.

What subdues the women, Breen contends, is their realisation of their gender inferiority. Annie's disappointment seems to have a different source, however. Her disappointment over their failure to best their adversary is no greater than her disappointment over the very attempt. And although the defeat goes deeper than that, in it is more than a taint of victory, if not in Simpson's simple terms. Yes, they have shown themselves to be terribly vulnerable, but this vulnerability makes them not only more sympathetic artistically but Cuddy's superior morally. It is a moral strength that ultimately they are not equipped to battle against John Thomas on his own terms. Lawrence might well have envied John Thomas's sexual power but finally he shows this man's attitude to be anything but an enviable armour. And finally he indicates profound respect for these women whose sexual dalliance is not always an end in itself, as for their adversary it must always be. Lawrence shows that these more complete human beings are able to alternate between, if not yet fully integrate, male-like bravado and its opposite: quiet talk; dreams shared; in short, what are mistakenly characterised as essentially feminine values.

A deeper motive for the various misbehaviours of the men on the trams might be a need to assert their freedom against the authority of such values, which might seem to threaten a kind of emasculation. The women's emulation of the men's behaviour while on the trams perhaps has a closely complementary motive at times: an attempt

to get beyond a condition of total effemination. At other times this same half-serious, half-not aggression seems intended to redress the men for a cruder version of their own reckless behaviour. But whatever their motive or mix of motives, the women's manner copies the humour that makes the men's behaviour always less insulting than flattering.

However, their totally humourless attack on John Thomas at the terminal is for Lawrence an unacceptable means of reproof to behaviour that is less flattering than insulting. Their attempt to impose what are inaccurately called feminine values results not in a triumphant emasculation but in an emulation Lawrence finds not just frightening but sad. This use of excessively masculine means in their assault upon this man who would be too much so by Lawrence's sometimes liberated standard is close to an unwitting imitation of his behaviour – and thus a near legitimisation of it. In disappointing Annie's 'intelligent interest' (39) this man has subverted something more – and to Lawrence more important – than anything advocated or expropriated by the period's most active feminists. But if he is no model of what a man should be, this all too fierce feminism can be no model of what women should be and perhaps in turn could teach men.

It is not a refutation of Lawrence's essential sympathy with these women to say that finally he holds them more responsible for violating the fine spirit of that room in the terminal, which they have made a far more attractive environment than that factory storeroom where a young Lawrence's masculinity was found wanting according to a standard women learned from men. The ambience of their room is a cosiness of a sort even now associated almost exclusively with women. The men on the trams would not make it but they do enjoy its pale imitation on wheels, especially when the night outside is 'howlingly cold, black, and wind-swept' (35), and where in any weather there lurks what is as close as the other side of that terminal room's door: 'the darkness and lawlessness of war-time' (40).

To ask which manifestation of this lawlessness in 'Tickets Please' most disturbed Lawrence might not only help focus the general debate about his sexual politics but perhaps help resolve it. With the best of intentions, defenders will claim it is John Thomas's morally and emotionally lawless behaviour, his refusal to become 'an all-round individual' to Annie, that Lawrence deplores (39).<sup>4</sup> Although this argument would be accurate, it would be inadequate. For the truth is that a violation by the women is his main concern. Detractors more enlightened than Millett would gladly agree that it is the conduct of the women while on the trams. Admittedly the always insecure Lawrence did say some extremely unliberated things about women replacing men in the work force during the Great War, but it isn't easy to find overt misogyny in this fictional treatment of that phenomenon. In fact, the narrative tone while the women are at work is downright jaunty. What Lawrence regrets is not their



good-natured aggression on the trams but their behaviour off them. The keen understanding of the psychology behind their assault on John Thomas could only derive from close sympathy. Though he sympathises, however, finally this pro-woman writer cannot condone what an extreme feminist might easily endorse. The reason has less to do with Lawrence's deep-seated psychological fear of women than his high moral admiration for them.

What he does not admire is an imitative behaviour the women surely do not intend as the sincerest form of flattery, any more than they intend to demean that finer sensibility reflected only inadequately in their little 'haven of refuge' within an environment otherwise characterised as 'ugly' (34).

The unfortunate, and unintended, double irony resulting from their vicious attempt to get their own back against this man's man by a man's means is not made any more cutting by Lawrence because of what they attempt to do to his alter-ego within that threatening room Wheeler sees as a virtually womb-like enclosure. By the same token, it is not made any less so because this feminine version of male sexual aggression rightly succeeds in turning the infuriating independence of Cuddy (as he's called in their own gesture of impudence) into a fear more powerful than any assertion of an official authority that is the entitlement of an accident of gender.

Simpson sees this story as a major political victory for the women, Breen as a terrible defeat in the same terms, and Wheeler sees it as a psychological victory for John Thomas, at least a hard-won stalemate. What they all overlook is the moral victory one of the women has snatched for herself and Lawrence. What makes it a moral victory has to do not with anything John Thomas wittingly or unwittingly forces Annie Stone to acknowledge but her own recognition of a profounder reality: in essential character she and her cohort are not Midlands Amazons ready to sacrifice a breast in order to increase their military preparedness, nor modern-day Maenads eager to divide the enemy from his chief weapon. To mix into the metaphor more of that mythic resonance at which Lawrence was so adept, they are not even willing to destroy this Nottinghamshire Priapus by entirely disavowing their need of him.

The women are too sensitive not to be injured by Cuddy's behaviour. As I have said, however, at least one of the women is also too sensitive to ignore the wrong in returning the favour. Surely there is merit in their effort partly to feminise him, so to speak. But Annie comes to see that their immediate motive was too personal and, more important, their means too brutally masculine, to use this same convenient, if for Lawrence sorely misleading, shorthand. Her appreciation allows of no alternative to setting their captive free to turn into a psychological victory the stalemate the careful reader should see as closer to his moral defeat. The reader should also see their ostensible psychological defeat as having much about it of moral triumph,

allowed them by a writer indisposed to hand out unqualified victories even to his male alter-egos, even at the height – perhaps better said, in the depths – of his infatuation with the concept of male leadership.

Critics of Breen's persuasion do not accept Cushman's contention that even in this period of his life Lawrence 'undercuts the notion of male authority'. They are even less inclined to accept whatever degree of conditionality Cushman intends in adding, 'if it is an ideal he is striving for' (38). For them there is no 'if' in this writer who refuses the women tickets to this game only a man can play – at least fairly. As Breen points out, he must, of course, pay for the tickets. In this story, literally: for the rides on the Dragons and hippodrome at the Statutes fair, 'John Thomas paid each time, so she could but be complaisant' (37).

The women are far from complaisant, however, when they are back supervising the riders on the trams. Breen is wrong to hear nothing but servility in the tone with which they speak the story's title. On the contrary, often there is precious little civility in it. This is particularly true in the case of Annie, whose tone sometimes barely conceals an attitude Lawrence characterises as not just 'peremptory' (35) but aggressive, even combative. An open ear will hear in this tone something other than total humiliation, and in Lawrence's something other than 'habitual misogyny' (Breen 72).

Of course, as Lawrence experienced first hand, there is a kind of humiliation inevitable in any committed relationship – more so if the inclination to commitment is all on one side. No one felt it more than Lawrence. Over and again he insisted love should be 'secondary to freedom' (Nehls 1, 500), but for all his talk of 'isolate selfhood' over and again his stories show the sexes terribly dependent upon one another.

For all Lawrence's fears and frustrations, 'Tickets Please' is not the triumph of the misogynist cleverly preaching 'phallic consciousness' through a female viewpoint (Millett 338). On the contrary, he is committed, as Blanchard again observes only in general terms, to 'the balance and equilibrium to be achieved through the presentation of many point of view' ('Portrait' 284). Janice Harris concurs: generalising from the conflict in 'Monkey Nuts', she sees the eternal battle between male and female in the short fiction as typically between freedom and responsibility. As she rightly insists, Lawrence 'shows no favour to either side', conceiving of them as 'equally valid psychological principles' (139). In fact, 'Tickets Please' shows an even subtler working out of this conflict: it is not just between genders, even between individuals. What makes this tale the triumph not of the devious sexual politician but of an artist scrupulously honest – sometimes in spite of himself – is how much he lessens the polarity between the sexes by his masterful depiction of it within the individual psyche, female as well as male.



Wheeler does see this story as dramatising the struggle for internal balance, but within John Thomas not Annie Stone. For Wheeler this struggle reflects Lawrence's unresolved ambivalence toward his mother: 'In his ceaseless struggle to create images of manhood which could subdue in life and art the force of his mother's hold over him, but which confirm the old bond even as they attempt to break it, Lawrence, like John Thomas, is "cunning in his overthrow"' (249). This interpretation might be a fair analysis of Lawrence's psychological motive but not of his artistic result. To ignore the importance – indeed, the centrality – of Annie is to ignore the story's highest achievement, one serving a cause beyond Lawrence's enduring Oedipal anxieties.

This story is a success in both dramatic and moral terms because Lawrence located the conflict within a single person. Wheeler might be entirely correct to hypothesise a terrific struggle within the psyche of John Thomas. What Lawrence dramatises, however, is Annie's struggle. Freud has made that of John Thomas understandable. Lawrence, however, has helped us at least to begin to sympathise with the much more admirable one Annie is engaged in by the end of the story. It is one her immediate adversary is in no shape – indeed, not even around – to appreciate. He has fled. More precisely, he has been allowed to, since Annie's surrendering the key to his physical freedom is not entirely attributable to his cleverness. Of course, for all his desperation he never loses all self-control: though his pride has been deeply wounded, he does successfully escape emotional commitment. Of course, this also means he has turned away from the complex truths that go with it.

The reader is left with Annie, whose understanding of the truths provoked by Lawrence's own ambivalences and established through his story's many ironies is greater than anyone has given her credit for. For surely Lawrence does not mean to include her entirely in that final image of 'mute, stupefied faces' (45). She is not numbed, but 'as if in torture', at the last left entirely alone with an exquisite disappointment in the games played by both sexes. This feeling quickly becomes a disgust that just as quickly transforms into a 'bitter hopelessness' over the failure of both herself and her otherwise greedy adversary to seize the opportunity they are given. She is left alone with that shared failure, with that truth whose eloquent articulation in the posthumously published essay 'We Need One Another' could well serve as epitaph to the battle won and lost on both sides in this story: 'We are all individualists: we are all egoists: we all believe intensely in freedom, our own at all events. We want to be absolute, and sufficient unto ourselves'. Lawrence goes on to say that 'We don't mind airily picking and choosing ... But to have to come down to admitting' an absolute dependence 'is terribly humiliating to our isolated conceit'. In spite of this, his final counsel is his first: 'We may as well admit it: men and women need one another' (*Phoenix* 188).

Divided as they are, the sexes must accept union. Of course, the compelling interest of 'Tickets Please' is not John Thomas's successful avoidance of union but Annie's appreciation of her self-division, which is Lawrence's own, but this tale's ultimate unity.<sup>5</sup> The culmination of this story is not Cuddy's perhaps not so clever escape from the clutches of the women but Annie's fast growing understanding of the implications of narrator's injunction to all the characters to 'take things as you find them in this life' (338). When she tries to, her realism is defeated by his fantasy. But there is a much more important irony: what makes Annie John Thomas's superior is what makes her suffer: her growing understanding of the complex reasons for her apparent defeat. This suffering was shared by her creator, who has been credited with an understanding of female sexuality superior even to any woman writer's by Carol Dix, who adds, 'here is liberation of women in a subtle fashion' (81). His sympathetic understanding and subtle portrayal of psychological costs of that liberation warrants equal praise.

## NOTES

1. Harry T. Moore in *The Priest of Love* compares the 'rough gang' of female hands to that 'savage' lot in 'Tickets Please' for removing the young Lawrence's trousers to satisfy their mock doubts regarding his gender (43). Moore's source, George Neville, thought the episode traumatic enough to have been the cause of a serious physical illness in his overly sensitive and sexually insecure young acquaintance.
2. 'I believe', H.M. Daleski says in *The Forked Flame*, 'that Lawrence initially made a strenuous effort to reconcile the male and female elements in himself, but that he was more strongly feminine than masculine and that he was unable to effect such a reconciliation. I suggest furthermore that his insistence in the *Fantasia* on an absolute degree of masculinity is evidence of an extreme reaction, a refusal even to acknowledge the existence of feminine components in his make-up'. As a result of this failure, Daleski contends, there was 'an extreme reaction' (33). This reaction was especially marked during the war years when, as in 'Tickets Please', women entered – sometimes with a vengeance – what had once been an exclusively male preserve. Arguably, this social phenomenon has as much bearing as the cataclysmic war on what Paul Delany calls *D.H. Lawrence's Nightmare*, which quotes a particularly desperate Lawrence perversely likening this occupational infringement to 'the horrible swallowing of her young by the woman' (281). As its title suggests, Judith Ruderman's *D.H. Lawrence and the Devouring Mother* explores widely and deeply the implications of this sort of remark.
3. Millett is not alone in this view, though more balanced criticism goes no further than Mark Spilka's talking of Paul's 'unconscious stake in hastening her death' (192).
4. In 'Give Her a Pattern' Lawrence approaches this failing the other way round, attacking 'all the atrocious patterns of womanhood that men have supplied to woman; patterns all perverted from any real natural fullness of a human being. Man is willing to accept woman as an equal, as a man in skirts, as an angel, a devil, a baby-face, a machine, an instrument, a bosom, a womb, a pair of legs, a servant, an encyclopedia, an ideal or an obscenity; the one thing he won't accept her as is a human being, a real human being of the feminine sex' (39).
5. In his review of a new biography of Goethe, George Steiner puts that writer in the company of



'a handful of absolutely supreme begetters in Western thought and art' for his ability to 'focus on his perceptions and productions a bisexuality more less natural to all of us but ... more concentrated, more united in division' (114). Perhaps this phrase is the most apposite epigraph not just for that battle fought between the sexes but that struggle within each of the two major combatants and within the writer who created them.

## WORKS CITED

- Blanchard, Lydia, 'Portrait of a Genius And ...', *D.H. Lawrence Review*, 10.3 (1977), pp. 277-85).
- , 'Love and Power: A Reconsideration of Sexual Politics in D.H. Lawrence', *Modern Fiction Studies*, 21.3 (1975), pp. 431-43.
- Breen, Judith, 'D.H. Lawrence, World War I and the Battle between the Sexes: A Reading of "The Blind Man" and "Tickets, Please"', *Women's Studies*, 13.1-2 (1986), pp. 63-74.
- Cushman, Keith, 'The Achievement of *England, My England and Other Stories*' in *D.H. Lawrence: The Man Who Lived*, ed. Robert Partlow Jr and Harry T. Moore (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1965).
- Daleski, H.M., *The Forked Flame* (London: Faber & Faber, 1965).
- Delany, Paul, *D.H. Lawrence's Nightmare* (New York: Basic Books, 1978).
- Dix, Carol, *D.H. Lawrence and Women* (Totowa, N J: Rowman & Littlefield, 1980).
- Harris, Janice, *The Short Fiction of D.H. Lawrence* (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1984).
- Lainoff, Seymour, 'The Wartime Setting of "Tickets, Please"', *Studies in Short Fiction*, 7.4 (1970), pp. 649-51.
- Lawrence, D.H., 'Tickets, Please' in *England, My England and Other Stories*, ed. Bruce Steele (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), pp. 34-45.
- , 'Give Her a Pattern' in *Assorted Articles* (London: Secker, 1930).
- , *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence*, vol.1: 1901-13, ed. James T. Boulton (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979).
- , *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence*, vol. 2: 1913-16, ed. George J. Zytaruk and James T. Boulton (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981).
- , *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence* vol.3: 1916-21, ed. James T. Boulton and Andrew Robertson (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984).
- , *Phoenix: the Posthumous Papers of D.H. Lawrence*, ed. Edward D. McDonald (London: Heinemann, 1936).
- Lawrence, Frieda, 'Not I, But the Wind....' (New York: Viking Press, 1934).
- Millett, Kate, *Sexual Politics* (New York: Doubleday, 1970).
- Moore, Harry T., *The Priest of Love: A Life of D.H. Lawrence*, revised edition (New York: Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, 1974).
- Nehls, Edward (ed), *D.H. Lawrence: A Composite Biography*, vol. 1 (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1957).
- Pinion, F B, *A D.H. Lawrence Companion* (London: Macmillan, 1978).
- Pullen Faith, 'Lawrence's Treatment of Women' in *Lawrence and Women* ed. Anne Smith (London: Vision Press, 1978), pp. 49-73.
- Ruderman, Judith, *D.H. Lawrence and the Devouring Mother* (Durham: Duke University Press, 1984).
- Simpson, Hilary, *D.H. Lawrence and Feminism* (De Kalb: Northern Illinois University Press, 1982).
- Spilka, Mark, 'On Lawrence's Hostility to Wilful Women' in *Lawrence and Women* ed. Anne Smith (London: Vision Press, 1978), pp. 189-211.
- Steiner, George, 'Long Day's Journey Into Light', *New Yorker*, 23 September 1991, pp. 1095-115.
- Trilling, Lionel, *The Experience of Literature* (New York: Holt, Rinehart, Winston, 1967), pp. 772-4).
- Wheeler, Richard, 'Cunning in His Overthrow: Give and Take in "Tickets, Please"', *D.H. Lawrence Review*, 10.3 (1977), pp. 242-50.

## LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER: TENDERNESS AND THE HOLY GHOST

Chong-wha Chung

The hero is obsolete, and the leader of men is a back number. After all, at the back of the hero is the militant ideal: and the militant ideal, or the ideal militant, seems to me also a cold egg. We're sort of sick of all forms of militarism ... [T]he leader-cum-follower relationship is a bore. And the new relationship will be some sort of tenderness, sensitive, between men and men and men and women, not the one up one down, lead on I follow, ich dien sort of business. (*Letters* 6, 321)

Most Lawrence critics and scholars have accepted without question Lawrence's observations in this famous letter to Witter Bynner, written on 13 March 1928. Critics seem to believe that in the last phase of his career Lawrence turned unambiguously to the theme of tenderness between men and women. It is true that in the leadership novels Lawrence exhausted the drama of male superiority and the aristocratic political system. It is also true that in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928) Mellors vehemently declares that the right relation between man and woman is 'the core of life'. In this context Mark Spilka says that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a complete return to 'the central theme of his work, the love ethic' (178), and John Worthen finds in *The Plumed Serpent* (1926) 'few seeds which could germinate in another novel' (168). Graham Hough even more forcefully separates the leadership novels from the works which followed when he says that 'Lawrence now gives up the worry about leadership, mastery over men' (149).

My essay raises some questions about this assumption. Has Lawrence returned completely to his earlier emphasis on the relationship between man and woman? Has he entirely discarded his leadership ideas, grounded in the man-to-man relationship? Does he really break altogether new ground in the works that follow *The Plumed Serpent*?

My answer to these questions is that critics and scholars have overlooked Lawrence's true intentions in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. He does not abandon his social concerns or the man-to-man relationship. Instead he denounces all forms of militarism and militantism, and 'the one up one down' relationship between men and men, and between men and women. The spirit of military discipline,