

The First Women in Love



“The greatest imaginative novelist of our generation.”

E.M. Forster

“It is a wonderful novel by a writer who
created his own narrative voice.”

Philippa Gregory

“What beauties the book contains! There are many pages in it
so saturated with warm and lovely intimacies
that one reads absorbed.”

The Guardian

“The greatest writer of the century.”

Philip Larkin

“He’s an intoxicator... Has there ever been anyone like him
for bringing places and people so vividly to life?”

Doris Lessing

“The point with Lawrence is never to be afraid of going too
far, is always to push, push, push. In the pushing process,
Lawrence writes one of the most truly and thoroughly
poetic novels in English.”

Toby Litt

“*Women in Love* is a work of genius. It contains characters
which are masterpieces of pure creation.”

New Statesman

ONEWORLD CLASSICS

The First Women in Love

D.H. Lawrence



ONEWORLD
CLASSICS

ONEWORLD CLASSICS LTD
London House
243-253 Lower Mortlake Road
Richmond
Surrey TW9 2LL
United Kingdom
www.oneworldclassics.com

The First Women in Love first published in 1998 by Cambridge University Press
© 1998 by The Estate of Frieda Lawrence Ravagli
This edition first published by Oneworld Classics Limited in 2007
Notes and background material © Oneworld Classics Ltd, 2007

Printed in Great Britain by TJ International Ltd, Padstow, Cornwall

ISBN-13: 978-1-84749-005-6
ISBN-10: 1-84749-005-0

All the pictures in this volume are reprinted with permission or presumed to be in the public domain. Every effort has been made to ascertain and acknowledge their copyright status, but should there have been any unwitting oversight on our part, we would be happy to rectify the error in subsequent printings.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the publisher. This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be resold, lent, hired out or otherwise circulated without the express prior consent of the publisher.

The Forest Stewardship Council (FSC) is an international, non-governmental organization dedicated to promoting responsible management of the world's forests. FSC operates a system of forest certification and product labelling that allows consumers to identify wood and wood-based products from well-managed forests. For more information about the FSC, please visit the website at www.fsc-uk.org.

Contents

The First Women in Love	1
<i>Note on the Text and Illustrations</i>	441
<i>Notes</i>	441
Extra Material	455
<i>D.H. Lawrence's Life</i>	457
<i>D.H. Lawrence's Works</i>	469
<i>Screen Adaptations</i>	480
<i>Select Bibliography</i>	481

The First Women in Love

1

URSULA AND GUDRUN BRANGWEN sat one morning in the large window-bay of their father's house in Beldover, working and talking. Ursula was stitching a piece of brightly-coloured embroidery, and Gudrun was drawing upon a board which she held on her knee. They were mostly silent, talking as their thoughts strayed through their minds.

"Ursula," said Gudrun, "don't you *really want* to get married?"

Ursula laid her embroidery in her lap and looked up. Her face was calm and considerate.

"I don't know," she replied. "It all depends what you mean."

Gudrun was slightly taken aback. She watched her sister for some moments.

"Well," she said, huffily, "it usually means one thing!—But don't you think, anyhow, you'd be"—she frowned slightly—"well, in a better position than you are in now?"

A shadow came over Ursula's face.

"I might," she said. "But I'm not sure."

Again Gudrun paused, baffled, slightly irritated. She wanted to solve her own questions by putting them to her sister.

"You don't think one needs the *experience* of having been married?" she asked.

"Do you think it need *be* an experience?" replied Ursula.

"Bound to be, in one way or another," said Gudrun. "Possibly undesirable, but bound to be an experience of some sort."

"Not really," retorted Ursula. "More likely to be the end of experience."

Gudrun sat very still, to attend to this.

"Of course," she said, "there's *that* to consider—"

This brought the conversation to a close. Gudrun, almost angrily, took up her rubber and began to rub out part of her drawing. Ursula stitched absorbedly.

“You wouldn’t even accept a good offer?” said Gudrun.

“I think I’ve rejected several,” said Ursula.

“Really! A decent man and a decent establishment? Have you really?”

“A thousand a year, and an awfully nice man. I liked him awfully,” said Ursula.

“Really! But weren’t you fearfully tempted?”

“In the abstract, but not in the concrete,” replied Ursula. “When it comes to the point, one isn’t even tempted. Oh, if I were tempted, I’d marry like a shot.—I’m only tempted *not* to.” The faces of both sisters shone with a transcendent amusement.

“Isn’t it an amazing thing,” cried Gudrun, “how strong the temptation is, not to marry?”

They both laughed, looking at each other. In their hearts, they were frightened.

There was a long pause, whilst Ursula stitched and Gudrun went on with her sketch. The sisters were women, Ursula twenty-six and Gudrun twenty-five. But both had the remote, virgin look of modern girls, sisters of Artemis rather than of Hebe.* Gudrun was very beautiful, passive, soft-skinned, soft-limbed. She wore a dress of dark-blue silky stuff, with ruches of blue silk lace in the neck and sleeves; and she had cherry-coloured stockings. Her look of confidence and diffidence contrasted with Ursula’s sensitive expectancy. The provincial people, intimidated by Gudrun’s perfect sang-froid and simple bareness of manner, said of her: “She is a smart woman.” She had just come back from London, where she had spent several years, working at an art-school, as a student, and living a studio life.

“I was preparing myself to make a creditable match,” she said, suddenly catching her underlip between her teeth, as if she were hurt by disappointment.

Ursula was afraid to be too serious.

“So you have come home, to find the man?” she laughed.

“Oh my dear,” said Gudrun, “I wouldn’t go out of my way to look for him. But if there did happen to come along a highly attractive individual of considerable means, and we caught fire like anything, you know, with each other—I might immolate myself.—” She seemed wistful. “I’m

getting bored,” she went on, in pathetic complaint. “Things don’t seem to materialise with me, I find. There’s so much that just withers in the bud.”

“So much of what?” asked Ursula.

“Oh, everything—oneself—things in general.”

There was a pause, whilst each sister vaguely considered her fate.

“It does frighten one,” said Ursula, and again there was a pause. “But do you hope to get anywhere by just marrying?”

“It seems to be the inevitable next step,” said Gudrun.

Ursula pondered this, with a little bitterness. She was a class mistress herself, in Willey Green Grammar School, as she had been for some years.

“I know,” she said, “it seems like that when one thinks in the abstract. But really imagine it: a home of one’s own, one’s own set, oneself like a picture framed and hung up, finished!—I always feel it is selling one’s soul—except for children—and I don’t believe in marrying for the sake of having children.”

“Certainly not,” said Gudrun. “I am certainly not willing to live vicariously—which is what motherhood amounts to.”

“It seems to me really cowardly,” said Ursula, “to expect *children* to make a life, where one has failed oneself.”

“Decidedly!” cried Gudrun. “But then I don’t look to children to fulfil *my* life. I simply know they wouldn’t.—But doesn’t one need the experience?”

Gudrun looked at Ursula with a long, slow smile. Ursula knitted her brows.

“No,” she faltered, “don’t you think one *knows* it already?”

A hardness came over Gudrun’s face. She did not want to admit this.

“There’s such a great *quantity* of human life,” said Ursula, “and it all seems to *mean* nothing.”

Again Gudrun looked at her sister, almost hostile.

“Exactly,” she said, to close the conversation.

The two sisters worked on in silence, Ursula having always that strange brightness of an essential flame that was caught, meshed, contravened. She lived a good deal by herself, to herself, working, passing on from day to day, and always thinking, trying to lay hold on life, to grasp it in her own understanding. Her active living was suspended, but underneath, in the darkness, something was coming to pass. If only she could break through the last integuments, to enter into a new life. She seemed to

try to put her hands out, like an infant in the womb, and she could not, not yet. Still she had a strange prescience, an intimation of something beyond, yet to come.

She laid down her work and looked at her sister. She thought Gudrun so *charming*, so infinitely charming, in her softness and her fine, exquisite richness of texture and delicacy of line. There was a certain playfulness about her too, such a piquancy of ironic suggestion, an untouched reserve. Ursula admired her with all her soul.

“Why did you come home, Prune?”* she asked.

Gudrun knew she was being admired. She sat back from her drawing and looked at Ursula, from under her finely-curved lashes.

“Why did I come back, Ursula?” she repeated. “I have asked myself, a thousand times.”

“And don’t you know?”

“Yes, I think I do. I think my coming back home was a *reculer pour mieux sauter*.”*

And she looked with a long, slow look of knowledge at Ursula.

“I know!” cried Ursula, looking slightly dazzled and falsified, and as if she did *not* know. “But where can one jump *to*?”

“Oh, it doesn’t matter,” said Gudrun, somewhat superbly. “If one jumps over the edge, one is bound to land somewhere.”

“But isn’t it very risky?” asked Ursula.

A slow, mocking smile dawned on Gudrun’s face.

“Ah!” she said, laughing. “What is it all but words!”

And so again she closed the conversation. But Ursula was still brooding.

“And how do you find home, now you have come back to it?” she asked.

Gudrun paused for some moments, coldly, before answering. Then, in a cold, truthful voice, she said:

“I find myself completely out of it.”

“And father?”

Gudrun looked at Ursula, almost with resentment, as if brought to bay.

“I haven’t thought about him: I’ve refrained,” she said coldly.

“Yes” wavered Ursula; and the conversation was really at an end. The sisters found themselves confronted by a void, as if they had looked over the edge.

They worked on in silence for some time. Gudrun's cheek was flushed with repressed emotion. She resented its having been called into being.

"Shall we go out and look at that wedding?" she asked at length, in a voice that was too casual.

"Yes!" cried Ursula, too eagerly, throwing aside her sewing and leaping up, as if to escape something, thus betraying the tension of the situation, and causing a friction of dislike to go over Gudrun's nerves.

As she went upstairs, Ursula was aware of the house, of her home round about her. And she loathed it, the sordid, too-familiar place! She was afraid herself at the depth of her feeling against the home, the milieu, the whole atmosphere and condition of this ancient life. Her feeling frightened her.

The two girls were soon walking swiftly down the main road of Beldover, a wide street, part shops, part dwelling houses, utterly formless and sordid, without poverty. Gudrun, new from her life in London, shrank cruelly from this amorphous ugliness of a small colliery town in the Midlands. Yet forward she went, through the whole sordid gamut of meanness, the long, amorphous, gritty street. She was exposed to every stare, she passed on through a stretch of base torment. It was strange that she should have chosen to come back and test the full effect of this shapeless, barren ugliness upon herself. Why had she wanted to submit herself to it, did she still want to submit herself to it, the insufferable torture of these ugly, meaningless people, this defiled countryside? She felt like a beetle toiling in the dust. She was filled with repulsion.

They turned off the main road, past a black patch of common-garden, where sooty cabbage stumps stood shameless. No one thought to be ashamed. No one was ashamed of it all.

"It is like a country in an underworld," said Gudrun. "The colliers bring it above-ground with them, shovel it up. Ursula, it's marvellous, it's really marvellous—it's really wonderful, another world. The people are all ghosts, and everything is ghostly. Everything is a ghostly replica of the real world, a replica, a ghost, all soiled, everything sordid. It's like being mad, Ursula."

The two sisters were crossing a black path through a dark, soiled field. On the left was a large landscape, a valley with collieries, and opposite hills with cornfields and woods, all blackened with distance, as if seen through a veil of crape. White and black smoke rose up in steady columns, magic within the dark air. Near at hand came the long rows of

dwellings, approaching curved up the hill-slope, in straight lines along the brow of the hill. They were of darkened red brick, brittle, with dark slate roofs.

The path on which the sisters walked was black, trodden in by the feet of the recurrent colliers, and bounded from the field by iron fences; the stile that led again into the road was rubbed shiny by the moleskins* of the passing miners. Now the two girls were going between some rows of dwellings, of the poorer sort. Women, their arms folded over their coarse aprons, standing gossiping at the ends of their block, stared after the Brangwen sisters with that long, unwearying stare of aborigines, children called out names.

Gudrun went on her way half dazed. If this were human life, if these were human beings, living in a complete world, then what was her own world, outside? She was aware of her rose-red stockings, her large, rose-red beaver hat, her full, soft coat, of a strong blue colour. And she felt as if she were treading in the air, quite unstable, her heart was contracted, as if at any minute she might be precipitated to the ground. She was afraid.

She clung to Ursula, who, through long usage was inured to this violation of a dark, incongruous, uncreated* world. But all the time her heart was crying, as if in the midst of some ordeal: "I want to go back, I want to go away, I want not to know it, not to know that this exists." Yet she must go forward.

Ursula could feel her suffering.

"You hate this, don't you?" she asked.

"It bewilders me," stammered Gudrun.

"You won't stay long," replied Ursula.

And Gudrun went along, grasping at release.

They drew away from the colliery region, over the curve of the hill, into the purer country of the other side, towards Willey Green. Still the faint glamour of blackness persisted over the fields and the wooded hills, and seemed to gleam in the air. It was a spring day, chill, with snatches of sunshine. Yellow celandines showed out from the hedge-bottoms, and in the cottage gardens of Willey Green, currant-bushes were breaking into leaf, and little flowers were coming white on the grey alyssum that hung over the stone walls.

Turning, they passed down the high-road, that went between high banks, towards the church. There, in the lowest bend of the road, low

under the trees and the wall of the church-yard, which was above their heads, stood a little group of expectant people, waiting to see the wedding. The daughter of the chief mine-owner of the district, Thomas Crich, was getting married to a naval officer.

“Let us go back,” said Gudrun, swerving away. “There are all those people.”

And she hung wavering in the road.

“Never mind them,” said Ursula, “they’re all right. They all know me, they won’t do anything.”

“But must we go through them?” asked Gudrun.

“They’re quite all right, really,” said Ursula, going forward.

And together the two sisters approached the group of uneasy, watchful common people. They were chiefly women, colliers’ wives of the more shiftless sort. They had watchful, underworld faces.

The two sisters held themselves tense, and went straight towards the gate. The women made way for them, but barely sufficient, as if grudging to yield ground. The sisters passed in silence through the stone gateway and up the steps, on the red carpet, a policeman estimating their progress.

“What price* the stockings!” said a voice at the back of Gudrun. A sudden fierce anger swept over the girl, violent and murderous. She would have liked them all to be annihilated, cleared away, so that the world was left clear for her. How she hated walking up the churchyard path, along the red carpet, continuing in motion, in their sight.

“I won’t go into the church,” she said suddenly, with such final decision that Ursula immediately halted, turned round, and branched off up a small side path which led to the little private gate of the Grammar School, whose grounds adjoined those of the church.

Just inside the gate of the school shrubbery, outside the churchyard, Ursula sat down for a moment on the low stone wall, under the laurel bushes, to rest. Behind her, the large red building of the school rose up peacefully, the windows all open for the holiday. Over the shrubs, before her, were the pale roofs and tower of the old church. The sisters were hidden by the foliage.

Gudrun sat down in silence. Her mouth was shut close, her face averted. She was regretting bitterly that she had ever come back. Ursula looked at her, and thought how amazingly beautiful she was, flushed with discomfiture. But she caused a constraint over Ursula’s nature, a

certain weariness. Ursula wished to be alone, freed from the tightness, the enclosure of Gudrun's presence.

"Are we going to stay here?" asked Gudrun.

"I was only resting a minute," said Ursula, getting up as if rebuked. "We will stand in the corner by the fives-court, we shall see everything from there."

For the moment, the sunshine fell brightly into the churchyard, there was a vague scent of sap and of spring, perhaps of violets from off the graves. Some white daisies were out, bright as angels. In the air, the unfolding leaves of a copper-beech were blood-red.

Punctually at eleven o'clock, the carriages began to arrive. There was a stir in the crowd at the gate, a concentration as a carriage drove up, wedding guests were mounting up the steps and passing along the red carpet to the church. They were all gay and excited because the sun was shining.

Gudrun watched them closely, with objective curiosity. She saw each one as a complete figure, like a character in a book, or a subject in a picture, or a marionette in a theatre, a finished creation. She loved to recognise their various characteristics, to place them in their true light, give them their own surroundings, estimate them perfectly as they passed before her along the path to the church. She knew them, they were finished, sealed and stamped and finished with, for her. There were none that had anything unknown, unresolved, until the Criches themselves began to appear. Then her interest was piqued. Here was something not quite so precluded.

There came the mother, Mrs Crich, with her eldest son Gerald. She was a queer unkempt figure, in spite of the attempts that had obviously been made to bring her into line for the day. Her face was pale, yellowish, with a clear, transparent skin, she leaned forward rather, her features were strongly marked, handsome, with a tense, unseeing, predatory* look. Her colourless hair was untidy, wisps floating down on to her sac coat of dark blue silk, from under her blue silk hat. She looked like a woman with a monomania, furtive almost, but heavily proud.

Her son was of a fair, sun-tanned type, rather above middle height, well-made, and noticeably well-dressed. But about him also was the strange, guarded look, the unconscious reserve, as if he did not belong to the same life as the people about him. "*His totem is the wolf,*" said Gudrun to herself, "a young, innocent, unconscious wolf." She wondered *how*

innocent, and how far untameable. She would like to know. He looked a man of twenty eight or thirty, but young, unbroached. His gleaming, unconscious candour, his curious look of good-humour, a certain attractive handsomeness, maleness, like a young, good-humoured wolf, did not blind her to the significant stillness in his bearing, the lurking danger of his cunning, indomitable temper. "His totem is the wolf." she repeated to herself. "His mother is an old, unbroken wolf." And then she experienced a keen paroxysm, a transport, as if she had made some incredible discovery, known to nobody else on earth. A strange transport took possession of her, all her veins were in a paroxysm of violent sensation. "Good God!" she exclaimed to herself, "this is a queer go!" And then, a moment after, she was saying assuredly, "I shall know more of that man." And the next minute she was tortured with desire to see him again, only to see him again, to be sure that all this was not a mistake, that she was not deluding herself, that she really had felt this strange and overwhelming sensation, this knowledge of him in her blood, this powerful *rapport* with him. "Am I *really* connected with him in some way, is there really something that singles us out to each other?" she asked herself. And she could not believe it, she remained in a muse, scarcely conscious of what was going on around.

The bridesmaids were here, and yet the bridegroom had not come. Ursula wondered if something was amiss, and if the wedding would yet all go wrong. She felt troubled, as if it rested upon her. The chief bridesmaids had arrived. Ursula watched them come up the steps. One of them she knew, a tall, slow, reluctant woman with heavy fair hair and pale, long face. This was Hermione Roddice, a friend of the Criches. Now she came along, with her head held up, balancing an enormous flat hat of pale yellow velvet, on which were streaks of ostrich feathers, natural and grey. She drifted forward as if perfectly aimless, her long, blenched face lifted up, not to see the world. She was rich. She wore a dress of silky, frail velvet, of pale yellow colour, and she carried a lot of small rose-coloured cyclamens. Her shoes and stockings were of brownish grey, like the feathers on her hat, her hair was heavy, she drifted along with a peculiar fixity of the hips, trailing, drifting. She was impressive, in her lovely pale-yellow and brownish-rose, yet macabre, like lovely horror. People were silent when she passed, impressed, roused, wanting to jeer, yet for some reason silenced. Her long, pale face, that she carried lifted up, somewhat in the Rossetti fashion,* seemed almost drugged, as if a

strange mass of thoughts coiled in the darkness within her, and she was never allowed to escape.

Ursula watched her with fascination. She knew her a little. She was the most remarkable woman in the midlands. Her father was a Derbyshire Baronet of the old school, she was a woman of the new school, full of intellectuality, and heavy, nerve-worn with consciousness. She was passionately interested in public affairs, her soul was given up to the public cause. But she was a man's woman, it was the manly world that held her.

She had various intimacies of mind and soul, with various men of capacity. Ursula knew, among these men, only Rupert Birkin, who was one of the school-inspectors for the county. But Gudrun had met others, in London. Moving with her artist friends in different kinds of society, Gudrun had already come to know a good many people of repute and standing. She had met Hermione twice, but they did not take to each other. It would be queer to meet again down here in the midlands, where their social standing was so diverse, after they had known each other on terms of equality in the houses of sundry acquaintances in town.* For Gudrun had been a social success, and had her friends among the slack aristocracy in restless London.

Hermione knew herself to be well-dressed; she knew herself to be the social equal, if not far the superior, of anyone she was likely to meet in Willey Green. She knew she was accepted in the world of culture and of intellect. She was a Kulturträger,* a medium for the culture of ideas. With all that was highest, whether in society or in thought or in public action, or even in art, she was at one, she moved among the foremost, at home with them. No one could put her down, no one could make mock of her, because she stood among the first, and those that were against her were below her, either in rank, or in wealth, or in high association of thought and progress and understanding. So, she was invulnerable. All her life, she had sought to make herself invulnerable, unassailable, beyond reach of the world's judgment.

And yet her soul was tortured, exposed. Even walking up the path to the church, confident as she was that in every respect she stood beyond all vulgar judgment, knowing perfectly that her appearance was complete and perfect, according to the first standards, yet she suffered a torture, under her confidence and her pride, feeling herself exposed to wounds and to mockery and to despise. She always felt vulnerable, vulnerable,

there was always a secret chink in her armour. She did not know herself what it was. It was a lack of confidence, she had no natural sufficiency, there was a terrible void, a lack, a deficiency of being within her.

And she wanted someone to close up this deficiency, to close it up for ever. She loved Rupert Birkin. When he was there, she felt complete, she was sufficient, whole. For the rest of time she was established on the sand,* built over a chasm, and, in spite of all her pride and securities, any common maid-servant of positive, robust temper could fling her down this bottomless pit of insufficiency, by the slightest movement of jeering or contempt. And all the while the pensive, tortured woman piled up her own defences of aesthetics, and culture, and knowledge, and disinterestedness. Yet she could never stop up the terrible gap of insufficiency.

If only Birkin would form a close and abiding connection with her, she would be safe during this fretful voyage of life. He could make her sound and triumphant, triumphant over the very angels of heaven. If only he would do it! But she was tortured with fear, with misgiving. She made herself beautiful, she strove so hard to come to that degree of beauty and advantage, when he should be convinced. But always there was a deficiency.

He was perverse too. He fought her off, he always fought her off. The more she strove to bring him to her, the more he battled her back. And they had been lovers now, for years. Oh, it was so wearying, so aching; she was so tired. But still she believed in herself. She knew he was trying to leave her. She knew he was trying to break away from her finally, to be free. But still she believed in her strength to keep him, she believed in her own higher knowledge. Her own knowledge was higher, she was the first touchstone of truth. She only needed his conjunction with her.

And this, this conjunction with her, which was his highest fulfilment also, with the perverseness of a wilful child he wanted to deny. With the wilfulness of an obstinate child, he wanted to break the holy connection that was between them.

He would be at this wedding; he was to be groom's man. He would be in the church, waiting. He would know when she came. She shuddered with nervous apprehension and desire as she went through the church-door. He would be there, surely he would see how beautiful her dress was, surely he would see how she had made herself beautiful for him. He would understand, surely he would understand, he would be able to see

how she was made for him, the first, how she was, for him, the highest. Surely at last he would be able to accept his highest fate, he would not deny her.

In a little convulsion of suffering yearning, she entered the church and looked slowly along her cheeks for him, her slender body convulsed with agitation. As best man, he would be standing beside the altar. She looked slowly, deferring in her certainty.

And then, he was not there. A terrible storm came over her, as if she were drowning. She was possessed by a devastating hopelessness. And she approached mechanically to the altar. Never had she known such a pang of utter and final hopelessness. It was beyond death, so utterly null, desert.

The bridegroom and the groom's man had not yet come. There was a growing consternation outside. Ursula felt almost responsible. She could not bear it, that the bride should arrive, and no groom. The wedding must not be a fiasco, it must not.

But here was the bride's carriage, adorned with ribbons and cockades. Gaily the grey horses curvetted to their destination at the church-gate, a laughter in the whole movement. Here was the quick of all laughter and pleasure. The door of the carriage was thrown open, to let out the very blossom of the day. The people on the roadway murmured faintly with distress.

The father stepped out first into the air of the morning, like a shadow. He was a tall, thin, careworn man, with a thin black beard that was touched with grey. He waited at the door of the carriage patiently, self-obliterated.

In the opening of the doorway was a shower of fine foliage and flowers, a whiteness of silk and lace, and a sound of a gay voice saying:

"How do I get out?"

A ripple of pleasure ran through the expectant people. They pressed near to receive her, looking with delight at the stooping blond head with its flower buds, and at the delicate, white, tentative foot that was reaching down to the step of the carriage. There was a sudden foaming rush, and the bride like a sudden surf-rush, floating all white beside her father in the morning shadow of trees, her veil flowing with laughter.

"There!" she said. "That's done it!"

She put her hand on the arm of her silent, dark father, and frothing her light draperies, proceeded over the eternal red carpet. Her father,

sad and yellowish, his black beard making him look more careworn, mounted the steps stiffly, as if his spirit were absent; but the laughing mist of the bride went along with him undiminished.

And no bridegroom had arrived! It was intolerable for her. Ursula, her heart strained with anxiety, was watching the hill beyond; the white, descending road, that should give sight of him. There was a carriage. It was running. It had just come into sight. Yes, it was he. Ursula turned towards the bride and the people, and, from her place of vantage, gave an inarticulate cry. She wanted to warn them that he was coming. But her cry was inarticulate and inaudible, and she flushed deeply, between her desire and her wincing confusion.

The carriage rattled down the hill, and drew near. There was a shout from the people. The bride, who had just reached the top of the steps, turned round gaily to see what was the commotion. She saw a confusion among the people, a cab pulling up, and her lover dropping out of the carriage, and dodging among the horses and into the crowd.

“Tibs!* Tibs!” she cried in her sudden, mocking excitement, standing high on the path in the sunlight and waving her bouquet. He, dodging with his hat in his hand, had not heard.

“Tibs!” she cried again, looking down to him.

He glanced up, unaware, and saw the bride and her father standing on the path beyond. A queer, startled look went over his face. He hesitated for a moment. Then he gathered himself together for the leap, to overtake her.

“Ah-h-h!” came her strange, intaken cry, as, on the reflex, she started, turned, and fled, scudding with an unthinkable swift beating of her white feet and a fraying of her white garments, towards the grey church. Like a hound the young man was after her, leaping the steps and swinging past her father, his supple haunches working like those of a hound that bears down on the quarry.

“Ai-ee, Ai-ee! After her! On her, lad, on her!” cried the grooms below, carried suddenly into strange mockery.

She, her flowers shaken from her like froth, was steadying herself to turn the angle of the church. She glanced behind, and with a wild cry of laughter and terror, veered, poised, and was gone beyond the grey stone buttress. In another instant the bridegroom, bent forward as he ran, had caught the angle of the silent stone with his hand, and had swung himself out of sight, his supple, strong loins vanishing in pursuit.

Instantly cries and exclamations of excitement burst from the crowd at the gate. And then Ursula noticed again the dark, rather stooping figure of Mr Crich, waiting suspended on the path, watching with expressionless face the flight to the church. It was over, and he turned round to look behind him, at the figure of Rupert Birkin, who at once came forward and joined him.

“So we bring up the rear,” said Birkin, a faint smile on his face.

“Ay!” replied the father laconically.

And the two men turned together up the path.

Birkin was as thin as Mr Crich, pale and ill-looking. His figure was narrow and finely made. He went with a slight trail of one foot, which came only from self-consciousness. Although he was dressed correctly for his part, yet there was an innate incongruity which caused a slight ridiculousness in his appearance. His nature was odd and separate, he did not fit at all in the conventional occasion.

Yet he affected to be quite ordinary, perfectly *comme-il-faut*. And he did it so well, taking so diligently the tone of his surroundings, adjusting himself so nicely to whatever man or woman he was in contact with, that he usually managed to propitiate the onlookers.

Now he spoke quite easily and pleasantly to Mr Crich, as they walked along the path; notwithstanding that he suffered from extreme self-consciousness.

“I’m sorry that we are so late,” he was saying. “We couldn’t find a button-hook, so it took us a long time to button our boots. But you were to the moment.”

“We are usually to time,” said Mr Crich.

“And I’m always late,” said Birkin. “But today I was *really* punctual, only accidentally not so. I’m sorry.”

The two men were gone, there was nothing more to see, for the time. Ursula was left thinking about Birkin. There was something about him that made her feel apart, wondering. He answered to something in her spirit, apart from the world she knew. Even his slight ridiculousness, something fantastic, seemed to reveal to her an other-worldliness, intangible and desirable.

She wished she could know him intimately. She had spoken with him once or twice, but only in his official capacity as inspector. She thought he seemed to acknowledge some kinship between her and him, a natural, instinctive understanding, a using of the same language. But there had

been no time for the understanding to develop. And something kept her from him, as well as attracted her to him. There was a certain hostility, a hidden arrogance in him. And she hated the way he betrayed himself to everybody.

Yet she wanted to know him.

“What do you think of Rupert Birkin?” she asked, a little reluctantly, of Gudrun. She did not want to discuss him.

“What do I think of Rupert Birkin?” repeated Gudrun. “I think he’s decent—a really decent man.—What I can’t stand about him is his way with other people—his way of treating any little fool as if she were the greatest light.—One feels so awfully sold, oneself.”

“Why does he do it?”

“Because he has no real critical faculty—of people, at all events,” said Gudrun. “I tell you, he treats any little fool as he treats me or you—and it’s such a lie.”

“Oh, it is,” said Ursula. “One must discriminate.”

“One *must* discriminate,” repeated Gudrun.—“But he’s a wonderful chap, in other respects—a marvellous personality.”

“Yes,” said Ursula vaguely. She was always forced to assent to Gudrun’s pronouncements, even when she was not in accord altogether.

The sisters sat silent, waiting for the wedding party to come out. Gudrun was impatient of talk. She wanted to think about Gerald Crich. She wanted to see if the strong feeling she had got from him was real. She wanted to have herself ready.

Inside the church, the wedding was going on. Hermione Roddice was thinking only of Birkin. He stood near her. She seemed to gravitate physically towards him. She wanted to stand touching him. She could hardly be sure he was near her, if she did not touch him. Yet she stood subjected through the wedding service.

She had suffered so bitterly when he did not come, that still she was dazed. Still she was gnawed as by a neuralgia, tormented by his potential absence from her. She had awaited him in a faint delirium of nervous torture. As she stood bearing herself pensively, the rapt look on her face, that seemed spiritual, like the angels, but which came from torture, gave her a certain poignancy that tore his heart with pity. He saw her bowed head, her rapt face, the face of an ecstatic. Feeling him looking, she lifted her face and sought his eyes, her own beautiful grey eyes flaring him a great signal. But he avoided her look, she sank her head in torment and

shame, the gnawing at her heart going on. And he too was tortured with shame, and with acute pity for her, because he did not want to meet her eyes, he did not want to receive her flare of recognition.

The bride and bridegroom were married, the party went into the vestry. Hermione crowded involuntarily up against Birkin, to touch him. And he endured it.

Outside, Gudrun and Ursula listened for their father's playing on the organ. He would enjoy playing a wedding march. Now the married pair were coming! The bells were ringing, making the air shake. Ursula wondered if the trees and the flowers could feel the vibration, and what they thought of it, this strange motion in the air. The bride was quite demure on the arm of the bridegroom, who stared up into the sky before him, shutting and opening his eyes unconsciously, as if he were neither here nor there. He looked rather comical, blinking and trying to be in the scene, when emotionally he was violated by his exposure to a crowd. He looked a typical naval officer, manly, and up to his duty.

Birkin came with Hermione. She had a rapt, triumphant look, like the angels who have won against the devils, now she held Birkin by the arm. And he was expressionless, neutralised, possessed by her as if it were his fate, without question.

Gerald Crich came, fair, goodlooking, healthy, with a great reserve of energy. He was erect and complete, there was a strange stealth glistening through his amiable, almost happy appearance. Gudrun rose sharply and went away. She could not bear it. She wanted to be alone, to know this strange, sharp inoculation that had changed the whole temper of her blood.

The Brangwens went home to Beldover, the wedding-party gathered at Shortlands, the Criches' home. It was a long, low old house, a sort of manor farm, that spread along the top of a slope just beyond the narrow little lake of Willey Water. Shortlands looked across a sloping meadow that might be a park, because of the large, solitary trees that stood here and there, across the water of the narrow lake, at the wooded hill that successfully hid the colliery valley beyond, but did not quite hide the rising smoke. Nevertheless, the scene was rural and picturesque, very peaceful, and the house had a charm of its own.

It was crowded now with the family and the wedding guests. The father, who was not well, withdrew to rest. Gerald was host. He stood in the homely entrance hall, amiable and easy, attending to the men. He

seemed to take pleasure in his social functions, he smiled, and was a very good fellow.

The women wandered about in a little confusion, brought hither and thither by the three married daughters of the house. All the while there could be heard the characteristic, imperious voice of one Crich woman or another calling, "Helen, come here a minute," "Marjory, I want you—here!" "Oh I say, Mrs Witham—." There was a great rustling of skirts, swift glimpses of smartly dressed women, a child danced through the hall and back again, a maid-servant came and went hurriedly.

Meanwhile the men stood in calm little groups, chatting, smoking, pretending to pay no heed to the rustling animation of the women's world. But they could not really talk, because of the silvery ravel of women's excited, pleased laughter and running voices. They waited, uneasy, suspended, rather bored. But Gerald remained quite genial and happy, unaware that he was waiting or unoccupied, unconscious as if he were the very pivot of being.

Suddenly Mrs Crich came noiselessly into the room, peering about with her strong, clear face. She was still wearing her hat, and her sac coat of blue silk.

"What is it, mother?" said Gerald.

"Nothing, nothing!" she answered vaguely.

And she went straight towards Birkin, who was talking to a Crich brother-in-law.

"How do you do, Mr Birkin," she said, in her low voice, that seemed to take no count of her guests. She held out her hand to him.

"Oh Mrs Crich," replied Birkin, in his readily-changing voice, "I couldn't come to you before."

"I don't know half the people here," she said, in her low voice. Her son-in-law moved uneasily away.

"And you don't like strangers, do you?" laughed Birkin. "I find it difficult to believe people are real, just because they happen to be in the room with me. Why *should* I know they are there?"

"Why indeed, why indeed!" said Mrs Crich, in her low, tense voice. "Except that they *are* there.—I don't know people whom I find in the house. The children introduce them to me—'Mother, this is Mr So-and-so.' I am no further. What has Mr So-and-so to do with his own name?—and what have I to do with either him or his name?"

She looked up at Birkin. She excited him. He was flattered too that she came to talk to him, for she took hardly any notice of anybody. He looked down at her tense clear face, with its heavy features, but he was afraid to look into her heavy-seeing blue eyes. He noticed instead how her hair looped in slack, slovenly strands over her rather beautiful ears, which were not quite clean. Neither was her neck perfectly clean. Even in that he seemed to belong to her, rather than to the rest of the company; though he was himself always well washed, at any rate at the neck and ears.

He smiled to himself, thinking these things. Yet he was uneasy, feeling that he and the elderly, estranged woman were conferring together like traitors, like spies within the camp of the other people.

“Not many people exist, actually,” he said, rather unwilling to continue.

The mother looked up at him with sudden, dark interrogation, as if doubting his sincerity.

“How do you mean that?” she asked sharply.

“Most living, talking persons are just nothing but a weight and a noise,” he replied, vainly giving expression to his private feelings. “They only exist in the physical-mechanical world. In the essential sense, they merely aren’t there.”

She watched him steadily while he spoke.

“But we don’t imagine them,” she said sharply.

“There’s nothing to imagine, that’s why they don’t exist.”

“Well,” she said, “I would hardly go as far as that. There they are, whether they exist or no. It doesn’t rest with me to decide on their existence. I only know that I can’t be expected to take count of them all. You can’t expect me to know them, just because they happen to be there. As far as *I* go they might as well not be there.”

“Exactly,” he replied.

“Mightn’t they?” she asked again.

“Just as well,” he repeated.

And there was a little pause.

“There are my sons-in-law,” she went on, in a sort of monologue. “Now Laura’s got married, there’s another. And I really don’t know John from James yet. They come up to me, and call me mother. I know what they will say—‘How are you, mother?’ I ought to say, ‘I am not your mother, in any sense.’ But what is the use? There they are. I have had children of my own. I suppose I know them from another woman’s children.”

“One would suppose so,” he said.

She looked at him, somewhat surprised, forgetting perhaps that she was talking to him. And she lost her thread.

She looked round the room, vaguely. Birkin could not guess what she was looking for, nor what she was thinking. Evidently she noticed her sons.

“Do my children exist?” she asked him, abruptly.

He laughed, startled, afraid perhaps.

“I scarcely know them, except Gerald,” he replied.

“Gerald!” she exclaimed. “He’s a rebel, that one, a real rebel. You’d never think it, to look at him now, would you?”

“He’s rebel enough,” said Birkin.

The mother looked across at her eldest son, stared at him heavily for some time.

“Ay,” she said, in an incomprehensible monosyllable. Birkin felt burdened, as if a weight were on him. And Mrs Crich moved away, forgetting him. But she drifted back.

“I should like him to have a friend,” she said. “He has never had a friend.”

Birkin looked down into her eyes, which were blue, and watching heavily. He could not understand them. “Am I my brother’s keeper?” he said to himself, almost flippantly.

Then he remembered, with a slight shock, that that was Cain’s cry. And Gerald was Cain, if anybody. Not that he was Cain, either, although he had slain his brother. There was such a thing as pure accident, and the consequences did not attach to one, even though one had killed one’s brother in such wise. Gerald as a boy had accidentally killed his brother. What then? Why seek to draw a brand and a curse across the life that had caused the accident? A man can live by accident, and die by accident. Or can he not? Is every man’s life subject to pure accident, is it only the race, the genus, the species, that has a universal reference? Or is this not true, is there no such thing as pure accident? Has *everything* that happens a universal significance? Has it? Birkin, thinking absordedly as he stood there, had forgotten Mrs Crich, as she had forgotten him.

He did not believe that there was any such thing as accident. It all hung together, in the deepest sense.

Just as he had decided this, one of the Crich daughters came up, saying:

“Won’t you come and take your hat off, mother dear? We shall be sitting down to eat in a minute, and it’s a formal occasion, darling, isn’t it?” She drew her arm through her mother’s, and they went away. Birkin immediately went to talk with the nearest man.

The gong sounded for the luncheon. The men looked up, but no move was made to the dining room. The women of the house seemed to feel that the sound had no reference to them. Five minutes passed by. The elderly man-servant, Crowther, appeared in the doorway, pathetically. He looked with appeal at Gerald. The latter took up a large, curved horn of a mountain sheep, that lay on a shelf as a trophy, and without reference to anybody, blew a shattering blast. It was a strange, rousing noise, that made the heart beat. The summons was almost magical. Everybody came running, as if at a signal. And then the crowd in one impulse, moved to the dining room.

Gerald waited a moment, for his sister to play hostess. He knew his mother would pay no attention to her duties. But his sister merely crowded to her seat. Therefore the young man amiably directed the guests to their places.

There was a moment’s lull, as everybody looked at the hors d’oeuvres that were being handed round. And out of this lull, a girl of thirteen or fourteen, with her long hair down her back, said in a calm, self-possessed voice:

“Gerald, you forget father, when you make that unearthly noise.”

“Yes,” he answered. And then, to the company, “Father is lying down, he is not quite well.”

“How is he, really?” called one of the married daughters, peeping round the immense wedding cake, that towered up in the middle of the table, shedding its artificial flowers.

“He has no pain, but he feels tired,” replied Winifred, the girl with the hair down her back.

The wine was filled, and everybody was talking boisterously. At the far end of the table sat the mother, with her loosely looped hair. She had Birkin for a partner. Sometimes she glanced fiercely down the rows of faces, bending forwards and staring unceremoniously. And she would say, in a low voice, to Birkin:

“Who is that young man?”

“I don’t know,” Birkin answered discreetly.

“Have I seen him before?” she asked.

“I don’t think so. I haven’t,” he replied.

And she was satisfied. Her eyes closed wearily, a peace came over her face, she looked like a queen in repose. Then she started, a little, social smile came on her face, for a moment she looked the pleasant hostess. For a moment she bent graciously, as if everyone were welcome and delightful. And then immediately the shadow came back, a sullen, eagle look was on her face, she glanced from under her brows like a wild creature at bay, hating them all.

“Mother,” called Diana, a handsome girl a little older than Winifred, “I may have wine, mayn’t I?”

“Yes, you may have wine,” replied the mother automatically, for she was perfectly indifferent to the question.

And Diana beckoned to the footman to fill her glass.

“Gerald shouldn’t forbid me,” she said calmly, to the company at large.

“All right Di,” said her brother amiably.

And she was afraid of him as she drank from her glass.

There was a strange freedom, that almost amounted to anarchy, in the house. Gerald had some authority, by mere force of personality, not because of any granted position. There was a quality in his voice, amiable and purely reckless, that dominated the others, who were all younger than he.

Hermione was having a discussion with the bridegroom about the building of Dreadnoughts.*

“I cannot believe in these great armaments,” she was saying. “The state forbids the individual to carry arms. That is found to be the greatest wisdom, for a whole internal nation. Then why doesn’t the wisdom apply to the nation, as seen externally? Why should Britannia and John Bull go armed to the teeth, when you and I may hardly carry a pen-knife?”

“But we may,” laughed the bridegroom.

“Not as a weapon,” Hermione answered.

“A nation has to defend herself, whereas the state defends every individual. Who is going to forbid nations to carry arms?” put in Gerald. He loved above all things these discussions on general topics. They were almost a passion with him.

“If I may not fight my neighbour, without being hauled up by the police, how is it that I should fight my neighbouring country?” asked Hermione, emphatically.

“Because there’s no police of nations,” said Gerald.

“Let us make one,” said Birkin. “We might agitate for an immense police force, which should arrest the government of Russia, as soon as Russia began to steal from China, or to start making a row with Turkey. And so on with all nations, exactly as with all civilians. Arrest the whole government, king, lords, deputies, of any country, immediately she starts making a disturbance. Put ’em in prison, and hold ’em over till the international sessions. ‘England is arrested on a charge of breaking the peace in Africa—’”

Gerald looked blank at this suggestion.

“What an unpleasant idea!” he said. “We’ve got enough police.”

“Too much,” said Birkin. “Enrol nine-tenths of the civil police in the international corps, and leave the civilian unwatched. It isn’t the individual that wants watching, it is those great uncouth Bill Sykeses,* the nations.”

“I’d rather trust my nation, than the next individual I meet,” said Gerald.

“Would you really! Do you mean with your life or your property,—which?” said Birkin. “Your property, I suppose—for your life isn’t safe five minutes, in the hands of your nation.”

“Really!” laughed Gerald.

“Not two minutes,” said Birkin. “Your nation will have your life in a twinkling—but it will carefully hand on the bulk of your property to your next of kin.—Which is all you care about, I suppose. Therefore you are just like a nation yourself.”

“Conundrum!” cried Laura Crich. “Why is Gerald like a nation?”

“Because he is stupid,” replied Diana pertly.

“What talk for a wedding!” cried Charlotte, a married sister. “We are going to drink toasts, aren’t we? Let us drink toasts, let us have some speeches. Fill the glasses—now then—”

Birkin, thinking about nations versus individuals, stared into his glass, watched the champagne bubbles, and suddenly drank up all his wine. And the company was waiting for a speech, for a toast. He looked round in confusion. A little constraint went over the assembly.

“Did I do it by accident, or did I do it out of a subconscious purpose?” he asked himself.

And he decided that he hated toasts, he hated speeches, he resented them as impertinent and boring. Then he looked round at the footman