Spring 2012

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Ria Banerjee
CUNY Guttman Community College

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The Search for Pan: Difference and Morality in D. H. Lawrence’s “St Mawr” and “The Woman Who Rode Away”

Ria Banerjee

From *Sons and Lovers* to *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, D. H. Lawrence’s literary landscape holds a peculiar import that crystallizes and becomes most vivid when he writes about the American South-West, Taos holding a place in his fiction that is perhaps even more important because of its separateness from the other places he describes in small-town England or on the Continent. He revisits Mexico and New Mexico in his fiction several times, most notably in *The Plumed Serpent* (1924) and shorter novellas and stories like “The Princess,” “St Mawr” (1925) and “The Woman Who Rode Away” (1928). For the purposes of this paper, I will concentrate on the two latter stories, but the emphatic presence of the landscape is plain in them all; for instance, the Princess “want[s] to look over the mountains into their secret heart. She want[s] to descend to the cabin below the spruce trees, near the tarn of bright green water. She want[s] to see the wild animals move about in their wild unconsciousness” (193). The landscape is central to her understanding of the place, its flora, fauna and its indigenous people.

This linking of the land with its animals extends to the Indians who live there and endows the indigenous tribes, in the eyes of the narrator, with a simplemindedness that is extremely problematic. The housewife from “The Woman Who Rode Away” and even Lou Carrington from “St Mawr” at first join the Princess in imagining the Indians as “static,” as if “both as individual men and as a race, they had no *raison d’etre*, no radical meaning.” As the Princess looks at Domingo Romero, she thinks, “Unable to wrest a positive significance for themselves from the vast,
beautiful, but vindictive landscape they were born into, [the Indians like him] turned on their own selves, and worshipped death through self-torture” (188). Turning landscapes into psychological topoi encourages each of the central protagonists to see Indian men as utterly other, fundamentally removed from the European ennui that tinges their daily lives. Further, these men become, like the landscape, something to discover, to see and therefore understand, as if the visual will lead to a metonymic comprehension of the whole. Irony, something for which Lawrence does not receive enough credit, is heavy throughout these stories. Each woman is exposed as understanding the Indian only partially, and each thereby fails to come to terms with him as a whole. As each woman meets her personal disaster, the reader is left hanging with questions of self-definition and alterity, resulting in a strong critique of difference itself as perceived by these women. Exterior difference no longer serves as any helpful measure of interior ones; difference itself has become unquantifiable in the textual space represented by Lawrence.

In her reading of Lawrence’s “The Virgin and the Gypsy,” Deborah Nord suggests that the figure of the gypsy is a locus around which issues of identity and otherness are collated and ultimately confounded—the gypsy, who has been portrayed as an exotic “other within,” eventually reveals himself as inhabiting all the conventional trappings of British life: a commonplace name, the ability to write, and a sentimental interiority. Thus, she notes that Lawrence invokes the gypsy myth, relying on easy stereotypes to sketch out his characters, only to debunk it all the more effectively. It seems to me that such an example of debunking is most profound in Lawrence’s so-called Taos stories. The American Indian has been one of the enduring symbols of otherness to western Europe, even more remote than the exotic Easterners who populate Hesse’s Siddhartha, for instance. Although it is not uncommon to come across accusations of anti-assimilationist paternalism directed at Lawrence,¹ a fuller consideration of these stories reveals the extent of this debunking: an irresolute ending, which denies a pat conclusion to their themes and plots; a set of problematic protagonists, as an ironic authorial hand keeps each on the edge of readers’ sympathies; and finally, the problem of difference itself, since each woman’s attempts to define herself against an other result from a profound failure of the imagination, leading to the question of whether one can effectively define the self through such contrast at all. This essay tries to show how examining the trope of difference itself can lead to some valuable insights about the relationship between Indian and Western man, between women and men, and finally, perhaps, between words that are easily understood and those which remain uncomprehended, resisting interpellation into dominant discourses.
Theorizing “Difference”

Both “St Mawr” (1925) and “The Woman Who Rode Away” (1928) were written about the same time at the height of Lawrence’s fascination with New Mexico in 1924. Both have clearly Eurocentric female protagonists, Lou Carrington and the woman who remains unnamed. Names, or the lack of one, have an especial importance in Lawrence’s fiction and significantly color any reading of the second story, as it is unarguable that Lou represents a more sophisticated, worldly, self-aware and self-willed version of femininity than the unnamed woman. A point that is clear in the stories and bears repeating for emphasis is that both Lou and the woman are posited as sympathetic characters. Whatever their eventual failings of imagination, we are encouraged to see the validity in their desire to search. Indeed, Lou is prodigiously sensitive and holds herself entirely separate from other characters in the novella: her husband, her mother, other women of her class, other European men, and finally, the last man with whom she left some kinship, her Indian groom. Any peace she finds at the conclusion of the novella comes from an affinity with the landscape of New Mexico where she buys her farm. There are enough indications, however, that this situation is temporary at best.2

Similarly, the woman who rides away from home and hearth with little more than the clothes on her back experiences longings she cannot define and a conviction that she is not quite like the other people around her. These women, intimate with the particulars of the people they know and convinced of the moral bankruptcy of their lives, imagine an elsewhere untouched by their own worlds—it takes little to imagine such an elsewhere among the rugged, romantic terrain and unknown peoples of New Mexico. The myth of the Indian-as-other is so prevalent that it does not take much, even for modern audiences, to grasp the woman’s discontent and her automatic equation of landscape to people, and difference to a primeval, untouched, mystical alternative.3

Indeed, Lawrence himself has written extensive nonfiction about the otherness of the Indian way of life, in passages that leave him open to accusations of paternalistic oversimplification:

The Indian way of consciousness is different from and fatal to our way of consciousness. Our way of consciousness is different from and fatal to the Indian. ... To pretend that all is one stream is to cause chaos and nullity. To pretend to express one stream in terms of another, so as to
identify the two, is false and sentimental. The only thing you can do is to have a little Ghost inside you which sees both ways, or even many ways. ("Indians and Entertainment" 61)

The use of the word "fatal," together with his conviction, stated earlier in the same essay, that that European's only "honest" reaction to the Indian is uneasiness and revulsion, sounds similar to the oft-repeated clichés about the mysticism of Indians, conceived of as one large homogeneous group. However, Lawrence is trying to define a much more subtle problem: to put this otherness into words, to "express one stream in terms of another" necessarily means applying the implicit standards of one stream to the other—and thus paves the way for the failure of the interpretive eye. In other words, it is not enough to recognize that cultures are different; it is downright dangerous to express this difference through language, that familiar system of significations that carries within it a burden of tacit power dynamics. To do so invariably leads to falseness and sentimentality. It becomes problematic to say that one is "different from" another, because doing so ties both together and subjects them to being seen as complements of each other. The Indian, for Lawrence, lives in a different "way," and his consciousness has grown and developed entirely different from, and with no reference to, the European "way." To see Europeans and Indians as "different" from each other implies putting them on a development scale; as Lawrence notes, however, there has been no historical correlation and there is no linear scale, only parallel "streams."

This formulation of difference in terms of parallel "streams" rather than a system of this/that, one/another, Western/Indian bears a striking similarity to the Deleuzian concept of difference, and examining this latter can provide some valuable insights into the Lawrentian project. The Western notion of difference, according to Deleuze, has become thinkable only when it has been "tamed" by four iron collars of representation—"identity in the concept, opposition in the predicate, analogy in the judgment and resemblance in perception" (262). Stemming from Plato, difference is conceived as the gap between the Ideal and the real, the model and its copy, truth and phantasm. Under this system, difference is always defined in terms of a "difference from-" and the notion of the original model has become conflated with the idea of the Same. It is supposed that there is an original unit, and difference is seen as the variation between that and its copy, recognized and classified by using reason. To express this in Lawrence's terms, the western notion of difference thinks of all human beings as part of one general stream of consciousness, so that different cultures become mere expressions of the same basic modes of thought and action. Under such a conception, the Western man (or here, woman) with her sophisticated education
and her feeling of alienation from her own culture, might conceivably be able to find an alternative, learn from the Indian ways, and assimilate into another culture from her own.

To Deleuze, this binary understanding of difference is contrary to the spirit of the Platonic conception from which it stems. Regulating difference, quantifying and reducing it to the straitjacket of reason without a moral aim is damaging to human thought and perception. The concepts of difference and repetition are central to the free operation of thought, and when difference is reined in by the four types of representation it loses its revolutionary potential. Failing to imagine it more broadly, we remain confined to "a convergent and monocentric world: a world in which one is only apparently intoxicated, in which reason acts the drunkard and sings a Dionysian tune while none the less remaining ‘pure’ reason.” Deleuze is wary of the Apollonian and wants to substitute the determinism of reason with freer, "drunker” channels of thought and representation. What Plato condemns in the figure of simulacra is “the state of free, oceanic differences, of nomadic distributions and crowned anarchy” because of the moral necessity of banishing phantasms. Later, from Aristotle onwards, “the world of representation will more or less forget its moral origin and presuppositions” while keeping to its structure, to see difference as “the distinction between the originary and the derived, the original and the sequel, the ground and the grounded, which animates the hierarchies of a representational theology by extending the complementarity between model and copy” (Deleuze 265).

The Platonic distaste for phantasms (and coincidentally, poets) has led to such rigidity in thought that several centuries later Lawrence demands a return to the “state of free, oceanic differences” which the Greek abhorred. It is difficult, perhaps socio-politically impossible, to conceive of difference in some other way than as a “difference from-”. How then to conceive of the Indian without reference to the Western man? Deleuze notes that “[e]very other difference, every difference which is not rooted ... is an unbounded, uncoordinated and inorganic difference: too large or too small, not only to be thought but to exist” (262). It is precisely this rootless, unbounded difference that Lawrence wants to capture through writing. Lou Carrington and the woman chase after a difference they clearly see: the Indian, whose eyes, skin, hair, circumstances, and place of birth mark him in contrast to everything familiar to them. They see him with the arrogant eyes of a tourist, someone who presumes to understand otherness through information alone. But men are not bound in single, straight lines of culture, and one culture can never be in contact with another without fundamentally changing it. The Hopi Indians whom Lawrence observed dancing
are already different from those who had danced unobserved. The observed have stepped into another “stream” of being, “fatally” changing from their previous ways.

Plato is not far from Lawrence’s mind in “St Mawr” when he writes of the Great God Pan. He says it was not until the Greeks that Pan was given the incarnate form of a satyr; before that, “he was the God that is hidden in everything … what you see when you see in full” (“St Mawr” 85). This ancient Pan was an infinite, oceanic god who encompassed difference and existed as the spirit in everything—“the hidden mystery” as well as “the hidden cause.” The Greek intervention, by giving Pan a definite shape, limited his power so that he was the satyr-figure and was not a non-satyr form. Pan became conceived in terms of this/not-this through the process of embodiment, and it is certainly one of Lou Carrington’s achievements in “St Mawr” to notice that the fire that burns inside her horse is the spirit of Pan. St. Mawr is not a satyr and is, instead, an enormous powerful horse whom Lou sees “in full” as a creature who expresses Pan’s fiery nature. Lawrence makes clear that she has a deeper level of insight than “post-Socratic man [who] is a partial object, a synecdoche, a fetish” (Norris 180-81). St. Mawr does not simply express the power of the old god through his own muscles; he is the thing itself. No longer relegated to the status of a synecdoche, in Lou’s eyes the creature becomes whole, regains the full extent of power denied him in conventional post-Socratic eyes.

This question has deep moral valence for Lawrence. “What’s to be done?”—Lou Carrington’s agonized question is the same that confronts the author when faced with the waves of evil that wash over all the earth. Evil is in lying and cowardice and wickedness, and in that sense it is easy to detect, but what is good? For Deleuze, the potential for positive change lies in breaking the hegemony of the hierarchy and theorizing difference in another way so that the individual is not reduced to an “identical thinking subject” ruled by common sense (265). Lawrence expresses his idea of resistance in terms that might be read as analogous, but he substitutes the harshness of Deleuze’s call to arms for an almost sublime appeal to “wonder”: One must “fight, fight, fight to preserve that which is life in him from the ghastly kisses and poison-bites of the myriad evil ones” (“St Mawr” 100). In this constant struggle under the weight of oppressive banality,

Virtue lies in the heroic response to the creative wonder, the utmost response. In the man, it is a valiant putting forth of all his strength to meet and run forward with the wonder. In woman it is the putting forth
of all herself in a delicate, marvelous sensitiveness, which draws forth
the wonder to herself, and draws the man to the wonder in her, as it
drew even the wild animals from their lair of winter. ("Indians and
Entertainment" 68)

It is this fight upon which Lou and the unnamed woman embark; it is this fight
that they undertake, with varying degrees of success.

Lawrence and Taos

In her discussion of primitivism in D. H. Lawrence’s fiction, Marianna
Torgovnick notes that after his visit to Taos in the early 1920s, “New Mexico
and its Indians became touchstones in Lawrence’s imagination” (44). She then
goes on to examine how the place and its people inspired the writer to develop
his ideas about the “oceanic” nature of life and love that appears in his late
fiction, including Lady Chatterley. Others find his depiction of Pueblo Indians
objectionable (Ott, Stanton) and his understanding of larger questions about
the political future of American Indians woolly-headed at best. Nord devotes
a section of her book to the gypsies in Lawrence but not to the Indians, and
even when the “Indian question” does not drive critics to anger, these stories
are most often read as stepping-stones in the development of his abilities as a
writer on a trajectory that culminates in his most famous novel. Kinkead-Weekes’
comments on “St Mawr” come in a similar vein when he notes that although
the ranch Lou buys “speaks of conflict, endless battle with bristling nature and
squalor,” there is also an abiding sense of “energy and vitality, a spirit that can
save and regenerate” (78), the implication being that this regenerative energy
is what brings Lawrence to the epistolary hopefulness that concludes
Lady Chatterley. Perhaps as a result of Mabel Dodge Luhan’s Lorenzo in Taos (1933)
and Lawrence’s own non-fiction about his trip to America, these evocations of
landscape are consistently read as expressions of the author’s desire to leave
behind the suffocation of Europe and find an elsewhere in which to be free. Taos
and the Indians are, in a sense, relegated to the role that Lawrence warns against:
to read the landscape as an expression of one person’s internal psychology denies
its monumental, oceanic nature.

The question of whether Lawrence was himself in search of Pan pales in light
of the overwhelming difference of worldviews between pre- and post-Socratic
man, which these two stories highlight. It is no accident that Lou and the woman
do not find the openness and freedom they look for in the open spaces of the
American Southwest. Like Milton’s Satan, they carry a hell within them that
is entirely unrelated to the hellishness without. It is surprising that Lawrence’s
Taos fiction works to show the essentially unrelated nature of the events they relate in a chronological sequence. They debunk notions of the Indian, and just as powerfully they debunk notions about storytelling. They powerfully echo modernism’s questioning of extant truths, its problematizing of historical causality, its consciousness of having only a fragmented view of the world, and its distrust of neat endings—an achievement that, for this reader, Lawrence does not to top until his final published work, “The Escaped Cock.”

If Lawrence’s ideal woman must always strive to “[put] forth of all herself in a delicate, marvelous sensitiveness,” then Lou Carrington surely does this. She, unlike the woman who rides away, is a fully mature protagonist—and, as often with Lawrence, mental maturity goes hand in hand with emotional and sexual maturity. Lou has been through an early fling before she meets and marries Rico, and her spiritual dissatisfaction with him is in tandem with her sexual dissatisfaction. Lawrence approaches all the most obtuse philosophical points in these stories through this initial dissatisfaction: it is what helps Lou see how evil her existence in upper-class England is, it leads her to recognize the throbbing pulse of life and godly light in St. Mawr, and by the time she flees England with her horse, Lou’s frustration with her marriage has led to a fuller understanding that she as an individual needs something more. She thinks, at first, that this might come in the form of her groom, the half-Indian Phoenix, but soon realizes that he is as paltry a man as Rico, just dressed in different feathers. At the end of the story, Lou buys herself a remote farm and settles in to till the land. The story ends there, abruptly, as if the author was aware there is no permanent solution, only temporary relief. Although Kinkead-Weekes, among others, finds this ending hopeful, a redemptive reading is jarring in light of the fiendish delight the narrative takes in presenting figureheads (the horse, the groom, Mrs. Witt) to admire, before exposing them as hollow and essentially worthless. In the end, there is Lou—which is more than one can say for the hapless unnamed woman in the second story—and the prose ends with this certainty of a “virtuous” woman, resisting further attempts to fix a neat, singular conclusion.

“The Woman Who Rode Away” introduces another woman who is unlike Lou in figure and in mental capacity, but who lives on an isolated ranch similar to Las Chivas. She is in many ways still “the girl from Berkeley, in all but physique” (6). Seduced by the romance of Indian life as she hears it described by a friend of her husband’s, the woman rides away to escape her everyday domestic drudgery with the vague intention to “see [the Indians’] houses and know their gods” (13). In this sense, she is like a schoolgirl dreaming of high romance or searching like Lou’s mother for a beau monde of her own imagining,
which is not there and never will be. Apparently unaware of the egotism of her
desire to see and know, the woman willingly submits to becoming the captive
of a group of Chilchui Indians. She is drugged during her imprisonment, and in
this passive state begins to accept the stories told to her about how she must be
sacrificed as part of an essential Indian ritual. The woman is dosed imaginatively,
too, on the patchy stereotypical stories she associates with the Indians and
hardly puts up a struggle. Indians crowd around her, indistinct, and she cannot
discriminate between them except by age, nor does she struggle to understand
their motives. So steeped is she in the myths about this exotic other, so deeply
does she believe that these Indians are otherworldly and untouched by time,
that she has no trouble believing her death to be simply the carrying-out of an
ancient religious ritual. This story ends even more abruptly than “St Mawr”: in
mid-action, as the knife glints in the early morning sunlight on its way down to
carve out her heart.

Lou Carrington and this woman share certain external characteristics, but
the differences between their intellectual and emotional maturity are clear. On
a spectrum of action, the reader is confronted by the three women in these two
stories: Lou, with her unsatisfied, sexless yearning for Pan; the woman, who
rides away from safety in a foolhardy, undefined need to look elsewhere; and
Lou’s mother, Mrs. Witt, who shares her daughter’s dissatisfactions but clings
to the familiar, eventually losing herself in a willful passivity. Lawrence shows
again and again that behind every seeming depth of personality lies a paltry
pettiness; each woman lives through the cruel fact that humanizing a symbol
leads to a disappointing conclusion. Mrs. Witt dismisses the groom Lewis as a
puny little man, Lou eventually loses her admiration of St Mawr, and the woman
never even sees the Indians clearly enough to realize their ulterior motives. The
gloomy speculation offered in reading these stories together is that the taint of
reason and intellect (which Deleuze characterizes as the Apollonian intellect
pretending to be drunk Dionysos) has left none untouched.

Indeed, even though “St Mawr” eventually reins itself in, the vision of evil
that Lou has envelops the entire world in its roiling fury:

She became aware of evil, evil, evil, rolling in great waves over the
earth. Always she had thought there was no such thing—only a mere
negation of good. Now, like an ocean to whose surface she had risen,
she saw the dark-grey waves of evil rearing in a great tide …

Evil himself, smooth-faced and pseudo-handsome, riding mankind
past the dead snake, to the last break …
Masquerading as the ideal, in order to poison the real …

What’s to be done? Generally speaking, nothing. The dead will have to bury their dead, while the earth stinks of corpses. The individual can but depart from the mass, and try to cleanse himself. Try to hold fast to the living thing, which destroys as it goes, but remains sweet (98-100).

The loops and circles of this language organically mirror Lou’s motion as she rides her horse away from the place where Rico has his riding accident, and the way that her thoughts arise from the rhythm of the horse’s galloping lays aside rational logic and is thus truer and freer from the phantasms of ordinary representation. The force of her feeling cuts through conventions of grammar and syntax as these thoughts rush upon Lou with the frenzy of truncated sentences. This is the height of her disaffection with the world as she becomes aware of evil that is not merely the opposite of good but an entity in its own right—a repudiation of one of the central binaries of Christianity.

Like Lawrence, Lou is not a political thinker and she cannot see anything but Judas in all the various forms of social and economic establishment. She sees it in western modes of social organization, the peaceful upper-class niceties and lies of the Manby girls as well as in the warmongering political lies of the fascists, the socialists, the Bolsheviks, the Germans, the Russians, and the English. Lawrence, echoing the Platonic hatred of lies, insists that all these are phantasms that poison the real and make it impossible for the human animal to return to natural simplicity and truth.

It is important to note that Lawrence does not display any stereotypical racial prejudice against the Indians he depicts. The Manby girls are the specific focus of Lou’s disgust, but evil walks the entire world, the horseman marches across the Americas with its tribes of Indians as purposefully as he does through Europe. The true incisiveness of Lawrence’s Taos stories is that he shows the failings of the Indian as clearly and unmercifully as he does those of the Europeans, while still retaining an awareness of his own outsider status (more on this below).

Although Lou is so clearly the focus of the novella, it is worth considering her mother’s role in some detail. Aside from her crucial interjections throughout the story, it is she who lastly confers a seal of approval on Las Chivas by saying, “I call [the price paid for it] cheap, considering all there is to it: even the name!” (175). Mrs. Witt’s final brush-aside of monetary worth and commercial profit ends the novella and strengthens the anti-materialism that runs like a dark seam through the lives of these wealthy upper-class women. But why, after all, does she provide no relief to Lou’s solitary search? Why does Mrs. Witt find no measure of peace?
A small part of Lawrence’s debt to Nietzsche must be recalled in order to perhaps answer this question. Critics have written extensively about his sometimes-problematic understanding of the concept of the will to power, and recently Michael Bell, Keith May, and Daniel Schneider, among others, have done nuanced work to further our understanding of the impact of the German philosopher, which work I draw upon here. Although “St Mawr” centers upon Lou, Mrs. Witt is the story’s clear-seeing eye, the one who paves the way for her daughter’s convictions. However, she herself remains mired in a problematic passivity that makes it hard for her to take pleasure in anything, even conversation with her daughter. Like Lou and the woman who rode away, Mrs. Witt is constantly searching for the “beau monde” (45), but nothing she finds touches her. Not for Mrs. Witt the eternal mountain gods that so impress Lou and the Californian housewife. She sees society as a charade but cannot remove herself from it, and thus her withdrawal from life at the conclusion of the story has a stubborn ignominy to it. Lawrence’s narrative agenda becomes a sustained attack on this conviction that the grand monde is available if only one looks for it hard and long enough. Sheer stubborn force of will cannot achieve something that is a difficult philosophical state of being, and searching for it restlessly only fuels dissatisfaction such as that which Mrs. Witt experiences.

Deleuze makes a crucial point that helps pinpoint this tension. He draws the distinction that “[the] will to power does not at all mean ‘to want power’ but, on the contrary: whatever you will, carry it to the ‘nth’ power—in other words, separate out the superior form by virtue of the selective operation of thought in the eternal return, by virtue of the singularity of repetition in the eternal repetition itself” (8). In a very literal way, Mrs. Witt is prey to the tacit belief that she just has to want strongly enough in order to achieve the Beyond, the beau monde that she yearns for, either through a man to love and marry like Lewis or in a landscape such as Texas that is big enough to contain her. Her willful passivity, her withdrawal from the daughter to whom she is so attached, then seems like a fitting end for a character who fails entirely to realize the source of her dissatisfaction. Her clear-sightedness fails when it is turned inwards upon herself.

It is a not unusual literary technique to show a protagonist’s failure to find a satisfactory answer to the problems that confront him or her, so that the work of fiction emerges as a chronicle of failure instead of success and growth. What is unusual, even astounding, is that Lawrence presents an array of characters, none of whom plays the foil to the protagonist or presents an alternative or answer that satisfies. No one connects with the other person in that peculiar Lawrencian way; no one understands the other, physically or otherwise. Lou
Carrington represents only a partial success; her mother and the woman both seem cautionary tales about ego-excesses. The men in "St. Mawr"—Lou’s husband Rico, the grooms Phoenix and Lewis—similarly teeter on the verge of insight, then fade away. While in England, Lou and her mother are dissatisfied with men of their own social class and see hidden depths in their grooms—the mixed-blood Geronimo Trujillo, renamed Phoenix, and the Welshman Lewis, who seems as dark and alien to his employers as any Indian. The two women are convinced that the men’s souls can somehow access deeper truths hidden from their own westernized minds; both grooms have an animalistic, instinctual knowledge that separates them from decaden upper-class European men like Lou’s husband and his friends. Lewis is almost a less-attractive Welsh incarnation of Mellors the groundsman, who arguably represents the apex of Lawrence’s masculine ideal; of course, his slight physical stature fundamentally marks him as unformed and not fully fitted for the role of protagonist which Mellors so easily wrests away from the paralyzed Clifford in *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*.

There is also the horse, St. Mawr, whose raw power and potent maleness are contrasted to Rico’s over-bred European foppery throughout the first part of the novella. The horse, who holds within him the flame of the god Pan, seems to sense the decadence of Rico’s soul and its weakness, its cowardice. Mrs. Witt voices this in her incisive way when she says, “[T]hese English noblemen—well! I’d rather look at a negro Pullman-boy, if I was looking for what I call nobility” (59). When Lou abandons her household after Rico’s death, she is in the full grip of enchantment with her horse: “[S]he could feel the peculiar reverence for St. Mawr’s breeding, his show qualities. Herself, all she cared about was the horse himself, his real nature” (150). However, she shows him to her friend Laura, whose “sharp eyes” (143) appear only for a few brief pages, and the latter remarks: “Isn’t it extraordinary… that you never get a really, perfectly satisfactory animal! There’s always something wrong. And in men too. Isn’t it curious? There’s always something—something wrong—or something missing. Why is it?” (146); Lou does not like her remark, perhaps for the way it punctures her image of her horse. St. Mawr, who is the focus of so much narrative sensuousness, does have something “wrong” with him. After four-fifths of the novella, “St Mawr had already made advances to the [Texan rancher’s] long-legged, arch-necked, glossy-maned Texan mare. And the boss was pleased” (151). The horse who held out such hope for Pan, even if on a small scale, ends up losing his singularity, his “indestructible” nature.

The equivalence between men and animals is a thread that runs through the
whole of "St Mawr," as the men are described in terms that highlight the training and domestication involved in their daily actions. Rico, for instance: "[Lou] had 'got' him ... You had only to see the uneasy backward glance at her, from his big blue eyes: just like a horse that is edging away from its master: to know how completely he was mastered" (41). In contrast is the quality of the grooms' eyes: "the inscrutable Indian glint" (73) is the counterpart of the Welshman's pale grey eyes which "suggested the eyes of a wild cat peering intent from under the darkness of some bush where it lies unseen" (53). There are no unseen depths of ancient wisdom in Rico's pale eyes, only a "curious tension of will" (44) that made him "good" but "afraid of himself" so that, ultimately, unlike the other important men and beasts in the novella, he "daren't quite bite" (47). The fetishistic descriptions of these characters' eyes work in opposite ways—in Rico's case, they lay him open to authorial attacks, a shallow weakling who is too afraid to see himself clearly the way that the narrative does; but the description of the grooms serves to highlight the chasm between them and the bulk of people around. Lou gives voice to this feeling of masculinity gone awry in Rico's case through overbreeding and acculturation: "They and their thinking are all so paltry ... It's the animal in them has gone perverse, or cringing, or humble, or domesticated, like dogs" (80-81). There is no room in the story to admire Rico for anything, even his art; and although the grooms create nothing they are presented as superior to Rico, potentially able to create more authentically through their unlearned, uncultured eyes.

The pre-Christian god Pan is a harsh god of power, and as long as the horse and grooms remain in the grip of this power, they are inviolate. Phoenix and Lewis carry within them a closed core of being which all their subjugation by petty, worldly things cannot strip away from them. Mrs. Witt pinpoints this as the central problem of European masculinity: "If she could have found something indestructible, especially in men, though she would have fought against it, she would have been glad at last to have been defeated by it" (120-22). The little groom has such an indestructibleness, a pride (not vanity) in himself which ultimately makes him reject his rich mistress' offer of marriage. Finally, inviolateness emerges as crucial in these three masculine beings. Although each eventually loses his force for a time, each is completely his own and embodies Lawrence's ideal of a being on his own path, fording his own stream. Besides Phoenix, who is half-Indian, none of these males are Indian per se; they do, however, represent an Indian-like otherness that does not take into account the European, that is conceived entirely without regard to this other. If, as I argued at the beginning of this paper, difference is most often wrongly conceived of as "difference from-," then these three show an alternative: a difference that is
inviolate, adamantine. The alternative is not sustained as permanent in these stories, and their difference collapses or fades away with sustained contact. However, for a brief moment, Lawrence provides some little hope of a completely different way of being—a moral, ethical man who is simply his own, untouched by a world that hopes to trap him within its post-Socratic hierarchies and stamp out the Pan that burns inside him.

Lou Carrington is her mother’s daughter in the way that she comes to realize the paltriness of her husband and his way of life, but the younger woman resists the elder’s temptation to throw herself into a stronger personality and be subsumed by it. Whereas the failed attempt to marry Lewis makes Mrs. Witt scornful of humanity, Lou resists bitterness when she decides to leave the world behind: “I am not a marrying woman. ... I am not a lover nor a mistress nor a wife” (159). This renunciation brings Lou a measure of peace, at least for the moment, and saves her from the will-full despair of her mother. The “vision of evil” that she experiences so intensely in England is eventually replaced with the harsher knowledge that there is no merciful God in the heavens, but a power that is beautiful and cruel, inhuman in its vastness. This knowledge is presented as something felt wordlessly, something that cannot be put into a pithy dictum. Lou remains searching at the end of “St. Mawr” and perhaps will never find what it is she looks for.

“The Woman Who Rode Away” ends in a similar irresolution. The woman has not died, the sacrifice is not complete, and it remains unclear what effect the sacrifice of her life has on the Indians. The motivations and stereotypes of both the white woman and the Indians are laid bare in such a way that it simultaneously creates and questions its own use of the primitivist mode. “White people always, or nearly always, write sentimentally about the Indians,” Lawrence says, a sentimentalism that is “like the smell of bad eggs” (“Indians and Entertainment” 61). In writing without sentimentalism or “bunk,” Lawrence conjures up Indians whose motives are as murky as those of their white colonizers, who are equally prone to the “Western” failings of egotism and blinkered, dialectical thinking. The problem of will and tainted human motivations haunts the narrative as it follows the situations it creates to their logical extreme. Primitivism, here, becomes a bleak exercise in unfulfilled yearning quite different from the cautious optimism showed in the resolutions of his more famous novels.

Native Americans remain largely in the background of Lou’s story as shadowy figures; “St Mawr” focuses intensely on the topography of the country at the expense of its people. The land fills up Lou’s senses and the human
world—pictorial, cinematographic—is rendered tawdry. Lou offers herself up to the mountains with all the conviction of medieval mystics. Her author’s meditations could just as well be her own: “What can man do with his life but live it? And what does life consist in, save a vivid relatedness between the man and the living universe that surrounds him? Yet man insulates himself more and more into mechanism, and repudiates everything but the machine and the contrivance of which he himself is master, god in the machine” (“Pan in America” 160). Her “living universe” contains goats and domestic animals, and rats that gnaw away at the foundations of her farm, but it does not contain very many human beings.

“The Woman Who Rode Away” shows us a “living universe” populated by silent trees and imperial mountains, but also by men who look utterly alien to the curious but essentially passive eyes of the woman. If Mrs. Witt’s form of passivity is really a willful assertion of herself, this woman presents a body that is utterly swayed by other minds, a will in tow behind whomever she meets: “Her horse plodded dejectedly on. ... And if she had any will of her own left, she would have turned back, to the village, to be protected and sent home to her husband. But she had no will of her own” (11). Individual will (especially feminine will), when left unrestrained, is consistently deemed headstrong and foolhardy by Lawrence and likely to lead the individual to extremes that might be harmful. As early as in Sons and Lovers, Gertrude Morel’s untempered passion for her son can be read as a woman’s heart which needs a man’s head to moderate it, and the union between Connie and Mellors is at one level the mediation of a woman’s hypersensitivity by the animalistic practicality of a man. The protagonist of this short story does not have a fit mate to teach and moderate her character so that having taken the first step in asserting herself, she does not find any masculine will to support herself against. She falls back into the familiar passivity and, when the Indians arrive, she is immediately and completely in their thrall.

Her first encounter with the Indians shows how readily she has slipped into her old habits of mind, of seeing people as unreal phantasms. She responds to their “restrained” and “quiet” questions in “her hard, Saxon Spanish”: Lawrence presents the first of her failures of imagination in linguistic terms, so that her visual typecasting is irretrievable from her addressing them as the other, the ones who do not speak her brand of “Saxon Spanish.” She haughtily sees them as “just natives” who were all insignificant variations of a type: “dark-faced, strongly-built men in dark serapes and straw hats. They would have been the same as the men who worked for her husband, except, strangely, for the long black hair that fell over their shoulders. She noted this long black hair with a
certain distaste. These must be the wild Indians she had come to see” (11).

The “wild Indian,” to her, is barely human, a creature who has the same shape as herself but whose internal landscape is utterly alien and, she hopes, somehow more interesting than the life she has left behind. The woman does not assume the slightest interiority in them (only one of them becomes real to her when, later on, he tells her about his life); to her, they are hardly men at all. They are un-masculine in the same way that, to Phoenix, western women like Lou were hardly feminine because they were “utterly devoid of the right sort of sex” (“St Mawr” 156). As she lets her horse be tied behind one of theirs, it becomes clear that her “[r]omantic fantasy about the wild Indians is only the tourist obverse of her husband’s hard-bitten settler attitude to savages” (Kinkead-Weekes 75).

The woman has no conception of an “indestructible” nature such as what Mrs. Witt longs for. For her, there is no singular freestanding personality; rather, all Indians are not-white, all savages merely not-civilized. To her, any conception of the idea of difference is tied to a “difference from-.” Hers is the desire to dip a foot into one “stream” of life and then another, while hoping still to remain inviolate. But as Lawrence warns us, this attitude is “fatal” to all.

There are in fact three distinct groups of Indians—the youngest of them speaks Spanish, acts as a translator for the woman, and also attends to her during her captivity. His father is among the second group of Indians, the grey-haired older caciques who seem to have never left their native lands and who hide their knowledge of Spanish if they have any (the third group, comprised of the single very oldest cacique, is even further distanced from the woman by both age and language). This second group is more knowledgeable in traditional ways and is both tougher and colder than the youngest cacique. Like Phoenix, the chief’s eyes are impenetrable to the European gaze, “black and of extraordinary piercing strength, without a qualm of misgiving in their demonish, dauntless power” (17). Faced with them, the woman concludes that it was “hopeless to expect any human communication with this old being” (17). She senses the menace behind those eyes, but she has sunk so deep into passivity, aided by long habit and the Indians’ potions, that she cannot decipher them. Instead, it is easier for her to consign him to an exotic otherworld where the human animal is ruled by demons and mysterious signs.

“White people always, or nearly always, write sentimentally about the Indians,” Lawrence says, and here shows a woman determined to see them as such. The woman cannot begin to ascribe human frailties and motives to the Indian chief, cannot imagine him to be as real as herself. And, as Lawrence promises with all such accounts, so we feel in the woman’s story that “[t]here
is the creeping note through it all, which makes one shrug one's shoulders and wish the Indians to hell, along with a lot of other bunk” (“Indians and Entertainment” 60). The Indians in this story are not sympathetic characters, and the reader might well wish them all to hell, along with the woman who so recklessly abandons herself to them. Lawrence finds the woman's foolhardiness symptomatic of the Eurocentric mind that wants to experience the stream of Indian consciousness without giving up its own; he shows a character who has no sensitivity, whose "little Ghost" is entirely silent. The text thus plays out a curiously parallax narrative vision: on the one hand all of our information is filtered through the woman's consciousness, making the reader privy to her point of view. On the other, the narrative does not espouse her opinions as the only possible. It distances itself from her, showing her many limitations to precisely emphasize the moments when she is wrong.

The moral imperative behind the story of the woman reveals itself in the chasm between what she perceives and what is left unclear by the narrative, and Lawrence's urgency to debunk has a similar urgency to Lou's desire to get away from all that is corrupt and stifling in her vision of evil: "You've got to de-bunk the Indian, as you've got to de-bunk the Cowboy. When you've de-bunked the Cowboy, there's not much left. But the Indian bunk is not the Indian's invention. It is ours" (“Indians and Entertainment” 60). This statement has two major resonances. The first is the more obvious, emphasized already, that the exotic nature of the Indians which the woman finds entrancing is largely made up in her own mind. Lawrence recognizes that "captivity narratives ... express the anxiety created by adhering to an absolute and inherently fallacious separation between peoples and offer reassuring explanations for differences within groups that exist universally (Nord 11, my italics). Further, as Bell notes, "Lawrence understood the central problems of modernity as a complex of psychological, cultural and ultimately ontological questions ... which could be understood only by an imaginative recovery" (180, my emphasis). The woman makes a physical journey, true, but there is no corresponding mental journey as she keeps intact all her preconceived notions about the Indians. Even the sound of their ritual drumming becomes loaded with ego: "In the strange towering symbols on the heads of the changeless, absorbed women she seemed to read once more the Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin” (26). The Indian symbols, the Indian women—all these are absorbed into her own personal mythos; their individual faces and actions become secondary to the quasi-Biblical meaning she lays on them. She is bodily passive to the will of Indian men, but retains all of her Eurocentric egotisms. Not allowing them any meaning of their own, she imposes her own on the "symbols" she sees. In this, she is unequivocally evil, wicked, for “in
seeking to prostitute the creative wonder to the individual mind and will, the individual conceit" ("Indians and Entertainment" 68), she has committed a cardinal sin in the Lawrentian scheme.

The second issue that Lawrence's call to "de-bunk the Indian" brings up is that real Indians are neither as timeless nor changeless as so often portrayed in the Eurocentric imagination. Lawrence resists sentimentalizing them as his heroine does: "It is useless to glorify the savage. For he will kill Pan with his own hands, for the sake of the motor-car" ("Pan in America" 164). The Indian is just as fallible as the Texan stud-rancher or Phoenix the groom. They all have, as Lou's friend put it, "something wrong—or something missing" in them. For the love of a motor-car, the average Indian will change himself significantly, just as much as the average Englishman or Italian will.

When the woman finds out about the youngest Indian's having worked as a laborer in California and Chicago, she asks him if he had cut his long hair while in America. He replies in the negative and then relapses "into silence, as if of tormented memories" (24). She asks a few other simple questions about his life but refrains from making the connection between the memories he does not voice and those that he does: "He talked always with the same naïveté, an almost childish candour [as if] speech altogether was unreal to him. Anyhow, she felt that all the real things were kept back" (24). She does not relate the young Indian's felt insults while away from home to any possible vengeful motive behind her capture. She simplemindedly accepts the myth that he tells her about the sun and the moon as well as the necessity of her own death because of her blue eyes. The reader, however, is given ample room to question the Indians' actions. As Kinkead-Weekes notes, "all [the Indians] share a religious longing to restore," but that longing in the younger caciques is mixed with a very worldly antagonism towards the white man and "the need to regain self-respect through hate, violence, revenge" (76). These Indians profess ancient beliefs and carry out otherworldly rituals motivated by purely this-worldly concerns in an embodiment of Evil, "[m]asquerading as the ideal, in order to poison the real" ("St Mawr" 99).

The only cacique who seems truly untouched by this-worldly concerns is the oddest of the old, who lives isolated from the rest of the community in a dark cave. Purity, for Lawrence, cannot be attained or sustained close to a community; it is only the ascetic who can devote himself to the otherworld and resist the stain of this one. The cacique's face is "so old, it [is] like dark glass" and "under a faint powder of white eyebrows, the black eyes of the old chief [look at the woman] as if from the far, far dead, seeing something that was never to be seen" (20). This old man is the only one who seems intent on confirming the faith of the
woman in order to fulfill the true purpose of their sacrifice—the older caciques had asked her only if she were “seeking” the god of the Chilchuis because she was tired of her own, but this oldest one asks her specifically if she has brought her heart with her, implying a need for the deepest level of investment. The inference is clear, from this episode and also from the telling of the myth, that for this particular ritual to work the object of sacrifice has to embrace the belief herself.

The woman is too drugged and far too much in the sway of the Indians’ personalities to do any such thing. “There is no sense in which she has brought her ‘heart to the god of the Chilchui,’” says Kinkead-Weekes (75), but for most of the caciques, maddened with blood lust, this point is hardly important. The white man’s bunk has found its way into the mind of the colonized Indian, so that neither remains independent of the other. Both are now running after motor-cars, both have lost the fire of the old Pan. It is no longer possible for an Indian to sacrifice a white woman without the taint of vengeance.

The oldest cacique, separated from the woman by language, cannot make sure that his message reaches her. Just before she is taken up to the sacrificial altar the old man comes up a final time, and “fixing her with his old eyes, he [speaks] to her for a few moments, in his hollow voice. No one translated” (34, emphasis mine). “No one translated,” and yet the oldest of the old cacique’s words have been spoken. Perhaps a curse, perhaps a blessing, the narrative offers no explanation for them. They assert themselves, stay embedded in the text like the uplifted knife, glinting in the light of the sun. Ultimately, if Lawrence holds out hope for an escape from this taint that has spread everywhere, a way to avoid the immoral tourist-eyes, a consciousness that one cannot easily cross from one “stream” of being into another as if switching boats—then this hope is located in the wordless. For a writer who puts such store in words, this extraordinary claim puts Lawrence squarely within the purview of modernism, as much a predecessor to Samuel Beckett as any other major figures of literary high modernism.

Difference, and Singularity

If the central problem of these two stories can be reformulated as the search for Pan—in men, in beasts, in rocks and stones—then Lawrence’s own formulation brings us back repeatedly to the ineffectiveness of the post-Socratic world: Pan, All, reduced to a satyr.

Deleuze claims that as a result of this “satyrising,” man thinks himself a unitary being, a self without fracture. This is not the “indestructible” nature that Lawrence valorizes; instead, thinking oneself whole and unfractured only leads
to an extreme willfulness. The woman, for example, is presented as little more
than a large seeing-eye, a camera that captures whatever shadows it is shown.
Deleuze adds that in such a case, "what disappears is ... that profound fracture
of the I which leads it to think only in thinking its own passion, and even its
own death, in the pure and empty form of time" (265). The fractured self is not
something that needs to be rectified, fixed and made whole; by freeing thought of
the blinkers of representation, the space of fracture, of multiplicity (as opposed to
unity) becomes a powerful place and one from which the most radical ideas can
emerge. It becomes a space where the Eurocentric man can say, without rancor,
that he and the Indian are not of the same stream of being, that humanity runs
in parallel streams, and there is more than one way. Lawrence thus forces us to
confront an uncomfortable question: If contact between civilizations invariably
leads to the destruction of one or other and the irreparable changing of both,
is it not better to withdraw from contact? Lou's farm, Las Chivas, makes no
claims for practicality, for bettering itself, for turning a profit. In the same say,
Lawrence's theoretical problematizing offers perhaps the most impractical of
solutions.

This returns us to one of Nietzsche's recurring concerns, one of Lawrence's
own: How can one demand that an inviolate and overarching "good" be required
in every situation when "the moral code as we understand it seems an ill-fitting
garment?" (May 146). How can we strive for truth when every such truth is
hollow in its core? In "Art and Morality," Lawrence writes,

Through many ages, mankind has been striving to register the image
[of the world] on the retina as it is: no more glyphs and hieroglyphs.
We'll have the real objective reality.

And we have succeeded. As soon as we succeed, the kodak is
invented, to prove our success. Could lies come out of a black box,
into which nothing but light has entered? Impossible! It takes life to
tell a lie. (164)

Lawrence's distaste for the camera is more than an expression of modernist
Ludditism. An emphasis on the moral, pedagogical functions of art is as old
as Plato's call to chase the poets out of the polis for spreading phantasms of
irreality. The objectivity of the perceptual world is always problematic, but it
is a problem that is glossed over by the invention of scientific machines that
purport to catch the whole truth, such as the camera.

For Lawrence, the greatest egotism is to rely on the easy answers provided
by machines. When a baby's unschooled eye sees another human, it does not
perceive the figure in photographic terms but through all of its senses. The
"kodakisation" (if one may coin that term) of our world means that we begin to give primacy to what we can see at the expense of the "little Ghost" inside. He says,

We behave as if we had got to the bottom of the sack, and seen the Platonick idea with our own eyes, in all its photographically-developed perfection, lying in the bottom of the sack of the universe. ... The identifying of ourselves with the visual image of ourselves has become an instinct. ... The picture of me, the me that is seen, is me. ("Art and Morality" 165)

In other words, by falling into the habit of imagining difference in terms of the hierarchical distinction between the original and the sequel, the model and the copy, reality and a photograph of it, man has begun to think of the world as an objective, empirical reality and his place in it as stable and quantifiable. He gives the example of a young man looking at a picture of his beloved and saying to himself, "This is me, this is my sweetheart, this is a red cow, and this is the lettuce she is feeding it." Lawrence notes that in naming the different parts of the photograph, the young man (who is only a stand-in for each of us in the modern world) comes to view the multifaceted sensory experience of a day spent with his sweetheart through the unitary, visual straitjacket of photographic memory: "She is really 'a picture'" ("Art and Morality" 165). The real moments they spent together have become an image in his mind, their real affect flattened into image. The camera, more than any other single device, has encouraged the human eye to become a tourist's gaze. It has helped people travel and has encouraged them to see their experiential lives in terms of static images: here is the Indian on his horse, here is the Indian with his gods. This tendency of the modern mind to frame itself, to visualize itself in the centre of an image-frame with the world as its setting, is the supreme manifestation of unchecked ego.

A heroic response to such a situation cannot include multitudes: men or women must journey alone until they find each other; even then, it is unclear whether a union will last in its virtue. For Lawrence, multitudes only make "human depravity conspicuous and [suppress] extra-human value," according to Michael Levenson (146). This logic dictates that Lou's path, whatever she makes of it, must be largely solitary. The only way to avoid the "fall into history" is by avoiding contemporary social life, removing oneself from the flow of historical time in order to reintegrate the self (Levenson 145). "John Thomas" and "Lady Jane" are finally only allowed the limbo of separation, anticipating future delights; similarly, when the man from "The Escaped Cock" finds the priestess of Isis, they are not offered the luxury of static domesticity.
In a conception analogous to Nietzsche's formulation of the Übermensch (and open to similar misinterpretations), the sensitive man in Lawrence must be something of an ascetic in order to be able to immerse himself into the oceanic rhythm of the universe, to comprehend it in all its multiplicitous beauty. In “The Escaped Cock,” Lawrence underlines the personal and highly selective nature of his vision: “[The peasant] was without fire. ... Why, then, should he be lifted up? Clods of earth are turned over for refreshment, they are not to be lifted up. Let the earth remain earthy, and hold its own against the sky. ... It is tillage, not salvation” (131). If the sensitive soul were to remain with “the clods,” it would be unable to rise; in order to have a chance at her individuated salvation from the veils of perception, Lou has to leave both the claustrophobic society of Europe and the populated areas of the Americas. Lou’s flight to the mountains cannot be replaced by any other, and Lawrence’s vision is essentially anti-urban. The sense of place that infuses Lawrence’s fiction set in Taos is so strong that it is impossible to envision the same story set in another landscape. The desolate pink mountains peppered with distant Indian tribes is a specific choice, and one that permeates the texture of his fiction.

Notes

1. See Ott, 2009 on the interventions of the Taos Society of Artists and the American Indian Defense Association, for one recent example; Lawrence was part of the AIDA.

2. There is not space enough here for a full consideration of the story that ends “St Mawr,” the parable-like tale of the New England Woman who owned Las Chivas before Lou bought it. Suffice to say that the land beneath the tiny farm seems hardy and resistant to change, so that Lou’s eventual fate might be surmised to be similar to that of her predecessor. She might stay longer than the previous woman, since she has her mother with her, but it remains unclear whether she will stay forever, or how long Las Chivas will provide her with the emotional support she needs.

3. In one sense, these women all fall prey to a form of pathetic fallacy wherein they assume the romantic, Byronic mountains contain an answer that Western civilization cannot give them, and further assume the people living in those forests are part of the earth-unconscious. Thus Lawrence’s short stories can be read as a caution against the human ego’s tendency to assimilate exterior elements into its own interior narrative.

4. In order to fully appreciate the extent of Lawrence’s innovative treatment of native tribes in his fiction, one might take a brief look at his contemporary and
acquaintance, Willa Cather, who writes both knowingly and sympathetically about the small Indian pueblo villages peppering New Mexico. Cather’s vision differs deeply from Lawrence’s in key ways: her Indians never achieve the same level of interiority, and in fact appear curiously suspended in time, like children who will never grow up. Although a few important Indian characters are fleshed out in *Death Comes for the Archbishop* as they become friends with the Archbishop, Cather’s Indians in essence remain a singular group that is a semi-sentient extension of its landscape. Consider the excerpt below:

“The Ácomas, who must share the universal human yearning for something permanent, enduring, without shadow of change,—they had their idea in substance. They actually lived upon their Rock; they were born upon it and died on upon it. There was an element of exaggeration in anything so simple!” (Archbishop 98). Notice the similarities with the quotation from “The Princess” with which this essay opened. For all her sympathy with the Indians, Cather’s narrative voice remains strongly rooted in the traditions of its European past and cannot conceive of the Indians as a group of individuals. Lawrence’s Taos stories, on the other hand, give a definitive warning against reading Indians as untouched, “without a shadow of change.” The most dangerous thing, as his stories show, is to assume like the woman who rides away does, that the Indian is impervious to western influence.

5. It is striking that Lou sees St. Mawr in this section in terms of his “show qualities”—almost presaging the horse’s end, when he becomes a stud on a horse farm about to be bred for profit. I find much to agree with in Margot Norris’ excellent analysis of the horse and the novella, and Lawrence’s insistence on St. Mawr’s eventual end as a commercial animal adds another layer of criticism to her conclusion about the “reclaimed” natural animal eye. A further question is related to the paltriness of these very human ambitions—the horse destroyed, the woman sacrificed on a spurious claim—are all presented as essentially silly, time-bound human concerns in the face of the eternal landscape. But in “Woman,” the great, isolated “green-covered, unbroken mountain-hills” are broken by the woman’s husband into “the sharp pinkish mounds of the dried mud from the silver-works” (5). Even Lou is only able to have Las Chivas, her farm, because she can afford to pay twelve hundred dollars for it. These human assaults on Pan seem illimitable; we are left with the confusing certainty of Pan enduring, but also being attacked ever more effectively.

6. For an interesting treatment of Rico as artist and art as a site for ontological castration, see Norris. Lawrence himself distinguishes between learnt, affected art like that of Rico and Cézanne’s unaffected still-life apples. Why do people
hate Cézanne's misshapen apples so much, Lawrence asks. The answer is, because they are more moral than Fantin Latour's apples. The apples caught rolling off the table trouble viewers with a sense of their own inadequacy and moral failing, their inability to grasp "the vivid relatedness between man and the living universe that surrounds him" ("Pan in America" 160). It is the function of design in art to recognize this relation between various things, to depict elements "in the creative flux." Only then might people come to realize that "our vaunted 'consciousness' is made up, really, of inert visual images and little else" ("Art and Morality" 167-8).

7. One almost wonders if, at the last minute, her husband might swoop in with the whole force of an army from the silver mines to free her—I say this only in jest, but it points to the magnificence of Lawrence's fiction that it applies such an irresolute end to the deepest philosophical inquiry instead of being destroyed by it.

8. Although the eventual course of Lou's life is left unspecified, her situation brings to mind the priestess of Isis from "The Escaped Cock." The priestess is the daughter of a rich man and possesses considerable estates, all of which are managed by her mother. The worldliness of the matriarch allows the younger woman the freedom to practice her spirituality, and the latter cannot flourish (or even exist) without support from the former, a consideration that has several interesting connotations for the political philosophy expounded by these works.

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