

Feminist Writings
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Tickets, Please! - Part 1

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So hello and welcome to this NPTEL course entitled Feminist Writings. We have just finished reading Katherine Mansfield's short story *The Fly*. So, in this lecture today we will start with the new story by D. H. Lawrence. This is called *Tickets, Please!*

Now, before we move into the story we will do what we always do. We try to give out context that story we are talking about; the setting, historical setting of the story and why is it important for us to be mindful of the setting.

Now if you see that the it should be on the screen, but the very beginning you see the year of publication is mentioned 1919. Now, 1919 of course is a very important date, because what it tells us immediately from historical perspective is that it is immediately after the First World War.

So 1914 to 18 was First World War and this is 1919. So it inhabits more or less the same historical time as Katherine Mansfield's *'The Fly'*; which was written in 1922. So you know, again we have the same kind of historical setting, the same kind of demography in operation which is described over here.

So, and both Mansfield's *Fly* and Lawrence's story *Tickets, Please!* they talk about, this is about Europe, this is about the white Western World and how the white Western World gets depicted in a post-War setting.

Now, I think I may have mentioned this already during my lectures on Mansfield's *Fly* and that is, if you look at the demography of the First World War we find that there is a significant shift in terms of, you know the number of men and number of women because large part of the young male population in Europe, these got, you know wiped off in the war because of the immense amount of human casualty which happened in the war.

And those men who got left behind, those men did not die, large section of those men became injured, became paralyzed, became, you know had conditions, physical conditions which would not enable them, which would not allow them to take up, you know very important and physical demanding positions.

Now what that did essentially from a demographic perspective is it opened out lots of jobs for women which were hitherto, you know forbidden for that.

So obviously, historically speaking we have seen women work as, you know post offices, delivering posts, women working as tram conductors which is the case in this particular story.

Women working, I mean they are entering, you see women increasingly enter the public domain, public space, professional public space which was hitherto forbidden to them and not allowed to them. They did not have access to space before.

So this particular story by Lawrence is about some tram conductors, ticket collectors working in trams in certain route. And you find there is a kind of description of woman tram conductor, and in the group of women tram conductors there happens to be one man.

What happens in that kind of a setting, that kind of demographic condition and it is a story which is very typical of Lawrence. I mean if you read earlier of all the Lawrence's works, I mean among the works that he has published, you know some of his novels, *Sons and Lovers*,

The Rainbow, Lady Chatterley's Lover which is again obviously very infamous. It was banned for long period of time because of obscenity.

But one of the recurring, one of the recursive markers in his writings and his level of style is the depiction of the sensory experience; you know the sensual, the sensuous, the sensory experience.

So experientiality becomes very important condition, very important quality in Lawrence's writing, and how does he describe, represent experience, whether it is very deep-seated physical sensory experience, how to connect to a broader narrative which is cultural inequality, which is social inequality, which is political inequality.

So and the whole idea, the whole tension between landscapes and cityscapes, the whole tension between the urban life and rural life, these are depicted concerning human episodes which are very sensory in quality.

So the sensory quality, the dissentient quality is something that Lawrence really excels in as a writer. It is one of his hallmarks as a writer, as a great stylist in fiction.

Now we just start with the story and we find what are the conditions, what are the qualities in Lawrence's writing as very graphic quality about his descriptions, whether it is human descriptions about, you know human relationships over there, emotional descriptions about emotional entanglements, physical relationships, you know landscapes, you know social relations, political conditions, all that described very graphically in Lawrence's writings which is something which is bit of a hallmark in his style.

So let us dive in the story and let us see how it is important for us in, you know this particular course in feminist writings. So this is Tickets Please! by D H Lawrence.

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10/16/2018 "Tickets, Please!" - D. H. Lawrence

'Tickets, Please!'

D. H. Lawrence

1919

There is in the North a single-line system of tramcars which boldly leaves the county town and plunges off into the black, industrial countryside, up hill and down dale, through the long, ugly villages of workmen's houses, over canals and railways, past churches perched high and nobly over the smoke and shadows, through dark, grimy, cold little market-places, tilting away in a rush past cinemas and shops down to the hollow where the collieries are, then up again, past a little rural church under the ash-trees, on in a bolt to the terminus, the last little ugly place of industry, the cold little town that shivers on the edge of the wild, gloomy country beyond. There the blue and creamy coloured tramcar seems to pause and purr with curious satisfaction. But in a few minutes—the clock on the turret of the Co-operative Wholesale Society's shops gives the time—away it starts once more on the adventure. Again there are the reckless swoops downhill, bouncing the loops; again the chilly wait in the hill-top market-place: again the breathless slithering round the precipitous drop under the church: again the patient halts at the loops, waiting for the outgoing car: so on and on, for two long hours, till at last the city looms beyond, the fat gasworks, the narrow factories draw near, we are in the sordid streets of the great town, once more we sidle to a standstill at our terminus, abashed by the great crimson and cream-coloured city cars, but still jerky, jaunty, somewhat daredevil,



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So we have this so meandering description of tram car moving. So again this is the quality of really powerful writer because what is being told to us superficially is the route of particular tram, the particular tram car.

But then what is actually being told to us is the quality of the landscape and we see the word industrial keeps coming up in the description over here and what we see is the historical setting, the geographical setting of Lawrence's writings mostly is Northern England which used to be a big thing for, you know the collieries and there is the mention of collieries over there, the coal mines and the industries around coal production etc.

So that was the historical setting, the (())(6:40), the Northern part of England was something that Lawrence wrote about quite so consistently but you know what gets depicted immediately when we begin the story is how the industrial quality of the landscape is ugly, is

dark, is grimy, is not something which is beautiful, pristine. Now we have little pockets of pristineness every now and then.

And this tension between the pristine rural quality of the landscape and the non-pristine, dark and grimy industrial quality of the landscape is something which keeps happening, keeps coming back in Lawrence's writings. So that is something which is probable, or probably present in the very beginning of the story.

There the blue and creamy color tramcar seems to pause and purr with curious satisfaction. But in a few minutes, the clock on the turret of the Cooperative Wholesale Society's shops give the time, away it starts once more on the adventure.

So you know the tramcar seems to be, seems to have been humanized, so we have here, the tramcar is breathing, it is stopping, it is purring and almost like it is going on an adventure and is across landscape.

Again there are the reckless swoops downhill, bouncing the loops, again the chilly wait in the hilltop marketplace, again the breathless slithering round the precipitous drop under the church, again the patient halts at the loops waiting for the out-coming car; so on and on for two long hours till at least, at last city looms beyond, the fat gasworks, the narrow factories draw near, we are in the sordid streets of the great town. Once more we sidle to a standstill at our terminus, abashed by the great crimson and cream-colored city cars but still jerky, jaunty, somewhat daredevil pert as a blue tit out of a black colliery garden.

So the whole idea of tramcar entering the city becomes very visual description. And the city is also very jazzy; there are lots of colorful cars.

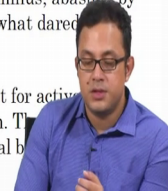
There is more velocity in the city and there is a degree of incompatibility between the tramcar and the city and hence the words jerky is important, and it is bit of an outsider, it is bit of an intruder but into the functioning machinery of the city. But still it comes then every day, something of a ritual movement.

To ride in those cars is always an adventure.

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There is in the North a single-line system of tramcars which boldly leaves the county town and plunges off into the black, industrial countryside, up hill and down dale, through the long, ugly villages of workmen's houses, over canals and railways, past churches perched high and nobly over the smoke and shadows, through dark, grimy, cold little market-places, tilting away in a rush past cinemas and shops down to the hollow where the collieries are, then up again, past a little rural church under the ash-trees, on in a bolt to the terminus, the last little ugly place of industry, the cold little town that shivers on the edge of the wild, gloomy country beyond. There the blue and creamy coloured tramcar seems to pause and purr with curious satisfaction. But in a few minutes—the clock on the turret of the Co-operative Wholesale Society's shops gives the time—away it starts once more on the adventure. Again there are the reckless swoops downhill, bouncing the loops; again the chilly wait in the hill-top market-place: again the breathless slithering round the precipitous drop under the church: again the patient halts at the loops, waiting for the outcoming car: so on and on, for two long hours, till at last the city looms beyond, the fat gasworks, the narrow factories draw near, we are in the sordid streets of the great town, once more we sidle to a standstill at our terminus, abashed by the great crimson and cream-coloured city cars, but still jerky, jaunty, somewhat dazed and pert as a blue-tit out of a black colliery garden.

To ride on these cars is always an adventure. The drivers are often men unfit for active service: cripples and hunchbacks. So they have the spirit of the devil in them. The ride becomes a steeplechase. Hurrah! we have leapt in a clean jump over the canal bridge



The drivers are often men unfit for active services, cripples and hunchbacks, and this is what I was meaning in beginning of the story when I said, you know a large amount of male population, a large section of male population post First World War was essentially crippled by the War, they were crippled by the violence of the War.

They may have been soldiers, they fought in trenches. They came back injured beyond the redemption, beyond the healing and so they have to look for services such as driving tramcars, cripples and hunchbacks.

So they have the spirit of the devil in them. The ride becomes a steeplechase, Hurrah! We have leapt a clean jump over the canal bridges, now for the four-lane corner! With the shriek

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Society's shops gives the time—away it starts once more on the adventure. Again there are the reckless swoops downhill, bouncing the loops; again the chilly wait in the hill-top market-place: again the breathless slithering round the precipitous drop under the church: again the patient halts at the loops, waiting for the outcoming car: so on and on, for two long hours, till at last the city looms beyond, the fat gasworks, the narrow factories draw near, we are in the sordid streets of the great town, once more we sidle to a standstill at our terminus, abashed by the great crimson and cream-coloured city cars, but still jerky, jaunty, somewhat daredevil, pert as a blue-tit out of a black colliery garden.

To ride on these cars is always an adventure. The drivers are often men unfit for active service: cripples and hunchbacks. So they have the spirit of the devil in them. The ride becomes a steeplechase. Hurrah! we have leapt in a clean jump over the canal bridges—now for the four-lane corner! With a shriek and a trail of sparks we are clear again. To be sure a tram often leaps the rails—but what matter! It sits in a ditch till other trams come to haul it out. It is quite common for a car, packed with one solid mass of living people, to come to a dead halt in the midst of unbroken blackness, the heart of nowhere on a dark night, and for the driver and the girl-conductor to call: 'All get off—car's on fire!' Instead of rushing out in a panic, the passengers stolidly reply: 'Get on—get on. We're not coming out. We're stopping where we are. Push on, George.' So till flames actually appear.

The reason for this reluctance to dismount is that the nights are howlingly cold, black and windswept and a car is a haven of refuge. From village to village the miners tr



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Now there is a comical quality about this particular description. So what has been said to us is very comical. Tramcars catch fire, and you know people who sit inside tramcars, they couldn't care less at the beginning.

And the girl conductor urges them to leave the tramcar. And she shrieks, she screams and asks them to go out of tram but they stolidly, very strangely sitting in the tramcar until they actually see the flames, and then they walk out in a very, very lazy fashion.

Till the flames actually appear they would not move, they would not budge, they actually ask the people, get off the driver and the conductor, get off and push the car.

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So the car, the tramcar

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The reason for this reluctance to dismount is that the nights are howlingly cold, black and windswept, and a car is a haven of refuge. From village to village the miners travel, for a change of cinema, of girl, of pub. The trams are desperately packed. Who is going to risk himself in the black gulf outside, to wait perhaps an hour for another tram, then to see the forlorn notice 'Depot Only'—because there is something wrong; or to greet a unit of three bright cars all so tight with people that they sail past with a howl of derision? Trams that pass in the night!

This, the most dangerous tram-service in England, as the authorities themselves with pride, is entirely conducted by girls, and driven by rash young men, or else by girls who creep forward in terror. The girls are fearless young hussies. In their ugly blue skirts up to their knees, shendless old peaked caps on their heads, they have



along with being the means of communication, a means of transport also becomes a very warm shelter in the rain-cold, black and very wind-swept nights.

And that is very important piece of information given to us. We are also told the climate, the weather of the place and how the weather becomes quite hostile and inclement in quality.

From village to village the miners travel. So this is the demography we were looking at, the mining population, the miners of Northern bit of England who are essentially the people who take the tramcars across villages.

From village to village the miners travel, for a change of cinema, of girl of pub.

So the different distractions available, someone is going to watch a film in the cinemas, someone probably have an affair with a girl, someone is going to pub to get drunk.

So there are different distractions, different forms of activities, amorous activities and alcoholic activities you know watching a film, so we are talking about miners, presumably they are not very (12:06) sophisticated people, they are not very urban people.

So for them a diversion, you know, having a diversion, having some kind of entertainment is only limited to few options and of course it is quite crude and it is quite, so (())(12:21) certain working class in quality.

And that is something which we need to bear in mind. Because Lawrence, he himself came from a coal miner's family and he essentially had a real working class background. So you find most occasions he writes about the working class coal mining families in the Northern England.

That is the setting, that is the demography he understands best. As a writer and he describes best as a writer. That becomes his key, the key crowd in his novels.

The trams are desperately packed. Who is going to risk himself in the black gulf outside to wait perhaps an hour for another tram, then to see forlorn notice Depot Only because there is something wrong, something wrong or to greet a unit of three bright cars all so tight with people that they sail past with a howl of derision. Trams that pass in the night.

So the different kinds of trams which passed in the night, some of the trams were dysfunctional as they have this notice called Depot only which means they were heading for the depot, they are not going anywhere else or some of the trams were so bright, so packed with people that it is sailing past without stopping with a howl of derision.

So you know people tend to get into tramcars as quick as they can because it is very cold and very dark and it is hostile outside in terms of weather. So trams offered some kind of a haven, warm haven.

This, the most dangerous tram-service in England, as the authorities themselves declare, with pride, is entirely conducted by girls and this is where it gets interesting, you know from a demographic perspective. This, the most dangerous tram-service in England, as is classified by the central authorities themselves and we find here, we are told there is an entire route, entire tram service is entirely conducted by girls. So that is important for us to understand.

And driven by rash young men, or else by invalids who creep forward in terror. The girls are fearless young hussies.

So if you look at the vocabulary of Lawrence, some of the words which he uses are perhaps inappropriate from modern perspective.

But then he was writing

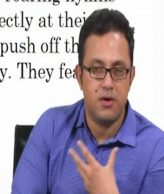
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https://www.pseudopodium.org/repress/shorts/D_H_Lawrence-Tickets_Please.html



from particular point of time, particular vocabulary in a particular culture and you know, particular so, level, location and culture, so as I mentioned it is very working class kind of writing, very working class language that is used into liberally, you know talk about these people and the kind of vocabulary they use while talking to each other.

In their ugly blue uniform, skirts up to their knees, shapeless old peaked caps on their heads, they have all the sang-froid of an old commissioned officer, non-commissioned officer. With a tram packed with howling colliers, roaring hymns downstairs and a sort of antiphony of obscenities upstairs, the lasses are perfectly at their ease.

So you know this is not something which we would normally associate with ladylike condition, ladylike situation because the people who are presumably drunk, swearing at each other, sometimes they are violent with each other, the whole tramcar is packed with these howling colliers, very working class, violent people.

But these women who are conducting the tramcars, who are the conductors in tramcars, they seemed to be perfectly at ease, in terms of being there and getting the job done.

They pounce on the youths who try to evade their ticket-machine.

So they are very, very aggressive, very, very keen, very observant. We cannot escape their attention. We cannot get out of the tramcar without paying tickets.

They push off the men at the end of their distance. They are not going to be done in the eye—not they. They fear nobody—and everybody fears them.

So if you are buying a ticket for a particular destination and if they see the destination they will remember each one of us, each one of passengers and they would push out the passengers at their destination they paid for, until they paid for.

So they are very, very vigilant, very aggressive, very vigorous in their jobs. And we are told they fear nobody, and everybody fears them.

So they have this fear factor about them. That is something which we are told quite in the beginning of the story.

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'Halloa, Annie!'

'Halloa, Ted!' 'Oh, mind my corn, Miss Stone! It's my belief you've got a heart of stone, for you've trod on it again.'

'You should keep it in your pocket,' replies Miss Stone, and she goes sturdily upstairs in her high boots.

'Tickets, please.'

She is peremptory, suspicious, and ready to hit first. She can hold her own against ten thousand.

Therefore there is a certain wild romance aboard these cars—and in the sturdy bosom of Annie herself. The romantic time is in the morning, between ten o'clock and one, when things are rather slack: that is, except market-day and Saturday. Then Annie has time to look about her. Then she often hops off her car and into a shop where she has spied something, while her driver chats in the main road. There is very good feeling between the girls and the drivers. Are they not companions in peril, shipmates aboard this careering vessel of a tramcar, for ever rocking on the waves of a hilly land?

Then, also, in the easy hours the inspectors are most in evidence. For some reason, every employed in this tram-service is young: there are no grey heads. It would not do. The inspectors are of the right age, and one, the chief, is also good-looking. See him stand gloomy morning in his long oilskin, his peaked cap well down over his eyes, waiting t



And now we have conversation between women over here

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'Hello, Ted!'

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So again there is a similar used over here. The tramcars are equated with ships sailing out in wild seas. We are told there is a very interesting, very close and cozy camaraderie between the tram drivers and tram conductors.

Annie is someone who is described as here; she is very vigilant, vigorous woman. It is impossible to escape her eyes and it is impossible escape her attention. She does her job very sincerely; she is very good-hearted as well.

Then, also, during the easy hours, the inspectors are most in evidence. For some reason, everybody employed in this tram-service is young: there are no

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Then, also, in the easy hours the inspectors are most in evidence. For some reason, everybody employed in this tram-service is young; there are no grey heads. It would not do. Therefore the inspectors are of the right age, and one, the chief, is also good-looking. See him stand on a wet, gloomy morning in his long oilskin, his peaked cap well down over his eyes, waiting to board a car. His face is ruddy, his small brown moustache is weathered, he has a faint, impudent smile. Fairly tall and agile, even in his waterproof, he springs aboard a car and greets Annie.

'Halloa, Annie! Keeping the wet out?'

'Trying to.'



There are only two people in the car. Inspecting is soon over. Then for a long and impudent chat on the footboard—a good, easy, twelve-mile chat.

The inspector's name is John Joseph Raynor: always called John Joseph. His face sets in fury when he is addressed, from a distance, with this abbreviation. There is considerable scandal about John Joseph in half-a-dozen villages. He flirts with the girl-conductors in the morning, and walks out with them in the dark night when they leave their tramcar at the depot. Of course, the girls quit the service frequently. Then he flirts and walks out with a newcomer: always providing she is sufficiently attractive, and that she will consent to walk. It is remarkable, however, that most of the girls are quite comely, they are all young, and this roving life aboard the car gives them a sailor's dash and recklessness. What matter how they behave when the ship is in port? Tomorrow they will be aboard again.



Annie, however, was something of a tartar, and her sharp tongue had kept John Joseph

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This is a tram inspector who comes in periodically to check the condition of the transport and then you know see he is meeting Annie, the tram conductor.

'Hello, Annie! Keeping the wet out?'

'Trying to.'

There are only two people in the car. Inspecting is soon over. Then for a long and impudent chat on the foot-board, a good, easy, twelve-mile chat.

So you know, we are given descriptions of different times of the day, different days of week, how the quality, the color inside the tramcar, the condition in the tramcar, very periodical in quality, they are very episodic in quality, so sometimes, certain times of day it is very packed with people whereas some times of the day it is relatively more free, relatively more thin, relatively more relaxed in quality.

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Now, this is the point of a story well, just (())(19:56) digression, and locate the story in the context of the times. Because what we are told in this point and we will see in due course is that there is this man who obviously enjoys the position of privilege in this professional circuit.

He is called John Joseph and he is a bit of a sexual predator, we are told. There is a scandal about him. So he flirts with many women, especially the newcomers who join this particular service and he is often seen with them in the evening.

He is often seen with them at night, they often leave the house at night, and quite frequently these women leave the jobs after they have an affair with him presumably because of biological reasons, we are not told. It is not spelt out to us.

But you know he is someone who keeps exploiting, keeps abusing his position in his professional, you know professional paradigm. And that is something we are obviously the world we live in today we are getting more knowledge of this kind of behavior. We are getting more, more resentful against this kind of behavior.

Quite rightly so, there are campaigns and movements, dignity in the workplace, campaigns and movements of equality in the workplace of, you know no harassment situation in the workplace etc.

But this is story which is about among many things, is about harassment, is about, you know being a victim to a predator like activity especially from a person who occupies and enjoys the position of power, position of privilege in that professional circuit.

So this is a very telling, very disturbing story about, you know harassment in the sexual nature and you know the reason why I have chosen this for this particular course is that it talks about, you know, great interestingly; it talks about agency and agents (21:43) and helplessness, especially women when they are, you know exploited by someone in position of power, superior in power.

What is interesting to know is that we are also told at the beginning of the story that these are women who are very vigilant, very vigorous; they are very, very fierce about the jobs when they are inside the tramcar when they get out of the tramcar they become quite exploited specially by this particular person who flirts with them, has affairs with them on numerous occasions and then, you know he is someone who keeps abusing his position.

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'Trying to.'

There are only two people in the car. Inspecting is soon over. Then for a long and impudent chat on the footboard—a good, easy, twelve-mile chat.

The inspector's name is John Joseph Raynor: always called John Joseph. His face sets in fury when he is addressed, from a distance, with this abbreviation. There is considerable scandal about John Joseph in half-a-dozen villages. He flirts with the girl-conductors in the morning, and walks out with them in the dark night when they leave their tramcar at the depot. Of course, the girls quit the service frequently. Then he flirts and walks out with a newcomer: always providing she is sufficiently attractive, and that she will consent to walk. It is remarkable, however, that most of the girls are quite comely, they are all young, and this roving life aboard the car gives them a sailor's dash and recklessness. What matter how they behave when the ship is in port? Tomorrow they will be aboard again.

Annie, however, was something of a tartar, and her sharp tongue had kept John Joseph at arm's length for many months. Perhaps, therefore, she liked him all the more; for he always came up smiling, with impudence. She watched him vanquish one girl, then another. She could tell by the movement of his mouth and eyes, when he flirted with her in the morning that he had been walking out with this lass, or the other the night before. She could set up pretty well.



had kept John Joseph at arm's length for many months.

So John Joseph been the predator for the years, started to woo Annie, started to flirt Annie but Annie is obviously more confident, she is more strong in what she does and so she has managed to keep John Joseph at bay for period of time.

Perhaps, therefore, she liked him all the more: for he always came up smiling, with impudence. She watched him vanquish one girl, then another. She would tell by the movement of his mouth and eyes, when he flirted with her in the morning, that he had been walking out with this lass, or the other, the night before. She could sum him up pretty well.

So Annie could see through John Joseph. Annie could see through the

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In their subtle antagonism, they knew each other like old friends; they were as shrewd with one another almost as man and wife. But Annie had always kept him fully at arm's length. Besides, she had a boy of her own.



machinations of John Joseph. She knew pretty well he is a predator, he is a sexual predator, he is professional predator and you know he is someone who is dangerous and perhaps evil as well.

But the same time she had a liking for him perhaps because she could see through him quite clearly and perhaps she could figure him out quite clearly so she could see through his politeness, his performance etc. So she could sum him up pretty well.

In their subtle antagonism they knew each other like old friends. They were as shrewd with each other almost as man and wife, but Annie had always kept him fully along his length. Besides she had a boyfriend of her own.

So she had a boyfriend of her own and she was not very keen of having a relationship with John Joseph. So that is something that we are told at the beginning of the story.

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10/16/2018 "Tickets, Please!" - D. H. Lawrence

The Statutes fair, however, came in November, at Middleton. It happened that Annie had the Monday night off. It was a drizzling, ugly night, yet she dressed herself up and went to the fairground. She was alone, but she expected soon to find a pal of some sort.

The roundabouts were veering round and grinding out their music, the side-shows were making as much commotion as possible. In the coconut shies there were no coconuts, but artificial substitutes, which the lads declared were fastened into the irons. There was a sad decline in brilliance and luxury. None the less, the ground was muddy as ever, there was the same crush, the press of faces lighted up by the flares and the electric lights, the same smell of naphtha and fried potatoes and electricity.

Who should be the first to greet Miss Annie, on the show-ground, but John Joseph! He had a black overcoat buttoned up to his chin, and a tweed cap pulled down over his brows, his face between was ruddy and smiling and hardy as ever. She knew so well the way his mouth moved.

She was very glad to have a 'boy'. To be at the Statutes without a fellow was no fun. Instantly, like the gallant he was, he took her on the dragons, grim-toothed, round-about switchbacks. It was not nearly so exciting as a tramcar, actually. But then, to be seated in a shaking green dragon, uplifted above the sea of bubble faces, careering in a rickety fashion in the lower heavens, whilst John Joseph leaned over her, his cigarette in his mouth, was, after all, the right style. She was a plump, quick, alive little creature. So she was quite excited and h



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The Statutes fair, however, came in November, at Middleton.

We are told about a fair which is presumably a big thing, a big business activity and obviously with such a fair the tramcars would be quite busy with different kinds of merchants and merchandize and people going to fair to buy things. So it is a busy time for these people as well, in November at Middleton.

It happened that Annie had the Monday night off. It was a drizzling ugly night, yet she dressed herself up and went to the fair ground. She was alone, but she expected soon to find a pal of some sort.

So she went to fair, she visited the fair by herself hoping and expecting to find a friend in the fair.

The roundabouts were veering round and grinding out their music, the side shows were making as much commotion as possible. In the coconut shies there were no coco-nuts, but artificial war-time substitutes, which the lads declared were fastened into the irons. There was a sad decline in brilliance and luxury. Nonetheless, the ground was muddy as ever, there was

the same crush, the press of faces lighted up by the flares and the electric lights, the same smell of naphtha and a few fried potatoes, and of electricity.

So again look at the very, very sensory quality of description that Lawrence delivers away. He is talking about fair but we get the sense of sight, smell and there is smell of naphtha, fried potatoes, electricity, the sights of different electrical lights, the tactile quality described to us, very very sensory, very heightened in quality in terms of the sensory level.

Who should be the first to meet, greet Miss Annie on the showground but John Joseph?

So John Joseph happened to be there as well and he runs into Annie and they greet each other, he greets Annie.

He had a black overcoat buttoned up to his chin, and a tweed cap pulled down over his brows, his face between was ruddy and smiling and hardy as ever. She knew so well the way his mouth moved.

So you know as we have told already that she can figure out different signs, his different amorous signs and indications quite well. So she knew so well the way his mouth moved.

She was very glad to have a 'boy'. To be at the Statutes without a fellow was no fun.

So she found it is going to be at least some companion which could be, potentially, good times. So she was glad she met someone that she knew, John Joseph.

Instantly, like the gallant he was, he took her on the dragons, grim-toothed, round-about switchbacks. It was not nearly so exciting as a tram-car actually. But, then, to be seated in a shaking, green dragon, uplifted by the sea of bubble faces, careering in a rickety fashion in the lower heavens, whilst John Joseph leaned over her, his cigarette in his mouth, was after all the right style. She was a plump, quick, alive little creature. So she was quite excited and happy.

So we have, you know description of physical proximity over here. John Joseph made a very gallant predator, you know takes her on different fun rides which were there in the fair. So she finds herself seating beside him in this swinging dragon like thing which takes up in the sky, etc. and then John Joseph obviously sitting right beside her, but a cigarette in his mouth and then she feels happy with the whole thing.

And she thinks it is perfect thing to do since she is having an affair already. And she was quite excited and happy.

John Joseph made her stay on for the next round. And therefore she could hardly for shame to repulse him when he put his arm round her and drew her a little nearer to him

So you know, obviously he is becoming the predator that he is. So he is drawing her towards himself, put his arms around her and she does not say much because you know he is actually paying for the next ride, the next round.

So you see the erotic quality in writing that creeps in Lawrence's narratives because what is being said to us is the erotic tension that is being, you know, notched up by these descriptions in a public fair ground.

As I mentioned this is a very topical story, it is very important story for us today because it gives us a very disturbing image, very disturbing description of, you know sexual exploitation in a workplace and how that extends into outside the workplaces as well.

How the women cannot say no at the beginning but then the whole idea of being reluctant does not really matter. It is the man over here seems to have power, position and obviously the money, you know to buy rides for her. So it becomes very disturbing depiction especially in relevance in the world we live in today, news we consume today, about this kind of disgusting behavior.

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John Joseph made her stay on for the next round. And therefore she could hardly for shame to repulse him when he put his arm round her and drew her a little nearer to him, in a very warm and cuddly manner. Besides, he was fairly discreet, he kept his movement as hidden as possible. She looked down, and saw that his red, clean hand was out of sight of the crowd. And they knew each other so well. So they warmed up to the fair.

After the dragons they went on the horses. John Joseph paid each time, she could but be complaisant. He, of course, sat astride on the outer horse—named 'Black Bess'—and she sat sideways towards him, on the inner horse—named 'Wildfire'. But, of course, John Joseph was not going to sit discreetly on 'Black Bess', holding the brass bar. Round they spun and heaved, in the light. And round he swung on his wooden steed, flinging one leg across her mount, and perilously tipping up and down, across the space, half-lying back, laughing at her. He was perfectly happy; she was afraid her hat was on one side, but she was excited.

He threw quoits on a table, and won her two large, pale-blue hatpins. And then, hearing the noise of the cinema, announcing another performance, they climbed the boards and went in.

Of course, during these performances, pitch darkness falls from time to time, when the machine goes wrong. Then there is a wild whooping, and a loud smacking of simulated kisses. In these moments John Joseph drew Annie towards him. After all, he had a wonderfully warm, cosy way of holding a girl with his arm, he seemed to make such a nice fit. And, after all, it was pleasant to be so held; so very comforting and cosy and nice. He leaned over her and she felt his breath on her hair. She knew he wanted to kiss her on the lips. And, after all, it was so warm and she fitted in to him so softly. After all, she wanted him to touch her lips.



Okay, so he put his arms around her in a very warm and cuddly manner. Besides, he was fairly discreet, he kept his movement as hidden as possible. She looked down, and saw that his red, clean hand was out of sight of the crowd. And they knew each other so well. So they warmed up to the fair.

So, she was uncomfortable perhaps, but she did not spelt out because she thought this is a fair and then you know she thought they know each other so she went on to that.

After the dragons they went on the horses. John Joseph paid each time,

So again this is important. He is paying each time. So with each payment he seems to have a license to get sexual proximity to her. And that becomes very complicated, disturbing mechanism of proximity, very disturbing mechanism of, you know predator behavior.

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So you know, they getting more excited and all. Again what is interesting over here is the different machines in the fair which become symbols of some kind of erotic adventure.

So both of them are riding horses, wooden horses side by side but then this man who is paying for all these rides gets more and more close to her, puts his foot on her horse and then you know moves sideways and bends in different directions and whole thing becomes spectacle of excitement.

He threw quoits on a table, and won for her two large, pale-blue hat-pins. And then, hearing the noise of the cinemas, announcing another performance, they climbed the boards and went in.

So you know the film shows, the cinema shows, fairground rides, etc. all these become spectacles you know merriment. And this merriment instantly becomes a danger zone as well very, very quickly as we will find out in due course on later.

Of course, during these performances pitch darkness falls from time to time, when the machine goes wrong. Then there is a wild whooping, and a loud smacking of simulated kisses. In these moments John Joseph drew Annie towards him. After all, he had a wonderfully warm, cozy way of holding a girl with his arm; he seemed to make such a nice fit. And, after all, it was pleasant to be so held: so very comforting and cozy and nice. He leaned over her and she felt his breath on her hair; she knew he wanted to kiss her on the lips. And, after all, he was so warm and she fitted in to him so softly. After all,

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sideways towards him, on the other noise—muted, vibrant. But, of course, John Joseph was not going to sit discreetly on 'Black Bess', holding the brass bar. Round they spun and heaved, in the light. And round he swung on his wooden steed, flinging one leg across her mount, and perilously tipping up and down, across the space, half-lying back, laughing at her. He was perfectly happy; she was afraid her hat was on one side, but she was excited.

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But the light sprang up, she also started electrically, and put her hat straight. He left his arm lying nonchalant behind her. Well, it was fun, it was exciting to be at the Statutes with John Joseph.

When the cinema was over they went for a walk across the dark, damp fields. He had all the arts of love-making. He was especially good at holding a girl, when he sat with her on a stile in the black, drizzling darkness. He seemed to be holding her in space, against his own warmth and gratification. And his kisses were soft and slow and searching.



she wanted him to touch her lips.

But the light sprang up; she also started electrically, and put her hat straight. He left his arm lying nonchalantly behind her. Well, it was fun, it was exciting to be at the Statutes with John Joseph.

So you know she, the character Annie is getting more and more seduced by the machines, by the merriment, by the proximity to John Joseph and also his seduction is dangerous in quality as we've seen, we know already the character being a predator of the highest order.

So this becomes, and can look at the way in which Lawrence stories have this very interesting mixture of fun and darkness, of excitement, adventure and deep, dark and evil quality to it as well. So they come together in a very asymmetric way which makes it very complex, human in quality.

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So you have very sensory description of lovemaking over here.

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10/16/2018

Tickets, Please! - D. H. Lawrence

So Annie walked out with John Joseph, though she kept her own boy dangling in the distance. Some of the tram-girls chose to be huffy. But there, you must take things as you find them, in this life.

There was no mistake about it, Annie liked John Joseph a good deal. She felt so pleasant and warm in herself, whenever he was near. And John Joseph really liked Annie, more than usual. The soft, melting way in which she could flow into a fellow, as if she melted into his very bones, was something rare and gratifying. He fully appreciated this.

But with a developing acquaintance there began a developing intimacy. Annie wanted to consider him a person, a man; she wanted to take an intelligent interest in him, and to have an intelligent response. She did not want a mere nocturnal presence— which was what he was so far. And she prided herself that he could not leave her.

Here she made a mistake. John Joseph intended to remain a nocturnal presence, he had no idea of becoming an all-round individual to her. When she started to take an intelligent interest in him and his life and his character, he sheered off. He hated intelligent interest. And he knew that the only way to stop it was to avoid it. The possessive female was aroused in Annie. So he left her.

It was no use saying she was not surprised. She was at first startled, thrown out of her equilibrium. For she had been so very sure of holding him. For a while she was staggered, and even became uncertain to her. Then she wept with fury, indignation, desolation, and misery. And she had a spasms of despair. And then, when he came, still impudently, on to her car.



So Annie walked out with John Joseph, though she kept her own boy dangling in the distance.

So you know walking out becomes metaphor over here of perhaps sexual relationship, perhaps a rocking relationship. So every time there is a descriptions ‘someone walking out with someone’ means they presumably made love, they presumably partners in love, etc.

Right, and that becomes important metaphor over here.

And we are also told that she kept her own boy dangling in the distance. So you know she had a boyfriend as we are told but then kind of relationship, the sudden spurt of excitement that she gets from John Joseph makes her more vulnerable, makes her, so seduces her into this relationship and before she knows that she is just into in a very dangerous and complex way

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So this is the interesting bit of story where we find from her perspective, this is a human relationship, with human relations and holistic human quality whereas his perspective, it is more of a nocturnal adventure, night time adventure, night time predatory activity.

So we have this deep dark rings coming in already, and obviously with her, with Annie she is beginning to generate economic expectations where she tells herself that John Joseph cannot leave her because, you know he is now emotionally entangled with her, and that is at least what she would like to believe.

Here she made a mistake and this is what we find out, maybe here she made a mistake. John Joseph intended to remain a nocturnal presence.

For John Joseph this was just night time activity, night time amorous activity and little no. he had no idea of becoming an all-round individual to her.

The idea of being all-round human being and being a predator is something which constantly comes in tension, constantly comes in the story and this is where we find the story is so relevant for us today, especially the kind of movements we see around us, movements of voices of women speaking up for first time of being harassed and exploited in workplaces in different conditions; so in that kind of setting this story becomes very, very important work of fiction.

When she started to take an intelligent interest in him and his life and his character, he sheared off. He hated intelligent interest. And he knew that the only way to stop it was to avoid it. The possessive female was aroused in Annie. So he left her.

So you know this little sentence, so he left her becomes interesting. It has a clinical quality to it. Left her, departed, so whole thing is over for him. It was just a merriment for him and that is something which comes to abrupt end.

Let us stop at this point today. But we begin to see the dark tones coming and, the dark and moral tones coming in; how sexuality becomes exciting positive activity as well as the very negative dark activity.

That is something that tension keeps running in Lawrence's fiction. We find this story is very interesting especially as I keep mentioning from a feminist perspective of how, you know this woman is vulnerable woman, navigates with the sexual predator, this man who possesses power in professional circuit, who possesses power economically, sexually and how does she navigate with him, how does she, you know addresses him and how does she become a prey to him and how does she avenge herself in the end, that is what we will find out as we read the story.

So we will stop at this point today. I will continue the story in the next lectures. Thank you for your attention.