

The Rainbow: A Novel in terms of Gestures and Movements (I)

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I. Introduction

You mustn't look in my novel for the old stable *ego*—of the character. There is another ego, according to whose action the individual is unrecognizable, and passes through, as it were, allotropic states which it needs a deeper sense than any we've been used to exercise, to discover are states of the same single radically unchanged element. . . . Again I say, don't look for the development of the novel to follow the lines of certain characters: the characters fall into the form of some other rhythmic form, as when one draws a fiddle-bow across a fine tray delicately sanded, the sand takes lines unknown.¹

This passage from Lawrence's letter while he was writing *The Wedding Ring*, which was later to become two separate works of *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, well testifies his awareness that he was producing some radically new form of novel—different in style and manner from the conventional nineteenth-century type of novel comprising characters and a certain moral scheme. The difference between the latter type of novel and his own is marked with the contrast between the stability and the instability of the characters portrayed. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that this is the contrast between the stability and the movement; for the thoughts and actions of Lawrence's characters are not described as utterly chaotic or fragmentary though they may at one time be gentle and loving and at other times violent and destructive: they pass through "allotropic states" and fall into "some other rhythmic form." The terms such as "another ego" and "some

other rhythmic form" are very vague, but the suggestion is that the movement takes place at a deeper level than the nineteenth-century-type novel has ever grasped. While the nineteenth-century-type novels were formed on the level of 'the realistic,' with the actions, thoughts and feelings "recognizable" and understandable by the ordinary (if a little imaginative) mind and senses, Lawrence's novels from *The Rainbow* on tended to be called unrealistic, conceptual, dogmatic, and so on.² Lawrence himself was aware of such criticism to come while he was creating the new form. At least his intention, when he dared to call his work "a bit futuristic,"³ was not to present something merely abstracted from the realistic level but to explore a deeper unacknowledged level of being. The drawing of the fiddle-bow across the sanded tray suggests that 'the movement' of Lawrence's characters come from something unknown and unrevealed to themselves. He groped and tried to call into form 'the movement' which arises from the deeper unknown part of the individual and of which the individual is usually unaware or only half aware—"the movement" which requires a new deeper kind of sensibility on the part of the reader as well to recognize.

That is not to say that one should hastily connect this 'movement' with Yung or any sort of depth-psychology. Then what is this movement? How is it rendered? How can the reader grasp it? The answers should be sought in the work—in this case *The Rainbow*—itself; and the first step for the right understanding of the book is to drop all the ready-made theories and norms (for the interpretation and evaluation of novels) and to hold an open readiness and alertness to a new sort of movement which may strike the reader as he reads on. This thesis does *not* focus its attention upon the story, the characterization, the theme, or what the work and the images 'mean' in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead, this thesis starts from picking up various sorts of movements which are represented and developed in the novel, and it attempts to cast a new light upon the work from the study of each movement.

That *The Rainbow* is a remarkable work of a genius has been widely acknowledged since F. R. Leavis⁴ acclaimed it as unique and yet as part of the living tradition of English literature. Since then there have been so many criticisms—both pros and cons—concerning the form and style of the novel. The so-called ‘flaws’ of the work are mostly about: the lack of reality of the characters, the obtrusion of the author’s dogmatic voice, the obscurity and irrelevancy of meanings and symbols, the lack of unity in style, the inconsistency of the themes (since the novel is too loaded with them), and the resulting weakness of the organizing structure.⁵ But those ‘flaws’ are pointed out from the viewpoints more or less based upon the existing norms of novel-criticisms, which rest on the semantic, thematic, and ‘realistic’ aspects of novels—not from the viewpoint which the present writer believes is intrinsic to this unique work. For instance, what is regarded as the lack of unity in style from the former viewpoint may hold some new kind of unity or effect from the viewpoint of ‘the movement’ which is studied in this thesis. Moreover, the vagueness and discrepancies of interpretation among the critics over certain scenes and images seem to show that there is something which cannot be grasped with the usual method of interpretation. Before any evaluation can be made, a new criteria must be discovered; and the first necessary step is to seek a new perspective, a new method of interpretation, in the novel itself while at the same time the reader is trying to grasp the work through that perspective. This is the double process—the constant going back and forth between the interpretation and the search for its method.

Some critics have been partly aware of a certain ‘movement’ taking place in *The Rainbow*. In fact, many of those already-mentioned criticisms against the ‘flaws’ of the work were made by the critics who nevertheless called it intuitive, religious, rhythmic, penetrating (as a study of the human unconscious and of the spiritual history of the English civilization),⁶ and so on. And Leavis was the first to take up a certain “rhythm” (or movement) *as the organizing principle of The*

Rainbow. He defined "the complex rhythm" as:

...the movement that, by recurrence along with newness, brings continually a significant recall of what has gone before.⁷

He also said,

It is the same life, and they are different lives, living differently the same problems—the same though different—in three interlinked generations: that is how the form is felt.⁸

He found that the same problems, the same themes, concerning the birth, growth, adolescence, love, marriage, creative impulse, death and so on, are repeated in each of the three generations which appear in the novel. What he grasped there as a 'movement' was the unique development of themes according to the cyclic time (the themes continually coming back with some modifications), which is mentally similar and related to the ancient rhythm of the religious spirit and simultaneously to the natural rotations in all creations. Leavis's instinct was right in detecting a certain 'movement' organizing the book, but his interest was still narrow and partial to the themes: he could discover only the cyclic movement of time in the story, and that in relation to the themes which follow it. This does not seem to cover the whole complex movements of *The Rainbow*.

In most of the criticisms since Leavis, the discussion followed the development of certain themes and ideas, and the language and description of the novel was referred to only as subsidiary to those themes and ideas. This seems to explain why there have been few systematic intensive studies on the uniqueness of the language and description itself.⁹ It is certain 'movements', rather than themes and ideas, that the language and description embodies. As shall be shown in later chapters, the movements are the substance which the language describes, and the movements are the drive and motives which form the language—the language which the critics called "rhythmic"

without much explanation. And the movements which shall be studied in the language and description are not subsidiary to themes and meanings: the former are the clues to the latter and the keys to the understading of this anti-novelistic novel.

So the questions which this thesis tries to answer are: 'What are the movements that constitute the novel?' and 'How are they formed and inter-related?' The movements discussed will concern the gestures of the characters, the conscious and unconscious trends of the human psyche, time, the language, and metaphores.

II. Gestures

Typically, in characters, 'movements' appear in their gestures.

The first encounter of Tom Brangwen and Lydia Lensky is described as follows:

She walked hastily, as if unseeing, her head rather forward. It was her curious, absorbed, flitting motion, as if she were passing unseen by everybody, that first arrested him. (*The Rainbow*, p. 29)¹⁰

People's gestures are visible and seem to be the most apparent forms of their movements. But here it is the extraordinary half-invisible quality of the woman's gesture that comes to the centre of the description (and to the centre of the man's attention). It is the invisible inner trend of the woman's psyche unknown to herself (going quickly forward) that comes up to the surface and becomes the gesture while she is unaware of what she is doing or how she looks to others. Lawrence grasps the revealing gesture of the unconscious which springs out through the rent of the consciousness (especially the self-consciousness). The consciousness is the cage which usually encloses and hides such an unconscious movement, but here the cage is broken and the movement appears in a curiously

naked form.

A half-invisible movement appears again in Lydia on the night when Tom makes a marriage-proposal. In the tension and suspense of the room, with the storm booming outside, Lydia was both drawn to him and afraid, conscious this time of the pressure of his will upon her. In this mood she felt herself a prisoner "snatched out of herself" (p. 44), "hypnotized" (p. 45), and "will-less lapsing into him", so she "flinched" and vaguely said "No" to him "not of herself". But as his will collapsed, the tension broke, and—

For the moment she had become unreal to him. Then he saw her come to him, curiously direct and as if without movement, in a sudden flow. She put her hand to his coat.

'Yes I want to,' she said, impersonally, looking at him with wide, candid, newly-opened eyes, opened now with supreme truth. (p. 45)

The tension was the final struggle of the lapsing consciousness against the overpowering urge which Lydia thought came from him but which also started in the inner unconscious part of herself. At the last cry "No", the tension was snapped, their wills relaxed, and "a sudden flow" was released through the break as a "curiously direct movement." The conscious will of the two people could neither extract nor recognize (it could only be afraid of) this urge, which could come out only as a genuine spontaneous movement springing directly out of the innermost unconscious. The words such as "direct" and "impersonally" point to the naked form of the movement free from the rind of personal thoughts and feelings. Also the paradoxical expression—"as if without movement, in a sudden flow"—stresses the half-invisible quality, the purity, the directive strength of fineness rather than of quantity, and the genuine spontaneity of the movement in which the inner impulse and the gesture are one and almost indistinguishable.

Those are only two instances of the gestures which are the direct

manifestations of the inner impulses. There are other kinds of impulses, other kinds of manifestations as well. But in those two gestures of Lydia, as words such as "fitting", "as if without movement", and "a sudden flow" show, the movement is something finer (freer and lighter) than the mere physical desires or animal impulses. It is a flow, the swift-running fine movement of liberation (not of looseness, not of corruption)—not a torrent, not a flood, not the chaotic burst of the animal impulse. In later years Lawrence¹¹ wrote that at the core of physical senses there is the soul, that at the core of mental senses there is the spirit, and that at the core of the soul and the spirit there is the last naked flaming self. While he was writing *The Rainbow*, Lawrence perhaps did not have this clear picture in mind yet. (He uses "spirit" and "soul" alternately as the core of the individual in this novel.) But he already grasped and represented the impulse deeper than the physical impulse. During the period of *The Rainbow* he also wrote in *Psychoanalysis and Unconscious*:

It [the unconscious] is that active spontaneity which rouses in each individual organism at the moment of fusion of the external universe, gradually evolves or elaborates its own individual psyche and corpus, bringing both mind and body forth from itself. Thus it would seem that the term unconscious is only another word for life. But life is a general force, whereas the unconscious is essentially single and unique in each individual organism: it is the active, self-evolving soul bringing forth its own incarnation and self-manifestation.¹²

Thus Lawrence grasped the unconscious at a deeper level than the ordinary impulses and as unique and essentially different in each individual.

It should be remarked that the free swift-running movement appeared in Lydia rather than in Tom who was young and sensitive, physically more alive than she, but who was spiritually inferior to her. In the first scene, Tom "was arrested", and when his eyes met Lydia's,

He looked quickly away, pressing back his head, a pain of joy running through him. He could not bear to think of anything. (p. 29)

His impulse, though on the point of beginning to flow with "joy", was at the same time checked (the word "arrested" implies this double situation) with "pain," fear, and the over-powering sense of rising passions. His gesture of looking quickly away and especially "pressing back his head" is the reaction of the unliberated chaotic unconscious before Lydia's flitting motion "with her head rather forward." In the second scene, before Lydia's sudden flowing approach,

He went very white as he stood, and did not move, only his eyes were held by hers, and he suffered. (p. 45)

These are typical of Tom's gestures in front of Lydia. His "spirit" was inferior to Lydia's not only in mental activities but, more essentially, in that it could not come out forth in such a fine pure form as hers.

His passions came up abundantly—both sexual passions and spiritual passions. Always he thought passionately of the fine contact he had with a clever gentle boy at school, with an aristocratic foreigner at Matlock who calmly surveyed the room with "the cold animal intelligence of the face" (p. 24) and turned to Tom with the "exquisite graciousness" of his manner, and finally with Lydia in whom he sought sexual and spiritual consummation. He had a passion and fear for what he had not and the sensitive reverence for the manifestation of a finer spirit. But his passions (sexual and spiritual) came clogged or chaotic, never quite free, because the free naked spirit never arose from the core of his passions. Perhaps he came closest to the liberation at one scene, at the supreme hour of consummation with Lydia, which shall be studied in the next chapter. There was another thicker, more turbid kind of unconscious movement which rose in Tom, inseparable from the pulsing of his blood; but his naked deepest

impulse was obliterated and never found its expression, whose final consequence is shown in his blind struggle and suffocation in the flood in the darkest night.

So, returning to and summing up those two gestures of Lydia, they are the unconscious spontaneous expressions, liberations, of the naked deepest impulse, which is pure and unique in itself. Also it can be observed that her gestures are the 'influence' upon Tom—the flowing half-invisible influence which “arrested” Tom and overwhelmed him, robbing him of his heavier movement, even of the pulsing of his blood as “he went very white as he stood.”

Another kind of unconscious (or barely conscious) movement, which is close to the pulsing of the blood, appears in the gestures of the Brangwen men at the beginning section of the novel and then especially in some of Tom's gestures.

Their life and inter-relations were such; feeling the pulse and body of the soil, that opened to their furrow for the grain, and became smooth and supple after their ploughing, and clung to their feet with a weight that pulled like desire, lying hard and unresponsive when the crops were to be shorn away. . . . They took the udder of the cows, the cows yielded milk and pulse against the hands of the men, the pulse of the blood of the teats of the cows beat into the pulse of the hands of the men. They mounted their horses, and held life between the grip of their knees, they harnessed their horses at the wagon, and, with hand on the bridle-rings, drew the heaving of the horses after their will. (p. 8)

The Brangwen men, while ploughing the soil and touching the cattle, let their minds half sleep, become all physical perceptions, and felt and got to know the responses to his touch through his touch. Here through the repetition of motions (of ploughing or milking the cows) and the physical remembrance through the touch of the respective responses of the soil or cattle, a knowledge of the natural

rhythm gradually dawns in their hands—in the movement of their bodies and hands themselves. Thus the Brangwen man, barely thinking in the head, knew the pulsing rhythm of the life and desires of the soil and cattle at their level of consciousness, namely, through the pulsing of blood in his own hands. So the men were just above the soil and the cattle: the men were their masters who knew them physically and with a stronger memory could turn their knowledge into their action and skill. At first their gestures begin passive and responsive, but gradually they become more deliberate and assured—an active influence which held “life between the grip of their knees” and drew “the heaving of the horses after their will.” Therefore, the men’s gestures are the barely conscious rhythmic movements of their bodies which are *at once* the attentive direct physical *perception*, reflection, of the living rhythm of the cattle and the soil, the *response* of the men’s own blood, and the active *influence* upon those other beings.

The gestures of the individuals in this novel are always, more or less, the movements of the unconscious directly expressed. Only the level of the unconscious varies in each movement. (The Brangwen men’s gestures are the manifestations of a much deeper level of the unconscious than is ordinarily known—the level of the blood-rhythm [or the blood-consciousness’]¹³; but Lydia’s movements come from a still deeper level than theirs.) And, though the level of the unconscious varies, every movement has the three qualities of the unconscious: (1) the perception, (2) the expression (or response), and (3) the influence upon other beings. In Lydia’s movement the second quality, the expression or liberation of the unconscious, was observed strongest because it is creative and purely spontaneous; while the Brangwen men’s movements are reflective (‘response’ rather than expression or liberation), where each of the three qualities cannot be discussed separately. The latter movements can take place only in relation to and reflecting the movements of other beings.

So the circumstance, the movements of other beings, and the

mutual 'influence' between those and the man's gesture become very important in the formation and development of the rhythmic pulsing movement of the Brangwen men. Let us observe the next scene. One night when Lydia was in labor, the house was filled with tension and unspoken anxieties. Anna, the child by Lydia's former marriage, was suddenly caught in the unexplainable fears and cried for her mother—more and more blindly as she cried on. Tom, too, had been bearing the tension with all the might of his conscious will, gripping his fists; but his anger, his will, even his physically forcing her to stop, was helpless against her blind unconscious cry. Finally relaxing, not caring any more about his wife or about Anna, Tom instinctively picked up Anna and went out in the rain to feed the cows in the shed.

The child was suddenly still, shocked, finding the rain on its face, the darkness.

'We'll just give the cows their something-to-eat, afore they go to bed,' Brangwen was saying to her, holding her close and sure.

There was a trickling of water into the butt, a burst of rain-drops, sputtering on to her shawl, and the light of the lantern swinging, flashing on a wet pavement and the base of a wet wall. Otherwise it was black darkness: one breathed darkness.

He opened the doors, upper and lower, and they entered into the high, dry barn, that smelled warm even if it were not warm. He hung the lantern on the nail and shut the door. They were in another world now. . . . Outside there was the driving rain, inside, the softly-illuminated stillness and calmness of the barn. . . . A new being was created in her for the new conditions. Sometimes, a little spasm, eddying from the bygone storm of sobbing, shook her small body. Her eyes were wide and wondering, pathetic. She was silent, quite still.

In a sort of dream, his heart sunk to the bottom, leaving the surface of him still, quite still, he rose with the panful of food, carefully balancing the child on one arm, the pan in the other hand. The silky fringe of the shawl swayed softly, grains

and hay trickled to the floor; he went along a dimly-lit passage behind the mangers, where the horns of the cows pricked out of the obscurity. The child shrank, he balanced stiffly, rested the pan on the manger wall, and tipped out the food, half to this cow, half to the next. There was a noise of chains running, as the cows lifted or dropped their heads sharply; then a contented, soothing sound, a long snuffing as the beast ate in silence.

The journey had to be performed several times. There was the rhythmic sound of the shovel in the barn, then the man returned walking stiffly between the two weights, the face of the child peering out from the shawl. Then the next time, as he stooped, she freed her arm and put it round his neck, clinging soft and warm, making all easier.

The beast fed, he dropped the pan and sat down on a box, to arrange the child.

'Will the cows go to sleep now?' she said, catching her breath as she spoke.

'Yes,'

'Will they eat all their stuff up first?'

'Yes. Hark at them.'

And the two sat still listening to the snuffing and breathing of cows feeding in the sheds communicating with this small barn. (pp. 78—79)

Anna crying in the night, almost unconscious, was blind, shut off within herself from all movements outside. Her whole body was a fixed helpless resistance in the turmoil of dark horrors, angers, and loneliness which she could neither grasp nor control. But the rain falling upon and touching her, invisible in the dark but sputtering cold and soft upon her face, was the movement which pierced through her wetted skin directly to her warm blood with a sudden shock. She was shocked at a substratum deeper than her blind horrors. "...finding the rain on its face, the darkness"—the effective use of the comma in this phrase makes "the darkness" the semi-apposition of "the rain on its face." The touch or the falling of the rain on the face was the sign, the message, of the darkness, which tapped the depth of the child and opened its door to the outer darkness. The shock was so

deep that she forgot to be afraid and was suddenly hushed, becoming all attentiveness and wonder—the door open towards the unknown movements of the dark. Tom was always by her, holding her warm and sure, giving the sense of assurance and security in the dark, but it could be said that he had only a little more experience, a little more knowledge, of the dark movements than Anna did. They together breathed the darkness, while their minds were blank and they were washed out of their emotions. The moment they entered the barn, they smelled the warmth—the beating of the warm blood which filled the place—even though it was not warm. Anna was all passive attentiveness (with her eyes dilated but her blood beating) to the invisible lifting and dropping of the heads of the cows in the dark, their silent snuffing and eating in the dark, Tom's rhythmic shovelling of hay and grains, and his silent going back and forth with panfuls of food to feed the cows. Tom, too, was attentive to the dark movements in the barn but with more knowledge which is symbolized by his softly-illuminating lantern. It was the familiar world to him, the home to his blood, to which he returned—with this knowledge he fed the cows in a rhythm which he knew and the cows knew, communicating with them through the mutual silent movements; and with this knowledge (or with his movements) he initiated Anna into the dark movements of the barn, with which he was familiar since his own childhood. As Anna shrank from the pricking horns in the dark, he balanced stiffly between her weight and the panful of food. It is possible to presume that, while balancing the weights, he was half remembering the horrors of his childhood. Perhaps he was still afraid if without the knowledge with which he could feel sure and give Anna a sense of security. Anna, too, was initiated into the knowledge as his movement was repeated, and she instinctively clung to him, willingly becoming one with him in the rhythmic movement.

The driving rain outside and the softly-illuminated quiet inside where the cows are obscurely moving and breathing—the contrast is effective, but the effect is not so simple as it seems. The first possible

interpretation is that inside the dark storm of unconscious desires and emotions, there is the blood-consciousness which one can enter, washed out of the former emotions. But here perhaps the contrast is more between the utter darkness and the softly-lighted darkness, and between the cold rain and the warm blood of the cattle. The both darknesses were to be felt by one's blood, but one could be more at ease in the latter. The latter was the world familiar to the farmer's own blood—the familiar old darkness which he could always hark back to away from all the fears and angers which he could neither grasp nor compete with. To Anna it was an unknown world, pulsing with unexpected horrors; but it is doubtful that without her (without the sense of the utter darkness) this scene should have such a pulsing vividness. It would be almost a domesticated darkness. So with his knowledge and her palpitating sensitivity, they listened as one person listening—their blood pulsing in harmony with the whole barn.

But why would this darkness of the barn lose much of its palpitating mystery without Anna's being? Because the experience of this darkness is the experience of repetition—the repeated experience of the enclosed darkness. And because the knowledge is achieved only through repetition—through getting accustomed to certain rhythms rather than through the flashing revelation of the inner truth of the multiple unknown movements of blood. The experience and the knowledge lack range and creativeness, and they, though deep in themselves, have not reached the deepest core of one's being. The stiffness of Tom's action shows that his movements are limited because he is never finally free: his deepest self is never free from the unconscious fears, resistance, against the vast unknown darkness. The experience of the limited darkness in the barn is partly an 'escape' from the vast darkness which is not included there.

So what is latent in this scene—in the complex movements of influences and responses—is the whole process of birth, development, and limitation of the blood consciousness.

This process can be observed more clearly in the movements, in the gestures, of the following scenes.

When the second generation, Will and Anna, had their first baby, Ursula, the baby "stirred in the young father a deep, strong emotion he dared scarcely acknowledge, it was so strong and came out of the dark of him." (p. 211)

One evening, suddenly, he saw the tiny, living thing rolling naked in the mother's lap, and he was sick, it was so utterly helpless and vulnerable and extraneous; in a world of hard surfaces and varying altitudes, it lay vulnerable and naked at every point. Yet it was quite blithe. And yet, in its blind, awful crying, was there not the blind, far-off terror of its own vulnerable nakedness, the terror of being so utterly delivered over, helpless at every point. He could not bear to hear it crying. His heart strained and stood on guard against the whole universe. . . . It had a separate being, but it was his own child. His flesh and blood vibrated to it. He caught the baby to his breast with his passionate clapping laugh. And the infant knew him. (p. 212)

Here in Ursula's rolling naked, blithe, and crying blindly, is the first naked dawning of the blood-consciousness with no knowledge, with no means of escape, with no emotions even, helpless and whirling in the midst of the utterly dark universe. Whether the universe is hostile to it or not, the baby does not grasp it but is helplessly calling and kicking without cause or object with its entire body palpitating with the actions of its blood. In the very vulnerability and nakedness of the body, in its movements, lies the secret of its unchecked living palpitations though they are at random, blindly calling and asserting themselves towards the unknown. As Will saw and heard the child, it does not seem that he just 'imagined' its terrors. As an answering echo started within himself, he seemed to remember with his own blood how it had been when he was a baby. That he was afraid of the strange echo in his blood, that he could not bear to be called back to the memory of his blood, and that he nevertheless "learned to

acquiesce to this, to submit to the awful, obliterated sources which were the origin of his living tissue" (p. 211)—these show that the more one grows up and the more one knows (physically or mentally) one's surroundings, the more one escapes from and obliterates the movements of one's sources. But all the while the blood-consciousness lies latent, though enclosed, inside the layers of knowledge and consciousness, which, however, is now called up and expressed in Will's throbbing heart and his passionately catching the baby to his breast. The baby "knew" him not mentally but through his gesture, through the communicated rhythm of his blood. His "passionate clapping laugh" is the direct expression of his blood "clapping", throbbing with strength and daring passion, bursting through his fears and enclosing walls of consciousness. The child "knew" him because his movement, the rhythm of his blood, was akin to its own and yet was stronger and surer—stronger in its daring passion rather than in the mere physical strength. He could rouse the baby and make it laugh with "the sharpest little ecstasy" (p. 212). Here, too, the enclosed but stronger movements of the elder leads the genuine fragile blind movements of the younger. But how far could he lead her? What was his strength?

When Ursula grew a little older, Will put her on his shoulder and repeatedly jumped from the height into the water, sometimes almost killing themselves. Or they together rode a swingboat, and he swung the boat higher and higher, he challenging "Any higher?" and she laughing with white lips. This seems to show that in Will's daring passion or will there was something destructive and unbalanced. His daring strength is not free from fears of the dark but, instead, here seems to be an obsessed perverted action, the reaction against the fears, lacking any scope or creative knowledge. Tom had no such destructive obsession as Will's perhaps because Tom still had a place to hark back to, living close to the soil and knowing the irresponsible security of a boy at home in the small but familiar world of organic rhythms. The second generation and the third generation go more

and more away from the soil.

But one's movement cannot be grasped as a fixed thing. It has its growings and wanings. Will's movements, sometimes perverted, are at other times genuine—especially at the beginning of his love with Anna. And the development of movements, the development of the blood-rhythm, is unique in each individual. There is a different rhythm in Will from Tom's: there is a different strength and weakness in Will.

So let us observe in the next scene the unique development of Will's gesture and Anna's gesture—the development from their mutual influences. What is the strength that is born there? One evening they were out in the open field of harvested corn in the hoary crystal air with a large moon hanging to the grey horizon and the trees hovering dark at a distance as if waiting for the signal to approach.

In the under-shadow the sheaves lay on the ground where the reapers had left them, many sheaves like bodies prostrate in shadowy bulk; others were riding hazily in shocks, like ships in the haze of moonlight and of dusk, further off. . . .

'You take this row,' she said to the youth, and passing on, she stooped in the next row of lying sheaves, grasping her hands in the tresses of the oats, lifting the heavy corn in either hand, carrying it, as it hung heavily against her, to the cleared space, where she set the two sheaves sharply down, bringing them together with a faint, keen clash. Her two bulks stood leaning together. He was coming, walking shadowily with the gossamer dusk, carrying his two sheaves. She waited near by. He set his sheaves with a keen, faint clash, next to her sheaves. They rode unsteadily. He tangled the tresses of corn. It hissed like a fountain. He looked up and laughed.

Then she turned away towards the moon, which seemed glowingly to uncover her bosom every time she faced it. He went to the vague emptiness of the field opposite dutifully.

They stooped, grasped the wet, soft hair of the corn, lifted the heavy bundles, and returned. She was always the first. She set down her sheaves, making a pent house with those others. He was coming shadowily across the stubble, carrying his bundles. She turned away, hearing only the sharp hiss of his

mingling corn. She walked between the moon and his shadowy figure.

She took her two sheaves and walked towards him, as he rose from stooping over the earth. He was coming out of the near distance. She set down her sheaves to make a new stook. They were unsure. Her hands fluttered. Yet she broke away, and turned to the moon, which laid bare her bosom, so she felt as if her bosom were heaving and panting with moon-light. And he had to put up her two sheaves, which had fallen down. (pp. 121—122)

The people's gestures and the motions of the sheaves appear through their connections with the contrast or quasi-contrast between the light (the moon) and the dark (the shadow). It is very important to notice (as it shall be shown through the discussion of the whole scene) that the contrast between the moonlight and the shadow is *not* the real 'contrast' of the two contending forces of equal strengths or values. The moonlight and the shadow exist on different levels, and they both belong to the darkness. It is misleading to interpret them as the contrast, for instance, between the consciousness and the unconscious, between the mind (the spirit) and the body, or between the separation and the oneness. Here the light is the light in the middle of the darkness, the magnetic core of the darkness; while the shadow is the covering outside the core, whose terrible powers are blind and sterile if not lighted from the core.

Let us observe in the passage how the people's gestures and the motions of the sheaves appear in connection with this quasi-contrast. First, the sheaves which lie on the ground are described as "like bodies prostrate in the shadowy bulk," and the sheaves which ride in shocks as "like ships in the haze of moonlight and of dusk." The connotation of the "shadowy bulk" is rather sterile. It is against purity, creativeness and any individual expression, and it is different from the pulsing living darkness. Most of all it lacks the sense of movements. The inner energy, life, of the sheaves is prostrated, lying in the undershadow, unable to meet the moonlight, and it is the mere

'bulking' of things without any organic unity. But there is a trembling, almost mysterious sense of movements, the swaying and drifting flexibility, in the "ships in the haze of moonlight and of dusk," though the shocks do not actually move themselves. This is because of the delicate balance between the moonlight and the dusk, and there is the balance of the mutual influences and responses between the two shocks which lean against each other in their rising motion towards the moon. Now, Anna's voluntary gesture of walking towards the moon with her bosom seeming to be glowingly uncovered and panting, of coming back with heavy sheaves towards the shadow, and of bringing them together with a faint, keen clash—this sets the sheaves stand in balance "leanig together." But Will's similar gesture, dutifully following hers but lacking the motion towards the moon, can only make the sheaves ride "unsteadily," so that he had to "tangle" the tresses to make up for his deep failure. In spite of his laugh and his superficial success by his 'tangling' and 'mingling' corn, which is more intentional, more compulsive and clumsier than her gesture, he always had to face "the vague emptiness of the field opposite," turning back from her vaguely moon-lit figure. His movements in the dark, lacking the deeper voluntary motion towards the moon, are finally sterile, but he could escape the sense of sterility and prostration only if he could "mingle" with her, bring her, too, into the same shadow, "weaving the long line of riding shocks, nearer and nearer to the shadowy trees, threading his sheaves with hers." (p. 123)

Then, while the deepest core of here darkness was laid bare in the moonlit, answering naked and palpitating to the influence of the infinitely distant unknown, she was also drawn to "his shadowy figure" which was "coming out of the near distance." Her body, physical senses, and all her dark sensuality wanted the warm body to touch, to feel through and to be gratified with. The body had its own rhythm, its own mystery, as she was partly helpless against it, being brought up in Tom's influence. And Will was different from Tom in some ways, having something unknown to her household—the passion

apparently stronger and more insistent towards the church, art, and perhaps also to her. However, it can be detected by now that through the touch and meeting with this man she would never fulfil her deepest need, her desire to be free and to be one with the infinitely distant unknown just as the two sheaves infinitely aspiring to the distant moon were thus leaning against each other. She had to turn away from him towards the moon for her deeper fulfilment—turn away before he should overtake her and enclose her within his unlighted darkness. As his influence was gradually going to take hold of her, the next sheaves which she clashed wavered unsure, her hands fluttered, and yet she broke away, letting her sheaves fall down. These gestures represent her unconscious fear of his shadow, of the physical contact with his insistent blood-rhythm, against which she was partly helpless, and also her instinctive need to turn towards the moon to escape her failure and captivity in the shadow.

The peculiar insistence of his blood-rhythm becomes manifest in the passage which follows.

And always, she was gone before he came. As he came, she drew away, as he drew away, she came. Were they never to meet? Gradually a low, deep-sounding will in him vibrated to her, tried to set her in accord, tried to bring her gradually to him, to a meeting, till they should be together, till they should meet as the sheaves that swished together. . . . Why was there always a space between them, why were they apart? Why, as she came up from under the moon, would she halt and stand off from him? Why was he held away from her? His will drummed persistently, darkly, it drowned everything else.

Into the rhythm of his work there came a pulse and a steadied purpose. He stopped, he lifted the weight, he heaved it towards her, setting it as in her, under the moonlight space. And he went back for more. Ever with increasing closeness he lifted the sheaves and swung striding to the centre with them, ever he drove her more nearly to the meeting, ever he did his share, and drew towards her, overtaking her. . . . And ever the splash of his sheaves broke swifter, beating up to hers, and

ever the splash of sheaves recurred monotonously, unchanging,
and ever the splash of his sheaves beat nearer. (pp. 123—124)

It is his “will” beating towards her that manifests itself in his persistent ever-accelerated rhythm of his gesture. But what is the “will”? Look at the next diagram.

a low, deep sounding	will
...drummed...darkly...drowned	His will...persistently...it...
(1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6)	(1) (2) (3) (4)(5)(6)
a pulse and a steadied purpose	
stopped...heaved	
beating up	
beat	

The words on the left side naturally make one think of the beating of the blood or of the heart, and as modifiers, verbs and appositions they are directly connected with “will” and “purpose” which ordinarily represent some mental activities and not any physical phenomena. Here Lawrence explores the genesis of human will and consciousness, tracing it back to the stimulated pulse of blood, and represents it in its half embryonic state developing from the blood. Also there is the recurrence of the same or slightly modified words and phrases which connect the style and the passage as a whole with this blood-rhythm. The recurrence becomes more and more obvious, more and more frequent, pressing on almost obsessively. What is the cause which stimulated the beating of his blood? “Why...? Why...? Why...?”—the repeated questions which find no answers accelerate the recurring rhythm of gestures. Literally, the stimulation comes from the space between Will and Anna—the invisible obstacle which prevents his “mingling” and merging with her. To be one with her in the last issue was prevented by the immaturization in him of the deepest movement towards the infinite unknown; and the impulse of his blood to meet, to be one with her, added with the desperate need to

escape from his deeper sterility, is again blocked by this space—the space which reflects the distance between Anna's voluntary original gesture and Will's obedient imitating gesture, and the space in which she seeks a deeper communion with the infinite. Anna instinctively tries to keep this space lest she should be brought down to the same level as he, blinded and losing the freedom of her final self in the welter of the blood. Running against the wall of this space, Will is made to realize its invincibility again and again.

Tom had acknowledged such an invincible distance between Lydia and himself, finally giving in to it and obliterating himself, but at least obtaining the knowledge that there was something beyond him, unattainable, within her—"the otherness" of her infinite pure being. But Will refuses to *acknowledge* the invincibility of the space between Anna and himself. Running against the wall, his blood quickened and beat harder and louder to break the wall, to overcome the invincibility. It seems that, where it is dammed up, the blood-rhythm accumulates and grows persistent, insistent, rising to the consciousness. It acquires a direction—one aim—to break the dam. And finding no outlet, it beats louder and gradually possesses the entire consciousness. It becomes the blind will which "drawned everything else."

Thus the unconscious beating of blood which runs through the entire body and psyche of the man begins to beat not as the natural response to other beings but as the insistence of its own rhythm and influence, as the resistance or reaction to the impediments against it. The influence of the blood-rhythm begins to take on a clearer conscious form: it becomes a "will." Paradoxically, by becoming a *conscious* will, the blood-rhythm turns into a *blind* will because it proceeds to exclude every other 'movement.'

Now, if one should call the will in Will's gesture 'the reaction' against the barrier caused by his deepest sterility, perhaps one should call the will in Anna's gesture (especially when it appears in her naked dance during her pregnancy) 'the resistance' against his will,

against the pressure and suppression put upon her deeper impulse. Even while Will was enclosing her within his arms and kissing her at the end of tacit pursuit in the corn-harvest scene,

And the whole rhythm of him beat into his kisses, and still he pursued her, in his kisses, and still she was not quite overcome. He wondered over the moonlight on her nose! All the moonlight upon her, all the darkness within her! All the night in his arms, darkness and shine, he possessed of it all! All the night for him now, to unfold, to venture within, all the mystery to be entered, all the discovery to be made. (p. 124)

So she remained distinct from him in his arms—the “darkness and shine,” the living darkness with its intrinsic infinite light (shining back to the moon)—subdued but “not quite overcome,” forever remaining a “mystery” in his possessive will.

Something fixed in him for ever. (p. 125)

His will, the insistence of his blood, went “fixed.” Already it can be seen that he would find no fulfilment, no final satisfaction, but always thirst and uncertainty even in the physical contact with her in their marriage. And gradually during their honeymoon her distinct self becomes awakened: her subdued impulse accumulates, which, being liberated from the desire of her blood to fulfil itself physically, rises to the consciousness and becomes aware of the pressing bonds put around it.

She sat in pride and curious pleasure. When there was no one to exult with, and the unsatisfied soul must dance and play, then one danced before the Unknown.

Suddenly she realized that this was what she wanted to do. Big with child as she was, she danced there in the bedroom by herself, lifting her hands and her body to the Unseen, to the unseen Creator who had chosen her, to whom she belonged. . . . And she had to dance in exultation beyond him. Because he

was in the house, she had to dance before her Creator in exemption from the man. On a Saturday afternoon, when she had a fire in the bedroom, against [loc. cit.] she took off her things and danced, lifting her knees and her hands in a slow, rhythmic exulting. . . . She heard him coming up the stairs, and she flinched. She stood with the firelight on her ankles and feet, naked in the shadowy, late afternoon, fastening up her hair. He was startled. He stood in the doorway, his brows black and lowering.

‘What are you doing?’ he said, gratingly, ‘You’ll catch a cold.’

And she lifted her hands and danced again, to annul him, the light glanced on her knees as she made her slow, fine movements down the far side of the room, across the firelight. He stood away near the door in blackness of shadow, watching, transfixed. And with slow, heavy movements she swayed backwards and forwards, like a full ear of corn, pale in the dusky afternoon, threading before the firelight, dancing his non-existence, dancing herself to the Lord, to exultation.

He watched, and his soul burned in him. He turned aside, he could not look, it hurt his eyes. Her fine limbs lifted and lifted, her hair was sticking out all fierce, and her belly, big, strange, terrifying, uplifted to the Lord. Her face was rapt and beautiful she danced exulting before the Lord, and knew no man. (pp. 183—184)

Here the distinction between the “fine movements” of her naked lighted body and the “grating” coarseness of his black shadowy figure becomes so apparent. She “flinched” from his presence as her body and soul was “so vulnerable, so exposed...tempted forth into blossom” (p. 169) first through the intimate touch with him towards him, who always had over her the power of “the unknown” though it was “a blind thing, a dark force, without knowledge.” But her unsatisfied soul claimed the right to freedom, to its movement out of his enclosure. She had to dance alone before the fire. The fire was the finer substitute for him because the flames were never fixed, its light flickering and dancing upon her moving naked body and yet claiming no right over it. If she could utterly ignore him as his coarse presence

threatened to intervene, if she could demonstrate that her big belly, the symbol of her physical fulfilment, was not for him but for the power beyond him. . . . All her accumulated unsatisfied passion ran into the dance now with the sole purpose to nullify him, to demonstrate his non-entity. That her dance has grown highly intentional, not spontaneous, can be seen in her deliberate proud gesture repeated with almost malicious heaviness and tenacity, though she is not more than vaguely conscious of it. It is not incidental that the word "threading" is used here to describe her gesture—the word which represented Will's rhythmic gesture to and fro in the corn-harvest scene; and the relation between the two scenes seems to be strengthened with the metaphor of "a full ear of corn." And her destructive will begins to work on him. The movement of her naked body "hurt his eyes" because it demonstrated the oneness with the fire, insisting to be the flickering burning light with the insistence of consuming all other powers.

The strangeness, the power of her in her dancing consumed him, he was burned, he could not grasp, he could not understand. (p. 184)

Her destructive will which appeared in her gesture was finer than his will because it was the rebellion of the deeper impulse; and its influence was more fatal to him than his will was to her. He could not grasp her influence which was beyond him. He was helpless, and if he lost ground in the physical intimacy, the bonds of blood with her, he had nothing else to grasp at. But neither the rhythm of his blood nor its unsatisfied insistence was never quite gone from him.

His eyes ceased to see, his hands were suspended. Within himself his will was coiled like a beast, hidden under the darkness, but always potent, working. (p. 185)

His will coiled into himself. His movements ceased to show in his

gestures. All his movements in relation to another being—receptive and expressive—were shut off, rigid, within himself. Outwardly he was like a dead matter except for his mechanic actions. But inwardly, as will be shown in the next chapter, his will turned revengeful and raged stormily.

The conflict between two wills appear again between Ursula and Anton Skrebensky, the son of a Polish aristocrat.

At first Ursula jumped at him as “the warm colouring to her dreams, he was the hot blood beating within them.” (pp. 306—307) She thought him wonderful, “self-contained, self-supporting,” neither giving anything to others nor expecting anything from others in the human relationship. Thus he seemed never to be moved by the situation or by other people, distinct from the confusion of influences and reactions in which the Brangwens were in and from which Ursula wanted to escape. Also he seemed to give her “a sense of distances” (p. 293) as he as a soldier belonged to the outside world, the mass of humanity, with which she had not been in touch. Yet “he reminded her of her father” (p. 291), and his voice which “ran on so easy, yet with an inflamed pulse...seemed to hasten and urge her forward.” (p. 289) He had the inflamed accelerating influence of blood which was similar to that of Will but only finer because it came up through the apparent independence and nonchalance which made him seem a distinct being, “an aristocrat.” (p. 392) But his appearance began to fall off both to himself and to Ursula especially on the wedding day of Fred Brangwen, Tom’s second son. When Skrebensky heard her roused voice and saw bits of confetti in her hair, “the confusion came over him, as if he were losing himself and becoming all vague, undefined, inchoate.” (p. 309) While they were talking about the war, Ursula found and attacked that he did not care about his own intrinsic being. He assumed and let it be enough that he lived for the nation and must do his duty by the nation which to Ursula seemed only an abstract dead idea of the people minus their individual beings. Thus his nonchalance and independence turned out to be the ‘obliteration’

of his inner self, its movements, as well as of the personal considerations in relation to others: it was *not* the infinite independence of the free soul (the deepest self). Then they met a cargo-man with his family at the river, who accepted Ursula with the half-impudent but naïve affection and worship of the poor towards an inaccessible desirable being. Skrebensky, who stood apart from them, "somehow created a deadness around her" (p. 316) who felt rich inside from this contact with the cargo-man. She wanted to be free from this deadness and to race in the sky. He on his part envied the man for his "body and soul wistful and worshipping the body and soul of the girl."

Why could not he himself desire a woman so? Why did he never really want a woman, not with the whole of him: never love, never worship, only just physically want her?

But he would want her with his body, let his soul do as it would. (pp. 316—317)

That was where his will was born out of the inflamed blood-rhythm beneath the obliteration of his inner self. His blood began to beat more pressing, more insistently, for its physical fulfilment lest the awakened sense of the sterility of his soul, of the lack of the organic wholeness of his being, should overcome him and make him seem nothing, no man, to her and to himself. Thus they returned to the party, and the dance started. The whole night seemed to be one big rocking movement, swinging with the beating of the physical flame of the wedding-guests fanned by the music and the rhythm of dancing in the darkness. In this dancing scene the conflict of the two wills of Skrebensky and Ursula are fought through their gestures which are the compressed representation of their inner movements.

It is necessary to look at this scene as a whole which consists of: (1) their first dancing, (2) the stop of music and dance (Ursula's almost starting to the moon and Skrebensky's putting a dark cloak round her), and (3) their second dancing.

At the touch of her hand on his arm, his consciousness melted away from him. He took her into his arms, as if into the sure, subtle power of his will, and they became one movement, one dual movement, dancing on the slippery grass. It should be endless, this movement, it would continue for ever. It was his will and her will locked in a trance of motion, two wills locked in one motion, yet never fusing, never yielding one to the other. It was a glaucous, intertwining, delicious flux and contest in flux. . . . There was a wonderful rocking of the darkness, slowly, a great slow swinging of the whole night, with the music playing lightly on the surface, making the strange, ecstatic, rippling on the surface of the dance, but underneath only one great flood heaving slowly backwards to the verge of oblivion, slowly forward to the other verge, the heart sweeping along each time, and tightening with anguish as the limit was reached, and the movement at crises, turned and swept back.

As the dance surged heavily on, Utsula was aware of some influence looking in upon her. . . . And she danced on and on with Skrebensky, while the great white watching continued, balancing all in its revelation.

‘The moon has risen,’ said Anton, as the music ceased, and they found themselves suddenly stranded, like bits of jetsam on a shore. (pp. 318—319)

There are two balancing forces which direct the conflicting wills of Skrebensky and Ursula. One is the music and dance, and the other is the moon. But the level of those forces working upon them are different, so that their gestures appear differently under each influence. Outwardly their movements in their dancing are “in a trance of motion”; but, contrary to the insistence of the motion that “it would continue for ever,” their “dancing on the slippery grass” seems to suggest that it was only a momentary peace ready to break at any moment. It was the “two wills locked in one motion.” It was the mutual ‘locking’ and ‘arresting’ of the two partly-captive but unyielding blood-rhythms fighting against each other. Now this apparent trance of their motion, fragile but strained, seems related to the twice repeated “surface” of the dance and music, the twice repeated “verge,”

and also "limit" and "crises." In the dance and music the heaving rocking motion of the night, of the heart and blood-rhythm of the people (normally hidden, suppressed, and unrecognized) is let loose, let to come "rippling on the surface," but always dangerously kept underneath the "surface," and between one "verge" and another. The music and dance was the traditional popular sensual knowledge of the people which had grown out of their common sensual experience and which had fanned and directed their passions through the more experienced, more conscious rising and ebbing of the rhythms. It was the knowledge of replacing the ordinary world with the sensual game-world, replacing the people's fears, sense of duty, moral, and all conscious restraints with the rules of the game (music and dance), and presenting the half-primitive artistic space which rocked to and fro half freely, half unconsciously, and yet strained within the effectively-controlled rhythms and steps. But when the music stopped, Skrebensky and Ursula "found themselves suddenly stranded like bits of jetsam on the shore." This shows again that the knowledge of the dance and music was not the knowledge of fulfilment or revelation, which the moon seems to present, but momentary and more superficial, though deeper than the level of the ordinary consciousness. The lovers found nothing to hold on to, no direction for their "stranded" blood-rhythms to take.

That is when the difference between their "wills" begin to tell: the difference between Skrebensky's insisting merely on the physical possession of her and Ursula's awareness of the influence of the moon. There was within her, within her blood-rhythm, a latent movement corresponding to the influence of the moon upon the night—the power of "revelation" and thereby "balancing" the dark movements, keeping the blood-rhythms *intrinsically* from mingling and falling into blind confusion.

She stood filled with the full moon, offering herself. Her two breasts opened to make way for it, her body opened wide like a quivering anemone, a soft, dilated invitation touched by the

moon. . . . But Skrebensky put his arm round her and led her away. He put a big, dark cloak round her, and sat holding her hand, whilst the moonlight streamed above the glowing fires. . . . Skrebensky like a loadstone weighed on her, the weight of his presence detained her. She felt the burden of him, the blind persistet, inert burden. . . .

‘Don’t you like me tonight?’ said his low voice, the voice of the shadow over her shoulder. She clenched her hands in the dewy brilliance of the moon, as if she were mad.

‘Don’t you like me to-night?’ repeated the soft voice.

And she knew that if she turned, she would die. A strange rage filled her, a rage to tear things asunder. Her hands felt destructive, like metal blades of destruction. . . . She threw off the cloak and walked towards the moon, silver-white herself. He followed her closely.

The music began again and the dance. He appropriated her. There was a fierce, white, cold passion in her heart. But he held her close, and danced with her. Always present, like a soft weight upon her, bearing her down, was his body against her as they danced. He held her close, so that she could feel his body, the weight of him sinking, settling upon her, overcoming her life and energy, making her inert along with him, she felt his hands pressing behind her, upon her. But still in her body was the subdued, cold, indomitable passion. She liked the dance: it eased her, put her into a sort of trance. But it was only a kind of waiting, of using up the time that intervened between her and her pure being. She left herself against him, she let him exert all his power over her, as if he would gain power over her, to bear her down. (pp. 319—320)

Here is presented the recurrence of Ursula’s starting towards the moon and Skrebensky’s putting the dark clothing or his body round her to detain her away from the moon. And through the recurrence Ursula, becoming more and more conscious of the other’s power working upon her, becomes destructive, and Skrebensky on his part becomes more persistent and fixed. But her response towards him is always dual, while his movement towards her is one and fixed. Ursula is sometimes thrilled, sometimes almost losing herself, and sometimes

rather enjoying herself under the influence of his subtle weaving movements, of the persistent but careful physical passion of the man. At the same time she is conscious of his insistence drawing her away from the moon, fixing her to the earth intrinsically inert along with him, and so she resists his influence and reacts with the destructive rage. Out of this dual response to him gradually the knowledge dawned upon her that the influence of inertia could never ultimately overcome her and that her "naked self", her "pure being", was stronger and indomitable, only waiting for its time to break through the inertia. This knowledge let her will relax for a while in his arms to fathom how far he could lead her by having the full chance to "exert all his power over her." That is the significance of the second dance and the third, fourth. . . . Her apparent voluntary submission to the physical passion is supported by the deeper faith in the indomitable movement of the naked self, its ultimate victory and fulfilment. This ominous submission in order to fathom the other power and to have done with it is the new movement arising in Ursula: it was not found in any other characters before, not even in Anna. Thus, though apparently it is Skrebensky's movements and the music and dance behind him that actively lead her movements, there is felt the presence of a deeper stronger movement taking a rest under the cover. This curiously detached silence and submission begins to affect him and gives him a vague sense and fear of the ominous presence of the invisible movement silently but surely corroding his power. But he cannot grasp what it is, what is really happening to himself. Unknowing, like a moth fixed on the birdlime, he exerts all his power blindly with the frenzy and helplessness of the blind captive, even while he is being nullified more and more because of his movements. At an invisible level the leadership of the dance has switched from Skrebensky to Ursula. But Ursula, too, seems caught in the corroding will, unable to see or to respond to anything else.

Now, in the love scene which follows this dance, Ursula becomes relentlessly active, and Skrebensky merely passive.

Even, in his frenzy, he sought for her mouth with his mouth, though it was like putting his face into some awful death. She yielded to him, and he pressed upon her in extremity, his soul groaning over and over :

‘Let me come—let me come.’

She took him in the kiss, hard her kiss seized upon him, hard and fierce and burning corrosive as the moonlight. She seemed to be destroying him. He was reeling, summoning all his strength to keep his kiss upon her, to keep himself in the kiss. (pp. 321—322)

And near the end of the novel the final crises of their love comes, and the same movements are pursued more relentlessly on the sand-hills under the moon.

Then there in the great flare of light she clinched hold of him, hard, as if suddenly she had the strength of destruction, she fastened her arms round him and tightened him in her grip, whilst her mouth sought his in a hard, rending, ever-increasing kiss, till his body was powerless in her grip, his heart melted in fear from the fierce, beaked harpy's kiss. . . . Then, at last, she drew away and looked at him—looked at him. He knew what she wanted. . . . He led her to a dark hollow.

‘No, here,’ she said, going out to the slope full under the moonshine. She lay motionless, with wide-open eyes looking at the moon. He came direct to her, without preliminaries. She held him pinned down at the chest, awful. The fight, the struggle for consummation was terrible. It lasted till it was agony to his soul, till he succumbed, till he gave way as if dead, and lay with his face buried, partly in her hair, partly in the sand, motionless, as if he would be motionless now for ever, hidden away in the dark, buried, only buried, he only wanted to be buried in the godly darkness, only that, and no more. (p. 480)

All his movements, all his passions and efforts, were nullified from inside. He was quite “motionless” and only wished he could be buried in the utter oblivion. From this time on his only activities were passionless, mechanic and futile, and he hastily married his captain's

daughter just to settle down, to forget the futility of his movements in the mechanic process of daily life.

But at the same time Ursula, too, is found motionless upon the sand beside Skrebensky, far from being a victor.

It was a long time before he came to himself. He was aware of an unusual motion of her breast. He looked up. Her face lay like an image in the moonlight, the eyes wide open, rigid. But out of the eyes, slowly, there rolled a tear, that glittered in the moonlight as it ran down her cheek. . . . the unaltering, rigid face like metal in the moonlight, the fixed, unseeing eyes, in which slowly the water gathered, shook with glittering moonlight, then surcharged, brimmed over and ran trickling, a tear with its burden of moonlight, into the darkness, to fall in the sand. (p. 480)

But here again her movements are dual. "Her face...like an image," "the eyes...rigid," "the unaltering, rigid face like metal," and "the fixed, unseeing eyes"—these are contrasted with "an unusual motion of her breast," "the tear that slowly rolled...that glittered in the moonlight as it ran down her cheek" and the water that slowly "gathered, shook with glittering moonlight, then surcharged, brimmed over and ran trickling...into the darkness, to fall in the sand." All her actions and passions of the youth, her physical love, her destructive will, and even her aspiration to the moon were gone, leaving her rigid like cold metal. But the unusual motion of the heart and the slow surcharging, brimming and trickling of tears seem to show the warm tender life running in her depth, brimming out of the broken powerless rigid life and responding to the infinite light of the moon even while it is suffering the death and agony and falls unfulfilled into the dark oblivion.

So the inner impulse, which in its genuine free expression is described as a "flow", grows into a "will" with the power of duration and acceleration when it is "enclosed," "captured," etc. and resists

the enclosure. It either breaks the enclosure, or else it becomes obsessed and "fixed," and turns into a reactionary binding force, a blind destructive power, which binds itself as well as the others, since every will has the tendency to pursue one direction and to deny any other movement—to insist on its being absolute—until it is broken. Then it is quite motionless. But throughout those movements and rigidity 'the movement' seems never quite dead. The trickling of Ursula's tears is only one of the many examples of this. Lydia's flowing movement towards Tom, too, came out of her worn-out soul which suffered the agony of death in her former marriage. The quick of the movement seems always in action whatever movements come out or do not come out. The sterility of the movement described as "fixed," "rigid," "inert," and "motionless" as well as the fulfilment of the movement described as "peace," "rest," and "stillness" seems part of the great 'movement'. It looks as though the theme of resurrection appears only as the representation of this movement.

But the gestures of the characters are not the only movements that compose the novel. In fact, as the next chapter will show, it was only by presenting the inner invisible movements as if they were visible like gestures that Lawrence could explore the whole complex movements of the body and psyche as one large movement of the organic life.

III. Gesture Metaphors

This chapter will discuss the inner movements of the characters which are not embodied in their actual gestures but are presented by themselves as another sort of gestures. The technique might be called that of 'abstraction', but one cannot find here the stabilized metallic feeling usually connected with this word. It is not conceptualization, the abstraction of fixed meanings, but the artistic liberation and visualization of the inner movements of life which are perhaps more active and complex than the visible part of life.

(1) THE INNER IMPULSES AND DESIRES —

Let us observe the inner impulses and unconscious desires which are represented by themselves as movements or gestures. Look at the next passage.

When he, satisfied, moved with a proud, insolent slouch of the body and a half-contemptuous drop of the head, unaware of her, ignoring her very existence, after taking his fill of her and getting his satisfaction of her, her soul roused, its pinions became like steel, and she struck at him. When he sat on his perch glancing sharply round with solitary pride, pride eminent and fierce, she dashed at him and threw him from his station savagely, she goaded him from his keen dignity of a male, she harassed him from his unperturbed pride, till he was mad with rage, his light brown eyes burned with fury, they saw her now, like flames of anger they flared at her and recognized her as the enemy. . . . As he prowled round her, she watched him. As he struck at her, she struck back. (p. 163)

This is one of the battles of Will and Anna. Neither he nor she "struck" at the other in actuality. But one can still visualize vividly what is happening there. Although in many cases (like here) the visible and actual actions (including speeches) of the characters, too, must be taking place, Lawrence often does without such actual details and presents only the inner movements instead. The whole passage is the description of the movements in their inner psyche, but the movements—especially her anger—do not remain confined within the person. Her anger is making its passionate attack on its object, at last breaking its closed self-contentment and forcing it to recognize the existence of another power. It was her inner impulse against his closed state rather than her apparent words and actions that truly affected his psyche. At least that seems how Lawrence understood the human relationship. The words such as "roused", "struck", "dashed", "threw", "goaded", and "harassed" convey a strong sense of violent activities, and such words could not have been used realistically to

describe the words and actions of the characters. Especially when the inner impulse is repulsed, unfulfilled and thus inflamed, the inner action of the psyche is much more active—even stormy—than the gestures and words which actually come out. In this novel even the gestures themselves are not 'realistic'. They are so composed as to reflect more or less directly the inner movements of the characters; but in fact they appear only on a limited scale, and the rest of the drama is supplied by the direct representation of the invisible psychic movements interspersed among the gestures.

At the beginning of the novel, in the part known as the prologue, the impulses of the Brangwen women, the Brangwen men, and more creative men are presented as follows.

Looking out, as she must, from the front of her house towards the activity of man in the world at large, whilst her husband looked out to the back at sky and harvest and beast and land, she strained her eyes to see what man had done in fighting outwards to knowledge, she strained to hear how he uttered himself in his conquest, her deepest desire hung on the battle that she heard, far off, being waged on the edge of the unknown. She also wanted to know, and to be of the fighting host. (p. 9)

Women's deepest desire, her deepest impulse, is to see and to know the creative achievements of men "on the edge of the unknown" and even to be of "the fighting host," the explorers of the movements hitherto unknown and unperceived. It is the aspiration for the unknown, the creative impulse, of the Brangwens that culminated in Ursula. Now, this aspiration is expressed through women's gestures—to look out from the front of their house towards the activity of men and the world, to strain their eyes, and to strain to hear—which are not literally true, perhaps, but metaphorically true. It doesn't matter so much whether the woman actually looked out from the front of her house or not. But the gesture quite aptly represents her unconscious aspiration towards the unknown beyond the heated but inarticulate, unseeing, self-confined blood-intercourse of the farm life. A simply

analytical description of her inner impulse would have been much less effective.

Also, look at the next passage. This is about a new invisible inner movement taking place in Lydia who had been like a dead person since she suffered the disillusion and horrors of her former stormy marriage.

But then one morning there was a light from the yellow jasmine which caught her, and after that, morning and evening, the persistent singing of thrushes from the shrubbery, till her heart, beaten upon, was forced to lift up its voice in rivalry and answer. . . . But she would wake in the morning one day and feel her blood running, feel herself lying open like a flower unsheathed in the sun, insistent and potent with demand. (p. 55)

This shows the movement of Lydia's heart, of her blood, the passion of her life and body, responding first to the instinctive persistent singing of thrushes in spring and then to Tom's young life and passion beating vigorously towards her. The pulsing movement of her life, the blood-impulse, gradually grew into a bigger insistent desire. It had seemed to her that all her passions and energy of life were dead, but her heart "was forced to lift up its voice," she felt her blood "running," and she was "lying open like a flower unsheathed in the sun." Each of those phrases visualizes her inner movement, her blood-impulse, and the whole process linking those three is also a movement, a bigger one, of the same impulse.

Those are only a few examples of the visualized inner impulses of the characters. They are all visualized in the form of certain gestures (or movements) of men, birds, flowers, waters, and other non-human beings. For instance, "struck" and "dashing" at Will, "throwing him out of his station," and "goading" and "harrassing" him—which represent Anna's anger flung at Will—are the gestures of a hawk, for the quoted passage is preceded by the sentence: "She, too, was a hawk." (p. 163) "To lift up its voice," "running" and

"lying open...unsheathed"—which represent Lydia's blood-impulse or physical passion suddenly rising afresh—are the gestures of a thrush, waters (a stream or a flow), and a flower. Let us call those expressions 'gesture-metaphors' since they visualize and metaphorically represent the invisible movements of man's inner life. 'Gesture-metaphors' are not the actual gestures of characters, so it is often natural (and effective) to compose them with the gestures (motions) of non-human beings in the world, which, by nature, are unconscious instinctive gestures.

In a way, almost all descriptions of movements in this novel are 'gesture-metaphors' as they represent some inner movements of the characters. But in case of those which were discussed in the last chapter, the visible or actual element of the gesture was definitely present however 'unrealistically' it was portrayed. In case of the Brangwen women's "looking outwards," it is ambiguous whether the actual element is present in the gesture or not. Anna's "strucking" and "dashing" at Will are visionary gestures: the actual element is absent except that her actual words and actions, omitted from the passage itself, are indirectly suggested of their existence. As for Lydia's "lift[ing] up its voice" like a thrush or "lying open like a flower," they are purely visionary gestures: any visible or actual gesture of hers is scarcely hinted at.

The split between the inner movement and the actual gesture appears in the dancing scene.

Patiently she sat, under the cloak, with Skrebensky holding her hand. But her naked self was there beating upon the moonlight with her breasts and her knees, in meeting, in communion. She half started, to go in actuality, to fling away her clothing and flee away, away from this dark confusion and chaos of people to the hill and the moon. But the people stood round like stones, like magnetic stones, and she could not go, in actuality. (p. 319)

The split defines Ursula's gesture of beating upon the moonlight as

definitely an inner movement confined within the psyche, shut off from the outside; but at the same time the gesture-metaphor 'visualizes' the inner movement as if it were the outer gesture (which is more active and more vivid than the actual gesture). The pressure or strain upon the split (between the inner and the outer) does not remain rhetorical, for the inner impulse of her naked self "half started to go" across the splitting line into "actuality". In case of Anna's "strucking" and "dashing" at Will, the actuality does not come into the scene. The splitting line between her inner life and the outside is rhetorically broken, apparently with no strain; but there, too, the splitting line is broken not only rhetorically but also as an actual phenomenon in that her inner impulse works upon the outside, even breaking into Will's inner life as an active influence. The influence, the outward movement and force, is invisible, but it does actually take place, which is shown by his rising anger and being forced to recognize her as the enemy. This is due to the intrinsic strength and pressure of her inner impulse to fight against the confinement put around it. In both cases, the gesture-metaphors break the boundary between man's inner life and the outside world both by the rhetoric and by the intrinsic drive of the inner movements to liberate and reveal themselves. Let us call this unique quality of the gesture-metaphors 'the open quality': the door is open between the inner and outer worlds.

Here is the possibility of the drama consisting solely of man's inner psyche. In the nineteenth-century-type novels the inner consciousness of the man remained always 'inner': it was 'closed,' so his actions and words were the only media of communication and relationship between the characters that comprised the drama. But in this novel the inner psyche is not only 'inner' but 'open': it is the 'movement' towards the outside. The visionary gesture of Anna's anger is a typical 'open' inner movement.

Every gesture-metaphor has this 'open' quality. Lydia's "lift[ing] up its voice" and "lying open like a flower" are not only the matter of her inner physical passion. They are the outward movements

which rise from her unconscious depth and work upon the outside world "in rivalry and answer" (p. 54) and "lying open...unsheathed in the sun, insistent and potent with demand." (p. 55) They are the active influences and demands (active receptivity) upon the outside world (especially on the thrushes and on Tom) just as a thrush calls back to other thrushes in challenge or as an opening flower demands more and more light from the sun. That was why Tom, who "could not understand" (p. 56) that "she was as new as a flower that unsheathes itself and stands always ready, waiting, receptive," was "held back by uncouth fear" and yet was "driven by a desire bigger than himself." The desire was bigger than himself and also herself. Since her desire was 'open,' it contained her desire of him and at the same time was one with the calling of the thrushes and her challenging back to the whole life and movements of the outside world.

Even when the gesture-metaphor depicts the inner movement which apparently seems to be 'closed,' it is still open, working outwards in a suppressed, secret and yet persistent manner. For instance, look at the movement of Will's will in the next passage.

After this day, the door seemed to shut on his mind. . . . His eyes ceased to see, his hands were suspended. Within himself his will was coiled like a beast, hidden under the darkness, but always potent, working. . . . The dark, seething potency of him, the power of a creature that lies hidden and exerts its will to the destruction of the free-running creature, as the tiger lying in the darkness of the leaves steadily enforces the fall and death of the light creatures that drink by the waterside in the morning, gradually began to take effect on her. (p. 185)

This is after Anna's naked dance in front of the fire which nullified him, especially his insistent physical passion. Thus the thwarted passion "was coiled like a beast, hidden under the darkness." Apparently there was no outward gesture: all his passion was coiled within himself. But as a gesture-metaphor his passion is visualized: the movement, the coiling-up and hiding under the dark, is visualized

vividly, and one can feel the palpitating hidden potency and readiness to spring at her throat at any chance. His will is secretly aiming at her, and by this very influence (outward force) of aiming at her it fixes her and gradually, invisibly but steadily, pulls her down to her fall. The open quality is always present one way or the other. If a certain impulse is suppressed or thwarted, it turns either into an open revolt or into a secret negative power silently affecting the outside movements which do not accept itself.

(2) PERCEPTION—

The 'open' quality of inner movements form three kinds of gesture-metaphors: (1) impulse (or desire) as gesture, (2) perception (or receptivity) as gesture, and (3) influence as gesture. But it is quite difficult to distinguish one from the other. The impulse as gesture, which was discussed above, worked also as 'perception' (receptive or enclosing) and 'influence' upon other beings in the outside world. That is due to the 'open' quality of inner movements. One's impulse becomes an influence upon another being who receives and responds to the influence with a certain instinctive perception. That instinctive force of perception springs out of his unconscious depth also as the response and expression of his inner impulse. Thus the dynamic cycle is formed: impulse-influence-perception. It is natural for the gesture-metaphors, which have the 'open' quality, to contain all those three elements at the same time. But the degree of stress put upon each element varies according to each gesture-metaphor.

When Will returned home repentant and yearning with passion after an ugly show of insensitiveness to Anna, she was "motionless, like a curled up, oblivious creature." (p. 155) Her senses heard nothing and accepted no touch even if he touched her. When Ursula, oblivious of all outside herself because of her disillusion and mis-trusts, heard Skrebensky's voice for the first time,

At once, from its apathy, her excitable spirit started and strained to listen. It seemed to crouch, to lurk under cover, tense, glaring forth unwilling to be seen. (p. 288)

Her senses are so active and intensified while her concern (self-consciousness) is similarly strong about not to be seen. She is quite unsure and afraid of what unconscious impulses might spring out of herself. There is the tension between the active openness of her perception and the fearful closedness of her impulse against its own inevitable open quality. In other words, her inner passion and impulse is confused and caught by fears but her active perception marks the start of the whole opening and revealing process of perception-impulse (response)-influence. That Lydia let her heart beaten upon by the singing of the thrushes and that she lay open like a flower unsheathed in the sun—those, too, mark the start of the opening process of her impulse as the active movements of her perception; whereas Will's coiling like a beast with the door shutting on his mind and Anna's curling up like an oblivious creature are the self-closing movements of their perception which mark the beginning of the blind unchanging closed cycles of thwarted reactionary passions.

Thus the perception which is presented in this novel is quite different from the ordinary idea of perception. The perception is something dynamic, a movement, changing from coiling up and shutting off another man's influence to springing up to it with a ready receptivity. By being dynamic, the perception not only is inseparable from one's impulse towards another being but takes an active part in the opening and revealing (or the closing and self-confining) process of the dynamic cycle of impulses: perception-impulse-influence.

(3) INFLUENCES —

When an inner impulse is liberated towards another being, it works as an 'influence' upon him. So very often 'the impulse as gesture' is at the same time 'the influence as gesture,' like in case of Anna's attack upon Will (striking at him, throwing him out of

his station, etc.). But, in this novel, also trees, the moon, the wind, the house, and other inhuman objects have influences upon human beings, and such influences, too, are expressed by gesture-metaphors. Any movement, human or non-human, 'outside' a character which does not remain outside is an influence—the movement 'open' towards his inside.

In the dancing scene at Fred's wedding the night was "rocking" (p. 318) and "swinging," absorbing the people, and the moon was "looking right into" Ursula and "balancing all in its revelation." (p. 319) Those are non-human influences, but in the same manner it is described that Ursula was aware of Skrebensky's influence upon her as "the movement of his life over against her." (p. 300) When Tom first met Lydia on the road, she felt him go by "almost as if he had brushed her." (p. 55) Those are the influences of another man (or another man's impulse). While Tom was young, his father died, he had a poor experience with a prostitute, and his mother died. The last of those events, incomprehensible and shocking to him, is described as "another blow out of the dark." (p. 21) When Will in an electric state of passion, to his wonder, suddenly blocked Anna's way and kissed her, he felt "as if some blow were struck at him in the dark." (p. 115) That is a man's unconscious (expression of the impulse) surprising and influencing himself. Similarly one may be aware of one's own inner impulse (impulse as gesture) as a strange influence (influence as gesture) upon oneself: when Skrebensky first kissed Ursula, she felt "a hot drenching surge rose within her," (p. 299) and, leaving him, she went to bed all warm "as if the gush of dawn were within her, upholding her." (p. 300) When Anna unconsciously resisted the unseeing inarticulate knowledge of her parents, she was the influence which threatened to break their peace, and there was "the bristling rousedness in the room." (p. 105) So it seems that the space in which a certain impulse rises becomes a special space, an influence itself upon the people who are present there. Thus the influence upon a man can be another man, non-human beings, events,

his own unconscious acts, his own impulses, and the space or atmosphere intensified by the movements, all of which have incomprehensible unpredictable elements; and the influence is invariably represented by the gesture-metaphor.

Isn't it by representing all those influences upon the same level, in the same manner, that the last of those influences, the space, is created? And the space of influence, as it shall be shown, plays a great role in this novel.

Let us observe more closely the special space (or spaces) of influence and see how it is formed or partaken by the impulses of the characters. Next is the climax of Tom and Lydia's married life. He had thought that her certainty and satisfaction was absolute, excluding himself, but one day he found that she might be lonely and needing something from him. He was still hesitant and afraid before her who could be so much transfigured by the deep passion and desire, but he was compelled despite himself to draw close to her and meet her actively.

There were a few moments of stillness. Then gradually, the tension, the withholding relaxed in him, and he began to flow towards her. She was beyond him, the unattainable. But he let go his hold on himself, he relinquished himself, and knew the subterranean force of his desire to come to her, to be with her, to mingle with her, losing himself to find her, to find himself in her. . . . Blind and destroyed, he pressed forward, nearer, nearer, to receive the consummation of himself, he received within *the darkness which should swallow him and yield him up to himself*. . . . They had passed through the doorway into *the further space, where movement was so big, that it contained bonds and constraints and labours, and still was complete liberty*. She was the doorway to him, he to her. At last they had thrown open the doors, each to the other, and had stood in the doorways facing each other, whilst the *light flooded out from behind on to each of their faces*. . . . (pp. 95—96 — italics by the present writer)

The influence of her passion was to draw the responsive passion out of his unconscious depth. Though he was not strong enough to deliver it up for himself to the unattainable, he could at last let the influence sweep and carry him by relinquishing himself. The word "relinquished" shows that he was not yet free from fears and confusions when he was left alone to stand on himself, but the influence upon him was so big that "the subterranean force of desire," which was still the confused unrevealed physical passion, too, could partake of that bigness by admitting its own littleness. Thus the subterranean force of desire, which in his eldest son, the second Tom, was to appear as "something marshy about him," (p. 351) here began to "flow" towards Lydia. That great influence, Tom felt, came from her, but it is described that she was the doorway to "the darkness," "the further space," which swallowed him up and that he was the doorway to her as well. She, too, was influenced by the thrushes, the lively nature of England in spring and the fresh steady life of the young farmer (whose passion pulsed with the Brangwen blood of generations in its steady rhythm of intimacy with the farm), and she was superior to him only in that she was freer and more spontaneous in her response. Through her are revealed the influences of numerous lively movements of the outside world, so her impulse or her influence upon him is not her merely individual or personal movement but the organic whole of influences and responses which are revealed through her. That seems to be shown by that "the light flooded out from behind on to each of their faces." This organic whole of influences and responses (of the man and woman's blood and the nature close to them) is "the further space, where movements are so big, that it contained bonds and constraints and labours, and still was complete liberty." Tom as an individual was constrained with fears, morals, and confusions, but the movements (influences and passions) which passed through him were bigger than himself, containing his constraints and surpassing them. In this super-individual, super-natural organic space of influence, the Brangwen intimacy with the earth and

nature (the farm life) had a great part.

But this intimacy with the earth was lost in the second generation. Then the next passage describes the space discovered by Will and Anna in their honeymoon.

As they lay close together, complete and beyond the touch of time or change, it was as if they were at the very centre of all the slow wheeling of space and the rapid agitation of life, deep, deep, inside them all, at the centre where there is utter radiance, and eternal being, and the silence absorbed in praise: the steady core of all movements, the unawakened sleep of all wakefulness. . . . Then gradually they were passed away from the supreme centre, down the circles of praise and joy and gladness, farther and farther out, towards the noise and the friction. (p. 145)

They had no connection with the outside world, or at least they recognized no connection with the outside world. Between the two they found their satisfaction in the licentious freedom of physical passion, excluding the outside world, which to them were only "the noise and the friction," "the rapid agitation of life." Though they found themselves at the silent core of movements, at the unawakened unrevealed unconscious depth of physical passions, it led to no further space beyond themselves: it was closed, complete, insisting to be timeless and absolute. Or rather, it was they that insisted on its timelessness, for they were never ultimately fulfilled. To them their licentious freedom, their closed space of physical intimacy, seemed splendid for the moment, but they could not remain there satisfied, they had to seek something else. Unconsciously sensing this, they insisted on its radiance and eternity, for they would not admit their own littleness. But they could not remain in the closed core for long, and they were driven by an unacknowledged force to the outside world, which was such an disorderly welter of noises and frictions as they had left them before.

The closed space, the insistence on its absolute timelessness, and

the reacting force towards the outside appear again in the scene of Lincoln Cathedral.

Containing birth and death, potential with all the noise and transition of life, the cathedral remained hushed, a great, involved seed, whereof the flower would be radiant life inconceivable, but whose beginning and whose end were the circle of silence. . . . Here *the stone leapt up from the plain of earth, leapt up* in a manifold clustered desire each time, *up, away from the horizontal earth*, through twilight and dusk and the whole range of desire, through the swerving, the declination, ah, to the ecstasy, the touch, to the meeting and the consummation, the meeting, the clasp, the close embrace, the neutrality, the perfect, swooning consummation, the timeless ecstasy. There his soul remained, at the apex of the arch, *clined in the timeless ecstasy*, consummated.

And there was no time nor life nor death, but only this, this timeless consummation, where *the thrust from earth met the thrust from earth* and the arch was *locked on the keystone of ecstasy*. (p. 202 —italics by the present writer)

This is the space inside the church (and Will's soaring passion as part of it). The special space presented here is "the great involved seed" of unawakened potential movements of life, but the space is closed in by the roof. The movements within form the closed "circle of silence." By excluding the world outside, the apex of the arch, the meeting-consummation of the unawakened movements in the gloom, is made absolute and timeless. What is quoted is only a small part of the long passage describing this space, but here one can still see the insistent repeated "leaping" and "thrusting" of the arches to the apex and also the insistent repeated soaring of Will's passion towards "the consummation," "the touch," "the embrace," "the ecstasy" and "the meeting." The soaring movements of the man and the architecture seem to influence and to pour into each other unresolved, unliberated, gradually making air thicker and more obsessive. The

constrained insistence is most evident in that his soul remained "clinched" and that the arch was "locked." Because of this exclusive insistence, the space, which originally was "containing birth and death, potential with all the noise and transition of life," came to include "no time nor life nor death, but only this, this timeless consummation." But Anna's impulse revolted against this oppressive air.

But even in the dazed swoon of the cathedral, she claimed another right. The altar was barren, its lights gone out. God burned no more in that bush. . . . She claimed the right to freedom above her, higher than the roof. She had always a sense of being roofed in. . . . She wanted to get out of this fixed, leaping, forward-travelling movement, to rise from it as a bird rises with wet limp feet from the sea...and in the open space where there is clarity, rise up above the fixed, surcharged motion....

And it was as if she must grasp at something, as if her wings were too weak to lift her straight off the heaving motion. So she caught sight of the wicked, odd little faces carved in stone, and she stood before them arrested. . . . They winked and leered, giving suggestion of the many things that had been left out of the great concept of the church. . . . Apart from the lift and spring of the geat impulse towards the altar, those little faces had separate wills, separate motions, separate knowledge, which rippled back in defiance of the tide, and laughed in triumph of their own very littleness. (pp. 203—204)

While being influenced and "dazed" by the cathedral, Anna at the same time had an instinctive "sense of being roofed in." The instinct began to tell her that the passion which filled and supported the church was no longer genuine nor spontaneous: "God burned no more in that bush." What was once genuine became "fixed, surcharged" because the church failed to include the movements outside its own concept. Her instinct against this closed space, her impulse for the liberation from there, can be traced ultimately back to the impulse of her naked self, the impulse of its self-revelation, expression, out of the unconscious depth. It is the 'open' quality in her "ris[ing] with

wet limp feet from the sea....” But this impulse was yet weak and constrained, still confused and unrevealed in the physical heat of passion, so that it could not come forth free and naked. It had to grasp at something else—something which escaped the closed space. The carved little faces of the imps knew their own constraints, their weakness and littleness, and they mocked at the church, suggesting that because of their knowledge they were at least superior to it which was blind and closed and did not know its own limitation. When Anna pointed to those imps, jeering at the church and Will’s passion over it, she “destroyed another of his vital illusions,” (p. 205) and yet “somewhere in him he responded more deeply to the sly little face that knew better, than he had done before to the perfect surge of the cathedral.” And here one comes to realize that in his possessed clinching at the apex of ecstasy was the unacknowledged unconscious fear of coming back to the horizontal earth which led him nowhere and which, he instinctively knew, should have led him to a further space.

Their daughter, Ursula, again experiences illusions and disillusion. That “she was a traveller on the face of the earth” (p. 417) seems to describe her journey through different spaces of influence (like Ulysses’ journey through the underworld).

In her adolescence she suffered much from the stormy household of lax parents and many unruly children, but at least on Sunday they instinctively kept the Sabbath decency, and “the house was really something of a sanctuary, with peace breathing like a strange bird alighted in the rooms.” (p. 273) In this atmosphere she could escape from the noisy confusion of life which insisted on coming even into her privacy. Sunday was “a strange, undefined place where her spirit could wonder in dreams, unassailed,” the space of vision, in which she “partook of the visionary being.” In such a space everything partook of the influence: the body of the earth “seemed to stir its powerful flank beneath her,” (p. 324) and “into the bluish air came the powerful exudation.” The impulse which sustains this Sunday world goes back

to the spirit of Christ to which the Brangwens had unknowingly looked up to as the unknown high, looking up at the church as they must from their heated physical intercourse and labour upon the farm. But Christ's vision was never 'revealed' to them. Anna, only half safe in the unknowing knowledge, came to sense the intrinsic deadness of the religious passion towards the mere form of Christianity. Ursula, who first laid hold of Christ for the fulfilment of her physical passion and spiritual aspiration, found no ultimate revelation there. Thus for her, too, the Sunday-world, which was once a free visionary world, gradually lost its color as she insisted on its fulfilling her confused desires in vain.

After this she was to experience one disillusion after another of her dreams. Facing the idea of war (men's organized fighting with each other), she vaguely felt "the huge powers of the world rolling and crashing together, darkly, clumsily, stupidly, yet colossal, so that one was brushed along almost as dust." (p. 327) The fighting was stupid, void of meanings, entirely lacking any genuine impulse of the individual. It was just a blind machanicallly-organized mass-fighting against which Ursula nevertheless felt helpless. It was a mal-vision, the space of mal-influences. Similarly, the miner town of Wiggiston struck her as follows :

The place had the strange desolation of a ruin. Colliers hanging about in gangs and groups, or passing along the asphalt pavements heavily to work, seemed not like living people, but like spectres. The rigidity of the blank streets, the homogeneous amorphous sterility of the whole suggested death rather than life. There was no meeting place, no centre, no artery, no organic formation. There it lay like the new foundations of a red-brick confusion *rapidly spreading like a skin disease*. (p. 345 — italics by the present writer)

Especially the italicized part delivers the strong sense of the mal-influence of this uninspired space which is sustained by the mere homogenousness (or mechanic "repeating endlessly") of the mass

instead of by the living impulses of the individuals. In other words, the influence which sustains this space is the machinery—the great machine of the pit, the machinery of the work, the machinery of the society. . . . The second Tom, Ursula's uncle, "would let the machinery carry him: husband, father, pit-manager, warm clay lifted through he recurrent action of day after day by the great machine from which it derived its action." (p. 352) Ursula was against such mal-influences, but she felt "something wearing her down," (p. 385) "some recording hand" which "seemed to point mechanically to a negation," until she proved capable of fulfilling her task in the mal-space of the world (particularly as a teacher at school) and nevertheless remained ultimately untouched.

Thus she knew the limits and broke one by one the illusions and mal-visionary spaces, and what she found beyond that small space of limited knowledge and feeble assuring movements was the outer darkness "bristling with the tufts of the hyena and the wolf" (p. 438) whose eyes gleamed with "the flash of the sword of angels, flashing at the door to come in...terrible and not to be denied." Her "soul" acknowledged only this outer darkness. It was the space of unconscious passions and impulses that terrified her and yet was not to be denied. The influence is described as the bristling of the horrible hyena and wolf as it is unrevealed. Since her deepest intrinsic self is unfulfilled and unrevealed, the space of unconscious passions and impulses is unrevealed, dark, chaotic and ready to kill her at any moment. Similarly, Tom's "unconscious drawing body was washed along in the black, swirling darkness," (p. 247) and Anna, on hearing his death, pressed back her head and rolled her eyes "as if something were reaching forward to bite at her throat." (p. 250)

Skrebensky seemed to give her a new space of "living darkness" (p. 446) when he secretly delivered to her "something sensual" out of the African blood-fear which "possessed his own blood." He said,

But in Africa it seems massive and fluid with *terror*—not fear

of anything—*just fear. One breathes it, like a smell of blood.* The blacks know it. They worship it, really, the darkness. One almost likes it—*the fear—something sensual.* (p. 446 — italics by the present writer)

The italicized parts suggest the masochistic sensuality (not actual masochistic actions) which envelops men like the air with “a smell of blood.” Under this influence Ursula “thrilled” to him.

A turgid, teeming night, heavy with fecundity in which every molecule of matter grew big with increase, secretly urgent with fecund desire, seemed to come to pass. . . . He held her enclosed, soft, unutterably soft, and with the unrelaxing softness of fate, the relentless softness of fecundity. . . . She hung close to him, pressed herself into soft flow of his kiss, pressed herself down, down to the source and core of his kiss, herself covered and enveloped in the warm, fecund flow of his kiss, that travelled over her, so they were one stream, one dark fecundity. . . . (pp.446—447)

The influences which fill the air are slow, soft and yet horrifying movements. By slowing down and slowly accepting the blind horrifying desires (or influences) of blood, they felt as if those dark blood-rhythms along with blind horrors, at first thrilling, “grew big with increase”—almost infinite, infinitely horrifying and wonderful—the thing to be worshipped. Ursula willingly masochistically submitted to the inflated sensations of blood whose horrors, in the secret slowing-down anesthetizing process, were part of the great thrills and ecstasy to be enjoyed at the cost of all other impulses, even at the cost of the distinct liberty of her naked self. But later she was disillusioned again over this kind of love with Skrebensky (as has been observed already) because her deeper impulse, unsatisfied, at last revolted and wanted freedom and revelation out of this enclosing blind gratification of physical senses.

It is a difficult question whether she could find any new space of

influence after her experience with Skrebensky. In the final vision of the rainbow which "from nowhere...took presence upon itself," (p. 495) the rainbow which "was arched" in the sordid people's "blood and would quiver to life in their spirit," and "the earth's new architecture, the old, brittle corruption of houses and factories swept away, the world built up in a living fabric of Truth fitting to the over-arching heaven"—here is perhaps only "a vague hope"¹⁴ as Graham Hough pointed out. But it is perhaps more accurate to say that here Lawrence is not presenting a new space of influence, for the rainbow which was potentially arched in the people's blood had not quivered to life yet. When all her illusions were destroyed, Ursula discovered that her soul remained "inviolable and unalterable," (p. 491) that her "naked kernel" self "striving to take new root...was the only reality." (p. 493) The outside world had been "discarded" along with her unliberated passions and struggles, but her kernel self yet found no expression and no new earth to take root. So the rainbow and the new world are presented not as a new space of influence but as a hope, potentiality, and belief in the naked self. And the persuasive power of this potentiality seems to depend upon its association with the various movements, the various impulses, which again and again formed spaces of influence—that is, upon the metaphoric associations of movements which organize the novel.

(To be continued in the next issue)

NOTES

1 *The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, ed. by Harry T. Moore (London, 1962), I, p. 282.

2 John E. Stoll says especially of the latter half of *The Rainbow* that "the experiences presented and gradually formulated in Part One are now dogmatically asserted. This strong attitude is reflected in the tone and language of the Ursula section, which is conceptual, by and large, rather than poetic."—*The Novels of D. H. Lawrence: A Search for Integration* (Columbia, Missouri, 1971), p. 132. Eliseo Vivas found in *The Rainbow*, *Women in Love* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* "a profound emotional disorder, an obdurate major disharmony, informed with genius as the substance of their drama."—*D. H. Lawrence: The Failure and the*

Triumph of Art (Evanston, 1960), p. 270. Graham Hough says, "Dr. Leavis has rightly emphasized the range and grasp of Lawrence's picture of early twentieth-century England: but this is continually vitiated by presenting it as a place of vile tempers and no manners at all. And this is only a part of a growing inability or unwillingness to render the texture of ordinary life, of impassioned daily living. . . . from the time of *The Rainbow* on, Lawrence's characters spend too much of their time in unnaturally heightened states of consciousness."—*The Dark Sun: A Study of D. H. Lawrence* (New York, 1957), p. 72.

3 *The Collected Letters of D. H. Lawrence*, I, p.282.

4 c.f. F. R. Leavis, *D. H. Lawrence: Novelist* (London, 1955).

5 See the second note on p. 53. Also the scenes such as Anna's dancing naked in front of the fire and the final vision of the rainbow are called "intrusive, forced, and neither literally nor symbolically true as Lawrence obviously believed it to be."—David Daiches, *The Novel and the Modern World* (Chicago, 1960), p. 155. F. R. Leavis says, "The Lawrence of the opening of *The Rainbow* himself saw the rainbow spanning the day: that, patently, was of the creative impulsion to the undertaking. . . . The Lawrence who developed in the writing of it found himself compelled to another mood; he expresses in the latter part of the book that sense of human problems as they were in contemporary civilization," and points out "the signs of too great a tentativeness in the development and organization of the later part."—D. H. Lawrence: *Novelist*, p. 144. G. Hough says, "In Will and Anna he [Lawrence] has shown sexual fulfilment victorious over other temperamental incompatibilities. . . . Now he has changed his mind and wants to go further. He wants to maintain that sexual compatibility, and compatibility of mind and spirit are indissolubly linked. . . . he has mistaken his ultimate: that sexual fulfilment stands to Lawrence for some other more inclusive kind of integration whose nature he does not know..."—*The Dark Sun*, p. 71. Stoll denounces that "in making the modern society the cause of her [Ursula's] sexual difficulty, Lawrence equivocates."—*The Novels of D. H. Lawrence*, p. 138. H. M. Daleski says that the exaggerated distended form of speech Lawrence often employs becomes "a constant rearguard action against the force of association related to altogether different—but more usual—contexts," and that "in the novel as a whole there is not a sufficient number or dramatic correlatives; that is to say, too frequently there are sections of descriptive analysis that are not embodied in the sort of corroborative action that is also ultimately revelatory."—*The Forked Flame: A Study of D. H. Lawrence* (London, 1965), pp. 78–79. All of these criticisms show how *The Rainbow* conflicts with the existing norms of novels based mainly upon their semantic, thematic, and 'realistic' aspects.

6 Leavis called the novel "religious" and "rhythmic," in evoking "blind forces of the unconscious" and also the half-forgotten "rhythm of eternity" (the cyclic rhythm of creation) older than Christian traditions which runs through the English mind. He said, "The Rainbow shows us the transmission of the spiritual heritage in an actual society, and shows it in relation to the general development of civilization."—*D. H. Lawrence: Novelist*, p. 145 (c.f. pp. 96–145) Daleski pointed out that "acting as an impersonal but articulate intermediary, he

[Lawrence] gave form and definition to what were really the nonrational, intuition responses of his characters."—*The Forked Flame*, p. 77.

7 Leavis, p. 122.

8 *Ibid.* pp. 144—145.

9 Scott Sanders makes some revealing remarks about the language of *The Rainbow*, which shall be referred to in the discussion of the movements in language. c.f. Sanders, *D. H. Lawrence: The World of the Major Novels* (London, 1973).

10 D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*, Penguin Books (Harmondsworth, 1949—first published by Methuen in 1915).

11 c.f. D. H. Lawrence, *Apocalypse* (London, 1972—first published in 1931).

12 D. H. Lawrence, *Fantasia of the Unconscious and Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (London, 1961—the two works, first published separately in 1923), p. 241.

13 This is a Laurentian term which, though convenient, is used differently on different occasions. c.f. *Fantasia of the Unconscious and Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, p. 171. But the general idea is that blood has its own consciousness apart from the mental consciousness and at the depth of the human organism.

14 Graham Hough, p. 72. Leavis said also that "that confident note of prophetic hope" is "wholly unprepared and unsupported." (Leavis, p. 142)