

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

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V. Movements of Time

Time is represented as a fluid thing in this novel. Apart from the ordinary concept of time that it makes only a linear movement from the past to the future, it makes various other movements, forming something more dynamic than a story.

(1) THE CYCLIC MOVEMENT OF TIME—

One's bearing a child and the child's growing up and becoming a parent in return—that rhythm is repeated through the three generations which appear in the novel. Birth, growth, adolescence, love, marriage, child-bearing, growing age, and death—always the drama of life is essentially the same. As F. R. Leavis acutely pointed out, "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."²⁰ And this life-cycle is not limited to human beings: they are inextricably interlinked with the life-cycle of the non-human nature, for instance, with the rising and setting of the sun and the moon, with the sprouting of the seed, the blossoming of flowers, and the ripening of crops, and with the thrushes' calling their mates and the mother-bird's hatching her eggs. The best example which visualizes this cycle linking man and the nature may be seen in the opening pages. Let us quote part of it.

They felt the rush of the sap in spring, they knew the wave which cannot halt, but every year throws forward the seed to

begetting, and, falling back, leaves the young-born on the earth, sunshine drawn into the breast and bowels, the rain sucked up in the day-time, nakedness that comes under the wind in autumn, showing the birds' nests no longer worth hiding. 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. (pp. 7—8)

Rather, each individual life, by forming a cycle, is taken into the greater cycle of nature and, in return, gives a new form to it in each individual living. But this holds true only as long as the passion which forms the cycle is alive and fulfilled, free to start the new cycle. That is stressed in the passage describing the Church year.²¹

There are several cycles in one man's life, though they may apparently seem apart from the cycles of nature. Ursula had a feeling that time or her life moved in cycles. As the second year of her teaching at St. Philip's School drew to a close, "she saw herself travelling round a circle, only an arc of which remained to complete." (p. 417) In fact, the sense of time moving in cycles is predominant in representing every individual life of the major characters. Tom's confused passion restrained by fear, and Lydia's naked desire compelling him to draw towards her—the rise and fall of those passions is represented again and again but in varying degrees and forms, on their first meeting on the road, in the Brangwen kitchen, in the vicarage (on the stormy night), on their wedding night, and in various scenes of their marriage up to the climax scene observed before. If one looks at the plot, those may be different stages of life, but they are the recurrence of the intrinsically same movements (the same inner drama) if one looks at the inner impulses of the characters. (Remember the use of 'repetition' and 'contrast' in the style of writing.) Only, the individuals acquire more knowledge of their inner movements, and the reader is expected to recall in each scene the preceding inner dramas as they represent the same one drama as a

whole. As a plot very few changes might take place during one's life-time, which might seem rather monotonous. In case of Ursula's love with Skrebensky, she had once destroyed and nullified his intrinsic male self in their kiss on Fred's wedding night before he left her, and the reader might ask why there was any necessity for Ursula to repeat the same failure²² all over again when he returned from the army. But it must be remembered that Ursula and Skrebensky's inner movements are visualized before they come up to their consciousness. They must repeat the experience until they become aware, until their accumulated inner movements (the closed cycle) are burst open by a deeper impulse.

(2) THE MYSTICAL REAPPEARANCE OF THE PAST IN THE PRESENT—

This is not an ordinary mental recollection of the past. Even after Anna grew up, "her little skipping movements" (p. 132) of her childhood came back "when she was suddenly glad," herself perhaps utterly unconscious of it. This serves to visualize how the reappearance of the past may be different from the recollection of the past.

First of all, the reappearance of the past in an individual's inner life contains the same (or sometimes more) force of passion and influence as what happens at the present moment, so that the past does become the present in his psyche. For instance, after Tom's death the boundary between the past and the present utterly disappears from Lydia's life. She was old and too tired to take further interest in the struggle of the immediate present, but she talked with passion and pain about her two dead husbands as if they were still alive, and also of her girlhood in Poland as if she were back again in it. And the vivid force of passion and pain leaps over the boundary between individuals, and it influences the little Ursula (who listened to Lydia) as if the child had experienced those passions herself.

The child's heart beat fast as she listened to those things. She could not understand, but she seemed to feel far-off

things. . . . Strange, her antecedents were, and she felt fate on either side of her terrible. . . . Here, from her grandmother's peaceful room, the door opened on to the greater space, the past, which was so big, that all it contained seemed tiny; loves and births and deaths, tiny units and features within a vast horizon. (p. 260)

Ursula "could not understand" the things Lydia spoke of, but she "could vaguely feel" the unknown movements and passions in them "strange" or "terrible" as a "fate", as some inevitable unintelligible force urging her forward deeply, unconsciously. Little as she was, she could feel those movements running through her blood and feel them as a whole, as composing a "space" of its own. Although what Lydia spoke of were far-off things, the strange passions they roused in Ursula were the present movements—though apart from the present actuality and apart from the fragmentary confused sensations, too. They were all equally far-off things emerging out of her unconscious depth, out of her blood which ran through the generations, so that they came to form one timeless space.

At another time, while Anna was quarreling with Will, unable to tell him her pregnancy, they sat with her parents in their kitchen, and the air was quite strained. But when a grey hen came in, stepping swiftly, pecking, with the light through her comb and her wattles, looking like a ghost, Anna threw scraps of bread, feeling "the child flame within her," (p. 178) and she "seemed to remember again forgotten, burning, far-off things." That led her to ask Lydia somewhat abruptly about Anna's birth and her father, Lensky.

'He was'—the mother made a quick, running movement with her hands—'his figure was alive and changing—it was never fixed. He was not in the least steady—like a running stream.'

It flashed over the youth—Anna too was like a running stream. Instantly he was in love with her again. (p. 178)

When Anna "seemed to remember the forgotten, burning, far-off things," she did not mentally recall the far-off things, which may have

happened before her consciousness woke up, even before she came into this world, but perhaps she felt the unconscious passion (the blood-rhythm) within her mother's womb returning to her again. The ghostly movement of the hen, the flaming of the child within the unconscious depth of Anna's body, the forgotten far-off things called back as burning now, Lydia's gesture, Lensky (his passion) like a running stream, Anna (her passion) like a running stream, Will's passion towards her—these are forming and partaking the same universal moment, the same space, becoming one big movement notwithstanding the apparent boundary between the past and the present and between the individuals (and between human beings and non-human beings). The only difference between the past and the present is that the passion of the past reappears more purified from triviality and actuality, revealing its intrinsic movement more nakedly, than the passion of the present; and thus here the reappearance of the past serves to reveal the intrinsic timeless movement lying at the depth of the present struggle between Anna and Will.

Certainly there are times when the passions and struggles of the past are not yet purified but still confused. When Tom proposed marriage to Lydia, "her eyes, with a blackness of memory struggling with passion, primitive and electric away at the back of them, rejected him and absorbed him at once." (p. 48) Here, too, the memory is not a conscious memory but the unconscious passion of the past returning to her. Yet here the memory is not the far-off things revealing their passion but the near black past blinding her from the intrinsic passion of the present. It is the unrevealed unliberated past clogging to the present.

And there are the willing and unwilling attitudes on the part of the individuals to receive the reappearing past. The returning of the past passions to the unconscious often surprises the individual, but sometimes he is too much afraid and pained to acknowledge it. As was mentioned before, hearing Tom's death, Anna pressed back her head, as if something were reaching forward to bite at her throat.

Now, the shock threatened to break in upon her and sweep away all her intervening life, make her as a girl of eighteen again, loving her father. So she pressed back, away from the shock, she clung to her present life. (p. 250)

She could not bear to receive the returning passion of her girlhood towards her Daddy, after obliterating it so long, to admit that her very blood was repenting and crying in pain over his death. Instead, she clung to her present life, to the more superficial passions of her present life.

So the revelation of the past passions requires two things: the reappearance of the past passions to the unconscious part of the individual, and the power of the individual to acknowledge those passions.

(3) THE DRIVE TOWARDS THE FUTURE—

As the opening chapter describes, there was the impulse especially in the Brangwen women to see the beyond and to set out for the fight outwards to knowledge and expression. This impulse led the Brangwens to a further and still further fight in the future. Along with the cyclic movement of time, the drive towards the unknown future is the back-bone upon which the novel is built. Tom vaguely acknowledged that "there were the stars in the dark heaven traveling, the whole host passing by on some eternal voyage," (p. 40) that there was a great movement towards the future carried on through the cosmic cycles, though he felt himself "fragmentary" and "incomplete", unable to complete a cycle and start free, unable to be an adventurer on the front, and thus remaining "submissive to the greater ordering." Yet he had an unquenchable desire to have "the further, the creative life" with Anna who was young and ready to start afresh a new cycle of her own.

After the deadly fights with her husband, Anna gradually came to know the range and extent of his passion (his physical will) which she could enjoy, and she had babies who gave her the physical

satisfaction of motherhood. Then, though she "had a slight expectant feeling, as of a door half open...straining her eyes to something beyond," (p. 195) she could only find "a faint, gleaming horizon, a long way off, and a rainbow like an archway" which she could not arrive at. Feeling the unconscious drive within her towards this faint future long way off, she asked herself wearily: "But why must she start on the journey? She stood so safely on the Pisgah mountain." It required her such passion and struggle to attain the Pisgah mountain, her present life-cycle with Will and her children, and she was willing to relinquish her deepest desire to start on a further creative cycle. Yet the unquenchable drive led her to put a hope unconsciously upon her child, which is described as follows.

The child she might hold up, she might toss the child forward into the furnace, the child might walk there, amid the burning coals and the incandescent roar of heat.... (p. 196)

So the passion and hope of the ancestors ran through Ursula's blood, and as she grew up, she was driven by "the marvellous eagerness in her heart, to climb and to see beyond," (p. 269) to teach at school to take a place in the world, to achieve a higher education in college, and to know Skrebensky who seemed to reveal the outside world in himself. When she met Anthony, her girl friend's brother, she was attracted by his animal-like pure physical passion, but the purity was not the purity of the naked deepest self but the purity of the merely physical passion not leading to any further life. She came to the recognition that "she was a traveller on the face of the earth, and he was an isolated creature living in the fulfilment of his own senses." (p. 417)

Ursula came to see what she was after even more clearly and more urgently than her predecessors. While she was watching the shining sea, she felt "as if, from over the edge of the sea, all the unrisen dawns were appealing to her, all her unborn soul was crying for the unrisen dawns." (p. 433) When the sea was rough, she

watched "the water travelling in to the coast" as a big wave after another recurred to run, to burst, "to envelop all in a great white beauty and to pour away again," and she had to wish, "Oh, and if, when the wave burst into whiteness, it were only set free!" Although each motion was a great beauty in itself, her deepest desire always hung on the next, the next to be liberated from the recurring cycles by fulfilling itself.

The cyclic movement of time, the reappearance of the past passions in the present, and the drive towards the future unknown battles—they all and together lead to the revelation (the clear revealing knowledge) of the passions with the help of the individual's power to acknowledge and to relate them.

VI. The Association of Gesture-Metaphors

The power to acknowledge and to relate the passions of the different moments and of the different individuals is required of the reader, too. In other words, the association of movements is essential to the understanding of this novel. First and above all, the reader must be sensitive and sharp at observing gesture-metaphors and constantly reorganize them in his memory.

The inner movements of the characters and the influences upon them are represented mainly by gesture-metaphors. The characters' gestures themselves are, in fact, a sort of gesture-metaphors as they express the invisible passions and impulses rather than the actuality. Those gestures and gesture-metaphors are given frequently in the form of non-human images, such as a running stream and fighting birds. Thus Lawrence could repeat the same images with some modifications throughout the novel, linking moments, individuals, and generations, thereby to compose a novel with the association of images rather than with mere words and meanings.

Each image or gesture-metaphor, when repeated, recalls the preceding instances in which it was employed to represent the move-

ments of different moments and different individuals. The primal effect is to unify the movements of different moments and different individuals, to grasp them as a continuity, and thereby to perceive distinctly the essential impulse running through them. In the last chapter it was observed that Lydia's hand-gesture like "a running stream" gave form to the reappearance of the past passions (Lensky's passions as well as her perception and response to them of the past moments) and that Will in a flash recognized the gesture as giving form to the deep intrinsic impulse which ran through Anna's blood (continuously from her parents) and which he had not been able to recognize in the heated confused struggles of their present passions. Now, the reader is given an artistically constructed store of memory to meditate on the image of "a running stream". The next two passages are the descriptions of Anna's childhood.

Happy she never seemed, but quick, sharp, absorbed, full of imagination and changeability. (p. 68—underlines by the present writer)

...she was mostly alone, flying round the farm, entertaining the farm-hands and Tilly and the servant-girl, whirring on and never ceasing. (p. 85—underlines by the present writer)

Also her initiative and courage in exploring the physical world with Will, her quickness to turn away from it back towards the outside with vigor, and her flaming resistance against his fixed will to retain the unchanging physical world are recalled with such passages as :

He was anxious with a deep desire and anxiety that she should stay with him where they were in the timeless universe of free, perfect limbs and immortal breast.... (p. 151—underlines by the present writer)

Many days, she waited for the hour when he would be gone to work. Then the flow of her life, which he seemed to dam up, was let loose, and she was free. (p. 168—underlines by the present writer)

Thus the image of "a running stream" is to be associated with the store of recurrences (with slight modifications) and contrasts. The continuous flow of association continues to develop after Lydia's hand gesture.

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. . . . She realized it all, and there came a momentous pause, a pause in her swift running, a moment's suspension in her life, when she was lost. (p. 185—underlines by the present writer)

But even in the dazed swoon of the cathedral, she claimed another right. 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...separate speck that hangs suspended, moves this way and that, seeing and answering before it sinks again, having chosen or found the direction in which it shall be carried forward.

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. . . . Apart from the lift and spring of the great impulse towards the altar, these little faces had separate wills, separate motions, separate knowledge, which rippled back in defiance of the tide, and laughed in triumph of their own littleness. (pp. 203-204—underlines by the present writer)

By being set upon this line of continuous association and by being compared with the other scenes, each scene finds its right place and significance in the ups and downs of the flow of the impulse. The image of "running" recurs in the form of "the free-running creature" which is now cotrasted with "a creature that lies hidden" to prepare for its destruction. The image of "running" is put in the strained

relation to the opposing image of secret and conscious suspension which threatens to overcome the former image. Paradoxically it is by being put in this strained relation that the image of "running" begins to reveal its force and to be acknowledged as a significant continuous drive (also by Anna herself), whereas the motions of her childhood were momentary and separate from the grown-ups at the moment. The image of "the stream", which found its echo in "the flow of life" and in the "whirring on and never ceasing" (the variation of "running") appears again in the form of the separate motions which "rippled back". The word "ripple" rings with the image of the stream, but the rippling motion is closely linked and contrasted with the image of "the tide". Here, too, the contrast serves to present with persuasive strength her instinctive rebelling expression of the continuous free-running impulse. But the strength of image is rather lessened from "the running stream" (or "swift-running") to the separate motions which could only "ripple back" in defiance of the tide. The grand tide of the cathedral was enclosing and bearing her down in its surcharged ecstatic movements of the arches which several pages of emotional passages describe and elaborate. And yet the word "ripple" echoes with the image of the running stream which has the free will to choose and find "the direction it shall be carried forward." So the echo rings with the knowledge that the running stream never ceases and with the expectation that it will rise up again, liberated and free.

Looking back, in the relationship between Tom and Lydia, it was her "absorbed, flitting motion" (p. 29) that first arrested Tom, she approached him "in a sudden flow" (p. 45) on the night when he proposed to her, and Tom finally "began to flow towards her" (p. 95) at the climax of their married life. Looking ahead, in Ursula's struggle with the world and with Skrebensky, there are various gesture-metaphors related by the association of variations and contrasts of images. (For instance, the image of Ursula's tears trickling down from the fixed eyes is a complex form of variation from the image

of the running stream and from the contrast between the free-running creature and the hidden destructive creature.) In fact, throughout the novel all the images are related with one another directly or indirectly.

Thus the meaning of each image must not be sought as a fixed thing. Only by grasping images as a changing continuity, the particular significance of each image in the continuity becomes clear. That is the only method of understanding clearly what would otherwise be vague or misinterpreted. To illustrate this point, let us take up the image of the horses which appear in Ursula's nightmare near the end of the novel.

In her pregnant state after the break with Skrebensky, Ursula goes to the woods, where she is threatened by the repeated attacks of the horses. She barely escapes them by climbing the hedge and falling down on the other side. Although this scene takes several pages, a considerable part of the final part, and seems to describe the crucial stage of Ursula's inner life, the interpretations of the scene have tended to be too vague or hasty. Mark Spilka,²³ for instance, refers to this scene only vaguely as a vision representing Ursula's emotion and tension. Sagar²⁴ quotes a passage from *Fantasia of the Unconscious* where the horse represents "the great sensual male activity", and applies the phrase as a definition upon the scene of *The Rainbow*, which hardly clarifies anything at all. Tony Slade explains that Ursula "vascillates between a fear of the power of nature symbolised by them [horses] and a hesitation about returning to the social world."²⁵ Stoll says that "the attacking horses can then be easily seen as the life force emerging from the unconscious but distinguishable from it, obliterating Ursula's socially conditioned mental nature, and projecting her to the timeless beyond,"²⁶ and that "it is difficult not to consider this entire process a radical evasion of self." This is somewhat similar to G. Hough's view that it is "by the temporary obliteration of personal integrity and awareness, that Ursula's mystic reintegrating vision is achieved,"²⁷ though his idea of

the horses as "passion and ferocity" sounds different from Stoll's idea of "the life force emerging from the unconscious but distinguishable from it". But such words as "passion" and "life-force" are all vague without explanation. It is essential to grasp those things as something changeable and various in forms and depths and see exactly in what state they are at a certain moment in the dynamic continuity. In the present thesis the word "passion" is used to mean the intrinsic rhythm or impulse of blood which may come out either as a free distinct movement through the liberation of the naked self or (mostly) as a confused insistent movement which is clogged with fears, reactions, and blind persistency, ultimately seeking to destroy all movements. In this light E. I. Nicholes's interpretation of the horses as "the anarchy of elemental passion"²⁸ seems to point to the latter confused unliberated form of passion. Mary Freeman, interpreting the horses as "all the locked power of life" also seems to have in mind the "locked" unliberated state of undifferentiated movements of the unconscious and the consciousness. And Daleski seems right in suggesting "that in presenting Ursula's encounter with the horses he [Lawrence] gives us a concentrated, symbolic retrospect of crucial stages along her soul's journey."²⁹ He is right in detecting the flexibility or changing role of the image during this scene and in trying to grasp it by associating it with the journey of Ursula's soul. But the association must not be limited to Ursula's story. The flexibility and dynamic complexity of the image can be grasped in a wider and more revealing view by the association of the closely-linked images throughout the novel than by simply following the story (and the story of a particular individual). In fact, the reader might pass over, unnoticing, the close link between the images which are placed far from each other in the development of the story, if he is absorbed in following the story without the freedom to look back and look around.

The image of the horse first appears in the opening pages of the novel. There the pulsing blood-intimacy between the Brangwen men

and the cattle is described, and the men were just above the cattle, having a stronger memory of the blood-rhythm, with which they controlled "the heaving of the horses after their will." (p. 8) Then,, when Tom became a youth and went to Matlock one day, he met a voluptuous girl and proudly helped her to ride a horse. He was "weak with desire as he strode beside her," supporting her by the waist and leading her and the horse thus. His heart "thumped" over "the most glorious adventure": what rose up in him was the heavy hot thumping of blood desiring the girl as the horse must have thumped on under the weight of the girl who sat insecurely and laughing on its heaving motion. On his first encounter with Lydia, Tom was leading a horse and a cart. This time the shock given by Lydia's walking gesture was so deep and penetrating to the unknown untouched core of himself that the fear overcame him and arrested him in spite of the deep joy running through him. His "britching horse" which bore the splashing dashing drive of the cart down the muddy slope works as a metaphor to represent his strained fearful passion, his strained blood-rhythm which was roused and driven on by the unknown power but which was unrevealed and caught in the confused sense of incompetence and fear.

An image related to those episodes is to come back in Ursula's riding in a motor-car with Skrebensky on the countryside: she was "raising her head like a young horse snuffing with wild delight." (p. 304) This image of a young horse reappears in Ursula's being "a young filly broken into shafts" (p. 406) while she was working as a teacher at St. Philip's School. The machinery of the society demanded her to submit her own passions and impulses to itself, or else she would be cast away, beaten, as a merely incompetent drop-out. She was deprived of the genuine relation with her students (who were the mass to be put into the mechanic order) and of the freedom of her impulse for genuine fulfilment and self-liberation.

The word "broken" is closely related to the image of a horse, and it echoes with Tom's speaking to his proud isolated brother Alfred,

who was pursuing his own pleasure, on the night of Anna's wedding, "Maybe you never was broken in." (p. 142) Thus Tom silently admitted that he himself was broken in as he submitted to the unknown, unrevealed power of passion for Lydia without retaining the distinction (individuality) of his naked self. He gave up the struggle for its own maturization and self-liberation now definitely when Anna, in whom he sought this unachieved fulfilment, left his hand to marry Will.

But the two images of a *young* horse concerning Ursula at the same time seem to illustrate her distinction from Tom. "A young horse snuffing with wild delight" is fearless, and "a young filly broken into shafts," though frantic, seems resistant with unabatable fiery passions. This distinction seems to tell when the passage about Tom and his horse on the night of his death is compared with the passage about Ursula's being attacked by the horses near the end of the novel.

In the heavy rain and darkness Tom was talking aloud to the horse, as he was drunken and thus ashamed and "apologetic to the horse." (p. 244) "His apologetic frame made him facetious," and he was shouting, "Hey Jack, my beautiful young slender feller, which of us is Noah?", hiding his anxiety in the heavy rain and his awareness of "his inability to walk quite straight."

He talked aloud to himself, sententious in his anxiety, as if he were perfectly sober, whilst the mare bowled along and the rain beat on him. He watched the rain before the gig-lamps, the faint gleaming of the shadowy horse's body, the passing of the dark hedges. (pp. 244—245)

Instinctively he sensed the danger of flood and death in the heavy beatings of rain on him, but his consciousness was failing him who should be leading the horse as its master. The mare was bowling along dangerously but straight on by itself, a ghostly figure in the darkness. The image is to come back in the horses which Ursula

met in the woods—the horses which repeatedly gathered into one direction towards her, bowled on, crashed by her, just missing her as they were “yet inadequate” (p. 489), slackened their pace, and gathered into a knot again to enclose her. The cause of their inadequacy despite their heavy crashing power seems to lie in the lack of the final revealing knowledge in themselves. Owing to this ultimate blindness they could not quite get at her though they could bowl along in one purpose against her.

Remember that Tom was asking his horse, “Hey Jack...which of us is Noah? What was bowling on dangerously without the master (the knowledge) unconsciously in the rain—the horse or Tom himself? Ironically it was Tom that was drowned in the flood. And the ambiguity ringing in the question seems to come back again in the later scene of Ursula and the horses. It should be noticed that their intentions change minute by minute and exchange their sides repeatedly.

A ¹ (Ursula)	{	She <u>did not want to lift her face to them</u> . She <u>did not want to know they were there</u> But she would <u>circumvent them</u> She would go straight on, and on, and be gone by. . . . But the horses had burst before her. . . . They were awaiting her again. . . . She must draw near. But they broke away, they <u>cantered round, making a wide circle to avoid noticing her</u> , and cantered back into the open hillside behind her. . . . Her way was clear. She lulled her heart. . . . Suddenly she hesitated as if seized by lightning. . . . She <u>could not look round</u> , so the horses thundered upon her.
B ¹ (Horse)		
(H)A ²		
(U)B ²		
(U)A ³		

(H)B ³	{	Cruelly, they swerved and crashed by her on her left hand. . . . They had gone by, brandishing themselves thunderously about her, enclosing her. They slackened their burst transport, they slowed down, and cantered together into a knot once more, in the corner by the gate and trees ahead of her. . . . She <u>looked away failing</u> . On her left, two hundred yards down the slope, the thick hedge ran parallel. At one point there was an oak-tree. . . . Shuddering, with limbs like water, dreading every
(U)A ⁴		

- (U)A⁴ { moment to fall, she began to work her way as if making
 (U)B⁴ { a wide detour round the horse-mass. . . . Then suddenly,
 (H)B⁵ { in a flame of agony, she darted, seized the rugged knots
 (U)A⁵ { of the oak-tree and began to climb. Her body was weak
 { but her hands were as hard as steel. . . . The horses
 { were loosening their knot, stirring, trying to realize. . . .
 { As they started to canter towards her, she fell in a heap
 { on the other side of the hedge.
- (H)B⁶ { For some moments she could not move. Then she
 { saw through the rabbit-cleared bottom of the hedge the
 { great, working hoofs of the horses as they cantered near.
 (U)A⁶ { She could not bear it. She rose and walked swiftly,
 { diagonally across the field. The horses galloped along the
 (H)A⁷ { other side of the hedge to the corner, where they were
 (U)B⁷ { held up. . . . They were almost pathetic, now. Her will
 { alone carried her.... (pp. 487-490—underlines by the pre-
 { sent writer)

A is the fearful motion towards the escape because of the inability to face and grasp the impending force. B is the purposeful forward motion because of the assurance of its own strength overcoming the fear. But even in B there is a latent fear which is just barely overcome, perhaps momentarily, by the strength of purpose. This can be seen in the unquoted passages around B¹ and B³.

- B¹ { But the horses had burst before her. . . . She was aware of
 { their breast gripped, clenched narrow in a hold that never
 { relaxed...pressing forever till they went mad, running against
 { the walls of time, and never bursting free. (p. 488—underlines
 { by the present writer)
- B³ { Her way was clear. She lulled her heart. Yet her heart was
 { couched with fear, couched with fear all along. (p. 489)

The tension between the two forces (liberation vs. captivity, or assurance vs. fear) can be noticed both in the movement of the horses (B¹) and in Ursula's movement (B³). All along neither Ursula nor the horses were free from fear, tension, and inadequacy. But there

was the rocking to and fro between the fear and the sudden burst of strength in the continuous battle of those two forces which alternately appeared in Ursula and in the horses. Which of them was Noah? It was neither of them, and it was both of them. The movement of the horses was also Ursula's movement, and her movement was also their movement.

That the movements of the horses were also Ursula's movements can be seen clearly in the unquoted passage describing the first bursting of the horses (B').

In a sort of lightening of knowledge their movement travelled through her, the quiver and strain and thrust of their powerful flanks, as they burst before her and drew on, beyond. (p. 488)

Their movement travelled through her—the movement which was the complex of “quiver and strain and thrust” of their powerful flanks. The movement travelling through her means the ‘open’ movement which is at once within herself, coming into herself, and going out of herself.

What matters here is not the actuality but ‘the movement’ which, this thesis repeatedly observed, takes place at a substratum deeper than the actuality. In the earlier scene of Tom and his mare, the horse seems ghostly in its running through the heavy rain along the dark hedges especially through the eyes of the drunken man. In the later scene the actual existence of the horses itself is highly doubtful. Ursula never actually ‘saw’ the horses. She only felt their existence “looming in the rain” in the darkness “in the lee of a clump of trees beyond, above her” and felt like dying under the weight of the thundering noises of their steps. In actuality there may have been no shape of horses, or Ursula may have taken something else for horses. Look at the passage before the appearance of the horses, that is, before the looming existence and thundering noises were identified by Ursula as the signs of the horses.

Making on towards the wood, she saw the pale gleam of Willey Water through the cloud below, she walked the open space where hawthorn trees streamed like hair on the wind and round the bushes were presences showing through the atmosphere. It was very splendid, free and chaotic.

Yet she hurried to the wood for shelter. There, the vast booming overhead vibrated down and encircled her, tree trunks spanned the circle of tremendous sound, myriads of tree-trunks, enormous and streaked black with water, thrust like stanchions upright between the roaring overhead and the sweeping of the circle underfoot. She glided between the tree-trunks, afraid of them. They might turn and shut her in as she went through their martialled silence. . . . She turned under the shelter of the common, seeing the great veils of rain swinging with slow, floating waves across the landscape. She was very wet and a long way from home, far enveloped in the rain and the waving landscape. (pp. 486-487—underlines by the present writer)

The underlined parts describing bushes, trees, rain, and the landscape (or rather something invisible and yet looming around them) are written in the words so similar to those which describe the movements of the horses—"the quiver and strain and thrust" of the horses which loomed, thundered, and encircled her. The invisible looming quality of all those images draw them together. Imagine the tall black tree-trunks whose under-branches are just visible, dashing at one another in the wind, splashing rain around and creating "the sweeping of the circle underfoot", but whose greater vast commotion overhead is invisible, only to be felt as the far, ungraspable but roaring weight enclosing one in and ready to make overwhelming attacks. It becomes natural that Ursula saw the looming presences, the horses, behind the tree-trunks which "thrust like stanchions" and that she felt the horses crashing by her cruelly as she frantically ran through the trees, her hand crashing at the trunks or at the sweeping under-branches and rain. Even while she was climbing in the boughs of the oak tree up and around the tree-trunk towards the other side, it

is described that "she began to work her way as if making a wide detour, round the horse mass." (p. 490) Is it the trees or the horses that attacked her? The ambiguity echoes again with the similar ambiguity of the earlier scene of Tom and his mare running along the dark hedges.

He watched the rain before the gig-lamps, the faint gleaming of the shadowy horse's body, the passing of the dark hedges. (p. 245)

In actuality it was the horse that was running on, but the passage describes (through Tom's eyes) the dark hedges as if they were passing on. Although this is not the actuality or scientific reality, one can readily sympathize with this another reality in which the dark hedges were sweeping on and the horse was sort of floating silently in the mid-air. In the later scene what is described as the movement of the horses seems to be the movement of the dark trees (and rain and the whole atmosphere), and this movement of the dark trees *sometimes* seems to be Ursula's motion in actuality. In actuality, dashing on and crashing by seems to be Ursula's motion rather than that of the trees. The roaring overhead (the thundering of the horses) seems to be the motion of the trees (and rain and the wind) in actuality. Then strip off the actuality. The roaring and thundering of the trees and horses can become Ursula's movement just as easily as her motion can become the movement of the trees and the horses.

Not only her actual motion but her inner movements can become and are the movements of the trees and horses. Some days before she went into the woods, she wrote to Skrebensky, apologizing to him and suggesting that she should join him in India as his wife now that she was with his child. She only waited for his answer.

The peace held like an unnatural calm for a long time. She was aware, however, of a gathering restiveness, a tumult impending within her. She tried to run away from it. She

wished she could hear from Skrebensky, in answer to her letter, so that her course should be resolved, she should be engaged in fulfilling her fate. It was this inactivity which made her liable to the revulsion she dreaded. . . . One afternoon in early October, feeling the seething rising to madness within her, she slipped out in the rain.... (p. 486—underlines by the present writer)

So what is later to appear in the form of the horses, which repeatedly "gathered, a dark, heavy, powerfully heavy knot" (p. 488) and "stirred uneasily" (p. 489) with "their haunches, so rounded, so massive, pressing, pressing, pressing to burst the grip upon their breasts, pressing forever till they went mad" (p. 488), appears here already as "the gathering restiveness, a tumult impending within her," as "the revulsion" and "the seething rising to madness within her." The unconscious revulsion rose against being enclosed within the apparently peaceful home and life with Skrebensky which led her nowhere and suppressed her deepest impulse for self-liberation.

So the movements of the horses were Ursula's movements, and her movements were the movements of the horses. The movements, which were partaken by Ursula and the horses, were complex—neither the simple revulsion nor the simple fear but the complex movements of all those passions struggling with one another. It is easy to call such a state the confusion or chaos of passions as E. I. Nicholes called the horses "the anarchy of elemental passion,"³¹ but it is important to notice the significance of the relation between Ursula and the horses. While Ursula is taking the part of fear and the movement for escape, this movement sets the other movements free in the horses—the movements of revulsion and reaction which gather themselves into one intentional attack upon her. When the movements of the horses come really close and travel through her, in her dawns the realization of the revulsion which was never bursting free—the realization which even overcomes her fear and sense of failure and gives her strength to go forward on her course. The horses, failing

before her conscious forward motion, try "to avoid noticing her," which gives her more assurance to go on and escape. But in her palpitates the latent fear and instinctive knowledge of the forthcoming attack of the horses—the fear which simultaneously accumulates and is accumulated by the seething of the reactionary movements of blood. Thus the cycle of fear-revulsion-realization-escape-fear is repeated in the relation between Ursula and the horses. Through the repetition each of the movements (or forces) which compose this cycle is developed and visualized: both its weakness and strength (or horror) is made known.

She had apparently chosen to submit to the uninspired stabilized life with Skrebensky in her eagerness for peace and stability in the midst of chaotic movements of blood, which were stirred by her pregnancy and which she hardly dared to recognize. The revulsion against this choice and against such a confused weak-hearted blind state of herself lay "seething" in her unconscious depth and was far greater than she noticed or she would dare to notice. But the vision of the horses, separated from herself and put into another form, inevitably forced her to learn the tremendous horror of this revulsion. The revulsion proves even greater than her 'purpose' (conscious passion) to retain the independence or inviolability of her innermost self. In a sense she dies as it is described that "her heart was gone" (p. 489) and that she "could not move" for a while, falling down from the oak-tree as the horses started to canter towards her with a new realization of her intention. And yet the revulsion did not finally win. It did not finally kill her because the revulsion, too, proves enclosed and "held up" (the horses were "held up" (p. 490) by the hedge and were "almost pathetic")—it was the *imprisoned* reactionary movement of the blood against itself. The confusion, the fear, the revulsion, and the will to retain the inviolability of the innermost self—all those passions more or less belonged to the inside of the enclosure of the hedges and were the past movements now that she fell free out of the enclosure. The movements inside the enclosure

were now ineffectual against her new movement, the movement which seems to start from the last kernel self with the bottom knowledge (experience) or realization.

Thus the vision of the horses separates her suppressed stormy passions to the two poles of revulsion and fear (or the will to escape) by giving separate forms (expressions) to these poles, so that the two poles of unconscious movements of blood are put into the conscious struggle which more and more separates them and shows the extent and limit of each pole of passions. At last it is the realization that shows the real powers of the revulsion and the fearful will and, in showing them, paradoxically overcomes both of those unliberated powers.

After she fell down from the tree, what carried her on from her momentary immobile state towards another long seemingly-grey journey to "walk for the rest of her life, wearily, wearily" (p. 491) was the bottom realization of (and freedom from) the powers of the unliberated, suppressed, confused movements of her blood and spirit—the movements which had been accumulated into strong powers but were couched within the revulsion and fear. The freedom was still grey and haunted with the memory of the struggle and the horror of the revulsion, and all the movements and passions of her life were exhausted except for this continuous motion onward. But even when she did not *want* to continue this journey, it urged her onward, and it seems that this movement would later develop into a finer flower of passions, the rainbow, in its new relation to the world at large. There is no actual ground for this hope, which led to the criticism of the final description of the rainbow as "wholly unprepared and unsupported."³² But the hope echoes with the flowering of Lydia after her ghost-like journey through death (through the deathly disillusion and memory of the life with Skrebensky), with young lives being born and continuing the battle for self-liberation (and revelation of new 'open' relationships with the world) with a more conscious courage after the knowledge, fear, and death of Tom, with Ursula's

sudden realization that "self was a oneness with the infinite" (p. 441)—the realization from looking at and looking through the gleaming movement of the unicellular shadow under her microscope—and with other 'open' movements and possibilities of the characters and the nature which are represented by gesture-metaphors.

What gave Ursula the realization of her inner movements gathering towards the poles of revulsion and fear, and what urged her onwards on the deepest continuous movement towards its new development are the same as what gave her the vision of the horses and what gave metaphorical forms and expressions to the invisible movements throughout the novel. What is it? It is impossible to answer this question. One can only talk about how it works phenomenologically. It is the ultimate unknown, the undefinable. It is the ultimate unknown rather than the author's intention or sensuality alone that is felt to have given form to this novel (though the ultimate unknown works *through* his passions and thoughts). This may sound too mystic or vague, but it is owing to this unknown urge that various other invisible unconscious movements of a man's physical and spiritual passions in relation to other beings, hitherto unrevealed, are made known and given their artistic forms.

(The End)

NOTES

20 Leavis, pp. 144—145.

21 c.f. pp. 69—70 of this thesis.

22 Graham Hough, calling attention to the dialogue between the lovers about the meaning (or meaninglessness) of the war and the idea of the nation, and seeming to ignore the kiss-scene of Fred's wedding night, thought that "she loved him physically but found him inadequate spiritually and socially," (p. 70) but he was puzzled to see Skrebensky sexually inadequate in the final love-scene. He found inconsistency instead of the revealing drive working through the recurrence of *the same* drama.

23 Mark Spilka, *The Love Ethic of D. H. Lawrence* (Bloomington, 1955), p. 114.

- 24 c.f. Keith Sagar, *The Art of D. H. Lawrence* (Cambridge, 1966), p. 64.
- 25 Tony Slade, *D. H. Lawrence*, Literature in Perspective Series, Gen. ed. Kenneth H. Grose (London, 1969), p. 66.
- 26 Stoll, p. 141.
- 27 G. Hough, "Two Exiles: Lord Byron and D. H. Lawrence" (University of Nottingham pamphlet, 1956), p. 9.
- 28 E. I. Nicholes, "The 'Simile of the Sparrow' in *The Rainbow* by D. H. Lawrence", *Modern Language Notes*, 64 (March 1949), p. 173.
- 29 Mary Freeman, *D. H. Lawrence: A Basic Study of His Ideas* (New York, 1955), p. 47.
- 30 Daleski, p. 123.
- 31 Nicholes, p. 173.
- 32 Leavis, p. 142.

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