Chapter—3

The Rainbow

Rebirth of the Self

Man is the self discoverer, whose goal is, spiritual and real, rather than poetic or imaginary. A rainbow is a multi-coloured, prismatic refraction of the unity of pure light-- itself the symbol of divinity--made visible to the human eye by superhuman intervention. Hence D. H. Lawrence calls The Rainbow "a voyage of discovery towards the real, eternal and unknown land."¹ The title of this novel recalls the Biblical covenant, quoted late in the novel², symbolic of relationship, communication and faith between God and man.

The opening scenes of the novel are filled with the combination of Biblical Genesis, the cosmic wheel, the natural year and the rhythm of progress. The early Brangwens are men in harmony with their universe. Free creatures, they work rooted in the soil, with uplifted gaze in touch with the unknown represented by the ever-visible steeple. They are men of instinct, whose perfect accord with the cosmic plan is captured in prose in which syntax, poetic rhythm and vocabulary such as "teeming" and "begetting" perpetuate the sense of Biblical genealogy:
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. They knew the intercourse between heaven and earth. . . .

Here the insistence of Lawrence is that, within the cycle of time man is repeatedly reborn, thrust forward by the wave of regenerative history and abandoned, ostensibly defenseless but, actually, possessing the mystic clue to life--vitality. Although subject to the law of flux as the great cosmic wheel turns relentlessly, the Brangwen men are aristocrats staring at the sun, "dazed" and "unable to turn around". They do not move towards the unknown, as eternal flux demands, but rest in their perfection. According to Lawrence, lack of motion is tantamount to death, since that which does not change must perish. These Brangwen men mark the end of an era.

Their women, however, possess the vitality to pursue the quest for paradise. A Brangwen woman "'wanted another form of life"; she "faced outwards to where men moved dominant and creative . . ."," whereas the men faced inwards. She also wants to "know, and to be of the fighting host". Such women demonstrate
the male quality of perpetual motion outwards from the centre, whereas the men move towards introverted inertia—a female tendency. Whatever moves in the "wonder of the beyond" brings the unknown before the imagination of the Cossethay women and is described "as “the leading shoot”.

Elsewhere, Lawrence identifies these shoots as a vital force for change, which must be nourished and protected:

> The whole great form of our era will have to go. And nothing will really send it down but the new shoots of life . . . bursting the foundations. And one can do nothing but fight tooth and nail to defend the new shoots of life, from being crushed out. . . We can't make life. We can but fight for the life, that grows in us.

Since their men are inactive, the Brangwen women construct a vicarious substitute for their own journey. They move instinctively away from the static marsh towards the unknown. In fact, the causes of the Brangwen women’s ‘superior being’ are identified as education and experience, archways of escape to the future:
It was this, this education, this higher form of being, that the mother wished to give to her children, so that they too could live the supreme life on earth.\(^9\)

By selecting opposing courses of rational education and passionate experience, the women perpetuate the dichotomy of human nature—mind and body.

It is relevant to notice here that after 1840, mechanism—in the form of aqueduct, colliery and railroad—reduces the open Brangwen world to a cul-de-sac. This shrinking world views the frightening industrialism through "the dark archway of the canal's square aqueduct".\(^{10}\) Lawrence conveys the impression of a stable way of life, victim of the merciless flux of time, re-routed in a direction determined by the will of its women. We discover that the contemporary Alfred Brangwen and his wife were "two very separate beings, vitally connected, knowing nothing of each other, yet living in their separate ways from one root"\(^{11}\), and that the family “depended on her for its stability”. The Brangwens have endured forever by virtue of a sort of connection with the nourishing universal force. Moreover, Lawrence's conception of fulfilled-being requires the vision to glimpse the unknown through
the arches of environment, the courage to face it and the vitality to pursue it.

According to Lawrence's belief our ‘true self’ blossoms in a series of cataclysmic experiences initiated by the catalyst of sexual desire (libido). Keeping in mind this belief of Lawrence let us start our inquiry of the self-creation of Tom and Lydia generation. Tom, as the leading shoot, has a "plentiful stream of life and humour." He survives the soul-destroying strictures of educational organization because he is “too much alive” to be destroyed. He evolves to the point of "forgetting" his own shortcomings and acknowledging relationship, for he "always remembered his friend" and "kept him as a sort of light", a beacon towards the glimpsed unknown.

There is, however, much satire in Lawrence's description of the Moloch-like Marsh mothers, sacrificing their men to an ideal. Ironically, "Alfred, whom the mother admired most", is destroyed by the ordained education. His vitality cannot smash what Lawrence calls "the shell" of restricting social form-- including the need to please his mother by repressing "his natural desires" and ignoring his drawing talent. From the mechanical restrictiveness of lace-designing, he came back into life which is ‘set and rigid’. Later, he fails in the supreme blood-
relationship with his wife, and has settled for isolation seeking a liaison with another idealist and educated woman, the Nottingham widow.

The Christian concept of "love" as ideal, which relegates woman to the position of sacred object, is shattered for Tom by his experience with a prostitute. His distaste for mere copulation reinforces his instinctive search for a female to worship physically. Frustrated suppression of libido produces vacillation and alcoholism until, seduced by a girl with "a very natural and taking manner"\textsuperscript{16}, Tom discovers his own passionate nature and admiration for the composure of her foreign escort. The consuming, regenerative nature of the experience is recorded—in terms of the sensory origin and formation of the ideal:

What was there outside his knowledge, how much? What was this that he had touched? . . . The girl and the foreigner; he knew neither of their names. Yet they had set fire to the homestead of his nature and he would be burnt out of cover. ...\textsuperscript{17}

Lawrence refers to \textit{The Rainbow} as a product of his "transition stage".\textsuperscript{18} In it, he portrays characters moving, like Tom, from the old to the new in the elastic, metamorphic process of
enlightenment about self and reality. Tom consolidates the physical and rational aspects of his being by constructing an ideal, based on sexual desire (libido), which centres in a "voluptuous woman" and "a foreigner of ancient breeding".\textsuperscript{19}

Thus, Lawrence demonstrates that our desires shape our destinies, for, when Tom meets a dark, foreign woman, he instinctively recognizes his "fate" in this unknown. Lawrence foreshadows the bitter-sweet of the impending, consuming and creative sexual experience by telling us that "a pain of joy" ran through him. Lydia Lensky is portrayed as the female principle, the dark source. She is dressed in black, given virile, dark eyebrows, a sensuous mouth and, a vivacious, even unworldly gait--"a flitting motion as if she were passing unseen."\textsuperscript{20} Their meeting occurs, symbolically, beneath the arch formed by "the curve at the steepest part of the slope".\textsuperscript{21} The effect on Tom, confronted "with the incarnation of his ideal, is that of an immortal moment: he is "suspended". Tom exists "within the knowledge of, her, in the world that was beyond reality".\textsuperscript{22} The relationship is marked by signs of apocalypse, spiritual journey and vitality. Tom feels;

As if a new creation were fulfilled, in which he had real existence. Things had all been stark, unreal, barren, mere-nullities
before. Now, they were actualities that he could handle. . . . It was coming, he knew, his fate. The world was submitting to its transformation.²³

Truly, Lydia is a dark, Polish aristocrat, whose alien culture invigorates the devitalized Teutonic Brangwens. She is not the victim of their "great northern confusion", the denial of the flesh by the "spiritual" ideal.

Tom's libido activates further psychic change. Lawrence describes the "allotropic state" by which he imagines the self to unfold. It resembles the Biblical revelation of the burning bush. Such transcendent experience, emblazoned in pure, divine light, encompasses both consumption and regeneration of the existing self. It is sensual and subconscious, linking the symbols of creation (breast) and dissolution (bowels):

A daze had come over his mind, he had another centre of consciousness. In his breast or in his bowels . . . there had started another activity. It was as if a strong light were burning there, and he was blind within it, unable to know anything, except that this transfiguration burned between him and
her, connecting them, like a secret power. . . . he went about... in a state of metamorphosis. He submitted to that which was happening to him, letting go his will, suffering the loss of himself, dormant always on the brink of ecstasy, like a creature evolving to a new birth.

Lawrence insists that mind and will, agents of the conscious egotistical self, must relax to free the true self. Such discovery requires courage, since it involves the painful shattering of conscious, protective, self-images.

This "pain of new birth", involving death of the old self, is something the psychological "self" or psyche, instinctively resists. Such resistance leads to the psychological warfare of sexual confrontation. Lydia suffers;

A shiver, a sickness of new birth passed over her, the flame leapt up him, under his skin. She wanted it, this new life from him . . . yet she must defend herself against it, for it was a destruction.
The artistic expression of this psychological maneuvering, which Lawrence calls "the frictional to and fro" preceding the reconciliation of opposites,\(^27\) echoes coital rhythm and the ebb and flow of the natural cycle. Tension builds to a crescendo before release as a wave surges before breaking. This metaphor and its iconographic parallel, the rainbow, reflect the rhythm and structure of the novel.

Because Tom senses a universal rhythm, his blossoming towards individuality, instead of egoism, is evident. He, being submissive to the great ordering, is ‘aware’ of the fact that she would bring him completeness and perfection. Their mutual rebirths correspond to spring rejuvenation, of which the seed connotation is duplicated in the definition of marriage as "the kernel of his purpose".\(^28\) Moreover, they see marriage as self-offering, which Lawrence associates with true love: Tom vows; "she would be his life", while Lydia accepts Tom after a simple query, "You want me?"\(^29\)

Repeated rebirth of the self-- the resurrection within life which is Lawrence's preoccupation-- is demonstrated in the proposal scene. The sense of suffering which accompanies self-obliteration and the tension of necessarily perpetuated conflict is clear:
He had her in his arms, and, obliterated, was kissing her. And it was sheer blenched agony to him to break away from himself.\textsuperscript{30}

Lydia "flinched" from him and "quivered, feeling herself created".\textsuperscript{31} The tension generated by this sexual and psychological struggle is that of creative conflict. It is described by Lawrence in "The Crown" in terms of the lion and the unicorn--as the life purpose of both male and female. The resolution of opposition creates new being; to fail to engage in this conflict or to abandon it unresolved inhibits growth and saps vitality. Consequently, when Lydia's instinct for self-preservation prompts refusal of Tom's marriage proposal, we witness his dissolution:

He felt the tension breaking up in him, his fists slackened, he was unable to move. He stood looking at her, helpless in his vague collapse. For the moment she had become unreal to him.\textsuperscript{32}

Her subsequent acceptance restores tension, and physical embrace initiates new transport from which;
He returned gradually, but newly created, as after a gestation, in the womb of darkness. Aerial and light everything was, new as a morning, fresh and newly-begun.33

Yet Lawrence demonstrates that creative conflict consumes energy. Libido is self-consuming and life an exhaustive process. Only in a vital, living relationship with the cosmos is the inexhaustible "source" tapped; this they had not achieved, for;

As she was in his arms, her head sank, and she leaned it against him, and lay still with sunk head, a little tired, effected because she was tired. And in her tiredness was a certain negation of him.34

Lawrence adds the recognition of motive: the male desire to "possess" and the female will to “control”35 to Donne's idea expressed in “The Kiss”, of the grappling of souls through sexual contact. The concept of male pursuit is contained in the repeated "Again he had not got her”", and the suggestion of seduction surfaces as Lydia, "with a strange, primeval suggestion of embrace, held him her mouth".36 The
subconscious activity, the metamorphosis of the soul or self, is reflected in their eyes: 

"... in his blue eyes, was something of himself concentrated. And in her eyes was a little smile upon a black void."

They part physically unsatisfied and aware of the ultimate isolation of the individual soul. Hence libido becomes a source of suffering as well as of consummation:

They were such strangers, they must forever be such stranger, that his passion was clanging torment to him. . . . He could not bear to be near her, and know the utter foreignness between them, know her entirely they were strangers to each other.

Lawrence insists that life's hardest lesson is the acceptance of a truth which is not one's own. Yet such acceptance is necessary for a relationship of balanced opposites to exist. Lawrence expresses, in moon imagery, Tom's recognition of mutual individuality. In fact, we live polarized between the male, fiery, creative force of the sun and the female, cold, voluntary, magnetic force of the moon. The latter's "assertion" of independent "singleness" counterbalances the assimilative attraction of the sun. Symbolism accentuates the confusion and terror of the human soul, alone in a vast space:
And all the sky was teeming and tearing along, a vast disorder of flying shapes and darkness and ragged fumes of light. . . then the, terror of a moon running liquid-brilliant into the open for a moment, hurting the eyes before she plunged under cover of cloud again.\textsuperscript{41}

Lydia is a self-reliant widow and nurse. Her Polish Catholic background spares her the dilemma of Tom's Protestant dogma, which exalts ideal "love" by sacrificing passion. Lydia's God comprises both: "She shone and gleamed to the mystery, whom she knew through all her senses."\textsuperscript{42} Yet Tom "could not act, because of self-fear and because of his conception of honour towards her"\textsuperscript{43} Lawrence emphasizes the fear of sensuality which idealized love causes in Tom, as "an over-much reverence and fear of the unknown changed the nature of his desire into a sort of worship, holding her aloof from his physical desire, self-thwarting".\textsuperscript{44} Thus, religion and social convention inhibit the natural, physical contact by which the true inner self is revealed. When Tom's desire finally overcomes his fear, physical consummation is expressed as the triumph of transcendence and the tragedy of impermanence:
And he let himself go from past and future, was reduced to the moment with her . . . they were together in an elemental embrace beyond their superficial foreignness. But in the morning he was uneasy again. She was still foreign and unknown to him. Only within the fear was pride, belief in himself as mate for her.  

The ebb and flow of the necessary conflict between them is portrayed. The male desire to possess something that cannot be possessed—another's being, is linked with the fear of isolation resulting in dependency. This encumbers, the regenerative process initiated by his magnetic attraction (libido) to the female selected as hub to his axle and who is herself seeking to avoid isolation through power:

And he was ever drawn to her drawn after her, with ever-raging unsatisfied desire . . . and he could never quite reach her, he could never quite be satisfied, never be at peace, because she might go away.

Tension mounts as Lydia is aware of Tom’s antagonism, a similar female conceit "irritated" at his "separate power."
succeeds repulsion, and the phoenix-like experience of self-regeneration is initiated always by sensual response:

She was sure to come at last, and touch him. Then he burst into flame for her and lost himself. They looked at each other, a deep laugh at the bottom of their eyes, and he went to take her again, wholesale, mad to revel in the inexhaustible wealth of her, to bury himself in the depth of her in an inexhaustible exploration. . . .

This is the joy of the flame that is “all triumph” to which Lawrence refers in the Study of Thomas Hardy. 48

Natural, not “conscious”, sexuality is demonstrated by Tom and Lydia. When he is angry, she retaliates “like a tiger”. The problem which the pregnant female--satiated, self-sufficient, and unresponsive--creates for the male is central and insidious in effect. In terms of the rainbow symbol of relationship, Tom feels "like a broken arch thrust sickeningly out from support. For her response was gone, he thrust at nothing". 49 The relationship is "preserved" by Tom; he suffers with Lydia through childbirth. He experiences “remorseless craving” for the supreme intensity
of their first sexual encounters. Tom is the victim of life’s ceaseless drain on Lydia’s energy and libido’s inevitable diminishment. They fail to make their relationship “pivotal”:\n
He wanted to give her all his-love, all his passion, all his essential energy. But it could not be. He must find things than her, other centres of living.\n
Tom is once more frustrated by convention. Monistic religion and civil law offer no solution, and adultery is not in his nature. He spends time with other men; he occasionally drinks heavily; and he turns, "with all his power to the small Anna. So soon they were like lovers, father and child."\n
Lawrence introduces this situation unobtrusively, without comment. It should be noticed that he illustrates, in *Sons and Lovers*, the disastrous consequences for the child of such parental involvement. A full chapter of *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (1922) is devoted to "Parent Love". Lawrence says;\n
The parents establish between themselves and their child the bond of the higher love, the further spiritual love, the sympathy of
the adult soul. And this is fatal . . . a sort of incest.\textsuperscript{53}

Intense love inevitably arouses the sex centres, without "polarized connection with another person" because there is innate sex aversion between parent and child. He concludes;

. . . the powerful centres of sex . . . must be polarized somehow. So they are polarized . . . within the child, and you get an introvert. . . . Introduce any trick, any idea . . . into sex, but make it an affair of the upper consciousness, the mind and eyes and mouth and fingers. . . . And the adult and the ideal are to blame. . . . It is time to drop the word love and more than time to drop the ideal of love. . . .\textsuperscript{54}

Lawrence demonstrates that failure in the parental "pivotal" relationship results in victimization of the child. So Tom's solution to his dilemma is destructive.

Since Lydia is not bound by Tom's conventional idealism, she challenges his promiscuity by bluntly asking if he would like "another woman." Tom is enlightened to the facts that some of
Lydia's disinterest has reflected his own idealization of her and that, as an individual, she "wanted his active participation, not his submission".\textsuperscript{55} In response to such challenge, their physical union is again:

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\ldots \text{the entry into another circle of existence, it was the baptism to another life, it was the complete confirmation.} \ldots \text{She was the doorway to him, he to her.} \ldots \text{And always the light of the transfiguration burned on in their hearts. He went his way, as before, she went her way.} \ldots \text{But to the two of them there was the perpetual wonder of the transfiguration.}^{56}
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This transcendent achievement is the 'living relationship' linking two individuals, changing them permanently and revealing the new creation--Lawrence's 'Holy Ghost'. Symbolically, the rainbow symbol marks the end of Tom as a "broken arch" and frees Anna "to play in the space beneath".

Rhythmic pattern of the novel has carried the "wave which cannot halt" to its crest in the relationship--the consummate blossom--of Tom and Lydia. In counterpoint rhythm, the seed has
already been thrown forward in Anna and her brothers. The further function of the first generation is "to defend the new shoots of life from being crushed out." In *Fantasia of the Unconscious*, Lawrence describes man's mature purpose as sacred responsibility:

Deeply fulfilled through marriage and at one with his own soul he must now undertake the responsibility for the next step into the future. . . . Till a man makes the great resolution of aloneness, and singleness of being, till he takes upon himself the silence and central appeasedness of maturity then, after this, assumes a sacred responsibility for the next purposive step into the future, there is no rest.

Although Tom and Lydia are "deeply fulfilled through marriage", they create "a curious family, a law unto themselves . . . isolated". Lydia is "mistress of a little native land that lacked nothing". More ominously; "To this she had reduced her husband. He existed with her entirely indifferent to the general values of the world". Lawrence describes a matriarchy, as Tom ignores "the
next purposive step." He is bitter because of Anna's forthcoming marriage:

. . .an unsatisfied Tom Brangwen . . . suffered agony because a girl cared nothing for him . . . it was the further, the creative life with the girl, he wanted as well. Oh and he was ashamed. . . . It was as if his hope had been in the girl.60

Part of Tom's hope had been in the girl because, long ago, "a part of his stream of life was diverted to the child. . . ."61 and relationships are permanent realities. Tom's shame arises from sensing his lack of mature self-sufficiency in "singleness of being."
To Anna, Tom is "a kind of Godhead" to whom "other men were just incidental".62

Lawrence sees sex as "the great unifier"63 by which man discovers himself to be part of a cosmic whole. From this sense of unity, he proceeds to individual creative expression. Sexuality is thus an initiator, subservient to creativity. In sex experience, unity arises from the relationship of the complementary male and female—she the initiator, he the creator. For Lawrence, the female (reductive inertia), in a ‘Circe’ role, attracts the male (creative activity) to fulfill her so that she provides energy and inspiration for
his creativity. The danger exists for the male in submitting to the trance of inertia and failing in the greater creative life purpose.

Lawrence suggests that there is the lack of vitality in modern man so far as relation between man and woman is concerned. In 1915, he writes to Edward Garnett: "It is our domesticity which leads to our conformity, which chokes us." Lawrence depicts Tom as thoroughly domesticated. His speech at Anna's wedding shows that he senses the immortality of his relationship with Lydia: "When a man's soul and a woman's soul unites together--that makes an Angel--". Yet he has abdicated from the purposive "step into the future" and Lydia is exhausted. They forget that the great wheel, as Lawrence conceives it, involves the constant movement towards the journey into the unknown, and that "there is no rest" but death. Similarly, although Alfred has the courage to go alone, he does not go forward from fulfillment "through marriage". The cause of his crippled capacity is suggested ironically; it was "Alfred, whom the mother admired most".

Tom's failure to recognize the fact that his soul belongs to the unknown results in his being swept away symbolically in the wrath of the flood. Still, his achievement is great in the creation of that "supreme art--a man's life." Lydia attests that "he had made himself immortal in his knowledge with her. So she had her place
here, in life, and in immortality". None the less, it is a matriarch who is left at The Marsh.

Anna is forward shoot who carries woman’s search for individuality and self-responsibility into the second generation. According to the opinions quoted from Fantasia of the Unconscious she is a possible introvert, a view reinforced by Lawrence’s descriptions. She is always an alien; “... acquaintances but no friends... too much the centre of her universe, too little aware of anything outside.” An introvert cannot love “otherness” as Lawrence demands. Anna is also an idealist who creates a conscious rind of illusionary detachment: “a free proud lady absorbed from the petty ties, existing beyond petty considerations....Alexandra, princess of Wales was one of her models.”

Anna is not only an entire generation, but entire breed different from Lydia. Anna with Will has the initial bliss of the 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, deed, deep inside them all,
at the centre where there is utter radiance and the eternal being, and the silence absorbed in praise: the steady core of all movements, the unawakened sleep of all wakefulness. They found themselves there, and they lay still, in each other’s arms; for their moment they were at heart of eternity, whilst time roared far off, forever far off, towards the rim.72

In the course of time the temperamental difference between husband and wife became all too apparent. Will’s soft inarticulations drives the skeptical Anna wild, and her verbal assault on her husband drives him to a retaliatory fury: “she …clung to the worship of human knowledge.” Man must die in the body but in his knowledge he was immortal; this, was her belief as yet obscure and unformulated.

As an alter-ego or daimon of Anna, Will is the epitome of dark sensuality, “whose mind sleeps”. He is “a grinning young tom cat” and “a long, persistent unswerving black shadow ….after the girl”.73 In Fantasia of the Unconscious Lawrence discusses a type of “sensual beholding” which differs from modern northern vision:
. . .a keen quick vision which watches....but which never yields to the object outside: as a cat watching its prey. . .

. The savage is all in all in himself. That which he sees outside, he hardly notices, or, he sees something automatically desirable, something lustfully desirable, or something dangerous. 74

Early in their courtship Will presents Anna with a butter-dish in shape of phoenix. There is every indication that Will is being increasingly identified with the phoenix. She felt him flying into the dark space of her flame, like a gleaming hawk.” In the consummation of his love Will seeks to be reborn. Mark Schorer comments on the symbolic value of phoenix for Lawrence:

The positive form exists in the preoccupation with the idea of rebirth of a regenerate individuality of earth to the crippled, crippling ego and of a new and full life hereafter. The phoenix was to Lawrence’s chosen symbol for himself, the mystical bird that, consumed in flames arises anew from its ashes. . . 75
His gift to Anna of a phoenix butter seal is ironically prophetic, for she later destroys his creative spirit. Will’s experience with the female “unknown” is limited: expect for Anna, he is virgin. Anna wishes to reduce all to the monism of female superiority rather than the dualism of balanced relationship. She scorn Will’s carving of woman rising from man’s body as “impudence”. One day Will burnt Adam and Eve board: “In a rage one day, after trying to work on the board, and failing, so that his belly was a flame of nausea, he chopped up the whole panel and put it on fire.” This is symbolically a self- destructive act because ‘his belly’ represents the centre of blood consciousness. This is the physical sacrifice which, Lawrence maintains, ideal “love” demands. Consequently, Anna is “much chastened in spirit. So that a new, fragile flame of love came out of the ashes of this last pain.” Lawrence believes that we need “the strong love . . . in the great abdominal centres, where . . . real love is primarily based. Of that reflected or moon-love, derived from the head, that spurious form of love which predominates today”, Lawrence is severely critical.

Real love is based in passion which burns hot, consumes and sets free—a transfiguration and transformation. Moon-love is based in idealism which burns cold, seeks to reduce to extinction
and, by preservation and conservation, to “tie a knot in time”. Anna and Will appear in several moonlit scenes. Thus Lawrence illustrates that “life means nothing else, even but the spontaneous living soul which is our central reality”\textsuperscript{80} and comprises a duality -- a day and a night “self”:

And the moon is tide – turner . . . . that sways the blood and sways us back into the extinction of the blood. As the soul retreats back into the sea of its own darkness, the mind . . . enjoys the mental consciousness that belongs to this retreat back into sensual deeps . . . .

This is under the spell of the moon, of sea-Aphrodite, mother and bitter goddess. For I am carried away from my sunny day –self into this other tremendous self, where knowledge will not save me, but where I must obey as the sea obeys the tides . . . .

The tree is born of its roots and its leaves. And we of our days and our nights. Without the night –consummation we are trees without roots.\textsuperscript{81}
Here we notice that the moon, symbol of independence and singleness, draws the consciousness into the realm of the unconscious through sensual and sexual experience.

Anna and Will—whose name now appears significant—represent the upper and lower consciousness, the idealistic and savage respectively. Their conflict is a battle of wills. The basic problem of their relationship is that they are opposites rather than complementary. At first, “without knowing it,” Anna sees Will as escape from a confining matriarchy. He is “the hole in the wall which sunshine blazed . . . .” But their motives of self-interest are opposed; she yearns for widened horizons and he for confinement.

Even after being two conflicting streams they share moments of real communion. The resurrection metaphor repeats the suggestion that sexual experience yields a consciousness of a more valid reality in another dimension. A honeymooning Will feels:

> like a chestnut falling . . . naked and glistening on to a soft, fecund earth, leaving behind him the hard rind of worldly knowledge and experience. . . . Inside the room was a great steadiness, a core of living eternity.
The immortal moment is a consciousness of inner peace. Though the moment is transitory but the transfiguration is not: "But their hearts had burned and were tempered by the inner reality, they were unalterably glad". 84

Between such moments of love and hate, Will and Anna torture each other. Like Anna's "love" for him, Will's passion is a self-consuming purgatory fired by Anna's suffering. Anna destroys his illusion with cold reason; yet "an ashy desolation came over her," 85 for in destroying Will, she destroys herself, who depends on him to bring her into full being.

However, Will fears 'the unknown' and the responsibility of individuality; he clings to Anna who perpetuates vicious circle in her attempts to free herself. But "For her there was no final release, since he could not be liberated from himself". 86 "Ideal" love is unsatisfying. Once again, Lawrence satirizes the glorification of motherhood at the expense of the marital relationship:

He saw the glistening, flower-like love in her face, and his heart was black.... He did not want the flowery innocence. He was unsatisfied . . . Why had she not satisfied him? . . . . She was satisfied, at peace, innocent round the doors- of her own
paradise. . . And he was unsatisfied, unfulfilled, . . .

Further, in the chapter “Anna Victrix” Anna dances in an ecstasy of passion:

When there was no one to exult with, and the unsatisfied soul must dance and play. Then one danced before the unknown . . . lifting her hands and her body to the unseen creator who had chosen her, to whom she belonged.

Through the medium of her dance she seeks to repudiate, to annul and obliterate Will. Thus denying the “woman” in her she lapses into the enshrouding figure of Magna Mater. Her personal assertion and ambition disappear. If she cannot travel herself to the rainbow, her door opened under its arch:

She was door and a threshold, she herself. Through her another soul was coming, to stand upon her as upon the threshold, looking out, shading its eyes for the direction to take.
In fact, Anna's paradise is ideal and solitary. The vicious nature of her naked dance lies in its exclusiveness. As negation of the fertilizing male, it is the ultimate denial of relationship. Lawrence insists on the worship of the unknown through the vehicle of the "other", certainly not in "exemption from the man".90

Will likewise finds a partial fulfillment. Having being denied “the absolute,” he falls back on sex, and in an orgy sexual indulgence with Anna, burns out much of his shame, which makes some further unfolding of his personality. This giving into the fetishistic daylight fevers of sensuality, necessarily entails a manipulation of bodies as instruments for pleasure:

He would say during the daytime: “Tonight I shall know the little hollow under her ankle, where the blue vein crosses.”
And the thought of it, and the desire for it, made a thick darkness of anticipation . . . .
This is what their love had became, a sensuality violent and extreme as death.
They had no conscious intimacy, no tenderness of love. It was all the lust and the infinite, maddening intoxication of the senses, a passion of death.91
Undoubtedly such type of libidinal gratification is a sort of “democratic sexual cannibalism” as Marvin Mudrick calls it. They are never able to reclaim the paradisiacal bliss of their honeymoon nor are they capable of a visible reconciliation between passion and sensuality. Anna, who has been offered the vision of the rainbow, rejects it, preferring “the ring of physical considerations.” She cannot give up the warm security of her matriarchal status for the venture into the “unknown.” The promised rebirth into the new self does not take place. Graham Hough comments:

. . . that Lawrence’s primary interest in Anna – Will relationship is to show: how two people bound together in the flesh, opposed in the word, continue to live together and ultimately to find in it some sort of salvation.92

Thus, it can be said that the promise of the rainbow partially fulfilled by the first couple Tom and Lydia is rejected by the second couple Anna and Will. The seed of hope is passed on to the third generation.

It remains to be seen whether Ursula Brangwen will respond to the call issued forth from the unknown to enter upon the transfigured life. Let us start with Marvin Mudrick’s comment
About Ursula Brangwen: “since their [Anna and Will] imperfect truce is the first modern marriage, it is appropriate that they bring the first complete modern woman, totally dispossessed and therefore totally explorative.” Ursula like Tom Brangwen realizes that love was the only reality in a shifting world:

Ursula asked her deepest childish questions of grandmother.

“Will somebody love me, grandmother?”

“Many people love you, child. We all love you.”

“But when I am grown up, will somebody love?”

“Yes, some man will love you, child, because it’s your nature. And I hope it will be somebody who will love you for what you are, and not for what he wants of you. But we have a right to what we want.”

It should be noted that to be loved for oneself and not as panacea for the deficiency in another is a prerequisite for any viable relationship. However, this is precisely where Will and Anna Brangwen fail. Their relationship reaches a dead end because neither husband nor wife has the generosity to respect the inviolable
“otherness” of the partner. Ursula’s final disillusionment with Skrebensky stems from the fact that he was desperately seeking in Ursula “only what might make up for his unmanning sense of loss”\textsuperscript{95}. He has nothing to offer Ursula Branwan except a parasitic dependency.

Before her final realization, at the end of the novel, of ‘nothingness’ Ursula passes through successive metamorphoses, caused by shattering of a number of illusions. She witnesses peoples’ true duality as masks slip in unguarded moments. As an accidental observer of her Uncle Tom’s repressed animality, she remembers "to look for the bestial, frightening side of him after this." She accepts her own fascination with sensuality as she both desires and shrinks from "his kiss".\textsuperscript{96} Ursula shares with Lydia, her grandmother, a sense of "belonging to the human joy".\textsuperscript{97} She absorbs cultural tradition and a concept of cosmic relativity: "the tiny importance of the individual, within the great past".\textsuperscript{98} Simultaneously, she weaves illusions--"She wanted so much to be perfect--without spot or blemish, living the high, noble life."\textsuperscript{99} Lawrence prepares us for the necessary smashing of Ursula's false beliefs by earlier example and by a direct statement: "She must move out of the intricately woven illusion of life."\textsuperscript{100} Yet, at sixteen, "she only made another counterfeit of her soul for outward
Further, Lawrence focuses on the dilemma of her divided self:

She thought she loved everybody and believed in everybody. But because she could not love herself nor believe in herself, she mistrusted everybody with the mistrust of serpent or a captured bird.¹⁰¹

Consequently, the moon, symbol of "cold, proud white fire of furious, almost malignant apartness, the struggle into fierce, frictional separation" and "the pole of our night activities"¹⁰² figures in self-evolving scenes. Each works the cycle of resurrection towards Ursula's self-acceptance of her "sensuous stream of dissolution." Though the affair with Anton Skrebensky initiates regeneration in both of them, but, at the same time foreshadows that it is not going to be a complete one:

It was a magnificent self-assertion on the part of both of them, he asserted himself before her, he felt himself infinitely male and infinitely irresistible, she asserted herself before him, she knew herself infinitely desirable, and hence strong. And after all, what could either of them get from
such a passion but a sense of his or her own maximum self, in contradiction to all the rest of life? Wherein was something finite and sad, for the human soul at its maximum wants a sense of the infinite.\textsuperscript{103}

Further, it should be noted that Lawrence's concept of divine, creative energy of the male soul fertilizing the female soul into being is clear: ". . . she was filled with light which was of him . . . it was her transfiguration, she was beyond herself."\textsuperscript{104} He feels "his old form loosened and another . . . drifting out as from a bud".\textsuperscript{105}

We see, in later developments, that Skrebensky lacks Ursula's individuality. He exists, isolated and fragmentary, just to serve the ideal of the democratic mass, not to "be" or "become." He is not able to worship the unknown through the female:

Why did he never really want a woman, with the whole of him: never loved, never worshipped, only just physically wanted her. But he would want her with his body, let his soul do as it would. A kind of physical desire was beating up in the Marsh, . . .\textsuperscript{106}
So Skrebensky suffers the agony of the idealist --of Lawrence's "sex in the head "that" reflected or moon-love . . . that spurious form of love which predominates today. . . . It has its root in the idea." 107

Meanwhile Ursula is tainted by the modern malady -- moon love. She perverts the self-offering of true love--a struggle towards the sun--in a blasphemous scene in Cossethay Church, playing "with fire? not with love". 108 The falsity is reminiscent of Lincoln Cathedral:

The dimness and stillness chilled her. But her eyes lit up with daring. Here, here she would assert her indomitable gorgeous self . . . would open her female flower like a flame, in this dimness that was more passionate than light. 109

The renunciation of warm light for chill dirtiness and the daring, vain self-assertion forecast the deathly consequence of the active human will.

Yet Ursula's instincts are strong. She knows she is both "quarry" and "hound". 110 She wants to leap "into the unknown". 111 Finally, under the willful influence of the moon, Ursula destroys
Skrebensky in symbolic sexual conflict because she has greater vitality. In fact, Lawrence considers that the ‘idea’ is destructive to ‘passion’. Thus Skrebensky is devitalized by idealism. In macabre Eucharist symbolism, Ursula drinks his soul in kisses and consumes his body in the form of a box of sweets. Yet she relegates her destructive other self to the unconscious:

She was filled with overpowering fear of herself overpowering desire that it should not be, that other burning, corrosive self. She was seized with a frenzied desire that what had been should never be remembered, should never be thought of, never be for one moment allowed possible. . . . She was good, she was loving.  

Ursula knows instinctively that she and a male must fertilize one another's souls, that she cannot give herself but must be "taken" and that Skrebensky lacks the vitality to overcome her natural resistance. Since Skrebensky is not one to smash existing structures, her "agony of helplessness" is justified. Lawrence dismisses the cowardly non-adventurer: "... he was dead. And he could not rise again. . . . His life lay in the established order of
things". So Ursula suffers the life-in-death of the ‘sensually stifled’. Lawrence uses terms of death, frigidity and reason: "Her heart was dead cold". In consequence, "her sex-life flamed into a kind of disease within her".

While highlighting the Laurentian vision which was able to compass the chaos of the modern world, Herbert T. Seligman points out that:

Lawrence has found the mechanism that relates the inner lives of these men to their world; driving them to erect in the hideous machine industrialism of our day a memorial to their spiritual impotence. They serve the machine or, like Skrebensky they serve an abstraction called the state. The desire of love, not fulfillment in rhythmic being, but dope, anodyne of women, they seek the death of the days living death.

Here we see that the tragedy is revealed in Skrebensky’s abject failure to satisfy Ursula. He can merely serve the British Empire, not come commanding and luminous to a woman. Essentially Skrebensky is null and void. A man must conceive his own soul, bring himself to birth. But he is a non entity, a “non
being.” He can only come alive in fits and starts, bask in her reflected glory. However, the incomplete personality can never be the complete lover or husband. The “unknown” is excluded from Skrebensky’s world view. In the consummation of their ‘love’ nothing is achieved, no creativity or sense of friction except the bold naked gratification of the libido.

A series of cul-de-sacs marks Ursula's voyage towards selfhood—rebirth of the self; one is the homosexual interlude with Winifred Inger. In “Apropos of Lady Chatterley's Lover,” Lawrence affirms:

. . . the essential blood-contact is between man and woman . . . always will be . . . The homosexual contacts are secondary, even if not merely substitutes of exasperated reaction from the utterly unsatisfactory nervous sex between men and women.¹¹⁷

Lawrence describes Winifred as a "modern girl whose very independence betrays her sorrow."¹¹⁸ Her instinctive cry against the materialism she worships shows her soul's craving: " . . . the woman gets the bit the shop can't digest."¹¹⁹ Eventually, Ursula negotiates the marriage of Winifred to Uncle Tom; it is described as "a marsh, where life and decaying are one"—as propagation, inertia
and apathy.\(^{120}\) Such disillusionment benefited Ursula who "in these weeks grew up".\(^{121}\)

A passage in *Fantasia of the Unconscious* sheds some light on the characterization of Winifred. In insisting that females have a dynamic, not a cerebral, consciousness and are electrically polarized downwards to earth centre, Lawrence attributes to them the power to divert consciousness upwards:

> . . . Pervert this and make a false flow upwards. . . . and get a race of intelligent women, delightful companions. . . . But then . . . she becomes absolutely perverse and her one end is to prostitute herself and her ideas to sex.\(^{122}\)

We should note here that Winifred's prostitution and her ‘sameness’ repel Ursula, who yearns for the "fine intensity" of male otherness.\(^{123}\)

In painful struggle with materialism's giant, education, Ursula grows further. In complete self-subjugation, she becomes a teacher: "She hated it, but she had managed".\(^{124}\) She discovers an anti-self in her teaching companion, Maggie:
Ursula suffered and enjoyed Maggie’s fundamental sadness of enclosedness. Maggie suffered and enjoyed Ursula’s struggles against the confines of her life.¹²⁵

Unlike Maggie, Ursula sees love as “a means, not an end in itself”¹²⁶ and discovers the tragic flaw that “passion is only part of love. And it seems so much because it can’t last. That is why passion is never happy”.¹²⁷

Ursula’s growth leads her to love and believe in herself at least enough to reject Anthony Schofield—by analogy with the goat, a man of sensuous lechery. Since instinct dictate a marriage of body and spirit, she refuses submergence in sensation; yet it is “with an inconsolable sense of loneliness. Her soul was an infant crying in the night ….He had no soul ….He was the cleaner”.¹²⁸

Ursula’s soul suffers isolation, rather than submit to ownership, in order to achieve the ultimate relationship with unknown. For she is a “traveler on the face of the earth and he was an isolated creature living in the fulfillment of his senses”.¹²⁹ Significantly, she renews the quest optimistically “seeking a goal that she did draw nearer to”.¹³⁰ As she leaves teaching for college, her feelings illustrate Lawrence’s view that to “know” exhausts and consumes : “She had triumphed over it. It was a shell now….She owed some gratitude
even to this hard vacant place, that stood like a memorial or a trophy.”

College destroys more illusions. It presents, like Will’s cathedral, a false ultimate. Lawrence uses the vortex image of sea-shell to reproduce ecstatic cycling motion which transports Ursula to pseudo-paradisal timelessness within its centre:

Here within the great whispering sea-shell, that whispered….with reminiscence of all the centuries, time faded away, and the echo of knowledge filled the timeless silence.

Eventually Ursula realizes the ultimate materialism of all ‘idealism’ and sees the university as “a slovenly laboratory for the factory”. The rainbow metaphor records the elusiveness of Pisagah: “always the shining doorway was a gate into another ugly yard….” Yet Ursula now sees joy in the journey, regardless of the ever-retreating goal: “Every hill top was a little different, every valley was somehow new.” Intuitively, Ursula recognizes her intrinsic frustration: “that which she was, positively, was dark and unrevealed, it could not come forth.” She recognizes consciousness as an illusion of entirety, whereas the dark of the
unconscious is an unplumbed segment of truth, terrible and frightening but “not to be denied”.  

Ursula, however, retains the idealistic illusion that she "loves" Skrebensky, yet cannot "forgive him that he had not been strong enough to acknowledge her".  His leave coincides with her intuition that life's purpose is the consummation of the self with the infinite: "To be oneself was a supreme, gleaming triumph of infinity." She turns with him to a new unknown, a sensual reality and a new dimension in time. Her sensual self is freed; Skrebensky too, discovers "the clue to himself" and the consummation is achieved:

They stood as at the edge of a cliff with a great darkness beneath.... Whither they had gone, she did not know. But it was as if she had received another nature. She belonged to the eternal changeless place....

Here, transcendence and transfiguration are emphasized, and the redemptive nature of the libido is expressed as a new dimension of time and space--eternal and changeless.
Inevitably, passion wanes; yet the soulless Skrebensky is terrified of his own nonentity. He wants "to be sure" of Ursula in marriage. She becomes cruel and destructive--helpless unless Anton assumes leadership. He lacks virility to force Ursula into equilibrium. "His soul could not contain her in its waves of strength nor his breast compel her in burning, salty passion". Their relationship lacks the union of spirit to make it the perfect "two-in-one". Eventually, Ursula bursts the cultural concept that "love" is the only self-fulfillment to view ideal, monistic "love" as incompatible with growth: "There are plenty of men who aren't Anton, whom I could love".

Ursula's self-faith is not yet strong enough, however, to withstand such suggestion of promiscuity. "Out of fear of herself," she consents to marriage, but Skrebensky breaks down in sexual conflict, leaving to Ursula the ironically tragic victory. On the moon-bathed downs, her animal nature acknowledges the pull of the moon on the night consciousness. Her response, in tune with the tide, recalls the animals she imagined beyond the rim of consciousness:

She stood on the edge of the water . . . and the wave rushed over her feet. 'I want to go', she cried in a strong, dominant voice . .
. he heard her ringing, metallic voice, like
the voice of a harpy to him. She prowled...
like a possessed creature.\textsuperscript{145}

We must note, here, that the hard, cold exclusiveness of
the moon influence is contained in the "dominant", "metallic" voice
and the animal urge to follow the moon lure. Destructive sensuality
is conveyed in the rapacious monstrosity of the clawing harpy. The
animals of Ursula's dark sensuality have come into the circle of
consciousness. She destroys Skrebensky, "pressing in her beaked
mouth until she had the heart of him".\textsuperscript{146} In her victory lies her own
defeat: "he plunged away . . . from the horrible figure that lay
stretched in the, moonlight . . . with the tears gathering and
traveling on the motionless, eternal face".\textsuperscript{147}

When she finds herself with Skrebensky’s child she almost
caves in. She humbly asks Skrebensky to take her back. She feels
that this man was her true self forever. However, as she goes
walking in the woods she becomes dimly aware of a “gathering
restiveness, a tumult impending within her.” On this state in which
Ursula finds herself, Julian Moynahan comments:

This tumult, we must take as the voice of her
submerged “essential” nature signaling her that she
must continue her search after wholeness. She
encounters the trampling herd of wild horses, symbolic of the resurgence of the indomitable will, the power of the life of instinct, which underlies the accretions of moral and psychological conditioning.\textsuperscript{148}

In fact, at this time Ursula realizes that deeply corrupted by her experience in the day time world, she had lost touch with the vital world, her promiscuity with Skrebensky was no generous gift of love but only a confession of mutual weakness, an increasingly unsatisfactory escape into sex from the unprecedented problem of modern consciousness.

Thus, Ursula’s final resolution is to renounce the stifling ‘present’ altogether and continue her quest for ‘the son of God’. The idea of the rebirth of the self suggests itself in a sloughing of the trammeling social conscience. The first step of this process is total break away from the unreal world:

I have no father nor mother nor lover, I have no allocated place in the world of things. I do not belong to Beldover nor to this word, they none of them exist, but are all unreal. I must break out of it, like a nut from its shell which is an unreality.\textsuperscript{149}
Notes and References

3 *The Rainbow*, p. 2.
7 *The Rainbow*, p. 6.
9 *The Rainbow*, p. 4
19 *The Rainbow*, p. 20.
24 Emphasis added.
25 *The Rainbow*, p. 34.
27 Lawrence defends himself against a charge of eroticism in the “Preface to *Women in Love.*” *Phoenix II*, p. 275.
28 *The Rainbow*, p. 35
Lawrence regards the will as "no more than an ego." *Phoenix II*, p. 437.

Souls form as a result of spiritual fertilization by physical contact with the opposite sex, in an ambience of self-offering. *Phoenix*, p. 503.


*The Rainbow*, p. 45.

Creativity is the product of the reconciliation of opposites: “And the flame was all the story and all the triumph. . . . Even the latent seeds were secondary within the fire.” Here sexual desire is linked with divine fire.

*The Rainbow*, p. 62.

*Phoenix*, p. 665.

*The Rainbow*, p. 80.

*Phoenix*, p. 61.

The Rainbow, p. 138.

Ibid., p. 8.

Letters I, 327.

The Rainbow, p. 266.

See page 17, n. 49.

The Rainbow, p. 97.

Ibid., p. 100.

Ibid., p. 145.

Ibid., p. 112

Fantasia of the Unconscious, p. 101.


The Rainbow, p. 176.

Ibid., p. 176

Ibid., p. 176


Fantasia of the Unconscious, p. 183

Ibid., pp. 211-12

The Rainbow, p. 112.

Ibid., p. 145.

Ibid., p. 145.

Ibid., p. 174.

Ibid., p. 184

Ibid., p. 184.

Ibid., p. 185.

Ibid., p. 199.

Ibid., p. 185.

Ibid., p. 242.


The Rainbow, pp. 267-68.

Ibid., p. 478.

Ibid., p. 259.

Ibid., p. 266.

Ibid., p. 268.

Ibid., p. 277.

Ibid., p. 276.

Ibid., p. 297.

Fantasia of the Unconscious, p. 192.
143 Ibid., p. 496.
144 Ibid., p. 493.
145 Ibid., p. 497.
146 Ibid., p. 498.
147 Ibid.
149 *The Rainbow*, p. 511.