CHAPTER V

ALL THAT GLITTERS ... 

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN
In Jerusalem The Golden, Drabble's focus seems to be on parent-child relationship and its disastrous consequences if something goes wrong. She holds parents responsible for making or marring the lives of children. The way they bring their children up and the way they lead their marital lives have tremendous impact on children, which in a way plays a vital role in moulding the characters of children. The protagonist of the novel, Clara, suffers because of her mother's attitude towards her. Her mother, Mrs. Maugham, as a girl, had hoped to live in a world where "darkness plays no part" (240). Her helpless acquiescence to an unsuitable marriage and her inevitable stay in a suburb in spite of her staunch dislike had frustrated her and weighed her down. As a result, she leads a bitter life, hiding her talents and gifts and killing her real self. Her futile hopes have a negative effect on her and in her attempt to implement her favourite maxim, "What can't be cured must be endured" (35), in real life, she grows cynical, pessimistic and dictatorial. She leads a joyless, mechanical life, ignoring the interests of children and imposing restrictions on them. She names her daughter Clara through a "characteristic mixture of duty and malice" (5). She considers anything
ostentatious insincere, proves colosally inconsistent and stoical, and hates flouting of values.

Mrs. Maugham's conscious rectitude, moral fervour, and self-erected authority create a gulf between her and her children. The children therefore don't love the "bloody minded sadistic old hypocrite" (70). Bitterness and lack of sentiments make her stone hearted. Even the unexpected demise of her husband fails to move her to tears. Unshaken, untouched by grief, she walks out of cemetery coolly, saying "he is gone and I can't say I'm sorry" (32). Come what may, she sticks to her opinions and objects to her husband's cremation as she considers it a "new fangled idea" (33). Her dislike of the insincere "ran so deep that she would rather publicly disclaim all grief for her husband than be accused of insincerity" (34). Shocked at the inhumanly cold attitude of her mother, soon after the funeral Clara bursts into loud hysterical weeping, with thought of her mother's "meanness and lack of love, and for the fear that she would die in so ugly a hole and so unloved" (32). She hates her mother as she feels that Mrs. Maugham is devoid of human sentiment, warmth, honesty, and openness. Embarrassment and deep disturbance result in visions of some other
world "where violent emotion could be a thing of beauty, where even tears could be admitted and not ignored" (32-33). Even Mr. Maugham's attitude towards the children is no different. A skilled mechanic, he seems to suffer from "some obscure niggling, unexplained bitterness" (32). He finds neither time nor desire to entertain the children. His lack of love for and apathy towards his children make him repudiate their overtures. Clara who considers her mother a source of misery says, "anyone who had lived for so many years with her mother could be excused for a certain lack of joie de vivre" (32).

Devoid of parental love, distanced by her mother who considers Clara's intelligence a vice or a disease, and disgusted with the unbearable attitude of an unsympathetic father, Clara longs to get out of the place which "is infused with all she chooses to reject and escape, and becomes a hated example of a life devoid of sentiment, warmth, honesty and openness."¹ She tries to remain inconspicuous just to appease her mother but her "intelligence, like her name, had been as a child a source of great trouble to her, for it too had singled her out" (6). She considers her birth a sheer accident. Northam looks a barren territory, and she wonders how people can live there:
She hated her home town with such violence that when she returned each vacation from university, she would shake and tremble with an ashamed and feverish fear. She hated it, and she was afraid of it, because she doubted her power to escape; even after two years in London, she still thought that her nerve might snap, and that she would be compelled to return, feebly, defeated, to her mother's house. (30)

The above passage reveals the tension of the teen-aged Clara, whose unhappy childhood in an unhealthy family background makes an indelible negative mark on her tender mind. Her parents' treatment fills her with bitterness and nothing else except hatred for her people and place. The thought that she may not be able to come out of the influence of her domineering mother strengthens her will to escape but results in many a sleepless night. Clara takes refuge in the figurative world. The story of the sower and the seeds affects her deeply, and

... she looked upon herself tragically, defiantly, with all the hopelessness of fourteen years, as a plant trying to root itself upon the solid rock, without water, without earth, without shade: and then, when a little older yet, when conscious of some growth, she had to concede that she must have fallen happily
upon some dry sandy fissure, where a few grains of sand, a few drops of moisture, had been enough to support her trembling and tenacious life. Because she would live, she would survive. (30)

The citation gives a vivid description of the steady change in Clara's mind as she grows. As a student of the primary school she hears the story of how seeds fell at different places. She compares the random scattering of seeds to human souls. At fourteen she regards herself as a feeble plant trying to grow in a barren territory. After a few years she feels as though she is on some dry sandy fissure where a few drops of moisture support her tenacious life. She gains confidence slowly and hopes to survive. She is certain that time will not bring growth with it; she has to grow by will and strain.

Like Sarah in A Summer Bird-Cage, Clara hates to stay at home. She has the looks and brains of Sarah, but she is the child of "stony ground," the provincial North of England, a world without any hope. Constrained by her mother in every way, she feels for her mother "not respect but contempt" (52). In her eleventh year she acquires a grammar school place but her mother's "innate distrust in education" (40) results in her
refusal. The local Battersby Grammar School to which Clara is sent is a desolate, decayed building. Clara likes it as any place is better than her home. Clara likes it specifically "for all the reasons that most people would specify as particular causes for dislike" (41). Her intelligence and remarkable memory attract the attention of her science teacher, Mrs. Hill, "one of the born failures as a disciplinarian" (42). Clara acquires the first power of her life over Mrs. Hill. She feels that "no affection, however oddly won or placed, is laughable or negligible" (44). For the first time in her life she tastes affection.

Clara's mother is "so devoted to the principle that beauty is a frivolity and a sign of sin that she would have been ashamed to have it in the house" (59). Naturally, Clara never thinks of beauty and never expects to be beautiful but her newly acquired charms startle her and she becomes conscious of her beauty, in which she sees some future and, perhaps, a sort of revolt against her mother. She does her best to stimulate a constant flow of love letters and finds the collecting of admirers a very satisfying pastime. She becomes the centre of attraction by virtue of the fact that she is "a constant recipient of billet-doux from
the boys of the neighbouring brother grammar school" (55). Her physique proves an asset and she loves flirtation. She hopes to acquire "a taste for men, like a taste for the other desirable sophistications of life such as alcohol and nicotine" (60). She hopes to get on with her classmate Higginbotham passionately. She makes every effort to entertain and captivate this "boy of startling beauty" (60) but it proves to be a disastrous episode. Her personal inadequacy creates a sense of failure as he does not find her amusing. Her friendship with Walter Ash does not progress as she feels fed up with his "incurable facetiousness" (64). His lack of response alarms her. Though pressurised by her friends, she hesitates to approach her mother for permission to go on a school trip to Paris, knowing well her mother's "instinctive opposition to any pleasurable projects" (68). Their social life has been abnormal since the beginning: "Nobody ever dropped in and her parents never went out, save to large and joyless civil functions or to the cinema" (67). She enjoys freedom at school and the prospect of spending a week in Paris at Easter seems to her "something for which she would willingly have sold her soul" (69). Bracing her spirit against the
inevitable refusal, she broaches the topic before her mother and her mother's instant consent dismays her. Though free, she refuses to drink in Paris as "She was not used to laws so easily broken, authority so easily evaded" (76). The "loneliness of her status" plains her and she wants to be changed "into something new" (77). She, therefore, formulates to herself her secret desire to see Montmartre at night as "it had been forbidden" (78). There she meets a stranger, an Italian, and goes to a movie with him. Like Emma Evans of The Garrick Year, she allows him to take certain liberties with her but her up bringing does not permit her to cross limits. This experience gives the greatest joy of her life, and "she felt herself to be, at last, living" (85).

Despite her deep dissatisfaction with her family, even as a girl Clara had entertained a fond and faint hope that "some day she might find herself somewhere where she might win" (6). Her long cherished hope comes true when her industry and intelligence fetch her a place at London University. J.M. Neale's hymn "Jerusalem The Golden" had elevated her to a state of rapt and ferocious ambition and desire when in school. Even at that tender age she had imagined "not the pearly gates and crystal
walls and golden towers of some heavenly city, but some truly terrestrial paradise where beautiful people in beautiful houses spoke of beautiful things" (37). At the University "all people who were not from Northam seemed at first sight equally brilliant, surrounded as they were by a confusing blur of bright indistinct charm" (8).

In her third year at the University she meets the Denhams. Her accidental encounter with Clelia Denham in a poetry reading session and the unexpected rebuff she receives from her bring them close. Though "the time lag, between meeting and recognition, had been infinitesimal" (8), she feels that "this is the kind of thing I have been looking for, and if this is not it, then it is nowhere else" (9). Their "trivial, gossipy familiarity and repetition" (14) pleases her. She watches their own conversation with rapt attention and she realizes that she is in the "presence of the kind of thing for which she had been searching for years" (22). She is certain that "she had found something that she had been looking for and that events would prove the significance of her discovery" (28). She experiences the satisfaction of recognition and it fills her with excitement.
Clara has a deep aversion to the notion of entertainment and profound mistrust of her own organizing abilities. Still she receives Clelia heartily. Clelia's friendly and straightforward nature impresses her and she listens to her enthusiastically. She finds Clelia's company extraordinarily entertaining. Clara unhesitatingly expresses her strong desire to stay in London for the rest of her life and her feeling that return to Northam looks a "final, exhausting bleeding martyrdom" (100). Unlike her other friends who advise her to be ruthless and cut all ties with her mother, Clelia advises her to do a Diploma in Education and go home during vacations to stay with her lonely mother. She resents Clara's unwillingness to go home even during vacations, saying that it is "unadvisable to lay too great a strain upon one's conscience" (105).

The Denhams' house provides an alternative to Clara's perception of her colourless drab home. On her first visit to the Denham's house, "she did not know where first to look, so dazzling and amazing were the objects and vistas and arrangements before her" (117). The Denhams' house stands for the terrestrial paradise of her imagination. The house and people bedazzle her. She drinks gin, and when she goes home
she becomes suddenly and violently sick: "She could not assimilate, however hard she willed to do so, such strange food" (129). She grows accustomed to that sensation and she always leaves their house with a headache and with a familiar sense of fatigue. She suspects that the warmth of their emotion and the strangeness of their ways tire her. In Clara's home they were isolated and self-contained whereas the Denhams "seemed to be perpetually, intricately, shiftingly involved, each with the other and each with a whole circle of cross threaded connections" (130). Their intense feelings, their unfailing concern for each other, their passionate affection are a revelation to Clara. "She had never in her life seen or heard of such a mother, a mother capable of such pleasant, witty and overt concern, nor had she ever seen an image of fraternal love. She had read of it, in the classics" (131).

Mrs. Denham stands in contrast with Mrs. Maugham, an unpleasant woman who never bothers to look after her children properly. The Denhams' house looks a different world and Clara is surprised to see such warmth of affection and concern. She had never in her life seen such pleasant people. She had only read about such people and life in classics. Clara's reaction reveals...
her dry life devoid of love. Their album make her understand that there has been love at every stage. They reveal to Clara a new world, a small rich world, "a world of celebration and fame, and a world that was gone and past sharing" (135). The affection between sisters and brothers seems unnatural, though not wholly insincere, for a while. Clara "had never in her life seen such a vision of sisterly affection: in her part of the world, in her background, sisters were expected to resent and despise each other, at least until marriage and the binding production of children" (143). Their affection and their mutual admiration remind her of Christiana Rossetti's "Goblin Market," a poem which describes passionate and erotic relationship and she concludes, "literature did not lie, after all; nothing was too strange to be true" (143).

Clara's association with Clelia brings a drastic change in her way of life. She spends most of her leisure in Clelia's gallery, finding it "compelling and irresistible" (137). In spite of the change in her, she fails to overcome certain inhibitions. Her first meeting with the handsome Gabriel takes place soon after coming back from Northam, after spending her vacation with her mother. Even before she sees
Gabriel she has a premonition that she would fall in love with him because "a summer in Northam always reduced her to a state where she was ready to fall in love with a taxidriver or the man in the restaurant car on the London train" (139). The repressive atmosphere of home has, perhaps, an unhealthy effect on her and she hopes to fall in love with Gabriel with a fatalistic pleasure: "The fact that he was already married was to her merely an added enticement, for she had always fancied the idea of a complicated, illicit and disastrous love" (139). He is so handsome and sexy that she finds it difficult to take her eyes off him. Like Clelia, he has every faculty for pleasing and he arouses a new feeling in her.

Clara's visit to Gabriel's house reveals several things. His wife Phillipa "looked au fait, she looked in touch, she looked knowledgeable" (145), but the maintenance of house is horrible. She looks as though she comes off the front page of Harpers but she is the worst possible wife. Her excessively ephemeral style of clothes makes Clara expect everything that belongs to her to be in a particular style. Their old broken furniture and the stained and grimy ceiling surprise Clara. She notices Phillipa's extraordinarily cold and nervous tone while talking to Gabriel. Their
looks show an evidence of some appalling, exhausting strain: "They looked at each other with something like hatred; they looked at each other with despair" (164). Feeling glad at the "marks of need" in Gabriel, she reciprocates his kiss with ardour. She meets him at his request and says, "You must be the most beautiful person that I ever saw in my whole life. I would have been mad to have stayed away" (189). The smell of the polish and the unswept cigarette ash of the day fail to divert their minds and they make love upon the mock parquet tiles in the office. She feels immensely happy and intensely familiar. She never bothers to know everything about him: "She liked the unknown, she liked to feel familiar with the unknown" (190). After her first sexual encounter with Gabriel, she feels excited and experiences the same sickness which she had on the day of her first visit to the Denhams:

... it was the sickness and strain of finding too well what she had been looking for. (194) She feels triumphant but mingled with her triumph there was a certain alarm. She felt that she was being supported and abetted by fate in some colossal folly: that circumstances were conspiring maliciously to persuade her that her own estimate of herself,
that high and grandiose self-assessment of adolescence, was right. (194-95)

Clara enjoys being the mistress of Gabriel. She wonders at times whether her pleasure is more in the situation or in the man. She likes the sense of secrecy, "the elaborate assignations, the pre-arranged telephone calls in public call boxes, the small passionate surreptitious gifts" (197).

In her school days Clara had read the fable "The Golden Windows" — in which a little boy sees a house with golden windows from a hillside, searches for it, and finally finds it to be his own poor house, which looks golden in the reflection of the sun — and assumed its moral to be "one must see the beauty in what one has, and not search for it elsewhere" (39). She continues to like the fable but does not implement its moral in her life. She finds it hard to accept Northam. Her heart burns with a desire to slough off the past and enter a new world. Gabriel leads her into the new world. But soon she realizes that it is not love that brings her and Gabriel together though she had grown up into an adolescent without tasting any kind of love: "love, desperately, eluded her; she had not been taught to love, she had lacked those
expensive private lessons" (202). She craves not for his company but for other desires and other needs that lie deeper in her heart. She begins to realize that it is not one man that she is in need of but through him a view of other things, a sensation of other ways of being. She wishes to feel herself attached to the world. Clara, who feels uneasy to use words of endearment like "darling" due to "generations of harsh restraint" (149), successfully alters her nature to move on what she considers the path of progress. Without any second thought she accepts Gabriel's invitation to spend a week with him in Paris. The unexpected arrival of Magnus, Gabriel's brother, on the last day of their trip makes her tense for a while but she overcomes her complex once she finds herself acceptable in Magnus' company. Clara's craving for the company of Magnus, Peters and others, her nervousness with the fear that all of them will go away, and the way she enjoys the drinking bouts show that she is not satisfied yet. She wants something else without knowing what it is: "She had not had enough, she had not had what she wanted, whatever it might be that she wanted" (221). The fact that she is able to assert her authority on the gathering makes her happy and she feels "she was very near to some elusive, lovely
happiness" (221). Asked by Magnus, she kisses him, and thus kisses a man for the first time in her life:

... she kissed him, on the lips and she felt that in doing so she was forcing her nature beyond the limits of its spring, that it could not bend back, that it would break rather than bend so far, or bend so far that it would bear the shape of the curve for life. (225)

She goes to Paris with Gabriel thinking she is in love with him. But she responds to the request of his brother and kisses him on the lips. To do so she stretches herself beyond limits and the above citation indicates that her nature has gone out of shape, like a spring which loses its shape due to over stretching. Clara can never regain her original nature, even if she wants to. Bending back or still further may result in a break and she has to put up with the curve for life: "She had started on a course, and she had gone far enough at last to know that she could never go back" (228). Immersed in her enjoyment, she ignores Gabriel, who seems to be shocked at her behaviour. He leaves the place unnoticed and Clara guesses the reasons for his departure: "Her conduct, which had hitherto seemed to her to taste of liberation, worsened in her own eyes, worsened with a
sickening, dreadful rapidity, and she sat there suffering the loss of faith that she had always dreaded" (226). The thought that she has made a fool of herself makes her sad. As Gabriel has shaken her faith, she wants to shake his faith and takes a decision to end her affair with him: "She was sure that it had ended, when she had chosen not to wake him, she had chosen not to continue it, but to make an end" (228). She grows recklessly casual and decides not to care whatever may happen to her in the future. The "extraordinary flavour of non-chalance" (232) satisfies her and she feels

... she had perhaps done to herself what she had been trying for years to do to herself: she had cut herself off forever, and she could drift now, a flower cut off from its root, or a seed perhaps, an airy seed dislodged, she could drift now without fear of settling ever again upon the earth. (232)

Clara's sense of achievement is revealed in the above citation. Like a dislodged flower or a light seed, she drifts in air without any fear of settling on the earth again. Rightly or wrongly, she considers herself a liberated woman, free from all restrictions and fears. Drabble says, "Clara Maugham is certainly
looking for another pattern of life that she can go into, and in the book, I have ambivalent feelings myself about whether she's found something that suits her. She's going to turn into something fearsome, I think, I rather dread her future." Oppressed with the repressive atmosphere of home and the spiteful mother's rigid rules, she hates her life in Northam and entertains a staunch desire to free herself from the horrid setting. In her attempt to do so, she seems to commit some mistakes. After her first sexual encounter with Gabriel, she concludes that she has experienced love. But very soon she says she is all nerve: "I am hard, there is no love in me. I am too full of will to love" (202). She is brutally frank when she tells Gabriel that he is "a means of self-advancement" (250) to her. This advancement may be decadence to others but to Clara it is a progress. Even at fifteen she had tried to use sex as a means of social improvement. When Walsh took her to a bookshop, which seemed to offer an alternative to her place, she wanted to kiss him of joy and later that day "she did in fact allow him to undo her brassiere strap without a word of protest" (67).

Gabriel's wife Phillipa is another unpleasant woman and undesirable wife who, refusing to cooperate
with her husband in every way, indirectly drives him to another woman. She never bothers to cook properly for her husband and children. She makes a special effort and prepares well only when she knows someone else is going to eat. She likes to be alone, or else she likes to go out "in company, in society, she weirdly flourished" (172). On her return she lies rigid "upon the bed," "staring at the ceiling, uncommunicative, silent, infinitely distressed" (173). Gabriel fails to understand the reasons for her malaise but he tries to adjust with her and help her come out of it. Even silly things like breaking of a nail or a wrinkle in the bed make her nervous and she weeps for nothing. Her neurotic fastidiousness causes "an intolerable barb of painful emotion" (173) and Gabriel tries to console her. She does not bear to lift a finger to help herself. She sits suffering and weeping inconsolably for no reason. The degree of his own responsibility for her state engrosses him considerably and at times "it seems to eat up his whole life" (175). The only moments of joy that Gabriel remembers are the moments of the births of each child, when her face gleamed with "a smile of triumph" (175). His efforts to change her fail and the slow living with his failure exhausts him. He spends half of his life in concealing
the truth from the neighbours, "a tedious bourgeois occupation which degraded him as much by its nature as by its lack of success" (172). The unconversant, unconsolable, irresponsible, and idiotic wife drives him to despair, though his social life and professional success make his life somewhat easy. He is too good and closely wedded to her to abandon her. She repeatedly says that she does not like him, she does not want him, and that he can go if he wants. His presence or absence makes no difference to her from the day of the conception of their third child. His love for children saves their marriage and he puts up with all sorts of torture at home. The futility of his efforts to show her the path of reason results in his serious thinking of the future and he considers it difficult to live without a woman for ever. It is at this juncture that he meets Clara, who, he believes, reciprocates his love with all her heart. His unexpected kiss to Clara and her warm response turn his admiration for her into a kind of love. Her reception rouses his vanity which "had been steadily eroded by years of disastrous marriage" (171) and he feels himself made over again, a new man. But Gabriel feels uneasy and his suspicion that his infidelity may create total indifference in Phillipa which may break
their marriage frightens him. His desire, however, proves too strong to overcome and he decides to go to Paris along with Clara: "He wanted to sleep with her, this was all he wanted, the notion of her obsessed him, he felt that on her body he was trying to regain lost time. And it consoled him to think that her need for him was equally indirect" (199).

The above passage shows that Gabriel has a correct assessment of their relationship. He finds the foundation of their affair to be mutual need. This understanding seems to him greater than love. In spite of the company of Clara and the sexual satisfaction, he could not sleep; he lay there restless, thinking of his wife, of his children, of his bank balance, and wondering to himself, irritably, sadly, why he had not arranged to have his car serviced while he was away. He had lost the ability to sleep; sleeping and waking seemed to him more and more to overlap, so that he dozed in the day, and dreamed restlessly all night, listening for the cries of children in his dreams. (205-06)

The above citation presents a clear picture of Gabriel's mind. Neither his fatigue nor Clara's company lulls him to sleep. His thoughts centre round
his wife and children, which shows his deep attachment for his family. His neurotic and frigid wife deprives him of several pleasures in life. Starved of sex, he seeks the company of Clara, who seems to him "in his ignorance, to be everything that Phillipa was not: warm, enthusiastic, easily amused, amusing, and wonderfully, mercifully unexhausted" (171). He realizes that Clara is "a means of escape" (250) to him and he needs her. Soon after coming back from Paris, he rings up Clara, who is at Northam, looking after her dying mother. Clara responds to his invitation without any second thought. Breaking free from "the frantic loneliness of Northam" (154) and her dying mother, Clara makes her way into the sophisticated world, resuming her affair with Gabriel in anticipation of

... the years of future tender intrigue, a tender blurred world where Clelia and Gabriel and she herself in shifting and ideal conjugations met, and drifted and met once more like the constellations in the heavens, a bright and peopled world, thick with starry inhabitants where there was no ending, no parting, but an eternal vast incessant rearrangement. (252)

In Jerusalem The Golden, the main characters seem to consider themselves victims of circumstances.
Mrs. Maugham's disappointment results in her lack of interest in life, which exerts a negative influence on everyone around, especially her children. Phillipa converts her disappointment into a weapon to torture her husband, and Clara turns a rebel against circumstances, unable to bear them. Gabriel accepts the circumstances and endures the unhappiness of living with Phillipa but finds an escape in Clara. Drabble says, "The girl in Jerusalem The Golden, like Bennett's first hero, (Richard Larch, in A Man from the North) is obsessed with escape, and she too is enraptured by trains and hotels and travelling; she feels she has 'a rightful place upon the departure platform' of her home town."

Like Frances Wingate in The Realms of Gold, she finds no affinity with her mother and decides to repudiate her heredity and environment. Her search for life and survival takes her across a familiar British landscape, from northern toughness and barrenness to a more open but a more ambiguous world. She searches, in vain, for the "true brittle glitter of duplicity" (38) and her "craving for the bizarre and the involved" seems to make her mistake gilt for gold.

Jerusalem The Golden and The Realms of Gold are novels about coming home and discovering one's
Clara's visit to her dying mother opens her eyes. A cache of pictures and notebooks shows that the desires and ambitions of her mother when she was young echo her own present desires. Her mother's "smile radiant with hope and intimacy" (239) and her knowledge of her mother's dreams of "a brighter world where darkness plays no part" (240) make her at once feel kinship with her mother and gives her the satisfaction of her true descent. She concludes that "Her mother was dying, but she herself would survive it, she would survive because she had willed herself to survive, because she did not have it in her to die" (253). Unlike the protagonist in The Realms of Gold, "she sacrifices the recognized truth to a truly fatal willed rejection of her past." Unlike her mother who sticks to a dark, ugly hole and waits patiently, Clara steps into a world where there is no darkness.

Obsessed with the desire to get into a better world, she uses her sex to gain the ends. As her creator comments, she is "fearsome." She knows well that she has been attracted "by surfaces, by clothes and manners and voices and trivial strange graces" (107). She is drawn unquestionably to the appearance of things and she never bothers to know what lies beneath the surfaces whose
glitter dazzles her. The glittering house of Denhams bedazzles her and draws her in. Like the little boy of the fable "The Golden Windows," she mistakes the glitter to be gold and considers it a terrestrial paradise, another Jerusalem the Golden. Whether it is paradise or otherwise, she decides to proceed further on her path, be it progression or regression.