CHAPTER V

SINISTER IMAGES AND SUNLIT LANDSCAPES:
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Images, and their metaphorical and symbolic uses in D.H. Lawrence seem to have exercised considerable influence on Anita Desai. Lawrence’s novels, short stories, sketches and poems feature a number of images in Anita Desai, though in most of the cases they are transformed almost beyond recognition during the process of tropicalization in the latter. This chapter deals with some of the motifs, images and topos found in Lawrence and Anita Desai, including an elaborate study of the subject with regard to St. Mawr and Fire on the Mountain.

There are some striking parallels between the closing section of Lawrence’s novella St. Mawr and Anita Desai’s Fire on the Mountain with regard to imagery, and to a certain extent, characterization. Lou Witt, the protagonist in St. Mawr, has had enough with the world of men; and she is seeking after a serene state of loneliness, undisturbed by men: "...I must sit alone, just alone. Because sex, mere sex, is repellent to me, I will never prostitute myself again...I will stay alone, just alone..." (SM, P. 408).” Vestal Virgins...were symbolic of herself, of woman weary of the embrace of incompetent men,” (SM, p.408)

"I am not a lover nor a mistress nor a wife. It is no good. Love can’t really come into me from the outside, and I can never, mate with any man, since the mystic new man will never come to me. No, no, let me know myself and my role...My dealings with men have only broken my stillness and messed up my doorways...A coming near only breaks the delicate veils, and broken veils, like broken flowers, only lead to rottenness," (SM, P.409).

Lou Witt tells her mother:

"...As far as people go, my heart is quite broken. As far as people go, I don’t want any more. I can’t stand any more. What heart I ever had for it— for life with people— is quite broken. I want to be alone, mother:. . .I want to be by myself, really." (SM, P.424-25);

"I can’t and I won’t fool myself any more, mother, especially about men. They don’t count" (SM, P.425)

"Men in that aspect simply nauseate me: so grovelling and ratty. Life in that aspect simply drains all my life away. I tell you, for all that sort of thing, I’m broken, absolutely broken; if I wasn’t broken to start with" (SM, P.425)

"...I don’t hate men because they’re men, as nuns do. I dislike them because they’re not men enough: babies, and playboys, and poor things showing off all the time, even to themselves,..." (SM, P.426)"...And what I know is, that the time has come for me to keep to myself. No more messing about" (SM, P.427).

It is true that Nanda Kaul in Fire On the Mountain has no need to explain the circumstances of her escape to the Kasauli hills in the Himalayas to anyone, as she is already a great grandmother, enjoying a very independent existence. Having been married to a man who was utterly disloyal to her, she has become so embittered with life that she finds no solace in the
love of her children and grandchildren and decides to live the life of a recluse in Carignano. Her world-weariness can be detected in a number of statements in the novel. "She asked to be left to the pines and cicadas alone" (FM, P.3) "She wanted no one and nothing else. Whatever else came, or happened here, would be an unwelcome intrusion and distraction." (FM, P.3)

"All she wanted was to be alone, to have Carignano to herself, in this period of her life when stillness and calm were all that she wished to entertain." (FM, P.17)

"Now to converse again when it was silence she wished, to question and follow up and make sure of another’s life and comfort and order, to involve oneself, to involve another. It seemed hard, it seemed unfair, when all she wanted was the sound of the cicadas and the pines, the sight of this gorge plunging, blood-red, down to the silver plain." (FM, P.19).

"She had not come to Carignano to enslave herself again. She had come to Carignano to be alone. Stubbornly, to be alone." (FM, P.80)

"...she knew no one, certainly no children, in Kasauli. She had held herself religiously aloof, jealous of this privacy achieved only at the very end of her life" (FM, P.35-36).

Though Lou Witt and Nanda Kaul are world-weary and men-weary, there is an essential difference in their attitude to the hills. While Lou Witt is profoundly reverential in her passionate devotion to the hills, Nanda Kaul does not show any such veneration for the hillscape as such, though she too is highly susceptible to its grandeur and tranquility. The hills are, to both of them, an excellent means of escape.
St. Mawr evokes the atmosphere of the wild hills of Mexico mainly through its recurrent allusions to the pine-dominated mountainscape and the aural imagery of the winds blowing on the awesome, high hills. Lou Witt "watched Phoenix's rather stupid shoulders, as he drove the car on between the piñon trees and the cedars..." (SM, P.408). Obviously, men sink into contemptible oblivion, beside the majestic splendour of the hills in the eyes of Lou Witt. Her log-cabin is "erected,...sloping at the mountain-side through the pine-trees and dropping into the hollows" (SM, P.411). Earlier,

"she looked across the purple and gold of the clearing, downwards at the ring of pine-trees standing still, so crude and untameable, the motionless desert beyond the bristles of the pine crests, a thousand feet below: and beyond the desert, blue mountains, and far, far-off blue mountains in Arizona: 'This is the Place', she said to herself." (SM, P.410); "the baa-ing came from among the dense and shaggy pine-trees" (SM, P.412); "bleating over the frozen snow, past the bustling dark green pine-trees" (SM, P.412)."

"That pine-tree was the guardian of the place. But a bristling, almost demonish guardian, from the far-off crude ages of the world." (SM, P.414-15). 
"...one must hurry under the pine-trees for shelter against that vast, white, back-beating light which rushed up at one" (SM, P.417); "And the trees all bristling in silence, and waiting like warriors at an out-post." (SM, P.420). "And the wind hissing in the needles, like a vast nest of serpents. And the pine cones falling plump as the hail hit them" (SM, P.415).
"Past the column of that pine-tree, the alfalfa field sloped gently down, to the circling guard of pine-trees, from which silent, living barrier isolated pines rose to ragged heights at intervals, in blind assertiveness. Strange, those pine-trees!...all subtly glittering with a whitish glitter among darkness, like real needles...Never sympathetic, always watchfully on their guard, and resistant, they hedged one in with the aroma and the power and the slight horror of the pre-sexual primeval world. The world where each creature was crudely limited to its own ego, crude and bristling and cold, and then crowding in packs like pine-trees and wolves. But beyond the pine-trees, ah, there beyond, there was beauty for the spirit to soar in. The circle of pines, ah, with the loose trees rising high and ragged at intervals, this was the barrier, the fence to the foreground..." (SM, P.415).

The last passage quoted above, besides highlighting the visual splendour of the landscape described, stresses also the spirit of stoicism about the hills and pine trees, in keeping with the heroic, individualistic souls to whom it is likely to appeal most strongly and irresistibly. The far-off hills, the vast depths and the apparently insuperable expanses of the surrounding plains also represent symbolically the plight of the human individual in the context of imponderable, existential uncertainties. Lawrence deliberately seeks to delink the 'pine-tree' image from any sensual connotations as he deliberately refers to the "pre-sexual, primeval world":

"A passionless, non-phallic column, rising in the shadows of the pre-sexual world, before the hot-blooded ithyphallic column ever erected itself" (SM, P.415).

The soaring, stately pine-trees dominate the landscape of Anita Desai’s Fire on the Mountain:
"Nanda Kaul paused under the pine trees to take in their scented sibilance and listen to the cicadas fiddling invisibly under the mesh of pine needles . . ." (FM, P.3)

". . . the wind suddenly billowed up and threw the pine branches about as though to curtain her." (FM, P.3). ". . . scent of pine-needles made audible, a spinning of sunlight or of the globe on its axis. Looking past the leafy branches of those trees and the silvery needles of the pines at the gate, she could see the rooftops . . ." (FM, P.13).

". . . she looked out into the apricot trees, down the path to the gate, the cloudy hydrangeas, the pines scattering and hissing in the breeze." (FM, P., p.16);" all she wanted was the sound of the cicadas and the pines, the sight of this gorge plunging, blood-red, down to the silver plain." (FM, P.19); "She went to the window and looked out on the flushed ravine, the molten plains . . . making the pine-needles glisten like silk, like floss." (FM, P.26)

". . . she trailed back to the house over the gravel and pine-needles. . ." (FM, P.32) "On the knoll and at the gate the wind ruffled the pine-needles so that they glistened silver in the sunlight." (FM, P.36); Raka goes "to the top where pine-trees grew in a ring amongst the stones," Nanda Kaul sees "Raka bend her head to study a pine cone in her fist"; (FM, P.47) "Like an insect burrowing through the sandy loam and pine-needles of the hillsides. . ." (FM, pp.47-48);
"Raka wanted only one thing—to be left alone and pursue her own secret life amongst the rocks and pines of kasauli." (FM, P.48); "the pine trees ... only barely visible now, writhing in the wind;" (FM, P.51); spread

"... nothing green on the pine-needle-earth but a few tangles of wild raspberries." (FM, P.57) "the paths that were barely marked on the crisp grass and pine-needles..." (FM, P.63) "... she still moved about in a kind of dream, set to the sound of cicadas and the wind in the pines. ..." (FM, pp. p.64): "A branch of a pine tree dipped". (FM, P.72); "A high wind whined through the pine trees all afternoon, lashing the branches and scattering the cones" (FM, P.81); "stones ... lay stacked under the wind-stripped pines" (FM, P.90) "... the skeletal pines that rattled in the wind. ..." (FM, P.91); "the pine boughs dipping as the parrots sprang on them." (FM, P.97);

"... the creaking of the pines in the wind and the demented cuckoos, wildly calling. ..." (FM, P.100). "... she saw the pine-needles glisten in the sunlight, glisten and glimmer on top of the knoll, shimmer and scintillate over the garden gate." (FM, P.104). "Nanda Kaul, impatiently waiting beneath the smiling, scoffing pine trees" (FM, P.110). "All the pine trees on the knoll shivered and cast their glistening needles in a hushed shower." (FM, P.118); "Raka had scrambled up to the top of the knoll, grasping at weeds and slipping on the dry pine-needles. ..." (FM, P.130); "... the wind
that blew up and crashed into the pines. ..." (FM, P.131); Ila Das goes "down the steep path between great rocks and black, windwhipped [sic] pine trees." (FM, P.140); "...a white mist beginning to creep out of the shadows of the great jagged rocks and filter through the pine trees..." (FM, P.140); and "The last of the rocks had left the sky, had stopped circling and searching above the pines, and settled for the night" (FM, P.141). Beyond any shade of doubt, the imagery of the 'pine-tree' is ubiquitous in Fire on the Mountain.

The pine-trees, in Fire on the Mountain, not only provide a grand setting for a high drama but they play a highly symbolic role. Glistening in silver sunlight; filtering the languid moonlight; spinning and dipping in the gentle winds; hissing through their sibilant needles in a menacing breeze; whipping and lashing in a turbulent storm; scoffing at the pettiness in human conduct and creaking and groaning over an imminent doom - the tall trees function also as a chorus in the novel.

Even more important, both Nanda Kaul and Raka are, to some degree, identified with the pine-trees at Carignano. As for Nanda Kaul, she would rather be a stately and tall pine-tree herself, more 'single' and 'whole', than anything else:

"...she fancied she could merge with the pine tree and be mistaken for one. To be a
trees, no more and no less, was all she was prepared to undertake" (FM, p. 4).

On another occasion, Nanda Kaul lies on her bed: "waiting for the first cool stir of breeze in the late afternoon to revive her. Till it came, she would lie still, still - she would be a charred tree trunk in the forest..." (FM, p. 23). This instance drives home her everyday feeling of intimacy with, and involvement in, the rhythm of Nature and vague premonition of death.

Raka enters the idyllic - though in some ways escapist - scene of Carignano,

"dry and clean as a nut but she burst from its shell like an impatient kernel, small and explosive. It was the ravaged, destroyed and barren spaces in Kasauli that drew her. ..." (FM, P.91)

Utterly denied of parental love and being a daughter of highly placed but self-absorbed parents, Raka is also symbolic of an unfortunate gloomy generation of modern children:" ... the seared remains of the safe, cosy, civilized world in which Raka had no part and to which she owed no attachment. ..." (FM, P.91). She too is identified with the pine-tree, but in the negative aspect after Man has wrought his havoc with it:

In a letter to Cecil Gray, Lawrence writes in 1918, from Berkshire: "There is a gypsy camp near here - and how I envy them - down a sandy lane under some pine-trees I find here one is soothed with trees. I never knew how soothing trees are - many trees, and patches of sunlight and tree-presences - it is almost like having another being." Lawrence, D.H. selected Letters, Harmondsworth: Penguin 1978, pp. 119-120.
"She raised herself onto the tips of her toes - tall, tall as a pine - stretched out her arms till she felt the yellow light strike a spark down her finger tips and along her arms till she was alight, ablaze." (FM, P.91).

There is a vast difference between Lawrence's Lou Witt and Nanda Kaul. In the typically Lawrentian sense, Lou witt is 'spiritual'. Lou finds in the ranch her final destination: "'This is the place', she said to herself" (SM, p.410). Her attitude to the place is 'spiritually' reverential as well as passionate, akin to that of the

"Vestal Virgins', who 'were symbolic of herself, of women weary of the embrace of incompetent men, weary, weary, weary of all that, turning to the unseen gods, the unseen spirits, the hidden fire, and devoting herself to that, and that alone." (SM, p.408)

Receiving thence "her pacification and her fulfilment." (SM, p.408), Lou describes her devotion to the place to her mother only in 'spiritual' terms:

"There's something else; even that loves me and wants me. I can't tell you what it is. It's a spirit. And it's here, on this ranch. It's here, in this landscape. It's something more real to me than men are, and it soothes me . . But it's something big, bigger than men, bigger than people, bigger than religion... it's my mission to keep myself for the spirit that is wild, and has waited so long here; even waited for such as me . . . . And I am here, right deep in America, where there's a wild spirit wants me, a wild spirit more than men. And it doesn't want to save me either. It needs me. It craves for me. And to it, my sex is deep and sacred... And even you could never do that for me." (SM, p.427).

Lou explains to her bewildered mother that her 'worship' of the 'spirit of the place' was something
similar to that of a nun towards God:

"Something bigger. Girls in my generation occasionally entered convents, for something bigger. I always wondered if they found it. They seemed to me inclined in the imbecile direction, but perhaps that was because I was something less." (SM, p. 426).

Nanda Kaul's words to Raka, describing her own initial attitude to the Kasauli hills also are, interestingly enough, quite similar. Quoting Hopkins's lines:

"I have desired to go/Where springs not fail,/To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail/And a few lilies blow. 'And I have asked to be/ Where no storms come,/Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,/And out of the swing of the sea'"; Nanda Kaul tells the child: "Of course it was not written about a place, any place, but about a vocation - a nun's vocation, * as it happens - but, all the same, it seemed to apply." (FM, p. 58).

Another striking imagery common to both the works under discussion, is that of the eagle wheeling in the brilliant sunlight. Lawrence writes:

"From her doorway, from her porch, she could watch the vast, eagle-like wheeling of the daylight, that turned as the eagles which lived in the near rocks overhead in the blue, turning their luminous, dark-edged-patterned bellies and underwings upon the pure air, like winged orbs." (SM, p. 416).

The addition of this imagery enables the novelist an opportunity to present a view that can survey the panoramic scenery far below from an immensely superior vantage point. Anita Desai writes of Carignano:

* Italics Mine.
"In every direction there was a sweeping view - to the north, of the mountains, to the south, of the plains. Occasionally an eagle swam through this clear unobstructed mass of light and air. That was all." (FM, P.4) "An eagle swept over it, far below her, a thousand feet below, its wings outspread, gliding on currents of air without once moving its great muscular wings which remained in repose, in control. She had wished, it occurred to her, to imitate that eagle - gliding, with eyes closed.* (FM, P.19)** Such is the spirit of the open-air freedom in the mountains that Raka wishes that she were an eagle]"

"...if she spread out her arms and rose on her toes, she would fly, fly off the hill-top and down, down on currents of air like the eagles that circled slowly, regally below her." "She was higher than the eagles..." (FM, p.61).

There are rare occasions when Nanda Kaul and her great grand daughter would sit together and share moments of eagle-like elation and silent power:

"Sitting together on their heels, watching the eagles soar and glide soundlessly in the gorge and out over the plains, they talked dreamily." (FM, p.76). Also,

"An eagle took off from the peak of Monkey Point, lit up*like a torch* in the sky, and dropped slowly down into the valley, lower and lower, till it was no more than a mere leaf, a scrap of burnt* paper drifting on currents of air, silently." (FM, p.140)

Almost in an epic fashion, Lawrence gives the lineage of the ranch in St. Mawr, for a brief period of six years, dwelling rather significantly, owners of the ranch in a rather ruthless objective manner. The school-master who started the ranch in the wild heart of the Rockies is ruined by his debts and ends up in a


and "Reflecting* the-scorch of the sun.../In burnt* dark feathers/ In feathers still fire-rusted." The Complete Poems, p.373

* italics mine
"tiny living", teaching the children of the American gold-prospecting squatters. The trader who gets the ranch tackles the sprawling ranch, eight thousand feet high, with a will and establishes taps and running water. "But here the mountains finished him" (SM, p.411). Despite all his prodigious energy and effort, "the invidious malevolence of the country itself", with its rat-like spirit 'takes away"all the pith of manhood" from him. Next, it is the turn of his New England wife who throws herself heart and soul for the progress of the ranch:

"It seemed to enter her like a sort of sex passion, intensifying her ego, making her full of violence and of blind female energy...And the sense of beauty that thrilled her New England woman's soul" (SM, p.414).

Initially, at least, she succeeds enormously. The highest watermark of her achievement is the construction of a bath-tub, a pool with a fountain:

"And she got so far as the preparation of the round concrete basin which was to be a little pool, under the few enclosed pine-trees between the two cabins, a pool with a tiny fountain jet." (SM, p.414)

"But this, with the bath-tub, was her limit..." (SM, p.414). "'There!' she said. 'I have tamed the waters of the mountain to my service.'" (SM, p.418) She too proves to be no match for the grey, insidious "rat-like spirit of the inner mountains". Her chickens are carried away; the horses are struck by lightning. The black ants, and the pack rats begin an unobtrusive cycle of steady and stealthy disintegration
and succeed over the years in sending a silent chill
down the spine of this once-buoyant, wilful woman.
After all these successive failures, the farm is rented
out to a Mexican "who lived on the handful of beans he
raised, and who was being slowly driven out by the
vermin." (SM, p.422). And Lou Witt arrives now, "new
blood to the attack" (SM, p.422) after purchasing the
ranch, from the trader. But the writing on the wall
remains the same for ever:

"It was always beauty, always!... So it was,
when you watched the vast and living land-
scape. The landscape lived, and lived as the
world of the gods, unsullied and
unconcerned. The great circling landscape
lived its own life, sumptuous and uncaring.
Man did not exist for it." (SM, p.417).

And the predacious birds are ever at hand:
"...on the fence hawks sat motionless, like dark fists
clenched under heaven, ignoring man and his ways" (SM,
p.420).

Carignano too has its own agents of cruelty
and destruction and the carrion-birds are a part of its
living skyscape: "In the sky, huge vultures circled
lazily, stealthily, on currents of air, prowling for
game." (FM, p.43). And Carignano also changes hands
through a series of successive failures. Colonel
Macdougall builds it in 1843 and ends up staring at the
seven white flecks of the gravestones in the military cemetery in the company of his ever-ailing wife, Alice "their own seven children came to be buried, one by one" (FM, p.6). A coolie's head is sliced off by the old roof during its replacement when the pastor of Kasauli's only church moves into Carignano, after some years of the death of the Macdougalls. Significantly enough, he adds a marble bird bath, like the New England Woman does in St. Mawr, to Carignano and watches delightedly the bul-buls and hoopoes fluttering "down into the bird bath and plunge and preen and scatter the water in spray" (FM, p.7). His marriage ends in a disaster with his wife stabbing him with a kitchen knife and dying soon after, of a fatal plunge down a cliff. His ghost is believed to haunt the house still. The succeeding occupants of the house are all maiden ladies including a Miss. Appleby, a bullying sadist, who does not spare the rod for her gardener, a Miss. Lawrence in her linen hat and veil, the bridge-playing Misses Huges and the meddlesome Miss. Jane Shrewsbury interested in brewing drugs, who kills her cook in a misadventure. Miss Weaver and Miss Polson, who succeed Miss Shrewsbury, are the next war-time occupants of the house, who cater to the needs of the Tommies. And Nanda Kaul is the first native owner of Carignano.

The Mexican mountains in Lawrence's novella, stand utterly unmoved by whatever happens to their human inhabitants: "There was no love on this ranch.
There was life, intense, bristling life, full of energy, but also, with an undertone of savage sordidness" (SM, p.419). The landscape at the Kasauli hills also lives its own life, utterly unconcerned about what happens to its human inhabitants: "This was the chief virtue of all Kasauli of course - its starkness." (FM, p.4)

"...the sere, silent hillsides on which boulders seemed to have been arrested in downward motion, precariously, and nothing grew on the pine-needle-spread earth but a few tangles of wild raspberries, hairy with thorn, and giant agaves in curious contorted shapes. Tourists and passers-by often scratched their names in the succulent blades and there they remained - names and dates, incongruous and obtrusive as the barbed wire." (FM, p.57). The imagery of the 'goats' occurs in both St. Mawr and Fire on the Moutain, blending with their moutainous background. In St. Mawr they are also symbolic of disintegration and death.

"The Mexicans call them fire-mouths,* because everything they nibble dies. Not because of their flaming mouths, really, but because they nibble a live plant down, down to the quick, till it can put forth no more." (SM, p.412); "Nibble, nibble, nibble, the fire-mouths, at every tender twig, ...a goat, or several goats, went through, into the white depths, and some were lost thus, to reappear dead and frozen at the thaw" (SM, p.412); 

"...their curved horns poking out like dead sticks... their acrid goat-smell rising like hot acid over the snow" (SM, p.412) "And everywhere, everywhere over the snow, yellow stains and dark pills of goat-droppings melting into the surface crystal" (SM, p.412) Fire on

* Italics Mine.
the Mountain does not present the goats in such a pre-eminent position as a symbol of disintegration. Yet they do seem to thwart Raka's exploration of the hills, nearly tripping her off her feet: "Unseeing, she almost ran into a goat, then a kid, then a whole herd that came springing down..." (FM, p.60). and "the goats nearly knocked her off her feet" (FM, p.61). They also continue ravaging the hillside: "a herd of goats nibbling at the sparse thorns and nettles with rubber-lipped greed and nervous avarice." (FM, p.73). The goat-droppings are also associated with the gruesome scene of Ila Das's rape and death: "... he came to her, to the dry, shrivelled, starved stick inside the wrappings, and raped her, pinned her down into the dust and the goat droppings and raped her" (FM, p.143). Thus the goats also form part of a symbolic background of disintegration, alongwith the other more violent imagery in Anita Desai's novel.

Another imagery that evokes the wild hillscape in St. Mawr is the wild strawberries and "rose-jewel raspberries". But the New England woman feels that they rightfully belong to the bear and hence she is guilty in stealing them, and the feeling affects even the taste of her preserves:

"The berries grew for the bears, and the little New England woman, with her uncanny sensitiveness to underlying influences, felt all the time she was stealing. Stealing the wild raspberries in the secret little canyon behind her home. And when she had made them into jam, she could almost taste the theft in her preserves." (SM, p.420-421).

* Italic mine
Anita Desai says in *Fire on the Mountain* "nothing grew on the needle-spread earth but a few tangles of wild raspberries" (FM, p.57) and Raka plunges" off the path into the raspberries and broom" (FM, p.63).

The real parallel for the situation concerning the bear and raspberries of *St. Mawr* in *Fire on the Mountain* is the one about the hoopoe and apricots. But unlike the New England woman, Raka, a 'wild' thing herself, has no compunction over her struggle for the fruits:

"Raka stared up at the hoopoe's nest... he spent her day flying back and forth, ...Till lately there had been ripe apricots at her doorstep and there was hardly an apricot Raka picked up from the grass that didn't bear the mark of her long beak. Raka had come out into the wet grass early in the mornings to eat apricots before breakfast and the hoopoe had watched jealously from the trees as she wandered about barefoot, looking for the sweetest and the ripest. But there were few left now that Ram Lal had cooked sam and stored it in great jars of honey-coloured conserve* on the pantry shelves..." (FM, p.65).

Both Lawrence and Anita Desai seem to detect a trace of Man's avarice in the 'preserves' and 'conserve' mentioned in the above situations.

Lawrence also stresses the basically sinister aspect of Man's existence in the wilderness of the Rockies, by referring to the curious, insidious spirit of disintegration that is constantly at work there, thwarting Man's designs at every stage:

"Always, some mysterious malevolence fighting, fighting against the will of man. A

* Italics mine*
strange invisible influence coming out of the livid rock-fastnesses in the bowels of those uncreated Rocky Mountains, preying upon the will of man, and slowly wearing down his resistance, his onward-pushing spirit...A curious disintegration working all the time, a sort of malevolent breath, like a stupefying, irritant gas, coming out of the unfathomed mountains." (SM, p.413).

And this curious malevolence of the mountains, according to Lawrence, is symbolized by the pack-rats:

"The pack-rats with their bushy tails and big ears* came down out of the hills, and were jumping and bouncing about: symbols of the curious debasing malevolence that was in the spirit of the place." (SM, p.413-414).

Most undoubtedly, Raka in Fire on the Mountain too is a symbol of disintegration. Having been utterly denied of love, she herself becomes an agent of destruction. She is irresistibly drawn towards a scene of disaster:

"It was the ravaged, destroyed and barren spaces in Kasauli that drew her: the ravine where yellow snakes slept under grey rocks and agaves growing out of the dust and rubble... and the seared remains of the safe, cosy, civilized world in which Raka had no part and to which she owed no attachment." (FM, p.91).

It is also highly significant that along with other animals or insects, Raka is compared to "an uninvited mouse" (FM, p.80). She has "unfortunately large* and protruding ears*" (FM, p.40), "large and somewhat bulging eyes" (FM, p.39); "her evening rambles about the hills were also forages for food" (FM, p.55); "She was a wild creature — wild, wild, wild..." (FM, p.103); She has a "thin invalid face" (FM, p.72). And once, finding "her very nose... stretch longer as she

*italics mine
leaned forward" and seeing" her nose tapered softly forwards," Nanda Kaul says: "...You are more like me than any of my children." (FM, p.64).

"How much friendlier she found darkness. She sidled past the lighted windows into a tunnel of dark between the club wall and the hillside." (FM, p.68).

Her scurrying movements like "scrambling up a stony hillside" are befitting those of a rat:

"or wandering down a lane in a slow, straying manner, stopping to strip a thorny bush of its few berries or to examine an insect under a leaf. Then she would round a boulder or drop from the lip of a cliff and vanish." (FM, p.48).

Even the wild fires, to Raka, have the quality of "dream-spectres that follow one, trap one."* (FM, p.76) There is also another instance, when "Her small face blanched and she pinched her lips together in distaste." (FM, p.65). "...Raka could feel her way up the knoll at speed and then she slid down the hillside almost onto the kitchen roof." (FM, p.67). The spectacle Raka sees in the club also has some symbolic meaning: "a lady mouse ran out from under them, her whiskers trembling" (FM, p.69). The significance of this scene lies in the fact that Raka, the child feels vicariously involved in the role of the mouse: "Raka stiffened - for he lifted his pink rubber hands into the air and she thought he would now silence them all." (FM, p.70).

* Italics Mine
Lawrence describes in *St. Mawr*, a pack rat which "sitting erect .... folded his hands and lifted his big ears, for all the world like an old immobile Indian." (SM, p.423). And showing him, Mrs. Witt asks Lou in a cynical tone: "Isn’t it for all the world as if he were the real boss of the place, Louise?" (SM, p.424). The New England Woman herself develops an aversion for the ranch on account of "The underlying rat-dirt." (SM, p.421).

"While she revelled in the beauty of the luminous world that wheeled around and below her, the grey, rat-like spirit of the inner mountains was attacking her from behind" (SM, p.418).

In passages like these, Lawrence emphasizes that ultimate triumph rests with the forces of disintegration, here symbolized by the rat-like spirit that alone can finally assert its claim of ownership of the ranch. It may be argued that Raka is also compared to other creatures in the novel: "a mosquito, a cricket" (FM, p.35); "lizard-like" (FM, p.42); "an insect burrowing" (FM, p.47); and "grasshopper child" (FM, p.72) But in the ‘spirit’ of *St. Mawr*, even such a ‘transfiguration’ is allowable. Lawrence connects *St. Mawr* the horse himself with "a little snake-like forward" (SM, p.291); "a cat crouching to spring" (SM, p.292) "gave a great curve like a fish" (SM, p.338); "almost like some terrible lizard" (SM, p.338). Lou Witt speaks for Lawrence’s art in this respect, when she says: "A pure animal man....He’d be all the animals

*italics* mine
in turn, instead of one, fixed thing, which he is now, grinding on the nerves." (SM, p.322).

It is significant that Nanda Kaul recognizes in Raka a future 'boss' of Carignano:

"She had not been asked to Carignano. Yet here she was, fitted in quietly and unobtrusively as an uninvited mouse or cricket.

"Would she own it herself one day, Carignano?' Nanda Kaul wondered,... 'Ought she to leave it to Raka? Certainly it belonged to no one else, had no meaning for anyone else. Raka alone understood Carignano, knew what Carignano stood for'...She thought of making a will..." (FM, p.80)

"She wished no one to go either — certainly not Raka." (FM, p.80).

Anita Desai's novel deals with the psychological and spiritual disintegration of the place symbolized by the physical disintegration, in a slight contrast to the essentially spiritual disintegration symbolized by the physical destruction in Lawrence's St. Ma wn. The destructive psychological elements at work in Fire on the Mountain are represented by the almost conventional images such as "the demented jackals howling in the ravine" or "the soft hooting of the owls," (FM, p.80) Raka seems to sense, quite instinctively, the imminent doom that is going to befall Carignano, almost wishing it to happen:

"Here she stood, in the blackened shell of a house that the next storm would bring down...stretched out her arms till she felt the yellow light strike a spark down her fingertips and along her arms till she was alight, ablaze." (FM, p.91).
Mention has already been made of the "fire-mouts" of the goats in St. Mawr. It is interesting to note how the 'fire' imagery dominates even when Lawrence dwells on the flowers of the Mexican ranch:

"...a tangle of long drops of fire-red, hanging from slim invisible stalks of smoke colour. The purest, most perfect vermilion scarlet, cleanest fire colour, hanging in long drops like a shower of fire-rain that is just going to strike the earth. A little later, more in the open, there came another sheer fire-red flower, sparkling, fierce red stars running up a bristly grey ladder, as if the earth's fire-centre had blown out some red sparks, white-speckled and deadly inside, puffing for a moment in the day air...."

"...One dry year, and the bristly wild things had got hold: the spiky, blue-leaved thistle-poppies with its moon-white flowers, the low clumps of blue nettle-flower, the later rush, after the sereneness of June and July, the rush of red sparks and michaelmas daisies, and the tough wild sun-flowers, strangling and choking the dark, tender green of the clover-like alfalfa! A battle, a battle, with banners of bright scarlet and yellow." (SM, p.419-420).

An etching done purely in terms of fire-red, vermilion scarlet and flame-white strokes, with a liberal admixture of blue and bright yellow colours allowing even brief spaces for sereneness in between -the description evokes a compelling spectacle of a 'fire on the mountain' in St. Mawr!.

Even in Fire on the Mountain, the wild fire described is burning at such a distance that Nanda kaul and Raka can see mainly its visual impact:

"...a copper glow that outlined the shoulder of a hill in the east, then bloomed rapidly into the evening sky, a livid radiance in that cinerous twilight....It was far away, across the valley, they could neither smell
the burning pine trees nor hear the crackling and hissing. It was like a fire in a dream silent, swift and threatening." (FM, p.74).

"Its soundlessness was eerie" (FM, p.75). To Raka, "It had the quality of a dream - disaster, dream-spectres"... (FM, p.76).

There are two verbal echoes which along with the imagery associated with them connect the two works in question, the first one being highly symbolic as well. Lawrence describes the lightning that strikes a couple of horses dead in St. Mawr as follows:

"The rivers of fluid fire that suddenly fell out of the sky and exploded on the earth near by, as if the whole earth had burst like a bomb, frightened her from the very core of her" (SM, p.418).

Raka herself is presented as an explosive. In Fire on the Mountain Chapter 18, of Part II, opens with the statement: "Raka sprang from the house as if shot out by a gun" (FM, p.89). To her Carignano "was as dry and clean as a nut but she burst from its shell like an impatient kernel, small and explosive." (FM, p.91). Lou Witt intuitively describes the spirit of the place in St. Mawr:

"It's something wild,* that will hurt me sometimes... and will wear me down sometimes. It's my mission * to keep myself for the spirit that is wild...And I am here...where there's a wild* spirit wants me, a wild spirit more than men. And it doesn't want to save me either..." (SM, p.427).

In Fire on the Mountain, Raka herself seems to embody the very spirit of the place: "Raka no more

* Italics Mine.
needed, or wanted, a house than a jackal did, or a cicada. She was a wild creature — wild, wild, wild..." (FM, p.103).

The archetypal image of the Buddha, occurring in many works of Lawrence is presented in Fire on the Mountain also. Buddha and Buddhist posture of meditation are held to ridicule in several works of Lawrence. For example in the short sketch "Adolf" Lawrence makes a passing reference to the rabbit's "twinkle in Buddhist meditation". In his short story "Things", Lawrence writes: "Buddha's very eagerness to free himself from pain and sorrow is in itself a sort of greed". He writes in his "Reflections on the Death of A Porcupine": "...The Buddhist who refuses to take life is really ridiculous, since if he eats only two grains of rice per day, it is two grains of life." In "Giovanni Verga", he says: "When you get to Ceylon, you realize that, to the swarthy Cingalese, even Buddhism is a purely objective affair. And we have managed to spiritualize it to such a subjective pitch."

In Mornings in Mexico, he writes: 
"... And one is reminded again of the blue — haired Buddha, with the lotus at his navel...the asses...with the eternal patience of the beast that knows better than any other beast that every road curves round to the

* Italics Mine

6. ibid. p.283.

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same centre of rest, and hither and thither means nothing;"
"a fat, solemn urchin of two or three years, hands foldere over his stomach, his forehead big and blank, like some queer little Buddha."

The above illustrative passages show clearly Lawrence's irreverential, mocking attitude to Buddha, mainly because Buddha failed to accept his existential burden and preferred an escapist outlook on life. After a fierce storm in Fire on the Mountain, Raka "put out a finger and stroked a little bronze Buddha that sat inscrutably smiling and stilly counting its beads on the table top" (FM, p.82). Nanda Kaul gazed at the "small, quiet Buddha" (FM, p.83). And "Both gazed at the Buddha, a sole survivor of that splendour, looking as though the holocaust around him was less than the dust to him." (FM, p.85). Anita Desai too mocks at the Buddha image for Buddha's lack of involvement in mundane affairs and curious self-absorption.

Similarly, monkeys in Lawrence are always associated with mournfulness, anxiety and sadness: "If you copulate with the finest woman on earth, there's no relief, only a moment's sullen respite. You're a caged monkey in five minutes". In his "The Nuptials of Death and the Attendant Vulture" Lawrence uses the

comparison: "...they are the monkey grinning with anxiety..." In *Twilight in Italy* Lawrence associates the "smile of profound melancholy, almost a grin" of the padrone to that of the monkey:

"It was the real Italian melancholy, very deep, static...with that gesture of finality and fatality, while his face takes the blank, ageless look of misery, like a monkey's..."

"the brown, expressionless, ageless eyes, that remind me of a monkey's..." Another Italian has "brown eyes so ageless in his wrinkled, monkey's face..." In *The Captain's Doll*, Lawrence refers to the permanent, melancholic expression on the captain's face, referring to the sad eyes of the monkeys: "it made her for a moment think of the fixed sadness of the monkeys..."

In Anita Desai's *Fire on the Mountain*, Both Nanda Kaul and Raka:

"admired with swift-flowing extravagance the still, silvery calm of a mother langur that sat stretching its long legs out along a branch and cradling an infant with a crumpled face in its elegant arm. The infant looked strangely aged, as if by worries and anxieties beyond its age, its little face black and wrinkled, its tear-drop eyes glistening with sadness." (FM, p.58).

The baby langur clinging to the mother's belly with careful fingers has a face "pinched and anxious" (FM,

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12. ibid. p.40
13. ibid. p.40
and Raka herself is described as "an anxious monkey herself" (FM, p.78).

Lawrence in his poem "Bat" refers to the bats "grinning in their sleep," and in his "Man and Bat" refers to the fur of the bat: "fine fur! / But it might as well have been hair on a spider." In the latter poem he also describes the bird as "Fear craven in his tail... / Above that crash-gulf of exploding whips." Anita Desai describes the bats in *Fire on the Mountain* with a significant reference to "their whiptails", "spider arms" and "baring their teeth"... (FM, p.78).

Lawrence uses saurian imagery in *The Plumed Serpent* with a specific reference to the static, sightless, unresponsive stare of Cipriano: "His eyes seemed to glare and go sightless...just... heavy, unresponsive, limited as a snake or lizard is limited." In *Kangaroo* he uses the imagery in the same sense: "And old, old indifference, like a torpor invades the spirit. An old, saurian torpor." Anita Desai employs the saurian imagery in her *Fire on the Mountain* in the specific sense of implying torpor and also almost as a foreboding of death at the end of the novel. Nanda kaul "...would lie still, still...would be...a lizard on a stone wall." (FM, p.23), and Raka "lizard-like,...clung to the rail." (FM, p.42)

17. Ibid. p.347.

* italics mine
Images like 'the glazed eye' and 'screwing up the eye' are used in the novel, in the Laurentian fashion. Once, Ila Das grows nostalgic:
"...her button eyes acquired the glaze of...old trinkets" (FM, p.118). She is also seen, "screwing up her little button eyes with delight at seeing Nanda Kaul..." (FM, p.112).

Lawrence makes several complementary references to 'snake' or 'serpent' in connection with his descriptions of men and women. He refers to his own warm, excited, promising, alert and yet still hand in his "Snap-Dragon" as "my hand like a snake watched hers, that could not fly." He refers to himself again as a snake in a fascinating yet curious metaphor in "Passing Visit to Helen" evoking associations of phallic warmth: "I watch her ward away the flame/yet warm herself at the fire — then blame/Me that I flicker in the basket."  

In his poem "St. Matthew", he alludes to the "striking, fast movement of a snake: ". . . the adder darts horizontal" In Aaron's Rod he refers to the quick response of a "warmed snake", In Anita Desai's Fire on the Mountain Nanda Kaul is compared to a snake. Intuitively sensing some imminent danger, "She swept up the flagstones of the path like an aroused snake." (FM, p.144). On another occasion she, dressed in an elegant sari, paces the garden in the evening, expecting the arrival of Raka, "the hem of her sari sliding over the

22. Ibid. p.321.
23. Lawrence, D.H. Aaron's Rod, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1985, p.120.
pebbles - srr, srr, srr - like a silken snake." (FM, p.98).

In "The Two Principles" Lawrence seeks to establish the connection between the human individual and the material elements of the cosmos: "... There certainly does exist a subtle and complex sympathy, correspondence, between the human body, which is identical with the primary human psyche and the material elements outside." 24 And Lawrence connects the humans with the landscape through the imagery of 'flux' or 'flow'. In a state of harmony the individual becomes 'molten': "she turned molten again in strong waves, as if, surge after surge, she was losing her solidity and her consciousness and becoming a pure molten flux." 25

Nanda Kaul too savours such a moment of tranquil harmony in Fire on the Mountain. She "looked out on the flushed ravine, the molten plains, the sky filled with a soft, tawny light... making the pine-needles glisten like silk, like floss." (FM, p.26).

Mellors in Lady Chatterley's Lover speaks for Lawrence, when he voices his protest against the army:

"They used to say I had too much of the woman in me. But it's not that ... No, it was stupid, dead-handed higher authority that made the army dead: absolutely fool-dead. I like men, and men like me. But I can't stand the twaddling bossy impudence of the people who run this world..." 26

Lawrence, a fierce individualist, detests militarism of all versions, German or British. He hated the Germans for their arrogance and mechanical sadism: "he detested the German military creatures: mechanical bullies they were. They had once threatened to arrest him as a spy, and had insulted him more than once."27 Though this passage is supposed to describe Richard Lovat's feelings in Kangaroo, they are highly autobiographical. "Oh, he would never forgive them, in his inward soul," the English were no better. The English Militarism, rooted essentially on industrialism and commercialism sought to "humiliate him as a separate, single man. They wanted to bring him to heel even more than the German militarist [sic] did."28 Nanda Kaul and Raka too voice a similar revulsion for the army. Nanda kaul says:

"... the Garden House across the road - you can scarcely believe it now, but it once had the most beautiful garden in Kasauli. Now used as an army billet. The army's everywhere." (FM, p.57).

Lawrence, also criticizes science and industry for they divide Man's self from cosmic inter-relatedness. In "Let the Dead Bury Their Dead" he writes: "... The dead give ships and engines, cinema, radio and gramophone... aeroplanes... Do cease to labour for the gold-toothed dead/ they are greedy... /it is pandering to the corpses."29 In "work" he writes:

"when the Hindus weave thin wool into long, long lengths of stuff/with their thin dark hands and their wide dark eyes, and their souls absorbed/they are like slender trees putting forth leaves, a long white web of living leaf, /the tissue they weave,/and they clothe themselves in white as a tree clothes itself. ./ putting them forth, not manufacturing them. . ."

In "Wellsian Features", Lawrence expresses his contempt for all modern 'scientific' research: "When men are made in bottles. . . / and therefore nothing to have feelings with,/they will be prepared to kill you...". That the mechanistic order created by science will only destroy man's oneness with the cosmos is stressed also in his Apocalypse: "We and the cosmos are one. The cosmos is a vast living body of which we are still parts... They substituted mechanistic order . . . everything else became an abstraction... science and machinery, both are death projects. . .". Thus Lawrence associates science and industry with lack of feeling, greed and mechanistic order imposed by reason working against the intuitive feeling and instinctive perception of man. Raka's comments on the scientific establishment she comes across on the hills of Kasauli brings inevitably Lawrentian overtones: "... What is that peculiar instrument on top? Frightening. Like an atomic reactor. Or some such scientific monstrosity. And so much barbed wire around. A shame. "(FM, p.57). Viewed from this

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30. The Complete Poems, p.451
perspective, Nanda Kaul's chagrin at the sight of Raka clambering up the hill to explore the Pasteur Institute suggests that her aversion is rooted on more than simple, aesthetic grounds: "Nanda Kaul pursed her lips at the ugly sight - it did so spoil the view. And added to the heat of the summer afternoon. What did Raka see in it? Why did it fascinate the child?" (FM, p.73).

There is also a curious parallel between the snake image presented by Lawrence in his "The Reality of Peace" and the snake Raka comes across on the hills of Kasauli, basking in the splendid sunshine:

"I must humble myself before the abhorred serpent and give him his due as he lifts his flattened head from the secret grass of my soul... Can I exterminate what is created? Not while, the condition of its creation lasts... and his principle moves slowly in my belly..."33

It is his own "most secret shame" with which Lawrence feels that he must reconcile himself with creation through his acceptance of the snake, for the attainment of peace:

"I, who have the gift of understanding, I must keep most delicately and transcendingly the balance of creation within myself, since now I am taken over into the peace of creation. But since it is spring with me the snake must wreath his way secretly along the paths that belong to him, and when I see him asleep in the sunshine I shall admire him in his place... as she lifts her delicate head attentively in the spring sunshine - for they say she is deaf - suddenly throws open the world of unchanging, pure perfection to our startled breast..."34

Raka in *Fire on the Mountain*, though startled, has such a moment of peace:

"Once she came upon a great, thick yellow snake poured in rings upon itself, basking on the sunned top of a flat rock. She watched it for a long while,. . . she had never seen the whole creature before. Here was every part of it, loaded onto the stone, a bagful, a loose soft sackful of snake. Leaving it to bask, she slid quietly on downwards. . . ." (FM, p.49).

If the 'spirit' of destruction, and 'disintegration' in *St. Mawr* is described as 'rat-like' by Lawrence, it is seen in terms of 'fire' imagery in Lawrence's *Kangaroo*. Curiously enough, it is also associated with a full moon:

"A marvellous night raving with moonlight - and somebody burning off the bush in a ring of sultry red fire under the moon in the distance, a slow ring of sultry red fire under the moon in the distance, a slow ring of creeping red fire like some ring of fireflies, upon the far-off darkness of the land's body, under the white blaze of the moon above,"35

and "A huge electric moon, huge, and the tree-trunks... in the moonlight. And not a sign of life—not a vestige."36 "tall, nude, dead trees, shining almost phosphorescent with the moon. . . ."37

It is true that other images like "a storm of disintegration" (FM, p.97), a pack of "jackals . . . roused to howl lugubriously at the moon. . . ." (FM, p.100)," demented cuckoos. "(FM p.100), and even

37. ibid. p.19.
'madness': "The crazy one from Carignano" (FM, p.91) are all associated with the theme of disintegration in Fire on the Mountain. But the imagery that stands out in the novel, symbolizing the catastrophe is the combination of 'the moon' and 'fire' as in kangaroo: "Raka turned from the moon-disappointed: she had hoped it was another forest fire." (FM, p.100)

Even more significantly, Raka herself is the very personification of 'the moon' and 'fire' in Fire on the Mountain. A bemused Nanda Kaul exclaims on one occasion: "I never saw a child less like a Raka - a moon..." (FM, p.98) Yes, Raka's very name suggests a 'moon'! And she is also very much preoccupied with 'fire': "She thought desperately, with longing, of the charred house on the ridge, of the fire-blasted hilltop where nothing sounded..." (FM, p.100). Raka imagines herself to be a blazing source of fire. "she was alight, ablaze" (FM, p.91) On a later occasion

"With a sudden spring, she rose and, flying down the knoll, the bright sparks at the ends of her dry hair flying like flames in the wind, dashed round the hamam and dived into the kitchen," (FM, p.131).

The latent imagery here is that of a fast-spreading, ravenous wild fire. And in the closing scene of the novel Raka lives out her 'wild' role of destruction: "Look, Nani, I have set the forest on fire. Look, Nani - look - the forest is on fire." (FM, p.145). The explosive 'moon' has done its work!
"Surface Textures" is a short story in Anita Desai's collection, *Games at Twilight*, employs tactile imagery so predominantly as Lawrence's short story "The Mortal Coil" does, that it almost suggests some Lawrentian influence. However, except in the case of the imagery, the two works do not have much in common. Lawrence's short story that belongs to his group of post-war 'Leadership' works, is preoccupied with the inner disintegration of Friedeburg, an aristocratic European soldier, addicted to gambling and consequently the disaster it brings about in his love-relationship with Marta, a dancer.

Anita Desai's "Surface Textures" as the title itself suggests, the curious transformation that comes over Harish, a clerk employed in the government, on account of his peculiar inclination to immerse himself in the "tactile wonder" of the things around him that costs him his job, separates him from his family and finally elevates him to the pedestal of a pseudo-saint.

Marta, in "The Mortal Coil" is in a state of anxiety and there is a slight tension between her lifted brows. Friedeburg's gambling debts alarm her and his helpless addiction makes her wonder whether she could count on his love at all. She feels "quite alone, abstracted". "Her hand, down against her skirt, worked

irritably, the ball of the thumb rubbing, rubbing across the tips of the fingers" (MC, p.210) Sheila, Harish's wife in "Surface Textures" sees the beginning of it all, when she notices what her husband is doing with the melon on the table:

"With one finger he stroked the coarse grain of its rind, rough with the upraised criss-cross of pale veins. Then he ran his fingers up and down the green streaks that divided it into even quarters as by green silk threads, so tenderly." (GAT, P.35).

Later in his office, Harish looks for the thick book of rules: "Then his hand reached out - not to pull the book to him or open it, but to run the ball of his thumb across the edge of the pages. His eyes seemed to find something of riveting interest; and his thumb of tactile wonder" (GAT, p.36).

Marta in "The Mortal Coil" tries her hand in different kinds of surfaces. Her inner self-absorption is so pronounced that her mood defies accurate description, "perhaps in anger, perhaps in pain": "She picked up a large seal made of agate, looked at the ingraven coat of arms, then stood rubbing her finger across the cut-out stone, time after time ... a silver box like an urn, old and of exquisite shape, a bowl of sealing wax. She fingered the pieces of wax." (MC, p.211). Sheila in "Surface Textures" is not able to decide whether it is "evasiveness and pusillanimity" (GAT, p.35) or not, that made Harish so much abstracted. She sees him "picking a flat melon seed off its edge where it had remained stuck, he held it
between two fingers, fondling it delicately" (GAT, p.36). Harish also finds an immense delight in fingering objects of strange, exquisite shapes:

"He listened - or didn't - sitting on a cushion before her mirror, fingering the small silver box. It was of dark, almost blackened silver, with a whole forest embossed on it - banana groves, elephants, peacocks and jackals. He rubbed his thumb over its cold, raised surface." (GAT, p.37)

Friedeburg in Lawrence's "The Mortal Coil" is lost in his gambling miseries and hence terribly abstracted. His abstraction is conveyed through an imagery that conveys a dull, monotonous and repetitive activity: "Then he picked up the seal and kept twisting it round in his fingers, doing some little trick" (MC, p.215). "Still he sat bent over the table, twisting something with his fingers". (MC, p.216). And "He sat staring in front of him, a dull numbness settled on his brain" (MC, p.220). Harish too falls into the habit of "staring fixedly at the red gashes cut into the papery bark" of the pipal tree (GAT, p.38) and "staring across the criss-cross of shining rails" (GAT, p.38); "his eyes seemed to find something of interest" (GAT, p.36) in the irregular cut of the edges of pages in large ledgers in his office.

Friedeburg is compared to a frightening cat in Lawrence's "The Mortal Coil": "His eyes, with a wide, dark electric pupil, like a cat's, only watched her objectively." (MC, p.223). "The little, fascinating, fiendish lights were hovering in his eyes like
laughter." (MC, p.225). Harish's neighbours compare him to a hyena: "Always said he looks like a hungry hyena", said Mr. Bhatia who lived below their flat, 'not human at all, but like a hungry, hunchbacked hyena hunting along the road." (GAT, p.37).

Marta in Lawrence's short story, tries all methods at her disposal in order to bring Friedeburg back to his earlier, stable relationship with herself, including intimidation: "She tried in vain to rouse her real opposition. 'I shall call out' she threatened. 'I shall shame you before people.' " (MC, p.223). Sheila's tactics in "Surface Textures" are not far different: "I suppose you want me to take the boys home to my parents," said Sheila bitterly, getting up from the bed. 'Any other man would regard that as the worst disgrace of all - but not you. What is my shame to you? I will have to hang my head and crawl home and beg my father to look after us since you won't.'" (GAT, p.38).

There is also some parallel between the farewell scenes in both the works discussed here: "'Good-bye' she said, in her voice of mockery. 'I'm going now.' He sat motionless, as if loaded with fetters." (MC, p.223). Earlier "... she rose and went across to her hat and cloak. He shrank in apprehension. Now, he could not bear her to go. He shrank as if he were being whipped" (MC, pp.222-23). When Sheila leaves her husband with her children after using bitter words
cited above, Harish also feels truly miserable, despite all his recalcitrance and apparent callousness: "He was sorry to see her pack the little silver \textit{kum-kum} box in her black trunk and carry it away." (\textit{GAT}, p.38).

There are certain other tell-tale situations in Anita Desai's "Surface Textures" that seem to point to a possible influence of D.H. Lawrence's "The Mortal Coil", on Anita Desai's short story. The most striking feature about Lawrence's Friedeburg is his taciturnity: "She watched him up and down, all the time. He could not answer, his lips seemed dumb. Besides, silence was his strength." (\textit{MC}, p.215).

In Anita Desai's "Surface Textures" Harish is revered as an extraordinary saint. The shepherd community living around him feel a great sense of awe for Harish, mainly on account of his silence:

"When Harish stooped and felt among the offerings for something his fingers could respond to, they were pleased, they felt accepted. 'Swamijii', they whispered, 'speak'. Harish did not speak and his silence made him still holier, safer. So they worshipped him. . ." (\textit{GAT}, p.40).

Lawrence's Friedeburg is not simply an aristocrat of the flesh. He feels he is every inch a gentleman and attaches the highest importance to his honour as an army officer: "'My career is my life', he said. 'Oh, is it! - You're not a \textit{man}, then, you are only a career?'" mocks Marta in "The Mortal Coil." (\textit{MC}, p.217) "'I've made too many debts, and I know, they'll kick me out of the army,' he repeated, thrusting the
thorn right home to the quick. After that - I can shoot myself.'" (MC, p.218). In "Surface Textures", Harish needs his job and career for his very existence and for the livelihood of his family. His dismissal seems to be the only serious event happening in the story:

"Although Government service is as hard to depart from as to enter - so many letters to be written, forms to be filled, files to be circulated, petitions to be made that it hardly seems worthwhile - Harish was, after sometime, dismissed - time he happily spent. . ." (GAT, P.37).

Devoid of his opportunities to win laurels in the field, Lawrence's Friedeburg will become an ineffectual figure: "But - cut him off from all this, and what was he? A palpitating rag of meaningless human life." (MC, p.218). Dwelling on the possibility of a humiliating failure in his career, Friedeburg asks Marta: "... Does it mean that a man shall be no more than a dirty rag in the world?" (MC, p.222). Children in his neighbourhood see Harish after he loses his job in "Surface Textures", in rags living an absurd existence, "... sitting against a railing like some tattered beggar...". (GAT, p. 38).

Despite all the love she professes for Friedeburg, Marta knows that there is a limit beyond which she might not endure her lover's peccadilloes:

"There was a point beyond which she had nothing to do with him, and she had better leave him alone. Here in this crisis, which was his crisis, his downfall, she should not presume to talk, because she did not understand..." (MC, p.220).
Sheila in "Surface Textures" too cuts Harish off after his dismissal. And she is least anxious even to know what happens to him. It is true that for "The first few days Sheila stormed and screamed like some shrill, wet hurricane about the house." (GAT, p.37).

But when the moment of departure comes she packs the little silver kum-kum box in her black trunk and carries it away without the least qualm over what happens to her husband who is on the verge of insanity.

Friedeburg cherishes every impression of his life with utmost aloneness and gratitude:

"Sweet, sweet it was to be marching beside his men, sweet to hear the great thresh-thresh of their heavy boots in the unblemished silence, sweet to feel the immense mass of living bodies co-ordinated into oneness near him... Friedeburg was like a man condemned to die, catching at every impression as at an inestimable treasure." (MC, p.231).

If Friedeburg's sense of oneness with the universe is expressed in a spiritual/metaphysical language in Lawrence's short story, Harish's sense of harmony with the universe is expressed in terms of the sensuous - primarily tactile - imagery: "Not only his eyes and his hands but even his bare feet seemed to be feeling the earth carefully, in search of an interesting surface.*

*In his poem "Mystic", Lawrence writes: "They call all experience of the senses mystic, when the experience is considered... / If I say I taste these things in an apple, I am called mystic... / But if I eat an apple, I like to eat it with all my senses awake". D.H. Lawrence The Complete Poems, pp. 707-08.
Once he found it, he would pause, his whole body would gently collapse across it and hours—and perhaps days—would be devoted to its investigation and worship. Outside the town the land was rocky and bare and this was Harish's especial paradise, each rock a surface of such exquisite roughness, of such perfection in shape and design as to keep him occupied and ecstatic for weeks together. Then the river beyond the rock quarries drew him away and there he discovered the joy of fingerling silk-smooth stalks and reeds, stems and leaves." (GAT, p.39). Both the protagonists in the two works end up more or less, as ruins. As regards Friedebug, "He was so frightened, his sensitive constitution was so lacerated, that something broke in him, he was a subservient, murmuring ruin. "(MC, p.235). Physically, Harish too undergoes a drastic change for the worse:

"His slow, silent walk gave him the appearance of sliding rather than walking over the surface of the roads and fields, rather like a snail except that his movement was not as smooth as a snail's but stumbling as if he had only recently become one and was still unused to the pace," (GAT, p.39)

Sorry cutting almost a figure like the "tiny black figures moving and crossing and recrossing with marionette, insect - like intentness" mentioned in "The Mortal Coil" (MC, p.211).

There is also the curious image of the blotting book occurring in both the works. Marta enjoys
the luxury of her tactile sensation as "She carelessly turned over the blotting book, which again had his arms stamped on the cover." (MC p. 211). Anita Desai makes Harish experiment with different types of blotting papers:

"... he happily spent judging the difference between white blotting paper and pink (pink is flatter, denser, white spongier) and the texture of blotting paper stained with ink and that which is fresh..." (GAT, P.37).

Friedeburg in "The Mortal Coil" enjoys eating his bread dipped in hot coffee: "He did not know what he was doing, and yet the dipped bread and hot coffee gave him pleasure." (MC, pp. 228-229). Harish in "Surface Textures" experiments with a blotting paper dipped in tea. He wants to study the difference between the blotting paper which has been put to melt in a saucer of cold tea and that which has been doused in a pot of ink..." (GAT, p.37).

There are some curious echoes between the two works, because of the importance given to the 'buttons': "They'll take his little uniform with buttons off him, and he'll have to be a common little civilian." (MC, p.222) The 'melon' is associated with a 'button' in Anita Desai's "Surface Textures": "All through the meal his eyes remained fixed on the plate in the centre of the table with its big button of a yellow melon." (Gat, p.35).

Another rather uncommon detail that finds an echo in Anita Desai's "Surface Textures" is Lawrence's
deliberate mention of Friedeburg’s dressing up before his final departure from Marta. Marta who is lying in her lover’s bed in the small hours of the day views him objectively:

"And the movement in the room was a trouble to her. He himself was vague and unreal, a thing seen but not comprehended. She watched all the acts of his toilet, saw all the motions, but never saw him... Her mind in its strange hectic clarity, wanted to consider things in absolute detachment" (MC, p.227).

After Harish’s dismissal from his job, he comes home, faces a volley of indignant questions from Sheila and listens to her threats of leaving him forever. But Harish sits very passively, simply "fingering the small silver box in which she kept the red kum-kum that daily cut a gash from one end of her scalp to the other after toilet." (GAT, p.37) Though Anita Desai’s imagery highlights the sudden possibility of a gory separation in the marital bond, through its associations of the ‘gash’ and the ‘red’, it does strike also a note of detachment with the mere mention of ‘toilet’.

For it is typically Lawrentian not to be squeamish about the references to different functions of the human body. Discussing the so-called obscene words in his "Introduction to Pansies", Lawrence observes:

"What is obvious is that the words in these cases have been dirtied by the mind, by unclean mental associations. The words themselves are clean, so are the things to which they apply. But the mind drags in a
filthy association, calls up some repulsive emotion...

And referring to Swift he says, "His physical sympathies were too weak, his guts were too cold to sympathise with poor Celia - in her natural functions ... she was merely natural and went to the W.C." Lawrence's autobiographic account of his trip to the Alps with Frieda, "A chapel and a Hay Hut", provides an example of the Lawrentian openness and acceptance of Nature and Man in their natural rhythm and function: "... Then I bullied Anita into coming away. She performed a beautiful toilet that I called the 'brave Tyrolese', and at last we set out." Lawrence's poem "My Naughty Book" also deals with the same theme.

Also another Lawrentian idea that runs through both the works discussed here is that Man deserves a much nobler deal then being simply a wage-earning slave, "What do you think I am worth? - Twenty-five shillings a week, if I am lucky." bursts forth Friedeburg in "The Mortal Coil" like a natural aristocrat that he is. It is also important to note the distinct shift of interest in Anita Desai's "Surface Textures" in the second half of the story that

41. Ibid, p.420.
concludes with Harish’s acceptance and recognition in a remote rural setting, utterly ignoring the fate of Sheila and the children. Lawrence writes in the poem, "A Man": "Because when the spark is crushed in a man/he can’t help being a slave, a wage-slave,/a money-slave." And in "Wages", he says "Earning a wage is a prison occupation/ and a wage-earner a sort of gaol-bird. . .".

Thus we find Anita Desai’s "Surface Textures" contains several images occurring in Lawrence’s short story "The Mortal Coil". There are also several parallels between the images found in Anita Desai’s novels and those presented in D.H. Lawrence’s novels, short stories, sketches, letters and poems. The following images taken from Anita Desai’s Bye Bye, Blackbird bring in unmistakable echoes from D.H. Lawrence, on account of the peculiar Lawrentian insights associated with them.

Lawrence employs the image of the "saurian" glance in his works. The image stresses the gulf that divides the one who looks at the ‘saurian’ eyes and the character who possesses such a glance, recalling the gulf between the lizards — and reptiles in general — and the humans, instilling in the latter a chilling sense of repulsive fear.

44. Pinto, Vivian de Sola ed. The Complete Poems, p.524.
45. ibid, p.521.
The image serves to underline the 'aloneness' in the onlooker caused by the utter lack of reciprocation in such situations. The smugness implied in the 'saurian' image is conveyed through the association of the "old, saurian torpor". Anita Desai too employs this typically Lawrencean image with singular effect in her works. For example, in the Portobello Road booth in London, Dev comes across "the saurian icon peddler" in Bye Bye, Blackbird. Anita Desai subtly improves upon the 'saurian' smile on the face of the English peddler, who contemptuously refuses to tell the price of his wares to Dev, by additionally employing the image of the "alligator smile": "Smiling like a jocular alligator," 'alligator smile', and "the alligator smile has transferred itself to Adit's lips like some child's transparency." This is one of the first incidents in the novel where Dev becomes sensitive to the chilling gulf that divides some of the arrogant, self-absorbed whites in London from the rootless, weak immigrants. Similarly, the white woman's sense of isolation amidst an alien crowd, sardonic, indifferent and yet curious, is conveyed by Lawrence through the 'terrifying' and 'terror-struck' images of the 'lizards'. In Lawrence's The Plumed Serpent Kate senses something 'dark, heavy and reptilian in their

46. Lawrence, D.H. Kangaroo, p.197.
47. Desai, A. Bye Bye, Blackbird, Delhi: Orient Paperbacks, 1971, p.80
48. ibid. p.115.
49. ibid. p.81.
silence."50; "Juana and her family . . . huddled in reptile terror; Juana was like a terror-struck lizard."51 In Mr. Noon Lawrence uses the same image with regard to a Japanese: "the sad, almost saurian smile of the Oriental gazed fixedly"52 and "... the sad, saurian, oriental face still watched hers. . ."53 Lawrence also refers to the character's habit of "screwing up the eyes" while describing a scene of conversation. For example in Aaron's Rod, he refers to Julia "screwing up her eyes": "She screwed up her eyes and peered oddly. . ."54; "She screwed up her eyes at Tanny,"55 This image is best understood with a contrasting action, describing the empty gaze of the same character: "Julia . . . was gazing with unseeing eyes down upon the stalls."56 In Bye Bye, Blackbird Anita Desai employs the same image in a similar context. Once Adit Sen happens to see a graffiti in a tube station carrying the message; "Nigger, go home." Now he screwed up his eyes and studied it, as though it were a very pertinent signboard."57 Lawrence has the habit of denoting the surly manner in which people show their resentment in an ill-mannered dog-like or cat-like fashion, almost baring their teeth as 'snarling'. His

51. ibid. p.717.
53. ibid. p.151.
55. ibid. p.66.
56. ibid. p.65.
works abound in instances employing this image. His short story "Jimmy and the desperate Woman" uses the expression "snarled Jimmy, really exasperated."58 Hester in "In Love", "spoke the two words with almost snarling emphasis". 59 Matthew in "Smile" is presented as follows: . "His eyes glared, and he bared his teeth; 'Mea culpa! Mea culpa!', he snarled."60 Philip in Border Line", "would show his large front teeth in a kind of snarl."61 The protagonist in "Goose Fair" speaks "in a snarling nasal tone"62 with the man presenting an answering gesture, "With his lip curling up on one side".63 The rector in The Virgin and the Gypsy is angry: "his face had a snarling doggish look, a sort of sneer".64 In St. Mawr, we have "he snarled Fool! . . ."65 . . . "Rico snarled back"66 and "He, with a snarl". 67 In The Plumed Serpent we have "... snarled the Judge, to his hostess",68 "snarled the Judge;"69 in The Boy in The Bush "voices began to Snarl and Snoar";70 "The man turned with a

59. ibid. p.398.
60. The Collected Short Stories of D.H. Lawrence, p.545
61. ibid. p.562.
63. ibid. p.156
64. Lawrence D.H. Selected Novels and Short Stories, 1984 p.948.
66. ibid. p.308.
67. ibid. p.385.
68. The Plumed Serpent Selected Novels and Stories p.655.
69. ibid. p.656.
70. The Boy in the Bush, p.229

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snarl . . . the villain . . . snarling and brandishing.\(^71\) In *Mr. Noon*, the ticket collector abuses Gilbert . . . "snarling and flourishing in the petty Prussian official manner."\(^72\); "Snarl! snarl! Snarl! went the beastly person - and Gilbert's brain turned to cork."\(^73\); and "he snarled."\(^74\). In his *John Thomas and Lady Jane*, Connie "heard the snarl of a man's voice."\(^75\) ... "his snarling, irritable voice."\(^76\) In *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, he writes "the well-groomed, dogs of amusement wrangled and snarled among themselves."\(^77\) . . . and "snarled clifford."\(^78\) In *The First Lady Chatterley*, Connie thinks of Parkin in the following terms also: "... He would snarl and bite and be beastly."\(^79\).

Lawrence's novels and short stories apart, the same image of 'snarling' occurs in his other works as well, indicating his linguistic habit as well as his predilection for this image for infusing something dramatic even in a banal context.

In Act 3, of his *A Collier's Friday Night*,\(^80\) and Act 1, of *A Daughter-in-Law*,\(^81\) and Act 2, of *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd*,\(^82\) he

\(^71\) The Boy in the Bush, p.248.
\(^72\) Vasey, Lindeth ed. *Mr. Noon*, p.231.
\(^73\) ibid. p.231.
\(^74\) ibid. p.231.
\(^75\) Lawrence D.H. *John Thomas and Lady Jane*, 1977 p.44.
\(^76\) ibid. p.44.
\(^77\) Lawrence, D.H. *Sons & Lovers and Lady Chatterley's Lover*, p.372.
\(^78\) ibid. p.427.
\(^79\) Lawrence, D.H. *The First Lady Chatterley*, p.69.
\(^81\) ibid. p.105.
\(^82\) ibid. p.168.
includes 'snarling' as a part of his stage directions. In his *Twilight in Italy*, he writes of "the landlord yelling and screeching and snarling from the kitchen, like a mad dog."83

Anita Desai also frequently uses the image of snarling in her works. In *Bye Bye, Blackbird* alone she uses this in respect of two characters, Dev and Adit Sen. In one instance she refers to the hysterical manner of Dev's talking as "snarled Dev"84 and at another she writes: "Dev's ebullient singing . . . . making Adit snarl so dangerously that Dev was obliged to return to the kitchen for conversation."85

Lawrence uses the image of the 'windmill' for describing the fast up-and-down movement of arms: "His head was completely hidden by bees, but his arms, like windmills, waved wildly to and fro. . . ."86 Describing the hysterical woman in his *The White Peacock* Lawrence writes: "Up and down went her long arms like a windmill sail."87 In *The Rainbow*, the child Ursula Brangwen "would come running in tiny, wild, windmill fashion, lifting her arms up and down. . . ."88 to her father. Even more appropriately the same image is used by Anita Desai in *Bye Bye, Blackbird* in respect of a thrush:

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83. Lawrence, D.H. *Twilight in Italy*: p.136.
85. ibid. p.215.
87. ibid.
"The thrush he saw was a very real one, . . . for just then it flew out of its nest in the pear tree which Dev had unintentionally disturbed and, in a panicked windmill of brown feathers, it flew in at the window, past an astonished Adit's nose." 89

The imagery of the 'underworld' in Lawrence stands for the mysterious, dark world of phallic consciousness and the 'snake' in the poem "snake" is compared to "a king in exile, uncrowned in the underworld". 90 Lawrence says with regard to Wragby, "there was a sense of underworld. . . there was always a faint, a strong smell of something uncanny." 91 Referrig to Parkin, Lawrence writes: "His curious hiss of passion . . . was far back almost as the snake itself. . ." 92 and "Suddenly he lifted his head, and pressed back his shoulders, stretching his body in the quiver of desire." 93 Lawrence's works, thus, connect the underworld, the snake and sensuality. There is a situation described in Anita Desai's Bye Bye, Blackbird that evokes these Lawrentian overtones. At the sitar concert, "the Bengali lady in green who kept darting looks at the drummer... whispered suddenly, 'He keeps staring at me, Minakshi. . .'. 'The evil fascination of a cobra! hissed her friend in yellow, who was staring too." 94 and "The drummer tapped his drums and tightened

91. ibid. p.174.
92. ibid. p.183.
the thongs, uttering low bestial grunts as he did so, and darting his strange underworld look at the guests." 95

Lawrence uses the imagery of the fish in the aquarium in *The Lost Girl*, to stress the unbridgeable gulf between Alvina and Albert Witham:

"Really an odd fish: quite interesting, if one could get over the feeling that one was looking at him through the glass wall of an aquarium: that most horrifying of all boundaries between two worlds. In an aquarium, fish seem to come smiling broadly to the doorway, and there to stand talking to one, in a mouthing fashion awful to behold. For one hears no sound from all their mouthing and staring conversation. Now although Albert Witham had a good strong voice, which rang like water among rocks in her ear, still she seemed never to hear a word he was saying." 96

In *Bye Bye, Blackbird*, Anita Desai also employs the same imagery to underline the gulf separating Mrs. Rosecommon-James, Sarah's mother living in Hampshire, and Sarah and Adit Sen. The Young couple are hardly aware of the words spoken by the elderly, conservative lady: "Sarah and Adit looked up with the mildly astonished expressions of fish in a sunlit aquarium." 97 Here, as Anita Desai does not prepare her readers with sufficient foreground information of the imagery, the comparison fails to interest them unlike in the case of Lawrence.

But Anita Desai succeeds remarkably in another instance in *Bye Bye, Blackbird*, in handling animal imagery almost with Lawrentian dexterity. The occasion is the employment of the 'cat-and-kitten' imagery in *Bye Bye, Blackbird*, when Sarah's Head in the school makes a tempting offer:

"The Head called her in and smiling like a mother cat watching her brood devour a mouse she had brought them, told Sarah that she was being transferred to a bigger, better, more expensive and up-to-date school in Kensington... What an opportunity", she miaowed, opening her claws, preparing to receive the grateful licks and bows of her most docile and therefore best rewarded kitten. Sarah knew she disappointed her gravely, by not rising to the occasion, crying out her thanks, by falling upon the Head's bony neck and mewing."  

Lawrence associates the harsh-voiced multi-coloured macaws with belligerency and uses this image in *Kangaroo*: "the wounded bright blue soldiers with sitting together their red cotton neckties, like macaws". Anita Desai compares Mrs. Rosecommon - James to an "injured macaw" and modifies the image further: "continuing to look like a ruffled macaw" at Adit's mischievous remark that the thrush will be awfully good on toast. It is interesting to note, however, that both the novelists have associated the image of this rather strange bird to 'injury' after a fight.

Lawrence uses the imagery of "veiled eyes" in

his works to denote subtlety and secretiveness of a character. For example in "A Modern Lover", Lawerence says: "He twinkled playfully at her ... She veiled her eyes". 102 In Aaron's Rod, he refers to the "peculiar half-veiled surety" 103 of Lilly's eyes; and in John Thomas and Lady Jane (Connie) "looked up ... eyes wide and veiled and innocent". 104 Anita Desai too employs this imagery in the same sense in Bye Bye, Blackbird. Dev "was watching, with veiled eyes, the two elderly Indian ladies seated on the carpet at his feet." 105 On another occasion a farmer "gave him a veiled look ... 106

Finally, it is very rarely that a western novelist associates the imagery of the 'blackbird' to denote 'segregation' or 'ex-communication', as Lawrence does in The First Lady Chatterley, in which connie refers to herself, Duncan and Parkin as the "Blackbird": "We're all of us white blackbirds, when it comes to class limitations," 107 for all of them have defied the class-rules of their day. Viewed from such a perspective, the very title Bye Bye, Blackbird of Anita Desai's novel appropriates some Lawrentian tinge, though it refers in this context to 'brown blackbirds' like Adit Sen and Dev.

103. Lawrence, D.H. Aaron's Rod p.335.
104. Lawrence, D.H. John Thomas and Lady Jane, p.146.
106. ibid. p.194.
Traces of Laurentian influence can be seen also in some of the images used by Anita Desai in her novel, In Custody.

In his poem "Baby Tortoise", Lawrence employs the motif of the "Tiny bright-eye" of the tortoise: "And look with laconic, black eyes": the fine brilliance of your so tiny eye," and "your bright, dark little eye". In the novel In Custody the eyes of Nur, the Urdu poet are compared to those of a turtle: "A wrinkled eyelid moved, like a turtle's, and a small, quick eye peered out at Deven as if at a tasty fly. . .".

Lawrence employs some extended references to the tortoise in his poems. In his "Lui Et Elle" Lawrence writes: "She knows well enough to come for food, yet she sees me not;/Her bright eye sees, but not me, not anything,/Sightful, sightless, seeing and visionless,/Reptile mistress". In In Custody, Deven enters the presence of the poet, but the poet is "sightful, sightless": "... he finally sighed, turning a little to one side, towards Deven although not actually addressing himself to a person, merely to a direction, it seemed."

110. ibid. p.353.
111. ibid. p.352.
In "Tortoise Shell", Lawrence makes a pointed reference to the image of the cross, "The long cleavage of division, upright of the eternal cross": "The Cross! It goes right through him, the sprotting insect,/ through his cross-wise cloven psyche. . ." The Lord wrote it all down on the little slate / Of the baby tortoise, Outward and visible indication of the plan within. . ." What appears in Lawrence's poem as humorous and symbolic, seems to find, an echo in Anita Desai, bringing along with it serious, theological overtones as well. Nur, the poet offers himself as a vicarious sacrifice for all the evils and atrocities, brought on the hallowed Urdu poetic tradition in contemporary India: "I am prepared for suffering. Through suffering, I shall atone for my sins." He groaned. "Many, many sins . . . Through suffering I shall atone for my sins."

The associations of the 'cross' and 'atonement' can be seen here.

In "Lui Et Elle", Lawrence also says of the tortoise: "Her laconic eye has an earthy, materialistic look/His, poor darling, is almost fiery." Deven too gains a glimpse of the materialistic earthy side of things in Nur's household on his very first visit. As for Nur's fiery temper, he sees him displaying it

116. Desai, A. In Custody, p.43-44
towards everyone he meets except his wife: "Wait till you are my age; he spat".... 118

Lawrence also uses "lidded eyes" to denote the sardonic temper of a character. After his adventure with a woman at Matlock, Tom Brangwen meets her in *The Rainbow*: "... he looked with his warm blue eyes at the almost sardonic, lidded eyes of the foreigner. ..." 119 Mrs. Witt too possesses such eyes in *St. Mawr*: "Her heavy-lidded, laconic grey eyes were alert, studying the groom's black mop of hair." 120 In *In Custody*, the poet Nur's eyes are turtle-lidded: "he suddenly roared, fixing Deven with that small, turtle-lidded eye that had now become lethal, a bullet." 121 That the tortoise continues to be associated with Nur in the novel can be seen from another instance. "A tortoise that sticks its head in the mud at the bottom of the pond", 122 Imtiaz Bibi taunts him once.

Lawrence uses reptilian imagery in several of his works. In *The Plumed Serpent*, he uses "a slow, reptilian insistence, to pull one down..." 123 Lawrence associates "heavy-ebbing blood" with the reptiles. Living amidst the Mexicans, Kate is attracted

118. Desai A. *In Custody*, p.47.
122. ibid. p.89.
and repelled by "something dark, heavy and reptilian in their silence and their softness."124 Their "reptilian indifference"125 eventually instils in her a curious, "reptile apprehension".126 Juana is huddled" in reptile terror... Juana was like a terror-struck lizard."127 In John Thomas and Lady Jane Lawrence refers to the surging feeling of class-hatred felt amidst the colliers towards the upper classes as "this new unconscious, cold, reptilian sort of hate that was rising between the colliers... and the educated ruling classes."128 Lawrence writes of Rosalino in Mornings in Mexico: "the same black, black, reptilian gloom and a sense of hatred"... "a glance of pure, reptilian hate from his black eyes."129 In Custody presents "reptilian" imagery with a special reference to that of the 'snake', as Lawrence's Women in Love does: "No,' she cried, pressing back her head like a cobra, her eyes flashing".130 Lawrence visualizes the snake as something endowed with 'shoulders' in his "snake": "And as he slowly drew up, snake-easing his shoulders, and entered further, A sort of horror, a sort of protest against his withdrawing into that horrid black

125. ibid. p.729.
126. ibid. p.717.
127. ibid. p.717.
128. John Thomas and Lady Jane, p.112
129. Mornings in Mexico, p.40
130. Lawrence, D.H. Women in Love Selected Novels and Stories p.404.
The revolting, ignominious slithering movement of a reptile is associated with Jayadev in In Custody: "he was a slim and restless fellow with narrow hips and shoulders that made reptilian movements as though he was insinuating himself through cracks".\textsuperscript{132} And Anita Desai deliberately employs the 'reptilian' imagery in respect of Imtiaz Bibi in In Custody.

The second wife of Nur is a victim of hysteria and hypochondria, and her gestures, features and movements bear witness to this: "The reptilian hand swayed in the air, warningly..."\textsuperscript{133} "She waved them aside - nervous, irritable, imperious, inconsiderate and frantic. They trembled as they tried to soothe her...keeping at a distance as from a poisonous snake, a snake that was also an object of worship... She glared past them at the two men... 'Still my eyes can see more clearly than yours, You,' she said, spitting at Deven from between her very small, sharp teeth"...\textsuperscript{134} The crested menacing movement of a dangerous cobra emerges quite clearly and convincingly from the above description.

The imagery of the 'cat' is also common in Lawrence. In "None of that" Colmenare is presented in terms of cat imagery alone. Short and rather fat, rather yellowish in complexion, and with a pressed in

\begin{itemize}
\item \textsuperscript{131} Pinto ed, \textit{The Complete Poems}, p.351.
\item \textsuperscript{132} Desai, A. \textit{In custody} p.184.
\item \textsuperscript{133} ibid. p.118.
\item \textsuperscript{134} ibid. pp.118-19.
\end{itemize}
nose and "those marvellous eyes" "he made you physically aware of him; like a cat in the room." 135 Sam Coutt's wife in "Strike-Pay", "had a quiet way of stepping certain cat-like stealth", and "Mrs. Marriott, very erect, very dangerous." 136 Ramon in The Plumed Serpent is likened to "a great cat", 137 and a "terrible cat". 138 in The Lost Girl is "flushed, erect, keen-tempered and fierce and Mr. May is like a cat" 139 and Alvina is afraid of his "long cat-like look". 140 "Cicio sprang like a cat." 141 In The Plumed Serpent, Cipriano is associated with the panther and the lynx: "crouching and leaping like a panther" and "as invisible as a lynx." 142 In the case of Kate such a power-urge also means ensuring her own inviolable individuality:

"Suddenly, she saw herself as men often saw her: the great cat, with its spasms of voluptuousness and its lifelong lustful enjoyment of its own isolated, isolated individuality. Voluptuously to enjoy a contact. Then with a lustful feline gratification, to break the contact, and roam alone in a sense of power ... purring upon her own isolated individuality." 143

And in The Lost Girl, Mr. May sees women who make advances to him as "cats without whiskers": "If he had been a bird, his innate horror of a cat would have

136. ibid. p. 49.
137. The Plumed Serpent, Selected Novels and Stories, p. 824.
138. ibid. p. 825.
139. The Lost Girl, Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1982 p. 166, and 169
140. ibid. p. 173.
141. ibid. p. 184.
142. The Plumed Serpent, Selected Novels and Stories, p. 874.
143. ibid. p. 924.
been such...

144 In The Boy in the Bush, Jack "sprang like a cat out of a bag... with a kind of a trance vision he was super-awake." 145 And later Mary is seen by Jack as endowed with "cat-like watchfulness at the back of all her winsome tenderness." 146 In Custody presents the two wives of Nur, the poet, through feline imagery. They are both so belligerent and violent that when Deven catches the younger one lying down, he interprets it only as an interval between two clashes: "Had there been another fight, he wondered in panic, as between jealous tigresses? Was this a common scene in this home of ferocious felines?" 147

The Lawrentian technique of extending the imagery can be seen in Anita Desai's In Custody where following the above feline imagery, one of the two 'felines' is associated with the imagery of the rat.

"'Come closer,' she said weakly and, stepping carefully over the clumps, he realized they were only the black thread plaits that she used for thickening her own hair which was quite thin and hung over her shoulders like two rat’s tails." 148

Lawrence uses the supernatural imagery of "the gnome" in connection with the Marchese in Aaron's Rod suggesting someone secretive and enigmatic and also very earthy and eerie; on the whole, quite uninspiring: "He stretched his blue eyes so that the whites showed

144. Lawrence, D.H. The Lost Girl, p.130.
146. ibid. pp.189-90.
148. Lawrence, D.H. In Custody, p.117.
all round, and grinned a wide, gnome-like grin."149 His face looked "weird, strange and withered, and gnome-
like at the moment." In In Custody, Anita Desai refers
to the masseur of Nur, the poet, only in terms of a
gnome: "... an ancient gnome of a man with wild white
hair;"150 "All the time the gnome laughed and sang
snatches of song and kept up such a barrage of
talk;"151 "the gnome was a professional masseur",152
"pronounced the gnome",153 and "cried the gnome"...154

It has already been shown that "gargoyle"
occurs often in Lawrence, standing for a meaningless
grin, and an absurd expression. For example, Lawrence
uses this imagery in respect of the padrone in his
Twilight in Italy: "Suddenly his face broke into a
smile of profound melancholy, almost a grin, like a
gargoyle. It was real Italian melancholy, very deep,
static..."155 In In Custody Anita Desai also uses it
to denote the non-communicative expression on Murad's
face: "he had come next morning after all and stuck his
head in at the door with the look of a doubtful
gargoyle..."156

Another imagery that is peculiarly Lawrentian
is that of an "acolyte", often used in the context of
tender, reverential and quasi-ritualistic tones of

149. Aaron's Rod, p.281.
151. ibid. p.48.
152. ibid. p.48.
153. ibid. p.49.
154. ibid. p.49.
156. Desai, A. In Custody, p.152.
sensual love associated with the 'worship of the body'. In *The Trespasser*, Siegmund has a still, isolated moment for himself even as he has the warm, expectant Helena in his arms:

"Gradually he remembered how, in the cathedral, the tapers of the choir-stalls would tremble and set steadily to burn, opening the darkness point after point with yellow drops of flame, as the acolyte touched them, one by one, delicately with his rod."

In *Mr. Noon* also the imagery is used in a similar situation: "Gilbert, in spite of his various gallant adventures, was but an acolyte at the Dionysiac or priapic altar. He was a raw hand." The same imagery is suggested in *Aaron's Rod*, though, with a subtle difference of stressing the essential isolation and independence of the woman involved despite all her initiative: "In some other way she used him as a magic implement, used him with the most amazing priestess-craft. Himself, the individual man which he was, this she ignored..." In Anita Desai's *In Custody*, the feministic Imtiaz Bibi is surrounded by her 'acolytes':

"Her acolytes hovered around her. One young girl knelt at her bedside and massaged her feet, rhythmically. Another stood at her head, stirring a cup of milk and fussily blowing on it..."

Both the 'ox' and the 'cow' are associated with submissive slowness and placidity in Lawrence. In

159. *Aaron's Rod*, p.318.
Twilight in Italy, Maria Fiori reminds Lawrence of an ox:

"She reminded me again of oxen, broad boned and massive\textsuperscript{161} physique, dark-skinned, slow in her soul. But, like the oxen of the plains, she knew her work. . . "\textsuperscript{161}

In his "Love was Once a Little Boy", Lawrence talks about Susan, his black cow:

"... Possibly she is lying peacefully in cowy inertia, like a black Hindu statue among the oak-scrub. . . I too catch sight of something black and motionless and alive and terribly silent, among the tree-trunks."\textsuperscript{162}

In In Custody The principal's wife" was going through a difficult time of life . . . she had turned overnight from bovine and placid to unpredictable. . . "\textsuperscript{163}

In his poem "Wild Things in Captivity", Lawrence writes "The great cage of our domesticity kills sex in a man, the simplicity of desire is distorted and twisted awry" and "Sex is a state of grace,/ In a cage it can't take place./Break the cage then, start in, and try."\textsuperscript{164} In "Mournful Young Man", he says: "The women are in the cage as much as you are./They look at you, they see a caged monkey."\textsuperscript{165}

"There is No Way Out" also harps on the same theme: "There is no way out, we are all caged monkeys. . . . Therefore be prepared to tackle the cage."\textsuperscript{166}

\begin{flushleft}
\textsuperscript{161} Lawrence, D.H. Twilight in Italy, p.91.
\textsuperscript{163} Desai, A. In Custody, p.94.
\textsuperscript{164} Pinto, Vivion Le Sole ed. The Complete Poems, p.485.
\textsuperscript{165} ibid. p.485.
\textsuperscript{166} ibid. pp.485-86.
\end{flushleft}
Custody of Anita Desai also employs the imagery of the cage to symbolize domesticity. Imtiaz Bibi's poem strikes a rebellious note using the same imagery:

"She said she was a bird in a cage, that she longed for flight, that her lover waited for her... 'God in the guise of her lover'... Oh, it was all very beautiful, very feeling, very clever." 167

Deven's thoughts expressed in the novel prior to the recital of Imtiaz Bibi, reinforces the same imagery:

"like puppets, he thought, or trained monkeys. Yes, why not call a monkey trainer from the street and watch a monkey perform instead? It would not be very different, and the monkey would not demand so much applause and accord." 168

The motif of 'marriage-trap-animal' occurs again in the novel on another occasion. Deven is disillusioned "thinking in strict prose that he must look like a caged animal in a zoo... And that was all he was - a trapped animal... Marriage, a family and a job had placed him in this cage... " 169 a closer familiarity with the poet had shown him that what he thought of as "the wider world" was

"an illusion too... he would only blunder into another cage inhabited by some other trapped animal... Nur had not escaped from his cage for all that - he was as trapped as Deven was... Still, it was just a cage in a row of cages. Cage, cage. Trap, trap." 170

Anita Desai's latest novel to-date

Baumgartner's Bombay also presents several instances of

167. Desai, A. In Custody, p.82.
168. Desai, A. In Custody, p.82.
169. ibid. p.131.
170. ibid. p.131.
Lawrentian imagery. 'Snarled' is one of them: "her breath caught and snarled itself in a sob" (BB, pp.1-2); "a medical student .... snarling at Hugo to be out and off if he overslept" (BB, p.58); "Without opening his eyes, the boy parted his lips sufficiently to snarl, 'Get out. Raus.'" (BB, pp. 141) And Lotte "bared her teeth as if she would bite anyone who came near." (BB, p.229).

Feline imagery figures prominently in Baumgartner's Bombay, as Hugo Baumgartner, the protagonist is very fond of cats. Several glimpses of cats can be seen in the novel which bring in Lawrentian associations. In one of them a cat is associated with the alert, fast movement of a roused cobra: "... Mimi had made a swift dart like a cobra's head for the exit but been pressed back gently with a murmur." (BB, p.5)

This recalls the imagery of the cobra in Women in Love: "'No,' she cried, pressing back her head like a cobra, her eyes flashing",\textsuperscript{171} and in John Thomas and Lady Jane: "Suddenly he lifted his head, and pressed back his shoulders, stretching his body in the quiver of desire."\textsuperscript{172} and "She was curled up on the sofa her face and eyes were shining curiously, and her head was pressed back as a cobra presses back its head, flattening its neck."\textsuperscript{173} On another occasion Lotte nestles herself against Baumgartner's warmth: "Like a

\textsuperscript{171} Lawrence, D.H. Women in Love, Selected Novels and Stories, p.404.
\textsuperscript{172} Lawrence, D.H. John Thomas and Lady Jane, p.183.
\textsuperscript{173} Vasey, Lindeth ed. Mr. Noon, p.283
cat she pressed upon him, nuzzling, nibbling, without
speech. With small groans they made themselves
comfortable against each other..." (BB), p.82).
Cecilia's lover in "The Lovely Lady" bears some
resemblance to the cat in this aspect: "Softly,
...the poisonous charm of the voice, so caressive, so soft
whisperingly, with infinite caressiveness and flexible,
yet so utterly egoistic...". 174 As for Cecilia
herself, "If she had no other lover she should have the
sun! She rolled voluptuously. And suddenly her heart
stood still in her body, and her hair almost rose on
end...". 175

That the imagery of the 'glazed eyes'
symbolizing the self-absorption and nostalgia of the
character concerned is employed very often by Lawrence,
has already been highlighted. In Baumgartner's Bombay,
Lily of the cabaret betrays her preoccupation with the
past through the change that comes over her eyes when
she suddenly recognises Baumgartner in a party: "She
had recognised him by the way her glassy grey eyes not
only widened but turned briefly upwards into the
painted silver lids..." (BB, p.198) On an earlier
occasion, Hugo catches Lotte in a moment of nostalgia.
Recalling her own youth when she spent her time
training Mother Braganza and her two daughters in the
art of making fashionable outfits, "She uncrossed her
thighs and her eyes looked glassy, either with the

174. The Collected Short Stories of D.H.Lawrence,
175. ibid. p.712.
gin... or the glare from a crack between the coloured curtains. ..." (BR, p. 76).

Mention has also been made as to how Lawrence associates 'mournfulness' or 'anxiety' with the monkeys. Hugo Baumgartner, on one of his train journeys from Bombay sits idly watching "a miserable pair of rhesus monkeys in a small pipal tree... grooming each other with dissatisfied expressions on their small pinched faces." (BR, p. 186). In another instance, Chimanlal's jockey is called "a wizened monkey in pink and lilac satin." (BR, p. 194).

In *Twilight in Italy*, Lawrence uses the imagery of the 'ox' to allude to the 'massive' physique and the 'slowness' of the soul of a woman. In Baumgartner's *Bombay*, Anita Desai evokes similar associations referring simply to the 'hump' of the ox through a synecdoche: "Could it be that... an oxen hump, placid and bovine, some swollen udder of blood?" (BR, p. 189).

Lawrence's story, "The Princess" presents Colin Urquhart the protagonist as the hysterical daughter of a father who is suffering from "his private madness". And in portraying the hysteria of Colin, Lawrence provides one of the important clues that marks the triggering-off of hysterical fits in many women: "Physical violence was horrible to her; it seemed to

176. Lawrence, D.H. *Twilight in Italy*, p. 91.
shatter her heart." 177 Lilly in **Aaron's Rod** speaks for Lawrence when he says "I think there is only one thing I hate to the verge of madness and that is bullying. To see any living creature bullied, in any way, almost makes a murderer of me. That is true." 178 It is interesting to note that Anita Desai's Maya in **Cry, The Peacock, Amla in Voices in the City, Sita in Where Shall We Go This Summer?** and Bim in **Clear Light of Day**—all show in varying degrees, symptoms of hysteria and depression sparked off by the sight of tortured or dead animals.

Hugo Baumgartner shows symptoms of hysterical depression when someone is bullied or ill-treated. Once he sees a man beating his wife with his fists and then kick her down, grab her by her hair and drag her up the street, swearing...the man began to beat his wife's head against the pavement so that the blood spilt and gushed." (BB, p.8), and after having failed in his attempt to save the woman, Hugo sits "feeling the perspiration trickle down his neck and back, almost audibly" (BB,p.9), almost reliving the terror his Jewish father, Herr Baumgartner experienced at the hands of the Nazis at Dachau:"He began to shiver—the shiver started in the back of his neck, making his head jerk like a hen's and then ran down into his shoulders so that they shook." (BB, p.43). The sufferings he

undergoes in his youth at the hands of the Nazis and later during the war, "edge the scene with a certain hysteria, the unforgettable hysteria like a drunkenness, a fever bordering on delirium." (BB, p.78). On another occasion, a "child with the pot-belly of malnutrition" is bullied by its mother, who is terribly sullen, and outraged against its drunken father. Its screams "seemed to slash along the whole length of his back and enter the sensitive point in the back of his head: Was it the outraged child or the infuriated mother?" (BB, p.145). Denied of the loving and peaceful home in his youth, denied of his rights as an individual in adulthood and defeated in all his ventures to find happiness and a meaning in life, Hugo ends up at last, with an existentialist's angst, symbolized by the neglected idol in the 'temple' of darkness. The neurotic fear sending a chill down his spine eventually turns out to be an intuitive - almost fatalistic - foreboding of an imminent submission to the everlasting bullying attempts of a ruthless god, bent on ensuring the disintegration of the individual: "A black bob, spat out by some disdainful god, to land at his feet and then solidify, blocking his way." (BB, p.190).

Lawrence associates the "lingam" in Shiva temples with not only the phallic principle but also with "The mystery of eternal life, the manna and the mysteries." He writes in his Etruscan Places: "The
Etruscan consciousness was rooted quite blithely in these symbols, the phallus and the ark.  
And "the place is soothing... phallic stone by the doors of many tombs. Why, it is like the Shiva Lingam at Benares! It is exactly like the lingam stones in the Shiva caves..."  
Hugo also senses something mysterious about the dark, neglected temple: "The chamber seemed to hold a secret... No voice, no song, not even a dim inscription scratched into the black fur that coated the stones." (BR, p.189). Hugo wonders: "What kind of idol? Could it be that black, engorged penis he had seen in roadside shrines...?" (BR, p.189). Here, Anita Desai deliberately uses the more anglicized form of the word "lingam" in order to dissociate herself from the mystery and significance attached to the symbol. Besides, Hugo does not find the place "soothing". Instead he senses something evil and menacing there disturbing his inner self violently:

"The darkness itself was a presence. Abandoned the temple might be but he could swear it was not empty. Something was blocking the chamber, emanating a stench, and watching him, with an uncanny stealth, not betraying itself by the slightest sound or motion. The silence thundered in his ears." (BR, p.189).

Hugo's despair is further underlined by a feeling of ultimate rejection by a Hardyan, malevolent god: "Perhaps it was death that lay there in a heap,

180. Lawrence, D.H. **Etruscan Places**, p.110
# ibid. p.109

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heap of death piled up, as casually as dog's turds, saying to Baumgartner—the end, no more. "Indigestible, inedible Baumgartner. The god had spat him out. *Raus*, Baumgartner, out. Not fit for consumption, German or Hindu, human or divine." (BB, p. 190). Neither has he found acceptance in humanity: "Out. He had not been found fit. Shabby, dirty white man, firanghi, unwanted. *Raus*, Baumgartner, *raus*." (BB, p.190).

It is significant that Lawrence associates the imagery of the tortoise with existential isolation. "Baby Tortoise" opens with the lines: "You know what it is to be born alone./* Baby Tortoise! .." and he says: "Alone with no sense of being alone, / And hence six times more solitary." In "Tortoise Family Connections" Lawrence writes: "Fatherless, motherless, brotherless, sisterless/Little Tortoise" He does not even trouble to answer: "'Woman, what have I to do with thee?' / He wearily looks the other way, / And she even more wearily looks another way still,/ Each with the utmost apathy, / Incognisant, / Unaware,/Nothing" and "No, no, don't think it. / He doesn't know he is alone; / Isolation is his birthright,/This atom". "0 stoic! / Wandering in the slow triumph of his own existence, / Ringing the soundless bell of his presence in chaos." In "Lui Et Elle", he writes: "The lonely

182. ibid. p.354.
183. ibid. p.357.
184. ibid. p.358.
* . ibid. p.357.
rambler, the stoic, dignified stalker through chaos, / The immune, the animate, / Enveloped in isolation. 

and in "Tortoise Gallantry": "Born to walk alone, / Fore-runner", 186 In "Lui Et Elle," Lawrence also points out the melancholic expression in the eye of the tortoise: "His black, sad-lidded eyes." 187 "Baby Tortoise" also points out the "incalculable inertia" 188 and life's cumulative burden carried by the tortoise itself:

"Outward and visible indication of the plan within, / The complex, manifold involvedness of an individual creature / Plotted out / on this small bird, this rudiment, / This little dome..." 189

Anita Desai associates Hugo with crustacea - crab - turtle imagery, ranged almost in an ascending order:

"There was a time when he had enjoyed every opportunity to talk, even to strangers, particularly to strangers since all acquaintance with them, however quick, however warm, had to be fleeting, leaving him to go on alone. Now the habits of a hermit were growing upon him like some crustaceous effluent... crustaceous-[Sic] crab - ungainly turtle: That was how he thought of himself, that was how he saw himself-an old turtle trudging through dusty Indian soil." (BB, p.11)

"Slow, slow as a snail, slow as a turtle, Hugo, he told himself..." (BB, p.194). Hugo's arrest by the British and subsequent life in the internment

186. ibid. p. 363.
188. ibid. p. 353.
189. ibid. p. 356.
camp transforms him into a sad turtle carrying a huge burden of additional sad memories:

"The habits of an only child, of an isolated youth in an increasingly unsafe and threatening land, and then of a solitary foreigner in India had made Baumgartner hold to himself the fears he had about his mother, about what was happening in Germany, allowing it to become a dark, monstrous block... it seemed to him he shed nothing, that like a mournful turtle - he carried everything with him; perhaps it was the only way he knew to remain himself." (BB, p.109).

However, the associations of crustaceans and crabs, with Hugo, also bring in Lawrentian overtones. For cold-blooded animals that they are, Lawrence employs the imagery of crabs and lobsters to denote certain self-centredness as well as living on the refuse and dirt in The First Lady Chatterley: "We are so awfully nice and apparently unselfish, but we are crawling about in cold herds like crabs and lobsters, really, eating putrefaction in perfect cold egoism." In the same novel Clifford refers thus to Parkin who has fallen on evil days: "... he shuts up like an oyster." In a letter he writes to Lady Cynthia Asquith on October 13, 1913, Lawrence refers to his own lonely existence to that of a snail: "... my house is my outer circle, as a snail has a shell." That Anita Desai uses specifically Lawrentian imagery will become clear once we read Lawrence's view of the "cold-

191. ibid. p.152.
blooded" people and "warm-blooded" people, for, unlike the 'warm-blooded' people, Hugo is not interested in sensual relationships, whereas he is very kind-hearted. The musician tells Connie: "... That is why we had a war: to kill off the generous, and leave the cold-blooded and charitable." Connie replies:

"There may be kind-hearted crabs, but there are not hot-blooded crabs as far as I am aware. "... you can never warm the blood of the cold ones." But what it all meant to Constance... was that she would have to choose between Clifford and Parkin." 193

It is true that Baumgartner and Lotte "With small groans made themselves comfortable against each other, finding concavities into which to press convexities, till at last they made one comfortable whole, two halves of a large misshapen bag of flesh, and then they were still and slept..." (BR, p.82) There is no sensual element in Hugo's relationship with Lotte: "they shared enough to be comfortable with each other, prickly and quick-tempered but comfortable as brother and sister are together." (BR, p.150). Despite the use of compound imagery and tropicalization in Anita Desai with the explicit references to the "Indian soil" in one of the instances cited above the singular fact remains that the 'turtle' imagery remains the most dominant among all the images occurring in Baumgartner's Bombay mentioned above and hence carries out all the functions of an extended imagery.

194. ibid., p.146
Lawrence often uses the biblical imagery of the "pillar of salt" in his works, for any character who looks back to his or her past with deep yearning, almost regretful of the present. It is in the context of Frieda's longing for the world of her children whom she had to desert in order to live with Lawrence in Europe that Lawrence writes the autobiographical poem "She Looks Back":

"I have seen it, felt it in my mouth, my throat, my chest, my belly/ Burning of powerful salt, burning, eating through my defenceless nakedness... Ah, Lot's wife, Lot's wife!/ The Pillar of salt, the whirling, horrible column of salt, like a waterspout... Lot's wife! - Not Wife, but mother, I have learned to curse your motherhood, / You pillar of salt accursed."

Lawrence names the fourth and eleventh chapters of his Aaron's Rod as "The Pillar of Salt" and "More Pillar of Salt" respectively. Teresa asks Ramon who feels that she might go away from Mexico forever: "...you don't think I am Lot's wife, do you?" The wife in "Two Blue Birds" argues vehemently with her husband: "After all, I've got to live. I can't turn into a pillar of salt in five minutes just because you and I can't live together! It takes years for a woman like me to turn into a pillar of salt". Anita Desai's description of Hugo's father, Herr Baumgartner, suggests this metaphor: "Frau Baumgartner looked to Herr Baumgartner for a reply; he made none but stood at

* The Collected Short Stories of D.H. Lawrence, p.480
the window as if turned to salt." (BB, p.43) It is significant that the few instances of biblical imagery in Anita Desai have all their parallels in Lawrence.

Lawrence writes in his Fantasia of the Unconscious Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious: "... I may as well say straight off that I stick to the solar plexus. ...". 197 To advance his theory on the solar plexus, he claims to have got hints "from the Yoga and Plato and St. John, The Evangel and early Greek philosophers like Herakleitos down to Frazer and his Golden Bough, and even Freud and Frobenius... and I proceed by intuition". 198 He writes:

"At your solar plexus you are primarily conscious... two lower gates of the passionate body and the closed but not locked gates of the breasts... and since the male-nucleus which derived from the father still lies sparkling and potent within the solar plexus, therefore that great nerve-centre of you still has immediate knowledge of your father, a subtler but still vital connection...". 199

In his Education of the People chapter VII, Lawrence returns to the same subject and asserts that the solar plexus, lumber ganglion, cardiac plexus and the thoracic ganglion form the "four corner-stones of our psyche...". 200

"At these great centres, primarily we live and move and have our being... the complex life circuit or system of circuits in itself our profound primal consciousness and

198. ibid. pp.11-12.
199. ibid. p.29-30
200 Lawrence, D.H. Phoenix, p.628.
contains all our radical knowledge. Knowledge non-ideal, non-mental, yet still primary recognition, individual and potent...

It is significant to note that Anita Desai employs this, rather peculiar, and unmistakably Lawrentian, imagery of the 'solar plexus' in her Baumgartner's Bombay. Some German prisoners escape from the internment camp where Baumgartner is kept and eventually they are caught by the British soldiers. When the commandant announces that the escapees had been caught, and brought back, "no one gasped or said anything. There was silence, the kind that follows a blow on the solar plexus, a kick in the stomach. " (BB, p.131). On another occasion, Lotte lies with him, and her body has been leaning heavily against him: "Baumgartner woke in a panic, feeling an iron weight press upon his solar plexus, press and press till it threatened to crack under pressure..." (BB, p.136).

Lawrence rates 'blood' as superior to spirit or 'mind'. In "Books" he writes: "The blood also thinks inside a man, darkly and ponderously. It thinks in desires and revulsions, and it makes strange conclusions". 202 In his Introduction to Memoirs of the Foreign Legion, Lawrence explains the difference that arose between Maurice Magnus and himself, over his stand on blood-sympathy:

"If there is no profound blood sympathy, I know the mental friendship is trash. If there

202. Lawrence, D.H. Selected Essays, p.45
is real, deep blood response, I will stick to that if I have to betray all the mental sympathies I ever made, or all the lasting spiritual loves I ever felt..."

In his poem "Climb Down, O, Lordly Mind," Lawrence writes: "The blood knows in darkness, and forever dark, in touch, by intuition, instinctively. / The blood also knows religiously, and of this, the mind is incapable." In Sons and Lovers, Lawrence seeks to give expression to this feeling/knowing of the 'blood': "his blood beat up"; "Under his tan the blood flushed up". "The blood flamed up in him," "The request made his blood flush up," "the blood was beating up like fire in his veins"; "it was his blood weeping". Anita Desai's Baumgartner wonders at one point as to what made him allow the strange German youth to accompany him to his flat. His action seems to have defied all logic:

"Certainly he had not refused Farrokh or prevented the boy from entering [sic] As he would have had the drunk in the street been concerned. Why? Baumgartner, Baumgartner, he sighed, ask your blood why it is so, only the blood knows." (BB, p.152).

Lawrence's short story "Glad Ghosts" features the imagery of the cactus-in-a-pot. Carlotta Fell's

204. The Complete Poems, p.474.
205. Lawrence D.H. Sons and Lovers, p.293.
206. ibid. p.303.
207. ibid. p.398.
"Cactus-in-a-pot were admirable". In his Mornings in Mexico he uses a highly evocative language to suggest the phallic associations of the organ cactus: "the stiff living fence of organ cactus, with poinsettia trees holding up scarlet mops of flowers... the silence is heavy, furtive, secretive"; the organ-cactus, rising in stock-straight clumps. In Lady Chatterley's Lover he employs the same highly metaphorical language:

"The wood was silent, still and secret... full of the mystery of eggs and half-open buds, half-unsheathed flowers. In the dimness of it all trees glistened naked and dark as if they had unclothed themselves."

In "Flowery Tuscany" Lawrence writes of the winter aconite: "Like all the early blossoms, once her little flower emerges, it is quite naked." Lawrence uses a similar simile again: "No shutting a little green sheath over herself, like the daisy" in the same article. Anita Desai seems to employ all the above highly evocative images in a cluster of images in Baumgartner's Bombay, after tropicalizing them:

"And the rubber tree in its pot, military as it was in its erectness and the manner in which it put one leaf to the left, then one

213. ibid. p.45.
216. ibid. p.141.
to the right, all the way up to its wick of
shocking naked pink, became hers because she
tended it..." (BB, p.27).

Lawrence employs a language capable of
suggesting an imminent doom that is going to befall a
character in Mr. Noon. Gilbert gets a premonition of
some calamity about to happen to him: "At first he did
not notice. And then his spine began to creep. He
glanced round irritably and again his spine began to
creep, he felt as if some one were going to stick him
in the neck" 217. "... the vile feeling went up and
down his spine. He felt he would hutch his shoulders,
as if really expecting a stab in the neck... And rage
ran up and down his spine, feeling her as it were
jeering him and destroying him from behind." 218 Hugo's
sense of the foreboding of some evil is expressed in
Baumgartner's Bombay also in a similar evocative
language: "... he felt his hair stand up on the back of
his neck, and sweat break out as he passed them" (BB,
p.144). "... the new screams that seemed to slash
along the whole length of his back and enter the
sensitive point in the back of his head." (BB, p.145)
and "... what was it that was so stealthily watching
him, breathing so malignly down his neck, raising the
small hairs on his back as if he were faced with
danger, with death?" (BB, p.190).

217. Vasey, Lindeth, ed. Mr. Noon, Cambridge: Grafton,
1986 p.281.
218. ibid. pp.281-82.
In his "Accumulated Mail" Lawrence refers to the drab, featherless condition of the tail of a moulting peacock. He poses a question to a reviewer, in a jeering tone: "Isn't splendour enough for you Mr. Muir? Or do you find the peacock more 'perfect' when he is moulting, and has lost his tail, and therefore isn't so exaggerated, but is more 'down to normal'?"

The imagery of the moulting bird is used in Baumgartner's Bombay too, to denote the filthy, dilapidated and drab condition of a block of flats:

"The whole building seemed to tremble and sway in every breeze as the garments flapped or floated or hung limp like the hide of an emaciated beast or the bedraggled feathers of a moulting bird." (BB, p.175).

In his novel The Trespasser, Lawrence quite often resorts to a highly metaphorical style of characterization, making the sea, the sky and Nature reflect the states of mind of his characters at times, and function as symbols, playing a choral role in their human destiny. For example, Helena's existential loneliness, conflict and a foreboding of evil are stressed in the following image: "Helena, with her blue eyes so full of storm, like the sea, but also like the sea, so eternally self-sufficient, solitary." (TT, p.18): the sea "was so like Helena, blue, beautiful, strong in its reserve." (TT, p.20). Siegmund "felt the sea heaving below him." (TT, p.20); the sea -

Its aloofness, its self-sufficiency, are its great charm... Helena was something like the sea... wistful little flowers, and trees lonely in their crowds, and wild, sad sea birds." (TT, p.43-44). The lovers’ harmony is expressed in images of the seascape too: "the water whispered at the casement of the land seductively. 'The sea seems to be poured out of the moon, and rocking in the hands of the coast... They are all one, just as your eyes and hands.'" (TT, p.37) "... He offered his body to the morning, glowing with the sea’s passion" (TT, p.41). "He was sea and sunlight and wind"; waves beat "in their flicker the rhythm of the night’s passion" and "plants are tissued from queen-gold, glistening sap"; (TT, p.56) "he hugged the warm body of the sea-bay" (TT, p.58); Siegmund tells Helena: "I found a little white bay, just like you - a virgin bay... Many things seem like you... as if I were the first man... like Adam when he opened first eyes in the world." (TT, p.60). To Helena "the sea was a great lover" (TT, p.6...).

However, Nature has also some ominous images to present to the lovers: "These savage birds appealed to all the poetry and yearning in Helena... they almost voiced her" and Siegmund has" too strong a sense of death" (TT, p.45); "the roaring thud of waves reminded Helena of a beating heart" and "Siegmund was "like the heart and the brute sea" (TT, p.51). "Fate.... like a carrion crow had her in its shadow"
"They must drink, after tommorrow, separate cups... She was wild with fear of parting... In the midst of their passion of fear, the moon rose... The gold-red cup rose higher, looming before him very large, yet still not all discovered... this drinking-cup of fiery gold" (TI, p.108).

The rituals of passion and communion point to the imminent death of Siegmund: "the night upraised the blanching crystal, poured out farther and farther the immense libation from the whitening cup..." (TI, p.108). The symbolism is unmistakable. Lawrence combines the image of the 'communion' with body 'worship' also in John Thomas and Lady Jane: "With my body I thee worship,' says the man to the woman in the marriage service."

Anita Desai's The Village by the Sea* is a novel written for children and hence does not present any sensual imagery, but the seascape in the novel does reflect the mindscape of its characters as in The Trespasser. For example, Hari, at one point, becomes too tired after all his strenuous efforts to eke out a living out of the sea:

"He walked to the sea... The tide was far out. The fishing fleet stood becalmed at the down


* Desai Anita, The village by the Sea, Ahmedabad: Allied Publishers, 1982,
horizon as if it had come to the end of the world and could go no further... Only the pariah kites wheeled in the sky, up in the very dome of it, looking down on the crawling sea..." (VBS, p.17)

Hari's sisters Bela and Kamal, along with their friends, their mothers and grandmothers dig out the little slimy molluscs from the hard barnacle shells: "They were just like the gulls and curlews and reef herons that stalked the shallows, fishing together..." (VBS, p.19) Bela and Kamal are jealous of the men of other homes, who go out into the sea and support their families unlike their lazy, drunken father: "They did not say this. Instead they crawled about on the rocks..."

"In the silence of the late afternoon, with the tide out and the breeze still, they all heard a sound that was like a whisper or a sigh, a deep sigh uttered by the ocean itself." (VBS, p.21).

Lila is going to the market at Thul looking younger and happier in her cotton sari, looking fresh and new. "... set off down the beach that was brilliant with morning light... The whole sea glittered with reflected light—it was like a mirror broken into bits and shining." (VBS, p.27). Bombay, lying at a great distance, enchants Hari with its endless opportunities and he becomes starry-eyed: "Bombay! He stared out of the window at the stars that shone in the sky and wondered if the lights of the city could be as bright, or brighter..." (VBS, p.33). Hari, Bela and Kamal stand, tense with excitement at the sight of the de
Silvas arriving by car at their holiday shelter at Thul:

"There was commotion in the marshy creek that separated the hut from the house, two-herons, egrets, kingfishers and moorhens all flapping into the dense greenery of the pandanus, the casuarina and the bhindi trees for shelter" (VBS, p.35)

Hari is increasingly haunted by his escapist fancies, as the economic condition of his family deteriorates and he watches

"a pair of huge kites that seemed to be having a game in the evening sky-floatiing and rolling on currents of air... over the sea itself, majestic and purple now with the sun dipping into it as royally as a king going to his repose. Then they vanished from sight... Hari wished he too could soar up into the sky and disappear instead of being tied to the earth here". (VBS, p.41)

Lila catches a glimpse of her father staggering home-wards drunk, and controls herself: "... the sky still held the evening light, the sea was bronze and calm" ... (VBS, p.55). A politician stirs the sentiments of the villagers at Thul over the issue of the erection of a new factory and the local community rise in revolt: "Ours! Ours! Ours! called the people, all raising their arms into the air and waving them like so many palms on the land, so many sails on the sea." (VBS, p.63). The night air in the city is even staler than by the day, as it has already been used up by the millions of gasping city-dwellers: "... one or two of the brightest stars, struggling to shine through the dust" (VBS, p.104). On the coconut day some
people in the crowd at the beach "threw red powder into the air and it settled on their heads and shoulders and glinted in the afternoon sun... The wet sand glistened and reflected the great pink clouds that sailed along in the golden sky" (VBS, p.13 Hari is bracing himself for a new life back in his own village with immense confidence:

"The tide was coming in, it boomed and thundered on the silver sand. ... Out along the horizon the sails of the fishing fleet shone like the wings of gulls or like butterflies, white and bright and brave against the skyline ". (VBS, p.135)

Lawrence uses the technique of identifying first the role of a character, with an animal imagery suitable to that role and then relates the animal in physical terms to the physiognomy of the character concerned. For example in The Fox, Henry Grenfel who is quick, stealthy, selfish, callous, unscrupulous and almost murderous is physically identified with the image of a fox in keeping with his role in the novella:

"He had a ruddy, roundish face, with fairish hair, rather long, flattened to his forehead with sweat. His eyes were blue, and very bright and sharp. On his cheeks, on the fresh ruddy skin were fine, fair hairs, like a down, but sharper. It gave him a slightly glistening look. Having his heavy sack on his shoulders, he stooped, thrusting his head forward ... But to March he was the fox. Whether it was the thrusting forward of his head, or the glisten of fine, whitish hairs on the ruddy cheekbone, or the bright, keen eyes, that can never be said: but the boy was to her the fox, and she could not see him otherwise." 221.

Anita Desai seems to have employed this Lawrentian technique of presenting an animal imagery in *The Village by the sea*, and it concerns the great ornithologist Sayyid Ali, who is not only an avid bird-watcher but also a renowned environmentalist. Living in the company of birds and merging with the landscapes inhabited primarily by the birds of the open air, the bird-watcher himself appears to be a bird in the eyes of Hari. He catches the first glimpse of this great man in Thul among the silent marshes: "There was no one there now and it was very quiet. Hari had to wander around and search before he found the sahib down at the edge of the marsh, sitting amongst the rushes, as still as the heron on the stone..." *(VBS, p.151).* His movements too are delicate, alert and bird-like: "He heard Hari’s footsteps and turned his head slightly but did not speak." *(VBS, p.152).* Somehow, Hari cannot help connecting both Mr. Panwallah, his benefactor in Bombay and the great scientist with birds; especially the latter with his white plumage-like hair and beard: "Remembering that, it struck him how like Mr. Panwallah this gentleman was although he had white hair under his beret and a beard." *(VBS, p.152).* "The gentleman lowered his binoculars and stared at him as a bird might, with his head a little to one side." Listening to Hari’s account of his own life and his experience in farming and watchmending the old man begins to see Hari himself in terms of an alert bird, capable of
tremendous adaptive skills: "The bird watcher was staring at him as he spoke as if he were a bird performing some wonderful and interesting act." (VBS, p.155) His gait is also that of a long-legged, heron-like bird, hunting in the marshes, occasionally stumbling in the process too:

"... just then the excited figure of the birdwatcher suddenly stopped hopping about on the edge of the veranda and disappeared abruptly: he had tumbled backwards and fallen off the veranda into the hibiscus bush below" (VBS, p.156).

But even as the birds of the air, the great man is nonchalant: "... with a cry of delight, he was stumbling back to the marsh, having seen a little baya bird arrive with something in its beak for its young" (VBS, p.156). It is interesting to note how the birdwatcher merges with the idealized version of Hari's village landscape evoked by a vivid and indelible nostalgia:

"He thought of the sails one saw along the horizon, and the lights of the boats by night... the catch coming in the evenings, the voices of the women quarrelling over the baskets of shining fish... and the gulls swooping low over the waves in search of fish. He thought of the heron standing stockstill on a stone by the pond near their hut." (VBS, p.121).

Lawrence visualizes the darting of the kingfisher as a 'blue flash' in "The Shades of Spring":... "Suddenly there was a blue flash in the air, as the kingfisher passed." 222 "She saw a kingfisher darting blue... the kingfisher was the key to the magic 222. The Prussian Officer and Other Stories, p. 127.
world." In Hari's nostalgic recollection of Thul, the kingfisher has an integral role to play: "He thought of .... the blue flash of the kingfisher as it darted from the trees." (VBS, p.121).

Lawrence refers to the anonymous crowd of workers in his novel The Lost Girl as the 'ants': "the famous sexless-workers of our ant-industrial society." He also calls the modern crowds which hate originality, lacking in taste, as "ants", in his poem "The Sight of God". In his autobiographical novel Mr. Noon, he describes those who spend their lives working in a mechanistic style, utterly incapable of individuality as 'ants': "He knew what they were...He knew they were like ants, that toil automatically in concert, since they have no meaning, singly. Singly, men had no meaning"; ... "he could never be an ant in the colony." In Kangaroo Lawrence calls all the men and women engaged in a ceaseless mechanistic, materialistic pursuit, without any warmth of feeling in the blood as 'ants': 

"... men that are born like ants... They are full of energy, and they seethe with cold fire in the ant hill, making new corridors, new chambers - they alone know what for ... formic-acid females, as themselves, and as active about the ant-hill... This is the world... And with their cold, active bodies the ant-men and the ant-women swarm over the face of the earth."

224. The Lost Girl, p.12.
227. ibid. p.290.
228. Lawrence, D.H. Kangaroo, p.135.
Hari also pictures in his imaginative mind the kind of industrialized society that will come into existence soon in Thul: "Hari’s head was filled with a vision of shining factories, tall chimneys, clouds of strange-smelling smoke, people like ants going through the big gates"... (VBS, p.45).

Serpentine imagery too is employed in *The Village by the Sea*: "Their father hissed at him, then bumped and lurched his way into their mother’s room... then he fell down in a heap and snored. There was silence then. But the silence was not calm and lovely, it was full of fear and anger and nightmares" (VBS, p.26). Hari’s own attitude towards snakes, unlike most village boys’, smacks something of Lawrence’s, showing tolerance and cautious acceptance, despite fear towards a misunderstood being: "Once, as he approached a sturdy ixora bush that had to be cut, he saw a black snake slither under it and hide so that he had to leave it alone." (VBS, p.14). Hari’s gesture symbolically shows how he tolerates his irresponsible, short-tempered father too, despite all the alarm he causes in his mother and sisters.

*The Plumed Serpent* presents a number of images, especially those relating to the portrayal of hysteria employed in *Cry, the Peacock*, though some of these images are also found in other works of Lawrence. Kate is extremely susceptible to the "heavy scent of nightflowers" (PS, p.668) and Ramon’s flower on earth.
The jasmine flowers also are symbolic of her femininity or receptive femaleness, "her cup" (PS, p.748). Open references are made to Kate's proneness to hysteria in the novel 230. Kate is also compared to a "sea-anemone," open- (PS, p.865) and is terror-struck by white, flowers "ghostly" (PS, p.763). The imagery of the "coiling and uncoiling" of the snakes is employed in The Plumed Serpent too. 231 Kate also experiences the "night-terror" (PS, p.719) lying in darkness with the electric light "cut off" (PS, p.718). "... she was listening intensely, with a clutch of horror" (PS, p.719). Kate has a "terror of the rabble" (PS, p.719). Besides "she had not got over the shock of horror, fearing the fellow might paw her." (PS, p.632). She has also a revulsion for the "carriion crows." (PS, p.645).

Kate suffers from a "paralysis of fear" (PS, p.719), especially at night, an uncanny sense of imminent doom "paralysing the soul with a sense of evil; black, horrible evil" (PS, p.718). She has a terror of being overwhelmed by the reptiles. She lives intensely alive to the "reptile terror" prevailing about the place (PS, p.717), as Maya does in Cry the round Peacock. "She felt like a bird, whose body a snake has coiled itself." (PS, p.675). Snake imagery is

229. Lawrence, D.H. The Plumed Serpent, p.748.
230. ibid. pp.640, 719, and 720
231. ibid. p.753 and 746
frequently used in the novel. Quetzalcoatl, the deity itself is frequently referred to as a snake and Cipriano also is at times likened to a snake: "Cipriano, turned into a sort of serpent, that reared and looked at her with glittering eyes, then slid away into the void, leaving her blank." (PS, p.925). No wonder even "he seemed sinister to her" (PS, p.787).

Reptilian imagery also is employed in the novel on a number of occasions, with a view to sustaining the evil, sinister and terrible atmosphere in the novel. There are references to the 'reptilian' blood (PS, p.672) 'reptilian insistence' (PS, p.675); 'reptilian silence and...softness' (PS, p.709); 'reptilian ecstasy' (PS, p.772); 'reptilian apprehension' (PS, p.717); "reptilian indifference and resistance" (PS, p.729), only to give a few examples. The saurian imagery too is used in the novel as symbolic of 'natives'. There is a reference to 'salamanders' (PS, p.841) another essentially 'saurian' image.

Kate's hysteria, susceptibility to the smell of jasmine flowers and horror for the night and reptiles especially snakes and lizards— are all shared by Anita Desai's Maya in Cry, The Peacock. It is significant that the snakes and lizards play a remarkably symbolic role in Cry, the Peacock too, showing the qualities which Lawrence has attributed to

The Plumed Serpent, pp.675, p.760, 741, 746, 753 etc.
them, namely, irresistible sensuality: "heavy-ebbing blood of powerful reptiles" (PS, p.672); indifference and torpor—in the initial stages, causing merely apprehension; then moving or 'slithering' forward in silence; and with their insistence, reaching out for "rapt, reptilian sort of ecstasy" (PS, p.772). But in contrast to The Plumed Serpent, where these images play a metaphorical function, Cry, the Peacock employs them in a literal sense.

It is also curious to note that the sight of "naked men in water" causes "a feeling of nausea" in Kate. This feeling gets aggravated by the "status of organ cactus poised in nothingness" (PS, p.691). Again, "the full-fleshed, deep-chested, rich body of the man made her feel dizzy" (PS, p.750). And Lawrence adds "his nakedness was so aloof." (PS, p.750). The clusters of organ cactus which thrust up their clumps are viewed by Kate as "sinister, strangely sinister" (PS, p.692). "sticking up mechanically and sinister" (PS, p.692). "There is even an imagery of" the organs of some animals" employed in the context describing the green mango fruits, "so curiously heavy with life," (PS, p.789). There is the imagery of the "phallic bud" also (PS, p.678).

In Cry, the Peacock too the imagery of the organ is associated with the moon: "of hot, beaten copper, of molten brass, livid and throbbing like a bloody human organ", (CP, 51) and the imagery of the
organs of monsters is presented in the scene following originally caused by the exposure of near-naked bodies in the Cabaret Scene the Bear Scene adding to the nausea in Maya. "By a grotesque transformation, [sic]... cavorting human beings are seen as monsters from some prehistoric age, gabbling and gesticulating, pointing at their genitals..." (CP, 89).

Kate's "terror of the rabble" (PS, p.719) is comparable to Maya's revulsion at the sight of the "seething mass of pimps and lechers." (CP, p.836) Kate is afraid that the fellow who took the ticket at the entrance "might paw her" (PS, p.632) even as Maya is alarmed at the hirsute Sikh - "I detected in his leer something of the lascivious evil" (CP, p.80), "his hand, square, hairy, grasping, to receive mine" (CP, p.78).

The imagery of the volcano is very dominant in The Plumed Serpent. Kate is seized by the terror at the "volcanic emission" (PS, p.718) in the war-torn Mexico. Cipriano is struggling underneath "a black volcano with hell knows what depths of lava" (PS, p.836); "the volcano was rousing" (PS, p.836); "volcanic violence" (PS, p.841); "the old, black, volcanic lava" (PS, p.909). In Cry, the Peacock, the imagery of the volcano, figures prominently though it is very much internalized as suggesting the inner states of 'mind' and 'being' of Maya, the central character.

There is the imagery of "the carrion birds"
foreboding evil in The Plumed Serpent as in Anita Desai's novel (CP, p.5). There is also the imagery of the whirlwind raising an enormous pillar of cloud in Lawrence's novel, symbolic of a "huge erection". Even more significant, is the imagery of the "raging blackhole like the middle of a storm", (PS, p.654). In Cry, the Peacock "one eye glared" (CP, p.181) at the scene of the stormy turmoil. Maya, for a while, is "blinking at the violence of the glare "amidst the dust-storm (CP, p.183) and at last Maya herself stands "in the centre of the churning broil". The imagery of the volcano figures prominently in Anita Desai's novel, and the dust-storm in the novel marks the beginning of the climatic build-up of the final catastrophe.

Kate in The Plumed Serpent is "swept away in some silent tide, to the old, antediluvian silence" (PS, p.821). There is also a reference to "the leap of the old, antediluvian blood-male into unison with her." (PS, p.909). And Maya talks of "the antediluvian sector amidst the older generation" (CP, p.17) in Anita Desai's novel, in the same Lawrentian sense. The sad American feels "the black thrill of the death-lust..." Seething in the air"... (PS, p.695) in The Plumed Serpent. Maya feels "the tingling thrill" of the maniac "dust-storm" coming "cloud upon cloud upon cloud" (CP, p.188). Kate has a fatalistic attitude to life: "Kate knew it at once, like a sort of fate." (PS, p.713) She is
also intuitive in her perception: "The place looked too sinister... She had realized, for the first time, with finality and fatality" (PS, p.699); "black, serpent-like fatality " (PS, p.660); Maya too is a pathetic victim of fatalism in Cry, The Peacock.

The Plumed Serpent too presents the archetypal imagery of the Buddha, (PS, p.755) only to be rejected by Kate. There are scenes which present and "rippling, pulse-like thudding of the drum, strangely arresting the night air" (PS, p.706), which call to mind comparable images from Cry, the Peacock. The imagery of the "monkeys" also occurs in The Plumed Serpent (PS, p.796) implying the conditioned manner in which people perform their tasks.

Even more interesting, is the reference to the boatman in The Plumed Serpent, with "the water washing at the loose little cloth he had round his loins." (PS, p.688). He too has "a little subtle half-smile, perhaps of mockery" (PS, p.688), very much reminiscent of the albino-astrologer in Cry, the Peacock. He has also a threatening proposition to make to Kate, who asks him what would happen to her if she refused to pay her tribute to Quetzalcoatl. He replies vaguely: "If you wish to make an enemy of the lake -" (PS, p.689). "His eyes had taken again the peculiar gleaming far-awayness, suspended between the realities, which, Kate suddenly realized, was the central look in the native eyes." (PS, p.689). "He watched Kate’s face
with that gleaming, intense semi-abstraction, a gleam that hung unwavering in his black eyes." (PS, p.689). Kate also experiences a "frail, pure sympathy. . . between herself and the boatman" (PS, p. 690). And at one point "And he looked her in the eyes" (PS, p.691). Most of these descriptions and details become the albino astrologer in Cry, the Peacock.

The boatman shows particularly a "demonish effrontery" (PS, p.689) in his behaviour towards Kate. Moreover, in The Plumed Serpent, the natives also bring in associations of the reptiles because of their lack of hygiene: "their never-washed feet and ankles, again somewhat reptilian. . ." (PS, p.679). Their eyes also invite comparison with those of the albino-astrologer in Cry, the Peacock as they are "black, centreless eyes" (PS, p.661) and "the peculiar hollow glint of the black eyes, at once so fearsome and so appealing." (PS, p.661).

To all the above physical details if one more image from Aaron's Rod were added, the albino astrologer's physical description in Cry, the Peacock might be more or less fully realized: "He stretched his blue eyes so that the whites showed all round, and grinned a wide, gnome - like grin"233 "His face... withered and gnome - like, at the moment"234 As has already been mentioned reptiles like lizards are

234. ibid, p.679.
already associated with the boatman-figure in *The Plumed Serpent* and perhaps this was how Anita Desai might have worked out her narrative, while conceiving her albino astrologer in *Cry, The Peacock*.

The imagery of the 'rat' is employed in *The Plumed Serpent* as a symbol of disintegration. At first, it is used in combination with the ground-squirrels and presented only as a minor detail of the novel's setting: "Grey ground-squirrels like rats slithered ceaselessly around. Sinister, strangely dark and sinister, in the great glare of the sun!" (PS, p.692). But as the action in the novel progresses and the sense of doom becomes almost inevitable, the imagery of the 'rat' is employed in a much more significant context and it forms part of Ramon's climactic 'religious' rituals. "Do you hear the rats of the darkness gnawing at your inside?" (PS, p.857). The rat imagery gains its importance in the narrative only after the near-complete exploitation of the serpentine and saurian images in both *The Plumed Serpent*, and *Cry, the Peacock*.

*Cry, the Peacock* is Anita Desai's first novel and it is quite possible that she had Lawrence's title for his own first major novel *The White Peacock* also in her mind when deciding on the title of her maiden effort because of her strong affinity for Lawrence as an artist. There are several references to the glamour
of Peacock in Lawrence, even as Anita Desai has presented its beauty in Cry, the Peacock (CP, p.96).

Colin Urquhart, the 'Princess' of Lawrence though an adult by age, remains very much a child like Maya: "A Woman? Not quite: A changeling of some sort..." and "The thought of a hurt animal always put her into a sort of hysterics."

And Lawrence writes in "Adolf": "My mother set her face against the tragedy of dead pets. Our hearts sank." Cry, the Peacock opens with the 'tragedy' of this nature. Hannele in The Captain’s Doll is so shocked to see Alexander that her inner "world could split under her eyes", "and all the blue Austrian day seemed to shrivel before her eyes". Anita Desai uses a similar language to convey the shattering sensation which Maya undergoes in Cry, the Peacock:..."The drive which lay shrivelling, melting and then shrivelling again" (CP, pp. 5-6). In "Rex" Lawrence writes about a puppy brought up in his home at childhood "With his scruff he erect... would turn up the whites of his eyes at my

237. ibid. p.459.
mother"; a detail mentioned in Cry, the Peacock (CP, p.8). "Her turn" refers to the "horny* head" of a tortoise. "A lesson on a Tortoise" also makes a mention of its "horny, blunt head". And in Cry, the Peacock the hard, unfeeling mind of the gardener who closes the eyes of the dead pet is symbolically referred to as one who has "horny* thumbs." (CP, p.5). Bernard Coutts finds Winifred in "The Witch À la Mode" rather too overwhelming for him: "Dazed, he was conscious of the throb of one great pulse, as if his whole body were a heart that contracted in throbs." Maya says, "I listened to the throb of my pulse" (CP, p.10). Cecilia in "The Lovely Lady", "was listening as if her whole soul were an ear". A similar conceit is employed by the neurotic Maya: "And yet, in the neck of the lizard spanned above me on the ceiling, its pulse throbbed, and seemed a giant pulse for so small a creature, beating furiously as though it were holding its breath till its blood boiled." (CP, p.183).

Lawrence uses another sensual imagery of 'licking' in his novel The Rainbow: "he wished he had a hundred men's energies, with which to enjoy her. He wished he were a cat to lick her with a rough, grating,

240. Lawrence, D.H. The Mortal Coil and Other Stories, p.27.
241. ibid p.121.
242. ibid, p.53.
* italics mine
lascivious tongue... to bury in her flesh"245 Anita Desai has employed a similar image as a recurrent motif in *Cry, the Peacock*, after the albino astrologer gets identified with the lizards, "lash[ing]" her with their club-like tongues.

The imagery of 'darkness' is often used in Lawrence and it is highly suggestive of a number of associations such as "unknown", "unconscious", "subtle", "demoniacal", "evil", "sensual", "mysterious", "instinctual" "underworld" etc. In "Nottingham and the Mining Country", Lawrence writes about the circumstances that initially led him to associate the word 'dark' with the 'underworld' of the mines: The miners formed a sort of "intimate community" and "the continual presence of danger made the physical, instinctive and intuitional contact between men very highly developed... They brought with them above ground the curious dark intimacy of the mine, the naked sort of contact... There was a lustrous sort of inner dark real being..."246 Here are just a few examples of the use of the imagery of 'darkness' in Lawrence: "living darkness"247 and "the dark God"248 in *Kangaroo*; "dark, heavy fixity"249 "fecund darkness"250 in *The Rainbow*

246. Lawrence, D.H. "Nottingham and the Mining Country Selected Essays" p.117.
248. ibid. p.312.
250. ibid. p.498.
"the dark smithy"251 and "the dark lord"252 in The Boy in the Bush; "Voluptuous resonance of darkness"253 in Women in Love; "dark, lovely translucency"254 and "rich darkness of his Southern nature" in The Lost Girl, "dark gold-dust upon her marvellous nudity"255 in Aaron's Rod; "dark and sap-powerful"256 and "the dark sap of life"257 in Mr. Noon; "ponderous darkness,"258 and "quick, dark look, the signal of a weapon-like desire given and taken"259 in The Plumed Serpent. From Cry, the Peacock the following examples can be cited: the darkness spoke of distance, loneliness:

"Death lurked in those spaces". (CP, p. 22) "... down a dark street I had seen a dark young woman in a crimson sari, ... followed by a dark young man in white." (CP, p. 94).

Similarly, a group of words and gestures also function as highly suggestive in Lawrence, creating an atmosphere of mystery, sensual fascination, latent passion, evil terror and hysteria. For example, "an odd, derisive look at the back of her eyes"260 and "a sardonic leer"257 in The Lost Girl; "the peculiar heavy remote quality of pre-occupation and neurosis"261

252. ibid. p. 331.
254. Lawrence, D.H. The Lost Girl, p. 344.
255. Lawrence, D.H. Aaron's Rod, p. 291.
256. Vasey, Lindeth ed. Mr. Noon, p. 239.
257. ibid. p. 240.
259. ibid. p. 729.
261. Lawrence, D.H Aaron's Rod, p. 266.

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"sinister elegance"262 and "a sardonic small smile ... and a sardonic gleam in his blue eyes"263 in Aaron's Rod; "a wicked, fiendish mood that made him look quite almost handsome"264 in Kangaroo; "the sardonic, lid dipping eyes of the foreigner"265 in The Rainbow; "a look of a knowledge of evil, dark and indomitable"266 and "the sinister face, triumphant and radiant"267 in Women in Love; "secretly almost diabolically he flattered himself"268 "his eyes twinkled sardonically"269 in Mr. Noon;" a strange perversity which made... Repulsive things seem part of life to them"270 and "The place looked too sinister"271 in The Plumed Serpent - all these images are not employed simply to portray any particular emotion with accuracy, but are used for unsettling the mind of the readers and rendering them more receptive to new, unexpected impressions. Each of these gestures also marks vividly the aloneness or isolation of the character to whom it is attributed.

Anita Desai too uses a similar suggestive language conveying the subjective feeling of an intensely isolated individual in her works. To cite two examples, the albino-astrologer "chuckled, gnomishly"

262. Lawrence, D.H. Aaron’s Rod, p.297.  
263. ibid. p.316.  
264. Lawrence, D.H. Kangaroo, p.159.  
265. Lawrence, D.H. The Rainbow, p.59  
267. ibid. p.466.  
269. ibid. p.270.  
271. ibid. p.699.
and Maya smells some evil even at the sight of a monkey's expression: "Its brow was lined with foreboding..." (CP, p.154).

Words like 'throb', 'pulsed', 'molten', and 'death' are associated not only with lovers but heavenly bodies and cosmos in Lawrence. In Kangaroo he uses "urging night, heaving like a woman with unspeakable desire." All these images are suggested in the scene that portrays vividly Maya's passion-filled restlessness: "A great moon of hot, beaten copper, of molten brass, vivid and throbbing... a great, full-bosomed woman who had mounted the skies in passion... while she pulsed and throbbed, pulsed and glowed." (CP, p.51). This kind of association of the human passions with the heavenly bodies presupposes a basically Lawrentian view of the cosmos. Just to cite two more examples from Lawrence: "There was the flaring moon laying bare her bosom again making her drift and ebb like a wave";

"a great white moon looking at her over the hill... She stood filled with the full moon offering herself... She wanted the moon to fill her, she wanted more, more communion with the moon, consummation." 278

272. Lawrence, D.H. Kangaroo, p.325.
273. Lawrence D.H. Sea and Sardinia, p.183
274. Lindeth, Vasey, ed. Mr. Noon, p.286.
278. ibid, p.365