

Darkness, Water, and the Moon in the Narratives of Jun'ichiro Tanizaki and D. H. Lawrence

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1

From the early years of the twentieth century, a new generation of writers in England and Japan sought an answer in their own symbolism to the contemporary moral and philosophical crisis. It was a time of transition for them from a preoccupation with the "illusion of life" espoused by the French symbolists to a more thorough understanding of the visionary potential of symbolism. By evoking transcendental spheres in mystic and poetic images, they created a world of inner symbols without deviating from narrative conventions. Prominent among these writers were Jun'ichiro Tanizaki (1886~1965) and D.H.Lawrence (1885~1930). Both were highly prolific. Tanizaki in particular remained creatively active well into the 1960s. In their writing, Tanizaki and Lawrence disassociated themselves from the traditional symbolism of decadent aesthetes and from psychological hyperrealism and parodic forms of modernists, offering instead an archetypal symbolic writing rooted in natural, sexual, and cultural imagery. Their innovations introduced a positive element to the modern narrative and greatly influenced the course of imaginative writing in the twentieth century.

Both Tanizaki and Lawrence strongly believed in maintaining a vital connection between art and experience. They were finding external

landscapes for their interior psychological struggles or states of mind. And in their respective ways they were particularly obsessed with sceneries of darkness, water, and the moon. By introducing these in their narratives, both writers also attempted to transcend the ordinary and conventional literary world based on the old stable ego of characters. Of course I refer to these as symbols of the profound inner reality which they artificially created in their works. But the worlds they express inevitably reveal the differences at the core of their own cultures. The works of Tanizaki and Lawrence are the products not only of their creative originality, but also of the collective consciousness of their respective races and cultures. Generally speaking, for Tanizaki, his expressed world is closely related to the static and aesthetic way of life which has traditionally been based on the agricultural civilization of ancient Japan. On the other hand, Lawrence's world is associated with the flowing and mobile way of life founded on the transient and primitive western community. It follows that Tanizaki's world might well be formed by an observant and meditative attitude and Lawrence's by a changing and transformative vision.

But when we compare these literary worlds which are rooted in two different cultures, we can generally think of two possible approaches. One way is to examine how each writer deals with these ideas in different ways according to his own culture, in short, how their approaches reflect their own cultures. Another way might be to concentrate on how their literary worlds are mutually dependent on each other. But there seems to be an important thing to be considered first. Especially after the 1930s on the Japanese literary stage, some Japanese bohemians and aesthetic decadents including Tanizaki had been especially concerned with supreme truth hidden in the field of the subconscious and had been busy finding for wonderful connotations with the notions of mystic ideas against the ugliness of the times. They were thus beginning to consume many experimental works of writers such as

James Joyce, Aldous Huxley, Virginia Woolf, and D. H. Lawrence, as well as the lost generation of American writers and French symbolist poets at the end of the last century. Especially Tanizaki, with his superb English reading ability was willing to absorb thoughts and skills from contemporary English novelists. Judging from many translations of these writers at that time, it cannot be denied that Tanizaki hoped to find in the writings of these writers creative ideas appealing to his Oriental soul and satisfying his quest for the treasures of European culture. The works of D. H. Lawrence might well have been included in his reading list. But he did not mention anything about Lawrence, and never referred to his works. I think that even now this remains a great mystery. Because it is quite obvious that both writers also had a lot in common in their treatment of the modern sexual crisis through mystic realism. Moreover, the Japanese version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was published in 1935 and created a great sensation. From the literary situation of those days, Tanizaki must have read it. I do not believe that he would have been able to resist the intellectual temptation initiated by the work of Lawrence. I have tried my best to find even the slightest evidence of a connection to Lawrence, but in vain.

So there seems to be no way but to depend on my imagination in order to resolve the mystery. Perhaps the only thing I can guess here is that if Tanizaki had happened to encounter Lawrence's works, he would certainly have read them. No doubt, at a first reading he would have found Lawrence's works fundamentally different from his own. There might have been too much dissimilarity between them in their cultural and childhood backgrounds. Tanizaki, a city-dweller and an aesthete with a belief in 'Jodo-shu', may have felt somewhat hostile toward the puritanical miner's son, Lawrence, with his wild and primitive spirit. Moreover, the contrasts between their respective narrative discourses and dialogues of the characters are obvious: one is polite, well-formed, and educated; the other is coarse, repetitive, and dialectal; thus

the dissimilarities between the two are inevitable. This may suggest that Tanizaki did not sustain an interest in the works of Lawrence after reading them. But at least there is a probability of his reading Lawrence's works. Therefore, I conclude that Tanizaki's lack of reference to Lawrence and his works shows the fact of his having read them. If so, would Lawrence's imaginative way of writing have acted as a stimulant to his own creativity? What kind of symbolic quality in Lawrence's works would have struck him? I am not sure, but all I can say is that he might have used what Lawrence used from a different aspect, and adapted what he read to what he wanted to find. But, the discourse of Lawrence is less important than the process of absorption it was subject to in Tanizaki's synthesizing and creative mind.

It is usual to compare works which are mutually dependent on each other. But once the former one of two methods is taken, the important point is to examine their different creative processes of treating this theme and to find the true qualities of two creative imaginations. Our true appreciation of two distinct writers cannot be arrived at without firmly establishing the differences between them, but at the same time, it will enable us to understand the reason why Tanizaki did not touch on Lawrence's literary world. This is a little essay of how such two creative imaginations perform in their unique ways in the narratives of Tanizaki and Lawrence, and what kind of particular cultural attitudes to life and death are typically offered through them. In this essay, I hope to avoid confusion by concentrating on their inner relationships to landscapes: darkness, water, and the moon. I will therefore proceed with this study from Tanizaki's symbolic world. It starts with an attempt to revive the allure of darkness in modern civilization. Tanizaki described the notion of darkness that is so especially influential in the Oriental aesthetic in *In Praise of Shadows* (1933) as follows:

Why should this propensity to seek beauty in darkness be

so strong only in Orientals? The West too has known a time when there was no electricity, gas, or petroleum, and yet so far as I know the West has never been disposed to delight in shadows. Japanese ghosts have traditionally had no feet; Western ghosts have feet, but are transparent. As even this trifle suggests, pitch darkness has always occupied our fantasies, while in the West even ghosts are as clear as glass. This is true too of our household implements: we prefer colours compounded of darkness, they prefer the colours of sunlight. And of silver and copperware: we love them for the burnish and patina, which they consider unclean, unsanitary, and polish to a glittering brilliance. They paint their ceilings and walls in pale colours to drive out as many of the shadows as they can. We fill our gardens with dense plantings, they spread out a flat expanse of grass. But what produces such differences in taste? In my opinion it is this: we Orientals tend to seek our satisfactions in whatever surroundings we happen to find ourselves, to content ourselves with things as they are; and so darkness causes us no discontent, we resign ourselves to it as inevitable. If light is scarce then light is scarce; we will immerse ourselves in the darkness and there discover its own particular beauty. But the progressive Westerner is determined always to better his lot. From candle to oil lamp, oil lamp to gaslight, gaslight to electric light—his quest for a brighter light never ceases, he spares no pains to eradicate even the minutest shadow.¹

1 Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, *In Praise of Shadows*, Thomas J. Harper and Edward G. Seidensticker, tr. (Tokyo, Charles E. Tuttle, 1977), pp. 30-1.

This passage shows Tanizaki's unique sense of darkness, its pervasive power and inevitability. Here is the supreme beauty of darkness stretching beyond the garish trivialities of life. For this reason, Tanizaki's discourse lies not in affirmation of the beauty of darkness, but in its transcendence. In this he was supported by his will to go beyond the world of modern utilitarianism just as Lawrence was doing. But this tamed darkness might have also been specifically associated with the traditional formalities surrounding the aestheticism of the nobility in the Heian Era, and the spirit of Yugen in the Muromachi Era, based on the mild and quiescent agricultural civilization of the Yayoi Era. At the same time, this passive acceptance of darkness inevitably reflects a meditative spiritual attitude derived from these traditions.

In addition, for Tanizaki, darkness is also closely related to the shadowy landscape of the Kansai region with its court tradition to which he moved from Tokyo after the Great Kanto Earthquake of 1923. (From the fact that ancestors of the Tanizaki family had come from Shiga prefecture in the Kansai area, it is possible to say that he was able to find his place in the classical tradition of Kansai by his Kansai transfer.) In those days, Kansai remained the cultural and mercantile heart of the country, while Tokyo, the centre of military culture since the Edo period and the prime destination of ambitious rustics, was seen as a cultural backwater. Tanizaki built his works on these perceptions of Kansai and Kanto. In fact, middle-class Kansai was the modern heir to the aristocratic culture of Kyoto and the mercantile culture of Osaka, the centre of a sophisticated, cosmopolitan modern Japan. Especially, Tokyo seen from the eyes of one of the central figures, Sachiko, whose values represent the norm in Tanizaki's great novel *The Makioka Sisters* (1942), is alien to her in various aspects. (In one sense, for Tanizaki to ignore ultranationalism and militarism in the shadowy landscape of this work was to take a political position against the government of central Tokyo in that day.) The bond between her and the other figures is

ensured by a great element of the story, which is of cultural as well as geographical significance, as they relate particularly to Kansai as the area of their common interest. In the eyes of Sachiko, Tokyo is contrasted with an idealized Kansai as the following shows:

Sachiko did not really like Tokyo, however. Radiant clouds might recoil from His Imperial Majesty, but for Sachiko the beauty of Tokyo was the beauty of the Palace and its pine-covered grounds, and no more: the beauty of that island in the most modern part of the city, a medieval castle with mossy walls and banks along its moat, set off against the finest modern buildings. Of the Palace grounds, which had no rival in Osaka or Kyoto. Sachiko was sure she would never tire. But for the rest there was little in Tokyo that pleased her. Magnificent though the Ginza might be, there was something dry and harsh in the Tokyo air that made Sachiko sure she would always be a stranger here. ...It was as though she had come to a distant, utterly foreign country. ...The streets seemed to her quite unlike those of Kyoto and Osaka and Kobe—they seemed rather like what one would expect in a frontier city in Hokkaido, or even in Manchuria. ...Why...was it so lacking in warmth; why were the faces so cold and white? Sachiko thought of the softness of Kansai region air against her skin. If this were Kyoto, she would feel at home in a street she was seeing for the first time. She would even want to stop for a chat with someone. But in Tokyo, wherever she went and however diligently she searched, she never felt that she had ties. She was and alien. She could hardly believe that a true child of Osaka, and her own sister at that, could be living in this sec-

tion of Tokyo. It was as if, in a dream, she was walking through a strange city, suddenly to come upon the house where her mother or her sister lived, and to say to herself: "So this is where Mother is living."²

...Sachiko, too, was a pure child of the Kansai, and she now understood how deeply attached she was to the Kansai region. ...she thought that there could be no finer place to live than here between Kobe and Osaka. How unpleasant Tokyo was, how dusty, gray, pushing.³

For Tanizaki, his move to Kansai was an experience which purified his mind through immersion in darkness. Therefore, darkness from the geographical and cultural background was an inevitable medium for maintaining a silent and meditative posture and for guaranteeing spiritual purification.

Lawrence was also attracted by the idea of darkness, but at a different expressive level from Tanizaki. For Lawrence, darkness outside is voluminous, untamed, and magical, and becomes a sort of metaphor of inner drives and compulsions captured with the primitive's sensual sensibility. Consider the following passage from *The Rainbow* (1915):

..."I am not afraid of the darkness...It is soft, and natural to me, it is my medium, ...But it seems massive and fluid with terror—not fear of anything—just fear. One breathes it, like a smell of blood. ...One almost likes it—the

2 Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, *The Makioka Sisters*, Edward G. Seidensticker, tr. (Tokyo, Charles E. Tuttle, 1957) p. 217.

3 *Ibid.*, p. 247.

fear—something sensual.”⁴

And in *Sons and Lovers* (1913), Lawrence had already given his readers powerful natural descriptions of darkness. Here is a passage from the episode of the moonlit night where Mr. Morel locks his wife outside in the garden after their quarrel:

...Then the presence of the night came again to her. She glanced round in fear...She hurried out of the side garden to the front, where she could stand as if in an immense gulf of white light, the moon streaming high in front of her, the moonlight standing up from the hills in front, and filling the valley where the bottoms crouched, almost blindingly. ...She became aware of something about her. With an effort she roused herself to see what it was that penetrated her consciousness. The tall white lilies were reeling in the moonlight, and the air was charged with their perfume as with a presence. Mrs Morel gasped slightly in fear. She touched the big, pallid flowers on their petals, then shivered. They seemed to be stretching in the moonlight. She put her hand into one white bin: the gold scarcely showed on her fingers by moonlight. ...She bent down to look at the binful of yellow pollen: but it only appeared dusky. Then she drank a deep draught of the scent. It almost made her dizzy. ...Here and there the moonlight seemed to stir and ripple.⁵

4 D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*, 1915, edited with an introduction and notes by John Worthen, (Cambridge University Press, 1989), p. 496.

5 D. H. Lawrence, *Sons and Lovers*, 1913, edited with an introduction and notes by Helen Baron and Carl Baron, (Cambridge University Press, 1992), pp. 34-5.

And in his later short story 'Love Among the Haystacks' (1930), Lawrence's grasp of darkness of the night becomes instinctive and sensual in a particularly intense and dramatic way. Especially in Lawrence's middle or later fiction, the darkness of the natural world is more dynamic, more vital, and more alive, and his characters seem only to find themselves fully when they are in intuitive accord with it as follows:

...The night had on a new look: he never remembered to have seen the lustrous grey sheen of it before, nor to have noticed how vital the lights looked, like live folk inhabiting the silvery spaces. And the tall trees, wrapped obscurely in their mantles, would not have surprised him had they begun to move in converse. As he dried himself, he discovered little wanderings in the air, felt on his sides soft touches and caresses that were peculiarly delicious: sometimes they startled him, and he laughed as if he were not alone. The flowers, the meadow-sweet particularly, haunted him. He reached to put his hand over their fleeciness. They touched his thighs. Laughing, he gathered them and dusted himself all over with their cream dust and fragrance. For a moment he hesitated in wonder at himself: but the subtle glow in the hoary and black night reassured him. Things never had looked so personal and full of beauty, he had never known the wonder in himself before.⁶

6 D. H. Lawrence, 'Love Among the Haystacks,' 1930, from *Love Among the Haystacks and Other Stories*, edited with an introduction and notes by John Worthen, (Cambridge University Press, 1987), p. 50.

Both these passages show Lawrence using the darkness of the natural world to open up his characters' inner areas which are unsusceptible to analysis by other means. These passages reveal Lawrence's kinetic imagination. Kinetically, he seeks to express our instinctive drives or our inarticulate compulsions. Thus the sense we get from these passages is of the extraordinary power of nature expressed from our inner darkness, and it evokes strange transcendence from ordinary human activities. This is also experienced by Mrs Morel in *Sons and Lovers* in her reaction to her dark surroundings. 'The night had a new look' for them. The moonlight 'stands up' from the hills and fills the valleys. Under its influence the lilies 'reel', 'charge' the air with their perfume, while buildings 'crouch' submissively. In massive darkness of the night, they are cast out from the real time of daily life and gain get the power of forces stronger than themselves. They are transformed by this power into something strange and extraordinary, have been drawn into this sensuous intimate world, and must yield to it. The moonlight assumes a symbolic potency as the things of the day give way to the desires of darkness of the night.

It follows from this that what is important in Lawrence's works is the transient process of characters' living within darkness. We have to recognize what it is like to be a natural inhabitant of darkness. In other words, it is not only in assimilation to the hidden energies of nature through its interaction with characters, it also creates a dark destructive sensuality within them as typically described in *The Rainbow* (1915). In this sense, each character has the potential for corruption, which comes from a fear of destructive sensuality of the night. The heroine Ursula experiences as follows:

She stood for some moments out in the overwhelming luminosity of the moon. She seemed a beam of gleaming power. She was afraid of what she was. Looking at

him, at his shadowy, unreal, wavering presence a sudden lust seized her, to lay hold of him and tear him and make him into nothing. Her hands and wrists felt immeasurably hard and strong, like blades.⁷

So, obviously in the noted African scene in *The Rainbow*, Ursula's lover Skrebensky can also be a vehicle of such polarity:

She thrilled again to him. He was to her voice out of the darkness. He talked to her all the while in low tones about Africa, conveying something strange and sensual to her: the negro, with his loose, soft passion that could envelop one like a bath. Gradually he transferred to her the hot, fecund darkness that possessed his own blood. He was strangely secret. The whole world must be abolished...

He seemed like the living darkness upon her, she was in the embrace of the strong darkness. He held her enclosed, soft, unutterably soft, and with the unrelaxing softness of fate, the relentless softness of fecundity. She quivered, and quivered, like a tense thing that is struck. But he held her all the time, soft, unending, like darkness closed upon her, omnipresent as the night...

It was bliss, it was the nucleolating of the fecund darkness. Once the vessel had vibrated till it was shattered, the light of consciousness gone, then the darkness reigned, and the unutterable satisfaction.

'Corruption will at last break down for us the

7 D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*, 1915, edited with an introduction and notes by John Worthen (Cambridge University Press, 1989), p. 480.

deadened forms, and release us into infinity.'...⁸

This image of the dark African night is also parallel to such polarity. And what is implicitly suggested here is that Skrebensky's dark sensuality like that of Africa is at once destructive and regressive, and a 'release into infinity'. The lovers inhabit 'living darkness', but at the same time this 'living darkness' leads to that other, sinister darkness of Africa.

He came to her finally in a superb consummation. It was very dark, and again a windy, heavy night. ...They stood as at the edge of a cliff, with a great darkness beneath.⁹

In these passages, we can also recognize the same rich and flowing darkness of the night as Birkin's 'dark river of dissolution' in *Women in Love* (1920) 'his loose, soft passion that could envelop one like a bath', 'the hot, fecund darkness that possessed his own blood', 'they walked the darkness beside the massive river', 'the soft flow of his kiss...the warm fecund flow of his kiss', 'the nucleolating of the fecund darkness'. It seems to anticipate the 'fountain of mystic corruption'. This polarity of darkness is very obvious in the inner life of the heroines of Lawrence's middle or later novels, and especially in relation to scenes featuring both darkness and water, as I hope to show later on.

8 D. H. Lawrence, *The Rainbow*, 1915, edited with an introduction and notes by John Worthen (Cambridge University press, 1989), pp. 496-8.

9 *Ibid.*, p. 501.

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In the narratives of their middle and later periods both Tanizaki and Lawrence employed the theme of darkness repeatedly. And they often explored inner symbolic sceneries by expressing them in terms of darkness in conjunction with water. I have chosen this theme as a further point for this essay on the rich and evocative imagination of both writers, and will compare their works in relation to this. The first passage I have picked as a basis for exploring the innate differences of their imaginations through the use of water scenes with darkness is also from *In.Praise of Shadows*. This theme appears even in the most trivial, daily context:

...I know few greater pleasures than holding a lacquer bowl of soup in my hands, feeling upon my palms the weight and the warmth of the liquid and its mild warmth. The sensation is somewhat like that of holding a plump new-born baby... Remove the lid from a ceramic bowl, and there lies the soup, every nuance of its substance and colour revealed. With lacquerware there is a beauty in that moment between removing the lid and lifting the bowl to the mouth when one gazes at the still, silent liquid in the dark depths of the bowl, its colour hardly differing from that of the bowl itself. What lies within the darkness one cannot distinguish, but the palm senses the gentle movements of the liquid, vapour rises from within forming droplets on the rim, and the fragrance carried upon the vapour brings a delicate anticipation. What a world of difference there is between this moment and the moment when soup is served Western style, in a pale, shallow bowl. A moment

of mystery, it might almost be called, a moment of trance.¹⁰

This passage demonstrates the essence of Tanizaki's creativity. It also reveals his static attitude to artistic creation. It exemplifies his emotional and psychological reaction to the juxtaposition of darkness and water. At the same time, this passage presents Tanizaki's still and clear mind in meditation as though it were a near-religious ritual of purification by water. Tanizaki looks into his soup bowl and glimpses both the eternal and supernatural world like the nirvana of Buddhism beyond the flux of real time, and his characters who live in that world also share this aspect.

Particularly from the middle period of their writing careers, both writers repeatedly depicted surreal and psychological scenes of water with darkness, for example, rivers, ponds, seas, lakes, pools, baths, and so on. But in the discourse of Tanizaki, even 'the still, silent liquid in the dark depths of the bowl', as quoted above, was extremely significant. He mystically recreated these places in literary scenes of 'The Moon of Saiko Lake' (1919), based on his two travel experiences to China, of 'Memoirs of My Dear Mother' (1919), *Yoshinokuzu* (1931), *Ashikari* (1933), *The Makioka Sisters* (1942), 'The Dream of Acidmanganese Water' (1956), *The Floating Bridge of Dream* (1959), and *The Diary of a Mad Old Man* (1961). Perhaps he chose the gathering of still, silent water in darkness as an objective correlation of his pure and crystallized spirit. And he carried this scene to its extremes with the image of a peaceful death in darkness with still, silent water. Such an image bears a decided resemblance to the following from the French critic Gaston Bachelard:

10 Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, *In Praise of Shadows*, Thomas J. Harper and Edward G. Seidensticker, (Tokyo, Charles E. Tuttle, 1977), pp. 14-5.

Nous allons suivre dans ses détails la vie d'une eau imaginée, la vie d'une substance bien personnalisée par une imagination matérielle puissante; nous allons voir qu'elle assemble les schèmes de la vie attirée par la mort, de la vie qui veut mourir. Plus exactement; nous allons voir que l'eau fournit le symbole d'une vie spéciale attirée par une mort spéciale.¹¹

...Il est des heures où l'eau et la nuit unissent leur douceur. René Char n'a-t-il pas goûté la matière nocturne, lui qui écrit: "Le miel de la nuit se consume lentement." Pour une âme en paix avec elle-même, il semble que l'eau et la nuit prennent, ensemble, un parfum commun; il semble que l'ombre humide ait un parfum d'une double fraîcheur. On ne sent bien les parfums de l'eau que la nuit. Le soleil a trop d'odeur pour que l'eau ensoleillée nous donne la sienne.¹²

For Tanizaki, this can be called a 'peaceful death' in darkness with still water that would be far from the Christian passage of the soul to Heaven. Incidentally, the world of Tanizaki's still water also contrasts with the other traditional streaming water themes in the Japanese literary world. Tanizaki's treatment of water is quite different from the streaming waters of 'Shogyo-mujo' ('All things of this world are vanishing away.') which the Japanese have revered since the introduction of Buddhism. So too is the atmosphere different from the one Tanizaki creates by the use of still water in scenes with darkness

11 Gaston Bachelard, *L'eau et les rêves*—essai sur l'imagination de la matière, 1942, José Corti, p. 66.

12 *Ibid.* p. 141.

rather than the streaming waters of 'Shogyo-mujo'. In any case, Tanizaki's still water is beyond real time and does not convey the eerie evanescence based on 'Shogyo-mujo'. It is just like a river streaming through another time-space not controlled by real time. If so, would this surreal, unmoving water as an objective correlation of his crystalized spirit flow in the world after death? But Tanizaki was much afraid of death itself. His surviving essays and diaries show that he expressed much fear toward death itself. Death was too absolute a challenge to his eternal life to be accepted and integrated. So he tried to remove from death its poignancy, making it easier to accept death by creating the cosy beauty of shadowy landscapes with still and silent water in his works. Death had to be a means for him to get more life, especially mental tranquility and salvation in this world. His artistic creation through the contemplation of peaceful death gave him consolation and solace. In this sense, he was born to be a platonist unlike Lawrence.

3

In exploring the other-worldly aspect of Tanizaki's water-in-darkness theme, it cannot be ignored that Tanizaki's 'peaceful death' is closely related to the existence of an 'eternal beauty'. As I have mentioned, Tanizaki's water, unlike the streaming water of 'Shogyo-mujo', does not flow in real time. That is to say, his world does not include aspects of destruction or generation, and in short has no relationship with death or life. Criticism might be made that one can not sustain any interest in such a static condition of all things in the world. But Tanizaki had to discover supreme beauty in the scenery of darkness with still and silent water. In some works, Tanizaki transformed Yujo, prostitutes living by rivers, into sublime beauties by fantastically restoring their youths before their lovers or their relatives. At that

moment their images appear. For example, his famous later novel *Ashikari* typically represents this situation. The hero, 'I', was enjoying watching the moon in the middle of the Yodo River in Osaka and thinking about the Yujo in 'An Account of Courtesans' when a strange man appears. The newcomer begins to talk about a Yujo called Oyu who lived forty years before. Once Oyu was a lover of the hero's father, but later she became a rich merchant's spouse, and the hero's father sometimes took him to the place where she lived, where a moon-viewing party was being held on the still pond:

...There was a splendid garden with a lawn, and artificial hill, and a pond, and a room with a high floor and a balustrade had been built out over with the water, in the style of the spring pavilions of ancient times. Five or six men and women were having a banquet there. It appeared to be a moon-viewing party, because a table near the end of the balustrade held offering of food and sake, sacred lamps, and an arrangement of plumed grass and bush clover. A woman seated at the place of honor was playing the Koto, and the shamisen was being played by a maidservant who wore her hair in the Shimada style and was dressed like a chambermaid of old. A man who looked like a master of the highest rank, or perhaps a teacher of polite accomplishment, was playing the Kokyu. From our vantage point we couldn't see these people clearly, but facing us was a golden folding screen, and before it a young maidservant, also in a Shimada, was waving a fan as she danced. I could see her movements clearly, though I couldn't make out her features. Perhaps electricity hadn't come this far yet, or perhaps these people were striving for a more tasteful atmosphere—the

room was lit by candles, and the waving flames cast their reflections on the polished columns and balustrades and on the golden screen. The moon shone brightly on the surface of the pond, and a boat was tied up at the edge: the water was drawn from Lake Ogura...¹³

After the newcomer finished talking, he said, 'If I go behind the villa on the Fifteenth Night and peer through the hedge even now, Miss Oyu will be playing the koto and her chambermaids will be dancing for her, ...' 'I'asked him, '...But Miss Oyu would be nearly eighty years old by now, wouldn't she?' But this question would be meaningless, because real time does not exist for Oyu, a floating woman, on the still water drawn from Lake Ogura. She is both a person who lives in the timeless world and an eternal being whom both the father and his son can love. In a sense, among the heroines of this writing period, she is a traditional Japanese woman with tender motherly love of the type that we have lost, especially after the Second World War.

Furthermore, in Tanizaki's last short novel *The Diary of A Mad Old Man*, there is an amusing scene in relation to water. It tells the story of a seventy-seven-year-old man of delicate taste who suffers a stroke, and then discovers that even while his body is breaking down, his sexual energy is far from diminished. Here, a modern heroine quite unlike the old-fashioned and elegant Oyu, comes strutting into her ringside seat at a fight, jingling the keys to her English car, flashing her expensive jewelry, with her American permanent wave and her French lace gloves. She is overly cosmopolitan. This story ends with the scene of the construction of a pool:

13 Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, *Ashikari*, Edwin McClellan, tr. (Tokyo, Charles E. Tuttle, 1980), pp. 15-6.

Around mid-April he began to go for half-hour walks in the garden, weather permitting. Usually the nurse accompanies him, but one in awhile Satsuko leads him by the hand.

That was also when the garden lawn was dug up to begin construction of the pool he promised.

"Why go to all this expense?" Satsuko asked her husband. "Once it's summer, Father won't be able to come out in the sun anyway."

But Jokichi disagreed. "The old man's head is full of daydreams, just watching them work on that pool. And the children are looking forward to it too."¹⁴

Even in this tragi-comedy, Tanizaki still attempts to place modern flapperdom by the still and clear water of the pool and to transfer her sharp modernity to a lifeless, eternal beauty. His son, Jokichi's last words 'The old man's head is full of daydreams, just watching them work on that pool...' have a resonance beyond their place as the last sentences of this story, extending to all of Tanizaki's works in relation to water and woman. These heroines continue to live as eternal objects to be observed meditatively and crystallized in his works. Also, in this sense, it might be said that Tanizaki's literary imagination bears a static, unmoving aspect unlike that of Lawrence.

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Therefore, if something happens which makes the dark depths of

14 Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, *The Diary of A Mad Old Man*, Howard Hibbett, tr. (Tokyo Charles E. Tuttle, 1967), p. 177.

still water become murky, this signifies that the real time of the physical world has begun to intrude. The reader is given an insight into the character of the person looking into the murky water. What emerges for the reader is the character's hidden shame and evil spirit. And heading on from this personal shame is a social shame at the level of the collective consciousness of the human kind in a flood scene. So, it is needless to say that the flood scene with darkness in *The Makioka Sisters*, (a nostalgic chronicle of upper-middle-class in Japan between pre-war and post-war including the four soft, effeminate, and gross sisters) symbolizes the hoplessness and confusion of the Japanese mentality through the critical time of the approach of the Second World War. The outcome of the flood of July 1938 brings despair and destruction to them both physically and mentally:

...For several days a steady procession of callers, coming partly to inquire after the safety of the family, partly to view the damage, kept Sachiko busy; but as the utilities returned to normal, the excitement subsided. There was a shortage of labor and equipment to clear away the mud and sand. The streets, a cloud of dust in the hot sun, made Teinosuke think of Tokyo and Yokohama after the great earthquake. ...Since the bed of the river was, in places, almost as high as the banks, there was danger of floods from even a light of shower, and something had to be done immediately, but the army of workmen, like a swarm of ants in a mountain of sugar, made little headway. The pines along the embankment were buried under a solid layer of dust. Unfortunately the blazing hot weather continued day after day and the cloud of dust only became more suffocating. There was little this year

to bespeak the elegant suburb Ashiya.¹⁵

After all, for the Makiokas the flood led only to fatigue and restlessness. In spite of this, the symbolic importance of this garden of the Makiokas after the flood must not be dismissed. The Makiokas' garden at Ashiya continues to be a microcosm of the mental tranquility in their lives. It is a soothing retreat from moving water, the flood, and especially from the changing world full of distressing news of the military crisis. Sachiko, the elder daughter, is the first to notice the garden's changelessness, and especially its traditional well with still and silent water after the flood:

...Sachiko went down from the terrace into the garden. Two white butterflies were dancing over the lawn, which was greener and fresher for the rain. Among the weeds between the sandalwood and the lilac a pigeon was fishing for something in the puddles. The tranquil scene carried not a hint that there had been a flood. The utilities were cut off, but there was no shortage of water, since the Makioka house had a well.¹⁶

Immediately after the flood, Yukiko, the third daughter, also proceeds to the garden, returning from Tokyo:

From the cab window, the damage around Narihira Bridge had seemed worse than she expected, but here everything was as it had always been. Not a leaf was disturbed. In

15 Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, *The Makioka Sisters*, Edward G. Seidensticker, tr. (Tokyo, Charles E. Tuttle, 1958), p. 200.

16 *Ibid.*, p. 180.

the evening calm, hardly a breath of air touched the garden. The heat was intense, and the quiet gave the light and dark greens of the foliage a special limpidity. The green of the lawn seemed to rise up and flow through her.¹⁷

We should interpret these paragraphs symbolically. 'The tranquil scene carried not a hint that there had been a flood. ...Everything was as it had always been.' The Makioka's static garden with its deep well is akin to an ideal world safe from the destructive operation of time, in which they can also find their inner place closely related to the past culture.

In contrast, as I said in Section One the natural world in Lawrence's fiction is more dynamic, more vital, and more extraordinarily purposeful. In another sense, Lawrence was obsessed with flowing water, and his world starts to move where Tanizaki's has ended. As seen in the final chapter of *The Rainbow*, it is significant to observe that the heroine's psychological illness and death is expressed by the metaphor of unmoving water, '...like the stone at the bottom of the river...'. In other words, to remain motionless in the dark depths of her soul represents the death of her self-confidence:

...She was very ill for a fortnight, delirious, shaken and racked. But always, amid the ache of delirium, she had a dull firmness of being, a sense of permanency. She was in some way like the stone at the bottom of the river, inviolable and unalterable, no matter what storm raged in her body. Her soul lay still and permanent, full of pain,

17 Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, *The Makioka Sisters*, Edward G. Seidensticker, tr. (Tokyo, Charles E. Tuttle, 1958), p. 201.

but itself for ever. ...Repeatedly, in an ache of utter-weariness she repeated: 'I have no father nor mother nor lover, I have no allocated place in the world of things, I do not belong to Beldover nor to Nottingham nor to England nor to this world, they none of them exist, I am trammelled and entangled in them, but they are all unreal. I must break out of it, like a nut from its shell which is an unreality.'¹⁸

But Ursula's personal crisis and breakdown after separation from her lover in the heavy rain, has a positive connotation. And the rainbow follows the rain in the final paragraph of this novel. This illuminates the transformation of the heroine's inner world. The rainbow in *The Rainbow* is equivalent to that after Noah's Flood in the Old Testament, and also suggests a symbol of rebirth and regeneration in the new, dark industrial era:

And the rainbow stood on the earth. She knew that the sordid people who crept hardscaled and separate on the face of the world's corruption were living still, that the rainbow was arched in their blood and would quiver to life in their spirit, that they would cast off their horny covering of disintegration, that new, clean, naked bodies would issue to a new germination, to a new growth; rising to the light and the wind and the clean rain of heaven. She saw in the rainbow the earth's new architecture, the old, brittle corruption of houses and factories swept away, the world built up in a living fabric of Truth, fitting to the

18 D.H.Lawrence, *The Rainbow*, 1915, edited with an introduction and notes by John Worthen, (Cambridge University Press, 1989), p. 456.

overarching heaven.¹⁹

What Ursula discovers outside and inside herself is the bitterness of death concealing new life. 'The terrible corruption spreading over the face of the land' is hard, dry, and 'brittle', and equally so is the 'horny covering of disintegration', 'the husk of an old fruition' in which Ursula observes 'the swelling and the heaving contour of the new germination'. Lawrence seems to insist on the final nature of corruption, but at the same time it is in the very aspect of corruption that new life is discovered. The result of a disastrous series of events through this work is emphatically expressed in this scene where Lawrence affirms both corruption and rebirth just as the polarity of his darkness mentioned above. In any case, we are left with the impression that his novels are gradually moving toward the discovery that the theme of death and rebirth can be further demonstrated and accentuated through the use of water scenes with darkness.

In order to understand this more clearly, I shall quote the following passage from the beginning of a later short story 'Sun' (1925), which treats the protagonist's search for her true identity.

'Take her away, into the sun', the doctors said.

She herself was sceptical of the sun, but she permitted herself to be carried away, with her child, and a nurse, and her mother, over the sea.

The ship sailed at midnight. And for two hours her husband stayed with her while the child was put to bed, and the passengers came on board. It was a black night, the Hudson swayed with heavy blackness, shaken over

19 D.H.Lawrence, *The Rainbow*, 1915, edited with an introduction and notes by John Worthen, (Cambridge University Press, 1989), p. 458.

with spilled dribbles of light. She leaned on the rail, and looking down thought: this is the sea; it is deeper than one imagines, and fuller of memories. At that moment the sea seemed to heave like the serpent of chaos that has lived for ever.²⁰

In the description of the swaying Hudson, such expressions as 'black night', 'heavy blackness', and 'black' symbolize Juliet's unconscious world of darkness, conveying the deep chaos of her heart. Juliet's act of looking into the black water of the night indicates an encounter with her shadow, her true self. The black water performs the same function as the mirror in Jean Cocteau's *Orphée*, which leads to the door of death. It reflects the complexes that have lain dormant in her unconsciousness. But Juliet's thought that 'it is deeper than one imagines' also shows a true insight in accordance with the psychology of the unconscious offered by Jung and Groddeck.

At the moment when she looks into the black water, the sea heaves and Juliet's consciousness is swallowed into her unconsciousness, just as Orphée vanishes below the rippling surface. 'The serpent of chaos' thrusting up from the surface implies the Ouroboros swallowing its own tail, and renewing itself constantly. Juliet can be likened to an alchemist who handles the unconscious world of chaos. Eventually, Juliet comes to the sunny land of Sicily. From the moment when she closes her eyes, dazzled by the sun, she gazes into her inner recesses and then she starts to search for the 'dark god' which is radiant in her unconsciousness. And she herself gradually changes under the sun and begins to regain her true self. One day, a snake appears before 'golden brightening Juliet' in the sun.

20 D. H. Lawrence, 'Sun', 1925, from *Selected Short Stories*, edited with an introduction and notes by Brian Finney, (Penguin Books, 1982), p. 424.

The snake had sunk down, and was reaching away from the coils in which it had been basking asleep, and slowly easing its long, gold-brown body into the rocks, with slow curves. ...The curious careless power of the sun filled her, filled the whole place like a charm, and the snake was part of the place, along with her and the child.²¹

The snake awakens from sleep and raises its head as if to cast off the darkness. Drawing out the coil, its body is covered in the same golden colour as hers. In the end, both are fused into one, bathed in the magical power of the sun. And Juliet, who had always been a mistress of herself, controlling her self with will power, is now ready to accept the great power beyond herself:

It was not just taking sun-baths. It was much more than that. Something deep inside her unfolded and relaxed, and she was given to a cosmic influence. By some mysterious will inside her, deeper than her known consciousness and her known will, she was put into connection with the sun, and the stream of the sun flowed through her, round her womb. She herself, her conscious self, was secondary, a secondary person, almost an onlooker. The true Juliet lived in the dark flow of the sun within her deep body, like a river of dark rays circling, circling dark and violet round the sweet, shut bud of her womb.

She had always been mistress of herself, aware of what she was doing, and held tense in her own command. Now she felt inside her quite another sort of power, some-

21 D. H. Lawrence, 'Sun', 1925, from *Swelected Short Stories*, edited with an introduction and notes by Brian Finney, (Penguin Books, 1982), p. 432.

thing greater than herself, darker and more savage, the element flowing upon her. Now she was vague, in the spell of a power beyond herself.²²

From these passages, we understand that the 'dark god' in Juliet's body begins to correspond to the sun in vast space. She is able to establish her essential self by escaping from her conscious self. In other words, she is able to discard her conscious—watching self and gain the synthetic power of both 'seeing' and 'being seen':

...She would take no thought for the morrow. She refused to think outside her garden, and she could not write letters. She would tell the nurse to write. So she lay in the sun, but not for long, for it was getting strong, fierce. And in spite of herself, the bud that had been tight and deep immersed in the innermost gloom of her, was rearing and straightening its curved stem, to open its dark tips and show a gleam of rose. Her womb was coming open wide with rosy ecstasy, like a lotus flower.²³

This passage is based on Matthew in the Bible which had profoundly influenced Lawrence since his childhood. Juliet's rejection of intellectual values shows her complete separation from Christianity and the Rationalist method of science. At the same time, it proclaims the abandonment of the conscious self. The phrase 'she could not write letters' refers to the death of her conscious self which has accepted the incarnated logo: the 'Word' of God. In this way, Juliet succeeds in gaining

22 D. H. Lawrence, 'Sun', 1925, from *Selected Short Stories*, edited with an introduction and notes by Brian Finney, (Penguin Books, 1982), p. 431.

23 *Ibid.*, p. 433.

the paradise where nature, God, and human being are fused into one. Juliet's story also conveys the extinction of her sense of distance toward an object. Lawrence is chiefly concerned with the issues of personal fulfilment and growth. But this new-found maturity is the cause of her disappointment when reencountering her husband who has followed her. In the final part, she longs for the power of nature which is embodied in the farmer and for a harmonious whole life as in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (1928):

And Juliet had thought: why shouldn't I go to him! Why shouldn't I bear his child? It would be like bearing a child to the unconscious sun and the unconscious earth, a child like a fruit. — And the follower of her womb radiated. It did not care about sentiment or possession. It wanted man-dew only, utterly improvident...²⁴

Thus Lawrence's imaginative force depends upon the myths of death and rebirth which has flowed through the bottom of western Christian civilization and upon the notion of alchemy or self-realization by Jung. In contrast, Tanizaki's expression of an ideal world is more dependent on the peculiar Japanese aesthetic attitude grounded in Chinese meditative thought seeking stillness and nothingness. But as for the Lawrence's heroine's transformation, it might also be connected with the religious thought of the Mandala which recognizes transformative potentials at all levels of existence and offers endless possibilities in the inner world of the individual. From this aspect, Lawrence's kinetic imagination might have been pointing in an Oriental direction. There is considerable scope for further comparative analysis along these lines.

24 D. H. Lawrence, 'Sun', 1925, from *Selected Short Stories*, edited with an introduction and notes by Brian Finney, (Penguin Books, 1982), p. 442.

By illucidating a few possibilities here, I hope I have revealed some characteristics of each writer's imaginative approach. Writing in the shadows of their respective cultures, each utilized the theme of darkness and water as a vehicle for comprehending of the entire human condition in the post-war dehumanized world: one seeking a crystallization of consciousness, the other seeking mobility and transformation of consciousness to abandon consciousness. In other words, Tanizaki's discourse is founded on the concept of Being, and Lawrence's on the concept of Becoming.

5

As I mentioned above, Tanizaki and D. H. Lawrence seem to stand at two opposite poles of modern literature. The contrast between their creative imaginations can be elaborated definitely from their further treatment of the profound inner reality. Just as Goethe associated each colour with a specific emotion, colour is a keynote to reality in literature or in the figurative arts. In Nietzsche's words, each artist paints his world and all things in fewer colours than exist in reality, and is blind to certain colours. So it can be said that the writer's use of colour in diverse ways sometimes implies his inner complexes. It is not surprising that in his stories Tanizaki attached vital importance to colour, so precisely depicted colours that match the life of the senses, especially the other-worldly sensuality coming from the warmth and softness of relationships between men and women (including that of son and mother). At the same time, we must not forget the influence of colour on Tanizaki through his contact with Western culture at the end of the nineteenth century and especially through his admiration of French Symbolism in his early years. But his love of garish colours becomes gradually diminished with a sensitivity that draws widely on Kansai traditional culture. So, his relationship with light has altered some-

what, and shadow starts to predominate in his works. Also in *In Praise of Shadows*, Tanizaki describes as follows:

And surely you have seen, in the darkness of the innermost rooms of these huge buildings, to which sunlight never penetrates, how the gold leaf of a sliding door or screen will pick up a distant glimmer from the garden, then suddenly send forth an ethereal glow, a faint golden light cast into the enveloping darkness, like the glow upon the horizon at sunset. In no other setting is gold quite so exquisitely beautiful. You walk past, turning to look again, and yet again, and as you move away the golden surface of the paper glows ever more deeply, changing not in a flash, but growing slowly, steadily brighter, like color rising in the face of a giant. Or again you may find that the gold dust of the background, which until that moment had only a dull, sleepy luster, will as you move past, suddenly gleam forth as if it had burst into flame.

How, in such a dark place, gold draws so much light to itself is a mystery to me. But I see why in ancient times statues of the Buddha were gilt with gold and why gold leaf covered the walls of the homes of the nobility.

Modern man, in his well-lit house, knows nothing of the beauty of gold; but those who lived in the dark houses of the past were not merely captivated by its beauty, they also knew its practical value; for gold, in these dim rooms, must have served the function of a reflector. The use of gold leaf and gold dust was not mere extravagance. Its reflective properties were put to use as a source of illumination. Silver and metals quickly lose their gloss, but gold retains its brilliance indefinitely to light the darkness of the room. This is why gold was held in such incred-

ibly high esteem. ...But when you attend a service at an old temple, conducted after the ancient ritual, you see how perfectly the gold harmonizes with the wrinkled skin of the old priest and the flickering light of the altar lamps, and how much it contributes to the solemnity of the occasion.²⁵

It is clear that this passage shows a typical psychological response of the author toward the colour 'gold'. The significance of this situation is obviously given by his religious background 'Jodo Shinko'. At any rate, the gold perfectly harmonizes with the darkness and contributes much to the 'solemnity of the occasion'. The gold Buddha envelops him subtly with the quiet darkness as a borrowed landscape around him, which is closely related to his salvation.

To Lawrence, the colour 'gold' is generally that of the sun as the result of transformation from darkness under the notion of alchemy, as I mentioned in Section 4. Here again, it would be interesting to grasp his psychological response to the colour from the fact that the 'gold-brown body snake' appeared in the curious careless power of the sun in 'Sun', though the 'gold-brown body snake' seems to have a value equivalent to the gold Buddha of Tanizaki. To Lawrence, 'snake' is basically another name for the 'plumed serpent'²⁶ the most notable sym-

25 Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, *In Praise of Shadows*, Thomas J. Harper and Edward G. Seidensticker, tr. (Tokyo, Charles E. Tuttle, 1984), pp. 22-3.

26 Many symbolic interpretations of serpents are given fully in *A Dictionary of Symbols* by J. E. Cirlot, (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1971), Jack Sage, tr.

Especially, it treats the symbolic origin of snakes and their artistic expressions, psychological interpretations, and levels of meaning related to symbolism in the West. A recent Japanese book, *Genryo no Tenchi* by Kenji Nakagami (Shufu no Tomosha, 1996) deals with symbolic meanings of snakes in ancient Japanese folklore gives us much enlightenment. Nakagami's interpretation and appreciation of the snake symbols seem to be very close to the core of Lawrence's discourse about it.

bol of pre-Columbian America, which is a synthesis of heaven and earth. This serpent has feathers on its head, on its tail and sometimes on its body. Quetzalcoatl is another androgynous symbol of this kind. Probably it is based on the Gnostic symbol of the Ouroboros, or serpent biting its own tail. Half of this mythic creature is dark and the other half gold, which clearly illustrates the essential ambivalence of the snake in that it belongs to both aspects of the cycle: the active and the passive, the positive and the negative, the constructive and the destructive. We also see two kinds of snakes in 'Sun':

Another day, in the dry wall of one of the olive terraces, she saw a black snake horizontally creeping. 'Marinina,' she said, 'I saw a black snake. Are they harmful?' 'Ah, the black snakes, no! But the yellow ones, yes! If the yellow ones bite you, you die...'²⁷

This yellow or 'gold-brown body' snake is radiated by having poison within itself. But it also suggests that it may turn to an ordinary and harmless black snake at any time. In this sense, it is interesting that as seen in 'The Crown', the gold-body snake is contrasted with creatures like reptiles or vultures symbolizing pure corruption.

In the soft and shiny voluptuousness of decay, in the marshy chill heat of reptile, there is the sign of the Godhead...decay, corruption, destruction breaking down, is the opposite equivalent of creation.²⁸

27 D. H. Lawrence, 'Sun', 1925, from *Selected Short Stories*, edited with an introduction and notes by Brian Finney, (Penguin Books, 1982), p. 433.

28 D. H. Lawrence, *Phoenix II* ed. Warren Roberts and Harry T. Moore (Penguin Books, 1968), p. 402. This idea is treated at some length in the 'Water-Party' chapter of *Women in Love*, where the same symbolism, including the snake and the marsh, are

In any case, the colour 'gold' has positive connotations for both Tanizaki and Lawrence. To Tanizaki, it is the colour of the static mind. The gold moon in the darkness leads him to contemplation or meditation of peaceful death, and to Jodo, the heaven after death as I mentioned in Section Two. But this situation is more clearly shown as the moon-landscape of 'Memoirs of My Dear Mother' with a high degree of an aesthetic awareness. Edward Fowler makes an important point in the afterword of the translation.

...contrary to the convenient 'Kansai transfer'theory, Tanizaki's transition from 'fin de siècle' modernity and his 'diabolical period' started more organically before the Great Earthquake. 'Memoirs of My Dear Mother' represents the beginning of Tanizaki's growing concern with traditional themes and is undoubtedly a jubilant and absolute revel in sentimental nostalgia.²⁹

At the same time, it is needless to say that this is an autobiographical story of how Tanizaki had already discovered a great source of his own culture before his Kansai transfer. In one sense, through this story he might have hoped to return to his cultural heartland of Kansai. It is possible to say that Tanizaki lost his mother twice. When she died on the 14th of May, 1917, he lost her finally as a physical beautiful parent, but at the same time he lost his ideal embodiment of Kansai cultural tradition. Therefore Tanizaki's yearning for his mother led to

especially invoked. Since the mid-point of his writing career, Lawrence was obsessed with the idea of alchemy. So the vital crushing of the 'mater terribilis' represented by the gold-brown body snake, might be the only way for both the individual and civilization at large to achieve rebirth and renewal.

29 Edward Fowler, 'Afterword in Tanizaki's Sentimental Education', (Monumenta, nipponica xxxv, 4), p. 197.

a seeking for the long-lost past, and the cultural beauties of Kansai. Once his biological mother died of heart failure resulting from erysipelas, he identified her with a sublime beauty, an aesthetic model of his own culture in his memories of his mother.

Although 'Memoirs of My Dear Mother', a story of a boy's search for his lost mother, was written relatively early in his career, it also shows an archetypal quality as often seen in his later narratives. It treats the boy's rediscovery of his mother after wandering about a huge lotus pond with the fertile marsh through the moon landscape. A profound sense of loss and a yearning for her are clearly reflected in the opening as follows:

The sky is leaden, the moon engulfed in clouds; but light streaks down from nowhere, giving everything a pale, whitish glow. The glow is eerie and phantasmal, bright enough to reveal each pebble on the roadside yet still so dim that my vision blurs when I gaze into the distance. It is the glow of an alien, infinite realm, far, far away from the land of the living.³⁰

From the very beginning, Tanizaki skillfully blurs the image of the moon, giving it an other-worldly, ambiguous quality. It is as if the boy is gazing through the milky skin of his mother toward the lost paradise of his infancy. Although the transcendental quality of the moon is here mingled with incestuous eroticism, what is more important is to realize that it deeply expresses the nostalgia of the boy. At the moment when the child reaches the beach in peaceful, moonlit darkness, his perception breaks through into a kind of enlightenment.

30 Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, 'Memoirs of My Dear Mother', 1919, Edward Fowler, tr. (Monumenta nipponica, xxxv), p. 471.

'The moon! Yes, it's the moon!' I cry. 'The moon is shining on the ocean!' The forest opens up window-like directly ahead of me, and a bright, silver light glimmers in the offing like polished silk. ...I stop still in my tracks, ecstatic. It is a beautiful sight, the road parallels a rugged, winding shore-line pounded by foamy surf. Wind-blown pines cast bizarre shadows alongside, and I recall picture postcards I have seen of the splendid groves at Miho, the Bay of Tago, the Suminoe coastline, the beach at Akashi.

Perhaps I saw it before I was born, and dormant memories of a previous world have now been revived. ...If I don't hurry, I may be frozen in my tracks, like the wind-blown pines on this beach. Turned to stone, I would stand here, drenched in cold moonlight year after year, a fossil on the strand. ...And yet anyone witnessing the scenery in front of me would surely think death inviting.³¹

It is well known that every man has a primal landscape deeply imprinted in his soul. The boy seems to have already understood the pine trees, sea, the moon, and wind blowing through them. Such landscapes in his memory are different from the usual sceneries on postcards. His primal scenery of pine, sea, and the moon should be separated from the above. It is just an inner trip to his primal landscape. In this sense, images of this mysterious landscape which the boy meets with have a distinct archetypal quality. Consequently, they become

31 Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, 'Memoirs of My Dear Mother', 1919, Edward Fowler, tr. (Monumenta nipponica, xxxv), p. 472.

more nurturing and maternal as they become intimately familiar. It is more interesting that the boy's rediscovery of his mother's face toward the end of the story is almost the same as the discovery of a primal landscape as follows:

...She deigns to show me only her profile. What lies beyond her nose is a mystery, like the other of the moon. And like the lovely painting it resembles, her face is two-dimensional. It has no depth. ...The tip of her nose comes slowly-ever, so slowly-into view from behind her cheek, just as a promontory which one sees from a train window comes into view, little by little, from behind a hill as the train moves forward.³²

Japanese lyrical novelists tend to regress from real life and from acting in it as mature people. So it is impossible for an anima-dominated boy such as Tanizaki to cut the umbilical cord and capture the sense of distance either from his mother or from landscapes as an extension of her body. And finally, he surrenders himself to the dramatic reunion with the comfortable sounds of waves in peaceful, moonlit darkness. But the story ironically ends when a man aged thirty-four (the boy in the story) wakes up from the dream at the moment of the dripping wetness of the final reunion.

In fact, this is also a story of a longing for peaceful death, as suggested in *Yoshinokuzu* and *Ashikari*. We might even call this work regressive, regarding it as a kind of symbolic womb-return just like a return to the gold moon or gold Buddha, as some critics have written of Tanizaki's sombre nostalgia and his mother complex after his Kansai

32 *Ibid.*, p. 476.

transfer. Considering this point from the aspect of the semiotic activity, Tanizaki's poetic language, unlike language as a referent function, constitutes itself through the release of this repressed instinctive and maternal element. When the French critic Julia Kristeva describes the language of Marquis de Sade, she seems to take an argument which is equally applicable to Tanizaki's mother complex:

...If it is true that the prohibition of incest constitutes, at the same time, language as communicative codes and women as exchange objects in order for a society to be established, poetic language would be for its questionable subject-in-process the equivalent of incest: it is within the economy of signification itself that the questionable subject-in-process appropriates to itself this archaic, instinctual, and maternal territory; thus it simultaneously prevents the word from becoming mere sign and the mother from becoming an object like any other-forbidden. This passage into and through the forbidden, which constitutes the sign and is correlative to the prohibition of incest, is often explicit as such Sade: "Unless he (*i.e.* poet) becomes his mother's lover from the day she had brought him into the world, let him not bother to write, for we shall not read him,"— *Idée sur les romans*—³³

This argument seems more personal and outrageous, but at least metaphorically, it is very close to the core of Tanizaki's discourse. A lyrical finale of mother and son melting in the calm ocean of moonlit darkness would also invite the womb (moon) nostalgia reading. And at

33 Julia Kristeva, *Desire in Language*, 1980, T. Gora, A. Jardine & L. S. Roudiez (New York, Columbia University Press), p. 136.

the same time in this scenery of the darkness, the pounding of the ocean's surf seems like the beating of the womb before birth. The scenery of the story which seemed to have been placed somewhere on the very edge of this world suggests the pre-natal world with the calm ocean of moonlit darkness.

In contrast, if you turn to Lawrence's treatment of the moon in his works, you notice how fluid, how personal, how imperfect it is. There is nothing static about his image of the moon. In any case, it is quite opposite to the static and narcissistic cosmos closely related to the womb nostalgia of Tanizaki. There is a symbolic scene in the chapter 'Moony' in *Women in Love* where the nostalgic womb-return drive is obviously repressed due to the dominant western femininity. In this scene, Lawrence's hero throws stones at the white moon (not gold here) reflected on the still surface of the water to destroy it, to make the pond murky in the darkness, and to retrieve the essential life force which the gold moon might naturally have. To Lawrence, this moon, a white body of fire, definitely symbolizes the dominant aspect of archetypal femininity, the dominant mother's love with cool intelligence as follows:

He stood staring at the water. Then he stooped and picked up a stone, which he threw sharply at the pond. Ursula was aware of the bright moon leaping and swaying, all distorted, in her eyes. It seemed to shoot out arms of fire like a cuttle-fish, like a luminous polyp, palpitating strongly before her. And his shadow on the border of the pond, was watching for a few moments, then he stooped and groped on the ground. Then again there was a burst of sound, and a burst of brilliant light, the moon had exploded on the water, and was flying asunder in flakes of white and dagerous fire. Rapidly, like white birds, the fires all broken rose across the pond, fleeing in

clamorous confusion, battling with the flock of dark waves that were forcing their way in. The furthest waves of light, fleeing out, seemed to be clamouring against the store for escape, the waves of darkness came in heavily, running under towards the centre. But at the centre, the heart of all, was still a vivid, incandescent quivering of a white moon not quite destroyed, a white body of fire writhing and striving and not even now broken open, not yet violated. It seemed to be drawing itself together with strange, violent pangs, in blind effort. It was getting stronger, it was reasserting itself, the inviolable moon. And the rays were hastening in thin of light, to return to the strengthened moon, that shook upon the water in triumphant reassumption.

Birkin stood and watched, motionless, till the pond was almost calm, the moon was almost serene. ...And again, all was still. ...He saw the moon regathering itself insidiously, saw the heart of the rose intertwining vigorously and blindly, calling back the scattered fragments, winning home the fragments in a pulse and in effort of return. ...And he was not satisfied. Like a madman, he must go on. He got large stones, and threw them, one after the other, at the white-burning centre of the moon, till there was nothing but a rocking of hollow noise, and a pond surged up, no moon any more, only a few broken flakes tangled and glittering broadcast in the darkness, without aim or meaning, a darkened confusion, like a black and white kaleidoscope tossed at random. The hollow night was rocking and crashing with noise, and from the sluice came sharp, regular flashes of sound. Flakes of light appeared here and there, glittering tormented

among the shadows, far off, in the strange places; among the dripping shadows of the willow on the island. Birkin stood and listen, and was satisfied.³⁴

In one sense, moonlight dominates the poetics of their works. Indeed, there is no need to emphasize the enormous importance of lunar imagery, namely, the sophisticated moon aesthetics in traditional Japanese culture. The correspondence between the moon's phases and the dominant aspects of archetypal femininity is considered to be inevitable in the Occidental tradition. The Greek Ephesian Goddess has her typical Virgin, Mother and Crone aspects like other representations of the Great Mother in Jung, often symbolized by the new moon, full moon and waning moon. So in the European psychological context, the golden moon may also be associated with lunacy or passionate blood of the dominant femininity. By contrast, in the Oriental tradition it is particularly the quintessential Buddhist symbol of salvation or perfect enlightenment. Especially for Tanizaki, the gold moonlight glowing on his ideal mother seems to suggest the promise of heaven. She has become an eternal woman of gold moonlight like Kaguyahime, and yet he will forever dream of the sweet fragrance of her mother.

Unlike the white moon mentioned above, however, Lawrence's gold moon in 'Invocation to the moon' from his *Last Poems*, finally appears as the source of life force which constantly flows and changes as tides do, healing him as follows:

You beauty, O you beauty
you glistening garmentless beauty!
great lady, great glorious lady

34 D.H.Lawrence, *Women in Love*, 1920, edited with an introduction and notes by Charles L. Ross, (Penguin Books, 1982), p. 324.

greatest of ladies
 crownless and jewelless and garmentless
 because naked you are more wonderful than anything we can
 stroke.

Be good to me, lady, great lady of the nearest
 heavenly mansion, and last!
 Now I am at your gate, you beauty, you lady of all nakedness!
 Now I must enter your mansion, and beg your gift
 Moon, O Moon, great lady of the heavenly few.

Far and forgotten is the Villa of Venus the glowing
 and behind me now in the gulfs of space lies the golden house of
 the sun,
 and six have given me gifts, and kissed me god-speed
 kisses of four great lords, beautiful, as they held me to their
 bosom in farewell,
 and kiss of the far-off lingering lady who looks over the distant
 fence of the twilight,
 and one warm kind kiss of the lion with golden paws.

Now, lady of the Moon, now open the gate of your silvery house
 and let me come past the silver bells of your flowers and the
 cockle-shells
 into your house, garmentless lady of the last great gift:
 who will give me back my lost limbs
 and my lost white fearless breast
 and set me again on moon-remembering feet
 a healed, whole man, O Moon!

Lady, lady of the last house down the long, long street of the
 stars

be good to me now, as I beg you, as you've always been good to
men
who begged of you and gave you homage
and watched for your glistening feet down the garden path!³⁵

In this respect, images of the gold moon in both writers are quite opposites. The idea of 'flowing' as showing the healing power of the moon mentioned above is as important to Lawrence as that of 'stillness' is to Tanizaki. 'Flow' was one of his favorite words for expressing the quality he continued to search for in his writing career as a bohemian, a traveller, and an exile:

It was the way our sympathy flows and recoils that really determines our lives. And here lies the vast importance of the novel, properly handled. It can inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness, and it can lead our sympathy away from things gone dead.³⁶

In the 'Introduction to the American Edition of *New Poems* (1918)', about the poetic form, he distinguished a conventional, static form from 'an expressive or an organic form'. He also contrasted 'an organic poetic form' with one of 'mechanical regularity' and wrote that it 'is innate; it shapes, as it develops itself from within, and the fullness of its development is one and the same with the perfection of its outward form'.³⁷ In the words of Lawrence's kinetic imagination, it attempts to

35 D.H.Lawrence, *Last Poems*, 1931, (William Heinemann LTD), pp. 35-6.

36 David Lodge, *The Modes of Modern Writing*, 1977, (Edward Arnold), p. 160.

37 *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence*, 1972, collected and edited with an introduction and notes by Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts, (Penguin Books), p. 185.

reproduce 'the unspeakable vibrations of the living plasm'. In that introduction, he also wrote:

But there is another kind of poetry: the poetry of that which is at hand: the immediate present. In the immediate present there is no perfection, no consummation, nothing finished. The strands are all flying, quivering, intermingling into the web, the waters are shaking the moon. There is no round, consummate moon on the face of running water, nor on the face of the unfinished tide. There are no gems of the living plasm. The living plasm vibrates unspeakably, it inhales the future, it exhales the past, it is the quick of both, and yet it is neither. There is no plasmic finality, nothing crystal, permanent. If we try to fix the living tissue, as the biologists fix it with formalin, we have only a hardened bit of the past, the bygone life under our observation.³⁸

Let me feel the mud and the heavens in my lotus. Let me feel the heavy, silting, sucking mud, the spinning of sky winds. Let me feel them both in purest contact, the nakedness of sucking weight, nakedly passing radiance. Give me nothing fixed, set, static. Don't give me the infinite or the eternal: nothing of infinity, nothing of eternity. Give me the still, white seething, the incandescence and the coldness of the incarnate moment: the moment, the quick of all change and haste and opposition: the moment, the immediate present, the Now. The immediate moment

38 *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence*, 1972, collected and edited with an introduction and notes by Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts, (Penguin Books), p. 185.

is not a drop of water running downstream. It is the source and issue, the bubbling up of the stream of time. Here, in this very instant moment, up bubbles the stream of time, out of the wells of futurity, flowing on to the oceans of the past. The source, the issue, the creative quick.³⁹

Thus, Bakhtin's dialogic imagination in the *Problems of Dostoevsky's Poetics* seems to apply exactly to that of Lawrence:

Everything in the novel—the fates of people, their experience and ideas—is pushed to its boundaries, everything is prepared, as it were, to pass over into its opposite... everything is taken to extremes, to its uttermost limit. There is nothing in the novel that could become stabilised, nothing that could relax within itself, enter the ordinary flow of biographical time and develop in it...everything requires change and rebirth. Everything is shown in a moment of unfinished transition.⁴⁰

In this way, both Tanizaki and Lawrence tried to transcend the conventional literary world while avoiding the path of the rational and utilitarian spirit. They needed to find new ways of exploring their inner recesses, inner psychic being. This resulted in two quite unique styles and each of their works has its own distinctive features. Needless to say, due to the complexity of these authors' creative imaginations, there are many subjects to be treated in addition to those I have

39 *Ibid.*, p. 182.

40 M. M. Bakhtin, *The Dialogic Imagination*, 1981, edited by Michael Holquist, translated by Caryl Emerson and Michael Holquist, (University of Texas Press), p. 167.

touched upon. To avoid confusion, I have concentrated on drawing the differences between creative imaginations of both writers on the basis of the quintessential sceneries of their respective cultures. To pursue this more extensively would be beyond the scope of this essay.

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