ABSTRACT

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN" IN ANGLO-INDIAN FICTION

by Surjit Singh Dulai

Anglo-Indian literature, often defined as the entire English writing about India, is, more precisely, the literature produced by the English in India. Neither typically English nor Indian, the English in India had a peculiar existence of their own and were properly called Anglo-Indians. So long as they remained mere merchants they had some social contact with Indians. But as the East India Company acquired military strength and began to dominate the Indian scene by force, the Anglo-Indians no longer needed to adjust to the Indian culture. Instead, there own culture began to influence Indians. The mystique of the British responsibility to westernize Indians gave the Anglo-Indians a rationale for creating an environment congenial to their own way of life. But the spread of western ideas, combined with economic pressures in England and India, resulted in the rise of Indian nationalism and increased the Anglo-Indians' separation from the Indian social scene.

Most of the problems of the Indian situation resulted from the imperial relation between Britain and India. This relation figures largely as a theme in Anglo-Indian fiction. But it is also reflected in this literature in another manner. The racial separation inherent in the

imperial situation made it very difficult for Anglo-Indian writers to view the Indian reality or the British role in India objectively. This affected the character of their work significantly. The purpose of the present study is to point out the necessity of keeping this fact in mind for a proper interpretation of Anglo-Indian fiction.

The first chapter describes the nature of the Anglo-Indian contact with India and explores its bearing on Anglo-Indian writing in general and Anglo-Indian fiction in particular.

The second chapter deals with Kipling's work which exhibits a surprising faithfulness to reality. Generally, his writing remains within the bounds of his experience but when he goes beyond it, his universality enables him to reduce his material to the level of myth. His Kim is a moving picture of the opposition between the demands of love and obligations to imperialism.

The third chaper shows A.E.W. Mason's failure in The Broken Road, to see this opposition. His professed sympathy for Indians turns out to be spurious. This creates a discord in the artistic impact of his work.

Chapter four brings out E.M. Forster's lack of responsibility in A Passage to India where Evil proceeds from supernatural sources and can be countered only by the attainment of superhuman powers. His tendency to

escape from moral responsibility stems from a divorce from reality which also makes his vision contrived and dishonest.

Edward Thompson, whose work is the subject of the fifth chapter, emphasizes the need for understanding between the English and Indians but he does not realize that, under the circumstances, it is impossible for the two races to meet and understand each other. His writing appears to be motivated more by his concern over the Englishman's predicament than by any deep sympathy for Indians. This leads to an ambivalence in his vision and weakens the force of his message.

George Orwell's writing about Burma, discussed in the fifth chapter, records faithfully the experience of a sensitive Englishman in Burma, as it also defines the limits of that experience.

The concluding chapter sums up the observations made in the preceding chapters and emphasizes the importance of relating the study of Anglo-Indian literature to the implications of the imperial connection between Britain and India.

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN" IN ANGLO-INDIAN FICTION

By

Surjit Singh Dulai

A THESIS

Submitted to
Michigan State University
in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

Department of Comparative Literature

1965

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

For many kinds of assistance necessary in a work of this sort I owe many thanks to: Professor Herbert Weisinger whose guidance in research and patience in correcting the manuscript made this study possible; to Professors John A. Yunck and George Joyaux for reading the manuscript and for giving valuable suggestions; to Professor Lyle Blair for giving me insights into the colonial situation; to Mr. Wise B. Joseph for some enlightening discussions about the role of Christian missionaries in India; to Mr. Sheikh M. Noor for helping me to understand the political situation in Bengal during the first decade of the twentieth century; and to Mrs. Barbra True for her assistance in typing and proof reading.

S.S.D.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter I

Introduction

An impartial and comprehensive survey of Anglo-Indian literature has yet to be made. Brief discussions of the subject occur in some histories of English and Indian literatures, but so far the subject has failed to draw serious attention from literary historians. These treatments reflect a tendency to see Anglo-Indian literature as an integral part of either English or Indian literature, a point of view which imposes upon the subject a pre-conceived scheme of criticism and hinders an objective interpretation. The only two studies entirely devoted to Anglo-Indian literature, besides being out-of-date, suffer from a bias of this nature and remain only on the surface of things. These tend to pass judgments rather than to understand. E. F. Oaten, in his A Sketch of Anglo-Indian Literature,[1] sees the average Anglo-Indian writer foundering in the rocks and forests of inanity and purposelessness but fails to explore the factors responsible for his predicament. Similarly, Bhupal Singh, the author of A Survey of Anglo-Indian Fiction,[2] is inclined to discuss most literature that passes under this name of Anglo-Indian fiction as trash. Both of these writers apply standards of criticism irrelevant to the subject of their study. Another critic, K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, comments briefly on the Anglo-Indian writers in his Indian Contribution to English Literature.[3] He comes very close to diagnosing the root of these writers' problem by noticing a divorce between them and "the seething world of India" and in their general lack of "faith and vision." But in discussing the bearing of this separation on their writing, he begins to argue in a circle, condemning their failure to embody in

1. (London, 1908).
2. (London, 1934).
3. (London, 1945).

their work an experience which he begins by saying is inaccessible to them. This is because he allows a cultural bias to enter his criticism. Implicit in it is the arbitrary assumption that no significant literature could be produced by the English in India unless their culture were fused with that of Indians to form one homogeneous whole. Which is turning one's back on artistic processes because of cultural prejudice.

The only fruitful way of studying the phenomenon of Anglo-Indian literature is to approach it through the discipline of Comparative Literature. Neither strictly English nor purely Indian in character, it has a distinct identity of its own. In the course of its history, it has always remained so heavily under the direct influence of other literatures and the indirect pressure of forces impinging on its cultural setting that it could never have a completely self-contained growth, yet it always managed to retain some inner continuity and development of its own. When a body of literature produced in a particular cultural context is vitally connected with or influenced by literary or other factors outside that context, it is best approached from a comparatist point of view. Anglo-Indian literature should be studied not as a part of the cultural history of either England or India but as a separate current of literature closely related to both. The aim of the present study is to shed light, in this manner, on Anglo-Indian fiction with special reference to certain writers.

The proper place to begin is with a few comments on the term "Anglo-Indian." In current usage it refers, in general, to any person of mixed European and Indian origin and, in particular, to a whole community in India which has descended from the offspring of early European merchant settlers and the Indian concubines they used to keep in harem-like establishments called Zenanas. Until recently they felt too superior to assimilate themselves into the Indian population. On the other hand, Europeans never accepted them as their racial equals. Consequently, they developed a close-knit cultural

unity of their own which extended all over the country and this brought into being an ethos of their own. Persons of this community used to be called Eurasians. The name Anglo-Indian, which they gradually appropriated to themselves, was originally applied to their English forbears. It continued to be used in reference to the English residing in India until the last days of the British rule but it had been originally earned by the early English settlers. Because of the great distance between England and India in those days of slow means of transport, they could not retain close contact with their homeland. On the other hand, the exigencies of their business necessitated their mixing with Indians. Trade was lucrative and in the style of the Indian aristocratic living they saw a glamor and ease to which, in that tropical climate, they succumbed easily. Loving "splendid sloth and languid debauchery," to quote G. O. Trevelyan in his Competition Wallah (. 1864), they became veritable Indian nawabs in their habits and manners, distinguished from their Indian counterparts chiefly by their ethnic origin, and so were called Anglo-Indian. Their successors in India gradually ceased to become Indianized but it became a convention to call the British in India Anglo-Indians. It is in this sense that the term is used here.

Having thus defined the Anglo-Indian community, it still remains to decide the limits of Anglo-Indian literature. Writings emanating from four different kinds of cultural backgrounds have been often grouped under this classification. Besides the literature of the Anglo-Indians proper, the term has been used for the writing of Anglo-Indians in the more recent sense of the term and that of Indians who write directly in English or translate into English their own works originally written in some Indian language. The list of such writers of English from Derozio, writing in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, to Kamala Markandaya and scores of other Indians writing in English today, is a long one. It has also been applied to some works of those writers most of

whose writing stands squarely in the English literary tradition. Having come into a first-hand contact with India, they embodied their Indian experience in their writing. E. M. Forster and A. E. W. Mason are two such writers. Even when they tried to view India from a perspective different from that of their compatriots living in India, because of their ethnic origin could not help being somewhat similar to them in their modes of reaction to the Indian sense. Moreover, their writing became part of the literary heritage of the Anglo-Indian community and can, therefore, be legitimately covered by the same title as theirs.

If these two kinds of literature are to be called Anglo-Indian, some other names must be found for the literatures of Eurasians and Indians writing in English. Their experience remained significantly different from that of the Anglo-Indians because the social life of the Anglo-Indians, after they became the rulers of India, remained almost closed to their subjects. These literatures, although borrowing the forms and genres of English literature, were much more Indian in spirit than Anglo-Indian literature could ever be. The work of writers like R. K. Narayan, Mulkraj Anand, Khushwant Snigh, etc., is now gradually merging into, even leading, the main stream of Indian literature whereas Anglo-Indian literature has widened out to become the literary writing of the English speaking world about India.

The beginnings of Anglo-Indian literature are in some ways similar to those of the literatures of other British colonies in North America, Australia, New Zealand, and the other colonies. For long these literatures looked to England in their search for literary forms and values. The center of the literary world was London and that is where the colonial writers sought recognition or repaired to if they could manage, thus contributing further to the tendency of English literary genres to be imposed upon and perpetuated in a milieu foreign to that of their original growth. At the same time, however, the new inhabitants of these colonies made of them their

homelands and developed, there, distinct, homogeneous cultures of their own. Varying in many respects from the parent culture, these cultures still continued to have an affinity with it. Therefore, in due course of time, the forms and themes borrowed from English literature, somewhat naturally and without serious conflict, became modified enough to become suitable vehicles for the interpretation of new experiences. Thus the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand developed distinct literary traditions of their own. These are still not completely isolated from the main current of English literature but that is in part at least due to the fact that all modern literatures, particularly those of Europe and the English speaking world, are moving towards the interpretation of an experience which is becoming common to all peoples in these areas. Otherwise each one of them can stand in its own right and is a true expression of the spirit of its country.

The British colonial situation in Asia and Africa was different from that in America and Australia. Except in South Africa, the English did not make any of the colonies in this part of the world their homeland. In India, they had not come as immigrants but as merchants. In about two hundred years of their contact with India, they found themselves the rulers of the sub-continent. Still, throughout the period of British domination in India, the interest of Great Britain in her dominion remained fundamentally commercial. The size of the indigenous population and the nature of the social and political structures existing in the country did not permit a monopolizing of the country by the politically dominant race as it did in America and Australia. The English community in India was an island of a variant of English culture set in the midst of an alien land and people. The degree and nature of variance of their culture from that of England changed from time to time depending mainly upon their relation to the Indian situation. This relation could never become one of participation in the everyday life of the people. They had a separate existence of their own,

with their social life confined to the community, which was closed to Indians, and their contacts with India were those of an outsider and purely professional in nature. Their literature could not embrace the vast life of the entire country.

Yet even this limited experience had potentialities for the creation of literature. The tools of literature it borrowed at one time from England could have become adapted to express it but the continuity of their transformation was hampered by the perpetual intrusion of later modes of expression from the home country. Therefore, Anglo-Indian literature, although it shows development so far as its ability to convey Anglo-Indian experience is concerned, yet suffers from a discord between this experience and the forms in which it is embodied. Only writers of exceptional ability have come close to surmounting this difficulty. So at every step of its history, it is necessary to relate the study of Anglo-Indian literature to the contemporary trends in English literature and thought, on the one hand, and the position of the Anglo-Indian community or an individual writer in the Indian scene on the other.

A very significant feature of an Englishman's life in India was his natural sense of alienation in a foreign land. For a sensitive person, it was easy for this feeling to intensify into intimations of an overwhelming, inscrutable, and hostile force, part physical, part metaphysical in nature, immanent in the alien environment where he spent his life. Such feelings can be allayed if crystallized into some form of art. But if for want of an adequate medium this anguish cannot be objectified, it sinks deeper into one's being, trying to find relief in morbid ways, one of the easiest being the distortion of objective reality to suit the needs of the psyche. This is one important reason why people from different cultural backgrounds find it difficult to appreciate each other. If the need to understand a foreign culture and to adjust oneself to it is so pressing that one's

survival hangs by it, one cannot but try desperately to adjust and to understand. If reality doesn't impinge upon one's being that closely, one is quite likely to view it subjectively. And if one can manage to change it to suit one's nature, the result is the effort to control one's environment.

The Anglo-Indians reacted to their environment in one or more of these ways at different times depending upon the circumstances of the situation they were placed in. During the first century of their contact with India, the nature of their occupation made it necessary for them to win the friendship of the Indian population and made them willing to defer to the local customs and authorities. The stable political condition of the country and its general prosperity also impressed them so that, looking up to it, as they did, they came under the influence of its culture. However, the gradual disruption of the Moghul empire ushered in an era of near anarchy which compelled them to secure their trade by force of arms rather than good will. Consequently, as a community, they began to become increasingly segregated from the Indian population. Their relation to India became one of distant understanding for ulterior motives. Their natural participation in the country's life decreased. The trend in this direction continued after the East India Company emerged out of this confusion as the dominant political power in the sub-continent. Some sincere attempts were made to halt or at least to impede the process and foster closer relations between the English and Indians. The British sense of justice, shocked by the excesses of Anglo-Indians like Clive, called for a fair treatment of Indians. Some of the governors-general, considering themselves the guardians of the populace under their rule, tried sincerely to work for their welfare. Warren Hastings though that this could be best achieved by continuing the native customs and traditions. He patronised the study of Oriental learning as an effort in this direction.

But such idealism was bound to fail because the natural circumstances which increase love and understanding among

people no longer existed. As rulers the British were different from all the previous rulers of India because they did not make India their home. They could remain in power without adjusting their mode of life or thought to that of the Indians. On the other hand, the worth of Indian culture diminished in their eyes because it was at a low ebb as a result of a century of unrest and disorder. Consequently, when there were any sincere people who thought of doing their duty by India, they believed that it could be possible only in Western terms. They began to work for India's uplift through the encouragement of Western education and institutions.

Some prominent Indians, impressed by the progress of the English and by the sense of justice they had brought to the Indian administration, were induced to adopt Western ideas. Their enthusiasm, combined with British efforts, culminated in the adoption, under Macaulay, of the policy of imparting Western education to Indians. There was some opposition to this policy both in English and Indian quarters. On both sides, it arose mainly from fear and mistrust. The resultant resentment formed a significant factor in the 1857 uprising.

After the mutiny, the Indians were so much suppressed that they could not raise their voices except in co-operation with the British. But British consideration was not lacking. The taking over the country's rule directly by the British crown was an act of responsibility towards Indians. This brought with it a complete formulation of the rationale of the British stay in India. From now on, the aim was to Westernize India. The trend has continued since then. Even after independence, it has continued in the same direction. The attempt at a resurgance of the Indian culture and the struggle to find their own identity only resulted in giving a further impetus to the tendency to shape the country's future on Western lines.

Thus the Anglo-Indian reaction to their environment became progressively ethnocentric. They justified their need to stay in India as a mission to civilize and uplift a people,

who by their own Western standards, were backward. But actually this self-imposed "White Man's Burden" was the reflection of a deeper burden, the anguish of alienation. Unable to become part of their environment, the only way they could feel at home was by extending the limits of reality that was comprehensible to them in terms of their own ethnic conditioning. In the overall mystique of imperialism, Britain, or rather the upper classes in Britain, were rationalizing their vested interest, but the average official in India after 1857 didn't go to India in the hope of becoming rich. He went there to seek livelihood and, perhaps, some adventure and glory. In the profession of his mission he was not consciously insincere; on the contrary, he took his duty very seriously. But in this situation his religion of duty actually had its origin in his desperate need to retain and extend his integrity. He was involved in a curious love-hate relation with his environment. His need to communicate was desperate but the failure to do so turned his feelings of love into those of hatred so that he set about fashioning his surroundings nearer to his heart's desire.

The problem of the Anglo-Indians' relation to India is reflected in their literature. In one form or another it constitutes an important theme particularly in most Anglo-Indian fiction. Fiction is better suited than poetry to dealing with problems of a sociocultural nature for it allows scope for dialectic and exposition. Moreover, being closer to the plain of reason, it is easier to express new experience through it, whereas poetry, being more dependent on imagery formed by one's past experience, is not a proper vehicle for fresh encounters which the crossing of cultures involves. The beginning of Anglo-Indian fiction coincides approximately with the clear formulation of the mystique of "White Man's Burden." It is from this time on that a steady flow of Anglo-Indian literature begins. The most important part in the study of Anglo-Indian literature, is, therefore, its fiction with special emphasis on the problem of British-

Indian relations as reflected in it. The present study is focussed on five Anglo-Indian novelists who seem to be more seriously concerned with the problem than others, and whose work, chronologically, reflects the history of this relation during the most crucial period of the British rule in India. But before treating each one of them singly it would be helpful to build the general perspective of Anglo-Indian literature in relation to the history of British attitudes towards India during the three and a half centuries of their stay in India.

For about a hundred years after the formation of the East India Company, the English merchants, to ensure their trade, had to win the goodwill of the Indian populace they came into contact with, in general, and that of the local authorities, in particular. This called for a considerable amount of refinement and sensitivity on their part. The same qualities are reflected in the Anglo-Indian writing of the period which consists solely of books of travel. The most famous of them are Sir Thomas Roe's journal of his life at the Moghul emperor Jehangir's court, Edward Terry's Relation of a Voyage in the Eastern India (. 1655), William Methold's Relations of the Kingdom of Golconda (. 1626), and John Fryer's Account of East India and Persia (. 1698), all of them are written in an elegant, distinguished seventeenth century narrative style.

By the opening of the eighteenth century, the Moghul hold on the country had already begun to loosen and for want of any responsible power to protect their rights, the agents of the East India Company resolved "that they will establish such a **Politie** of civil and military power, and create and secure such a large Revenue to maintain both at that place, as may be the foundation of a large, well-grounded, sure English Dominion in India for all time to come."[4] At this stage, the idea of an "English Dominion" could imply little more than the establishment of a few bases to operate from to maintain supremacy at sea for the exploitation of the

4. Letter from the Governor to Fort St. George, 12 December, 1687. Quoted in R. P. Masani, Britain in India (Calcutta, 1960), p. 11

eastern markets. But the decision marked a crucial point in the Company's history. It meant that it had decided to become a political power in the country. Compared to the neighboring territories, the English settlements offered a safer and more stable condition of living. As a result they increased in size and strength because of the influx of the Indian population itself. Encouraged by this "natural and necessary" growth and the unsettled condition of the country, and exhorted by their directors, the agents of the Company entered upon a conscious campaign of adventurism which continuously brought more territory under the rule of the Company and tremendous personal gain and glory to themselves, but taxed the Company's finances so heavily that the directors began to panic and set limits to territorial expansion. "If we pass these bounds," they wrote to the President in 1767, "we shall be led from one acquisition to another until we shall find no security but the subjection of the whole, which by dividing your force would lose us the whole and end in one extirpation from Hindustan." With the Regulating Act of 1773 the Company's policy began to be controlled by the British government through the appointment of a Governor-General and by the Act of 1784, the Governor-General was forbidden to wage war or enter commitments likely to lead to war because the schemes of territorial aggrandisement were "measures repugnant to the wish, the honour and policy of the nation." But having once entered the political wrangles of the country, it was not safe to get out of them abruptly. A definite superiority in strength had to be established before expansion could be stopped.

So the first three quarters of the eighteenth century were not congenial for pursuits of a highly contemplative nature. The writing of this period is mostly history tending to celebrate the British exploits. Worth mentioning are Robert Orme's History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in Indostan (. 1763), a veritable epic in prose about the contemporary events, and his Historical Fragments

of the Mogul Empire of the Moratoes and of the English concerns in Indostan from the year 1659 (. 1782), where he delves into the past events to find a justification for the English need to attain supremacy. John Zephaniah Holwell, who claimed to have been a survivor of the "Black Hole" incident, wrote India Tracts (. 1774) after his retirement to England. It includes his bitter Narrative of the deplorable deaths of the English gentlemen who were suffocated in the Black Hole (. 1758).

However, attempts to view India's past and present from another side were not entirely lacking. Alexander Dow translated histories from Persian and Charles Hamilton wrote about the Rohillas whose ill treatment was, later, to be a leading factor in Warren Hastings' trial. As a matter of fact, although the struggle for power created a gulf between the English and Indians, the former did not become utterly devoid of sympathy for the latter. In their expansionist policy, some British leaders were motivated by the sincere desire to rid the country from the oppression of many irresponsible and corrupt native rulers. Compared to the reign of unscrupulousness, selfishness, and intrigue that prevailed in territories outside the Company's domain, its own government was fairly efficient and stable. Wellesley expressed the feelings of at least some true sympathizers of India when he said, "I can declare my conscientious conviction that no greater blessing can be conferred on the native inhabitants of India than the extension of British authority, influence and power." This was a far cry from Clive's rude retort to the Parliamentary Committee who asked him why he had appropriated so much wealth from Indians. His and, later, Warren Hastings' trial demonstrated how early the desire to do justice to India became part of the British policy. This remains true in spite of the fact that their concern for a fair government in India basically stemmed from the material motive of securing their trade with India.

Warren Hastings was a man much misunderstood in his own time and in history. He honestly strove to settle the area

under the Company's rule in the interest of both Indians and the English. By force of circumstances, he was compelled to engage in violence but he was no less enamoured of the arts of peace. To foster mutual understanding between the two races and to help India progress on native lines he patronised the study of Oriental culture and literature. He succeeded in creating among Anglo-Indians a considerable interest in literary and other intellectual pursuits. The monumental contribution of Sir William Jones, the Supreme Court judge in Hastings' reign, in opening to the Western world through English translations the doors to the wisdom of the ancient East is known to every Orientalist. But the period of Hastings' governorship also marks the beginning of Anglo-Indian literature proper. Besides being a Sanskrit scholar and the founder of Asiatic Society of Bengal, Sir William Jones was the first Anglo-Indian poet whose writing is on record. He had written poetry while still in England. In India he wrote a series of hymns addressed to the gods of Indian mythology. Though not of the highest order as poetry, they overflow with enthusiasm and wealth of knowledge. In 1780, James Augustus Hicky started Hicky's Bengal Gazette, the first newspaper of India. James Forbes' Oriental Memoirs (p. 1813) came out of this period. Another Orientalist, John Leyden, who lived in India from 1803-1811, expressed in fine poetry the common feelings of all Anglo-Indians--- their pride in military achievement, their loathing for what they considered the darker side of Indian superstition and, more than anything else, the intense nostalgia for home of men alienated and stranded in the "land of regrets." The last note is most poignantly expressed in his Ode to an Indian Gold Coin. Unfortunately John Leyden was a "lamp too early quenched." The closing years of the century also saw the beginnings of literary criticism. Hugh Boyd brought the flavour of the English culture in his journals from 1781 to 1794 with essays on subjects concerning literature and morality. Even the historical literature round the turn of

the century, in its inspiration, verges on literature and shows an enthusiasm for understanding India. The Franco-Turk Raymond, alias Haji Mustapha, prepared the unique translation of Ghulam Hussein Khan's Siyar-ul-Muta'akhrin in 1789. James Tod produced his romantic yet real Annals and Antiquities of Rejasthan (. 1829-32). Mark Wilks and Sir John Malcolm, both of whom made history, also wrote about it. The former's Historical Sketches of the South India (. 1810-17) and the latter's Political History of India (. 1811), History of Persia (p. 1815), and Central India (. 1823) were vital contributions to the Englishman's knowledge of Oriental history.

In spite of the efforts of the Orientalists and these historians, Anglo-Indian literature tended to focus itself mainly on the inside of Anglo-Indian society rather than to forage into the Indian scene outside. Eliza Fay gave the account of her travels from England to Calcutta in her Original Letters (. 1821). A similar series of letters describing Anglo-Indian life in Calcutta around the turn of the eighteenth century was published anonymously in the form of a novel called Haroly House. As a reflection of the increasing self-sufficiency and fullness of Anglo-Indian social life, mention should be made of Mary Martha Sherwood's book for children, Little Henry and his Bearer (. 1832).

It was only natural that the gulf between the English and Indians should widen. Most of the English until the middle of the nineteenth century had frankly commercial motives. However, a deep sense of responsibility in certain quarters was not lacking. The British statesmen of the early part of the century were concerned equally with their obligations to the Indian people and the British interests. The Bill of 1813 established the sovereignty of the British Crown over India because it could not "now be renounced without still greater evils both to that country and to this, than even the acquisition of power has yet produced. ....That sovereignty, which we hesitate to assert, necessity

compels us to exercise." The Bill was the outcome of the same spirit which led to the Reform Bill, the Catholic emancipation, and abolition of slavery in England. It owed itself to the enlightened statemanship of people like Burke, Pitt, and Wilberforce in England, and Wellesley, Lord Hastings, Munro, Malcolm, Metcalfe, and Bentinck in India. They changed the Company from a trading organization into a responsible guardian of people's interests. Wellesley though: "Duty, honour and policy require that India shouldn't be administered as a temporary and precious acquisition, as an empire conquered by prosperous adventure and extended by fortunate accident. It must be considered as a sacred trust." Even the independence of India at some future date began to be considered. But before this could be done Indians had to be properly educated to be able to govern themselves. This circumspection conveniently postponed the time of the transfer of power to Indians into the remote future.

The idealism of these statesmen was sincere but it was not accompanied by an appreciation of the reality of the Indian life. It was a self-righteous attempt to impose their own value system on a foreign culture. This became clearly manifest in the adoption, on Macaulay's recommendation, of the policy of devoting most of the funds, allocated for education, to the spread of the knowledge of Western sciences and literature among Indians. Macaulay's aim was to create a new race, Indian in colour but English in mind. Some prominent Indians, like Raja Ram Moham Roy, who co-operated with the British in their efforts in this direction, had themselves lost contact with the roots of their own culture.

Anglo-Indian society, becoming increasingly self-contained and well-settled, created an atmosphere congenial to the production of fiction. The three decades before the mutiny mark the beginning of Anglo-Indian fiction. This fiction is generally characterized by a lack of understanding of Indian life. William Browne's Pandurang Hari, or Memoirs of a Hindu (. 1826) portrays the life of a Maratha, focusing

largely on the shady side of his character. His Tales of the Zenana, or a Nawah's Leisure Hours, confines itself to the debaucheries of the Anglo-Indian merchants. Philip Meadows Taylor's Confessions of a Thug (. 1839) is based on government reports rather than on personal experience. His Tippoo Sultan (. 1840) and the trilogy containing Tara, a Maratha Woman, Ralph Darnell, and Seeta, and published in 1863, are similarly derived from second-hand information. William Dellafield Arnold is the only one novelist in this period who shows sympathy with the subject race but his protest against the failings of Anglo-Indians in his Oakfield: or Fellowship in the East (..1854), is rather mild.

After the Mutiny, the separation between Indians and Anglo-Indians continued to widen. Britain's economy had to come to depend on her trade with her colonies to a greater extent than ever before. Facing competition from the industrial progress of other European nations, the English had not only to control their previous possessions more firmly but acquired new territories in Asia and Africa. Their vested interest in the colonies was more rationalized, in increasingly clearer terms, into the concept of the "White Man's Burden"---their self-imposed mission to "civilize" the backward peoples.

In India the introduction of Western education had by this time created a class of Indians who began to ask for representation for Indians in the country's government. They received some encouragement from the legislators in England but, in spite of their Westernization, were not accepted as social equals by the English administrators in India. The Indian National Congress formed by these Indians in 1884 could not make much headway in winning political rights for Indians. In point of fact, they were themselves cut off from the Indian masses because of their Westernization. By the turn of the century there emerged a new class, only slightly touched by English education, but seriously affected by the financial strains which the nature of the imperial economy put on them. Unlike the Westernized Indians

who came from the upper class, the strength of the new element lay among the lower middle class. Instead of co-operating with imperialism, they sought their own identity and advocated revolt. For a while this brought a split in the ranks of the Indians fighting for India's rights but soon the moderates succeeded in absorbing these new forces into the Indian National Congress thus making the organization powerful. During the first World War, Indians, under Gandhi's leadership, gave full co-operation to the British in their war effort, in the vague hope that they would get self-government after the war. As these hopes could not be fulfilled immediately after the war because of division among Indians on the basis of religion, misunderstandings created by the truculence of the administration in India, and general indecision on the part of the British government, the struggle for self-government flared up into an open fight for freedom. Passions rose high on either side and all chance of the races to meet was lost.

This growing separation between the races is reflected in Anglo-Indian fiction of the second half of the nineteenth and the first quarter of the twentieth century. John Lang, in Wanderings in India (. 1859), bitterly satirized Anglo-Indians for their lack of responsibility and other shortcomings. Alexander Allardyce, in order to know India better, tried to delve into Indian psychology in his idyll of indigenous Indian life, City of Sunshine (. 1877). George Chesney wrote The Dilemma (. 1876), a powerful romance dealing with the mutiny. Jessie Ellen Cadell depicted the precarious life on the frontier in Ida Craven (. 1876). After 1900 Anglo-Indian fiction begins to come out in great profusion. In the opening years of the present century it reflects Anglo-Indian arrogance mingled with a little fear of the Indian unrest. F. E. Penny in her The Inevitable Law (. 1907) calls the Indian National Congress "a mere bladder inflated by cheap gas, without even the power of causing an explosion." Her The Unlucky Mark (. 1909) and other novels suffer from a similar lack of understanding. Edmund Candler's Sri Ram

. (1912) gives the best picture of the times. E. W. Savi notices the change in the attitude of Indians in A Prince of Lovers . (1925) and The Reproof of Chance . (1910). Everard Cotes' The Burnt Offering, L. J. Vance's The Bronze Bell, (1909). Kenneth Combe's Cecilia Kirkham's Son, all published in 1909, deal with the Indian unrest. Obsessed by the fear of an uprising and charged with contempt are A. F. Wallis's Slipped Moorings . (1910) and Leslie Beresford's Second Rising . (1910). Hobart Hampden's The Prince of Empire . (1911) shows sympathy for Indians. Irene Burn in The Border Line . (1916) criticizes Indians for upholding their indigenous values. Many writers, e.g. Henry Bruce in The Eurasian (1913) and John in The Dancing Fahir attribute the cause of unrest to college education.

Novels written in the early 'twenties are full of exasperation with the independence movement and advocate its ruthless suppression. Savi's Rulers of Men (1922), W. P. Drury's The Incendiaries (1922), R. J. Minnery's The Road to Delhi (1923), and G. H. Bell's In the Long Run (1925) are only a few among scores of such outbursts. But sadness and regret over the British-Indian relations mark the literature of the late 'twenties and early thirties. The most significant among the novelists of this period is Edward Thompson.

After 1935, the struggle for independence became more settled and the theme of India's problem almost completely dropped out of Anglo-Indian fiction. The English living in India or visiting there continued to write novels and stories set in India. But the chief interest of this writing lies in the narrative and the exotic setting. H. E. Bates and John Masters are primarily authors of adventure stories. Rumer Godden, a more serious writer, also remains out of touch with the real problems of India.

The chief problem in Anglo-Indian writing throughout its history has been its failure to establish real contact with India. Mention has not been made here of four writers---

Rudyard Kipling, A. E. W. Mason, E. M. Forster, and George Orwell---who, along with Edward Thompson, attempted very seriously to come to grips with this problem. They are treated at length in the following chapters. It would suffice here to say that, in spite of the sincerity with which they insist upon the Anglo-Indians to do their duty by India, they themselves are, more or less unconsciously, baffled by that alienation from the Indian scene which was the true Burden of the White Man in India.

Chapter II

Rudyard Kipling

In most readers' minds, Rudyard Kipling is likely to be the only writer associated with the British mystique of the "White Man's Burden." Such association, almost invariably carries with it the same, implicit condemnation of his works, which, in today's world, characterizes the common man's reaction to colonialism. The reasons for this response to Kipling lie less in what is inherent in his work than in the assumptions made about it. It is true that he coined the expression which provided a rationale for the retention of Anglo-Saxon domination in the world. But very few people know that he invented the phrase and still fewer care to find what he exactly meant by it. The general tendency is to assume that he blindly followed and tried to popularize a credo already formulated by those who held the reins of the Empire. His idea of the British responsibility in the Empire was different from what British Imperialism actually stood for. In British officers and soldiers in India he found qualities of character which equipped them properly for the creation of an ideal political world order based on hierarchy. But because of bungling in high places in the Imperial administration, as he saw it, this possibility was never realized. Instead of being a slavish supporter of Imperialism, he tried to lead it towards an ideal. But because of his admiration for the people who were doing the hardest work in the far flung outposts of the Empire and because he saw in Imperialism an instrument which, he believed, could be shaped into an ideal political system, he began to be considered an ardent upholder of Imperialism as it actually existed. The appeal and popularity of his work are due to the humanity with which it overflows. But becoming associated with Imperialism, his very popularity led to his notoriety. This is an irony of literary criticism that his strength should have been the cause of his condemnation.

Whereas a host of his Anglo-Indian contemporaries who defended the British domination in India with a crude complacency, have been completely forgotten, because of an utter lack of any lasting artistic or moral value in their work. Kipling, continuing to stay alive in the public consciousness because of his goodness, has suffered for the sins of an institution he tried to reform.

The trend in this direction started very early in the history of Kipling criticism. The fin de siecle decadents, divorced from the reality of everyday life, were repelled by Kipling's emphasis on the need for action and the necessity of relating art to actuality however ugly it might be. Even saner critics like Richard Le Gallienne were violently revolted by Kipling's concern for pressing political matters. He was the first critic to study Kipling at length and among the first who created the confusion about his message. As he found something in his writing which seemed to suit his taste, his condemnation of what did not accord with it became all the more damaging. Having praised Kipling's earlier work, he says:

> With the 'Recessional' and 'The White Man's Burden' we enter upon a third period of Mr. Kipling's development as a poet---a period...with which...poetry has little to do. It may be said that the 'Recessional' and 'The White Man's Burden' are more than poetry. I would venture to say that they are certainly less. In fact, they are not poetry at all, and it is uncritical, seriously, to consider them as such. They are political catch words imbedded in rather spirited hymns, and they are in no sense the work of Rudyard Kipling, unofficial M.P. for British Possessions. By writing them Mr. Kipling has become a greater political force than fifty members of Parliament, but not all the Great Powers, including Japan, can make them poetry. Their prestige is exactly that of 'The Open Door,' 'Spheres of Influence,' and such phrases; and the natural place for them was in a speech by Mr. Chamberlain,

or...Lord Rosebery."[1]

The critical bias is obvious. But it started a fashion in Kipling criticism which did not remain confined to writing alone. It culminated in Sir Marc Beerhohm's caricature of "Rudyard Kipling in the shape of a small, rather tarnished oriental brass image, standing, apparently forgotten, in the dust at the back of an old junk shop...(and his) earlier caricature showing Kipling with 'his girl Britannia,' on a Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath, which is full of the same spirit."[2] Edward Shanks, in explaining why Kipling did not aspire to become the official Poet Laureate of England, provides an apt answer to these charges: "It is surely of high significance that though, on several occasions, he might have had any honour that it was in the power of a government to bestow, he always refused to accept any honour whatsoever on the ground that he must remain free to criticize any government."[3] But liberalism has continued to attack him for serving rather than criticizing Toryism. T. S. Eliot's attempt to defend him[4] was submerged in a flood of angry retorts from eminent critics like Raymond Mortimer,[5] Peter Quennell,[6] Graham Greene,[7] G. W. Stornier,[8] Hugh Kingomill,[9] Boris Ford,[10] and Lionel Trilling.[11] George Orwell perceived Kipling's sense of responsibility but he too repeated the hackneyed charge that "Kipling is a jingo imperialist, he is morally

1. Richard Le Gallienne, Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism (London: John Lane, 1900), pp. 63-64.
2. Edward Shanks, Rudyard Kipling: A Study in Literature and Political Ideas (London: Macmillan and Co. Ltd., 1940), pp. 1-2.
3. Ibid., pp. 10-11
4. A Choice of Kipling's Verse Made by T. S. Eliot (London, 1961).
5. Sunday Times, 14 Sept., 1952.
6. The Singular Preference (London, 1952), pp. 159-66.
7. The Last Childhood (London, 1951), pp. 74-75.
8. New Statesman and Nation, XXIII (1942), p. 10.
9. Progress of a Biographer (London, 1949), pp. 27-37.
10. Scrutiny, XI (1942), pp. 23-33
11. 'Kipling,' in The Liberal Imagination (London, 1951), pp. 118-28.

insensitive and aesthetically disgusting."[12] Even his ardent defenders like Edward Shanks[13] and Bonamy Dobree[14] admit the charge of jingoism and are somewhat apologetic about it.

On the other hand, there are critics who study Kipling's work without connecting it with his involvement in imperialism as it actually existed. Miss Tomkins, in The Art of Rudyard Kipling,[15] analyses Kipling's work only from a purely structural point of view. Alan Sanderson's explanation of the formation of the white man's concept of duty in India is very perceptive but it loses its validity when he emphatically denies the existence of any real moral purpose in it. To him Kipling's "Imperialism is offensive not because it is Imperialism but because it isn't."[16] Kipling is an Imperialist and the greatness and shortcomings of his work are vitally connected with his idea of Imperialism and his passionate concern for its success. His strength lies in the genuineness of his altruistic motives which not only make most of his work emotionally satisfying but also give it that artistic consonance which comes only of deep sincerity. His weaknesses come from the situation in which he was placed because his natural affinity with his compatriots, and the lack of real participation in the Indian scene tended to deflect him from objectivity and to create emotional and aesthetic conflicts in his writing. His view of Imperialism as a panacea for the political, and hence other, ills of the world was the result of this bias. But his greatness consists in the fact that, in spite of the forces which tended to distort his natural feelings and led him to advocate causes which he didn't realize were ultimately inimical to certain peoples,

12. 'Rudyard Kipling,' in Critical Essays (London, 1954), p. 112.
13. Op. cit.
14. Rudyard Kipling (London, 1951), p. 7.
15. (London, 1959).
16. 'Kipling: The Artist and the Empire,' in Kipling's Mind and Art, Andrew Rutherford, ed. (Stanford, 1964), p. 166.

he could rise above these forces and these causes to embrace the entire humanity in love. The tension between this love and the forces opposing it in the Imperial structure in India forms the theme of the present chapter.

Kipling wrote one novel and well over a hundred stories with their setting laid completely in India. Another novel is only partially set in India. But a full appreciation of this fiction is not possible without reference to his other work because his attitude to India was only part of his overall development as an artist and is best studied in the light of this development. It is in this manner that Kipling's Indian experience and work will be treated here.

In discussing Kipling, it is necessary to be comprehensive in another sense. His prose and poetry cannot be studied separately for two main reasons. First, the same themes run through both types of his writings at any particular stage in his career. Secondly, Kipling always used excerpts from his own poetry in his fiction to reinforce the import of his writing.

The basis of Kipling's values, as Bonamy Dobree suggests,[17] was formed very early in his life. The first six years of his life were spent very happily with his parents. He received the affection of his parents, their numerous friends, and their servants. The atmosphere in which his parents, particularly his father, lived was very lively and the child assimilated its colorfulness with interest. His father's studio was often full of his father's friends, "men who wore the strangest clothes and answered to the oddest names."[18] His absorption in the scene was so intense that he, "at the age of five years old, never forgot a face or a name."[19] The range of his happy experience was extended and enriched by his excursions into the life of native India. This was done

17. Op. cit., pp. 7-9.
18. Charles Carrington, Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work (London, 1955), p. 12.
19. Ibid.

primarily through Meeta, the house servant with whom Kipling "talked so constantly in the vernacular that it was necessary to remind him to speak English, when he joined his parents in the drawingroom." The ayah, a Portuguese Roman Catholic, also took him out for "early morning walks" when "sometimes she took him into the chapel of her faith; as Meeta, when he was in charge, did not scruple to take the little boy to Shiva's temple..."[20] To him both were equally interesting parts of life. He did not much distinguish between these alternate devotions. Carington describes this period of Kipling's life in the following words:

> Rudyard, his sister, and their parents lived a happy uneventful life in Bombay, broken only by visits to the hill-station at Nemick. A land filled with wonders, and a westward sea, were crystallized in his infantine memories by drives to the coconut groves of Mahim in the sunset. Seaward, 'there were far-going Arab shows on the pearly waters, and gaily dressed Parsees wading out to worship the sun'; landward, the palm groves swaying in the sunset breeze. 'I always felt,' wrote Kipling in old age, 'the menacing darkness of tropical eventide, as I have loved the voices of night winds through palm or banana leaves, and the song of the tree frogs.' It was in this afterglow that he pictured the family circle of indulgent parents and kindly, obsequious, native servants; this was the background of his age of innocence, the heaven that lay about him in his infancy.'[21]

From this "heaven" he was moved to Southsea in England for the sake of his education. Not only did he miss the affection of his parents, he became the victim of Aunty Rosa's hatred and tyranny. First of all, she was jealous for her own son. To this was added her evengelical zeal with which she wanted to discipline him because, according to her ideas, he had been overly pampered. She found him

20. Ibid.

21. Ibid., pp. 13-16.

very restless, clumsy, and very little used to discipline. His notions of nursery etiquette, she thought, were simply "disgraceful." She was resolved to do her duty by him. In Kipling's own words, "it was an establishment run with the full vigour of the Evangelical as revealed to the woman."[22] He was considered the black sheep of the family. "I had never heard of Hell, so I was introduced to it in all its terrors..., I was regularly beaten. The Woman had an only son of twelve or thirteen as religious as she. I was a real joy to him, for when his mother had finished with me for the day he (we slept in the same room) took me on and roasted the other side."[23]

The torment was not confined to corporal punishment. When it dawned on him that "reading" was not "the Cat lay on the Mat," but "a means to everything that would make me happy. So I read all that came within my reach. As soon as my pleasure in this was known, deprivation from reading was added to my punishments."[24] The greatest of his sins, in the eyes of the Woman and her son, seems to have been that of lying.

> If you cross-examine a child of seven or eight on his day's doings (specially when he wants to go to sleep) he will contradict himself very satisfactorily. If each contradiction be set down as a lie and retailed at breakfast, life is not easy. I have known a certain amount of bullying, but this was calculated torture ---religious and scientific."[25]

Perpetual harassment and neglect told upon his health. His eyes went wrong and he could not see well to read. His work at "the terrible little day-school where I had been sent suffered in consequence, and my monthly reports showed it." He tried, unsuccessfully, to keep one of these from

22. Rudyard Kipling, Something of Myself for Friends Known and Unknown (New York, 1937), p. 8.
23. Ibid.
24. Ibid., p. 9.
25. Ibid., p. 8.

his guardian and was well beaten and sent to school, through the streets of Southsea with the placard "Liar" between his shoulders.

Such persecution intensified a sense of justice which seems to have been part of Kipling's nature. There is no evidence to suggest that he resented his parents' abandonment of him and his sister to the mercy of "Aunty Rosa." Instead of blaming them he tried to think of some tresspass for which they were being punished. This is not to say that he developed some kind of guilt complex but to emphasize that it reflects a nature that looked for cause and effect in terms of justice. A boy between the age of six and twelve cannot be expected to form a whole philosophy of life but the basis of one can be firmly laid in this period of his life. Failing to find any just explanation of his separation from his parents, he learned to accept it almost fatalistically. Similarly, he learned to endure the tyranny of the 'Woman' as something which was unjust without any doubt but about which nothing could be done. His answer to the inevitable was stoicism.

But his suffering did not dissolve his sense of good and bad, right and wrong. Rather, it was accentuated. Life at Southsea by its contrast with his earlier life, in Bombay, brought home to him what made life worth living and what militated against it. The distinction between the two facets of life was further accentuated by his rare visits to his Aunt Georgie's where "for a month each year I possessed a paradise which I verily believe saved me. Each December I stayed with my Aunt Georgie..., arriving at the house (I) would reach up to the open-work iron bell-pull on the wonderful gate that let me into all felicity...."[26] The short-lived felicity made the existence at Southsea even more painful for "on a certain day---one tried to fend off the thought---the delicious dream would end, and one would return

26. Ibid., p. 13.

to the House of Desolation, and for the next two or three mornings there cry on waking up. Hence more punishments and cross-examinations."[27] One of the things that made for happiness was family affection. Short periods of happiness at North End Road and the loyalty of Trix against the Woman's virulence were as bulwarks against the general loneliness to which he had to get accustomed.

Life at Southsea also taught Kipling to ignore his minor feelings or to push them down under an attempted toughness. Doing things, the phrase is his sister's, was one other way of keeping one's mind off the soreness of one's heart. But the experience made him acutely conscious of the deeper emotions, thus giving him an intense feeling for all human beings for the rest of his life. The fundamental human emotions he could never ignore.

In later life trying to explain why he had never told anyone how he was being treated at Southsea, Kipling says, "Children tell little more than animals, for what comes to them they accept as eternally established. Also badly treated children have a clear notion of what they are likely to get if they betray the secrets of a prisonhouse before they are clear of it."[28] The first part of this explanation seems to be closer to truth than the second because if Kipling had grown conscious of the rightness and possibility of escaping from the Woman's clutches, he could have made the attempt through the relatives whom he visited from time to time. But the fact seems to be that Kipling not only considered the situation "as eternally established" but because of his inbred sense of responsibility, he also accepted the propriety of discipline imposed by his guardian. It is not too much to assert that Kipling's stay at Southsea at least intensified, if not produced, in him the need for authoritarianism. Being always told by the persecutor that one is

27. Ibid., p. 17.
28. Ibid.

in the wrong can plant the suggestion in the victim's mind that the former is right. Even in later life Kipling did not condemn Aunty Rosa except for her insensitivity, misguided zeal, and unconscious hatred for him.

When Kipling went to the United Services College at Westward Ho! he was precociously mature physically and in other ways. He may not have become clear on metaphysical, moral, and emotional issues, as a matter of fact he could not, but the seeds of his metaphysics and ethics were already laid. And the school he went to was not an uncongenial soil for them to germinate in. First of all the school continued, though in a much milder form, the harshness of his life. The school was a new establishment and the rules of conduct which generally give one a sense of security in an institution had not yet become a tradition. Discipline was as yet mainly a matter of adjustment among the boys themselves and hence irregular and harsh. Things in Kipling's time had improved substantially over those in the preceding years when Dunsterville had attended the school. As the youngest boy in the school he had been cruelly ill-treated by the undisciplined young ruffians who made the first generation of seniors. When Beresford and Kipling arrived, in "more civilized times," they listened with horrified fascination to his reminiscences of the heroic age.

> At the time of joining the school, Kipling was not "noticeably muscular or sinewy, and was accordingly ineffectual at fisticuffs, for which, in any case, his exceptionally short sight unfitted him. He preferred to sidetrack physical violence by his tact and friendliness and by not quarrelling with any boys unless he had allies. He was always noticeable for his caution and his habit of 'getting there' by diplomatic means."[29]

So life for him at school was not really easy. Moreover, he was still separated from his family and, therefore,

29. G. C. Beresford, Schooldays with Kipling (London, 1936), p. 2.

emotionally unsatisfied. Consequently the strain of stoic endurance in him was reinforced. The brutality prevalent at his time and in that before him made him respect rules and regulations. In Stalky & Co. Kipling has the bullies paid back in their own coin in imagination for what they did in reality. Although this is as much a breach of just laws as the one resented by Kipling, in essence it reflects Kipling's rage at injustice. He proclaimed the book to be a tract and a thorough reflection shows it to be one.

If the school life brought out the authoritarian in Kipling, it did not support authority to the point where it would become as tyrannous as the lawlessness it was intended to curb. There was in Kipling a strain of the reformer if not the revolutionary. While he considered subordination to the basic rules as necessary and commendable he was temperamentally opposed to the rigidness of all the prudish and silly observances and restrictions to which unthinking people give exaggerated importance. He was already conscious of a code of social behaviour which would impose responsibility on and guarantee rights to the individual. An individual who did not abide by it must suffer but it was not to be interpreted narrowly. When the assistant master, Rev. J. C. Campbell, who had been noted for his brutal treatment of the students, waxed sentimental in his valedictory address, everybody was moved to forgive him but not Kipling who thought, "Two years bullying is not paid for with half an hour's blubbering in pulpit."[30]

Thus in his sympathy and attitudes, Kipling was, on the whole, a liberal rather than a conservative. Liberalism, in fact, dominated the whole school atmosphere. It was only in name a military school because it had neither the exteriors of parades, uniforms, etc. that go with such schools nor the characteristic spirit that prevailed in them. It is not too much to say that most of the masters there would have thought of these things as bad taste. The headmaster, "Crom," and old friend of Kipling's parents, had been deeply influenced

30. Carrington, op. cit., p. 27.

by European ideas and was inclined towards liberalism. He was not in holy orders, or even a strong churchman; the school had, therefore, a relatively liberal atmosphere.

Being physically unfit to join the strenuous physical activities at school, Rudyard had the opportunity to sit back and survey the scene and evaluate it. His critical faculties were further sharpended by reading, his passion for which was encouraged and judiciously directed by the headmaster. Toward the end of his school career he became the nucleus of a small group of privileged students. From this vantage point he could not only take a leading role in the school life but directed and criticized it. The group, called 'Stalky & Co.' by Kipling in the book of the same name, felt superior to their schoolmates in different ways. Rudyard's role was in affect a wise, man-of-the-world air.

His participation in the life of the school was intellectual, coming through talk as well as writing. It seems to have been his parents' and his headmasters' aim from very early time of his going to school that he should become a writer. His own experience at Southsea, his voracious habit of reading, the need to find compensation in his imagination for the hardship of reality, the sharpening of his sense of observation of moods and thoughts of people from their expressions or physical movements, the need to fabricate plausible lies to escape punishment, had all laid the seeds of his becoming a writer. When he began to try his hand at writing, although he could turn out verses of an imitative nature of all types of poetry, he exhibited a special ability to produce lyrical and satirical poems. The inspiration for these came, as it always does, from his passionate involvement in life and a deep sense of propriety and justice. His sympathies lay with people who considered themselves innovators in ideas as well as in art. While still at school he was closely connected, through family connections and through Crom, with the literary world of London. He and his headmaster were quite at home among the London artists of all

kinds who were connected with the "aesthetic" movement.

Under the liberal influence of the aesthetes Kipling tried to master the art of writing for its own sake. However, his sense of responsibility towards humanity had already been so highly developed that he could not give his single-minded devotion to the mere beauty of his instrument. He wanted to make it useful too. He was liberal enough to be critical of the unthinking routine of custom and orthodony, but he did not want to let his dedication to art make him lose contact with reality altogether. The pain of life he had experienced was too close to his mind to be ever forgotten. The child who had felt the need for a just system to control human dealing and the boy who had felt the need for a similar kind of reasonable discipline in school was now about to step into adult life where, he could already see that a responsible authority to control the affairs of men would be necessary. The British constitutional monarchy came to his mind as a symbol and instrument of this system. Unlike most liberal aesthetes, who were carried away by their enthusiasm and could think only in negative terms, he retained enough sanity to see in the constitutional monarchy some sterling worth. Probably this was rendered possible for him by his Anglo-Indian connection. Not only his own parents but those of most of his schoolmates were Anglo-Indians. He was acutely conscious of the emotional and physical turmoils of the British serving in the far-flung parts of the empire. They were there out of a sense of duty rather than for gaining any great personal profits. Most of the boys going to school with him were also preparing for service overseas. His weak eyesight unfitted him for active duty of any kind but plans for his going out to India as a journalist were already afoot. He would do in writing what others were to do in civil and military positions. He saw something praiseworthy in the dutifulness of the British overseas. So the entire imperial venture became meaningful. The British monarchy stood as the symbol of this venture and could not be attached without peril to the stability of the whole empire with its centre

in England. It was this sense of responsibility that prompted him to write a poem which surprised everybody because Rudyard had always been considered to be a rebel. As editor of the newly resumed school paper, Chronicle, he published in March 1882, the poem "Ave Imperatrix!" which T. S. Eliot considered a significant poem in Kipling's writing.[31] It was written on the occasion of an attempt on Queen Victoria's life. After greeting her on her escape, the poet, for himself and on behalf of his school, makes a profession of faith in the Queen and the British empire. According to Beresford, it surprised even Kipling himself.[32] His values were not yet fully formulated for him but their drift was becoming clear. His subsequent experience in India was to complete the process of formulation.

It was this incipient sense of responsibility which seems to have been at least one factor in his deciding to go to India. His father arranged for him to work with a newspaper at Labore because Rudyard had expressed his impatience to get "a man's life and a man's work."[33]

Kipling's interest in public and political affairs must have been reinforced by his voyage to India because he happened to undertake it at a time when he had literally to pass through a battlefield. Even more significant to remember is his satisfaction on returning to India, a re-assertion of a sense of belonging. In his childhood, his dispatch to England had meant a journey from happiness to misery. But in due course of time he had found friends there and a promise of love. So at the gateway to the Orient, he now had mixed feelings about returning to India:

> Port Said marks a certain dreadful and exact division between East and West. Up to that point---it is a fringe of palms against the stay---the impetus of home memories and the echo of home interests carry the young man along very comfortably

31. Op. cit.
32. Op. cit., p. 243.
33. Carrington, op. cit., p. 37.

> on his first journey. But at Suez one must face things. People, generally the most sympathetic, leave the boat there; the older men who are going on have discovered each other and begun to talk shop; no newspapers come aboard, only chipped Reuter telegrams; the world seems cruelly large and self-absorbed, ...Then one begins to wonder when one will see those palms from the other side. Then the black hour of homesickness, vain regrets, foolish promises, and weak despair shuts one down with the smell of strange earth and the cadence of strange tongues.[34]

But he soon discovered that his apprehension was uncalled for. India, the place where he had spent his happy childhood was still his home. He decided to describe his experience to his school-fellows to dispel any misgivings they might have in regard to coming back to India:

> The evening smells and the sight of the hibiscus and poinsethias will unlock his tongue in words and sentences that he thought he had clean forgotten, and he will go back to his ship as a prince entering on his kingdom."[35]

But the real foundation of Kipling's satisfaction with his new life was the happiness of his family life. He called it the Family Square because of the four equally loving members that comprised it and because the security it provided was impregnable. From this secure base he surveyed the Indian scene and in about four years attained to a mature point of view as a man and a writer.

The most fascinating and awesome feature of this life was its intractable vastness against which even the Family Square was hardly more than a bulwark. The feelings of loneliness and helplessness which he had experienced at Southsea and, to a lesser degree, at school, sometimes came, in this country, with a rigor he had never knwon before.

34. Rudyard Kipling, Letters of Travel, 1892-1913 (New York, 1920), pp. 257-58.

35. Ibid., p. 258.

For administrative reasons the Anglo-Indians retained a sitance from the natives. They never made India their home. Rudyard, though having a sympathy with native India, was essentially on the Anglo-Indian side of the two worlds into which India was divided. This alienation of the average Anglo-Indian from the life beyond the Anglo-Indian community was partly the result of political set-up. To Kipling life beyond his small intimate circle, howsoever interesting and colourful, appeared overwhelmingly ominous. It strengthened in him the streak of pessimism in the ultimate view of the universe already bred into him by his early experience and by Victorian thinking. But instead of succumbing completely to this nihilistic tendency he tried to impose a meaning on existence, however short-lived it might prove to be. Even if the ultimate movement of the universe was not necessarily directed toward human happines, valid values concerning human existence could and should still be established. Their establishment needed stoic endurance in the face of the inexorable order of things and a highly developed moral attitude to make social life, the only way open to humanity, possible. The seeds of these qualities, laid in his early life, came to bloom.

Rudyard found in the life of the Anglo-Indian officers an emotionally satisfying way of life. He has been often blamed for idealizing them into superhuman figures but his pictures of them are very faithful to reality. From the time of the establishment of the training college at Hailybury the quality of the East India Company personnel had improved because of the interest taken by some eminent statesmen in Indian welfare. Although the ultimate purpose of this reform was to secure British interests in India, its immediate aim was to rid the administrative machinery of corruption. The young men who came to India did so not in the hope of amassing wealth, as their predecessors used to do, but primarily to earn a living. They displayed a great integrity in the performance of their duty. Performance of duty, became, in fact,

a religion with them. The reason for this was part patriotism, part sense of superiority to the natives, and part missionary zeal, but the main force of it came from a need for self-assertion that contained and dominated all these factors. The Anglo-Indian officers' integrity, therefore, was a combination of a stoic acceptance of the irrelevance of human existence to the ultimate goals of nature and an acute awareness of the need for values governing human intercourse. For the sake of this integrity these officers had to face difficulties which are easily forgotten today. This

> "was India in the heroic age, without refrigerators, without electric fans, without D. D. T. It was hardly yet understood that cholera was a water-borne infection, not known that mosquitoes carried malaria. An English man might enjoy some rude luxuries in India, but topical disease then struck down its victims, high or low-caste, without social discrimination."[36]

In the face of these difficulties they rose to such heroic stature that today their presentation by Kipling seems romantic. But the reality of their achievement can be witnessed in the bulky output of autobiographies and descriptive works of the period, e.g., Memorials of the Life and Letters of Sir Herbert Edwardes (p. 1886), Winston Churchill's Story of the Malak and Field Force (p. 1898), and Sir George Younghush's A Soldier's Memories (p. 1917). The military and administrative achievements of the British in India had reached their climax before Kipling's visit to India but the traditions and ideals of the men involved in these ventures were still there to last for some time. The third quarter of the nineteenth century in India was "the day of subalterns, boys in age, men in character, blessed with the adventurous ardour and audacity of youth";[37] it was the day of Henry Lawrence and his "Young Men" through whom he created the basis of

36. Carrington, op. cit., p. 51.

37. Maud Diver, "The British Subaltern in India," Blackwood's Magazine, CCLVII (June, 1945), p. 385.

sound administrative government in Northern India; it was the day of Lieutenant Eldred Pottinger, "The Hero of Herat," of Lieutenant Eldred Pottinger, who, totally without experience, designed and built the Ganges Canal "on a scale of magnitude hardly conceivable outside India," of Herbert Edwards who pacified the wild Bannu tribesmen single-handed.[38] Their ideal, a quotation from The Bengal Army Regulations, is given in the beginning of "only a Subaltern":

"...Not to enforce by command, but to encourage by example the energetic discharge of duty and the steady endurance of the difficulties and privations unseparable from military service." Adherence to this ideal demanded and bred into them the qualities which answered Rudyard's own inner needs. To the performance of duty and the endurance against privations was added a sense of community with the other Anglo-Indians and the combination provided Kipling with a mystique to live by. The attitudes which had been clamoring for clarification, though not yet fully formulated, acquired greater definition. His experience helped him to achieve an emotional balance which gave meaning to life. Living nobly and usefully in the full consciousness of one's ultimate destruction is no mean or drab mystique to live by. The achievement of this accord with existence forms the theme of "The Children of the Zodiac." The story is concerned with the movement of Leo and the Girl towards such an emotional balance.

Early in the story it dawns on them that there is no such thing as immortality and that death is the final end of man's life. Says Leo,

> "Every one of those people we met just now will die..."
> "So shall we," said the Girl sleepily. "Lie down again dear." Leo could not see that her face was wet with tears.

A still deeper realization of the human situation comes to

38. Alan Sandison, "The artist and the Empire," in Kipling's Mind and Art (Stanford, 1964), pp. 146-47.

Leo when he hears his own doom in the words of the Crab, one of the Houses of Death. He is inclined to "lie down and brood over the words of the Crab," but he knows the futility of doing so. The Bull knows how to make the present moment worthwhile and to take the mind off the ultimate doom. '"Well," said the Bull, "what will you do? ... You cannot pull a plough... I can and that prevents me from thinking of the Scorpion."' However, Leo can sing, and the Bull exhorts him to use his talent in the same way as he is using his physical powers:

> "Help us now," said the Bull. "The tides of the day are running down. My legs are very stiff. Sing if you never sang before."
>
> "To a mud-spattered villager?" said Leo.
>
> "He is under the same doom as ourselves. Are you a coward?" said the Bull.

Beginning with the song of the fearless, Leo soon moves on to another aimed at giving meaning to the human situation.

> This was a thing he could never have done had he not met Crab face to face. He remembered facts concerning cultivators, and bullocks, and rice fields that he had not particularly noticed before the interview, and he strung them all together, growing more interested as he sang, and he told the cultivator much more about himself and his work than the cultivator knew. The Bull grunted approval as he toiled down the furrows for the last time that day, and the song ended, leaving the cultivator with a very good opinion of himself in his aching bones.

The story gives Kipling's view of the Artist's role in life---namely, to help man achieve dignity, integrity, self-respect and whatever little happiness that is possible for him.

Kipling's experience brought him into closer contact with the subalterns and the administrators but even among the British soldiers in India, he found the same ability to face the loneliness of the human situation as he had admired in their social and official superiors. Their type is presented in Mulvaney's summary of his own life in "The Solid Muldoon."

As Kipling's characters are stoically reticent, it is only by occasional glimpses that we see the inner workings of their hearts. However, the three stories "The Courting of Dinah Shadd," "On Greenbow Hill," and "The Madness of Private Ortheris" seem to be purposely intended to give close-ups of the insides of Mulvaney, Leoroyd and Ortheris to show their consciousness of the sorrow of existence. The following is a quotation from the first of these three stories:

> When I awoke I saw Mulvaney, the night dew gemming his moustache, leaning on his rifle at picket, lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know not what vultures tearing at his liver.

As a matter of course, they hide their depths under a punctilions observance of rules, living life in full loyalty to "the God of Things as They are." Their garrulousness and saber-rattling, and cynicism in everything except obedience to order are a veneer only skin deep to conceal their deep-seated agony in the same manner as their officers affect a calm and reticence to hide theirs.

A Kipling character is basically a lonely, persecuted individual with a bleak and austere vision. But his persecution is the condition of his existence. It is the price he has to pay to achieve and guard his identity. This realization is the foundation of Kipling's art. But because of his English reticence and habit of under-statement, and the very ability to withstand hardships in the same manner in which his characters do, the crisis of the individual-environment conflict in Kipling is generally assumed and greater attention is paid to the actions rather than feelings of the character. The conflict is reflected indirectly in the insistence on discipline. The formation of a code of behavior and the need to escape from loneliness knit individuals into a community. Because the number of Anglo-Indians was small and they shared their work, they had strong communal attachments. It was a defensive mechanism. Kipling's Anglo-Indians are lifetime exiles trying to keep at bay the enemies among whom they are thrown.

This opposition is the basic note of Kipling's view of India. The scene is dominated by an inscrutable spirit, which for want of a better description, may be called India itself. Kipling seems to wonder about it as Marlow, in Heart of Darkness, does about the Congo: "Could we handle that dumb thing or would it handle us? I felt how big, how confoundedly big was the thing that couldn't talk and perhaps was deaf as well." In "The Education of Otis Yeere," Mrs. Mallowe sees very clearly the stark truth that in India "you can't focus anything." The amorphous nature of the Indian spirit tends to dissolve physical and mental definitions. This is especially true of stories dealing with the country side where "great, grey formless" India overwhelms and crushes the individual's identity.

It cannot be gainsaid that Kipling shared with other Anglo-Indians the psychic experience which made them pitch themselves as a unit against overwhelming odds. But it is equally true that he tried harder than most Anglo-Indians cared, to make a positive thing out of the situation. He had a godlike pity for the suffering humanity. And in his concern for humanity, he looked to Anglo-India not merely as a place of refuge for himself but also as a means of relieving the ills of mankind. Perhaps he could not avoid rationalizing the privileged position of the British, his own inner need to see and order imposed on the surrounding chaos, and a certain sense of complacency about "serving," but he tried to see what makes life function in the whole world, and not just within the Anglo-Indian community.

Being in the situation in which he was, his sympathy with the Indian remained considerably abstract. He tried to establish contact with the real India but the gulf between the two races was so wide and fixed that he could hardly go beyond its fringes. He succeeded in getting copy of all kinds by second hand information and was often able to describe the outer and inner life of his Indian characters but he never seems to have become personally and emotionally

involved with Indians and was hence not fitted to interpret their life faithfully. His pictures of native life are not only rare but also rather superficial. He can make them convincing and moving only when he deals with the fundamental universal emotions. His better stories concerning the natives, such as "Lispeth," "Without Benefit of Clergy," and "The Story of Mohammed Din," deal with these emotions.

Although the British domination in India had itself not been blameless in the prevailing material and spiritual misery of the Indian masses, he was touched by their plight as he saw it. And the need to alleviate their suffering was so pressing that there was no time to waste in wrangling over the theoretic right or wrong of a political system. Whatever was practical was the most effective system. History was to blame for the state of affairs obtaining in the country. The democratic sentimentalism like that of Pagett, M. P., in "The Enlightenments of Pagett, M. P." was not based on the practical experience of the Indian situation. This kind of theorizing only put even more obstacles in the way of the Anglo-Indian official who was already hampered by the machinery which inhibited his actions. For want of planned agriculture and medical treatment there prevailed "an all-round entanglement of physical, social and moral evils and corruptions which call for immediate relief." Relief from famine and disease were more important and useful for the Indians than votes whose value they would not understand. The administrator was always running a race with time: "Our death rate's five times higher than yours....and we work on the refuse of worked-out cities and exhausted civilizations, among the lows of the dead." To build a happy future at the expense of the present suffering thought Kipling, was to defeat the very purpose with which one starts working for mankind. He saw with his own eyes the efficient working of the benign bureaucracy and had reason to believe in the absurdity of democratic institutions. It has to be admitted that he did not understand the role of capitalism in the British empire but certainly aware he was of the exploitation

of the masses in the colonies. He considered it

> an elementary consideration in governing a country like India, which must be administered for the benefit of the people at large, that the counsels of those who resort to it for the purpose of making money should be judiciously weighed and not allowed to overpower the rest. They are welcome guests here, as a matter of course, but it has been found best to restrain their influence. Thus the right of plantation labourers, factory operatives, and the like, have been protected, and the capitalist, eager to get on, has not always regarded government action with favour. It is quite conceivable that under an elective system the commercial communities of the great towns might find means to secure majorities on labour questions and on financial matters.
>
> They would act at least with intelligence and consideration.
>
> Intelligence, yes: but as to consideration, who at the present moment most bitterly resents the tender solicitude of Lancashire for the welfare and protection of the India factory operative? English and native capitalists running cotton mills and factories.... I merely indicate an example of how a powerful commercial interest might hamper a government interest in the first place or the larger interests of humanity.

The "larger interests of humanity" rather than any abstract standard of absolute morality are the measure by which the right or wrong of a political system should be judged. His approach to society is purely functional, a matter quite easy to be unmindful about in London:

> Naturally, a man (in London) grows to think that there is no one higher than himself, and that the Metropolitan Board of Works made everything. But in India where you really see humanity, raw, brown, naked, humanity---with nothing between it and the blazing sky, and only the used-up, overhandled earth underfoot, the nation somehow dies away, and most folk come back to simpler theories. Life, in India, is not long enough to waste in proving that there is no one in particular at the head of affairs. For this reason the Deputy's

> above the Assistant, the Commissioner above the Deputy, the Lieutenant-Governor above the Commissioner, and the Viceroy above all four, under the orders of the Secretary of State who's responsible to the Empress. If the Empress be not responsible to her Maker ---if there is no Maker for her to be responsible to---the entire system of our administration must be wrong. Which is manifestly impossible.

Despite this sincerity, Kipling does not like to wear his heart on the sleeve. His ideal was the man, who sure of the basic goodness of his action, goes about his job without putting on an air of piety or worried about proving the goodness of his work. The reward lay in the secret satisfaction of doing the job well and at the same time not attaching too much importance to the accomplishment. For an Anglo-Indian officer, the performance of duties generally involved doing things which demand a certain amount of toughness, even callousness. A cynical attitude, pretended or real, was a help if not a necessity in the maintenance of law and order.

Kipling has been often accused of being cynical towards the suject races. It has been pointed out time and again that although he preaches the amelioration of their condition, he is not only devoid of feeling towards them but also exhibits a strong strain of sadism in his attitude towards them. It cannot be denied that to Kipling Indians never came fully alive as human beings but remained more or less an abstraction. So in his theoretic view of things as they should be, he could at times refer to them as so much inert matter. But it should be borne in mind that, while criticizing his so-called ruthlessness, it is too easy to mistake a character's attitudes for those of its creator. Kipling, in presenting the Indian scene, tries to depict realistically how things happen. He is not necessarily pointing out a moral. Besides, what is taken so seriously by critics is often merely an overflowing light-heartedness of Kipling's manner.

In spite of the above explanation the charge that Kipling shares the brutality of his characters has to be answered. His presentation of it has definite overtones of exuberance and commendation. This has been interpreted as an evidence of his own rughlessness and brutality. But such an interpretation reflects a superficial reading of him. For, if anything, Kipling's apparent brutality is a deliberate attempt to counter his essential gentlemenliness, his sensitivity, and his sympathy for the underdog. Kipling, as already suggested above, found something admirable in the realistic, non-sentimental approach to life he found among his compatriots. By nature he wasn't fitted to be callous. And the nature of his workand physique didn't provide him an opportunity to prove that he could be violent if necessary. In trying to prove his mettle he sometimes overshot the mark. His superficial exulting in brutality is only a veneer and reflection of his actual softheartedness. The proper way to look at it is as a falsification of the Indian reality and a distortion of his own feelings.

His stoicism, deep ethical leanings and his sense of vocation as a man of letters combined together to produce Kipling's writing in India. His values by this time, though not yet fully formulated, had come to be well-established and could be already defined from his writing. He was emotionally involved in his subject rather than analyzing it merely cerebrally. Anglo-India was his true element. His exuberance is whown in the flippant-serious tone in which he couched most his writing here. He simply depicted the spectacle before him because the sigh of it thrilled and satisfied him. While still in India he published Plain Tales from the Hills[39] but his later stories about India resemble these in spirit and tone. So all of his Indian stories can be grouped and discussed together. Only a sampling of these covering the entire range of his Indian stories can be given

39. (Calcutta, 1881).

here. It is based on Mr. Randall Jarrell's judicious selection In the Vernacular: The English In India.[40]

"A Wayside Comedy" conveys forcefully the sense of loneliness and exile that oppresses the European population in remote places over the wide expanse of India. "Fate and the Government of India have turned the Station of Kashima into a prison; and...there is no help for the poor souls who are lying there in torment...." The English population consists of two couples and a single Captain. "You must remember... that all laws weaken in a small and hidden community where there is no public opinion." Such weakness manifests itself in the moral unscrupulousness of Kurrell who, having had a long affair with Mrs. Boulte, transfers his attentions to the newly arrived Mrs. Vansuythen, towards whom Mr. Boulte is also attracted. Both of them fail to get her response, Boulte because Mrs. Vansuythen does not like him and Kurrell because his past life is accidentally exposed by Mrs. Boulte. Mrs. Boulte herself cannot win Kurrell back; his ardour for her is completely extinguished. In spite of the jealousies and the consequent anguish they have to suffer, all of these people are compelled to live together. Once when Boulte and Kurrell try to laugh it off their laughter sounds very unpleasant. It is "the mirthless mirth of these men on the long white line of the Narkarra Road." "What is the use?" says Boulte quietly to Kurrell,

> It's too ghastly for anything. We must let the old life go on. I can only call you a hound and a liar, and I can't go on calling you names forever. Besides which I don't feel that I'm much better. We can't get out of this place. What is there to do? Kurrell looked round the rat pit of Kashima and made no reply.

When both of them are gone tiger-shooting, Major Vansuythen "insists upon his wife going over to sit with Mrs. Boulte; although Mrs. Vansuythen has repeatedly declared that she prefers her husband's company to any in the

40. (New York, 1963).

world." "But of course," as the Major says, "in a little Station we must all be friendly."

"Lispeth," from the Anglo-Indian point of view, is perhaps the most self-critical of Kipling's stories. Here he suggests how arbitrarily and superficially a foreign religion, hence a foreign culture, is imposed upon the native Indian traditions. Lispeth

> was the daughter of Sonoo, a Hill man of the Himalayas, and Jadeh his wife. One year their maize failed, and two bears spent the night in their only opium poppy-field just above the Sutlej Valley on the Kotgarh side; so next season, they turned Christian, and brought their baby to the Mission to be baptized.

She becomes an orphan and is adopted by the Mission. "She took to Christianity readily, and did not abandon it when she reached womanhood, as do some Hill-girls." Then one night she brings to the Mission an Englishman who has hurt himself. "This is my husband..." says she to the Chaplain's wife. "We will nurse him, and when he is well your husband shall marry him to me." The Chaplain's wife shrieks with horror. The Englishman grows well slowly and, when he is leaving, Lispeth walks "with him up the Hill as far as Narkanda, very troubled and very miserable." The Englishman promises falsely that he would come back. Lispeth waits for him until she finds out the truth. In disgust she gives up Christianity and goes back to join the hill-folk.

The story brings out the hypocricy of the white people in their show of concern for the natives. Lispeth accepts them but they fail to accept her. However, Kipling also succeeds in conveying that the real cause of the separation does not lie in the behaviour of the individuals. The individuals are in the grip of a situation which forbids the mingling of races.

"At the Pit's Mouth" confines itself to the flirtations of the Anglo-Indians at Simla. The strength of the community here is larger but it has the same forced close-knit unity

as witnessed anywhere else. Nothing is secret in this society, which compels the Tertiam Quid to decide to elope with the Man's Wife. His accidental death is a very fitting close to the story because it symbolizes the pit's mouth which he had already reached because of the prudish machinations of the Simla society.

In "A Bank Fraud" Kipling gives the character sketch of a kind of man that is after his heart. The epigraph describes Reggie Burke very aptly:

> He drank strong waters and his speech
> was coarse;
> He purchased raiment and forbore to pay;
> He stuck a trusting junior with a horse,
> And won gymkhana in a doubtful way.
> Then, 'twisxt a Vice and folly, turned
> aside
> To do good deeds and straight to cloak
> them, lied.

As the manager of the Sind and Sialkote Branch Bank, he receives from England Mr. Silas Riley as his Accountant. In his self-conceit, the Accountant considers "Reggie a wild, feather-headed idiot, given to Heaven only knew what dissipation...and totally unfit for the serious and solemn vocation of banking." Because of his delicate health this self-styled "pillar of the Bank and a cherished friend of the Directors," cannot stand the rigours of the Indian climate and falls sick. As he continues to deteriorate the Bank is obliged to get a substitute. But Reggie out of concern for his subordinate not only keeps the fact hidden from him and continues to pay him from his own pocket but forges a letter from the Directors giving Riley a promotion. To give peace to the dying man's mind, he even begins to make a show of having become religious and reads the Bible in the patient's sight. Such is Kipling's love of people who do the right thing without making a show of piety or a desire for appreciation.

The title of the story "False Dawn" is very opposite. The most memorable thing about the story is its atmosphere. It is an atmosphere charged with unreality, the unreality of a stage-show rather than that of a dream. Except for

Saumarez's proposal to the wrong girl, his request for the rectification of his error, and the actual act of rectification, the whole drama is enacted as a dumb-show. The night and the weather at the picnic sight make a background against which the characters look like confused and helples puppets. Take, for example, the scene in which Saumarez makes his engagement public.

> As Miss Copleigh and I limped up, he came forward to meet us, and, when he helped her down from her saddle, he kissed her before all the picnic. It was like a scene in a theatre, and the likeness was heightened by all the dust-white, ghostly-looking men and women under the orange trees clapping their hands---as if they were watching a play---at Saumarez's choice. I never knew anything so unEnglish in my life.

After this, although Kipling says that "we were dropping back again into ordinary men and women," he has already given the impression that the life of the British in India, especially during the hot weather, fails to achieve concreteness. The English never succeed in establishing contact with their surroundings, thus failing to become part of them and truly alive. Their life in India is like a false dawn.

Yet at points where human contact is possible, the sense of belonging is not impossible to achieve. The deep pathos of "The Story of Mohammed Din" comes from such a participation. Mohammed Din playing in the garden, lisping a few words to his father's English master, and then being suddenly cut short in his very childhood by death, is so real that he undoubtedly had a place in the author's heart. It seems that cultural and social barriers fall before deep emotions. They are hard to overcome in day to day affairs. Kipling very poignantly conveys the tenderness a child's innocence can arouse in one's heart. The profundity of regret over an inadvertent mistake is conveyed most effectively in the following words: "Heaven knows that I had no intention of touching the child's work then or later; but, that evening, a stroll through the garden brought me unawares full on it;

so that I trampled, before I knew, marigold-heads, dust-bank, and fragments of broken soap-dish into confusion past all hope of mending. Next morning, I came upon Mohammed Din crying softly to himself over the ruin I had wrought. Some one had cruelly told him that the Sahib was very angry with him for spoiling the garden...." The tragedy of the child's death is accentuated by the Doctor's "They have no stamina, these brats." But it retains a grandeur untouched by sentimentality.

"Jews in Shushan" if not so tender as "The Story of Mohammed Din" has a similar grimness. Fate does not permit Ephraim the Jew to realize his dream of having ten persons of his religion in Shushan so that they could have a synogogue of their own. The story, whereas it depicts the helplessness of man in the face of the inevitable, also reflects in the alienation of the characters Kipling's own taste of it in India.

"In the House of Sudhoo" betrays the same failure to establish contact with India in another way. The story itself is a partially true description of the hocus-pocus that passes under the name of magic in India. But the seriousness with which the whole affair is approached and narrated involves an exaggeration which amounts to a mistrust of the entire land. The epigraph juxtaposes the part of India reclaimed by the British with the rest of the country which is still unknown and similar to the foreigner.[41]

"Dray Ware Yow Dee" a monologue by a Pathan, portrays his lust for revenge. Kipling has marvelously succeeded in grasping the mores of another culture in this story. He also imbues his creation with a dignity and manliness which contrast with the servility and spinelessness of the average Indian. The Pathan, although respectful, speaks to the Sahib on terms of near equality. Kipling, in the epigraph taken from the Proverbs, even finds a rationale for his character's

41. Infra p. 55

feelings in Western terms. In the flow of the narrative he has masterfully caught the flavour of the vernacular. Most important of all, Kipling is conscious of the rigidity of cultural boundaries: "I thought you were my friend. But you are like the others---a Sahib. Is a man sad? Give him money, say the Sahibs. Such are the Sahibs, and such art thou---even thou." Still the barrier remains. The story does not cease to smack of copy received at second hand by a journalist. It betrays an attempt to bank upon the description of the customs of a strange people. And a value judgement on these customs at times comes to the surface: "Your Law! What is Your Law to me? When the horses fight on the runs do they regard the boundary pillars; or do the kites of Ali Musjid forbear because the carrion lies under the shadow of the Ghor Kuttri?"

Kipling achieves great heights in realism in literature when he stays close to his personal experience. The loneliness, boredom, and the rigors of the inclement weather which were the lot of the average British official in India perhaps find their best expression in Kipling's "At the End of the Passage." The steady disintegration of the psyche under the hell of this social vacuum and an intemperate climate could be quite convincing even without the introduction of the supernatural element. In fact, the use of the supernatural detracts from the impact of the story. Without its intervention, it would be a true representation of the "White Man's Burden."

"William the Conqueror" also deals directly with the "White Man's Burden" but on a much simpler and easier plain. The job of the men engages in famine relief does involve hard work, but it is mostly physical work. Instead of the overwhelming oppressiveness of "At the End of the Passage," this story is charged with a feeling of triumph, even crude gloating in the ability to manage things. The story has been often very highly praised but there is little in it to justify such approbation. It suffers from an utter lack of seriousness

or genuine sympathy with Indians. The latter do not come alive in the author's description of them. And the romanticism of the hardships of the English, and of Scot walking at the head of a host of little, brown angels, is very forced. Kipling here is perhaps at his most complacent.

The "White Man's Burden" on the plane of socio-political responsibility is beautifully formulated in "The Man Who Would be King." The ideal of kinghood is given in the epigraph: "Brother to a Prince and fellow to a beggar if he be found worthy." Dravot and Carnehans muggle themselves, with some ammunition, into Kafiristan where people live in almost primitive conditions. By their superior intelligence, chance, and better equipped for fighting, they establish themselves as the rulers, Dravot becoming the Emperor and god of the people and Carnehan his Commander-in-Chief. But the price of this supremacy is self-abnegation, a non-interference in the customs of the people they govern. For some time they work selflessly for Kafiristan and the country becomes better organized and strong. Then Dravot decides to get married. Marriage between humans and gods is against the tradition of the people. In spite of advice to the contrary, the Emperor pushes his way into marriage. People get suspicious of his godhood which results in a revolt. Dravot is killed. Carnehan, who is left for killed, survives but is so crippled and maimed that he hardly resembles a human being. The moral lesson of the story is obvious.

Kipling is definitely biased in his ideas about the ability of certain races to rule. This comes out clearly again and again in his writing. The story "Namgay Doola" is entirely devoted to this belief. Namgay Doola refuses to obey the rajah of a petty state and fights back when the former's ludicrous "army" go to arrest him. It is discovered by the narrator that Doola has some white blood in him and hence would rather die than be one of the rajah's subjects. The rajah is persuaded to make him the commander of his Army because of "the nature that God has given him."

But the ability to rule can be gradually acquired by people of other races too. Puran Dass, in "The Miracle of Puran Bhagat," by conscious effort equips himself with the ability to manage affairs of state and rised to become the Prime Minister of a native state where he does his job so well that he is honoured with the title of K. C. I. E. But at the height of his political power he renounces the world to meditate on the Absolute like a true Brahmin. For years he remains unconcerned with the affairs of men considering them an illusion. But the feeling for humanity is so deeply ingrained into him that he cannot help going out, with all his beast friends of the jungle, to save a village from a landslide. Puran Dass's enlightenment is of the highest kind. He not only sees the law that should govern the affairs of men but the greater Law which pervades all existence.

The crown for Kipling becomes a symbol of the link between these two laws. He is moved by the loyalty and reverence which some people of the Dominions bear for the crown. His admiration for some Indian soldiers' sacred regard for royalty form the theme of "In the Presence."

His regard for the British soldier in India is expressed in his numerous Soldier Stories. His pictures of them are not sentimentalized. He does not hesitate to delineate the crude aspects of their nature. Still his love of them is unbounded. "On Greenbow Hill" is the most memorable of his Soldier Stories.

In the Plain Tales From the Hills, the reader sees the white man carrying his burden without the beat of drum which seems to enter some of Kipling's later writings. In fact, he never eulogized the empire as it actually was. He admired the men who formed its foundation. They made him see in the empire an instrument, which, if perfected, could serve a high end. Since he could not be part of this venture in action, he decided to dedicate his art to an ideal for which he felt them to be striving. The sense of dedication was intensified when he decided to return to London which

seemed like turning his back on the difficulties in which his heroes lived. He felt that the British public had been unfair in their evaluation of the Anglo-Indians. He also realized that England's security lay in the hands of the British overseas. So he very early began to draw the British public's attention to the life of these people. Adverse criticism of his work in intellectual circles gave a further fillip to his efforts in this direction. So his stories about India, written while he was there in that country or later up to the time of the Boer War, are all written in admiration of the hard-working British officers and soldiers in India. The burden of administration lies on the shoulders of the former in a manner in which only he understands.

> Gentlemen come from Endland spend a few weeks in India, walk round this great Sphinx of the Plains, and write books upon its ways and its works, denouncing or praising it as their own ignorance prompts. Consequently all the world knows how the Supreme government conducts itself. But no one, not even the Supreme Government, knows everything about the administration of the Empire. Year by year England sends out fresh drafts for the first fighting line, which is officially called the Indian Civil Service. These die, or kill themselves by overwork, or are worried to death or broken in health and hope in order that the land may be protected from death and sickness, famine and war, and may eventually become capable of standing alone. It will never stand alone; but the idea is a pretty one, and men are willing to die for it, and yearly the work of pushing and coaxing and scolding and petting the country into good living goes forward. If an advance is made all credit is given to the native, while the Englishmen stand back and wipe their foreheads. If a failure occurs the Englishmen step forward and take the blame.

The most poignant picture of the Englishmen's hardships in India are given in "At the End of the Passage," "Without Benefit of Clergy," "In Flood Time," and "The Man Who Was."

Here are bodied forth the physical and spiritual torments of men under the most persecuting circumstances. And in the background looms vast...the image of that old Sphinx of the Plains complete in mystery as no other writer has ever been able to suggest her. These serious elements of the picture are mingled with anecdotes which, without minimizing the hardships and patience of his protogonists, bring in elements of a lighter vein such as the descriptions of their amusements and frivolities. But the emphasis remains on the hardships. Kipling conveys the gigantic nature of their task by suggesting the vastness of the sub-continent by occasional flashlight phrases. There is the India of "the blazing sky, the dried-up overhandled earth," and it is rendered more concrete by touches like "The stern, black-bearded kings who sit about the Councilboard of India" and the romance of "Look, there are the lights of the mailtrain going to Peshawar!" Nothing can compare with "The City of Dreadful Night" in making one realize the heat of India:

> The men flung themselves down, ordering the punkah coolies by all the powers of Hell to pull. Every door and window was shut, for the outside air was that of an oven. The atmosphere within was only 104°, as the thermometer bore witness, and heavy with the foul smell of badly-trimmed kerosene lamps; and thin stench, combined with that of native tobacco, baked brick, and dried earth, sends the heart of many men down to his books, for it is the smell of the Great Indian Empire when she turns herself for six months into a house of torment.

The situation of these hard-boiled workers is not fully understood or appreciated by the high-ups in the Indian government. "Even the Secretariat believes that it does good when it asks an over-driven executive Officer to take a census of wheat-weevils through a district of five thousand square miles." Kipling best satirizes this attitude of the government in "Pig." The poor executive is left to himself to take a lonely stand in an alien world that

stretches on either side of the main line connecting cities from Calcutta to Peshawar and symbolizing the thin streak of the tangible reality he can grasp and fall back on as suggested in the epigraph to "In the House of Sudhoo":

> A stone's throw out on either hand
> From that well-ordered road we tread,
> And all the world is wild and strange:
> Churel and ghoul and Djinn and sprite
> Shall bear us company tonight,
> For we have reached the Oldest Land
> Wherein the Powers of Darkness range.

Although Kipling admires the Anglo-Indian officials, he does not fail to be objective about them. He knows them as human beings and accepts them as such. It is instructive to compare his pictures of them with the idealistic notions about their heroism. While Kipling was still at school, Bridges, later to Kipling's rival for the position of Poet Laureate, wrote the following sonnet, The Growth of Love:

> Say who be these light-bearded, sunburnt, faces
> In negligent and travel-stained array
> That in the city of Dante come today,
> Haughtily visiting her holy places?
> O these be noble men that hide their graces,
> True England's blood, her ancient glory's stay,
> By tales of fame diverted on their way
> Home from the rule of oriental races.
> Life-trifling lions these, of gentle eyes
> And motion delicate, but swift to fire
> For honour, passionate where duty lies,
> Most loved and loving, and they quickly tire
> Of Florence, that she one day more denies
> The embrace of wife and son, of sister or sire.

Contrasted with the flirtatious, adulterous, down-to-earth cynical youngmen at Simla, Bridges' young men are the figments of a poets' imagination.

Kipling's pictures of the British soldier in India are relatively more idealized although he knows that "single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints." They are "no thin, red 'eroes" of the kind the art critics wanted Dick Hedlar's pictures to be in The Light That Failed. Still there is some element of staginess about Mulvaney. The process of mythologizing is, however, checked by the typically

British soldiers, Ortheris and Learoyd. They possess all the cynicism that is necessary for the kind of action demanded from them. Nonetheless, they are endearing figures. Like the Anglo-Indian official they are not only ignored but condemned and shamed by the complacent British public:

> "They talk o' rich folk bein' stuck up an' genteel," says Learoyd, telling the story of his heart, "but for cast-iron pride o' respectability there's naught like poor chapel folk. It's as cold as the' wind o' Greenbow Hill---ay, and colder, for 'twill never change. And now I come to think on it, one at strangest things I know is 'at that they couldn't abide the' thought o'soldiering. There's a vast o' fightin' i' th' Bible, and there's a deal of Methodists i' th' Army; but to hear chapel folk talk yo'd think that soldierin' were next door, an' to'other side, to hangin'.... And they'd tell tales in the Sunday school o' bad lads as had been thumped and brayed for bird-nesting o' Sundays and playin' truant o' weekdays, and how they took, to wrestlin', dog fightin', rabbit-runnin', and drinkin', till at last, as if 't were a hepitaph on a gravestone, they damned him across th' moors wi', 'an then he went and 'listed for a soldier', an' they'd all fetch a deep breath, and throw up their eyes like a hen drinkin'."
>
> "Fwhy is it?" said Mulvaney, bringing down his hand on his thigh with a crack. "In the name of our God, fwhy is it? I've seen it, too. They cheat and they swindle, an' they lie an' they slander, an' fifty things fifty times worse; but the last an' the worst by their reckonin' is to serve the widely honest. It's like the talk av childern---seein' things all round."
>
> "Plucky lot of fightin' good fights of whatsername they'd do if we didn't see they had a quiet place to fight in. And such fightin' as theirs is! Cats on the tiles. T'other callin' to which to come on...," said Ortheris with an oath.

The honesty of his heroes and the general efficiency with which the Government of India worked convinced Kipling that authoritarianism was the best system of government.

The imperial machinery as he saw it was not free from defects. He was one of the bitterest critics of bungling at the higher levels of administration. In The Masque of Plenty he satirizes a commission appointed to enquire into the economic conditions in India. One of the passages reads:

> Hired Band, brasses only, full chorus--
> God bless the Squire
> And all his rich relations
> Who teach us poor people
> We eat our proper rations--
> We eat our proper rations,
> In spite of inundations,
> Malarial exhalations,
> And casual starvations,
> We have, we have, they say we have--
> We have our proper rations.

It concludes with a summing up of the Indian peasant's plight in the "Chorus of the Crystallized Facts" about "The Much Administered Man":

> In the towns of the North and the East,
> They gathered as unto rule,
> They bade him starve his priest
> And send his children to school.
> Railways and roads they wrought,
> For the needs of the soil within;
> A time to squabble in court,
> A time to hear and to grin.
> And gave him peace in his ways,
> Jails--and Police to fight,
> Justice--at length of days,
> And Right--and Might in the Right
> His speech is of mortgaged bedding,
> On his kine he borrows yet,
> At his heart is his daughter's wedding,
> In his eyes foreknowledge of debt.
> He eats and hath indigestion,
> He toils and he may not stop;
> His life is a long-drawn question
> Between a crop and a crop.

This should serve as an answer to those who accuse Kipling of being a complacent mouthpiece of Imperialism. But his thoughts were forward-looking. He thought in terms of a world order. The world, as it was in his day, was not yet ready for democracy. Whatever the reasons and past history, under the circumstances, the British rule in India seemed to be the best for the country. He tried to observe impartially and saw

that certain people were better equipped than others to do the job of ruling. So he was opposed to democracy as a matter of principle. He felt that the interference of the British Parliament in the Indian affairs was ill-advised and detrimental to the smooth functioning of the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy. In this connection his comments on the constitutional changes in Japan are interesting. "We shall be happy with this Constitution and a people civilized among civilizations!" said some of his Japanese hosts when he was in Tokyo on his way to America.

> "Of course. But what will you actually do with it? A Constitution is rather a monotonous thing to work after the fun of sending members to Parliament has died out. You have a Parliament, have you not?"
>
> "Oh, Yes, with parties--Liberal and Radical." "Then they will both tell lies to you and to each other. Then they will pass bills, and spend their time fighting each other. Then all the governments will discover that you have no fixed policy."

His experience on the West coast of the U.S.A. and his later trouble with his own brother-in-law confirmed his belief in rigid authoritarianism:

> Turn now to the August spectacle of a Government of the people, by the people, for the people, as it is understood in the city of San Francisco. Professor Bryne's book will tell you that every American citizen over twenty-one years of age possesses a vote. He may not know how to run his own business, control his wife, or instil reverence into his children, may be pauper, half-crazed with drink, bankrupt, dissolute, or merely a born fool; but he has a vote. If he likes he can be voting most of his time--voting for his State governor, his municipal officers, local option, sewage contracts, or anything else of which he has no special knowledge.[42]

Ruling, according to Kipling is a job, which like any other job, requires not only a certain amount of know-how and ability, but also a highly developed sense of morality. Certain peoples were better endowed with these qualities than others.

42. Ibid., pp. 75-76.

It was their duty to take upon themselves the task of governing and improving the world.

Kipling had strong intimations of a moral order controlling the universe. He was concerned with the problem of retribution to the point of obsession. That is one chief reason why his writing is replete with stories of revenge and punishment. The universal order is vaguely referred to as Law. Where it prevails poetic justice is possible. The domain of its operation can be extended only by men specially fitted to do so. The law is that frame within which man can work to fulfil himself. Discipline is essential to make this frame possible. "only the free are bond; only the bond are free." His vision of our ideal system of government in the future is given in "With the Night Mail":

> That semi-elected, semi-nominated body (The Aerial Board of Control) of a few score persons of both sexes controls this planet. "Transportation is Civilization," our motto runs. Theoretically we do what we please so long as we do not interfere with the traffic and all it implies. Practically, the A.B.C. confirms or annuls all international arrangements and, to judge from its last report, finds our tolerant, humorous, lazy little planet only too ready to shift the whole burden of public administration on to its shoulders.

The obsolescence of the "autonomous institutions" is the subject of one of the extracts, from a newspaper of that future time, that are added as an appendix to the story. Crete, where these institutions still survive, has borne with the confusion caused by them just because these vestiges of the past attract tourists from abroad. But at last they can no longer stand the "savage" system and compel the A.B.C. to annex them.

In "As Easy as A.B.C." the inhabitants of Illinois still remember the horrors of the democratic system of government and get panicky when they smell the danger of its being revived. They express their feelings in "Macdonough's Song":

> Once there was the People--Terror gave it birth,
> Once there was the People and it made a Hell of Earth.
> Earth arose and crushed it. Listen, O ye slain!
> Once there was the People--it shall never be again!

The trouble is caused by the would-be democrats who Kipling calls "Serviles."

Whatever the weaknesses of his Utopian concept of A.B.C. it is worth noting that its membership is based purely on ability rather than on any narrow national considerations. From his concern for efficiency and the vastness of the areas over which he desired it to be used, stems Kipling's love of machinery. He was enthused not only by its perfection and precission but its power, reach and speed. In this respect he was a predecessor of his critic H. G. Wells. He was captivated both by the romance of mechanical operations and devices as well as the romance rendered possible by them. He has been often accused of being tediously meticulous in his descriptions of the working of machinery. His stories about machinery are said to lack human interest. The main reason for these charges is the old-fashioned view of literature according to which it is sacriligeous or impossible to write literature about machinery. The myth has since been shattered but the fashion of condemning Kipling on its basis still persists. Kipling was among the first writers to break away from these pessimistic, obsolete notions. He showed that not only is it possible to create literature about machinery but, in this age, also necessary to do so, if there is to be any literature.

The mechanical efficiency as admired by Kipling suggests the possibility of a similar organization in the affairs of men. This mechanical attitude towards humanity is deplored by many as an attempt to control the affairs of mankind by main force. But Kipling nowhere suggests that the mechanical subservience to authority is a current or desired state of human existence. He only implies that such subservience will have to be accepted as the condition of freedom and full realization in a world which is being fast mechanized in all

its spheres. His writing about machinery is, therefore, not irrelevant gibberish but is endowed with deep human significance in a mythical form. The significance, of his animal stories, at this level, is more readily admitted. But even here the charge of over-simplification is not uncommon. The world of The Jungle Books, and other books written specifically for children, is seen to be valid only when divorced from adult point of view. Says Edmund Wilson,

> It is as if the natural human feelings progressively forced out of his work by the rigours of organization for its own sake were seeking relief in a reversion to childhood, when one has not yet become responsible for the way that the world is run, where it is enough to enjoy and to wonder at what we do not yet understand. And, on the other hand, the simplified morality to which Kipling has now committed himself is easier to make acceptable to ones readers and oneself if one approaches it from the point of view of the child."

Thus Edmund Wilson detects in these stories an element of irresponsibility. It has to granted that the stories are primarily meant for children but the view of life presented in them stems not from a cheap "schoolboy morality" but from a profound perception of the cosmic order of things. Kipling's "Law" governs not only the human race but the whole creation. It imposes conditions by which alone can the individual secure his freedom. But the focus remains on that freedom. Small wonder, then, that his utopia verges on anarchy.

Both the idea of anarchy and the need for work to achieve it are essentially western notions in as much as they emphasize the importance of the individual in the aims of existence and in the means necessary to achieve these ends. In his own day, he was bitterly criticized for glorifying action at the expense of contemplation and other purely intellectual pursuits. The decadent critics, the descendents of the pseudo-romantic aesthetes, considered contact with reality as defiling and tried to escape into an imaginary world of art.

Their condemnation of Kipling's glorification of action has continued until recently. Edmund Wilson accused him of having laid his art at the feet of the Anglo-Indian official.[43] George Orwell who tries to be fair to his Anglo-Indian predecessor still finds him lacking in sensitivity.[44] This is no place to go into a long discussion about the relative merits of action and art. It should suffice here to say that not only can art be related to action, but, if the literary history of most cultures is authentic evidence, it often has necessarily to be concerned with action to be great. Dedication of one's art to noble action does not necessarily mean a lack of sense of vocation as an artist. Kipling never lost his sense of vocation as an artist. But he realized that art should not be divorced from the problems of existence. The artist's place is in the midst of the world,not in seclusion.

His ability to see the necessity of military preparedness in a world that was becoming increasingly jingoistic has also come under fire as his own jingoism. As suggested earlier, much of his flaunted toughness was a pose rather than a reality and basically opposed to his nature. But the times called for it. When the whole world changes one has to take the change into consideration. This does not mean, however, that one has to yield one's own values to the onslaught of the opposing forces. But one is often compelled to adopt the same means as its enemy's in order to preserve those values. Richard Le Gallienne proclaimed that Kipling's work was a justification of the Englishman as a brute.[45] The fact is that Kipling realized that the veneer of brutality was a necessary evil if the gentleman inside was to function effectively.

War is important for Kipling in another respect too.

43. "The Kipling That Nobody Read," in The Wound and the Bow (New York, 1947), p. 151.
44. "Rudyard Kipling," in Critical Essays (London, 1954) p. 112.
45. Op. cit., p. 155.

It brings out the better qualities and weeds out lots of pettinesses. Still the admiration is not for the war which makes the virtues possible but for the men who have these virtues. War still remains an evil.

It seems that for a while Kipling's approval of military strength was motivated by a sanction of expansionism. In the beginning such expansionism seemed to be feasible. But gradually the external pressures on the empire and its own inner weakness made him more defensive and fearful. The imposition of their own culture upon other peoples had never been his aim. The purpose had been to help the various peoples realize themselves. Greater consciousness of the failings of the system made his acceptance of other cultures even more liberal.

The "Recessional" clearly marks the note of humility in his attitude but the change seems to have started earlier. With the outbreak of the Boer War, although he is said to have been a virtual mouthpiece of Cecil Rhodes' aspirations and hence to have been on the offensive, his exhortations were the shoutings of a desperate man. He wasn't sure of either the justice of the action against the Boers or the certainty of the British victory in the wider context. From then on his approach to the holding of the Empire was negative. As a writer this change ushers him into the best of his periods.

For whenever Kipling aligned himself with a particular system, he could not help falsifying himself because no system is ever perfect. It hampered the flow of his deeper humanity. Kipling proclaimed that only some of his books were written under the influence of what he called his daemon. In these it is the universal Law that prevails instead of the British.

Unfortunately the charge of racialism and brutality against Kipling had already become widely rampant before he came to write Kim. So the novel has seldom received the praise it deserves. In Kim Kipling is at his most human.

The pretense of enjoyment in brutality has given place to an obviously defensive attitude about the necessity of action in life. The lack of sentimentality, even cold-bloodedness, with which the work of government is conducted is still considered necessary but the ruthlessness and violence it involves are recognized or opposed to the play of tender emotions of love and friendship. The need for the tenderness of affection is more pressing than that for the efficiency of the government for its own sake. The focus has shifted. Kim embodies Kipling's love and fascination for India at its most intense.

As already pointed out, Kipling, like other Anglo-Indians could not establish contact with the heart of India. However, because of his sensitivity he could rise out of his cultural isolation and try to explore India. And whatever he discovered in his exploration, he not only accepted but fell in love with. Kim, with his ability to have a double identity, Indian and English, is a projection of Kipling's or any sensitive Anglo-Indian's inclinations. So is the difficulty he experiences in reconciling his love of India with his government work. The India that was accessible to the Englishmen was mainly the India on the road. Budhist ideas being an important factor in Indian life the Lama is an appropriate symbol of the Indian spirit. The holymen, although vitally connected with the private lives of Indians, are nonetheless public institutions and as such were accessible to even the foreigner for whom it was not difficult to become interested in them. Kipling's experience of India goes very little beyond the public boundaries. Hence there is no interpretation of that life of the Indians which is real India. But so far as it goes there is no mistaking either the faithfulness of the picture or the tenderness with which it is drawn.

Faithfulness, that is, in the presentation of the cavalcade of life. In the plot itself, there is a slight manipulation as there must be in all plots. The circumstances of Kim's birth and upbringing and his childhood intrigues are a preparation for the ideal role he will play in his work and

in his love of his Indian friends. Apart from this forced romanticizing the rest of the story follows more or less naturally.

The book opens with a scene showing Kim's feeling of "perfect, equality" with his friends and the bonds of affection which unite him with everybody from the water carrier to the policeman. His errands on the housetops are still missions of love although the element of stalkiness is already there. His resourcefulness and practicality spring from the goodness of his nature. And he is quick at distinguishing guile from innocence. This security gives him a confidence which intensifies his devouring passion for life.

Because of his love of experience he is enthused at the sight of the Lama. His first act of service to the holy man is a casual act of charity but the latter's goodness and innocent sincerity soon capture his heart and he accepts the chelahood the Lama confers on him without his asking, because it seems to be divine providence, and decides to go with him in search of the River of Truth.

Although Kim is very considerate, even keen, in ministering to the Lama's needs, there is a contrast noticeable in the chela's outlook on life and that of the master. The first thing that strikes us is the apparent helplessness and the inability of the Lama to get along in the world. He gains in stature during his visit to the museum while talking to the curator. But as soon as he is out of the turnstile he is little more than a senile old man living in a fool's paradise, comic rather than touching in his condition. It is as such that he is treated at the Kashmir Serai.

In contrast, the mastery with which Kim manages things is at once fascinating and admirable. Two traits are prominent in his character---his love of people and his stalkiness. His stalkiness is loveable because it does not hurt but saves. But it involves deviousness which, howsoever noble its end, is, compared to the Lama's truthfulness, not basically an ennobling quality. Although Kim has already begun to care for the old man, he is also using him in his disguise

of the chela to carry Mahbub Ali's message. His smartness never becomes offensive except when he manipulates the Lama's goings about. In the beginning even this is condoned because the Lama cannot be taken seriously as yet. Materially he appears to be utterly helpless and gullible and spiritually his search for the River of the Arrow seems illusory and ludicrous.

Our respect for the Lama grows substantially as we get a closer view of the working of his mind. We begin to realize that his naivete is connected with a quality not easy of attainment, namely, his ability to embrace everything irrespective of its good or evil. Instead of opposing, or being indifferent to the evil-doer, he accepts him as a fellow traveller. The cobra they see on their way is as much on the Wheel as man and hence needs sympathy. The Lama's attitude is not intended to be the best solution to the problem of existence. The Sikh Rasseldar, who once himself carried the sword to help suppress anarchy, points out the need for violence. His skepticism of the Lama's outlook remains unanswered. Yet this does not detract from the profundity of the Lama's vision.

While the profundity and poignancy of his religious pursuit makes for our veneration of the Lama, it makes him less human because of his fear of involvement with the world. Kim's exultation in participation in the life on the road makes his manipulation amusing and acceptable, even commendable. The world around is concrete to Kim and the Lama passes through it as through a haze. But gradually, his character undergoes a change in this respect too. Theoretically withdrawn, he begins to feel quite happy with Kim around and the Sahiba to support them. And when Kim is being taken away from him the agony of separation shows the extent of his involvement. It is very significant that his agony arises not from self-pity but from his concern for the child. So far he has been leaning on the child but now he becomes responsible for him and wants to make sure that he gets the right kind of education. So by the time he parts from Kim

we have had an inkling of his full stature.

Kim, on the other hand, has been picked up by a machine which inhibits the free play of emotions. He has had plenty of experience in stalkiness but in the bigger game, he is now preparing for, there is not place for the warmth that went with his earlier intrigues. Although Kim enjoys Mahbub and Creighton's double talk and secretiveness, he is being instructed to develop a coldly utilitarian point of view. It is not for love that he should know India intimately but for usefulness in the work of spying. Creighton's expectation from him is an ability to carry the picture of a place in his mind; not for pleasure but to help the work of the Intelligence Department. Kim resists being sent to school at Lucknow because it shuts out the world where his heart is. Mahbub Ali intervenes to work for him a compromise according to which Kim can spend his vacation in roaming wherever he pleases. For a while the compromise works because Kim is not yet conscious of the essential contradiction between the impersonal nature of the rules of the Game and his affection for the Lama and India. But when the Russian spies manhandle the Lama, whom Kim and the Babu are using as a cover for their own detective works, Kim is shocked into an awareness of this contradiction and the sin he has committed in making use of the Lama. He feels utterly wretched and tries to apologize, "I have - I have...Hai Mai! But I love thee...and it is all too late...I was a child...Oh, why was I not a man?" Trying to expiate for the sin, Kim wears himself out physically and mentally until he collapses. The Saheba's tender care gradually restores him to health and strength.

Excepting the Babu, all the characters that meet at Saheba's are joined by bonds of love rather than expediency. Mahbub's love Kim has become much stronger than his interest in Government work. In spite of his aversion for the heathens, his affection for Kim has also brought him closer to the Lama. The Lama rejects his own spiritual salvation for Kim's sake. And all of them have a tender regard for the Saheba whose

veneer of mock-cynicism hides a truly loving heart. The Babu's idea of a dacoity at her house reveals the opposition between the love and friendship that prevail there and the demands of Government duty, making Kim conclusively a judicious comment on British imperialism as it existed. For Kipling wants it to be transformed into a system which would enhance love rather than create barriers among peoples.

Chapter III

A.E.W. Mason

A.E.W. Mason's writing, as a whole, falls more properly under the category of "popular" rather than serious literature. Of his two novels connected with India, The Broken Road[1] and No Other Tiger,[2] the second is more typical of his fiction than the first. As a novel, it has to be classified as a "thriller." The best that can be said about it is that it is one of the top-ranking, best-selling thrillers and has to be dismissed as such from the point of view of more serious writing. But The Broken Road is different. Although, it must be admitted, at the very outset, that here too Mason is not immune to a desire to cater to the popular taste, the book is more seriously conceived than it is usual with him to do. It is his "only 'novel with a purpose,' and was the outcome of his study of social conditions in India in connection with his parliamentary work...."[3] As a conscious attempt to study these conditions, it, therefore, occupies a significant place in the history of Anglo-Indian fiction. In an article, "Three English Novelists and the Pakistani Scene," Benjamin Gilbert Brooks, compares The Broken Road favorably with Kim and A Passage to India. In his opinion, the book "gives one ground for reflection on the degree to which a preoccupation with the demands of a wide public taste may thrust a writer in the direction of higher literary values."[4] It seems, therefore, worthwhile to attempt an interpretation of the novel.

Mason believed that, in order to continue his career as a successful writer, a novelist continuously needed to experience new things.[5]

1. (London, 1908).
2. (London, 1927).
3. Roger Lancelyn Green, A.E.W. Mason (London, 1952), p. 107.
4. Benjamin Gilbert Brooks, in Crescent and Green (London, 1955), p. 128.
5. Green, op. cit., p. 93.

Generally he refreshed his mind by travelling, mountain climbing, or sailing. But his interest in public affairs was also an important means by which he gained new experience and retained contact with reality. In his political leanings, he affiliated with the Liberals. In 1903, Mason brought out a novel under the title The Truants. The book compared unworthily with his earlier novel, The Four Feathers, and disappointed the public. Partly to find relief from literature and partly because of his increasing interest in public affairs, he turned to politics. He was recommended as a candidate for membership of the parliament for the next election by the Coventry Liberal Association. As his Conservative opponent, Kenneth Foster, warned his lieutenants, Mason was a "strong candidate--stronger perhaps than the Radicals have had for a long time."[6] Mason was very optimistic about the political trends in the country. He told the electorate of his constituency in one of his speeches,

> I think there is coming into English politics a serenity which has been lacking during the last few years. The days of hysteria have gone by, and I hope very soon a Liberal majority will be returned, pledged to a sound, sensible and moderate policy.[7]

In his political speeches, Mason put to use his experience as an actor but his popularity was not the result of mere theatricality. His deep sympathy with people is shown in his play Colonel Smith and his novel The Turnstile, both of which are based on his political experiences. One of the politicians in the novel, remembering his political career, speaks sentiments which appear to come from Mason's own heart:

> What remains in my mind is not the excitement, nor the applause, is not the difficulty of making speeches about subjects with which one is not half acquainted, nor fear of being asked questions for which one has

6. Green, op. cit., p. 96.
7. Ib., p. 97.

> no reply ready, but something quite different. It is the memory of little bare, raftered school rooms, hot with gaslight, crowded with white faces, faces so hopeful, so---intolerably hopeful---the faces of people who look confidently to candidates and Parliaments for so much more than it seems to me Parliaments and candidates can ever do.8

Mason was elected to the Parliament in January, 1906. His maiden speech, called "Vice in the Compound" in parliamentary circles, concerned the immoral conditions prevailing among Chinese labourers in South Africa as a result of the policy of segregation. But as a solution he supported their repatriation to China instead of advocating political reform. His attitude to the colonial situation, like that of other Liberals of the time, was pro-imperialistic. He expressed his faith in the humane nature of British imperialism in a speech addressed to an ad hoc committee even before his maiden speech in the Parliament. His peroration needs to be reproduced in full to convey his romanticism, conscientiousness and naivete:

> For many years he (Mason) had taken his pleasure in travelling in the more or less untravelled corners of the world, and he wished to place or record his belief that on the whole and in the sum, where the English flag had gone, there the races which came beneath its folds had enjoyed greater security for their property and greater well-being in their lives. It happened that once in that very troubled country which he trusted would get some relief from the Algeciras Conference, he came one afternoon to a fortified caravanserai in which it was prudent to sleep if one hankered after going on again in the morning. It was an hour before sunset, and during that hour, the caravans with their camels and their merchandise came crowding into the caravanserai

8. A.E.W. Mason, The Turnstile (London, 1912), p. 239.

> there to pass the night. Just before sunset, while the gates were still open, there came out from the guard-room at the end of three Moorish soldiers, a drummer, a bugler, and one with a fife, and to his astonishment, and indeed to some feeling deeper than astonishment, there rang out suddenly the Last Post, which for many years he had been accustomed to hear played beneath his window at night in the parade ground of Wellington barracks. The sound of that peculiarly English tune ringing out through the open gateway over the wild country and summoning those who were still without the caravanserai into its shelter and security, seemed to him then, and seemed now, to symbolize the ideal of British Governments in their dealings with their Colonies and the races which inhabited them. He believed that that ideal was still being followed out by His Majesty's Government today, and he should like very ineffectively to place upon record his very firm belief that the policy which was being followed by them would result in the ultimate benefit of the Colonies, and was at the same time in consonance with the highest traditions of the British race.9

Even when he was actively engaged in politics, Mason's chief interest in life was writing. But being resolved to perform his duties as an M.P. to the best of his ability, he saw "no reason why he should not combine" his "work...in politics" with his "work in literature." One way of doing so soon presented itself to him. He had realized that a Member desiring to succeed must become the final authority on some special subject. He decided to make India his specialty and to write about the Indian situation in the form of fiction. So before the very first year of his election was out, Mason went to India to study the situation for himself. He stayed there for about three months, seeing most of the country. His special interest seems to have been in the North West

9. Green, op. cit., p. 101.

Frontier. At the Durbar at Agra, he managed to get an introduction to and meet the Emir of Afghanistan. He also spent some time at Quetta where he stayed with the Governor's wife, Lady MacMahon.

The literary outcome of Mason's visit to India, The Broken Road, began to appear in serial form in the Cornhill even before he returned to India. It deals with an Indian prince, Shere Ali, from the tribal area of the North West Frontier, who is sent to England to be educated at Eton and Balliol. In England he is not only treated as an equal by the people he comes into contact with but is often given a special attention because he is a prince. As a result he comes to identify himself with the English and to believe that the British rule holds a better future for India. But on his return to India he is not treated as an equal by the British bureaucrats there. His love for the English changing into a hatred, he falls in the trap of some religious fanatics who want to raise a revolt against his father and to do away with the British influence in the state. The rebellion fails and Shere Ali is arrested and deported for life.

The action of the novel is carried back and forth between England and India. It begins with an eruption of trouble over a road the British are building through the state of Chiltistan. Chiltistan is not directly governed by the British but it is in their sphere of influence which is maintained through the Political Agent. The road symbolizes the British influence.

> It came winding down from the passes over slopes of shale; it was built with wooden galeries along the precipitous sides of cliffs; it snaked treacherously further and further across the rich valley of Chiltistan towards the Hindu Kush, until the people of that valley could endure it no longer. (p. 1)[10]

10. A.E.W. Mason, The Broken Road (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1908), p. 1.
All quotations from the novel are taken from the same edition.

When the road reaches Kohara, the rebels cut it behind Linforth who is superintending its construction. The whole province of Chiltistan has risen in revolt. Linforth, taken prisoner by the rebels, is executed before Luffe, the Political Agent, can reach him with his meagre help.

Luffe, a seasoned soldier, a shrewd observer, and an adept diplomat, is held thirty miles east of Kohara in a small fort with the ruling Khan of Chiltistan. At this time a son is born to the Khan. The Khan tells Luffe that he has heard about "the English cities and colleges" and he will send his son to England so that "he may learn your wisdom, and so return to rule over his kingdom. Much good will come of it." The Khan's passion for things English is applauded by many Englishmen as enlightenment. But Luffe considers it unwise. "It was, indeed, greatly because of his enlightenment that he and a handful of English officers and troops were beleaguered in the fortress." (p. 14) Luffe dies soon after the prince is born. From his deathbed he conveys his misgivings to Major Dewes but the latter, failing to realize the seriousness of Luffe's dying message, does not care to carry it to the higher authorities at Calcutta.

Linforth leaves behind his wife, Sybil, and a son who live at the foot of the Sussex Downs in England. Sybil Linforth knows that the "Linforths belong to the Road." An uncle of her husband's was the first to begin the Road. He had known the "Power of the Road" and had proposed its construction in an article in the Fortnightly:

> The road will reach northwards, through Chiltistan, to the foot of the Baroghil Pass, in the Mountains of the Hindu Kush. Not yet, but it will. Many men will die in the building of it from cold and dysentary, and even hunger---Englishmen and coolies from Baltistan. Many men will die fighting over it, Englishmen and Chiltis, and Gurkhas and Sikhs.

> It will cost millions of money, and from policy or economy successive governments will try to stop it; but the Power of the Road will be greater than the Power of Government. It will wind through valleys so deep that the day's sunshine is gone within the hour. It will be carried in galeries along faces of mountains, and for eight months of the year sections of it will be buried deep in the snow. Yet it will be finished. It will go on to the Hindu Kush, and then only the British rule in India will be safe. (p. 46)

Her husband having been already claimed by the Road, Sybil Linforth now feels that it is calling her son, Dick, who reads the forty-year-old article in the Fortnightly again and again.

Dick meets Shere Ali at Eton. A close friendship develops between the two. As they grow up a strong sense of a common mission takes hold of them. It is symbolized in their compact to complete the Road to the foot of the Hindu Kush. Shere Ali considers himself as one of the white men: "To the white man, the Road was the beginning of things; to the Oriental, the shadow of the end. Shere Ali sided with the white men." (p. 59)

Shere Ali falls in love with Violet Oliver, the young widow of a Captain killed in a campaign in India. But she can give him nothing more than friendship. She is more attracted towards Dick Linforth but does not tell him about Shere Ali's fascination for her. Shere Ali also remains unaware of Linforth's interest in Violet.

At this point Shere Ali is suddenly asked by the Indian Government to return to his country at once. There is trouble brewing in Chiltistan because of the opposition between the British Raj and the Khan who is spending the revenue of his State chiefly on his own amusements. It is claimed that the British Resident should supervise the disposition of the revenue. The Khan is informed that if he does not consent to the proposal he will be made to retire to private life. The presence of the young prince

is necessary to give force to the threat because this would make the Khan realize that he can be easily replaced at a moment's notice. By this time Shere Ali has become so much attached to England that he finds it very painful to leave. He knows he has in Chiltistan work to do, the work of a white man. But he finds himself in a situation where he cannot tell where his true identity lies.

> "Do I belong here?" he asks Violet. "Or do I belong to Chiltistan?" On the one side was all that during ten years he had gradually learned to love and enjoy; on the other side was his race and the land of his birth. (p. 95)

Having no choice in the matter, he goes to India, thinking himself a Sahib and hoping to further the British influence in his state. On arriving there he is told that the Government has no intention or wish to interfere with the customs and laws of Chiltistan and, at the moment particularly, they expect him to throw his influence on the side of the native observances. It has also been decided not to carry on the Road beyond Kohara. So Shere Ali felt that "he was to be nothing, he was to do nothing, except to practise economy and marry---a nigger." (p. 99) He is indignant at the attitude of the administration in keeping him from following the inclinations acquired in England. He cannot imagine himself to be one of his own people. The secret overtures of the Mullahs, who seek to foment a rebellion against the English and the Khan, he rejects insolently, thus incurring their wrath. However, his experience is fast estranging him from the British and pushing him towards his own people. Already words "began to be spoken and the little incidents to occur which were to ripen him for his destiny." (p. 116)

An English doctor, accompanying him on his way from Lahore to Kohara, describes to him the acts of exceptional daring performed by a Sikh and a water carrier during the previous uprising. The doctor is embarassed to admit that

neither of the two Indians could be given the Victoria Cross because, "you see, we don't give the Victoria Cross to natives." The prince realized with dismay that to the white people, he and the bheesti and the sepoy were all one. "The invidious bar of his colour was not to be broken."

About nine months later Shere Ali happens to meet Violet Oliver. Both of them have come to attend a Durbar held in honour of a royal visitor from a neighbouring country into India. Violet had intended to keep her visit to India hidden from Shere Ali in order to avoid giving pain to him. At first he feels hurt, his pride "urging him to hold his head high and seek not so much as a single word with her. But he had been alone for six months in Chiltistan, and he was young." (p. 112) So he asks her for a meeting. The meeting only aggravates his depression. Violet is very sympathetic but in reply to his desperate insistance that she marry him, she has to say, "That's impossible..." She does not have any strong feeling on the subject of colour. "She was not repelled, as men are repelled." But she knew how strangely others felt. Deeply troubled by Shere Ali's suffering, she forgets to choose her words: "You know that it's impossible. We can't alter these things." Shere unde stands that "these things" are "the natural law that white shall mate with white, and brown with brown." "There came a dreadful look upon his face." He tells Violet, "It's no less impossible that I should marry now one of my own race." He belongs neither in England nor in Chiltistan. He is "a citizen of no country."

From the United Provinces Shere goes to Calcutta where he meets Major Dewes, who had retired to England but, having felt out of his element there, came back to stay in India. But unlike Shere, Dewes is "a free man. He could go whither he would." "You are not sorry you came out to India," Shere tells him. "Well, for my part," and his voice suddenly shook with passion, "I wish to Heaven I had never seen England." (p. 148)

Shere thinks that there is just a chance of salvation for him, if Linforth could be brought out to India. For Lindforth's compaionship might help him to recapture some of his old faith and bright ideals. "There was sore need that he should recapture them." He asks Colonel Dewes if the latter has any influence with the higher authorites to fetch Linforth out of England. The effect that his inability to help has on Shere is described by the Colonel to Ralston the chief commissioner of Lahore:

> Shere Ali's face changed in a most extraordinary way. All the fire went from his eyes, all the agitation from his face. It was like looking at an open box full of interesting things, and then--bang! some one slaps down the lid, and you are staring at a flat piece of wood. (p. 153)

Shere's love for the English is changing bitterness and hatred. When he hears Hatch tell him and Ralston the story of an Englishwoman, who was abducted during the Mutiny of 1857 and forced to become a Mohammedan, and who has been living at Mecca since then, a change comes over him:

> He was no longer oppressed with envy and discontent. He was leaning forward with parted lips and a look in his eyes...as if hope had somehow dared to lift his head within him. And there was savagery too. (p. 166)

When he left Ralston and Hatch, "he was thinking deeply.. and a queer and not very pleasant smile played about his lips." (p. 167)

Repelled by the English, the prince grows warmer towards his own people. As a gesture he sends a gift of melons and bags of grain to a Mullah he had once punished by setting him to work for a day upon a bridge. By the Resident the gift is misunderstood as a mere gesture of good will to the Mullah. But the ferment in Peshawar makes Ralston suspect a deeper meaning. He forces Futteh Ali Shah to interpret the message to him:

> The grain is the army which will rise up from the hills and descend from the heavens to destroy the power of Government. The melons are the forces of the Government; for as easily as melons they will be cut into pieces. (p. 194)

Shere Ali goes to watch a prize-fight between a Jew and an English soldier. Sitting beside him are two young Englishmen who are talking about the dancing of English girls for public entertainment which ought to be stopped because it is not "good for us," that is, for the British prestige. Shere Ali clenches his hands in his bitterness with the English complacency. The fight becomes a symbol, almost a

message to him... All

> that he had once loved, and now furiously raged against, was represented by the soldier, ...while, on the other hand, by the victory of the Jew all the subject people would be vindicated. More and more as the fight fluctuated from round to round the people and the country of Chiltistan claimed its own. (p. 20)

That very evening of the fight Shere Ali throws his lot with the Mullahs and begins to work for an uprising. In taking this step he feels that he has found an identity:

> "I will go north to the hills," he cried, and with a shock he understood that, after all, he had recovered his own place. The longing at his heart was for his own country--for his own people. It might have been bred of disappointment and despair. Envy of the White People might have cradled it, desire for the white woman might have nursed it into strength. But it was alive now. That was all of which Shere Ali was aware. The knowledge filled all his thoughts. He had his place in the world, Greatly he rejoiced. (p. 221)

Ahmed Ismail, Shere Ali's follower and companion, takes him on a pilgrimage to all the places which, in Ralston's words, "could most inflame the passions of a native against the English race." They go to Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi, places most associated with the Mutiny of 1859. The pilgrimage winds up at Ajmere where the prince makes his public offering at the shrine of an important Moslem saint. There he also waits for the final sign for him to go to Chiltistan.

In the meantime Ralston has exerted all his influence to have Linforth come to India because he thinks that if there is any man who can still hold Shere Ali back, it is Linforth.

But because of the carelessness of the administration, Linforth, on his arrival in India, is sent to a wrong place, and it takes Ralston seven months to secure his release from there to work for him. By this time it is already too late to avert the catastrophe. Linforth goes after his old friend and accosts him at Ajmere but the prince does not even deign to talk to him except through his interpreter. Having received the sign he had been waiting for at Ajmere, he departs from there leaving Linforth utterly disappointed.

Violet Oliver is still in India, staying at Ralston's at Peshawar. One night after Linforth's return from Ajmere, she is scared twice by somebody mysteriously entering her room. It becomes clear later that Shere Ali has tried to have her abducted but the attempt has failed. Orders for his arrest are issued. But the prince has already slipped to Chiltistan. A showdown becomes unavoidable. There is a little war. The rebels fight "with wild fury and reckless velour" but they are soon put to rout. Shere Ali flees from Chiltistan with a few devoted followers. After a long pursuit, Linforth comes up with him and his last three followers camping in a wilderness. Taken prisoner, he is deported to Burma for life.

<u>The Broken Road</u> is planned as a tragegy. The central character, Shere Ali, is marked for doom from the very moment of his birth. The warning sounded by Luffe goes unheeded as it was feared it would. As a result, the prince is caught in a situation which must carry him to its logical conclusion.

Yet he himself has to be the instrument of his own fall. Moreover, his fall not only ruins him but affects a whole people. After Luffe strikes an ominous note in his anxiety over the future of the prince and the Frontier and his advice is ignored, Mason begins to cast Shere Ali in a virtuous mould. He makes of him a true Sahib, his identification with the English reflecting not so much a snobbish attitude towards his own people as a dedication to their improvement and a just pride in the ability to bring it about. The Road, associated with the sacrifice of the Linforths, also becomes a symbol of his mission and imbues it with nobility and a sense of service. His friendship with Dick Linforth gives an emotional appeal to his life and his life's work---the "wider plans which embraced not a summer's holiday but a lifetime, plans which they (Shere and Dick) jealously kept secret." Besides having an inner beauty of character and the social graces which he acquires in England, Shere Ali is also endowed with a physical charm. At twenty-four, he is "tall, spare of body and wonderfully supple of limbs, and but for a fullness of the lower lip...would have been reckoned more than usually handsome." Because of all these qualties,

> Luffe would undoubtedly have classed him amongst the best of the native Princes who go to England for their training, and on that account, would have feared the more for his future. (p. 56)

In spite of his sincere desire to work for the modernization of Chiltistan, he finds it painful to leave England when he is suddenly asked to do so. He has become emotionally

attached to England as his home. He himself is not to blame for the suffering that begins with his recall to India. He tries vainly to end his torment by recapturing his identity with his own race. Still he manages to have one consolation in his mind as he reaches India---"there were his plans for the regeneration of the country." But this too turns out to be a delusion:

> And lo! here at Lahore, three days after he had set foot on land, they were shattered ---before they were begun. He had been trained and educated in the West according to Western notions, and he was now bidden to go and rule in the East according to the ideals of the East. (p. 98)

However, for awhile he does not abandon hope and upholds his ideals courageously. As he writhes over his inability to carry on the Road, he insolently rebuffs the Mullahs' attempts to win him over to their side. But gradually despair sets in because "they will not let me help" as he tells Violet on her visit to India. Violet realizes the tragedy of his life "as he sat beside her, his eyes gazing into the courtyard, his face tired and hopeless. There was nothing to be done. Her thoughts told her so no less clearly than his face. Here was a life spoilt at the beginning." (p. 134)

At the Durbar she watches the pageantry of the great Indian Administration. She does not care for its pomp and glitter. She is only conscious of its ruthlessness because she has

> "been face to face with a victim of the system---a youth broken by it, needlessly broken, and as helpless to recover from his hurt as a wonded animal. The harm

> had been done no doubt with the very best of intention, but the harm had been done." (p. 139)

Shere Ali is now a man in whom the forces of good are fighting a losing battle. His ideals are beginning to dwindle. He is aware of his moral decline and feels the need to renew his idealism. He thinks that only Linforth's company can help him do it.

> He would awaken through some chance word to the glory of the English rule in India, the lessening poverty of the Indian nations, the incorruptibility of the English officials and their justice. (p. 150)

By the time Linforth comes, it is already too late. But even if he had come earlier, his arrival would have yielded little good because he is brought to India to damp the prince's idealism, not to fire it. The tragedy of the prince's life is reinforced by the frustration of Dick's own dreams and a consciousness that this is the common fate of most Anglo-Indians who come to India with such dreams. Ralston, when he explains to Dick that his true duty at the moment lies not in pushing the building of the Road onwards from Kohara but in stopping it, is carried back suddenly to his own youth, and is "surprised to recollect that he, too--had once cherished great plans. He saw himself as he was today, and, side by side with that disillusioned figure, he saw himself as he had been in his youth." (p. 225)

The government's policy of expediency, which shatters Shere Ali and Linforth's dreams of their life-long work, also puts an end to their friendship. Expecting to meet an old friend when he goes to see Shere Ali, Linforth encounters

a man who hates him. Linforth's helplessness in trying to revive their friendship is pathetic.

> "Surely you have not forgotten me, Shere Ali?" said Linforth, trying to force his voice into a note of cheery friendliness. But the attemp was not very successful. The look of hatred died away, it is true. But mere impassivity had replaced it. (p. 260)

The situation in which Shere Ali is caught is not created by the government policy alone. The Mullahs are always there, intriguing to get hold of him. As soon as Shere Ali begins to lean towards them, they pick him up, fan the flame of his resentment, and involve him in their activities in such a manner that he cannot go back. The attempt to abduct Violet is the crucial step. Ahmed Ismail lays his plans too cunningly. Shere Ali is compromised. There is now a price upon his head.

Although the prince goes wrong, he is not supposed to lose the readers' sympathy. He is to be pitied rather than condemned, as Ralston points out to Linforth who, at the time, is burning with rage against the prince:

> "He's a man. I know these hill-people--- and like every other Englishman who has served among them, I love them---knowing their faults. Shere Ali has the faults of the Pathan, or some of them. He has their vanity; he has, if you like, their fanaticism. But he's a man. He's flatterd and petted like a lap-dog, he's played with like a toy. Well, he's neither a lap-dog nor a toy, and he takes flattery and petting seriously. He thinks it's <u>meant</u>, and he behaves accordingly. What, then? The toy is thrown down on the ground, the lap-dog is kicked into the corner. But he's not a lap-dog, he's not a toy. He's a man. He had a man's resentments, a man's wounded

> heart, a man's determination not to submit to flattery one moment and humiliation the next. So he strikes... He goes back to his own people, and strikes... Would you rather he lag down and grumbled and bragged of his successes, and took to drink, as more than one down suth has done?... But which of the pictures do you admire? Which of the two is the better man? For me, the man who strikes--even if I have to go up into his country and exact the penalty afterwards. Shere Ali is one of the best of the Princes. But he has been badly treated, and so he must suffer." (p. 302)

The words describing Shere Ali's flight--

> that unhappy Prince, with despair and humiliation gnawing at his heart, broken now beyond all hope, was fleeing with a few devoted followers through the darkness. (p. 335)

are obviously intended to strike a tragic note. After a short period of bitterness Linforth also begins to sympathize with Shere Ali again. He can feel how humiliating it would be for his former friend to be captured in central Asia and brought back to India as a prisoner.

> He was touched to pity, to a greater humanity.... Linforth...had shed what was left of his boyhood. He had come to recognize that life was never all black and all white. (p. 342)

Musing over the recent past and thinking about Shere Ali, Violet, and himself, he feels, "Everything is just wrong... Everything is just not what it might have bee." Back in London he relates the sad episode with which the story concludes. Linforth captures Shere Ali in a wilderness far away from the Indian borders and brings him to India. Says Linforth to Violet,

> "All the way back to India we behaved as strangers. It was easier for both of us... I brought him down--along the Road which at

> Eton we had planned to carry on together. Down that Road we came together---I the captor, he the prisoner." (p. 350)

The Broken Road, though conceived as a tragedy, falls short of becoming one because there is a discord between the author's artistic and socio-political purposes. Production of good tragedy demands that, if the artist is faced with a tragic situation, he must explore the forces of good and evil obtaining within this situation to the utmost limits of human perception. His ability to explore these forces fully is impaired if he allows any preconceived notions about the absolute goodness or evil of certain factors operating in the situation to enter his vision of it. And the result of the artist's failure to see some of these forces because of such bias is to upset the tragic balance of forces. And this is what happens in Mason's view of the problem he treats in The Broken Road.

About the time of Mason's visit to India, there had been political unrest in the country for some years. The cause of unrest lay in the strength gathered by Indian nationalism during the last decade of the nineteenth and the first few years of the twentieth century. Over these years, nationalist sentiments became quite widespread and began to be expressed in new ways. The Indian National Congress, formed in 1883 by an Englishman, Allan Octavian Hume, with the support of the Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, was pledged to loyalty to the Crown and campaigned for constitutional reform in a peaceful manner. It was dominated by upper-class Indians, who, in

spite of being westernized, were not treated as their equals by the British bureaucrats. Their fight for constitutional reform as representatives of their poeple was also a fight for their own status. However, they made very little progress in their struggle for reform during the first two decades after the formation of the Indian National Congress. Their economic interests being safe under the British rule, it was expedient for them to work for gradual change only. But in the meantime, other forces, forces which were to transform the character of the Indian National Congress, were coming to the surface.

From the very beginning of the nineteenth century when western ideas began to be consiously disseminated in the country, there had been resentment among the orthodox, whose sentiments were shared all over the land but who were helpless before the rulers and their supporters. Yet their opposition found expression in the establishment, in the mid-century, of Sanskrit colleges to revive indigenous learning to counteract the influence of western ideas spreading through English education. This was the beginning of a nationalism aiming to put an end to the British rule instead of seeking its reform. The movement mainly affected the middle-class Indians, who, unlike their upper-class countrymen, did no come into contact with the British and far from being anxious to be their social equals, wanted rather to throw them out of the country. The suppression following the Mutiny did not permit them to raise their head for some time but the relatively settled condition of the country and its unification under the British rule

during the closing years of the last century rendered their organization possible. They found a strong leader in Bal Ganga Dhar Tilak whose fanatical opposition to everything British sent a wave of nationalism sweeping through the country. In the beginning he advocated terroristic activities as a means for liberating the country but gradually he also developed his technique of boycott, a refusal to accept anything of English origin, as a weapon of fight against the rulers. The success of his methods was proved in the Hindu agitation against the partition of Bengal in 1905

Tilak was a member of the Indian National Congress and so were most of his followers. His ideas naturally came into conflict with those of the moderates who had hitherto dominated the organization. Tilak exerted his influence in changing the Congress into a revolutionary party and would have become its president in 1906 but the moderates saved the situation by putting up Dadabai Naoroji as a candidate. Sheer reverence for the man who had spent all his life working for India's welfare, made Tilak to compromise. But his influence changed the Congress into an organization clearly committed to the attainment of selfrule for India. In the fight for this goal the boycott of all things English was accepted a a legitimate weapon.

So at the time when Mason's attention was drawn to India, opposition to the spread of western influence was becoming an important feature of Indian nationalism. Some of the westernized Indians, having failed to be accepted as equals by

the Anglo-Indians, tried to recapture their identity with Indians and began to lead the fight for self-rule. Western education, which was expected to strengthen the British rule, was now beginning to undermine it. Most of the rulers of the native states sent their sons to England for their education. There was no danger of the Indian prices turning nationalist because, first of all, they were generally too spoiled by luxury to forego it. Secondly they had enough freedom of action with ineir principalities to follow their inclinations. Thirdly, their actual subondiation to the British was not rubbed into them because of the outer show of revernece.

Worried about the Indian unrest, but believing in the basic goodness of British imperialism, Mason tried to trace the cause of the trouble in India. Very perceptibly he laid his finger on one of the important factors contributing to the Indian unrest, namely, the problem of the Indian who tries to identify himself with the rulers and takes the concept of the White Man's Burden seriously. In order to give force to his argument, Mason took for treatment in his novel a hypothetical situation most fraught with danger ensuing from this problem.

The problem taken up by Mason is essentially a tragic problem. It follows as a corollary of the course of history. It is inevitable that the upper-classes should begin to imbibe the culture of the ruling group. But the ruling group, remaining unchangeably foreign, neither assimilates the upper-classes into itself nor is itself absorbed into these. Con-

sequently, disaster is bound to occur sooner or later. But Mason refuses to see any potentiality of harm in the British rule over India as such. He comes close to seeing the inexorable course of history when he attributes to the Road a power beyond that of any government. It cannot be stopped. But it turns out that his belief in the power of the Road does not reflect a perception of the truth of history but his wishful thinking about the future of the British empire. He believes that the British influence should increase continuously but gradually, Ralston, explaining to Linforth the advantages of the policy he had tried to follow, seems to express Mason's own point of view:

> "I wanted to extend our political influence there--yes. Because that makes for peace, and it makes for good government. The tribes lose their fear that their independence will be assailed; they come in time to the Political Officer for advise, they lay their private quarrels and feuds before him for arbitration. That has happened in many valleys, and I had always a hope that though Chiltistan has a ruling Prince, the same sort of thing might in time happen there." (pp. 301-302)

What Mason fails to realize is that unless the rulers make India their home, equality between Indians and the British is impossible and the consequest uprishing against the foreign rule enevitable. The tragedy of a life like Shere Ali's is cause by forces much broader than Mason is prepared to admit. He likes to attribute it to the stupidity and heartlessness of the Indian administration. The administration ignores Luff's advise and sends Shere Ali to England for education. Its ruthlessness is condemned in Violet's

words quoted above. On the occasion of the Durbar Shere Ali sees the head of the administrative machinery which has played havoc with his life. His reaction appears to express Mason's feelings.

> A wild and unreasoning wrath had flushed up within him, not against the system, but against that tall stooping man (the Viceroy), worn with work, who was at once its representative and its flower. Up there the great man stood--so his thoughts ran--complacent, self-satisfied, careless of the harm which his system wrought. Down here upon the grass walked a man warped and perverted out of his natural course... But what did this tall stooping man care? (p. 151)

Mason is undoubtedly justified in blaming the administration for its inefficiency and irresponsibility which engender much heart-rending and trouble. But he sees only part of the truth because of his prior commitment not to see any harm in British imperialism as such. This bias results in a loss of the tragic impact of his novel.

First of all, since he intends to show the prince's career to be strictly controlled by the directions of the government, he cannot permit him enough freedom of action to acquire truly tragic dimensions in character. Only at once place does he come close to attaining something like a heroic dignity. This is when he tells Captain Phillips:

> "I?... I am nothing. What could I do who a week ago was still a stranger to my people? I am a voice, nothing more. But the God of my people speaks through me..." (p. 319)

Even the effect of this is minimized by the Captain muttering to himself, "The man's in earnest.... He actually believes it." Otherwise throughout the novel he remains a

helpless plaything in the hands of the administration and its agents. Even his reversion to his native identity is manipulated by Ralston and Hatch by reminding him of the horrors of the Mutiny. As he goes around preparing for the insurrection all his movements are closely watched by the government. It is also known that it is ridiculous for him to fight against the Indian army. As Ralston tells Linforth there would be

> "More or less fighting, more or less loss, a few villages burnt, and the only inevitable end. We shall either take over the country or set up another Prince." (p. 301)

Such helplessness can raise one's pity for a character but not admiration. Shere Ali, on the whole, reamins a pitiable, and often self-pitying, character.

The force he gight against is also relatively petty. Shere is not baffled by an intangible, universal order but a more or less concrete enemy. The author's purpose is not to express a sense of bewilderment or protest at the sight of a terrible waste of what is admirable but to mildly criticize the government for causing mental anguish to a prince and, consequently, creating disturbance in the country. The overall impression is that he is more concerned about the disturbance than the prince. The sympathy with the prince seems to be spurious and the anxiety over the maintenance of law and order genuine. It may be concluded that the first is an excuse for the second. This attitude detracts from the nobility of the prince's character.

There comes a further conflict in Mason's attitude to

the whole problem. Lest his criticism of the Indian government should in any way reflect upon British imperialism as an institution, he tones it down--through Ralston's justification of it to Linforth.

> "Look!" he said. "There's an emblem of the Indian Administration. The wheels creak and groan, the bullock goes on round and round with a bandage over its eyes, and the little boy on its back cuts a fine important figure, and looks as if he were doing ever so much, and somehow the water comes up--that is the great thing, the water is fetched up somehow and the land watered. When I am inclined to be despondent, I come and look at my water-wheel." (p. 300)

The effect of this is to confuse the reader's response to the whole issue.

The author's cultural bias similarly results in alienating Shere Ali from the reader's mind. To Mason everything English is good and everything oriental is bad. The prince becomes apparently nobe only when he acquires a veneer of the English culture but the real person underneath is still a barbarian. Therefore, as soon as this superficial polish of sophistication is lost, the man is not worth saving. To the contrary, he is dangerous and must be held in check.

Thus, although prompted to write by his sympathetic interest in India, Mason in <u>The Broken Road</u> fails to do justice to his subject because of the political and cultural assumptions he makes before begging to treat it. The book admirably catches the surface reality of the time---the pomp and show of the Indian government, its inefficiency,

the hard life of the administrators, life at the Frontier, etc.---but it misses the deeper realism--the true nature of the relation between British imperialism and the Indian scene--and, therefore, falsifies it.

Chapter IV

E. M. Forster

E. M. Forster's novel about India, coming as it does from a man widely known for his humanism, is, from the humanistic point of view, a surprisingly irresponsible novel. It is a pity that such strong words of criticism should have to be used for a writer who, in spite of being rather detached from the pressing issues of his time, has often succeeded in providing a needed counterweight to the increasing coarseness of modern life in the West. But Forster's great virtuosity as a novelist and his reputation as a liberal, by giving force and credence to a distorted view of things, make the failure of his vision in A Passage to India too serious to be ignored. Since its first publication in 1924, barring some abuse to which it provoked some Anglo-Indians, most of its criticism has been very "safe." Critics have consistently failed to notice here either the aberration in Forster's perspective or his lack of genuine concern for humanity in which this aberration originates. This is not to say that an artist is obliged to use his art in the service of humanism, but when, inherent in a work are factors to show that the artist professes to do so, he lays down the concern for mankind as not only a fair but a necessary criterion for evaluating his work. So far critics have either failed to see that Forster, in A Passage to India, is amenable to criticism on these lines or, having perceived this, missed the basic invalidity of his message. As Lionel Trilling has noted "the public, political nature of the book is not extraneous; it inheres in the novel's very shape and texture."[1] But he bypasses most of the irksome questions which this aspect of the novel raises, by saying, "Great as the problem of India is, Forster's book is not about India alone; it is about all of

1. Lionel Trilling, E. M. Forster (Norfolk: New Directions Books, 1943), p. 144.

human life."[2] Similarly Rex Warner, faced by "this...perplexing book where vision and nightmare tread close upon each other's heels and often go hand in hand," is led to say, "It is, I should suggest, in this combination of vision and nightmare much more than in a polite and scholarly rationalism and good will that are to be found the sources of Forster's genius."[3] J. K. Johnstone, stressing only the formal aspects of the novel, declares A Passage to India to be "a worthy valediction."[4] Frederick C. Crews, in his E. M. Forster: the Perils of Humanism, barely mentions the question of how the metaphysical implications of the novel "bear upon the narrower issues of ethics and Empire" and goes on to say, "It seems to me, however, that Lionel Trilling comes closest to the truth when he says that A Passage to India, rather than telling us what is to be done, simply restates the familiar political and social dilemmas in the light of the total human situation."[5] Since this light must be cast from a great distance, there is an incongruity between the novel's trivial action and its hints of enormous meaning:

> This incongruity is essential to Forster's intentions; indeed, if I were to assign a single theme to A Passage to India, I would call it the incongruity between aspiration and reality. Religiously, politically, and simply in terms of the characters' efforts to get along with one another, this incongruity is pervasive. The strands of the novel are unified by the thematic principle that unity is not to be obtained, and the plot is trivial because Forster's restatements of the ordinary questions

2. Ibid, p. 161.
3. Rex Warner, E. M. Forster (London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1954), p. 27.
4. J. K. Johnstone, The Bloomsbury Group (New York: The Noonday Press, 1954), p. 266.
5. Crews, Frederick C., E. M. Forster: The Perils of Humanism (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1962), p. 144

> imply that all of human life, whether great or small in our customary opinion, is ensnared in pettiness.[6]

Failing to see through the complex manner in which ethical responsibility is confounded in supernaturalism, K. W. Gransden considers this novel as Forster's "corrective to liberal humanism" and praises the book in hyperbolic terms:

> A Passage to India seems to say the last word...spiritually, emotionally, morally: it drained a whole tradition to the dregs, and we are left with the alternative of contemplating an empty cup or refilling it again from the past.[7]

Similarly J. B. Beer, in The Achievement of E. M. Forster, dismisses the political aspect of the novel as unimportant. He does admit that it is

> perfectly true that little attention is paid within the novel itself to the sheer vastness of the political and economic forces at work in India. But the novel ought never to have been read as an essay in realpolitik. It is at once too local and too universal. As a contribution to a "practical" solution of the Indian problem as it existed at that time its value was limited, and the last chapter acknowledges the fact.[8]

Alan Wilde grasps the import of Forster's political message when he writes:

> It is because the British do not understand the true nature of India that their rule is so unsuccessful, their contact with the Indians so limited and meaningless.[9]

But the bearing of this view of the colonial situation on Forster's art and vision escapes him and he joins in the chorus of praise for the novel calling "it, as almost all

6. Ibid., pp. 142-43.
7. K. W. Gransden, E. M. Forster (New York: Grove Press Inc., 1962), p. 105.
8. J. B. Beer, The Achievement of E. M. Forster (London: Chatto and Windus, 1962), pp. 134-35.
9. Alan Wilde, Art and Order: A Study of E. M. Forster (New York: New York University Press, 1964), p. 125.

readers agree, Forster's most artistically satisfying and philosophically profound novel...."[10]

Not to be outdone by their counterparts in England and America, Indian critics like Narayana Menon,[11] Raja Rao,[12] Ahmed Ali,[13] Mulk Raj Anand,[14] Santha Rama Rau,[15] K. Natwar-Singh,[16] to mention only a few among a whole galaxy of Forster's Indian admirers, have paid homage to him as a master who truly understand their country. Nirad Chandhuri's attempt to see the novel more objectively in his "Passage to and from India"[17] is a cry in the wilderness. But even his criticism barely scratches the surface of the novel. His quarrel with Forster is over the lack of verisimilitude in his picture of India. He misses entirely the core of Forster's failure in this novel. It lies in his lack of genuine sympathy in his attitude toward India in particular and mankind in general, and in the consequent formation of a world view to rationalize this lack of sympathy. The purpose of writing the following pages is, first, to show that Forster professes his regard for the dignity of the individual as his chief concern in A Passage to India and, therefore, invites criticism, on this basis, of his success or failure in measuring up to his own commitment, and, then, to point out his said failure, in this respect, with its impact on his vision and his art. Although this approach entails passing a judgment on his work, the basic intention is to interpret--to try to understand what happens in the novel and how Forster came to acquire the attitudes he exhibits in A Passage to India.

10. Ibid., p. 10.
11. K. Natwar-Singh, E. M. Forster: A Tribute (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1964), pp. 3-14.
12. Ibid., pp. 15-32.
13. Ibid., pp. 33-40.
14. Ibid., pp. 41-49.
15. Ibid., pp. 50-63.
16. Ibid., pp. 65-75.
17. Nirad Chandhuri, "Passage to and from India," Encounter (June, 1954), pp. 19-24.

The novel was chiefly the outcome of Forster's two visits to India in 1912-13 and 1921. But his ideas about British imperialism, formed even before his first visit to India, went into its making. J. B. Beer traces the seed of these ideas back to his school days at Sawston

> when Herbert Pembroke, addressing his house..., pointed to portraits of empire-builders on the wall and quoted imperial poets.[18]

Forster liked to think that he was different from other Englishmen in India. His attitude towards them was that of a snob. In his biography of Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson, while describing their voyage together to India, he cannot hide his glee at the "contrast between their clan and our clique." Unlike the Anglo-Indians,

> We played chess on Sundays, compared Dostoievsky with Tolstoy publicly, argued over the shape of the earth at the breakfast table, balanced on bollards instead of playing deck games, and discovered another young officer, a very different one, Kenneth Searight, who pursued romance and poetry in a solitary deck chair.[19]

But his criticism of the Anglo-Indians was free from a criticism of imperialism as an institution. This he believed in. He often expressed anxiety about its preservation and development. His political stance at the time of his first visit to India is very precisely revealed in his and Malcolm Darling's reaction to the assault on the Viceroy's life at that time. He writes in a letter,

> He (Malcolm) thinks it a pity that Lord Hardinge, finding his wound was slight, did not go on from the hospital to the Durbar, for then it would have made a great impression and prevented the seditious party from saying that the Viceroy had never reached Delhi.... It is a dreadful business--not only in itself, but because it will strengthen the reactionary party. Malcolm says that after the news came, several Englishmen-officials of high

18. Beer, op. cit., pp. 34 and 131.

19. E. M. Forster, Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1934), p. 136.

> position, too--were anxious for the Tommies to be turned to fire at the crowd, and seemed really sorry that the Viceroy had not been killed, because then there would have been a better excuse for doing such a thing.[20]

There is a great element of truth in his description of the brutality of some Anglo-Indian officers but all officers did not behave in this manner. Moreover, the rughlessness exhibited by certain Anglo-Indians from time to time and their social aloofness from Indians, faults for which Forster condemned them, were not so much part of their innate temperament as the result of the circumstances of their situation. British imperialism, which had from the beginning contained within itself the germ of its own destruction, was approaching its end. The Anglo-Indian officers, who had occupied a more or less useful place in the set-up of things in India, were fast becoming an anachronism, It was about time for them to wind up shop. But caught between constitutional reforms from above and the pressure of new nationalistic forces from below and around them, they did not have a clear sense of direction. All they knew was that they were there to maintain law and order. But this was no longer enough for Indians. England's relation with India had been basically an economic proposition. The Anglo-Indians were merely the instruments to secure the execution of this intention. However well-meaning an Anglo-Indian officer might be, he could never become a true participant in India's life. There was bound to be gulf between him and the Indians.

After the First World War, the cleavage between the Anglo-Indians and Indians became even sharper because of economic and political pressures in India as well as in England. In India, the Anglo-Indians could not, in general, understand the nationalist agitation because they still considered their presence salutary for the country. But the

20. Ibid., The Hill of Devi (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1953), pp. 27-28.

function of their stay was palliative rather than ameliorative. It could not meet the country's needs. Hence the force of the nationalist movement which clamored for economic, political, and social change. Confused and irritated, the Anglo-Indians were sometimes driven to acts of ruthlessness. Their predicament intensified the compactness of their unity as a group of exiles entrusted with a thankless job. Political and economic trends in England did not help matters. The usefulness of the Empire as an economic proposition on the national scale was decreasing. The representatives of labor had begun to exert their influence in favour of investment at home. The imperial relation with India was becoming increasingly tenuous. But while it lasted, the British in India were in a very precarious situation. They could not realize what was happening. They worked on the premise that the Empire was going to last indefinitely. As suggested earlier, E. M. Forster's ideas rested on a similar assumption. Yet he blamed the Anglo-Indians for their separation from Indians whereas this separation was the natural and necessary result of the conditions this assumption reflects. He did not make allowance for their being the victims of circumstances. There is in Forster's attitude towards Anglo-Indians an element of irresponsibility which George Orwell attributed to many ivory-tower intellectuals in Great Britain:

> All left-wing parties in the highly industrialized countries are at bottom a sham, because they make it their business to fight against something which they do not really wish to destroy. They have internationalist aims, and at the same time, they struggle to keep up a standard of life with which those aims are incompatible. We all live by robbing Asiatic coolies... A humanitarian is always a hypocrite.... It would be difficult to hit off the one-eyed pacifism of the English in fewer words than in the phrase (Kipling's), 'making mock of uniforms that guard you while you sleep.'[21]

21. George Orwell, "Rudyard Kipling," in A Collection of Essays by George Orwell (New York: Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1954), p. 127.

There was no solution to the Indian problem except in the country's liberation and the departure of the British from there. Resembling, as he did, the Anglo-Indians in his failure to see this harsh fact, Forster's divorce from reality was much greater than theirs. The racial situation being as it was, he could not overcome the barriers separating the two races. The Anglo-Indians, who spent the working years of their lives in India, as compared to his two short visits, actually knew India and Indians better and had to make greater adjustments to Indian life than he could. Moreover, his experience of India was mostly through a native state which was less representative of the life of the sub-continent than British India. It also differed from English life to a greater degree than British India did. As a result, Forster's attitude to India was more theoretical than that of the Anglo-Indians and his feelings of alienation, there, much stronger than theirs. His sense of bewilderment in India is revealed in The Hill of Devi and his essays, "The Suppliant"[22] and "Advance India!"[23]

Forster brought with him to India Bloomsbury's ideal of the gentleman, which comprised a perfect sensibility and

> ...a host of secondaries: a taste for truth and beauty, tolerance, intellectual honesty, fastidiousness, a sense of humour, good manners curiosity, a dislike of vulgarity, brutality, and over-emphasis, freedom from superstition and prudery, a fearless acceptance of the good things of life, a desire for complete self-expression and for a liberal education, a contempt for utilitarianism and philistinism, in two words--sweetness and light.[24]

A very laudable creed, indeed, but it could flourish only in a sheltered atmosphere like that of Bloomsbury. Nothing

22. E. M. Forster, Abinger Harvest (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1936), pp. 315-18.

23. Ibid., pp. 308-12.

24. Clive Bell, Architectural Heresies, pp. 46-47. Quoted in Johnstone, op. cit., p. 39.

could be more uncongenial to its practice than India, unless the conditions there were changed. The change needed was basically political in nature. And with politics Forster, professedly, would have nothing to do, although this attitude is itself implied a definite political stand. Confronted with this situation, he partly declared it to be hopeless and partly tried to find escape from reality in that other creed of Bloomsbury according to which:

> Nothing mattered except states of mind, ou own and other people's of course, but chiefly our own. These states of mind were not associated with action or achievement or with consequences. They consisted in timeless, passionate states of contemplation, and communion, largely unattached to before or after.[25]

In the mystic trance of Hinduism, he found one such state of mind, which resolved not only his ethical problems but also showed a channel of relief from feelings of estrangement in a foreign land. Thus, in spite of the fact that Forster has often pointed out that A Passage to India does not have any political import, his attitude towards politics is vitally connected with what happens in the novel. Forster himself felt uneasy about the publication of the novel. In a note on the novel, he says,

> The gap between India remembered and India experienced was too wide. When I got back to England the gap narrowed .... But I still though the book bad, and probably should not have completed it without the encouragement of Leonard Woolf.[26]

Unfortunately, one is constrained to agree with Forster's own verdict on his book about his lack of objectivity; and to add that this weakness is directly related to his failure to acquire a responsible interest in India.

25. Maynard Keynes, "Early Beliefs," in Two Memoirs. Quoted in Johnstone, op. cit., p. 30.

26. The Hill of Devi, op. cit., p. 238.

The novel opens with a realistic description of Chandrapore with its civil station, where the Anglo-Indians live, standing on a rise above the main town, and separated from it. This introduces the theme of cleavage between the races on the level of reality. But the "fists and fingers" of the Marabar Hills containing "the extraordinary caves" already loom ominously in the horizon, and give intimations of a malignant, supernatural power existing beyond the affairs of men and capable of affecting them. The Marabar Hills set the mood in which the story begins.

Dr. Aziz, an assistant to the local Civil Surgeon, Major Callendar, comes to spend an evening with his relatives and friends at Hamidullah's. They are educated Mohammedans. Hamidullah is a lawyer. He has studied at Cambridge and had known the English as they were in England. He and another guest, Mahmond Ali, a colleague of Hamidullah's, are discussing the possibility of being friends with the English in India. Both of them agree that it is impossible but Hamidullah knows it is possible in England. He thinks that the Anglo-Indian society corrupts the young people who come from England with noble intentions. As a result,

> They all become exactly the same, not worse, not better. I give any Englishman two years, be he Turton or Burton. It is only the difference of a letter. And I give any Englishwoman six months. All are exactly alike. (p. 4)[27]

Aziz wants to forget all about the English and enjoy the evening with his friends but his enjoyment is interrupted by a message from the Civil Surgeon asking Aziz to come to his bungalow at once. Reaching there, Aziz finds that Major Callander has already gone without leaving a note. As he stands there irritated, the Major's wife and another Englishwoman appropriate the tonga hired by Aziz and leave without even thanking him. As he walks back depressed and hurt by

27. E. M. Forster, A Passage to India (London: J. M. Deut and Son Ltd., 1960). All quotations from the novel are taken from this edition.

the rudeness of his superior and his wife, he comes to a mosque. He goes in hoping to compose his mind by being away from the English and musing upon Islam. There he finds Mrs. Moore, an English woman, the mother of the local City Magistrate, Ronny Heaslop. She is visiting India with an English girl, Adela Quested, who has come to see Ronny because they have known each other in England and are thinking of getting married.

Aziz's meeting with Mrs. Moore is important for it starts the main action of the story. But it is still more important for the brief conversation that goes on in the mosque. Forster, here, underlines the difference between Mrs. Moore and the Anglo-Indians. At other places in the novel, he attributes the failure of the latter to meet and understand Indians to the "undeveloped" condition of their heart, trying to find, thus, a solution to the racial problem in human terms. But he endows Mrs. Moore with an uncanny power which, besides showing Forster's subjectivity in viewing oriental psychology, also betrays his desire to abandon altogether the search for a solution at the level of everyday reality. Supernatural intervention is suggested as the only way out. Mrs. Moore's politeness, consideration, and kindness are all closely connected with her perception that "God is here." The same uncanny power which gives her the intimations of God's presence also endows her with the ability to know whether she likes or dislikes people without necessarily understanding them. This, according to Aziz, is an Oriental trait. That Forster agrees with Aziz will become clearer later in the story. In the meantime he is completing Mrs. Moore's communion with the universe. Aziz walks her back to the Anglo-Indian club. When she leaves the club to go home with Ronny and Adela, she experiences a strange sensation of oneness with the universe:

> Mrs. Moore, whom the club had stupefied, woke up outside. She watched the moon, whose radiance stained with primrose the purple of the surrounding sky. In England the moon had seemed dead alien; here she was caught in the shawl of night together

> with earth and all the other stars. A sudden sense of unity, of kinship with the heavenly bodies passed into the old woman and out, like water through a tank, leaving a strange freshness behind. (p. 21)

The state of night reminds the reader that there was in the mosque "an ablution tank of fresh clear water, which was always in motion, being indeed part of a conduit that supplied the city." By the time she reaches home and is about to go to bed this feeling overflows her mind in the form of a love of all creation:

> Going to hang up the cloak she found that the tip of the peg was occupied by a small wasp. She had known this wasp or his relatives by day: they were not as English wasps, but had long yellow legs which hung down behind when they flew. Perhaps he mistook the peg for a branch--no Indian animal has any sense of an interior. Bat, rats, birds, insects will as soon nest inside a house as out; it is to them a normal growth of the eternal jungle, which alternately produces houses trees, houses trees. There he clung, asleep, while jackals in the plain bayed their desires and mingled with the percussion of drums.
>
> Pretty dear, said Mrs. Moore to the wasp. He did not wake, but her voice floated out, to swell the night's uneasiness. (pp. 25-26)

Feelings like these are possible and highly commendable Love combined with action makes the solution of human problems easier. But when it is offered as a substitute for action, it is not only ineffectual but hypocritical and danerous. But such a substitution appears to be suggested as the only way out of the predicament. The immensity of the human problems is so great that it is beyond human beings to tackle them. The implicit hint is that man should give up. The Nawah Bahadur talks about the collector's invitation to Indians to come to the "Bridge Party":

> He had spoken in the little room near the Courts where the pleaders waited for their clients; clients, waiting for pleaders, sat in the dust outside. They

> had not received a card from Mr. Turton. And there were circles even beyond these --people who wore nothing but a loin-cloth, people who wore not even that, and spent their lives in knocking two sticks together before a scarlet doll --humanity grading and drifting beyond the educated vision until no earthly invitation can embrace it. (p. 28)

Lack of courage to face human problems begins to affect the novelist's perspective in such a manner as to provide a rationale for inactivity. Forster's satirical comments on the missionaries betray, ironically enough, his own weakness. The missionaries are more practical and to them man matters more than other forms of life. Forster, by presenting their puzzlement as to the future of all things, living or inert, only confuses issues, implying that, since it is impossible to take care of everything in the universe, it is not sensible to take care of anything:

> All invitations must proceed from heaven perhaps; perhaps it is futile for men to initiate their own unity, they do but widen the gulfs between them by the attempt. So at all events thought old Mr. Graysford and young Mr. Sorley, the devoted missionaries who lived out beyond the slaughter houses, always travelled third on the railways, and never came up to the club. In our Father's house are many mansions, they taught, and there alone will the incompatible multitudes of mankind be welcomed and soothed. Not one shall be turned away by the servants on that verandah, be he black or white; not one shall be kept standing who approaches with a loving heart. And why should the divine hospitality cease here? Consider, with all reverance, the monkeys. May there not be a mansion for the monkeys also? Old Mr. Graysford said No, but young Mr. Sorley, who was advanced, said Yes; he saw no reason why monkeys should not have their collateral share of bliss, and he had sympathetic discussions about them with his Hindu friends. And the jackals? Jackals were indeed less to Mr. Sorley's mind, but he admitted that the mercy of God, being infinite,

> may well embrace all mammals. And the wasps? He became uneasy during the descent to wasps, and was apt to change the conversation. And oranges, cactuses, crystals, and mud? And the bacteria inside Mr. Sorley? No, no, this is going too far. We must exclude someone from our gathering, or we shall be left with nothing. (p. 28)

But the novel has not yet seriously dispensed with human endeavour on the ordinary plane of reality as a means to improving relations among people. On the contrary, in the first part of the book, in spite of the subtle hints about the ineffectuality of such endeavour, Forster's emphasis is on recommending it, or rather on deploring the lack of it.

When Mrs. Moore happens to tell her son about certain remarks Aziz had made against his boss, she is shocked to find that Ronny wants to pass these on to Major Callendar. Anglo-India has no respect for personal relations. All Anglo-Indians are the product of Public School training. But there being no privacy among them in India, the Public School conventions have become even more forceful and have turned Anglo-Indians into complete philistines. The finer side of their nature is completely dried up. They can no longer respond to other human beings as human beings. The only way they can react emotionally is in rage or sentimentality. Otherwise they remain quite different. Their

> ....ignorance of the arts was notable, and they lost no opportunity of proclaiming it to one another; it was the Public School attitude, flourishing more vigorously than it can yet hope to do in England. If Indians were shop, the Arts were bad form, and Ronny had repressed his mother when she inquired after his viola; a viola was almost a demerit, and certainly not the instrument one mentioned in public. (p. 30)

What the English lack is a "developed" heart. Without a developed heart one cannot enter into meaningful relations with others. Its need in personal relations is so great that even a well-meaning, honest girl like Adela is ill-equipped for establishing real contact with Indians because

she resembles Anglo-Indians in this respect. She tells Mrs. Moore, "If one isn't absolutely honest what is the use of existing?" But honesty is not enough. Fielding finds something theoretical about her sympathy with India and her criticism of the way she found the English behaving at the "Bridge Party."

The party has been given by the Collector, Mr. Turton, to afford Mrs. Moore and Adela an opportunity to meet Indians because they want to see real India. As expected, it is not a success. Indians stay entirely on one side and only Fielding, the Principal of the Government College at Chanderpore, Adela, and Mrs. Moore approach them and try to talk. Even they fail to make the meeting meaningful. The only important outcome of the party is that Fielding invites Mrs. Moore and Adela to come to tea with him at the college. They ask Aziz can also come to the party and Fielding invites him too.

Fielding is a "har-bitten, good-tempered, intelligent fellow, on the verge of middle age...." He differs from the other Anglo-Indians in his liberal attitude towards Indians. He refuses to be a slave of Anglo-Indian conventionality because he thinks for himself: "I believe in teaching people to be individuals and to understand individuals. It's the only thing I believe in." He cannot be as emotionally involved in life as Aziz can because he has a long experience behind him. "Experience can do much, and all that he had learnt in England was an assistance to him, and helped him toward clarity, but clarity prevented him from experiencing something else." Still he retains a warmth of heart which gives him the capacity for friendship.

Up to the time of the Bridge Party a warm heartand kindness are the norms sought for in the novel. It is true that Aziz is excessively emotional at times but he is "safe really --as safe as the shore-dweller who can only understand stability and supposes that every ship must be wrecked, and he had sensations the shore-dweller cannot know." (p. 54) The warmth of the heart is a quality which can be cultivated

by man and the creation of conditions for cultivating it is also within man's reach. But after the Bridge Party, the novel takes a serious turn. It begins to call for qualities of character and mental and spiritual abilities beyond the reach of common man. As already suggested, hints of this demand have been dropped in Mrs. Moore's mysterious affinity with the East.

Until the evening after the party, the occultism expressed in Mrs. Moore's character is still close to a normal sympathy for mankind. The only thing she finds wanting in the Anglo-Indians is a love for Indians. She does not doubt the sincerity with which they perform their duties and makes allowance for the circumstances which necessitate a certain amount of harshness on their part. During the conversation she has with her son that evening, she realizes the nature of his problems:

> He spoke sincerely. Every day he worked hard in the court to decide which of two untrue accounts was the less untrue, trying to dispense justice fearlessly, to protect the weak against the less weak, the incoherent against the plausible, surrounded by lies and flattery. (p. 40)

Still, she wishes that he had spoken with less gusto. "How Ronny revelled in the drawbacks of his situation!" "His words without his voice might have impressed her..." She

> felt, quite <u>illogically</u>, that this was not the last word on India. One touch of regret--<u>not the canny substitute</u> but the true regret from the heart--would have made him a different man, and the British Empire a different institution. (Italics mine) (p. 40)

And to Ronny's "The English are not in India to be pleasant, but to do justice and keep the peace" she retorts with "The English <u>are</u> out here to be pleasant.... Because India is part of the earth. And God has put us on the earth in order to be pleasant to each other. God...is...love."

This is not asking too much of a normal individual. But it is important to notice that Mrs. Moore has perceived

the situation illogically, the regret she wants her son to have is of an uncanny nature, and the idea of God is brought in to justify a love for mankind. Moreover, the Empire can be transformed into "a different institution" by a touch of this uncanny kind of regret. Mrs. Moore's rationale contains two kinds of fallacy. Fist, that the nature of the British Empire is determined by personal rather than economic factors. Secondly, not even these personal factors are strictly within human control because of their illogical and uncanny nature. In other words, Forster has begun to absolve man of political and personal responsibility. As the story moves, the trend in this direction becomes stronger, steadily reducing thereby the significance of conscious human endeavour. Mrs. Moore feels that the intervention of the supernatural is becoming increasingly harder to escape. She

> felt that she had made a mistake in mentioning God, but she found him increasingly difficult to avoid as she grew older, and he had been constantly in her thoughts since she entered India, though oddly enough he satisfied her less... Outside the arch there seemed always an arch, beyond the remotest echo a silence. (p. 41)

A deeper glimpse into the supernatural is provided by a Hindu, Professor Godbole, who has also been invited to Fielding's tea party. He has perceived God's omnipotence and is reconciled to man's helplessness. All that man can do is to pray to Him to come, although He never comes. Godbole, secure in the knowledge that the best man can do is to accept His will, is a picture of harmony. The harmony of his inner self is beautifully reflected in his dress:

> He wore a turban that looked like pale purple macaroni, coat, waistcoat, dhoti, socks with clocks. The clocks matched the turban, and his whole appearance suggested harmony--as if he had reconciled the products of East and West, mental as well as physical, and could never be discomposed. (p. 59)

His song composes the situation ruffled by Ronny's interruption. By presenting this picture of composure, Forster appears to recommend passivity. For Good and Evil are above man. They are two aspects of the Lord. He is present in the one and absent in the other. Yet absence does not imply non-existence. So one is entitled to say, "come, come come, come." Such intimations are beyond Aziz's reach: "The comparatively simple mind of the Mohammedan encountering Ancient Night." But Forster makes sure to affirm, through Fielding's thought, the presence of absolute Good and Evil. He feels that Evil is inherent in the place itself:

> Could one have been so petty on a Scotch moor or an Italian alp? Fielding wondered afterwards. There seemed no reserve of tranquility to draw upon in India. Either none, or else tranquility swallowed up everything, as it appeared to do for Professor Godbole. Here was Aziz all shoddy and odious, Mrs. Moore and Miss Quested hotly silly, and he himself and Heaslop both decorous on the surface, but detestable really, and detesting each other. (p. 65)

But for the time being, it has been controlled by the acceptance of Godbole's song:

> Ronny's steps had died away, and there was a moment of absolute silence. No ripple disturbed this water, no leaf stirred. (p. 66)

But it is only a lull before the storm. Premonitions of impending disaster begin to be thrown in quick succession. Men's affairs appear to be passing into the hands of a power at once over-arching and underlying the universe. Adela breaks her engagement with Ronny for logical reasons but renews it impulsively. As their bodies touch each other

> ...one of the thrills so frequent in the animal kingdom passed between them, and announced that all their difficulties were only a lovers' quarrel. (p. 73)

But the breach and the renewal of the engagement occur during a car ride after Fielding's party. The cause of the accident they meet on this ride is shrouded in mystery. Forster does

not merely suggest the possibility of some evil influences being vaguely in operation. He makes their presence certain through Mrs. Moore whom he endows with visionary powers by this time. Hearing about the accident, "Mrs. Moore shivered: A ghost! But the idea of a ghost scarcely passed her lips. The young people did not take it up, being occupied with their own outlooks, and deprived of support it perished, or was reabsorbed into the part of the mind that seldom speaks." (p. 81) This is no mere coincidence as the Nawab Bahadur's story makes it clear:

> Nine years previously, when first he had had a car, he had driven it over a drunken man and killed him, and the man had been waiting for him ever since. The Nawab Bahadur was innovent before God and the Law, he had paid double the compensation necessary; but it was no use, the man continued to wait in an unspeakable form, close to the scene of his death. None of the English people knew of this, nor did the chauffeur; it was a racial secret communicable more by blood than speech. (pp. 82-83)

Forster is obviously underlining the level at which contact with the ultimate Reality is possible. And the inference, which will become clearer as the action progresses, is that only those who make this contact can become the agents of good influence in human affairs.

That there is such a thing as ultimate Reality with its aspects of Good and Evil is made quite explicit in the second section, "Caves." The caves to which Aziz invites Mrs. Moore and Adela symbolize absolute Evil. Forster's description of the caves is superb in his use of vivid realistic detail to convey the mysterious and the sinister. It deserves to be reproduced in detail. First he emphasizes the ancient nature of the hills in which these caves are located:

> (The) high places of Dravidia have been land since land began... They are older than anything in the world. No water has ever covered them. If flesh of the

> sun's flesh is to be touched anywhere, it is here, among the incredible antiquity of these hills. (p. 105)

Then their sinister aspect is described:

> There is something unspeakable in these outposts. They are like nothing else in the world, and a glimpse of them makes the breath catch. They rise abruptly, insanely, without the proportion that is kept by the wildest hills elsewhere, they bear no relation to anything dreamt or seen. To call them "uncanny" suggests ghosts, and they are older than all spirits. Hinduism has scratched and plastered a few rocks, but the shrines are unfrequented, as if pilgrims, who generally seek the extraordinary, had here found too much of it. Some saddhus did once settle in a cave, but they were smoked out, and even Buddha, who must have passed this way down to the Bo Tree of Gya, shunned a renunciation more complete than his own, and has left no legend of struggle or victory in the Marabar. (p. 105-06)

The description of the caves themselves is ironically simple. The "are readily described" physically. But one's experience of them is impossible to relate.

> Nothing, nothing attaches to them, and their reputation--for they have one--does not depend upon human speech. It is as if the surrounding plain or the passing birds have taken upon themselves to exclaim extraordinary and the word has taken root in the air, and been inhaled by mankind. (p. 106)

Seen from the inside a Marabar cave is an epitome of the universe. The symbolism of the following is obvious:

> They are dark caves. Even when they open towards the sun, very little light penetrates down the entrance tunnel into the circular chamber. There is little to see, and no eye to see it, until the visitor arrives for his five minutes, and strikes a match. Immediately another flame rises in the depths of the rock and moves towards the surface like an imprisoned spirit: the walls of the circular chamber have been most marvellously polished. The two flames approach and

> strive to unite, but cannot, because one of them breathes air, the other stone. A mirror inlaid with lovely colours divides the lovers, delicate stars of pink and gray interpose, exquisite nebulae, shadings fainter than the tail of a comet or the midday moon, all the evanescent life of the granite, only here visible. Fists and fingers thrust above the advancing soil--here at last in their skin, finer than any covering acquired by the animals, smoother than windless water, more voluptuous than love. The radiance increased, the flames touch one another, kiss, expire. The cave is dark again, like all the caves. (p. 106-07)

Forster expends every possible detail of description to associate the caves with the idea of non-existence and death, the idea of God's absence in Godbole's terms. The unsealed caves exceed in number those with entrances as the dead exceed the living. "Nothing is inside them" and

> if mankind grew curious and excavated, nothing, nothing would be added to the sum of good or evil. One of them is rumoured within the boulder that swings on the summit of the highest of the hills; a bubble-shaped cave that has neigher ceiling nor floor, and mirrors its own darkness in every direction infinitely. If the boulder falls and smashes, the cave will smash too--empty as an Easter egg. (p. 107)

The influence of evil which will reach its acme through the main characters' contact with the Marabar caves is already gathering force. Both the ladies visiting India feel its pressure as they journey towards the caves. The main effect of Evil in the novel is on relations between people. It alienates people from one another in many ways. Its influence is manifested most definitely in Mrs. Moore's feelings. Of late she has

> felt increasingly (vision or nightmare?) that, though people are important, the relations between them are not, and that in particular too much fuss has been made over marriage; centuries of carnal embracement, yet man is no nearer to understanding man. (pp. 115-16)

On her way to the caves she feels, "this with such force that it seemed itself a relationship, itself a person who was trying to take hold of her hand." Adela also feels the dullness of life gradually creeping over her, but, unlike Mrs. Moore who succumbs to the overwhelming listlessness passively, she resists it and feels restless. Boredom is getting on her nerves. The monotonous and panicky "pomper, pomper, pomper" of the wheels as the train crosses small bridges over the winding, dry nullah, originating in the Marabar Hills, sets the mood of the morning. The mood intensifies as they approach the hills and the day advances.

As they leave the train, a mysterious kind of unreality descends on the scene. They become aware of

> ...a new quality..., a spiritual silence which invaded more senses than the ear. Life went on as usual, but had no consequences, that is to say, sounds did not echo or thoughts develop. Everything seemed cut off at its root. (p. 120)

Even Aziz is out of his depth. Forster is introducing into his world forces which can be perceived only through a mystic experience. So Aziz's...

> ignorance became evident, and was really rather a drawback. In spite of his gay, confident talk, he had no notion how to treat this particular aspect of India; he was lost in it without Professor Godbole, like themselves. (p. 121)

The opposition between the influence of the Marabar and mutual affection among human beings is underlined when Aziz asks Mrs. Moore if she remembers their meeting in the mosque. "'I do. I do,' she said, suddenly vital and young." But the Marabar influence is on the ascendant. It subdues Mrs. Moore physically as they enter a cave for the first time:

> A Marabar cave had been horrid as far as Mrs. Moore was concerned, for she had nearly fainted in it, and had some difficulty in preventing herself from saying so as soon as she got into the air again. It was natural enough; she had always suffered from faintness, and the cave had become too full, because all their

> retinue followed them. Crammed with villagers and servants, the circular chamber began to smell. She lost Aziz and Adela in the dark, didn't know who touched her, couldn't breathe, and some vile naked thing struck her face and settled on her mouth like a pad. She tried to regain the entrance tunnel, but an influx of villagers swept her back. She hit her head. For an instant she went mad, hitting and gasping like a fanatic. For not only did the crush and stench alarm her; there was also a terrifying echo. (p. 126)

The "echo" is the worst part of her experience in the cave. It symbolizes the meaninglessness of everything from the standpoint of the Absolute:

> Whatever is said, the same monotonous noise replies, and quivers up and down the walls until it is absorbed in the roof. 'Boum' is the sound as far as the human alphabet can express it, or 'bo-um,' or 'ou-boum' utterly dull. Hope, politeness, the blowing of a nose, the squeal of a boot, all produce 'boum.' Even the striking of a match starts a little worm coiling, which is too small to complete a circle, but is eternally watchful. (p. 126-27)

No human being is responsible for the Evil which hits Mrs. Moore in the cave. She stands outside the cave watching for the possible villain. But she finds herself among the mildest individuals, all of the very deferential to her. What had felt like a naked pad on her mouth was "a poor little baby astride its mother's hips." Evil is, thus, shown to have an independent existence of its own.

It has been pursuing her at a distance for some time but now it grabs her tightly and begins to crush one side of her character, the side which is connected by bonds of love with others at the ordinary human level. She declines to accompany Adela and Aziz to the other caves. Sitting alone, the more she thinks of her experience in the cave, the more unpleasant and frightening it becomes. She minds it much more now than she did at the time. She can forget

the crush and smells but is obsessed by the echo, which in a mysterious way begins to "undermine her hold on life." It comes at a time when she is tired and manages to murmer,

> 'Pathos, piety, courage - they exist,
> but are identical, and so is filth,
> Everything exists, nothing has value.'
> If one had spoken vileness in that
> place, or quoted lofty poetry, the
> comment would have been the same -
> 'ou - boum.' (p. 128)

She felt that however sincerely one might **fight** against unhappiness and misunderstanding in the world, whatever sacrifice man might make for the sake of others, these would be reduced to the same nothingness as the vilest of human actions. Infinity and eternity terrify her because she sees them through the Marabar:

> Devils are of the North, and poems can
> be written about them, but no one could
> romanicize the Marabar, because it robbed
> infinity and eternity of their vastness,
> the only quality that accommodates than
> to mankind. (p. 129)

Christianity as a religion is mere gibberish before this nihilistic vision. All its words from "Let there be light" to "It is finished" dissolved in a "boum."

The mood that has been developing for two months takes definite shape. Nothing seems to give repose to her soul. She does not want to write even to her children, does not want to communicate with anybody, not even with God. For a moment she thinks that she is going to be ill but then she abandons herself to the vision. "She loses all interest, even in Aziz, and the affectionate words that she had spoken to him seemed no longer hers but the air's."

Adela also has a traumatic experience at Marabar. She thinks somebody has assaulted her in a cave. It remains unknown who the culprit is or whether there is any culprit. Forster deliberately creates a mystery about the crime to keep the source of Evil intangible. But, in the meantime, Adela lays the allegation against Aziz, who is arrested as soon as he gets back to Chandrapore.

Fielding believes that Aziz is innocent. He expresses his opinion before the Collector and suggests that the accusation rests upon a mistake. The Collector is very bitter about Fielding's and other white people's mixing with Indians. He points out to the Principal that the mistake lies not in the allegation but in the attempt to be intimate with Indians. In the Collector's sermon in support of maintaining a separation between the races, Forster again tries to show the insensitivity of the Anglo-Indians. The "twenty-five years" for which the Collector has been in India "seemed to fill the waiting-room with their staleness and ungenerosity." His enunciation of the Anglo-Indian credd about the inter-racial behaviour in the Collector's words is intended to be criticism of their values:

> Intercourse, yes. Courtesy, by all means. Intimacy never, never. The whole weight of my authority is against it. I have been in charge at Chandrapore for six years, and if everything has gone smoothly, if there has been mutual respect and esteem, it is because both peoples kept to this simple rule. (p. 141-42)

The manner in which Turton breaks down is also typical of the Anglo-Indian sentimentality:

> ...I wish I had never lived to see its (that day's) beginning, I know that. It is the end of me. That a lady, that a young lady engaged to my most valued subordinate - that she - an English girl fresh from England - that I should have lived - . (p. 142)

But Forster leaves the reader in no doubt that the rage and madness which sway the English, or the Indians, at Chandrapore, are not of human origin. Fielding is confused as to the source of it. He only knows that Evil is abroad trying to overwhelm them all. It "had to be shoved back into its pit somehow...." But he does not understand it and, therefore, does not know how to control it. He "had always gone about sensibly and quietly until a difficulty came right." But this madness could not be handled in this manner. His

puzzlement at Adela's charge against Aziz also confirms the supernatural character of Evil although Fielding himself does not realize it. Otherwise why "such a dry, sensible girl, and quite without malice," the last person to accuse an Indian wrongfully, would accuse a honest man like Aziz?

The Evil has flowed into Chandrapore from the Marabar caves is suggested over and over again in different ways. One significant touch is in Fielding's noting that the gully that begins at the mouth of the caves that Aziz visited with Adela "continues as a nullah across the plain the water draining off this way towards the Ganges."

The existence of absolute Good and Evil, without being attributed to any single human being, is confirmed by Godbole when Fielding seeks his help in unraveling the mystery. He believes that "All perform a good action, when one is performed, and when an evil action is performed, all perform it." Taking a concrete example, he explains that if an evil act has been performed in a cave in the Marabar Hills, Aziz, Fielding, Godbole himself, the guide, Godbole's students, and Adela are all responsible for it. For when "evil occurs, it expresses the whole of the universe. Similarly when good occurs." "He distinguishes Good and Evil from suffering. Suffering is what we think it to be, Good and Evil are what they are."

That Forster agrees with Godbole is shown in the action of the novel. The only means of surmounting Evil is to know it and to invoke Good. Invocation of Good involves abandonment of one's will to the Will of God whose presence, in Godbole's philosophy, is synonymous with Good. A person who attains contact with Good in this manner becomes an agent of good in men's daily affairs because his goodness is not separate from theirs. This is why Mrs. Moore and Godbole are such agents. Mrs. Moore is never as clear about her perceptions as Godbole but Forster endows her with an intuition which never goes wrong. Although the Marabar echo has destroyed her interest in human affairs, yet she knows

that the echo and its influence are evil. This knowledge is at once the cause and result of her goodness, which, without any conscious effort on her part, influences other human beings for the better.

Evil, which propagates itself in every direction and seems to have an existence of its own, apart from anything done or said by individuals, subsides wherever Mrs. Moore's influence touches it. Adela tries again and again to think logically but the echo, which haunts, destroys her logic. It flourishes

> raging up and down like a nerve in the faculty of her hearing, and the noise in the cave, so unimportant intellectually, was prolonged over the surface of her life. She had struck the polished wall - for no reason.... The sound had spouted after her when she escaped, and was going on still like a river that gradually floods the plain. Only Mrs. Moore could drive it back to its source and seal the broken reservoir. (p. 168)

Meanwhile evil is loose and she can even hear it entering the lives of others.

Under the influence of the echo, Adela wants to stay by herself. Personal relations seem useless to her. She feels sorry that she cannot return Ronny's affection. She has nothing to give. She tells Ronny: "What is the use of personal relationships when everyone brings less and less to them? I feel we ought all to go back into the desert for centuries and try and get good." (p. 170)

Mrs. Moore has been similarly affected. Her tenderness has vanished or "developed into a hardness, a just irritation against the human race." Still her presence is soothing to Adela. As soon as she is permitted to leave her bed she goes with Ronny to see Mrs. Moore. But she finds that just as other people repel her, she repels Mrs. Moore who withdraws her hand twice as Adela puts hers forward. She also refuses to enlighten Adela as to the significance of the echo, saying, "If you don't know, you don't know, I can't

tell you." The secret can be known only by complete abandonment to the absolute moral order. If one fights against it by sticking to one's own narrow laws and values, one will remain in ignorance. It is because she stands by her faith in the universal moral order that she thinks so poorly of man-made laws. She refuses to stay in India and give evidence in Aziz's case, telling Ronny, "I have nothing to do with your ludicrous law courts, ...I will not be dragged in at all."

Mrs. Moore is entering senility and becoming cynical. She is very easily irritated.

> Why has anything to be done, I cannot see, Why all this marriage, marriage? ... The human race would have become a single person centuries ago if marriage was any use. And all this rubbish about love, love in a Church, love in a cave, as if there is the least difference, and I held up from my business over such trifles! (p. 174-75)

Still she is a powerful embodiment of Good. Her goodness is given her for her abandonment of resistance of powers that run the universe. She is gradually merging with these powers. That is why she knows that Aziz is innocent and can convey it to Adela by a kind of telepathy. Adela thinks that Mrs. Moore has told her that Aziz is innocent and wants to confirm it. Mrs. Moore replies: "'I never said his name,' and began to play patience... 'Of course he is innocent.'"

Everyday affairs of men have begun to irk Mrs. Moore. She finds them awfully tedious and trivial. When, in her conversation with Ronny and Adela, she scoffs at them "her mind seemed to move towards them from a great distance and out of darkness." Because of her basic goodness she knows that her increasing indifference towards people and their activities is to be condemned. To Adela telling her that she is good, she retorts in irritation:

> I am not good, no bad. A bad old woman, bad, bad, destestable. I used to be good with the children growing up, also I meet this young man in his mosque, I wanted him to be happy. Good, happy, small people. They do not exist, they were a dream.... But I will not help you torture him for what he never did. There are different

> ways of evil and I prefer mine to yours. (p. 178)

The less human Mrs. Moore is the more powerful and extensive her influence becomes. As a human being, she insists on getting out of India and sails for England. But she stays there as a supernatural force. When she dies onboard, and her body is "lowered into yet another India - the Indian Ocean," the news of her death, reaching India, transforms her into a goddess, "Esmiss Esmoor." There is a definite suggestion at the trial scene that it is Mrs. Moore's transcendental contact with Adela that drives the echo away and she can see things clearly. Her conscious effort to remember is suspended and she re-experiences her visit to the caves and speaks of it "across a sort of darkness." Finding herself mistaken in her allegation against Aziz, she withdraws it.

The force of evil subsides. But it is not completely suppressed. The Anglo-Indians feel humiliated and angry; the Indians, excited by their victory, are beginning to enjoy the warfare and want to perpetuate it. Only Fielding and Adela stick to reason as a guide to action. But they both feel it is inadequate to meet the reality that is India. Fielding and Adela (the latter has moved to the College since her recanting at the trial) discuss their common predicament. That their reason is powerless before the onslaught of the supernatural is made plain when Adela tries to trace back her trouble. It seems to have started at Fielding's tea party when Godhole sang:

> I enjoyed the singing...but just about then a sort of sadness began that I couldn't detect at the time...no, nothing as solid as sadness: living at half pressure experesses it best. Half pressure. (p. 208)

She tells Fielding: "I am up against something, and so are you. Mrs. Moore - she did know ." Fielding, trying to find an explanation for his feeling that reason is not enough, attributes it to the approach of old age. He tells Adela

he has "felt it (supernaturalism) coming on me myself. I still jog on without it, but what a temptation, at forty-five, to pretend that the dead live again; one's own dead; no one else's matter." (p. 209) Whatever the reasons, Fielding and Adela are both

> at the end of their spiritual tether; Were there worlds beyond which they could never touch, or did all that is possible enter their consciousness? They could not tell.... Perhaps life is a mystery, not a muddle, they could not tell. Perhaps the hundred Indias which fuss and squabble so tiresomely are one, and the universe they mirror is one. They had not the apparatus for judging. (p. 229)

Unlike Mrs. Moore, their place is in the Western world. The difference between the spirit of the East and West, introduced in the beginning of the novel by juxtaposing Mrs. Moore with the rest of the English, becomes the novelist's chief concern towards the end of the second section. The gist of Forster's message is that the West is the area of reason and the East that of mystery or muddle. The mystery or muddle is created by the operation of the supernatural and its resolution can be achieved only by a direct contact with the supernatural itself. India is Mrs. Moore's element:

> A ghost followed the ship up the Red Sea, but failed to enter the Mediterranean. Somewhere about Suez there is always a social change...and during the transition Mrs. Moore was shaken off. (p. 222)

It is this difference between the East and West which, according to Forster, creates misunderstanding between the English and Indians even when the English make a sincere attempt to do the right thing. India demands a complete abandonment of self. Adela's "sacrifice - so creditable according to Western notions - was rightly rejected, because, though it came from her heart, it did not include her heart." Fielding's remark that "Indians know whether they are liked or not - they cannot be fooled here.

Justice never satisfies them, and that is why the British Empire rests on sand." reminds one of Mrs. Moore's ability to tell whether she likes or dislikes people.

The obvious implication is that in India, harmony in life can be achieved only through the development of a superhuman faculty what enables people to perceive transcendental reality. As even the most well-meaning Westerners lack this faculty, their attempt to establish this harmony remain puny. Individuals who cannot transcend their human selves are insignificant aliens in this world. Whereas Mrs. Moore's being expands to embrace the whole of their world in all its vastness, Adela and Fielding, remaining on the human level, can only achieve "a friendliness as of dwarfs shaking hands." They "are at the height of their powers - sensible, honest, even subtle." But these powers are not enough. Naturally they are dissatisfied. When they try to reassure each other, their words are "followed by a curious backwash as though the universe had displaced itself to fill up a tiny void, or as though they had seen their own gestures from an immense height...." In spite of their desire to stay on the firm ground of reality, they cannot remain immune to transcendental influences:

> Not for them was an infinite goal behind the stars, and they never sought it. But wistfulness descended on them now, as on other occasions; the shadow of the shadow of a dream fell over their clear-cut interest, and objects never seen again seemed messages from another world. (p. 230)

In a conversation with Aziz, Fielding tries to tell Aziz that Mrs. Moore could not have been of much help at the trial. He also thinksthat Mrs. Moore's tombs would also be soon forgotten. These are symptoms of his failure to understand the supernatural and his mistrust of it. But to prove his point, Forster repeatedly forces it on his attention. Fielding is also aware of the echo, though not to the same degree as Adela or Mrs. Moore. He is conscious

of its essentially evil nature when he reflects on the conditions of his own time as compared to those of the past:

> In the old eighteenth century when cruelty and injustice raged, an invisible power repaired their ravages. Everything echoes now; there's no stopping the echo. The original sound may be harmless, but the echo is always evil. (p. 240)

The echo is beyond his comprehension. Islam and Christianity also fail to account for it. "There is no God but God' doesn't carry us far through the complexities of matter and spirit." When he tells Aziz that "something that Hindus have perhaps found" is worth treating in poetry he vaguely feels that Hinduism alone has tried to explain the problem of absolute Evil.

As the second part of the novel approaches its close, all the major characters are scattered. Aziz decides to go to a native state. Godbole has already gone to one. Fielding and Adela leave for England. Before they leave there has developed a coldness between Aziz and Fielding. Though tangible reasons are enumerated, Forster wants to leave the impression that India is basically a land of muddle. In the description of Fielding's feelings as he enters Europe, this impression changes into a verdict:

> As he landed on the piazzetta a cup of beauty was lifted to his lips, and he drank with a sense of disloyalty. The buildings of Venice, like the mountains of Crete and the fields of Egypt, stood in the right place, whereas in poor India everything was placed wrong. He had forgotten the beauty of form among idol temples and lumpy hills; indeed, without form, how can there be beauty? Form stammered here and there in a mosque, became rigid through nervousness even, but Oh these Italian Churches. (p. 245)

But Fielding forgets that the cause of discord between the works of man and earth, and the muddle which he sees in India, do not lie in the nature of things, as he seems to believe, but have their bases in the political and

economic conditions prevailing there. Still, Forster endorses Fielding's views as they are:

> The Mediterranean is the human norm. When men leave the exquisite lake, whether through the Bosphorus or the Pillars of Hercules, they approach the monstrous and extraordinary; and the southern exit leads to the strangest experience of all. (p. 246)

The essential message of A Passage to India is almost completely conveyed in the first two parts. The Third part, "Temple," is intended to reinforce the vision created in the first two parts and to make it more explicit. The scene shifts to Mau, the Capital of a Hindu state. The time is the greatest Hindu festival of the year, the Krishna Festival, which celebrates the Lord's birth. As the second part was dominated by Evil, emanating from God's absence, the third is filled with Good because of His presence. Under the wholesome influence of His presence, all muddle is resolved. The oft-quoted description of the harmonious state of mind reached by Godbole needs to be quoted at length to show the act of self-abandonment which underlies his mystic experience:

> Godbole consulted the music-book, said a word to the drummer, who broke rhythm, made a thick little blur of sound, and produced a new rhythm. This was more exciting, the inner images it evoked more definite, and the singer's expressions became fatuous and languid. They loved all men, the whole universe, and scraps of their past, tiny splinters of detail, emerged for a moment to melt into the universal warmth. Thus Godbole, though she was not important to him, remembered an old woman he had met in Chandrapore days. Chance brought her into his mind while it was in this heated state, he did not select her, she happened to occur among the throngs of soliciting images, a tiny splinter, and he impelled her by his spiritual force to that place where completeness can be found. Completeness, not reconstruction. His senses grew thinner, he remembered a wasp seen he forgot where, perhaps on a stone. He loved the wasp equally, he impelled it likewise, he was imitating God. And the stone, where

> the wasp clung - could he...no, he could not, he had been wrong to attempt the stone, logic and conscious effort had seduced, he came back to the strip of red carpet and discovered that he was dancing upon it. (p. 249-50)

Happiness has come to man. He has not created it, for it is beyond him to do so. He does well if he knows how to receive it. At midnight the Lord is born.

> Infinite love took upon itself the form of SHRI KRISHNA and saved the world. All sorrow was annihilated not only for Indians, but for foreigners, birds, caves, railways, and the stars; all became joy, all laughter; there had never been disease nor doubt, misunderstanding, cruelty, fear. (p. 251)

Reflecting upon his religious experience next morning, Godbole remembers how he had tried "to place himself in the position of the God and to love her (Mrs. Moore), and to place himself in her position and to say to the God: "Come, come, come, come." He knows that this is inadequate but this is the best he can do. "It does not seem much, still it is more than I am myself."

The 'Caves' had dispersed the major characters in the novel. 'Temple' brings Godbole, Aziz, and Fielding together, if only temporarily. Godbole is the Education minister of the state, Aziz is the King's doctor, and Fielding is visiting as an Education officer. But the overwhelming impression is that their meeting is possible only at the spiritual level examplified in Godbole's trance. Aziz's idea of the British and Indians becoming friends after India is liberated is ridiculed by Fielding: "India a nation! What an apotheosis! Last comer to the drab nineteenth-century sisterhood! Waddling in at this hour to take her seat!" (p. 281) Fielding's internationalism is part of Godbole's monism which Forster vaguely recommends as the final solution of human ills.

As the novel closes one is left with the impression that the amity or hostility between Indians and the British is determined not by human endeavor but by some supernatural forces symbolized by the material objects which make the riders' horses swerve apart:

> "Why can't we be friends now?" said the other, holding him affectionately. "It's what I want. It's what you want."
>
> "But the horses didn't want it - they swerved apart; the earth didn't want it, sending up rock through which riders must pass single file; the temples, the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the carrion, the Guest House, that came into view as they issued from the gap and saw Mau beneath: they didn't want it, they said in their hundred voices, 'No, not yet,' and the sky said, 'No, not there.'" (p. 282)

Pointing out the dangers of seeking the truth about India through the study of the mystic tradition associated with it, Louis Renou says in his Indian Literature, "What people seek from India is, at bottom, what the possess in themselves....India is an alibi, the mythical setting in which a certain literary esotericism achieves its fulfilment."[28] They "seek to muse about cosmogonies and myths; to imagine a universe explicable on monistic and pantheistic lines...."[29] Forster does not go quite as far as that. But he comes close to doing so. In A Passage to India he hardly touches the reality of India which makes his view of India, hence of life, unauthentic and misleading. Criticizing the Western attempts to understand India through its mysticism, Renou says,

> What would have been desirable, on a more real, positive plane, is that India should have been fully integrated into the wider humanism that we can see being worked out before us today.[30]

One feels the same way about A Passage to India.

28. Louis Renou, Indian Literature (New York: Walker and Co., 1964), p. 136.
29. Ibid.
30. Ibid.

Chapter V

Edward John Thompson

A British historian, Michael Edwardes, describing the predicament of the Anglo-Indian officers during the twenties of this century, in his The Last Years of British India, praises Edward Thompson for having faithfully captured this predicament in his novels about India and regrets that these novels have been "unjustly neglected."[1] Thompson's novels about India are the outcome of his life-long mission to foster good will between the English and Indians. In his poetry, for he's also a notable poet who writes in English about the scenery of India, he emphasizes the importance of vision, but his novels, though not entirely lacking in vision, are written primarily with a view to assessing the Indian situation sympathetically but fairly and to suggest a solution for the problems presented by it. Such seriousness of purpose gives his novels an important place in the study of Anglo-Indian fiction and British-Indian relations. But there is another reason why his novels deserve to be studied. It lies in the importance he attached to the study of literature in cross-cultural understanding. In the preface to his study of the Indian poet, Rabindra Nath Tagore, he says,

> I wish to serve more than his fame; for, while it may not greatly matter whether the English-speaking world cares for Tagore, or India for Wordsworth or Emerson, it does matter whether East and West care for each other. I believe that no other nation would have served India

1. Michael Edwards, The Last Years of British India, London, 1963, p. 16

> better than my own has done; but, on the whole, they have shown themselves very incurious as to its thought and literature. Resentment of this neglect has estranged educated Indians, and is a factor of first-rate importance in the present strained situation.
>
> I undertook the appalling task of reading through this bulky literature, because I wished to understand the people among whom I was living; I wrote this book in the hope of serving two races.[3]

In the light of these views, Thompson's novels need to be studied both as attempts to enhance cross-cultural understanding and as literature.

Edward John Thompson was born at Hazel Grove, Stockport, in England in 1886 but his earliest memories were those of South India where both his parents were Wesleyan missionaries. He was sent back for education to England where he also worked for some time. In 1910 he took orders and returned to India to teach English literature at Wesleyan College at Bankura, Bengal. He became interest in Bengali literature and made it his special concern to study it. The changes that occurred in the Indian scene after the First World War led him to take interest in the country's political issues too. He

> "opposed the widespread approval of the action of General R. E. H. Dyer at Amritsar in 1919. Thompsen now became convinced that Indians and British would be fundamentally irreconcilabile until India had self-government.[4]

3 Edward Thompson, Rabindranath Tagore, Poet and Dramatist London, 1926, p. vii-viii.

4 H. M. Margolionth, "Edward Thompsen", in Dictionary of National Biography, 1941-1950, London 1959, p. 879.

He left India in 1923 to take up a lectureship in Bengali at Oxford University, but retained his connection with India and

> worked hard by public and private writing and speaking for Indian self-determination and for the changed outlook in England which made possible the hand over of power in 1947. [5]

At the same he did all he could to strengthen the "the ties of spirit" which he hoped would always unite the two countries. Thompson had many Indian friends. The most eminent among them were the Poet Laureate Rabindra Nath Tagore, M. K. Gandhi, and Jawahar Lal Nehru.

The period of Thompson's stay in India was a crucial period in the history of British-Indian relations. The Morley-Minto Reforms of 1909 had, as a message from the King-Emperor addressed to the princes and people of India put it, brought them "a greater share in legislation and government."[6] The reforms had come as a result of an immense upsurge of nationalism during the early years of this century. The wave of enthusiasm engendered by it had split the Indian National Congress into two sections--the moderates and extremists. The extremists, led by Bal Ganga-Dhar Tilak, strongly demanded non-cooperation with the British and the use of violence as means to attain independence. This ushered in an era of terrorism all over the country. The moderates

5. Ibid.
6. R. P. Masnig; Britain in India London, 1960, p. 86

knew that terrorism would only lead to repression by the government and still further acts of violence. They "stressed the urgent need of conciliatory measures to quicken the pace of constitutional advance."[7] The British Parliament of the day, with a big Liberal majority, also appreciated the need for conciliation. Fortunately there was a happy combination of two sagacious statesmen at the helm of affairs, John Morley at Whitehall as Secretary of State for India, and Lord Minto as Viceroy in India. Both of them believed that "while anarchism must be firmly checked, earnest efforts should be simultaneously made to satisfy the demand for further instalments of reform."[8] The moderates accepted the Morley-Minto Reforms and co-operated with the British administration in creating a peaceful atmosphere, though still campaigning for further reform. Terrorism did not come to a complete stop but its rigour was reduced to near insignificance.

The outbreak of the First World War brought the moderates and the British still closer. They thought that the cause of the allies was also India's cause.

> "Mr. Gandhi offered himself for active service, and declared that Indians in the U.K. 'should place themselves unconditionally at the disposal of the authorities,' while at the 1914 session of Congress the President spoke of British and Indians mingling their blood in the cause of 'honour, liberty and justice.' ...As the months passed the feeling grew that India's great contribution to the war effort more than ever entitled her to a liberal measure of self-government. Throughout

7. Ibid.
8. Ibid.

> 1915 the moderates continued to predominate; and in spite of their dislike of the Defence Act--necessitated by the continuance of revolutionary activities--they took pride in India's past in the war, and were resolved not to embarrass the government."[9]

The reasons underlying this accord were basically economic. The government found it expedient "to buy up the wealthier section of the Indian bourgeoisie. This was done by promising to give India self-government, provided she would help in the prosecution of the War, and by granting in 1916 a 3½ per cent import duty on cotton." [10] The over-whelming competition of Imperial capital being suddenly removed, "Indian capital was presented with a free field for development. ...The wealthy bourgeousie suspended the political struggle and helped the British Government in war recruitment and in restraining the less moderate elements in the nationalist movement, the petty bourgeois 'extremists." [11]

But the government was unable to make use of its popularity. Intent "only upon governing whether Indians liked it or not, it was unable to channel enthusiasm into productive endeavour."[12] Being composed mainly of men with little experience of the mechanics of modern government, it had never been particulary efficient. The war intensified its "inefficiency, and soon the Indian army in Mesopotamia found its supply lines from India in hopeless chaos."[13] In order to set matters right, the government imposed "restrictions and pressures upon Indian businessmen which soon convinced them that they should--in the

10. Joan Beauchamp, British Imperialism in India, London
11 1936, p. 166
12. Ibid., p. 37
13. Edwardes, op. cit., p. 37
. Ibid.

interests of their own business--support the nationalist movement."[14] Other factors emerged and contributed to the deterioration of the atmosphere. The Muslims in India were disturbed by the war against Turkey whose ruler was the Caliph of Islam. Tilak succeeded in eliminating the influence of the moderates in the nationalist movement. He also succeeded in persuading the Muslim League to join Congress in the "Lucknow Pact." [15]

Perturbed by the nationalist activity that followed this entente between the two great political parties of India, the government in London sent E. S. Montagu, the Secretary of State for India, to see the situation for himself and to personally find the opinions of the Indian leaders themselves. Before leaving for India he had

> "declared that the policy of His Majesty's government...is that of increasing the association of Indians in every branch of the administration and the gradual development of self governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire."[16]

But in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report published in 1918 the promise of his initial pronouncement was considerably whittled down because of pressure from conservative quarters. Still some moderates like Gandhi urged that any hasty rejection of the suggestions made in the Report would be a misfortune for the country.[17] But events occurring between Montagu's visit and the passing of the Act on the basis of his findings

14. Ibid.
15. Griffiths, op,. cit., p. 299
16. Ibid.
17. Masani, op. cit. p. 114-15

destroyed the Indian people's faith in the sincerity of the British promises.

The "announcement of the scheme of reforms almost coincided with the report of the Rowlett Committee. Revolutionary crime had for long been rife in Bengal and there and elsewhere in India had been a source of constant anxiety during the war."[18] The committee had therefore, been appointed to investigate the extent of revolutionary conspiracies and to recommend legislation to deal with the. Indians iterpreted this as "giving with one hand and slapping down with the other."[19] Gandhi, as the leader of Congress, began a campaign against the "Rowlett Acts." Gandhi had intended his movement to be one of peaceful resistance, but other factors, such as the pressures of unemployment and high prices, demobilization after the War, the renewed arrogance of the Anglo-Indians returning to their jobs in India, etc., precipitated the outbursts of public indignation. There were riots in Western India and scattered, unorganized attacks on isolated Europeans and government buildings throughout the country.

The Anglo-Indians could not understand the change that the war had brought in the Indian scene and generally refused to accept it. They were not accustomed to seeing their authority challenged and wanted to suppress the agitation ruthlessly. General Dyer, who ordered firing without warning

18. Griffiths, op. cit. p. 300
19. Edwardes, op, cit. p. 41

on a densely packed crowd in a closed area, called Jallianwalla, at Amritsar, expressed in his evidence before the commission inquiring into the incidents the general opinion of most of the civil and military in India.[20] He stated frankly:

> I fired and continued to fire until the crowd dispersed, and I consider this is the least amount of firing which would produce the necessary moral and widespread effect it was my duty to produce if I was to justify my activities. ...It was no longer a question of merely disprersing the crowd, but one of producing a sufficient moral effect from a military point of view not only on those who were present, but more especially throughout the Punjab."[21]

Jallianwalla became one of the great rallying calls of Indian nationalism. It was the most decisive turning point in British-Indian relations. The two races which had been so ar more or less joined by a ruler-subject relationship became sharply divided into hostile camps. Even the most broad-minded Indians like the Nobel Laureate Rabindra Nath Tagore, dissociated themselves from the government. In his letter to the Viceroy, written to renounce his knighthood, he said:

> Knowing that our appeals have been in vain and that the passion of vengeance is blinding the noble vision of statesmanship in our Government, which could so easily afford to be magnaminous, as befitting its physical strength and moral tradition, the very least that I can do for my country is take all consequences upon myself in giving voice to the protest of the millions of my countrymen, surprised into a dumb anguish of terror. The time has come when badges of honour make our shame glaring in their incongruous context of humiliation, and I for my part which to stand, shorn of all special distinctions,

20. Ibid, p. 44
21. Ibid.

> by the side of those of my countrymen who, for their so-called insignificance, are liable to suffer a degradation not fit for human beings.[22]

From this time the hostility between the nationalists and the Anglo-Indians never ceased. The tactics of warfare and the pitch of tension varied from time to time but the possibility of the two races becoming friends was lost for ever. The twenties and the early thirties was the worst period in British Indian relations.

It is in this atmosphere of racial and political tension that Thompson's An Indian Day (1927) is laid. The novel opens with Vincent Hamar, a magistrate, coming to Vishnugram, a remote district town in Bengal of the mid-twenties of this century. He has been transferred here from Surigunj because he has fallen in disfavor with the Anglo-Indian community of that town for acquitting some Indians tried for conspiracy. He is happy for the change because in this remote place he hopes to meet the Indian mind in its purity unembittered by the eating of the fruit of the tree of political knowledge." He disapproves the unreasonable attitude of the Indians at Surigunj. He sympathizes with them in their aspirations but is opposed to the fanatical belligerance they bring into their demand for better rights. "Yes, he was their friend; but they need not line up racially, and ostentatiously draw him over from his own folk."(p. 45) Not that he is in any way influenced by the attitude of his community, in the performance of his

22. Thompson, op.cit., p. 273

duties. On the contrary he has the courage to perform his duties honestly even at the cost of being ostrasized by his own countrymen. But he is wary of being associated with Indians either because he feels that they are dominated by wrong political notions. Remaining aloof from them, he tries honestly to do what he considers to be just and right.

In other words, Hamar believes that the British in India have a mission to accomplish and that the country is best served if every Anglo-Indian discharges the duties entrusted to him honestly. He is sympathetic towards Indians but does not feel the necessity of really understanding them. Like most other Anglo-Indians he does not attach much importance to the kind of work done by the Christian missionaries in India. Due to this limitation, he happens to offend Alden, a missionary teaching at the Missionary College at Vishnugram, and his sister-in-law, Hilda, by expressing, in an indiscreet question, his skepticism about the usefulness of missionary work in India. They think that, like most Anglo-Indians, he is opposed to missionary work because it makes Indians less servile. They are not fully justified in making this assumption because he is not opposed to this kind of change in the attitude of Indians and he at once apologizes for his indiscretion. But the incident, by showing his emphasis on material change, underlines his lack of contact with and understanding of the Indian people. He thinks of them as an abstraction and is devoid of any deep feeling for them. On the other hand, Alden, because of his personal contact with them, knows them as human beings, shares their

life and feels for the.

Still closer to the people among whom he works is Alden's bosom friend Findlay, a missionary in charge of the station at Kanthala about sixteen miles out of Vishnugram. When Alden tells him about his conversation with Hamar, he falls into a wistful mood and says, "We never seem to turn out anyone with manners--we're a race of efficient boors seemly." (p. 84). In efficiency, dedication to his work, and in enduring the hardships involved in doing it, he is as good as the best of the civil servants. But for him the mere performance of one's duties is not enough. To become satisfying to the worker and truly productive for the country, his work should be combined with a love of the people for whom he works. Findlay loves Indians and India. He has come to belong in India. Passing over a section of ten miles between Vishnugram and Kanthala, he attains to "an exaltation of spirit that was sometimes unbearable; he loved his country with a passion that was very near worship." (p. 80) The sense of belonging often intensifies into mystic experiences of the following king:

> Suddenly the whole landscape was alive! ...He felt that exultant mood of which the Hindu mystic spoke--when he saw the ever-welling, ever-dancing waves of Hari, God sporting in His creation, tossing up and taking back ever-new forms of play, water flashing and leaping and sliding at an Eternal Child's will. ...God had ceased to be a doctrine or hymn or exhortation; He had become comrade and playfellow.... (p. 89)

Findlay's action spontaneously flows from this sense of oneness with God's creation rather than the narrower motives of

organized Christian charity or the pride of carrying the White Man's Burden. The springs of his action lie deeper than reason. Reason devoid of love cannot sustain prolonged selfless labour. There are moments when reason inhibits his vision and he lapses into a nihilistic disenchantment of the worst kind:

> --- And then, from an infinite height above him, poised in the dazzling azure, rang out the kite's call--the voice of utter indifference of aloofness crying in the wilderness, content to be there, motionless itself, and gazing out on a lifeless world. The wind shrivelled...the scents faded. The sals shed their sudden vigour, and were emblems, the faint scrabbles of a hand that had long ceased writing. The ever dancing, ever sportive Hari sank into the quiescent Immanence, his waves subsided into the dim motionless expanse of unexpressive ocean, a face without vision. That cry would sound on for millions of years, while the phantom generations went their way. "No man has seen God at any time": and Findlay was content that it should be so. Nothing mattered, there was nothing to trouble about--it was all process... and out of that Indian noon temptation came towards him, disguised as eace. Why not let things slide? Why not shut his eyes to the wretchedly unethical lives of most of this Christian crowd, why not take the easiest way, be king, always kind, never vigilant? When one remembered the pit whence they were dug, the centuries of servitude in their blood and outlook--why not leave them as they were? God is love, God is leisure, God is peace. (p. 90)

But he recovers from such moods with the re-assertion of love.

Findlay and Alden contrast with Hamar in their ability to achieve spiritual affinity with Indians. Neogyi, the Deputy Commissioner of Vishnugram, placed in a situation in many ways similar to that of Hamar, also differs from him because he is an Indian and loves his people. This gives to his commitment to the British raj what Hamar lacks, an affectionate understanding of Indians. Educated at Oxford, he resembles very much the English officers in India in habits and in bearing.

He is "unlike an Indian in the higher services. Once away from the platfor, he did not chatter, he had dignity, sense of duty efficiency. If he had inferiority complex he kept it from appearing or influencing his actions." (p. 35) His natural understanding of his own people makes him better suited to his job. But he is baffled by the general lack of understanding of Indian affairs found in the official circles. He is harassed by his immdiate superior, Deogarhia another Indian, who wants him to use his influence to get a protege of his, the Raja of Kestanadi, elected to the state council. The raja is "a dullard, illiterate, destitute of any discoverable shred of marality, a drunkard, a leper." (p.97) Caught between the unscrupulous Indians and the not very understanding Anglo-Indians, he still tries to do what he considers to be right.

Of the chief characters in the novel, Hamar, Alden, Findlay and Neogyi are actively engaged in working for India. India is still a man's world. Hilda is the only woman who takes interest in the situation but she is more of an observer rather that a participant in the situation. Fresh from England, she is intended to be an impartial commentator on the scene. She has faith in Alden and Findlay's work. India has aroused her sympathy. She gives the British full credit for what they have done and are still doing for that country, yet feels that their work has not been greatly fruitful because most of her countrymen have not cared to

understand India and Indians. This weighs her down.

Completely detached from action, except through his influence on others, but observing the scene and commenting on it, is a holy man, Jayananda who sits perpetually cross-legged under a banyan tree in a clearing in the forest. He was once a revolutionary, but now, having "genuinely chucked politics, once and forever: he was dreaming on infinity, withdrawing from existance into union with the Parmathman, the Absolute, that unconditioned, pulseless silence over whose surface our brief loves flit and twitter for their imaginary hour." (p. 95) Harassed by the rigours of his position, Neogyi comes to find relief in talking to the Sadhu. Findlay also turns up for a visit the conversation that ensues emphasizes the contrast between Findlay and Neogyi's involvement with people and their compulsive desire to work for them and the Sadhu's detachment.

Due to his absorption in work Findlay ignores his wife and child. The child gets sick. As summer comes he sends his family to Darjeeling in the hills but himself stays in the plains because he has still more work to do. There has been a drought, the resultant failure of the crop has caused a famine and there is need for relief work.

The famine aggravates the general discontent already present in the country and unscrupulous politicians exploit it as much as they can. In the ensuing confusion it seems to Hamar that every deed of man is futile, and his own the worst

mockery of all." Still he joins Findlay in his relief work. Hilda, who is staying with Findlay's family at Darjeeling, muses about the ineffecuality of the English woman's life in India. Findlay also deplores their idleness and the harm done by it. Finally Hilda is able to join Findlay and Hamar but not under happy circumstances. The condition of Findlay's son deteriorates and both mother and child have to be sent to England as a last resort. But the boy dies on the voyage and the mother, crazed by grief, commits suicide by jumping into the sea. Findlay passes through a mood of deep despair and tends to lose interest in his work. But faith and perseverance pull him through and he regains his tranquility.

In the meantime Hamar and Hilda have fallen in love with each other. Neogyi is transferred from Vishnugram due to the machinations of Deogarhia whom Neogyi has quietly resisted and Hamar openly condemned. Before leaving Vishnugram, Neogyi, accompanied by Hamar and Alden, goes to visit the Sadhu. The Sadhu appreciates Hamar's work but the emphasis during the conversation is on the need to understand one another. The novel closes with a feeling that a beginning in this direction has been made. Hamar's contact with Indians has changed him. "And they'll change the attitude of any man who gives them a chance," says Alden. (p. 282) Findlay and the Sadhu, in their states of mind, exhibit an ideal of love not only for the people around them but for the entire universe. Findlay rises from his mood of dispondancy:

> "Suddenly the Love that had all day long been offering its strong arms of comradship drew him to Itself. In a moment the long months of sorrow were swept away from his mind.! (p. 296) He feels "one with every leaf and bird and human creature." His service "vile" for sometime, because devoid of love, becomes meanningful again. He becomes ageless and raceless like the Sadhu who tells him in exaltation that "thy home is in the universe, and thou and I are one. I serve the Lord of the Ascetics, Siva the Naked, whose dress is the ten directions the four Quarters of the Sky." (p. 299)

An Indian Day is thus a plea for an understanding between the subjects and the rulers in India. There is no doubt about the honesty and seriousness with which the Anglo-Indian officers do their work in India. Moreover, Thompson's firm belief, that the British rule is fundamentally based on altruistic principles, is in many ways projected into the novel. That the British raj has ushered in a humane era in Indian history is the import of the ironic comment on an old cemetery which Hilda frequents during her lonely rides in the country:

> Here, when women were chaste, before the evil age had corrupted the pure minds of India and the foreign raj had put down the good customs, women had burned serving their lods. (p. 112)

Headley, while supporting Hamar in his stand at Surigunj, enuciates the professed British policy in India. He tells Hamar, "You're right to stick up for Indians; it is their country, it doesn't belong to a clan of jutewallas from Dundee." (p. 7) The Government's aim is "to clout anyone who's in the wrong, Indian or British." Headley's championship of the Indians' rights has "lost him no friends even among his own nation."

All Anglo-Indians believe in the White Man's mission in India. They take pride in their dedication to this mission.

"Doing one's job" has acquired literally a religious significance for them. During his conversation with Major Henderson and his subordinate, who, like most Anglo-Indians, are antagonistic towards him because of his verdict in the conspiracy case, Hamar happens to mention that he "had done his job." In claiming this "the accused had, all unconsciously, flung up the one flag that an Englishman accepts." (p. 16) Musing about the role of the British in India, Hilda comes to the conclusion that Anglo-India is a man's civilization for everybody has "to get on with his job, knowing its necessity to that complex vessel of India's destiny." (p. 207) She considers her countrymen "the engine-room staff that we have set on board the Empire we found derelict and adrift." (p.209) She finds them "patient, in the main fair and anxious to be fair."

The White Man's efficiency and helpfulness are illustrated by the promptness with with Findlay, Alden, and Hamar come to the rescue of the famine stricken people. They and the other "Europeans at Vishnugram had taken up the challenge of Fate itself, and had sworn that no life should perish." (p. 175) Their faith in action contrasts with Jayananda's detachment from the world. Findlay marvels at the Sadhu's tranquil withdrawal: "on all sides there is misery and sickness and poverty and bitterness and cruelty. ...how can your mind be at peace? For you have imagination to bring its echoes even here." (p. 157) The Sadhu cannot accept action as the supreme good but he admits the limited usefulness of it

and feels that the good Englishmen have become indispensable for the country. Half-seriously, half-mockingly he complains against the Indians' independence on the English. He tells Findlay,

> ... it is you-and the few who are like you--who have corrupted my people. You have made it impossible for us to hate the English and to rise resolved to sweep them out of our land, though we died in our millions to do it. There is not a swarajist in this district who does not, when envisaging the future, take it for granted that we shall somehow still have Alden at the College, and you here for famines and floods." (p. 160)

Thompson is very anxious to point out that British imperialism is not based on exploitation as it is made out to be in some quarters. The Indian problem, which had remained more or less a matter of concern for the British and Indians, up to the First World War, began to loom on the international scene after the War which left Great Britain a weaker power with its international prestige considerably reduced. Thompson is at once irritated by Britain's defensive attitude about the empire and the meddlesomeness of the United States:

> Britain is restive about this Empire of hers, she does not care what her own people think, but she is anxious to conciliate--if necessary, to deceive--these spies who come from outside, especially if they come from that annoying, powerful, wealthy America that is so highly moral and meddling. (p. 214)

He wants to keep India a closed affair between the British and Indians, pleading with them to set their house in order. Since there is too much trouble around, he tries to find the cause of it. He does it mostly through Hilda, Alden and

Jayananda's observations. Hilda attributes the crisis in British-Indian relations to the Anglo-Indians' lack of sensitivity. She wonders,

> were there a hundred of her own countrymen who saw India's past with eyes of understanding and sympathy, or a hundred who knew how their presence in the land and their overwhelming prestige with the outside world, even in matters relating directly to India, affected the noblest Indians? (p. 124)

He admires her countrymen for working hard but "intellectually the community was third-rate." She thinks that the world has never "seen such stupidity yoked with such patience, watchfulness, courage, boundless capacity for work, indifference to pain and discomfor." (p. 208) She marvels that men and women of her race should have lived and worked in "this despised Bengal," year after year and yet carried away nothing but bitter and disdainful memories.

The insensitivity of the English manifests itself in there irresponsible talk which Alden finds so obnoxcious:

> I could worship the ordinary saheb for his decency and genuinesness! Only, only, only...when our nations are so decent and so honourable, why--why--why--do we always talk talk as if we were half cad, half imbecile? (p.180)

Such talk further narrows their outlook on life. Major Henderson is a person "naturally generous and sympethetic, but warped by long listening to mess politics and mess philosophy. Hamar finds him full of an utter confusion of thought, prejudice, false history, secondhand report, memory of personal annoyances or fancied slights. Still, because of his basic decency, he can recognize the caddishness of the cliches that comprise the usual club talk. During his

visit to Vishnugram, he happens to give utterance to one such cliche, viz, 'there isn't an honest man in the whole gang (all Indian).' But he is mortified by his lapse.

> He could have bitten his tongue off as soon as he had spoken. He knew that his speech was unpardonable; it might have passed in a club, but not anywhere else where gentlemen congregated, "themselves by themselves"...and without a liberal sprinkling of brainless cads. (p.109)

Lack of sensitivity and shallow talk have created among the Anglo-Indians a herd-morality which does greater harm than the stock opinions Indians hold about their rulers because the rulers' opinions have much wider and deeper repercussions than the subjects'. Alden knows that Indians can be vexing in many ways but he regrets that the English themselves "never shake free from..herd-morality, any more than they do; and...go on judging them because they're not, first-rate Englishmen in dark skins." (p.123) He thinks that the difference between Indians and Anglo-Indians is based on the difference between Indians and Anglo-Indians is based on the difference in their respective ethics. To the English Indians are "worms" and Indians think that the English are very "rough and rasping." Jayananda is of the same view. Justice, firmness, integrity are the keystones of the Englishman's morality and for Indians kindness is more important than anything else. The solution naturally lies in the British and Indians knowing each other as they really are instead of each race projecting its own bias in judging the other. This is

the moral of An Indian Day.

It is illustrated by the story of Hamar's transformation from a typical Anglo-Indian official into a man who really sympathizes with and understands India. When he is introduced in the novel, his experience has already "knocked him aslant from sympathy with official lines of thought," and he is hungering for an existence that has "a real hold on the land where it is passed." Yet on his return from the war he does not want to be as much segregated from his compatriots as the events compel him to be. In

> most matters his straying mind had been shepherded back to the beaten path of Anglo-Indian thought. In most matters, not all. There were some well trodden roads which the War had closed to him for ever". (p.60)

When he goes to help Findlay, the missionary notices,

> He had a number of annoying tags, the second-hand creed of his service; but he was willing to see another side--anyone's side, in fact--and he did not repeat a fallacy once corrected by experience. (p. 172)

He observes again,

> Rags of this old righteousness still fluttered on his person, and Findlay sometimes had cause to wonder at a bad-tempered smartness picked up in a club or a stock evasion of some problem that called for lonely thinking. (p. 176)

At Surigunj he mistrusted the political aspirations of Indians. But his contact with them has enabled him to understand these better. He can feel "the pulse of wild excitement and hatred, ...both great, that was knitting the educated classes together." (p. 199) Not is is easy for him to realize that

> if an Indian once were caught in the wild web of intrigue and left for ever the shallow, dishonest folly that we call education and the bitter struggle for the tiny prizes of official service, and if he came to some waste place as the sun was setting--or in the glory of the passionate down--how could he help feeling that the landscape was a living creature, appealing to her sons for liberation? Aliens were "civilizing" her beauty, they had brought in mills and factories and heavy, squat, white buildings; they had no homes here, they merely ruled and criticized and had their pleasure and went away. They did not care to understand, they did not love or praise or feel happiness. (pp. 199-200)

During the trial of the second sonspiracy case under him, when the pent-up chagrin and outraged national feeling of the opposition burst on his head and he seems to lose all his Indian friendships for a moment, he feels very lonely. There friendships have come to matter to him tremendously. He has "begun to catch by flash and glimpse" knowledge of how this race feels and thinks. Although he wants them to remain peaceful in their struggle he fully appreciates the need for reform.

Thompson's message in <u>An Indian Day</u> is very idealistic and is the outcome of a sincere desire to be friendly with Indians. His love of the Indian landscape is reflected in passages like the following:

> He (Hamar) awoke in a rushing Indian dawn; the east in a hurry was flushing from white to gold, from gold to red, from red back again to gold. The mango groves were shaking to the mad laughter of kokils, the birds whose mirth brings in the morning. The sky rocked to the winnowing of wings, the wild pigeons striding to their business. A blue roller was absorbed in sun worship; he would swoop up, up, up as if he was going straight to the heart of that

> brightness.... Across a sea of green forest, Hamar caught a glimpse of temples and of palm-bordered pools. (pp. 32-33)

But love of landscape is one thing and that of people another. An understanding like the one preached by Thompson could not be achieved by the British and Indian in India. It is doubtful whether Thompson himself ever attained it. The British as rulers having always remained foreigners, had never become intimate with Indians. The conditions prevailing the country after the First World War, as already explained, made it impossible that the two races should come close together. The relations between them could not be improved by mere good will. The conflict was basically economic. It lay between the Indian economic interests and British capitalists investing in India. If Indians were to be granted better rights, the British investment in India must decrease. The Anglo-Indian officers in <u>An Indian Day</u>, like to think that they can keep in check and mock the "Dundee-Dumddum merchants" who weep with "whiskey and self-pity" because Indians are not grateful to them for choosing to be millionaires at their expense. But it is the merchants who ultimately decide whether imperialism should continue or not. If they choose to quit, and quit they must if Indians are to be given equal rights, how can the officers stay in India and enhance the understanding advocated by Thompson. Hamar, Findlay and Alden's Indian friendships never come alive because they have no basis in reality. The shadowy character of their love for Indians appears to be an

index of Thompson's own failure to surmount the barriers he makes his character cross. His solution amounts to little more than wishful thinking.

In contrast with his message of hope, the moods of frustration find a convincing expression in the novel. The loneliness of Neogyi's position proves that the cleavage between the English and Indians has become unmendable. Discontent "had settled on Neogyi's people and it had left him, too, unhappy." He is not one of the sahebs, no can he be trusted by the nationists. His attempt to be reasonable, like Hamar's reasonableness is utterly futile. They are both fed up because they are having the worst of both worlds.

Findlay's heart is also often utterly weary.

> He thought with despair of all the earnestness and unselfish enthusiasm that is squandered because of sheer stupidity, and of the compact and complex organization of preventing thought which Christendom has built up. (p. 87)

His nihilistic visions have so much power than, contrasted with them, the reassertion of meaning in life seems forced. A contradiction seems to enter Thompson's own vision of life. On the one hand he recommends action and opposes it to the Sadhu's actionlessness. Still there is a force and conviction in his visions of a universe in which humanity becomes an irrelevant factor. Witness for instance, one of Hilda's experiences:

> In some tiny glade far within, she listened to the drytongued whisper of the leaves. The noises which the generations raise seemed to be nothing--the struggles of insects flung into a sea which is drowning

> them. The rustle was the eternal voice of the sea itself, the sound which was before man and will be after man has perished. All was unreal, nothing mattered. (p. 135)

And the Sadhu's justification for renouncing the world:

> I thought of myself as I; and these aliens in my land were pressing, it seemed, upon that self which I though the most precious thing in the three worlds. ...We were clamouring against each other with voices that were already dying into the great spaces, were being robbed of their momentary being by the eternal Silence. At last...I saw that all was passing, and that the English would be gone from the face of the land, and forgotten as Akbar and Allah-ud-din are forgotten, who also were great names in their day. (p. 158)

It would not be too much to say that Thompson is half-inclined to shut his eyes on the misery of the underdog. This in spite of his good intentions, because his love for Indians cannot be more than an abstraction. But the tribulations of his own countrymen are a reality. He is one of them. His feeling for them is genuine. He can easily see "past the noise and foolishness, to the love and heroism that are not noisy, not foolish but only wasted." (p.88) "Findlay the Englishmen, alone in the wilderness and amid childish minds, life's meaning and happiness vanished for ever" is more real to Thompson than an Indian can ever be. Could it be that his search for a solution of the Indian problem is actually motivated by the predicament in which he fins the Englishment in India and the concern for Indians is brought in only as an excuse? His condescending attitude towards Indians, as exhibited in the foregoing quotation and at many other places in the novel, combined with the contradiction between its pro-

fessed message and the emotional impression it leaves, persuades one to answer in the affirmative. An Indian Day is faithful to realith inspite of Thompson.

His A Farewell to India (1931) is a continuation of An Indian Day. It focuses on Alden as An Indian Day does on Findlay and Hamar. The political situation has deteriorated. Its influence has reached Alden's students. As Douglas the Principal is away on furlough, Alden is officiating in his place. The college is as much infested with intrigue and terrorism as the world outside. One evening a student is assaulted in his room in the dormitory and badly cut up. The police officer, Mayhew, like most Anglo-Indians, attributes this incident to nationists-inspired violence and it is next door to impossible to find the culprits. But Alden refuses to assume the truth of this belief blindly. He persists in his search for the criminals.

Mayhew's conjecture is right because the terrorists are behind the evil deed. They get worried over Alden's perpetual inquisitiveness and his long wanderings in the country in search of a clue. They know that he has actually been to their den in the woods. Alden is sincerely dedicated to India's welfare but he is opposed to the use of violence. The terrorists under the leadership of Dinabandhu warn him against his interference by sending him mysterious messages. But he refuses to pay any heed to these. Finally Dinabandhu sends him an ultimatum through the Sadhu, Jayananda, to leave the country or he would be killed. Alden is adamant

in his resolve to stay but Thompson saves the situation by making him sick and sending him to England for recovery.

The entire novel is built round this meagre story content. There is very little action. The novel is a collection of conversations and descriptions conveying the political tension in the country. In many ways A Farewell to India is a more realistic novel than An Indian Day. Thompson is now more acutely conscious of the impasse that the British-Indian relations have reached. As Alden tells Mayhew, the end of the British rule has come. It is now only a matter of biding time. Alden says,

> Mayhew, we neither govern nor misgovern. We're just hanging on, hoping that the Last Trump will sound 'Time!' and save us from the bother of making a decision. (p. 151)

Thompson is fully aware of the economic forces that lie behind the political agitation. The Sadhu explains this to Alden, who, as Findlay puts it, "jawed to Dinabandhu as if we were still in 1925, instead of 1929".

> Your diehards are still on the old chatter about Indian agitation being the work of a few half-baked clerks. They have never been told that it has drawn in merchants and businessmen who have traffic in every continent, who don't care a pin's head what Macaulay wrote, and have wasted pretty little time on literature, but do know that with economic power you can do pretty well everything. (p.83)

As a result nothing is ever going to be normal again. "The unchanging East has become a Vesuvius."

The India of the Sadhu and Alden's dreams is gone. They and Findlay are "out of date and obsolets." It is no use trying to perpetuate the tradition of paternalism. Alden,

in spite of his sincerity finds himself again and again manuevered into a position where whatever he does is wrong and misrepresent him. "Fate was daily playing this trick on Englishmen now." As An Indian Day is chiefly a criticism of the Anglo-Indians, A Farewell to India is primarily a condemnation of the excesses of Indian nationalism. Now "the boot was on the other leg". Alden feels that all acts of good will are a sufferance. An imerious and reckless nationalism rules the stage.

There is a great element of truth in Alden's observation that the nationalist are intoxicated by fanaticism rather than ruled by reason. As he mentions to Alden,

> When what India needs is to keep her nose to facts, she's gone off into abstractions. We cut down the opium, and they get drunk on print. (p. 68)

Practically nine-tenths of the things they say against the British are lies. One can show them up to !anyone with half a brain, who would listen". Thompson is very perceptive in making Alden see that the crisis has gone deeper than the reach of reason and is impossible to avert. It "no longer matters what they do or say, or what we do or say. The quarrel has gone deeper, down to where the bhuts live." (p. 118) He is

> beginning to believe in bhuts--in something dull, stupid brute, malignant, invulnerable, with feet that take hold of the very soil. And it is in league with other bhuts, that are not bhuts at all, but devatas, living in an upper air of dreams and enthusiasms. It's an unnatural alliance, but powerful. (p. 119)

The description of Gandhi as the embodiment of an impersonal force is also admirable:

> He (Alden) saw and heard a man who had ceased to be one of us and had become an elemental being--a gust blowing up from the earth, a passion enclosed--- in a wizened, worn out body. ...Through a human reed suffering was speaking--not its own, but a nation's... Behind the speaker were forces of ruin, which he was serving, though aware of the, and anxious to escape them. (pp. 143-144)

Painfully conscious of the unfortunate state of affairs in India as he is, Thompson refuses to see that this crisis is the logical outcome of Great Britain's political relation with India. It is quite true that the Indian problem is not "exactly what the outside world chooses to think it is--a relation of brutal overbearing alien with the subjugated native." But is is equally true that the British-Indian relation remained far from becoming "a tradition of close comradeship." Alden concedes that Indians have "a deadly black" case against the British but they do not know how to handle it. He wishes that the nationalists would let him handle their brief. But his belief that he can make "a good job" of it only shows that he is still clinging to the dream of ushering in a better India under the paternal trusteeship of the British rule. As argued above, transference of political power to Indians was bound to create a conflict between them and the British. And the nationalistic hysteria, that Thompson deplores, was the natural accompaniment of the agitation this conflict engendered. By refusing to admit the inevitability of the situation facing him, Thompson betrays his sentimentality and lack of realism.

He mistrusts the very forces shaping the modern world. The Sadhu and Alden regret the change that has come over India.

The India that is emerging is corrupted by the sight of wealth, power and arrogance. The Sadhu complains that the English have shown Indians a world that crowds life with possessions. Alden admits the evil of materialism which dominates thought and life in the West:

> It has shortened life by half, and made it a thing that races by, from youth to middle age, and then to senility and impotence. We can't wait: we can't wait. And we believe there is nothing, sheer nothing, Vairagi, once this life has vanished. That's why, we're so greedy of time and goods, and so reckless. Given if we buy what we want by the suffering and robbery of others, does it matter? (p. 90)

It is easily conceded that materialism as a philosophy of life did play a significant role in India's movement for indipendence and that its influence was not all for good. But the point is that its domination is a fact of life and needs to be faced as such. Moreover, materialism and its impact on India is not quite as much of an evil as Thompson makes it to be. But these aspects of the situation do not interest him because he is so much committed to the Imperial dream that he cannot think of any other. Both the Sadhu and Alden are nostalgic not for what was but what they believe could have been. Since the British could entertain feelings of piety and complacency in regard to their responsibility in India better when the country was settled than when it was in ferment, they were naturally in favour of a <u>status quo</u>. Thompson, in this respect, appears to be no different from the other Anglo-Indian. He is basically opposed to all change. The forces of change which have definte motives behind them appear quite arbitrary to him. The action of the <u>bhuts</u>, who have

taken up the quarrel for the Indians, is not necessarily determined by the merits of the case. It is whimsical Alden says to Hilda,

> I think the age from time to time, in one land or another gets sick of a certain people, and gets rid of them. It isn't reason, it isn't even the sword, that kicks them out. It's the bhuts. (p. 117)

In A Farewell to India, to a much greater extent than in An Indian Day, Thompson's deeper concern is over the predicament of the Englishman in India. His anxiety about India's future and affection for Indians are forced and superficial. Nowhere, "in the whole wide world," is "a raggeder job than the Englishman's in India." Out of disgust Alden is becoming increasingly indifferent towards India.

> This India, which had seemed to grave and serious a job and had drawn him here in all the eager hopefulness of first man was growing featureless and voiceless. What had been a landscape and a face was becoming shadow and a dream." (p. 263)

Notwithstanding his professions of love, an attitude akin to Alden's in India moods underlies Thompson's response.

Chapter VI

George Orwell

George Orwell is chiefly remembered today for his Animal Farm and 1984, the two works most vividly expressing his horror at the fast-vanishing respect for the individual in the modern world. In his essay "Why I Write," he says that, although politics are not the highest of motives for writing, yet historical forces compelled him to become a pamphleteer: "Every line of serious work that I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, against totalitarianism and for democratic socialism."[1] But the theme of liberty forms the main strand of all his work. He first became acutely conscious of this political problem in Burma where he served for five years in the Indian Imperial Police. In the same essay, he also says that, at the age of about sixteen,

> I wanted to write enormous naturalistic novels with unhappy endings, full of detailed descriptions and asserting similes, and also full of purple passages in which words were used partly for the sake of their sound. And in fact my first completed novel, Burmese Days, which I wrote when I was thirty but projected much earlier, is rather that kind of book.[2]

Orwell's opinion of his own novel is far from being just, because, in its basic design and content, Burmese Days is very similar to his later novels. It poses the same

1. A Collection of Essays by George Orwell (N.Y.1954),p.318.
2. Ibid., p. 315.

problem of conflict, between a sensitive individual and the relentless socio-politico-economic forces, which is presented in Keep the Aspidistra Flying and 1984.

Orwell's experience in Burma occupies an important place in his career. It influenced the course of his life and his development as an artist and thinker very deeply. Apart from its bearing on his over-all philosophy as an artist, his attitude to British imperialism in itself constitutes a prominent element in his mental make-up, giving him, thus, a conspicuous position in the history of Anglo-Indian literature. The purpose of the present chapter is to study Orwell's response to the colonial situation in Burma, in particular, and British imperialism in general, as reflected in his writing. The focus of study is Burmese Days, Orwell's only novel coming out of his Burmese experience, but his other writings directly describing this experience or indirectly deriving from it are also discussed to achieve a full understanding of Orwell's attitude to British imperialism. Glimpses of his actual experience in Burma are given in his essays, "A Hanging," and "Shooting an Elephant." And as regards his views on British imperialism in general, he continued to express them throughout his literary career in essays not entirely confined to but vitally connected with the subject. The more famous among these are "Rudyard Kipling," "As I Please," "A Lost World," and "The Lion and the Unicorn"

Burmese Days was published in 1934 but it is almost certainly derived entirely from materials collected during Orwell's actual stay in Burma because it remains practically untouched by the political sophistication he had achieved during the seven years between his departure from Burma and the date of publication of the novel. In The Road to Wigan Pier, he refers to the political naivete of his earlier days, admitting that he was not at that time clear either about the true nature of British imperialism or about its future. But this lack of maturity in outlook, instead of detracting from the value of the novel as a reflection of the sensitive Englishman's response to the situation in the British colonies, adds to its spontaneity and representative quality. Except for his sensitivity, Orwell, at this stage of his life, was not very different from other Englishmen in the imperial service. In his background too he did not differ in any substantial manner from his compatriots in Burma. Like most imperial servants he was born of Anglo-Indian parents and like most of them he had been educated in a Public School in England. It is true that while still at school he showed radical inclinations but that was primarily as a result of the intellectual climate his generation was growing up in and the English young men going to serve in the colonies could not remain unaffected by it. And the disparity

between the rich and poor students, which Orwell was so acutely aware of, was the common experience of the Anglo-Indian children studying in England. Allowing for the comparatively independent atmosphere at Eton, Orwell came to Burma from an intellectual climate which was more or less typical of the time. The boys were mildly Bolshie (this was in 1918) and he felt very angry with the old men who had made such a mess of things. They

> derided the O.T.C., the Christian religion, even compulsory games and the Royal family. When the English master set a general knowledge paper which included the question, 'Whom do you consider the ten greatest men now living?' fifteen boys out of sixteen (average age seventeen) included Lenin in their list. In 1919 arrangements were made to celebrate peace in the traditional manner by marching the boys into the schoolyard, carrying torches, and singing jingo songs such as 'Rule Britannica.' The boys guyed the whole proceeding and sang blasphemous and seditious words to the familiar tunes. Orwell was by no means the only one who felt that society needed recasting, but it was unlikely that any of the others felt as keenly as he did that the real fault in the English system was the network of prejudice based on arbitrary money divisions.[3]

Orwell went to Burma as an Indian Imperial Police Officer (Burma was a part of British India until 1935) at a time when relations between the rulers and their

3. George Orwell, The Road to Wigan Pier (London, 1937), p.171.

subjects were at a very low ebb. Until the end of the nineteenth century, the British officials could rest complacent in the belief that they were helping the country's development because the natives were too suppressed to raise a voice against them. The upper-classes generally co-operated with the British only mildly campaigning for very gradual constitutional reform which was more to their own benefit than that of the masses. Moreover, the British rule which had brought law and order had not yet shown its enervating effects on the economic condition of the people. By the turn of the century, this economic pressure began to be felt by the lower-middle class, which had, by this time, also acquired some half-baked notions of democracy under the influence of Western education. Minor liberalization of the regime under the pressure of the English Parliament and the settled condition of the dominion permitted a loose organization of this class which, gradually absorbing quite a few of the political representatives of the upper-classes, and mostly led by them, began to clamor for revolutionary changes. This irritated the Anglo-Indian bureaucrats who had been long unaccustomed to any opposition. Nevertheless, the subjects' agitation won them some concessions in the form of Minto-Morley reforms at the end of the first decade of the present century. The beginning of the World War brought co-operation

between the rulers and the ruled because the latter believed that they world be allowed to govern themselves if the British won the War. Their hope being, however, frustrated they turned to violence, or non-violent non-cooperation with the government, to achieve their objective. This aggravated the cleavage between the Anglo-Indians and the natives. The former even now believed that they were still helping the growth of the country in the best possible manner and, being accustomed to bureaucratic ways, were exasperated by the nationalist movement. Here and there this exasperation burst into violence. Sandwiched between the policies of the British government and the rise of nationalism in India, the Anglo-Indians constituted an anachronism. But neither the British parliament nor these officers had yet realized this truth. It is in this atmosphere of social and political tension that the story of Burmese Days moves.

The scene is Kyauktada, a small town in Upper Burma, important as a railway terminus. Its population consists of a few thousand Burmans, some Indians, a few Eurasians, and a very small but compact community of Europeans. Being remote from the centers of political activity, Kyauktada, so far, has been comparatively little affected by the nationalist movement. The

Anglo-Indian community still maintains an almost complete social isolation from the other races. Almost, because there is a chink in the armour in the person of Flory, an officer of a timber company, who socializes with an Indian, Dr. Veraswami, the Civil Surgeon of the local government hospital. This relationship forms the structural center of the story.

For the Deputy Commissioner has received word from the central government that an Indian member should be elected to the local Officers' Club which has until now been exclusively Anglo-Indian. All club members, with the exception of Flory, resent the order and consider it an encroachment on the last remnant of their privacy. The resentment ranges, through different gradations, from the mild, complaining tone of the Deputy Commissioner to the morbid outbursts of Ellis. Yet they do not seem to have a choice in the matter. The obvious candidate for membership is Dr. Veraswami because he is the senior-most native officer and is sentimentally attached to the British and their culture. In spite of a ludicrous side to his character, there is no doubt that if a native is to be admitted to the club, it will be the Indian doctor.

But the doctor has a formidable rival in the local Burmese magistrate, U Po Kyin, who, having raised himself, by unscrupulous means, from utter obscurity to

his present position, has become even more unscrupulous in his grab for money and prestige. He is second only to Dr. Veraswami in the official hierarchy of the natives. He aspires not only to be the first but to achieve the ultimate in advancement for a native--viz, decoration by the governor. Membership of the club being a necessary step in this direction, he is resolved to eliminate the only and obvious obstacle in his way. He arranges the publication, in the local native paper, of vituperous attacks on the Deputy Commissioner and then tries to attribute them to Dr. Veraswami. He has agents who write anonymous letters to the Europeans in town to prejudice them against his rival. He even arranges the escape of a prisoner from jail as well as a rebellion in a nearby village, and then tries to implicate the doctor's name in each case. He succeeds in giving the impression of helping the suppression of the rebellion. When his plans go a little out of control and two Burmese kill Maxwell, the Divisional Forest Officer, he is delighted because the incident will ultimately prove to his advantage.

In spite of the fierce campaign U Po Kyin is running to demolish Dr. Veraswami's reputation with the Europeans, the latter remains quite unharmed. His friendship with Flory is saving him. Not because Flory

goes out of his way to defend him but simply because friendship with a white man gives the native a prestige which makes his position impregnable. U Po Kyin expands his designs to include Flory in his web. He indirectly warns him against the danger of associating with the doctor. But Flory, although not cast in a heroic mould, is courageous and sensitive enough to rebuff him. Being a European, he is a very difficult target for the native magistrate but U Po Kyin lies in wait and bides his time.

Just as Flory's relationship with Dr. Veraswami is the structural hinge of the story, his life in Burma is its spiritual focus. He has been in this land for fifteen years. He detests being here but cannot get out. Rigors of the climate are part of his trouble but the main thing that makes life unbearable is loneliness. Even this would not be too bad if this were not aggravated by the nauseating talk and behavior of the only white people within his reach. While camping out in the jungle, he can find a tolerable existence, but in Kyauktada his countrymen's philistinism makes him sick. Their chief diversions are drinking and perpetual indulgence in the same banal, prejudiced gossip which is repeated year after year. He himself has taken to heavy drinking as a form of relief from the intolerable

condition of his social life. But he still retains a greater sensibility than the other whites in the station. He distinctly differs from them in his love of books, birds and flowers, and also exhibits a better taste in his relations with people.

At the time the story is told, Flory is thirty five. In the early years of his stay in Burma, he had held out against the enervating atmosphere in the hope that he would soon be able to go back home. He had even enjoyed his life as an adventure. But the War had come and Flory was unable to get leave. Leave was finally granted after the War and aboard a boat sailing for England, and the hope of beginning a new life in England, which his long stay in Burma had almost completely destroyed, grew in him again. But on reaching Colombo he was recalled to his post because three other employees of the firm had suddenly died of cholera. Flory resumed his job and gave up all hope for himself. He abandoned himself to a life of bored dissipation. When in Kyauktada he got drunk at home or in the club, stayed in bed till late in the afternoon, and kept a Burmese girl Ma Hla May to relieve his sensual urges.

Then an English girl come to Kyauktada to stay with her aunt and uncle, the Lackersteens. Mr. Lackersteen is the manager of the firm Flory works for and,

until Elizabeth came, his wife had been the only white woman at the station. On the very second day of her arrival, Elizabeth encounters a bison and Flory, happening to save her, makes her acquaintance. In her lack of sensitivity, Elizabeth is remarkably similar to her aunt and the other Anglo-Indians but, famished for a breath of life from home, Flory sees in her whatever satisfies his nostalgic feelings and falls in love with her. Not much impressed in the beginning because of the ugly birthmark on Flory's face and his general awkwardness, she gets carried away during a hunting expedition when she shoots for the first time and successfully, while Flory, bagging a leopard, attains heroic stature in her eyes. She is ready to give in but fate again intervenes in the form of the military policeman Verrall, who is young, single, and an honourable in the civil list. Mrs. Lackersteen decides to turn her niece's attention in this direction. So far she had encouraged her flirtation with Flory and kept the facts of his private life hidden from her. But now she tells her that Flory keeps a Burmese mistress, although the latter has already told Ma Hla May that there is no longer any place for her in his house. Flory is polite but adamant in doing this. Ma Hla May, who doesn's love Flory, but whose prestige

among the natives is affected, resorts to blackmail but Flory quietly pays to keep her away.

Neither Mrs. Lackersteen nor Elizabeth is really interested in knowing about Flory's personal life. Their interest doesn't mean anything to the army officer, who treats the entire population of Kyauktada, European or native, as so much rubbish. He refuses to go to the club or to mix with the local Anglo-Indians in any other way. The Lackersteens, crazed by their snobbish desire to hook him, are compelled to go up to him unashamedly in order to introduce themselves. Verrall notices something attractive in Elizabeth's figure and comes to the club to dance with her. He still treats everybody else with insolence but keeps company with Elizabeth. They go out on long rides together and most probably he seduces her. But he is only playing with her and has no intention of marrying her.

As this flirtation goes on, the story moves back to the broader reality of Kyauktada. As a result of Maxwell's murder during the rebellion incited by U Po Kyin, there is a racial tension in the air. Some native boys jeer at the volatile Ellis. He hits one of them with his stick. The boy is hurt in the eyes and the injury leads to his blindness. The natives are enraged and a huge but disorganized crowd mob the club at night demanding that Ellis be surrendered to them or

they will demolish the club. They surround the club on three sides; the fourth is flanked by a river. The telegraph wires have been disconnected and the Europeans at the club are not properly armed. They seem to be easy victims for the mob. Flory thinks of a plan of escape and executes it. He swims down the river for some distance and then, walking to the police lines, orders the soldiers to fire in the air. The crowd is dispersed without much violence and Flory becomes the hero of the European community.

Dr. Veraswami has also fought bravely for the Europeans in the riot. His election to the club seems to have a smoother way than ever. Unfortunately, soon after the incident, Verrall leaves Kyauktada without even saying good-bye to Elizabeth. This again makes Flory eligible in her and her aunt's eyes. More so because, of late, his prestige has been substantially enhanced. The stage is now set for his eventual marriage to Elizabeth. But U Po Kyin has not yet played out. He sends Ma Hla May to the Anglican service on a Sunday to insult Flory by asking him, in the face of the congregation, for money due to the wrongs he has done to her. Elizabeth, who is present there, is so much revolted by the spectacle of Flory's humiliation that she refuses to marry him. In utter despair, Flory goes to

his room and shoots himself. Bereft of his patronage, Dr. Veraswami is destroyed by the machinations of U Po Kyin who achieves his election to the club. He continues to prosper until he is decorated by the governor. But three days after his final triumph, he dies of a fit of apoplexy, leaving unbuilt the pagodas which were to assure him a peaceful life in the hereafter.

Burmese Days is a bitter comment on the conditions prevailing under the British rule in Burma. Most of Flory's bitterness is vented on the philistinism of the Anglo-Indian community but at times he sees the root of the problem in the hypocrisy of the very concept of imperialism. Orwell's view of imperialism was not as mature when he was in Burma as it became in later life. Still, even at that early stage in his life, he was aware of its basic injustice. In an article in the Partisan Review, Sept.-Oct., 1942, he says that

> it is true that I served five years in the Indian Police. It is also true that I gave up that job, partly because it didn't suit me but mainly because I would not any longer be a servant of imperialism because I know something about it from the inside. The whole history of this is to be found in my writings, including a novel which I think I can claim was a kind of prophecy of what happened this year in Burma.[4]

4. John Atkins, George Orwell (London, 1954), p.75-76.

Earlier, referring to his Burmese experience in The Road to Wigan Pier, he tried to explain how the injustice inherent in imperialism was bound to affect a sensitive individual involved in it. "It is not possible to be part of such a system without recognizing it as an unjustifiable tyranny." As a result,

> every Anglo-Indian is haunted by a sense of guilt which he usually conceals as best he can, because there is no freedom of speech, and merely to be overheard making a seditious remark may damage his career. All over India there are Englishmen who secretly loathe the system of which they are part; and just occasionally, when they are quite certain of being in the right company, their hidden bitterness overflows. I remember a night I spent on the train with a man in the Educational Service, a stranger to myself whose name I never discovered. It was too hot to sleep and we spent the night in talking. Half an hour's cautious questioning decided each of us that the other was "safe"; and then for hours, while the train jolted slowly through the pitch-black night, sitting up in our bunks with bottles of beer handy, we damned the British Empire---damned it from the inside, intelligently and intimately. It did us both good. But we had been speaking hidden things, and in the haggard morning light when the train crawled into Mandalay, we parted as guiltily as any adulterous couple. [5]

5. Ibid., pp. 176-77.

In Burmese Days the tyranny of the system does not become obvious except in the rude behaviour of Europeans, yet it is criticized by Flory who believes that "...the British Empire is simply a device for giving trade monopolies to the English---or rather to gangs of Jews and Scotchmen. Of course we keep the peace in India, in our own interest, but what does all this law and order business boil down to? More banks and more prisons---that is all it means." (pp.36-37)[6] He also traces the corrupting influence of this hypocritical situation on the mind of the English in India, when he talks to Veraswami about

> the lie that we're here to uplift our poor black brothers instead of to rob them. I suppose it's a natural enough lie. But it corrupts us, it corrupts us in ways you can't imagine. There's an everlasting sense of being a sneak and a liar that torments us and drives us to justify ourselves night and day. It's at the bottom of half our beastliness to the natives. We Anglo-Indians could be almost bearable if we'd only admit that we're thieves and go on thieving without any humbug. (p.36)

The connection between the vested interest in imperialism and the behavior of the employees is not

6. George Orwell, Burmese Days (New York, 1963). All quotations used here are from the same edition.

clearly brought out in the action of the novel but Flory's diagnosis has a great element of truth in it. The smugness of the Anglo-Indian officers has its origin in their ignorance of the basic economic structure of imperialism. They feel they are serving the cause of humanity whereas in reality they are quite expendable stooges. The country is really held by force for which their presence merely serves as a veneer.

> Given the Army, the officials and the business men can rub along safely enough even if they are fools. And most of them <u>are</u> fools. A dull, decent people, cherishing and fortifying their dullness behind a quarter of a million bayonets. (pp.60-61)

The safety of their position and the sense of self-righteousness make them perfect autocrats easily irritated by any interference from above and ruthlessly provoked by any disobedience from below. Westfield is irked by the increasing intervention of rules and regulations in the administrative machinery:

> All this paper-chewing and clip-passing. Office are the real rulers of this country now. Our number's up. Best thing we can do is to shut up shop and let'em stew in their own juice. (p.30)

And Ellis fanatically demands the use of force to keep the native under control:

> We could put things right in a month if we chose. It only needs a pennyworth of pluck. Look at Amritsar. Look how they caved in after that. Dyer knew the stuff to give them. Poor old Dyer. That was a dirty job. Those cowards in England have got something to answer for. (p. 30)

The beatitudes of a pukka sahib are:

> Keeping up our prestige.
> The firm hand (without the velvet glove).
> We white men must hang together.
> Give them an inch and they'll take an ell.
> Espirit de corps. (p. 163)

Small wonder that with this philosophy of life they become the brutes Flory finds them to be:

> Dull boozing witless porkers. Was it possible that they could go on week after week, year after year, repeating word for word the same evil-minded drivel, like a parody of a fifth-rate story in Blackwood's? Would none of them ever think of anything new to say? Oh, what a place, what people. What a civilisation is this of ours--this godless civilisation founded on whisky, Blackwood's and the Bonzo pictures. God have mercy on us, for all of us are part of it. (p. 3)

A privileged position can be easily rationalized into the assumption of the existence of natural gradations among people. The dominant position is justified on the basis of racial superiority which finds different ways of expressing itself, some of them quite amusing. A Eurasian, himself trying hard to be identified with the superior race, warns Flory and Elizabeth:

> Also, sir--madam, may I advise to you, wearing only Terai hat is not judicious in April, sir. For the natives all well, their skulls are adamant. But for us sunstroke ever menaces. Very deadly is the sun upon European skulls. (p. 104)

And the belief is not uncommon among the Europeans themselves. Laurence Brander's evaluation of Burmese Days is very apt:

> The novel is, like any Orwell book, an intellectual achievement ant it is satire and caricature which give the book its special quality.
>
> A novel about English life in India written by someone of intelligence, is likely to be critical. The power of the Indian climate and the Indian scene is very great and they affect everyone who lives there. India's strength lies in extremes. It can bring wisdom and the virtues associated with the religious life; but if it does not do that--and usually it does not---then it dries up the character. English people developed or dried up, and most of them became mentally and spiritually desicated.[8]

Even Orwell's own hatred of imperialism was not entirely induced by the injustice of it but by the very oppressive nature of the situation. That is why he could not understand his reaction clearly as he tells later in The Road to Wigan Pier:

> I was in the Indian Police five years, and by the end of that time I hated the imperialism I was serving with a bitterness which I probably cannot make clear.[9]

[8]George Orwell (London, 1954), p. 75.

[9]Op. Cit., p. 175.

Perhaps being a policeman made matters worse for him. "I was part of the actual machinery of despotism." He was not even like "men who are doing something which is demonstrably useful and would still have to be done whether the British were in India or not, forest officers, for instance, and doctors and engineers." The police were responsible for "a double oppression.... Not only were we hanging people and putting them into jail and so forth; we were doing it in the capacity of unwanted foreign invaders. The Burmese themselves never really recognized our jurisdiction."[10] It was only this situation which could produce cads like Verrall:

> He despised the entire non-military population of India, a few famous polo-players excepted. He despised all Indian regiments, infantry and calvalry alike. It was true that he himself belonged to a native regiment, but that was only for his won convenience. He took no interest in Indians, and his Urdu consisted mainly of swear-words, with all the verbs in the third person singular. His Military Policemen he looked on as no better than coolies. (p. 172)

Or prudes like Mrs. Lackersteen or Elizabeth. The latter soon after her marriage, is transformed into a woman whose

> servants live in constant terror of her.... She knows how to put the wives of subordinate officials in

[10] Ibid., p. 177-79.

> their places--in short, she fills with complete success the position for which nature had designed her from the firs, that of a burra memsahib. (p. 244)

She reminds Laurence Brander of "Sir Richard Burton's prophecy in his Scinde, written in 1850, that the memsahib would eventually finish off the Empire."

The same experience of brutality, as found in Burmese Days, characterizes "A Hanging."[11] But the incident described here is not particularly connected with imperialism. Similar episodes could happen in any jail in any country where capital punishment still exists. Still, the piece is important for evoking the inexorable brutality of man-made law which he also describes in The Road to Wigan Pier,

> The wretched prisoners squatting in the reeking cages of the lockups, the grey cowed faces of the long-term convicts, the scarred buttocks of the men who had been flogged with bamboos, the women and children howling when their menfolk were led away under arrest--- things like these are beyond bearing when you are in any way directly responsible for them. I watched a man hanged once; it seemed to me worse than a thousand murders.[12]

The feeling of tenderness and respect for human life as such becomes almost unbearable because of a deft,

[11] In Shooting an Elephant and Other Essays (New York, 1950), pp. 13-18.

[12] Op. Cit., p. 178.

realistic touch in the description as the prisoner is blindfolded and led to the gallows: "And once, in spite of the men who gripped him by each shoulder, he stepped slightly aside to avoid a puddle on the path. It is curious, but till that moment I had never realized what it means to destroy a healthy, conscious man."

Orwell's feelings in "A Hanging" are symptomatic of a complex in him that goes deeper than a simple denunciation of the injustice that imperialism involves. His total reaction to imperialism, when he was in Burma, was emotional rather than rather than rational. He seemed to be looking for all possible excuses to get out of the mental torture it was to live in Burma. This becomes more obvious when we consider that side of his character which was rather favourable inclined towards imperialism. For he <u>had</u> a side so inclined.

John Atkins, citing a review of Graham Greene's novel, <u>The Heart of the Matter</u>, by Orwell, seems to suggest that Orwell must have had a harsher aspect in his character. He seems to raise his eyebrows at Orwell's comment that Major Scobie

> would not be an officer in a colonial police force if he were the kind of man we are told he is---that is, a man whose chief characteristic is a horror of pain.[13]

[13] <u>Op. Cit.</u>, p. 76.

Muggeridge also points out a "Kiplingesque" side in Orwell's character:

> When I used sometimes to say to Orwell that he and Kipling had a great deal in common, he would laugh that curious rusty laugh of his and change the subject.[14]

But to this we will return later.

It is important, first, to consider Orwell's mature and more balanced views on imperialism. As early as the time of writing "Shooting an Elephant," he had realized the helplessness of the individual caught in the mill-stones of imperialism:

> Here was I, a white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd--seemingly the leading actor of the piece; but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those yellow faces behind. I perceived in this moment that when the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys. He becomes a sort of hollow, posing dummy, the conventionalised figure of a sahib. For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the "natives," and so in every crisis he has got to do what the "natives" expect of him. He wears a mask, and the face crows to fit it. I had got to shoot the elephant. I had committed myself to doing it when I sent for the rifle. A sahib has got to act like a sahib; he has got to appear resolute, to know his own mind and do definite things. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing---

[14]Malcolm Muggeridge, "Burmese Days," Modern Review (June 1950), P. 47.

> no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me. And my whole life, every white man's life in the East was one long struggle not to be laughed at.[15]

Later, in "Rudyard Kipling," he gives due credit to the positive side of imperialism in the nineteenth century:

> The nineteenth-century Anglo-Indians, to name the least sympathetic of his (Kipling's) idols, were at any rate people who did things. It may be that all they did was evil, but they changed the face of the earth (it is instructive to look at a map of Asia and compare the railway system of India with that of the surrounding countries), whereas they could have achieved nothing, could not have maintained themselves in power for a single week, if the normal Anglo-Indian outlook had been that of, say, E. M. Forster.[16]

Similarly in an earlier article on the same writer, in the New English Weekly, 23 Jan. 1936, although expressing a strong disapproval of Kipling for doing what Orwell thought Kipling did, he very carefully distinguishes the spirit of the imperialism in Kipling's writing from its later, cruder versions:

> What is much more distasteful in Kipling than sentimental plots or vulgar tricks of style, is the imperialsim to which he chose to lend his genius. The most one say is that whne he made it the choice was more forgivable than it would be now. The imperialism of the 'eighties and 'nineties was sentimental, ignorant and

[15] In A Collection of Essays by George Orwell (New York, 1954), p. 159.

[16] Ibid., p. 127.

> dangerous, but it was not entirely despicable. The picture then called up by the word "empire" was a picture of overworked officials and frontier skirmishes, not of Lord Beaverbrook and Australian butter. It was still possible to be an imperialist and a gentleman, and of Kipling's personal decency there can be no doubt.[17]

Orwell's remarkable understanding of the different phases of British imperialism shows itself again and again throughout his essays. He does not fail to see the good in it when it is there. In "A Lost World," Observer, 1 February, 1948, he notices the futility of the enlightened altruism of some Anglo-Indian officers in the face of a growing separation between the rulers and the ruled:

> A generation earlier these views [Lord Beveridge] would have seemed reasonable to Macaulay; a generation later much of what Henry Beveridge advocated was within sight of happening. But the period covered by his career, 1858-93, was a bad period in Indian-British relations. Among the British, imperialist sentiment was a bad period in Indian-British relations. Among the British, imperialist sentiment was stiffening and an arrogant attitude towards "natives" was becoming obligatory. The greatest single cause was probably the cutting of the Suez Canal. As soon as the journey from England became quick and easy the number of Englishwomen in India greatly increased, and for

[17]Atkins, op. cit., pp. 79-80.

> the first time the Europeans were able to form themselves into an exclusive "all white" society.[18]

In "England Your England," he traces the forces which created the situation in which he found himself in Burma. These forces have reduced the individual almost to an unthinking cog in the vast machinery of imperialism.

> Thirty years ago the Blimp class was already losing its vitality. The middle-class families celebrated by by Kipling, the prolific lowbrow families whose sons officered the army and navy and swarmed all over the waste places of the earth from the Yukon to the Irrawady, were dwindling before 1916. The thing that had killed them was the telegraph. In a narrowing world, more and more governed from Whitehall, there was every year less room for individual initiative. Men like Clive, Nelson, Nicholson, Gordon would find no place for themselves in the modern British Empire. By 1920 nearly every inch of the colonial empire was in the grip of Whitehall. Well-meaning, over-civilised men, in dark suits and black felt hats, with neatly-rolled umbrellas crooked over the left forearm, were imposing their constipated view of life in Malaya and Nigeria, Mombasa and Mandalay. The one-time Empire-builders were reduced to the status of clerks, buried deeper and deeper under mounds of paper and red tape. In the early 'twenties, one could see, all over the Empire, the older officials, who had known more spacious

[18] Ibid., p. 80.

> days, writhing impotently under the changes that were happening. From that time onwards it has been next door to impossible to induce young men of spirit to take any part in imperial administration. And what was true of the official world was true also of the commercial. The great monopoly companies swallowed up hosts of petty traders. Instead of going out to trade adventurously in the Indies one went to an office stool in Bombay or Singapore. And life in Bombay or Singapore was actually duller and safer thn life in London. Imperialist sentiment remained strong in the middle class, chiefly owing to family tradition, but the job of administering the Empire had ceased to appeal. Few able men went East of Suez if there was any way of avoiding it.[19]

In a "Letter to an Indian," Tribune, 19 March, 1943, he lays his finger on the basic problem of imperialism--- the difficulty of rising out of one's cultural conditioning to establish a real contact with people of another culture:

> We are all nearer to the blimp than we are to the Indian peasant, but don't expect people to like being told so. Opinions sentimentally held are liable to be suddenly reversed. I know more than one intellectual who has started out with a burning zeal to free India and ended up by feeling that there is a lot to be said for General Dyer.[20]

Then there is the necessity of keeping law and order

[19] In England Your England and Other Essays (London, 1953), pp. 216-17.

[20] Atkins, op. cit., p. 83.

which does not leave any room for sentimentality. As long as Orwell remained in imperial service, he performed his duties quite efficiently. Christopher Hollis describes Orwell as he saw him at this time:

> In the side of him which he revealed to me at that time there was no trace of liberal opinions. He was at pains to be the imperial policeman, explaining that these theories of no punishment and no beating were all very well at public schools but that they did not work with the Burmese---in fact that
>
> Libbaty's a kind o'thing
> Thet don't agree with niggers.[21]

Even Dr. Veraswami's admiration for the blessings of the British raj, carried as it is to ludicrous ludicrous lengths, has an element of seriousness which commands one's respect. Dr. Veraswami is himself a foreigner in Burma but there can be no doubt about his sincerity when he is shocked by Flory's tirade against British imperialism:

> What monstrous misrepresentations!... Consider Burma in the days of Thibaw, with dirt and torture and ignorance, and then look around you. Look merely out of this veranda---look at that hospital, and over to the right at that school and that police station. Look at the whole uprush of modern progress. (p. 38)

If Flory represents one aspect of Orwell's self, Dr. Veraswami's enthusiastic support for the British

[illegible]

[21] George Orwell (Chicago, 1956), p. 27.

rule is not completely divorced from his own soul-searching on the issue. He is not entirely satirical when he makes the doctor say:

> You say you are here to trade? Of course you are. Could the Burmese trade for themselves? Can they machinery, ships, railways, roads? They are helpless without you. (p. 37)

In his "Reflections on Gandhi," he hints at the liberalism of the British regime which permitted Gandhi to get his message across to the masses and their rulers:

> At the same time there is reason to think that Gandhi, who after all was born in 1869, did not understand the nature of totalitarianism and saw everything in terms of his own struggle against the British government. The important point here is not so much that the British treated him forbearingly as that he was always able to command publicity. As can be seen from the phrase quoted above, he believed in "arousing the world," which is only possible if the world gets a chance to hear what you are doing. It is difficult to see how Gandhi's methods could be applied in a country where opponents of the regime disappear in the middle of the night and are never heard of again. Without a free press and the right of assembly, it is impossible not merely to appeal to outside opinion, but to bring a mass movement into being, or even to make your intentions known to your adversary. Is there a Gandhi in Russia at this moment?[22]

[22] A Collection of Essays by George Orwell, op. cit., p. 184.

In spite of the good that Orwell saw in imperialism in his mature years, he continued to condem it as an institution. Even when he was throwing all his weight on the side of the Allies during the Second World War, he did not lose sight of the hypocrisy imperialism led to. In "As I Please," Tribune, 20 Oct., 1944, he wrote:

> But why should the British in India have built up this superstition about sunstroke? Because an endless emphasis on the differences between the "natives" and yourself is one of the necessary props of imperialism. You can only rule over a subject race, especially when you are in a small minority, if you honestly believe yourself to be racially superior, and it helps towards this if you can believe that the subject race is biologically different. There were quite considerable anatomical differences were supposed to exist. But this nonsense about Europeans being subject to sunstroke, and Orientals not, was the most cherished superstition of all. The thin skull was the mark of racial superiority, and the pith-helmet was a sort of emblem of imperialism.[23]

In his essay on Kipline he does not excuse him for dedicating his art to imperialism:

> Kipling sold out to the British governing class, not financially but emotionally, this warped his political judgement, for the British ruling class were not what he imagined, and it led him into abysses of folly and snobbery.[24]

[23]Atkins, op. cit., p. 75.

[24]"Rudyard Kipling," op. cit., pp. 138-39.

And, in his "Reflections on Gandhi," he incidentally refers to the policy of expediency followed by the British in India:

> It was...apparent that the British were making use of him. Strictly speaking, as a Nationalist, he was an enemy, but since in every crisis he would exert himself to prevent violence—which, from the British point of view, meant preventing any effective action whatever—he could be regarded as our man. In private this was sometimes cynically admitted.[25]

On the rational plain, Orwell has a very well-balanced view of the place of British imperialism in world history. But his first reaction to it was emotional. And at this level he exhibits a strongly ambivalent attitude towards it. The bitterness has already been described. But the other side remains. Atkins does not agree with Muggeridge's view of Orwell's enchantment with certain aspects of imperialism:

> I don't think it is true to say that he romanticized the Raj, but I do think that he probably romanticized the part he could play in humanizing the Raj.[26]

But there is some truth in Muggeridge's observation that a

> tremendous struggle went on inside

[25] op. cit., p. 178.

[26] op. cit., p. 77.

> Orwell between one side of his character, a sort of Brushwood Boy side, which made him admire the insolence and good looks of Verrall, and a deep intellectual disapprobation of everything Verrall stood for.[27]

Orwell's fascination for some aspects of Verral's character is obviously symptomatic of this streak in him:

> Up and down India, wherever he was stationed, he left behind him a trail of insulted people, neglected duties andunpaid bills. Yet the disgraces that ought to have fallen on him never did, he bore a charmed life, and it was not only the handle to his name that served him. There was something in his eye before which duns, burra memsahibs and even colonels quailed. (p. 173)

Again:

> Spending, or rather owing, fabulous sums on clothes, he yet lived almost as ascetically as a monk. He excercised himself ceaselessly and brutally, rationed his drinks and his cigarettes, slept on a camp bed (in silk pyjamas) and bathed in cold water in the bitterest winter. Horsemanship and pysical fitness were the only gods he knew. The stamp of hooves on the maidan, the strong, poised feeling of his body, wedded centaur-like to the saddle, the polo-sticks springy in his hand--- these were his religion, the breath of his life. (p. 173)

[27]op. cit., p. 46.

It is interesting here to mention what Orwell himself looked like when he was at Eton:

> Ruth Pitter, some years Orwell's senior, remembers meeting him (Orwell)... a youth of seventeen on holiday at the flat his family then had in Mall Chambers, Notting Hill Gate. She recalls a tall youth, with hair the colour of hay and a brown tweed suit, standing at a table by the window. He was cleaning a sporting gun. There was something arresting in the way he looked up. His eyes were blue and rather formidable, and an exact pair—most people's eyes are not. His sight was very keen, as I learned afterwards.[28]

Despite his apparently military bearing, he could never be Verrall's equal in physical fitness:

> There was a curious lack of strength in that tall, raw-boned frame.... The Indian Police and possibly the O.T.C. at Eton had set Orwell up for life with something in the nature of a military bearing, but the vaulting of his shoulders betrayed a poor chest, and he was liable to bronchitis.

His partially for the grand spectacle of imperialism also stemmed from his love of England and anything English:

> Orwell, for all his criticism of the English, always remembered that they were his people, and for all his accusations against them of cruelty he always remembered that they had in them a strange streak of kindliness. Years later in <u>England, Your England</u>,

[28]Rayner Heppen Wall, <u>Four Absentees</u> (London, 1960), p. 22.

> at the time of the Second World War, he was to proclaim this almost with sentimentality. Even now in Burmese Days, at his most bitter, he does not forget it in his character of Flory.[29]

And his admiration for imperial servants with the concomitant criticism of the Left-wingers originated, at least partially, in his spiritual affinity with the aristocracy and his poetic love for the Empire. To the end

> of his life he was scathing about the hypocrisy of the vociferously anti-imperialist Left Wing, which hushed up the fact that the fact that the British workers' relatively high standard of life was largely subsidized by the profits of the empire.[30]

The recent prosperity of England has disproved what Orwell said in The Road to Wigan Pier:

> Under thecapitalist system, in order that England may live in comparative comfort, a hundred million Indians must live on the verge of starvation--- an evil stateof affairs, but you acquiesce in it every time you step into a taxi or eat a plate of strawberries and cream. The alternative is to throw the Empire overboard and reduce England to a cold and unimportant little island where we should all have to work very hard and live mainly on herrings and potatoes. That is the very last thing any left-winger wants.[31]

[29]Ibid., p. 59.

[30]Richard Rees, George Orwell, Fugitive from the Camp of Victory (London, 1961), p. 31.

[31]op. cit., pp. 191-92.

Anthony West says that Orwell suffered during his stay at the school, which he calls 'Crossgates' in "Such, Such Were the Joys," a psychic wound which continued to ache all his life long. The unhappiness of his childhood, revealed in this way, has been corroborated by many of Orwell's friends and critics. He was physically uncomfortable most of the time; he was bullied; he was humiliated by the snobbery of boys who had more money than he had. Taking his cue from this point, West comments that "the hurt child's feeling that money is the measure of all things... is treated as the final truth about the adult world in both Down and Out in Paris and London and Keep the Aspidistra Flying."[32] The spirit of the time is best described in his own words from "Such, Such were the Joys":

> There never was, I suppose in the history of the world a time when the sheer vulgar fatness of wealth, without any kind of aristocratic elegance to redeem it, was so obtrusive as in those years before 1914. It was the age when crazy millionaires in curly top hats and lavender waistcoats gave champagne parties in rococo houseboats on the Thames, the age of diabolo and hobble skirts, the age of "knut" in his grey bowler and cutaway coat, the age of The

[32] "George Orwell," Principles and Persuasions (New York, 1957), p. 167. Quoted in Richard S. Voorhees, The Paradox of George Orwell (West Lafayette, 1961), p. 27.

> Merry Widow, Saki's novels, Peter Pan and Where the Rainbow Ends, the age when people talked about shoes and cigs and ripping and topping and heavenly, when they went for divvy weekends at Brighton and had scrumptious teas at the Troc. From the whole decade before 1914, there seems to breathe forth a smell of the more vulgar, un-grown-up kinds of luxury, a smell of brilliantine and creme de menthe and soft-centered chocolates---an atmosphere, as it were, of eating everlasting strawberry ices on green lawns to the tune of the Eton Boating Song. The extraordinary thing was the way in which everyone took it for granted that this oozing, bulging wealth of the English upper and upper-middle classes would last forever, and was part of the order of things. After 1918 it was never quite the same again. Snobbishness and expensive habits came back, certainly, but they were self-conscious and on the defensive. Before the war the worship of money was entirely unreflecting and untroubled by any pang of conscience. The goodness of money was as unmistakable as the goodness of health or beauty, and a glittering car, a title or a horde of servants was mixed up in people's minds with the idea of actual moral virtue.[33]

Orwell's schoolmates, being the children of this age measured everything by these values. Being poor was the worst of sins. It was impossible to hide one's poverty from the sharp eyes of one's fellows. Attempts

[33] In A Collection of Essays by George Orwell (New York, 1954), pp. 40-41.

to lie one's way into a group higher than one's actual place were quickly detected and the culprit properly punished. Even if one did not lie, life was not easy. Gordon Comstock's plight at his school is similar to Orwell's at Crossgates:

> They soon found out his poverty, of course, and gave him hell because of it. Probably the greatest cruelty one can inflict on a child is to send it to a school amond children richer than itself. A child conscious of poverty will suffer snobbish agonies such as a grown-up person can scarcely even imagine.34

A sense of values directly based on strictly financial considerations was not confined only to the boys. It was strongly ingrained in and continuously preached by the headmaster and his wife, Bingo, as the boys called her. Bingo was always rubbing into the poorer boys a sense of their place in society. The place was decided by your birth and there was nothing you could do about it. It was like the sin of bed-wetting over which Orwell had no control but for which he had to suffer nevertheless:

> I knew that bed-wetting was wicked and outside my control. The second fact I was personally aware of and the first I did not question. It was possible, therefore, to commit a sin without knowing that you committed it, without wanting to commit it, and without being able to avoid it. Sin was not necessarily something that you did; it might be something that happened to you. I do not want to claim that this idea flashed into my mind as a complete novelty at this

34. George Orwell, Keep the Aspidistra Flying (London, 1954), p.53.

> very moment, under the blows of Sim's cane: I must have had glimpses of it even before I left home, for my early childhood had not been altogether happy. But at any rate this was the great, abiding lesson of my boyhood: that I was in a world where it was not possible for me to be good. And the double-beating was a turning-point, forit brought home to me for the first time the harshness of the environment into which I had been flung. Life was more terrible, and I was more wicked, than I imagined. At any rate, as I sat on the edge of a chair in Sim's (the headmaster's office) with not even the self-possession to stand up while he stormed at me, I had a conviction of sin and folly and weakness, such as I do not remember to have felt before.[35]

Orwell suggests that by the time he left Crossgates he was burdened by a sense of guilt he must expiate although he could not understand the nature of his offense. The inevitability of his doom was reinforced by Sim and his wife who kept repeatedly telling him what the utmost extent of his achievement in life could be. "The conviction that it was not possible for me to be a success went deep enough to influence my actions till far into adult life. Until I was about thirty I always planned my life on the assumption not only that any major undertaking was bound to fail, but that I could only expect to live a few years longer." But Orwell seems to be over-simplifying the process of his development and exaggerating the respect for authority that his early experience bred into him. He must have begun to rise out of it much easier than he claims. Richard Rees, who sees some

35. "Such, Such were the Joys," op. cit., p.13.

validity in Orwell's explanation of his own development, is also justified in being a little suspicious of it:

> Orwell,...although he was brough up among boys of whom the majority, though by no means all, were richer than himself, had no logical reason for feeling any personal class grievance; and yet, as appears very clearly in the essay Such, Such were the Joys, where he describes his preparatory school, he had already acquired an outsize chip on his shoulder. If we could psychoanalyse him, should we find an explanation for it? Surely not, because psycho-analysis never gets beyond describing what happened; it can sometimes reveal, but it can never explain. Why, in a given set of curcumstances, little Eric Arthur Blair turned into the writer Orwell and died of consumption at the age of forty-seven instead of becoming a juvenile delinquent, or aged valetudinarian, or a hundred other things, will always remain a mystery. But his extreme and morbid bitterness on finding himself among boys whose parents were in most cases paying higher fees than his own -- an experience which was accepted by thousands of other boys -- does seem to suggest a touch of perversity or cussedness in him from the start. Orwell himself acknowledged that the Promethean mood can have an evil mutinous aspect.[36]

The truth seems to be that, although he did, to a considerable extent, accept the inevitability of his social and moral inferiority to his richer schoolmates, the seeds of revolt against this tyranny were being laid at the same time. While he was inclined to accept suffering to atone for his supposedly innate evil, he also had the urge to rebel in different ways. His feelings towards his social superiors were mixed. He hated them for being superior

36. Op. cit., p.22

to him and yet disliked to be one of them. Or he was moved to shatter the system that made for such distinctions. His suicidal tendencies were easily channelized into a dedication to the cause of justice and the mission to help the underdog. Eton intensified further the complex of all these inclinations. He describes himself at Eton, in The Road to Wigan Pier:

> On the one hand it made me cling tighter than ever to my gentility; on the other hand it filled me with resentment against the boys whose parents were richer than mine and who took care to let me know it. I despised anyone who was not describable as a gentleman, but also I hated the hoggishly rich, especially those who had grown rich too recently. The correct and elegant thing, I felt, was to be of gentle birth but to have no money. This is part of the credo of the lower-upper-middle class. It has a romantic, Jacobite exile feeling about it which is very comforting.[37]

It was with these attitudes almost built into him that Orwell went to Burma. And it should be borne in mind that his experience differed only in degree, not in kind, from that of other Anglo-Indian boys of his generation.

In Burma, in spite of his sincere desire to help Burmans, he could not establish meaningful contact with them. One reason, of course, was the natural difficulty in understanding people of another culture. But the main cause of this failure lay in the racial and colonial situation in Burma at that time. The untenability of

37. Op. cit., pp.169-70.

the concept of the "White Man's Burden" was coming to the surface and the ruthlessness of the confused bureacrats only helped to complete the impasse between the whites and the natives. Since their job was confined to keeping law and order without any regard to the economic forces operating in the country, they developed some undesirable traits of character. It was natural for a sensitive individual like Orwell to find their company intolerable. Between them and the natives with whom he could not associate and who responded to him as to any other European, he was thrown upon himself. Utter loneliness and the frustration of tenderness made life hell. No wonder Orwell left Burma hating everything connected with it except its birds. Perhaps for him they symbolized freedom from this hell.

Brander says:

> When he wrote "I was conscious of an immense weight of guilt which I had got to expiate," he was using the language of psychoanalysis to say that he had chosen the wrong sort of work and that he left Burma worn out and ill. When, years later, he completed his novel, he wrote contemptuously. He exposes the shabby side of the Empire; he expresses the futility of it in terms of wasted English lives.[38]

It is important to note that the main object of concern is the Englishman rather than the native. When Orwell attributed his resignation from imperial service to the

38. Op. cit. p 77.

basic injustice he saw in imperialism, he implied the injustice done to the subject races. But the real reasons for his decision were more personal and selfish than altruistic. The strain on his mind was so heavy that he was haunted by it for a long time after leaving Burma. Telling about the genesis of Burmese Days, he says, in The Road to Wigan Pier, that "the landscapes of Burma, which, when I was among them so appalled me as to assume the qualities of nightmare, afterwards stayed so hauntingly in my mind that I was obliged to write a novel about them to get rid of them."[39]

In spite of their ominous aspect, these landscapes had become part of his being. His nostalgia for them was characterized by a lovehate feeling as Richard Rees observes:

> Perhaps the most deeply felt thing in the book is the author's love-hate for the country of Burma, and some of the best writing is in the descriptive passages. For example: 'Some doves in a bamboo thicket kept up a dull droning noise, curiously appropriate to the heat--a sleepy sound, but with the sleepiness of chloroform rather than a lullaby.'[40]

Some other descriptions from Burmese Days are also worth quoting. The most memorable among these is the description of the Burmese sky:

> There was something horrible in it--horrible

39. Op. cit. p.141.
40. Op. cit. p.30.

> to think of that blue, blinding sky, stretching on and on over Burma and India, over Siam, Cambodia, China, cloudless and interminable.... Hardly a living creature stirred, except men, and the black columns of ants, stimulated by the heat, which marched ribbon-like across the path, and the tail-less vulture which soared on the currents of the air.(p.32)

And the following is a vivid picture of the rankness with which plants grow in the tropics and of the speed with which plants grow in the tropics and of the speed with which things putrify: "The creeping jasmine, with tiny orange-hearted flowers, had overgrown everything. Among the jasmine, large rat-holes led down into the graves."

The most atrocious aspect is, of course, the weather: "The heat throbbed down on one's head like a steady, rhythmic thumping, like blows from an enormous holster."

About the Burmese people, Orwell writes in The Road to Wigan Pier:

> One did not feel towards the 'natives' as one felt towards the 'lower classes' at home. The essential point was that the 'natives,' at any rate Burmese, were not felt to be physically repulsive. One looked down on them as 'natives,' but one was quite ready to be physically intimate with them; and this, I noticed, was the case even with white men who had most vicious colour-prejudice.[41]

Yet if one hates a particular period in one's life, one's response to everything connected with it becomes charged with similar feelings. And provocation by the silly

41. Op. cit., pp. 173-74

hysteria of many Burmese did not help to reduce it:

> In Moulmein, in Lower Burma, I was hated by large numbers of people--the only time in my life that I have been important enough for this to happen to me. I was a sub-divisional police officer of the town, and in an aimless, petty kind of way anti-European feeling was very bitter. No one had the guts to raise a riot, but if a European woman went through the bazaars alone somebody would probably spit betel juice over her dress. As a police officer I was an obvious target and was baited whenever it seemed safe to do so. When a nimble Burman tripped me up on the football field and the refree (another Burman) looked the other way, the crowd yelled with hideous laughter. This happened more than once. In the end the sneering yellow faces of the young men that met me everywhere, the insults hooted after me when I was at a safe distance, got badly on my nerves. The young Buddhist priests were the worst of all. There were several thousands of them in the town and none of them seemed to have anything to do except stand on the street corners and jeer at the Europeans.[42]

This makes even Ellis's hatred of the native understandable.

Flory takes Elizabeth to a pwe-dance. Orwell gives a detailed picture of the Burman dancer's physical ugliness. She does different numbers all devoid of any appeal to the European taste. One of them Elizabeth finds simply disgusting and Orwell agrees with her:

> The music struck up, and the pwe-girl started dancing again. Her face was powdered so thickly that it gleamed in the lamplight like a chalk mark with live eyes behind it. With that dead-white oval face and those wooden gestures she was gestures she was monstrous, like a demon. The

42. "Shooting an Elephant," op. cit., p. 3.

> music changed its tempo, and the girl began to sing in a brassy voice. . . . .Still in that strange bent posture the girl turned round and danced with her buttocks protruded towards the audience. Her longyi gleamed like metal. With hands and elbows still rotating she wagged her posterior form side to side. Then--astonishing feat, quite visible through the longyi--she began to wriggle her two buttocks independently in time with the music. (p.92)

Orwell's satirical portrait of the corrupt and fat, yet beautiful, Burmese magistrate is quite in place. U Po Kyin's is one of the best portraits of Orwell's villains. In delineating him, he achieved something very near poetry. It is enough to say here that he is a villain built on a grand scale. The nature of the colonial administration produced such villains in plenty. They were their own people's enemies worse than the British officers could ever be. So far as it goes Burmese Days is faithful to reality. But the fact remains that it could not go very far. Even the most sincere of writers tended to respond to the total situation only in hate. And hate does not lead one very far. It narrows one's perspective. Burmese Days is at once a study and reflection of such hate.

Chapter VII

Conclusion.

To recapitulate, Kipling's writing about India, so far as it goes, exhibits a surprising faithfulness to the Indian situation as it was during his time. His honesty gives to his work an organic unity which carries the reader's conviction. It is true that at times he succumbs to the shallow Anglo-Indian belief that the white man's rule as such is good for India and that the India lying beyond the reach of the common Anglo-Indian experience is a weird, uncivilized world. But, on the whole, he justifies the Anglo-Indian officers and soldiers not merely because they are white but because they possess those qualities of character which, according to him, make them ideally suited for the task of creating a better world order. It has to be admitted that he is not fully aware of the economic forces underlying British imperialism but, since he is critical of the imperial organization as he sees it and wants it to be transformed into a world political order based on hierarchy and emphasizing efficiency rather than the superiority of one race to another, this ignorance does not detract from the quality of his vision. In his treatment of the Indian scene he seldom goes beyond the limits of his actual experience, but when he does so and makes use of his imagination, he presents his material in the form of myth, thus avoiding

the possibility of giving a distorted view of reality. In his early stories, he confines his writing to the life of the Anglo-Indians. When he brings in Indian characters he mostly deals with the deeper emotions which are common to all mankind. Admittedly, India, on the whole, remains for Kipling an abstraction and he, like most Anglo-Indians, often experiences intense feelings of alienation in India. But his love of humanity enables him to overcome these limitations. In Kim, where he keeps the action strictly within the bounds of his actual experience, he succeeds, because of his genuine concern for mankind, in being objective about the imperial relation between Britain and India and notes, with deep concern, the essential opposition between the demands of love and friendship and work for a foreign government.

In spite of his liberal affiliations, Mason, unlike the conservative Kipling, is insensitive to this opposition because he cannot rise above his cultural bias. He professes sympathy with Indians but blames their troubles on the Indian government, whereas these actually proceed from the nature of the British-Indian relation, which he upholds as being wholesome and useful for Indians. As the analysis of The Broken Road has shown, his real concern is for the maintenance of the British rule than for the suffering of Indians. Even in his criticism of the Indian administration, he becomes ambivalent and virtually justifies it. This creates a discord in the artistic

impact of his work.

E.M. Forster, in his A Passage to India, is more acutely aware than either Mason or Kipling of the sharp division between the British and Indians. But he does not apply himself seriously to the task of exploring the real cause of this division. At first, he attributes it to the Public School attitudes of the Anglo-Indians. In doing so he is still endeavouring to find a solution of the problem at a level within the reach of ordinary human beings. But as the action progresses, it is found that the Evil in the novel proceeds not from human but super-natural sources and can be understood and opposed only by the acquisition of superhuman attributes like those of Mrs. Moore and Godbole. Reason and emotion are inadequate to face it. A further implication is that the Evil that creates the muddle in India is peculiar only to that country. In Europe it is possible for man to have a well-ordered existence by the use of reason but in India nothing less than the mystic trance of the Hindu can make sense of existence. This escape into mysticism stems from an irres-ponsible indifference to the political solution and the consequent failure to establish contact with the Indian reality. The divorce from reality makes him ethically oblivious to the fact that human problems in India are as much amenable to human solutions as anywhere else in the world. For the same reason his artistic vision does not

remain organic and spontaneous but becomes contrived and dishonest.

Unlike Forster, Thompson pays attention to the political aspects of the problem in India. He believes that India should eventually be liberated. But he wants the struggle for independence to remain peaceful. The English rule, he believes, is essentially helping India progress. The cause of tension between the Anglo-Indians and Indians, according to him, is lack of understanding. But he does not realize that, because the Anglo-Indians do not belong in India and their stay is determined by economic factors operating in England and in India, there is little chance for the kind of understanding he advocates to prevail. He himself shows little evidence of having attained such understanding. Rationally, he professes sympathy for Indians. But his deeper concern is over the predicament of the Englishman in India. It seems that the first is an excuse for his lamentation over the second. This creates a contradiction in the impression left by his work. The contradiction extends to his overall vision too. On the one hand, he recommends action to help relieve the suffering of mankind; on the other, he finds the Sadhu's non-attachment quite commendable. The moods of nihilism described in the novel are more powerful than those of assertion. On the whole, because of his lack of experience, his novels remain mere collections of discussions while

his characters are not convincing human beings but mere mouthpieces for conducting a discussion.

George Orwell's is a moving picture of how a sensitive English man reacts to the situation created by imperialism. For Flory, in Burmese Days, existence in Burma becomes intolerable. The philistinism of the Anglo-Indians nauseates him but they are the only people he can associate with, because, in his situation, communication with the Burmese is impossible. Disgusted by this state of affairs, he responds to the entire situation in hate. He hates not only the Anglo-Indians but everything about Burma. Flory embodies George Orwell's own experience in Burma. Desiring to do what was right, Orwell found himself caught between the tyranny of imperialism, the coarseness of Anglo-Indian officers and his failure to belong in Burma. The solution was not made easier by the Burmese hatred for the British. So whereas he felt disgusted with his own compatriots, he also hated the guts of the Buddhist priests for inciting political trouble. Even the Burmese landscape became so deeply associated with these feelings of hatred that it continued to haunt him even after he left Burma. The novel was written in order to exorcise this obsession. Burmese Days depicts a deeply felt experience but it also shows the necessary limitations of that experience.

The work of these five writers constitutes only a small fraction of the total literary output of the Anglo-

Indians in the form of fiction. But it illustrates the basic problem of all Anglo-Indian writers, namely, the difficulty to establish a close contact with the total reality of the Indian scene and to be objective about it. Ironically enough, the separation between the Anglo-Indian -s and Indians reached a climax during the period when the professed British policy was emphatically one of helping the development of India and of fostering good will between the English and the Indians. The works of fiction studied here span this period very closely and reflect the separation between the rulers and their subjects in many ways.

The reason for the ultimate failure of the professed British policy in India lay in the basically untenable nature of the imperial relation between Britain and India. So long as the East India Company was primarily a commercial enterprize, the Anglo-Indians could, to a certain extent, experience and view the Indian social reality from the inside, because, as merchants, they came into social contact with Indians and were influenced by their culture. But as the military and political strength of the Company increased and it emerged as a dominant political power in the sub-continent, it could hold the territories under its sway by force. As a result, not only did the Anglo-Indians' need to adjust themselves to native customs decrease but their own culture, automatically or through their deliberate efforts, began to

influence Indians. Gradually they found in their presumed duty to westernize India a justification for their occupation of the country. This mystique of the White Man's Burden, to use a phrase coined by Kipling, was fundamentally, however, but a rationalization of Britain's economic interest in India. The Anglo-Indians took it very seriously not so much because of altruistic motives as to their own need to lessen the rigors of their state of virtual exile in India by creating an environment congenial to their way of life. The spread of western ideas, instead of bringing the Anglo-Indians and Indians closer, loosened forces which caused further estrangement between them. Since they were in a privileged position it was easy for the Anglo-Indians to believe in their superiority to their subjects and to feel sacrimonious about civilizing them. They assumed that the Indians would become fit to rule themselves at some time but only in the distant future. With the spread of democratic ideas in India and the emergence of new politico-economic forces there and in England, the Indians had to be granted some constitutional rights and representation in the country's government. The Anglo-Indians resented this change because it jolted them out of their superiority to, and seclusion from, Indians and challanged their autocratic authority. They continued to consider themselves the benign rulers of India but the actual relation

between them and Indians, with the beginning of the twentieth century, became one of people in hostile camps. Thus, throughout their occupation of India, the British in India remained outsiders failing to participate in the country's life except in their official capacity. For want of social intercourse between the two races, modes of communication between them did not develop. As a result, when an English writer residing in India or coming from England tried to treat India in literature he was frustrated by a lack of communication and found it hard to participate in the social reality of India or to view it without bias. He was, therefore, likely to give a false picture of India according to his own bias or the expectations of the English readers for whom he wrote.

The British relation with India which led to the separation between Indians and Anglo-Indians, was thus one of the most important features of the Indian situation under the British rule. Just as the Anglo-Indians were generally divorced from the Indian social scene, they were not fully aware of the true nature of this relation. It was not easy for them to realise that the British rule in India created more problems than it solved. The concept of White Man's Burden figures largely in Anglo-Indian fiction as a subject of treatment. But its deeper impact on the Anglo-Indian writers is seen in the

way it shaped their experience, and their outlook on India. They were prone to justify the role of their compatriots in the Indian situation, to suggest for its problems such solutions as rationalized the need for this justification, to seek escape from the complexities of situation by refusing to notice them, or simply to recoil from them in disgust. These limitations constituted the true burden of the Anglo-Indian writers. It is necessary to bear these in mind for a proper understanding of their work.

A Selected Bibliography

All works whose place of publication is not indicated were published in London.

1. History

Al-Carthill, (B.C.H. Calcroft-Kennedy). The Lost Dominion, 1927.

Ali, Muhammad. Thoughts on the Present Discontent, Bombay, 1907.

Baillie, Adrian, et al. India from a Back Bench, 1934

Bevan, Edwyn. Indian Nationalism: An Independent Estimate, 1913.

Birdwood, Lord. A Continent Experiments, 1945.

Bombay, Government of. Source Material for a History of the Freedom Movement in India (collected from Bombay Government Records), Vol. II, 1885-1920, Bombay, 1958.

Brailsford, H.N. Democracy for India, 1939.

Brailsford, H.N. Rebel India, 1931.

Brailsford, H.N. Subject India, 1943.

Bryant, G.F. Gandhi and the Indianization of the Empire, 1924.

Chirol, Valentine. Indian Unrest, 1910.

Chirol, Valentine. India, 1926.

Cumming, John (ed.). Political India, 1832-1932: A Co-operative Survey of a Century, Oxford, 1932.

Edwardes, Michael. The Last Days of the British Empire, 1964.

Elwin, Verrier. Truth About India: Can We Get It?, 1932.

Griffiths, P.J. The British Impact on India, 1952.

India League. Condition of India: Being the Report of the Delegation sent to India by the India League in 1932, n.d.

Kincaid, Dennis. British Social Life in India: 1608-1937, 1938.

Morrison, John. New Ideas in India During the Nineteenth Century: A Study of Social, Religious and Political

Developments, 1907.

Mosley, Leonard. The Last Days of the British Raj, 1961.

Pannikar, K.M. A Survey of Indian History, Bombay, 1954 ed.

Rawlinson, H.G. The British Achievement in India: A Survey, 1947.

Ronaldshay, Lord. The Heart of Aryavarta: A Study of the Psychology of Indian Unrest, 1925.

Thompson, Edward. The Reconstruction of India, 1930.

_____ A Letter from India, 1932.

_____ Enlist India for Freedom, 1940.

Woodruff, Philip (Philip Mason). The Men who Ruled India: The Guardians, 1954.

Zacharias, H.C.E. Renascent India: from Rammohan Roy to Mohandas Gandhi, 1933.

Journals and Newspapers

1. Quarterlies

Asiatic Review.
Foreign Affairs.
Political Quarterly.
Quarterly Review.
Round Table.

2. Monthlies

Contemporary Review.
Empire Review.
Fortnightly Review.
National Review.
Nineteenth Century

3. Weeklies

Economist.
Listener.
New Statesman.
Observer.
Spectator.
Sunday Times.

4. Dailies

Daily Herald.
Daily Telegraph.
Manchester Guardian.
The Times.

5. Miscellaneous

Odd issues of the following periodicals have also been used:

Civil and Military Gazette (Lahore).
Geographical Magazine.
Labour Leader.
Political Science Quarterly.
United Empire.

II. ANGLO-INDIAN LITERATURE (GENERAL)

Edwardes, Michael. "The Articulate Hero: Philip Meadows Taylor", Twentieth Century, CLIV (Sept. 1953), 209-16.

Iyengar, K.R. Srinivasa. Indo-Anglian Literature, 1943.

_____ Indian Contribution to English Literature, 1945.

Malabari, Bahramji. The Indian Muse in English, Bombay, 1876.

Oaten, Edward F. A Sketch of Anglo-Indian Literature, 1908.

_____ "A Study in Anglo-Indian Melancholy", Calcutta Review, No. 282 (Oct. 1915), 426-39.

Sencourt, Robert. India in English Literature, 1925.

Sharp, Sir H. Anglo-Indian Verse, 1937.

Singh, Bhupal. A Survey of Anglo-Indian Fiction, 1934.

III. RUDYARD KIPLING

Beresford, G.C. Schooldays with Kipling, 1936.

Bodelsen, C.A. Aspects of Kipling's Art, New York, 1964.

Braddy, Nella. Rudyard Kipling, Son of Empire, New York, 1941.

Brown, Hilton. Rudyard Kipling: A New Appreciation, 1945.

Carrington, Charles E. Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Works, 1955.

Chevrillon, Andre. Rudyard Kipling, Paris, 1936.

Croft-Cooke, Ruper. Rudyard Kipling, 1948.

Dobree, Bonamy. Rudyard Kipling, 1951.

Falls, Cyril Bentham. Rudyard Kipling: A Critical Study, 1915.

Heath-Stubbs, John. The Darkling Plain, 1950, 186-87, 201.

Le Gallienne, Richard. Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism, 1900.

Longaker, Mark, and Edwin C. Bolles. Contemporary English Literature, New York, 1953, 18, 89-95, 172,304,437.

"Monkshood, G.F." (W.J. Clarke), and George Gamble (?), Rudyard Kipling: The Man and His Works. (Also as Rudyard Kipling: An Attempt at Appreciation), 1899.

Parker, W.B. The Religion of Mr. Kipling, New York, 1899.

Routh, Harold Victor. English Literature and Ideas in the Twentieth Century: An Inquiry into Present Difficulties and Future Prospects, New York, 1948, 12-19, 21,25, 43, 54,69.

Rutherford, Andrew (ed.). Kipling's Mind and Art: Selected Critical Essays, Stanford, Stanford University Press, 1964.

Shanks, Edward. Rudyard Kipling: A Study in Literature and Political Ideas, 1940.

Tomkins, J.M.S. The Art of Rudyard Kipling, 1959.

"The Accuracy of Kipling", Living Age, CCCXXV (4 July 1925), 71-72.

Adcock, Arthur St. John. "Rudyard Kipling", Gods of Modern Grub Street, New York, 1923, 151-59.

Annan, N. "Kipling the Conservative", Listener, LII (16 Sept. 1954), 438-39.

Babbit, Irving. "Romanticism and the Orient", Bookman, New York, LXXIV (Dec. 1931), 349-57.

Barrie, James M. "Mr. Kipling's Stories", Contemporary Review, LIX (Mar. 1891), 364-72.

Buchanan, Robert Williams, and Sir Besant. The Voice of "The Hooligan": A Discussion of Kiplingism, New York, 1900.

Bushnell, Nelson S. "Kipling's Ken of India", University of Toronto Quarterly, XXVII (Oct. 1957), 62-78.

Carpenter, Lucille Russell. Kipling: A Friendly Profile, Chicago, 1942.

Cazalet, Victor. "Kipling Versus Internationalism", Kipling Journal, No.40 (Dec. 1936), 121-27.

Chaudhuri, Nirad C. "The Finest Story about India", Encounter, VIII (Apr. 1957), 47-53.

Collins, J.P. "Rudyard Kipling at Lahore", Nineteenth Century And After, CXXI (Jan. 1937), 80-90.

Cope, Goring. "The Books of Rudyard Kipling", Gentleman's Magazine, LXIX (Aug. 1892), 136-46.

Cornell, Louis Longacre. "Kipling in India", Dissertation Abstracts, XXIV, 469-96, Columbia.

_____. "The Development of Kipling's Prose from 1883 through Plain Tales From the Hills", English Literature in Transition, VII, 194-206.

Cornwell, A.E.G. "Rudyard Kipling: The Apostle of Work and Service", Kipling Journal, No.48 (Dec. 1938), 130-43.

Dobree, Bonamy. "Rudyard Kipling", Criterion, VI (Dec. 1927), 499-515.

Dunsterville, L.C. "Kipling and the Indian Soldier", Kipling Journal, No.30 (June 1934), 47-52.

Edwardes, Michael. "Rudyard Kipling and the Imperial Imagination", Twentieth Century, CLIII (June 1953), 443-54.

Elliot, T.S. "Rudyard Kipling", A Choice of Kiplings Verse, made by T.S. Elliot, 1941, 5-36.

Forbes, Edgar Allen. "Across India with KTM", World's Work, Chicago, XXIV (Oct. 1912), 639-49.

Goddard, Mrs. Guy. "'Lawsomeness', Aloneness, Kindness", Kipling Journal, XXIV, No. 121 (Apr. 1957), 9-10.

Graham, Erin. "Kipling the Colonial", Anglo-American Magazine, New York, VIII (Sept. 1902), 14-20.

Graves, Robert. "Rudyard Kipling", Scrutinies, Ed. Edgwell Rickward, 1928, 74-93.

Green, H.M. "Kipling as a Journalist", Australian Quarterly, No. 13 (14 Mar. 1932), 111-20.

Harvey, G.M. "The Philosophy of Rudyard Kipling", Kipling Journal, No.10, (July 1929), 13-21.

Howard, Edwin. "Kipling Myths and Traditions in India", Nineteenth Century and After, CXXV (Feb 1939), 194-202.

Jarrell, Randall. "On Preparing to Read Kipling", American Scholar, XXXI, 220-235.

Kaufman, Esther. "Kipling and the Technique of Action", Nineteenth Century Fiction, VI (Sept. 1951), 107-20.

London, Jack. "These Bones Shall Rise Again", Revolution and Other Essays, New York, 1910, 219-34.

Mac Carthy, Sir Desmond. "Kipling", Memories, 1953, 76-82.

McLuhan, Herbert Marshall. "Kipling and Forster", Sewanee Review, LII (July-Sept. 1944), 332-43.

MacMunn, Sir George (Fletcher). "Kipling's India as I saw it in '33", Kipling Journal, No.28 (Dec. 1933), 111-19.

Mehrotra, K. "Kipling and 'The Bubble Reputation'", Essays and Studies, By Members of the United Provinces Branch of the English Association, Allahabad: Indian P, 1938, 98-116.

Mirrielees, Edith Ronald. "Time and Mr. Kipling", Virginia Quarterly Review, XI (Jan. 1935), 37-46

"Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Tales", Quarterly Review, CLXXV (July 1892), 132-61.

Munro, John. "Kipling's Kim and Co-existence", English Literature in Transition, VII, 222-227.

Orwell, George. "Rudyard Kipling", Horizon, V (Feb. 1942), 111-25.

Redman, H. Vere. "Kipling's Englishman", Studies in English Literature (Tokyo), XI (Apr. 1931), 161-77.

Reilly, Joseph John. "The Passing of Kipling", Catholic World, New York, CIX, (Aug. 1919), 588-600.

Rice, Howard C. "Rudyard Kipling in New England", New England Quarterly, IX (Sept. 1936), 363-77.

Roberts, R(ichard) Ellis. "Rudyard Kipling", Empire Review, XLVII (Mar. 1928), 184-93.

Rodway, A.E. "The Last Phase", From Dickens to Hardy, Ed. Boris Ford.

Sarath Roy, A.R. "Rudyard Kipling Seen Through Hindu Eyes", North American Review, CXCIX (Feb. 1914), 271-81.

Stokes, Robert. "Kipling's Imperialism", Kipling Journal No. 8 (Jan 1929), 21-23.

Varley, Henry Leland. "Imperialism and Rudyard Kipling", Journal of the History of Ideas, XIV (Jan. 1953), 124-135.

Wilson, Edmund. "The Kipling that Nobody Read", Atlantic Monthly, CLXVII (Feb. 1941), 201-14; ibid. (March 1941), 340-54.

IV. A.E.W. MASON

Brooks, Benjamin Gilbert. "Three English Novelists and the Pakistani Scene", in Crescent and Green (Cassel and Co. Ltd.), 1955.

Green, Roger Lancelyn. A.E.W. Mason, 1952.

V. E.M. FORSTER

Beer, J.B. The Achievement of E.M. Forster, New York, Barnes and Noble, 1962.

Brown, E.K. Rhythm in the Novel. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1950.

Crews, Frederick C. E.M. Forster: The Perils of Humanism. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1962.

Grandsen, K.W. E.M. Forster. New York: Grove Press, 1962.

Johnstone, J.K. The Bloomsbury Group: A Study of E.M. Forster, Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, and Their Circle. New York: The Noonday Press, 1954.

Macaulay, Rose. The Writings of E.M.Forster. London: The Hogarth Press, 1938.

McConkey, James. The Novels of E.M. Forster. Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1957.

Natwar-Singh, K. Ed. E.M. Forster: A Tribute, with Selections from His Writings on India. New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1964.

Oliver, H.J. The Art of E.M. Forster. London: Melbourne University Press, 1957.

Trilling, Lionel. E.M. Forster. Norfolk, Conn.: Directions Books, 1943.

Warner, Rex. E.M. Forster. London: Published for the British Council and the National Book League by Longmans, Green & Co., 1950.

Wilde, Allan. Art and Order: A Study of E.M. Forster. New York: New University Press, 1964.

Allen, Glen O. "Structure, Symbol, and Theme in E.M. Forster's A Passage to India", PMLA, LXX. 934-954.

Ault, Peter. "Aspects of E.M. Forster", The Dublin Review, CCXIX (October, 1946), 109-34.

Belgion, Montgomery. "The Diabolism of Mr. E.M. Forster", The Criterion, XIV (October, 1934), 54-73.

Brander, L. "E.M. Forster and India", Review of English Literature, III, iv, 76-84.

Brower, Reuben A. "Beyond E.M. Forster: Part I-- The Earth", Foreground, I (Spring-Summer, 1946), 164-74.

_____ "Beyond E.M. Forster: The Unseen", The Chicago Review, II (Fall-Winter, 1948), 102-12.

_____ The Fields of Light: An Experiment in Critical Reading, New York: Oxford University Press, 1951.

Burra, Peter. "Introduction", to E.M. Forster's A Passage to India. (Everyman's Library") London: J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd., 1942.

Cecil, Lord David. Poets and Story-Tellers. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949.

Connolly, Cyril. Enemies of Promise, Revised ed. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1948 pp. 26-27 and passim.

Cox, C.B. The Free Spirit. London: Oxford University Press, 1963.

Crews, F.C. "E.M. Forster: The Limitations of Mythology". Comparative Literature, XII, 97-112.

Dobree, Bonamy. The Lamp and the Lute: Studies in Six Modern Authors. Oxford University Press, 1929.

Echeron, M.J.C. "E.M. Forster and the 'Undeveloped Heart'". English Studies in Africa, V, 151-155.

Furbank, P.N. and Haskell, F.J.H. "E.M. Forster", Writers at Work. Edited by Malcolm Cowley. New York: The Viking Press, 1958.

Fussell, Paul, Jr. "E.M. Forster's Mrs. Moore: Some Suggestions", Philological Quarterly, XXXII (October, 1953), 388-95.

Gerber, Helmut E. "E.M. Forster: An Annotated Checklist of Writings About Him", English Fiction in Transition, II (Spring, 1959), 4-27

Hale, Nancy. "A Passage to Relationship". Antioch Review XX, 19-30.

Hall, James. The Tragic Comedians. Bloomington, Ind.: Indiana University Press, 1963.

Hollingsworth, Keith. "A Passage to India: The Echoes in the Marabar Caves". Criticism, IV, 214-224.

Harvey, John. "Imagination and Moral Theme in E.M. Forster's The Longest Journey", Essays in Criticism, VI (October, 1956), 418-33.

Hoare, Dorothy M. Some Studies in the Modern Novel. London: Chatto & Windus, 1938

Holt, Lee Elbert. "E.M. Forster and Samuel Butler", PMLA, LXI (September, 1946), 804-19.

Horowitz, Ellin. "The Communal Ritual and the Dying God in E.M. Forster's A Passage to India", Criticism, VI, 70-88.

Johnson, Elaine H. "The Intelligent Mr. E.M. Forster". Personalist, XXXV, 50-58.

Jones, David. "E.M. Forster on his Life and his Books", The Listener, LXI (January 1, 1959), 11-12.

Kain, Richard M. "Vision and Discovery in E.M. Forster's A Passage to India," in Charles Shapiro, ed. Twelve Original Essays on Great English Novels (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1960), pp. 253-275.

Kermode, Frank. Puzzles and Epiphenies. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1962.

Klingopolus, G.D. "E.M. Forster's Sense of History: and Cavafy". Essays in Criticism, VIII, 156-165.

Leach, Elsie. "Forster's A Passage to India, XXXVI" Expl. XIII, Item 13.

Leavis, F.R. "E.M. Forster". Scrutiny, VII (September, 1938), 185-202.

_____ "Meet Mr. Forster" Scrutiny, XII (Autumn, 1944), 308-9.

Lee, Lawrence Lynn. "The Moral Themes of E.M. Forster," Dissertation Abstracts, XX, 1790-91 (Utah).

Maclean, Hugh. "The Structure of A Passage to India". University of Toronto Quarterly, XXII, 157-171.

McDowell, Frederick P.W. "The Mild, Intellectual Light: Idea and Theme in Howards End", PMLA, LXXIV (September, 1959), 453-63.

McDowell, Frederick P.W. "The Newest Elucidations of Forster", English Fiction in Transition, V, IV, 51-58.

Modern Fiction Studies. E.M. Forster Number. VII (Autumn, 1961).

Nierenberg, Edwin. "The Prophecy of E.M. Forster", Queen's Quarterly LXXXI, 189-202.

_____ "The Withered Priestess: Mrs. Moore's Incomplete Passage to India," MLQ XXV, 198-204.

Pederson, Glenn. "Forster's Symbolic Form", Kenyon Review XXI, 231-249.

Richards, I.A. "A Passage to Forster: Reflections on a Novelist", Forum, LXXVIII (December, 1927), 914-20.

Rodrigues, T.L. "Towards an Understanding of E.M. Forster". Journal of the Maharaja Sayajirao University of Baroda, XI,1, 91-105.

Savage, D.S. The Withered Branch: Six Studies in the Modern Novel. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1950.

Shahane, V.A. "Symbolism in E.M. Forster's A Passage to India: 'Temple'," English Studies XLIV (1963), 423-431.

Shusterman, David. "The Curious Case of Professor Godbole: A Passage to India Re-examined", PMLA, LXXVI (September 1961) 426-35.

Spender, Stephen. The Creative Element. London: Hamish Hamilton, 1953.

Thompson, George H. "Thematic Symbol in A Passage to India" Twentieth Century Literature, VII, 51-63.

Warren, Austin. Rage for Order. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1948.

Werry, Richard R. "Rhythm in Forster's A Passage to India", Studies in Honour of John Wilcox by Members of the English Department (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1958), pp. 227-37.

White, Gertrude M. " A Passage to India: Analysis and Revaluation". PMLA, LXVIII, 641-657.

Wilson, Angus. "A Conversation with E.M. Forster", Encounter, IX (November, 1957), 52-57.

_____ "The Revolt of Samuel Butler", The Atlantic Monthly, CC (November, 1957), 190-98.

Woolf, Virginia. The Death of the Moth and Other Essays. London: The Hogarth Press, 1942.

Zabel, Morton Dauwen. Craft and Character; Texts, Method, and Vocation in Modern Fiction. New York: The Viking Press, 1957.

Zwerdling, Alex. "The Novels of E.M. Forster". Twentieth Century Literature, II, 171-181.

VI. GEORGE ORWELL

Atkins, John. George Orwell. London: John Calder, 1954.

Brander, Laurence. George Orwell. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1954.

Heppenstall, Rayner. Four Absentees. London: Barrie and Rockliff, 1960.

Hollis, Christopher. A Study of George Orwell. London: Hollis and Carter, 1956.

Rees, Richard. George Orwell, Fugitive from the Camp of Victory. London: Secker and Warburg, 1961.

Voorhees, Richard J. The Paradox of George Orwell. Lafayette, 1963.

Beavern, John. "The Road to Wigan Pier", World Review (June 1950), pp.48-51.

Braybrooke, Neville. "Two Poverties". The Commonweal, LVIII (August 14, 1953), 459-461.

Cook, Richard. "Rudyard Kipling and George Orwell", Modern Fiction Studies, VII, 125-135.

Cosman, Max. "George Orwell and the Autonomous Individual". Pacific Spectator, IX (Winter, 1955), 74-84.

Dooley, D.J. "Limitations of George Orwell", University of Toronto Quarterly, XXVIII, 291-300.

Edrich, Emanuel. "Literary Technique and Social Temper in the Finction of George Orwell", Dissertation Abstracts, XXI, 620-21 (Wis.)

Fyvel, T.R. " A Case for George Orwell?" Twentieth Century, CLX (September, 1956), 254-259.

_____ "A Writer's Life", World Review (June 1950) pp. 7-20.

_____ "George Orwell and Eric Blair: Glimpses of a Dual Life", Encounter, XIII,i, 60-65.

Gleckner, Robert P. "1984 or 1948?" College English, XVIII (November, 1956), 95-99.

Howe, Irving. "Orwell: History as Nightmare". American Scholar, XXV (Spring, 1956), 193-207.

King, Carlyle. "The Politics of George Orwell". University of Toronto Quarterly, XXVI (October, 1956), 79-91.

Krutch, Joseph Wood. "Way of the Modern". Saturday Review, XXXVI (April 25, 1953), 19-20.

Lewis, Wyndham. "Orwell, or Two and Two Make Four". The Writer and the Absolute. London: Methuen, 1952, 153-193.

McDowell, M. Jennifer. " George Orwell: Bibliographical Addenda", Bulletin of Bibliography, XXIV (1963), 19-24, 36-40.

Muggeridge, Malcolm. "Burmese Days", World Review, (June 1950), pp. 45-48.

Potts, Paul. "Don Quixote on a Bicycle". London Magazine, IV (March, 1957), 39-47.

Rahv, Philip. "The Unfuture of Utopia". Partisan Review, XVI (July, 1949), 743-749.

Rieff, Phillip. "George Orwell and the Post-liberal Imagination". Kenyon Review, XVI (Summer, 1954), 49-70.

Rosenfeld, Isaac. "Decency and Death." Partisan Review, XVII (May, 1950), 514-518.

Rovere, Richard. "George Orwell." New Republic, CXXXV (September 10, 1956), 11-15.

Russell, Bertrand. "George Orwell", World Review, (June 1950), pp.5-7.

Spender, Stephen. "One Man's Conscience". New Republic, CXXVIII (March 16, 1953), 18.

Stevens, Arthur Wilber. "George Orwell and Contemporary British Fiction of Burma: The Problem of 'Place'", Dissertation Abstracts, XVIII, 1799-1800 (University of Washington).

Thompson, Frank H. Jr. "Orwell's Image of the Man of Good Will", College English, XXII, 235-40.

Trilling, Lionel. "George Orwell and the Politics of Truth". Commentary, XIII (March, 1952), 218-227.

Voorhees, Richard J. "George Orwell: Rebellion and Responsibility". South Atlantic Quarterly, LIII (October, 1954), 556-565.

_____, "George Orwell as Critic." Prairie Schooner, XXVIII (Summer, 1954), 105-112.

_____, "Orwell's Secular Crusade." The Commonweal, LXI (January 28, 1955), 448-451.

_____, "Orwell and Power-Hunger." Canadian Forum, XXXVI (July, 1956), 79-80.

Wain, John. "Orwell in Perspective". New World Writing New York: New American Library of World Literature, 1957, pp. 84-96.

Wadsworth, Frank W. "Orwell as a Novelist: The Early Work". University of Kansas City Review, XXII (Winter, 1955), 93-99.

_____, "Orwell as a Novelist: The Middle Period." University of Kansas City Review, XXII (Spring, 1956), 189-194.

_____ "Orwell as a Novelist: Orwell's Later Work". University of Kansas City Review, XXII (Summer, 1956), 285-290.

West, Anthony. "George Orwell." Principles and Persuasions, New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1957, 164-176.

Wilson, Edmund. "Grade-A Essays: Orwell, Sartre, and Highet." The New Yorker, XXVI (January 13, 1951), 76 ff.

Wollheim, Richard. "Orwell Reconsidered". Partisan Review, XXVII, 82-97.

Yorks, Samuel A. "George Orwell: Seer over his Shoulder", Bucknell Review IX, 32-45.

Zeke, Zoltan G., and William White. "George Orwell: A Selected Bibliography", Bib. Bulletin, XXIII, 110-114.