

MARABAR AND AFTER:
A STUDY OF
E. M. FORSTER'S A PASSAGE TO INDIA
AND
PAUL SCOTT'S THE JEWEL IN THE CROWN

By

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...A people without history
Is not redeemed from time, for history is a pattern
Of timeless moments.

(T. S. Eliot, "Little Gidding")

...the fortunes of men are all bound up together
and it is impossible to inflict damage without
receiving it.

(E. M. Forster, "Hymn Before Action")

What terrifies me is the thought that gradually,
when the splendours of civilised divorce and
protestations of continuing as good friends are
worked out, the real animus will emerge, the one
both our people just managed to keep in check when
there was reason to suppose that it was wrong,
because it could lead neither rulers nor ruled
anywhere. I mean of course the dislike and fear
that exists between black and white. And this is a
fifth-rate passion, appropriate only to a nation of
vulgar shopkeepers and a nation of fat-bellied
banias.

(Lady Manners, in The Jewel in the Crown)

What is the Empire but India?

(Jawaharlal Nehru)

It is a remarkable distinction for a former subject people to make; it is a remarkable thing for a ruling nation to have left behind. This concept of Englishness will survive because it was the product of fantasy; a work of national art; it will outlast England. It explains why withdrawal was easy, why there is no nostalgia such as the Dutch still have for Java, why there was no Algeria, and why after less than twenty years India has almost faded out of the British consciousness: the Raj was an expression of the English involvement with themselves rather than with the country they ruled. It is not, properly, an imperialist attitude. It points not to the good or evil of British rule in India, but to its failure. (201)

The British experience of India, or perhaps more appropriately, the Indian experience of Britain, was unique--one of possession, not penetration. Naipaul comments: "The British refused to be absorbed into India....While dominating India they expressed their contempt for it, and projected England, and Indians were forced into a nationalism which in the beginning was like a mimicry of the British" (211). The consciousness of the English character imprinted itself on the Indian consciousness of themselves. But the intention was not to imprint but to convert, to create a nation of "Macaulay's brown-skinned Englishmen", "symbols of British virtue" (Scott, Division, 301-2), a nation of Indians who believed as much in the English national myth as their rulers did. Believing that India had nothing of value to offer, Britain could be India's opportunity. Conversion would be painless, pragmatic, beneficial and desirable for all concerned, so that India could be Britain's opportunity, an example of her good intentions. This was to be achieved largely through the work

of English Evangelicals and Utilitarians. Feelings for their subject people were paternalistic: India needed Britain's "good example" before her own nationhood could even be a possibility in the future (Hutchins, 28). Macaulay recommended "projecting England" for India's benefit in 1835 in his "Minute on Indian Education", on the grounds that the English language had produced works far superior to those in the East:

...when we pass from works of imagination to works in which facts are recorded and general principles investigated, the superiority of the European becomes absolutely immeasurable. It is, I believe, no exaggeration to say, all the historical information which has been collected from all the books written in the Sanscrit language is less valuable than what may be found in the most paltry abridgments used at preparatory schools in England. In every branch of physical or moral philosophy the relative position of the two nations is nearly the same. (241)

India's inferiority as a nation, by British standards, justified the projection of the English character over the Indian character, but the subjection was not complete until a change in attitudes towards the Indian character took place. In

The Illusion of Permanence: British Imperialism in India--a study of the Victorian era of British rule--Francis G. Hutchins asserts that the "Victorian approach", as opposed to the approach of the earlier reformers, was very significant to later developments between the two nations:

Much more important than the simple fact that the Victorians found the Indian character distasteful, were the causes to which were attributed Indian failings. The reformers of the early years of the century had also disparaged Indian character, but

in doing so had ascribed its depravity to remediable causes. The most important alteration in the Victorian approach was thus not in its main impressions of what Indians were like but in its attempt to conceive those failings as inherent and incurable. Whereas the reformers had traced the origins of Indian depravity to religious and social causes, to the Victorian it seemed a result of the more intractable considerations of climate and race. (60-61)

In E. M. Forster's A Passage to India Mr. McBryde, the District Superintendent of Police in Chandrapore, is the spokesman for this view. McBryde has a similar "theory" about Indians and why they are really incapable of being reformed: "All unfortunate natives are criminals at heart, for the simple reason that they live south of latitude 30. They are not to blame, they have not a dog's chance--we should be like them if we settled here" (166-7). The seed for this point-of-view had already been planted by Evangelical Christianity and Utilitarian thought. At its worst this idea was a combination of pity and contempt, and is probably best represented by Kipling's poem, "Take Up the White Man's Burden". "I am out here to work, mind", says Forster's Ronny Heaslop, "to hold this country by force. I'm not a missionary or a Labour Member or a vague sentimental sympathetic literary man. I'm just a servant of the Government;...and that's that. We're not pleasant in India, and we don't intend to be pleasant. We've something more important to do" (50).

Ronny understands his duty and responsibility as a "sahib", and does everything he can to maintain this image, rather than go against class, clan and country. It is this attitude, and its origins, which Forster feels are most significant to the essence

A Passage to India of the limitations of his philosophy, the novel remains, "a classic of the liberal spirit" (Leavis, 277). As Leavis remarks: "In its touch upon racial and cultural problems, its treatment of personal relations and its prevailing ethos the book is an expression, undeniably, of the liberal tradition; it has, as such, its fineness, its strength and its impressiveness; and it makes the achievement, the humane, decent and rational--the 'civilized'--habit of that tradition appear the invaluable thing it is" (277).

The novel is an epitaph and a manifesto, as Benita Parry has argued (129-41). The liberal dilemma illustrated there remains a dilemma, but the struggle for order and meaning is not an unworthy one. While his values are shown to be effete within the context of a very real political, historical and moral crisis, Forster insists that they are indispensable and should never be disregarded. The only hope for the British and the Indians is "affection or the possibility of affection" (332). "The nations must understand one another", he wrote in 1920, "and quickly, and without the interposition of their governments, for the shrinkage of the globe is throwing them into one another's arms" ("Notes", 25).

In writing A Passage to India Forster surely faced a dilemma of his own. While advocating "tolerance, good temper and sympathy" as requisites for human existence and not mere spiritual food, Forster found it difficult to remember these things where the raj were concerned. This is somewhat understandable: how is one to be tolerant of a group of people who appear to be so

bigoted and petty; how is one to feel sympathy for those who seem incapable of compassion themselves? I do not think Forster could ever resolve these conflicts for himself--it would be a remarkable thing for anyone to do. The result is that his view of the raj, and consequently his treatment of them, are limited, myopic and narrow. This is evident even in relatively minor ways, such as the similarity in the names of two principal figures of the raj in Chandrapore, Turton and Burton. Forster attributed this narrowness to one of his deficiencies as a writer: "I am quite sure that I am not a great novelist. Because I have only got down on to paper really three types of people: the person I think I am, the people who irritate me, and the people I would like to be. When you get to the really great writers, like Tolstoy, you find they can get hold of all types....I do not get down to very much. We have to write out of ourselves and to depict, as I say, what annoys us and what we would like to be" (Jones, 11).

It is interesting to note that Forster believes that one of the measures of a great novelist is his ability to represent a plethora of personalities. It is Forster's inability to do this, particularly with regard to the raj, for which he has been taken to task by several critics, including Paul Scott. Scott disagrees with Forster's treatment of the Turtons and the Burtons, "not because I want to fall over backwards to be fair to everybody, nor because I want to see as accurate a record as possible of the Anglo-Indian connection, nor because I have an idealistic nature that sees good in everyone; but because it would go against the grain of my view of Anglo-India and my purpose in writing about

it " ("India", 119). Subsequently, Scott is very careful throughout The Raj Quartet to present his raj as an extremely diverse group of people living in a chaotic world, to show that these people were part of a very complex phenomenon of modern history and allow them to articulate their views of the "situation"--a favourite term for Scott, but Forster would insert "muddle" or "mystery" in its place. The result is dazzling; especially when compared to Forster's rather "cookie-cutter-like" array of characters reminiscent of those in his other works. Graham Greene commented that Forster's characters "wandered like cardboard symbols through a world that was paper-thin" ("Francois Mauriac", 91). But in fairness to Forster, his experience of India was quite different from Scott's, as Forster shows in

The Hill of Devi:

I have been with pro-Government and pro-English Indians all this time, so cannot realize the feeling of the other party: and am only sure of this--that we were paying for the insolence of Englishmen and Englishwomen out here in the past. I don't mean that good manners can avert a political upheaval. But they can minimize it, and come nearer to averting it in the East than elsewhere. English manners out here have improved wonderfully in the last eight years. Some people are frightened, others seem really to have undergone a change of heart. But it's too late. Indians don't long for social intercourse with Englishmen any longer. They have made a life of their own. (152)

Forster did feel that the English "were awkwardly placed in India" ("Syed", 298), but nevertheless his criticism of them is very harsh, as though no attempt is made to understand them. Scott's "main impressions [of the novel] are of absurd pretensions, of a moral judgement entered against them, without

evidence for the accused being admitted..." ("India", 118). As a result, Forster was not very popular with the raj--not that he would have minded, counting them as a group of people who "irritated" him--and there are reports that the real counterparts of Forster's raj found the novel abominable (Scott, "India", 118). Yet his was the only work about Anglo-India to achieve such success and a reputation, apart from the writings of Rudyard Kipling, who "wrote about the club for the club" (Naipaul, 192).

Paul Scott's raj is far from Kiplingesque, and it is not Forsterian. Peter Green feels that Scott has a "general understanding of Anglo-Indian society [that] is both deeper and broader than E. M. Forster's. Forster was always on the outside looking in; Scott has this almost alarming ability to wriggle into an alien psyche..." (2). While Forster's characters lack the depth that would prevent them from becoming caricatures, although they are types they are still recognizable. In his address to the Royal Society of Literature Scott relates a story about English people he met in India in 1964, the "new mensahibs" and sahibs, and remarks that their conversation, their attitudes were "[p]ure Forster, or pure Anglo-India. It is difficult sometimes to say which invented the other" (127-8).

Forster's perspective on the raj is as though he were viewing a garden from the house. "No flower is quite like another of the same species", says Mabel Layton to Barbie Batchelor in The Towers of Silence. "On a single bush one is constantly surprised by the remarkable character shown by each individual rose. But from the house all one sees is a garden, which is all

this aspect of them, otherwise as characters they would be incomplete.

But as a result of the infiltration of these beliefs, the raj can be seen as victims--that is, victims of their own idea of themselves. It becomes difficult, as Scott shows, to discern between individual and collective behaviour; Forster would declare that individualism, where the raj were concerned, had been discarded altogether. So the principles which determined and moulded their behaviour could aggravate a "situation" into becoming a "muddle", something which is evident in the central incident of the "rape" and its aftermath in both A Passage to India and The Jewel in the Crown. Referring back to Naipaul's observation, the fantastical image that the raj had of themselves, one which found expression in their everyday lives, could prevent clarification of any situation or muddle, so that in the end, all one is left with is "mystery".

And yet, to call something a mystery may be a sort of gift-wrapping of it, in order to prevent what is really inside--in this case, chaos, despair and meaninglessness--from showing through. Barbie Batchelor feels that "the one thing to which the human spirit could always accommodate itself was chaos and misfortune. Everything more orderly or favoured was a bonus and needed living up to" (Scott, Towers, 219). All of Scott's characters attempt to accommodate this in their own way, in order to achieve what Barbie calls their "apotheosis". Scott's characters work to quell the echo of Marabar--the caves in A Passage to India, the symbols of disorder, division and

nothingness. Chaos and misfortune have already been acknowledged and even embraced, and this is expressed in the lives of Scott's characters in subtle, magnificent and occasionally obsolete ways.

Scott recalls that one critic has commented that "my India made me talkative; while Forster's stunned him into silence" ("India", 113). But India did not stun Forster into silence, Marabar did. And in the same way, Marabar made Scott talkative. Unlike Forster, Scott would not leave Mrs. Moore "motionless" after her experience in the cave. Although he may insist that "[o]ne may come after Forster, but not, I think, after Marabar" ("India", 113), Scott does provide an answer to Forster's echo. One must accept Marabar, and the "unique feeling about it of terminus" which confronted Mrs. Moore ("India", 113), but one cannot be frozen by the echo as she was. To Scott, life requires patience, perseverance, and sacrifice always, even if that means immersion in Conrad's "destructive element", which Scott recalls twice in the Quartet, once with regard to Daphne Manners and once with Susan Layton. Scott, quite appropriately in this context, quotes in his address from T. S. Eliot's "East Coker"--"In my end is my beginning"--and comments: "The echo of that marvellous end doesn't, to me, come back as 'Boum'" ("India", 131).

Neither does the echo of Scott's work come back as "Boum". Scott may not come after Marabar, but he does respond to it. One may compare his achievement to Forster's, but I think it is preferable and more illuminating to consider The Raj Quartet as a sort of continuation of A Passage to India. Scott pulls at the threads of Forster's work and creates a tapestry of his own.

"By his choice of central motif Scott, deliberately it would seem, challenges comparison with A Passage to India", says Peter Green. "He can well afford to do so, since he makes Forster's work look parochial, if not superficial, by comparison" (2). Scott would not approve of this comment, for he had a great deal of respect for Forster's novel and saw it as it was intended to be seen. Although he has expressed some irritation over having been compared to Forster again and again, he did "recognize that the ground I need to tread if writing about Anglo-India bears permanent impressions of a certain person's footprints and that to plant your own there is to invite comparison" ("India", 113). It is probably unavoidable that Scott has felt on occasion as though he were "driving a Vauxhall Victor round Hyde Park Corner in the rush hour, where all the other cars are Rolls-Royces, driven by chauffeurs called Morgan Forster" ("India", 117).

And yet, while thoroughly aware of Forster's presence, Scott still chose, as Green mentioned, the same central motif--the assault of a white woman by a black man--for his first novel of the quartet, The Jewel in the Crown. The rape of Daphne Manners in the Bibighar Gardens by a gang of Indians--after she has been making love with her Indian lover--recalls Adela Quested's accusation that her Indian companion on the expedition to the Marabar Caves criminally assaulted her there. Unlike Forster's novel, the incident in Scott's novel is surrounded by a number of complexities, so much so that it is treated in each novel of the Quartet. With each reworking of this event there are commentaries on Anglo-Indian relations, history, politics, imperialism,

morality, justice, racial and class conflict and human relationships. The intricacies of the English national myth are revealed and observed from various perspectives. Forster also uses the incident of the assault to comment on the English character, but because he maintains one point-of-view throughout the novel he does not (nor does he intend to) achieve the profundity and scope of Scott's work.

It is quite likely that Forster and Scott had the same event in mind when they chose the assault as a metaphor for Britain's involvement with India. During the riots in the Punjab of April 9, 1919, Miss Marcella Sherwood, a missionary in Amritsar, was attacked and beaten by a mob as she was riding home on her bicycle. The incident outraged British sensibilities and became the focus of gossip, speculation and the desire to avenge the honour of white women and assert Britain's position as ruler of India. General Reginald Dyer (known for the massacre at the Jallianwallah Bagh) issued a "crawling order" which "compelled all persons in the street where Miss Sherwood...had been attacked to crawl on all fours if they ventured out between 6 A.M. and 10 P.M. And since General Dyer's Curfew Order was simultaneously in effect, they could not go out between 10 P.M. and 6 A.M. A platform was also set up at one end of the street for public flogging, supposedly intended solely for Miss Sherwood's attackers" (Fein, 41-2). It was falsely rumoured that she was raped, but Miss Sherwood reported in a letter to The Times of London that her present safety was due to being rescued by the parents of some of the girls she taught at the mission school (8).

Her interest in the situation was to tell the truth and to make it clear that not everyone with a brown skin was guilty of her attack. Dyer's interest in the situation was his duty as a sahib to protect British women:

We look upon women as sacred. I searched in my mind for a form of punishment that would meet the assault. I did not know how to meet it. I felt the street should be looked upon as sacred, and said that no Indian shall pass along here, and if they do so on all fours. It never entered my mind that any man in his senses would voluntarily go through that street. ("Riots", 13)

Years later the "rape" of Miss Sherwood was still being discussed among the British in India (Fein, 29). Both Forster and Scott refer to the assault. While Forster only hints at this incident and the massacre at Amritsar, these covert suggestions surely would have been easily recognizable in 1924, so soon after these events had taken place and gained notoriety, even in Britain. Although his novel probably takes place before the First World War, the events of 1919 surely provided some impetus for the work's completion, as M. M. Mahood suggests (29). Forster felt that Amritsar was an example of "public infamy" ("Notes", 24) and acknowledges this in such ways as naming the anti-British lawyer for Aziz "Amritrao", or having the vulgar Mrs. Turton announce that Indian men "ought to crawl from here to the cave on their hands and knees whenever an Englishwoman's in sight..." (Passage, 216). Forster also refers to the Mutiny, ridiculing the emotional outbursts and the British call for revenge and comparing it with those brought about by Adela's accusation.

But Scott's sense of history compels him to be explicit and

adds to the aforementioned complexity of the Bibighar incident. Apart from the attack on Miss Sherwood and Dyer's response to it and the Amritsar Massacre, Scott recalls the events in Cawnpore in 1857, during the Mutiny. The MacGregor House is reminiscent of the Savada House, near the Bibighar, which held survivors (women and children) of the massacre at the Satichaura Ghat. It was built by a British officer for his mistress, but during the Mutiny it became known as the "House of the Ladies" (Hibbert, 194-5). Under Nana Sahib's orders, all of the women and children there were brutally murdered. Later, when the remains were discovered by British soldiers, the desire for vengeance was ignited, so much so that, in British eyes, everyone with a black skin was responsible for this outrageous event. Christopher Hibbert writes that "to the mid-nineteenth century British mind this ruthless murder of women and children was a crime of unspeakable, blasphemous enormity. Englishmen regarded women in a light quite different from that in which Indians did, as creatures not merely of another sex but almost--if they were not mere drudges--of another form of creation, as (in T. H. Huxley's phrase) 'angels above them'" (209-10).

This emphasis on history is very important to Scott's techniques as a novelist. He takes from T. S. Eliot's "Little Gidding" the idea that history (or life) is a series of recurrences and re-emerging patterns: "...History may be servitude,/History may be freedom. See, now they vanish,/The faces and places, with the self which, as it could, loved them,/To become renewed, transfigured, in another pattern". The

events at Amritsar in 1919, according to Scott, had happened before (the Great Mutiny of 1857) and would happen again (the riots of August, 1942).

In this way Scott could also acknowledge the "assault" on Adela Quested by Dr. Aziz on an afternoon excursion to Marabar. With Daphne Manners and Hari Kumar it had happened again, another cycle to end or to begin, another timeless moment.

...Think now
History has many cunning passages, contrived corridors
And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions,
Guides us by vanities. Think now
She gives when our attention is distracted
And what she gives, gives with such supple confusions
That the giving famishes the craving. Gives too late
What's not believed in, or if still believed,
In memory only, reconsidered passion. Gives too soon
Into weak hands, what's thought can be dispensed with
Till the refusal propagates a fear. Think
Neither fear nor courage saves us. Unnatural vices
Are fathered by our heroism. Virtues
Are forced upon us by our impudent crimes.
These tears are shaken from the wrath-bearing tree.

(T. S. Eliot, "Gerontion")

Chapter One

From Chandrapore to Mayapore:

"This is the Story of a Rape..."

The first image, of both A Passage to India and The Jewel in the Crown, is of the landscape.¹ India provides a sort of backdrop to the novels, a theatre for their characters, yet it also pervades every act and every scene. For Adela Quested, this is accomplished quite without her being aware of it; although India has become the object of a quest for this young woman, newly arrived from England, she is strangely oblivious to it. Unlike Adela, Daphne Manners, a colleague of sorts, looks twice as hard at her surroundings, instinctively loving them, hoping to capture as much as she can inside her, knowing that her experience of them will only be for a brief moment in time.

India is the setting for what will become the most significant events in each of these women's lives, yet it is a setting of numerous variations. Chandrapore of A Passage to India

is divided into two parts: the city itself, which "presents nothing extraordinary", is plain, dirty and stagnant, and the civil station, "a city of gardens" above the filth of the land along the river Ganges (7-8). It is hidden from the lower area by palms and trees which "glorify the city to the English people who inhabit the rise, so that new-comers cannot believe it to be as meagre as it is described, and have to be driven down to acquire disillusionment" (8). The first Chandrapore is not Adela's, and like the other, more permanent English residents of the civil station, she accepts--despite her quest for knowledge of India--the camouflage that is neither "attractive" nor "repulsive", but simply preferable to what lies below. She does this, even though, as the narrator tells us, these two areas of Chandrapore--the one of the club and the one of the bazaar--have nothing in common with one another "except the overarching "sky" (8).

The landscape referred to at the beginning of The Jewel in the Crown is imaginary, conjured up by the narrator who is not simply recalling it at a particular moment in someone's life or in history, but projecting it into the reader's mind and taking us back into that moment. It provides the first indication that this will become the central incident of the novel. Although we do not as yet know the significance of that "immense, flat and dark" landscape and the girl running through it, we do know that

these three things--the girl, the event itself, and the setting--are one, for we are soon told that "[t]his is the story of a rape, of the events that led up to it and followed it and of the place in which it happened. There are the actions, the people, and the place; all of which are interrelated but in their totality incommunicable in isolation from the moral continuum of human affairs" (1). Adela's India--not the one in her imagination--will expose her yet remain indifferent to her, while Daphne's India will be embraced by her and embrace her in return.

Apart from the pervasiveness of the Indian atmosphere and setting and the central female character's response--or lack of response--to it in each novel, there are some similarities between the stories of Adela Quested and Daphne Manners. Both women are new arrivals in India who attempt to ignore and even to shun the social and political barriers already set up by their predecessors, their exiled fellow countrymen who have tried to make this alien land their "home". "I want to see the real India" (24), Adela announces, the India of her dreams of romance and adventure. If seeing the real India means that she must see Indians, as Fielding suggests, then Adela will ignore the warnings of the *mensahibs* at the club and go her own way, with the challenge and promise of personal growth ahead of her. Although there is, from Adela's introduction in the novel and throughout, a sense of delusion and play about her quest, in fairness to Adela she does instinctively dislike the bigotry, superiority and insularity of the club. She is anxious to express her own views and elude the will of the group to make her one of their own. She

is, however, weak in this respect. She refers to this weakness as her "Anglo-Indian difficulty", as though she is afraid or unable to define it for what it is, and consequently minimizes it. For when she does attempt friendship with an India, the results are disastrous.

Daphne finds herself in a similar situation with the raj of Mayapore, although at first she feels quite safe and content at the club, as she says, "simply to be there among my own kind" (114). Initially Daphne does not, as Adela does, seek any kind of communion with India, for at the beginning of her visit the atmosphere of the country, although she was born there, is alien to her. She is even repelled by black skins and Indians in general, although she very quickly comes to regret this. But then she, like Adela, finds that she did not want to be "assimilated... into that inbred little cultural circle of English women--men, too, but particularly women--abroad in a colony" (114). Her determination to maintain her individualism is, like Adela's, construed as a consequence of her "innocence". Although she does not actively seek the companionship of Indians her meeting with Hari Kumar, combined with her boredom with the club and its pretensions, and her own feeling that time was quickly running out for her, force a significant change in her life. And for Daphne, the journey and its end are tragic ones.

The similarities between the stories of Forster's Adela Quested and Paul Scott's Daphne Manners can be seen for what they are: superficial singly, but in their entirety they are most

important. This is why Daphne and Adela are only colleagues of a sort--obviously Edwina Crane is closer to Daphne in this respect--for there are far too many differences in their characters, and in the novels for that matter, for this not to be so. They may share common experiences in India, including a "rape", but the beginnings of these experiences are not the same--as no two people's can be--or as uncomplicated as a cursory glance at the two works might assume.

Beginnings, as Scott illustrates in his novel, are difficult to determine; to find the specific point at which anything begins requires an order and simplicity that do not exist in reality. The historian may attempt to define the past according to a simple cause-and-effect method of reducing and dividing the whole of history into manageable parts, with each part leading, in linear fashion, to the next, until the whole is revealed. But he must still choose a beginning when analyzing a particular era or event. The beginnings of Adela's and Daphne's stories are linked to the struggles between Britain and India, yet how can that beginning be located? Dates can be assigned, such as 1599, the year that the East India Company was founded, or 1857, the year of the Mutiny, or even 1900, the year Guy Perron of A Division of the Spoils sees as significant because of a noticeable change in the English attitude to India (105). But, as Perron realizes, these dates are arbitrary and, in the end, inadequate, as they only focus on a single occurrence, and force a break in history, for the sake of convenience, at a particular moment. Thus a situation, in its entirety, cannot be encompassed, unless

we were to trace its source back to the original beginning of what Scott calls the "moral continuum of human affairs", the causes and effects of human actions, and the attitudes, passions and beliefs which determine and shape those actions.

The causes of any event and its consequences are numerous and intricate. Each moment, Eliot tells us in "Little Gidding", is a beginning and an ending, a pattern that is repeated over time, a "cycle of inevitability" (Jewel, 143-4). Each cycle contains its own inevitable patterns, the causes of which may be hidden-- certainly they are from the historian, as Scott's quartet of novels shows. So each moment in time is entangled with a "complex of emotions and ambitions and reactions" (Jewel, 334). We may look to history for explanations--of that moment, of ourselves-- but a simple cause-and-effect relationship plotted over time cannot really provide them. Any explanation must assume that history also includes illusions of which we may or may not be aware: "ambitions" and "vanities"--"cunning passages, contrived corridors/And issues" (Eliot, "Gerontion", ll. 35-6).

While it is true that Forster's novel is not, as Scott's novel is, an exploration of what history consists of and its role in determining and shaping destinies, Forster is still, in his own way, concerned with at least one of the implications of Eliot's observations--that nothing where human affairs are concerned can be viewed in isolation. Forster has said that "the fortunes of men are all bound up together" ("Hymn", 366), something which he wants to convey in the story of Adela's unfortunate accusation of Aziz. When the echo resounds, it resounds over them all.

Similarly, Scott is also suggesting that although human beings may be alienated from one another and may even deliberately attempt to lead separate lives, human life, or history, is a complicated network of inter-relationships and connections, and patterns which will always re-emerge. These bonds and interconnections cannot be avoided, unless, as Mrs. Moore suggests, we each of us crawl into a cave of our own (Passage, 200).

All of this is intrinsic to the particular moment that both authors have chosen: the assault of English women by Indian men. These are events that are placed in a certain historical context, but which somehow seem timeless--examples of and metaphors for human clashes and confrontations throughout history on both the personal and the political levels.

Thus it is significant that the relationship between Britain and India has been described, fairly consistently, as a "rape". Perhaps the metaphor is effective for delineating the psychology of imperialism, if only because this metaphor points to the assertion, with the use of force, of one nation's will over another's. But this definition, as it stands, is inadequate, for it only conveys the idea that a "rape" is merely a violation; it is a simplistic way of labelling and explaining a rather perplexing phenomenon of human relationships, or even, in a larger context, the relationships between nations. This definition must be broadened so that it not only includes this concept of power and involuntary submission to that power, but that it could also involve a complicated range of emotions and beliefs--the "cunning passages, contrived corridors and issues"--which may lurk behind

this phenomenon. As Scott and Forster show, these may include concepts of duty and authority, ambition, inferiority and superiority, moral responsibility, racial integrity, hatred, and even love. Thus, the use of a rape as a metaphor is particularly appropriate for representing the complexity of the relationship between India and Britain. It points not only to the imperialistic possession of India, but it also highlights some of the unique qualities of this particular venture.

India was indeed the "jewel" in Queen Victoria's crown--the acquisition that would proclaim the British Empire's superior rank as a world power. Britain needed India--used her, hated her and yet loved her as well. As Robin White observes, the "picture of a tyrannical and imperialistic power grinding the faces of its coloured subjects in the dust" is "inaccurate" (Jewel, 332-3). Geoffrey Moorhouse writes that "the history of the British in India is something more than an account of conquest and submission, of rebellion and imperial retreat. It is also the story of a complicated love-hate relationship that no other two peoples, so vastly different in origins and cultures have ever known" (India, 21). Edwina Crane thinks of Indians and English always coming together "in a compulsive harmony": "There was in that word compulsive, she knew, the idea of a key to the situation, the idea of there being somewhere in this curious centuries-long association a kind of love with hate on the obverse side, as on a coin" (Jewel, 60).

And, as Naipaul, Scott and Forster assert, this relationship was even more entangled and confusing as it also

included the fact that India "played a role in the English idea of Englishness" (Division, 105): "India itself, as itself,...has played no part whatsoever in the lives of Englishmen in general...and those who came out (those for whom India had to play a real part, became detached both from English life and from the English idea of life " (105). Naipaul writes: "To Forster's characters their Englishness is like an extra quality which challenges, and is challenged by, all that is alien. It is a formulated ideal; it needs no elucidation. The word British, as used by Adela, can almost be spelt with a small b" (195).

As a result it becomes extremely difficult to reduce British-Indian relations to a simple imperialistic association between the conquerors and the conquered. The years of British possession and Indian subjection created a singular situation between these two countries. The rape of Daphne Manners in 1942, for example, and the political events surrounding it "ended with the spectacle of two nations in violent opposition, not for the first time nor as yet for the last because they were then still locked in an imperial embrace of such long standing and subtlety it was no longer possible for them to know whether they hated or loved one another, or what it was that held them together and seemed to have confused the image of their separate destinies" (Jewel, 1).

The intricacies of the phenomenon of rape and its suitability as a metaphor for the "imperial embrace" of India and Britain are, no doubt, what attracted both Scott and Forster to using it in their novels. This metaphor is portrayed quite

consciously, with all of the obvious implications. Scott, although writing after Forster, manages to avoid repetition, while still recalling the alleged attempted rape of Adela Quested and its consequences. Yet the event of the rape itself is given sparing treatment by both authors, and while the stories behind the event and the manners in which they are conveyed are quite different, they share similar elements and concerns. These will be considered in an examination of the plotting of the rape in each novel.

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The incidents leading to the attempted rape in A Passage to India are related in a straightforward, chronological manner by a narrator who, although he speaks of these events while they are happening, makes some references to what the future holds, beyond the moment during which the story takes place. But there are causes behind each of these incidents, and while they are not explored to their fullest--as we see in Scott's work--they are essential to an investigation of the occurrence at the Marabar Caves, and how that occurrence is treated in the novel.

Before discussing those causes, the role of the narrator should be considered as to how he affects the reader's view of them. He is our only register--the only source of information regarding the characters and the scenes before us. His observations are both obtrusive and intrusive, partially the result of the tone of the narrative, which is, for the most part ironic, with some gentleness and some humour (that is often

scathing and sarcastic). What is perhaps the most important aspect of the narration is the fact that the narrator's point-of-view is always pre-eminent; characters only provide evidence for, as Scott says, a judgment that has already been made. This is all in keeping with Forster's comments on his own work: he could only write about people he liked or disliked, so that, in Forster's own mind, a verdict has indeed already been reached. But this is their role as characters; they are never allowed to develop beyond the limited vision of the narrator and that is precisely the author's intention.

It is curious, however, that despite the narrator's interference, he abandons us at an important moment: there is no voice for the attempted rape of Adela. Consequently only she can provide the answers, but because she is disturbed by her echo and is unable to say much of anything, the focus is increasingly on the character of Adela herself.

Thus, what becomes essential to the plotting of the assault of Adela is the development--or perhaps lack of development--of her character. It is true that, as Scott suggests, Adela's experience in the cave is of less importance than Mrs. Moore's ("How", 15). Yet Adela's accusation, its consequences, and her withdrawal of that accusation are the central incidents of the novel. As we never know what really happened in the cave--if anything indeed did happen--Adela must bear the responsibility for the event, particularly if it existed only in her own mind. The evidence suggests that this is the most likely explanation, so it becomes necessary to consider the path that led to Adela's

experience, the false charge against Aziz and her subsequent recantation; all of which concentrate and focus attention upon Adela.

Adela's journey to India had nothing to do with the country itself. Her original intention was to visit India in order to decide whether or not she wished to marry Ronny Heaslop, one of the newest and most promising members of the raj in Chandrapore. But Adela becomes caught up in the romance and adventure of the voyage. When we are introduced to her in chapter three, Adela gives the impression that she is a young woman who is earnest and inquisitive. And it appears, that first night at the club, that where India is concerned, Adela has been disappointed, although not discouraged:

'We aren't even seeing the other side of the world; that's our complaint', said Adela. Mrs. Moore agreed; she too was disappointed at the dullness of their new life. They had made such a romantic voyage across the Mediterranean and through the sands of Egypt to the harbour of Bombay, to find only a gridiron of bungalows at the end of it. But she did not take the disappointment as seriously as Miss Quested, for the reason that she was forty years older, and had learnt that Life never gives us what we want at the moment that we consider appropriate. Adventures do occur, but not punctually. (25)

That first exclamation of Adela's, "I want to see the real India", is extremely revealing, especially with the added italics. Adela appears, from this point on until she experiences the timely revelation of her limitations, to have taken on a role for herself. It was one which she felt was appropriate to her circumstances as a woman who had travelled to the other side of the world and had come to an exotic land to consider a proposal of

marriage. Her earnestness is suspect; there is always an air of disingenuousness about her concerted effort to stop just "seeing picturesque figures pass before me as a frieze"....It was wonderful when we landed but that superficial glamour soon goes" (27). Adela behaves as though something she ought to have is quite deliberately being withheld from her. As an adventure is what she feels would be appropriate, it is an adventure that she must have, and she begins her quest, despite the remonstrances of the members of the club.

Adela's curious surname is perhaps the first indication that she will fail, for it suggests that her search has ended before it has even begun. Her name probably suggests quite the opposite to Mrs. Turton, who declares that she dislikes it, and, no doubt, all that it implies. By refusing to acknowledge the barriers of country, race, and conduct, she incurs the scorn and ridicule of the ladies of the club, women like Mrs. Callendar, who would declare that "the kindest thing one can do to a native is to let him die" (27). To appease their visitors--or rather, to justify their position on the "native question"--a Bridge Party is arranged, a pretentious gathering intended to "bridge the gulf between East and West" (28). Its inevitable failure to establish friendship between the two groups frustrates Adela, while vindicating the opinions of the smug and superior Mrs. Turton:

Miss Quested now had her desired opportunity; friendly Indians were before her, and she tried to make them talk, but she failed, she strove in vain against the echoing walls of their civility. Whatever she said produced a murmur of deprecation, varying into a murmur of concern when she dropped her pocket-handkerchief. She tried doing nothing,

to see what that produced, and they too did nothing. Mrs. Moore was equally unsuccessful. Mrs. Turton waited for them with a detached expression; she had known what nonsense it all was from the first. (43)

It is not just Adela's sense of play, however, that makes us wary of her. We are somewhat encouraged by the narrator, beginning with Adela's introduction, to be suspicious, and perhaps even to dislike her. She is first described as the "queer, cautious girl" who is travelling with Mrs. Moore, a small observation perhaps, but one that encourages doubt (26). While she is certainly preferable to the women around her--except perhaps, Mrs. Moore--Adela does appear, as Fielding says, "as one of the more pathetic products of Western education....She goes on and on as if she's at a lecture--trying ever so hard to understand India and life, and occasionally taking a note" (119). Since Adela "would see India always as a frieze, never as a spirit" (47), she does not, until her confession in the courtroom, understand that her "quest", has impinged itself on other human lives. I do not think that we are ever intended to like Adela Quested, even after her revelation: she is an example of the people we are, not the people we should like to be. Her limitations, her weaknesses--and Fielding's for that matter--are intended to remind us of our own.

But it should be remembered, in fairness to Adela, that she enters the situation at a particular stage in its development. There are tensions between the rulers and the ruled in Chandrapore for which Adela is not responsible. If anything she unintentionally exposes what was lurking just beneath the surface,

something for which the bridge parties between the "two world of dust" were only a temporary protection (106).

We are prepared for the arrival of Adela and Mrs. Moore by the conversation at the beginning of the novel between Hamidullah, Mahmoud Ali and Dr. Aziz. They are discussing "whether or no it is possible to be friends with an Englishman" (40). This foreshadows the later attempts at friendship and their tragic results. All three men acknowledge the change that takes place among the English abroad in India, but Adela and Mrs. Moore will be exceptions to this, as new arrivals who inspire hope and reflect the promise of affection.

The discussion is ended, however, when Aziz is summoned to Major Callendar's bungalow, and we become "privy to all the anxieties through which an Indian passes when his political superiors call" (Devi, 21). Aziz is snubbed by Callendar, his wife and Mrs. Lesley, who are all exercising their own superiority over him. Forster's concept of the Indian point-of-view regarding British imperialism in India is represented by Aziz, who remarks that "[t]he roads, named after victorious generals and intersecting at right angles, were symbolic of the net Great Britain had thrown over India. He felt caught in their meshes" (16).

But even if the barrier of nationality could be removed, the barrier of colour would still remain, what Lady Manners calls "a fifth-rate passion", "the real animus" (Jewel, 497). For the sake of friendship, Aziz makes exceptions of Adela, Fielding and Mrs. Moore, believing that that is indeed what they are. He even

extends this, at least momentarily, to the subaltern on the maidan, who in turn makes Aziz an exception for the moment: "They reined up again, the fire of good fellowship in their eyes. But it cooled with their bodies, for athletics can only raise a temporary glow. Nationality was returning, but before it could exert its poison they parted, saluting each other. 'If only they were all like that,' each thought" (58). The tea party at Fielding's encourages Aziz, for Fielding "had no racial feeling--not because he was superior to his brother civilians, but because he had matured in a different atmosphere, where the herd-instinct does not flourish" (62). As for the women, "[t]hey had no race-consciousness--Mrs. Moore was too old, Miss Quested too new--and they behaved to Aziz as to any young man who had been kind to them in his country. This moved him deeply" (129). The afternoon is thought of as "unconventional", simply because people of two different races were meeting each other as civil human beings and enjoying it. Yet they are still a party of "outcasts". Although they may have exiled themselves temporarily from the pettiness and racial animosity that is seething under the surface in the world outside, this moment together will be pronounced an illusion.

The racial issue is the one over which Anglo-India will attempt to ensnare Adela--she may be "too new" for race-consciousness, yet this implies that given time, Adela will become one of the herd. Thus, Ronny's interruption of the tea party is appropriate and timely, from the herd's point-of-view. He thinks "it would be tiresome if [Adela] started crooked over the native question" (31-2). Ronald Merrick's response to Daphne's

believes the car was attacked by the ghost of a man he killed but "Adela in her excitement knelt and swept her skirts about, until it was she if anyone who appeared to have attacked the car" (90). The accident causes Adela to decide to marry Ronny, so now she has taken sides, will align herself with Anglo-India, and bring her quest to an end.

The reason for the jolt is left without an explanation, as though it is just one of those things that can happen in India, where these sorts of opportunities occur. Yet there is something quite unsatisfactory about the inclusion in this novel of Forster's belief in the power of the unseen.² Leavis's remark is quite valid, as he contends that the reason it is so unsettling is that it has too much of the air about it of Hamlet's comment on the limitations of Horatio's philosophy (274). Nevertheless the intervention of the unseen, the unexplained, is significant in the development of the plot, as one of the causes contributing to the events at Marabar. And there are enough suggestions throughout the novel to support the idea that Adela, despite her sexual hysteria in the cave, was indeed attacked, but by something that defies explication. To demand logical answers is a Western notion that Adela, Mrs. Moore and Fielding ascribe to, but, according to Forster, this concept has no place in the East, or perhaps even anywhere else in the world.

The second cause leading to Marabar is perhaps more plausible, especially since the scene in the cave is not related by the narrator. Instead we have to look to Adela, as the principal witness, for information, and the evidence suggests that

the event existed only in her imagination. Yet there is one more contributing factor that should first be considered--Marabar itself.

As seen in The Jewel in the Crown, there is the same necessity for a "meeting-place" for Indians and English; places like the Bibighar and Marabar acquire then a special significance. This was intimated in the first sentence of the novel: "Except for the Marabar Caves--and they are twenty miles off--the city of Chandrapore presents nothing extraordinary" (7). They are the first things that are mentioned, yet they are not immediately discussed, creating an air of mystery about them. The next description offered is of the "fists and fingers" of the Marabar Hills, the choice of words gruesomely conveying an image of severance. Later Fielding--foreshadowing their later association with Marabar--comes across Adela while she is looking at the hills, "which had crept near, as was their custom at sunset" (46). So until the expedition takes place, the tension mounts, and the name "Marabar" becomes as evocative as Scott makes the name, "Bibighar".

It would be inappropriate to read too much meaning into the caves, especially where Adela's experience in them is concerned. Forster has commented that "he knew that something important happened in the Marabar Cave, and that it could have a central place in the novel....The Marabar Caves represented an area in which concentration can take place. A cavity....They were something to focus everything up: they were to engender an event like an egg" (Cowley, Writers, 27). The description of the caves

and hills is very important: this is the "primal" India, which "has been depressed, and is slowly re-entering the curve of the earth" (123). The area is linked to India itself, representative of its antiquity, its mystery, its implacability, its persistence. As for the caves themselves, the narrator observes: "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" (124).

All of the caves are separate chambers, corresponding to the division in the world outside, and thus emphasizing its discord. But if someone inside a chamber strikes a match, this flame will be joined by another: "The two flames approach and strive to unite, but cannot, because one of them breathes air, the other stone" (125). The flames are described as "lovers" who are divided by a "mirror inlaid with lovely colours" (125), so that each flame sees a reflection of itself. They "touch one another, kiss, expire"--this striving for unity and completeness reflecting the compulsive harmony sought by black and white, symbolizing the attempts at intimacy between the group of "friends", between Britain and India, between man and man.

Perhaps Adela sees the mock dance of love of the flames inside Kawa Dol, thus explaining her frenzy as the result of her fear of love and intimacy. Inside the cave, Adela is thinking about her marriage and her future in Anglo-India and realizes that she and Ronny do not love each other. The footholds in the rock

which suggest, "What about love?", link this moment to the physical thrill in the Nawab's car: "Vexed rather than appalled, she stood still, her eyes on the sparkling rock. There was esteem and animal contact at dusk, but the emotion that links them was absent" (152). She then turns her thoughts to Aziz, who by this time has taken hold of her hand--a very important gesture between black and white--and thinks how handsome he is, regretting that she and Ronny are not attractive. Beauty "does make a difference in a relationship" (153), and just before entering the cave alone she is "thinking with half her mind sight-seeing bores me, and wondering with the other half about marriage" (153).

Then, Adela is temporarily lost, until Aziz realizes she has joined people in a car below on the "pukka" road. Not alarmed by this, he rejoins Mrs. Moore and finds Fielding there. Each toasts the other's country, a brief moment of friendship before the clash erupts. Ironically, Aziz tells him: "This picnic is nothing to do with English or Indian; it is an expedition of friends" (160).

We never learn what happened in the caves--in fact, the first we know of Adela's flight down the hill and her charge against Aziz comes from Turton and McBryde and not Adela. The attempted rape itself is not important but its consequences are. The echo serves as a sort of conscience for Adela, reminding us that though one's intentions (the original sound) may be good, their consequences (the echo) can only be harmful when there is such discord in the world. It is not until the trial that Adela escapes the echo, because the trial is the result of Adela's

position too must be considered..." (103).

All of this is evidence of Aziz's innocence, but it will not be at all relevant in an English courtroom once a white "English girl fresh from England" has pronounced him guilty of an offence against her (165). The raj of Chandrapore awakes to the call of duty, Empire, class, country and race--they return to "the unspeakable limit of cynicism, untouched since 1857" (187):

Although Miss Quested had not made herself popular with the English, she brought out all that was fine in their character. For a few hours an exalted emotion gushed forth, which the women felt even more keenly than the men, if not for so long....People drove into the club with studious calm--the jogtrot of country gentlefolk between green hedgerows, for the natives must not suspect that they were agitated. They exchanged the usual drinks, but everything tasted different, and then they looked out at the palisade of cactuses stabbing the purple throat of the sky; they realized that they were thousands of miles from any scenery that they understood....Each felt that all he loved best in the world was at stake, demanded revenge, and was filled with a not unpleasing glow, in which the chilly and half-known features of Miss Quested vanished, and were replaced by all that is sweetest and warmest in the private life. (179-83)

Losing sight of Adela as a human being now that she has become a cause, she and Aziz were henceforward "always referred to by a periphrasis" (182). Adela begins to admire the power of the *mensahib*, realizing it could not be so in England. She now has a nucleus to keep her strong and good, even though she loses the respect of her friend, Mrs. Moore. Mrs. Moore knows instinctively that Aziz is innocent, and remarks that Adela "has started the machinery; it will work to its end" (206).

The "machinery" of British justice has no compassion; where an Indian is concerned any evidence--no matter how ridiculous,

could be brought against him, especially that which was believed to have bearing on his morals, according to McBryde. The "fifth-rate passion" of racial prejudice has risen to the surface, and triumphs over reason, justice, and morality. "Theories" are produced as evidence, as McBryde announces at the trial that "the darker races are physically attracted by the fairer, but not vice versa--not a matter for bitterness this, not a matter for abuse, but just a fact which any scientific observer will confirm" (218-19). When Mahmoud Ali cries, "...this is English justice, here is your British Raj", he is expressing his frustration with the fact that English justice, once the machinery is in motion, only works for the British Raj.

But Adela denies her countrymen their victory. Her "quest" finally comes to an end when she sees the punkah wallah. This moment is extremely important--for the first time Adela is seeing the real India: an Indian. What is also extraordinary about this moment is that Adela is probably the only one in the courtroom who is aware of his presence, although all benefit from the work that he does. The English certainly would not notice him as he is an Indian, while the Indians would not because he is an untouchable. Although he is a very beautiful man, it is said that he is "notable", but not "noticed". He combines both the beauty and ugliness of India in himself, stands apart from the ceremonies and seems "a male fate, a winnow of souls" (217). While some critics have suggested that it is the spirit of Mrs. Moore who comes to Adela during the trial, I suggest that it is the punkah wallah who inspires Adela to say, "I withdraw everything" (230).

She had muddled herself, and while she does think of Mrs. Moore, it is the punkah wallah who brings her out of the "dust":

Something in his aloofness impressed the girl from middle-class England, and rebuked the narrowness of her sufferings. In virtue of what had she collected this roomful of people together? Her particular brand of opinions, and the suburban Jehovah who sanctified them--by what right did they claim so much importance in the world, and assume the title of civilization? (218)

Adela later describes her problems as "living at half pressure" (239). Now she "was no longer examining life, but being examined by it; she had become a real person" (244-5). Despite her recantation, she is still a middle-class girl from England, whose "undeveloped heart" had brought suffering to an innocent man. The plot has in fact come full circle--Adela ends at the same place where she began. While she had grated against Ronny's public-school attitudes, which were aggravated by Anglo-India, she and Ronny are both examples of the English character (according to Forster's definition): "Experience, not character, divided them; they were not dissimilar, as humans go; indeed, when compared with the people who stood nearest to them in point of space they became practically identical" (85). She and Ronny were for a time only mimicking, playing at different things. Adela is "awfully British" about telling the truth, but as Hamidullah recognizes, her "sacrifice--so creditable according to Western notions--was rightly rejected, because, though it came from her heart, it did not include her heart" (245).

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have been avoided, had the British kept their promise to work towards giving India commonwealth status, her reward for having "co-operated" with Britain's war effort during the First World War. With Britain's second war, India refused to co-operate again.

In Scott's novel, "[i]ncidents that begin in the realm of the personal reverberate outwards, gaining political resonance as the circle of their effect widens" (Zorn, 37). On the first page of the novel these personal and political incidents are linked, as though they cannot be separated if their meanings are to be retained. For as Robin White notes, "politics were people" (316), so that the intertwining of the two is essential to any understanding of the events they create. The "embrace" referred to at the beginning of the novel is not just an imperial one; it is a metaphor for human relationships, of which politics is only one manifestation.

Edwina was also attacked as a result of the riots of August 8, 1942. But her attack "was almost immediately lost sight of following the rape of the English girl in the Bibighar Gardens on the night of August the 9th,..." (58). To the British in Mayapore the affair "seemed...to be the key to the whole situation they presently found themselves in, the sharpest warning of the most obvious danger to all of them, especially to the women" (58-9). The victim of that attack has already been mentioned but as of yet she has no name. She is only important for what she symbolizes, and like Adela Quested, will always be referred to by a periphrasis.

By the end of part one, Edwina's story has been recounted, while Daphne's tragic incident remains a political event. The next image is of the garden at the MacGregor House, which has already been introduced as "the one place where English and Indians came together as equals, or at least without too much caution on the part of Indians or too much embarrassment on the part of the English" (32). It is immediately linked with the Bibighar Gardens--the implication being that these two areas are special places, sharing a common history: "It was on the stone steps leading to the verandah that the girl stumbled at the end of her headlong flight in the dark from the Bibighar Gardens; stumbled, fell, and crawled on her hands and knees the rest of the way to safety and into the history of a troubled period" (65). But the shared past of the MacGregor and the Bibighar goes back even farther than that moment.

There are ghosts at the MacGregor House, as well as the living, and the girl of the Bibighar affair is a "continuing presence" there. She had lived there among people who were "admirable because they overcame that little obstacle of the colour of the skin" (71). But the event is still a "mystery"; while discussing the MacGregor House the narrator gives only scattered fragments of evidence that will put the pieces of Bibighar together: "Of the other actors Reid has gone, and the girl, and young Kumar into oblivion, probably changing his name once more" (71). These people are "the chance victims of the hazards of a colonial ambition"--"lost" only temporarily, as they will come alive again in another pattern (71).

Obviously, the narrator is speaking long after the events of 1942 have occurred, and he already knows much about that time. In fact, one of the narrators is an historian who has returned to Mayapore in 1964 in order to discover the "truth" behind those incidents in August of 1942. He takes us along on his search and shows us whatever information he has collected, either in letters, transcripts, diaries or conversation. The people he interviews are allowed such prominence that they in turn become narrators, and it is through their perceptive and acute memories that a sense of immediacy about Bibighar is created.

The narration is extremely important, reflecting Scott's intention in the novel and his view of the raj. Bibighar is recreated for us, yet all sides are considered. The narrator circles around this event, with each cycle engendering a compilation of details, clues and evidence. We are left to make our own evaluations and judgments while the information is added. As the novel progresses, there is also a layering of complexity upon complexity, so that the term "situation" is indeed ironic. The intricacies and complexities of characters and scenes are explored to every advantage, far beyond Forster's novel. While the tone is also ironic, it is much milder than in A Passage to India, showing the greatest sensitivity and justice to all of the characters. The stage is turned over to the actors themselves, but the narrator is the one who throws the spotlight on them, and arranges the appropriate moments for them to deliver their soliloquies.

Lili Chatterjee is one of the living at the MacGregor House

and she too is a narrator, as a witness and a sort of participant. She also connects Edwina and Daphne; Lili's mind, during her conversation with the narrator, keeps returning to Edwina, Daphne and Parvati (Daphne's child, the consequence of that night). Edwina was not the heroine the raj wanted her to be, according to Lili, "the kind that breathed fire and got a few rioters swinging on the end of a rope" (78). Daphne, like Edwina, is different, an outsider to the raj (although she is the niece of a former Governor), yet through her own initiative she surpasses Edwina's expression through action, committing suttee as a widow of India.

We learn gradually, where Edwina, Daphne and Hari are concerned, of "the events that seemed first to flutter and then to shatter Mayapore but actually seem to have left it untouched massively in continuing brick-and-mortar possession of itself..." (88).³ Lili produces Daphne's letters and photograph, which shows her "hopeful smile" (85). But [t]he letters...are curiously dead, strangely inarticulate. Why pretend otherwise? They do not resurrect the writer. They are merely themselves..." (84). Yet they are necessary, for although Daphne is no longer alive, the letters allow her to speak again.

Daphne remarks that "British India is still living in the nineteenth century" (95). Perhaps she also has in mind, in this respect, the sort of chivalrous protection of Ronald Merrick, the District Superintendent of Police in Mayapore, who announces to her that it is "his duty to see [I] don't come to any harm" (96). Daphne's observations regarding Merrick in these letters are important--the intimations made and the scenes recalled will be

reworked throughout the cycles of the narrative. For example, Daphne complains that she never feels "quite natural" when she is with Merrick, talks of his proposal and how he physically repels her, and very briefly mentions her visit to the temple with Hari Kumar.

But we return to Lili, who will tell us when Bibighar began for her. To begin with, she reflects on the character of Daphne herself:

She had to make her own marvellous mistakes. I say marvellous. She didn't ever shrink from getting grubby. She flung herself into everything with zest. The more afraid she was of something the more determined she was not to shrink from experiencing it. She had us all by the ears finally. We were all afraid for her, even of her, but more of what she seemed to have unlocked, like Pandora who bashed off to the attic and prised the lid of the box open. (104-5)

Then there is Merrick, whom Lili mistrusts, and Hari, for whom she intimates Daphne's affection. Before Daphne's arrival that night, Merrick tells Lili that he had proposed, and suddenly Lili "realised for the first time how dangerous the whole situation was" (106). Lili suspects that on that night Hari and Daphne were at the place where Merrick and Hari had first met "so the whole situation had come full-circle and I felt that some kind of disaster was inevitable" (107):

I couldn't take it in at first. She was on her hands and knees. She'd fallen and hurt herself on the steps, but only fallen because she was already hurt and exhausted from running. She looked up and said, 'Oh, Auntie.' She was still in her khaki hospital uniform. It was torn and muddy and she had blood on her face. Even when she said, 'Oh, Auntie,' I couldn't take it in that it was Daphne. (109)

Lili also refers, significantly, in this section to an

interesting aspect of the narration: the narrator's own obsession with Bibighar. She remarks to her visitor: "Those are the steps, you know. Well of course you do. You keep on looking at them, and looking down the drive, almost expecting to see someone who has run all the way in darkness from the Bibighar" (105). Later, during the "evening at the club" section, all of the places significant in the Bibighar case are revisited, and the narrator can clearly imagine that evening, twenty-two years earlier. He reflects: "Bibighar. After a time even the most tragic name acquires a kind of beauty" (192). Despite his personal fascination with Bibighar he rarely intrudes with any comments and he certainly never casts doubt on those who are able to enlighten him. When he does interject his point-of-view, it is with a great deal of gentleness and compassion, as when he ponders Daphne's cry of "Oh, Auntie": "In such a fashion human beings call for explanations of the things that happen to them and in such a way scenes and characters are set for exploration, like toys set out by kneeling children intent on pursuing their grim but necessary games" (110).

So Daphne's fall on the steps of the MacGregor House becomes a timeless moment. But there are more, so we are taken next to the Sanctuary, another place where Bibighar began, for an interview with Sister Ludmila. She, like Lili Chatterjee, is another narrator. Sister Ludmila is also perceptive, and remarks, as Lili did, on the historian's interest in investigating Bibighar:

Your voice is that of a man to whom the word

Bibighar is not an end in itself or descriptive of a case that can be opened as at such and such an hour and closed on such and such a day. Permit me, too, a further observation? That given the material evidence there is also in you an understanding that a specific historical event has no definite beginning, no satisfactory end? It is as if time were telescoped? Is that the right word? As if time were telescoped and space dovetailed? As if Bibighar almost had not happened yet, and yet has happened, so that at once past, present and future are contained in your cupped palm. (119)

Sister Ludmila has, with that analysis, described the overall effect created by the narrative. Her insightfulness quickens our interest in her and her affection for Hari, like Lili's love for Daphne, inspires our trust. She, as Lili did before her, remembers Bibighar with such detail, perception and nuances that her story is both immediate and compelling.

The moment is recreated with an observation about the political climate of the time: "The British Raj could do anything....Anything that offended was an offence. A man could be imprisoned without trial....To hear of these things, to read of them, to consider them now, an element of disbelief enters. At the time this was not so. Never is it so" (20-1). This is the background for the story of Hari Kumar, and the next image is of him, when Ludmila discovered him lying on the waste ground:

The face unchanged even after the body had been turned once, twice. The eyes shut, the black hair curling over the forehead which even in that state of insensibility seemed to be furrowed by anger. Oh, such determination to reject! It was an expression you often see on the faces of young Indians in those days. But in Kumar the expression had unusual strength. (123)

For Ludmila, this moment was the night on which Bibighar

began. Taken to the Sanctuary, Hari is then discovered by Merrick, and Ludmila notes the superintendent's sexual attraction to Kumar. This becomes the first dangerous complication: as Merrick "was watching young Kumar at the pump in the way later I saw Kumar watched on other occasions. I did not fully appreciate. Even if I had fully appreciated what could I have done? Foreseen? Intervened? So ordained things that the affair in the Bibighar six months later would not have occurred?" (121).

Patterns are destined to re-emerge, so "[p]erhaps no one could have cheated destiny by so arranging things that Kumar and Merrick never met" (125). A triangle is formed between Merrick, Kumar and Merrick's subordinate, Singh. Here was another timeless moment, glistening with meaning, due to the "dangerous geometrical arrangement of personalities" (129), and held in time as each angle of that triangle locks into place.⁴ But the second fatal complication occurs, for when Merrick speaks to Hari in Urdu, Hari speaks, "[i]n perfect English. Better accented than Merrick's" (129). The tension now is not only sexual (not to mention forbidden sexuality), but is also class-oriented and racial--the most contentious element of all. Ludmila blames Merrick for Bibighar, for she could see that "he was not going to take the smooth way out. He had already chosen the twisted, tragic way" (130). Elucidating further, she adds: "Only I had seen the darkness in him, and the darkness in the white man, in Merrick. Two such darknesses in opposition can create a blinding light. Against such a light ordinary mortals must hide their eyes" (132).

After the night of Bibighar, places like the Sanctuary and

the MacGregor House become of new interest, signifying something as their names "pass into our language with new meanings" (134). Ludmila also comments on the house and the garden, "the place of the white and the place of the black" (136). They both have a special historical significance of conflicts between lovers, and especially between the Indians and the English. Ludmila imagines an invisible river of "human conflict" flowing between the two sites--a flow that has run continually throughout history. "To get from one to the other, she remarks, "you could not cross by a bridge but had to take your courage in your hands and enter the flood and let yourself be taken with it, lead where it may. This is a courage Miss Manners had" (136). The crossing is effected by the joining of the hands of Daphne and Hari at the Sanctuary, a gesture full of meaning and lasting importance.

But Ludmila is only an observer; she watched Bibighar happening and knew that it could not be stopped. During the rest of the interview she will discuss briefly all of the steps leading to that night and its consequences. In place of the three principal characters who are not there to speak for themselves, Ludmila will offer her own observations as to their thoughts and feelings, and these observations will turn out to be amazingly accurate.

We learn through Ludmila that Daphne becomes pregnant, although the circumstances are as yet unclear, and that Hari was imprisoned, arrested on the night of Bibighar. It occurred to Ludmila "that perhaps it weighed on [Daphne's] mind that unwittingly she had been at the very centre of all those troubles"

(145). Yet she would not abort the baby and instead looked "like a woman in a state of grace" (150). At first, after the rape, Daphne's private grief becomes a public cause. When it becomes clear that she will not let the group rally to her and instead denounces them, Daphne becomes an object of gossip, ridicule and disgust to British Mayapore. She does testify at a hearing at the MacGregor House that "was held because the whites were lusting for a trial. But what kind of trial could they have when it looked as if the victim herself would stand up in court and cast suspicion even on their own soldiers?" (150). Daphne fails the raj, but was this because, as Ludmila wonders, that she "believed that from such an assault she carried India in her belly?" (150).

Ludmila speaks for Kumar, whom she had befriended and observed on several occasions. She realizes how alien India would seem to him, a young man raised in England who becomes "invisible" to the English in his new country. Hari becomes bitter and expresses his hatred for his new rulers:

And yet I know for him there must have been a terrible longing to go into them, to become again part of them, because of their Englishness, because England was the only world he knew, and he hated the black town on the side of the river as much as any white man fresh out from England would hate it. Hated it more, because for him the black town was the place where he had to live, not the place he occasionally had to pass through with his handkerchief held to his nose on the way back across the bridge to the civil lines and the world of the club where white people gathered. (146-47)

The section that Ludmila has narrated is a sort of climax so far, as she has revealed a lot about Bibighar. From this point, the novel moves off, temporarily, in another direction. We

become conscious again of Bibighar as a moment in history, long before the "evening at the club" in Mayapore in 1964, an evening of reminiscences and political discussions. This chapter may seem to detain any forthcoming revelations about Bibighar, but this is just part of the exploring and probing of all sides. For example, the Indian lawyer, Srinivasan, offers his view of the "situation", not the personal but the political:

But clearest of all now that there is no official policy of foreign government or mystique of foreign leadership that calls for pretence in public and private life, is the fact that behind all that pretence there was a fear and dislike between us that was rooted in the question of the colour of the skin. Even when we most loved, there was the fear, and when there was only the fear and no love there was the dislike. In this odd love-hate affair we always came off worst because you see--the world being what it is--we recognised and still recognise only too clearly that you were, that you are, far ahead of us in the practical uses of practical knowledge and we still equate fair skin with superior intelligence. Even equate it with beauty. The sun is too strong here. It darkens us and saps us. (187)

Srinivasan's speech, which extends culpability for the nature of British-Indian relations to the Indians themselves, also prepares us for Hari's story and its beginning, taking us to that night that he was discovered by Sister Ludmila. Hari's father had a curious sort of love and admiration for the English that also included some cynicism, for he knew that a black man could only succeed in a white man's world if he had English ways. For his son, Englishness was a "gift", but the only gift Duleep Kumar could not give to his son, a gift that was part of being English was a white skin. Yet all of the other props of civilization were there--knowledge, manner, class, affluence, and an accent.

But when Duleep loses his money and commits suicide, Hari's "nightmare" begins.⁵ Even before leaving for India Hari is treated differently by the English. Mr. Lindsey, the father of his friend Colin, cannot bring himself to make his usual gesture of affection for Hari (laying his arm on his shoulders) when he sees Hari as "black", really for the first time. So once in India this attitude is magnified, and Hari becomes, as Laxminarayan says, "the lickspittle of the raj" (246). As for Hari's unjust imprisonment for the rape of Daphne, Laxminarayan quips: "If the British couldn't see for themselves that he was innocent, who was I to intervene? He was more British than they were" (246).

For Hari, Bibighar began as a result of his friendship with Colin Lindsey: "It was an attraction of like for like that had long ago outgrown whatever initial morbid or childish curiosity there had been in the colours of the skin and the magic of the genes" (251). Hari tries to preserve his Englishness in India, partly through writing letters to Colin.⁶ Gradually the letters reveal a deeper sensitivity to his subjection, feelings which Hari tries to articulate. He finds that what the British "dislike is a black reflection of their own white radicalism which centuries ago led to the Magna Carta" (256). He sees the "fifth-rate passion" that is lurking under the surface but has not been acknowledged openly, although perhaps, according to Hari, it should be: "If there's no country, what else is left but the anthropological distinction of colour? That would be a terrible conflict because the scores that there are to settle at this level are desperate. I'm not sure, though, that the conflict isn't one that the human

race deserves to undergo" (256-57). Colin comes to India, but Hari knows that he will not come to his India. Colin, once there,

...would learn to need the refuge and then to accept it as one he had a duty to maintain, to protect against attack, to see in the end as the real India--the club, the mess, the bungalow, the English flowers in the garden, the clean, uniformed servants, the facilities for recreation, priority of service in shops and post-offices and banks, and trains; all the things that stem from the need to protect your sanity and end up bolstering your ego and feeding your prejudices. (258)

So when Hari sees Colin on the maidan, Colin does not see Hari, as he has become black, and therefore, invisible. This is the beginning of Bibighar for him, because on this night Hari gets drunk after Colin's betrayal and the realization of his own darkness, and is found on the waste ground by Sister Ludmila and Mr. de Souza. And then he is found by Merrick.⁷

From this point the novel moves on to include two more perspectives, the "civil and the military". One after the other, these points-of-view reflect the tension between these two authorities and the different kind of men that would be attracted to such positions. The commentaries of both Brigadier Reid and Robin White are presented as valid, integral to an understanding of the events because each man represents a nucleus of opinions and beliefs with its own history. And what these two sides also show, in relation to Bibighar, is the history of their clashes.

Reid's story is told through his memoirs, which reveal his beliefs in rules, laws, authority, force and "duty". These beliefs also extend into his personal life; he does not

distinguish between the public and the private, for as he writes: "One cannot adopt a way of life without accepting every one of its responsibilities" (275). To him, Indian life is not "civilised"; it is the English way of life that has the "calm, wise and enduring things" (269). He quotes Kipling and, quite appropriately, finds him relevant. Reid became an actor in the Bibighar affair because of the riots. His view is reminiscent of Dyer's "moral effect": take some lives in order to save more.⁸ The riots of 1942 were Reid's call to action, particularly since the safety of women was at stake. Like Dyer at Amritsar, Reid believes that the British use of force must be hasty and exemplary, a show of power that will prove that any threats to British rule will not be tolerated.

An exchange (through transcripts) between the narrator and Robin White follows. We learn of Daphne's journal, which White says "makes it clear exactly what happened" (312), and we anticipate its presentation. When White responds to the Bibighar it is more personal and sensitive, especially to the Indians and the victims: Hari, Daphne and the other imprisoned men. He is unlike Reid, who "was sensitive, broadly, only to major issues and grand emotions" (315). White analyzes the significance of Bibighar for them both:

The drama Reid and I played out was that of the conflict between Englishmen who liked and admired Indians and believed them capable of self-government, and Englishmen who disliked or feared and despised them, or, just as bad, were indifferent to them as individuals, thought them extraneous to the business of living and working over there, except in their capacity as servants or soldiers or as dots on the landscape. (315)

White's comments are followed by Vidyasagar's deposition, which reveals the treatments of the prisoners following the arrest and Merrick's intention to frame Kumar for the rape. But White's observations, suppositions and hints also prepare us for the following section, which belongs to Daphne. For example, White informs us of her request to Kumar to "say nothing" about Bibighar. So the spotlight is focussed appropriately on Daphne, as she is the only person who can unlock that night for everyone, by ensuring against "permanent silence" (349).⁹

Scenes that have only been briefly mentioned or described are reworked in the context of Daphne and Hari's relationship and the love that was growing between them. The association was "taboo", as Daphne realized, to both the English and Indians. Thinking back about the tragic night that separated her from Hari Daphne sees, fatalistically, patterns emerging and arranging themselves and knows that they must be significant, such as the triangular relationship between her, Hari and Merrick. Bibighar, for Daphne, began with the moments when she first realized that the end was coming soon for the British--she compares the club to the Titanic--and that her own end was imminent. Then there was also the moment when Ronald Merrick first noticed her because she was with Kumar, whom Merrick had already been associated with: "The two things were connected--the second meeting with Hari and my looking round the club and listening and saying to myself 'I haven't this time to waste.' And of course that other man was at the club too. Ronald Merrick I mean. Perhaps this wasn't coincidence either" (360).¹⁰

Daphne continues to ignore the barriers and rules of British Mayapore, even to the point of extending her hand out to Hari for him to hold, a gesture which was meant only to be "natural, warm and companionable" (382). They visit the places where they can be together, like the Sanctuary and the Bibighar. Daphne is strangely perceptive about the Bibighar, which she felt "was a place in which you sensed something having gone badly wrong at one time that hadn't yet been put right but could be if only you knew how" (387). This observation highlights something in Daphne's character, something which is perhaps the greatest difference between Daphne and Adela Quested:

I was breaking every rule there was. ...but people do like to be able to define other people's instability and non-alignment, and if they can't their own fear of what you might come to represent forces them to make another bid for your allegiance.

To be rejected--which I suppose is one of the easiest ways of making your mark, you have to come right out with something they see as directly and forcefully opposed to what they think they believe in. To be accepted you have to be seen and heard to appear to stand for what they think they believe in. To be neither one thing nor the other is probably unforgivable. (386)

Her relationship with Hari makes Daphne aware of things that perhaps she had really never considered before, especially white superiority--the most basic point to which human relationships can be reduced is colour. Since they are in British India, her love affair with Hari was fatally intertwined with and complicated by the "violation" of India by Britain, the country Daphne accuses of having created "a nation of eunuchs" in India (402).¹¹ She is forced into seeing her relationship with Hari in terms of the political, historical and moral struggle

between Britain and India:

It's become a vulgar scramble for power on their part and an equally vulgar smug hanging on on ours. And the greater their scramble the greater our smugness. You can't hide that any longer because the moral issue, if it ever really existed at all, is dead. It's our fault it's dead because it was our responsibility to widen it, but we narrowed it down and narrowed it down by never suiting actions to words. We never suited them because out here, where they needed to be suited, that old primitive savage instinct to attack and destroy what we didn't understand because it looked different and was different always got the upper hand. And God knows how many centuries you have to go back to trace to its source their apparent fear of skins paler than their own. God help us if they ever lose that fear. Perhaps fear is the wrong word. In India anyway. It is such a primitive emotion and India is so old....Perhaps we haven't got a word for what they feel. Perhaps it's hidden in that stone carving of Vishnu sleeping, looking as if he might wake at any minute and take them into oblivion in a crack of happy thunder. (401)

Finally, Daphne reaches the night of Bibighar and reveals that she and Hari had been making love there. At first there had been tension between them when she found him, but Hari suddenly catches hold of Daphne's wrist, "[a]nd then it was us" (406). The next short paragraph conveys Daphne's feelings of contentment and happiness now that their relationship has been consummated. It is as brief as the moment itself, for suddenly there is a change in the tone, rhythm and diction of the narrative, as Daphne describes the attack. She speaks in spurts, showing glimpses of the scene as she saw it, creating the sense of that moment's haste, fear and confusion. The thoughts are fragmented, and details are brief and sparing, ending with Daphne's reference to "that awful animal thrusting, the motion of love without one saving split-second of affection" (407).

would always be right so long as the robot worked because the robot was the standard of rightness. There was no originating passion in them. Whatever they felt that was original would die the moment it came into conflict with what the robot was geared to feel" (432). Hari is not imprisoned for the rape (because of Daphne's intervention) but is instead charged with "political" crimes under the nebulous Defense of India rules. Daphne recognizes that with this the cycle was complete, "its ending, for me, was unreal and remote, and yet total in its envelopment, as if it had already turned itself into a beginning" (439).¹²

The appendix to part seven is also relevant to this, providing one more analysis of the situation in the form of letters between Lili and Lady Manners. They are coming together again as they had in the past, for the sake of the child.¹³ Lady Manners is the one who pronounces Hari a "loose end"; she sees the foolishness of the British experience in India and is embittered by it. And now India is England's "abandoned lover", a separation caused by the "last division of all", which is not death but "the colour of the skin" (448).

. . .

The historian returns home, but the last image of the novel is of the MacGregor House, where Daphne's ghost stumbles up the steps and where Parvati sings, and "where there is always the promise of a story continuing instead of finishing" (450).¹⁴

The only hope, or else despair

Lies in the choice of pyre or pyre--
To be redeemed from fire by fire.

Who then devised the torment? Love.
Love is the unfamiliar Name
Behind the hands that wove
The intolerable shirt of flame
Which human power cannot remove.
We only live, only suspire
Consumed by either fire or fire.

(T. S. Eliot, "Little Gidding")

Lo, soul seest thou not God's purpose from the
first?
The earth to be spann'd, connected by network,
The races, neighbors, to marry and be given in
marriage,
The oceans to be cross'd, the distant brought
near,
The lands to be welded together.

(Walt Whitman, "Passage to India")

Such constant hope we suffer from!

(Daphne Manners, in The Jewel in the Crown)

Chapter 2

"The Rise, Decline and Fall of Fieldingism" --

Scott's Answer to Marabar

While the main plot of A Passage to India--the visit of Adela Quested and her subsequent assault in a Marabar cave-- focusses on racial tensions and the clash of two cultures, the sub-plot illustrates the dominant conflict between two ways of living, thinking and feeling--the clash between "Turtonism" and "Fieldingism", or "[w]hite Anglo-Saxon autocratic paternalism versus white Anglo-Saxon liberal humanism" (Scott, "India", 124). As seen in chapter 1, it is through Adela's quest to see the real India that awareness grows among the English of Chandrapore as to sides being taken over the "native question". Her final choosing of the "nucleus" that would provide her with the most strength and support culminates in her ridiculous accusation of Aziz, which in turn unveils with a vengeance the petty racial hostilities between the British and Indians. And it is also over Adela's charge that the "real animus" between the liberals and the reactionaries of Anglo-India comes forth, for it, too, had been suppressed, that is

until Adela and the echo expose everything and declare nothing invulnerable. With the occurrence at Marabar, Fieldingism and Turtonism collide. Philosophies become ideologies, calls to action, "fighting creed[s]" (Polanyi, 38).

But Fieldingism is seen as having very little with which to fight. Its three exponents--Fielding, Mrs. Moore and Adela--all reach what is referred to as "the end of [their] spiritual tether" (Passage, 263). Fielding and Adela--despite her choice her inclusion here is essential, as she will later be equated with Fielding--realize their own weaknesses and limitations and acknowledge a fundamental inability to love. Mrs. Moore is left alone with her vision of the abyss.¹ These three characters would have been the moral force of any one of Forster's other novels, the ones who realize the need for "the building of the rainbow bridge that should connect the prose in us with the passion. Without it we are meaningless fragments, half monks, half beasts, unconnected arches that have never joined into a man" (Forster, Howards End, 186).² But, as Crews affirms, "[a]s Forster's art grows more realistic, his humanism is more clearly seen as an isolated phenomenon, a candle in the dark, until finally in A Passage to India we find ourselves peering uncertainly into the dark itself" (123).

So the "rise, decline and fall" of Fieldingism is the principal concern of the novel (Scott, "How Well", 15). The

dilemma of Fieldingism is illustrated through the characters of Cyril Fielding and Mrs. Moore. Paul Scott feels that Mrs. Moore's disturbing experience in the cave speaks to our generation and not the world as it appeared to be at the time of the novel's publication ("India", 127). But Fielding, whom Crews calls the "ideal liberal" (64), has a very different experience, one which spoke directly to the climate of the time. In a reevaluation of A Passage to India Scott asserts that Forster, in 1925, knew

...that there were still far more Turtons and Burtons than Fieldings in British-India. There nothing had changed. At home, a world war, a revolution in Russia and episodes such as that in the Jallianwallah Bagh had all contributed to the swing from Turtonism to Fieldingism. If Forster had managed to finish his Indian novel in, say, the autumn of 1913, and publish it in the spring of 1914, it would not have been admired to anything like the extent that it was. But in 1924 it was the right book about the right subject at the right time. It gave vivid dramatic evidence to justify the direction of a swing that had already begun. It helped the swing to gather momentum.³

Yet while the fall of Fieldingism, or the "failure of liberal humanism" (Scott, "How Well", 15), is portrayed in this novel, it remains, as Leavis has said, "a classic of the liberal spirit". This is partly due to the revolting face of Turtonism that Forster depicts. The dilemma may remain unresolved at the end of the novel, leaving its liberals in a state of spiritual and intellectual confusion, yet the alternative to Fieldingism is seen to be a powerful, but insipid ideology, that in itself produces nothing of value, and hence nothing to admire. While Turtonism may flare up at moments in history and dominate the political scene and the lives of human beings, it is, in the long

run, ephemeral.⁴

While Turtonism is represented in this novel, it is never explored, so the portrait of it is largely one-dimensional.⁵ Forster would sympathize with Purvis's view, when he reduces Turtons to a group of "[r]eactionary, unco-operative bloody well expendable buggers from the upper and middle-classes who can't and won't pull their weight at home but prefer to throw it about in countries like this which they've always made sure would remain fit places for them to live in" (Division, 31). The raj of Chandrapore consists only of Turtons--certainly Fielding cannot be included, because he is not "pukka".⁶ Their views are recounted and while various characters are shown to differ as to how the "situation" should be treated, they all, in their hearts, want the same thing: revenge, a return to the animating passions of 1857.

McBryde is the inane side of Turtonism, as he attributes everything that happens to Adela to the validity of his "theories" on the Indian character. He has the condescension of men like Ronald Merrick to Indians and white liberals whom, he feels, do not know any better.⁷ He claims to know the "psychology" of the Indian, a knowledge he acquired from his years as the District Superintendent of Police. McBryde bases his theories on nothing but his ignorance and prejudice, exhibiting a callous disregard for Indians as human beings. While he acknowledges the fact that the Indian character is quite different from the English character, he ascribes this difference to the evil inherent in a race of men with black skins, living in an environment that assists moral degeneration and spiritual debilitation. McBryde

can even differentiate between "English crime" and Indian crime.

As he tells Fielding after Aziz's arrest:

Read any of the Mutiny records, which, rather than the Bhagavad Gita, should be your Bible in this country. Though I'm not sure that the one and the other are not closely connected. Am I not being beastly? But, you see, Fielding, as I've said to you once before, you're a schoolmaster, and consequently you come across these people at their best. That's what puts you wrong. They can be charming as boys. But I know them as they really are, after they have developed into men. (169)

Thus McBryde thinks that it is a shame that when Adela makes such an accusation against a black man, that a trial even has to take place. Of course Aziz is guilty! To him the nonsense of a trial is just the consequence of "the fruits of democracy": "In the old days an Englishwoman would not have had to appear, nor would any Indian have dared to discuss her private affairs. She would have made her deposition, and judgment would have followed" (195-96).

Like McBryde, Major Callendar "always believed the worst of natives" (107). He is the violent side of Turtonism, for he wants to march murderously through the bazaars. The only choice he feels the British have is to take action, make a show of force that is both prompt and effective in putting the native back into the inferior position to which he belongs. Usually "[t]he Major's outbursts were always discounted, but he made everyone uneasy on this occasion. The crime was even worse than they had supposed--the unspeakable limit of cynicism, untouched since 1857" (187). Callendar represents Turtonism in the extreme, and he espouses the views that some members of the club are wary of,

afraid to acknowledge that they feel them too. The British of Chandrapore believe that they are being "soft" when they are not avenging Adela and poor Ronny (who is "bearing the sahib's cross") and are instead merely "attending the course of the law" (185). Even Turton understands their exasperation; he shares the desire for vengeance but these feelings in him are tempered by his own sense of justice and pressures from his political superiors about the treatment of natives. Yet Turtonism at its basic point is the same in everyone, as Fielding discovers:

...the Collector looked at him sternly, because he was keeping his head. He had not gone mad at the phrase 'an English girl fresh from', he had not rallied to the banner of race. He was still after facts, though the herd had decided on emotion. Nothing enrages Anglo-India more than the lantern of reason if it is exhibited for one moment after its extinction is decreed. All over Chandrapore that day the Europeans were putting aside their normal personalities and sinking themselves in their community. Pity, wrath, heroism, filled them, but the power of putting two and two together was annihilated. (165)

Fielding, although he is an outsider to the raj, is expected to join forces with them because he is an Englishman. McBryde tells him that "at a time like this there's no room for...personal views. The man who doesn't toe the line is lost....He not only loses himself, he weakens his friends. If you leave the line, you leave a gap in the line" (171). Turtonism needs allies in order to flourish.⁸ But Fielding has already left a gap in the line; he has rallied to the cause of his friend, Aziz, a cause which in his mind supersedes nationality, race and politics.⁹ To make matters worse--in the eyes of British India--Fielding effectively chooses sides by insulting their new

"martyr", Ronny Heaslop, who filled them with more feelings of "pity, wrath and heroism" than Adela herself.

This moment in the club is significant, for it is at this point that Fieldingism and Turtonism truly collide. Polarities were established early on in the novel at the Bridge Party, with Fielding on one side of the lawn and Turton on the other, smugly surveying the uselessness of the venture. The Collector "believed that a 'Bridge Party' did good rather than harm, or he would not have given one, but he was under no illusions, and at the proper moment he retired to the English side of the lawn" (44). Turton realizes that the endeavour was an empty gesture of diplomacy, forced upon him by his superiors, men like Sir Gilbert, the Lieutenant-Governor. He, "though not an enlightened man, held enlightened opinions. Exempted by a long career in the Secretariate from personal contact with the peoples of India, he was able to speak of them urbanely, and to deplore racial prejudice" (258). Turton is not like high officials, who want Indians treated well. If he must succumb to the wishes of those men who pride themselves on their progressive attitudes, he will do so within his own limits, such as being selective when it comes to invitations to his bridge parties. Even the missionaries Graysford and Sorley would appaude this stance: "We must exclude someone from our gathering, or we shall be left with nothing" (38).

Turton, as an official, is accorded the respect and deference of his inferiors, for "[a] community that bows the knee to a Viceroy and believes that the divinity that hedges a king can

its power as an illusion. But Turton will never realize this. He only thinks of his own burden of responsibility, of his own dilemma as an administrator and a sahib, who cannot simply satisfy his private passions:

He wanted to avenge Miss Quested and punish Fielding, while remaining scrupulously fair. He wanted to flog every native that he saw, but to do nothing that would lead to a riot or to the necessity for military intervention. The dread of having to call in the troops was vivid to him; soldiers put one thing straight, but leave a dozen others crooked, and they love to humiliate the civilian administration....The Collector sighed. There seemed nothing for it but the old weary business of compromise and moderation. He longed for the good old days when an Englishman could satisfy his own honour and no questions asked afterwards....the Government of India itself also watches--and behind it is that caucus of cranks and cravens, the British Parliament. He had constantly to remind himself that in the eyes of the law, Aziz was not yet guilty, and the effort fatigued him. (183)

The growth of Fieldingism can bring about the fall of Turtonism. But in India, this was an even more gradual and incremental process than in Britain. Nevertheless, the "swing" was evident, as Scott suggested, in 1924. Although he appears to be Turton's protege, Ronny Heaslop is an interesting figure in this respect. Scott says that Ronny "conveys to me an idea of some uncertainty in the presence of old-fashioned Turtonism" ("India", 125). This observation is quite valid, despite Turton's declaration that Ronny is "the type we want, he's one of us,..." (25). Ronny is impressed by the "Burra Sahib" Turton, who "knows" the country. For when Ronny first came out he made "mistakes", such as inviting his native subordinates to join him for a cigarette. Like Adela, Heaslop's "Anglo-Indian difficulty"

is put right, so that by the time Adela joins him in India, he now prefers to be "amongst his own sort" (29). Yet Ronny is clearly only mimicking his superiors. When he voices his support for his "caste", the feeling is conveyed that he only does so in order to assure, or reassure, himself. He appreciates evidence "that the British were necessary to India" (96), because he needs to believe this. The props to ensure Ronny's stability are there and he can lean on them at will, yet it appears that he will need to utilize them much more than the others. As a product of the public-school system, Ronny has an "undeveloped heart--not a cold one". Anglo-India may have "caught him in their meshes", but their grasp on him is not as strong as it might have or could have been.

But the real portrait of the rise, decline and fall of Fieldingism is in the character of Fielding himself. He is very close to Forster (Leavis, 272), and perhaps this is why his fall is felt as such a personal defeat. At the beginning of the novel Fielding appears to be rather content in India, although occasionally irritated by the vulgarity and ignorance of his fellow "exiles". Since he is happy in India, he does not bother himself with politics, which elude him anyway. He does not know why England "holds" India: "It's a question I can't get my mind on to,....I'm out here personally because I needed a job. I cannot tell you why England is here or whether she ought to be here. It's beyond me" (112). As an outsider, since he "had been caught by India late" (61), he has none of the prejudice and pettiness of the raj of Chandrapore. Instead, Fielding chooses to go his own way, as evident at the Bridge Party:

After Mr. Turton, the official who did his duty best was Mr. Fielding, the Principal of the little Government College. He knew little of the district and less against the inhabitants, so he was in a less cynical state of mind. Athletic and cheerful, he romped about, making numerous mistakes which the parents of his pupils tried to cover up, for he was popular among them. When the moment for refreshments came, he did not move back to the English side, but burnt his mouth with gram. (45)

Fielding is "an optimist where personal relations were concerned" (67). He is also a man of faith--in himself, in others, in the power of education to perfect mankind. He describes himself as "a holy man minus the holiness", a phrase Forster will echo when he says that he is a man of "faith" and not "Faith" ("What I Believe", 75). Fielding says, "I believe in teaching people to be individuals, and to understand other individuals. It's the only thing I do believe in" (Passage, 121). This belief in individualism is so fierce that not only will Fielding not interfere in people's lives, he will not even involve himself with them without their consent and approval:

And he had to confess...that he was content to help people, and like them as long as they didn't object, and if they objected pass on serenely. Experience can do much, and all that he had learnt in England and Europe was an assistance to him, and helped him towards clarity, but clarity prevented him from experiencing something else. (118)

Observations like this increase throughout the novel, corresponding to the growing friendship between Aziz and Fielding. It is through this relationship that Fielding becomes aware of his personal limitations. Friendship required so much more than Fielding had to give, and friendship between a black man and a white man in India "was put to the test too often to survive"

(Jewel, 399).¹⁰ Despite this, Aziz and Fielding do, for a time, surmount the barriers separating them by merely ignoring them--"they were friends, brothers....they trusted one another, affection had triumphed for once in a way" (122).

But Marabar exposes the inadequacies of this mutual affection. It is there that Fielding and Aziz first quarrel, foreshadowing the later dissension between them. When they return and Aziz is arrested, he and Fielding face the "chaos", "arm in arm", but "Fielding was called off by the authoritative tones of Mr. Turton, and Aziz went on to prison alone" (162). Fielding instinctively trusts and believes in Aziz, but how effective could this be in the face of Turton and his herd? To Fielding the arrest was just "madness", something beyond his comprehension, and therefore beyond his ability to put right. When he tries to persuade Turton and McBryde that Aziz is innocent but fails in this, Fielding realizes, through their arguments, "that if he had been either ten years younger or ten years longer in India, he would have responded to McBryde's appeal" (172).

This is Fielding's first significant acknowledgement of defeat. Regardless of his wish to "travel light", he has to get involved on behalf of his friend. Although "[h]e regretted taking sides. To slide through India unlabelled was his aim" (175). Such problems were "tiresome", not for a man who simply wanted to live without bothering anyone or being bothered by them. Yet he regrets this position and begins to recognize how precarious it has always been:

It was the last moment of the light, and as he

gazed at the Marabar Hills they seemed to move graciously towards him like a queen, and their charm became the sky's. At the moment they vanished they were everywhere, the cool benediction of the night descended, the stars sparkled, and the whole universe was a hill. Lovely, exquisite moment--but passing the Englishman with averted face and on swift wings. He experienced nothing himself; it was as if someone had told him there was such a moment and he was obliged to believe. And he felt dubious and discontented suddenly, and wondered whether he was really and truly successful as a human being. After forty years' experience, he had learnt to manage his life and make the best of it on advanced European lines, had developed his personality, explored his limitations, controlled his passions--and he had done it all without becoming either pedantic or worldly. A creditable achievement, but as the moment passed, he felt he ought to have been working at something else the whole time,--he didn't know at what, never would know, never could know, and that was why he felt sad. (191)

This is a key scene that is particularly moving. The fall of Turtonism, according to Forster's view of it, will never be as personal as the fall of Fieldingism, or as tragic. Fielding is left in a sort of no man's land, knowing that while he believes in and cares for Aziz he can do nothing for him, not even convince others of their mistake. In fact, his philosophy deems that he cannot impinge his values on others, but must wait until they accept them as sensible and decent. His convictions are shaken in a way that those of Turtonism are not: "They still believed [Aziz] was guilty, they believed to the end of their careers, and retired Anglo-Indians in Tunbridge Wells or Cheltenham still murmur to each other: 'That Marabar case which broke down because the poor girl wouldn't face giving her evidence--that was another bad case'" (261). Even his affection for Aziz is damaged, as if they suddenly realized the colour of each other's skins and the

fact that this barrier was permanent, for into their arguments "race intruded" (260). The world to Fielding has become a muddle and a mystery. So finally

he is defeated when he takes the view of the "hollow man":

...fatigued by the merciless and enormous day, he lost his usual sane view of human intercourse, and felt that we exist not in ourselves, but in terms of each others' minds--a notion for which logic offers no support and which had attacked him only once before, the evening after the catastrophe, when from the verandah of the club he saw the fists and fingers of the Marabar swell until they included the whole night sky. (250)

Fielding's failure evokes sadness, but Mrs. Moore's helplessness and despair constitute an even darker defeat. A Passage to India "suggests that we are doomed by our nature to ignorance of God and isolation from one another--that not prayer nor politics nor social intercourse will save us from this fate" (Crews, 19). This is precisely what Mrs. Moore's experience in the caves determines for her; she acquires a knowledge that none of the other characters will ever comprehend.

By the time she arrives in India, Mrs. Moore is already aware of her growing disappointment and disinterest in life. Nearing death, she would like some assurance that a person's life is not lived in vain and that God has a purpose--to see that we extend "more good will and more good will and more good will" to one another (52). She espouses a belief in the Christian tenet of "love thy neighbour", but her instinctive knowledge of how to behave in the mosque and her feeling that God is there, reveal that her "God" is not confined to the Christian anthropomorphic view of Godhead. She tells Ronny, "God has put us on earth to

love our neighbours and to show it, and He is omnipresent, even in India, to see how we are succeeding" (51).

But when she looks for evidence of God in a place such as Anglo-India, where prejudice, hypocrisy, and cruelty are codified, she finds herself moving closer and closer to the abyss. God "had been constantly in her thoughts since she entered India, though oddly enough he satisfied her less" (52). In fact, when she does have her experience in the cave it appears only to confirm in her mind suspicions and worries that she has already had. To Aziz, Mrs. Moore possessed "the secret understanding of the heart" (20), yet even this ability becomes meaningless as her negative vision overtakes her: "She 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" (135). Mrs. Moore makes a distinction between visions and nightmares, assuming at first that the former will always be positive and promising, until she discovers that they are, in fact, equal. Her fright in the cave provides evidence that Forster, "[f]rom insisting thinly that we ought to love one another, ...passes to admitting that whether we do or not, the gods will not take note of it" (Crews, 70). Mrs. Moore, after Marabar, moves from the belief in love and universal brotherhood to the view that "poor little talkative Christianity...only amounted to 'bourn' (150), the echo of a Marabar cave:

The more she thought over it, the more disagreeable and frightening it became. She minded it much more now than at the time. The crush and the smells she

could forget, but the echo began in some indescribable way to undermine her hold on life. Coming at a moment when she chanced to be fatigued, it had managed to murmur, '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.' If one had spoken with the tongues of angels and pleaded for all the unhappiness and misunderstanding in the world, past, present, and to come, for all the misery men must undergo whatever their opinion and position, and however much they dodge or bluff--it would amount to the same, the serpent would descend and return to the ceiling. Devils are of the North, and poems can be written about them, but no one could romanticize the Marabar because it robbed infinity and eternity of their vastness, the only quality that accommodates them to mankind. (149-50)

Crews asserts that Mrs. Moore, after Marabar, "has had, in effect, an antivision, a realization that to see through the world of superficial appearances is to be left with nothing at all" (156). Aziz sees the change in his friend and remarks that "since her faintness in the cave she was sunk in apathy and cynicism. The wonderful India of her opening weeks, with its cool nights and acceptable hints of infinity, had vanished" (158). She rejects everything as amounting to nothing, knowing that whatever her intentions or actions, the consequences would always be the same, ending with the echo. She did have a deck of "patience" cards, but discovers that she cannot keep turning these cards up, and even if she did, to what purpose? All is beyond her comprehension and the void left by this lack of knowledge of man and the universe is filled with despair. Where Marabar leaves Mrs. Moore is where Forster leaves us:

She had come to that state where the horror of the universe and its smallness are both visible at the

same time--the twilight of the double vision in which so many old people are involved. If this world is not to our taste, well, at all events there is Heaven, Hell, Annihilation--one or other of those larger things, that huge scenic background of stars, fires, blue or black air. All heroic endeavour, and all that is known as art, assumes that the world is all. But in the twilight of the double vision, a spiritual muddledom is set up for which no high-sounding words can be found; we can neither act nor refrain from action we can neither ignore nor regret Infinity. (207-8)

The only character who, despite the chaos around him (to which he seems fairly oblivious), maintains his universal outlook and sees human being as constantly wrapped in each other's embrace, is Godbole. He tells Fielding that "nothing can be performed in isolation. All perform a good action, when one is performed, and when an evil action is performed, all perform it" (177). Everyone must accept responsibility for good and evil but "[s]uffering is merely a matter for the individual" (178). Godbole is also able to grasp two directly opposed concepts, such as good and evil, and bring them together as one, something which is beyond all of the others. For rather than yoking together these concepts, they allow the negative one to dominate and extinguish the other. Godbole's outlook is beyond the comprehension of the Western mind. So the English liberals who attempt to extend the boundaries of their knowledge are left with muddle, unable to find any meaning in human endeavours, frustrated by this thought, cynical about the future and left in "a kind of grim stasis" (Crews, 166-67). Disillusionment and despair triumph:

...the human spirit had tried by a desperate contortion to ravish the unknown, flinging down

science and history in the struggle, yes, beauty herself. Did it succeed? Books written afterwards say 'Yes!' But how, if there is such an event, can it be remembered afterwards? How can it be expressed in anything but itself? Not only from the unbeliever are mysteries hid, but the adept himself cannot retain them. He may think, if he chooses, that he has been with God, but as soon as he thinks it, it becomes history, and falls under the rules of time. (288) ¹²

. . .

We are left with some hope at the end of the novel, however, with the appearance of Ralph and Stella, Mrs. Moore's children. It is intimated that the cycle is beginning again. Aziz acknowledges that Ralph, like his mother, is an Oriental, and Stella also has her mother's intuitive awareness of life. Ralph knows instinctively that Britain and India cannot be friends, at least "not yet" (311). The promise of intimacy is still there--many more cycles will have to be completed, many more passages to India made, so that with each cycle or passage the time moves from "not yet" to "soon".

. . .

Forster, like Mrs. Moore, did not pronounce the Marabar cave as final (210). What his humanists needed was "[c]ompleteness, not reconstruction" (286). They are people of faith, whose beliefs just "want stiffening, even if the process coarsens them" (Forster, "What I Believe", 75). In any of his

other novels these characters would have been members of his "aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate, and the plucky". They would comprise his "invincible army, yet not a victorious one" (81). This is an important distinction, which Forster makes for political reasons. While authoritarianism may be victorious from time to time, it cannot endure, and by its very nature will bring about its own destruction. People will always "be running off the totalitarian rails" (84), because no power or system of government can force all human beings to act and think and feel as one man (84). Forster believes that "[n]ot by being better, but by ordering and distributing his native goodness, will man shut up force into his box, and so gain time to explore the universe and to set his mark upon it worthily" (83).

These ideas were put forth in what is probably Forster's most quintessential piece of work, his essay "What I Believe". In writing this essay Forster was in much the same state as Fielding is at the end of the novel. But he reaffirms his beliefs in 1939, several years after *Marabar*. Yet Forster did not return to fiction to create a world where his invincible army could go on--instead, in his last novel, it was stunned and ineffectual.

But Paul Scott has succeeded where Forster failed. In The Raj Quartet he has created a cast of characters who are indeed Forster's aristocracy. Scott provides a humanistic response through these characters to the defeat of liberal-humanism in A Passage to India. They do come after *Marabar* and accept in their own way the futility and chaos and meaninglessness in the world. Despair is embraced, the echo answered with continuous forbearance

and sacrifice. They are "invincible", not "victorious".

In The Jewel in the Crown Edwina Crane thinks of the "moral drift of history; waters of a river that had to toss aside logs thrown into it by prejudice or carry them with it towards the still invisible because still far-distant sea of perfect harmony where the debris itself would become water-logged and rotten, finally disintegrate, or be lost" (24). This speaks to a golden future, not a golden past. The term "situation", used to describe the event of the rape, is indeed appropriate in this regard, especially with the ironic tone of the novel, because it gives the idea that this is only the way things stand at the moment, not forever. Everyone is part of the drift--people like Daphne Manners are taken up in the waters and will not wait for the logs to be tossed aside. Daphne especially gives the impression that although she may be drowning in those waters she will still kick aside all of the debris in her way. She is one of "the fortunate few who are allowed to express themselves through action" (Jewel, 65). Forster would say that she is "plucky", as he defines pluckiness as "the power to endure".

While this first novel presents other indomitable personalities--Lili and Lady Manners, who continue to bridge the gap between black and white, Edwina Crane, Sister Ludmila, and Hari Kumar, who protects and believes in his own power, integrity and goodness--the focus is really on Daphne. She feels that "we should extend our patience time and time again almost right up to its breaking point, put ourselves out on a limb, dare other people to saw the limb off, whoever they are, black or white" (102-3).

She does not need the artificial props of stability that the club provides, she does not long for "privacy and peace of mind and a sense of security" because she believes that these things are fundamentally wrong (102-3). If we do not always take ourselves to the breaking point, according to Daphne, how can we even say that we have lived?

Sister Ludmila tells us that Daphne "did not divide conduct into parts. She was attempting always a wholeness. When there is wholeness there are no causes. Only there is living. The contribution of the whole of one's life, the whole of one's resources, to the world at large" (137). She is linked with the image of the god Siva, who performs a "dance of creation, preservation and destruction", a "complete cycle", a "wholeness" (137-8). This dance is mirrored in Daphne's own dance: living with fullness, giving birth, and dying. Rather than point to the hopelessness of an individual's life, this cycle's inevitability ensures that everyone has a part in its continuity. Daphne is instinctively aware of this although she finds this concept difficult to articulate. She sees it as her duty to remain stubbornly in the world, because she has "still got at least one duty to perform", bringing Hari's child to life (435).

It should be remembered though that this novel begins with Edwina Crane and not Daphne. When Edwina realizes that "[t]here is no God. Not even on the road from Dibrapur" (Towers, 381), she is acknowledging man's isolation and his inability to find explanations or purpose in the universe. But Edwina came to the realization too late that she could have done something despite

her despair and loneliness. Consequently, she becomes a widow of India--her final and only expression through action. Daphne dies too, but her death is also a beginning, and while Edwina may become India's widow, Daphne will represent another part of the cycle by giving birth to India.

While Daphne does despair, Sister Ludmila surmises that Daphne, "having leapt...accepted the logic of her action, and all its consequences" (150). Daphne's "leap" has existential implications. It is a manifestation of her alienation--she lives in a Godless, chaotic and fragmented world in which nothing, neither mankind nor events, can be explained rationally. She is part of a total scheme, part of the "moral drift of history", yet this totality is beyond her comprehension and she, like others, can only intuit its presence. Aware of the absurdity of human relationships and of the temporality of human existence, Daphne chooses to act rather than give in to her fears, frustration, and despair. She realizes that where she and Hari are concerned there is "nothing she can do"; her consciousness of this, rather than force her into a sort of "grim stasis", challenges her, inspires her to do everything she knows that she can within the time she has left to live. It is an answer, and not one that echoes.

Her affair with Hari, she reports in her journal to her aunt, is undertaken with a "good conscience". Jumping over the barriers of society and life, Daphne breaks out of the stifling confinement of her countrymen--an action spurred on by love, conscience, courage and an unconquerable will to endure:

It was only like I think it always has been in

India for people of either race who try to live together outside their own enclosed little circles. Inside these circles the gossip never stops and everybody knows everybody else's business. But outside them it's as if the ground is so uncertain that to stand on it is enough....The important thing is to keep the ground occupied....(353)

This image of keeping the ground occupied is significant, as it is reminiscent of Stein in Conrad's Lord Jim. Scott recalls Stein's belief that "[t]he way is to the destructive element submit yourself, and with the exertions of your hands and feet in the water make the deep, deep sea keep you up" (Lord Jim, 163). Stein refers to the butterfly who occupies "a little heap of dirt and sits still on it; but man will never on his heap of mud keep still. He want to be so, and again he want to be so...." (162). With this Stein points first toward heaven, then toward hell, indicating man's reach for both of these goals and his precarious position between them. When Daphne realizes how hopeless her future is, she mimics Stein: "Holding one hand out, groping, and the other out backwards, linked to the security of what was known and expected. Straining like that. Pretending the ground between was occupied, when all the time it wasn't" (Jewel, 383).

When despair is answered with despair, when the echo keeps coming back as "boun", the only result is nothing. We remain apathetic, motionless and unhappy. But through action, a combination of sacrifice and perseverance, we can learn--to love, to forgive, to endure. Daphne finds that her relationship with Hari "was hedged about, restricted, pressed in on until only by making yourself tiny could you squeeze into it and stand, imprisoned but free, diminished by everything that loomed from

outside, but not diminished from the inside; and that was the point, that's why I speak of joy" (379). It is in this way that Daphne lives, by breaking out of security and complacency, by immersing herself into the destructive element. It is in this way that people like Daphne Manners ascend to the heights of the gods.

. . .

Daphne's life resounds with her achievement, her irrepressible will to let nothing prevent her from exhibiting her courage and strength against hopeless odds. Scott has created several characters like Daphne, but somehow she is the most touching, as we watch her struggle for something, knowing that in another place or another time she might never have had to fight. Regardless of Marabar, Scott has taken us a long way from Adela Quested, Fielding and Mrs. Moore and their spiritual and intellectual "muddledom". Life is a mystery, and it will remain one. Because of Marabar we can never be victorious, but if we dare to come after Marabar we must never admit defeat:

O soul, repressless, I with thee and thou with me,
 Thy circumnavigation of the world begin,
 Of man, the voyage of his mind's return,
 To reason's early paradise,
 Back, back to wisdom's birth, the innocent intuitions,
 Again with fair creation.

Sail forth--steer for the deep waters only,
Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee and thee with me,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet dared to go,
And we will sink the ship, ourselves and all.¹³

Epilogue

One recurring enigma presented in both A Passage to India and The Jewel in the Crown is that of the real India. Nearly every character refers to the dichotomy between the India of their imagination and the India that existed in reality, or at least, existed for others.¹ Daphne, for example, says that "when I first came back out here I was always looking for the India I thought I knew because I had seen it in my imagination, like a kind of mirage, shimmering on the horizon, with hot, scented breezes blowing in from far-away hills" (Jewel, 366). Forster can only declare that "India [is] a hundred Indias" (Passage, 15). It is impossible to know which one is real, yet everyone will have their own concept of it, regardless.

India is the subject matter for both The Raj Quartet and A Passage to India. It invades, pervades, embraces everything in the novels, yet it itself cannot be embraced, not even by the authors. It is "a kind of protagonist", as Crews suggests (144), but it is also an antagonist and a backdrop that on occasion obliterates, alters and illuminates everything that is going on before it. Reid, for example, while soberly discussing the events surrounding Bibighar, will suddenly see India, feel it projecting itself, impinging itself upon him: "In the dark, with all these

troubles freshly behind me I pondered the immensity, the strange compelling beauty of India" (Jewel, 310).²

Consciousness of India always re-emerges in these novels. Yet knowledge of her is experiential, subjective, wholly personal and realizing this is something with which each character has to contend. Even Aziz, as a native, finds there are parts of his country--like Marabar--of which he has no knowledge or experience. Fielding is happy with India and then confused by her, while Mrs. Moore longs to disentangle the "hundred Indias". Daphne will find that her vision of India changes, when she grows to like "the joy of wild storms and lashing rains of the first downpours that turn everything green. That is my India. The India of the rains" (Jewel, 366). In a connected way, Robin White discovers "the real India behind the pipe-puffing myth" (Jewel, 323)--the one that he hated at first--through the generosity, concern and affection shown to him by an Indian woman. Then he learns to love it.

So, as Forster says, India does remain a mystery--at once enigmatic, implacable, and indifferent. We can know something of her, but never everything--she represents the whole of the world and all of its variations and complexities. Aziz remarks, "Nothing embraces the whole of India, nothing, nothing,..." (145). Even the narrators can only convey a puzzling and limited view of her, try as they might to discover more. To understand India, we would have to understand the universe in its entirety:

How can the mind take hold of such a country?
Generations of invaders have tried, but they remain
in exile. The important towns they build are only
retreats, their quarrels the malaise of men who
cannot find their way home. India knows of their
troubles. She knows of the whole world's troubles,
to its uttermost depth. She calls "Come" through
her hundred mouths, through objects ridiculous and
august. But come to what? She has never defined.
She is not a promise, only an appeal. (Passage, 136).

. . .

The final image is that of the caves: "their impression is
already fading, I think because there is no beauty and I do not
believe in the devil, whose palaces they are. They are Satan's
masterpieces to terrify others..." (Forster, "Indian Entries",
27). The invincible army marches on.

Notes

Chapter 1

¹ Although this study has been confined to the first novel of The Raj Quartet, some relevant passages from the other three novels will also be included, due to the highly interconnected nature of this work.

² Some of the more unsatisfactory aspects of this novel are explained in Forster's The Hill of Devi, as they are actual occurrences that Forster has incorporated as fiction. The Maharajah recounts the same story of the jolt of the car, which he believes was caused by the ghost of a man he killed.

³ Marabar has the same effect on Chandrapore: "The Marabar caves had been a terrible strain on the local administration; they altered a good many lives and wrecked several careers, but they did not break up a continent or even dislocate a district" (Passage, 237).

⁴ Perron points out in A Division of the Spoils how "logical" this meeting was:

"Place Merrick at home, in England, and Harry Coomer abroad, in England, and it is Coomer on whom the historian's eye lovingly falls; he is a symbol of our virtue. In England it is Merrick who is invisible. Place them there, in India, and the historian cannot see either of them. They have wandered off the guideline, into the jungle. But throw a spotlight on them and it is Merrick on whom it falls. There he is, the unrecorded man, one of the kind of men we really are....Yes, their meeting was logical. And they had met before, countless times. You can say they are still meeting, that their meeting reveals the real animus, the one that historians won't recognize, or which we relegate to our margins" (302).

⁵ Hari comes to think of his life in England as an illusion. Hamidullah of A Passage to India has similar feelings about his time at Cambridge, which he thinks of "as of [a] poem that had ended" (107).

⁶ Hari tells Rowan during the interview:

"...in India the English stop being unconsciously English and become consciously English. I had been unconsciously English too. But in India I could never become consciously Indian. Conscious of being something I'd no idea how to be" (The Day of the Scorpion, 245).

⁷ It is curious that the only perspective on Bibighar not offered is that of Merrick. This does not really occur until the next novel, The Day of the Scorpion, during Merrick's conversation with Sarah

Layton (213-17), and Hari's retelling of his interrogation and mistreatment by Merrick on the night of his arrest (297-300). Yet Merrick does describe (in The Jewel in the Crown) Bibighar as "an affair that can only excite strong basic emotions" (297).

⁸ During the investigation of the Amritsar affair Dyer reported on August 25, 1919:

"I fired and continued to fire till the crowd dispersed, and I considered that 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 action. If more troops had been at hand the casualties would have been greater in proportion. It was no longer a question of merely dispersing 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 specifically throughout the Punjab" (see Fein, 21).

⁹ Major Ewart Mackay's "theory" of Bibighar, related in The Towers of Silence, corresponds very closely to the "truth". He seems to be able to see the logic, if one could call it that, of the situation. But his theory is denounced by the club as "peculiarly unacceptable" (80-82).

¹⁰ The fatal meeting of Hari and Merrick, aggravated by Daphne's interest in Hari, reveals a pattern with historical significance. The character of Merrick takes on interesting dimensions when he is compared with Reid, Dyer, or Brigadier-General John Nicholson of the Mutiny. See Hibbert, 292-94.

¹¹ In The Day of the Scorpion, Daphne and Hari are said to be "lovers who could never be described as star-crossed because they had no stars. For them heaven had drawn an implacable bond of dark across its constellations and the dark was lit by nothing except the trust they had had in each other not to tell the truth because the truth had seemed too dangerous to tell" (293).

¹² Despite Merrick's relief that Daphne and Hari were not coming together again in the relationship between Sarah Layton and Ahmed, they do constitute another cycle. But they are very different from their predecessors, partly because the political climate is modifying itself as British India moves closer to its end. Thus, their relationship is not as "dangerous".

¹³ Lady Manners realizes that Hari is beyond her reach, yet she does arrange for his release from prison. She has no choice but to leave him and retreat back into the circle of safety from which she came--the bright circle of light outside of Hari's world of darkness. Yet she does not return to the British in India, although she will continue to remind them of her presence, and of course, of the child's.

¹⁴ Parvati sings the same morning raga as her grandmother, Hari's mother--another cycle ending and beginning. Despite the tragic

circumstances of her birth Parvati's presence is a hopeful one; physically she merges the best of both worlds--Daphne's red hair and Hari's brown skin.

Chapter 2

¹ An interesting comparison could be made between Mrs. Moore and her fellow "visionary", Scott's Barbie Batchelor.

² Adela later describes her problems in India as the consequences of "living at half pressure" (239). Yet the prevailing mood of the novel suggests that even "connecting the prose and the passion" would not be enough.

³ Daphne notes "the swing" in her own way, when she remarks, "...I get really angry about the kind of thing that happens over here. Honestly, Auntie, a lot of the white people in India don't know they're born" (Jewel, 92). She is referring to the sense of rank, pettiness and snobbery that England was abandoning. Implicit in this is the idea of British India's isolation, and also the reason why more Fieldings were evident in India in 1947, although Turtons were and still are there (Scott, "India", 124-25).

⁴ Forster continues to express his belief in the transient nature of doctrines like Turtonism. His purpose in doing this becomes more and more imperative with the rise of totalitarianism, *which* Forster attacks quite movingly, in his liberal-humanist manifesto, "What I Believe".

⁵ Scott has his Turtons too. But, as previously mentioned, his view of them greatly differs from Forster's. C. B. Cox acknowledges that "the effect on A Passage to India would be much greater if more justice were done to the Anglo-Indian sense of duty. Things aren't so jolly easy" (87). Scott's works include an anatomy of Turtonism, an expose of all of its variations, in order to see this justice done.

⁶ "The Englishmen of Forster's novel were of course a later and lesser breed, whose concern was only negative--that Indians not hold them in contempt--and who had lost all interest in the prospect that a 'good example' might transform India" (Hutchins, 28).

⁷ During the interrogation, Merrick tells Hari:
 "...when you thought about the kind of Englishmen who pretended to admire Indian intellectuals, pretended to sympathize with their national aspirations, if you were honest you had to admit that all they were admiring or sympathizing with was the black reflection of their own white ideals. Underneath the admiration

and sympathy there was the contempt a people feel for a people who have learned things from them. The liberal intellectual Englishman was just as contemptuous of the Westernized educated Indian as the arrogant upper-class reactionary Englishman was of the fellow who blacks his boots and earns his praise" (Scorpion, 299).

Hari remarks that Merrick sees the Bibighar Gardens affair "as symbolic, too, symptomatic of what he called the liberal corruption of both his kind and my kind" (298).

⁸ Consider the epigraph (from Novalis) to Lord Jim: "It is certain any conviction gains infinitely the moment another soul will believe in it" (6). The need for the nucleus of shared convictions is a fundamental weakness of Turtonism, something which inspires their fear of the freedom and individualism of Fieldingism. Yet this is even more complicated: in an urgent situation, a Fielding need only voice his support for the group in order to please a Turton (although the reverse would not be true), while Fielding realizes that in the face of Turtonism he needs allies, too.

⁹ "I hate the idea of dying for a cause, and if I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country....Love and loyalty to an individual can run counter to the claims of the state. When they do--down with the state, say I, which means that the state will down me" (Forster, "What I Believe", 76).

¹⁰ Fielding thinks that he can provide kindness, but worries that too much more will be needed by India, this "queer nation": "Did it not also demand an occasional intoxication of the blood?" (Passage, 117). This phrase is reminiscent of Daphne's "originating passion", which she also felt was missing among the English in India.

¹¹ Fielding and Aziz meet again but cannot part as friends, regardless of their wishes:

"...the horses didn't want it--they swerved apart; the earth didn't want it, sending up rocks 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'" (Passage, 322)

¹² This quotation brings to mind Whitman's poem, which provided Forster's novel with its title:

"Ah who shall soothe these feverish children? Who
justify these restless explorations? Who speak the
secret of impassive earth?
Who bind it to us, what is this separate Nature so
unnatural?
What is the earth to our affections? (unloving
earth, without a throb to answer ours,
Cold earth, the place of graves.)

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