

THE PAGEANT OF EMPIRE: PAUL SCOTT'S
THE RAJ QUARTET

**THE PAGEANT OF EMPIRE: PAUL SCOTT'S *THE RAJ QUARTET*
AND RELATED VERSIONS OF IMPERIALISM IN THE
ANGLO-INDIAN NOVEL**

by

ARUNA SRIVASTAVA, B.A., M.A.

A Thesis

Submitted to the School of Graduate Studies

in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements

for the Degree

Doctor of Philosophy

McMaster University

November, 1988

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY (1988)
(English)

McMASTER UNIVERSITY
Hamilton, Ontario

TITLE: The Pageant of Empire: Paul Scott's *The Raj Quartet* and
Related Versions of Imperialism in the Anglo-Indian Novel

AUTHOR: Aruna Srivastava, B.A. (University of Waterloo)

M.A. (McMaster University)

SUPERVISOR: Dr. Maqbool Aziz

NUMBER OF PAGES: vii, 357

**To my parents,
Gladys and K.D. Srivastava**

Abstract

Although Paul Scott is a successor to other Anglo-Indian novelists, his literary reputation is unjustly overshadowed, particularly by E.M. Forster's. Scott's epic novel, *The Raj Quartet*, and its sequel, *Staying On*, provide a pointed indictment of the human costs of British imperialism from a British point-of-view, both employing and undermining the standard themes and conventions of the Anglo-Indian novel. A complex and repeated series of images and symbols diagnoses the pathological state of the Raj at its moment of collapse. Scott's Anglo-India is trapped in a mythical Edwardian era of imperial certainty, rather than in the contemporary political reality of Indians' insistence on their right to self-rule.

The current weakness of the Raj is that it is riven from within; the novel explores such issues as race and class, and points to the conflicts between, and paradoxes of, liberal and conservative imperial policies and ideologies. The Anglo-Indians' circumscribed sense of place, their attitudes to language, and their limited view of history expose the ultimate destructiveness of imperialism for those subjected to it.

Scott's achievement notwithstanding, the uncritical and apolitical academic study of his novels and other novels about India overshadows the literary achievements of Indian, Pakistani and Bangladeshi writers writing in English, permits continued ignorance

and devaluing of the vast diversity of literatures in Indian languages, and continues to perpetuate the damagingly false images and attitudes about India which sustained the imperial venture in the first place.

Acknowledgements

I am grateful to the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council for the funding which allowed me to complete this dissertation on schedule. My committee members, James Dale and John Ferns, offered valuable suggestions, and exhibited much grace under pressure.

My intellectual and personal debt to two people is enormous. A man with an astounding depth and breadth of knowledge, my supervisor Maqbool Aziz taught me how to think critically, while encouraging me to think for myself and to view literature and my chosen academic profession in substantially different, and more rewarding, ways than before. Linda Hutcheon has provided me with unfailing personal and academic encouragement when I most needed it, and is an intellectual mentor of the highest rank. To her, I dedicate Chapter 6, "The Presence of the Past."

This thesis was largely written elsewhere; to the ambience of Coldstream, Grace Street, Westminster Avenue, and Staulo Crescent I give grateful acknowledgement. For their unflagging support during my period of dissertation dementia, I am indebted to many friends who shared their homes, their ideas, and their shoulders: Ibrahim Attieh, Pat Cogswell, Donald Goellnicht, Kathleen Hall, Alison Lee, Mary O'Connor, Susan Schenk, Diana Swart, and Priscilla Walton.

I have dedicated this work to my parents, to whom I would like to take the opportunity to express--as I haven't often enough--my deepest gratitude and love. Their connection with this study is intimate. To my mother, especially, my heartfelt appreciation for an eagle proofreading eye.

I am particularly grateful to Heather Jones for her continued support and for running interference for me, and to Anila Srivastava for eleventh-hour assistance. I reserve a special mention also for my husband Gregg Farrar, a walking thesaurus many a Sunday morning, and one of my firmest believers. Finally, for waiting, I thank David Winkle, who was unrivalled in his ability to remind and assure me with consistent good humour that there is life beyond the dissertation and, indeed, beyond academia. I survived on that sense of proportion.

Table of Contents

Prologue: Imperialism and Its Discontents.....	1
The Backdrop	
1 Imperial Certainty in Anglo-India.....	23
2 Setting the Stage: Paul Scott's Predecessors.....	54
The Main Scene: Paul Scott	
3 Imperial Uncertainty: Scott's Anglo-India.....	114
4 Images of Anglo-India.....	161
5 An Imagined Community: Landscape and Language in Anglo-India.....	205
6 The Presence of the Past.....	244
7 Clearing the Stage: <i>Staying On</i>	282
Epilogue: Postcolonial Accusations.....	297
Appendix A: Names and Dates in <i>The Raj Quartet</i>	311
Appendix B: Versions of Imperial History: "Divide and Rule" and Indian Nationalism.....	329
Works Cited or Consulted.....	344

Prologue: Imperialism and Its Discontents

Colonies do not cease to be colonies because they are independent. --Benjamin Disraeli

A literary study should not ignore larger political and cultural contexts. As a study of novels formed and informed by their imperial context, this work is thus inevitably concerned with imperialism. More precisely, it is about versions and stages of British imperialism: a number of imperialisms, seen at different historical moments; seen from below, from the perspective of the imperialized; from above, from that of the imperialist; seen retrospectively by a writer diagnosing and documenting the disintegration of a particular empire and imperial idea, a writer who, in turn, is seen retrospectively by a reader and critic who will place him in an imperial literary tradition.

Many treatises on and definitions of imperialism do not consider its larger context in history and culture. Few studies, therefore, theorize about the mutual implications of culture and imperialism, most likely because the pejorative connotations of the word "imperialism" seem to be at odds with more neutral concepts of "culture." The ideas of dominance, force and coercion, of power associated with "imperialism," in our present historical era do not allow us to perceive it without emotion, because we are committed, ideologically if not in practice, to an egalitarian or democratic ethos.

According to Edward Said, the resulting black-and-white view of imperial history encourages a "politics of blame" ("Intellectual" 45) which ignores the historical and cultural complexities of different imperialisms. Said thus urges intellectuals to analyze the cultural productivity of, as well as the damage caused by imperialism to the societies of the imperialists and those imperialized.

I have twice used the word "imperialized," the rhetorical effect of which is to point to the difficulties of defining the term *imperialism*, and distinguishing it from the often synonymous *colonialism*. To a certain extent, I use the terms conventionally: imperialism is the theory or idea, colonialism the practice. In fact, as a term, the word *colonialism* predates *imperialism*, the latter being a late nineteenth-century neologism coined to explain and discuss the phenomenon of rapid national expansion. According to Eric Hobsbawm, "emperors and empires were old, but imperialism was quite new. . . . it was a novel term devised to describe a novel phenomenon" (60).

As practice, colonialism is simply imperialism felt, is "imperialism seen from below" (Thornton, *Doctrines* 6). Further, we can see why *colonialism* has always carried a more pejorative sense than *imperialism*. As Thornton puts it, nobody admits to being a "colonialist," whereas in the past many have proudly adopted the title of "imperialist" (*Doctrines* 8). When it first gained currency, then, *imperialism* was associated with "trusteeship and the governing of colonies for humane purposes" (de Schweinitz 16), slowly acquiring its negative connotations as economic theories of

imperialism took hold.

The paradoxes inherent in the history of the word and idea of imperialism can most clearly be seen in its dictionary definitions. The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines *imperialism* as "the principle or spirit of empire; advocacy of what are held to be imperial interests. In recent British politics the principle or policy (1) of seeking **or at least not refusing**, an extension of British empire in directions where trading interests require the protection of the flag" (emphasis mine). Indeed, although there have always been observers who have seen imperialism negatively, the *OED* does not note its pejorative meaning until 1972, and still attributes its disparaging use to Communist and anti-Communist propaganda.

Similarly, "colonialism" enters the 1972 supplement as a derogatory term, "the alleged policy of exploitation of backward or weak peoples by a foreign power." Of interest in both these cases is the *OED*'s resistance to anything but studiously neutral or somewhat approving definitions of imperialism or colonialism, which very effectively mask ideas of power or dominance; the examples given for the pejorative definitions of colonialism are all American ones, and the charge of exploitation implied in the new definition is only "alleged." The *OED* definition of colonialism is revealing too in its apparently uncritical assumption that those people exploited are "backward or weak."

Webster's Third New International Dictionary (1971), conversely, defines colonialism as "the aggregate of various economic, political, and social policies by which an imperial power

maintains and extends its control over other areas or peoples" and of imperialism as the "policy, practice, or advocacy of seeking or the acquiescing in the extension of the control or empire of a nation by the acquirement of new territory or dependencies, especially when lying outside the nation's natural boundaries, by the extension of its rule over other races of mankind." Both definitions imply that power and coercion underlie both imperialism and colonialism.

Of added interest in the Webster definition is the concept of a "natural" national boundary. Webster's definition assumes the synonymy of nation and empire, whereas the British definition of empire clearly does not, thus muting the fact that dominance inheres in imperialism. The *OED* supplement has to expose this contradiction in its definition of the British empire, which is either Great Britain with "dominions, colonies, dependencies" or a term referring only to the "overseas dominions." In no definition of the British empire, imperialism, or colonialism does the *OED* allow for the concept of the "foreign" country or nation, even now that former colonies are independent nations. Indeed, the definition of imperialism in the British context specifically provided by the most recent edition of the *Random House Dictionary of the English Language* (1987) designates it as "the policy of so uniting the separate parts of an empire with separate governments as to secure for certain purposes a single state."

The above, very selective, list of definitions does not simply show the interestedness of dictionaries, but also demonstrates the danger of acontextual, unifying attempts to define a complex of ideas

and practices. A case in point is the term "colonialism" as it relates to its subjects and practitioners. Because it is currently fashionable in our "postcolonial" age to suggest that the colonial experience of Canada and India, for example, is identical, an important distinction is being obscured. T.O. Beidelman discusses the haziness of the term *colonialism*, and goes on to make this crucial historical distinction between what he calls imperialistic versus strict colonialism:

In the strictest sense, a colony is a group of settlers attempting to replicate the society of the original metropolitan power. It approaches this only to the extent that conditions abroad are identical to those at home, one condition being the absence of an alien subject race. (4)

Because his is a study of evangelism in East Africa, Beidelman is trying to point out that the colonial experience of an African, or Indian, is qualitatively different from that of a Canadian, Australian, or New Zealander. In the latter countries, the dominant culture is that of the immigrant colonizers; in Africa or India, that of the indigenous subject race ruled by a small group of colonizers. This distinction is not an attempt to deny the fact that Australia, New Zealand, and Canada did and do have indigenous races; rather, it points up the differences between colonialisms as practice. Assimilation or virtual annihilation of aboriginal cultures in these countries meant that the immigrant colonizers, by settling the new country, soon considered themselves "natives" of their adopted country, whereas those in India or Africa remained conspicuous as outsiders, rulers, a

foreign group dominating natives. Thus, where decolonization of India and Africa was possible, it could not occur in predominantly white-settler colonies. By the time that the imperial idea justifying continued British presence in India had gained ascendancy in the latter half of the nineteenth century, Canada had already become a politically independent dominion in the British empire. By eliding these historical differences between various colonialisms, comprehensive definitions of a single phenomenon called *colonialism* blur the distinction between, say, a white Canadian who perceives herself to be "colonized" by Britain or the United States, and an Indian (either of Canada or India) who does the same.

The study of imperialism as a phenomenon is largely a twentieth-century enterprise; that is, theorizing about empire goes hand in hand with the disintegration of several world empires, with decolonization, and with a growing sense of imperialism as a negative phenomenon. Attempts at coherent theories of imperialism fail because the relativity and fluidity of imperialisms is not recognized, and a steady, linear development is assumed. Attempts to define imperialism obscure the astonishing speed at which actual colonization took place: from thirty-five to eight-five percent of the earth's surface between 1815 and 1914:

This partition of the world among a handful of states . . . was the most spectacular expression of the growing division of the globe into the strong and the weak, the "advanced" and the "backward". . . . It was also strikingly

new. Between 1876 and 1915 about one-quarter of the globe's land surface was distributed or redistributed as colonies among a half-dozen states. (Hobsbawm 59)

To establish a single determining motive or doctrine behind imperialism is simplistic and ignores the vagaries and complexities of the history of colonization. Although I have suggested that imperialism be defined as the ideas and theories of empire, and colonialism as the practice, their relation is not necessarily a causal one. Colonialism can and did precede coherent formal imperial theories. What seems clear is that the nineteenth-century growth of the "imperial idea" is a justificatory one, that the cant of the "civilizing mission" or ideas of racial or cultural superiority developed long after the initial imperial venture.

Historians of the British empire have often explained this discrepancy with terms like "new" or "formal" imperialism, which are designed to establish the point late in the nineteenth century when imperialism became a focussed or coherent set of ideas or policies for maintaining and expanding territory. In this era of swift colonial expansion, a system of attitudes and philosophies justifying imperialism and criticizing it came into play, many of the latter dominating our thinking about the causes and effects of imperialism even today. This "new" imperialism seemed qualitatively different from the concept of empire that attached to an autocratic ruler. Fuelled by the political concept of the nation, which inspired international rivalry and resulted in trade protectionism, the late nineteenth-century version of imperialism embodied the

contradictions between a domestic move towards democracy and authoritarian rule in the colonies, a contradiction perhaps most evident in the management of the British empire.

Whatever contradictions were inherent in this stage of imperialism, however, it is important to remember that it was neutral as a concept. Much of the increasingly pejorative conception of imperialism derives from modern economic theories of imperialism most often propounded by thinkers in the tradition of Marx, especially Luxemburg and Lenin, although one of the earliest economic theorists of imperialism was a British liberal, J.A. Hobson. Common to these views was the hypothesis that imperialist expansion and the development of capitalism went hand in hand.¹ Although economic theories of imperialism have their weaknesses, the fundamental role of economics cannot be ignored in an analysis of modern imperialism. Indeed, Eric Hobsbawm suggests that "all attempts to divorce the explanation of imperialism from the specific developments of capitalism in the late nineteenth century must be regarded as ideological exercises, though often learned and sometimes acute" (73).

For some thinkers, the continuity between old and new, informal and formal imperialisms is in fact provided by the profit motive of imperialism:

The imperialism of commerce, with profit as its purpose, and with security, influence, and even an accumulation of surplus finance capital waiting in the wings of the future, is an old story. Imperialism and colonization are

modern names for ancient activities of assertion and movement. Every settled area, Europe included, is the product of colonization: every colonization is the product of an imperialist drive. (Thornton, *Doctrines* 122)

Other doctrines of imperialism, then, take hold when the original commercial motive begins to falter, or is superseded and complicated by other considerations, such as the strategic value of the colony or various political and military interests of the metropolitan power. But these doctrines or policies supporting imperial ventures are rationalizations, making more palatable the original and continuing profit motive of empire.

The greatest defect of many theories of imperialism, whether grounded in economic explanations or not, is that they obscure the facts of history for ideological ends. Positing the indissoluble link between capitalism and imperialism, for example, Marxist and neo-Marxist theory looks forward to a theoretical future--the self-destruction of capitalism--and uses past events to reinforce the idea of this single, linear evolution. To use the example of Britain's relationship with India, a socialist theorist is tempted to view Britain's original trading relationship with the Mughal empire in the seventeenth century as the beginning of the British imperial presence in India, rather than concluding that with the use of coercion and territorial expansion to protect those interests in the eighteenth century, and with the concomitant dissolution of the Mughal empire, the foundations of formal imperial rule starting in 1858 were actually laid. By ignoring or undervaluing the existence and

importance of the Mughal empire, at its zenith in 1600 when the first Britons came to India, even economic theories become very narrow in their focus.

Indeed, one of the criticisms levelled at many explanations of imperialism is that they are Eurocentric, that they focus on the metropolitan power rather than examining events in the colony that contribute to the success or failure of imperial ventures in different contexts. This criticism has given rise to many so-called peripheral theories of imperialism, theories which should be potentially revolutionary. However, many "peripheral" theories, while stressing several factors, including events in the colony, often mask a defensiveness which in effect blames the colonized or formerly colonized country for the ills of imperialism (Mommsen 111). Once more, we find ourselves embroiled in the politics of blame.

Neither purely formal nor supposedly historicist approaches to the definition of imperialism suffice. For, by positing that imperialism is a linear, finite phenomenon, such theories lead to the dangerous belief that imperialism has ended with decolonization, has in fact failed. While it is true that formal colonialism was coming to an end around the middle of this century, the historical and political weight of the imperial idea continues to exert its force. With the end of formal imperial rule, the "Western" world is no freer from imperialism than it was in the "Age of Empire," the heyday of which ended with the first world war.² Instead, with the liberation or independence of former colonies, political imperialism gives way to diplomatic imperialism.³ Often termed "neo-colonialism," the

effects of these contemporary imperialisms demonstrate that imperialism, whatever its manifestations, is subtle and infinitely self-reproducing. This capacity in itself undermines any attempt to see imperialism as a continuing series of diametric oppositions. Rather, the structures of imperialism are complex, pervasive, and extremely persistent.

The Glass Curtain

Raghavan Iyer uses the phrase "the glass curtain" to describe the relationship between Asia and Europe. The ambivalence of the colonial relationship has often been described in terms of mirrors: in this view the colonized become the reflection of the colonizers' worst fears. Iyer's metaphor subsumes that of the mirror, for not only does glass function as a mirror--sometimes a distorting one--but it provides an effective barrier, as well as the illusion of an unmediated and reciprocal gaze and understanding:

It is only realistic to realize that there has been some sort of Glass Curtain between Asia and Europe, a distorting sense of distance, if not actually of alienation, in the encounter between Asians and Europeans.

"The Glass Curtain" is a phrase with important implications--the frequent denial that there is any barrier at all; the fact that people find not only that their vision is hazy, coloured, and distorted, but also that they cannot sense and touch those beyond the curtain; and, further, that even if a few thinking men shatter the curtain with their analytical tools, it is

rapidly replaced as words like "Oriental" and "Westerner" are periodically redefined to suit changing prejudices. (Iyer 5-6)

As Edward Said does a few years later in *Orientalism*, Iyer points to the arbitrariness of categories that many people take as fixed and universal. Even the words *Asia* and *Europe* are shifting terms, neither geographically, culturally, nor historically coherent (Iyer 9). The terms *east* and *west*, *Europe* and *Asia*, or *Orient* and the significantly much less frequent *Occident* function mythically and, ultimately, politically. The glass curtain is

aggravated by the enormity and vagueness of terms like 'Asia' and 'Europe', the dubious notion of eternal East-West conflict, the extravagant assumption of a basic dichotomy in modes of thought and ways of life, and the diffusion of persisting myths that are a tissue of lies and half-truths, delusions and aspersion (Iyer 7).

Despite their variety, these myths of the Orient have one feature in common, as many studies on orientalism and colonialism point out: they posit the essential and opposing categories of the European self and the Eastern or Oriental "other." In this way, the rediscovery of the Orient, or what Raymond Schwab terms the Oriental Renaissance, marks a shift in an image of the Orient which "moved from the primitive to the contemporary . . . from incredulous amazement to condescending veneration" (24). With the advent and progress of imperialism, romanticism, and humanism, the Orient began to signify the exotic, the different, and eventually the inferior.

Thus, a true oriental renaissance was eclipsed by imperialism, and the Oriental "other" "served as alter ego to the Occident, and sometimes its alibi" (Schwab 3) or as "a sort of surrogate and even underground self" (Said 3).

As a manifestation of national or, more accurately, cultural psychology, then, orientalism became a "corporate institution for dealing with the Orient" (Said 3), an assertion of European power with ties to political and economic institutions, and a durable, flexible, and internally consistent system in which Europeans could fully "know" and place the Orient and Orientals. Particularly by the time of high imperialism, orientalism had very little to do with the reality of the Orient, but rather relied on a fluid system of (European) representations of it. Critics and historians of orientalism, therefore, look at literary texts, paintings, and photographs that perpetuate the idea of a mythic, alien East, and chart as well the growth and development of the "human sciences" of geography, anthropology, philology and the like which, combined with orientalism, preceded, rationalized and consolidated imperialism and colonialism. However "untruthful" or "unrealistic" the European mythic view of the Orient might be, it nevertheless had palpable effects on the lives of both the objects and subjects of such myths.

But, although orientalism may be largely successful in placing the Orient under Western or European scrutiny, it too has its flaws and contradictions. Any act of putting ideas and images into a new narrative form--whether through literature, painting, or photography--allows for the possibility of a direct challenge to the

essential and opposing categories propounded by any mythic structure. The alliance of orientalism with other political or cultural institutions, such as imperialism, increases the risk of exposing volatile areas of contradiction or paradox. Thus, Edward Said argues that the "absolute unanimity" of purpose in the mutually justifying natures of imperialism and orientalism actually "provoked the only crisis in the history of Western thought about and dealing with the Orient." That is, by challenging concepts of Orientals as passive, subject races, and of the Orient as an unchanging essence, a "politically armed Orient" (104-5) was itself able to expose the closed and exclusive impulses behind the archetypal dichotomies that sustained orientalism. Orientalism (and imperialism) cannot deal with historical change or political actuality; rather they posit a closed, unchanging system in which the accuracy or inaccuracy of detail and description is irrelevant.

In discussions of orientalism and imperialism, the metaphor of theatre is particularly apt. In Said's words, the orientalist is attempting to "characterize the Orient as alien and to incorporate it schematically on a theatrical stage whose audience, manager, and actors are *for* Europe and only for Europe" (71-72). In her excellent study, *Europe's Myths of Orient*, Rana Kabbani also suggests that "the Orient becomes a pretext for self-dramatisation and differentness; it is the malleable theatrical space" (11) for the West to play out its own fantasies. These cultural critics, then, maintain that the "West's" images and ideas about the "East" are, as Kabbani's title suggests, myths, with all of the accompanying rituals of magic

and superstition. However these myths are not harmless, for they are invested with the political power of the orientalist, imperialist or colonialist. For the colonized, the reality of the myths about them is that they are "supported by a very solid organization; a government and a judicial system fed and renewed by the colonizers' historic, economic, and cultural needs" (Memmi 91).

The myths of imperialism rely on repetition and a body of common, rather than individual, opinion and knowledge, which is in turn enlarged and perpetuated by constant repetition. These myths are complex, consistent, and compelling, and are accompanied by a sense of form and ritual, becoming a "reconstructed religious impulse, a naturalized supernaturalism" (Said 21). This phenomenon makes escape or critique for the anti-imperialist writer, for instance, difficult. Ritualized, formal and closed mythologies are untroubled by, and to a certain extent rely on the tension between antithetical views, and can thus accommodate vocal opposition. However, these mythologies are extremely threatened, as I shall show later, by terms that converge, or indeed by any sort of middle ground or suggestion of compromise and mediation.

The omnipresence of imperialism, which has managed to belie all of its theorizers' predictions about its imminent or inevitable demise, can quickly lead to the kind of fatalism that accompanied and justified many modern imperialisms. Conceiving of imperialism as we do is in itself a sign of a particular, circumscribed way of viewing the world, a view that itself owes much to imperial ideology. Defining and interpreting imperialism is doomed to failure and

contradiction, a fact often noted by members of formerly colonized countries who have absorbed many of the "Western" values and ideas imported by imperialism, values which at the same time allow them to criticize the effects of imperialism on their societies. Many imperialist and anti-imperialist theories are so Eurocentric that, despite good intentions, they cast "in the shadow the imperialized. . . . It is as if a play were to be performed with most of the cast missing" (de Schweinitz 29). Ashis Nandy suggests, in his work on colonialism in India, that "the West has not merely produced modern colonialism, it informs most interpretations of colonialism. It colours even this interpretation of interpretation" (Nandy xii). Also employing the metaphor of theatre, Nandy adds that one method of Indian resistance to imperialism in India has been to refuse to clear the stage: "the unheroic Indian response ensures that part of the stage always remains occupied by the 'cowardly' and the 'compromising' who may at some opportune moment assert their presence" (110). With their vested interest in questioning the assumptions of "Western" intellectuals, the historians, theorists and literary critics of formerly imperialized countries provide new insights into, and ways of perceiving the phenomenon of imperialism. Imperialism seen from below will always be a different thing from imperialism seen from above.

I fully recognize the dangers of trying to tackle a subject as complex and controversial as imperialism, even British imperialism, and my discussion is necessarily selective. Moreover, given the focus

of my study, Paul Scott's *The Raj Quartet*, I am conscious that, in dealing with an eighteen-hundred page novel of enormous scope and complexity--a novel written over a period of nine years--I have made many necessary, but substantial, omissions in my presentation of it. At the risk of admitting a certain spurious self-consciousness to the endeavour, I feel it necessary to acknowledge that my own non-academic interestedness in large part dictated my decision to embark on this study of the literary manifestations of imperialism. My Indian name immediately and overtly designates a large part of my interest; however, my parentage is not only Indian, but Scottish as well: I am the inheritor of the imperialism I set out to examine. The Scot in me makes me more acutely aware of the irony Jawaharlal Nehru acknowledges when he lumps all "British" in with the "English:"

When I say Englishmen, I include of course people from the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, though I know this is improper and incorrect. But I dislike the word Britisher and even that probably does not include the Irish. My apologies to the Irish, the Scotch, and the Welsh. In India they have all functioned alike and have been looked upon as one indistinguishable group. (223)

The Indian in me sees exactly what Nehru means. In this different colonial context, the Scots' history of colonization by the English is insignificant. One of Paul Scott's Indian characters, like Nehru, fails to appreciate the niceties of the distinctions between various types of British: "Scots, English, what is the difference? You are all barbarians" (IV.65).

But I am also the child of another "colonial" culture. After an Indian and English childhood, I was raised mainly in Canada and consider myself first and foremost a Canadian. While my own fluid and fragmented colonial background makes me take Canadians to task for their self-identification as a colonized culture, my Canadian nationalist leanings find me sympathizing in large part with the fears of British and particularly American cultural imperialism. While the foregoing might explain my academic interests and choices, I do not wish to convey the impression of being a besieged colonial. While other factors such as gender, age, and my current institutional status encourage me to see imperialism and colonialism "from below," I cannot deny my position of privilege, economic and otherwise. To be an intellectual is to occupy such a position, and my intention from that position is a frankly combative one. Not only do I wish for my own personal and intellectual satisfaction to study Paul Scott's position in an imperialist age, but also to convince those in my chosen profession that literature, criticism, and theory have an intimate connection with the "real world." And, in keeping with the idea that resistance and change are possible from within any system or institution in that world, I hope I can do a little to make others question the rightness of approaches, themes, and theories of both literature and imperialism.

I would therefore like to present a reading of *The Raj Quartet* by Paul Scott, not simply as novel and untested ground for the satisfaction of particular academic requirements, but as part of the inheritance of, as well as a thoroughgoing examination and critique of

British imperialism. This dissertation will, I hope, likewise provide an examination and critique of the interdependence of literary culture and imperial culture in general. It is crucial for us not to forget that our definition of ourselves as being "post-colonial" is no more than a historical or chronological term signifying the end of a time in which colonialism and imperialism were acknowledged with pride: it does not designate the demise of imperialism. As Ronald Reagan sends troops to Central America in the interests of "peace" and "freedom" there, as South African authorities take further measures to ensure their country's "security" and the sanctity and stability of *apartheid*,⁴ or as aboriginal peoples in Canada, New Zealand and Australia continue their fight for self-determination, we would do well to acknowledge that imperialism continues to be a fact of life.

Notes

¹It is clearly not within the purview of this work to analyze the merits and defects of the theoretical literature on imperialism. Karl de Schweinitz provides a quick survey of important theorists (19-31), as does Eric Hobsbawm (60-73), the latter stressing the importance of economics, if not Marxian economics, in understanding nineteenth-century imperialism, the former stressing the failure of Marxian economic theory to forecast accurately twentieth-century developments. For a fuller discussion of various theories of modern imperialism, refer to A.P. Thornton's series of works: *Imperialism in the Twentieth Century*, *Doctrines of Imperialism*, and *The Imperial Idea and its Enemies*, as well as to Wolfgang Mommsen's excellent *Theories of Imperialism*. Mommsen surveys theories of imperialism and analyzes strengths and weaknesses, while Thornton focusses almost exclusively on British imperialism. The doctrines he discusses are those of profit, power and civilization. Like many of the commentators mentioned here, he feels the doctrine of profit to be fundamental to other doctrines of imperialism; that is, underlying the doctrines of power and civilization is the profit motive. In the 1984 introduction to his 1959 *The Imperial Idea and its Enemies*, Thornton discusses his awareness of academic complicity in the structures of imperialism, as--from a different cultural perspective--does Raghavan Iyer in his introduction to the collection *The Glass Curtain between Asia and Europe*.

²The concept of foreign aid in the "West," with all its political and economic strings attached, is an example of the more subtle continuation of imperial ideology. In this, Thornton feels that the Soviet Union fares a little better, allowing countries to whom they have given aid to defend themselves "against the chorus of alarmed indignation that is the inevitable reaction in the West. More colonialism is found in the chorus than in the aid. I will shop in what market I please is the retort" (*Doctrines* 220).

³Or, what Galtung calls "professional imperialism [which] relies on structural violence rather than direct coercion" (quoted in Mommsen 139).

⁴While my pinpointing of these particular events may now be outdated, the imperialism underlying them is not. In this "post-colonial" age, American foreign policy is manifestly imperialist in its assumptions and practice, as is the white-minority government of South Africa.

The Backdrop

Imperial Certainty in Anglo-India

At the heart of the Diamond Jubilee there lay a doubt, or an irony: as though the great nation were play-acting through the summer dog-days, bluffing its wondering audience perhaps, but never quite convincing itself.¹

According to J.A. Hobson, the study of imperialism is "distinctively" a study of "social pathology" (vi). British imperialism in India is a case in point. The product and purveyor of this imperialism was the Anglo-Indian community,² which became cohesive after the Crown took over the government of India from the East India Company in 1858, and particularly so after passage to India became much simpler with the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869.

The image of the tribe is common for describing the peculiarities of politically embattled, often colonizing, communities: contemporary accounts of Afrikaners in South Africa for instance refer to them as "the white tribe" of Africa,³ and examine their tribal community and mythology. Unfortunate as this term might be in perpetuating negative ideas about "primitive" society--for the metaphor of the tribe is almost always used pejoratively--I have adopted it here an appropriate metaphor for examining those small, isolated communities that are the result of imperial pathology.

I hope to explore in the following pages some of the reasons for the social pathology of British imperialism, an imperialism that perhaps more than others of its era sustained ideological tensions

that would ultimately contribute to its downfall. The British colonial community established in India, particularly after the beginning of formal British rule, was a crucible for the contradictions of the new imperialism; moreover, these contradictions were heightened by the conflicts between the domestic colonial policies and their enactment in the colony proper. A staple of Anglo-Indian fiction is the contempt with which the permanent members of the Raj view visiting administrators and politicians from Britain. Conversely, the "colonial" was seen by the Briton, who often had no inkling of the realities of colonial life, as an inferior, unsophisticated and parodic version of the true Englishman or woman. As Anglo-India became more established, the differences between the two societies widened; thus, the Anglo-India that Paul Scott describes is in fact a society trapped, almost embalmed, in an Edwardian past.

The tensions inherent in Victorian imperialism were in part historical; by 1857, the British had been in parts of Eastern India, namely Bengal and Orissa, for about 250 years as merchants and traders. By the 1750s, with the British conquest of Bengal, the East India Company became a "territorial governor exercising the power of state in association with its mercantile responsibilities. This discrete and abrupt change in the fortunes of the Company marked the start of two hundred years of British imperial rule in India" (de Schweinitz 86). Having been granted governance of Bengal, the Company could increase its bid for control of more territory, a control nevertheless founded on commercial interests the benefits of which were becoming more evident to administrators and politicians

in Britain.

At the outset, the trading alliance with Indians was based on the mutually beneficial principles of peace, prosperity, and free trade. But as commercial interests were seen to require protection, which occasioned the Company's attempts to conquer territories and suppress various groups hostile to their interests, the relative tolerance for Indian cultural values and practices began to give way to the assertion of British values and ideas.⁴

In addition, belief in the benefits of industrialization and in the ideology of progress on the domestic front, developments which led to an increased demand for democratic and egalitarian political policies in Britain, led to the apparently paradoxical push for stronger governance of colonial possessions. Thus, conservatives were more likely to assert the necessity of preserving and respecting Indian cultures, while some prominent British liberals were to advocate policies which demonstrated an unwavering belief in their cultural superiority.⁵

The conflict between liberal and conservative values and politics lay at the heart of British imperialism, and would eventually lead to its downfall. According to many historians, the British tradition of allowing a "pragmatic association of intellectual discourse and politics" (de Schweinitz 140) resulted in contradictions which were imported to the colonies. The famed British pragmatism in administering empire thus made a coherent theory or set of policies for administering colonial possessions impossible. As Thornton has remarked:

The formulation of policy depended not so much on any philosophy of empire as upon the economic and social conditions that existed in the colonial field, and upon the economic relationship between the colony and the metropolis. (*Doctrines* 177)

Whatever political battles were waged over the question of empire by the nineteenth century, the fact that both liberal and conservative elements depended on imperialism seems clear. Both paternalism and liberalism were products of imperial power: "the very concept of social welfare summoned up, as liberty itself had done, the image of necessary guardians. Which guardians were necessary was of course the issue on which Right and Left parted company" (Thornton, *Doctrines* 89). However, the often disparate views about the management of empire, both in Britain and in India, tended to converge in cases of emergency such as the 1857 uprising, where all groups--liberal and conservative, metropolitan and colonial--saw the "virtue and utility in the policy of force" (Thornton, *Doctrines* 62). Thus, although remarkable for its fluidity and potential flexibility, the British imperial idea embodied the political and philosophical conflicts and exported them to the colony, where they seemed to magnify in the workings of the Anglo-Indian community.

British imperial rule in India embodied another fundamental change in the international scene, which gave rise to added tensions. Although so much a part of our world view that we seldom question

its validity, the concept of nationalism was still new in the nineteenth century, resulting in another source of conflict with the older, aristocratic ideas of empire. Benedict Anderson points out that the spirit of empire in the first half of the nineteenth century was

still fundamentally that of the prenational age. Nothing more stunningly confirms this than the fact that "India" only became "British" twenty years after Victoria's accession to the throne. In other words, until after the 1857 Mutiny, "India" was ruled by a commercial enterprise--not by a state, and certainly not by a nation-state (86).

An analysis of British imperialism, then, must take into account the relatively recent rise of nationalism and patriotism as we understand them. The increased insistence on democratic politics, on the home front at least, allowed people to identify themselves with their country (Hobsbawm 143), resulting in a purely "imagined" sense of community.⁶ However, with the obvious political potential of nationalism, and despite its historical roots in democratic, liberal philosophy, it often became associated with the political right. Even when it was a popular movement nationalism was inherently exclusionary, as Hobsbawm points out:

For state nationalism, real or (as in the case of monarchs) invented for convenience, was a double-edged strategy. As it mobilized some inhabitants it alienated others--those who did not belong, or wish to belong to the nation

identified with the state. In short, it helped to define the nationalities excluded from the official nationality by separating out those communities which, for whatever reason, resisted the official public language and ideology. (150-51)

As the power of the concept of the national community took hold, nationalist movements became increasingly more selective and exclusive; only late in the nineteenth century did the current concepts of nation based on language and ethnicity develop (Hobsbawm 148). Only with these new nationalisms did movements for "independence, the self-determination of peoples, the formation of territorial states" occur, mostly after the First World War (Hobsbawm 78).

The connection between nationalism and imperialism had ramifications both for Anglo-Indians and Indians. For the former community, geographically and historically isolated from Britain, the British conception of their national community often excluded Anglo-Indians, who consequently formed their own exclusive "imagined community" that excluded both Indians and most Britons, although it slavishly preserved the forms of behaviour and ways of life perceived by Anglo-India to be the essence of Britishness. In a sense, Anglo-India embodied the "inner incompatibility of empire and nation" (Anderson 88), demonstrating in its imperial conservatism and historically frozen state the underside of the imperial connection that was essential to Britain's welfare. On the home front, the British could experiment with the stages of democracy, by and large ignorant of the extent and importance of their empire, and convinced

of their national cohesiveness, however spurious it might have been in reality.⁷

But the ideology of nationalism also affected those Indians who, as a result of a Western education designed along Macaulay's principles, learned of the democratic ideals that were transforming Britain. Although granting that the British contributed "the latest ideas in jurisprudence and science" to India during their years of rule, M.J. Akbar provides a slightly different view of the gifts of British imperialism, asserting that "the most important asset India got from the British was not so much something that the British offered as something that the Indians took: a democratic polity" (18). Akbar proceeds to quote Bipin Chandra's contention that "'both nationalism and communalism were recent, that is, modern historical processes--the transformation of India under the impact of colonialism'" (20). The modern concept of a national or communal identity, particularly based on language and ethnic origin, therefore contributed to Indian communalism both before and after Independence.⁸

Perhaps because the Indian assimilation or appropriation of certain British political and philosophical ideals exposed the self-contradictory nature of imperial policy, and especially the discrepancy between the British colonial and domestic communities, the troubled question of Indian anglicization is a minor obsession in Anglo-Indian literature, and in the history of the Raj. As an early example, Macaulay's Minute on Education⁹ is thus an attempt to convert

"idolaters," not so much into Christians as into people culturally English, despite their irremediable colour and blood. A sort of mental miscegenation is intended, which . . . shows that, like so much else in the Victorian age, imperialism made enormous progress in daintiness. (Anderson 86)

However, the contempt in which anglicized or educated Indians were held was the surest indication that the Indian could not actually be an Englishman. While demonstrating the cult of racial and cultural superiority that informed formal imperialism, the implications of Macaulay's document are also contradictory. For a true race of "brown-skinned Englishmen," as Scott is to describe the products of Macaulay's educational policy, should clearly be capable of self-government. Although the strength of liberal ideas was remarkable in many British imperial policies, they were useless against the authoritarian necessities of governing a colony. Thus, "even British pragmatism was hard put to it to accommodate both the doctrine that dependencies should eventually graduate into self-governing status, and the conviction that in the Indian case this would never be practicable" (Thornton, *Doctrines* 177). Where liberal attitudes in Britain allow a boy like Scott's Hari Kumar to be treated on equal terms with his other schoolmates, in India his skin colour cancels out his very real Englishness. The very humanism supposedly underlying liberal politics seemed to undercut many of the justifications of British rule, and it is this conflict at the heart of liberalism that is to haunt and worry later writers of the Raj.

The philosophical schizophrenia which marked British rule in India became magnified and codified in the colony, becoming part of the Anglo-Indian psyche, its pathology. This isolated community provided a hot house for the development and elaboration of myths about the "East" or the "Orient" as exemplified by "India" which were a defensive measure for a society that felt itself besieged on two fronts--by Indians in particular and by the apathetic masses and interfering administrators at home. Anglo-India's almost impervious collective identity was born both from an assumption of inherited superiority and right to rule, and an awareness of inferiority; the English in the colonies were perceived to be the misfits whose absence would make the domestic situation more homogenous and stable. The superficial fraternity and strong sense of communal identity often remarked upon by visitors to Anglo-India barely concealed the deep conflicts, particularly class conflicts, that many see as the motivating force behind imperialism in the first place.

Tribal Lays and Images: Novels of the Raj

Any community in such a tenuous and tentative situation needs to sustain itself by adopting and creating a series of myths justifying its presence and giving it a sense of history. For Anglo-India the Victorian cults of racial, class, and cultural superiority were perpetually enshrined for these purposes. Despite the eventual demise of the Raj, these myths, perpetuated by British writers, travellers, and historians, are still extremely potent, and still colour

our conception of the world.

The literature of Anglo-India describes, although it rarely diagnoses, a community that perceives itself to be beleaguered, and which consequently closes ranks and consolidates a particular mythology about itself in the interest of self-preservation. These are all the unfortunate ingredients for the diseased, static societies of many colonies, and Anglo-Indian literature too, despite the sheer number of books written on the subject of India by British writers, exhibits this stasis: an obsession with stereotypes, a certain paranoia, and an unimaginative repetition of certain themes and concerns.

Students of Anglo-Indian literature have thus commented on its resoundingly negative tone. Susanne Howe calls novels on India "among the unhappiest books in the language" (33) and, for David Rubin, who slightly overstates the case, "the bitterness and contempt typical of the British view of India in most fiction about that country has no parallel in English literature treating an international theme" (9). Both Greenberger and Rubin comment on the singular lack of humour in Anglo-Indian novels, and Rubin further denounces their literary quality, stating acerbically that "the concern with India is often the only intrinsically interesting element in their novels--surely a unique condition of the Anglo-Indian novel" (10). Yet "India," as inscrutable, unknowable, alien "other," continues to preoccupy novelists who "cannot stop talking about India, describing, interpreting, condemning, rejecting" (Rubin 10), who engage in a perpetual love-hate relationship with India as object and stage for

imperial conflict and insecurity. Nowhere is the actuality of India, Indians, and Indian life less important than in most novels about India. Even the notable exceptions--some Kipling, Forster, Farrell and Scott, for example--betray nostalgia for the "tribal lays and images"¹⁰ of Anglo-India. Perhaps more damningly, critics of these novels tend to elevate the novelists' relationship with "India" over other biographical or literary considerations.

The constant iterations and reiterations of place, sex, race, class, violence, and the concerns with history, myth and magic make India an arena for the fulfillment of imperial fantasy, which in the Anglo-Indian context, becomes "institutionalized and idealized" into the "heroic mythology" (Wurgaft xvii) of a people under siege. Unfortunately, the creation and articulation of these myths had a palpable effect not only on the members of the Anglo-Indian community who confused India with "India," but on the Indians who were affected in very real ways by the imperial myth. One of the basic functions of this mythology was to give the rationalizations and motives of imperialism a universal grounding. Thus, Anglo-Indian literature upheld the mystique of the Raj by disguising the profit motives of the British presence in India. In Benita Parry's words, Anglo-Indian literature served to consolidate the mythology of empire:

Hypnotized by their belief in their Messianic role or infatuated with vanity at wielding great power, Anglo-Indians expunged from their writings the material interests which Britain had in India and detached the

idea of a mission from the complex and equivocal motives which brought them to India and which were gratified in ruling over Indians. (27)

Most historians of Anglo-Indian literature study the chronological development of the literature, while remarking on recurring themes, stereotypes, and genres. Despite certain alterations in Anglo-Indian literary themes as the Raj's position became more tenuous, the motifs listed above always recur in various guises and permutations.

Although racism and high imperialism in India clearly go hand-in-hand, and were sustained by the growing interest in and development of racial theory, the myth of race in Anglo-Indian literature has its own peculiar gradations and idiosyncrasies, often informed or motivated by further considerations of sex and class. Indeed, racial stereotypes of Indians almost always disguise the Englishman's fear and awareness of sexual, class, or generational conflict. In the racial hierarchy of Anglo-India, the loyal and devoted Indian, whether servant or sepoy, figured most prominently. Of these loyal Indians, certain races or tribes were preferred: the Sikh, the Gurkha, the Pathan or the Jat. Often border people, these "martial" types also exemplified the British preference for the frontier as setting. In addition, the Muslim religion ranked higher than Hinduism, both because of a misperceived affinity between the monotheisms of Christianity and Islam and perhaps more importantly because the Anglo-Indians saw Islam as a more "manly" and aggressive religion than Hinduism. In fact, the traits admired in Muslims were equally those of the frontier Indian: masculinity, warlikeness, heroism. In

this, the favoured tribe (or religion) mirrored the self-image of the lone British frontiersman.¹¹

Within this mythology, the antithesis to these virile or martial races was the effeminate, non-martial Hindu, particularly the Bengali Hindu. Here was a man who was weak, passive, and shifty, and who lived the soft and sheltered urban life rather than endure a rugged frontier existence. The particular threat of the Bengali *babu* was that he didn't know his place; having reaped the benefits of a Western education and the English language, the *babu* upset the status quo by enacting the tensions between liberal and conservative imperialist policies. The Raj thus compared the "effeminate resident of Bengal unfavorably with a stereotype of the vigorous and sturdy peasant of the Punjab" demonstrating that "many of the conflicts rooted in British identity as imperial rulers were implicit in that dichotomy" (Wurgaft 13).

Common to these opposing stereotypes of Indians, however, is the assumption of their inferiority to the ruling British. By combining the attributes of femininity and infancy with those of race, Victorian racial theory was able to fashion a powerful myth of white, male superiority. Many of the resulting racial stereotypes abound even in more recent writing about India. Rarely are Indian characters fully realized, and the religions, cultures and languages of India are badly misrepresented or falsified in a literature that is still infused with the myths and values of the "West."

With our growing cultural fetish about sexuality, there has as well been an increased and prurient focus on what Rubin calls the

mythology of India and sex. This is not to say that the conflation of race and sex is recent, however. In fact, the ways in which sex and race combine in the mythology of Anglo-India is double-edged. For, not only is the fetishization of sex reflected in the matrix of stereotypes about Indian men (and, to a lesser extent, women), but it also gives rise to a peculiarly potent myth about English women, what I call the myth of the memsahib.

Many have argued that the fascination of the English with what they perceive to be Indian sexuality is simply a reflection or enactment of the repressed and suppressed desires of the rigid Victorian society which established many of the myths about India in the first place. In this view, the hyper-masculine, public school ethos of British imperialism created an opposition between masculinity or Britishness and a destructive, feminine sexuality symbolized by India. India is the frightening, dark, sensual "other" half of the imperial self, and logically provides the stereotype of the sex-crazed Indian man and the passionate, though devotedly loyal, Indian woman. The association of Hinduism with the worship of Kali and the British discomfort with the sexual symbolism of Hindu worship points up this combined fear of and fascination with the perceived sexual threat of the "Orient." Even British social reforms in India were motivated by this interest in sex; images of Indian women necessarily included a fascination with the Indian harem, the *zenana* and purdah. Unable to gain access to the segregated female world of the Indian woman, writers and artists came up with "fantasized portraits of the *zenana* [and] . . . responded to the

seclusion of Indian women in the *zenana* with an unstable mixture of sexual interest and excitement, mitigated by humanitarian concern" (Wurgaft 51).¹²

But even in the male world of the Indian frontier, the English coped with their own fears of sexual deviance by creating myths of the sexually perverse Indian. By incorporating in the stereotype of the Pathans, for instance, the accusations of pederasty and homosexuality, they displaced the fear of homosexuality which does accompany the male-dominated world of the military and its training ground, the public school. Later novelists of India employ homosexuality as metaphor for the perversions of the imperial process; part of the continuing mythology of India and sex is to inscribe homosexuality as deviation, as well as making it a fitting vehicle for examining how race and sex are interconnected.

Indeed, as Kabbani asserts, racism and misogyny of necessity accompany each other (59), and the combination of the two is most clear when Anglo-Indian literature deals with the question of mixed-race unions. In these novels, "Eurasians" (now called Anglo-Indians) are, if anything, less sanguinely regarded than the Westernized Indian. The belief in racial purity and the consequent fear of the "hybrid" resulted in the belief that, in all cases, mixing the races resulted in a breed that would combine the worst qualities of both races. In much colonial literature, "half-breeds" are depicted as villains (Street 104), and there is a gradual shift in nineteenth-century India from tacit acceptance of mixed unions between Englishmen and Indian women to a horror of intermarriage as

an indicator of racial degeneration: "In popular fiction Eurasians were shown as debased and without dignity, as shrill and cringing, a warning against the mixing of the races" (Parry 32).

However, a certain kind of racial mixing was acceptable. Particularly in nineteenth-century novels of the Raj, we find "the fable of transposed identities" (Rubin 42). The impersonation of the native Indian by a white man was a commonplace of certain novels. Once more, the preferred disguises were of border people, particularly Pathans. Such an impersonation posed little threat to the white man's sense of himself, however, and the disguise could certainly not be reversed; "the metamorphosis is both successful and superficial: the essential Englishness of these men (for they are almost always men) is never compromised, never overwhelmed" (Rubin 45). According to Kabbani, this propensity for disguise was, to use the image of the theatre again, "leisured play-acting for the wealthy," which, nevertheless, could sometimes lead to "emotional fragmentation" (90-92). There are hints of this fragmentation in Kipling's stories and a clear sense of it in Scott's *Ronald Merrick*.

A particular fear for the British in India was of the union between white women and "native" men, which had its source in the idea that women are the guarantors of racial purity. The concept of women as the "fountainhead of racial strength" or as mothers of the race leads to a "stock-breeding language" common in colonial writers (Ridley 90). It is at this point that misogyny is directed at white, specifically Anglo-Indian women. The myth of the memsahib is so strong as not to be critically examined, as other myths and

stereotypes have been, by novelists or by their critics.

For example, while acknowledging the complicity of sexism and racism in the colonial ethos, Ashis Nandy maintains that white women in India were more racist than white men because they were competing with Indian men for the attention of white men (10). Moore-Gilbert goes further, stating that, because of the shortage of women in India, and the strong, often homosexual relationships between men, "the lack of suitable white women drives [men] . . . to risk disaster and tragedy through liaisons with Indian women" (49). Literary critics and historians have apparently accepted wholesale the idea that the British woman in India was as Kipling had portrayed her: narrow-minded, virulently racist, vicious and trivial. And, even if true in certain details, few writers have sympathetically explored the peculiar tensions of a woman's life in a colonial society where the feminine is constantly devalued, and where the various cults of heroism, work, masculinity and character are considered exemplary.¹³

Instead, breeding language takes hold once more, and the Englishwoman in India is described as a withering or dying plant, as a thin-skinned insect, or as a cornered animal. Using a metaphor which Scott is to use in his novels, Bhupal Singh describes the plight of the memsahib in this way: "These women of the West, like some flower transplanted to bloom beneath alien skies, make efforts to adapt themselves to their changed environments, and it is no wonder that they wither away" (29). As Greenberger traces images of Englishwomen over a century, he notices little change. They are "the worst exemplars of the Raj" (28), "totally lacking in sensitivity and

intelligence" (104) and entirely to blame for creating social barriers between Indians and British (105). Among novelists, Paul Scott makes an attempt, in his portraits of Mildred Layton and Lucy Smalley, to elicit sympathy for their position if not to undermine the myth itself. Of historians and critics, Lewis Wurgaft is alone in questioning the substance of the myth of the memsahib.

The focus on the role of the *memsahib* must be viewed as a rationalization for the bigotry and status consciousness that had permeated the Anglo-Indian community at large. The gentility of the *memsahib* could now be employed as a justification for the narrow moralism and racism that became more conventional in India. Her idealized "purity" became symbolic of the aristocratic pretense that marked the British in India after mid-century. (Wurgaft 42)

With E.M. Forster, the mythology of India and sex takes a new turn. Novels on India after Forster employ over and over again the metaphors of rape and marriage, as well as of sexual deviation and excess. The rule of the British in India is often examined through the metaphor of rape. With Forster and, later, Scott, this is inverted in the rape of a white woman by Indian men, and makes of the former allegory a "justifying fantasy in which Britain is raped by India" (Rubin 66). Indeed, the popularity of the rape metaphor is of a piece with the liberal use of violence in Anglo-Indian novels, even more recent ones. As Rubin puts it, almost every novelist relies on "a heavy dose of rape, mob attack, and murder" (24), all elements which

lend credibility to the image of the English under siege.

One of the founding myths of Anglo-India is that of white solidarity. Besieged, the English close ranks against India and Indians, and set aside the differences, specifically those of class, which would have separated them at home. Hugh Ridley suggests that colonial writers have an "intense belief in the democratic nature of colonial experience" (125), an experience enhanced by the fact that the society was comprised of "déclassés, by people who had lost their secure membership of any social class" (133). Such solidarity, however, is superficial, particularly when there are no crises to draw the community together in adversity. Like misogyny, racism and class consciousness go hand in hand, and thrive on each other. In the case of a character like Scott's Ronald Merrick, his awareness of being an outsider, of not belonging to the right class, fuels his racial hatred of Hari Kumar who, in England, belongs to a class into which Merrick can never gain entry. Merrick exemplifies the proposition that racism was "a spurious leveller of class distinctions" (Ridley 60). While class differences may here be sublimated into racism, Scott, like other recent novelists, points out the intense class awareness of Anglo-India, and the enshrinement of class-related rituals now outdated at "home." The acute social distinctions in colonial India, and the careful maintaining of social divisions and distances reverberated in Britain as well:

If there were martial races abroad, there were likewise martial classes at home: every man could be drilled to fight, but only the gentleman by birth could lead and

command. . . . Empire widened the real gulf between the classes at home, but also provided them with a spurious fraternity. (Kiernan 316-317)

However, the "spurious fraternity" enabled by the mythology of the Raj also cut Anglo-Indians off from people in Britain. Often judged by British standards to be misfits, Anglo-Indians were aware of being so perceived and felt themselves to be both displaced and placeless people, isolated from the alien country they lived in and from an apathetic mother country. Only by creating a mythical image of a close-knit community could members of the Raj battle their sense of fragmentation caused by family breakup, as children were sent to school in England and as family members moved from station to station. Descriptions of English settlements in novels about the Raj demonstrate how strongly the British wanted to make their physical surroundings in India as much like "home" as possible. Account after account describes the institutions associated with the civilizing mission--church, police station, court house and club--emphasizing the neatness, order and precision of the English cantonment compared with the filthy sprawl and disorder of the native section. This, really, was the geography, the "India" that the British there knew. The India of their literature ignored the villages, towns and cities of the subcontinent, focussed almost exclusively on Northern India and, in that imaginative geography, idealized a Frontier land that existed almost nowhere in reality. The rugged, rural, jungly land of Raj literature is "indeed an almost Indianless India. In fact, the only occasions when these writers express any rapturous

sentiments about the physical India--the only times they show a deep love for India--is when the India they are writing about has nothing in it to remind them of India" (Greenberger 39).

Just as there are geographical myths of India: the English settlement dominated by the sanctuary of the Club, and the fantasy of frontier India, there are historical ones that shore up the greater mythology of the Raj. According to Paul Scott, the enemy of the Raj as it is represented by Mildred Layton is history, that is, the historical actuality of British rule in India. Rather, there stands in its place a historical mythology of heroes, villains, and significant dates, which, in their simplifications and prejudices, helps to buttress the increasingly fragile structure of the Raj. By thus ignoring or revising history in their search for origins, the British were able to fashion for themselves a coherent sense of identity.

The most important of these historical events, and the founding *annus mirabilis*, is the "Mutiny" of 1857.¹⁴ This "'Epic of the Race"¹⁵ was the main reason and justification for the establishment of authoritarian rule in India. Susanne Howe explains the tenacity of this particular founding myth: "The whitewashing of the Mutiny in the long, cleansing perspectives of the 'new' history, flattered the imperial complacency of the seventies and reassured the more anxious consciences of a later generation" (68). The desire to make the "Mutiny" look "cleaner," of course, extended only to the British reprisals against the sepoys; the acts of the sepoys themselves are fine ingredients for the staple of violence that abounds in the literature of the Raj. As myth, the "Great Mutiny" suppresses a

greater political context or historical background, and for many 1857 became the year from which the British presence in India dated. In keeping with the emphasis on heroes rather than larger social forces, the Raj's version of the "Mutiny" manages to "both personalise the conflict, seeing it as generated by particular individuals, and to demonise the rebels as pathological" (Moore-Gilbert 98). In any event, "1857" provided the British with ample evidence of the supposed inferiority of Indians as a race and the resulting necessity of British rule.

With the increasing tolerance and sympathy for Indian aspirations for self-rule in this century, the nostalgia for past events, as well as the relative increase in historical novels, seems curious. Several critics have noticed that even anti-Raj writers of the early to middle years of this century fail to include in their books the politics and proponents of Indian nationalism. Rather, the focus turns to the loyal Indian prince, an image that replaces the images of petty tyranny and "Oriental despotism" in earlier novels. The almost willful blindness to nationalist aspirations may indeed be the source of this nostalgia for retelling the myths of imperial history. "Escape Into the Past" is for David Rubin one of the four modes of romance that typify recent novels about India. Assenting to the fact that writers such as Kaye, Masters, and Fitzgerald are more liberal in their attitudes to race, Rubin dismisses this as "liberal sentimentality" (32). He emphasizes instead that these novelists rely on the same formulae as earlier "Mutiny" fiction--the violence, treachery, and sexual licentiousness of Indians. Further, these

writers' criticism of British policy does not disguise continuing admiration for the British military hero of the "Mutiny" and, in fact, the "Mutiny" allows the English to "dwell on the treachery of lesser breeds and their ultimate defeat by the superior British" (34), as well as resurrecting the idea of service that collapsed with Indian independence.

Perhaps what is most damaging about the perpetuation of the Raj revision of history is its effect on Indians' concept of their own history. Critics of colonialism always point out that the colonized are removed from or robbed of history, being inculcated instead with the colonizers' version, to which they are peripheral. Nostalgia for the days of imperial certainty allows the inaccuracies, prejudices, omissions, and outright falsifications to proliferate. It is for this reason that literary historians like David Rubin are so adamant that the history, language, politics, the very cultures of India are still misrepresented to sustain the mythology of the Raj. He discusses the "grammatical howlers" of contemporary writers ignorant of Indian languages (31), as well as pointing out, as others have done, how "babu English" is savagely satirised. Even liberal writers such as Scott and Forster commit the sin of ignoring the "extraordinary variety of racial, social, and linguistic realities of India" (10). Arguing that these are far from trivial complaints, Rubin finds their root in a still-prevalent, if unconscious racism.

So far I have been emphasizing the solidity and apparent immortality of the myths of the Raj. While several persist, it is clear that the system, or structure, of myths has indeed collapsed, in

part because those who believed in it were eventually forced to recognize the pressures of historical events and the existence of middle terms. The Bengali *babu*, the Eurasian, the Indian nationalist, and the Englishman or woman who didn't conform or subscribe to the mythology were realities that eventually had to be acknowledged, at the expense of a fragile and ultimately unproductive sense of community. The magic of a closed, unchanging, and isolated society and identity, which no doubt accounted for the literary fascination with magic, the supernatural, superstition, and "the primitive" in Indian culture, ultimately lost its power to exclude the realities of India and its inhabitants. The circle of magic was no longer a stage for the British alone, and India was no longer a distorting mirror for British civilization and values. Instead, the feared "hybrid," such as the Westernized Indian, exposed the "critical conjunction between the magic of both communities" (Wurgaft 65), and suggested, moreover, that not only was the stage now to be shared, but would ultimately be cleared of British invaders. Unable to accommodate this turn in events, the Raj retaliated, adding another significant date to their body of myths--Brigadier Dyer's 1919 Jallianwallah Bagh massacre. Beginning with a similarly important historical event that signals the break-up of the Raj, the Quit India campaign of 1942, Paul Scott examines how the circle of magic becomes the self-destructive circle of fire for the British in India. Through his consistent use of theatrical metaphors, he stresses that the British staging of imperialism in India was an amateur effort.

Some of the more salient features of the racial epic that Raj

literature was instrumental in creating hold sway even today. In describing Raj ideology, several writers have in fact used the term "cult" to describe the religious underpinnings of the Raj. Hugh Ridley discusses the "cult of the primitive" (112) and the "cult of failure," (135); Lewis Wurgaft the "cult of character" (46); and Susanne Howe, in analyzing the "racial cult" of Anglo-India writes of the Carlylean "Cult of the Hero" and the "Gospel of Work" (74). In keeping with the religious tone of the writings they study, Wurgaft mentions the Old Testament rhetoric and tone of Raj literature (36), and both Howe and Rubin find a "trinity" of concerns in the literature: for the former they are "size, vitality, freedom" (27); for the latter, "race, sex, and spirituality" (73). To a certain extent, then, we see in criticism of Anglo-Indian literature the reproduction of Raj mythology. Not merely descriptive, such literary history makes its own literary myth of the Raj's self-dramatisation, either discussing the fiction it deals with in terms of cults, trinities, and modes of romance, or dividing the development of Raj literature, often beginning with the year 1857, into mythic eras. An excellent example is Greenberger's framework of Eras of Confidence, Doubt, and Melancholy. Shamsul Islam borrows Greenberger's trinity of eras, also making something of a heroic cult of certain writers, most notably Rudyard Kipling. Literary histories of colonial literature such as the Raj's

invariably shared much of the ethos of their subject-matter, and often were written with direct political intent: to express nationalism, nostalgia or resentment over the loss of empire. . . . [they] were

monuments to an excessive confidence in literary history as such . . . colonial literature emerges from the pages of these histories only as an accumulation of corpses. (Ridley 46)

In the chapters to follow, I have indulged in this literary mythmaking myself, by establishing Kipling and Forster as necessary representatives of the Anglo-Indian novelistic tradition and, more importantly, as Scott's literary predecessors. Nevertheless, the novels that distinguish themselves from the plethora of often inferior novels about India **are** by those writers who are said to form the "great tradition" of Anglo-Indian writing. While assenting to much of the mythology of the Raj, both Kipling and Forster also questioned it and pointed to its shortcomings. But, while "India" supposedly silenced Forster, "she" stung Scott into garrulity--providing us with an 1800-page conclusion to the "Epic of the Race." In his novel, Scott manages to comment on and reach beyond Forster and Kipling by focussing on the image the Raj had of itself, by examining its sacred myths for their inaccuracy and emptiness, and by acknowledging the effect British rule had on the history and people of India. He refuses, for the most part, to indulge in assigning blame, and manages to provide a curiously dispassionate view of the participants in England's most significant imperial venture.

Notes

¹James Morris, *Pax Britannica*, 517.

²I will be using the term *Anglo-Indian* throughout in two ways: 1) to describe the British colonial community in India and as a virtual synonym for the *Raj*. However, the former term as I use it connotes long inhabitation in India and membership in the community, while *Raj* carries with it overtones of direct involvement in the administration and government of India; 2) as an adjective for the tradition of British writing about India.

My first use of the term is anachronistic, as *Anglo-Indian* was adopted by the so-called Eurasians, or people of mixed blood, in the 1920s (against strenuous objections from the British community who had thus labelled themselves). However, the term is useful in that it describes the state of tension in a community that was neither properly British nor Indian, and which went to great lengths to differentiate its members from native inhabitants of India. As a designator of a particular literary sub-genre, *Anglo-Indian* tends to be exclusive also, confining itself to the British encounter with India. For other purposes, the term might be more useful if applied in general to English-language writing about India. A complementary term for Indian writing in the English language--Indo-Anglian writing--is frequently used in contemporary criticism but also runs into problems of definition. A writer such as Ruth Praver Jhabvala, for instance, is sometimes considered an Indo-Anglian writer because of her long residence in India and marriage to an Indian, while certain critics prefer to place her in the Anglo-Indian or European tradition of writing about India.

³*The White Tribe of Africa* is in fact the title of a recent BBC series and of David Harrison's book about Afrikaners in contemporary South Africa. The term has even been used by Afrikaner novelist André Brink in a recent article on the history of the Afrikaners: *National Geographic* 174.4 (October 1988): 558-85.

⁴Karl de Schweinitz discusses this assertion of British values in the issue of the permanent settlement of tax obligations on landowners in Bengal: "In proclaiming the permanent settlement in Bengal, Cornwallis had superimposed the institution of

proprietary rights in land on a traditional society for which the notion of private property as it had emerged in English common law had no meaning" (138); the policy thus led to the introduction of "British standards of law and justice" (109) as a way of enforcement, and marked the beginning of the Company's move away from tolerance of Indian values and towards British "norms for the proper standards of Indian rule" (140).

⁵In fact, the apparent irony that conservatism tended to uphold Indian values, religion, and culture is in fact a superficial one, for often the conservative views were based on the traditional, aristocratic ideas of empire, while reformers were committed to the emerging concept of their country as a new nation.

⁶For extended analyses of the impact of nationalism in the late nineteenth-century, see Eric Hobsbawm's chapter in *The Age of Empire*, "Waving Flags: Nations and Nationalism," and Benedict Anderson's *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origins and Spread of Nationalism*. Anderson elaborates on the idea of the nation, which is "an imagined political community. . . . It is imagined because the members of even the smallest nation will never know most of their fellow-members. . . . yet in the minds of each lives the image of their communion" (15). In a similar vein, Hobsbawm distinguishes between the ideas of homeland and nation, the former being a "*real* community of human beings with real social relations;" the latter an "*imaginary* community which creates some sort of bond between members of a population of tens--today even hundreds--of millions" (148).

⁷V.G. Kiernan, and other socialist or Marxist theorists, suggest that imperialism was a consequence of, or safety-valve for, class inequality in Britain. Victorian racial theory was thus a sublimation of earlier class prejudice: "Mystique of race was Democracy's vulgarization of an older mystique of class" (240). A superficial sense of fraternity, bolstered by nationalism, in this view, defused potential domestic conflict.

⁸Against the common prejudices that Indian communalism was part and parcel of the pre-colonial chaos of India, or that it was entirely the result of a British "divide and rule" policy, M.J. Akbar examines the legacies of nationalism and what he sees as a logical correlative of it, communalism. Tracing the development of "lingual nationalism" in post-Independence Pakistan and India, Akbar echoes Hobsbawm's observation that

linguistic-ethnic nationalism is a recent phenomenon, in his account of how Nehru's and Patel's fears of the consequences of political states drawn along linguistic lines eventually had to give way to popular demand for them (74). Akbar finds the roots of various sectarian separatist demands in India in the modern concepts of nationalism and the development of communalism, refusing received imperial wisdom that Britain somehow created a "new country" out of "an old chaos" (18).

⁹Macaulay's Minute, espousing an English educational system for Indians, declared that the "intellectual improvement" of Indians "can at present only be effected by means of some language not vernacular among them." Further, while admitting that he has "no knowledge of either Sanscrit or Arabic," Macaulay states that "a single shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia." Vehemently anti-missionary, Macaulay's apparent advocacy of religious tolerance is clearly more ideological than really felt:

Assuredly it is the duty of the British Government in India to be not only tolerant but neutral on all religious questions. But to encourage the study of literature, admitted to be of small intrinsic value, only because that literature inculcates the most serious errors on the most important subjects, is a course hardly reconcilable with reason, with morality, or even with that neutrality which ought, as we all agree, to be sacredly preserved. It is confessed that a language [Sanskrit or Arabic] is barren of useful knowledge. We are to teach it because it is fruitful of monstrous superstitions. We are to teach false history, false astronomy, false medicine, because we find them in the company with a false religion.

Macaulay reiterates in his concluding comments that he wants to prevent the dissemination of "absurd history, absurd metaphysics, absurd physics, absurd theology." To this end he advocates closing colleges devoted to studying "Eastern" languages and hopes instead to create "a class of persons, Indian in blood and colour, but English in tastes, in opinions, in morals and in intellect. To that class we may leave it to refine the vernacular dialects of the country . . . and to render them by degrees fit vehicles for conveying knowledge to the great mass of the population."

The complete text of the 1835 Minute on Education is reprinted in Philip Curtin's *Imperialism*, 178-191.

¹⁰"Tribal Lays and Images" is the title of the chapter in James Morris's *Pax Britannica* describing the artistic response to the new imperialism.

¹¹It is important to recall that the function of these myths is to obscure historical and political reasons for the perceived preference the British had for Muslims. Trying to expose what he sees as a similar type of myth, that is, the support of the general Indian Muslim population for the separatist Muslim League, M.J. Akbar looks at some of the reasons for the British-Muslim alliance:

The old Muslim elite, created out of centuries of feudal rule, had two broad components: the landlords and the *ulema*, or clergy. Neither was comfortable with the concept of democracy. . . [the clergy and the landlords tried] to create the cultural and emotional separation between Hindus and Muslims as a prelude to the geographical separation. . . . and here it got invaluable help from Hindu fanatics. (24)

Appealing to the "feudal-theocratic nature" of this minority élite, the British exploited Muslim fears of "Hindu domination," particularly in their attempt to partition Bengal in 1905 (24-25), and, later, between the wars:

Jinnah was able to 'represent' the Indian Muslims thanks solely to the British. When the Second World War broke out in Europe, the Congress refused to support the British effort. . . . The Muslim League had decided the only way it could get Pakistan was through the grace of the British, and so in the decade between 1937 and 1947 it played an active pro-British role.(37)

¹²Both Rana Kabbani and Malek Alloula examine this prurient obsession with the harem. In her chapter "The Salon's Seraglio" in *Europe's Myths of Orient*, Kabbani discusses the photorealism of Orientalist paintings of the imaginary harem, the claustrophobic fascination with interiors, and the attention to detail of costume and ornamentation. In *The Colonial Harem*, Malek Alloula presents a Barthesian analysis of this sexual fascination with the "Orient" in French colonial postcards of Algerian women. While also pointing to the detail of these photographs, Alloula is at pains to emphasize that the postcards bear little or no relation to the reality of Algerian life, and that they are almost entirely fabricated and cunningly posed.

¹³Margaret MacMillan's recently-published *Women of the Raj* (1988) goes part of the way towards rectifying this mistake. She, too, credits Paul Scott with a greater sensitivity than most Raj novelists towards the memsahib.

¹⁴Nowhere is historiographic bias clearer than in accounts of the so-called Mutiny of 1857. Even other words used to designate the uprising, such as "rebellion" or "revolt," carry with them, like "mutiny," connotations of unjustified insurrection. The enshrinement of the date, 1857, tends to obscure the fact that the "mutiny" was not an isolated or short-lived incident, but lasted almost two years. In keeping with perception of the events of 1857-58 as a crucial, founding Anglo-Indian myth, the adjective "great" often accompanies "mutiny" or "revolt." The roots of discontent among the sepoys are simplified and sometimes ridiculed, and the possibility is rarely entertained that the uprising had its roots in nationalism and anti-imperialism. Even as recent an account as Christopher Hibbert's, revealingly entitled *The Great Mutiny: India 1857*, dismisses the nationalist argument, suggesting instead in a three-page epilogue on these complex issues that "the Mutiny, in fact, was not so much a national revolt as the culmination of a period of unrest. . . . The Mutiny was the swan-song of old India" (392-3). I have indicated my uneasiness with the implications of all of these words by placing them in quotation marks.

¹⁵Flora Annie Steel, quoted in Rubin (13). James Morris reveals the prevalence of this mythic thinking: "More extraordinary was the epic allure which still lingered about its legend, forty years later. 'We are indebted to India', wrote Sir Charles Crosthwaite, 'for the great Mutiny, which has well been called the Epic of the Race.' It was also called 'our Iliad'" (414).

Setting the Stage: Paul Scott's Predecessors

Rudyard Kipling

The white people were . . . in many ways astonishingly like characters in a Kipling story. I could never make up my mind whether Kipling had moulded his characters accurately in the image of Anglo-Indian society or whether we were moulding our characters in the image of a Kipling story.¹

Rudyard Kipling is often assumed to be the founding member of the tradition of Anglo-Indian novel. This assumption bears examination; the Anglo-Indian novel was flourishing by the 1830s, providing Kipling with a store of conventions established by his literary predecessors including John Lang, Henry Kingsley, Sara Jeannette Duncan, and F.M. Crawford (Moore-Gilbert 22-24). Nevertheless, Kipling's "success has probably done more than anything else to consign his forerunners to oblivion" (20). Yet Kipling has been assigned to his own sort of oblivion, his place in English, if not in Anglo-Indian, literature being very insecure indeed. In his introduction to *Kim*, Edward Said writes that Kipling "has remained an institution in English letters, albeit one always apart from the central strand, acknowledged but slighted, appreciated but never fully canonized" (*Kim* 9). Kipling's detractors castigate him (in George Orwell's memorable words) for being "a jingo imperialist . . .

insensitive and morally disgusting" (70). Conversely, attempts to reassess his reputation have led to apologies for Kipling's imperialist and racist attitudes, and to a bracketing of these more politically reprehensible sentiments in favour of a purely aesthetic analysis. Thus, the much-discussed tension and ambiguity in Kipling's Indian stories is reflected in the criticism, which often relies on the very cultural assumptions found to be so abhorrent in Kipling. Benita Parry therefore accuses many Kipling critics of reproducing "the history of Western attitudes to the imperial experience" (*Delusions* 203), and goes on to damn white academics who perhaps unconsciously affirm imperialism's liberal ideals, by seeing imperialism as a "model of the hostile universe" (207), rather than a phenomenon with real effects on real people. In contrast, Parry presents Raghavan Iyer's contention that "no material benefits, no cultural influences could outweigh the wrong of a relationship that lamed a people's will, insulted its self-respect and doomed it to passivity and political slavery."²

Parry's accusations are important, particularly because the world-view of the critic can be so blinkered and ethnocentric. But she doesn't make the distinction between the view of Kipling put forth by the long history of Kipling criticism, and Kipling the author, seen as a product of a particular historical and cultural moment. Unfortunately, many critics attempting to rescue a literary place for Kipling have used the latter perspective, often for doubtful ends. Thus Elliot Gilbert justifiably argues that Kipling's imperialism was a nineteenth-century idea, and that our twentieth-century cultural relativism does not allow us "to treat the idea of an altruistic

colonialism with anything but contempt" (119). But Gilbert's weakness, evident in his title *The Good Kipling*, is his desire to overemphasize the aesthetic consideration of the author, at the expense of assessing Kipling's place in imperialist mythology.

Likewise, K. Jamiluddin notes Kipling's literary and political context. At times severely critical of Kipling's fiction, Jamiluddin nevertheless points out that Kipling attempted to disturb Victorian illusions, and that Kipling's version of imperialism was a defence of the existing empire, rather than a call for further imperial expansion. Otherwise lacking critical insight, Jamiluddin is rare among commentators who wish to remind us that Kipling was both a product and protector of the British imperial idea as it began to fail. Thus, Kipling's "role in the definition, the imagination, the formulation of what India was to the British Empire in its mature phase, just before the whole edifice began to split and crack, is extraordinarily important" (Said, *Kim* 8).

Although leading to the aforementioned apologies for his imperialist views, reading Kipling within his historical and cultural context is important and often illuminating. Even as negative a reviewer as W.L. Renwick places Kipling's political views in a philosophical and political tradition, remarking that Kipling inherited both the "philistinism which is part of the unintentional legacy of English romanticism" and the "degenerate stoicism" which was in part a reaction to that romanticism, and which resulted in the equally philistine public school ethos that turned out so many of British India's administrators (3-4).³ While suggesting possible influences

on Kipling's thinking, Renwick also lends support to the critical view that "Kipling's mind and art" are divided, that both display a doubleness which is always in tension, if not always productive tension. As an inheritor of a particular cultural tradition, moreover, Kipling in his fiction also conveys the conflicts within the imperial idea itself.

As I suggested earlier, one of the major weaknesses of much Kipling criticism is its complicity with imperial attitudes deplored in the writer. So, Lionel Trilling's assessment of Kipling begins innocuously enough by emphasizing the boylike quality of Kipling's work, and the prevalence of the outsider in his tales. Although granting that Indian critics might want to take issue with Kipling's presentation of India, Trilling praises Kipling for providing "literary sanction for the admiration of the illiterate and shiftless parts of humanity" and argues that "the dominant emotions of *Kim* are love and respect for the aspects of Indian life that the ethos of the West does not usually regard even with leniency" (117). Apparently unaware of his own astonishingly imperialist biases, Trilling makes matters worse by invoking the issue of class in a later statement denigrating Kipling, whose "toryism often had in it a lower-middle-class snarl of defeated gentility. . . . His imperialism is reprehensible not because it *is* imperialism but because it is a puny and mindless imperialism" (121).⁴ Gilbert is thus correct to take Trilling to task for his exclusionary class-consciousness but doesn't quarrel with Trilling's implication that perhaps grandiose and mindful imperialisms are **not** reprehensible.

These critical *ad hominem* attacks are unfortunately not rare, and have become a staple of Kipling criticism. Once more unmindful of political, historical, or literary context, Edmund Wilson also heaps scorn on Kipling, arguing that after 1899 the "colonial who has criticized the motherland now sets out systematically to glorify her; and it is the proof of his timidity and weakness that he should loudly overdo this glorification" (40). Wilson ignores all of the complexities and tensions to be found throughout Kipling's corpus, and concludes not only that Kipling grows more "venomous, morbid, distorted" (43) but that his "effort to impose his scheme by main force" leads the author to "abandon human beings altogether" (50). Wilson's authoritative and influential view of Kipling pays scant attention to the variety and sheer amount of Kipling's work, nor does it allow for the importance of tone, particularly in the early fiction.

Even his poetry is misrepresented. Being immensely quotable, Kipling's contribution of "catchy, glib, and romantic" maxims, clichés, and catchwords to the English language is unrivalled (Rao, *Kipling* 105). However, their very quotability works against Kipling, for, like the author, they are wrenched from their context. More recent criticism has shown that the famous "East is East and West is West/And never the twain shall meet" is not the apparently impeccable imperial sentiment that the poem as a whole appears to express. Later lines "clearly mitigate the absolutism and inflexibility" of the first two lines (Gilbert 11). Other critics have pointed to the equivocal tone in "Recessional," again often considered a justification of imperialism.

I have discussed these critical attitudes to Kipling because of their enormous impact on subsequent commentators, and on Kipling's placement in the canon of English literature. For, despite individual revaluations of Kipling, he will stand for many as the "secret agent of imperialism" (McClure, *Conrad* 55), and as a writer who is successful in achieving an artistic "harmony of imagination and imperialism" (Ridley 4). What I hope to demonstrate in the following pages is exactly how unsuccessful Kipling is at integration: his views on imperialism, race, and on Anglo-India, in his early, predominantly Indian, stories and in *Kim* are contradictory and hardly consistent. While he holds to many of the conventions and prejudices of Anglo-Indian fiction, he is the first Anglo-Indian writer to challenge seriously a few of them. Kipling's explicit and implicit critique of aspects of imperialism are largely transmitted through his ventriloquism, his "troublesome tone" (Gilbert 8) and the existence of a variety of *personae*. Much Kipling criticism ignores or downplays the significance of the irony thereby conveyed.

Like many of the Anglo-Indian writers before him, Kipling posits an essential India of unbearable heat, squalor, and unfathomable mystery; he is cynical about the superficialities of Anglo-Indian society, particularly as manifested by its women; he deplores the educated native or Bengali *babu*, and favours border- and hill-people; his religious preference among "inferior" natives is for Muslims, and for the martial Sikhs and Pathans: the Hindu does not fare well in Kipling's scheme; he values the doctrine of work as shown in the dedication of tireless and isolated administrators, and

depicts the effect of India on those who overwork; he demonstrates the impossibility of love relationships across racial barriers; he posits all sorts of essential traits of the "Oriental," "Asiatic," "native," or product of the "East:" laziness, a complete lack of time sense, sensuality, lack of hygiene, and so on; he situates his fiction away from urban centres, concentrating on northern India, particularly frontiers; he values the inclusiveness and safety of Anglo-Indian society, symbolized by the club as refuge and haven. And so on. But, although there are these tendencies in Kipling's tales (particularly regarding locale, and his religious and racial or tribal preferences), there are as many qualifications and contradictions which are often overlooked by readers.

For example, there are bald and offensive statements, such as the opening of "Beyond the Pale:" "A man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race, and breed. Let the White go to the White and the Black to the Black. . . This is the story of a man who wilfully stepped beyond the safe limits of decent everyday society, and paid for it heavily" (P7116).⁵ For many, this pithy and quotable creed is the moral of the stories in which Kipling deals with love across colour lines, such as "Without Benefit of Clergy," "Lispeth," "Georgie Porgie," and "Beyond the Pale." In all of these tales, genuine sympathy for the plight of the native woman (particularly in the latter two tales), or for the strength of the relationships between the lovers in the first two stories, seems to be countered by a didacticism which leads the reader to the conclusion that the two races should never "meet." The cruelty of Bisesa's punishment for consorting with

Trejago--"both hands had been cut off at the wrists" ("Pale," *PT* 120)--and Ameera's death from cholera in "Without Benefit of Clergy" seem to confirm prejudices of racial purity. However, shifts in tone in both stories cannot be ignored. While Kipling may be suggesting that Holden's and Ameera's happiness cannot last precisely because it is "withdrawn from the world" ("Clergy," *LH* 143) of nature, India, and Anglo-India, he is pointedly ironic about the nature of that world, particularly Holden's. Holden's refuge in the club and in work is ritualistic and not comforting. Upon the death of his son, we are informed that "one mercy only was granted to Holden. . . . an unusually heavy mail that demanded concentrated attention and hard work. He was not, however, alive to this kindness of the gods" (145).

Similarly, Kipling is often criticized for a callous attitude to the consequences of famine in the chilling line, "Nature began to audit her accounts with a red pencil" ("Clergy," *LH* 149). The callousness of this sentence reflects the account-book mentality not of Kipling but of the character who first uses it, the District Commissioner (DC), who sees only how a cholera epidemic can benefit his famine-relief programme. Holden laconically asks the DC, "Is it the old programme then . . . famine, fever, and cholera?" (149). The devastation of what the DC calls "only local scarcity and an unusual prevalence of seasonal sickness" (149) is completely erased in the course of daily club talk, and Ameera's consequent death shown to be trivial in Anglo-Indian eyes. Holden's loss of Ameera and their son Tota will be simply an episode in his life upon his return to the confines of Anglo-India, as effective as the rains' destruction of their

as that symbol of British progress, the municipal road, the construction of which will obliterate the physical remnants of Holden's life with Ameera "so that no man may say where this house stood" (155).

In "Without Benefit of Clergy," Kipling has been justifiably accused of stereotyping the Indian woman in his portrait of Ameera, and of consequently glorifying her self-sacrifice. In the end, Ameera is not herself significant. Rather, she merely functions as a catalyst for our sympathy for Holden's loss and for his consequently mandatory return to a rigid and superficial society. Like Trejago, he will undoubtedly pay regular calls, immerse himself in his work, and be "reckoned a very decent sort of man" ("Pale," *PT* 121) in the "safe limits of decent everyday society" ("Pale," *PT* 116). However, many readers ignore the importance of the opening epigraph, a device so common in Kipling as to be often ignored: "Love heeds not caste nor sleep a broken bed. I went in search of love and lost myself." Because this "Hindu proverb," as it is identified, occurs before the contentious opening lines, it throws the whole tale into ironic relief; the privilege of maintaining identity within the magic circle of Anglo-India seems to be the heavy price Trejago and Holden pay, and even the amounts exacted from Trejago, "a slight stiffness . . . in the right leg" (120), and from Holden, seem minimal when compared to the fates of Ameera and Bisesa.

A similarly fluid and ironic perspective exists in stories dealing with "native" heroism or cowardice. In "The Head of the District" the tone is quite uniform; the targets coming under heaviest

fire are Grish Chunder Dé, the archetypal Bengali *babu* and despised Indian educated native, as well as the theorizing of the "pen and tongue" (*LH* 115) administrators like the Viceroy, who decrees Chunder Dé's appointment as head of the district. More affectionately, Kipling concentrates on the tribal warring of the border people, to demonstrate in the end the fitness of Tallantire, the man with knowledge of the people he leads, to be the head of the district. Benita Parry points to this story as an example of "Kipling's highly developed lack of taste" (214).

The story of Michele D'Cruze in "His Chance in Life" bears many similarities. The ironic focus in this tale is not as clear, for the narrator is much more playful and pontificating. Most critics suggest that the following admonition is Kipling's: "Never forget that unless the outward and visible signs of Our Authority are always before a native he is as incapable as a child of understanding what authority means, or where is the danger of disobeying it" (*PT* 57), rather than interpreting it as a reflection of the narrow attitudes of the narrator, a man who thinks in concepts which he mentally capitalizes. He indulges in superficial categorizing, imposing his own theory on the tale he has heard. It is the narrator, not Kipling, who discusses the "old race-instinct which recognises a drop of White blood as far as it can be diluted" (59), and who sees D'Cruze's courage as a temporary aberration: "it was the White drop in Michele's veins dying out, though he did not know it" (60). The storyteller here is necessarily a limited man, who nevertheless acknowledges that stories about people of mixed blood "cannot be absolutely correct in fact or inference" (56).

However, the narrator's penchant for inference is signalled by the now legendary words, "the White shows in spurts of fierce, childish pride--which is Pride of Race run crooked--and sometimes the Black in still fiercer abasement and humility" (56). At the outset, the narrator is also established as an insider, hailing from the confined world of the Anglo-Indian reader, who is directly addressed: "If you go straight from Levées and Government House Lists, past Trades' Balls--far beyond everything and everybody you ever knew in your respectable life--you cross, in time, the Borderline" (56).

Finally, as if to tease the reader for believing the racial inferences in the story, "His Chance in Life" closes with an alternate, and equally facetious, suggestion that D'Cruze has been entirely motivated by love, rather than by that drop of white blood: "Which proves that, when a man does good work out of all proportion to his pay, in seven cases out of nine there is a woman at the back of the virtue. The two exceptions must have suffered from sunstroke" (60). Not only does the final line establish the humorously cynical and knowing narratorial tone that irritates many readers of Kipling's fiction, but it undercuts the reliability of the storyteller's assumptions of D'Cruze's racial inferiority. Rather, the brief but ambiguous line following the observation that d'Cruze's "White" blood is "dying out"--"But the Englishman understood" (60)--implies that there are complex reasons for D'Cruze's capitulation to authority, and that he can be fully credited with the heroism that the narrator is so anxious to deny. What we as readers are left with is the possibility of several different understandings of D'Cruze's motivations and

actions.

Kipling also uses the supernatural and the conventions of the gothic tale to provide unsettling and tension-ridden readings of a situation. As Kipling himself points out in his preface to *The Phantom Rickshaw* collection, "the peculiarity of ghost stories is that they are never told first-hand," a fact which makes the reader rely entirely on the narrator for information and inference. These stories use Kipling's favourite device of the frame; what is often ignored in critical readings of these stories, however, is the attitude of the framing narrator. Thus the primary narrator of "The Phantom Rickshaw" demonstrates the extraordinarily blinkered view of the Anglo-Indian in an opening paragraph that is worth quoting at length:

One of the few advantages that India has over England is a great Knowability. After five years' service a man is directly or indirectly acquainted with the two or three hundred Civilians in his Province, all the Messes of ten or twelve regiments and Batteries, and some fifteen hundred other people of non-official caste. In ten years his knowledge should be doubled, and at the end of twenty he knows, or knows something about, every Englishman in the Empire, and may travel anywhere and everywhere without paying hotel bills.

Globe-trotters who expect entertainment as a right have, even within my memory, blunted this open-heartedness, but none the less to-day, if you belong to the Inner Circle and are neither a Bear nor a Black Sheep, all houses are open to you, and our small world is very, very kind and helpful. (*PR* 5)

This paragraph gradually reveals that the "knowable" India is actually only Anglo-India, and also masterfully exposes many of the negative aspects of Anglo-Indian character and society: its limited size and incestuousness, its hierarchical military and civil structure, the penchant for providing numbers and reliance on arithmetic, the distrust of outsiders, and the class consciousness and exclusionary nature of the "Inner Circle," as well as the concomitant defensive and hypocritical community-spiritedness of Anglo-India.⁶ The ironic perspective this opening gives to the story prepares us for a tale that deals entirely with Anglo-India (and Anglo-Indian ghosts), with its strict and unforgiving morality. It also makes sense of Pansay's insistence on rational explanations, his belief in the visible and recordable, his care with providing dates, and his faith in a medical cure. Kipling invites us to entertain either explanation for Pansay's death--whether delusion or haunting by a ghost--but to put it down to the delusions of a madman is to align oneself with the narrow community represented by the primary narrator, and to believe in the ability of the teller to reduce all mysteries to words: "When little boys have learned a new bad word they are never happy till they have chalked it up on the door. And this also is Literature" (8). In this case "Literature" fails to solve the mystery, as Kipling does not complete the frame. The story concludes with Pansay's last words, and does not allow further comment from the narrator.

In "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes," the limited mind of the Anglo-Indian is again the focus. Jukes is an engineer "with a head for plans and distances and things of that kind" (*PR* 46), but later

betrays himself as singularly unimaginative, for his story "never varies in the telling" (46), although its written version (like Pansay's) includes "Moral Reflections" (46). Once more, the use of capital letters is telling. Throughout his harrowing experience, Jukes describes and delineates with an engineer's mathematical eye for detail. His lack of imagination heightens his indignation at the topsy-turvy world he has found himself in, where he is a "Sahib, a representative of the dominant race, helpless as a child and completely at the mercy of his native neighbours" (61). The despised "native" Gunga Dass, laughs derisively from the standpoint of "a superior or at least of an equal" (57), dares to speak--and pun--in English (53), and becomes Jukes's "natural protector" (57). Jukes finds himself acting without the decorum of the gentleman Briton, and is continually astonished at the failure of the inhabitants he encounters to conform to "Oriental" stereotypes. Inspired by the painstaking (and mathematically exact) example of the escape route discovered by the previous Englishman, both Gunga Dass and Jukes begin to revert to form: Jukes by giving details of time and place again and itemizing with plodding accuracy the personal effects of the dead Englishman. He has now returned to himself, "a methodical man" (74), and proceeds to command Gunga Dass, who, we learn, had suddenly rediscovered the concept of his inferior caste (78).

With the ultimate betrayal by Gunga Dass, we might expect Jukes's demise, but he is saved from an undignified end by the loyal servant Dunnoo. It is this ending that disturbs critics, who see it as a failure of nerve on Kipling's part, "an imperial *deus ex machina*"

(Raskin 82). Certainly there is a suggestion of wish-fulfillment here, and again Kipling's omission of a closing frame returns us to the beginning of the tale, where the narrator informs us that given the "truth" of similar wondrous tales of villages of the dead, he does "not see why Jukes's tale should not be true" (46). But the outlandish descriptions of those other tales that precede Jukes's, his tale's peculiar conclusion, and its nightmarish quality, which is heightened by Jukes's uncharacteristic vagueness about details, all lead the reader away from a supernatural explanation and towards the hypothesis that this is a fantasy, a dream which enacts Jukes's worst fears and his deepest wishes. The device of the frame, in other words, guides the reader of "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" in the opposite direction from "The Phantom Rickshaw." Thus, while Kipling may well share Jukes's fear of the democracy that he sees eroding the English hold on their empire, and which he presents in brutal parody in the village of the Dead, the character of Jukes, the framing narrator, and the author are distinct voices. The interaction of the first two furnish ironic comment on the Englishman's vision of what he knows least, the Indian.

This ignorance, whether a result of benevolent complacency or outright hostility, is examined in stories like "The Return of Imray" and "The Mark of the Beast." In the former, Imray's naïve lack of awareness of native custom leads to his own murder. As the narrator unwillingly sees the mystery resolved, he becomes aware, slowly and we are not entirely sure how insightfully, of the parallels between Imray and himself.

"Imray made a mistake." "Simply and solely through not knowing the nature of the Oriental, and the coincidence of a little seasonal fever. Bahadur Khan had been with him for four years." I shuddered. My own servant had been with me for exactly that length of time. (*LH* 218)

In "The Mark of the Beast," Fleete's derisory and drunken polluting of the Hanuman shrine results in a type of possession that English medicine, refusing to countenance anything other than a rational explanation, puts down to hydrophobia. In this story, the narrator is again taken to the limits of his comprehension, and is often rendered inarticulate by aspects of the experience of exorcising Fleete. "Several other things happened also," the narrator divulges at one point, "but they cannot be put down here" (*LH* 205). He immediately goes on to start describing the violence Strickland and he inflict on the leper, but once more does not continue: "Strickland shaded his eyes with his hands for a moment and we got to work. This part is not to be printed" (205). We discover at the end of the story why the narrator feels that writing down the whole episode is ineffectual, as he comes up against the circumscribed world-view of Anglo Indians who are unlikely to "believe a rather unpleasant story" (207). Revealing his own cultural short-sightedness as someone who pays heed to native gods like Hanuman merely because "one never knows when one may want a friend" (196), the narrator concludes his tale by stating ironically that "it is well known to every right-minded man that the gods of heathen are stone and brass, and any attempt to

deal with them otherwise is justly condemned" (207). Once more, the irony is heightened if the story's opening epigraph, a "Native Proverb," is taken into account: "Your Gods and my Gods--do you or I know which are the stronger?" (195).

The character to be admired in both of these stories is Strickland,⁷ who is presented as a person who has great respect for, and knowledge of native customs, despite the opinions of others that he "knows as much of natives of India as is good for any man" ("Mark," *LH* 195), as well as complaints about his peculiar "manners and customs" ("Imray," *LH* 209). Regardless of his eccentricity, his double position both inside Anglo-India (as policeman) and outside it as someone sympathetic to Indian life, Kipling seems to be pointing to Strickland as the responsible ruler. Strickland is wiser than the men who "go native," a point made clear when he is compared to McIntosh Jellaludin in "To Be Filed for Reference" (*PT*). Strickland indulges in native life "in disguise and only to do the bidding of the imperial authorities" (McClure, *Conrad* 49). His anger at Fleete's antics is genuine, his love for natives sincere, and this--paradoxically--makes him the ideal arbiter of justice in his dealing both with the leper and with Imray's murderer, Bahadur Khan. Strickland is in many ways a precursor of Kim, and it is with evident regret that we see Strickland fully confined by Anglo-India when he decides to marry Miss Youghal, becoming "a church-going member of society for his wife's sake" ("Mark," *LH* 207).

Superficially a similar tale of the supernatural, "At the End of the Passage" focusses almost exclusively on the effects of overwork

and isolation on the Anglo-Indian psyche, and is an indictment of the conditions that lead to personality disintegration. Even the superficial sense of community in Anglo-India is not an aid to those men who work tirelessly as administrators in small, scattered stations. The relationship of the men who come together to play cards is spurious, marked by the hostile heat of the land and the incredible distances each man has travelled in order to play whist "crossly":

The players were not conscious of any special regard for each other. They squabbled whenever they met; but they ardently desired to meet, as men without water desire to drink. They were lonely folk who understood the dread meaning of loneliness. They were all under thirty years of age--which is too soon for any man to possess that knowledge. (*LH* 157)

Once more, Western medicine and logical explanations of Hummil's decline and death fail, although Spurstow cannot accept the servant Chuma's perfectly valid interpretation that Hummil has "descended into the Dark Places" (173). On this occasion, however, Spurstow manages to get hard evidence, a photograph, of the "thing" in the dead Hummil's eyes, but upon seeing it he literally destroys the evidence of his own eyes, the photographic film. Once more, the men have to fall back on Mottram's injunction, "for pity's sake let's try to be rational" (175); although Spurstow affirms the consolidating power of work by reminding his companions that "work'll keep our wits together" (175), we as readers are left to wonder whether it wasn't work that led to Hummil's death in the first place.

"At the End of the Passage" and a story like "Morrowbie Jukes" are more similar than they might first appear, for in both we see something of Jonah Raskin's contention that:

At night as they gaze into strange, distorting mirrors, Kipling's Anglo-Indians watch an image of the self they regularly hide--faces seared, scarred. . . . In dream and fantasy Kipling and his fellow exiles in bondage confront and acknowledge the anguish of Anglo-Indian life. (73)

In many of these stories, Kipling is thus concerned with the breakthrough of madness which particularly affects the lone Anglo-Indian, who does not enjoy the benefits, however questionable, of the larger community. Although Kipling's ironic treatment of narrator and character dissipates somewhat as his art develops (Wurgaft 124), in his early fiction he still distances the narrator and thus the reader from the story told, an aspect of Kipling's craft that many critics have missed in their zeal to attribute to Kipling the attitudes presented in his stories. This distancing effect has several purposes. One is to provide an outlet for the madness which leads often to suicide or death. Kipling is fascinated by the phenomenon of "breaking strain," "the unendurable pressure which is the product of the collision between the isolated individual . . . and the physical and mental stress of Indian service" (Wurgaft 127). The primary method of dealing with this strain is laughter, a "deep, brutal laughter" (Wurgaft 127), such as Strickland's and the narrator's at the end of "The Mark of the Beast." Many of Kipling's characters suffer from

what Wurgaft calls the sin of seriousness (129); their inability to laugh often results in madness and death. Hummil, then, "lacks that tumultuous, cathartic laughter that saves other Kipling characters from a similar fate" (Wurgaft 129).

Yet at the same time as he manages, through irony, to distance his readers and narrators from the encroaching madness of life in India, Kipling manages to be profoundly unsettling. His narrators' tone and style may at some points repel readers, forcing them to recognize, as in "The House of Suddhoo" (*PT*), that the narrator--not Kipling, as Gilbert would have it-- is "a foolish young man, playing at being a *sahib*. His informal chattiness with his readers is offensive; we do not want to be included 'in'" (62). At other times, the narrator manages to implicate readers by seducing them into believing in the "inferences" of his limited and often unreliable viewpoint.

The above discussion of a few of Kipling's short stories has emphasized the need to see irony as a fundamental mode in Kipling's work, and to distinguish clearly between the many narratorial voices found in his Indian tales, and between those voices and Kipling's own. Thus, Kipling's narrators

though shadowy as persons . . . are no 'transparent' medium, but speak with the accents, and embody the shibboleths and conventions, of the milieu described, aping and exaggerating the tone of their surroundings. (Furbank, *LH* 14)

This is not to argue, however, that this is a deliberate part of

Kipling's craft; what perplexes readers and critics often is the tension and fractured point-of-view, the "troublesome" (indeed downright irksome) tone of the Indian stories, which seems to lead to no end and provides no standard by which we can assess or judge them, either aesthetically or politically. His stories evoke the extreme instability of Anglo-Indian society, and also provide, sometimes unwittingly, a powerful critique of it. Nevertheless, before we elevate the tensions and paradoxes of Kipling's tales into a sort of psychosocial drama, we would do well to remember the exigencies of their publication.

The short story--In Kipling's case, the very brief short story--was an ideal form for the rigours of publication in newspapers like the *Civil and Military Gazette*. Kipling's art "owes a great deal to the opportunities and constraints of newspaper production," which often imposed on him a 2000-word limit, and led to his "staccato, near-epigrammatic" style (Hanson 29). The elliptical quality and fragmentariness of some of the Indian stories may therefore be due to Kipling's penchant for cutting. When editing and revising, he often enacted his narrators' asides that "that's another story" or that here is a part not "fit to be printed." The resulting lacunae in his tales are tantalizing, and in his early work, Kipling is not particularly interested in offering a corrective to them (Hanson 36).

Kipling also experimented with other literary conventions, often adding to the already fluid perspective of the stories, and frustrating our expectations as readers. His use of the gothic and the

supernatural, for instance, estranges readers, and rather than inspiring them with a sense of imperial certainty, deprives them of "that secure sense of authorial control which would be the appropriate fictional analogue of confident imperial rule" (Moore-Gilbert 188-189). This does not, however, make Kipling a critic of British imperialism, but rather of particular doctrines and theories of imperial rule and their practical ramifications. Nor does it put Kipling into confident alignment with Anglo-India, for he tends to admire those outside of the community, particularly men like Strickland who are admirable colonial administrators with great respect for Indian cultures.

The "powerful sense of multiplicity" (Furbank 18) in Kipling's Indian stories, which are "fluid and restless in structure, never able to rest on a single perspective on reality" (Hanson 39), indicates the multiple directions in which he was pulled. His audience is divided into the Anglo-Indian community in which his stories were first published, on the one hand, and--later--the "mother country" which was to give him so much recognition, on the other. His sense of being an outsider gave him a perspective to make insightful and damning criticisms, and yet his desire to join, to be included, could diminish the strength of those attacks. Finally, his love for India--he is a person "country born" but to his everlasting regret not "bred" there--conflicts with his allegiance to an imperial ideology that makes love for, or complete identification with, the subject country and its people impossible. Here, I think, the observations and criticisms of two Indian critics illuminate the disjointed form and

peculiar tone of Kipling's stories, as well as the separation between the "real" India and Kipling's. Bhupal Singh thus writes that "the life of an ordinary Indian is as little mysterious as that of an ordinary European, which Kipling, having lived in India, must have known" (72), while Ashis Nandy provides a possible response:

Certainly no other non-Indian writer of English has equalled Kipling's sensitivity to words, to India's flora and fauna, and to the people who inhabit India's 600,000 villages. . . . [but he remained] a conspicuous bicultural sahib, the English counterpart of the type he was later to despise: the bicultural Indian babu. . . . [Kipling] too lived his life searching for an India which . . . would be an equal competitor or opponent of the West that had humiliated, disowned and despised his authentic self. (65-70)

However, it is not until he has returned to England and aligned himself with the cultural values of that country, that he is able to write a work--a novel, this time--that does portray his affection for "his" India, and contains little of the paternalism that so irritates readers of his early stories of India and Anglo-India. Indeed, as Jonah Raskin points out, Kipling apparently excised many such hints of paternalism from the manuscript version of the novel, *Kim*, in particular making the portrait of the lama stronger (117). How he resolves the conflicts and tensions that abound in his short stories will be the focus of the following discussion of *Kim*.

The main source of tension in *Kim* is in fact how Kim's "Indianness" conflicts with his status as white sahib. Kim repeatedly

asserts that he "is not a sahib," and clearly feels more comfortable, more at home, in "native" costume, seeing the spectacle of India along the Grand Trunk road, and speaking the "vernacular" (in Kim's case, several vernaculars). It is the narrator, rather than Kim, who keeps asserting Kim's whiteness, or positing a conflict between the "native" and the "white" in Kim:

Though he was burned black as any native; though he spoke the vernacular by preference, and his mother-tongue in a clipped uncertain sing-song; though he consorted on terms of perfect equality with the small boys of the bazaar; Kim was white--a poor white of the very poorest. (49)

The record of Kim's travels is packed with the detail--smells, sights, sounds--of India and doesn't fall into the trap of "false exoticism" (Said, *Kim* 16) of so many novels about India. Affection and respect for the lama, and for his quest, as well as Kim's part in it, and the developing relationship between the two, abounds; with the possible exception of Hurree Babu, Kipling's novel seems relatively free from the racial stereotyping and consciousness that Kipling is reputed for. While there are indeed several references to the qualities, both negative and positive, of the "Oriental" or the "Asiatic," there are many too to the more negative qualities of whites, and of sahibs. Kipling's purpose in the manipulation of these stereotypes seems to be to examine the ways any racial or religious group will assert its own unity by disparaging others. Thus, while at the same time emphasizing the diversity of peoples in India, Kipling

sends up the prejudices of Pathans, Sikhs, Muslims, Hindus, Buddhists, and so on. In comparison to Kipling's other work at least, *Kim* is inclusive rather than divisive.

The inclusiveness that Kim's characterization brings to the picaresque form, however, is based on a greater exclusiveness. These exclusions "annihilate the troubling aspects of the Indian situation," such as Indian nationalists, imperial bureaucracy, and the stultifying Anglo-Indian community, and the novel succeeds in "preserving only those elements of Indian life of which Kipling approves" (McClure, *Conrad* 77). The relatively benign portrait of Hurree Babu, for instance, is due to Hurree's part in the Great Game, and his consequent alignment with the permanence of British rule; unlike other educated Indians, this particular Bengali's highest aspiration is to belong to the Royal Society, and not to stir up nationalist sentiment. Yet, Hurree is also continually mocked; physical descriptions emphasize his fat, oily babu-ness, and even his intellectual aspirations seem out of place--"Yet he is almost always funny, or gauche, or somehow caricatural [sic] not because he is incompetent or inept in his work--on the contrary, he is exactly the opposite--but because he is not white, that is, he can never be a Creighton" (Said 33).

Kim's India is thus not a site of the internal conflicts of earlier stories; indeed the enemies are foreigners or invaders, and are successfully expelled. While many commentators attribute this absence of conflict either to a deliberate or defensive ploy on Kipling's part or to wilful ignorance of the actual political and historical situation in India, Said points out that

there is no resolution to the conflict between Kim's colonial service and loyalty to his Indian companions not because Kipling couldn't face it, but because for Kipling *there was no conflict* and . . . one of the purposes of the novel was, in fact, to show the absence of conflict once Kim is cured of his doubts and the lama of his longing for the River, and India of a couple of upstarts and foreign agents. (*Kim* 23)

This seems to me a more satisfactory account of what many people feel to be the *compromised or irresolute ending* of the novel; rather than being a failure, the novel is an affirmation of the successful quest for identity. Until the critical point of the novel, Kim's almost mantra-like chant of "I am Kim" has sufficed to see him through the assaults on his sense of self, such as his discovery that he is a sahib, and his sahib's education, along with his adventures in the Great Game with its necessary changes of identity. But during his illness and recovery (after his successful spy mission and rescue of the lama), Kim comes closest to a crisis of that identity, brought about in part by the threat to the lama's life, and the conflicting demands of the game and the lama's non-violent spiritual tenets of life:

[He] looked with strange eyes unable to take up the size and proportion and use of things--stared for a still half-hour. All that while he felt, though he could not put it in words, that his soul was out of gear with its surroundings--a cog-wheel unconnected with any machinery. . . . "I am Kim. I am Kim. And what is Kim?"

His soul repeated it again and again. He did not want to cry--had never felt less like crying in his life--but of a sudden easy, stupid tears trickled down his nose, and with an almost audible click he felt the wheels of his being lock up anew on the world without. Things that rode meaningless on the eyeball an instant before slid into proper proportion. . . . They were all real and true--solidly planted upon the feet--perfectly comprehensible. (331)

Yet, Kim's recovery does not result in him choosing between one side and another. Instead, the lama's quest has been fulfilled in his absence, and Kim is still secure in the imperial order. Kipling's choice of mechanical metaphor is in fact perfectly in keeping with the emphasis in the novel on those aspects of British rule that the great game relies on--road, rail, and telegraph. Kim chooses the life of action, of total involvement with life, which actually runs counter to the lama's concepts of disassociation and wisdom. The novel's superficial resolution prompts Benita Parry to ask, "how has the theme evolved from action in order to acquire merit, through action as a game imitating God's joyous creation of the universe, to action aimed at ensuring the permanence of the Raj?" (*Delusions* 251).

In many ways, Kim's ability for disguise, for changing identities, is not a real threat to his sense of self, for that ability is put to the service of imperialism in the Great Game of spying, and is dependent on the fixed core identity of the sahib. Not only can Kim disguise himself physically, but he can move through languages and religions with equal fluidity and facility, passing from "one dialect,

from one set of values and beliefs, to the other. . . . like a great actor who passes through all situations, at home in each of them" (Said, *Kim* 41-42).

In the end, Kim does not have to choose one racial and cultural identity over another. Abdul Jan-Mohammed suggests that the novel's answer to Kim's racial identity is solved "through a bifurcation of the paternal function: . . . Kim's personal and emotional allegiance to the Indians and . . . his impersonal and rational allegiance to the Englishmen" (99). Furthermore, there is no promise (or threat) of encroaching adulthood. Kim never grows up, but remains in the perpetual state of male adolescence. In him there is much of the Boy Scout, an imperial phenomenon in its own right.⁸

Particularly in the light of the Indian tales, then, *Kim* is undoubtedly an affectionate and generous work. Part of this difference in tone results from Kipling's choice of the picaresque form, which prevents the ironic distancing of the narrator and reader. The "luxurious geographical and spatial expansiveness" of the novel does not oppress or terrify Kim (Said, *Kim* 43), as it does the Anglo-Indians of Kipling's other tales. Absent from the novel is the idea of India and Indians as a threatening or chaotic land and people. Rather than depending on the community with its siege mentality, Kim feels confident in moving freely about because he has discovered strategies for remaining fully in possession of himself and "his" India. Compared with the brooding atmosphere of the short stories about India and Anglo-India, there, is an "overwhelmingly positive atmosphere irradiating the pages of *Kim*. This is not a driven world

of hastening disaster" (Said, *Kim* 43).

Of all his fiction, then, Kipling's vision of India in *Kim* is the least troubled, and does manage to convey an affection for the country that is diluted in his other tales either by overt comment, irony, or peculiarities and tensions of structure and form. And yet, even *Kim*, with its equivocal resolution, contains the contradictions inherent in the British imperial idea, the short stories revealing in addition the conflicting interests of Britain and Anglo-India. But perhaps of more importance than Kipling's artistic achievement is how the idea of Kipling has been presented and disseminated. On one hand, Kipling and his imperialist views are vilified at the expense of a close examination of his fiction and poetry. On the other hand, the equally discreditable imperialism of E.M. Forster's single novel about India, to which I now turn, is largely ignored, with the effect that Forster is lionized as the unrivalled and not-to-be-rivalled novelist of India and the ills of British imperialism. This critical view has become so entrenched that it has almost totally obscured the achievements of a younger generation of writers, particularly Paul Scott.

E.M. Forster

It was pure Forster. Aziz had just such a conversation with Hamidullah. Pure Forster or pure Anglo-India. It is difficult sometimes to say which invented the other.⁹

For E.M. Forster, as for Kipling, a certain distance from India was essential to the successful completion of his novel about it. Having written the first four chapters and other fragments of *A*

Passage to India after his first visit in 1912, Forster could not complete it until after another visit almost ten years later:

I began this novel before my 1921 visit, and took out the opening chapters with me, with the intention of continuing them. But as soon as they were confronted with the country they purported to describe, they seemed to wilt and go dead and I could do nothing with them. I used to look at them of an evening in my room at Dewas, and felt only distaste and despair. The gap between India remembered and India experienced was too wide. When I got back to England the gap narrowed, and I was able to resume. (*HD* 153)¹⁰

Like Kipling's, Forster's "India" does not hold true for many Indian readers, who find that he manipulates stereotypes, misrepresents them and trivializes their experience. Thus, Nirad Chaudhuri, in a bad-tempered review otherwise reprehensible for its own particular prejudices, comments that "our suffering under British rule. . . is deprived of all dignity. Our mental life as depicted in the book is painfully childish and querulous" (74). In a similar vein, David Rubin notes, "after teaching *A Passage to India* . . . in an Indian university, I can testify to the general antipathy Indians feel toward the novel; no amount of argument could convince students that Forster's view of Indian and Indians was anything but condescending and at heart hypocritical" (176-177, n. 34).

There can be no mistaking, nonetheless, Forster's antipathy to Anglo-Indians, and to the effects of imperial rule on the relationships between human beings. Unfortunately, if we take Forster's message

regret from the heart--would have made . . . the British Empire a different institution" (P/ 50) then the novel does trivialize the experience and effects of imperialism, reducing the conflict to a mere failure of goodwill. There are in Forster's fiction, as in Kipling's, numerous references to the unchanging qualities of the "oriental" and to India as a land of overwhelming mystery. In a sense, India itself becomes the protagonist of the book, and a stage for the dramatization of the failure of the British to come to terms with "her" as a hopeless muddle or ineffable mystery. More than Kipling does, Forster perpetuates the staple prejudices of Anglo-Indian fiction, viewing India and Indians as alien, frightening, and inhospitable.

Forster's detractors also point to the poor characterization of Indians in the novel, their "flatness" resulting in the usual Anglo-Indian stereotypes. In this view, Aziz is seen as childlike and effeminate, Godbole "absurdly irrational" (Rubin 17); Indians in general as fatuous, silly and fearful. These prejudices create a novel that eternalizes the view that Indians are racially inferior and indicates that there is therefore no possibility of friendship between British and Indian (Rubin 18-19). The novel thus enacts a foregone conclusion, and relies on frankly implausible events, such as the invocation of Mrs. Moore's name at Aziz's trial: "the acquittal of Aziz is a fairy-tale ending. Mrs. Moore is the good fairy" (Raskin 267). In view of contemporary revised readings of *A Passage to India*, these criticisms taking Forster to task are entirely appropriate. David

Lean's film version, which takes several liberties with the text, also caricatures Aziz and Godbole painfully, while the equally satiric portraits of Anglo-Indians in the novel are softened in the film. Compared to the Indian characters, English characters, in particular Fielding, Mrs. Moore and Adela (to a lesser extent) are comparatively well-rounded characters.

Indeed, what Forster is in the end attempting to say in *A Passage to India* about India, Indians, and the British is not at all clear, and interpretations of the novel and the author vary with particular critical assumptions and biases. The assumption shared by most critics, including many Indian critics, however, is that *A Passage to India* demonstrates Forster's dislike of imperialist posturing and, more importantly, his comprehensive understanding of Indian religions and cultures. Reacting to those who accuse Forster's novel of being dated, G.K. Das, for example, tries to show Forster's knowledge of the political atmosphere in India. According to Das, Adela's accusation of rape is modelled on the actual rape of a missionary, Marcella Sherwood, which led to Brigadier Dyer's actions in Jallianwallah Bagh. Forster also alludes to Dyer's infamous "crawling order," and his flogging of Indians, both punishments being suggested in the heat of Anglo-Indian hysteria following Adela's accusation of Aziz in *A Passage to India*. On somewhat more shaky ground, Das suggests that Forster was aware both of the Khilafat movement and Hindu-Muslim entente. However, the fragility of that entente is conveyed by the "half-embrace that typified the entente" and which lies beneath the "loud protestations of amity" between

Hindus and Muslims (*PI* 260). Forster demonstrates somewhat obliquely in his novel the shift in imperial policies, and his awareness of Indian unrest, revealing a certain insight into and knowledge of Indian politics and the effects of British imperial rule. In contrast to Das's approval of Forster's political acumen, it is difficult not to read into Forster's contentment at Dewas a certain relief for the certainties of princely India: "There is no perceptible change here The place is altogether exceptional there is no anti-English feeling. It is Gandhi whom they dread and hate" (*HD* 89).

Yet, for all his professed sympathy for Indians, and love for the country, Forster cannot escape his own cultural biases. Many of these are evident in the account of his stay in India, *The Hill of Devi*, which is the source for much of *A Passage to India*. Forster's "bad taste" (Islam 30), exhibited in his disparaging comments about the Gokul Ashtami festival in *The Hill of Devi* is muted somewhat in the depiction of the festival in *A Passage to India*. Forster himself noted that he described the festival "too facetiously" (*HD* 99), recognizing in the preface to *The Hill of Devi* that

I was writing to people of whom I was fond and whom I wanted to amuse, with the result that I became too humorous and conciliatory, and too prone to turn remote and rare matters into suburban jokes. In editing I have had to cut out a good deal of "How I wish you were all here!" or "Aren't Indians quaint!" I did not really think the Indians quaint, and my deepest wish was to be alone with them. . . . Aiming at freshness [the letters] sacrifice dignity and depth. (9-10)

In his letters home, Forster apparently does not demonstrate the sensitivity of his friend Malcolm Darling, in whose post Forster succeeded at Dewas. Forster writes that "it is interesting to see how the place transformed him. When he arrived, he had the feeling of racial superiority which was usual among Englishmen at the time. In a few months he lost it, and it never returned" (39).

Despite Forster's own qualifications and good intentions, then, it is difficult not to agree with Rubin's contention that perhaps because it is not fiction, *The Hill of Devi* is "more candid than *A Passage to India* in its frequent condescension to its Indian subject" (177). However, critical dissension on defining the "centre" of the novel, and attempts to impose on it a coherent structure, whether political, metaphysical, or formal, mask Forster's very real confusion about India. Rather than finding in Forster's novel the "hopeless muddle" he attributes to India, or taking issue with his portrayal of Hinduism and Islam, many critics base their readings of *A Passage to India* on his insights into and comparisons of the two religions.

To a certain extent, *A Passage to India* reproduces the Anglo-Indian preference for Muslims over Hindus, both in Forster's selection of Aziz as a main Indian character, and in the relatively approving tone of the "Mosque" section, which contains "direct and straightforward narration" in direct contrast to the "rhetorical and ironical passage on the Hindu theme" (Das 100). Forster, as many British did, found Islam to be a more comprehensible religion,

compatible with Christianity, as his letters show. His most frequent criticism of Hinduism is that it outrages his sense of taste, is unaesthetic (*HD* 85, 99, 104-5, 127). Still, he acknowledges that despite his irritation with the inartistic rituals, and "idolatry" of the festival, "one can see from the faces of the people that it touches something very deep in their hearts" (*HD* 105). That granted, Forster's tone about Hinduism remains largely condescending, and exhibits Macaulay-like assumptions about the connection between culture and religion. The "Indian or anyhow the Hindu character . . . is unaesthetic. One is starved by the absence of beauty" (85). Therefore, "these people don't seem to move towards anything important; there is no art, the literature is racial and I suspect its value; there is no intellectual interest" (*HD* 119). Islam, in contrast, whose essence Forster takes to be "There is no God but God" (*HD* 124), is a religion of clarity and aesthetic beauty, which he finds conveyed in its architecture. Recalling a visit to the Taj Mahal, Forster muses, "I do like Islam, though I have had to come through Hinduism to discover it. After all the mess and profusion and confusion of Gokul Ashtami, where nothing ever stopped or need ever have begun, it was like standing on a mountain" (*HD* 124).

In *A Passage to India*, Fielding too cannot come to terms with the "forms" of Hinduism, but the novel makes clear both that Fielding's character is a limited one, and that his appreciation for Hinduism as religion is nevertheless sincere. Fielding's curtailed rational, empirical, and explainable world makes him a "black, frank atheist" (247). The inability to reconcile the rituals and philosophy of

Hinduism seems to apply to all British characters. Although more accepting than her husband of the religious precepts of Hinduism, Stella Fielding--like her mother, Mrs. Moore-- has "no interest in its forms" (315). So strong are their cultural preconceptions that all of these characters equate the confusion of religious events like the Gokul Ashtami festival with chaos and lack of beauty; the festival is a "frustration of reason and form" (280). But for all his sending up of the festival and of Godbole's eating habits, pujahs, eccentric clothing, and irritating manner, Forster seems also to be presenting a view of Hinduism's inclusiveness and contentment with spirituality as a positive counterpoint to the more secular Christianity and Islam. Indeed, by the time Forster writes *A Passage to India*, the defects of Islam as he sees it are clearer. Recognizing his own spiritual limitations, Fielding maintains that Islam also "provided but a limited asylum. 'There is no God but God' doesn't carry us far through the complexities of matter and spirit; it is only a game with words, really, a religious pun, not a religious truth" (269).

The message that many critics glean from the tripartite Mosque-Caves-Temple structure of the novel, therefore, is that the last "Temple" section is an attempt to reach beyond the limitations of the other two, and to counteract the vision of emptiness and horror that greets Mrs. Moore in the caves. In this view, the final section, for all its "muddle," manages to combine the secular vision in "Mosque" and the dehumanizing vision in "Caves," by bringing together the estranged Fielding and Aziz, in the collision of their boats, and suggesting in the union of Stella and Fielding the continuing

benevolent presence of Mrs. Moore. This reading necessarily stands in contradiction to the conclusion of the text at literal, or story level, for the novel ends by emphatically denying the possibility here and now for the friendship between British and Indian, between Aziz and Fielding. In fact, Forster is careful to include more than the two men in this negation. For all that Fielding desires his old friendship with Aziz to continue, which is in itself a desire that ignores how Aziz's wishes and views have changed, the novel concludes:

But the horses didn't want it--they swerved apart; the earth didn't want it, sending up rocks through which the 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." (317)

For some critics, the final words indicate the possibility of future rapprochement, making the the strongly negative tone a little less final. In David Dowling's view, Forster thus asserts the reader's role in fiction, the "here" implied by "not there" being, in fact, the imagination of the reader. Perhaps it is only there, and in Forster's own art, that the novelist can unite Fielding and Aziz, and offer a transcendent vision--for "it is he who makes the sky speak" (Dowling, *Passage* 265). Such a reading certainly avoids the problem of trying to make the novel stand alone as a coherent whole with a specific message or moral, by invoking the participation of the reader in

interpretation, thus bypassing the "rage for order" (Dowling, *Bloomsbury* 219) in Forster commentary which results in often ingenious and sometimes contrived discussions of the triadic structure of the novel as a musical analogue, as a metaphysical meditation, or as Forster's ultimate paean to liberal humanist values. Unfortunately, this apparent perfection of form disintegrates once fundamental elements of the novel, such as plot and characterization are taken into consideration. Molly Mahood, who sees in the final section a type of transcendent, ahistorical apotheosis, tries to explain this disparity by positing a structural flaw, a "tension between surface and depths . . . [that] has culminated in a breaking-up of the surface" (89). It seems to me, rather, that in their single-minded attempts to create a "great" novel, many critics of *A Passage to India* are committing the same errors as the characters Forster caricatures, in particular perpetuating the inaccurate views of Indian religions, languages, and cultures that sustained imperialism.

Ronny Heaslop stands as an example of all that is wrong with Anglo-India, and with the particular view of imperial responsibility that he subscribes to. Like the Turtons and the Callendars before him, Ronny believes in the imperial doctrine of work and self-sacrificing duty. He tells Mrs. Moore that

"I am out here to work, mind, to hold this wretched 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; it's the profession

you wanted me to choose myself, 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." He spoke sincerely. . . . He reminded her of his public-school days. The traces of young-man humanitarianism had sloughed off, and he talked like an intelligent and embittered boy. (50)

Ronny's public schoolboy's blinkered view excludes considering everything from art to religion: "Ronny's religion was of the sterilized Public School brand, which never goes bad, even in the tropics. Wherever he entered mosque, cave, or temple, he retained the spiritual outlook of the Fifth Form" (250). To Forster this philistinism is one of the driving forces, and one of the dangers, of British imperial policy in India.¹¹

Adela embodies the limitations of the well-meaning visitor to India, whose desire to see the "real" India is as imperialistic as Ronny's xenophobia and fear. Adela is a memsahib-in-the-making, a woman whose atrophied and repressed sexuality leads her to accuse Aziz of rape in the face of a situation she can't comprehend. A spectator only, she likes things to be "picturesque" (39) despite a certain uneasiness that she sees "India always as a frieze" (47). Adela is most comfortable seeing the Marabar hills from a distance, for they "look romantic in certain lights and at suitable distances" (126). Thus viewed they possess the same romantic quality as Grasmere, which she finds "romantic yet manageable, it sprang from a kindlier planet" (136-7). In the end, hobbled by her civilization's principles, and by its pigeonholing of every aspect of life, even

Adela's recantation, seen from Hamidullah's perspective, is a minimal gesture:

But while relieving the Oriental mind, she had chilled it, with the result that he could scarcely believe she was sincere, and indeed from his standpoint she was not. For her behaviour rested on cold justice and honesty; she had felt, while she recanted, no passion of love for those whom she had wronged. Truth is not truth in that exacting land unless there go with it kindness and more kindness and kindness again, unless the Word that was with God also is God. And the girl's sacrifice--so creditable according to Western notions--was rightly rejected, because, though it came from her heart, it did not include her heart. (238)

Adela agrees in fact with Fielding's charge that she has "no real affection for Aziz, or Indians generally" (253), a failure Fielding then goes on to attribute to the essence of imperialism, whose foundation "rests on sand" (253).

Fielding's similar limitations are those of the rational humanist. With strong and sincere egalitarian tendencies, his "religion" is the sanctity of the individual, and that other imperial gift, education, is his vocation. He maintains: "I believe in teaching people to be individuals, and to understand other individuals. It's the only thing I do believe in" (118). Aziz notes of Fielding that his somewhat scientific tendency atrophies him emotionally, for Fielding believes feeling to be quantifiable. When Fielding says that Aziz's "emotions never seem in proportion to their objects," Aziz

counters with, "Is emotion a sack of potatoes, so much the pound, to be measured out?" (246-7).

In the end, Fielding does, however reluctantly, choose Anglo-India, although we are to suppose that he may always be a bit of an anomaly in it. He shares with other Anglo-Indians the same values, after all, and we see in him some of the blindness of the British under siege. His final argument over politics with Aziz, for example, is informed by a view that some have ascribed to Forster, that he "hated imperial domineering, but had no quarrel with imperial domination," (Mahood 90); that is, he could not envision an India capable of self-government. The narrator of *A Passage to India* is censorious of Indians who are "nationalist in tendency" (103), suggesting that a committee of nationalists of different religious backgrounds "tried to like one another more than came natural to them. As long as someone abused the English, all went well, but nothing constructive had been achieved, and if the English were to leave India the committee would vanish also" (103). At the novel's conclusion, the narrator's voice and Fielding's merge in their ridiculing of the concept of India's nationhood: "India a nation! What an apotheosis! Last comer to the drab nineteenth-century sisterhood! Waddling in at this hour of the world to take her seat!" (317).

The moment of Fielding's complete alignment with Anglo-India is his choice to ensure Adela's safety after Aziz's trial. Despite his humanism, his circumscribed view of the world fails him; he cannot appreciate alternative religious and aesthetic systems, as his relief at travelling through Egypt and Italy demonstrates. Fielding revels in

the "beauty" and "joys of form," unable in fact to conceive of beauty without form. For him the "harmony" of the Mediterranean constitutes "the human norm" (275) and like Adela and Mrs. Moore before him, he finds himself indulging in "tender romantic fancies" when he sees "the buttercups and daisies of June" (276). When he and Aziz meet again, Fielding is blind to the fact that much has changed between them. For him, the "stray Indian," Aziz, is simply a "memento, a trophy" (314) of his liberalism.

Forster, then, reveals the similarities between the two British outcasts, Fielding and Adela, who have both "reached the end of [their] spiritual tether" (256), but who have an inkling nevertheless of their limitations. The description of their parting signals this awareness:

A friendliness as of dwarfs shaking hands, was in the air. Both man and woman were at the height of their powers--sensible, honest, even subtle. They spoke the same language, and held the same opinions, and the variety of age and sex did not divide them. Yet they were dissatisfied. When they agreed . . . the words were followed by a curious backwash, as though the universe had displaced itself to fill up a tiny void, or as though they had seen their own gestures from an immense height--dwarfs talking, shaking hands and assuring each other that they stood on the same footing of insight. . . . Not for them was an infinite goal behind the stars, and they never sought it. But wistfulness descended on them now, as on other occasions; the shadow of the shadow of a dream fell over their clear-cut interests, and objects never seen again seemed messages from another world. (257)

However, Forster's portrait of those victimized by Anglo-India is equally critical. Thus, some critics find that Aziz's obsession with women and sex is yet one more example of the racist stereotyping of an Indian. Aziz's attitudes to women indicate a limitation and a certain hypocrisy, given his idealistic notions of eliminating purdah for Muslim women. Finally, Forster seems to be sending up the strong romantic strain in Aziz's thinking; not only are his developing nationalist sentiments unrealistic for obscuring or ignoring the differences between Hindus and Muslims that Aziz had earlier thought insurmountable, but his love for a particular kind of romantic poetry that celebrates the past does not speak to Aziz's immediate concerns and needs nor those of the developing nation. Sentimentality is, in this view, Aziz's worst flaw. His preferred poetic themes are "the decay of Islam and the brevity of love" (16) and the quality he admires in such poetry is pathos, for "he always held pathos to be profound" (21). Later, Aziz and his fellow Muslims share the same sentiment, and we see Forster presenting his critique of Islam and of Indian national divisiveness as well:

Aziz liked to hear his religion praised. It soothed the surface of his mind, and allowed beautiful images to form beneath. . . . He recited a poem by Ghalib. It had no connexion with anything that had gone before, but it came from his heart and spoke to theirs. They were overwhelmed by its pathos; pathos, they agreed, is the highest quality in art; a poem should touch the hearer with a sense of his own weakness, and should institute

some comparison between mankind and flowers. . . . Not as a call to battle, but as a calm assurance came the feeling that India was one; Moslem; always had been; an assurance that lasted until they looked out of the door. (102)

Literature blinds Aziz to the "ugliness of facts" (261), even after his experience of the trial; despite his strong anti-British sentiments, Aziz's poetry has no connection with his life, nor with that of the Hindus who, in the spirit of entente, he is trying to reach. He continues to be a man of extremes, finding himself able only to "express pathos or venom, though most of his life had no concern with either" (261). Indeed his choice to retreat to a Hindu princely state reflects his choice to withdraw from conflict rather than engage in it. The most damaging aspect of Forster's portrayal of Aziz, as in his simplifications of Hinduism and Islam, is that he similarly trivializes the literature, especially the poetry of Ghalib,¹² so admired by Aziz. Surrendering to Anglocentric views of culture once more, Forster implies that the deficiencies of Islam are evident in Ghalib's poetry. The pathos Aziz is gently ridiculed for admiring, Forster suggests, is inherent in Ghalib's poetry itself.

Forster's attitude to Godbole is a little more difficult to ascertain, primarily because he is one character whose thoughts we are not privy to. Yet, despite all literary criticism which establishes Godbole as a norm for the novel, there is a certain condescension towards his character as well. Godbole therefore exemplifies what is worst about the forms of Hinduism: its rituals (his adherence to

which is often shown to be superficial at best) and its confused appropriation of Western conventions, best demonstrated by how Godbole dresses. The comic tone establishes the fact that Godbole is an ironic portrait. This is the physical version of the *babu*, or of a European gone native.¹³

He was elderly and wizen with a grey moustache and grey-blue eyes, and his complexion was as fair as a European's. He wore a turban that looked like pale purple macaroni, coat, waistcoat, dhoti, socks with clocks. The clocks matched his turban, and his whole appearance suggested harmony--as if he had reconciled the products of East and West, mental as well as physical, and could never be discomposed. The ladies were interested in him, and hoped that he would supplement Dr Aziz by saying something about religion. But he only ate--ate and ate, smiling, never letting his eyes catch sight of his hand. (71)

Godbole's "miscalculation" about the length of his prayers is another annoyance that possibly leads indirectly to the crisis in the caves; the comment that Godbole "lowered his eyes, ashamed of religion" (130) is also ironic, for there is no indication elsewhere that Godbole has any sense of shame about who or what he is. Finally, for all that Godbole may represent a completely different way of thinking, an otherworldly spirituality which does not concern itself with the everyday details of living, his complete lack of concern for the fate of people around him--like his refusal to discuss Aziz's guilt--seems reprehensible. The joyous confusion of the last

section does little to mitigate the fact that Godbole is a bumbler, and cares little for the "sanctity" of human relationships.

Mrs. Moore is the character on whom Forster lavishes a great deal of attention, perhaps because she most recognizes the weaknesses and limits of her own cultural and personal views. Yet she is no more centre or spokesperson for the novel than Fielding, Aziz, or Godbole are. Mrs. Moore's vision demonstrates that she herself recognizes the severe limits that her "poor little talkative Christianity" (148) has imposed on her. But while at certain junctures able to step outside the bounds of Christian orthodoxy to include, as an example, the lowly wasp in her heaven, Mrs. Moore is beset by the doubts and fears of age, and of her culture. Faced with the cave's echo, she is oppressed by the fear of losing her sense of place and individuality:

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. (147)

Faced with an alien way of looking at life, Mrs. Moore crumbles, and loses any desire to communicate with the people around her. Her own spiritual and conceptual categories have been as romantic as Adela's; like the younger woman, she prefers to see the Marabar Hills in the "distance, finite and rather romantic" (158). Even her concept of an afterlife is informed by this hazy romanticism: "if this world is not to our taste, well, at all events there is Heaven, Hell, Annihilation--one or other of those large things, that huge scenic background of stars, fires, blue or black air" (202). Mrs. Moore's simplistic assumption that the doctrine "to be one with the universe" seemed "so dignified and simple" (203) haunts her. Coming face to face with a concept that presupposes and predates her sense of progress, history, cause and effect--all the foundations of her Christianity--Mrs. Moore succumbs to the assumption that the echo is telling her that there is no distinction between love and rape, that all is illusion.

Forster even suggests obliquely that Mrs. Moore's vision of horror may not be at all the profound recognition many have taken it to be. In a direct address to the reader, he suggest that "the abyss also may be petty" (203), and the reaction to it equally so: Mrs. Moore's "constant thought was: 'Less attention should be paid to my future daughter-in-law and more to me, there is no sorrow like my sorrow'" (203). As she leaves the country, Mrs. Moore, like Adela, is a spectator; the scenes passing by her on the train are simply "things to see" (203), and she finds her attempts to find the essential India--Adela's "real India"--mocked. Beginning to appreciate that she

might have to "disentangle the hundred Indias that passed each other in its streets" (204-5), Mrs. Moore recognizes too late that her abyss is a private one: "'So you thought an echo was India; you took the Marabar caves as final?' they laughed. 'What have we in common with them, or they with Asirgarh? Good-bye!'" (205). The invocation of Mrs. Moore's name at the trial then can be read in two ways: as ironic, given her state of mind when she dies, or as redemptive (which is by and large the preferred reading of most critics). Mrs. Moore's limits are those of her talkative Christianity, which thwarts her wish to understand or accept other conceptual and spiritual values.

The oneness Mrs. Moore has found has obliterated her belief in the categories of space and time, distinctions that are essential to a religion whose God has a sense of history. . . . the progressive and irreversible time of the Newtonian universe is, in fact, a legacy of religion; it is geared to a day of redemption at the end of "history." Archaic religion, with its annual atonements, is cyclical, periodic, unhistoric. (Crews 157)

The failure of the Anglo-Indian characters to be able to change perspectives is heightened by Forster's attention to a narrative structure which stresses a fluidity of perspectives. The opening description of Chandrapore, for example, juxtaposes a distant view of Chandrapore with the view from the civil station. From the first vantage point, the city, placed against the backdrop of the caves, "presents nothing extraordinary" and is "scarcely distinguishable from the rubbish" of the Ganges river. The "few fine houses" are hidden

from sight; there is no art or beauty to redeem it. Wood and inhabitants alike are "made of mud" and what "meets the eye" is "abased" and "monotonous." Against this vision of "some low but indestructible form of life," we are given a different "prospect," which moves us towards the civil station from where "Chandrapore appears to be a totally different place. . . . a tropical pleasaunce washed by a noble river" (9). These two cities, Forster maintains, share nothing "except the overarching sky" (10) and he then reveals that the sky's sheer expanse is only intruded upon by the Marabar hills. This impressionistic opening description recalls that of Conrad's *Nostramo* in its "portentous fixing of the scale of action" (Crews 147).

The plot of the novel is similarly interrupted later in the novel for the same purpose of juxtaposing perspectives. Before Mrs. Moore's horrific experience with the echo in the cave, the narrator describes the caves with mathematical accuracy and attention to detail, providing their geological history as well. The geological view not only stresses the antiquity of India and the caves, but suggests also that even something as immutable as the Himalayas are, in this context, "altering": "it may be that in aeons to come an ocean will flow here too, and cover the sun-born rocks with slime" (123). Once more, Forster is suggesting that the alien, immutable "India" is an illusion. What follows this larger temporal view is the statement that "the caves are readily described" (124), and yet such description begins to fail once spatial dimensions are established. Instead, the narrator begins to rely on "local report" and rumour (125).

Immediately following this attempt to describe and put the caves into a manageable context, we find the perspective returning to Mrs. Moore's and Adela's: the Marabar hills, now seen from a distance again, "look romantic" (126). Establishing these different perspectives is for Forster of crucial importance. With characters like Adela, he stresses the need to abandon the single and narrow vision symbolized by her fieldglasses; indeed to abandon the notion that vision and the empirical are the only ways of understanding the world. However, in trying to describe other ways of "seeing," Forster's characters and narrator continually confront the limits of language itself.¹⁴

Forster therefore satirizes the Anglo-Indian (and imperial) use of language to label and categorize, and to thus define the essential characteristics of the Indian "native." This rigid community relies on equally rigid linguistic codes and the meaningless use of language--thus the propensity of its members for cliché and ritualistic repetition. Aziz finds himself confused by the British insensitivity to the "underdrift" of language, and in fact teaches Fielding a different attitude to the meaning of truth.

Fielding . . . had dulled his craving for verbal truth and cared chiefly for truth of mood. As for Miss Quested, she accepted everything Aziz said as true verbally. In her ignorance, she regarded him as "India", and never surmised that his outlook was limited and his method inaccurate and that no one is India. (71)

The Anglo-Indians, however, avoid the expression of verbal

truth, particularly at critical points. As he often does, Fielding misreads the underdrift of British communication by scandalizing the club with his comment that white people are actually "pinko-grey. . . . He did not realize that 'white' has no more to do with colour than 'God save the King' with a god, and that it is the height of impropriety to consider what it does connote" (62). Before the trial, he likewise violates decorum by mentioning not only Adela but Aziz by name: "his question produced a bad effect, partly because he had pronounced her name; she, like Aziz, was always referred to by a periphrasis" (179). Anglo-Indian language, in fact, is based on keeping contact with Indians minimal, and using proper linguistic signals when the exigencies of administering India make any contact necessary. Ronny is thus particularly irritated with his mother for not providing such a signal when she recounts her encounter with Aziz: "why hadn't she indicated by the tone of her voice that she was talking about an Indian?" (31). At the "Bridge Party" (a trite expression invented by Major Callendar), Mrs. Callendar, the archetypal memsahib, demonstrates how astonishingly ignorant of Indian languages she is by saying "a few words of welcome in Urdu. She had learnt the lingo, but only to speak to her servants, so she knew none of the politer forms and of the verbs only the imperative mood" (42). For Mrs. Turton, the Indian women's knowledge of English, though minimal and "quaint" is threatening because they "might apply her own standards to her" (42).

Conversely, Indian distrust in the ability of language to describe and convey meaning accurately is clear in everything from

Godbole's refusal to discuss the caves or Aziz's guilt to the silence of the punkahwallah, which is counterpointed with the noisy excess of the courtroom, and to the transformation of English names and phrases: Mrs. Moore becomes the mythical Esmis Esmoor; the clichéd "God is love" becomes "God si love" in the Hindu festival. Early in the novel, Hamidullah's and Mahmoud Ali's discussion of the English community similarly deflates its delusions of grandeur; for them, the difference between the Turtons and the Burtons "is only the difference of a letter" (13).

Unfortunately, although Forster's satire is especially directed at Anglo-Indian language, the way he depicts the Indians' attitude to and use of English borders on being the usual denigration of the Indian English. At the same time as criticizing collective Anglo-Indian prejudices, Forster reinstates them:

"Everything ranged coldly on the shelves was what / thought." . . .

"What's that last sentence, please? Will you teach me some new words and so improve my English?"

Fielding doubted whether "everything ranged coldly on the shelves" could be improved. He was often struck with the liveliness with which the younger generation handled a foreign tongue. They altered the idiom, but they could say whatever they wanted to quickly; there were none of the babuisms ascribed to them up at the club. But then the club moved slowly. . . . Individually it knew better; as a club it declined to change. (65)

In the same way, the Indian women's use of English at the Bridge

Party is as much a lampooning of them as it is of the memsahibs' and Adela's reactions:

"Please tell these ladies that I wish we could speak their language, but we have only just come to their country."

"Perhaps we speak yours a little," one of the ladies said.

"Why, fancy, she understands!" said Mrs. Turton.

"Eastbourne, Piccadilly, Hyde Park Corner," said another of the ladies.

"Oh, yes, they're English-speaking." (42)

Forster also points to the particular Anglo-Indian propensity for self-dramatization, and for seeing life in fictional or mythical terms. At any point of crisis, the spectre of the "Mutiny" is raised. The case of Adela and Aziz reaches "the unspeakable limit of cynicism, untouched since 1857" (184), while McBryde reveals the religious strain in Anglo-Indian mythology when he cautions Fielding to "read any of the Mutiny records; which, rather than the Bhagavad Gita, should be your Bible in this country" (166). As an example of someone with this penchant for fabrication, Adela is disappointed that there is no "dramatic and lengthy" scene between herself and Ronny (91), and precipitates the crisis that causes Anglo-India to view her as a heroine in a tragedy which "is impossible to regard . . . from two points of view" (162). Anglo-Indians thus exclude Fielding from their confined world,¹⁵ just as Adela finds herself "without part in the universe she had created" (225) after her recantation at the trial. Adela recognizes her tendency to romanticize life by the end of her ordeal, telling Fielding that "'I used to feel death selected

people, it is a notion one gets from novels, because some of the characters are usually left talking at the end. Now "death spares no one" begins to be real" (257).

Forster often emphasizes the peculiarly privileged status of fictional accounts of life, and of the very real limits of language, whatever forms it takes. Before the description of the Marabar expedition the narrator observes that "most of life is so dull that there is nothing to be said about it and the books and the talk that would describe it as interesting are obliged to exaggerate" (132). The significance of the Marabar caves, then, "does not depend on human speech" (124), and the echo that so terrifies Mrs. Moore is similarly beyond the limits of accurate description and transcription:

The echo in a Marabar cave is not like these, it is entirely devoid of distinction. Whatever is said, the same monotonous noise replies. . . . "Boum" is the sound as far as the human alphabet can express it, or "bou-oum", or "ou-boum",--utterly dull. (145)

The narrator displays similar frustration when describing the Gokul Ashtami festival, the formlessness and confusion of which he finds so disturbing. The festival is an attempt of the "human spirit" 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. (283)

The people in Forster's Anglo-India are thus circumscribed by their insistence on a "simple language" (197) that, like their "talkative Christianity" (148), is based on the principle that "we must exclude someone from our gathering, or we shall be left with nothing" (38). In the final section of the novel, even Fielding has "thrown in his lot with Anglo-India by marrying a countrywoman, and he was acquiring some of its limitations, and already felt surprise at his own past heroism" (314). Other possible rapprochements hinted at in the novel's conclusion are also qualified. The union of Stella and Fielding, combining the legacy of Mrs. Moore with Fielding's humaneness, is also the union of Ronny Heaslop's half-sister with Fielding: Anglo-India triumphs in this marriage. Fielding, supposedly the ultimate rational humanist, retreats into the irrational certainty of that "stern little band of whites" (209). The impossibility of friendship between races, or more specifically, these worlds, closes the novel, the last words emphasizing through repetition the negatives that have resounded throughout.

His strong indictment of the British community in India notwithstanding, the final message of *A Passage to India* is not as clear as Forster's literary reputation would make out. Often as muddled as his characters claim India to be, the novel succeeds in revealing the whole complex of ideas, rationalizations, and consequent paradoxes that sustained a liberal view of running the

empire, at a time when the idea of benevolent imperialism was seriously threatened. While the novel may demonstrate those "destructive ironies of humanism" (Crews 179), a particular humanism that relied on seeing the majority of the human race as **not**-human, it does not seriously question the underpinnings of a world-view that characterizes, however affectionately, large groups of people as typical "Orientals," "natives," or even "Indians." As a critique of humanism, then, Forster's ultimately fails because he recoils from the implications and possibilities of a view of human life not defined by liberal humanist values. Thus, his Mrs. Moore, to whom "the [human] species is revealed as undefined" (Scott, "India" 127), dies in horror of such a vision, which is subsequently rendered comic and unintelligible by Godbole.

While he trumpets the "sanctity of personal relationships" (82), Forster fails to evaluate the actual validity of British imperialism and its effects on those subjected to it. As Paul Scott suggests, Indians in *A Passage to India* are cast in a "passive role" ("India" 124), and are only threatening when they assert themselves. Thus, while Forster admits that he "cannot realize the feeling of the other party" (*HD* 153), that is, Indian nationalists, he remains hostile to their aspirations, attributing nationalism to the simple "insolence of Englishmen *and* Englishwomen out here in the past." Forster goes on to suggest that he doesn't feel that "good manners can avert a political upheaval. But they can minimize it" (*HD* 153), a sentiment echoed in the famous and placating words: "one touch of regret--not the canny substitute but the true regret from the heart--would have

Notes

¹Leonard Woolf, *Growing* 46.

²"Utilitarianism and All That: The Political Theory of Imperialism in India," *St. Antony's Papers* 8 (1960): 71. Quoted in Parry, *Delusions* 205.

³That Kipling was aware of, and suffered from, the public school mentality is evident in his *Stalky and Co.* (1899) volume of short stories.

⁴An identical form of upper-class censoriousness can be found in Paul Scott's *Division of the Spoils*. Guy Perron blames Merrick's particularly virulent assertions of superiority on his belief in "Kiplingesque double-talk A middle-class misconception of upper-class *mores*" (208).

⁵There are a vast number of collections of Kipling's short stories. For ease of reference, I will use one-word short forms of story titles, along with the following abbreviated volume titles followed by the the page reference: *Plain Tales from the Hills* (PT), *Life's Handicap* (LH), and *The Phantom Rickshaw* (PR).

⁶Kipling's alignment with the "black sheep," the outsider, is clear in a later story in the *Phantom Rickshaw* collection, the autobiographical story "Bæ Bæ Black Sheep."

⁷Strickland also reappears in *Kim*.

⁸For an interesting and succinct discussion of the connection between the ideals of British formal imperialism and Baden-Powell's founding of the Boy Scouts, see Hugh Brogan's *Mowgli's Sons* (1987).

⁹Paul Scott, "India: A Post-Forsterian View," 128.

made . . . the British Empire a different institution" (P/ 50). What that sentence unfortunately fails to question is the very existence of the British imperial institution if a truly inclusive conception of humanity is being affirmed.

Undeservedly overshadowed by Forster, Paul Scott nonetheless reaches beyond Forster's limited vision to more fully examine the ideas and implications of his predecessor's novel. Suggesting that Forster had "spoken up for his age" ("India" 114), *The Raj Quartet* is Scott's way of speaking for his. To accomplish this, Scott borrows certain themes and images--the central incident of a rape, for example--from Forster, complicating and expanding the view of Anglo-India and of Indians in *A Passage to India* which he feels relies too heavily on caricature. Although he too displays some of the cultural limitations and preconceptions of a country that had so long been an imperial power, Scott manages to provide a view of British-Indian relations that is "post-Forsterian" not only chronologically but conceptually.

¹⁰When referring to Forster's works, I shall abbreviate the titles as follows: *The Hill of Devi (HD)* and *A Passage to India (PI)*.

¹¹Many discussions of British imperialism look at the intimate connection between imperialism and the public schools that turned out colonial administrators. See John R. Reed's *Old School Ties: The Public Schools in British Literature*.

¹²Forster is referring to Abdullah Khan Ghalib, an eighteenth-century Urdu poet. It is in part to rectify Forster's misrepresentation of Ghalib that Scott devotes so much attention to the poetry of his fictional counterpart, Gaffur, in *The Raj Quartet*.

¹³If Godbole is a parody both of the *babu* and of the Englishman who "goes native," the choice of Alec Guinness to portray him in David Lean's film seems peculiarly appropriate.

¹⁴Again, the critics' zeal for carving out Forster's unique position in English literature rather obscures the fact that many modern writers similarly experimented with style and form to focus on the problematic status of language in fiction. Nevertheless, a few recent studies of Forster's use of language bear consideration: Molly Tinsley, David Dowling, Judith Scherer Herz, Michael Ragussis, and Benita Parry discuss how *A Passage to India's* style, grammar, punctuation, and structure, along with its attention to the difference between written and spoken language, reinforce what they see to be the central philosophical concerns in the novel. These critics have recognized that *A Passage to India* concerns "the limits of representation" (Said, "Culture"), and wrestles with the paradox of attempting to convey the inexpressible. Moreover, a cursory reading of the novel might ignore the peculiar syntax, use of punctuation, frequent use of qualifiers and ellipsis, as well as the particularly frequent occurrence of negatives.

¹⁵Forster does take pains to point out, however, that Fielding's annoyance at no longer being able to "slink through India unlabelled" derives from the very luxury of being "born in freedom" (172).

The Main Scene: Paul Scott

Vertical line of text on the right edge of the page.

Imperial Uncertainty: Scott's Anglo-India

The Circle of Magic

Fear of the strange and alien, of losing one's sense of identity, is what causes like to cling to like. We should observe that ritual with sympathy.¹

As if in response to critics who take him to task for not portraying the "real" India, and for nostalgically looking at an imperial moment long gone, Paul Scott makes it clear how profound an influence the British community in India had on his experience of the country: "I went to India first during the war, like thousands of others. I knew nothing about it and didn't particularly care to. And of course I didn't go to India, I went to Anglo-India" ("Enoch" 97).² While he believes himself to be chronicling the death of the Raj in his novel, Scott recognizes that some of its forms and rituals still obtain. The "Stranger"-narrator of *The Jewel in the Crown* notes that the "new race of Sahibs" (I.177) and members of the Indian middle-class emulate the mannerisms and prejudices of the Raj. Even as recently as 1985, the old forms of behaviour are evident. Recounting his visit to India, Christopher Hitchens found that his English guide talked and behaved in a way reminiscent of the worst Anglo-Indian:

I ought really to be angry or impatient. But I am delighted. So it *is* true! They really *did* talk like that.

Here is a direct, anthropological link with a past that seems, over a mere forty years, to have receded into antiquity. The tones of the Raj, so often caricatured and lampooned, still have their continuity. Except that today, their proprietor would not care to employ them in front of the driver. (181)

This feeling of "antiquity" but of mythical continuity typifies the Anglo-Indian collective psyche. Yet Scott does not simply chronicle the forms and rituals that show this closed society at work, but also charts its demise, and the growing awareness of Anglo-Indians that their permanence in India is indeed illusory. Repeated phrases, words, images, and extended metaphors heighten this sense of disintegration, of a society's self-destructive illness.

Scott emphasizes the Anglo-Indian obsession with maintaining a united front against the "alien" by repeating images of solidarity, protective circle, and magic. He comments that the "social snobbery" endemic in Anglo-India was "complicated by the demands, sometimes conflicting, of white solidarity and white supremacy" (I.15), noting in addition that Edwina's status as an outsider does not exclude her from the "clan-gathering call to solidarity" that comes in times of crisis (I.15). One of these crises is the stone-throwing incident at Susan and Teddie's wedding, an incident that "transformed" the community in a show of a "special kind of solidarity," which has a "collective moral force" (II.172). This moral force exerts a kind of enchantment or magic; thus the image of Anglo-India as a protective and protected circle prevails. Edwina Crane inhabits a "charmed circle of privilege"

(I.15), and despite being on its "periphery" (I.15), she still desires "the harbour of the charmed circle, an understanding of the magic of kind safeguarding kind" (I.33) as well as the "refuge" of "that old privileged circle that surrounded and protected the white community" (I.44). While Edwina recognizes the failure of the ideals she has believed in, she experiences nostalgia for the passing of the charmed circle, feeling "regret and sadness for a lost world, a lost comfort, a lost magic" (I.24).

Both Daphne Manners and Sarah Layton recognize that the "circle of safety" (I.462, II.229) that they have fashioned for themselves around a community of family and friends is as illusory as the safety of the larger Anglo-Indian community; in fact, the circle only inhibits them. Upon her return to India, Sarah foresees that "the magic of the game" played by the Raj "will evaporate" (II.76). If nothing else, Jimmy Clark shows Sarah that she is like "a child intent on observing, from a position of safety and comfort, an alien and dangerous magic" (II.414), the magic of India, against which the British there exert their own superstitions.

As the novel progresses, Sarah's attitude to her family changes, as she recognizes that her family's situation and her role in it is a microcosm for the larger Anglo-Indian community. She realizes that the "circle of safety" invoked by her ritual chant, "My family. My family. My family" (II. 229), is molding her into the image of a "young pillar of the Anglo-Indian community" (II.329). In her father's absence, Sarah plays the part of the daughter of the regiment, patching up family differences as "there was something especially

unpalatable about a family quarrel because it could undermine the foundations of a larger and essential solidarity" (III.41). By the end of the quartet, however, Sarah begins to see through the act to the dangers it holds for her and her sense of individuality. Although the repetition of those words "my family" still evokes "the tug of an old habit of affection and then a yearning for the powerful and terrible enchantment of inherited identity, which she had spent most of her adult years fighting to dispel" (IV.132), she intuits the underside of the magical safety of an inherited group identity.

Images of warfare highlight this darker view of the protected circle of privilege. The stone thrown at the wedding cannot break "the impenetrable and unbreakable defences" of Anglo-India (II.176), and Sarah pictures her family and community "holding a fort together" (II.329). However, she begins to feel stifled by "the impenetrable comfort that surrounded her, protected her, and barred her exit" (II.349-50). The inescapability of inherited identity causes psychological strain on other members of the Raj as well, particularly on someone like Susan. The awareness of always being "on show," of "representing something" (III.30, IV.280), and of having only a public life is reflected, according to Sarah, in the faces around her:

She looked again at the faces in the restaurant--ordinary private faces that seemed constantly to be aware of the need to express something remote, beyond their capacity to imagine--martyrdom in the cause of a power and a responsibility they had not sought individually but had

collectively inherited, and the stiffness of a refusal to be intimidated; group expressions arising from group psychology. (II.148)

Rather than feel genuine affection for individuals, the British in India have a passion for symbols. They feel, for example, "warmth . . . for the Laytons as a family and a symbol" (II.134); the stone thrown at the Nawab's car becomes "a symbol of martyrdom"; and Susan tells Perron about the "importance of symbols" (IV.512) in her circumscribed world. Indeed, Susan is a true victim of the "terrible enchantment" of inherited identity. Unlike her sister, who fights to assert her individuality, Susan has no sense of what defines her as a human being, with the result that she feels as if she is "Nothing. Nothing at all" (II.342), "like a drawing that anyone who wanted to could come along and rub out" (II.352). Sarah's only response is that Susan is too concerned with the collective identity, asserting that there is "'Too much "we". . . . Stop thinking like that. You're a person, not a crowd'" (II.355). The result of Susan's lack of selfhood is madness. Like Barbie's, Susan's withdrawal into madness is the only solution to the impositions of the larger community. Sarah comments that only when she is supposedly mentally ill does Susan look "profoundly content, totally withdrawn. You've found your way in. . . the smile is a smile of happiness, almost of beatitude. Why do we call it sickness?" (II.491). With her recovery, though, Susan plays the game of fitting into Anglo-India with the utmost seriousness. By the time she is married to that other self-invented person, Ronald Merrick, Susan can

no longer be thought of as Susan playing Susan. It was Susan drawing Susan, drawing and re-drawing, attempting that combination of shape and form which by fitting perfectly into its environment would not attract the hands of the erasers. What Sarah feared was that the game had stopped being a game, had become a grim and conscious exercise in personal survival; that Susan now drew and re-drew herself attempting no more than a likeness that she herself could live with; and that she might tire of the effort. (IV.133)

Susan's tireless efforts at playing or drawing herself take a certain amount of courage, for to ignore the wider world takes a certain childlike determination. Once more, it is Sarah who recognizes "the amount of courage it took to close their eyes to the destructive counter-element of reality" (II.183), a talent that Susan seems to exercise until the novel's end. Sarah, on the other hand, battles the "received life" (IV.592) of her family and Anglo-India, recognizing in her sister the psychological dangers of an inherited identity. Although Susan feels that there is "nothing" to her, she envies Sarah for always being herself (II.342). For her part Sarah knows that

she was herself because her sense of self, her consciousness of individuality was tenacious, grindingly resistant to temptations to surrender it in exchange for a share in that collective illusion of a world morally untroubled . . . a world where everything was accepted as finally defined, a world that thought it knew what human beings were. (II.342)

The irony here is that this world deprives even its own inhabitants of any sense of their humanity, which Sarah asserts by resisting the illusions and safety of her world. While she will always possess the shell that Scott uses to symbolize the tough exterior of members (particularly female members) of the Raj, her "honour-of-the-regiment exterior is paper thin" (II.436); Sarah's talent lies in her ability to dispense with the layer of conformity. Unfastening the dress she has worn at Susan's wedding--one of the pivotal rites of Anglo-India--Sarah also manages to "unlock . . . her own precious individuality. She let the slipper-satin gown fall to her feet where it lay like an unwanted skin" (II.213). Indeed, one of Sarah's accomplishments is to force Jimmy Clark to view her "as a person, not a type" (II.441) of Anglo-Indian, which she nonetheless often suspects herself to be. Sarah laments the fact that Clark possesses her real self, leaving her only with the "unalterable," inherited shell (II.443), reminding him that, independent or not, "I do belong. That's what I know. That's the trouble" (II.450). For all his callousness, Clark has accurate insights about Sarah, suggesting that by removing her from her circle of safety, he has given her back some humanity:

Isn't the place already overcrowded with people who have thought for so long they've forgotten how to be happy, or with people who've spent so long trying to be happy they haven't had time to think, so end up not knowing what happiness is? For pete's sake, Sarah Layton, you don't know anything about joy at all, do you?

"No," she said, "I don't." (II.450)

Such joylessness is a consequence of collective or group psychology. Robin White also finds himself imprisoned by a "conscious air of superiority" (I.346), which made him blame Indians and hate India all the more, until his stay in an Indian village. Forced out of the "protective purdah" (I.346) of white superiority and to come face to face with Indians and their way of life, White comes away from the experience with the sense that "I felt that I had been given back my humanity by a nondescript middle-aged Indian woman" (I.347).³ Unfortunately, Edwina Crane does not learn this lesson soon enough. By the time she learns to develop for Mr. Chaudhuri "the kind of affection that came from the confidence one human being could feel in another, however little had been felt before" (I.65), he is killed by rioters. All Edwina can then do is hold the dead man's hand: "'It's taken me a long time,' she said, meaning not only Mr. Chaudhuri, 'I'm sorry it was too late'" (I.69). Edwina's only option, in the face of the "nothing" she can do is to commit *suttee*, not for the failure of the liberal ideal of imperialism she has lived and worked by, as many believe, but for the failure of love and simple human affection that are the necessary correlative of any human venture. This failure of true affection between the British and their subjects is simply a result of the Raj's self-absorbed communal identity. Kasim notes that the English "act collectively, and so can afford detachment" (II.47), and later reminds Sayed that the British legal system is designed to remove "every last speck of emotion" from human affairs

(IV.421). Sayed counters his father's approval of British law by suggesting that "in the world as it is it is necessary to act sometimes according to the heart" (IV.429).

In the more cynical view of Pandit Baba, the collective instinct of the British is no more than an excuse. "'English people are not mass-produced'," Baba reminds Ahmed Kasim, only to repeat the Raj's error of maintaining that "'true intimacy is not possible. . . . love cannot be felt truly except by like and like'" (II.117-18). Even in the latter part of his statement that love can only exist between "like and like," Pandit Baba is apparently wrong, for there is no indication of love at all, either between Indians and British, or between the inhabitants of Anglo-India, a situation created by the insistence of Anglo-Indians on observing boundaries, barriers, and divisions between people.

Beyond the Pale: Class, Religion, and Guardianship

India brought out all my worst qualities. I don't mean *this* India . . . but our India, British India, which kept me in my place, bottled up and bottled in, and brain-washed me into believing that nothing was more important than to do everything my place required me to do.⁴

Race or colour is not the only basic division to Anglo-Indians, although it is the fear of someone racially "other" or alien that provides the community with its rather spurious solidarity. The static, isolated Anglo-Indian community relies on rigid hierarchies, definitions, boundaries and labels. Daphne perceives this trait in

herself, and calls it "an Anglo-Saxon failing" (I.428). She is fully aware that by consciously breaking the rules of her community, she profoundly threatens it. Like Lady Manners, who will later align herself with the Indian community, and thus expose the divisions that Anglo-India imposes between the two communities, Daphne realizes that to do so is to render herself "temporarily invisible" (412). Even the instinct for solidarity cannot protect a member of the community who persists in invading the dangerous ground. By refusing to accede to the longing for the security of her "own kind" (I.115), and by continuing her penchant for liking everybody (I.116), Daphne breaks the cardinal rule of being placeable, realizing that "to be neither one thing nor the other is probably unforgivable" (I.412) in Anglo-India.

According to Merrick, who epitomizes the obsession with demarcations and labels, Daphne's problem was that she failed to "draw the distinction. She didn't see why a line had to be drawn--has to be drawn. But it's essential" (II.223). Merrick recognizes, as others don't, that these lines are "'arbitrary,' even "'wrong,'" (II.223) but he maintains that they provide a "'moral term of reference'" (II.224) for members of the community to act by. He also expresses relief that Sarah accepts that the "'line's been drawn'" (224) for her, an observation with which Sarah agrees throughout the novel, admitting at one point that she inhabits the "dangerous areas of one's exile" only in her dreams (II.228), rather than by crossing that ground as Daphne did.

Merrick perhaps realizes how arbitrary such boundaries are because of his own tenuous position in the community. Notably, he

has to explain this concept to an uncomprehending Teddie:

- "Beyond the pale?"
"Yes, beyond that. Whatever it means."
"It means outside," Merrick said, taking him up rather too literally. "Pale, fence, boundary. Where you draw the line between one thing and another. Between right and wrong for instance."
"The line's already there, isn't it? We don't have to draw it." (III.156)

Merrick finds himself fighting the ingrained class instinct of people like Teddie, who see themselves to be the rightful inheritors and administrators of the Indian empire. Thus, he does battle with everything from the Laytons' relief that Teddie is "pukka" (II.133), to passing comments that Merrick's voice is "not public school" (II.150), to Teddie's revulsion at the "plebeian voice and manner" of new officers which demonstrate the "vulgarity of modern English life" (III.146) as well as his sense of superiority to Merrick by virtue of class and occupation (III.151). Even when successful, both through outstanding service in the police and army, and through his social ambition to marry into the Layton family, Merrick never becomes a *bona fide* member of Anglo-India. Instead he enjoys the "secret pass-phrase: one of us. One of us. And it did not matter that he was known, thought to be, not quite that by right. He had become it by example" (II.363).

In her antagonism to Merrick especially, Sarah notices that she too responds to "the subtler promptings of the class-instinct"

(II.219-20), later making class an issue in her arguments against his and Susan's marriage. Conscious of sounding like a "hard-bitten little memsahib" (IV.380), Sarah nevertheless reminds her father that Merrick is "not quite our class. Class has always been important to us. Why should it suddenly stop being important?" (IV.365). Indeed, as the demise of the Raj becomes more certain, class tensions surface more frequently as well. Guy Perron, whose insights into the classbound Anglo-Indian community are deepest, nevertheless enjoys the privilege of class as well. Able to indulge a form of upper-class eccentricity in refusing to take a commission, Perron is therefore freer to observe and comment on the disintegration of Anglo-India. Noting almost in passing that "nothing can erode our ingrained sense of class security" (IV.208), Perron launches into an invective against Merrick which itself exemplifies class strictures and prejudices:

Can't the fool see that nobody of the class he aspires to belong to has ever cared a damn' about the empire and that all that God-the-Father-God-the-*raj* was a lot of insular middle- and lower-class shit? . . . [Merrick] was sucked in by all that Kiplingesque double-talk that transformed India from a place where plain ordinary greedy Englishmen carved something out for themselves . . . into one where they appeared to go voluntarily into exile for the good of their souls and the uplift of the native. . . . A middle-class misconception of upper-class *mores* (IV.208-9)

Imperial rhetoric, then, would appear to have a more profound effect on those like Merrick, Edwina, and Barbie who are marginal to

the community. Because of their class and status as missionaries, neither Edwina nor Barbie have the comfort of the larger community, however illusory, to sustain them when they recognize how flawed their intentions and experiences in India have been. Unlike Mabel who, however eccentric, is regarded as an upstanding example of the Raj memsahib, Barbie--who describes herself honestly as "very lower-middle-class" (III.19)--has to endure the humiliation of Mildred Layton's obsessive hatred. When Mabel dies, Mildred need not restrain herself any longer, and exercises her power over Barbie by evicting her from Rose Cottage, exclaiming, "you were born with the soul of a parlour-maid and a parlour-maid is what you've remained" (III.242). While her status as an outsider is in part what makes Barbie the most prophetic and insightful of Scott's characters, it also makes her story most tragic. Her only escape is into madness and silence, which are states of mind and of language which enact the loss of an already marginal identity and sense of community, the only release from which is her (once more, prophetic) death.

With the pressures of politics and the war in Britain, the army in India becomes swelled with "other ranks," men belonging to the "plebeian" sections of English society that so repel Teddie. The election of a socialist government in Britain results in strained relationships between officers and the "rank and file of conscript British soldiers" (IV.8), so that Perron finds himself, paradoxically, trying to conceal his upper-class origins by minimizing his "BBC accent . . . and his cultural interests" (IV.10). Moreover, the Stranger finds that in 1964, the "new race of sahibs and memsahibs" (I.182)

reflect the class conflicts underlying the imperial myth. As Srinivasan sees it, a Briton in India now is one of "'your own one-time under-privileged people'" (I.202), but nevertheless shares "with that old ruling-class of English he affects to despise a desire to be looked-up to abroad, and shares with them also the sense of deprivation because he has not been able to inherit the Empire he always saw as a purely ruling-class institution'" (I.203).

However, the tensions of class alone do not pull the Raj apart. More important perhaps is the fact that the frozen British community in India, for all its attempts to emulate people "back home," is as isolated from the English as it is from Indians. For Jimmy Clark Anglo-India is "preserved by some sort of perpetual Edwardian sunlight" (II.437). Although it is "not really English" (IV.384) any more, the Raj persists in the illusion of Englishness, not realizing that "the *raj* was, is, itself an illusion so far as the English are concerned. . . [it] became detached both from English life and the English idea of life" (IV.105). As the reality of Indian independence and the possibility of exile impinges on the consciousness of the Raj, even its most obtuse members begin to see that it is a community built on empty rituals and a specious sense of morality and propriety.

There are several references to the fact that the Anglo-Indian sky, or heaven, is empty and that only the outward forms of religion are left to provide comfort for the besieged community. Anglo-India believes that Teddie's death for the ideal of *man-bap* was futile, "a last sacrificial attempt to recall godly favour . . . [for] a principle the world no longer had time or inclination to uphold" (III.262-3).

Instead, they are sustained only by ritual observances such as Teddie's funeral and Edward's christening. Hymns sung at the funeral bring out the clichéd responses of solidarity. As Edwina perceives it, her Protestant god "was a kind, familiar, comfortable god. . . . He was very much the god of a community . . . the privileged pale-faced community of which she was a marginal member" (I.19). This comforting god is still capable of providing "a good rollicking morning at church" (III.285) to celebrate a Japanese defeat, although once more there is telling attention paid to class in a service "attended by Other Ranks" (III.284).

Sarah, however, recognizes that rituals such as the christening are almost cabalistic; the christening gown is a "relic the god in whom Sarah did not believe had charged her to preserve against the revival of an almost forgotten rite. And glancing back at Susan she thought she saw the convulsive flicker of an ancient terror on the plumped-out but still pretty face" (II.356). The function of religious rites in the Anglo-Indian community, then, is to shore up the illusion that God is still on the side of the British. In parody of the fact that their heaven is indeed empty, there are repeated references to the complacent colonial community's cloudless, blue, and undisturbed sky. In one of the many images of theatre and stage that I shall explore later, Sarah expresses the desire to "tear the fabric of the roof and expose the edifice to an empty sky" (IV.131). Similar references to the Anglo-Indian sky include the blue sky of the picture *A Jewel in Her Crown*, which nevertheless contains the threat of a few clouds, as well as the "bland sky" of one of Halki's political cartoons (IV.463).

In Barbie's recollection of the "Krishna episode," the sky's colour is once more an issue. Barbie attempts to prevent the children from colouring Jesus's face blue, like Krishna's, by depriving them of their blue crayons, only to discover that "then the children had no way of colouring the sky" (III.16). Barbie later recognizes that her act was an instance of British hypocrisy, which left few options open for Indians. Using the rhetoric of scripture, Barbie pinpoints the harm that the collective instinct for solidarity perpetrates:

There (she thought) went the *raj*, supported by the unassailable criteria of necessity, devoutness, even of self-sacrifice. . . . But what was being perpetrated was an act of callousness: the sin of collectively not caring a damn. . . .

And so it will be (Barbie thought) so it will be in regard to our experience here. And when we are gone let them colour the sky how they will. We shall not care. It has never truly been our desire or intention to colour it permanently but only to make it as cloudless for ourselves as we can. (III.245)

Accompanying the dissolving illusion of an Edenic golden age with cloudless skies are the religious allusions and images that bolster the Raj's image of itself as a chosen people, but which simultaneously render this self-image ironic. The most prominent example is Barbie's equation of Ronald Merrick with the devil. His is the "noxious emanation" (III.375) which repeatedly attacks Barbie, and the "final nausea" that enters her room before she dies. In Barbie's mind, Merrick is the "demon spirit" (III.174), "the prince of darkness,"

and the "Devil" (393). These images are extended to include fiends and monsters; thus, in Merrick, as in Frankenstein's monster, there is "no possibility of his being galvanized by the vital fundamental spark" of human affection (III.161). Barbie's cross extinguishes itself as she clutches it in defence against Merrick; her gold chain becomes "weightless" and, finally, "the cross glowed on her breast and then seemed to burn out" (III.386). These religious images are apparently unequivocal in pointing to Merrick's evil; however, other such images are ambiguous. Merrick's artificial arm, "'appeared quite gradually, like the stigmata on a saint's hands and feet and side'" (IV.205), and Sarah indicates a similar ambivalence by describing her mother's code of silence as "the angel's face in the dark. Or was it the demon's?" (IV.131). Even Barbie's definition of the devil that Merrick personifies is not one of unmitigated evil. Recalling earlier references to the abandoned heaven of Anglo-India, Barbie's devil is "not a demon but a fallen angel and his Hell . . . an image of lost heaven" (III.98). On a slightly less ominous but equally prophetic note, Barbie notices that in Kevin Coley's "martyr's face there already seemed to be the reflection of flickering flames" (III.227), a description made ironic by an earlier one of typical Raj faces, which convey the look of "people who found themselves existing on a plane somewhere between that of martyr and bully" (III.82). Regardless of the ironic overtones, though, few doubt the Raj's conviction of moral superiority and virtue, the latter being defined--as in the case of Mildred Layton--by connection with a particular military regiment, with military rank, and with certain prominent families: "Mildred

stood out. Almost disdainfully. The virtue that attached to her as Colonel Layton's wife was crystallized by the other virtues of her family connexion with the station" (III.45).

The characters who challenge these criteria for virtue are, not unpredictably, marginal members of, or complete outsiders to Anglo-India. Nonetheless there are a few, secure within that community, who assert themselves against the conforming tendencies of the collective psyche, establishing their right to flout the rules when respect and affection for other human beings are at stake. Most important, all of these "guardians,"⁵ whatever their limitations, possess the capacity for questioning and doubt, a capacity that Sarah calls "moral cowardice" (IV.366) in reaction to her father's belief in Merrick's physical and moral "courage" (366). The "pukka" members of the Raj are arguably the weakest guardians. Mabel Layton's willed isolation from the rest of the community, while implicitly critical of it, renders her protests ineffective. Unable to contemplate the "dangerous ground" herself, Mabel retreats into her rose garden to become guardian of "an earlier golden age" (IV.32) of imperial duty and responsibility. She has little affection for India, charging it instead with robbing her of two husbands.

By making the choice, like Daphne, to ally herself with India and Indians, Lady Manners has had the courage to cross the barriers imposed by Anglo-India. Like both Daphne and Hari, she thus becomes virtually invisible, making ghost-like appearances, and signalling her presence (and absence) with calling cards, letters and newspaper announcements. But, like Mabel, Lady Manners is an image of

Edwardian elegance, and her valuable and perceptive views on the dissolution of the British empire are still informed by a belief in the positive ideals of imperialism.

As we have seen, Daphne's courage in crossing the dangerous ground, and of immersing herself in "the destructive element" results in her early death. Part of her legacy is a child; the other part the memory of her love for Hari. Nevertheless she realizes that her courage is undermined by prejudices that are almost impossible to discard. Sarah's disadvantage, too, is youth. While she perceives the emptiness of ideals justifying the British presence in India, and works hard to overcome the obstacles that prevent human liaisons, Sarah still finds herself drawn to and comforted by the forms and traditions of her family and of Anglo-India, and lacks the courage to take the leaps of faith that Daphne and Lady Manners have taken.

The remaining "guardians" are outsiders. Edwina Crane belatedly recognizes that the liberal values she has held dear still carry a conviction of superiority. To Anglo-India her *suttee* is either an act of madness or despair, not an act of love. The interpretation is left open; however, given other references to suicide, Edwina's self-immolation is difficult to see in a positive light. Agnostic, Edwina does not possess the religious conviction that might sustain her through the revelation that her missionary endeavour has been futile, and that for her it is far too late to make it meaningful.

Sister Ludmila, a "foreigner" like Count Bronowsky, does possess that religious conviction. It is not an orthodox, but rather a

particularly personal form of religious belief which she upholds against the pressures of ridicule. Ludmila has dedicated her life to those Indians on the other side of the river, providing an aptly named "Sanctuary" for the dying, as well as for Hari and Daphne to meet. Count Bronowsky, strongly distrusted by the English because he is Russian, is another "guardian" by virtue of nationality, his political alignment with Indians, and great insight.⁶ Like many others, he too is a symbol of a past era; nevertheless, he has the kind of wisdom, as well as an uncanny perceptiveness about people which, combined with his political pragmatism in administering the princely state of Mirat, makes him approach that state of "grace" that Sarah confers on Lady Manners.

Finally, there is Barbie Batchelor, who incorporates many traits of Scott's sage older women. Scott devotes much of the third volume of the quartet, *The Towers of Silence*, to Barbie. With its apocalyptic tone, the chronicle of Barbie's exclusion from society, her descent into madness and illness, and her death, would seem to yield a pessimistic vision. Yet, although Barbie struggles with despair, with her faith, and with the evil that Ronald Merrick represents, she does manage to overcome some of the barriers created by her missionary calling and the British community in India. Barbie recognizes the assumptions of superiority that accompany evangelism and like Edwina questions the comfortable God of Anglo-India. By confronting what her history, her faith, and her social position actually mean to her, Barbie comes to terms with her own god, and not the absent English god who has never heeded her prayers before.

By relying on herself more, Barbie learns to listen, rather than chattering endlessly to cover up the silence she equates with that god's abandonment. Finding that the Anglo-Indian heaven is indeed empty, Barbie abandons the rigidities and exclusiveness of that religion to embrace, however fearfully, one that acknowledges other religious and philosophical precepts which often deprive her of the specious security of "talkative" Christianity. Sarah recognizes that, despite her apparent madness in their "doomed world of inquiry and compromise" (IV.377), Barbie had finally found "the peace of absorption in a wholly demanding God, a God of love and wrath who had no connexion with the messianic principles of Christian forgiveness" (IV.377). Of all these characters, Barbie is the one who most fully enters a state of grace, and possesses the gifts of sight that go along with it. Like Cassandra, though, Barbie is not heeded by those who should most pay attention. To underline the fact that the modern world does not have room for Barbie's particular kind of vision, Scott connects not only the date but the image of Barbie's death with those of Hiroshima's victims: "they found her thus, eternally alert, in sudden sunshine, her shadow burnt into the wall behind her as if by some distant but terrible fire" (III.397).

With the end of the war, and the assurance of Indian Independence, the British living in India find that all justification for their presence has disappeared; the superficial sense of community and identity gives way to the tensions and fears of race and class that have underwritten their existence for so long. Bronowsky mentions with some satisfaction that "now we are *à l'*emigrés"

(IV.557), and Perron notes with interest that "universally popular as the English are in India just now, among themselves there emerges this dissension. The old solidarity has gone because the need for it has gone" (IV. 554). On the final and fateful trip to Premanagar, Aunt Fenny therefore objects to travelling with the Peabodys, while Mrs. Peabody herself indulges in a run of clichés about Indians. No longer trying to sustain the illusion, the English remaining in the car after Ahmed's murder feel only the "terrible . . . relief [of a] . . . self-protective instinct" (IV.582). This image of the English ensconced safely in a railway car echoes an earlier one that Perron uses. Because the railway provides the most fitting metaphor for British rule, Perron tells Rowan that their "cosy" rail compartment is symbolic "'of our isolation and insulation, our inner conviction of class rights and class privileges, of our permanence. . . . and of course of our fundamental indifference'" to India (IV.208). Despite his anger at the smug insularity of the Raj, however, Perron is not entirely unsympathetic to the dilemma of the people who now find themselves truly exiled. The tone of *A Division of the Spoils* is therefore predominantly comic, although there is a tragic undertone that becomes more pronounced in *Staying On*. In keeping with the consistent occurrence of theatrical metaphor and image Guy Perron finds himself fighting the urge to laugh at "the comic dilemma of the *raj*" (IV.306). He then proceeds to explain the impulse behind this laughter: "I suppose that to laugh for people, to see the comic side of their lives when they can't see it for themselves, is a way of expressing affection for them; and even admiration--of a kind--for

the lives they try so seriously to lead" (IV.307). However, Scott qualifies his admiration for Anglo-Indians by using the central event of rape to expose the extraordinarily limited Raj world-view. Rather than suggest, as Forster does, that any non-humanist view of life nullifies the distinction between love and rape, Scott places the blame at the door of Anglo-India as he examines the failure of love in the imperial situation through its absence or perversion in sexual relationships.

Distinguishing between Love and Rape

[Anglo-Indian novelists] return almost obsessively to the theme of a sexual encounter between an Indian and a European. This is odd, and it seems odder if we recall that in Indian novelists writing in the same period the possibility of inter-racial sex has aroused very little interest.⁷

The Jewel in the Crown, the first novel of the quartet, opens with the bald assertion that "this 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" (9). In this novel of images, the image of Daphne running after she has been raped, and the efforts of others to discover the "truth" of what happened to her in the Bibighar gardens are central, and are always returned to. Yet Scott is perhaps first among writers about the Raj to ensure that the informing incident of rape remains both literal and metaphoric; that is, while Daphne herself will compare her rape to Britain's "rape" of India, Scott never fails to remind us of the human cost of the rape in the Bibighar, particularly

to Hari and to Daphne herself.

Indeed, the novel demonstrates that the literal and allegorical functions of the central incident of the rape often collide and merge. As my introductory chapter has shown, Anglo-Indians invested their preconceptions about Indian sexuality with great significance. Scott attempts to investigate how the taboo of interracial sex and love, being part of the sustaining mythology of the Raj, permeates all the relationships of the British with Indians. As Daphne discovers, even her courageous crossing of the boundaries between Anglo-India and India does not allow her to escape from the assumptions of racial privilege. Ironically, but predictably, the interconnection of race, sex, and power leads to the image of India and Britain as partners, and therefore to the compelling use by several characters of courtship, marriage, divorce, and rape as metaphors for the British presence in India.

In addition, Scott cannot refrain from using the imagery of sex to indicate the ill-health of the Raj itself. For him "human error is associated with sexual error, that is, sexuality that is devoid of love and full instead of a lust for possession; a sexuality, also, that is most often not understood by those it drives" (Rubin 144). In his depiction of the breakdown of the Raj, therefore, we find an astonishing array of failed or sterile marriages, repressed homosexuality, and loveless and passionless coupling. Also, childlessness, spinsterhood and widowhood are frequent among the women of Anglo-India. In fact, as we see in Daphne's case, and for example in the accusation of Barbie's lesbianism, women themselves

are often blamed for violating and for upholding the taboo of interracial sex. Merrick reminds Sarah that the taboo really only extends one way, that a white man/black woman union is not of the same order as one between a white woman/black man, such as Hari's and Daphne's:

"A white man . . . would not be--what is the right word? Diminished? He wouldn't feel that. People would not really feel it of him, either. He has the dominant role, whatever the colour of his partner's skin. . . . A dark-skinned man touching a white-skinned woman will always be conscious of the fact that he is--diminishing her. She would be conscious of it too." (II. 226)

According to Daphne, this assumption of white male superiority in the workings of the Raj leads to the legendary sourness and brittleness of the memsahib. Although she participates in the mythology of racial superiority, the Englishwoman nevertheless has much in common with the "inferior" Indian because of her secondary cultural position:

The women look worse than the men because consciousness of physical superiority is unnatural to us. A white man in India can feel physically superior without unsexing himself. But what happens to a woman if she tells herself that ninety-nine percent of the men she sees are not men at all, but creatures of an inferior species whose colour is their main distinguishing mark? What happens when you unsex a nation, treat it like a nation of eunuchs? Because that's what we've done, isn't it? (I.427)

The relegation of a segment of the human race to an inferior and feared status is what makes Anglo-India so sterile. In this circumscribed world, according to Daphne, affection, trust and love cannot flourish. Symptomatic of the barrenness of the Anglo-Indian community is the absence of places for Hari and Daphne (or for Hari and Colin Lindsey) to meet. The literal lack of common ground strains an already tenuous relationship, which Daphne has already initiated in "a conscious frame of mind" (1.393), from a position of condescension which Daphne later says she "can't bear to remember" (394). With the obstacles to their friendship so definite, both Daphne and Hari are conscious of having to traverse the "dangerous ground" (398), physically symbolized by the river lying between the British and Indian sections of Mayapore. However, their growing love actually opens up Daphne's world, and makes Mayapore seem larger, for "it extended to the other side of the river" (404), and thereby allows her to "feel like a person again" (405).

After she is raped, Daphne considers the nature of human relationships in the British community, and recognizes that the assumption of racial superiority is almost insurmountable because it is underwritten by a plethora of colonial institutions. In the legal system, for instance, Daphne sees "a blundering judicial robot. . . . a white robot and it can't distinguish between love and rape" (452-53).⁸ Members of the Raj both perpetuate, and are entirely constrained by, the workings of the robot, so that the "*originating passion*" (460) necessary for healthy human relationships is quelled.

When reviewing the circumstances of her love affair with Hari, Daphne recognizes that, despite all her efforts, she has not escaped the assumption that "the colour of my skin automatically put me on the side of those who never told a lie" (452). Indeed, she realizes that even she has "not exorcised that stupid primitive fear" (439) of darker skin, as her reaction to the servants Raju and Bhalu after the rape indicates. Rather, in loving Hari, she has "invested his blackness with a special significance or purpose, taken it out of its natural context instead of identifying myself with it *in* its context" (439). With the fear of dark skin still intact, then, Daphne's first reaction to Hari after the rape, despite all her protestations of love and trust, is to suspect him: "I had this idea that Hari had gone with them because he had been one of them" (434). At the moment of crisis, Hari becomes for Daphne a representative, rather than an exceptional Indian, so that he and the unknown rapists fuse in Daphne's nightmarish image of Siva. In this case, Siva becomes the focus of all the British fears of dark, oriental sensuality: "Suddenly he leaves his circle of cosmic fire and covers me, imprisons my arms and legs in darkness. Surreptitiously, I grow an extra arm to fight him or embrace him, but he always has an arm to spare to pin me down, a new lingam growing to replace the one that's spent" (l.434).

Thus, the actual fact of the rape itself, with its threat of unknown Indian assailants, is uncomfortably and undeniably linked with the fact that Hari and Daphne have made love. In Daphne's account, there is an element of brutality to Hari's lovemaking, for "there was nothing gentle in the way he took me. . . . He tore at my

underclothes and pressed down on me with all his strength. But this was not me and Hari. Entering me he made me cry out. And then it was us" (433). By later emphasizing the "miracle" of Hari's "black hair" and "black ear," Daphne's subsequent description of the sudden appearance of her assailants as "black shapes in white cotton clothing; stinking, ragged clothing" (433) connects the two events. As she remarks later, an Indian taboo has also been broken in their lovemaking, and has unleashed a violence usually held in check; Daphne describes the rape as an "awful animal thrusting, the motion of love without one saving split-second of affection" (434), and then unites the scenes of love and rape in her dream of Siva. In the text, this entire sequence of lovemaking, rape, and nightmare is compressed into less than a single page.

Wanting to protect Hari by asking him to maintain with her the story that they hadn't been together that evening, Daphne realizes that, for Anglo-India, there is in fact no difference between lovemaking and rape, and that the failure to so distinguish informs the entire imperial relationship between India and Britain, thus bringing the allegory of love and rape into play. In her attempt to find ways of describing the experience metaphorically, Daphne points out that it has become its own metaphor, because of the mythological significance underlying it:

I look for similes, for something that explains it more clearly, but find nothing, because there /s nothing. It is itself; an Indian carrying an English girl he has made love to and been forced to watch assaulted--carrying her back

to where she would be safe. It is its own simile. It says all there is to be said, doesn't it? . . . Directly you get to the point where Hari . . . has to say, "Yes, we were making love," the nod of understanding that *must* come . . . *won't*, unless you blanch Hari's skin. (I.437-38)

The impossibility of blanching his skin makes Hari, by upbringing and education every bit an Englishman, an anomaly in the Indian arena. Adding yet one more twist to the motivations behind Daphne's attraction to Hari is her own perception that his hatred and her love of his "native" country "made even his blackness look spurious" (419). As he often does, Scott stresses the importance of Daphne's statement that the situation "is itself" by recalling it when Lady Manners observes the interview with Hari Kumar in Kandipat jail (IV.308).

In his treatment of Daphne's rape, Scott has managed to humanize the tortured relationship of Britain and India, without rendering trivial either the metaphor of partnership or the description of the event itself. Juxtaposed with the image of Daphne running to safety and the assertion that "this is the story of a rape," he also provides on the opening page the image 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. (I.9)

By 1942, the absence of love and the inevitable breakdown of partnership are the only remains of the relationship which, as the Indians have long recognized, was always based on the fear of racial difference. According to Dr. Srinivasan, in the "odd love-hate affair" between Britain and India, "even when we most loved, there was the fear, and when there was only the fear and no love there was the dislike" (1.204). Daphne accuses Indians of their acquiescence in maintaining British power, of believing in their own racial inferiority: "*Well, there has been more than one rape.* I can't say, Auntie, that I lay back and enjoyed mine. But Lili was trying to lie back and enjoy what we've done to her country. I don't mean done in malice. Perhaps there was love . . . love as there was between me and Hari. But the spoilers are always there aren't they?" (462). Even the love between Daphne and Hari is coloured by the history and effects of the colonial relationship.

As Lady Manners ponders India's fate after Independence, she writes to Lili Chatterjee that the new Indian constitution is "a sort of love-letter to the English--the kind an abandoned lover writes when the affair has ended" (476), and expresses the fear that, after all, the division between black and white, rather than death, is "the last division of all" (477). Approaching the end of her own life, and as representative of the heyday of the Raj, Lady Manners muses:

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. . . . I mean of course the dislike and fear that exists between black and white. (476)

From the Indian viewpoint, the metaphor of "civilized divorce" is itself imperialist. Lili Chatterjee likens the British-Indian relationship instead to "'living in sin,'" suggesting that "'Our so-called independence *was* rather like a shot-gun wedding'" (1.79) solemnizing the relationship.

Perhaps because Scott's project is to trace the evolution and consequences of this "animus" between the Indians and the British, he does not dwell on the possibilities that Hari's and Daphne's love affair has provided. With the child Parvati, whose Indianness is asserted above all, there is a glimmer of hope and a sense that crossing the artificial barriers of race is not necessarily doomed. The death or disappearance of her parents is, however, necessary: the child of the new India must be an orphan. Daphne's decision to keep the child is an act of love, indicating her continuing wish to let herself be taken by the flood, the dangerous ground she has begun to explore. In Sister Ludmila's words, this kind of courage ensures that "even if we drown, at least for a moment or two before we die we shall be awake and alive" (151). For what Parvati represents, however, Daphne's death in childbirth, and Hari's disappearance as the displaced brown-skinned Englishman, are essential. Their fates indicate the hope that their relationship has finally emptied itself of the metaphoric significance imposed by the imperial connection. Thus, we are told that the "tentative" presence of Parvati is "another story," which nevertheless

holds the promise of "continuing instead of finishing" (I.479).

However, the story of Anglo-India as its end draws near is a story of "finishing," and Scott chooses sexual metaphor once more to illustrate the barrenness of a community that is largely responsible for its own demise. Inverting the stereotype that Indians are racially inferior, Scott focusses on the physically unappealing paleness of English people, particularly women, as they appear to Indians. For Daphne, Hari's attractiveness derives in part from his physical difference from Englishmen. She imagines him "looking over the shoulder of every pink male face and seeing in every pink male face the strain of pretending that the world was this small. Hateful. Ingrown" (427). In a passage likewise reminiscent of Fielding's description of white skin as "pinko-grey" in *A Passage to India*, Lady Manners recalls the contrast between Nello Chatterjee's brown skin and Henry Manners', whose "white" skin was actually "grey and yellow and ill" (I.477). Through the more observant and sensitive of their characters, Forster and Scott both point to how literally inaccurate the supposedly essential categories of race and colour are.

But perhaps Scott's most interesting inversion of colour stereotyping is conveyed in how Indian men view Englishwomen. Even Hari, after some time in India, comments on how pale Englishwomen are (I.249), noting later that they "seemed to move inside the folds of some invisible purdah that made their bodies look unreal, asexual" (I.261). Ahmed, too, finds "all white girls unattractive. They look only half-finished" (II.96), while Sarah suggests that pale skin must be for Indians an "unsatisfactory substitute" for flesh (IV.130). In a

similar vein, the Stranger observes that even modern British memsahibs "have a peeled, boiled look" (I.182). In a real sense, then, the women and men of Anglo-India are "only half-finished," and Scott demonstrates that their unhealthy sexuality is a symptom of the larger ills of the community.

Marriages among the English are therefore largely ones of form, devoid of love, respect, or warmth. Nigel Rowan's and Laura Elliott's marriage fails in this stultifying atmosphere, in part because of Merrick's interference and because of Rowan's unfulfilled attraction to Sarah. Another thwarted match is Aunt Fenny's with John Layton; the outward comfortable routine of both the Graces' and Laytons' marriages is undermined by Fenny's professed love for Colonel Layton, who marries Mildred because she better fits the ideal picture of regimental wife. And, after Teddie's death, Mildred scuttles Dicky Beauvais' intention to marry Sarah, rather than the widowed Susan.

In fact, Susan Layton's two marriages typify the problems of Anglo-Indian relationships. Her engagement to Teddie Bingham is not an affirmation of love, but arises instead from a sense that it is simply time for Susan to marry, to follow the script of the Raj's code. Indeed, her sister Sarah eventually rejects Teddie rather than accede to the fact that for Anglo-Indian men, courtship occurs "in a representative frame of mind" (II.152). Sarah recalls that their kisses were more a "breathholding contest" (III.108) than signs of passion or love. Susan, however, in her desperate desire to secure herself an identity, elects marriage as a means to that end. Knowing that she is incapable of love, but afraid of spending her life alone,

Susan opts for Teddie "because [she] quite liked him" (II.354).

Like many Anglo-Indian sexual relationships, Teddie's and Susan's is marked by a lack of intimacy. Teddie's unknown sexual history is remarked upon and his known sexual experience seems to be made up of "nocturnal emission[s]" (III.105). Equally adolescent is his behaviour on dates with Susan, which she matches with her cool and physically aloof manner. Their premarital sexual behaviour is devoid of physical or emotional communion, but instead reveals extreme tenseness on Susan's part and boylike ardent (but not enacted) desire on Teddie's:

She was awfully tensed up. Her whole body seemed to be a skull. . . . He kissed her again and again until he had the most shamefully majestic erection. He didn't care. She was still protected by that absolute statement. The erection was a statement too and just as absolute but in a negative way. (III.117)

It is no surprise then that, as Susan expresses it, their honeymoon is "rotten" (II.354). The striking description of their first sexual encounter confirms suspicions that theirs is not an intimate union in any way. To the aroused Teddie, who whimpers like an animal, Susan is all "breasts and thighs and rucked transparent nightgown" (III.167). In an image reminiscent of Daphne's comment about the rape of India--"but the spoilers are always there, aren't they?" (I.462)--Teddie's hands are called "spoiler's hands" (III.167). The following description underlines how little contact there actually is, and is rendered more pathetic by Teddie's incomprehension about

the state of affairs he thought to be legally and religiously sanctioned:

She cried out softly, apparently rudely awoken. With an abrupt gasping acquiescence she opened her legs but not her eyes; offered what assistance she could think of; but the duality of their enterprise did not connect them. . . . The contest over, detumescent, he lay licking her wounds with kisses. . . His own shock had been the shock of joy that was legitimate, endorsed, blessed. . . . He had discovered a private area of freedom inside the stockade. She had not entered it with him. He must be at fault. He had failed to arouse her. He had a miserable impression that she did not like him. His body ached for her affection. (III.167)

Susan's second marriage to Ronald Merrick is even more a match lacking affection or respect. Merrick's homosexuality and misogyny make his attachment to Susan's and Teddie's son suspect, and his violent death not long after the marriage once more leaves Susan a widow, in the state of aloneness that she most fears.

The words and images suggesting brutality and animality tie Teddie's and Susan's sexual life to others without affection or love. Later in *The Towers of Silence*, Barbie's description of Mildred Layton's and Kevin Coley's lovemaking throws the Raj's sexual hypocrisy into relief, and is infused with an air of desperation arising from Mildred's loneliness. Barbie's first vision of Coley and Mildred is thus expressed in distinctly bestial terms:

She was drawn to them by the creature's moans and cries until she stood in a place where over the top of the shutters she saw in the gloom the creature herself, naked, contorted, entwined with another, gaunt and male and silently active in a human parody of divine creation. . . . What filled her with horror was the instantaneous impression of the absence of love and tenderness: the emotional inertia and mechanical pumping of the man, the cries coming from the woman who seemed driven by despair rather than by longing, or even lust. It was as though the world outside the subterranean room was dying or extinct and the joyless coupling was a bitter hopeless expression of the will of the woman for the species to survive. (III.307-8)

Nevertheless, even with Mildred, who epitomizes the typical memsahib, a different perspective yields insight into her demeanour. In the last novel of the quartet, Guy Perron clearly admires Mildred and her attempts to survive in a dying community. To him, Mildred's protective "icy stoicism" does not hide "an unmistakable human sexual warmth" (IV.271). Rather, the demands of life in British India have created in Mildred a protective armour, the "hard outer casing of the memsahib" (271).

Although Sarah's encounter with Jimmy Clark seems of a piece with the passionless and loveless affairs of other Anglo-Indians, in some ways it becomes for her a positive experience. By seducing Sarah into losing her virginity, Clark, in his callous fashion, scratches her veneer of regimental honour. As paternalistic and cold as the whole incident is, Scott would have us believe that, initially,

the experience is for Sarah a liberating one. Against the repression of the body that typifies Anglo-Indian sexuality, Sarah has now entered her body's "grace" (II.456). This exalted condition of grace is however severely qualified by her decision to have an abortion. Unlike Daphne, Sarah perceives herself too much a daughter of the regiment to be able to flout convention. Her subsequent sexual activity, she feels, was in part to appease "the ache of physical desire" (IV.356) of being unable to bear and raise her child. Discarding other possible interpretations of her sexual behaviour, however, Sarah finally asserts that it simply reflected her need to satisfy normal, female sexual desires, adding that "perhaps it is only some lingering old-fashioned idea that desire without love needs excusing in a woman that makes me not want to refer to this episode without also groping for other explanations" (IV.355). Sarah clearly sees that the idealization of female chastity and the myth of female asexuality--the "invisible purdah" that Hari noted--is as humanly damaging as other forms of stereotyping and mythmaking that sustained the Raj.

In the light of the failed, curtailed, and sterile relationships of Anglo-India, it is scarcely surprising that, with the exception of Susan and Teddie's son, this community's landscape is a childless one. When Daphne decides to bear her child, Anglo-Indians suggest that instead she should have an abortion and throw "the filthy muck to the pi-dogs" (I.161). Not surprisingly, Parvati comes to be known as the "tiny monster of the Bibighar" (II.171). Mildred Layton is similarly vehement about Sarah's pregnancy, demanding of Fenny that they "get

the bloody thing aborted" (III.325).

While childlessness and the attitude to children indicates how empty life is towards the end of the Raj, the states of spinsterhood or widowhood for women paradoxically are not so perceived. For those people, usually women, who have entered the state of grace that Scott sees accompanying moral courage and discernment, being alone is obviously necessary: Edwina Crane, Lady Manners, Sister Ludmila, Mabel Layton, and Barbie Batchelor are either unmarried or widowed. The younger women, Sarah Layton and Daphne Manners, resist the pressures of conforming to the ideal of Anglo-Indian womanhood by refusing to marry for form's sake. The suggestion here, no doubt, is that these women can only cast themselves as outsiders, eccentrics, and critics by being accountable only to themselves, and by asserting themselves against a crushing sense of collectivity.

The final aspect of sexuality that Scott focusses on, particularly in the character of Ronald Merrick, is homosexuality. In itself, homosexuality in these novels is not considered unhealthy. Indeed, the nascent homosexual Pinky discovers upon reading psychiatric files that homosexual encounters can be part of the "healthy" sex life of any man (IV. 249). In contrast to Merrick, whose homosexuality is repressed and sado-masochistic, Count Bronowsky acknowledges his inclinations, although he does not now act upon them. His relationship with Ahmed, for instance, is based on attraction: "He faced the truth. Ahmed was the latest manifestation of the unattainable, unattempted golden youth. . . . It amused him that this golden youth was brown, and touched him that in his old age the

object of his undeclared and regulated passion should be someone his professional interest allowed a close connexion with" (II.169). Conforming in part to the stereotype of the homosexual, Bronowsky dislikes women; however, this is not simple sexual dislike, but one based on his perception that they sometimes fail morally: "Bronowsky would retreat confirmed in his hatred of women, raging impotently against the enormity of their abuse of the moral weapons God had mistakenly given them as armour against the poor savage male and his ridiculous codes of honour" (II.167). As many women in the quartet do, Bronowsky possesses a great deal of insight into character and motivation, particularly the tortured psyche of Ronald Merrick. Indeed, Bronowsky is at his most perceptive about Merrick, who is the only main character in the novel who never speaks for himself.

Like many of his peers in Anglo-India, Ronald Merrick is "a man unable to love" (I.165). Sarah sees nothing in Merrick but the "dark side, the arcane side" (II.358, 409) of the Raj, a representative of the white robot that Daphne condemns. Although he proposes marriage to Daphne, his attention to her is a result of his attraction to Hari Kumar. According to Ludmila, "it was Kumar whom Merrick wanted. Not Miss Manners. And it was probably her association with Kumar that first caused Merrick to look in her direction" (I.165). Likewise, Bronowsky maintains that Merrick, who "didn't really like women . . . had scarcely noticed her [Daphne] until her association with the Indian boy had begun" (IV.169-70).

In his interrogation of Hari, which is recounted several times, we see the extremes to which Merrick's unacknowledged desires and

fears lead him. He reveals extreme misogyny as he interrogates people about Daphne's rape, suggesting to Vidyasagar that "she wasn't a virgin, was she? She went with anyone who was able to satisfy her" (I.371), and repeating for Hari that "she wasn't a virgin, was she, and you were the first to ram her?" (II.273, 371, IV.309). As the interrogation proceeds, Hari is stripped, caned, physically examined and verbally abused by Merrick, whose hatred is fuelled both by the outsider's envy of the class Kumar had once belonged to in England and by the racial fear and contempt that, according to Merrick, underlie all British-Indian relationships. Merrick has the uncanny ability to peel away the superficialities, the myths of British rule. What he says and does to Hari demonstrates the fact that an imbalance of power is the basis of colonial rule, whatever protestations of comradeship there are to the contrary. Because he knows he is a "mere symbol" (II.307) of the Raj, Merrick's analysis of the colonial situation provides further insight into his own motivations. In his indictment of liberalism, for example, Merrick pinpoints the British preference for "the blue-eyed Pathan, or the Punjabi farmer, or the fellow who blacks your boots. He called the English admiration for the martial and faithful servant class a mixture of perverted sexuality and feudal arrogance" (II.308). Merrick's preferred disguise is, not surprisingly, a Pathan costume, and his death in it is the culmination of his own "perverted sexuality."

Merrick's degradation of Hari fails in the end because Hari refuses to play an active role in "the situation." With the suicide of Havildar Khan, however, Merrick's penchant for punishing others is

fatal. Guy Perron sees Merrick's sadism as a type of self-hatred: "self-punishment being out of the question, Merrick punished the men he chose. After Karim Muzzafir Khan's suicide I was never in any doubt about Merrick's repressed homosexuality" (IV.302). Merrick's self-loathing leads to his death wish, which is ultimately fulfilled. Merrick's macabre murder, in Bronowsky's view, was a form of suicide. What "appalled" Merrick was not

the revelation of his latent homosexuality and his sado-masochism. These must have been apparent to him for many many years and every now and again given some form of expression. What I mean by a revelation is revelation of the connexion between the homosexuality, the sado-masochism, the sense of social inferiority and the grinding defensive belief in his racial superiority. I believe . . . that Aziz was the first young man he had actually ever made love to, and that this gave him a moment of profound peace, but in the next the kind he knew he couldn't bear . . . because to admit this peace meant discarding every belief he had. . . . I am sure that . . . he sought the occasion of his own death and he grew impatient for it. (II.571)

Merrick (from whom Scott is careful not to withhold all sympathy) is proof that a single human being's dark and tortured psyche can destroy himself and others. This psyche is in part formed by the exclusionary myths of race, sex, and class, making Merrick a fitting symbol for the demise of the Raj. With all of his various sexual metaphors, Scott makes compelling use of, and implicitly questions some of the founding myths of British rule:

What Scott has done is to make sexual excess, deviation, and aberration a near correlative of the imperial process; the greed and the moral and ethical blindness that inspire and sustain colonialism in the sphere of public action are accompanied by a parallel degeneration in the private sphere, where sexual problems, violence, and confusion reveal and symbolize the same moral failures. (Rubin 74)

Unfortunately, however, critique may become complicity as well, and Scott can and has been accused of perpetuating imperial nostalgia by using, in this case, the standard commodities of sex, race and violence. Writers in the Anglo-Indian tradition seem obsessed with East-West relations, particularly sexual ones, in a way Indian writers often are not. Furthermore, by adopting homosexuality or rape, for instance, as metaphors for the diseased colonial situation, Scott risks trivializing them, or fuelling already-negative stereotypes.

Thus, there are several points in the quartet where he comes perilously close to employing uncritically or unselfconsciously the myth of depraved Oriental sensuality. The comically malevolent Suleiman, for example, offers Perron "a sneaky glimpse in to [sic] the world within a world, hermetically sealed and composed entirely of a nest of boxes (Kama Sutra rather than Chinese), each offering successively its revelation of the inventive means by which one might secure release from the pressure of the biological urge" (IV.240). Although tongue-in-cheek, Perron's review of "Pankot's erotic

specialties" (241) builds on previous suggestions of the bizarre bazaar sex life of India. India is indeed credited with awakening Pinky's homosexual tendencies, and emboldening him to act upon them. Among Merrick's sadistic machinations, the tragedy of Lance-Corporal Pinker incorporates several stereotypes. First, this "typical case" of homosexuality is attributed to Pinky's being "over-protected as a boy" (IV.248). Second, a Pathan, Suleiman, procures his first "boy" for him, leading to a reiteration of a hoary Anglo-Indian myth: "To Pinky, this man looked manly and virile. East of Suez no shame attached to wanting boys" (252). Because homosexuality is here correlated with corruption for Scott's fictional purposes, it becomes one more in a litany of accusations against the sexuality of Indians, as do the recurring suggestions of Ahmed's womanizing and debauchery.

The central incident of the rape is similarly double-edged. I have already drawn attention to the violence that underlies the description even of Hari's and Daphne's lovemaking. However, with the inversion of the Englishman/Indian woman relationship to an Englishwoman/Indian man one, there is an added set of complexities. By insisting on viewing human relationships metaphorically, both Forster and Scott invite us to consider the full implications of their metaphors and allegories. In one view, the logical extension of the rape metaphor in *A Passage to India* is that "allegorically, Adela is Britain, which has raped India; the guilt at the base of her wish to know and sympathize with 'the real India' has become distorted into a justifying fantasy in which Britain is raped by India" (Rubin 66).⁹ In Scott's work, this fantasy is acted out; Daphne is not only raped by

"unknown" Indians, but dies as a consequence. Just as the "necessary" death of some of Kipling's Indian heroines has been questioned, so should Daphne's death be examined. As a symbol, therefore, Daphne must die to signify the end of British India--and the half-English Parvati comes to represent the new India. Clearly, the danger of comparing historical and political relationships with human relationships is that both might be rendered false and trivial. In the context of the Anglo-Indian novel, nevertheless, Scott is unique in his subtle deployment of sexual allegory and metaphor.

Accusations that Scott's novel incorporates apparently simplistic and negative stereotypes of Indians can be refuted in part by pointing to Scott's extraordinarily fluid use of symbol, style, narrative point-of-view and method, as well as to the many complexities of ideas in the novels, all of which deny readers of *The Raj Quartet* any simple alignment with or acceptance of the comforting myths about India or Anglo-India. Unfortunately, as Scott's detractors point out, the sense of affection and qualified admiration for the Raj that pervades the quartet does contribute to an air of imperial nostalgia. Because Scott so resolutely focusses on the dissolving Anglo-Indian world, and has little interest in attempting to depict India or Indians outside of the Anglo-Indian context, these accusations are partially justified, for--once again--a novelist of the Raj has made India and the fortunes of Indians a stage or backdrop for British self-dramatization. Nevertheless, that Scott manages to describe the delusions of that circumscribed world so vividly is important; part of his skill lies in his astonishing ability to convey,

through a series of recurring and often interconnected images, the Raj's often unacknowledged premonition of its own demise, and its overwhelming sense of being trapped in a besieged state of its own making.

Notes

¹Paul Scott, "Enoch Sahib: A Slight Case of Cultural Shock," 97.

²I have abbreviated the titles of Scott's essays, but refer to individual parts of the quartet by volume number followed by the page number: *A Jewel in the Crown*(I); *The Day of the Scorpion* (II); *The Towers of Silence*(III); *A Division of the Spoils*(IV). *Staying On* is abbreviated to *SO*.

³In "Enoch Sahib" (102) and in "India: A Post-Forsterian View" (129-30), Scott describes his own negative reactions to staying in an Indian village, which he has clearly used as a model for White's experience.

⁴*Staying On* 168.

⁵Who were the ideal guardians for India was a vexed question for British imperialists. In "Paul Scott's Guardians," Molly Mahood draws on the idea of imperial guardianship to draw the distinction between true and false guardians in Paul Scott's novel.

⁶Bronowsky is an outsider and a threat because of his Russian nationality. In Kipling's story "The Man Who Was" (*Mine Own People*), the Russian is explicitly equated with the "Oriental" races, and is a person who does not neatly fit into a specific category: "Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks his shirt in. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of Western peoples, instead of the most westerly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle" (192). The connection of Bronowsky to other "orientals" is made explicit in Mildred's suggestion that Bronowsky looks "like one of those dessicated [sic] Muslims of the Jinnah stamp" (III.180).

⁷*Cencrastus* 34.

⁸Scott provides another Forsterian echo here. His "blundering judicial robot" recalls Mrs. Moore's observation that by accusing Aziz, Adela "'has started the machinery; it will work to its end'" (201).

⁹The author of "Sex and the Indian Novel" goes further, concluding that the post-Independence Anglo-Indian novel's obsession with sex, and particularly with the inverted European woman/Indian man relationship is not just a concern that "Europeans and Indians are sexually incompatible. It is worth suggesting that the explanation lies in the profound shock delivered to Western writers by India's independence" (*Cencrastus* 39).

Images of Anglo-India

"The Unbearable Comedy of Life"

The Englishman in the colonies was, revealingly, a great one for amateur theatricals.¹

Like many writers on India, Scott employs images of theatre and stage in his analysis of the British presence in India; theatrical images are in fact the most pervasive and constant throughout the quartet. However, Scott differs from other Anglo-Indian writers by devoting images of theatre and stage almost exclusively to a critique of Anglo-India, in order to support his depiction of a society founded upon an illusion of moral superiority and permanence, which is only now beginning to recognize that illusion for what it is. Scott is careful to suggest that the Raj's situation only can be seen as comic, emphasizing that the effects of the British presence in India, if couched in theatrical terms at all, are tragic for Indians themselves. Thus, his tales of Hari and his father Duleep are called tragedies (I.214, IV.292); the events at Bibighar are labelled as either "comedy or tragedy" (II.362). Kasim reminds the governor that, like many Indians whose fortunes depend on the outcome of the Raj drama, he is literally forced through his imprisonment to be a "mere spectator" (II.46) of the events leading to Independence. Even those Indians

caught up in the comedy of Anglo-Indian life are conscious of their participation. Ahmed, for example, is "like an actor who knows every line in a play and plays his part to perfection but cannot light the character up from inside, so with him it is always a part. . . . How amusing! Only he is perhaps less amused than he would have us think" (II.466). While there are British characters such as Sarah, Daphne, Guy, Lady Manners, and Ronald Merrick who perceive the theatrical aspect of the Raj's dilemma because they can step back from the scene, they constantly find themselves embroiled in it.

Scott's main impulse is to demonstrate that the Anglo-Indian self-absorption, its focus on conformity, on exclusionary rules, hierarchies and rituals, and its self-destructive stasis can be seen as childlike (and childish) self-deception. This enclosed world of make-believe is exemplified by someone like Susan who is like "a little girl with the gift of making let's-pretend seem real" (II.183), or by Ronald Merrick and Kevin Coley who are both likened to boys playing with bricks (III.372, 389). Sarah Layton makes the connection between child's play and theatre explicit, by experiencing a "fleeting image of them all as dolls dressed and positioned for a play" (II.179-80). The particular kind of theatre invoked here, though, is one of fantasy, myth and happy endings, which reflects a particularly artificial and two-dimensional view of life incapable of incorporating the realities of the politically volatile situation in twentieth-century India.

There are repeated references to the characters as actors in a drama, all emphasizing the superficiality or staginess, as well as the

ineptness, of the illusion. For example, allusions to both costume and makeup heighten the sense that life in Anglo-India is "unreal, like a play" (II.221). Thus, Daphne sees Hari's black skin as that of "someone made up to act a part" (I.419); a passing reference to John Layton's first mother suggests that she looks "like someone on the stage made up" to look old (II.63). Before her wedding Sarah finds Susan "perfecting the pallor" of a bride (II.141), while both her wedding and funeral clothes are chosen to make an "impression" (II.337).² Recognizing her part in the dramatic illusion, Sarah comments, "I completed the mask, exaggerating the lipstick and, before opening the bathroom door, smiled, to prepare for the entrance" (IV.387). In a different situation she is similarly perceptive about her father's part in the family drama, noting twice that John Layton is "dressed for the part" (IV.122, 129) of the reunion with his family. Finally, in Merrick we find perhaps one of the most sinister manifestations of masquerade. His apparently motiveless ventures disguised as a Pathan are "mere bits of play-acting" (IV.563); but whether Merrick or his killers dress him in his Pathan clothes at the time of his death, the metaphor of theatre here has fatal significance. Instead of investing his death with the dramatic import he would like, "a kind of Wagnerian climax, the *raj* emerging from the twilight and sweeping down from the hills with flaming swords" (IV.571), the gruesome image of Merrick's Pathan-costumed body reinforces the sense that the Raj plays childish games in an adult world, and conjures up the somewhat ludicrous image of the whole imperial relationship being one of "pantomime" (IV.525)

By emphasizing aspects of theatre that suggest its artificiality--among them makeup and costume--Scott reinforces the image of a society trapped in perpetual Edwardian sunlight. Anglo-Indian life has qualities of "charade" (I.427, II.456, III.43, IV.123, 231), is typified by ritual gestures (II.173, 326, 368, IV.514), and particularly by static tableaux (I.314, III.352, IV.581). Sarah recognizes that her family's talent for theatrical gestures is a refusal to let the reality of the Raj's demise impinge. For Susan, the consummate actor, the scene of reunion with her father is an example of her "gift for pre-arrangement, or her continuing and frightening attempts to reduce reality to the manageable proportions of a series of tableaux" (IV.136). Unable to conceive of their world in terms of change, Anglo-Indians invest such tableaux with mythic significance, and imagine themselves in these frozen terms. Accordingly, along with the images of theatre, there are many that emphasize stasis: Susan's perception of herself as an erasable drawing, Sarah's view of Teddie and Susan as a "firmly sketched portrait" (II.147), and of Susan as both image and "effigy" (II.182). Merrick in particular is a master of the frozen scene; Guy Perron repeatedly uses the phrase "mise en scène" (IV.230, 231, 238, 261) to describe Merrick's preparation for interviewing and taking the statements of INA soldiers, his farewell scene with Perron, and his encounter with Pinky. It is apparent to Perron that the creation of these scenes has no real value except for Merrick, who differs from most of the other role-players in that his personality is nothing more than the sum of his roles. Perron thus talks of the "hollow centre of his self-invented personality" (IV.230),

and Bronowsky similarly describes Merrick as "one of your hollow men" (IV.171).

Yet Merrick himself is one of the most astute commentators on the Raj, seeing Teddie's belief in the outworn ideal of *man-bap* as a "ridiculous scene" (II.398), and recognizing in the "sylvan" setting to the tale of Teddie's heroism a "pathetic fallacy" (II.390). Merrick too makes the distinction between professionals and amateurs, a distinction that immediately calls theatre to mind. In his view the amateurs are, like Teddie, those who treat life "as a game" (II.384). Nevertheless, "'it's only amateurs who create legends'" (II.405), legends which are the fabric of the Anglo-Indian sense of community and history.

This amateurishness leads to the strained quality in Anglo-Indian performances. At several points, there are reminders that stories sound rehearsed, that performances and tales are not quite convincing. Indeed, the idea of rehearsal takes on many permutations. The period before the nationalist uprising of 1857, Perron's period of specialty, is in his eyes the "'thirty years' dress-rehearsal for full imperial rule" (IV.88), and Lady Manners notes the rehearsed quality of preparations for Hari's interview in the Kandipat jail. Because he is a hollow man, the scenes that Merrick engineers are in effect ways for him to rehearse his ambitions, frustrations, and sense of superiority. Merrick calls these "situation[s] of enactment" (II.306), scenes which for him are in deadly earnest because they turn the symbolic into the real (II.307), and allow him and his adversaries to fully understand events rather

than be subjected to them. However, like those upper-class British that he affects to despise, Merrick fails to realize that the playing out of a scene is not reality. By refusing to play it any longer, Hari Kumar destroys the scene: "the situation would cease to exist if I detached myself from it" (II.312) and asserts that he is an individual, rather than a role to be played.

Another arena of childlike, amateur theatrics is the military one, and it is in discussing the "theatre of war" (IV.403) that Scott is most heavily ironic. Once more, Merrick recognizes that there is "something fundamentally childish about the arrangements for armed conflict" (II.390), while Sarah quips that her military career is no more than "playing soldiers" (IV.327). What makes the reduction of war to theatre most appalling is the loss of connection with the realities of war and fighting: the real human casualties. Brigadier Reid's actions in Mayapore are related by an officer referred to as a "theatrical lieutenant" and an "actor-soldier" (III.85). In his eyes, the military's actions were "like something out of Gilbert and Sullivan mixed up with the last act of Hamlet" (III.83-84), and he expresses his horror at the outcome of the riots by saying that "in a properly organized production the extras never actually get killed. The little thing today was wildly under-rehearsed" (III.85). Guy Perron takes this trivialization of warfare to further depths. To him, World War II is an "under-rehearsed and over-directed amateur production badly in need of cutting" (IV.10), from which if he chooses he can absent himself at any time by returning to England, a privilege those potential casualties of war, the "other ranks," do not have.

Perron's position as observer and outsider makes him particularly susceptible to viewing events in theatrical terms. His description of his contretemps with Suleiman is self-consciously theatrical. Pointing out that the "dénouement, after such careful scene-setting is . . . obvious" (IV.243), Perron describes the actual encounter as being "balletic, slightly rough and ready and under-rehearsed," with Sergeant Potter as "a freelance extra" (IV.245). He is often flippant about the theatrical quality of Anglo-Indian lives, referring to Nigel Rowan's failure to declare his love for Sarah as his "little tragi-comedy" (IV.320), to the tragic "dénouement" (IV.315) of Hari's interview in Kandipat jail, and to Sarah Layton as a "rather travel-stained *Deus ex machina*" (IV.319). He is also peculiarly detached about the various crises of the Layton family: "I was merely a spectator; as much but no more involved than someone in the audience of a theatre. The play had Chekavian undertones. . . . each member of the cast was enclosed . . . by his own private little drama" (IV.274). Later, he makes an almost identical comment about his last meeting with Bronowsky, which is "like a Tchekov play" (IV.596). Indeed, the historian in Perron always tries to visualize significant events as scenes, whether they be that of the Kandipat jail or of Ahmed's death. His position, for all its perceptiveness, is uncomfortably voyeuristic; metaphors used to describe Perron are those of film rather than theatre: "The cameras of Perron's imagination began to tire. Presently only one remained, and this zoomed in close to recreate a memory of the boy's face" (IV.107).

Unfortunately for those whose fortunes are those of the Raj,

their "comic dilemma" (IV.307) has serious, if not tragic, undercurrents. Thus, while Perron is perhaps accurate in imagining that Sarah looks as if she had "strayed on to the stage through error" (IV.274), he cannot convey or even comprehend any of the sense of strain or displacement that Sarah or other Anglo-Indians experience. Sarah spends much of her time feeling "excluded from the scene: from what she recognized *as* a scene" (IV.136). Upon her father's return, Sarah comments upon the staged reunion: "The scene was over. I can enter now, Sarah told herself" (IV.137). Although she tries at many points "departing from the script" (IV.374) assigned to her, Sarah recognizes finally that she cannot quite extricate herself from the play. As she prepares for yet another entrance she realizes "I did not have to enter. I had entered already, long ago" (IV.387). Despite good intentions and a tenacious hold on her sense of individuality, then, Sarah knows that in India she will always be on show, a representative of the Raj. Even her attempts to help after the slaughter on the train are just part of her "brave little memsahib act" (IV.592).

For all her doubts, Sarah has managed to a certain extent to break free of the script of Anglo-India. For other characters, however, the knowledge that their way of life is about to come to an end has two results. Susan Layton perfects her "aptitude for deliberate performance" (II.148), demonstrating at her own wedding how convincing she can be. Her "delightfully performed" curtsy to the Nawab brings her bridal image, or her "effigy to life" (II.180), and re-establishes a sense of "enchantment" for spectators. Only in her

act of placing her son in a ring of fire does Susan desperately attempt to criticize the Anglo-Indian way of life that doesn't grant her her personhood. Others view her act as childish, failing to see that Susan enacts the ethos of Anglo-India and its current dilemma, the recognition by many members of the Raj that their world is in fact coming to an end: "Now through a single action she shattered her own image as a child might destroy its own carefully constructed edifice of bricks. Indeed there was in her behaviour a disagreeable element of play, of wilful destruction of a likeness of the adult world she inhabited" (III.291).

In this world another command performance stands out. After her husband's death, Nicky Paynton, one of the typical Raj memsahibs, provides an "astonishing . . . farewell performance" (III.311), particularly by not grieving over the loss of her husband or for her necessary departure from a country she had lived in for so long. It is at Nicky's farewell party that Susan is first seen recovered from her madness. Among the others "acting naturally" (III.350) for Susan's sake, Nicky notices that Susan's restored sanity is simply her improved ability to incorporate herself in the still scenes of Anglo-India, which gives her "freer-ranging movement and presentation of herself within the tableau. Before her illness she would have stood herself at its centre, receiving tribute. Her new mobility suggested that she was offering it, reaffirming her commitment to a society she had lived in since childhood and had now returned to, after a brief but inexplicable withdrawal" (III.352). Despite such commitment to a dying community, however, Susan

shows signs of her earlier instability. On three occasions when she is "on show" after a crisis, Susan spills a drink, establishing a connection with her mother Mildred Layton's propensity for drinking too much.

Indeed, the image of Mildred sitting with drink in hand is repeated so often that it becomes an icon for the current state of the Raj. Mildred's drinking is her way of coping with "the unbearable comedy of life" (III.43); she is one of the members of the community that seems at some level to be aware of the falseness of her position. Visiting the villagers, in the role of Colonel Memsahib, she becomes "conscious of acting out a charade which neither she nor the women she comforted believed in for a minute" (III.43); her act is "a bit too theatrical. . . . it gave the performance qualities of self-consciousness" (III.258). Sarah, too, describes these visits as "an act, but she [Mildred] played the part with a perfect sense of what would be extraneous to it. She did not make the mistake of identifying herself too closely with it" (IV.345).

Perhaps more poignant is the fact that John Layton does, or did, identify with his role as Colonel Sahib. Thus his awareness of charade in a life that has until now been entirely devoted to the idea of service and duty leaves him entirely at sea: "But it was different for father. *Man-Bap*. That act had been an inseparable part of his life as a commander of Indian troops. *He* had to identify himself closely with it" (IV.345). In the same way as Teddie's anachronistic gesture of death for the outmoded ideals of regimental loyalty seems futile, John Layton's relationship to his men now lacks "conviction"

(IV.344). The people of Anglo-India are mere mortals, as Indians are discovering. Sarah comments that

Ashok and Fariqua continued to observe us, as though we were exhibits which it was only part of their job to look after, the other part being to watch us closely for clues to the trick we were performing to sustain an illusion of our ordinariness, the illusion that the Sahib-log too liked to eat and take a rest and did not live like birds of paradise, perpetually in flight, feeding on celestial dew. (IV.363)³

Despite the crumbling façade of the Anglo-Indian stage, the playing out of scenarios has profound effects on people's lives, perhaps most clearly on Daphne's and Hari's. After she is raped, Anglo-India takes refuge in tableau-images of Daphne to suit their view of the affair. Daphne is imagined "dressed in her anonymity, and something simple, white, to suit her imagined frailty, her beauty and vulnerability; now half-sitting, half-lying on a couch in a shaded room with her eyes closed and one hand, inverted, against her aching forehead" (III.68). Daphne rails against this static image of Victorian womanhood, and, in discussing the quandary that she and Hari find themselves in, tells her aunt that "to play the scene with anything like *style* I needed a long dress of white muslin, and a little straw boater on my head" (I.467). The "ridiculous *monstrous* farce" (I.466) of Hari's imprisonment is in Daphne's eyes no longer a simple play, but has measurable repercussions in people's lives. Like Lili Chatterjee, another Indian spectator who has "nothing to say" (I.468), Daphne

finds herself imprisoned by this drama and powerless to step out of it: "Lili found me weeping in my room, because the comic mood had gone, the melodrama had exploded, not into tragedy but just into life" (I.468). Unfortunately for Daphne, myth, not life, is the foundation of the Raj. Daphne fails in her attempts to thwart Anglo-India's categories, and so enshrined as "poor Daphne" or castigated as "that Manners girl" (III.79), she will nonetheless remain an addition to the growing Raj mythology. We are assured that "her name would be written on the tablets" (III.68).

More insightful characters, however, are able to see inaccuracies in these images. Barbie Batchelor, for example, is noteworthy for her willingness to alter and correct the images and pictures she draws in her imagination. She finds it easier to imagine Daphne not as "frail, ethereal and beautiful in victim's white" but as someone "throwing up blinds, peering short-sightedly and threatening to create a scene" (III.80). Most importantly, Barbie can establish a "sympathetic transference" (III.79) with others, something the majority of Anglo-Indians cannot do.

In fact, so entrenched are they in living their self-absorbed comedy that they cannot countenance the sudden appearance of an Indian on the scene. Shalini Kumar's beseeching of Merrick on the railway platform, therefore, is simply an "alarming spectacle" (II.215) or "extraordinary scene" (II.216), the human dimension of which is lost on the participant spectators. In this instance, the spectators at the platform scene are not capable of the necessary empathy, and the incident would only be "moving . . . on a stage to an

audience already translated into a state of suspended disbelief" (II.215). Similarly, during the final episode of Ahmed's murder, the British involved are equally unable to participate on a dynamic, human level. Even an image of movement, the departure from the train at Mirat, is expressed in static terms as an "unfolding tapestry" (IV.571). At the moment of crisis, the car's occupants are "transfixed" in a "tableau" (IV.581). Only Ahmed actually moves and takes action. Predictably, the rest of them remain transfixed and do not see or hear what actually occurs, so that they can all later reconstruct or "visualize the scene" (IV.582) to their own satisfaction. Sarah points out how fatal the scene played actually was; like the actor who knows his lines, Ahmed assented to the script which allied him with those in power: "I suppose that meant he knew there was nothing to say because there wasn't any alternative, because everyone else in the carriage automatically knew what he had to do. It was part of the bloody code" (IV.593). By not being able to hear what Ahmed has said as he leaves the carriage, the British reveal the real weakness of their little drama: that it is pure spectacle with no sound, no medium of communicating thought or feeling--hence the enforced silence of the Indian spectators. Only the more prescient characters like Lady Manners can incorporate in her vision of the future the ominous "rumbling sound of martial music" (II.314), while Sarah recognizes that ultimately her family and the Anglo-India they represent are merely "dumb show Two or more English together were very uninteresting to watch" (II.228). Not surprisingly, then, the Raj's increasing awareness of discord in their

small world is expressed visually, in the recurring images of light and dark which reinforce the idea that India is a stage for the Raj's self-dramatization.

Perpetual Edwardian Sunlight

Their enemy was light, not dark, the light of their own kind.⁴

Images of light and dark in *The Raj Quartet* do not have simple correspondences: there are several kinds of light and dark, some with more sinister connotations than others. One kind of light that especially lends itself to the theatrical illusion is the "perpetual Edwardian sunlight" that Jimmy Clark says typifies the Raj (II.437). In conjunction with the view that Anglo-Indian life is illusory, is staged, this assurance of perpetual light is equally so. The perpetual light is the one time "moral certainty" of the Raj (II.421), now dwindling so that the light is only "perpetual-seeming" (II.451). However, as if by instinct, members of the Anglo-Indian community seek light, feeling most comfortable in the glare of a theatrical light that flattens them, giving their world the simplicity of two-dimensions and the assurance of a stage without shadows. Significantly, this light is not pervasive, but always contained, as if on stage, to small areas and circles.

Compared to Sarah, Susan is thus as "uncomplicated as daylight" (III.35), always in the "perpetual light" of centre-stage (II.91). In her role as outsider, critic, and spectator Sarah prefers

being in darkness (II.91, 228); Lady Manners, too--like her niece Daphne--feels "less vulnerable" in the dark than in light (II.238). Nevertheless, just as Sarah recognizes that she does play a part in the Anglo-Indian comedy, she is also attracted to the security of light, entering "the geometrical pattern of light and the circle of safety" (II.229) that her family represents to her. In the seduction scene with Jimmy Clark, Sarah feels threatened by his presence in darkness, asking for the comfort of room lights. In fact, it is she who recognizes that the perpetual light of the Raj is not the glare of external lighting, but is rather the self-illumination of past days of certainty. Like fireflies, Anglo-Indians provide their "own illumination" (II.228), which cannot bear the light of outside scrutiny, or of self-doubt. This is the meaning behind the above epigraph, and behind Scott's recurrent but equivocal use of the light of Hiroshima. The Raj's illusion of perpetual light is soon to be disturbed by "the brighter, honest light whose heat would burn the old one to shadow" (II.451).

As the quartet progresses, there are more references to shadow and shade, which represent the intrusions of reality into the secluded and fantastical world of the Raj. The Laytons' bungalow provides for the Layton family a "dark retreat from the intensity of sunlight" (II.75), a manageable area or stage for sustaining the illusion of certainty. Nevertheless, the arrival of Ronald Merrick, Susan Layton's madness, Mabel's death, and Mildred's compulsive drinking are all linked with the increasing shadows of self-doubt that are beginning to intrude on the Raj's self-image.

Merrick's connection with darkness is threatening to the security of the privileged insiders of Anglo-India. Ludmila describes his darkness as one of "mind and heart and flesh" (I.159), and Sarah recognizes that he is the "dark side, the arcane side" of Anglo-India (II.358, 409). The scene on the railway platform involving Merrick and Hari's aunt contains "innumerable patches of light and shade" (II.181) and the mere invocation of Merrick's name can bring a "sudden change in the intensity of light" (IV.148). Paradoxically, however, Merrick is protected by the perpetual light of the Raj. The Layton family's inability to conceive of shades of meaning renders Merrick's past to them "as obscure as the dark side of the moon" (III.154).

Images of darkness, or shadow, also accompany Susan's madness, which also threatens the illusion of light (II.491), while both "sunlight and shadow" (II.214) prefigure Mabel's death. In a description of Mildred and the possible reasons for her excessive drinking, there is once more the suggestion that the light is failing. The "illumination of Mildred Layton . . . was one of contrast" (III.45) rather than the smoothing out of shadows and nuances of doubt and interpretation. These increasing doubts bring some of the sustaining myths of the Raj into question. For Barbie, the "Jewel in Her Crown" picture which allegorizes the British experience in India cannot sustain its own illumination, and she finally finds that the "picture had gone out" (III.93).⁵ As in other instances, it is Barbie who can best see through the self-deceptions of Anglo-India. Her image of Daphne standing in "shafts of sunlight which were alive with particles of dust" (III.80) recalls that Daphne has deliberately sought

out both light and shade--in fact, willingly embraced the "dust" of India that other Anglo-Indians avoided. However, there is a negative aspect to this image too: the dust is also the dust of the crumbling Raj, the weight of which is to bury Daphne and her defiant intentions to place herself under scrutiny in the oblique shafts of sunlight. This image of dusty light also looks back to Lady Manners's arrival at the Kandipat jail, with its "glimmers of filtered light" (II.237).

The interview at Kandipat jail is in fact central to Scott's use of light as metaphor. Just as Merrick represents the arcane underside of the Raj, Nigel Rowan's interrogation of Hari is a "claustrophobic experience" for him (IV.289), epitomizing "one of the *raj*'s obscurer rites, the kind conducted in a windowless room with artificial light and air . . . making an uncompromising statement about itself as the ominously still centre of the world of moral and political power which hitherto he had known as one revolving openly in the alternating light of good intentions and the dark of doubts and errors" (IV.289-90). This is Perron's reconstruction of Rowan's reaction to the interrogation, another instance of his proclivity for visualizing an event, attempting to "shed light on it, as a scene" (289). Yet, as in the scene of slaughter at Premanagar, Perron fails because "the light coming out from the scene always seems stronger. . . momentarily there's the illusion of blindness, blankness" (IV.289). Perron's voyeuristic attempts at creating scenes, tableaux, are foiled by the fact that this light is not merely image or metaphor but is "actually a real light: a light bright enough to interrogate by" (289); he has failed to recognize that the drama of the Raj impinges on real lives and has

palpable effects. The harsh reality of the interrogation-room light for Indians illuminated and blinded by it is reiterated in a description of Sayed Kasim's room. Like the interrogation room at Kandipat, "the only light in the room now came from the single naked bulb in the centre and from the high fanlight on the wall" (IV.400-401).

Just as Daphne contends that finding a metaphor for her and Hari's situation is futile because "it is itself" (I.438), Perron finds that Kandipat resists visualization, expressing instead a naked truth, for it "emitted nothing but its own steady glare. It illuminated nothing except the consequences of an action already performed. . . . But the light of what had been performed would glow on unblinkingly, like radium in a closed and undiscovered mine" (IV.290). The Kandipat scene is echoed in the description of the regimental mess at Pankot. Here the material interests or profit motive of imperialism are the truth that so many of the British are trying to ignore or have indeed forgotten.⁶ The reflection emitted by the regimental silver connects the commercial basis of empire to the claustrophobic, dark and arcane rituals barely disguised by the conviction of moral duty. In the light of the other scenes of imprisonment and interrogation, the following description of the mess is clearly both literal and metaphoric, insinuating the darkness behind the Raj's tranquil public face, and the sinister depths lying beneath the level both of the whitewash and the light of day:

Immense. Shadowed. A long room, the length of the corridor but higher. The main windows were shuttered. Again light entered only through the fanlight windows. In

the centre of the room a vast mahogany table reflected two great epergnes that floated on the dark unrippled surface like silver boats on a glassy midnight lake. . . . The walls were panelled in dark-stained wood to the height of the tall shuttered french doors. Above this level they were whitewashed. . . . there were three glass-fronted display cabinets. The light slanting down through the fanlights was reflected back by the silver contained in them. (III.200)

For a few characters, even the discovery of the darker side of imperialism is illusory in the end. As one of those outsiders who has always remained on the periphery of the light shining on Anglo-India, and as a missionary who perpetuates the mythology of imperial power, Barbie Batchelor comes to recognize that all human existence is miniature, and theatrical, is in fact no more than "toy-like happy danger" (III.392). During her first hospital stay, Barbie notes upon waking that "the lights and shadows in the room had rearranged themselves as they did in theatres to denote the passage of time" (III.336), an observation that marks her increasing sense of the arbitrary attempt of human beings to organize and circumscribe their existence. The light that shines upon and surrounds Barbie on her final and fateful tonga ride is neither the uncomplicated daylight, nor the Raj's self-illumination, nor the light of human scrutiny, all of which rob human lives of dimension. Rather, the sunless and "peculiar light" (III.390) of the storm is "the brightest amalgam of blue and yellow light ever seen in the region" and cannot be humanly measured up to, even by the sound and visual effects of the "sustained fusillade"

(III.391) of Pankot's military. Indeed the storm is in part an apocalyptic vision of the disintegration of the Raj. At a personal and metaphysical level, though, the storm with its odd lighting is an apotheosis for Barbie, who feels that, whether the cross symbolizing her Christianity has burned out in Ronald Merrick's evil presence or not, "God had shone his light on her at last by casting first the shadow of the prince of darkness across her feet" (III.392). This shadow is not only Ronald Merrick, but the shadow of her history which Barbie had earlier said was an essential aspect of her humanity. In a society that ignores the shadow of history and thus wilfully robs itself of depth and dimension, the image of Barbie's death is particularly significant. While she has left the concerns of the human world behind her, Barbie's history nevertheless remains, a "shadow burnt into the wall . . . by some distant but terrible fire" (III.397), as an admonishment to a community that must acknowledge that its own destruction is inevitable. Through the sustained images of the scorpion, the butterfly, and the picture "A Jewel in Her Crown," Scott underscores this sense that the Raj's demise is indeed inevitable, examining in particular the costs of the imperial myth to those who hold it most dear.

Death Throes of the Raj: Scorpions, Butterflies, Jewels

*My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.⁷*

The preceding discussion of images of theatre and of light and dark indicated that, in the novel, many members of the Raj are conscious at some level that their time in India is over. Providing the second volume of the quartet with its title, one of Scott's most unequivocal symbols is the scorpion. This symbol describes the British in India; the women in particular are likened to the scorpion. However, Scott extends this particular symbol of the British under siege by connecting it to the idea of community and national suicide. The scorpion surrounded by the ring of fire, then, becomes a potent symbol of the situation that the British find themselves in by 1942. By linking the scorpion with fire, Scott is also able to refer to his other motifs connected with fire: death by fire and suicide.

There are numerous references to the tough shell of the scorpion, as well as to its vulnerability to heat and light. According to Sarah, her very Englishness, the quality held by Anglo-India to be their main source of difference from and superiority to Indians, is a "toughness" of skin (II.90). However, this shell is not the exclusive property of the English. Duleep Kumar passionately holds on to his "thin layers of anglicisation" (I.225), while Hari clings "to his Englishness as if it were some kind of protective armour" (I.245). Susan Layton's self-centredness, like that of the Anglo-Indian community on a larger scale, is "like an extra thickness of skin" (IV.273), and the memsahibs in particular are often described as having tough, hard, brittle exteriors. The Stranger notes that Indian women have adopted the "tough little shell of skin-thin masculinity" (I.187) once so typical of the British women. For those Anglo-Indians

who still believe in ideas like *man-bap*, this tough exterior is reassuring. Of Mildred we are told that she is contained in "the shell of her flesh which if hard seemed trustworthy" (IV.345).

Sarah discovers that this "thickness of skin . . . [is] part of her inheritance" (II.411) and in her view it renders her and other Anglo-Indians peculiarly insensitive to those outside their circle of safety. She remarks that Susan's sense of nothingness is concealed by her thick skin, which is simply a "fearful armour against the terrors of the night" (II.343). Thus, Sarah recognizes the need to assert her "precious individuality" when she sloughs off her bridesmaid's dress as if it were an "unwanted skin" (II.213). The motif of hollowness is of course most apparent in Merrick. When Bronowsky calls Merrick a "hollow" man, he recalls the image of the scorpion's shell by adding that Merrick's "outer casing is almost perfect" (IV.171). Yet Merrick's hard exterior also marks him as an outsider to the class privilege of Anglo-India. Sarah finds that "he looked hardened, burnt by experiences distant from their own and placing him at distance now" (II.182). The suggestion of Merrick's proximity to the fire surrounding and about to destroy the Raj emphasizes that in part it is the outsider like Merrick who is responsible for the Raj's self-destruction.

This shell hampers human communion and contact, making those seeking its protection vulnerable when exposed. Sarah discovers that her doubts about the Raj begin to thin her inheritance of thick skin, eventually making her want to rid herself of it altogether. Repeating the image of a "carapace" to describe this shell, Sarah maintains that

her human vulnerability and instability lie "hidden under the carapace, the hardening shell of reaffirmation" (IV.276). The Anglo-Indian propensity for creating a communal identity through myths, legends and lies is similarly reaffirming, but Sarah feels that the Raj cannot be protected forever from real events. Using the architectural image so prevalent in the quartet, Sarah says that "we live in holes and crevices of the crumbling stone, no longer sheltered by the carapace of our history. . . . And one day we shall lie exposed, in our tender skins" (II.409). Both Sarah and Susan herself describe Susan's psychological plight in similar terms. At her wedding, Susan looks "exposed, vulnerable, tiny and tender" (II.180), while she describes her feelings of vulnerability and lack of selfhood as follows: "'I'm out in the open. Like when you lift a stone and there's something underneath running in circles'" (II.352). Only those like Sarah who, for all their inherited Anglo-Indian values, do not fear the light or heat of self-scrutiny or outside scrutiny are not prey to this desperate sense of vulnerability. Instead, Sarah finds that the confines of her family and community cause "suffocating claustrophobia, a tense need to destroy, and run, find air and light" (II.334), and feels that true human happiness lies outside "the area of claustrophobia" (II.334).

This feeling of claustrophobia, and the urge to destroy, are summoned up in the image of scorpion lashing out at a ring of fire surrounding it. The circle of fire, another "destructive element," like the floodwaters that Daphne so willingly enters, symbolizes both the closed and exclusive Anglo-Indian community, and its perception that it is under siege, threatened not only by insistent Indian demands for

independence, but also by the scrutiny and demands of other outsiders: the British who have recently arrived in India on military duty, the public "at home" in Britain, and others who by virtue of class or race are excluded from the inner circle. The two meanings of the circle of fire thus converge; the Raj's sense of embattlement is largely self-perpetuating, as their mythology cannot allow them to incorporate those "inside" outsiders: Ronald Merrick, Hari Kumar, Daphne Manners, and Barbie Batchelor, among others. Despite their attempts to blame certain groups or types of people for their imperilled state, the circle of fire simply represents their total lack of connection with the real world. Like Susan, Anglo-India plays at ignoring "the destructive counter-element of reality" (II.183). This too takes a certain "amount of courage" (II.183), of the sort that Sarah attributes to the scorpion in its death throes.

Sarah is initially troubled by the apparently conflicting interpretations of the scorpion's behaviour in the circle of fire, preferring the idea of its noble suicide in the face of certain death. But Mabel points out to her that it is reacting by pure instinct, lashing out at the fire it perceives to be an attacker. Sarah's reflections on the two versions of the story demonstrate that, although the Raj may be committing suicide, the process is complicated and protracted by its urge to lash out at the fire attacking it--in this case, India and Indians. Sarah prefers the suicide theory because she feels that it shows the scorpion has

intelligence and courage of a high order; intelligence

enough to know that it could never set about escaping without burning itself painfully to death, courage enough to make a voluntary end of it. . . . Now that Aunty Mabel had confirmed what she had already suspected about the death of the scorpion she was able to link one truth with the other. . . . it would be impractical of the scorpion to kill itself. . . . It was more practical of the scorpion to attempt to survive by darting its venomous tail in the direction of what surrounded it and was rapidly killing it. Just as brave too. Perhaps braver. After all there was a saying: Never say die. (II.88)

Immediately afterwards, though, Sarah shows that she is aware that the destructive fire is a result of internal conflict as well, that the British in India will always be at odds with the British "at home." As she traces her family tree, Sarah uses two colours to distinguish between the Anglo-Indian and English sides of her family, drawing "a red ring round her Indian relatives on the family tree and a blue ring round her English relatives."⁸ Satisfied with the "warming preponderance" of red pencil, Sarah momentarily gets confused, wanting to circle Mabel Layton in blue before she corrects it to red, "that fiery colour; the one denoting the Indian connexion" (II.89). Setting a bonfire to burn "the relics of a youth she did not understand but felt had given . . . a toughness to her skin," Sarah perceives that her very Englishness is, in fact, based on the roots of an older imperial connection, the "conflicting attitudes of the Laytons and the Muirs." Already aware of the dangers of inherited identity, therefore, Sarah suggests that her family is "the thing she was burning" in the fire. Even before she returns to India, she knows that the only thing

that will save her from this "conflagration" is her sense of self, which will be "an instrument of resistance" to the self-destructive and conforming tendencies of the besieged community. Thus, as she watches the bonfire that prefigures the death throes of the Raj, Sarah is nevertheless not threatened by or afraid of it: "She could feel the heat on her bones, the heat on her skin. Within them remained the nub, the hard core of herself which the flames did not come near nor illuminate" (II.90-91).

Unfortunately, there are other Anglo-Indians who have no sense of themselves as individual human beings and who thus enact scenes of suicide and destruction. Once she exposes the illusoriness of her missionary life in India, Edwina Crane sets fire to herself, committing *suttee* in an act of propitiation or repentance, maybe despair. Ronald Merrick makes the connection between Edwina's death by fire and Teddie's, reinforcing the idea that Teddie Bingham's foolish self-sacrifice for codes and traditions that nobody believes in any longer is a type of suicide. The conflation of images--deaths by fire, the images of Edwina's and Teddie's burning cars, and Merrick's discussion of the underlying code of *man-bap*--once more makes the line between murder and suicide very indistinct. The historical acts of the British lashing out in the instinct for self-preservation are also acts of suicide, according to Ahmed Akbar Kasim, who tells his son M.A. Kasim that while many Indians died in Amritsar, "the Jallianwallah Bagh was also the scene of a suicide. There will be other such scenes. It takes a long time for a new nation to be born, and a long time for an old nation to die by its own hand" (II.71).

Members of the Raj are doomed to make symbolic gestures such as Edwina's or invest events like Teddie's death with symbolic weight, as a means of enacting their increasingly fraught and tenuous situation in India. As Merrick tries to do in his interrogation of Hari, Susan Layton combines several events in an enactment of her own: her memory of the day of the scorpion, Teddie Bingham's death or "baptism of fire,"⁹ and the upcoming baptism of their son. To Minnie, Susan's actions seem to be part of a religious ritual, full of magic and incantation (II.293). The description of the fire surrounding the baby does not only recall that of the scorpion surrounded by the destructive element of fire, but explicitly connects the ring of fire with the threat that India poses to Anglo-India. The "two fiery arms . . . enclosing the sacrifice" (III.293) immediately call to mind the recurring depictions in other contexts of Siva, whose threatening aspects the British rather dwell upon. What puzzles Anglo-India about Susan's act is that it did not threaten the baby's life, because of the dampness of the grass and Minnie's swift reaction. Nonetheless, it occurs to a few people that her behaviour may be a disquietingly significant comment, rather than an arbitrary act of madness:

And back you came to the smile and through the smile to the uncomfortable feeling that Susan had made a statement about her life that somehow managed to be a statement about your own: a statement which reduced you . . . to the size of an insect; an insect entirely surrounded by the destructive element, so that twist, turn, attack or defend yourself as you might you were doomed; not by the forces ranged against you but by the

terrible inadequacy of your own armour. And if for armour you read conduct, ideas, principles, the code by which you lived, then the sense to be read into Susan's otherwise meaningless little charade was to say the least of it thought-provoking. (III.296)

Although Merrick does not die a propitiatory or heroic death by fire, Susan connects his death to the symbol of the scorpion, and thus obliquely to Teddie's death, when she tells Perron that her second husband's death reminded her of "a snake. Or of a scorpion. I've always been terrified of scorpions" (IV.512). Once more, we have come full circle to the original day of the scorpion of Susan's childhood. Their *mali*, Dost Mohammed, who informs the girls that the scorpion is trying to kill itself is, like any native of India, versed in the "ways of snakes and scorpions" (II.75), which are almost universal emblems of India. Billed as an accidental death, Merrick's murder is also the fulfillment of his death wish or "a form of suicide" (IV.563) By the time of Merrick's death, the fast-fading mythology of the Raj can no longer support the kinds of legend that Teddie's death might have spawned. Merrick's murder is lurid and brutal, and prefigures the scene of carnage that will close the quartet. By obliquely connecting Teddie Bingham's death to Merrick's through the symbol of the scorpion, Scott suggests that the imperial idealism and cynicism that each man represents are equally damaging. The self-destructive "day of the scorpion" ends with Independence, but in Scott's eyes, the partition of India and the announcement that demission of power would be accomplished in ten weeks are the final

scenes of suicidal retaliation.

The occasion of the child Edward's "baptism of fire" combines, to powerful effect, the symbol of the scorpion with another sustained symbol in the quartet, that of butterflies caught in a web. Dressing the baby in the christening gown made up of the butterfly material, and echoing the lacemaker's words, "*Ah, oui, pauvre papillon. C'est un de mes prisonniers*" (II.367), Susan chants "Little prisoner, little prisoner. Shall I free you? Shall I free you?" (II.493) before she lights the circle of fire around her child.¹⁰ Substantiating Minnie's perception that she is watching an "odd, alien custom" (II.494) Sarah earlier views the christening gown with its web of butterflies as a "relic . . . against the revival of an almost forgotten rite" (II.356). At one level, the butterflies Susan is trying to liberate are the inhabitants of the Anglo-Indian community who are imprisoned by their own refusal to countenance reality. Indeed, the associated images of butterflies playing in sunshine reinforce the idea that Anglo-Indians are trapped in the "perpetual Edwardian sunlight" of an Eden complete with its own multiplying mythology.

The repeated references to lepidoptery support earlier images of place and Anglo-Indian certainty. The Stranger is plagued by the "lepidopteristic intention to pin down the truth" (I.100) of the events in Mayapore, and Teddie's death finds him "permanently pinned, part of the map" (II.323) of Anglo-Indian mythology. To reinforce the suggestion that military symbol and ritual help to trap the Raj in its construction of the past, the description of the Pankot Rifles' regimental mess includes an image of the walls with flags fixed "as

thickly as butterflies to a naturalist's display board" (III.200). The butterfly shawl that Barbie shows Merrick, himself a representative of the diabolical side of the Raj, is a "lepidopterist's paradise-maze" (III.387) preventing her from seeing him clearly.

Because they are prisoners of their own community, Anglo-Indians are unaffected by the realities of life; they are in fact prevented from seeing the truth even when they want to. As she is about to give Susan the news of Teddie's death, Sarah notices "the antics of a pair of butterflies whom Teddie's death had not affected" (II.326). Certain of their place in the garden of Rose Cottage--another version of paradise--the butterflies, like the Anglo-Indians they represent in the novel, are not aware how transitory their existence is. Mabel informs Sarah that "butterflies might play in the sunshine but only live. . . for a day" (II.367), so that even Fenny's image of Sarah as an emerging "tough little butterfly" (II.422) holds little hope for her as long as she identifies herself with her family and the Raj. Subjected to the scrutiny of Jimmy Clark, Sarah feels "pinned" by his direct approach (II.414), while later she sees both the insubstantiality and the solidity of the barrier between herself and Clark. The net enclosing her in her Anglo-Indianness is the "gossamer" net surrounding their bed (II.444).

The apparent delicateness of the imprisoning net or web is often stressed, for the actual material of the christening gown and of Barbie's shawl is a reminder of superficial beauty and happiness. As the blind lacemaker Claudine suggests, however, the imprisoned butterflies can never "make love in the sunshine" (II.367), a forceful

reminder of the inability of the Raj to love even its own. Because it was Sarah's own christening gown, the butterfly material is a concrete reminder of the long past Edwardian era of certainty that many Anglo-Indians still cling to for their sense of identity and history. Thus, as Barbie tries to reconstruct Sarah's visit to Lady Manners in Kashmir, we are told that "butterflies hemstitched this tangible material" (III.171) of her imagination. The "seed pearls" (II.366, III.187) that adorn the gown are a clear reminder of Lady Manners's Edwardian elegance, most often expressed in terms of her veiled topee and the pleats and pearl buttons of her blouse.¹¹

Further images of white veiling connect the rite of christening to other rites of the Raj. Sarah's describes Susan at the wedding as "exposed, vulnerable, tiny and tender in the ethereal whiteness of stiffened, wafting net and white brocade" (II.180). Again emphasizing that this is empty ritual, Susan is compared to an "effigy set up to demonstrate the meaning and purpose of an alien rite" (II.180) Barbie, too, connects the two rituals, mistaking the christening gown for a wedding veil (II.187), and echoing Sarah's description of the bridal gown's "stiffened . . . net" (II.180) by imagining that the butterflies "quivered as if in a taut web" (III.188). Even Merrick likens Barbie's wearing of the shawl with the butterflies to a "bridal veil" (IV.376).¹²

Just before she sees the material for the first time, Sarah feels "that casual premonition on the back of her neck, so that it seemed to her that she was arrested, suspended, between an uncertain future and a fading history" (II.365); this sense of suspended

animation is visually conveyed in the image of the butterflies caught in a web. The web traps not only the Raj but also those subject to its rule. In these latter manifestations, it is not as beautiful. The Raj's judicial system is a "net" enclosing Hari (II.409), and Sarah feels "the net closing in again" (IV.372) when her father asks her to stay in India a while longer.¹³ Barbie echoes Robin White's image of history as a sieve (I.357), another type of net, when she determines that in human affairs, the word and act of God are separated, for "the Word gets through the mesh but the act doesn't. So God does not follow" (III.342). For Barbie, then, the web takes on another, more significant dimension. Aware that what has made some of her missionary work futile is the Raj's narrow definition of humanity, God, and religion, Barbie recognizes that, although Indians are prisoners of the Raj, all are imprisoned by a God under whose eyes white and black are equal. She therefore tells Ashok, "Tu es un papillon brun. Moi, je suis blanche. Mais nous sommes les prisonniers du bon Dieu" (III.364). Earlier, she has questioned the view that either human affairs or larger, universal ones are informed by the design, pattern and history that are so often attributed to deities, wondering in fact whether human beings have any access to God at all, particularly if they are not willing to take their own destiny in hand: "is the Universe an unprincipled design? Does God weep somewhere beyond it crying to its prisoners to free themselves and come to Him?" (III.207).

By the time of her final tonga ride Barbie is able to escape. Starting out with the "nest of butterflies" (III.390) around her head, Barbie suddenly recognizes that human life is not as momentarily

significant as she or others thought. The shawl blinds both Barbie and the tonga driver, who tears at its "monstrous membrane" (III.392). The ordeal over, Barbie feels the "rain fall[ing] on the dead butterflies" (III.392), and has finally freed herself from the entrapping web, recognizing the transitoriness both of Anglo-India and of life.¹⁴ The final image is of the blood-stained shawl "draped around Barbie's head and shoulders" (IV.376) as a symbol of her own death and that of the Raj. Along with the other belongings bequeathed to Sarah, Barbie's "lace shawl, with its rusty stains" (IV.376), like the christening gown, is a relic for which there is no longer any use.

The final instance of the image of a butterfly caught in a web again signifies the Raj's entrapment in a history largely of its own making. The historian Guy Perron has a nightmare in which he is a "huge butterfly that beat and beat and fragmented its wings against the imprisoning mesh of the net" (IV.551). For him, the net is not only the Raj as a community but the historical events described by a regime that falsifies and biases history for its own purposes. In this case, the "blind lacemaker" (II.367) creating an imprisoning net from insubstantial material is neither God, nor Claudine, but the "unprincipled design" (III.207) of imperialism itself.

The decline of the imperial ideal and its ultimate failure is most clearly conveyed in Scott's recurring motif of the picture "A Jewel in Her Crown," which provides the title of the first volume in the quartet. Because the image of India as a jewel in the imperial crown is a commonplace of British writing and thought about India, Scott uses it to rework such clichés and myths about India.

Associated mainly with Edwina Crane and Barbie Batchelor, and ending up finally in the hands of Ronald Merrick and his adopted son Edward Bingham, the picture undergoes a series of transformations and reversals of fortune, the significance of which is often lost on its owners. If we trace the descriptions of this picture throughout the quartet, we find that what emerges is indeed a representation of the built-in failures of British imperialism.

After successfully turning away rioters from her schoolroom, Edwina Crane is presented with a copy of the picture she had often used to teach English to Indian children; it is a "larger, more handsomely framed copy" (I.26) than the schoolroom original,

a semi-historical, semi-allegorical picture entitled *The Jewel in Her Crown* which showed the old Queen . . . surrounded by representative figures of her Indian empire. . . . The Queen was sitting on a golden throne, under a crimson canopy, attended by her temporal and spiritual aides. . . . The canopied throne was apparently in the open air because there were palm trees and a sky showing a radiant sun bursting out of bulgy clouds Above the clouds flew the prayerful figures of angels who were the benevolent spectators of the scene below. . . . An Indian prince . . . was approaching the throne bearing a velvet cushion on which he offered a large and sparkling gem. The children in the school thought this gem was the jewel referred to in the title. . . . [Rather it was] simply representative of tribute and . . . the jewel of the title was India herself. (I.26-27)

A community inclined to rely on metaphor in creating a history,

the Raj only comprehends the final statement, that the jewel is India herself. As always inclined to see India as a stage or backdrop for their own drama, the British in India would fail to see the irony of having an Indian prince deliver up the "jewel" of India, the realities of which are never included in their experience of the country.¹⁵ In keeping with the mythic bias to their history, this picture is not a direct statement of history or a proper allegory but is "semi-historical" and "semi-allegorical," peopled not with Indians and English but "representative figures" (I.26), including "some remarkably clean and tidy beggars" (I.27). The picture depicts the assertion and the certainty of high imperialism, being painted in 1877 in celebration of Victoria adopting the title of Empress of India. She represents the "radiant sun" of imperial idealism, now already dispersing the clouds of uncertainty engendered by the nationalist uprising twenty years before. One of Halki's cartoons in the last volume of the quartet supports such an interpretation. In the first cartoon, "the sky above was black. Bulging monsoon clouds were pierced by a fork of lightning coming from the mouth of a heraldic, rather ancient, winged lion, labelled 'Imperialism, circa 1857'" (IV.463).

Edwina has "mixed feelings" about the picture she has been given, finding simplistic Mr. Cleghorn's belief that by teaching the English language through the picture she is also teaching "'love of the English.' She knew what he meant by love of the English. He meant love of their justice, love of their benevolence, love--anyway--of their good intentions" (I.28). As she gets older, Edwina is to feel even

more ambivalence about what the picture signifies. Indeed, the copy presented to her as a gift embodies some of this ambivalence; it has a larger-than-life quality, being bigger than the original in her schoolroom. Furthermore, the gilt frame has a propensity, like the inscription on the picture, to discolour with age. Edwina is impressed by the fact that this is an "even gaudier copy of the enigmatic picture" (I.29) she has in the schoolroom. Later, a more objective and distanced Perron describes it as "the kind of picture whose awfulness gave it a kind of distinction" (IV.504), a fitting description for the manifestations of high imperialism.

In her old age, Edwina fully perceives the falseness of the images in the picture, but still hankers for their illusion of certainty and permanence:

After all these years it had acquired a faint power to move her with the sense of time past, of glory departed, even although she knew that there had never been glory there to begin with. The India of the picture had never existed outside its gilt frame, and the emotions the picture was meant to conjure up were not much more than smugly pious. And yet now, as always, there was a feeling somewhere in it of shadowy dignity. (I.30)

The "graver splendour" that Edwina sees in the picture derives from the "concept of personal insignificance" (I.30) which is part of the pathology of Anglo-India, and which Daphne Manners and Sarah Layton resist so strongly in their affirmation of individuality. After Mr. Chaudhuri's death, Edwina begins to recognize the human failure of

the imperial vision and locks the picture away, unable nevertheless to prevent herself from imagining a "time when there might, remotely, be an occasion to put it back up again" (I.73). Her blinkered vision does not allow Edwina to see the possibilities that Gandhi's version of nationalism offers; consequently she takes Gandhi's picture down as well (I.10, 32), an act which demonstrates that she has closed the ranks and sided with the British (I.32).

Despite her later insights and doubts, then, Edwina is a prisoner of the liberal ideals of imperialism. Significantly, the children she teaches confuse her with the depiction of Queen Victoria in the picture (I.26, III.72), and she herself finds that in Victoria there is "something ironically reminiscent of the way she herself had sat years ago on a dais dressed in white muslin" (I.30). In one of the often-repeated images of Edwina holding Mr. Chaudhuri's hand, the connection between Edwina, Victoria and the picture emphasizes the inadequacy of a concept of benevolent imperial responsibility:

The attitude of the old Queen inclining her body, extending her two hands, was then suddenly an image of Edwina on the road from Dibrapur holding her hands protectively above the body of the Indian. Flames from the burning motor-car were reflected in the sky where the angelic light pierced bulgy monsoon clouds. (III.75)

Here, the futility of both Edwina's and Teddie Bingham's gestures is expressed in the juxtaposed images of their burning jeeps. In a later image that parodies the picture as well, Mabel Layton is also associated with Queen Victoria, and with nostalgia for a lost golden

age. Barbie sees

Mabel seated on the leather armchair, enthroned thus, and young men arrested in postures of deference and inquiry, one--an Indian--leaning forward while Mabel's hand was raised to her deaf ear and then folded again with the other on her quiet lap. . . . Barbie could no longer see them because the vision was cut off again by barriers of fleshy faces, arms, bosoms, chins and epaulettes; the bark and the chirrup of human voice manufacturing the words which created the illusion of intelligent existence. (III.196-7).

Barbie's own picture of "The Jewel in Her Crown" is a much scaled-down version, a "miniature copy" (III.25) of Edwina Crane's. Barbie at first feels "a faint dislike" (III.25) for the picture, having to teach "almost literally in [its] shadow" (III.25), and of the ideals that Edwina Crane has come to represent. As if this representation of the imperial heyday could not support its size and measure up to the splendour of its gilt frame, Barbie's miniature version provides her, and by extension the Raj, with "a permanent reminder of her lesser merits" (III.26). Slightly unhinged by hearing of Edwina's ordeal, Barbie unearths her copy of the picture and presents it to some of the memsahibs for inspection. She notes the timeless quality of the picture, commending the artist for his ability to catch his subjects "mid-gesture so that the gestures are always being made and you never think of them as getting tired" (III.71). Unconscious of the Raj's propensity for such empty gestures, however, Clarissa Peplow sees in the picture an accurate reflection of reality, holding it "like a

looking-glass" (III.72), and unable to perceive the irony that the Anglo-Indian reflection is now much smaller. Barbie in fact remarks that because of the reduction in scale, Queen Victoria now looks "quite startled," whereas the schoolroom version, which was "ten times as big" made the queen look "terribly wise and kind and understanding" (III.73). Barbie's copy of "The Jewel in Her Crown" thus encapsulates the deterioration of imperial idealism. Benevolence and wisdom have given way in the Raj to a rather startled recognition of the circumscribed scale of their world. Ignoring Barbie as always, the memsahibs are unaffected by this picture of imperial splendour, although Clarissa remarks that it teaches a lesson in loyalty. In Barbie's view, the picture is about "love rather than loyalty," but by amending her opinion to "perhaps they amount to the same thing" (III.73), she unwittingly underlines the Raj's inability to make those important distinctions.

Barbie's somewhat approving view of the picture alters dramatically, though, when she discovers, with shock, that "behind the glass there was nothing. The picture had gone out" (III.93). What the picture conveys is in the end superficial, false, incomplete, and no longer able to bear scrutiny. It more correctly belongs to someone like Ronald Merrick, who not only personifies the evils of imperialism, but is in love with the imperial legends and myths as well. For Merrick, there is a connection between Teddie's death and Edwina's, as he sees them both sacrificing themselves for the ideal of *man-bap*: "The picture had been an illustration of this aspect of the imperial attachment; the combination of hardness and sentimentality

from which Mabel had turned her face" (III.275). Barbie therefore gives Merrick the picture, placing it carefully in his artificial, gloved hand. She tells Merrick that the incomplete picture now represents to her only "unfulfilled" hopes. The significant omission in the picture, according to Barbie, is "the unknown Indian. He isn't *there*. So the picture isn't finished" (III.388). There is a suggestion that the weight of the picture, and the burden of what it signifies, is too much for Merrick's false hand to bear: "A drop of sweat fell from his forehead on to the bottom left-hand corner of the glass that protected the picture" (III.388). Barbie thus offers to "relieve [him] of its weight" (III.388), presumably both literal and symbolic. After Merrick's death, Edward Bingham is the natural heir to the picture. When the boy shows him the picture, Perron notices that it is "blemished by little speckles of brown damp" (IV.504), indicating the further deterioration of the imperial ideal.

The second frame of Halki's cartoons of imperialism also describes the tension between sustaining the myths of imperial solidarity and beneficence and acknowledging the political realities of Indian independence:

In the second frame the sky was bland, lit by a sparkling little sun held aloft by a frisky airborne lamb (with Attlee's face) labelled 'Imperialism, circa 1947'. Below this bland sky the gaunt figure of Wavell had retired into the gloom of Viceregal House and out of the other door had come the fine-weather figure of a smart toy-soldier (Mountbatten), magnificently uniformed, taking the salute, smiling excessively and exuding sweetness and

light. (IV.463)

With disarming frankness, Edward likewise manages to reach to the heart of the Raj's dilemma, combining the child's acute sense of reality with a now untenable faith, passed on to him by his stepfather. Referring to the picture, Edward comments that "'the Queen's dead now of course. I should think they're all dead, except the angels. Angels never die'" (IV.505). For the British in India, "The Jewel in Her Crown" is straightforward allegory, "a story that's really two stories" (IV.505), which does not allow for nuance and interpretation. The picture's fortunes as it passes from hand to hand, and its permutations and parodies throughout the quartet, furnish us with a sense of progressive decline. Originally a gaudy but grand vision signifying the untenable principles of British imperialism, "A Jewel in Her Crown," like the picture of Dorian Gray, deteriorates along with the founding myths sustaining the British presence in India. Once the possibility of doubt, nuance, and interpretation are entertained, the weaknesses of a "semi-historical, semi-allegorical" world view are ultimately self-destructive. In contrast, Scott devotes the entire *The Raj Quartet* to the proposition that there is an infinite number of stories to tell and ways of telling them.

Notes

¹V.G. Kiernan, *The Lords of Humankind* 54.

² Scott has been criticized for excessive attention to details of clothing. Far from placing him in that reviled category of popular romance writer, his descriptions of what his characters wear convey not only the sense of theatricality so clear in Susan Layton, but also reinforce certain images that define other characters. The recurring references to Lady Manners, for instance, emphasize her Edwardian elegance, while Barbie's choice of heliotrope demonstrates her lack of conformity by providing a colourful reminder that the flower she has honoured is one that turns its face towards the sun, rather than seeking shade or darkness. Susan's funeral costume exposes her superficiality, as she selects mourning clothes that will "come in" to fashion (II.337); the colours she has selected--blue and grey--are chosen, it would seem, to remind spectators of a madonna.

³An actual exhibit of caged, stuffed birds of paradise is the central motif in Scott's novel *The Birds of Paradise* (1962). There, the image refers to the now outmoded way of life of the Indian princes, who, like the British in India, cannot adjust to the new state of political affairs in India:

the only birds of paradise there can be are dead birds, bits of the birds, plumes in the headdress of a prince. An Indian prince. . . . When the British went and all their lands were merged with the lands of the new dominion they appeared . . . in their true light--they had been dead all the time, stuffed like the birds in the glass cages. . . . And however symbolic the cage is to me it is equally symbolic to the old Indian Prince, because he had a joke about it. The birds were like the British: proud, convinced that they excited the admiration and wonder of all who saw them but, in truth, stuffed, dead from the neck up and the neck down. ("Imagination" 17-18)

⁴Paul Scott, II.415.

⁵In a strikingly similar image, Perron later observes of a minor Anglo-Indian character that "Hapgood's face went out. . . . A trick of the illumination" (IV.474).

⁶Molly Mahood notes the similarity between Scott's symbolic use of the regimental silver in "The Silver in the Mess" section of *The Towers of Silence* and Joseph Conrad's in "The Silver in the Mine" in *Nostramo*. "Paul Scott's Guardians," 249.

⁷*Henry VI, Part 3*, III. i. 62-66.

⁸Emphasizing that many Indians have inseparable English and Indian connections as well, usually through education and upbringing under colonial rule, Scott describes an aura surrounding Ahmed's face as "a reddish-blue glow" (IV.516).

⁹"Baptism of fire" is another of the recurring phrases of the quartet, referring to Colin Lindsey's wartime experiences (I.277, II.284), to Susan Layton's actual attempt at a baptism of fire (II.494), and to Teddie Bingham's death (III.102).

¹⁰Susan's words allude also to William Blake's poem, "The Lamb," from *Songs of Innocence*: "Little lamb, who made thee? / Dost thou know who made thee?"

¹¹The first full picture we have of Lady Manners mentions her "high collar to a cream silk blouse that is buttoned with mother-of-pearl" (II.57). Providing an emblematic link with the benevolent intentions of Edwardian high imperialism, Lady Manners has a habitual gesture of "seeking the reassurance of the pleats and buttons of her blouse" (II.294). This gesture is described on two other occasions (II.315, 355), and thus links back to Edwina's Crane's dress with its "mother-of-pearl buttons down the pleated choker" (I.23), as well as to the Anglo-Indian image of Daphne dressed in white. As always, Scott is using these small physical details to connect thematically certain characters and events.

¹²The suggestion that Barbie's shawl is like a bridal veil also establishes the connection between her and other characters, both English and Indian. Edwina Crane and Shalini Kumar both wear the white of widowhood, and Lady Manners, another widow, is also dressed in white. Daphne describes widowhood, specifically Edwina's *suttee*, as a "state of wifely grace" (I.463).

¹³This image of the net, particularly as it affects Indians, is another of Scott's allusions to *A Passage to India*. Aziz finds that the geometrically laid out roads are "symbolic of the net Great Britain had thrown over India. He felt caught in their meshes" (18), and expresses his relief at being able "to escape from the net and be back among the manners and gestures that he knew" (19). After the trial, he notes that "the English . . . had even thrown nets over his dreams" (262). In the final account of Aziz's last ride with Fielding, the image of butterflies playing in sunshine also occurs: "When he had finished, the mirror of the scenery was shattered, the meadow disintegrated into butterflies" (315).

¹⁴Clearly, Scott is also using the butterflies caught in a web as a symbol of the concept of *maya*. Free of the shawl, and with death imminent, Barbie Batchelor is free of the earthly illusions imprisoning other characters. Because language, particularly speech, perpetuates the illusion, Barbie's silence is significant: she no longer needs to express the world around her and concepts like time and space become irrelevant. The physical artifacts that provide her with her history in the human world are, like the shawl, now worn out and irrelevant.

¹⁵The image of the Indian prince offering up a gem also refers to the somewhat ironic fact that the Koh-i-noor diamond presented by the Nizam of Hyderabad for Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, had been stolen, having originally belonged to the Sikh leader Ranjit Singh. According to M.J. Akbar, "it was Dalip Singh who was forced to 'present' the Koh-i-noor diamond to Queen Victoria; his father had restored it to India, after recovering it from the Afghans. Victoria immediately had the 'mountain of light' cut to one-third of its size" (125).

An Imagined Community: the Landscape and Language of Anglo-India

The Imperial Style

[Lutyens] envisaged the great processional route dividing the two buildings as a gentle slope carefully designed to ensure that the immense vista was closed by the east colonnade and the dome of the main house, but the task of supervising . . . the gradient was allotted to Herbert Baker. It was built too steep. The result was disastrous for at the very point of climax in the Great Place the House disappears behind a huge expanse of asphalt.¹

The attention paid to the details of geography in Anglo-India is striking in Anglo-Indian literature, in which the areas inhabited by Indians are unmapped, dangerous areas of chaos, while the English sections of Indian towns and cities are neat, geometrical, closely mapped, and well-contained. Scott has a genius for evoking a sense of place; his detailed descriptions, particularly of Anglo-India, do not only provide geographical immediacy but also highlight the Anglo-Indian obsession with place, with drawing the boundaries of the fort, as it were. Combined with the architectural images he uses to describe the deterioration of the besieged Raj, Scott provides yet another way of criticizing imperial institutions and psychology.

I have already noted that what marks British-Indian relations in the quartet is that there are no places where both groups could meet freely on equal terms. Lili Chatterjee's parties in the

MacGregor House provide a place where a certain stratum of both societies can meet. But its connection with the Bibighar shows that these meetings are equivocal. MacGregor House and the Bibighar are the "place of the white and the place of the black" (I.150),² the latter providing for Hari and Daphne a scene of love and of rape. In Mayapore, the only other place they can safely meet is Ludmila's "Sanctuary," which is divorced from either Indian or British Mayapore in that it is a place for the dying. In the land of the living, the "danger zone" between the safety of either community is symbolized in Calcutta, Mirat, and Mayapore by water, and the bridges over these rivers signify more than routes connecting one community to the other. For Hari, crossing the Mandir Gate bridge means that "he was translated into this other half of the world" (I.247).

The separation between British and Indian occurs, as Hari himself discovers, before he even arrives in India. For the British, there are places of demarcation that hold almost magical significance. We learn that "once past Suez" (I.259) Hari notices a change in the attitudes of the British on the ship. During his interrogation at Kandipat, Hari elaborates, saying that "'the India I came to wasn't the one the Englishman comes to. Our paths began to diverge in the region of the Suez Canal. In the Red Sea my skin turned brown'" (II.251). Ironically, the Suez Canal, which made the British passage to India easier, enabling so many men and women to travel to the country and establish their ruling community, is the point at which they transform themselves into the tightly-knit and exclusive community of Anglo-India.

On his return to Mayapore in 1964, the Stranger takes pains to map Mayapore as he is driven through it, and remarks on the Englishness of the cantonment. In fact, it is the more-or-less unchanged nature of the cantonment that allows him to begin to imagine the characters and the stories of 1942. He remarks that the old cantonment area "may carry the stranger into a waking dream of his own; so English it is" (I.193), and follows this statement with a lengthy description of those colonial institutions that are monuments of British rule: church, military barracks and artillery mess, hospital, courthouse, police station, bank, mission school and railway line (I.193-4). The description opens by considering the purpose of the *maidan* for those living in the cantonment. The stranger sees in the "otherwise meaningless space so curiously and yet so poetically named *maidan*, the evidence of . . . their concern for what they remembered as somehow typical of home" (I.192) The Pankot hill station is likewise "thoroughly English" (II.60), and also divided into two sections. "The generality of English had little knowledge" of the Indian half of Pankot for

to them Pankot was properly reached by taking the right-hand fork. Here were the clubs, the administrative quarters, the golf courses, the bungalows and houses of seasonal occupation. . . . The road, at every turn, gave views. There were English people who said they were reminded of the Surrey hills near Caterham. . . . [Pankot was] a place that was peculiarly Indian but very much their own (II.61-62).

Mirat is also deeply divided, although the Nawab's palace provides another neutral area for the meeting of the Anglo-Indian and Indian communities, particularly for Sarah and Ahmed, as well as being another sanctuary, this time for M.A. Kasim. Here is the first description of Mirat:

There were two Mirats: the Mirat of palaces, mosques, minarets, and crowded bazaars, and the Mirat of open spaces, barracks, trees, and geometrically laid out roads with names like Wellesley, Gunnery and Mess. The two Mirats were separated by an expanse of water, random in shape, along one side of which ran the railway and road connecting them. (II.139)

These images of road and particularly of railway are emblematic of British rule, and Scott later uses the occasion of a rail journey to connect and to map his five fictional towns--Mayapore, Ranpur, Pankot, Mirat and Premanagar--placing them in relation to each other, and investing each place with the more ominous signs of imperial failure:

The train is cautious in its approach to Premanagar. Tracks converge from the east, coming from Mayapore. To the left, some miles distant, is the fort, no longer a prison, infrequently visited by tourists; peripheral to the tale but a brooding point of reference and orientation. To the south, now, lies Mirat with its mosques and minarets. North, a few hours journey, is Ranpur, where a grave was undug, and farther north still, amid hills, Pankot, where it was dug in too great a hurry for someone's peace of mind. Beyond the fort, the west lies open, admitting a

chill draught. The erosive wind, perhaps. After a short halt the train moves on to its final destination. (IV.113)

Both the Stranger and the more elusive unnamed narrator of the other volumes thus recapitulate and comment on the propensity of the British in India for attempting to find a place for themselves in a country they perceive to be immense and hostile. In the second volume of the quartet, the Stranger finds that in Ranpur, as in Mayapore, the "public works and installations" are the only "visible proof" (II.11) of the British presence; he then proceeds to itemize these monuments and what the British at any rate perceived to be their value:³

the roads and railways and telegraph for a modern system of communication, the High Court for a sophisticated code of civil and criminal law, the college for education to a university standard, the State Legislature for democratic government, the Secretariat for a civil service made in the complex image of that in Whitehall; the clubs for a pattern of urbane and civilized behaviour, the messes and barracks for an ideal of military service to the mother country. (II.11)

Towards the end of this description, we get a hint of irony, directed either at the Stranger himself or at those who see in the clubs, for instance, "a pattern of urbane and civilized behaviour." The Stranger's almost obsessive sense of geography, his constant mapping of place, reveals his similarity to the people whose history he is trying to unearth. Like them, he finds that a journey into the Indian

section of old Ranpur results in him getting lost; he regains his bearings only when he reaches the old cantonment with its imperial points of reference.⁴ With apparent regret he notes the passing of the Raj but points also to the continuing significance of places and monuments for the historian: "What impresses him is something for which there is no memorial but which all these things collectively bear witness to: the fact that here in Ranpur, and in places like Ranpur, the British came to the end of themselves as they were" (II.11).

Within the confines of Anglo-India, Scott devotes much attention to people's homes, the most prominent being Rose Cottage which, like its owner Mabel Layton, is a "piece of old Anglo-India" (II.326). Just as Pankot is a "miniature" of England, Rose Cottage is "miniature . . . not big enough to contain Susan's loss" (II.326), now an outdated symbol of what the British represent in India. Mabel herself recognizes that she and Rose Cottage are divorced from the contemporary reality of India, commenting when Barbie first arrives that the rose garden "'often strikes me as something the gods once loved but forgot should die young and that there's only me left to love it. I'm not here forever and I'm not sure I love it enough'" (III.30-31). Susan Layton is likened to one of the roses in the enclosed and uncomplicated Eden of the rose garden, for "in the garden of Rose Cottage Susan's gaiety was especially flowerlike. Her bewitching quality was heightened for the other women by their sad awareness that her bloom must fade as their own had done" (III.35-36).

With Mabel's death, this symbol of the certainty of Edwardian

Anglo-India disappears as Mildred restores Rose Cottage to a more functional form. Gazing at the tennis court that has replaced the rose garden, Barbie muses that it is "easier to beseech against a background of roses" (III.384), recalling all the outworn ideals of benevolence that people like Teddie and John Layton have sacrificed themselves for. Yet, although Barbie and Merrick, among others, regret the passing of Rose Cottage, Sarah finds that Mildred's renovations restore "its functional solidity, an architectural integrity which belonged to a time when the British built in a proper colonial fashion . . . with a view to permanence" (IV.134). However, Mildred's "claim on history through long connexion" (IV.134) is in reality a rather desperate reassertion of a mythic permanence no longer existing for the British in India. The "secluded, tentative air" of Aunt Mabel's Rose Cottage is a more honest vision of the Anglo-Indian position; Sarah therefore remarks that the bungalow "looked empty . . . visited but not inhabited." She sees "in a sudden, shatteringly direct light--looking as it looked now but even starker, uncompromisingly new amid the raw wounds left by space having been cleared for it" a vision, a palimpsest, of the truth behind imperial history. Thus, "the words whose meanings her mother had wanted to convey belonged to a later age, an age when the bungalow was already old. Unwittingly she had exposed the opposites of those words: self-interest, even corruption" (IV.135).

The physical impermanence of the military buildings in Pankot is shored up solely by the "implacable and rigid authority of military hierarchy" (IV.224). Perhaps more than other buildings of the Raj, the

military lines in Pankot are a real "monument to imperial rectitude and proper conduct" (IV.240). Indeed, the Pankot Rifles' mess, "like a temple, was only an arbitrary enclosure but it was a place in which the particular spirit of Pankot was symbolically concentrated" (III.38). On her return visit to the mess, Mabel finds that she cannot summon any anger about the fact that it has remained unchanged after forty years (III.201). The preceding, lengthy description of the mess emphasizes that it is no more than a shrine to dead ideals. The Anglo-Indian concern with mapping their exact placement in India is anatomized on a smaller scale in this description of the dining room walls: "fixed to them as thickly as butterflies to a naturalist's display board were flags, some worn as thin as mummys' rags" (III.200). This is an image which, like so many others in Scott's work, recalls an earlier one. Just before learning of Teddie's death, Sarah makes this observation of the military map behind General Rankin: "there was the map with tell-tale clusters of flags around Imphal and Kohima. She thought of Teddie Bingham as permanently pinned, part of the map" (II.323). The irony, of course, is that through his sacrificial death, Teddie does become a permanent part of the map of Anglo-Indian mythology, representing both its persistence and its dissolution.

The actual physical appearance of the buildings in Anglo-India is irrelevant to their mythic function. The Pankot Rifles' mess is a "low, ugly, rambling brick and timber building" (III.38), but is weighted with mythic significance. Barbie notes that Kevin Coley's bungalow, although "ordinary and ugly stunned her for an instant into

acceptance of it as rare and beautiful. Walls, windows, roof, verandah--entirely commonplace, mean even--moved her with the austere poetry of their function" (III.306). Similarly, Perron admires Mildred's transformation of Rose Cottage into 12 Upper Club Road, finding its air of certainty more appealing than the "rather odd flat" in Bombay, which reveals a peculiar "admixture of traditional and emergent Anglo-Indianism" (IV.475). Perron's descriptions of this flat, and, earlier, of Hapgood's home, show in the urban-dwelling Anglo-Indians a much more acute awareness of their tentative place and relevance in India.

Much of the Raj architecture is a reflection of the "maze of imperial history" (IV.335) that Perron sees in the Summer Residence at Pankot. Even the Moghul suite in which he and Sarah make love is "no less burdened by that weight" of imperial history (IV.335). Perron invests his view of the sun setting on the Summer Residence with this historical weight, noting that "one could make out the roofs and upper-windows (last reflectors of the light of day) of the Summer Residence. Once the light had gone from the roof of this dominant but unoccupied building night fell--you might say--with the Government's permission" (IV.231-232). Like Sarah's description of the transformed Rose Cottage, Perron's emphasizes that, regardless of what it symbolizes, the building is no longer occupied.

The minute descriptions of city plans and of buildings like the Fort at Premanagar, then, are not simply provided to give the novel a solid, though fictional, geography, but are in fact "images in the story to be told" (II.14). The fort, while "peripheral" to the tale by the last

novel, still provides a "brooding point of reference and orientation" (IV.113). Although in reality the fort is used by the British as a military and later a civil prison, it also provides them with part of their mythology. The optical illusion of a mirage has the effect of making the fort look insubstantial, while at other times this illusion of the fort produces "a replica of itself, hovering above ground, sometimes upside down. English people, observing the apparition, used to find themselves thinking of Kipling or A.E.W. Mason" (II.14). Nevertheless, we are reminded at the same time that the fort's history is made up of several imperial ventures in Indian history, and that only part of the foundation supporting the fort is "that other ruined stronghold, the British empire" (II.12).

For all of its illusoriness to the departing British, however, the burden of history represented by the fort makes it a substantial presence for Indians like Ahmed and his father. Upon M.A. Kasim's release from the fort and his re-entry into a political climate that makes his ideal of a unified India seem impossible, his son Ahmed finds the fort "immense and dark and implacable; mercilessly near" (II.486). Before Sayed's "trial," Kasim finds himself surprised by the overwhelming significance of a mere silhouette of the fort. Focussing on its image as day breaks, he realizes that its size does not match its importance as a symbol. He is "fascinated by the evidence of its relatively diminutive proportions. It had originally been a Rajput fort. The Muslims had conquered it. . . The Mahrattas had invested it. The British had acquired it. So much history in so insignificant a monument? Insignificant, that was to say, in relation

to the vast stretches of the Indian plain" (IV.397). The insignificant monuments of Anglo-India nevertheless exert their symbolic pressure. In the Circuit House compound, Kasim feels "more than ever the weight of the *raj's* authority" (IV.396), while the Circuit House itself, like its counterpart, the Kandipat jail, "stank of unresolved cases" (IV.409). The Premanagar fort as an imperial monument is a heartening, if sometimes apparently illusory, image for Anglo-Indians, while for the Indians, literally or metaphorically imprisoned by it, it is a brooding reminder of their troubled history.

The Stranger's tour of Mayapore in the first volume of the quartet finally ends up at that central point of reference, the club. As he recalls being taken to the club by Robin White, against regulations, Srinivasan remembers that his strongest impression of the "sacred edifice" of the club was its "old-fashioned shabbiness" (I.197), an image that will recur frequently to describe the superficiality of imperial power. Barbie too becomes aware of "this ordinariness, this shabbiness, this evidence of detritus behind the screens of imperial power and magnificence" (III.218-19). Such comments run counter to the Anglo-Indian perception that by making their place manageable and contained, they are providing "a design for civilised life" (I.290). As the Stranger flies out of Mayapore, he receives a "God's-eye view" of the cantonment which shows him that, whatever its inhabitants thought, it is "random and unplanned, with designs hacked into it by people who only worked things out as they went along" (I.478).

In keeping with the perception that in reality Anglo-Indians are exiles and migrants, Sarah often uses images of architecture to

typify the superficiality and hermeticism of the Raj. She describes Anglo-India as "a mansion without doors and windows, with no way in and no way out" (II.409). The word very often used to describe Anglo-India is "edifice." Mabel's refusal to stay at the wedding party is seen as a "criticism of the foundations of the edifice" (III.261), while Sarah often finds herself longing to "expose the edifice to an empty sky" (IV.131). One of Halki's cartoons exposes the imperial "edifice" for what it is (IV.464), illustrating that "the attempt to create an illusion of a single façade, although admirably conceived and executed, hadn't quite worked. . . . the building was not really an architectural whole" (IV.465). Barbie is in fact certain that the building no longer stands and is in fact "dead. Dead. It didn't matter now who said it; the edifice had crumbled and the façade fooled nobody" (III.229). With similar passion, Sarah makes most extensive use of the architectural metaphor, echoing also the Stranger's departing "God's-eye view," the frequent images of theatre, and the final volume's masterpiece cartoon of the days leading up to Independence:

In India they had been betrayed by an illusion of topographical vastness into sins of pride that were foreign to their insular, pygmy natures. From the high window of this concrete monstrosity you could see the tragedy and comic grandeur of tin-pot roofs, disguised at street-level by those neo-classical façades. . . . My history (Sarah thought . . .), my history, rendered down to a colonnaded front, an architectural perfection of form and balance in the set and size of a window. (II.416)

The concern among Anglo-Indians that they must provide for themselves a manageable sense of place is a result of the "nomadic existence" (IV.594) that they really lead. Their knowledge that their time has come is exposed--with all its explosive results--as Independence draws near. The final scene of carnage takes place in the railway station at Premanagar, vividly bringing home the results of the imperial conflict. Perron remarks at the end of the quartet that he moves from the "area of safety and of certainty" that still exists in the form of a first-class restaurant at the Premanagar railway station at Premanagar to "the other side . . . to another place of horror" on the platform (IV.586). Perron also makes a fruitless visit to another "place of the black" to find Hari, recognizing that he cannot recover for Hari Kumar the English sense of place that he grew up with and which, as a mythical Philoctetes, he can now only see as "illusions; as dreams never fulfilled, never to be fulfilled" (IV.598). The final scene of violence and separation in Premanagar, the "abode of love," provides a horrifying vision of both the political and human costs of imperialism.

The Dialect of the Tribe

Caliban: You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!⁵

Although *The Raj Quartet* is itself written in English, Paul Scott is careful to examine in his novels the status of English as an

instrument of imperial rule, to emphasize the diversity of languages in India and the blindness of the British there to this fact, to point out the extremely ambivalent relationship Indians have with the imperial language, to compare written and oral manifestations of English, and to consider the metaphysical implications of language, mostly through the character of Barbie Batchelor. He also considers the difficulty of translating between languages by incorporating various translations by several English-speaking characters of poems by the Urdu poet Gaffur, Scott's fictional counterpart of Ghalib.

The above epigraph conveys the troubled relationship that Indians in the quartet have with English, which is at one and the same time the language of British rule and the language that in part allows them to articulate their necessary independence from that rule.⁶ Laxminarayan describes this as a "love-hate relationship with the English language. It is the language in which he learned to think his revolutionary thoughts" (I.265). Robin White feels that one of the greatest disservices of British rule was to allow English to fulfill a practical function as a *lingua franca*. He points out that the learning of English conferred status and was among the university students "the only language they *all* shared in common" (I.343). Disagreeing with Pandit Baba about the politics of using the language of rule, Ahmed is less critical of using English because it is the only common language in his family (II.108).

According to Scott, this shorthand use of English separates educated Indians from their own languages and cultures. Lili Chatterjee tells the stranger that she feels "only properly at home in

English" (I.80); the Stranger notes also that Parvati and Lili converse in English "because even now that is the language of Indian society" (I.94). However, Indians are never really "at home" with the English language. To the native English speaker and listener, spoken English in particular reveals the insurmountable barrier between Indian and "English" English.⁷ Edwina Crane finds Mr. Chaudhuri's English "excellent, [but] typically Indian in its inflexions and rhythms" (I.51), adding that Indians rarely master in English the "rough and tumble of its everyday idiom" (I.51).⁸

Duleep Kumar's account of his encounter with the English language highlights the tragic side to the issue of language and imperialism. Early in his career, Duleep connects the English language with imperial power, hoping that by mastering the "language of the administrators" (I.213), he can discover what underlies the "bland face of white authority" (I.214). He reviles his father's "appalling sing-song accent" (I.211) but finds that he cannot himself get rid of the strong "*babu* accent" that marks him as being "in conscious mimicry of the people who rule us" (I.215). Duleep in fact discovers that there is more to the language than simply learning it. Understanding the words in English, he cannot however follow "the thinking behind the words" (I.214). Furthermore, the differences between the way Indians and the English speak the language are enough to remind the British of their superior position: "'Never they could listen to us and forget that we were a subject, inferior people'" (I.215). For Duleep the question is not one of simply "pronunciation or idiom" (215), but of recognizing that idiom reflects different ways of

conceptualizing the world. Thus, Indians who are not brought up in the English language, as Duleep ensures that Hari will be, can never gain access to the privilege and power that the English language bestows on the rulers. Duleep points out the fundamental differences between Hindi and English as languages and as ways of viewing the world, as well as discussing the differences between oral and written English:

Hindi, you see, is spare and beautiful. In it we can think thoughts that have the merit of simplicity and truth. And between each other convey these thoughts in correspondingly spare, simple, truthful images. English is not spare. But it is beautiful. It cannot be called truthful because its subtleties are infinite. It is the language of a people who have probably earned their reputation for perfidy and hypocrisy because their language itself is so flexible, so often light-headed with statements which appear to mean one thing one year and quite a different thing the next. At least, this is so when it is written, and the English have usually confided their noblest aspirations and intentions to paper. Written, it looks like a way of gaining time and winning confidence. But when it is spoken, English is rarely beautiful. Like Hindi it is spare then, but crueller. (I.215)

Duleep Kumar is not the only one to recognize that the English language is so well suited to be a language of rule because of its subtlety. Srinivasan recalls a letter written to Congress by Robin White, which was so carefully worded that "he had us by the hip, or at least had by the hip those of us who appreciated the subtlety of the

English language. . . . I argued for an hour over the significance of the words "impression" and "exclusion"" (I.199). In a letter to Colin, Hari exclaims over "that English subtlety! It struck him even as he wrote the words that they could be read either as manly understatement or bitchy criticism" (I.268). Indeed, Hari finally realizes that the nuances, falsifications, and omissions of his correspondence with Colin have resulted in their "speaking different languages" (I.267). When he recounts his feelings about Hari's interrogation in the Kandipat jail, Nigel Rowan finds that the differences between written and spoken English illuminate these subtleties. Reading Iyenagar's (sic) report "aloud" forces him to realize "how very carefully the questions had been framed" (IV.310). The transcript of the entire interview, in fact, sounds "worse in print," and Rowan thus feels compelled to edit it (IV.314).

For Indian nationalists, the refusal to engage in the linguistic subtleties that perpetuate imperial rule is therefore of paramount importance. Robin White discusses Gandhi's sense of shame in having "to speak English in order to be understood by a largely Indian audience" (I.342), and sees that Gandhi's political strength lay in his ability to defy "*pre-arranged* emotions" (I.343) exacerbated by the "widespread use of a foreign language" (I.343), and to introduce the "element of *doubt*" (I.344) that the English people, and their language, conceal. The dangers of the English language are what Pandit Baba fears as well when he reprimands Ahmed for speaking English, asking "Do you not feel shame to speak always in the language of a foreign power, the language of your father's jailers?" (II.108). As an example,

he singles out Ahmed's use of the word "riot" to describe the reactions of Indians following the jailing of Congress leaders. Pandit Baba suggests that what happened was not a riot, defined as "the violent unlawful actions of unlawful assembly of people . . . [but were] spontaneous demonstrations of innocent and law-abiding people" (II.112). Ahmed is allowing the subtlety of the English language to obscure the truth and to affect the very way he thinks: "Loose speech leads to loose thinking. When you speak of riots you are speaking as the English speak. You must speak like an Indian, and think like an Indian" (II.113).

For influential Indian nationalists, then, the issue of language was crucial and, not surprisingly, their insistence on speaking in their vernacular languages draws fire from the English, and from anglicized Indians. Srinivasan refers snidely to "Hindu nationalism. Hindu narrowness. It meant rich banias with little education, landowners who spoke worse English than the youngest English sub-divisional officer his eager but halting Hindi" (I.181). Ahmed observes too that Pandit Baba's "refusal so far to speak in English did not mean he spoke it badly or was not proud of understanding and being able to speak it; but it was fashionable among Hindus of Baba's kind to decry it, to declare that once the British had been got rid of their language must go with them; although what would be put in its place was difficult to tell" (II.108-9). It is therefore significant that later Ahmed apparently has a change of heart. Despite his assurance to the Pandit that he speaks Urdu poorly, by the final volume of the quartet, Ahmed talks to his hawk in both Urdu and English (IV.518).

Part of the point that men like Gandhi and Pandit Baba are trying to make is that the flexibility of English works to the advantage of its owners and speakers, the British, allowing them to sustain the illusion that they are in possession of great truths about their own community and outsiders to it. For them, language and meaning are separate, and the latter can be altered to suit changing purposes. Like one of Sarah's "empty" gestures, the Anglo-Indian use of the language provides "room . . . for meaning to be poured" (II.128). Because of such a fluid manipulation of language, myths can be made and changed. Ludmila remembers the lightning change in the way Daphne was perceived: "Poor Miss Manners. How short a time it took for her to become 'that Manners girl'" (I.161). Nevertheless, the certainty with which each new meaning is accepted makes the line between truth and metaphor very difficult for users of the English language.

For this reason, outsiders to the community and the language feel compelled to mark this boundary. Insisting on the necessity for Indians to "'write the orders [of release] ourselves'," Pandit Baba adds, in English, "'I speak metaphorically,'" (I.111). Bronowsky echoes this later in discussing the possibility that Merrick has invented his artificial arm, assuring Rowan that "'I speak metaphorically, naturally'" (IV.171). Responding to the Pandit, Ahmed notes the differences between the English and Indian use of metaphor:

In India nearly everybody spoke metaphorically except the English who spoke bluntly and could make their most transparent lies look honest as a consequence; whereas any truth contained in these metaphorical rigamaroles

was so deviously presented that it looked devious itself.
(II.111)

Again, it is Pandit Baba who challenges Ahmed's response that there is "some truth" in a statement. This oxymoron indicates the power of the English language to confuse issues and, by extension, the thinking of its practitioners. He maintains that "truth is not divisible" (II.115), implying also that knowing the truth, as Anglo-Indians so often feel they do, is very difficult indeed.

Towards the end of their time in India, the British themselves are subjected to the peculiar subtleties of their own language, and to its use by those members of the Raj in power. Singling out "curiously worded documents . . . innocent enough on the surface" (III.347), members of the military hierarchy in Anglo-India can nevertheless perceive something more sinister in meaning:

But between the lines of the documents' oblique phraseology casual references acquired dangerously direct meanings. . . . the junior officers detected signs of that alert fascination which people in high places cannot disguise when first glimpsing a future upheaval which they know they are personally too distinguished and secure to be adversely affected by. (III.348)

It is not surprising that the English in India do not have an equal facility with Indian languages as many Indians do with English. In fact, many of the Indian characters in the novel are multilingual. Narayan is fluent in Urdu, Hindi, Tamil, and English (I.37); we are reminded that Chaudhuri and Srinivasan switch easily into English

(I.63, 186); Pandit Baba's range of languages includes Urdu, Hindi, Tamil, English, and Sanskrit (II.108). Similarly, outsiders in Anglo-India tend to be more conversant with several languages. Of the English characters, Merrick is outstanding in his knowledge of other languages: Urdu, Hindi, and Japanese. Edwina Crane is "fluent" in Urdu. Barbie converses with Ashok in "a mixture of Urdu, Pankot hill dialect, and English" (III.363), and Bronowsky knows Urdu, English and Russian. Although he is an insider by virtue of class, Perron casts himself as an observer; his own knowledge of Urdu thus seems appropriate. Most Anglo-Indians, though, know only enough to give their servants orders and are as ignorant as Hari when he arrives in India. When first addressed by Merrick, Hari says "'I don't speak Indian'" (I.143).

With the exception of Bronowsky, who is a fine translator, the English knowledge of Indian languages does not extend to its written forms; whatever knowledge there is of spoken forms is used to assert British superiority and power. Although he speaks it well, Merrick's Urdu is described by Ludmila as "Englishman's Urdu" (I.143) in tone and accent. He uses his facility with languages and dialects in the art of interrogation, both in the police and in the army. His attempt to learn Japanese, therefore, is limited to questions he might ask a Japanese prisoner; the written text is phonetically transcribed so Merrick can use it orally (III.127). Guy Perron perceives Merrick's interrogation of Havildar Khan to be an exercise in power and humiliation, observing that "the Punjab officer spoke a resonant classic Urdu. It was a language that lent itself to poetic imagery but

Perron had heard few Englishmen use it so flexibly, so effectively, or to such a purpose" (IV.47).

Merrick is not the only one to use his Urdu in this way. Edwina Crane's skill in the language repels rioters as she finds herself "using expressions she could hardly have repeated to her superiors" (I.26). With the waning of British power, however, the magic of being able to withstand such a crisis by using Urdu no longer works, as Edwina discovers in her second experience with rioters near Dibrapur: "'Pigs!' she cried in Urdu, trying to hold on to Mr. Chaudhuri's arm, using the words she had used years ago, in Muzzafirabad. 'Sons of pigs, cow-eaters, impotent idolaters, fornicators, abhorred of the Lord Shiva'" (I.67). Her invective, this time, does nothing to prevent Mr. Chaudhuri's death. Perron likewise perceives that Merrick's interrogation of Havildar Khan is not having the intended effect:

Perhaps the years in Europe had eroded his capacity to be moved--as Indians could be--by rhetoric. Perhaps he suddenly realized that nothing except full bellies would keep the wild dogs of the hills silent, and was astonished that a British officer should use such high-flown language. Perron thought that for a second or two a flash of contempt was discernible in the moist eyes. (IV.47)

Also accomplished in Urdu, Perron finds himself using it in his act of revenge on Suleiman. Although Perron presents this apparently richly deserved vengeance comically, his use of Urdu is still connected to his power as an Englishman in India. Perron even interprets Suleiman's ambiguous nod as an acknowledgement of this

power: "'what the Sahib says, the Sahib says.' And the Sahib continued saying, astonishing himself with a richness of imagery and fluency of Urdu he had never achieved before and has never matched since" (IV.244-45). Perron regrets not having written down his words for posterity, implying that in Urdu there is little separation between the written and oral forms of the language and how they function--thus the erstwhile ability of rhetoric, even its limited use by the English, to move Indians. As Duleep Kumar has suggested earlier, however, the functions of English in its oral and written modes are very different. Earlier in the scene with Suleiman, Perron swears at him in English, relating it as follows: "'What the Sahib desires,' I said, smiling generously, 'is that you should **** *.'" (I use asterisks because it always seems to me that written and printed the dignity of such phrases is lost and the pure metal of offensive speech is debased)" (IV.241). The "dignity" and "pure metal" Perron refers to are the characteristics of cruelty that Duleep has attributed to spoken English.

Yet, in the context of Anglo-India, even the apparent honesty of swearing is complicated by rituals, rules, and issues of class. His experience in combat has apparently "coarsened" Teddie Bingham's language, although he observes all the correct rules for its use. In the Muzzy Guides' mess, there are restrictions on swearing: "Damn was allowed, in fact it did not count, but bloody was frowned upon if used by anyone below senior field-rank" (III.111). Teddie's sensitivity to military and regimental hierarchy and to class make the junior officers' mess, "full of curious unmilitary fellows with emergency

commissions and civilian habits" (III.111), anathema to him. However, he privately indulges in his bad language, and we are given perhaps the only glimpse of another side of Teddie. The way in which Teddie's swearing is described and transcribed, however, does rob it of its pure offensiveness, resulting in a somewhat pathetic and comic picture. His friend Tony Bishop sees

two Teddie Bingham: the one who stood upright encased in the armour of the mystery of being a Muzzy Guide and the one who in moments of office crisis stepped out of the armour's support with no warning whatsoever and emphatically but unvehemently announced his opinion that the situation was balls-aching, only just short of a fuck-up, and that he had no intention of being buggered about. (III.111)

Spoken English, but not written, reveals for the British the differences they rely on to determine who properly belongs to their community. Despite his facility with Indian languages, Merrick's use of English gives away his background and is forever an impediment and source of frustration for him. Ludmila notices immediately that Hari's English is "better accented" than Merrick's (I.143), a fact that lies behind their fundamental conflict. Although he makes every effort to speak English as Hari does, Merrick cannot conceal a "tone regulated by care and ambition rather than by upbringing" (I.145). Teddie Bingham focusses on Merrick's speech as an indicator of basic class difference, remarking that Merrick's voice is "not quite pukka, a shade middle-class in the vowel sounds" (III.133). Even Sarah finds

herself reacting, like her Aunt Fenny, to the "signs of a humble origin. Phrases like 'under her roof' and 'not unconscious of the obligation' had a stilted, self-advertising ring that she didn't altogether care for. It alarmed her to realize that she could respond, as automatically as Aunt Fenny, to the subtler promptings of the class-instinct" (II.219-20).

As more of the "other ranks" appear in India, and with escalating tensions between officers and soldiers, there is increasing attention paid to the nuances of class and accent. In contrast to Perron's patrician manner and accent is another officer's attempt at "toning down his North Country accent" (IV.9); yet Perron finds a reverse sense of class distinction working among his fellow NCOs and attempts to "minimize the risk of his BBC accent . . . and his cultural interests giving them the impression that he was a pansy" (IV.10).

The power of spoken English to uphold class differences ends, however, with Hari Kumar. For Anglo-Indians, the mark of colour is insurmountable, and very few of them recognize that because Hari has been brought up in the English language, he is an Englishman. This is in fact what his father wished for him. He tells the young Hari that "it is not only that if *you* answer the phone a stranger on the other end would think he was speaking to an English boy of the upper classes. It is that you *are* that boy in your mind and behaviour" (I.215). Sounding like an Englishman is not enough, though. Colin Lindsey's father remarks on the similarity between the two boys, but realizes that his perception of Hari has irrevocably changed:

At dinner that night, listening to his fair and good-looking son talking to black-haired, brown-faced Harry, he was surprised to find himself thinking: "But how extraordinary! If you close your eyes and listen, you can't tell the difference. And they seem to talk on exactly the same wave-length as well."

But his eyes were no longer to be closed. (I.238)

Indeed, several people allude to the fact that, if they look away from him, they cannot distinguish Hari from any other English public-school product, as his accent and way of speaking are identical to his schoolmates' (II.207, 244, IV.291). For Nigel Rowan, Hari's accent gives him humanity and credibility, so that "the English voice, released from its inner prison, seemed to have taken control of the face and limbs, to be infusing them with something of its own firmness and authority" (IV.291). Indeed, for Hari, his possession of "correct" English provides him with his only sense of identity, a point of reference against the horrors of his first months in India. In the English section of Mayapore, a shopkeeper responds instinctively to the "sahib-inflexions . . . assessing the evidence of his eyes and the evidence of his ears" (I.252), and Hari becomes obsessed with preserving the armour of his Englishness through vigilant attention to the language. Once more, the connection between language, culture and thought is stressed. The Englishman in Hari also reaffirms the impossibility of Indians possessing the English language fully; they are always foreign to it and therefore subject to it.

He found it difficult to follow what they were saying.

They ran all their words one into the other. They sang their sentences. Their pronunciation was peculiar. At first he tried hard to understand them, but then saw the danger of trying too hard. He wondered how long a man could work among them and not fall into the same habits of speech, not acquire the alien habits of thought that controlled the speech. At night, alone in his bedroom, he sometimes talked aloud to himself, trying to detect changes of tone, accent and resonance in order to correct them. To maintain the Englishness of his voice and habits became increasingly important to him. (I.253)

However, this armour of Englishness is not enough to protect Hari from the colour-consciousness of Anglo-India and, in fact, aggravates those like Ronald Merrick who hear in Hari's voice the tones of class privilege. Because he tries so hard to preserve his English, he does not fit into the Indian community either. Nigel Rowan comments on Gopal's dislike for Kumar, for "the kind of Indian he actually *was*. . . . To Gopal, Kumar/Coomer *was* British. . . . 'an English boy with a brown skin'" (IV.292). Hari's position is untenable because, perfect as his English is, his colour automatically puts him on the side of those who are excluded from the British community in India. Indeed, he is more threatening than other anglicized Indians because the way he speaks does not openly mark him as an outsider.

As in other aspects of their lives, the Anglo-Indians' attitude to and use of language tends to prearrange emotions, prohibiting real contact with others on a human level. As a medium of communication, language fails, except to bolster the sense of community so necessary for the Raj's survival. Daphne comments that the common language

among people at the club reinforces her sense of being among her "own kind" because they all use "a kind of shorthand in conversation" (I.115). Barbie notes a similar kind of shorthand in Kevin Coley's telegraphic style of speech, which she dubs "Coleyism": "Coley did not use many words. After a decade and more as adjutant of the depot words were probably meaningless to him. Since his routine did not vary . . . he must use the same ones every day of his life" (III.370). Similarly, relationships of power between British and Indian become entrenched, forming their own sort of language. Lady Manners finds that she and her servant Suleiman speak very little, using the mistress-servant relationship "as a shorthand to get through the day without trouble to one another" (II.50). Where the power of the Raj is threatened, furthermore, there are strong taboos against articulating the sense of threat. Just as Forster's Anglo-Indians refer to Adela and Aziz periphrastically, the memsahibs in the quartet are horrified that Lucy Smalley should bring up the question of their increasingly tenuous position in India: "There was silence. . . . She--a Smalley (for what that was worth) . . . had talked about-- *it*. One never talked about *it*. At least not in so direct a way" (II.135). Similarly, Geoffrey Moorhouse writes that allusions to the 1857 "mutiny" were couched in such oblique phrases as "another emergency like you-know-when" (127).

In fact, beneath the empty chatter of Anglo-India lie profound silences and lapses of communication. Language here is mostly meaningless gesture; it is useless where human thoughts and feelings are concerned. Thus, Sarah cannot depart from the prearranged script

to talk about her abortion with her father, and she describes the silences that stand between her and her mother as an "exchange of sentences unspoken and of gestures unoffered" (II.151). Complete silence signals a withdrawal from the community and a lack of engagement with its values. This silence is a mark of the madness of both Susan Layton and Barbie Batchelor, and is actually associated with a certain tranquility.

The silence of Indians is of a different sort because it is imposed by the English language, which excludes them altogether. If Anglo-Indians themselves are scarcely able to use their language to communicate with each other, they are even less able to do so with Indians, or to include in their world view the fact that Indians have the same fundamental human emotions as they do. Although she is initially surprised that Lili has uttered no words of comfort in her hour of need, Daphne recognizes that for Indians "there *is* nothing to say" (I.468) and that her language cannot account for their emotions because "perhaps we haven't got a word for what they feel" (I.428). As Daphne ponders the significance of silence for Indians and for the English, she realizes that the conspiracy of silence in Anglo-Indian Mayapore about her relationship with Hari leads to the ensuing tragedy (I.379). At a loss to understand why Hari has said nothing in his own defence after the rape, she realizes that the reasons for his silence are complex: it is in part the silence of an Englishman keeping his word, a man now "wondering what he'd gained by acting like a white man should when a girl made him give a promise" (I.468). But more than that, Hari's is the silence of an Indian who has nothing

to say because he is allowed to say nothing. Careless of what she herself has said, Daphne is surprised that Hari "had taken me at my word and said nothing--quite literally nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Said nothing in spite of the evidence against him, which I hadn't reckoned with when I ran off and left him" (I.452). Treating him differently than she would an Englishman, she does not allow Hari the chance to say anything, or to verify a story in his own defence. In her anger, Daphne blames Hari's Indianness for his silence, thinking "how typical! You tell an Indian to say nothing and he takes it literally" (I.468), realizing afterward that not only was it useless for Hari to say anything, but that his silence was also a way for him to punish and mock himself and the dilemma he was in (I.468).

Yet, the silence of Indians is not the uncommunicative silence of Anglo-Indians like Barbie and Susan Layton. Daphne notes that Lili Chatterjee says nothing, rather than indulge in the superficial chatter that the memsahibs might have gone in for, because saying nothing in this case is the only constructive response to a real-life situation. Daphne says that their silence is the only proper response if Indians are "intent on building instead of on destroying." She attributes the "deep, lingering silence" of India to her feeling that Indian music "is the only music I know that sounds conscious of *breaking* silence, of going back into it when it's finished, as if to prove that every man-made sound is an illusion" (I.468). It is thus fitting that her daughter Parvati is a musician. Like Daphne she clearly has no fear of the silence that so terrifies most members of the Raj, causing them to chatter endlessly and ritualistically to cover silences that signal

their own lack of communication and that threaten their sense of being.

Once more, Barbie Batchelor embodies and enacts these tensions. As her name suggests, Barbie's way of life has depended on the ability to talk, sermonize, and teach. Her surname indicates this propensity for talking. Aziz remembers the woman who "had much *saman* (luggage) and much *batchit* (talk)" (III.19).⁹ Her constant talking also conceals her fear that God is inaccessible to her. But she is now discovering that she can "ignore the burden of her words . . . to enter the private realm of inner silence" and to detach herself from her "tongue [that] clacked endlessly on" (III.191). The Anglo-Indian world of endless and superficial chatter precludes any true religious understanding. At the wedding party, Barbie thinks "I am surrounded by a condition of Babel. To this, all my life, I have contributed enough for a dozen people. And He stops His ears and leaves us to get on with it" (III.196). After her bout with pneumonia, Barbie literally begins to lose her voice, unable to modulate the tones of spoken English so important for establishing and conveying status and intention. Now, her voice is "a hoarse grating sound alternating between a crackling whisper and an uneven cry" (III.362). Her life in India nevertheless depends on her carrying schoolroom voice; still of the world, Barbie finds herself praying for the return of her voice (III.369). The prayer itself, though, is not a meaningful communication with God "because prayer had long since become a matter of form, of habit. She did not even bother to kneel" (III.369).

The descriptions of her failing voice as an "uneven cry" or as a

sound "shrieking from her throat . . . fall[ing] like a bird struck dead in flight" (III.369) connect Barbie's loss of voice to the image of the towers of silence circled by vultures. After her fateful tonga ride, Barbie's madness and silence are complete. She now only communicates by writing and drawing, and spends much of her time looking at the Parsi towers of silence, which are connected with death and with Daphne's recognition that all "man-made sound is an illusion" (I.468). Still possessed of memory, she is no longer able to articulate it. Like the vultures at the towers of silence, "the birds had picked the words clean" (III.396). As she approaches death, Barbie loses her sense of the concepts that connect humans to worldly illusion: the progression of time, a sense of place, and the importance of names. Barbie's last act, however, is to rouse herself to speak in memory of the life she has lived in India. Once more the teacher, Barbie runs through a conjugation, finally "commanding just a short moment of silence for the tiny anticipated sound: the echo of her own life" (III.397), a sound for which she no longer has any use.

Guy Perron points to the limits of his ability to express or convey experience when he writes that "the deeply subjective feelings, like joy, fear, love, are the most difficult to convey. One has to make do, more often than not, with the crutch of the words themselves" (IV.289). In Anglo-India, this problem is particularly acute; because emotions are resolutely and systematically excluded from conscious thought and speech, the feelings of the Indian subjects are never considered. With his eyes open to Hari's skin colour, Mr. Lindsey can no longer extend to Hari the habitual

"affectionate gesture" (I.238), and resorts now to the litany of stereotypes and myths about Indians so ably supported and perpetuated by the language. Because Anglo-India has an atrophied appreciation of human emotions, it has created the separation between word and act that Barbie articulates. This, for her, is the reason that the Anglo-Indian heaven is empty. Without the continuity between human words and acts, God is "deaf. Why not? What use are Words to Him?" (III.342). The poverty of communication in Anglo-India leads to an imposed silence on Indians who have "nothing" to say, and to an acute sense of futility among those Anglo-Indians circumscribed so long and so completely by the limited view of their society that they have no way to articulate and act upon their opposition to it. For these people burdened by words in a static community, action is not possible. Where Indians have nothing to say, Edwina Crane and Daphne Manners are doomed to repeat their realization, "There's nothing I can do, nothing, nothing" (I.69, 436).

Scott highlights the difficulties that both written and spoken language pose, in his sustained interest throughout the quartet in Gaffur's poetry. A few English characters try their hand at translating the poetry, but only Count Bronowsky's translations manage to convey the sense that these poems contain both deeply personal and metaphysical "truths."¹⁰ Others' attempts are either rigorously literal or conform to English poetic style and forms that rob the poems of their authenticity. Bronowsky prefers Rowan's translation of a line of Gaffur to existing ones:

"The body's fever, dying like a fire, Sheds little light upon the heart's concerns."

"Ah," Bronowsky said after a moment. "Gaffur. But a somewhat more elegant translation than the one in the existing English version. The fading fever in the blood is like a dying fire, de dum de dum etcetera." (IV.161)

He also recounts the Nawab's reaction to hearing English translations: "he was horrified when he read Colonel Harvey-Fortescue's Victorian effusions" (IV.161-62).

Barbie's memory of the entire poem eludes her, but her recollection of the first lines, which run ""it is not for you to say, Gaffur. . . that the rose is God's creation. Howsobeit its scent is heavenly"" (III.173) is similar to Major Tippitt's lifeless translation:

It is not for you to say, Gaffur,
That the rose is one of God's creations,
Although its scent is doubtless that of heaven.
In time rose and poet will both die.
Who then shall come to this decision? (III.174)

Barbie demonstrates, however, that she is capable of altering her memory of the translated poem; as always, she strives for accuracy, combining elements of both translations: "It is not for you to say Gaffur that the rose is God's creation, even if, though, its scent is of Heaven, heavenly" (III.177).

Bronowsky's version, in contrast to Tippitt's, possesses an immediacy and clarity that the others do not, although it apparently takes considerable liberties. Clearly more interested in trying to

interpret and convey the sense behind the words, Bronowsky's translation is not as bound by literal attention to the words themselves, and his translations therefore, unlike those of "native" English speakers, are not lacking imagination. As a translator, he recognizes the danger of relying on the "crutch of the words themselves" (IV.289).

You oughn't to say, Gaffur,
That God created roses,
No matter how heavenly they smell.
You have to think of the time when you're both
dead and smell nasty
And people are only interested in your successors.
(III.174)

The subject of another poem by Gaffur is, in fact, the transitoriness and elusiveness of language. In this instance, the translator is not specified:

So you must accept, Gaffur,
That your words are no more than the petals of a rose.
They must fade, lose scent, and fall into obscurity.
Only for a while can they perfume the garden
Of the object of your praise. O, would they grow,
Lord of the Lake, eternally. (II.139)

The obverse to the suggestion that language is ultimately elusive, with meaning that cannot be fixed, is that this very elusiveness affords the poet a great deal of freedom:

Everything has meaning for you, Gaffur: the Petal's fall,
the change of seasons. . . .
. . . These are not impediments. All water flows towards
uneasy distances. Life also-- (IV.397)

A Bronowsky translation of Gaffur closes the last volume of the quartet. Once more, Scott tries to emphasize the distinctions between written and spoken forms of language; Perron remarks that this last poem of Gaffur's was dictated, not written. Further, although we as readers are provided with the written translation, we know that Perron is not reading it, but has memorized it and is therefore neither speaking, reading, or writing it but allowing the poem to inhabit his memory and his recollections of India. Duleep Kumar has earlier concluded his discussion of the place of language in the imperial equation by bitterly suggesting that the imbalance between Indians and the British lies in the fact that "we learned our English from books, and the English, knowing that books are one thing and life another, simply laughed at us" (I.215-16). By foregrounding the difficulty of translation, of the different truths that translations can convey, and by concluding his book with a poem that incorporates the central images of the entire quartet, Scott is radically questioning the certainty of the English, and imperialist, view that separates language, art and life.

Notes

¹Description of the "Bakerloo" fiasco in the design and building of the Viceroy's House in New Delhi in Philip Davies, *Splendours of the Raj*, 230.

²Scott uses the repeated image of black and white tile to demonstrate that while Indians and English may meet at certain places, they remain irrevocably separate. Thus the club at Mayapore that Lili Chatterjee and Mr. Srinivasan take the Stranger to in 1964, but which excluded Indians in 1942, has a "black and white tiled hall" (I.188); the restaurant at the Mirat train station, which allows Sikh officers, Eurasians, and British "is patterned by tiles of black and white" (II.146); and the corridor in the regimental mess of the Pankot Rifles, a regiment made up both of Indians and British but still informed by ideals such as *man-bap* and notions of British superiority, is "tiled in lozenges of black and white" (III.199).

³M.J. Akbar refutes this firmly-established myth of Britain's imperial gifts to India:

The British took Delhi in 1857; the Indian National Congress was born in 1885. It must have been an extraordinary rule which in just three decades managed to integrate a territory as large as this subcontinent. . . . Two hundred and fifty years before Christ, Ashoka's administration took Buddhism into every corner of India. . . . Brihaspati's principles of natural justice have been a part of popular faith for centuries, but it is the British courts which allegedly gave India a sense of law. The Mughal emperor Akbar's administrative structures held together his vast empire in the sixteenth century, but we must believe that it is the British Collector in the district who taught Indians how to rule themselves. Shankara walked from Kerala to Kashmir to preach Hinduism before William of Normandy reached Britain, but it is the British railways which united India through a communications network! (17-18)

⁴The phrase "point of reference" occurs frequently, usually referring to a person or place that assures members of the Raj that they still have a place and identity in India.

Merrick, Lucy Smalley, Jimmy Clark, Mildred Layton and Mabel Layton are all described as these points of reference, while places such as the minarets or towers of silence that Barbie sees, the Fort at Premanagar, and the dak bungalow are similar still points. Interestingly, Barbie perceives her "private happiness" not to be a "fixed point in space but a moving one" (III.368), indicating that by giving up the obsessions with time and calendar, space and place, she is beginning to liberate herself from the bonds of Anglo-India and the history of the Raj.

⁵ *The Tempest*, I. II. 363-65.

⁶One of the inherent paradoxes of British rule, as embodied in documents like Macaulay's Minute on Education, was that it helped sow the seeds of discontent, as Indians learned the Western tradition of philosophical and political liberal and radical thought.

⁷Scott himself runs the risk of lampooning "babu English," as many of his literary predecessors have done. His transcription of Lili Chatterjee's, Vidyasagar's, Srinivasan's and Duleep Kumar's style of speaking comes close to simple parody, relying as it does on exaggeration of the present progressive tense, misplaced modifiers and inappropriate tag questions. Nevertheless, there is one occasion when a consciousness of this danger seems to break through, and Scott becomes aware of the problems inherent in the writer trying to adopt different styles of speech for local colour. In the Stranger's presence, Srinivasan says, "Also he chose the name, isn't it?" The Stranger's response: "Sometimes one could suspect Mr. Srinivasan of deliberate self-parody" (I.180).

⁸For the myth of linguistic superiority to operate, Anglo-Indians must assume that their version of English is identical to the English language "at home." By entitling this section "The Dialect of the Tribe," I am attempting to expose that myth. Just as Anglo-Indian geography is not really "English," neither is their language. Furthermore, the twentieth-century invention of "Standard" English is one more way of asserting power, as it establishes a hierarchy of "dialects" assumed to be inferior to the standard.

⁹Two Indian characters, Lili Chatterjee and Chatab (Chatty) Singh also have names that refer to their propensity for talking, in part supporting the stereotype of Indians as inveterate talkers. However, Daphne refers to Lili's silence at moments of

crisis, and the English in Ranpur find solace in Chatty's run of jokes "which were not too clever. Had they been so the suspicion might have arisen that Chatty harboured bitter thoughts inside that neatly turbanned head" (III.55). Of course, this provides enough of a suggestion that Chatab Singh's chattiness may indeed be superficial, like Lili's.

¹⁰Translation of Indian languages was a significant part of the imperial venture. In "The Command of Language and the Language of Command," Bernard Cohn makes the connection between territorial expansion and orientalist scholarship. The British had "not only invaded and conquered a territory, but, through their scholarship, had invaded an epistemological space as well. The British believed they could explore and conquer this space through translation" (326).

The Presence of the Past

Think of this: History, in my version, entered a new phase on August 15th, 1947--but in another version, that inescapable date is no more than one fleeting instant in the Age of Darkness, Kali-Yuga . . . [which] began on Friday, February 18th, 3102 B.C.; and will last a mere 432,000 years! Already feeling somewhat dwarfed, I should add nevertheless that the Age of Darkness is only the fourth phase of the present Maha-Yuga cycle which is, in total, ten times as long; and when you consider that it takes a thousand Maha-Yugas to make just one Day of Brahma, you'll see what I mean about proportion.¹

Clearly speaking for Scott himself, the historian Guy Perron, whose view dominates the last volume of *The Raj Quartet*, remarks on "how little any of us knew or cared about a country whose history had been that of our own for more than three hundred years" (IV.222-23).² *The Raj Quartet* is in part designed to rectify that ignorance, and to show how intimately the history of Britain, Anglo-India, and India are connected. Rather than write a simple historical novel, Scott questions the tyranny of history, specifically the writing and creation of history, emphasizing its similarity to the writing of stories, or fictions. Throughout, characters stress the impossibility of knowing the truth of past events, and that all stories have multiple versions, the differences in them illuminating different attitudes and biases of both tellers and listeners. The novels also provide a critique of the significance of certain historical events in the Raj mythology, which is based on a static, simplified view of complex historical events. Several characters, most notably Robin

White, Barbie Batchelor, and Guy Perron, as well as the Stranger-narrator of *The Jewel in the Crown* are very conscious of the part that history, and attitudes to history, play in the demise of the Raj, and the future of India. Through his own narrative methods and devices as well, Scott replicates, thwarts, and questions several conventions of the writing of history in an attempt to reach a different understanding or view of history, which is ultimately less limiting than others. Ironically, he attempts this through story, demonstrating not only the kinship of history and story, but the ability of stories like his to convey truths usually held to be only within the realm of the historian.³ It is perhaps for this reason that Scott does not deal directly in his fiction with actual historical personages, although there are frequent references to them. Even specific historical events are obliquely referred to, and are usually fictionalized, combined, or telescoped so that the line between "real" history and the story Scott is telling becomes blurred.

In recounting the various tales and events that make up this particular version of history, Scott is at pains to point out, through several characters, that the true version of any story remains obscure. Even though as readers we are privy to more information and a variety of different versions of particular stories, we are never allowed the certainty of knowing what "really" happened. The fact is stressed that after events in Mayapore everyone would have "a different story to tell, although there were stories of which each individual had common knowledge" (1.69). Similarly, the history of MacGregor House and the Bibighar has different versions. According

to sister Ludmila, certain "facts" about MacGregor "do not fit the story that he burned the Bibighar because it was an abomination. But then this was the European version of the tale" (I.149). Ludmila then proceeds to complicate matters by giving "two versions of the Indian account of the burning of the Bibighar" (I.149), suggesting that, without preferring one of these versions over another, the Indian "stories ring truer" than European ones (I.150).

Ludmila herself is the subject of "many different tales" (I.431), some of which are distasteful to Anglo-Indians who abide by the certainties of genealogy: "Her origins were obscure. Some said she was related to the Romanovs; others that she had been a Hungarian peasant, a Russian spy, a German adventuress, a run-away French novice. But all this was conjecture" (I.124). Like Count Bronowsky, whose background is similarly a matter of conjecture, Ludmila does not try to satisfy the curiosity of others about her history, feeling it to be largely irrelevant to her current occupations. Equally obscure is the cause of Count Bronowsky's lameness and blindness, which "were said to be the result of getting half blown-up in pre-revolutionary St. Petersburg" (II.93). Bronowsky also seems to make a point of omitting the tale of how his association with the Nawab began. Rowan, who has heard "several versions" of this story finds it to be "the most interesting tale of all, which was perhaps apocryphal" (IV.153). A man fond of telling tales and speculating on the truth of stories himself, Bronowsky seems to recognize that maintaining the confusion about his personal history allows him the freedom of not being placed and confined in the Anglo-Indian version of history.

The story central to the quartet is of course Daphne's rape. Pandit Baba is most forthright about the unknowability of the truth, pointing out that there is no evidence to support anybody's version of what happened in the Bibighar:

"I am saying that to speak of the rape of Miss Manners in the Bibighar Gardens is to speak of an affair as if it had happened when it is not legally established as having happened. If you say there was a rape I would not agree or disagree. Also I would not agree or disagree if you said no, there was no rape, the girl was hallucinated or lying and making up stories for one reason or another. Only I can agree if you state simply that it was generally accepted through reports and rumour that there was rape." (II.116)

For many Indians, the actual occurrence of the rape and the events surrounding it are questionable. M.A. Kasim suggests that "some quite extraordinary veil has been drawn over the whole unfortunate business" (II.44), without doubting Daphne's sincerity, as Pandit Baba does.⁴ Anglo-Indian versions, however, begin to take on the status of truth, regardless of how far from Daphne's own version of events they stray. Because Merrick is the main source for these versions, the final "official" version of what happened at the Bibighar is skewed indeed. Ludmila reveals "the story that was finally told, that was finally accepted by all the gossips of British Mayapore as the unpalatable truth" (I.166), a story that blames Daphne for her friendship with Hari, establishes that Hari planned and orchestrated the rape, and that Daphne was too ashamed to admit her complicity in

it (I.167). According to Ludmila, this version held sway in Anglo-India, although the Indians themselves were not persuaded by it (I.168).

As Bronowsky tries to "get a picture" (II.205) of the rape story, he recognizes that the official version is so compelling because its originator, Merrick, believes absolutely in Hari Kumar's guilt. Merrick himself recognizes the part that interpretation plays in attempts to establish the truth of events. Because of his unswerving belief in his own rectitude, he finds Bronowsky's questioning of the Bibighar situation inaccurate, telling him that he has drawn his "picture out of context" (II.206), and that his own "interpretation of . . . [the] picture . . . is quite different" (II.207). In another context, Merrick is the one to criticize those who try to fill in gaps in knowledge with a "wholly emotional answer" (II.390), although this is precisely what he has done over the Bibighar incident.

Ironically, of all the Anglo-Indian versions, that of a minor character is closest to Daphne's recollection of the events and the motivations behind her and Hari's silence. Although Mackay's version still posits that Hari knew the men who raped Daphne, he is the only one without knowledge of her journal to suggest that

"if you stick to my proposition that they were in love, are in love, everything's as clear as daylight. These so-called friends of his jumped him and beat him up. She may not have seen who they were. . . Well, she wasn't a bloody fool. . . . He wouldn't have stood a chance however much she swore his innocence. So they cooked up a story . . . and they damned well stuck to it, right through." (III.90)

Mackay proves to be right about Merrick's motivations as well, and about many of the events surrounding the rape. However, few listen to Mackay's version, his theory being "peculiarly unacceptable" (III.92) to a group that cannot countenance the idea of love between an Englishwoman and an Indian man. Merrick himself recognizes the difficulty of challenging the myths of the Raj. Discussing his lecture on the INA, he points out to Teddie Bingham that "'you heard what you wanted to hear'," and that actual facts are not as important as the "'light they're presented in'" (III.155). Since very few people have access even to Daphne's account of what happened, and since Hari never provides one, this particular event is wide open to interpretations based on the Anglo-Indian prejudices.

However, even Daphne's account is implicitly questioned, in part because Hari does not verify it, maintaining his silence on the actual event even in his interrogation at Kandipat. Although Daphne's account has the authority of first-hand experience, nowhere does Scott give us the satisfaction of authorial or narratorial omniscience, or the assurance that her version presents the naked truth. Daphne herself points out "how far short of perfect re-enactment an account like this must fall" (I.397); her journal entries are in part an exploration of the failure of telling tales. She points out, for instance, that for all her good intentions, she failed to recognize that "for Hari, no story worked" (I.452). Likewise, both Lady Manners and Nigel Rowan are convinced by Hari Kumar's version of his experiences; however, Lady Manners finds that despite her feeling that Hari "'spoke

the truth,'" she recognizes that "'one has to make do with approximations'" (IV.314) in attempting to convey this truth. At the time of the controversy surrounding the events of the Bibighar and their aftermath, no-one but Lady Manners and, later, Lili Chatterjee knows the contents of Daphne's journal. Only when the Stranger returns to Mayapore to reconstruct this particular history does Robin White learn her account of the rape, and even this is taken out of context: he reads only Daphne's description of the night of the rape itself, and not the other sections of the journal that provide the context of Daphne's and Hari's love affair, nor her thoughts on the significance of British-Indian relations and history.

An event of equal significance is Ahmed's death at the end of the novel. Again, there are no witnesses to the event itself, and even the actions leading up to it are obscure, interpreted differently by different participants. Perron and Sarah recall that Ahmed's last words were "'It seems to be me they want,'" while Peabody's version is "'Be ready to re-lock the door'" (IV.582). Both Sarah and Guy are certain that their version is correct because "it made sense. And the fact that [Ahmed] smiled encouraged me to think that if he went out to the people who called out to him everything would be all right" (IV.591). Sarah later rethinks her certainty, though:

I'm sure he smiled just before he went, and I'm sure he said, "It seems to be me they want." Major Peabody said he thought he said "Make sure you lock it after me." But I think that's what Major Peabody wanted to hear. Perhaps we all heard only what we wanted to hear. Perhaps there

was nothing to hear because he said nothing, but just smiled and went. (IV.593)⁵

These are not the only characters to have different recollections of what happened on the train. After they arrive at Premanagar, everyone has different perceptions and accounts: "opinions varied about the length of time the train was halted. . . . Some said only five minutes, others remembered the slaughter continuing for perhaps half-an-hour. The truth was that it lasted no more than ten or fifteen minutes" (IV.588).

Thus the two pivotal events of the quartet, Ahmed's death and the rape in the Bibighar, are shrouded in history. Scott has made clear that Daphne's rape is a significant moment in the story he is about to tell, and has historical importance as well. He furnishes us early in the first volume with the image of Daphne who "stumbled, fell, and crawled on her hands and knees . . . into the history of a troubled period" (I.76) and writes of Ahmed's death that "when the body falls . . . it will not fall to the ground so much as out of a history which began with a girl stumbling on steps at the end of a long journey through the dark" (IV.113). The truth of the events themselves is in fact irrelevant; Scott is suggesting rather that their aftermath, created by interpretations and revisions of the "facts," is what carries historical significance and weight.

The character who relies most on his own interpretations of events is Ronald Merrick. Even at the point of his death, his influence on often wildly inaccurate versions of stories is felt. Because he is

on the surface an upstanding member of the Anglo-Indian community, the events surrounding his death are deliberately falsified. The fictional story that his death resulted from a riding accident, rather than being the murder it actually was, is all "properly recorded" (IV.548) in the name of Anglo-Indian solidarity, and the truth is kept especially from his wife Susan. Robin White, who recalls that Merrick "was killed during the communal riots that attended partition in 1947" (I.334) is also inaccurate, although he more closely approaches the truth than the official version does. As in other instances, the facts remain a matter of speculation. Although compelling and credible, Bronowsky's theory that Merrick's murder was a form of suicide is based on nothing more substantial than already-formed opinions about Merrick's character.

Such characters as M.A. Kasim, who "reads between the lines" of all written documents (II.477), or Robin White, who is anxious to provide "alternative readings" (I.356) to historical accounts such as Brigadier Reid's, recognize that history takes on the status of myth, particularly in Anglo-India. Sarah Layton too feels that "there are only people, tasks, myth and truth. And truth is a fire few of us get scorched by" (II.406). Rather, historical tales serve specific functions, usually to create a sense of unity or solidarity in a community. The narrator's account of one of the tales making up the history of Fort Premanagar turns out to be "all conjecture. It has the sound of a myth devised later to explain or anyway celebrate misadventure" (II.12). The metaphors of juvenile game-playing and theatre that are consistently used to typify Anglo-Indian life

conclude a series of rumours and stories about Edwina Crane's suicide: "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" (I.123).

The desire for logical explanations of events is demonstrated in a historical mode that relies on the illusion of a linear progression of events or a forward moving plot. In Reid's military accounts, this is particularly noticeable: Robin White refers to Reid's "foursquare little edifice of simple cause and simple effect" (I.356). Such a strategy brings apparently random events into a manageable and simplistic framework, which is in keeping with the Raj's desire for a world that is easily described, plotted and mapped. As White emphasizes, even disagreement based on the linear view of history simply sets up black and white oppositions. An attempt to "redress the balance" of Reid's account on his historical terms merely yields an equally "innaccurate picture of a tyrannical and imperialistic power grinding the faces of its coloured subjects in the dust" (I.356).⁶ Instead, White insists that the situation in Mayapore, although apparently "logical in itself . . . jolly well wasn't" (I.337). This reaction against the simple linear model that Reid employs provides an echo of the earlier suggestion that, in the events surrounding the rape in the Bibighar gardens, there is "no distinguishing cause from effect" (I.70). Reid's wish to construct a simple account for the "simple life" that his memoirs are designed to describe is actually full of "gaps in the narrative or alternative

interpretations" (I.334) from Robin White's point-of-view, although he credits it with being a "viable enough reconstruction" from Reid's military perspective (I.333).

In fact, as we read through the military account, we see that even Reid has difficulty providing a straightforward, linear version of events; he writes that "he is conscious not only of digressing but of having moved beyond my story . . . forward to the point where the reader has found himself in the midst of action without knowing the stages that led to it" (I.302). Indeed, it is easy to overlook Reid's admission that one of the crucial sections of his tale is a description of the events of August 11, 1942, a day for which his journal of the time is "blank" (I.315). Nevertheless, the five-page retrospective reconstruction in his memoirs, with its exactness of time, place and action, and its absolute certainty and attention to detail, have the ring of truth.

Robin White echoes the views of other characters who suggest that history is not "concerned with *facts*, the truth of which, however unascertainable now, *was known to somebody at the time*" (I.356) [emphasis in original]. Instead, White suggests, people like Reid bring their own prejudices to their understanding of these facts, because the only possibility of coming up with a coherent account of any sort is through a process of selection and omission. White discusses the impossibility of chronicling all actions and events:

In fact we are not at all after the blow-by-blow account

of the politics that led to the action. Actually one man would be incapable of giving such an account. . . . There were so many blows he would spend more than his lifetime recording them. To make the preparation of any account a reasonable task he would have to adopt an attitude towards the available material. The action of such an attitude is rather like that of a sieve. Only what is relevant to the attitude gets through. The rest gets thrown away. . . . one is at once back on the ground of personal preference--even prejudice--which may or may not have anything to do with the "truth", so-called. (I.357).

What gets lost in this "sieve" action of history is precisely those events that are not written down, the "unrecorded moments of history" (I.358). The Stranger-narrator of the first volume of the quartet is therefore attempting, as is Scott throughout the quartet, to trace those unrecorded moments, the "dangerous areas" (I.356) that threaten to erupt into the safety of properly transcribed history. The Stranger calls these gaps, or holes in the sieve, the "'beat' and the 'pause'" (I.358) of any historical narrative, yet as White once more points out, when he tries to identify instances of these dangerous areas, "even in attempting to relate it, I'm back again in the world of describable events" (I.358), at a remove from the basic facts. Such is the dilemma of the historian or the storyteller: that he is bound by "describable events." In another situation, a minor character called Morland tries to establish the truth behind a rumour about the birth of a two-headed baby, discovering to his consternation that "the closer he tried to get to it the farther away the scene of the event became"

(II.319).

A trained historian like Perron is acutely aware of the limitations of his practice. Already working from an edited transcript of the interview in the Kandipat jail, which was not recorded in its entirety in the first place, Perron uses the same sieve metaphor as Robin White, admitting that he approaches the transcript with an attitude, "using Rowan's final interpretation like a sieve, to isolate scraps of gritty evidence" (IV.323). Although implying that historical objectivity is thus impossible, because any attempt at relating histories is formed by an attitude taken to them, Perron finds Bob Chalmers's accusation that Nehru is "fence-sitting" in suggesting that a particular account of the INA is "far the best we have at present" to be somewhat unjust: "But then, Perron thought . . . where else can one sit, and remain in balance?" (IV.476). In fact, the suggestion that Nehru's judgment is suspect, given that he has only read parts of the INA memoir, immediately reflects on those characters in the quartet, and us readers, who make judgements based on heavily edited transcripts, sections of journals and memoirs and other equally suspect or incomplete documents. To use Merrick as an example, it is clear that Scott is encouraging us to adopt an attitude towards him by not allowing him expression of any kind. As evil as Merrick might indeed be, we are, like the Stranger, ignoring the possibilities of a balanced picture and have made our minds up "about the central characters in the affair and particularly about the kind of man Merrick was" (I.337). Guy Perron provides a lot of information and speculation about Merrick and reinforces an established view of

him, while admitting openly that he has little but visceral dislike to base his views on: "He had this effect on me. I attributed to him the grossest motives and the darkest intentions without a scrap of real evidence" (IV.230). At several points there are indeed hints that there is another version of Merrick.

The historian's task, then, is a peculiarly possessive and voyeuristic one; it is in fact a form of imperialism itself. As in Perron's attempt to reconstruct the interview in the Kandipat jail, this desire to discover the historical truth often fails. Faced with a country with several histories and attitudes to history, Perron finds that in India the tools of his trade fail him. Trained to see history in terms of a linear progression, Perron finds that India "turns out to be curiously immune to the pressures of one's knowledge about its history" (IV.11) and finds himself longing to return to Britain where he can "regain lucidity and the calm rhythms of logical thought" (IV.12). Even the act of trying to write out his dilemma, the historian's stock-in-trade, fails Perron:

He got out his notebook with the intention of writing something down that might clarify his thoughts and expose as baseless his nagging doubts about the value of the work he intended to do in pursuit of certain ineluctable truths but just as there seemed to be no connexion between the India he was in and the India that was in his head there was no connexion either between the paper and pencil and the page remained ominously blank. (IV.12)

Part of Perron's problem is that the "ineluctable truths" he is pursuing depend on previous historical accounts that have falsified India for him, so that there is "no connexion" between the India he has arrived in and the one he has imagined and based his historical conjectures upon. Similarly possessive in trying to unearth a particular historical period of Mayapore, the Stranger refers to his "lepidopteristic intention to pin down the truth" (I.100), reveals the returning visitor's possessiveness about India (I.101), and finally takes "possession of the room" (I.101) that Daphne had lived in in an attempt to better know her part in history.

His historical detective work, however, is hindered by the fact that he only has documents and second-hand accounts to work with. On several occasions, the falsity of such documents is stressed. Reading Daphne's letters and seeing her photographs, the Stranger observes that they are "curiously dead, strangely inarticulate. . . . They do not resurrect the writer. They are merely themselves" (I.96). Edwina's photographs of Clancy "lie irrelevant too" (I.96), while the photograph of Daphne provides a distorted view of her "apparently curly short-cut sepia hair" and is an "intensely unsatisfactory" experience (I.96-97). Discussing the "high-up" members of the Raj, Lili points out that their very representativeness reduces them to "two dimensions, which is the way the camera looks at them too, so the photographic result is bound to seem authentic" (I.97). Sarah also finds that the only picture of Ronald Merrick does not quite capture him accurately. He looks "remote, humourless; but younger--she thought--than she remembered him looking in full light, under the sun.

The camera and the shadows had smoothed out lines and not recorded the weathered texture of the skin" (II.349).

As he searches further for the real story, the Stranger finds himself supplying information that the documents he has do not provide. Although the sign-in book at the club "reveals familiar names"--Merrick, White, Reid, Daphne Manners, Colin Lindsey--the Stranger dwells on the "signature that does not actually accompany it, but which one can see, by its side, in the imagination: the signature of his old friend Harry Coomer" (I.191-2). Hari's actual signatures at the end of letters to Colin, however, are "familiar but possibly unreal," while for Hari, Colin's signatures on otherwise "meaningless" letters have provided the only "proof . . . that his English experience had not been imagined" (I.254). Later, when Hari recognizes that, although not imagined, his Englishness has been based on an illusion, he dispenses with his signature altogether, adopting in his mythical signature of "Philoctetes" a name suited to the illusoriness of his English experience, and an indicator of his anonymity. Likewise, although Lady Manners' signature appears in the Flagstaff House visitors' book, it indicates not her presence in the Anglo-Indian community but rather her deliberate absence from it. Those who catch glimpses of her are never certain of having done so; for Anglo-India, Lady Manners is invisible, the only physical trace and uncomfortable reminder of her existence being her calling card.

The Stranger also possesses a host of documents, including transcripts of interviews he has had with Lili, Ludmila, Srinivasan and Robin White, Vidyasagar's deposition, the letters and journals of

Daphne Manners, letters from Hari to Colin, and letters between Lili and Ethel Manners. Although these are the staples of the act of historical reconstruction, the Stranger and Scott constantly emphasize the fact that they are edited, incomplete, and read only by a few people. The title of Reid's account, for example, is "Edited Extracts from the unpublished memoirs of Brigadier A.V. Reid, DSO, MC: 'A Simple Life'" (I.284). Even the sections we are allowed to read are acts of reconstruction based on an intermittently kept diary. There are occasions on which it is clear that Reid supposes that we are reading the entire memoirs. The fact that they are edited, presumably by the Stranger, as well as being unpublished, highlights the existence of those gaps in this particular story. Robin White's account is based entirely on memory which, he has the honesty to point out, is "unreliable" (I.336). His recollection too is an "edited transcript of written and spoken comments" (I.333), and White's direct second-person address to the Stranger again emphasizes the existence of those gaps or unrecorded moments, such as the actual interview between the Stranger and Robin White. After reading Daphne's journal and Vidyasagar's deposition, White asserts that they must both be telling the truth; however, he throws his statement into doubt once again by remarking on the difference between "telling" and "writing" the truth (I.335). Vidyasagar's deposition is similarly at least at one remove, being a written version of an oral deposition, equally susceptible to editing and selection.

The transcript of Hari's interrogation by Rowan and Gopal is also an edited one. Relying on written records of Hari's arrest,

imprisonment and interrogation, Rowan comes to question the truthfulness of the supposedly "accurate" record of Iyenagar's report; however, he also knows that there is only so much truth that he, and the Raj's system of justice, can bear to hear. Thus, although he later reveals that he felt Hari was speaking the truth, Rowan reacts to Hari's allegations with outrage, accusing him of lying (II.301). Hari reveals further truths, but they are no longer being recorded. This process of omission is directly related to the power of the Raj, as Hari himself suggests: "I've said it all. The clerk wasn't here to record it. That's part of the situation too, isn't it?" (II.314). The transcript that does exist is edited at several stages; Rowan tears out one of the original shorthand pages, and further edits the typed transcript, to "isolate the political content" (IV.316), knowing that Hari's allegations will be thought "pure fantasy" (IV.315). Indeed, Rowan is content to "file the transcript away and forget all about it" (IV.315). The final version which is "obviously rigged" carries the authoritative proof of authenticity, being initialled by both Gopal and Rowan (IV.317).

Because there is no written record of the last part of the interrogation, Perron only learns of it when Rowan relates his recollection of Hari's accusations and statements. By now, we recognize that memory is suspect; Rowan is furthermore quick to point out that Hari might not have been telling the truth anyway: "I can only tell you what Hari said. It doesn't mean it happened" (IV.313). To further complicate our access to any sort of truth, this version of the Kandipat interview is Perron's own reconstruction, in

which he earlier acknowledges that emotions are "difficult to convey" and that his attempt to visualize the interrogation scene itself has failed (IV.289).

Other documentary evidence is equally unreliable for ascertaining the truth, and often indicates prejudices under the guise of objective accounts. The account of the attacks on Edwina Crane and Daphne Manners from the *Ranpur Gazette* clearly betrays pro-British sympathies in the way it interprets the significance of the Quit India resolution and the subsequent arrests of Indian leaders, revealing unwittingly the siege mentality of the Raj. The announcement of Daphne's death, Parvati's birth, and Susan Layton's and Teddie Bingham's engagement (III.100) in *The Times of India* establishes the coincidence of significant events, but does not hint at the human motivations underlying them.

As well as documents, there are physical artifacts that allow the historian to possess his subjects. Once divorced from their owners, however, personal possessions lose their significance and also falsify history. Barbie finds that the contents of her trunk no longer define her, leaving her feeling "hollow with her history, so long unused" (III.374). The description of Barbie's possessions as "scattered relics" (III.396) is a deliberate reminder of the comparison of Edwina Crane's personal effects to "mouldering relics" (I.96). To the stranger, Nello Chatterjee's possessions are also "curiously dry and lifeless," and he further refers to the air of "faint stagnation" in Nello's room, and to objects "gathering dust" and "embalmed in their own disuse" (I.81). Paralleling other images and descriptions of

stasis, or of human beings and their possessions as mere exhibits, the Stranger concludes that "museums . . . arrest history" (I.82), notwithstanding which they are of prime interest to the historian.

Indeed, Scott is intent on showing how Anglo-India takes history to mythic extremes by arresting it entirely. Anglo-Indians live in a historic, rather than an open-ended present, and are marked by a continuing nostalgia for the more certain days of colonial rule. As exemplified by Teddie Bingham, Anglo-Indian history is not dynamic or complex. Teddie's history is "a series of gaps linked by a few notable events" (III.101), such as his engagement to Susan Layton.

Just as "notable events" are important in the Anglo-Indian version of history, so is the power of the name. Family and military genealogy provides Anglo-Indians with virtually their only sense of identity. This obsession with heritage, however, traps them in a perpetual, now-dead past: "One had . . . only to wander in the churchyard of St. John's and see the names of Layton and Muir on headstones to realize that in those lichened-over advertisements for souls there was an explanation of Mildred" (III.45). Mildred's restoration of Rose Cottage, while establishing her "family's claim on history through long connexion" (IV.134), also looks uninhabited, a place only of "historic interest" (IV.135).

Creating historical myths and legends to justify their presence in India affords to members of the Raj a sense of control and of a self-perpetuating destiny to be fulfilled. Because of Merrick's facility in fostering "the illusion that the myth is still intact" (III.155), Teddie Bingham possesses a feeling of control over "a

history which it surprised him to discover that he had rather a lot of" (III.158). This sense of control relies on the substantial evidence of places, names, times and dates, all of which contribute to an illusion of forward historical movement towards a mythic destiny, while at the same time allowing Anglo-India to isolate itself in a past of its own making. Only Daphne Manners and Barbie Batchelor recognize the arbitrariness of dividing up time. Daphne writes that time "went through certain fixed exercises that the clock and the calendar had been invented to define" (I.428), and dates become meaningless to Barbie: "The date meant nothing to her. No date did. The calendar was a mathematical progression with arbitrary surprises" (III.397).

The myth-history of Anglo-India also works to exclude anyone who does not fit into the community's predetermined images. Merrick thus finds it necessary to invent himself; as a person outside the circle of privilege with its supporting history, Merrick is one of those outsiders who "carry around with them the vacuum of their own anonymous history" (II.387). As a man "in love with those legends" (II.405) of Anglo-India, Merrick's desire to identify himself with the mythology of the Raj marks him too as inhabiting a perpetual past.

For many Anglo-Indians, though, the pressures of the real world and of actual history are beginning to intrude. There are those like the Governor who "buries himself neither in past nor future but in the present. It is an English trait. They will only see that there is no future for them in India when India no longer fits into the picture they have of themselves" (II.47).⁷ But for the British who have made their lives in India, there is the dawning recognition that their myths

are impermanent. Once more, the Anglo-Indian sense of history is connected with death and oblivion:

In those two young girls . . . there ran the blood of Muirs and Laytons and there were those two names on headstones in the churchyard, stones so old now that the names could only be read with difficulty. A time would come--the congregation felt it, as it were a wind driving them before it so that they had to cling hard not to be scattered--when all their names and history would pass into that same dark. (II.338)

Against the worldly pressures of history, people like Mildred continue to sustain the myths of the Raj. Although aware that there is no future for her or her kind in India, Mildred's sense of duty still prevails, and the knowledge that this might be a futile task is signalled only by her alcoholism. Thus "the evidence of cessation which a clear look into the future might reveal did not countermand her duty to the existing order of things if she continued to believe in it" (III.46). The preceding statement that "Mildred's enemy was history" (III.46) therefore has a double meaning. Like other members of the Raj, she is trapped by a failing mythology: the very *raison d'être* and source of identity for the Raj is contained in untenable historical legends and ideals. However, another kind of history is her enemy: a larger history that includes the fates of India and Indians, of the world at large, and which exposes the history of Anglo-India for the predominantly self-serving mythology that it is.

For observers and outsiders the presence of the imperial past

exerts tremendous pressure, encouraging them to think in terms of unchangeable destinies. Their historical view, like that of the Anglo-Indians, is a linear one, although not as simple and systematic. The Stranger talks of his sense of "other years impinging on the present,"⁸ elaborating through his use of an architectural image the "lulling feeling of immediacy in these ground-floor rooms, the present lying as it does in the lower levels. . . . It is in going upstairs that the feeling of mounting into the past . . . persists" (I.95). Earlier, Edwina's water-image of history as the "moral drift of history" (I.33) is likewise forward-moving, ending as it does in "a distant sea of perfect harmony" (I.33). As indicated earlier, Perron is confounded by his inability to see logic and proportion in Indian history. In an echo of Edwina's image of the "moral drift of history" Perron always listens for "the nuances of time and history flowing softly through the room" (IV.13). He acknowledges that his choice of historical time period as a specialty is arbitrary, but in his choice shows the historian's need to search for origins, in this case the origins of British imperial rule. Perron's knowledge of Indian history is far wider and more detailed than that of most English or Anglo-Indian people, but like them he focusses on 1857 as a significant date. The Anglo-Indian version of their history begins almost miraculously with the crisis of the 1857 rebellion; however, for Perron it marks an important ending as well as a beginning: the historical view is still linear.

As he tours the Summer Residence with Sarah, Perron seems to be considering a more spatial metaphor for history, referring to it as

a "maze." But he and Sarah are still searching for escape from history, "release from the stupefying weight" of earlier imperial histories. In Perron's eyes, the Moghul suite therefore is "no less burdened by that weight" (IV.335). His sense of history and destiny so preoccupies Perron that he cannot account for human acts and emotions that deviate from his perception of the effects of history. As an Englishman, he thus finds himself surprised by Indians who treat him kindly: "it was the special gift Indians had, to move you unexpectedly; unexpectedly because you felt that historically you did not deserve any consideration or any kindness" (IV.467).

Another character who literally feels the burden of history is Barbie Batchelor. Not included, like Ronald Merrick, in the comforting myths of Anglo-India, Barbie finds herself convinced through her reading of Emerson that her trunk with its possessions represents her own history and identity; she tells Sarah that "it is my life in India. My shadow" (III.280). Barbie's determination to hang on to her trunk, which she says "only contains my years and they are light enough" (III.388), results in the overloading of the tonga and the consequent accident. She feels the physical pressure "of the weight of the trunk at her back: her years pressing on her, pushing her forward, pushing her downward" (III.390). With her death, the "scattered relics" in the trunk become irrelevant, symbolizing her history which, like others, "now can never all be retrieved" (III.396).

In trying to grapple with Emerson's ideas of history, Barbie finds herself facing a contradiction. Initially she fully agrees with his statement, "Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history"

(III.76), but refutes the idea later: "Emerson was wrong, we're not explained by our history at all, in fact it's our history that gets in the way of a lucid explanation of us" (III.186). Again there are several notions of history being expressed, and Barbie's dilemma is in fact false. Barbie's belief that her personal history is represented by her personal belongings is a form of personal mythology, analogous to the Anglo-Indians' sense of history that is reducible to genealogy and a line of notable events. This simplistic view of history precludes the Emersonian belief that all human history helps to explain human motivations and that, conversely, someone "can live all history in his own person" (III.94). The kind of history that obscures the "lucid explanation" that Barbie desires is the history which ignores human motivation and feeling in favour of the evidence of documents, physical artifacts, and single truths--a history which, by insisting on the intolerable burden of the past, posits an unavoidable sense of destiny. The premonition that Barbie has of her death, and the image of Hiroshima used to describe it, convey two almost opposing historical views. The image of Barbie with her shadow burnt into the wall catches the essence of Emerson's view that a single person can live all human history in his or her life, as well as demonstrating that human history provides us with an explanation of people like Barbie Batchelor. In her premonition, however, Barbie expresses "horror" at the claims that historians make on their subjects, robbing them retrospectively of their humanity:

She stood in the middle of her room, one repository

inside another, and was filled with a tiny horror: the idea of someone coming to claim back even one item of what was contained in either. The idea was horrifying because if you allowed the possibility of one claim then you had to allow the likelihood of several and then many of them, and finally of thousands; so that the logical end to the idea was total evacuation of room, body and soul, of oneself dead but erect, like a monument marking some kind of historical occasion. (III.177)

To counter this view of human affairs as a linear progression to logical ends or destinies, Scott provides alternative views, which stress that past, present, and future all impinge on each other. His use of dates, for instance, stresses coincidence and cyclicity, suggesting that human history does not merely repeat itself, but returns in different permutations. While the repetition of certain events, dates, images, names and the like have led to an interpretation of *The Raj Quartet* as a novel about the burden of history and its inescapability, such a view is difficult to support. Scott is careful to stress that there are always alternate readings, even of his combination of images and symbols. Attempting to resist the confining view of the historian, Scott forces us to acknowledge the personal and cultural prejudices informing our interpretations and manipulation of historical documents. Like the Stranger, Lili thus finds herself frustrated at her impulse to "decide . . . meaning. . . . Even when I'm not looking for a meaning one springs naturally to my mind. Do you think it is a disease?" (I.80).

The "disease" of meaning is in part fostered by the very

attempt to provide a logical story line; the linear tendency always exerts itself. Guy Perron is one of many characters, including the Stranger, who recognizes this impulse in telling a story. When relating the confrontation between Merrick and Pinky, Perron provides a lot of fictional detail. He begins his account by admitting that he never knew the soldier's name, "but let's call him Lance-Corporal Pinker, Pinky for short, and let us imagine him as a reserved, studious, and hardworking young man" (IV.246). Towards the end of the account, Perron reminds us again that he has "filled the story out with some imaginative detail and also placed events in the order in which they occurred--not in the order in which they emerged during my talk with Potter" (IV.261). Similarly, Perron finds providing a "coherent account the following morning let alone twenty-five years later" of the evening at the Laytons to be difficult, adding that "it was an evening during which nothing happened which contributed to what *you* would call a narrative line" (IV.271). Just as Daphne has suggested that her written account is a poor re-enactment of events themselves, Sarah observes that "I'm trying to reproduce for you an occasion of awful disorientation. Failing probably. God knows how one could succeed" (IV.379).

To a certain extent, though, Scott himself succeeds in thwarting the linear tendencies of certain forms of historical and fictional narration. His novel is an examination and revelation of the unrecorded moments and the unrecorded people of conventional histories. One of the "gaps" in historical accounts is the existence of the marginal person or minor character. Although "an invisible

marginal note on the title deeds of the MacGregor House" (I.83), Janet MacGregor is an important historical allusion or echo in the quartet. Occupying an important place in the novel is Nigel Rowan, who believes that he might have a "modest place in the margins of history" (II.473). And Teddie Bingham "enters the page as it were in the margin, a dim figure limping . . . towards India, temporary safety, Susan's arms, a moment of truth and fiery oblivion" (III.46).

People who are peripheral to the ruling group responsible for the creation and articulation of history are therefore rendered invisible to official versions of history. As in other colonial arenas, the colonized--in this case Indians--are thus silenced in British histories. But, by concentrating on Edwina Crane, Barbie Batchelor and Ronald Merrick, Scott is also illuminating their absence from, or marginality to, conventional histories of the Raj. Barbie's obsessive attention to the fate of her trunk is thus part of her need to establish a history of her own, and Scott presents her on purpose as a "historical monument" to Hiroshima in order to underline her significance and participation in her country's and community's history. The Raj historian ignores both Hari Kumar and Ronald Merrick because he or she "cannot see either of them" (IV.302) in the Indian context; Scott therefore devotes a great deal of attention to these characters and their fates. However, Merrick is a constant in all of the volumes, while Hari becomes marginal to the tale after the second volume. By focussing on Merrick, Scott is perhaps trying to rectify the fact that, in Britain at least, "it is Coomer on whom the historian's eye lovingly falls; he is a symbol of our virtue" (IV.302).

By throwing a "spotlight" and making Merrick a central character precisely because he is "the unrecorded man," Scott can examine the conflict between Merrick and Hari, which "reveals the real animus, the one that historians won't recognize, or which we relegate to our margins" (IV.302).

In other instances, too, Scott focusses on the unrecorded, unwritten and the unseen. By allowing us, and sometimes a few of the novel's characters, access to these alternative "documents," he is simultaneously questioning official and unofficial versions of existing tales, providing one more version of his own making, and asking us then to question his version and the information he provides, ultimately forcing us to examine our own propensity for deciding meanings. Scott therefore presents us with a letter Hari "would have" (I.240) written to Colin Lindsey to balance the actual correspondence which "deviated further and further from the truth" (I.254). Most of Perron's final letter to Sarah is also unwritten, "unfinished" (IV.597), as he recounts his attempts to locate Hari. Barbie's letters to Edwina Crane and Miss Jolley which make up so much of *The Towers of Silence* are also unseen and unread. The narrator describing Halki's cartoons is careful to point out which ones Perron has seen, and which ones he hasn't, as well as indicating that some cartoons were never published and thus never seen publicly.

But perhaps most importantly, Scott's quartet demonstrates through the novel's themes and structure the alternative, cyclic way of seeing human affairs that incorporates, but is not confined to, the narrower versions of history and myth that the Anglo-Indian

characters find burdensome. He suggests that the only way to know historical events and their significance is to personally relive them and, by acknowledging the cyclic nature of history, enter into a transcendent view very much like Emerson's. In her own limited context, Sarah recognizes this:

The situation was familiar. It had all happened before. . . . How many cycles had they lived through then, how many times had the news of Teddie's death been broken? How many times had Susan been taken indoors . . . while Mrs. Fosdick and Mrs. Paynton stood like silent supervisors of an ancient ritual concerning women's grief? (II.332)

Both Edwina Crane and Daphne Manners utter the same words after they've been attacked, Daphne recognizing as she does so that she'd "heard those words before" (I.436). After Perron and Sarah have made love in the Moghul room with its weight of several imperial histories, Perron actually relives the rape scene, literally inhabiting Hari's skin--a short account which begins with him noticing that "a trick of light made my hands seem brown" (IV.337). There is no indication that Perron has read Daphne's account of the rape; rather than being the historian's imaginative reconstruction, then, Perron's account is an imaginative reliving of the scene, the closest he can come to reproducing the events and feeling their impact.⁹

Through his various narrative techniques, Scott manages to enact various forms of history. One of his major strengths is to humanize imperial history by incorporating historical echoes in his

tales and in certain characters. Two connected examples are the image of Daphne crawling on her hands and knees, and the story of the forcible feeding of beef to Hindu prisoners--both specific allusions to punishments invoked by Brigadier Dyer before the Jallianwallah Bagh massacre. Not surprisingly, such historical connections are often made explicit: in the case of Anglo-Indians this technique serves as much as anything to convey their preoccupation with significant dates in their historical mythology. Not content to fuse history with his fiction, Scott also blurs the lines between fictional history and his own story. Thus, Perron's article, originally called "*Daulat Rao Sindia and the British Other Rank*" is retitled "*An Evening at the Maharanee's*," which is also the title of the first chapter of Scott's *The Division of the Spoils* (IV.476). The numerous echoed and repeated images and symbols found in the quartet also add to a sense of historical coincidence and cyclicity which makes conventional developmental histories look both simplistic and tendentious.

Finally Scott's network of repeated names and dates emphasizes historical cycle, and illuminates the British obsession with dates and time, at the same time as it frustrates readers' attempts to find the significance of all these repetitions, to "decide meaning." Fictional characters in the quartet often carry the weight of historically significant names, while the same name within the fictional world of the quartet will appear again and again. Certain times of day and dates recur as well, some having actual historical reference, and others repeated within the confines of the novel [see

Appendix A].

Scott takes pains to remind us that several of his stories occupy the same time frame, something often difficult to remember in a story that is so resolutely non-linear in form, positing a concept of time and history that is spatial or structural rather than developmental. Scott's narrative confusion of time further confounds reader-historians' searching for origins and ends: apparently unequivocal "ends" like the death of certain characters are often foretold in a passing reference, and are thus deprived of the significance that death usually holds both in fiction and in history. Like his Stranger-narrator Scott is trying to show

that given the material evidence there is also . . . an understanding that a specific historical event has no definite beginning, no satisfactory end? It is as if time were telescoped. . . .and space dovetailed. . . . past, present and future are contained in your cupped hand. (I.133)

Ludmila's observation above is clearly in keeping with an Indian historical view that includes both myth¹⁰ and history as we generally understand them, a historical mode that envisions history as both spatial and temporal. In such a view, the past is open and provides human beings with choices, and the future is an opportunity both for rediscovery and renewal of those choices. The Indian fatalism that is part of the stock of imperialist stereotypes is simply the recognition that past, present and future do not form a continuum or hierarchy, but are in a sense equally current and valid. Such a view does not

allow for an emphasis on historical discontinuity. This epic or transcendent concept of Indian culture thus "emphasized continuities so much that even major breaks with the past passed as minor reforms" (Nandy 61). Although Western concepts of historical progression see this as a form of fatalism, it actually allows a complete escape from historical determinism, by acknowledging the place of the present as the "permanent yet shifting point of crisis and the time for choice" and yet giving people "the option of choosing their futures here and now--without heroes, without high drama, and without a constant search for originality, discontinuous changes and final victories" (Nandy 62).

It is this particular view of history that confounds Perron's sense of "historical proportion" and gives him the ominous feeling that India is a country living in the present. The first description of Ahmed's death provides this wider, more inclusive historical view which counteracts the sense of inevitability found in the final, far more graphic and immediate description of the slaughter at Premanagar. The conditionality and tentativeness of the earlier account, indicated primarily by shifting tenses and frequent repetition of phrases and words like "perhaps," "is said," and "seems," allow for the possibility of several moments of choice and crisis. We are told that the "body of the victim could have fallen" where it did not, and that the victim acted "as if he had recognized a brilliant and totally unexpected opportunity" (IV.112). Once more stressing that the fixities of name, place and time are themselves illusory, the first account of Ahmed's death suggests that

the victim chose neither the time nor the place of his death but in going to it as he did he must have seen that he contributed something of his own to its manner; and this was probably compensation; so that when the body falls it will seem to do so without protest and without asking any explanation of the thing that has happened to it, as if all that has gone before is explanation enough, so that it will not fall to the ground so much as out of a history which began with a girl stumbling on the steps at the end of a long journey through the dark. (IV.113)

In a wider sense, then, Ahmed's death means only that he has dropped out of this particular story. Daphne Manners stumbles into a history that tries to establish the role of human beings as monuments to a history of times, places, origins and ends. Like Ahmed's, her death is not of monumental significance but merely signals her exit from such a story, an exit she describes as running "clear off the rim of the world" (I.436). In both cases, even their names are not important: Daphne is simply "the girl" and Ahmed "the victim." However, Ahmed's and Daphne's suffering within the "present" of the quartet is no less immediate for the suggestion that they participate in a larger historical cycle. They are seen as victims of a linear historical world view, although, paradoxically, they recognize also that they are able to make choices freely despite this victimization. Scott is taking to task a cosmology that makes geography and history, place and time, into metaphors, overloading them with spurious meaning, and thus dehumanizing the subject they are supposed to explain. Ashis Nandy maintains that the Indian epic view

of history respects the "immediacy of human suffering" because it refuses to rely on "an ornate sophisticated intellectual packaging" (62) like the illusion of an objective, evolutionary historical explanation of human beings. As Scott has suggested in his political, historical and thematic concerns, as well as through his use of symbol and narrative technique, this limited, linear method of historical explanation has almost entirely excluded Indians, whose suffering under British colonial rule has therefore never been allowed expression. By writing his own sort of history on an epic scale never attempted in Anglo-Indian fiction, Scott manages to convey the limitations of certain ways of perceiving and relating history, exploring at every level possible in a novel the possibilities of a transcendent history.

Notes

¹ Salman Rushdie, *Midnight's Children*, 194.

²Both Perron and Paul Scott are particularly harsh on the ignorance of the British at home. Perron writes of the "historical significance" of his Aunt Charlotte, proceeding to discuss "the overwhelming importance of the part played in British-Indian affairs by the indifference and ignorance of the English at home" (IV.222). In a similar vein, Scott writes

It has seemed to me subsequently that no record of the history of the British-Indian relationship can be complete unless ignorance of India of a vast majority of the British living on their own island is taken account of. I do not mean ignorance of Indian manners, customs, religions, and domestic arrangements, but ignorance of the way India was acquired, of the way it was administered, and of the way it contributed to the well being of the people of that island. ("Marabar" 121)

³Etymologically, of course, the connection between story and history is clear, both having their root in the Latin *historia* and the Greek *historica*. In French, the single word for both story and history, *histoire*, remains as a reminder that conceptions about the qualitative and generic differences between story and history are recent.

⁴Although feminists might object to the suggestion that Daphne has made up the story of her rape, Scott is referring to the literary precedent set by E.M. Forster. In *A Passage to India*, Aziz is almost convicted for the assault that Adela Quested has imagined. Although there is little doubt that Scott wishes us to believe that Daphne has been raped, his main concern seems to be that people will act on emotion rather than on evidence; indeed, that the truth is less relevant or has less impact on people's lives than various interpretations which suit preconceived ideas. In Anglo-India, this tendency to preconception and prearrangement is dangerously strong.

⁵Even Sarah's recollection of the exact words that Peabody hears, "Make sure you lock it after me," is different from Perron's earlier version of "Be ready to re-lock the door."

⁶The tendency of cause-and-effect views of history to set up diametric oppositions with no middle ground or area of uncertainty is what Edward Said refers to as the "politics of blame" which plague considerations of colonialism and decolonization.

⁷There are a few occurrences of this mirror image which symbolize the dilemma of Anglo-India and the concern with identity. Imperialism in India has resulted in India and Britain confusing "the image of their separate destinies" (I.9); Anglo-Indians don't like the educated or political Indians because they provide "a black reflection of their own white radicalism" (I.276) which undermines the entire rationale for British presence in India. The Anglo-Indian awareness that their time is coming to an end results in a split reflection which is to horrify Barbie: "Frontwards she was Barbie, approaching herself, and backwards another self retreating . . . into some kind of shocking infinity" (III.99). Aware of the superficiality of Anglo-Indian life, Sarah sends only her "reflexion home" (III.181) from the wedding, but subsequently sees in a mirror "the source of the [child's] cry there in her own reflection" (III.327), indicating a recognition that Anglo-India is responsible for its own demise. Finally, Perron uses the mirror image to emphasize the impact of British rule on Indians and the now-exiled Anglo-Indians: "The sad thing is that whereas in the English mirror there is now no Indian reflection . . . in the Indian mirror the English reflection may be very hard to get rid of . . . People like the Laytons may now see nothing at all when looking in their mirror. Not even themselves? Not even a mirror?" (IV.105)

⁸According to Scott, T.S. Eliot was "perhaps the greatest literary influence on my life" ("Marabar" 119). Eliot was also interested in Indian philosophies, and his poetry reflects a similar reconception of Western modes of history. Scott's image of ascending into the past alludes to *Ash Wednesday*, while his view that past, present, and future impinge on each other alludes to *The Four Quartets*: "Time present and time past/Are both perhaps contained in time future" ("Burnt Norton"); "It seems . . . That the past has become another pattern, and ceases to be a mere sequence--/Or even development: the latter a partial fallacy,/Encouraged by superficial notions of evolution" ("Dry Salvages"); ". . . History may be servitude,/History may be freedom" ("Little Gidding").

⁹Unless Perron is the Stranger-narrator of the first volume, which is a

possibility, he never does have access to the "truth" of what happened in the Bibighar gardens.

¹⁰This epic or transcendent historical view should not be confused with my discussion of Anglo-Indian myth-history. In the latter case, I am positing a static, unchanging view of history which is essentially conservative and exclusionary. This form of myth uses some of the conventions of traditional Western history in a fetishistic form; it is a history concerned with origins and destinies and preoccupied with the significance of dates, names, and places. Its primary function and impulse is to dehumanize history. In the case of Anglo-Indian mythology and history, I am thus using "myth" in a negative sense. [See Roland Barthes' "Myth Today," in which he argues that "myth" is right-wing, eternalizing the world through its intransitive use of language, which is "rich, multiform, supple" (149).]

Many Western critics of Indian philosophies, however, prefer to see in Indian "epic" or transcendent history a foreign and dehumanizing world view--thus the accusation of Indian "fatalism." However, the concept of fatalism itself relies on a linear, evolutionary modes of thinking, on the idea of destiny. "Myth" (what I am calling "epic" or transcendent history) in some Indian philosophies of history, and in the German and American transcendental philosophies directly influenced by them, is both inclusive and dynamic: "If for the West the present was a special case of an unfolding history, for . . . traditional India[,] history was a special case of an all-embracing permanent present, waiting to be interpreted and reinterpreted" (Nandy 57).

According to Nandy, the Indian historical "position does not fully negate history and in fact anticipates a number of fashionable post-Gandhian philosophies of history and interpretations of myth as history," (59) such as those of Michel Foucault, among many others. While it may deny the perception of modern "man" as an individual, sovereign subject (thus the accusation of fatalism) "epic" history asserts a larger humanism or perhaps more accurately, humanitarianism, which includes but is not limited to, an evolutionary view of human history. Such inclusiveness is of course threatening to the communal identity of closed communities like Anglo-India. For a German philosopher's articulation of the need for several modes of historical consciousness, see Nietzsche's *The Use and Abuse of History*. For discussions of Indian concepts of history, see Nandy's *The Intimate Enemy* (56-63), Deshpande's "History, Change and Permanence: A Classical Indian Perspective," and Gokhale's "Gandhi and History."

Clearing the Stage: *Staying On*

Then, at an age (it came to be fixed at fifty-five) long before senility, his service ended and he vanished abruptly to England. India never saw the giant old and feeble.¹

Staying On (1977) forms a sequel to *The Raj Quartet*, and is an elegy to the memory of the long gone era of the Raj, as well as a continuing critique of the negative effects of imperialism on India. The novel begins and ends with the death of Tusker Smalley, and concerns the post-Independence fate of Tusker and his wife Lucy, minor characters in *The Raj Quartet*, who decided to "stay on" in India after 1947. One of the minor functions of the novel is to inform us of what happened to some characters more central to the quartet, since Scott has been careful not to neatly tie up all their destinies in the earlier novels. We learn that both John and Mildred Layton have died, that Susan has married for a third time, and that Sarah and Guy Perron are married. Continuity with the quartet is also provided in the reappearance of minor and major Indian characters: the Desais, the Srinivasans, and the Laytons' former ayah, Minnie, as well as in similarity of setting. The Smalleys are in Pankot, and a casual reference to the hotel consortium mentions its holdings in Ranpur, Mayapore, and Mirat (18).

The novel is set in 1972, some twenty-five years after the

departure of the British, and has a double satiric target: the anachronistic Smalleys, who still exemplify the worst traits of the Raj, and the powerful Indian middle-class which also embodies these traits, providing a particularly unpalatable example of the legacy of British imperialism. Embodied in the caricature of Mrs. Bhoolaboy, this is the

Indian middle-class of wheelers and dealers who with their chicanery, their corrupt practices, their black money, their utter indifference to the state of the nation, their use of political power for personal gain were ruining the country or if not ruining it making it safe chiefly for themselves: a hierarchy within a hierarchy, with the Mrs Bhoolaboy at its base and at its peak people like the Desais. (97-8)

For someone like the Smalleys' servant Ibrahim, this Indian parody of the ways of the Raj induces nostalgia for its heyday. He laments that there is a "distinction between a real sahib and the counterfeit. The same kind of distinction between a real memsahib and a self-appointed one was apparent when you compared Lucy-Mem with Mrs Bhoolaboy" (30). Ibrahim nevertheless gets great satisfaction from "doing things in the way your father had done them and his father before him, even though the Sahibs and the Memsahibs . . . were mostly as black as you were yourself" (43), and attaches great importance to the status symbol of being "foreign" or "England-returned" (62) himself. Ibrahim's attachment to the ways of the Raj, now long gone, is affectionately portrayed; nevertheless,

Scott satirizes not only the peculiar tenacity of Anglo-Indian rituals in the people they were designed to exclude, but the desire of Indians to emulate and perpetuate these rituals.

Lucy Smalley herself remarks on the similarity between the British and Indian sahibs and memsahibs, suggesting that "nothing had changed for *her*, because there was this new race of sahibs and memsahibs of international status and connection . . . and she and Tusker had become for them almost as far down in the social scale as the Eurasians were in the days of the *raj*" (215). In fact, she has earlier suggested that she doesn't "see a great deal of difference between their [India] and the one in which / was a memsahib" (168). Through Lucy's reminiscences, we learn of her unenviable position in the hierarchy of Anglo-India. As a "junior wife" Lucy found herself subjected to the condescension of other memsahibs but was "under an obligation to bear their treatment meekly . . . because a hierarchy was a hierarchy and a society without a clear stratification of duties and responsibilities and privileges was no society at all, which the Indians knew as well as anyone" (96). Lucy fails to appreciate the irony that this rigidly hierarchical society, which kept her "bottled up and bottled in" (168), and which failed to acknowledge her humanity, is also the one she credits with "civilized behaviour:" "there really wasn't a single aspect of the nice civilized things in India that didn't reflect something of British influence. Colonel Menektara had impeccable English manners, as did his wife who was in many ways as big a bitch as Mildred Layton had been, but this comforted Lucy since it indicated continuity of civilized behaviour" (97).

Lucy is to recognize, however, that her membership in Anglo-India provided her with a sense of place and identity that she no longer has; the major difference between her and the current group of memsahibs is that she no longer has power and privilege on her side, no matter how well Indians may emulate the old British ways. Defenceless against the crass Mrs. Bhooboy, Lucy hankers for this privilege and the safety of Anglo-India, acknowledging at the same time that its self-imposed isolation and exclusiveness renders its memory almost unreal: "But that was at another season and in a distant country" (223). So long subjected to the cruelties of imperial rulers like Merrick, modern Indians' treatment of Lucy ensures that "their own old humiliations were being adequately paid for by new" (223) humiliations of people like the Smalleys.

Lucy's invisibility in Anglo-India, she discovers, was in part her protection, as it afforded her the security of racial privilege. Uncomfortably visible and vulnerable now, she comments that "my white skin . . . [is] increasingly incapable of containing me, let alone of acting as defensive armour" (111), noting too that in church her "pale face seemed to put her at a disadvantage," making her feel like a "black sheep in reverse exposure" (113). The image of armour recalls the quartet's scorpion image used to typify the Raj memsahib. With none of Anglo-India's methods of creating a circle of safety, however, Lucy is no longer possessed of the power to retaliate, or to escape.

What is even sadder about Lucy's current position, however, is that the old prejudices and ways of the Raj are so ingrained that she isolates herself within them. Her friendship with Suzy Williams is

strained by Lucy's knowledge that Suzy is Eurasian, and thus not fit for close friendship. She recalls that "one of the earliest lessons she had learned in India was of the need to steer clear, socially, of people of mixed blood" (204). Unaware that by hanging on to the superficial racial taboos of a dead community, she cuts off possibilities of human contact, she expresses consternation that not only are her friends Tusker's but that "*they are all black*" (103) (emphasis in original).

Lucy sees that she has had a "sad life" (83) and that what makes it currently so disappointing is that she and Tusker are perceived as "old-style British" (89), relics of a bygone era. With a certain tone of bitterness Lucy suggests to Tusker that they should bill themselves as tourist attractions:

"After the Taj Mahal, after the rock temples of Khajarao, after Elephanta, after Fatehpur Sikri, after the beach temple at Mahabalipuram and the Victoria monument in Calcutta, the Smalleys of Pankot. We could make a packet, Tusker, especially if you wore your old topee and I could be discovered playing Mahjong. A little tableau-vivant. Ibrahim could take the money at the door and guard their shoes." (89)

Scott suggests in the novel, nevertheless, that Lucy and Tusker **are** relics by repeating many of the images and themes that he has presented on such a large scale in the quartet. In fact, in the relationship between Lucy and Tusker Scott presents the old Anglo-India on a small scale, highlighting how the community's values

hinder even the most fundamental relationship like that of husband and wife. The aging Smalleys preserve the shabbiness often attributed to the Raj in the quartet. As in the quartet, photographs are deceitful; old photographs of Tusker immortalize him as the archetypal sahib:

a rather portly upright man, smartly uniformed, and earlier a younger man of medium height arm in arm with his little memsahib. In all the photographs the face looked well-fleshed, inclined to chubbiness and (Ibrahim imagined) a reddish complexion, the expression stern, certainly unsmiling. Now . . . the face was pale, the skin slack. Brown spots blotched his hands and arms. The English, once they began falling physically apart, did so with all their customary attention to detail. (29)

Lucy finally acknowledges her own air of aged shabbiness towards the end of the novel: "She was an old woman. An old woman with immaculately dressed hair . . . and a blanched face whose every line and crack showed very clearly in the blaze of the salon's working lights" (248). However, before this final realization, she has unwittingly provided an image of herself as relic. In her "long-ago shoes" (73) and ancient handbag (176), Lucy parodies the image of British memsahibs, particularly Mildred Layton, in her habit of "fingering her string of seed-pearls" (35).² Ibrahim attributes to her a Victorian air, suggesting that Lucy is, "under that cascade of cobwebbed net playing in her dreams, perhaps, Miss Havisham in *Great Expectations*, still waiting for her groom" (47). In that single

observation, Scott has brought together several images and ideas that pervade the quartet: the image of Victorian womanhood, of nets or veils, and of fantasy. But he has added to it the suggestion of age and decrepitude; the net is now "cobwebbed" and the reclining woman is no longer youthful, like Daphne, but is the ancient Miss Havisham.

Fantasy and theatre also are among the sustaining images establishing a continuity between *Staying On* and *The Raj Quartet*. No longer attached to the Anglo-Indian community, and isolated from the Indians she lives among now, as well as from Tusker, Lucy can only live in a world of fantasy. Ibrahim wonders at one point "who was she being now?" (45), while sharing with Lucy her love of cinema. Various film stars feed her sexual fantasies of a man called Toole; these fantasies invade reality at one point when she projects them on to Joseph and Mr. Bhoolaboy, investing them with all the stereotyped qualities the British attributed to the Indian male: "*Mali* was such a strong manly looking boy. It always moved her when such boys proved . . . to have spiritual as well as physical attributes" (149). Likewise, she imagines that Mr. Bhoolaboy is flirting with her, and that he hides his hands only "to forestall an intention to put them on her" (151). She makes the connection between Mr. Bhoolaboy and Toole explicit by observing that "when the tonga moved off Mr Bhoolaboy remained where he was; just as in her fantasies of Toole" (154).

Lucy suggests that her "tendency to imagine, fantasize, to *project*" (162) led her naturally to an interest in amateur dramatics, a favourite Anglo-Indian pastime. Although Lucy felt her theatrical ability thwarted in Anglo-India, her life now is made up of playing

different parts. Finding that she has for once "*stunned* him [Tusker] into silence" (105), Lucy feels the thrill of the same kind of silence "she had years ago imagined creating in a darkened theatre, one which would hold until after her exit when it would be shattered by prolonged applause, a deserved ovation" (105). But because, as always, Tusker's role overshadows hers, Tusker has the last word, and has thus "deprived her of her scene" (107). Lucy uses a theatrical image to describe Tusker's undignified behaviour. Echoing the description of British India as a scene of pantomime, Lucy observes that Tusker's "knockabout pantomimic form" (174) of humour simply results in his looking like a "gesticulating clown" (175). Even after Tusker's death, Lucy is destined to keep playing the outworn role of true memsahib, her theatrical ambitions realized in her "performance to get through tomorrow. And another performance to get through on Wednesday. And on Thursday" (255).

Knowing that the perpetual sunlight of the Raj is by now truly illusory, Lucy tells Ibrahim that she and Tusker "are people in shadow" (40). Later, she relates to the imaginary David Turner the history of her and Tusker's life in India, using for their marriage the same images of sunlight and cloud that informed images of theatre and of the "Jewel in Her Crown" picture in the quartet. In England, Tusker was the self-assured, self-illuminated Edwardian: the "warmth and light were coming from him as well" (167). After they arrived in India, and once Lucy became aware of her marginal position in Anglo-India, "the sun started to go behind a cloud" (167). Only when free of Anglo-India and in an Indian princely state that conformed to

her earlier fantasies of what the "real India" (86) was, does Lucy's cloud vanish. For her "Mudpore was India as I'd imagined it" (167) and only on their departure from it does the cloud reappear. Lucy remarks that this cloud afterwards "grew and grew and for years now has largely filled my sky" (168). The cloud that in the quartet signalled the intrusion of reality for the Raj is the same cloud that indicates the complete lack of communication between husband and wife: "At the deepest level we do not know what the other one is thinking or feeling and you might think that after forty years of marriage we could have got around to that" (168).

Indeed, while Mr. Bhooboy admiringly attributes the Smalleys' lack of communication to "that reserved British way" (117), Ibrahim likens them to children who live "in worlds of their own" (23) and are "deaf to one another" (50). The language that Tusker does indulge in is abusive; there are echoes of the quartet's concern with language, particularly swearing, as Ibrahim reflects on "the fascinating flexibility and poetry of the English language" (21), and reminds Joseph that Tusker's strings of invective are "sacred phrases" (64). In a lighter vein than Duleep Kumar, Ibrahim nevertheless exhibits the same concern with learning "pukka English" (20), a concern not matched even after forty years in India by Lucy and Tusker in their use of any Indian language. In a wonderfully comic moment, Scott transcribes a sample of Lucy's "terrible Urdu" in her address to the mali Joseph: "'To you, from me, for your work, many thanks are'" (83). Scott also underlines the fact that for many Indians, English still serves a practical function as a *lingua franca*, and therefore still

maintains its imperial hold in India. Mr. Bhooboy, for instance, speaks to his wife in English "because he could not understand her when she rattled away in her native Punjabi" (9).

But for Tusker and Lucy the rift caused by their habit of silence is unbreachable. Lucy finds that she no longer believes anything Tusker says, because "nothing he said or did revealed continuity of thought, intention or action" (98). She dates this failure to communicate from Tusker's decision to stay on after 1947, implying that with the dissolution of the Raj, even the language that supported it loses its relevance as well. The only revelation of how Tusker feels is, tellingly, in a letter to Lucy. He, too, dates his feeling of irrelevance to the decision to stay in India, writing that "I don't think of it any longer as staying on, but just as hanging on" (231). But the ambiguities of the "only love letter she had had in all the years she had lived" (233) can never be cleared up for Lucy through direct communication with Tusker because he writes, in the increasingly terse and telegraphic style reminiscent of "Coleyism," that he "can't talk about these things face to face, you know. Difficult to write them. . . . No need ever to answer. Don't want you to. Prefer not. . . . Don't want to discuss it. If you do I'll only say something that will hurt you. No doubt will anyway. It's my nature. Love, Tusker" (232). Lucy therefore finds herself even doubting the intent behind Tusker's form of address: "What does Luce mean? Is it an endearment? Or just shorthand?" (246). Finally, Lucy consoles herself by interpreting the letter as a love letter, which actually turns out to be the last communication between Tusker and Lucy and the last "view" she has

of him before his death.

Just before she is told that Tusker has died, Lucy has a haunting vision of herself that recalls Barbie Batchelor's image of herself receding in a mirror, and which describes her lack of self-image, an image she might have discovered had she not been "dazzled" by the Raj's illusion of perpetual light: "it seems that my love, my life, has never had its face to me and that I have always been following behind, or so dazzled by sunlight that I could not see the face when it once turned to me" (246). Scott's portrait of these two "old-style" Anglo-Indians illuminates the pathos of their existence, both past and present. In one of his most compelling images of Tusker and Lucy, Scott satirizes imperial pretensions, as well as how far they have come down in the world, by depicting them enthroned on their separate toilets, "viceregal thrones . . . which the liar of a sweeper declared he had evidence of having been used at times simultaneously" (23). The access to these toilet-thrones is likewise a parody of regal splendour, being "a pair of swing-to louvred half-shutters such as cowboys in western films pushed through" (45). The Smalleys' toilets are also a very real indication of how far they have come down in the world:

Flush toilets had been fitted at the main hotel. Below these thrones were only sanitation pans. . . . Mrs Bhoolaboy could sit to her heart's content on a pukka loo. Sahib and Memsahib had to make do with these old thunder-boxes. . . . Ibrahim had mentally labelled the twin-loos His and Hers. (46)

Tusker is lifted from one of these "thrones" when he has his first heart attack, and Lucy once more unwittingly parodies the quartet's concern with people who inhabit moral states of grace by suggesting that the towel Tusker drapes over the door to indicate that the bathroom is occupied is "'almost a sign of grace'" (45).

No longer sustained by any sense of identity, place or home, the only release for Tusker and Lucy is death. The photograph of Lucy standing beside the headstones of the churchyard in Pankot recalls the suggestion in the quartet that Anglo-Indian history is revealed in the names on headstones. Other aspects of Anglo-Indian history have become mere footnotes and asides. Even Mr. Maybrick's history of Pankot refers to "Pankot Rifles only in one paragraph" (84), and is incorrect about the year of Mabel Layton's death (100). Tusker makes much of the fact that Maybrick was the last to be buried in the St. John's churchyard, but he (and presumably after him, Lucy) will occupy that historical place of honour. With all the changes in Pankot, the letter that triggers Tusker's fatal heart attack has informed the Smalleys that they will no longer be able to remain in their lodge at Smith's Hotel, the only permanent home they have ever had in Pankot. Lucy comments that, like other Anglo-Indians, "'Tusker had this strange kind of passion for *place*. I mean he was happy here'" (250). Because he was similarly preoccupied about his place of burial, Lucy requests that he be buried in a "'south-west corner'" of the graveyard (250). Left behind, Lucy no longer has even the role of wife to fulfill, and now possesses nothing to anchor her or provide her with a sense of her place. In a moving passage, Lucy

expresses her profound sense of exile: only by accompanying Tusker can she go home:

--but now, until the end, I shall be alone . . . amid the alien corn, waking, sleeping, alone for ever and ever . . . so with my eyes shut, Tusker, I hold out my hand, and beg you, Tusker, beg, beg you to take it and take me with you. How can you not, Tusker? Oh, Tusker, Tusker, Tusker, how can you make me stay here by myself while you yourself go home? (255)

With this coda, Scott concludes his particular history of the Raj. Although *Staying On* is pervaded by a comic tone, it is a deeply sympathetic, often lyrical, description of the "relics" of Anglo-India, such as Lucy and Tusker Smalley. While suggesting that indeed Anglo-Indian "names and history . . . [have] passed into that same dark" (II.338) of historical oblivion, Scott is careful to point out that the legacies of imperialism still exist in the contemporary culture and politics of India. However, because this final novel is less complex, less fluid in narrative tone and point-of-view, Scott runs the risk that many critics--even some critics of Indian, Pakistani, or Bangladeshi origin--of the British imperial venture are to run. His attention to the human costs of imperialism on the rulers or former rulers like the Smalleys, combined with his caricatures of Indians such as the Bhoolaboys, contribute to a strong aura of nostalgia for the more certain days of empire. His critique of imperialism becomes a critique of the people subjected to and affected by it. As a coda to the quartet, however, *Staying On* functions admirably, for it

undermines the epic scope and minute attention to detail of the four-volume story of the Raj's decline and departure in the earlier quartet by suggesting that, ultimately, the legacy of the British presence in India will be a mere footnote about "small" people with grand illusions.

Notes

¹V.G. Kiernan, *The Lords of Humankind*, 57.

²Mildred Layton frequently touches her necklace of seed pearls, and the christening gown is edged with them. The seed pearls connect with the repeated image of Lady Manners's mother-of-pearl buttons, and thus reinforce the suggestion that these characters inhabit an Edwardian past.

Epilogue: Postcolonial Accusations

For the British, on the whole, there have been three Indias. Kipling's, Forster's, and currently the comic India as conveyed by the impersonations of Mr Peter Sellers.¹

At school, one teacher always spoke to me in a 'Peter Sellers' Indian accent. Another refused to call me by my name, calling me Pakistani Pete instead.²

In *The Raj Quartet*, Scott is clearly trying to provide an alternative view of the history of the imperial relationship between Britain and India, claiming that he wants to dispel and uncover the "conspiracies of silence" ("Marabar" 119) that have shrouded British imperial history and blinded the British to knowledge of India. He claims that his "returning to the scene in fiction isn't due to nostalgia, or guilt" ("Author" 49) and that to accuse him of being an "Imperialist manqué" ("Marabar" 115) in his almost exclusive focus on the Raj is to misunderstand that he is trying to work against received views of British India, which are ultimately as damaging as received views of India.

Employing images of theatre that are prominent in the quartet, Scott feels that India

was the scene of a remarkable and far-reaching event. . . .
the scene of the victory of Liberal Humanism over dying
paternal imperialism. . . . [India has a] tragic atmosphere

... [and is] the mausoleum containing the remains of the last two great senses of public duty we had as a people. I mean of course the sense of duty that was part and parcel of having an empire, and the sense of duty so many of us felt, that to get rid of it was the liberal human thing to do. (48)

Scott makes much in his writing of the dilemma inherent in liberal humanism, pointing out that its ideal in India paradoxically involved the lives of "400 million people. They say 2 million of them died by each other's hands." Thus, "the death and interment of liberal humanism is still a living issue" according to Scott, who proceeds to define it as "the human consciousness of human dignity that began with the Renaissance and came to an end in the form we knew it in the Second World War and its aftermath." Since that time, he says, we are "no longer certain what a human being is" (49).

Scott's reputation as a novelist is overshadowed by Forster, held to be the great commentator on the "perils of humanism," to use the phrase immortalized by Frederick Crews. Forster is not, however, examining the perils and pitfalls of humanism, but resorting instead to a simplistic and comforting view of human relations that many critics have misguidedly latched on to and proffered as an answer to the ills of imperialism. Ironically, then, Forster's triumphant and somewhat trite conclusion to *Howard's End*, "only connect," a sentiment that permeates *A Passage to India* as well, is precisely the message that ensures for the moment that Forster will be considered a better novelist than Scott, whose discomfiting vision

and accomplishment in *The Raj Quartet* alone far outshine Forster's.

Scott's analysis of humanism is more penetrating and critical than Forster's but underlying it, in his constant assertion of the necessity of human contact and human dignity, there is a certain nostalgia for the Forsterian answer. In his nonfictional writings there is very little sense that Scott questions how "human" liberal humanism was; although he pronounces it dead and buried, there is a strong feeling of regret for the certainty of knowing "what a human being is." His critique of the Raj, however, manages to make it clear that the humanism of some of its members, whether liberal or paternal, is essentially inhumane because it is exclusive, based on the imagined superiorities of race, class, and economic privilege: the very certainty of liberal humanism proves to be its downfall.

In part, Scott conveys all this through the shape and structure of the novel, what he calls its "architecture." Reflecting his interest in different conceptions of history, Scott finds that he is not "content with the disciplines of linear construction" and is concerned with "the restrictions of language with its tradition of logic and forward movement, and its gross omissions" ("Architecture" 83-84). Remaining mindful that it is not in the end possible to entirely evade the necessarily sequential aspect of reading or writing a novel (85), Scott is nevertheless anxious to ensure that his readers do not passively accept "the illusion of . . . hard information" that the printed word conveys (85).

The academic disciplines that arose from imperialist ventures and humanist certainties rely on these illusions of linearity,

progression, evolution and certainty; Scott's attempt to thwart historical certainties thus questions the certainties of other disciplines. In fact, one of the aspects of imperial history that we often ignore, and that Scott says he wishes to expose, is its connection with such burgeoning disciplines as anthropology, philology, history and literature. Faced with the proximity of the "Other," these disciplines could create order and meaning, could both interpret and exclude, and, eventually, would be an assertion of power.

The establishment and ordering of a literary tradition is part of the same process, centered around the concepts of author, historical progression, and (more recently) nation. In the study of literature in English, a certain kind of imperial hierarchy has developed. The appellation "Commonwealth literature," while at first glance an inclusive category, reflects this hierarchical way of evaluating literature. More often than not a term that excludes the literatures under consideration from the realm of literature deemed properly worthy of study, "Commonwealth literature" (or similar categories like "third world" or "colonial" literature) is ultimately an inhibiting term. According to P.S. Chauhari, the term Commonwealth Literature "is, primarily, a work of fiction; what was once a political idea, has now become flesh only in a common language" (89). Chauhari goes on to point out that the novelist so designated is faced with the dilemma of presenting "the stereotypes naturalized in English fiction, or freely express[ing] the contemporary complex sensibility and run[ning] afoul of social realism, on the one hand, and, on the other, of a

tradition of expectations" (93).

This is in part what prevents Scott from achieving a literary reputation in his own right; he is associated with a particular tradition of English literature, the Anglo-Indian novel. In this context, the fact that Scott wrote several novels about India and Indians is entirely ignored in favour of the critical misconception that Forster's single, inadequate novel was the last, definitive word on India. Obliquely connected in the minds of many critics to "Commonwealth literature," the literary subspecies of the Anglo-Indian novel is therefore relegated to second place.

The cultural imperialism underlying these assumptions is perhaps felt most acutely by non-British writers writing in the English language. In the case of the Indian novel in English, writers such as Salman Rushdie, Kamala Markandaya, Anita Desai, Ruth Jhabvala, and Hanif Kureishi--most of whom write from England--often articulate the tension of being caught between two worlds, feeling subjected to a particular literary tradition at the same time as attempting to accuse, undermine, or provide a critique of it. To a certain extent, these writers and others are passed over in the study of "English literature" precisely because they do not conform in all aspects to the expected traditions and conventions. Worse, writers in India who write in English but are not interested in the traditional themes and concerns of the Anglo-Indian tradition--Raja Rao, Mulk Raj Anand, R.K. Narayan, Manohar Malgonkar, and Khushwant Singh, to name only a few--are generally ignored by critics or students of the "Indian" novel. Furthermore, the designation

"Indo-Anglian writer" does not distinguish sufficiently between writers simply using English as a medium of expression and writers working within a British, or specifically Anglo-Indian, literary idiom as well.

But there is perhaps a greater omission here than meets the eye; that is, the inherent imperialism of assuming that "English" and "literature" are synonymous. In the same way as British visitors to India talk of discovering the "real India," Indian literature is assumed to be confined to the small group of Indian writers who write in English, to the English writers who spent most or all of their lives in India, or, worse still, to those occasional visitors to India, like Forster, who then present their version of "India." In the first group, there are many who have significant contributions to make to the canon of literature in English; in the second and third, very few, among whom I would place Paul Scott as a masterful novelist. But by confining our literary expectations of India to Anglo-Indian novelists, or even extending it to those Indian or Pakistani novelists who write in the British literary idiom, we are wilfully ignoring the wealth and breadth of Indian literatures in several languages.

Such assumptions are not confined to literature. Christopher Hitchens takes to task David Lean's arrogance about his film version of *A Passage to India*, pointing out his woeful ignorance about the massive film industry in India:

The prospects for the film version of Forster's masterpiece look dire, if the reported remarks of its

director, David Lean, are anything to go by. 'As far as I'm aware,' he says, 'nobody has yet succeeded in putting India on the screen.' (*The Times* of London). Too bad for Mrinal Sen and Satyajit Ray. (195)

And yet the popularity of films about "India" continues unabated. While, like Scott's *Raj Quartet*, films and television series like *Gandhi*, *The Last Viceroy*, *The Jewel in the Crown*, *The Far Pavilions*, and *A Passage to India* may have their individual artistic merits, they continue to fuel the fire of stereotypes about romantic, exotic, primitive India. In a more compelling way than novels, film fixes images, lending them a sense of authenticity and truth that even the printed word cannot provide. Unjust as he is to writers like Scott, Salman Rushdie makes valid criticisms of the phenomenon of the "Raj Revival" in its wider cultural manifestations.³ Commenting on the celebration of imperial history in British films, Hanif Kureishi suggests that the imperial past is "converted into quaintness, into tourist mugs, and postcards, into saleable myths. If imperialism is the highest form of capitalism, then tourism is its ghostly afterlife in this form of commercial nostalgia which is sold as 'art' or 'culture'" ("Stephen" 82). Whatever the intentions of particular artists, the current popularity of the Raj arises from imperial nostalgia, a regressive, destructive and infinitely insidious sentiment, and one requiring clever vigilance if it is to be combatted.

Even films that attempt to tackle such issues as racism, like Hanif Kureishi's *My Beautiful Laundrette* and *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid* cannot escape being implicated in this tendency to glorify

the certainty of an imperial past. Kureishi maintains that his films are an attempt to analyse his Britishness, to work through the unpalatable recognition that England is his home:

This is difficult to say. 'My country' isn't a notion that comes easily. It is still difficult to answer the question, where do you come from? I have never wanted to identify with England. . . . And perhaps that is why I took to writing in the first place, to make strong feelings into weak feelings. But despite all this, some kind of identification with England remains. ("Sign" 35)

Translated into the medium of film, however, the focus of Kureishi's commentary becomes less clear. He writes of *My Beautiful Laundrette* that "the film was to be an amusement, despite its references to racism, unemployment and Thatcherism. Irony is the modern mode, a way of commenting on bleakness and cruelty without falling into dourness and didacticism" ("Sign" 43). However, irony is a mode that sometimes gets lost in film, and is often used to portray and perpetuate stereotypical views. In their film versions, Kureishi's ironic subtleties often fail, overridden as they are by received cultural concepts, and by received concepts of film conventions. Thus the standard film commodities of sex and violence, which also inform Anglo-Indian images of India, become merely titillating, and run the risk not only of making the film's concerns trivial, but of reinforcing the strong cultural associations that allow particularly virulent forms of racism to flourish. Discussing the connection between class and racism in the film

version of *My Beautiful Laundrette*, Kureishi makes a point that does not translate well into the film version of Genghis's assault of Salim, which we are encouraged as viewers to think is deserved, even if racially motivated. However, Kureishi elaborates:

So some of the middle class of Pakistan . . . couldn't understand when I explained that British racists weren't discriminating in their racial discrimination: they loathed all Pakistanis and kicked whoever was nearest. To the English all Pakistanis were the same; racists didn't ask whether you had a chauffeur, TV and private education before they set fire to your house. ("Sign" 29)

Kureishi's desire to amuse in his films obliterates, or at least confuses, the political issues. *Sammy and Rosie* can easily be criticized for relying too heavily on caricatures and stereotypes of class, gender, and race, thus encouraging the audience to distance themselves and to accept in this type of comic portrayal "the denigration of those unlike oneself" ("Sign" 31). Kureishi is not unaware of this pitfall:

But what are we doing using this material in the film? Today, when confronted once more by racism, violence, alienation and waste . . . our little film has to be justified over and over again. After all, real life has become part of a film, reduced perhaps, maybe trivialized. . . . I can't work out today if the question about the relation between real people, the real events, and the portrayal is an aesthetic or moral one. . . . Will the issue be settled if experience is successfully distilled into art? Or is the quality of the work

irrelevant to the social issue, which is that of middle-class people . . . who own and control and have access to the media and to money, using minority and working-class material to entertain other middle-class people? Frequently during the making of the film I feel that this is the case, that what we're doing is a kind of social voyeurism. ("Stephen" 102).

By capitulating to the exigencies of foreign media, traditions, and audiences, artists like Kureishi truly enact the cultural schizophrenia they often feel. Although they wish to point an accusing finger at the evils of all types of imperialism, they often fall into the trap of making their arguments, however forcefully, at the expense of the communities and values they are trying to uphold and protect. Belonging, they feel, to neither one community nor another, they contribute to the stereotypes which continue to denigrate and exclude the "Other." It is evident on reading Kureishi's comments on his art, however, and clearer in his short stories than in their translation on film, that his polemical impulse is very close to Scott's. Kureishi here is talking about racism, an imperial product of which Kureishi himself is an inheritor and victim:

The evil of racism is that it is a violation not only of another's dignity, but also of one's own person or soul; the failure of connection with others is a failure to understand or feel what it is one's own humanity consists in, what it is to be alive, and what it is to see both oneself and others as being ends not means, and as having souls. However much anodyne talk there is of "one's kind", a society that is racist is a society that

cannot accept itself, that hates parts of itself so deeply that it cannot see, does not want to see--because of its spiritual and political nullity and inanition--how much people have in common with each other. ("Sign" 31)

This is much the same message, on the surface, as Forster's and Scott's in its affirmation of human dignity. But however limited he may be by his choice of medium, Kureishi's identification of the "wounded civilization" is different. Both Forster and Scott try to describe the "culture shock" afforded by India and Anglo-India, but both also imply that the seat of culture and of civilisation is Western, European, even English. Scott finds culture shock to be a natural explanation for how the Anglo-Indian community developed or why "today groups of immigrants, particularly of the artisan or unwesternized class, tend to herd together" ("Sahib" 95). He then reveals unpalatable biases in his suggestion that such culture shock is "felt more strongly by people transplanted from a highly sophisticated society to one less sophisticated. A Punjabi peasant may be shocked, terrified, by the London underground, but he feels a certain awe" ("Sahib" 96). Kureishi reverses this distinction, and instead of providing the litany of what makes India unreal and shocking to the civilized mind, as even Scott does, Kureishi describes the "culture shock in reverse. Images of plenty yelled at me. England seemed to be overflowing with . . . things. Things from all over the world. Things and information. Information though, which couldn't bite through the profound insularity and indifference" (33).

Indeed, what Kureishi is describing is less the English

ignorance of their imperial past, than their very real ignorance of their imperial present. Scott answers critics who take issue with his choice of the "time-expired subject of the British Raj" by answering that "the last days of the British Raj are the metaphor I have presently chosen to illustrate my view of life" ("Marabar" 115). Like his historian counterpart, Perron, Scott is indulging his penchant for rendering lived experience metaphorical. Kureishi brings us resolutely back to the present and suggests that metaphors and clichés are intrinsically dangerous. Arguing against Orwell's description of the British as "tolerant, gentle" people, Kureishi writes that "tolerant, gentle British whites have no idea how little of this tolerance is experienced by blacks here. . . . clichés about 'tolerance' must be seriously examined for depth and weight of substantial content" ("Sign" 37). For Kureishi, the current effects of the British insularity that sustained their empire are the most significant. Where Scott's historical view allows him detachment, and thus the luxury of avoiding comment on the present manifestations of British imperialism, Kureishi and other postcolonial "accusers" (During 46) say that, instead of taking refuge in a fugue of imperial nostalgia, the British "have to learn that being British isn't what it was. . . . The failure to grasp this opportunity for a revitalized and broader self-definition in the face of a real failure to be human will be more insularity, schism, bitterness and catastrophe" ("Sign" 38).

Kureishi's exhortations are not limited to Britain, nor to "tolerant, gentle British whites." The concerns that Scott explores in *The Raj Quartet*, and that Kureishi and others explore in their art,

resonate in all countries with colonial histories. Nor should these issues be relegated to the realms of politics and art. One of our responsibilities as academics is to be aware of how the various cultural institutions we participate in and support can both reinforce and resist the various forms of imperialism that continue to threaten our humanity.

Notes

¹Paul Scott, "Meet the Author: Manchester," 48.

²Hanif Kureishi, "The Rainbow Sign," 9.

³Salman Rushdie maintains that the recent surge of Indophilia in literature and film is a manifestation of Raj nostalgia, suggesting that the revival and revision of this chapter of British imperial history is an imperialist phenomenon designed to silence the dissenting voices of postcolonial writers like himself. See his articles "The Raj Revival" and "The Empire Writes Back with a Vengeance."

Appendix A

Names and Dates in *The Raj Quartet*

When Paul Scott names places and people, he rarely does so innocently. By using the same name for one or more characters, he emphasizes the ideas of historical repetition and cycle. Several names also have actual historical reference, although the connection between historical and fictional characters is rarely explicit. He also devotes some attention in the novel to the meanings of names. Sometimes the relevance of these meanings is clear, at other times merely suggestive. I have provided below a selection of these echoed names and meanings, and have made the attempt, in some cases, to elaborate on their significance. Often, however, this is not evident and I include them only to try and convey some sense of the historical weight with which Scott infuses the quartet through this intricate weaving of echoed and repeated names, whether they be of places or of Anglo-Indian and Indian characters.

Place

As well as being the "place of the black" in the quartet's Bibighar Gardens, Bibighar or the "House of the Ladies" is the house

where English women and children were executed during one of the 1857 uprisings, at Kanpur. Like the Bibighar in the novel, the historical Bibighar was "originally built by a British officer for his mistress" (Hibbert 195). This connection is made clear in the novel, when Ludmila says that "the Europeans seldom went, except to look and sneer and be reminded of that other Bibighar in Cawnpore" (l.146). "Bibighar" means "the place of women," and is thus a reminder that the British victims of 1857 included women, as well as indicating that throughout the novel women are, more often than men, able and willing to transgress those boundaries which normally separate white and black, male and female.

Another "place of the black" is the **Chillianwallah Bagh**, which refers historically to the Jallianwallah Bagh massacre at Amritsar. Mabel's muttering of what Barbie hears as "Gillian Waller" makes the connection aurally more explicit. Never mentioned in the novel is that Chillianwallah was the site of one of the Sikh battles with the British in 1849. Chillianwallah is also an echo of **Chillingborough**, the fictional British public school that has educated all of the important British characters in the novel, including Nigel Rowan, Guy Perron, John Layton and of course Hari Kumar, whose fate takes him to live in the Chillianwallah Bagh.

It is generally held that the names of Scott's most important places are fictional. Thus **Mayapore**, meaning "city of illusion" and **Premanagar**, meaning "place of love," Ranpur, Pankot, Muzzafirabad and Mirat are included in a map that includes the real cities of Calcutta, Srinagar, Rawalpindi and Bombay. A glance at a map of

India, however, reveals that Rampur, Mayapur, Pathankot and Meerut exist (the last indeed is one of the places Colin Lindsey is stationed, and the place where the "Mutiny" started). The capital of the Pakistan section of Kashmir, Muzzafarabad, differs in spelling from its fictional counterpart only slightly. Although Scott's imaginative geography clearly incorporates fictional places, their names once more blur the lines between fiction, history and geography. In keeping with novels in the Anglo-Indian tradition, much of the action in *The Raj Quartet* takes place in northern border country; although there is no specific reference to the fact, many of the real places mentioned in the novel are now in Pakistan.

In addition, some of the places in Mayapore have meaningful names. Ludmila points out that "Mandir" means temple and that "Tirupati" is the name of a temple in South India; Mayapore thus represents the "meeting of south and north" (I.154), as well as including places of "black" and "white." In certain ways, according to Ludmila, "there has been so much assimilation it has been impossible to divide and detect . . . What a mixture! MacGregor, Bibighar, Mandir and Tirupati" (I.154-55).

British names

In Anglo-India there is a notable tendency to evoke the world of childhood through the use of diminutives and nicknames: Teddie, Millie, Fenny, Ronnie, Nicky, Barbie, Tusker and so on. As in the case of place names and names of Indian characters, names of British or Anglo-Indian characters are suggestive and often echoed. Thus the

name **Manners** connotes the Edwardian elegance of Lady Manners in particular and becomes ironic in Daphne's case. Similarly the surname **Grace** can convey a sense the Raj has of itself, and is also ironic when compared to those characters who do inhabit a state of grace; it also has echoes in a functional term like "grace and favour bungalow." The family names **Muir** and **Layton** are important in establishing the indistinguishability to Indians of the Scots and the English, and the Muir name refers back to that other Scot, MacGregor. **MacGregor** appears much later as the name of the patient, Mrs. Macgregor, who inhabited Barbie's hospital room before her. **Nigel Rowan** recalls **Nigel Orme**, with whom the young Edwina falls in love. As often happens in the quartet, Orme's name and his fate reappear in a completely different context; he turns out to have been one of Brigadier Reid's "best and truest friends" (I.290). To Lili Chatterjee, Edwina looks like a "**Mildred**" (I.85), once more identifying her, through Mildred Layton, with the typical Raj memsahib; Edwina's last name, **Crane**, echoes the bird references that often appear symbolically in the quartet. Like the names **Teddie** and **Edward**, **Edwina's** first name associates her with the time frame of "perpetual Edwardian sunlight," as well as suggesting a connection with the historical Edwina Mountbatten. Perron later tells Edward that his name means "rich guard," evoking the spirit of a golden and now past age of imperial guardianship. Perron also points out that **Ronald Merrick's** name "means the same as Rex or Reginald . . . someone with power who rules" (IV.503). This name reappears in the quartet in **Reginald** Peabody, and refers historically to Dyer, whose

first name was Reginald. Within the novel, a point is made of connecting Reid's name to Dyer's. Brigadier Reid has the first name Alexander, again evoking the name of kings and conquerors. The journals of Major Charles Reid, a Gurkha officer, inform many historical accounts of the 1857 uprising (Hibbert 284).

Guy Perron also points out the overtones of Arthurian legend (echoed also in Arthur Grace's name)--in his aristocratic name: **Guy Lancelot Percival Perron**; Merrick and John Layton also connect him with a French "Sergeant Perron" in Indian history, whose real name was Pierre-Cuillier (IV.52, 86, 173). **Susan's** name indicates fragility and association with death, meaning "white lily," according to Perron, while his own surname means either "wide" or the more substantial "wood" (IV.503). Teddie **Bingham's** name and rank are shared with a Captain Bingham, whose recollections of the 1857 uprisings, particularly of the Bibighar, are among the first-hand accounts of the "mutiny" that historians often use (Hibbert 209ff). The governor, George **Malcolm**, with whom Kasim discusses Indian nationalism, shares his surname with John Malcolm, a historian and governor of Bombay with a great respect for Indians and Indian culture.

Daphne's name contains the mythical origins of a scene of rape (an association made more immediate by her dream of being raped not by Apollo but by Siva). However, Daphne herself dislikes the suggestions her name evokes, asking her aunt not to call the baby Daphne: "That's the girl who ran from Apollo, and was changed into a laurel bush! With me it's been the other way round, hasn't it? Rooted

clumsily in the earth, thinking I'm running free, chasing the sun-god" (I.390). Even Anglo-India has a difficult time assimilating the mythical view of Daphne into their picture of events; instead they substitute it with the equally inaccurate one of Daphne as an image of victimized Victorian womanhood:

Apparently her other name was Daphne which . . . produced the image of a girl running from the embrace of the sun god Apollo, her limbs and streaming hair already delineating the arboreal form in which her chastity would be preserved, enshrined forever; forever green. From her, then, the god could pluck no more than leaves. But this image could not be sustained. (III.67-68)

Of minor Anglo-Indian characters, the Smalleys' name indicates their status within the community. In *Staying On*, Lucy is particularly conscious of the significance of her family and married names, yet she also undermines any purely whimsical reading or interpretation. While her maiden name of **Little** and married name of **Smalley** do indicate "a logical sort of progression" (85), and certainly represent her marginal status as a woman and member of the Raj, Lucy shows that there is a certain pathos as well, and that her name, like all Anglo-Indians', is her only history:

My mother's name was Large . . . Emily Large. My father's names were Mathew [sic] Mark Luke Little. People's names, like their lives, should not be targets for mockery, but I forgive you for smiling because you have connected Little and Large to Little and Smalley. I grant you it is funny. But it is not funny here under the arch of

the lychgate with a view to the pathway through the green pastures of our dead who passed under this gate (114).

Another character referred to in *Staying On* is David **Turner**, a student of Guy Perron's. Like the Stranger-narrator and like Perron himself, Turner is a student of Anglo-Indian history. Lucy remarks that Turner wants to "do everything in the *old way*" (219) in his visit to India, choosing to travel by train and stay in the old Smith's Hotel. His name thus recalls a historical character connected in the quartet with the history of the fort at Premanagar, "an English freebooting gentleman of doubtful origin called Turner who raised a company of mercenaries. . . . He died in a skirmish which most historians of the Mutiny of 1857 overlook. . . . He is a body buried as it were in the foundations of that other ruined stronghold, the British Empire" (II.12).

The indistinguishability of some marginal or minor characters is signalled by the reappearance of the name **Leonard** combined with the surnames **Perkin**, **Purvis**, and **Pearson** (there are three Pearsons in the quartet). Other names of course simply signify their characters' quintessential Englishness, as well as their class. **Peabody** conjures up a caricature of the Anglo-Indian sahib, while hyphenated names such as **Nesbitt-Smith** and **Selby-Smith** convey the class divisions that haunt several characters, as well as the ubiquity of the name Smith. Outside Anglo-India as well, there are references to the frequency of certain names. The name of Sister Ludmila's assistant, Mr. **de Souza**, is the same as that of the woman

who takes care of Barbie, Eustacia de Souza; according to Ludmila "in Goa every other family is called de Souza" (I.133). In another instance, Scott borrows a character from another book that he himself has written: **William Conway** first appears in *The Birds of Paradise*

Indian names

More than with British characters, Scott creates historical and fictional echoes with his Indian names. A staple of Anglo-Indian fiction, the name **Aziz** appears in the quartet three times: as Mabel's old and loyal servant, as one of the INA defectors that Teddie calls out to to surrender himself, and as the young man Merrick takes in, with whom Bronowsky surmises Merrick had his first actual homosexual encounter.

The other name that Teddie calls out, **Fariqua** Khan, is also the name of one of the young boys, Fariqua, attending John and Sarah Layton and of Nicky Paynton's old servant (III.346). The name reappears when Kasim recalls Fariqua Hamidullah Khan, a Muslim congressman (IV.392) who remained loyal (as Kasim does) to the ideals of Congress. **Hamidullah** is the name of an Indian character, one of Aziz's friends, in *A Passage to India*. The other boy with young Fariqua is **Ashok**, the harijan whom Barbie has earlier referred to as "un papillon brun" (III.363). Sarah notes that the two boys show the amity of Hindu and Muslim (IV.360). This particular Ashok reappears in *Staying On* as a photographer, and also shares his name

with Gopal's son.

Several other servants' names form these echoes within the quartet and outside it. The Laytons' servant **Nazimuddin** is the name of the Prime Minister of Pakistan, Khwaja Nazimuddin, who stepped down from his post of Governor-General to succeed Liaquat Ali Khan in 1951. **Mumtez** is the name of Sarah's old ayah (II.75), and **Mumtaz** the name of Ahmed's hawk. The name Mumtaz also recalls the emperor Shah Jehan's wife Mumtaz Mahal, for whom the Taj Mahal was built as a tomb and memorial. **Mahmoud**, another Layton servant, is an echo of Forster's Mahmoud Ali, another of Aziz's nationalist friends. **Suleiman** is Mabel's old and faithful servant; the malevolent "Red Shadow" who attends Merrick and plagues Perron bears the same name. **Dost Mohammed**, the *mali* who enacts the original day of the scorpion for Sarah and Susan, is also the name of the Afghan ruler deposed by the British in 1840 and reinstalled in 1844. The Laytons' servant **Tippoo** recalls Tippoo Sahib (d. 1799), a ruler of Mysore during its wars with the British. **Akbar Hossain** is the name of the servant who dies in defence of Janet McGregor, and is part of the name of a tonga driver, Peter Paul Akbar Hossain. Hosain is also the name of the personal servant that Teddie Bingham and Ronald Merrick share, and of Kasim's servant. The name Akbar, of course, immediately evokes the great Moghul emperor Jalal-ud-din Akbar (1542-1605). **Jalal-ud-din** is the name of a shopowner in the Pankot bazaar. Akbar is one of the names given to M.A. Kasim's father, Sir Ahmed Akbar Ali Kasim.

Indeed, within the quartet, the significance of the Kasim

family's names is elaborated upon at length (II.39-40). The name **Kasim** is shared in British Indian history by the "puppet" Nawab of Bengal, Mir Kasim, whose conflict with Robert Clive led to direct British governorship of Bengal. Kasim's other names are also connected historically to the Mughal emperor Akbar's imperial ideals, **Mohammed Ali** Kasim being "a man in whom perhaps could be detected yet another inheritance, Akbar's old dream of a united sub-continent." However, we are also informed that Kasim's name is shared by Mohammed Ali Jinnah "who now had visions of a separate Muslim state." The "free and easy English" convert Kasim's initials M.A.K. into Mac, once more allowing for a faint echo of the name MacGregor. Kasim's sons Sayed and Ahmed refer historically to Sir Sayed Ahmed, the nineteenth-century Muslim nationalist leader who wrote a history of the 1857 uprising and who founded Aligarh University.

Another significant name is **Chaudhuri**. In a minor instance, it is the name of the Indian taking over command of the Pankot Rifles in 1947. D.C. Chaudhuri is the Indian teacher with Edwina Crane when her car is attacked, and one of the "unknown Indians" Barbie and Perron refer to, as does the title of the first section of the *Towers of Silence*. Scott's repetition of the phrase "unknown Indian" also refers to a well-known book and its author, *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian*, Nirad C. Chaudhuri. N.A. Chaudhuri is also the name of the second Governor-General of Pakistan. **Gulab Singh**, another shopowner appearing in the quartet and in *Staying On*, recalls two historical Gulab Singhs: the first being one of the 1857

uprising leaders who refused to give himself up to British authorities (Hibbert 432); the second being the first of the Dogra princes of predominantly Muslim Kashmir, who proved loyal to the British during the 1857 uprising (Akbar 220-21).

Scott also plays with English perceptions of Indian names. During Merrick's lecture on the INA, Teddie remarks that "there were so many Indians called Bose" (III.133), a name that he finds "as common as Smith" (III.135). Later, Kasim reminds the governor that the name of his Muslim League "sparring partner" (IV.441), Abdul Nawaz Shah, is "not to be confused with Shah Nawaz Khan" (IV.442), the latter being prominent in the Indian National Army, and one of the three men the British chose to stand trial for sedition. Although Scott keeps historical characters from appearing in his story, he nevertheless provides echoes of their names. In the case of the INA, Subhas Chandra Bose shares a name with **Subhas Chand**, the man who photographs Daphne in the first volume; the INA leader Mohan Singh is similarly echoed by **Moran Singh** in the novel.

The names given to the few children in the quartet are equally carefully chosen. The names of Narayan's children, John Krishna and Kamala Magdalene, demonstrate the uneasy union of Christianity and Hinduism. Duleep Kumar's wife is named Kamala, as was Nehru's wife Kamala Kaul (indeed, much of the frustration Duleep Kumar expresses about his wife's refusal to "westernize" is paralleled in Tariq Ali's description of Nehru's attitude to his wife). The name **Krishna** provides a simple and obvious reference to Hindu deities. Susan Layton's and Teddie Bingham's son is given all of his father's names

and, under the influence of Ronald Merrick, does indeed seem to be a miniature embodiment of all the outworn ideals of imperial certainty. Lady Manners chooses for Daphne's daughter the name **Parvati**, not only providing her with an Indian identity but also calling up all the associations of the "heathen . . . name of Siva's consort" (II.363). Given that the English perceptions of Siva are ambivalent to say the least, and that as Kali, Parvati evokes in the English a sense of female threat and destructiveness, this choice of name seems to be a direct flaunting of the worst of English fears and prejudices.

Finally, Duleep Kumar's choice of **Hari**'s name is deliberate in that he wants it to be easy to anglicize. He chooses Hari "because Hari was so easily pronounced and was really only distinguishable in the spelling from the diminutive of Saxon Harold, who had been King of the English before the Normans came" (I.211). Daphne re-establishes the distinction between the names Hari and Harry by asking her aunt to name the child Hari only "if his skin is dark enough to *honour* that kind of spelling" (I.390). Hari chooses for himself a mythical pseudonym which illustrates his predicament, his enforced marginal existence as a brown-skinned Englishman. Rowan recalls that **Philoctetes** was "the great archer . . . wounded by one of his own poisoned arrows" and abandoned on an island until "they decided they needed him after all" (IV.550).

Scott's use of names and naming fulfills several functions. Following the maharanee's suggestion that "it is best to make them up" (IV.38), Scott nevertheless repeats names in the quartet to

provide a sense of historical cyclicity and repetition that pervades the novel. Although he is consistent in not bringing real historical characters into his fiction "in person," he still refers to British-Indian history by giving many of his minor characters significant historical names. Scott also crosses the boundaries between fiction, history, myth, and other fictional works, making provocative connections without actually establishing or pinning down their significance himself. Unfortunately, what is being read here as a deliberate attempt on Scott's part to reinforce a particular view of history and to satirize Anglo-Indian life and their views of India, can equally be construed as carelessness or ignorance on Scott's part. According to David Rubin, Scott does in fact demonstrate some of the carelessness of his predecessors in his acts of naming:

Where each of their major British characters . . . will be well defined in terms of region, school, accent, and income, the Indians remain amorphous, with invisible backgrounds. . . . Forster will have a Bhattacharya married to a Das, a very unlikely match in 1924, and even today one that would be considered scandalous in Brahmin circles. Even so careful an observer as Scott will invent a name like Gupta Sen, when it is invariably Sen Gupta, and he seems unaware that this name denotes a member of a particular Bengali *kayastha* community; his Gupta Sens, apparently unacquainted with Bengali, are exclusively Hindi-speaking; anyone who knows Bengalis of any community settled in Uttar Pradesh will recognize how unlikely this is. Scott will describe Lili Chatterjee, a Rajput, as marrying beneath her when she marries Nello

Chatterjee--"into the Vaisya caste," as Lili says. But Chatterjee is a high-ranked division of the Bengali Brahmins, and--unless they were Brahmos [i.e. Brahmo-Samajists, a Hindu reform group]--the Chatterjees would never have forgiven Nello for marrying not only a woman of lower caste but one they would also consider a virtual foreigner.

Now, these may seem like trivial considerations, but they are, on the contrary, of considerable importance. One would never . . . trust a novelist who thought that Jones was an Italian name. . . . Such verisimilitude is apparently not required in writing about Indian society. (9-10)

Such criticism puts into question the subtler reasons behind the repeated and echoed names in the quartet. Nonetheless, a more substantial and thorough study than the above into the fictional and historical references behind Scott's naming in *The Raj Quartet* would support the view that by and large he is very selective about his character and place names, using them to add to the sense of historical complexity. At the same time, Scott leaves interpretations of these names open, once more suggesting the viability of alternate and fluid readings.

Dates

As I have suggested in my section on history in the quartet, certain dates and times are significant in the mythology of Anglo-India; Scott thus structures the novel around specific time periods. The events in the novel occur between 1942 and 1947, although there are many references to Anglo-Indian and Indian history

which enormously increase the span of time actually covered.

Brigadier Reid explicitly connects the watershed years in Anglo-Indian history, 1857 and 1919, to the events of 1942 that the novel centres on. Yet Scott is not simply content to affirm the Anglo-Indian view of their historical destiny. By concentrating on the coincidence of certain dates in his version of history, Scott establishes a cyclical view of history, especially connecting his fictional events with actual historical ones. As with the names he uses in the quartet, the significance and repetition of these dates is sometimes commented upon explicitly in the quartet or in *Staying On*, sometimes not.

A quick survey of the dates Scott concentrates on reveals that he uses international crises, specifically the two world wars, as focal time periods. The Layton and Kumar family histories span the years of Edwardian certainty to approximately 1924. A period of political ferment and change in India, the decade of the 1930s is scarcely referred to, even in passing, but with Hari's arrival in India in 1938, the history takes up again. As I have also suggested earlier, Scott's historical and fictional focus is exclusively on the change in relations between Indians and the British, with more of the novel being devoted to the fortunes of the Raj. Thus, historical events of great importance to Indians, such as the Bengal famine of 1943, are neglected entirely.

Certain times of day have repeated significance. Edwina Crane awakes at **4 a.m.** on August 9th, 1942 which is the time and date of Gandhi's arrest. Ahmed, his mother and father are reunited at 4 a.m.

in preparation for M.A. Kasim's release to Mirat. Susan's baby is born at **5 a.m.**, the time of Kasim's arrest on August 9, 1942, while Mabel Layton dies at 5 p.m., the same time that Sarah goes to visit the injured Merrick. Another significant time of day is **10:45**, both morning and evening. Susan's and Teddie's wedding is originally slated to take place at 10:45 a.m. Teddie Bingham dies at 10:45 a.m., as does Ahmed Kasim. Merrick arrests Hari at 10:45 p.m., while Perron's time of departure in the last volume is also 10:45 p.m.

The beginnings of many of Scott's stories in the quartet occur with the outbreak of war in 1939. In this year, Scott refers to the Congress resignation, Susan's and Sarah's arrival in India, Barbie's retirement, and the "incident" at the club precipitated by Robin White. Within the fictional boundaries of the novel, there are several events that occur on the same date. Susan's and Teddie's engagement, Daphne's death and Parvati's birth are all announced on **May 7** 1943, the date of Germany's surrender to the Allies in 1945.

Mabel Layton, as Lucy reveals in *Staying On*, dies on D-Day, **June 6, 1944**. Barbie, too, dies on a significant date in war history, the date of the Hiroshima bombing on **August 6, 1945**. Indeed, many of the events in the quartet occur in August, with **August 9th** being the most frequently-mentioned date. Scott seems to be reinforcing V.P. Menon's observation that "'August seems strangely linked with British fortunes in India'" (quoted in Akbar 150). Merrick's funeral is on **August 4**, 1947. Ahmed, like Barbie, dies on August 6th, which is also the date of John Layton's arrival in India after his wartime imprisonment. The Congress ministers resign **August 8th**; their

leaders are arrested early **August 9**. The assaults on Edwina Crane and Daphne Manners occur on August 9th, Purvis is sent to India on August 9th, the same date as the bombing of Nagasaki in 1945. August 9, 1947 is the day Perron finally leaves India; the quartet thus closes on the same day it opened five years earlier. **August 14th, 1945** is the date of the Japanese surrender as well as of Sarah's second ride with her father, in which she tries to convince him not to let Merrick marry Susan, and to tell him of her abortion. August 14th is also the day that Sarah picks up Barbie's belongings. In a linking of two historical events, **August 15th**, VJ day in 1945, is also the date announced for Indian independence in 1947. (This was not at all coincidental: Moorhouse writes that by Mountbatten's "own account he didn't make up his mind about the date until the last minute before he spoke; he might just as easily have suggested mid-September, but on a sudden thought came down in favour of the second anniversary of the Japanese surrender to the forces under his command" (189).) Perron leaves India for the first time on **August 19**, 1945, the same date in 1942 that Sayed Ahmed decides to join the Indian National Army. Finally, in one of the few events after 1947 mentioned, Lady Manners dies in **June 1948**, the original date announced for the demission of power.

The frequency with which times of day and certain dates are specified and repeated is remarkable in the quartet. In part, Scott is also attempting to emphasize the Anglo-Indian propensity for placing itself exactly, both in time and space. Their confined world view is typified by their obsession with the clock and the calendar. Although

Scott's repetition of names is more thorough and complex, he pays close attention to the significance of dates to the Anglo-Indian, and in his readers' understanding of history.

Appendix B

Versions of Imperial History: "Divide and Rule" and Indian Nationalism

It is well known that the term "Pakistan", an acronym, was originally thought up in England by a group of Muslim intellectuals. P for the Punjabis, A for the Afghans, K for the Kashmiris, S for Sind and the "tan", they say, for Baluchistan. . . . Bangladesh never got its name in the title, and so, eventually, it took the hint and seceded from the secessionists.¹

Among writers in the Anglo-Indian tradition, Scott is unique in his attention to the political scene in India. This is not to say that his comments on it are thorough or necessarily even accurate; as the appendix on dates shows, there are significant blank spaces in Scott's account of historical and political developments that led to Independence. But through the characters that Scott uses as mouthpieces for his views, and in the person of the Muslim congressman M.A. Kasim, Scott does demonstrate some awareness of how Indians perceived the political situation. Not surprisingly, he isolates certain aspects of British rule and Indian politics that he feels to be significant, and thus presents a particular view of the effects of imperialism which squarely blames the British for many of India's current ills.

In Brigadier Reid's military memoirs, Scott presents the view

of a certain type of imperialist who feels that "Indians themselves had revealed nothing so clearly as the fact that they had not achieved the political maturity" (I.288) for self-government. Echoed more forcibly by a "choleric" Governor, who feels that the "bloody browns" need to be frightened into "toeing the line and getting on with the war" (III.48), these sentiments about political immaturity are provoked by Indian attitudes to participation in the war. Reid's evidence for Indian political immaturity is what he terms the "scramble for power . . . and the squabbles that broke out between Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Princes, and others" (I.288). He apparently sees no irony in saying that Independence had to be "postponed . . . in the interests of the free world as a whole" (I.286).

Several characters, however, take issue with this view, blaming the British for the "scramble for power." According to this more liberal perspective, the "divide and rule" policies of the British in India were the sole cause of communal conflict among Indians. Robin White thus feels that the English "however unconsciously and unintentionally, created the division between Muslim India and Hindu India" (I.340-41) in the nineteenth century. Taking issue with Reid, who finds that at times of war the British and their subjects should "sink their differences" (I.339), White points out that the Indians were "doing all the sinking, calling a halt to their political demands" (I.339). He then uses the analogy of the family to describe how the British are now encouraging this factionalism. Like the "self-appointed owner" of a household, the British have stayed in India "long enough to create factions below stairs among the people

who hope to inherit or rather get the house back. He hasn't necessarily intended to create these factions, but their existence does seem to suit his book" (I.339).

Lady Manners places the blame indirectly on the failure of the benevolent ideal of imperial responsibility, maintaining that "*nothing* in India . . . will withstand the pressure of the legacy of the division we English have allowed her to impose on herself, and are morally responsible for. In allowing it we created a precedent for partition just at the moment when the opposite was needed" (I.475). In her view, the partition that was the result of communal demands signals the failure of "good" imperialism with its solid moral basis. In the current state of affairs in India, she sees "the end of our unifying and civilising years of power and influence" (I.475), not recognizing that the British themselves created a precedent in their partitioning of Bengal,² and that her idea of the "promise that always seemed to lie behind even the worst aspects of our colonialism" /s/ in reality "imperial mystique, foolish glorification of a savagely practical and greedy policy" (I.476). For Lady Manners, then, it is the failure of a particular imperial ideal that leads to her comment that the "creation of Pakistan is our crowning failure" (I.473).

In his unwritten letter to Colin, Hari similarly points to the fact that "whether intentionally or not--the English *have* succeeded in dividing and ruling" (I.275), and suggests that the British have had a long time to unify India. He blames the British propensity for stereotypically preferring certain religious groups for the increasing factionalism, which has resulted in the growing demands for separate

political states: "Who, for instance, five years ago, had ever heard of the concept of Pakistan--the separate Muslim state? I can't believe that Pakistan will ever become a reality, but if it does it will be because the English prevaricated long enough to allow a favoured religious minority to seize a political opportunity" (I.276).

Clearly Hari is wrong in believing that Pakistan will not come into existence, for he has ignored the actual political ramifications of a "divide and rule" policy, however unintentional it might have been.³ Mohammed Ali Kasim suggests to Governor George Malcolm that "divide and rule" has become a marked political reality as Independence draws closer, and has literally been written into the political scenario by Minto's "decision to provide separate electorates for Muslims" (IV.444).⁴ According to Kasim, while Lord Minto might still have been "unconsciously dividing and ruling. . . . it is to people like the Mintos that we owe Jinnah" (IV.444). Kasim proceeds to remind Malcolm "of the political background to these constitutional absurdities. It is as though . . . at home you had separate electorates for Protestants, Catholics, non-conformists, evangelists and Christian-scientists" (IV.444). Against the communalism that at the very least was abetted by an attitude of "divide and rule," Kasim has a vision of a unified country. Malcolm's version of British-Indian history and politics is based on the evolutionary conception of history discussed earlier. For him, Indian independence is a "foregone conclusion" (II.23), and Indians are deluding themselves when they "pretend the real quarrel is still with Britain and that the British are just playing the old game of dividing

and ruling and hanging on like grim death" (II.23), rather than acknowledging that the fight is among themselves. In the governor's view, the certainty that Pakistan will exist is Congress's fault in allowing the Muslim League to capitalize on political opportunity. Kasim reacts by suggesting that the governor does not understand the underlying principles behind the belief that India must remain unified. Countering Malcolm's suggestion that independence is a "'foregone conclusion'," Kasim reminds him that for India it is not a conclusion at all: "Independence is not something you can divide into phases. It exists or does not exist" (II.26). The goal of independence, then, is not the end in sight for Indians as it is for the British. Rather, Kasim and others are "'looking for a country,'" that is "'capable . . . of taking its place in the world as a nation, and we know that every internal division of our interests hinders the creation of such a nation'" (II.26).

Whatever the causes of these internal divisions, however, Kasim's position is seen to be idealistic. Even Kasim recognizes that the symbol of his loyalty to Congress ideals, the white Congress cap, is a "'crown of thorns'" (II.486, IV.398), because, for most participants in the volatile political scene, religious communalism has become the main issue. Ahmed recognizes of his father that "the game had gone wrong but his father had always played it honourably" (II.485), a sentiment to be recalled more harshly when Sayed accuses his father of relying on the British "'to act as gentlemen. . . . It is no good relying on principles and no good relying on the British who themselves have no principles that can't be trimmed to suit *them*'" (IV.431-32). While Ahmed admires his father's adherence to

principle, he thinks that "a country was a state of mind and a man could properly exist only in his own" (II.485).⁵ For this reason, Sayed and his father are irrevocably divided; for Sayed India "is not a country. It is two countries. Perhaps it is many countries, but primarily it is two" (IV.431). He believes that the Hindu majority in Congress makes a Hindu Raj inevitable and that "the only thing that matters in this world . . . is power" (IV.432), and not his father's vision of a unified nation.

Sayed's contention that there are "many countries" in India emphasizes another of the paradoxes of British imperial practice, one more instance of principles "trimmed to suit" an unofficial policy of divide and rule--paramountcy.⁶ As the editorial that Perron reads in the *Ranpur Gazette* points out, the British abdication of power in India dissolves all treaties that they have with each princely state. The quandary of the princely states at the time of independence demonstrates the fundamental illogicality of the doctrine of paramountcy which runs "counter to the doctrine of eventual self-government" (IV.524), in that it preserved "forms of autocratic government alien in nature to the form of government it itself advocates and which the British . . . seem convinced is everyone's birthright" (IV.524). According to the editorial, the actual consequences of this illogical situation are far-reaching, leading to the "farce" in which Muslim states attempt to join Pakistan, and Hindu ones India, regardless of actual geographical location or the religious composition of each state. Like other princes, the Nawab in the quartet labours under the illusion of autonomy provided by treaty,

refusing to acknowledge that the British "are pledged in two directions but can only go in one" (IV.166). As Bronowsky puts it, the fact of Independence ensures that there is "no separate future" (IV.165) for India, Pakistan, and the princely states.

Unfortunately, this future is to be decided by British administrators and politicians by and large ignorant of the extent and complexity of India's political composition. In the novel, Louis Mountbatten does not fulfill the usual heroic function of the last viceroy of India, ably, swiftly, and decisively handing over power.⁷ In a way, Scott treats Mountbatten as a marginal character, in some sense a figurehead embodying the ironies and paradoxes of British policy. The Viceroy's contradictory "dual rôle" in the issue of paramountcy is typical:

In his rôle as Governor-General it has been his duty to govern and guide and encourage the British-Indian provinces towards democratic parliamentary self-rule. As Crown Representative, it has been his duty to uphold, secure, oversee and defend the autocratic rule of several hundred princes (IV.523)

While being careful not to single out Mountbatten as the sole instigator of the horrible consequences of the demission of power, Scott presents his decision to hasten the date of independence as one of the most damaging consequences of British rule. Whether caused by a "divide and rule" policy or not, Mountbatten's announcement that partition was inevitable and that power was to be handed over within ten weeks effectively terminated any possibility of a unified

country.⁸ Scott also lampoons the ignorance not only of the British at home, but of those who have come to decide India's future. Nigel Rowan verifies the truth of Halki's cartoons about the British ignorance of the workings of the princely states: "Confidentially, it's said to be quite true, that three senior cabinet ministers between them had no idea that the self-ruling princely states . . . cover so much of India." (IV.460).⁹

Other characters, such as Guy Perron and Sarah Layton, find that they cannot ignore or forgive the human toll of such administrative decisions. Even a minor character like Hapgood can see that communal riots are inevitable if "you draw an imaginary line through a province and say that from August fifteen one side is Pakistan and the other side's India" (IV.472). Perron considers how much individual Britons like his Aunt Charlotte are to be held responsible for the number of deaths resulting from the riots, suggesting that by reducing India in her mind to the "Punjab," Aunt Charlotte had "succeeded too in mentally reducing the slaughter to the manageable proportions of an isolated act of insurrection which was the result of allowing things to get a bit out of hand" (IV.222). Aunt Charlotte's response that "the people who attacked and killed each other" (IV.222) were solely responsible indicates to Perron how easily and quickly India's contribution to British well-being is to be forgotten. In contrast to Perron's perception that the possession of India "had helped nourish the flesh, warm the blood of every man in the room" (IV.103), Jimmy Clark predicts that with the postwar elections, the British at home will

cut your empire adrift without the slightest compunction. It's a time-expired sore, a suppurating mess. . . . It's like a leg that you look at one morning and realize is too far gone in gangrene to be worth saving. Limping's better. It's going to be up to the Indians to grow a body from the limb. Of course most of them will make the mistake of thinking their independent body-politic is a whole, walking body. (II.439)¹⁰

Echoing Barbie's image of the unknown Indian, Perron feels the human effects of imperialism in "the combined sigh of countless unknown Indians and of past and present members of the glittering insufferable *raj*; all disposable to make the world safe for . . . men like Purvis. (And, I suppose--Perron thought--for men like me)" (IV.33). The description of the slaughter at the end of the novel, and of Ahmed's death specifically, brings home how immediate the human costs of imperial rule are, as well as criticizing Britain's attempts to abdicate that rule in haste. According to Sarah the "damned bloody senseless mess . . . the mess the *raj* had never been able to sort out" defines the history of the British presence in India: "I felt it was our responsibility, our fault that after a hundred years or more it still existed" (IV.592). Sarah also points out that, despite the fact that "Ahmed didn't take the mess seriously and I did" (IV.592), he was the one who died as a result of the "senseless mess." Again, Scott emphasizes that one of the sins committed by the British, both in Britain and in India, is that they glorify their historical role and destiny. Not only does this ignore how people subjected to that

destiny are affected by the realities of imperialism, but it forgets that where survival is an issue, the world of politics is irrelevant. Bronowsky reminds Perron that the "Mirati farmer . . . would prove to have but the vaguest idea of who Gandhi was, or who Jinnah was. For him the world began and ended in his fields, and with his landlord, and with the tax-collectors, and with Nawab Sahib who sat here in Mirat, Lord of the world, Giver of Grain" (IV.558).¹¹

The major defect of Scott's view of Indian nationalism and communalism is that, in his liberal anxiety to blame the British for India's political woes, he presents yet one more Anglocentric view of history. While the role of the British in perpetuating factionalism should not be denied, it is nevertheless essential to remember that Indian politics involved Indians too. Like many British novelists of India, Scott downplays or ignores the existence of Indian nationalism throughout the history of British-Indian relations and perpetuates the myth of its sudden development between the wars. Nor does he suggest, as historian M.J. Akbar does, that the intensity of the communal feeling just before Independence was anomalous, rather than being a permanent condition of the collective psyche of India (and Pakistan).¹²

Despite the omissions in Scott's particular version of the history of Indian nationalism, however, Scott's unprecedented and detailed attention to some of the complexities of the political scene in India just before Independence has managed to touch some raw nerves. According to Tariq Ali, the opening section of *The Day of the Scorpion*—the conversation between Kasim and the Governor

(11.20-26) about Kasim's desire for a unified, independent India--accurately "conveys a flavour of what took place at the time" (66). Ali goes on to reveal in a footnote that "this passage is, in some ways, the crux of what Scott is saying. It was not shown in the television series because the Indian government, which approves all scripts being filmed in india, refused to sanction this section" (67). While Scott can perhaps be charged with a somewhat limited liberal vision, his research into the politics of Independence in India leads to some acute insights into both British and Indian motivations.

Notes

¹Salman Rushdie, *Shame* 87.

²In order to make administration of the large province of Bengal more efficient, Lord Curzon proposed the partitioning of Bengal, which was to take effect in October 1905. In Geoffrey Moorhouse's words the "capable" but "politically dense" Curzon did not see that his "neat and geometrical" plan couldn't work because Bengal "teemed with conflicting human beings" (160), a charge that could equally be laid at the door of Mountbatten. Despite protests, the plan went through, finally to be revoked in 1911 by the then viceroy Lord Hardinge when the switch in capital from Calcutta to Delhi was announced (Moorhouse 160-65).

³The contention that imperial policies are "unintentional" is part and parcel of the view that the British administered their empire pragmatically, and were thus less accountable for their policies. This may lie behind Scott's concern with mapping the "areas of dangerous fallibility between a policy and its pursuit" (1.337); examining these areas belies the famous line that the British empire "was acquired in a fit of absence of mind." In a talk called "Enoch Sahib: A Slight Case of Cultural Shock," Scott says that "while I do not believe for a moment that the British empire was acquired in a fit of absence of mind, absence of mind about it fairly describes the attitude of those who took *no* part in acquiring it or administering the countries that belonged to it. The same absence of mind can be seen today in regard to the whole strange, semi-mystical, and very loose continuing association into which those countries have come together [the Commonwealth]" (92).

⁴The Morley-Minto reforms of 1909 admitted Indians to executive offices, and conceded "the principle of Indians holding elected offices" (de Schweinitz 216). However, they also consented to the newly-formed Muslim League's demands for "statutory recognition to separate electorates and weightage to Muslims in the legislatures" (Akbar 25).

⁵This suggestion that a country is a "state of mind" parallels Benedict Anderson's

thesis that the modern concept of nation is an "imagined political community" (15). The danger of the imagined community, as exemplified by Anglo-India for instance, is that it is "inherently limited and sovereign" (15), both excluding and asserting its sense of uniqueness over people who do not belong to the community. The definition of nation-ness through geographical boundaries, often reinforced by linguistic and religious similarity is, in the view of some students of modern political history, correlated with the idea of a linear, developmental history. Most of us do not question the validity of the concept of nationalism because "nation-ness is the most universally legitimate value in the political life of our time" (Anderson 12). In the words of Tom Nairn, nationalism becomes "'the pathology of modern developmental history, as inescapable as 'neurosis' in the individual, with much the same ambiguity attaching to it . . . and largely incurable'" (from *The Break-up of Britain*, 359; quoted in Anderson 14-15). Although the imagined community provides a group with a sense of identity, it also leads to the "pathology" of clashes between communities, and a conflict with the idea of the individual.

⁶After the Crown took over the government of India, the princely states remained nominally independent within the empire, although Britain remained the paramount power. Promises that their territories would not be annexed, and their methods of government not interfered with, were honoured by treaties, which of course lapsed at the demission of power. British Residents were supposed to work in conjunction with native rulers in the administration of the native state. The editorial that Perron reads provides the following explanation. Separate treaties with each state were subsumed under

"a larger unwritten treaty--or doctrine: the doctrine of the paramountcy of the British Crown over all the rulers. . . .

"But none of the doctrinal powers of 'paramountcy' could abrogate the treaty made with a state. From time to time the Crown has taken over a state's administration, but only in trust. . . .

"[The princes'] chief fear was the 'paramountcy' would be transferred by the Crown to the Crown's successors in British India (in this case, the Congress Party, which for years has made it clear that the survival of autocratic states . . . could not be tolerated). But they were reassured. Paramountcy was a doctrine. You could not transfer a doctrine.

"But if you can't transfer it what can you do with it? The answer is, nothing. it simply lapses." (IV.523-4)

⁷Recent film and television versions of the transfer of power, in particular the series *The Last Viceroy*, contribute to the perception of Mountbatten as a man who made

the best of a bad situation. According to Tariq Ali, some of Mountbatten's decisions were to say the least impulsive. His announcement of the accelerated date of independence, for instance, was according to Mountbatten himself, a last-minute decision: "by his own account, he didn't make up his mind about that date until the last minute before he spoke . . . on a sudden thought [he] came down in favour of the second anniversary of the Japanese surrender to the forces under his command" (Moorhouse 189). For many people, this decision "has still not been rationally explained. Lord Mountbatten's excuse has been that if he had not handed over power as quickly as he did, the price would have been much higher. But that is only an assumption. In any case it is difficult to see how it could have been worse: not only was the country divided but partition cost hundreds of thousands of lives in a matter of weeks, and launched a series of wars which has not yet ended" (Akbar 36).

⁸The kinder view of Mountbatten's dilemma is that factionalism had reached such a peak that it would be impossible for the British to hand over power to a unified country. Refusing to blame the British for Indian factionalism, M.J. Akbar quotes Mountbatten's private opinion that "'the responsibility for this mad decision [must lie] squarely on Indian shoulders in the eyes of the world, for one day they will bitterly regret the decision they are about to make'" (35).

⁹The actual delineation of the boundaries on the map of the areas to be partitioned was left in the hands of Sir Cyril Radcliffe, a lawyer who had never been to India.

¹⁰Clark's image recalls several images of illness, disfigurement, and disease that plague Anglo-India. Cancer deaths among memsahibs are frequent: Daphne's mother, Mildred Layton, and Meg Reid die of cancer which Lili describes as "a disease of the strong rather than of the weak" (I.100). It is suggested that a form of amoebic infection, with symptoms of "a general air of languor, as lassitude. A tendency to concentrate the mind rather obsessively in one direction" (II.357)--all of which describe Mildred's behaviour--causes many of the psychiatric ailments of the Raj. Later, the "theory that it is only the lethargy induced in Englishmen by low but persistent tropical fevers, the lethargy and its corollary, the concentration . . . on a particular task, that has kept the *raj* stubbornly intact" (IV.156) is provided as an explanation for Brigadier Dyer's behaviour. Certainly many accounts of Dyer's actions stress the fact that he was suffering

from arteriosclerosis; of Dyer, Scott says that "history is often made by ill people" ("Method" 57). Anglo-India is at one point referred to as an "area of contagion," (II.358) and its members are troubled constantly by digestive ailments. Commenting on Purvis's personality change as a result of amoebic infection, Perron links the peculiar forms of illness in the Raj to its history in India: "The insight this had given him into the possibly important part played in Anglo-Indian history by an incipient, intermittent or chronic diarrhoea in the bowels of the *raj* was one of the few definite academic advantages he felt he had gained by coming to India" (IV.25).

¹¹Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak makes a similar point about an argument between two Bengali washerwomen, one of whom thus responds to the accusation of poaching "'You fool! Is this your river? The river belongs to the Company!' --The East India Company, from whom India passed to England for the Better Government of India (1858). . . . For these withered women, the land as soil and water to be used rather than a map to be learned still belonged, as it did one hundred and nineteen years before that date, to the East India Company" ("Feminism" 135).

¹²M.J. Akbar's *India: A Siege Within* goes a long way to righting the Eurocentric imbalance in theories about the persistence of communalism in modern Indian politics, as well as providing a different perspective on the results of the British imperial presence in India.

WORKS CITED OR CONSULTED

- Ali, Ahmed. "E.M. Forster and India." Herz and Martin 278-82.
- Akbar, M.J. *India: The Siege Within. Challenges to a Nation's Unity*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1985.
- Ali, Tariq. *An Indian Dynasty: The Story of the Nehru-Gandhi Family*. New York: Putnam's, 1985.
- Alloula, Malek. *The Colonial Harem*. Trans. Myrna and Wlad Godzich. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1986.
- Anderson, Benedict. *Imagined Communities: Reflections on the Origins and Spread of Nationalism*. London: Verso, 1983.
- Ballhatchet, Kenneth. *Race, Sex and Class under the Raj: Imperial Attitudes and Policies and their Critics, 1793-1905*. London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1980.
- Barthes, Roland. "Myth Today." *Mythologies*. London: Granada, 1982. 109-59.
- Bearce, George. "British Attitudes to Asia." Iyer 201-15.
- Beer, Gillian. "Negation in *A Passage to India*." Beer, *Essays* 44-58.
- Beer, John, ed. *A Passage to India: Essays In Interpretation*. Totowa, NJ: Barnes and Noble, 1986.
- . "*A Passage to India*, the French New Novel and English Romanticism." Beer, *Essays* 104-131.

- Beidelman, T.O. *Colonial Evangelism: A Sociohistorical Study of an East African Mission at the Grassroots*. Bloomington: Indiana UP, 1982.
- Belliappa, K.C. "Love and Racial Encounters in Kipling." Gowda 235-43.
- Bhabha, Homi. "Of Mimicry and Man: The Ambivalence of Colonial Discourse." *October* 28 (Spring 1984): 125-33.
- . "The Other Question . . . Homi K Bhabha Reconsiders the Stereotype and Colonial Discourse." *Screen* 24.6 (Nov.-Dec. 1983): 18-36.
- . "Signs Taken for Wonders: Questions of Ambivalence and Authority under a Tree Outside Delhi, May 1817." Gates 163-84.
- . "Sly Civility." *October* 34 (Fall 1985): 71-80.
- Boyer, Allen. "Love, Sex, and History in *The Raj Quartet*." *Modern Language Quarterly* 46.1 (1985): 64-80.
- Brantlinger, Patrick. "Victorians and Africans: The Genealogy of the Myth of the Dark Continent." Gates 185-222.
- Brink, André. "The Afrikaners." *National Geographic* 174.4 (October 1988): 556-85.
- Brogan, Hugh. *Mowgli's Sons: Kipling and Baden-Powell's Scouts*. London: Jonathan Cape, 1987.
- Césaire, Aimé. *Discourse on Colonialism*. Trans. Joan Pinkham. New York: Monthly Review, 1972.
- Chamberlin, J. Edward and Sander L. Gilman, eds. *Degeneration: The Dark Side of Progress*. New York: Columbia, 1985.
- Chaudhuri, Nirad C. "Passage to and from India." Rutherford, *Forster* 68-77.

- Chauhari, P.S. "The Commonwealth of the Imagination: Narayan and Naipaul." *Nandan* 89-96.
- Cohn, Bernard S. "The Command of Language and the Language of Command." *Subaltern Studies* IV. Delhi: Oxford UP, 1985. 282-329.
- Colmer, John. "Promise and Withdrawal in *A Passage to India*" Das and Beer 117-128.
- Cox, C.B. "E.M. Forster's Island." Rutherford, *Forster* 90-93.
- Crews, Frederick. *E.M. Forster: The Perils of Humanism*. Princeton: Princeton UP, 1962.
- Curtin, Philip D., ed. *Imperialism*. New York: Walker, 1971.
- Dabydeen, David, ed. *The Black Presence in English Literature*. Manchester: Manchester UP, 1985.
- Das, G.K, and John B. Beer, eds. *E.M. Forster: A Human Exploration*. London: Macmillan, 1979.
- Das, G.K. *E.M. Forster's India*. London: Macmillan, 1977.
- Davies, Philip. *Splendours of the Raj British Architecture in India, 1660-1947*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1987.
- De Schweinitz, Karl. *The Rise and Fall of British India: Imperialism as Inequality*. New York: Methuen, 1983.
- Desai, S.K. "History against History: Commonwealth Literature and Colonial Consciousness." *Literary Criterion* 16.4 (1982): 34-43.
- Deshpande, Madhav. "History, Change and Permanence: A Classical Indian Perspective." *Contributions to South Asian Studies* I. Ed. Gopal Krishna. Delhi: Oxford UP, 1979. 1-28.

- Dobrée, Bonamy. *The Lamp and the Lute: Studies in Seven Authors*. 2nd ed. London: Frank Cass, 1964.
- Dowling, David. *Bloomsbury Aesthetics and the Novels of Forster and Woolf*. London: Macmillan, 1985.
- . "A Passage to India through 'The Spaces between the Words'." *Journal of Narrative Technique* 15 (Fall 1985): 256-65.
- During, Simon. "Postmodernism or Postcolonialism Today." *Textual Practice* 1.1 (Spring 1987): 32-47.
- Eliot, T.S. *The Complete Poems and Plays 1909-1950*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1952.
- Farrell, J.G. *The Hill Station*. London: Fontana, 1985.
- . *The Siege of Krishnapur*. 1973. London: Fontana, 1985.
- Ferns, Christopher. "'First as Tragedy, Then as Farce': J.G. Farrell's Retelling of History." Unpublished paper, 1987.
- Forster, E.M. *Abinger Harvest*. 1936. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1976.
- . *Aspects of the Novel*. 1927. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1977.
- . *The Hill of Devi*. 1953. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1965.
- . *Howards End*. 1921. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1941.
- . *A Passage to India*. 1924. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1960.
- . *Two Cheers for Democracy*. 1965. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1974.
- Furbank, P.N. Introduction. *Life's Handicap*. By Rudyard Kipling. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1987.

- Gates, Henry Louis, Jr. *"Race," Writing and Difference*. Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1985.
- Gilbert, Elliot L. *The Good Kipling*. Manchester: Manchester UP, 1972.
- Gokhale, Balakrishna. "Gandhi and History." *History and Theory* 11 (1972): 214-225.
- Goonetilleke, D.C.R.A. *Developing Countries in British Fiction*. London: Macmillan, 1977.
- . *Images of the Raj: South Asia in the Literature of Empire*. London: Macmillan, 1988.
- Gowda, H.H. Anniah, ed. *The Colonial and the Neo-Colonial Encounters in Commonwealth Literature*. Mysore: U Mysore P, 1983.
- Greenberger, Allen J. *The British Image of India: A Study in the Literature of Imperialism 1880-1960*. London: Oxford UP, 1969.
- Hanson, Clare. *Short Stories and Short Fictions, 1880-1980*. London: Macmillan, 1985.
- Hardy, Barbara. "Dogmatic Form." Rutherford, *Forster* 94-100.
- Herz, Judith Scherer and Robert K. Martin, eds. *E.M. Forster: Centenary Revaluations*. London: Macmillan, 1982.
- Herz, Judith Scherer. "Listening to Language." Beer, *Essays* 59-70.
- Hibbert, Christopher. *The Great Mutiny: India 1857*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1980.

- Hitchens, Christopher. "A Sense of Mission: *The Raj Quartet*." *Grand Street* 4.2 (Winter 1985): 180-199.
- Hobsbawm, Eric. *The Age of Empire: 1875-1914*. New York: Pantheon, 1987.
- Hobson, J.A. *Imperialism*. 1902. London: George Allan and Unwin, 1954.
- Hollingsworth, Keith. "'A Passage to India': The Echoes in the Marabar Caves." *Shahane* 36-50.
- Howe, Susanne. *Novels of Empire*. New York: Columbia UP, 1949.
- Islam, Shamsul. *Chronicles of the Raj: A Study of Literary Reaction to the Imperial Idea towards the End of the Raj*. London: Macmillan, 1979.
- Iyer, Raghavan. "The Glass Curtain between Asia and Europe." Iyer 3-27.
- , ed. *The Glass Curtain between Asia and Europe*. London: Oxford UP, 1965.
- Jamiluddin, K. *The Tropic Sun. Rudyard Kipling and the Raj*. Lucknow: Department of English and Modern European Languages, 1974.
- Jan Mohamed, Abdul. "The Economy of Manichean Allegory: The Function of Racial Difference in Colonialist Literature." *Gates* 78-106.
- Johnson, Richard M. "'Sayed's Trial' in Paul Scott's 'A Division of the Spoils': The Interplay of History, Theme, and Purpose." *The Library Chronicle* 37 (1986): 77-91.
- Kabbani, Rana. *Europe's Myths of Orient: Devise and Rule*. London: Macmillan, 1986.

- Katz, Wendy. *Rider Haggard and the Fiction of Empire: A Critical Study of British Imperial Fiction*. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1987.
- Keay, John. *India Discovered*. 1981. London: Collins, 1988.
- Kiernan, V.G. *The Lords of Human Kind. European Attitudes to the Outside World in the Imperial Age*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1972.
- Kipling, Rudyard. *The Day's Work*. 1898. London: Macmillan, 1964.
- . *In Black and White. Under the Deodars*. New York: Books, [1897].
- . *Kim*. 1901. Ed. Edward Said. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1987.
- . *Life's Handicap*. 1891. Ed. P.N. Furbank. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1987.
- . *Many Inventions*. 1893. London: Macmillan, 1964.
- . *Mine Own People*. Introd. Henry James. New York: Manhattan Press, [1891].
- . *The Phantom Rickshaw*. Philadelphia: Henry Altemius, 1898.
- . *Plain Tales from the Hills*. 1888. London: Pan, 1986.
- . *Stalky and Co*. 1899. London: Pan, 1986.
- Kleinstock, Johannes. "Paul Scott und sein *Raj Quartet*." *Anglia: Zeitschrift für Englische Philologie* 105.1-2 (1987): 94-112.
- Kureishi, Hanif. "The Rainbow Sign." *My Beautiful Laundrette and The Rainbow Sign*. London: Faber, 1986.

- . "Some Time with Stephen: A Diary." *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1988.
- Lewis, Robin Jared. *E.M. Forster's Passages to India*. New York: Columbia UP, 1979.
- Maclean, Hugh. "The Structure of *A Passage to India*." *Shahane* 19-33.
- MacMillan, Margaret. *Women of the Raj*. London: Thames and Hudson, 1988.
- Mahood, Molly. *The Colonial Encounter: A Reading of Six Novels*. London: Rex Collings, 1977.
- . "Paul Scott's Guardians." *Yearbook of English Studies* 13 (1983): 244-258.
- The Making of The Jewel in the Crown*. New York: St. Martin's, 1984.
- Mannsaker, Frances M. "The Dog that Didn't Bark: the Subject Races in Imperial Fiction at the Turn of the Century." *Dabydeen* 112-134.
- McClure, John. *Kipling and Conrad: The Colonial Fiction*. Cambridge: Harvard UP, 1981.
- . "Problematic Presence: the Colonial Other in Kipling and Conrad." *Dabydeen* 154-167.
- Memmi, Albert. *The Colonizer and the Colonized*. New York: Orion, 1965.
- Mendilow, Jonathan. "The Romantic Tradition in British Imperialist Ideology." *The Romantic Tradition in British Political Thought*. London: Croom Helm, 1986. 235-260.

- Mommsen, Wolfgang J. *Theories of Imperialism*. Trans. P.S. Falla. London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1981.
- Moore-Gilbert, B.J. *Kipling and Orientalism*. London: Croom Helm, 1986.
- Moorhouse, Geoffrey. *India Britannica*. London: Paladin, 1984.
- Morris, James. *Pax Britannica: The Climax of an Empire*. 1968. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1979.
- Morris, Jan. *The Spectacle of Empire*. New York: Doubleday, 1982.
- Mukherjee, Sujit. "The Over-Arching Sky: Forster and the Tradition of Anglo-Indian Fiction." *Cahiers Victoriens et Edouardiens* 4-5 (1977): 161-173.
- Nahal, Chaman. "The Second Generation of Indian English Novelists." *Nandan* 264-277.
- Nandan, Satendra, ed. *Language and Literature in Multicultural Contexts*. Suva, Fiji: U of South Pacific P and ACLALS, 1983.
- Nandy, Ashis. *The Intimate Enemy: Loss and Recovery of Self under Colonialism*. Delhi: Oxford UP, 1983.
- Nehru, Jawaharlal. *The Discovery of India*. Ed. Robert I. Crane. 1946. New York: Anchor, 1960.
- Nietzsche, Friedrich. *The Use and Abuse of History*. New York: Liberal Arts, 1957. Originally published as *Vom Nutzen und Nachteil der Historie für des Leben*, 1874.
- Orwell, George. "Rudyard Kipling." Rutherford, *Kipling* 70-84.
- Oxford English Dictionary*. 1933. Oxford: Clarendon, 1961. Supplement. Vol. 1. 1972. Vol.2. 1976. Oxford: Oxford UP.

- Pandey, B.N., ed. *The Indian Nationalist Movement, 1885-1947: Select Documents*. New York: St. Martin's, 1979.
- Parry, Benita. *Delusions and Discoveries: Studies on India in the British Imagination 1880-1930*. London: Allen Lane, 1972.
- . "Passage to More than India." *Shahane* 151-65.
- . "Paul Scott's Raj." *South Asian Review* 8.4 (July/October 1975): 359-370.
- . "The Politics of Representation in *A Passage to India*" Beer, *Essays* 27-43.
- The Penguin Dictionary of Twentieth-Century History*. Ed. Alan Palmer. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1983.
- Ragussis, Michael. *The Subterfuge of Art: Language and the Romantic Tradition*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1978.
- Random House Dictionary of the English Language*. 2nd ed. New York: Random House, 1987.
- Rao, K. Bhaskara. *Paul Scott*. Boston: Twayne, 1980.
- . *Rudyard Kipling's India*. Norman: U of Oklahoma P, 1967.
- Raskin, Jonah. *The Mythology of Imperialism: Rudyard Kipling, Joseph Conrad, E.M. Forster, D.H. Lawrence, and Joyce Cary*. New York: Random House, 1971.
- Rawlinson, H.G. *A Concise History of the Indian People*. 2nd ed. London: Oxford UP, 1950.
- Reed, John R. *Old School Ties: The Public Schools in British Literature*. Syracuse: Syracuse UP, 1964.
- Renwick, W.L. "Re-reading Kipling." Rutherford, *Kipling* 3-16.

- Ridley, Hugh. *Images of Imperial Rule*. London: St. Martin's, 1983.
- Rosencrance, Barbara. "A Passage to India: The Dominant Voice." Herz and Martin 234-43.
- Rubin, David. *After the Raj: British Novels of India after 1947*. Hanover: UP of New England, 1986.
- Rushdie, Salman. "The Empire Writes Back with a Vengeance." *Observer* (1 April 84): 19.
- . *Midnight's Children*. London: Pan, 1981.
- . "The Raj Revival." *Times* (3 July 1982): 8.
- . *Shame*. London: Jonathan Cape, 1983.
- Rutherford, Andrew, ed. *Kipling's Mind and Art*. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1964.
- . *Twentieth Century Interpretations of A Passage to India: A Collection of Critical Essays*. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1970.
- Said, Edward. "Culture and Imperialism." Tamblyn Lectures, University of Western Ontario. London, Ontario, Canada. October 20-22, 1986.
- . Introduction. *Kim*. By Rudyard Kipling. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1987.
- . *Orientalism*. New York: Vintage, 1979.
- . "The Post-Colonial Intellectual." *Salmagundi* 70-71 (1986): 65-81.
- Sandison, Alan. "Kipling: The Artist and Empire." Rutherford, *Kipling* 146-169.

- Scanlan, Margaret. "The Disappearance of History: Paul Scott's *Raj Quartet*." *CLIO* 15:2 (1986): 153-169.
- Schwab, Raymond. *The Oriental Renaissance: Europe's Rediscovery of India and the East*. Trans. Gene Patterson-Black and Victor Reinking. New York: Columbia, 1984.
- Scott, Paul. "After Marabar: Britain and India, a Post-Forsterian View." *Muse* 111-129.
- . "The Architecture of the Arts: The Novel." *Muse* 71-89.
- . *The Birds of Paradise*. 1962. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1964.
- . *The Day of the Scorpion*. 1968. London: Granada, 1983.
- . *A Division of the Spoils*. 1975. London: Granada, 1983.
- . "Enoch Sahib: A Slight Case of Cultural Shock." *Muse* 91-103
- . "Imagination and the Novel." *Muse* 13-22.
- . "India: A Post-Forsterian View." *Essays by Divers Hands* XXXVI. Ed. Mary Stocks. London: Oxford UP, 1970. 113-32.
- . *The Jewel in the Crown*. 1966. London: Granada, 1983.
- . "Meet the Author: Manchester." *Muse* 39-49.
- . "Method: The Mystery and the Mechanics." *Muse* 51-69.
- . *My Appointment with the Muse: Essays, 1961-75*. Ed. Shelley C. Reece. London: Heinemann, 1986. Published in the United States as *On Writing and the Novel: Essays*. New York: Morrow, 1987.

- . *Staying On*. 1977. London: Granada, 1978.
- . *The Towers of Silence*. 1971. London: Granada, 1983.
- Seed, David. "Disorientation and Commitment in the Fiction of Empire: Kipling and Orwell." *Dutch Quarterly Review of Anglo-American Letters* 14.4 (1984): 269-80.
- "Sex and the Indian Novel." *Cencrastus* 25 (Spring 1987): 34-40.
- Shahane, Vasant A. "Kipling, Forster and Paul Scott: A Study in Sociological Imagination." *The Two-Fold Voice: Essays in Honour of Ramesh Mohan*. Ed. S.N.A. Rizvi. Salzburg: Institut für Anglistik und Amerikanistik, 1982. 195-208.
- , ed. *Perspectives on E.M. Forster's A Passage to India: A Collection of Critical Essays*. New York: Barnes and Noble, 1968.
- Singh, Bhupal. *A Survey of Anglo-Indian Fiction*. London: Curzon, 1934.
- Spear, Percival. *A History of India 2*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1986.
- Spivak, Gayatri Chakravorty. "French Feminism in an International Frame." *In Other Worlds: Essays in Cultural Politics*. New York: Methuen, 1987. 134-53.
- Street, Brian V. "Reading the Novels of Empire: Race and Ideology in the Classic 'Tale of Adventure'." *Dabydeen* 95-111.
- . *The Savage in Literature. Representations of "Primitive" Society in English Fiction 1858-1920*. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1975.
- Swinden, Patrick. *Paul Scott: Images of India*. New York: St. Martin's, 1980.

- Tedesco, Janet and Janet Popham. *Introduction to The Raj Quartet*. Lanham, MD: UP of America, 1985.
- Thapar, Romila. *A History of India 1*. 1966. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1984.
- Thornton, A.P. *Doctrines of Imperialism*. New York: Wiley, 1965.
- . *The Imperial Idea and Its Enemies*. 1959. New York: St. Martin's, 1985.
- . *Imperialism in the Twentieth Century*. London: Macmillan, 1978.
- Tinsley, Molly. "Muddle Et Cetera: Syntax in *A Passage to India*." Herz and Martin 257-66.
- Trilling, Lionel. *The Liberal Imagination: Essays on Literature and Society*. New York: Anchor, 1953.
- Webster's Third New International Dictionary*. Springfield: Merriam-Webster, 1971.
- White, Hayden. *Metahistory. The Historical Imagination in Nineteenth Century Europe*. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1973.
- Woolf, Leonard. *Growing: An Autobiography of the Years 1904-1911*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1961.
- "Writers' Panel." Herz and Martin 285-307.
- Wurgaft, Lewis D. *The Imperial Imagination: Magic and Myth in Kipling's India*. Middletown, CT: Wesleyan UP, 1983.