

COLONIALISM AS DESCRIBED
IN THREE ENGLISH NOVELS

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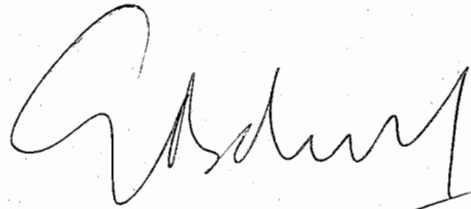


by
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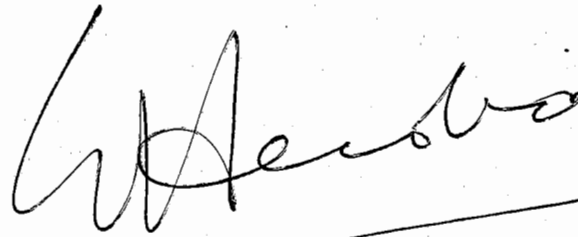
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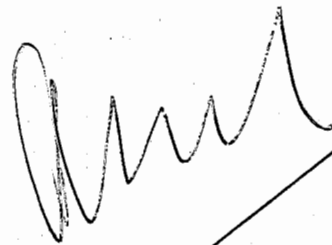
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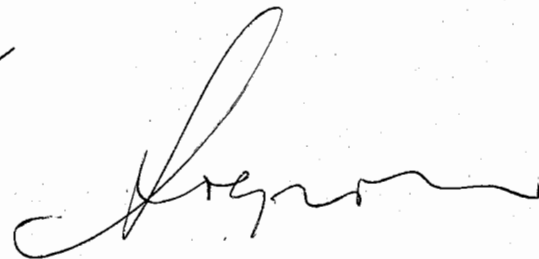
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INTRODUCTION

From the earliest times, history had recorded the presence of colonialism in the life of human beings. At that time a powerful country could have several or even many colonies and gained a lot of wealth and profit from them without having many problems. But in the course of time there had been a change. As a result of colonialism the colonies and their people had developed a bit. They began to think about themselves as free people, the sons of their country and so rebelled against the colonialists. Beside that in the developed countries there appeared a movement to abolish colonialism. Some people in the countries disapproved of colonialism strongly because they thought that it was against human rights. The number of people who agreed with this idea grew bigger and bigger; the time had come, colonialism was condemned by history. So, one by one the colonies got their freedom.

This thesis which deals with colonialism aims to show the situations in three different colonies at different times as described in three novels that concern colonialism by way of comparison. They are: HEART OF DARKNESS by Joseph Conrad; A PASSAGE TO INDIA by E.M. Forster; and THE MALAYAN TRILOGY by Anthony Burgess. The first book serves as a background. It is about corrupt colonialism in olden time which took place in Congo, Africa. The second book gives a picture of India under British colonialism. The story happened at the beginning of this century during which time the movement towards Independence began to influence the people there. The

third novel shows a country, Malaya, in its struggle for freedom. It describes the vanishing process of colonialism in Malaya.

CHAPTER I

SHORT DESCRIPTION OF THE THREE BOOKS ON COLONIALISM WRITTEN AT VARIOUS TIMES THIS CENTURY

1. Heart of Darkness

In order to pursue the dream he had as a boy, Marlow asked his aunt's help to get him a job as skipper of a river steamboat that would enable him to get to the Congo. His aunt told him that besides being the skipper of the steamboat he also had another duty, that was, to bring light to the uncivilized natives of Congo.

Along the way to the Company's station Marlow saw a French man-of war shelling the bush in the continent. The crew said that they had enemies, the natives. Soon after he arrived in Congo Marlow saw how the whites treated the natives without mercy, they were cruelly exploited by the whites. This fact made Marlow sad.

In the Company's station Marlow first heard the name of Kurtz, who, like Marlow, had the task of civilizing the savages. Further on, at the Central Station, Marlow met the manager and some other white people. It was soon clear to Marlow that they all were greedy. Their presence in Congo had only one purpose: to gain wealth from the country as much as possible. They disliked and envied Kurtz very much because he had power and could gather much ivory. Marlow began to wonder about the truth of what his aunt said about the white men's duty in the Congo. At the same time he was also curious to meet Kurtz.

But Marlow's wish to meet Kurtz was delayed for several months because his steamer was wrecked and lay at the bottom of the river when Marlow arrived there. During

that time there came the news that Kurtz had fallen ill at the Inner Station. As soon as the steamer was ready Marlow, the manager, and other people from the Central Station made a journey there in order to fetch him back. The journey was rather difficult, several times the natives attacked them, only by blowing the whistle could Marlow frighten them away.

Somewhere near the Inner Station Marlow met a Russian who knew and admired Kurtz very much. From his story about Kurtz, Marlow deduced ^{that} the Kurtz was a very greedy and corrupt person. When Marlow met Kurtz he himself saw the proof of his conclusion. In spite of his illness, Kurtz was reluctant to leave the Inner Station where he was worshipped as a god by the natives. However, the manager succeeded in bringing Kurtz to the steamer on a stretcher. Before his death on the steamboat Kurtz had entrusted his papers to Marlow. Marlow found out from these papers that when Kurtz first arrived there he was full of good virtues, equipped with moral ideas. Kurtz had intended to civilize the natives there but ended by outsavaging them; the wilderness with its great temptation had changed him.

2. A Passage to India

On a visit from England to India to the man she expected to marry, Miss Adela Quested showed an interest in an Indian ways of life which was frowned upon by the Anglo-Indian community that had been in India longer than she had. Her interest encouraged Fielding to invite her and her future mother in law, Mrs. Moore, to tea in his

house in order to meet Aziz and Prof. Godbole so that they could learn more about India from them.

The tea party made Aziz and Fielding become good friends, and a plan was made for an excursion to the Marabar Caves by the same party. The preparation took much of Aziz' time and money. But when the time came Fielding and the professor were too late to catch the train because Fielding was waiting for the professor who had miscalculated the length of his prayer. Fielding followed them by asking a lift in Miss Derek's car, and arrived there much later.

In the company of Aziz the two English ladies continued the journey towards the caves. There, because of a misunderstanding, Aziz and Miss Quested split and each entered a different cave while Mrs. Moore and the servants waited for them at a distance. Then an unexpected thing happened; the echo of the cave shocked Adela and she ran away from it through a gully. Somewhere down the gully and the caves she met Miss Derek who carried her back to Chandrapore in her car.

Seeing that Miss Quested had returned alone and was distressed because of the excursion, the British community thought that the prejudice which most of them felt and expressed against any social contacts between the British and the Indians was justified. So Aziz was arrested on a charge of attempted assault. Fielding tried to prevent it but failed. He continued helping Aziz to fight against the other British and resigned from the club.

Miss Quested did not deny the charge at first, but when the case came to trial she withdrew her accusation openly and Aziz was set free. This seemed to put an end

to the problem, but in fact the incident caused changes to happen to people and things in Chandrapore, or, in other words, it had wider implications. For the cultural gap between the two races had widened.

The trial also affected the friendship between Aziz and Fielding. After the trial was over there was a procession to celebrate Aziz' victory. Fielding could not join it because he had to protect Miss Quested from the crowd. She had renounced her own people by withdrawing the charge. Consequently she was neglected and hated by both the Indians and the British. Alone, she was surrounded by a mass of excited Indians. Of course Fielding could not let her be in danger among her enemies in a foreign country, and since there was nowhere else to go Fielding took her to his place. His effort to move her to another place failed. Actually, he did not like her and even considered her as his enemy because she was the enemy of his friend, Aziz. But, after having a conversation with her in his house he came to know and like her.

But Aziz and the other Indians did not like it; especially Aziz thought that Fielding had deserted him. The situation became worse because Fielding who pitied Adela persuaded Aziz to let her off from paying the compensation of a great deal of money. With much difficulty Fielding succeeded in his effort but their friendship had cracked.

Soon afterwards, Fielding went back to England and there he married Mrs. Moore's daughter. This widened the misunderstanding between Aziz and Fielding because Aziz, under the influence of his excessive emotion, imagined that Fielding had married Adela. He suspected Fielding of

helping her because he wanted the money.

Later on, when Fielding came back to India, they met, cleared the misunderstanding and became friends again, although they inevitably had to apart because Fielding had become one with his people by his marriage, and so had Aziz with his people.

3. The Malayan Trilogy

On a cold January night the car that Victor Crabbe and his first wife drove skidded on the freezing road, crashed through the weak bridge-fence and fell into the icy water of the river. He struggled desperately to save his own life in which he succeeded, but he left his wife drowned and dead in the passenger-seat. At the inquest he was exonerated from all blame but he could not help feeling guilty toward his wife; the result was that he could not drive a car nor could he swim anymore.

He re-married and went to Malaya to work as a history teacher, hoping that he could get rid of the haunting past. He worked hard and tried to show his love for Malaya and its various races. His sympathy for the various races of Malaya caused him to be disliked by other white people. At school he was always on the students' side against Boothby, the headmaster. But the Malay people did not appreciate him either. The only friends of Crabbes were Nabby Adams and Alladad Khan. They often drank and slept at the Crabbes' house. Through them the Crabbes got a secondhand car. Alladad Khan was the driver, because Victor Crabbe still refused to drive and Alladad Khan was glad to drive the car for Fenella.

Finding no other way to repay the Crabbes' hospitality, Nabby Adams invited the Crabbes to Gila, a small town on the state border where Nabby Adams had to inspect the vehicles. The road there was full of bandits and there was a small area where the communists lay in ambush. In spite of the difficult road they arrived at Gila safely. Nabby Adams stayed there but the other three went back to Kuala Hantu because Crabbe insisted that he had to be at the College on the Saturday for the Sports Day. Unfortunately somewhere on the way back to Kuala Hantu the car broke down, so they had to sleep in the car that night. Only on the following morning could it be repaired in the nearest town. They continued their journey but a little further on they were attacked by the communists. Alladad Khan's right arm was wounded, the car went out of control and Fenella screamed; in panic Crabbe reached over, seized the wheel and then brought the car into control again.

Meanwhile during his absence on the Sports Day in the presence of many important guests there was a strike, the students refused to take part in any of the event they were to do. Boothby blamed Crabbe for this. He took it for granted that it was all Crabbe's fault. As a result Crabbe was transferred to another place.

Crabbe's new post was headmaster of Haji Ali College in Kenching in the State of Dahaga. There he met an old friend from his school days, Rupert Hardman, who took the Crabbes to the State Education Officer's house.

Before Crabbe came there, a Tamil, Jaganathan, had already been promised the headship when the former headmaster went home. Jaganathan caused a lot of trouble for Crabbe. He urged Crabbe to move so that he could

take over his position as headmaster. And the chance for him came when on the party in the Sultan's palace Rupert told him that when he was young Crabbe had been a communist. Jaganathan used this to force Crabbe to ask for a transfer but Crabbe refused.

At the same party the Abang met Fenella. He was very much attracted by her beauty, and decided to seduce her. Aware that her husband was having a love-affair with Anne Talbot, Fenella was ready to make friendship with the Abang.

After Anne Talbot had left Crabbe, he decided to try to be a good husband for Fenella. But it was rather late. Her friendship with the Abang who could appreciate her had renewed her self-confidence. She agreed to continue their marriage on one condition, that is, she should have the chance to test him. She asked him to go to the beach for a swim. On the beach Fenella pretended to get drowned and cried for help. Crabbe tried to help, forgetting his obsession, but when the water was already round his chest the old ghost came back and he panicked. Frantically he turned towards the shore. From this incident Fenella concluded that Crabbe did not really love her. When his own life was in danger he could exercise the demons in order to save his life; he could drive again. But when Fenella's life was involved he could not do it again. So Fenella went back to London and left Crabbe. At that time the state was being Malayanized pretty fast and Crabbe as a white man was transferred once again.

In his new place Victor Crabbe worked as the Chief Education Officer and he was slowly handing his post over to a Malay. During that time the situation was get-

ing worse and worse for the British; Independence Day was approaching; the various races still hated each other. In spite of that Crabbe still tried to do his best to harmonized them all. He even arranged a party of all races in his house. But it proved to be a great failure. He became weak and tired, and began to realize that he was trying to do a vain thing in Malaya.

He continued working for Malaya until one day the headmaster^{of} Durian Estate School was murdered and he was ordered by the new Malay master to investigate the case. Crabbe went by train to Mawas. On the train he met Tommy Jones who asked him to stop and spend the night at a small town, Tikus. Only the day after did he continue his journey when he met Moneypenny who gave him a lift in his Land-rover. Unfortunately by the time they reached Mawas they had missed the estate launch that went to Durian Estate. Once again Crabbe postponed his journey and stayed the night in Moneypenny's house where he met Temple Haynes who was doing research. In the evening Temple Haynes asked Crabbe to accompany him to see Wayang Kulit. While they were watching the performance, a scorpion stung Crabbe's foot. They at once saw a Tamil doctor who gave Crabbe penicillin, but nevertheless the foot hindered him in his movement. With a bandaged foot Crabbe continued the journey to Durian Estate on a launch.

In Durian Estate, by chance, he met his first wife lover, George Costard. At first they did not recognize each other but a record of Crabbe's first wife's piano unfolded the fact of who he was. They had quarrel and in the end Crabbe was told to get out of the house. With the numb foot and a walking stick he walked clumsily to the landing-stage. But when he tried to board the launch

the foot seemed to crumple underneath him, he faltered in the air for an instant and then fell down into the river and was drowned.

CHAPTER II

KURTZ AS A SYMBOL OF CORRUPT COLONIALISM

At the beginning of the story Marlow states his criticism of the Roman settlers in Britain in ancient times which also implicitly expresses Conrad's criticism of the European colonialism in Congo.

"They were conquerors, and for that you want only brute force--nothing to boast of, when you have it, since your strength is just an accident arising from the weakness of others. They grappled what they could get for the sake of what was to be got. It was just robbery with violence, aggravated murder on a great scale, and men going at it blind--as is very proper for those who tackle a darkness. The conquest of the earth, which mostly means the taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look into it too much." (pp. 6 - 7)

Conrad criticizes the colonialization of Africa, particularly Congo, by the European countries. For this purpose he personifies all the European countries that exploited Congo as Kurtz. That Kurtz is the symbol of them is indicated in the book:

"The original Kurtz had been educated partly in England, and--as he was good enough to say himself--his sympathies were in the right place. His mother was half-English, his father was half-French. All Europe contributed to the making of Kurtz;" (p. 50)

Those countries were able to exploit Congo easily because the result of the Berlin Conference enabled them to get profit from Congo as much as possible. They might do what they liked without paying any attention to the natives. The natives were merely objects like other natural resources. These are some of the result of the Conference taken from Heart of Darkness, Back-

grounds and Sources, edited by Robert Kimbrough:

- "1. The trade of all nations shall enjoy complete freedom.
2. All flags, without distinction of nationality, shall have free access." (p. 88)

But the most surprising aspect of the Conference is that Congo should be the personal property of Leopold II. Under the pretences to civilize the savage of Congo and to bring light to the dark place he exploited the country cruelly as his personal property. Only after a long period of time could the disguises be seen by people. In his book JOSEPH CONRAD, A Critical Biography, Jocelyn Baines wrote how greedy and ruthless the king was.

"Gradually the disguises of internationalism and philanthropy were dropped; by 1885, with the ironic title of Souverain de l'Etat Indépendant du Congo, Leopold had become the master of vast territories bordering on the second largest river in the world, possessing apparently inexhaustible resources, which he was ruthlessly exploiting to satisfy his greed for wealth and power." (p. 137)

Before Marlow left for Congo he visited his aunt who had enabled him to get his job as the skipper of a river steamboat in Congo. She told him about his duties there. In her eyes he was to be an emissary of light; he had to improve the life of the natives. He thought that it was too idealistic; after all, what the white men looked for in Africa was wealth, because he went there first of all as a businessman who hoped to return rich.

"It appeared, however, I was also one of the Workers, with a capital--you know. Something like an emissary of light, something like a lower

sort of apostle. There had been a lot of such rot let loose in print and talk just about that time, and the excellent woman, living right in the rush of all that humbug, got carried off her feet. She talked about 'weaning those ignorant millions from their horried ways,' till, upon my word, she made me quite uncomfortable. I ventured to hint that the Company was run for profit." (p.12)

On his way to Congo Marlow saw a French man-of-war shelling the land. The crew intended to kill the natives whom they called enemies just because they wanted to force an entry into the natives' homeland, who belonged to it and had the right to live there.

"Once, I remember, we came upon a man-of-war anchored off the coast. There wasn't even a shed there, and she was shelling the bush. It appears the French had one of their wars going on there-about..... Pop, would go one of the six-inch guns; a small flame would dart and vanish, a little white smoke would disappear, a tiny projectile would give a feeble screech--and nothing happened. Nothing could happen. There was a touch of insanity in the proceeding, a sense of lugubrious drollery in the sight; and it was not dissipated by somebody on board assuring me earnestly there was a camp of natives--he called them enemies--- hidden out of sight somewhere." (pp.13-14)

And, soon after Marlow had arrived in Congo he saw the great suffering of the Negroes as the result of the white man's stay in the country. They were forced to work hard under the threat of severe punishment. It was true that they made contracts with the white man that gave the latter right to bring them from their own villages to the place where they had to work. But for

the natives who were both primitive and illiterate, the meaning of the contract was completely unintelligible. In the new place they could not adapt themselves with the surroundings nor with the food given by the white man. Only for some time they could work hard; then they would be dying miserably.

"They were dying slowly--it was very clear. They were not enemies, they were not criminals, they were nothing earthly now--nothing but black shadows of disease and starvation, lying confusedly in the greenish gloom. Brought from all the recesses of the coast in all legality of time contracts, lost in uncongenial surroundings, fed on unfamiliar food, they sickened, became inefficient, and were then allowed to crawl away and rest." (p.17)

Indeed, the natives could do nothing but yield to the white man. It was not for them to struggle against the white intruders; their primitive weapons could never match with the white man's modern equipment. In fact, they dared not fight against the white man whom they regarded as extraordinary human beings. Yet, black and primitive as they were, they were no less human than the white man. According to humanity they were all brothers eventhough of two different races.

"It was unearthly, and the men were----. No, they were not inhuman. Well, you know, that was the worst of it--this suspicion of their not being inhuman. It would come slowly to one. They howled and leaped, and spun, and made horrid faces; but what thrilled you was just the thought of their humanity--like yours--the thought of your remote kinship with this wild and passionate uproar. Ugly. Yes, it was ugly enough; but if you were man enough you would admit to yourself that there was in you just the faintest trace of a response to the terrible frankness of that noise,

a dim suspicion of there being a meaning in it which you--you so remote from the night of first ages--could comprehend." (pp.36-37)

The old Company doctor had made a hypothesis that people who went to Africa underwent mental changes. He was interested in it and asked Marlow's help to prove his theory.

"I always ask leave, in the interests of science, to measure the crania of those going out there," he said. "And when they came back too?" I asked. "Oh, I never see them", he remarked; "and, moreover, the changes take place inside, you know," (p.11)

One of the people who went to Congo and then underwent mental changes was Marlow's predecessor, Fresleven. Before he went there he was very gentle and quiet but then he was just an ordinary person among the white whereas in Congo he was one of the extraordinary powerful white men who were very few in number. Whiteness was like a title there and this made them behave accordingly. That was why Fresleven beat an old negro to death. The quarrel was nothing really, it was just over trifling matter but it came as an insult for Fresleven and as a white man he could not bear an insult from a native.

"..... the original quarrel arose from a misunderstanding about some hens. Yes, two black hens. Fresleven--that was the fellow's name, a Dane--thought himself wronged somehow in the bargain, so he went ashore and started to hammer the chief of the village with a stick. Oh, it didn't surprise me in the least to hear this, and at the same time to be told that Fresleven was the gentlest, quietest creature that ever walked on two legs. No doubt he was; but he had been a couple of years already out there engaged in the noble cause, you know, and he probably felt the

need at least of asserting his self-respect in some way. Therefore he whacked the old nigger mercilessly, while a big crowd of his people watched him, thunderstruck," (p.9)

The white man badly treated the natives who were not able to rebel, but the fault was not entirely his, the natives themselves had a share in it eventhough they could not help it. For the simple natives of Africa at that time the white man with his modern equipment was a supernatural being. Physically the two races were strikingly different. This physical difference and the power of the modern weapons made the natives place the white men among their gods. They were afraid of the whites and did whatever the whites ordered them. Kurtz found out this fact and wrote it in his report for the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs.

"He began with the argument that we whites, from the point of development we had arrived at, 'must necessarily appear to them (savages) in the nature of supernatural beings--we approach them with the might as of a deity,' and so on, and so on. 'By the simple exercise of our will we can exert a power for good practically unbounded,' etc. etc." (p.51)

As when Fresleven beat the old negro to death with a stick, nobody present dared to help the poor chief of the village. Only one person at least tried to do something, he was the old man's son who could not bear seeing his father suffer too much. He jabbed at Fresleven with a spear and since Fresleven was just an ordinary person it went into him and he died. But his death even made the natives more frightened. So they ran away and left their village. As for the corpse no

one dared to touch it even after it had become bones, the supernatural being's bones.

But the person who changed most was Kurtz. He came to Congo as an emissary of light, he wanted to bring light, to civilize the savages, that is, the natives of Congo. He held high ideas and his talk and his writing were full of it to the point of irritating the other white men whose sole purpose was wealth.

"Tell me, pray," said I, "who is this Mr. Kurtz?"

.....

"He is a prodigy," he said at last. "He is an emissary of pity, and science, and progress, and devil knows what else." (p. 25)

"And the pestiferous absurdity of his talk," continued the other; "he bothered me enough when he was here. "Each station should be like a beacon on the road towards better things, a centre for trade of course, but also for humanising, improving, instructing." Conceive you-- that ass!" (p. 33)

But Congo was really a hard challenge for him. It was completely different from Europe. In the wilderness he had to decide things by himself, there was no one to help him, he had to face the darkness alone. The temptation was too hard for Kurtz to resist. He could become a god there, he could have absolute power over the natives and do whatever he liked without any criticism from other people. He could not resist it because he was not prepared for it. He saw the chance, took it and became mad.

"But the wilderness had found him out early, and had taken on him a terrible vengeance for the fantastic invasion. I think it had whispered to him things about himself which he did not know, things of which he had no conception till he took counsel with this great solitude--and the

whisper had proved irresistibly fascinating. It echoed loudly within him because he was hollow at the core." (p. 59)

Kurtz became the absolute leader of the natives, involved in their rites and adored by them.

"He had taken a high seat amongst the devils of the land--I mean literally." (p. 50)

"But this must have been before his--let us say--nerves went wrong, and caused him to preside at certain midnight dances ending with unspeakable rites, which--as far as I reluctantly gathered from what I heard at various times--were offered up to him--do you understand?--to Mr. Kurtz himself." (p. 51)

His high position and the power he had made Kurtz a tyrant. He got whatever he wanted and killed whoever he liked. Marlow saw the proof of Kurtz's cruelty in the dry heads on the stakes in front of his house. Those heads were the heads of the natives whom he regarded as rebels. He also demanded them to crawl if they wanted to see him. Like any other human being Kurtz had his own weakness, he could not resist the temptation to become powerful. Under the pressure of the hard life in the wilderness his weakness had ruined all his moral ideas and done away with ~~all~~ all his good intentions.

"I have no opinion on that point, but I want you clearly to understand that there was nothing exactly profitable in these heads being there. They only showed that Mr. Kurtz lacked restraint in the gratification of his various lusts, that there was something wanting in him--some small matter which, when the pressing need arose, could not be found under his magnificent eloquence." (p. 58)

"His ascendancy was extraordinary. The camps of these people surrounded the place, and the chiefs came every day to see him. They would crawl ...

'I don't want to know anything of the ceremonies used when approaching Mr. Kurtz,' I shouted. Curious, this feeling that came over me that such details would be more intolerable than those heads drying on the stakes under Mr. Kurtz's windows. After all, that was only a savage sight, while I seemed at one bound to have been transported into some lightless region of subtle horrors, where pure, uncomplicated savagery was a positive relief, being something that had a right to exist--obviously--in the sunshine..... I had no idea of the conditions, he said: these heads were the heads of rebels. I shocked him excessively by laughing. Rebels! What would be the next definition I was to hear? There had been enemies, criminals, workers--and these were rebels. Those rebellious heads looked very subdued to me on their sticks. 'You don't know how such a life tries a man like Kurtz,' cried Kurtz's last disciple." (p.59)

Actually, every white man who went to Congo looked for money. They wanted to return home famous for their exciting adventure in the dark continent and rich because of the ivory they got there. Kurtz was no exception. It was because he was poor that he went to Congo.

"I had heard that her engagement with Kurtz had been disapproved by her people. He wasn't rich enough or something. And indeed I don't know whether he had not been a pauper all his life. He had given me some reason to infer that it was his impatience of comparative poverty that drove him out there." (p.77)

The men Marlow met there all hunted for wealth. Their aim was to become as rich as possible; their activities, their talk revealed it. At the Central Station Marlow met some men whom he mockingly called the pilgrims. They never did something useful except waiting for a chance to go to a rich area.

"Still, one must look about sometimes; and then I saw this station, these men strolling aimlessly about in the sunshine of the yard. I asked myself sometimes what it all meant. They wandered here and there with their absurd long staves in their hands, like a lot of faithless pilgrims bewitched inside a rotten fence. The word 'ivory' rang in the air, was whispered, was sighed. You would think they were praying to it." (p.23)

Another group that Marlow met at the station was led by the manager's uncle. It consisted of lots of people and their aim was to get whatever wealth they could gain from the country.

"This devoted band called itself the Eldorado Exploring Expedition, and I believe they were sworn to secrecy. Their talk, however, was the talk of sordid buccaneers: it was reckless without hardihood, greedy without audacity, and cruel without courage; there was not an atom of foresight or of serious intention in the whole batch of them, and they did not seem aware these things are wanted for the work of the world. To tear treasure out of the bowels of the land was their desire, with no more moral purpose at the back of it than there is in burglars breaking into a save." (p.31)

The way the Company got ivory was by way of trading with the natives. They exchanged things. The white man gave cheap things to the natives and they gave ivory in return. It was rather like cheating the natives.

The desire for wealth in the form of ivory had overcome Kurtz's moral ideas. He made expeditions in search of more and more ivory everywhere in the country and got lots of it, heaps of ivory. To satisfy Kurtz, Marlow put it on the deck of the steamer so that Kurtz could look at it all the time.

"Evidently the appetite for more ivory had got the better of the--what shall I say?--less material aspirations." (p.58)

"Ivory? I should think so. Heaps of it, stacks of it. The old mud shanty was bursting with it. You would think there was not a single tusk left either above or below the ground in the whole country..... It appears these niggers do bury tusks sometimes--but evidently they couldn't bury this parcel deep enough to save the gifted Mr.Kurtz from his fate. We filled the steamboat with it, and had to pile a lot on the deck. Thus he could see and enjoy as long as he could see, because the appreciation of this favour had remained with him to the last." (p.49)

He got the ivory by whatever means he could. Sometimes he got it by trading with the natives and if he had no goods to trade with he would use his gun to force them to give it to him.

"Hadn't I been told in all the tones of jealousy and admiration that he had collected, bartered, swindled, or stolen more ivory than all the other agents together?" (p.48)

So, Kurtz, equipped with moral ideas and good intentions from Europe, could not survive in the wilderness. He gave himself up to the savage appeal of the wilderness which changed him from the idealistic Kurtz into the cruel and greedy Kurtz. It was ironical that he who worked for the Society that intended to suppress savage customs became a savage himself; he, who intended to civilize the savages, ended up by outsavaging them all.

In his report for the International Society for the Suppression of Savage Customs, Marlow noticed that Kurtz had changed during his stay in Congo. The good

Kurtz with his noble ideas wrote noble words. It was a beautiful piece of writing, but at the bottom of it there was a terrible note added by the already corrupt Kurtz. Marlow also heard him say words that showed his greed, he wanted everything to belong to him.

"I tried to break the spell--the heavy, mute spell of the wilderness--that seemed to draw him to its pitiless breast by the awakening of forgotten and brutal instincts, by the memory of gratified and monstrous." (p.67)

"The peroration was magnificent, though difficult to remember, you know. It gave me the notion of an exotic immensity ruled by an august Benevolence. It made me tingle with enthusiasm. This was the unbounded power of eloquence--of--burning noble words. There were no practical hints to interrupt the magic current of phrases, unless a kind of note at the foot of the last page, scrawled evidently much later, in an unsteady hand, may be regarded as the exposition of a method. It was very simple, and at the end of that moving appeal to every altruistic sentiment it blazed at you, luminous and terrifying, like a flash of lightning in a serene sky: 'Exterminate all the brutes!'" (p.51)

"You should have heard him say, 'My ivory.' Oh yes, I heard him. 'My Intended, my ivory, my station, my river, my----' everything belonged to him." (p.49)

When Kurtz realized his greed it was already too late, he was on his deathbed. There was that struggle between the corrupt Kurtz and the good Kurtz. But Kurtz proved himself to be a remarkable man. He had been defeated by the power of darkness, yet he was brave enough to admit it. He could even make a sound judgement on his own life which for other people should be a kind of warning.

"A voice! a voice! It rang deep to the very last. It survived his strength to hide in the magnificent folds of eloquence the barren darkness of his heart. Oh, he struggled! He struggled! The wastes of his weary brain were haunted by shadowy images now--images of wealth and fame revolving obsequiously round his unextinguishable gift of noble and lofty expression The shade of the original Kurtz frequented the bedside of the hollow sham, whose fate it was to be buried presently in the mould of primeval earth. But both the diabolic love and the unearthly hate of the mysteries it had penetrated fought for the possession of that soul satiated with primitive emotions, avid of lying fame, of sham distinction, of all the appearances of success and power." (p.69)

"This is the reason why I affirm that Kurtz was a remarkable man. He had something to say. He said it. Since I had peeped over the edge myself, I understand better the meaning of his stare, that could not see the flame of the candle, but was wide enough to embrace the whole universe, piercing enough to penetrate all the hearts that beat in the darkness. He had summed up--he had judged. 'The horror!' He was a remarkable man. After all, this was the expression of some sort of belief; it had candour, it had conviction, it had a vibrating note of revolt in its whisper, it had the appalling face of a glimpsed truth--the strange commingling of desire and hate." (p.72)

CHAPTER III

FIELDING AS A SYMBOL OF DOOMED COLONIALISM

The book "A Passage To India" was written in the 1920s; more than a century after the wealthy merchants in London under the name of East India Company first had full power over India in 1761 (Lester Hutchinson, The Empire Of The Nabobs, p.78); and some decades after the Company transferred all power and authority over India to the Crown and the British ruled India (idem, p.145).

The formal purpose for the British to be in India is by no means bad; on the contrary it is a highly idealistic aim which could have helped the Indians very much had it been realized properly, because it is intended for the benefit of the Indians rather than the English themselves.

"As long ago as 1813, Lord Grenville had said: 'The British Crown is de facto sovereign in India. How it became so it is needless to enquire....' But 'the sovereignty which we hesitate to assert, necessity compels us to exercise', and it ought to be exercised, first, to provide for the welfare of the Indian people, next, but ranking far below the first, to promote the interests of Great Britain." (Philip Woodruff, The Guardians, p.27)

But India is far away from England and at that time it was difficult to control such a big country from a long distance. The real rulers of India, then, were the Viceroys and the other Englishmen who stayed in India.

"Absolute government meant that power descended from the top and was concentrated in few hands. Ultimate authority lay in the British parliament and Crown; in practice it was exercised by the governor-general, who was also viceroy for the Indian states. For a century after 1815 he was

practically an oriental despot, a worthy successor of the Moguls. He had to obey the British parliament, the East India Company (until 1858) and then the India Office. But these were remote: even the arrival of the telegraph from Britain in the 1860s had little effect on the independence of Calcutta. Within India there was little to check him. His executive authority was unrestricted except by a small council of officials."

(D.K. Fielhouse, The Colonial Empires, p. 274)

The position of the English was even higher than that of the princes who inherited India from their ancestors.

"A striking feature of British rule was the contrast between British India and the princely states. In the first there was intensive 'direct' rule by European, in the second 'indirect' rule through hereditary princes There were, in fact, only two basic features common to all the states: their foreign relations were in British hands; and they had autonomy in fiscal, legal and administrative matters, subject to supervision and advice by British residents." (D.K. Fieldhouse The Colonial Empires, pp. 282-283)

The British, given the opportunity to rule such a big country with just a little control, could hardly restrain themselves from using their power for their own benefit. After all the Company was full of merchants whose aim was to get as much profit as possible.

"The late Lord Brentford was a God-fearing and respectable Conservative; nevertheless he had his moments of indiscretion. In 1928, in one of these moments, he permitted himself to speak the truth about the British connection with India, and his words, often quoted, deserve to be remembered. He said: "We did not conquer India for the benefit of the Indians. I know that it is said in missionary meetings that we conquered India to raise the level of the Indians. This is cant. We conquered India by the sword and by the sword we hold

it. We hold it as the finest outlet for British goods in general and Lancashire goods in particular." (Lester Hutchinson, The Empire Of The Nabobs, p. 121)

Ronny Heaslop in "A Passage To India" also stated the same opinion to his mother. In order to admire their purpose the English must be use force, and this they could do easily because they had more modern military equipment than the Indians.



"..... 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 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." (p. 50)

The higher and more powerful position of the British and the fact that they were richer than most common people of India made them feel proud and far above the Indians. On the other hand the Indians did not like the snobbishness of British who were just aliens in India; they also disliked the way the British treated them. So, there was a mutual dislike between the British and the Indians. The only difference was that the Anglo-Indians could show their dislike openly while the Indians could not. What Aziz experienced when he came to Major Calendar's house and what Mrs. Turton said to Mrs. Moore and Miss Adela Quested in the Bridge-Party illustrated this:

"So it had come, the usual thing-just as Mahmoud Ali said. The inevitable snub-his bow ignored, his carriage taken." (p. 17)

"You're superior to them, anyway. Don't forget that. You're superior to everyone in India except one or two of the Ranis, and they're on an equality." (pp. 41-42)

As a result of this mutual dislike they also had prejudices against each other. Major Callendar who had been in India for a long time stated his prejudice against the Indians in the club, and the Indians were suspicious of Mr. Turton when he invited them to the bridge party.

"My old Das is all right," said Ronny, starting a new subject in low tones.

"Not one of them's all right," contradicted Major Callendar." (p.215)

"The Collector kept his word. Next day he issued invitation cards to numerous Indian gentlemen in the neighbourhood, stating that he would be at home in the garden of the club between the hours of five and seven on the following Tuesday, also that Mrs. Turton would be glad to receive any ladies of their families who were out of purdah. His action caused much excitement and was discussed in several worlds." (p.35)

As none of the English nor the Indians to bridge the gap between them, the situation became worse and worse. The feeling of discontent on the Indian side grew worse and worse and resulted in some small rebellion in 1857. But the English succeeded in suppressing them by several killings.

"There can, however, be no justification for the horrors committed during the repression by the agents of British capitalism, ravaged the country with fire and sword, hanging, impaling, or blowing from guns the innocent and guilty alike." (Lester Hutchinson, The Empire Of The Nabobs, (p.139)

"Thus in a torrent of blood the Great Rebellion came to an end. Hopelessly misled by intriguing and inefficient princes, the people had once again felt the iron hand of a conqueror. All resistance to British rule was now crushed; and there was nothing left for the Indian people except

to nurse their bitterness and hatred. The social revolution had been achieved, and a new nation had been created; but it was a nation of slaves, deprived of its historical inheritance." (idem, p.141)

In spite of the fact that the Indians were defeated the eagerness to have self-government and the desire for Indian Nationalism did not diminish among the Indians. This only pointed to one thing that the British colonialism in India was doomed to die. The time to end their activity in India was approaching steadily.

"The British won because great historical forces were behind them; but after their victory they attempted to stem these forces and to arrest all further progress. They ceased to fulfil any social function in India, and their power began to decay. The Great Rebellion marks the end of one epoch in which British imperialism was a progressive revolutionary force in India, and the beginning of another in which the forces of progress are behind the India people in their long struggle against a reactionary imperialism, already condemned by history," (Lester Hutchinson, The Empire Of The Nabobs, p.141)

"The revolutionary function of British imperialism in India ended with the savage repression of the Great Rebellion. The final defeat of Indian feudalism had removed the last abstackle to the birth of a modern nation; a birth at which the Company had played the part of an inefficient, corrupt, and violent midwife. Imperialism ceased to be progressive and became reactionary; but India could not be turned backed: she had begun the long and bitter struggle against imperialism which had forfeited every historical right to be in India." (idem, p.182)

"But no imperialst policy could stem the flood of nationalist feeling," (p.198)

Realizing the existence and increase of this move-

ment among the Indians, the British Parliament and the high officials of the Government of India began to be stricter with the action of the English people in India. They ordered them to be more tolerant with the Indians. This idea was, in fact, not new, because long ago in 1813 it had been stated that the main purpose of the presence of the English in India was for the welfare of the Indians themselves.

"While in India such unforeseen changes were taking place in the opinions, attitudes and alignments of the political parties and leaders, public opinion in Britain concerning the Indian problem was also undergoing a radical transformation. In 1912, even the Liberal Secretary of State for India, Lord Crewe, had disavowed the idea of Dominion status as the goal in India; but within five years the British Government, due partly to the growth of Indian nationalism and partly, probably mainly, to the vicissitudes of the war, looked at the Indian problem from what was called a new angle of vision and committed itself to a policy intended to carry autocracy to democracy and to lead her to the goal of responsible government within the British Empire." (R.P. Masani, Britain In India, p. 91)

For the top officials themselves it was not very difficult to be good and friendly with the Indians because they rarely had personal contact with them; beside that they were usually either noblemen or people of high rank which put them in respectable positions in England as well. But the people of lower positions found the idea rather hard. In England they were just ordinary men who had to respect many noble people there, and now in India they had the chance to get wealthy, respectable and important. Many of them acted as gods; they had power over the natives and were equal with the king and queens of the Indian states. What would become of them

if they were deprived of these privileges which they were used to have and enjoy for a long time. No wonder they were left with bitter disappointment toward their superiors. In the book "A Passage To India" this changing attitude is also described:

"The Collector sighed. There seemed nothing for it but the old weary business of compromise and moderation. He longed for the good old days when an Englishman could satisfy his own honour and no questions asked afterwards. Poor young Heaslop had taken a step in this direction, by refusing bail, but the Collector couldn't feel this was wise of poor young Heaslop. Not only would the Nawab Bahadur and others be angry, but the Government of India itself also watched-and behind it is that caucus of cranks and cravens, the British Parliament." (p. 183)

"The visit of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province formed the next stage in the decomposition of the Marabar. Sir Gilbert, though not an enlightened man, held enlightened opinions. Exempted by a long career in the Secretariate from personal contact with the peoples of India, he was able to speak of them urbanely, and to deplore racial prejudice. He applauded the outcome of the trial, and congratulated Fielding on having taken "the broad, the sensible, the only possible charitable view from the first.; the affair had been "mishandled by certain of our friends up the hill" who did not realize that "the hands of the clock move foreward, not back," etc., etc. He returned to his Himalayan altitudes well satisfied; the amount of money Miss Quested would have to pay, the precise nature of what had happened in the caves-these were local details, and did not concern him." (pp. 258 - 259)

The Indians knew this too and they talked about it when they were invited to the Bridge-Party by Mr. Turton.

"it is owing to orders from the L.G., was Mahmaud

Ali's explanation. "Turton would never do this unless compelled. Those high officials are different--they sympathize, the Viceroy sympathizes they would have us treated properly. But they come too seldom and live too far away. Mean - while--"

"It is easy to sympathize at a distance," said an old gentleman with a beard. "I value more the kind word that is spoken close to my ear. Mr. Turton has spoken it from whatever cause. He speaks, we hear....." (p.35)

Actually, India was a big and powerful country. The biggest problem in India which caused it to be defeated by other countries was that it lacked unity. It was divided into several parts and each was oppsed to the others. Karl Marx shows how bad the situation in the divided India at that time was:

"How came it that English supremacy was established in India? The paramount power of the Great Mogul was broken by the Mogul Viceroys. The power of the Viceroys was broken by the Marathas. The power of the Marathas was broken by the Afghans, and while all were struggling against all, the Briton rushed in and to subdue them all. A country not only divided between Mohammedan and Hindoo, but between tribe and tribe, between caste and caste; a society whose framework was based on a sort of equilibrium, resulting and it is from 1853 from a general repulsion and constitutional exclusiveness between all its members. Such a country and such a society, were they not the predestined prey of conquest?"

(Karl Marx, "The Future Results Of British Rule in India," New York Tribune, August 8, 1853.)

E.M. Forster in "A Passage to India" also points out this problem. When Aziz planned to make a trip to Marabar caves he faced many difficulties because the persons who would go there were not from the same group.

"Trouble after trouble encountered him, because he had challenged the spirit of the Indian earth, which tries to keep men in compartments." (p.127)

So, to gain its independence badly needed unity. The forces, the parts that divided India should unify themselves first, and only could they become a strong power which would succeed in the fight against the ruler. The awareness of the importance of unity in India had become stronger in the beginning of 20th century.

"By 1900 India was united as never before; and a new hostility to alien rule was eroding obedience.. The British could rule India so long as it remain a mosaic of unrelated fragments which had nothing in common except subordination; they could not do so once India felt it was a nation." (D.K. Fieldhouse, The Colonial Empires, p.284)

"Many things happened between 1916 and 1918. Wide as had been the gulf between Hindus and Muslims in the year 1914, it was bridged in 1916, for at the end of that year the leaders of the Congress and the Muslim League met at Lucknow and came to an agreement regarding the method of election to the councils and the distribution of the seats." (R.P. Masani, Britain in India, p.90)

"The full growth of Indian nationhood and the progressive realization of responsible government depended on the cooperation of the main, if not all, forces of Indian nationalism." (idem, p.93)

Other factors that influenced the growth of nationalism in India were the intellectual Indians, the result of the policy of the British to educate the Indians; the influence of the situation in other countries; and the idea of becoming great again as in the past.

"Historians generally trace the beginnings of Indian nationalism to the days of Lord Ripon's viceroyalty, to his famous resolution of 1882 on local self-government and to the inauguration

of the Indian National Congress in the year 1885. Some go back further, to the 'thirties of the nineteenth century when the policy of educating the people in the English language was adopted. Its origin can, however, be traced even to the early years of that century, when the duty of educating the people generally and of contributing to intellectual progress was first (in 1813) officially recognized." (R.P. Masani, Britain in India, p.52)

"At the turn of the century, the infant Hercules reached the age of adolescence. Under stimulus of political activity in India and of certain other Asian events, notably the victory of Japan over Russia, a new generation had risen. Everywhere there was a desire to recall the country's past and to regain the place she once occupied amongst the nations of the world." (idem, p.76)

Once in the past, before the coming of the British India had been a big powerful kingdom under the Mogul Empire. At that time the Indians were masters of their own country. Aziz as a Moslem always dreamed of the goos old time and wanted India to be like that again especially because all the kings of the Moguls were Moslem.

"Sometimes I shut my eyes and dream I have splendid clothes again and am riding into battle behind Alamgir. Mr. Fielding, must not India have been beautiful then, with the Mogul Empire at its height and Alamgir reigning at Delhi upon the Peacock Throne?" (p.66)

The Hindus also wanted the glory of the past to come back again but only according to their religion.

".....-Narayan Godbole."

"Oho, the Deccani Brahman!"

"He wants the past back too, but not precisely Alamgir." (p.67)

Whether the English liked it or not the rise of nationalism in India was inevitable. And once it had

come up it would not end before it reached its destination, that is, freedom, independence. Aziz and the other Indian people in Chandrapore at last felt the necessity for unity too, after all their sufferings from the bad treatment by the Anglo-Indians, especially after the trial of the Marabar incident. The Hindus and the Muslims realized that they had to become a unity.

"Another local consequence of the trial was a Hindu-Moslem entente. Loud protestations of amity were exchanged by prominent citizens, and there went with them a genuine^{desire} for a good understanding. Aziz, when he was at the hospital one day, received a visit from rather a sympathetic figure: Mr. Das. The magistrate sought two favours from him: a remedy for shingles and a poem for his brother in law's new monthly magazine. He accorded both. "My dear Das, why, when you tried to send me to prison, should I try to send Mr. Bhattacharya a poem? Eh? That is naturally entirely a joke. I will write him the best I can, but I thought your magazine was for Hindus."

"It is not for Hindus, but Indians generally," he said timidly." (p. 266)

The British power in India was declining and would soon come to an end, and Fielding is the symbol of this doomed colonialism. In the description of his first coming to India, he was contrasted with two other Englishmen. He was not as green as the young men and also unlike the others who had been in India for a long time.

"The journey remained in his mind as significant. Of his two carriage companions one was a youth, fresh to the East like himself, the other a seasoned Anglo-Indian of his own age. A gulf divided him from either; he had seen too many cities and men to be the first or to become the second. New impressions crowded on him, but they were not the orthodox new impressions; the past conditioned them, and so it was with his mistakes." (p. 61)

He was broad-minded, and willing to teach and be friends with the Indians whom the other English people despised.

"He did not mind whom he taught; public schoolboys, mental defectives and policemen, had all come his way, and he had no objection to adding Indians."

(p. 61)

Unlike the other Anglo-Indians he had no racial prejudice against the Indians. For him, all men were equal. He expressed this attitude in his manner and talk which, unfortunately, at that time was not suitable for India. It made him the odd man out in the British community in Chandrapore.

"The world, he believed, is a globe of men who are trying to reach one another and can best do so by the help of good will plus culture and intelligence--a creed ill suited to Chandrapore, but he had come out too late to lose it. He had no racial feeling-not because he was superior to his brother civilians, but because he had matured in a different atmosphere, where the herd-instinct does not flourish. The remark that did him most harm at the club was a silly aside to the effect that the so-called white races are really pinko-grey. He only said this to be cheery, he did not realize that "white" has no more to do with a colour than "God save the King" with a god, and that it is the height of impropriety to consider what it does connote. The pinko-grey male whom he addressed was subtly scandalized; his sense of insecurity was awoken, and he communicated it to the rest of the herd." (p. 62)

For this reason he did not object to Adela's wish to meet Aziz at the tea party at his house; and at the Bridge Party, which Adela thought artificial because the British kept on a distance from the Indians all the time, Fielding showed his attitude again.

In spite of the circumstances that sharply divided the British and the Indian, Fielding and Aziz became friends

as soon as they met. They liked each other and had no racial prejudice. It seemed a good start for their friendship.

"They shook hands smiling. He began to look round as he would have with any old friend. Fielding was not surprised at the rapidity of their intimacy. With so emotional a people it was apt to come at once or never, and he and Aziz, having heard only good of each other, could afford to dispense with preliminaries." (p.65)

They were willing to understand each other and Fielding was aware that being an Indian, Aziz was emotional - quite the opposite of Fielding, who was sensible. Aziz spoke and interpreted things with his feeling, his emotion. Before long, this could cause trouble to their friendship but at that very early hour good feelings prevailed. However, the trouble was always there waiting for another time to show itself.

"You can talk to Miss Quested about the Peacock Throne if you like-she's artistic, they say."

"Is she a Post Impressionist?"

"Post Impressionism, indeed! Come along to tea. This world is getting too much for me altogether." Aziz was offended. The remark suggested that he, an obscure Indian, had no right to have heard of Post Impressionism- a privilege reserved for the Ruling Race, that. He said stiffly, "I do not consider Mrs. Moore my friend, I only met her accidentally in my mosque," and was adding "a single meeting is too short to make a friend," but before he could finish the sentence the stiffness vanished from it, because he felt Fielding's fundamental good will. His own went out to it, and grappled beneath the shifting tides of emotion which can alone bear the voyager to an anchorage but may also carry him accros it on to the rocks." (pp.66-67)

Part of this misunderstanding was caused by the racial

prejudice on the part of Aziz. It was not that he disliked Fielding but he knew that the British considered the Indians as inferior. This knowledge influenced his interpretation of Fielding's remark. His poor house added to his inferiority complex. He was ashamed of it, yet he could not tell Fielding about his real condition. He had seen Fielding's house and could not help thinking how old and dirty his house was compared to Fielding's. When he was ill and unexpectedly Fielding visited him he treated him coldly. Fielding, who did not know the reason, was disappointed. At last Aziz could not control himself any longer and burst out into an explanation of his strange behaviour.

"No Englishman understand us except Mr. Fielding," he thought; "but how shall I see him again? If he entered this room the disgrace of it would kill me." (p.101)

"Mr. Fielding had entered unobserved..... Aziz said, "Sit down," coldly. What a room! What a meeting! Squalor and ugly talk, the floor strewn with fragments of cane and nuts, and spotted with ink, the pictures crooked upon the dirty walls, no punkah! He hadn't meant to live like this or among these third-rate people!" (p.110)

But Fielding kept calm all the time. This affected Aziz too and he could feel Fielding's kindness again. He regretted his cold reaction and as a kind of penance he let Fielding see the photograph of his dead wife, the person who he loved best. This was a sign that he considered Fielding as his brother. He even opened his heart to him.

"Really, I don't know why you pay me this great compliment, Aziz, but I do appreciate it."

.....

"You would have allowed me to see her?"

"Why not? I believe in the purdah, but I should

have told her you were my brother, and she would have seen you.

.....

It is because you behave well while I behave badly that I show it you. I never expected you come back just now when I called you. I thought, 'He has certainly done with me; I have insulted him.' Mr. Fielding, no one can ever realize how much kindness we Indians need, we do not even realize it ourselves. But we know when it has been given. We do not forget, though we may seem to. Kindness, more kindness, and even after that more kindness. I assure you it is the only hope." His voice seemed to arise from a dream. Altering it, yet still deep below his normal surface, he said, "We can't build up India except on that we feel." (pp.116-117)

This outburst of confidence touched Fielding. It made him see another side of Aziz, it gave him another opinion of Aziz and their friendship. Being emotional, Aziz had done that and certainly he demanded the same act in return but this was what he could not do. This scene implicitly foretold the future of their friendship: basically they were different.

"Fielding sat down by the bed, flattered at the trust reposed in him, yet rather sad. He felt old. He wished that he too could be carried away on waves of emotion. The next time they met, Aziz might be cautious and standoffish. He realized this, and it made him sad that ^{he} should realize it. Kindness, kindness, and more kindness—yes, that he might supply, but was that really all that the queer nation needed? Did it not also demand an occasional intoxication of the blood? What had he done to deserve this outburst of confidence, and what hostage could he give in exchange? He looked back at his own life. What a poor crop of secrets it had produced! There were things in it that he had shown to no one, but they were so

uninteresting, it wasn't worth while lifting a purdah on their account..... indulgence, followed by repentance and equilibrium. Meagre really except the equilibrium, and Aziz didn't want to have that confided to him- he would have called it "everything ranged coldly on shelves." (pp.117-118)

During the visit, Fielding had a discussion about the British presence in India. Could it be justified or not? Aziz's friends, all Indians, dared to put the question to him because they knew that Fielding was a good person and would not mind the question. His friendship with Aziz and the visit itself proved his kindness.

"Excuse the question, but if this the case, how is England justified in holding India?" There they were! Politics again. "It's a question I can't get my mind on to," he replied. "I'm out here personally because I needed a job. I cannot tell you why England is here or whether she ought to be here. It's beyond me." (pp. 111 - 112)

His answer revealed his thought clearly and encouraged Indians to ask further questions about the same topic. Had they asked the question to the other Anglo-Indians, they would have been called impudent. But Fielding with his belief in equality frankly said what he thought and this was something unusual for them.

"Then excuse me again- is it fair an Englishman should occupy one when Indians are available? Of course I mean nothing personally. Personally we are delighted you should be here, and we benefit greatly by this frank talk."

There is only one answer to a conversation of this type: "England holds India for her good." Yet Fielding was disinclined to give it. The zeal for honesty had eaten him up. He said, "I'm delighted to be here too- that's my answer, there's

my only excuse. I can't tell you anything about fairness. It mayn't have been fair I should have been born. I take up some other fellow's air, don't I, whenever I breathe? Still, I'm glad it's happened, and I'm glad I'm out here. However big a badmash one is--if one's happy in consequence, that is some justification."" (p. 112)

In the previous talk, when the Indians asked Fielding about providence, God and belief, he honestly told them his opinion which was very advanced for the Indians. It was all right in Europe but in India it was not yet acceptable.

"Well, I don't believe in Providence."

"But how then can you believe in God? asked Syed Mohammed.

"I don't believe in God."

A tiny movement as of "I told you so!" passed round the company, and Aziz looked up for an instant, scandalized. "It is correct that most are atheists in England now?" Hamidullah enquired.

"The educated thoughtful people? I should say so, though they don't like the name. The truth is that the West doesn't bother much over belief and disbelief in these days. Fifty years ago, or even when you and I were young, much more fuss was made."

"And does not morality also decline?"

"It depends what you call--yes, yes, I suppose morality does decline."" (p. 111)

An Easterner would not be as blunt as Fielding. His words shocked them, the frankness in saying those things repelled them.

"The Indians were bewildered. The line of thought was not alien to them, but the words were too definite and bleak. Unless a sentence paid a few compliments to Justice and Morality in passing, its grammar wounded their ears and paralysed their minds. What they said and what they felt were (except in the case of affection) seldom the same.

They had numerous mental conventions and when these were flouted they found it very difficult to function." (p. 112)

Fielding did not realize that his words could endanger himself, but Aziz did. As a friend he told and warned him about the danger he might create by his way of talking but Fielding ignored this.

"And abruptly he took up a new attitude towards his friend, the attitude of the protector who knows the dangers of India and is admonitory.

"You can't be too careful in every way, Mr. Fielding; whatever you say or do in this damned country there is always some envious fellow on the lookout. You may be surprised to know that there were at least three spies sitting here when you came to enquire. I was really a good deal upset that you talked in that fashion about God. They will certainly report it." (p. 120)

Fielding's frankness in saying things in front of people which Aziz considered to be foolish, and the act of ignoring Aziz's warning changed Aziz's attitude towards Fielding a bit. He did not appreciate Fielding's openness very much.

"There goes a queer chap, I trust he won't come to grief," thought Aziz, left alone. His period of admiration was over, and he reacted towards patronage. It was difficult for him to remain in awe of anyone who played with all his cards on the table. Fielding, he discovered on closer acquaintance, was truly warm-hearted and unconventional, but not what can be called wise. That frankness of speech in the presence of Ram Chand Rafi and Co. was dangerous and inelegant. It served no useful end." (p. 122)

Another thing resulting from the visit which showed that they held different opinion was sex.

"Aziz continued to think about beautiful women. His mind here was hard and direct, though not

brutal. He had learnt all he needed concerning his own constitution many years ago, thanks to the social order into which he had been born, and when he came to study medicine he was repelled by the pedantry and with which Europe tabulates the facts of sex." (p. 102)

The visit had given a new form to their friendship. Several things that happened during the visit showed the negative characteristics of both sides, and made them stand a bit more aloof. It made them aware of their differences in taste, temperament and way of thinking. Their opinions towards each other had changed but once again their friendship survived.

"But they were friends, brothers. That part was settled, their compact had been subscribed by the photograph, they trusted one another, affection had triumphed for once in a way." (p. 122)

After that their friendship ran on smoothly until the Marabar incident happened. On an excursion to the Marabar Caves arranged by Aziz, Miss Quested entered a cave alone. There she had an illusion that Aziz tried to assault her. She ran away from the cave and then went back to Chandrapore in Miss Derek's car. This resulted in Aziz being arrested and was soon put into prison. For a person like Aziz who placed decent name and propriety above all, that was too much. He could not bear it and broke down. So, when after much effort and difficulty Fielding succeeded in getting permission to visit him, he found him in a bad mood.

"But he must not bring any disgrace on his children by some silly escapade. Imagine if it got about that he was not respectable! His professional position too must be considered, whatever Major Callendar thought. Aziz upheld the proprieties, though he did not invest them with any mo-

ral halo, and it was here that he chiefly differed from an Englishman. His conventions were social." (p. 103)

But Fielding was not angry with Aziz, he understood him. He did not desert him; he went, as he said to him, to McBryde and defended him against the accusation although he did not succeed.

"But you see I believe she's under some hideous delusion, and that that wretched boy is innocent," (p. 168)

His act was not without risk. By taking Aziz's side openly he became a traitor to his own people. This was rather hard for him. No matter how much he loved India and Indians he was still an Englishman.

"Good bye, my dear Fielding, and you actually are on our side against your own people?"

"Yes, Definitely."

He regretted taking sides. To slink through India unlabelled was his aim. Henceforward he would be called "anti-British," "seditious"-terms that bored him, and diminished his utility." (p. 175)

Yet, he did not retreat. He even continued his fight for Aziz in the club and ended up by resigning from the club.

"But every human act in the East is tainted with officialism, and while honouring him they condemned Aziz and India. Fielding realized this, and he remained seated. It was an ungracious, a caddish thing to do, perhaps an unsound thing to do, but he felt he had been passive long enough, and that he might be drawn into the wrong current if he not make a stand." (p. 188)

"Seasoned and self-contained, devoid of the fervours of nationality or youth, the schoolmaster did what was for him a comparatively easy thing. He stood up and said, "I believe Dr. Aziz to be innocent."

.....

"I am waiting for the verdict of the courts. If

he is guilty I resign from my service, and leave India. I resign from the club now." (p. 189)

When the case came to trial Fielding also showed his sympathy for the Indians in public and ignored his own people.

"The chuprassies passed up not one chair but several, and the entire party followed Adela on to the platform, Mr. Fielding being the only European who remained in the body of the hall." (p.221)

"from where she sat, she could see the renegade Mr. Fielding. She had had a better view of him from the platform, and knew that an Indian child perched on his knee. He was watching the proceedings, watching her. When their eyes met, he turned his away, as if direct intercourse was of no interest to him." (p.222)

After the trial was over and Aziz was released, there was a procession of Indians going round the city to celebrate the victory of the Indian side. Fielding was going to take part when unexpectedly he met Adela, alone deserted by the other Anglo-Indians because she had withdrawn the charge. As Aziz's friend he considered her his enemy, but as a gentleman and an Englishman he could not let her, an Englishwoman in a foreign country, be in danger among her enemies. So he helped her, and as she could not go anywhere else he took her to his own place though rather unwillingly. But by the very fact of doing this he could not be celebrating with Aziz and the other Indians for which he was very sorry.

"Miss Quested had renounced her own people. Turning from them, she was drawn into a mass of Indians of the shopkeeping class, and carried by them towards the public exit of the court.
..... They paid no attention to her. They shook hands over her shoulder, shouted through her body-for when Indian does ignore his rulers,

he becomes genuinely unaware of their existence. Without part in the universe she had created, she was flung against Mr. Fielding." (p. 231)

"Fielding took the refugee to his office, and tried to telephone to McBryde. But this he could not do; the wires had been cut. All his servants had decamped. Once more he was unable to desert her. He felt restless and thwarted as he listened to the retreating sounds of the procession, and his joy was rather spoilt by bewilderment. It was a victory, but such a queer one." (p. 234)

Actually Fielding could not do otherwise eventhough he wanted to; he was cornered by the situation. But Aziz who had become irritable after his suffering in prison, thought that he was unwilling to join him and the other Indians. He could not understand the situation and even accused him of having deserted him at the moment of his victory.

"Cyril, Cyril, don't leave me," called the shattered voice of Aziz.

"I'm coming back." (p. 232)

"At that moment Aziz was crying, "Cyril, Cyril ..." Grammed into a carriage with the Nawab Bahadur, Hamidullah, Mahmoud Ali, his own little boys, and a heap of flowers, he was content, he wanted to be surrounded by all who loved him. Victory gave no pleasure, he had suffered too much.

.....

"Cyril, again you desert," cried Aziz."(pp.234-235)

After having a long talk and knowing Adela better Fielding could not help respecting her. He also saw her good character and came to like her.

"He had a natural sympathy for the down-trodden - that was partly why he rallied from Aziz - and had become determined not to leave the poor girl in lurch. Also, he had a new-born respect for her, consequent on their talk." (p. 244)

So it came as a great shock for him that she had to pay a great deal of money as compensation after all the courage she had shown in court. Fielding decided to do some thing about it.

This was not easy because Aziz already planned how to spend the money; he thought that he had every right to it. He had dreams which could be fulfilled only if he had that money.

"You have won a great victory" began Fielding.

"I know, my dear chap, I know; your voice need not become so solemn and anxious. I know what you are going to say next: Let, oh let Miss Quested off paying, so that the English may say, 'Here is a native who has actually behaved like a gentleman; if it was not for his black face we would almost allow him to join our club.'" (p. 251)

"I see Cyril Fielding to be a very nice chap indeed and my best friend, but in some ways a fool. You think that by letting Miss Quested off easily I shall make a better reputation for myself and Indians generally. No, no. It will be put down to weakness and the attempt to gain promotion officially." (p.252)

But Fielding kept trying to persuade Aziz to let off Miss Quested and explained what she really had done. He wanted him to see what it had meant for her and him, and urged him to appreciate it properly.

"Be quiet. In course of a long talk with Miss Quested I have begun to understand her character. It's not an easy one, she being a prig. But she is perfectly genuine and very brave. When she saw she was wrong, she pulled herself up with a jerk and said so. I want you to realize what that means. All her friends around her, the entire British Raj pushing her forward. She stops, sends the whole thing to smithereens. In her place I should have funk'd it. But she stopped, and almost did

she become a national heroine, but my students ran us down a side street before the crowd caught flame. Do treat her considerately." (p.252)

Really Adela had done a courageous deed. Had Aziz not suffered so much during his imprisonment he could probably have appreciated her courage. But now his hatred towards the British especially Adela got the upper hand.

"The approval of your compatriots no longer interests me, I have become anti-British, and ought to have done so sooner, it would have saved me numerous misfortunes." (p.251)

Beside that, Adela's cold manner and her honesty made it difficult for the Indians to understand her. They measured everything with emotion and since she did not show it they could not accept her. They considered her worthy of punishment rather than of praise. Carried away by emotion they hated her and did not want to forgive her.

"Miss Quested was so loathed in Chandrapore that her recantation was discredited, and the rumour ran that she had been stricken by the Deity in the middle of her lies." (p.233)

"For Miss Quested had not appealed to Hamidullah. If she had shown emotion in court, broke down, beat her breast, and invoked the name of God, she would have summoned forth his imagination and generosity—he had plenty of both. But while relieving the Oriental mind, she had not 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 World that was with God also is God. And the girl's sacrifice-so creditable according to Western notions-rightly rejected, because, though it came from her heart, it did not include her heart. A few garlands from students was all that India ever gave for in return." (p. 245)

It was also emotion that led Aziz to insult Adela. He despised her because she was not beautiful and the accusation had come as an insult for him. Fielding could not accept his attitude in this case. Their different point of views divided them, and troubled their friendship.

"He-he has not been capable of thought in his misery, naturally he's very bitter," said Fielding, a little awkward, because such remark as Aziz had made were not merely bitter, they were foul. The underlying notion was, "It disgraces me to have been mentioned in connection with such a hag." It enraged him that he had been accused by a woman who had no personal beauty; sexually, he was a snob. This had puzzled and worried Fielding. Sensuality, as long as it is straightforward, did not repel him, but this derived sensuality-the sort that classes a mistress among motor-cars if she is beautiful, and among eye-flies if she isn't-was alien to his own emotions, and he felt a barrier between himself and Aziz whenever it arose." (p. 241)

For the sake of their friendship and to satisfy Fielding, Aziz tried to consider the matter by consulting Mrs. Moore. He respected and trusted her much more than other people. Fielding found it ridiculous that Aziz loved Mrs. Moore who had really done nothing for him. Fielding could help criticizing Aziz and his excessive emotion. In this field they differed again and as usual the difference led to a quarrel between them.

"There was silence, then dreamly but with deep feel-

ing the voice said: "Cyril, I have had an idea which will satisfy your tender mind: I shall consult Mrs. Moore."

.....

"Her opinion will solve everything; I can trust her so absolutely. If she advises me to pardon this girl, I shall do so. So will counsel me nothing against my real and true honour, as you might." (p. 253)

"You are so fantastic Miss Quested, you won't treat her generously; while over Mrs. Moore there is this elaborate chivalry. Miss Quested anyhow behaved decently this morning, whereas the old lady never did anything for you at all, and it's pure conjecture that she would have come forward in your favour, it only rests on servants' gossip. Your emotions never seem in proportion to their objects, Aziz." (p. 254)

Fielding's first attempt failed. Despite his failure, Fielding tried again. Since there was no possible way but use the influence of the late Mrs. Moore upon Aziz he decided to make use of it. It took time and Fielding had to struggle hard but in the end he succeeded; Aziz yielded.

"Fielding's first attempt was a failure. The reply was: "I see your trick. I want revenge on them. Also I want the money-to educate my little boys, as I explained to her." But he began to weaken, and Fielding was not ashamed to practice a little necromancy. Whenever the question of compensation came up, he introduced the dead woman's name. Aziz yielded suddenly. He felt it was Mrs. Moore's wish that he should spare the woman who was about to marry her son, that it was the only honour he could pay her, and he renounced with a passionate and beautiful outburst the whole of the compensation money, claiming only costs." (p. 261)

As a matter of fact Fielding resented Aziz's excessive emotion, nor did he agree with Aziz's act in considering

the dead woman as still alive and even evoking her. But for once he could make use of this and succeeded in helping Adela.

Their problem concerning the money had ended but their friendship had began to crack. The differences between them destroyed it bit by bit. The least thing made them quarrel. In fact, ever since Aziz had demanded Fielding to become an Indian after the trial and had been refused, the problem of race haunted their friendship.

"Aziz was friendly and domineering. He wanted Fielding to "give in to the East," as he called it, and live in a condition of affectionate dependence upon it. "You can trust me, Cyril." No question of that, and Fielding had no roots among his own people. Yet he really couldn't become a sort of Mohammed Latif. When they argued about it something racial intruded-not bitterly, but inevitably, like the colour of their skins: coffee-colour versus pinko-grey." (p. 260)

Kindness, kindness and more kindness, that, Aziz said, was what he needed. Fielding had plenty of it and had given it to Aziz, yet their friendship could not survive. Mere kindness was a weak basis for friendship. After becoming friends for some time they still misunderstood each other. Their opinions differed widely in almost everything. Aziz with his excessive emotion could not understand Fielding with his cold and sensible manner, and vice versa. There was also a big cultural differences in the interpretation of each other's words and behaviour; a difference which was very difficult to overcome for people of different races. All these differences exploded in one big quarrel. It happened that Fielding was not in Chandrapore when the gossip about

his having an intimate relationship with Adela spread through the town. The emotional Aziz tended to believe it and strongly disapproved of it because he still regarded her as his enemy. As soon as Fielding returned he met and told him about it. As an Indian Aziz considered it a big thing but for Fielding, an English man, it was only a trifle. Aziz was disappointed by Fielding's reaction; he had shown his concern for Fielding's name for the sake of their friendship but he got disapproval instead of enthusiastic response. He misinterpreted Fielding's attitude as approving the gossip. Moreover Fielding spoke in a loud voice whereas Aziz who thought that their talk was a secret talked in a low voice. It seemed to him that Fielding did not care about what he thought was important. He felt rejected and insulted at the same time. At last they both became irritated and shouted at each other. Fielding who could not bear Aziz's suspicion called him "little rotter", which hurt Aziz very much. Afterwards both of them expressed regret but it did not help much, the quarrel was the last straw for their friendship. Fielding asked for forgiveness earnestly and honestly, Aziz replied that it did not matter but his heart did not say so. Really, a friendship between an Easterner and Westerner is difficult.



"Aziz had no sense of evidence. The sequence of his emotions decided his beliefs, and led to the tragic coolness between himself and his English friend. They had conquered but were not to be crowned. Fielding was away at a conference, and after the rumour about Miss Quested had been with him undisturbed for a few days, he assumed it was true. He had no objection on moral grounds to his friends amusing themselves, and Cyril, being

middle-aged, could no longer except the pick of the female market, and must take his amusement where he could find it. But he resented him making up to this particular woman, whom he still regarded as his enemy; also, why had he not been told? What is friendship without confidences? He himself had told things sometimes regarded as shocking, and the Englishman had listened, tolerant, but surrendering nothing in return." (p.271)

"Any direct attack threw him out of action. Presently he said: "So you and Madamsell Adela used to amused one another in the evening, naughty boy."

Those drab and high-minded talks had scarcely made for dalliance. Fielding was so startled at the story being taken seriously, and so disliked being called a naughty boy, that he lost his head and cried: "You little rotter!

.....
"Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure. The licentious Oriental imagination was at work," he replied, speaking gaily, but cut to the heart; for hours after his mistake he bled inwardly.

.....
"Yes, yes; but you didn't contradict what I said so I thought it was true. Oh dear, East and West. Most misleading." (pp.273-274)

They tried to make up but failed. Their friendship had become hollow with nothing to tie them together any more.

"The conversation jumped from topic in a broken-backed fashion. They were affectionate and intimate, but nothing clicked tight." (p.278)

Soon after it Fielding went back to England. Some how he felt that something had gone wrong but he could do nothing about it except leave it as it was. Like Aziz, he too used his own norm to judge his friend.

"Fielding was conscious of something hostile, and because he was really fond of Aziz his optimism failed him." (p.280)

Aziz's Indian friends often reminded him of the money he could have had from Miss Quested, in his heart he regretted his foolish act. This, connected with Fielding's journey to England, made Aziz suspect that Fielding had helped Adela because he wanted to marry her in England. His imagination went on and on and led him to believe that it was true. He felt bitter towards his friend and decided not to see him off, nor reply to any letter from him. In addition to this, his Indian friends encouraged him to have no more relation whatever with Fielding. They thought that Fielding could endanger them because he knew too much about them.

"And Fielding went, and in the last gutterings of Chandrapore-heaven and earth both looking like toffee-the Indian's bad fancies were confirmed. His friends encouraged them, for though they had liked the Principal, they felt uneasy at his getting to know so much about their private affairs. (p.281)

Aziz had changed. When Fielding first met him, he was very friendly; Aziz was willing and glad to be friends with Fielding. He did not care about the British and the British rule in India, he did not consider the British as colonialists that should be kicked out from India. He took the situation as it was. His demand was simple, he just wanted to go on working and not to be treated rudely. But, even this simple demand could not be fulfilled. Aziz had given kindness and friendliness and got disaster in return. He worked hard to realize the plan to go to Marabar Caves, he spent much money and energy for it in order to satisfy Adela and Mrs. Moore but was arrested as soon as it was over. Imprisonment made him suffer much and thus led him to hate

the British. He became anti-British and wished to have a nation, India as a unity that would protect the Indians against other people. At first Aziz still excluded Fielding from the other British and regarded him as his friend. Then, gradually their friendship cracked while his hatred towards the British grew worse and worse. In the end he decided to have nothing more to do with the British including Fielding. He moved to a remote Hindu State. It was not that India had really become a unity, a nation, because racial prejudice still prevented India from becoming one. However, they all hated the British, Hindu or Moslem was better than the British. Fielding wrote Aziz letters but Aziz destroyed them unopened. This made him misunderstand Fielding more. He just read part of a letter from Hamstead which informed him that Fielding was going to marry. His emotion caused him to imagine that Fielding married Adela while in fact he married Mrs. Moore's daughter, Stella.

"His impulse to escape from the English was sound. They had frightened him permanently, and there are only two reactions against fright: to kick and scream on committees, or to retreat to a remote jungle, where the sahib seldom comes. His old lawyer friends wanted him to stop in British India and help agitate, and might have prevailed, but for the treachery of Fielding. The news had not surprised him in the least. A rift had opened between them after the trial when Cyril had not joined in his procession; those advocacies of the girl had increased it; then came the postcards from Venice, so cold, so friendly that all agreed that something was wrong; and finally, after a silence, the expected letter from Hamstead. Mahmoud Ali was with him at that time "Some news that will surprise you. I am to marry someone who

whom you know..." He did not read further.

"Here it comes, answer for me---" and he threw it to Mahmoud Ali. Subsequent letters he destroyed unopened. It was the end of a foolish experiment. And though sometimes at the back of his mind he felt that Fielding had made sacrifices for him, it was now all confused with his genuine hatred of the English. "I am an Indian at last," he thought, standing motionless in the rain."(pp.292-293)

Despite Aziz's unwillingness to have any contact with the British he met Fielding again by chance when the latter made an official visit to the Hindu State. Fielding had not changed. He still showed his kindness and wanted to clear up the misunderstanding between them. On the other hand Aziz kept aloof and was hostile to Fielding and became more so when during their unfriendly talk he realized his carelessness and wrong thinking but was ashamed to admit it. In rage and shame he refused a reconciliation with Fielding.

"Aziz, we must thrash this misunderstanding out later on.

.....

Shame turned into rage that brought back his self-respect.

"What does it matter to me who you marry? Don't trouble me here at Mau is all I ask. I do not want you, I do not want one of you in my private life, with my dying breath I say it. Yes, yes, I made a foolish blunder; despise me and feel cold.

..... Then pausing, while the rain exploded like pistols, he said, "My heart is for my own people henceforward," and turned away."(p.302)

However, the reconciliation did come later on through an accident in which Aziz's boat collided with Fieldings'. But Fielding's marriage was an external force that had tied him to his own people, the British. Aziz and Fielding could not be friends again like in the

past. At last, the force of the circumstances had got hold of them and pulled them apart.

"No, we won't think about it." He too felt that this was their last free intercourse. All the stupid misunderstandings had been cleared up, but socially they had no meetingplace. He had 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 pastheroism. Would he to-day defy all his own people for the sake of a stray Indian? Aziz was a memento, a trophy, they were proud of each other, yet they must inevitably part."
(pp.318 - 319)

The situation had changed now and affected them. They must part and stand in different groups, each in his own group. Aziz was now one of the Indian people already infected by the notion of nationalism and Fielding was tied to the other Anglo-Indians by his marriage. Politics had intruded into their friendship. Aziz could not accept Fielding because Fielding, even-though doomed, was still a colonialist, and Indian nationalism demanded India to be free from any colonialists. Only after that could they be friends again but on a different basis, they would be in the same position, and this, of course, would make a better friendship. Aziz showed that he was aware of the necessity of a unity between all parts of India if they wanted to be free nation. The Indians already had a strong will to get rid of the British rule.

"Why can't we be friends now?" said the other, holding him affectionately. "It's what I want. It's what you want."

But the horses didn't want it-they swerved apart; the earth didn't want it, sending up rocks through which riders must pass single file; the temples,

the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the car-
rion, the Guest House, that came into view as they
issued from the gap and saw Mau beneath: they didn't
want it, they said in their hundred voices, "No,
not yet," and the sky said, "No, not there." (p.322)

CHAPTER IV

CRABBE AS A SYMBOL OF VANISHING COLONIALISM

As a background for the story, the author described the beginning of British colonialism in Malaya. The situation at that time needed the British help. The leaders of the states in Malaya fought against each other for the throne, and when pirates and other enemies attacked them, they could do nothing but ask for the British to help them which meant that they let the British have power over them and their states.

"After the death of Sultan Iblis there was trouble again. Five chiefs claimed the throne, only one of them - the Crown Prince Mansor - with any right. The bad days of anarchy returned, the kris whistled through the air and lopped innocent heads, there was pillaging and arson in up-river kampongs, the Bugis appeared again - a portent, like the anti-Christ Danes at the time of Bishop Wulfstan - and even the Siamese, who already held Patani, Kelen-tan and Trengganu, began to be interested. It was now that the British intervened. Mansor fled to Singapore, imploring help from the Governor. Yes, yes, he would most certainly accept a British Resident if he could be guaranteed a safe throne, a permanent bodyguard and a pension of \$ 15,000 a month." (p. 34)

The British agreed to help them under certain conditions. The Malays had to accept British Residency in their area; they would indirectly be ruled by the British.

"The work of governing Lanchap has been carried on quietly and with moderate efficiency by the British Advisers - mostly colourless, uxorious men with a taste for fishing or collecting matchboxes or writing competent monographs on the more accessible Malay village customs." (p. 35)

"The aim was merely to make treaties with the Malay states under which they would receive residents and accept their advice on the pattern of the Indian states. In 1874 the Pangkor Engagement was made

with the leading chiefs of Perak, which obliged the successful claimant to a disputed succession to the sultanate to receive a British resident 'whose advice must be asked and acted upon in all questions other than those touching Malay religion and custom'." (D.K. Fieldhouse, The Colonial Empires, p. 197)

The British ruled and developed the country. They began to exploit its natural resources, namely tin and rubber. But the problem was that Malaya could not supply enough workers for both the tin mining and the rubber plantation. The British had to get workers from China and India. The Malays themselves were not many, beside that they were reluctant to work hard.

"And so the wars gradually died down like a wind, though not before some British blood had been spilled on that inhospitable soil. The state began to prosper. Rubber thrived, the Chinese dredged for tin with frantic industry." (p. 34)

"The problem of providing an adequate work force in circumstances in which the Malays were either too few in number or reluctant to become wage laborers was met by the wholesale introduction of immigrant labor from South China and the British possessions in India." (W.R. Roff, The Origins of Malay Nationalism, p. 252)

These workers multiplied very rapidly. In the course of time the foreigners in Malaya outnumbered and even had a much better position than the Malays themselves. The newcomers soon became rich while the natives remained poor and undeveloped.

"In the newly developed areas the Malay was in a minority. His country was dominated by British and Chinese entrepreneurs, capitalists and businessmen. Its labour force was composed mainly of Chinese and Indians, who were ultimately to form a majority of the population, while the bulk of the Malays remained small rice farmers growing in addition some rub-

ber and coconuts as cash crops."

(D.G.E. Hall, A History of South-East Asia, p. 565)

With the British in the Government service, the Chinese in the tin mines and the Indians in the plantations, the Malays found themselves both politically and economically 'pushed out of their own house on to the doorstep'.

(L.A. Mills and associates, The New World of Southeast Asia, Minneapolis and London, 1949, p. 177). Most of the small Malay population lived in the jungle and remote villages, and only a few enjoyed the progress of their country in modern towns.

This unpleasant situation made the Malay dislike the other races who, they thought, had robbed them of their wealth. They felt that as the sons of the soil they should also have their share in the prosperity of their country. They wanted to get rid of all the foreigners so that they could have their own country fully for themselves.

"You see," he said, in sudden irritation, "they're still here. Spite of their bloody promises. Every day it's the same. You and me working our guts out in the sun, and them there in their motor-cars, going off to drink their whisky under a big fan! The brown, lined, lean workman leant on his heavy road-tool, whatever it was, and gawped indignantly at the passing car. His companion spat on to the scorched road and said, 'They've let us down. They said when they got in there wouldn't be a white man left in the country. They said they'd all be buried alive.'" (p. 224)

"Two Malay workmen entered,
One looked at the huge belly of Kartar Singh with contempt and said to his colleague:

'There they are, the fat sods.

'Fat at our expense. No work to do. Drinking the day away. Sucking the marrow from the bones of the Malays.'

'Right. But things are going to be different soon. Sikhs and Chinese and Tamils and white men" (p. 286)

"....., and it was well known that the English had made themselves rich through tin and rubber, natural riches which belonged rightly to the Malays, meaning the Malays." (p. 500)

On the other hand, the other races, English, Chinese and Indians all looked down on the Malays. They considered the Malays people of the lower rank, incapable of doing anything important, uncivilized, uneducated. The Malays knew that there was this feeling against them and so they became hostile to them.

"'I think so,' said Maniam. 'The Malays just can't do the work. The fools won't see it, they won't accept it.'" (p.417)

"..... There's no common culture, language, literature, religion. I know the Malays want to impose all these things on the others, but that obviously won't work. Damn it all, their language isn't civilized, they've got about two or three books, dull and ill-written, their version of Islam is unrealistic and hypocritical.'" (p.447)

"There you go again,' raged Haji Zainal Abidin. 'Because she is a Malay. Race prejudice. Race hatred. I tell you again, you English bastards, there will be no peace on the earth until race hatred ceases. Because you are a white man you despise us. You despise me because I am a Malay.'" (p.236)

As the British were the real rulers of the country, they were considered superior to the other races. Their skin, their language, their manners, their habits, etc. became the standard of modern and civilized living. The other races began to imitate them and rejected their own origins. Rosemary, a beautiful Tamil girl, never admitted that she was a Tamil. She always said that actually she was a white woman and so she desperately looked for a white man as a

future husband. A Malay who was the State Information Officer, Nik Hassan, liked to have his name sound English and disliked brown skin. A Chinese solicitor who was educated in England, Lim Cheng Po, regarded himself as an Englishman.

"At that moment, in profound crapula, the elite of the Jaffna Tamil of the town were already drinking coffee, black and bitter. Their language was English, the language of professional men." (p. 414 -415)

"'She's of very low caste,' said Sundralingam. 'I knew her parents in Kuala Hantu. She knows I knew them, but still she once told me that she was a Balinese princess. On another occasion she said she was partly English and partly Spanish. It was her Spanish blood, she said, that made her get brown so easily. In England, she said she was quite pale. She despises her own race, you see.'" (p.439)

"Nik Hassan liked to be called 'Nicky'. It was chic to have an English name in his circle. His friends Izuddin and Daud were called 'Izzy' and 'Fred' and Lokman bin Daud usually signed himself 'Lockman B. Dowd'. Very big- executive, very American, and a quite ligimate trans-literation of the Islamic name. Nik Hassan had tried to mould his personality round the connotations of his nickname, and he sat like the boss of a gambling-joint behind his harmless official desk, moustached and smart in the busy hum of the air-conditioner. Crabbe greeted him and smiled dutifully at the counter-greeting. Nicky and Vicky. Education and Information. The comedy-team of the new Malaya." (pp. 454 -455)

"Lim Cheng Po came to tea. He took it in the English manner, enjoyed the tomato sandwiches and the fruit cake, said in his Balliol voice: 'A pity one can't get crumpets here! To Crabbe he was a breath of home, an unalloyed essence of Englishry He was plump and not unhandsome, his Chinese blood hardly apparent. Only the eyes were lashless and small and the nose slightly squat. But

the English voice and the English gesture swallowed up these details, He drank his tea and like any Englishman in the tropics, began to sweat after it." (pp. 446 - 447)

But at the same time there was a feeling of dislike from the other races toward the British. There were people who thought that the British had got what they possessed by robbing them from their possessions. Some jobless people and lower workers blamed the British for their unpleasant condition. They thought that the British got their important jobs simply because they were white. They did not think of the fact that the British had more qualification and education for their jobs.

"'Anyway, he's not a graduate. Of course, nobody sees that that's important. They all think that our skin is our only piece of parchment. We carry our whiteness like a diploma." (p. 248)

The mutual hatred among the races in Malaya and the inferiority complex of people who were not British became a big unsolved problem for Malaya.

"'There is too much of all this,' said Sundralingam. 'Too much despising of one's own race and too much despising of other people's races. That is going to be the big trouble for Malaya.'" (p. 439)

The author gives a cynical comment about this particular problem of Malaya. He describes a situation at a Christmas party in Malaya when some of the races join and try to have fun together. But Christmas which is supposed to bring peace to people resulted in mere confusion. So the author makes allusions to Whitsun when the Holy Spirit descended upon the apostles and gave them the ability to speak foreign tongues and also to the Tower of Babel which also resulted in confusion of tongues, no one understood the others. It is as if these moments happen again in Malaya in which the people of different races speak different

languages that are quite unintelligible for the others. There is no common language that can be understood by all and so can be used as a means of communication for all of them; something that will bind them together.

"They drank, and the evening poured itself out in a long bubbling or frothing or aromatic stream, and Alladad Khan sang a Punjabi hunting song and addressed the Crabbes seriously in Urdu, and the Crabbes addressed Nabby Adams in Malay, and it became Whitsun more than Christmas, for the Tower of Babel lay with the empty bottles." (p. 202)

At the beginning of the twentieth century there was a change among the colonialists. They had a new policy: "enlightened paternalism". This new policy intended to do more for the benefit of the colonies. The British also held this attitude toward their colonies.

"Before the war the Malaya had been the least politically minded of all the peoples of South-East Asia. The British bureaucracy had been just and enlightened, and most of its members had tended to develop strong pro-Malay sympathies." (D.G.E. Hall, A History of South-East Asia, p. 831)

Crabbe is a typical example of the enlightened paternal colonialist. He is an idealist who always tries to do the best he can for Malaya. He educates and teaches the Malays to improve their own life in spite of the resentment of some of the Malaysians toward him.

"'You'll never understand us,' said Crabbe. 'Never, never, never. Our mandarin world's dead and gone, and that's all you're looking for in England, but you're wrong. It died forty years ago. I'm a typical Englishman of my class - a crank idealist. What do you think I'm doing here in early middle age?'" (p. 449)

"Crabbe thought, 'I should want to go home, like Fenella. I should be so tired of the shambles here, the obscurantism, the colour-prejudice, the laziness and ignorance, as to desire nothing better

than a headship in a cold stone country school in England. But I love this country. I feel protective towards it. Sometimes, just before dawn breaks, I feel that I somehow enclose it, contain it, I feel that it needs me. This is absurd, because snakes and scorpions are ready to bite me, a drunken Tamil is prepared to knife me, the Chinese in the town would like to spit at me, some day a Malay boy will run amok and try to tear me apart. But it doesn't matter. I want to live here; I want to be wanted. Despite the sweat, the fever, the prickly heat, the mosquitoes, the terrorists, the fools at the bar of the Club, despite Fenella.'" (p.63)

Crabbe had a clear view of his position in Malaya.

He knew its problems and his position there, but this did not mean that his work went on smoothly; he had to face many difficulties. Right in the school where he taught race problems appeared to be the source of difficulties.

The school was built as a means to bind the various races in Malaya. A broad-minded Malay Sultan saw that if Malaya wanted to be prosperous all the component races should work together harmoniously and he laid a plan for a Malayan public school before his early death. Later on an Englishman who thought of education as a possible way to unify all the races in Malaya, suggested the idea of educating the young people of different races together in a school. The idea was soon realized but, in reality, to run such a school was by no means easy in Malaya. Formerly each race had its own vernacular school in which only the language of the race was used. Now, in the new school the students came from all races with different languages, different religions, habits, tastes, etc. Even the Malays who came from different states did not feel that they were one. It was very difficult for the students to get along with one another, quarrels easily flared up

among them. The many difficulties faced by the school had to be solved by the Englishman who became the headmaster. To solve the problem of language, English was used as the only language allowed for teaching but the other problems such as the names of the houses and food could not easily be solved.

"The difficulties of organizing a house system in a school of this kind had been partly solved through weak compromise. At first it had been proposed to call the houses after major prophets - Nabi Adam, Nabi Idris, Nabi Isa, Nabi Mohammed - but everyone except the Muslims protested. Then it seemed microcosmically fitting to allot boys to houses bearing the names of their home states. It happened, however, that an obscurantist Sultan and a union of Chinese Secret Societies in one state forbade, independently of each other, any patronization of the new educational venture. Thus it fell out that a rich and important territory was represented in the Mansor School by a Eurasian, the son of Bengali money-lender, a Tamil and a dull but happy Sikh. The pupils themselves, through the prefects, pressed the advantages of a racial division. The Chinese feared that the Malays would run amok in the dormitories and use knives; the Malays said they did not like the smell of the Indians; the various Indian races preferred to conduct vendettas only among themselves. Besides, there was the question of food. The Chinese cried out for pork which, to the Muslims, was haram and disgusting; the Hindus would not eat meat at all, despite the persuasions of the British matron; other Indians demanded burning curries and could not stomach the insipid lauk of the Malays. Finally the houses were given the names of Britons who had helped to build the new Malaya. Allocation to houses was arbitrary - the dormitories buzzed with different prayers in different tongues - and everybody had to eat cold rice with a warmish lauk of buffalo-meat or vegetables. Nobody was satisfied but nobody could think of anything better." (pp. 38 - 39)

To Crabbe's disappointment, they only became one when they had to face the British. It happened that a student was expelled from the school by the headmaster, and the other students thought that it was unjustice.

"Crabbe was touched. The form had welded itself into a single unity on this issue. Tamils, Bengalis, and one Sikh, the Malays, the one Eurasian, the Chinese had found a loyalty that transcended race. Then, hopelessly, Crabbe saw that this unity was only a common banding against British injustice."
(p. 53)

In a situation like this Crabbe was always in a difficult position. The students would like to talk to him because they knew that he sympathized with them, and they would ask him to speak for them but the other Englishmen did not like this and so blamed Crabbe for it. The worst was that Crabbe always spoke out. He did not know beforehand how much he might say, the realization came afterwards.

"They turned obediently to text-books and notebooks, the word 'harsh' echoing still through the creaking of desklids, the borrowing of a fill of ink. Crabbe realized he had gone too far. Somebody would now tell Crishton or Wallis that Mr. Crabbe had talk about the headmaster's 'harsh sentence', and Crishton or Wallis would pass this back to the Headmaster, and then there would be talk of loyalty and not letting the side down, and at Christmas and adverse report, perhaps, but certainly more material for Club calumny. 'He likes the Asians too much. He tells the Asians too much. Why, he complains about the Europeans on the staff to the Asian kids. What's he after, anyway?'" (p. 56)

Crabbe's presence in Malaya was unavoidable. It was a natural process, colonialism must die. Crabbe as was typical of his type wanted the people there to know about the things that he knew, so he taught them as he would teach the students in England.

"Yet the process of which he, Victor Crabbe, was a part, was an ineluctable process. His being here in the brown country, sweltering in an alien classroom, was prefigured and ordained by history. For the end of the Western pattern was the conquest of time and space. But out of time and space came point-instants, and out of point-instants came a universe. So it was right that he stood here now, teaching the East about the Industrial Revolution. It was right that these boys too should bellow through loudspeakers, check bomb-loads, judge Shakespeare by the Aristotelian yardstick, hear five-part counterpoint and find it intelligible."
(pp. 56 - 57)

It was very kind of Crabbe to do it but it was a bit unwise. He did not consider that the situation in Malaya was different from that in England; he told the students that machines were invented to help people get more leisure and the students could not see the point because they and the other Malays had already had much leisure without the coming of machines. His way of conveying the idea was not suitable.

"'But surely, sir, it was not good if these machines made people have no work, and they were right, sir, if they wished to destroy them.' The Malay sat down, awaiting an answer.

.....

But we cannot follow virtue and knowledge or the pleasures of the sense - which are just as important - if we have little leisure. And so the machines come along and they do more and more of our work for us and give us more leisure.

The Malay boy seemed puzzled. 'But, sir, in the kampongs they have no machines but they have a lot of leisure. They sit in the sun and do no work and they are happy. I do not see how machines can give leisure.'" (pp. 57 - 58)

In his desperation Crabbe jumped to the conclusion that the East could not accept logic. This was, of course, not true. It was just that, owing to the different way of

lives of the people, Eastern logic and Western logic should not always go well together.

"'All right, all right!' Crabbe scotched the argument at birth. 'Don't get off the point.' But, he realized, they had never been on the point.' Again he felt hopeless. This was the East. Logic was a Western importation which, unlike films and refrigerators, had a small market."

When Crabbe first came to Malaya the people were already political minded and demanded independence. The feeling of nationality was first aroused during the period of Japanese occupation, and now it showed its influence.

"Dey are becoming politically-minded. Dey are talking about de white oppressors.' Inche Kamaruddin grinned widely and shook with joy." (pp. 88-89)

Crabbe's wife, Fenella, complained about the hard life there and argued Crabbe to go back to England. But he kept refusing and persuaded her to try to live in Malaya. He felt that he should be there, he had a task to perform.

"'All right, darling. But, in the meantime, we've got to live there. We've got to try and make some sort of life in this country. It's no good fighting against it all the time. You've got to accept that this isn't London, that the climate's tropical, that there aren't concerts and theatres and ballets. But there are other things. The people themselves the little drinking-shops, the incredible mixture of religions and cultures and languages. That's what we're here for - to absorb the country.' 'Or be absorbed by it,' he said to himself." (p. 67)

But, in spite of his effort to help the people in Malaya the situation got worse and worse and they began to reject the British colonialists including the Crabbes. When after a quarrel with the headmaster in Kuala Hantu, Crabbe was transferred to a remoter place the Crabbes had an unpleasant experience as soon as they arrived there;

it seemed that nobody wanted them.

"Crabbe rapped once more, but the faint wooden noise seemed swallowed by vast Malayan distances, and they became oppressed by a great loneliness. The lizards darted into familiar sand-holes; the sun howled down; a distant goat wavered a plaintive call. Things went indifferently on, and nobody wanted the Crabbes. Perhaps they, like their side-walking namesakes, should dig holes and then bed down in sight of the vast empty sea, rejected of the warm-blooded inland world." (p. 239)

In this new place, Crabbe's life was no better. A Tamil Senior Master, Jaganathan, envied his position as headmaster and gave him a lot of trouble.

"'You've got about a thousand pupils and a staff of Malays, Indians, Chinese and Eurasians. They're all going to hate your guts, especially the Senior Master. He's a Tamil called Jaganathan, and he was definitely promised the headship when Foss went home. Of course, it was only an electioneering promise doesn't mean a thing, but these poor devils had never had an election before, and they genuinely believed all that stuff about cutting the white man's throat. Poor old Jaganathan drummed up a lot of votes for the man who made the promise about the headship, so you can understand how he's going to feel about you.'" (p. 247)

Jaganathan felt that he had every right to the job. The result was that he and Crabbe often quarreled in the office.

"Crabbe was having trouble with his senior master, Jaganathan. Jaganathan was quite sure of his own competence to take over from the white man. In the oven of an office he and Crabbe had occasionally raised voices, and the Malay clerks had looked up with interest." (p. 274)

Fenella realized that the British power had weakened, the British rule would soon come to an end and they were not wanted anymore. She told this to her husband but

Crabbe stubbornly believed that they were still needed to do the work there.

"Are you so blind? Don't you see the beginning of the end already? They don't want us here. They're talking about Malaya for the Malaysians. There's no room for Europeans any more."

"That's what they think. But who's to do the work if we don't? They're not ready to take over yet."

Crabbe's friend, Rupert Hardman, also warned him about the difficult situation for the white men.

"All your enemies are real enough," said Hardman.

"They're out to get you, every one of you. The white man's day is coming to an end. Götterdämmerung.

You've had it." (p. 312)

Despite Fenella's wish to go back to England and his friend's warning Crabbe still wanted to stay in Malaya and work for the country for as long as he could. He felt that it was his duty to help the Malays prepare themselves for the coming independence.

"She wanted to go home, but not without him. Twice he had suggested that she go back to London, to wait until the end of the tour and long leave together. But what after that? He proposed to come back, work for Malaya till retirement, or for as long as Malaya would let him., for it did not matter much to him where he lived. Except that he felt his place now was in Malaya, his duty to show Malaya those aspects of the West which were not wholly evil, to prepare Malaya for the taking over of the dangerous Western engine." (p. 301)

Then, gradually the unpleasantness of the situation affected Crabbe. The Abang, the real ruler of the state, tried to seduce Fenella and get his car. This irritated him.

"What do they want of us?" said Crabbe. "They work us to death, and they also want our wives and our chattels. It's a bit thick, to say the least. What's

the legal position?" (p. 309)

Crabbe began to realize that as a white man he was not wanted, the country had been struggling against the British colonialists, and intended to get rid of the white men's power. The golden days of the British superiority would soon be over.

"Leaning back in his armchair high above the jungle, lulled by the engine-noises, Crabbe tried to take stock of himself. He felt very much alone. Malaya did not want him. The romantic dream he had entertained, the dream that had driven Raffles to early death, was no longer appropriate to an age in which sleep was impossible. The whole East was awake, building dams and canals, power-houses and car factories, forming committees, drawing up constitutions, having selected from the West the new tricks it could understand and use. The age of Raffles was also the age of Keats and Shelley, the East attractively misty, apt for the muffled clang of the romantic image - Cathay all golden dragons, Japan the edge of the world. Liberalism, itself a romantic dream, had long gone under, and there was no longer any room for the individual, there was nothing now that any one man could build." (p.361)

He saw that his work was useless, his high ideas got him nowhere and he began to complain. The Malays whom he had worked for had disappointed him, he blamed them for the bad situation.

"'So it's all been in vain,' said Crabbe, gazing at the bare floor. 'It's too late.' Was it worth fighting Jagenathan? Hardman was right: the twilight was here, the twilight in which man can do some work, but unhandily. Not enough light, bats fly into your eyes, mosquitoes bite. If you loved, your love was rarely returned. Malaya didn't want him." (p.351)

"'The Malays are to blame, in a way,' said Crabbe. 'I'm disappointed in them.'" (p.447)

Meanwhile, things were Malayahized. The Malays were taking

over the British jobs in Malaya. They prepared themselves to be the master of their country.

"'You're taking over. I'm going to K.L. I don't suppose you'll be more than a temporary fill-in until they found a Malay to take place. This State's being Malayanized pretty fast, and all the top jobs are going to Malays. The Indians and Chinese aren't going to like it, but there it is. This is a Malay State. I suppose you'll be following me fairly soon, into the citadel. All the Europeans will be drawing into the centre. The end is nigh.'

'The night in which no man can work.'" (p. 392)

The Malays began to replace the British and soon Crabbe was transferred again to another place.

Under the pressure of the hard circumstances Fenella, who could never agree with Malaya, and all Crabbe's friends were leaving Malaya. They went back to England, the real and suitable world for the British, a world to which they belonged, leaving Crabbe behind. He remained in Malaya, his big ideas prevailed. He still felt that he was needed; he wanted to help the Malays prepare for their Independence, and to solve their problems.

"'Binds the nations together,' said Crabbe. 'Like music. And you won't do a damn thing about it. Or about Rosemary. Or Vythilingam. Or old Syed Omar. Who'll do anything for them when I'm gone?'" (p. 529)

As a history teacher Crabbe understood that the movement to get independence in Malaya was just a common process in the history of a nation. With the whole of Asia awake and colonization condemned by history, it was only natural that Malaya began to think about freedom and demanded Independence; moreover the British had been in Malaya for a long time. This attitude encouraged him to train the Malays to take over the former British jobs there.

"....., but traditional periods of history

had always appealed to him most - Silver Ages, Hamlet eras, when past and future were equally palpable and, opposing, could produce current. Not that he wanted action. But, of course, that was true of the phase, and that was why the phase didn't last long..... His state appealed to him - an Education Officer waiting to hand over to the brown man he was training, in the twilight of British rule." (p.425)

Realizing the importance of the unity of the races as they were going to be one nation, Crabbe tried to bind them together. He considered it as his duty, as only the British had power to do it. One of the things that, he thought, could be a means to do it was music. When he knew that a Chinese boy was interested in music, he encouraged him and talked to the boy about unity. But he hoped too much. The Malays did not like it, the boy realized it and did not care about it. Crabbe's effort failed again.

"'So,' said Crabbe to the boy's back - thin nape, plastered hair, white shirt soiled by travel - 'you just write for yourself, is that it? You don't think other people might want to hear it. And you've no particular love for your country.'

'My country?' The boy looked around, puzzled.

'Some day Malaya might be proud to have a major composer.'

'Oh, I see.' He giggled. 'I don't think that will happen.'

'Music can be a big thing to a country finding itself. Music presents a sort of image of unity.'

'I don't see that.'

(p.435)

"'Chinese, isn't he? Pity about that.' Nik Hassan made an sour gangster's face. 'Pity he's not a Malay.'" (p.456)

The problem with Crabbe was that he was too idealistic.

His intention was good, only it was not quite suitable for Malaya. He wanted Malaya to be like this and like that without considering the situation of the country, he did not apply his ideas to Malaya as it was, but as he thought it had to be.

"This symphony could be played as a big gesture of independence. We in Malaya have thrown off the shackles of an alien culture. We have got past the nose-flute and the two-stringed fiddle. We are adult. We have a national music of our own." Imagine a full orchestra playing this symphony in the capital, imagine it on the radio - "the first real music out of Malaya", imagine the pride of the average Malayan. You must do something about it.'

'Look here, Vicky, the average Malayan won't care a damn. You know that as well as I do.'

'Yes, but that's not the point. It's culture, and you've got to have culture in a civilized country, whether the people want it or not." (p.455)

Yet, his failure did not discourage him, Crabbe continued his effort to bind the people in Malaya. When Independence was approaching and the interrelation of the races was not becoming better, Crabbe decided to do something about it. He wanted to try it again even though the time was limited.

"And yet," said Crabbe, 'I don't like to think that it's impossible to do something about it, even at this late hour." (p.447)

"It's only people like me who can really help. And it's that very mistrust I want to do something about. I want to try and cultivate better inter-racial understanding, for one thing. I had an idea last night, in bed. Why can't we have meetings, say, once a week, to try and mix up the races a bit more? We could discuss things, we could have dances, we could encourage young people of different races to go about together." (pp.458-459)

Actually, Crabbe knew well what were the problems of Malaya. He knew that different religion together with racial prejudice was the most difficult problem for the country. His idea was that by knowing each other better this problem ^{could} be solved, the core of the problem was that they scarcely knew each other because they seldom met socially.

"Just what do you think can be done?"

'Oh, I don't know ... A bit of adult education, I suppose. Of course, religion's a problem, a nasty problem.'

.....

'One could spread the light a bit. One could discuss inter-racial marriage, for instance.....

'Discussion won't get you far.'

'It's a beginning,' said Crabbe. 'Discussion is a beginning. Even just getting all the races in one room is something.'" (p.448)



So, Crabbe planned a mixed party in which people of all races were invited. The party would serve as a means of binding them together. And, as could be supposed, much effort was needed for the preparation of such a party. The food should be carefully arranged so that it would not annoy anybody. The party was held at Crabbe's place on a Wednesday night. Many people were invited to come, people of all the races in Malaya. At the party Crabbe gave a long speech concerning the prospect of inter-racial unity. He unfolded the core of the problem clearly and also suggested the best solution for it. Unfortunately, the guests were not enthusiastic.

"But," said Crabbe, 'apart from the Communists, I don't think we can doubt that the component races of Malaya have never made much effort to understand each other. Odd superstitions and prejudices, complacency, ultra-concervatism-these have perpetually got in the way of better

understanding. Moreover, the idea of a community - a single community, as opposed to many distinct communities - never seemed very important during the period of British management. There was a cold, purely legal unification provided by the State - a British importation - and a sort of superficial culture represented by American films, jazz, chocolate-bars, and refrigerators; for the rest, each race was content to keep alive fragments of culture imported from its country of origin. There never seemed any necessity to mix. But now the time has come.' He banged his first forensically on the top of a dinner-wagon. 'There must not merely be mixing, there must be fusion.'

'Confusion,' said Vythilingam, nodding agreement. He was shushed.

'There must be inter-marriage, there must be a more liberal conception of religion, there must be art and literature and music capable of expressing the aspiration of a single unified people.'

Nik Hassan grinned cynically." (p. 486)

What Crabbe said in the long speech was true, good, and very idealistic. If it could be realized, Malaya would certainly be a great success. But, the time for it had not come, the guests could not accept it nor could they practise it. Prejudice and dislike for each other were still strong. In fact, from the very beginning the party was doomed to complete failure and ended in disaster. Unifying all the races in Malaya proved impossible at that time; even just getting them all together in one room did not work well.

"The whole business was quite deplorable." (p. 488)

Now, there remained only one thing that Crabbe hoped for, a headquarters for the young people. His plan to mix the young people of different races in a club-house needed a place and money. He thought about the former

British Residency but the Sultan had taken the place over, eventhough he already had got three palaces.

Then his Malay friend, Nik Hassan, remembered that an English planter, Wigmore, left twenty thousand dollars to the state with a vague bequest that said: "for the improvement of the lot of the people". The difficulty was that there was a possibility that the Sultan would also claim the money for a new car; he could interpret it as improving the lot of people because if the Sultan was happy, the people would be happy too. Just before Crabbe went to Durian Estate ^{where} he found his death, Nik Hassan telephoned him to say that the Sultan had decided to buy a new car with the money. Crabbe could not understand nor accept it. He wanted to contest it but Nik Hassan said that it would put him into trouble and advised him not to do such a stupid thing. Thus, Crabbe's last effort also failed.

"It's already been decided. Just as I said. The Sultan wants a Cadillac."

"But damn it, he can't do that. The terms of the will are quite clear, aren't they? It says something about the good of the State, doesn't it?"

"It's just as I said. They're prepared to argue it out. They say the highest good is the Sultan's good."

.....

"Well, damn it, what can I do? I've got my job to think about, and beside, I suppose they're right really. I should leave well alone if I were you, Vicky. You don't want to get trouble."

"I don't mind in the slightest getting into trouble. Who's the executor of Wigmore's will?"

"Protheroe. He's the trustee as well, if you want to know. And he's not objecting."

"For the usual reason, eh? He doesn't want to be thrown out of the state."

'It's just not worth it, Vicky. He says the terms of the will cover a Cadillac.'

'I'm going to get Lim on the job. I'll contest this. It's a bloody disgrace.'

'Don't do anything stupid, Vicky.'" (p.501)

Having known Malaya and its problems, from the beginning of his stay in Malaya Crabbe had concluded that if Malaya wanted to be a strong and prosperous country, all the various races there should work together harmoniously. Ideally they should form a unity; a nation in which each race forgot its origin and became one with the others. In fact, each race in Malaya contributed something of its own to the country. Once, Crabbe told this to his Malay teacher who refused it because his concept was "Malaya for the Malays".

"Crabbe was reasonable, pointing out that the Chinese had made the country economically rich, that the British had brought rule and justice, that the majority of the Malays were Indonesian immigrants. Inche Kamaruddin grew heated, waving excited arms, grinning passionately, finally shouting, 'Merdeka! Merdeka! Freedom, independence, selfdetermination for de Malays!'" (p.90)

Throughout his life in Malaya Crabbe had tried to realize his dream of unifying all the races in the country. But each time he tried, he failed. The willingness to mix with other races, to become one nation could not be arranged from outside; rather it should come from the people themselves. Crabbe's effort failed because the people themselves did not want it; he almost forced it on to them. The Malays, as shown by Crabbe's Malay teacher, did not want the presence of other races in Malaya after Independence; on the other hand, the other races disliked the Malays. The author made the last description of Crabbe before his death that of a

miserable and worn-out person.

"He helped Crabbe along to the rough landing-stage, a groaning Crabbe sorry for himself, a Crabbe with a bandaged foot, looking like a gouty uncle, a Crabbe whose luggage was heavier by a single shoe, who carried a walking-stick donated by a well-equipped and resourceful American." (p.576)

Despite Crabbe's failures, Independence did come in Malaya. The people there did not want colonialists any more; colonialists should vanish from Malaya, Crabbe should die. His death was the symbol of his complete failure in all his hard work for Malaya. It was a tragic death. He died in front of one of the people he had worked for during his life. The man could have saved him if he wanted to, but he let him get drowned instead.

"Vythinglam saw Crabbe try to board the launch. He put his foot clumsily on the gunwhale. The foot seemed to crumple underneath him. Still carrying his stick and his bag, he faltered in the air for an instant and fell. Vythinglam saw water, green and white, shoot up long fingers of protest as a weight crashed the surface. He heard faint human noises, and then animal noises, and, hearing the animal noises, he rose to his feet in compassion. He stood undecided. And then, as noises subsided and the river settled and the launch moved in again, he sat down on the grass once more. Human lives were not his professional concern." (pp.593-594)

Vythinglam was more concerned about animal's life than Crabbe's life. His death was soon forgotten and the Malays celebrated the coming Independence enthusiastically.

"Anyway, there was little trouble about writing Crabbe off. Crabbe was dead. His death, though

little mourned, was resented by a few.

.....

The Malay whom Crabbe had been training to take over his job now took over his job with trumpets and cocktails, finding it convenient to blame missing letters and mislaid files on a defunct infidel. And the great golden day of Independence approached." (pp.605-606)

CHAPTER V

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE THREE TYPES OF COLONIALISM

The three books "Heart of Darkness", "A Passage to India", and "The Malayan Trilogy" reveal three types of colonialism. The first book gives a description of corrupt, old fashioned colonialism practiced in an undeveloped country with its primitive people; the second tells about colonialism approaching its end; and the third shows colonialism during its dying process.

Colonialism in Congo at that time brought nothing but misery to the country. Anything they did was intended for the overlords and they had only one purpose, that is, to gain wealth from the country as much as possible without any further thinking about its inhabitants. To use Conrad's words it was "To tear treasure out of the bowels of the land was their desire, with no more moral purpose at the back of it than there is in burglars breaking into a safe". Kurtz who symbolizes this corrupt colonialism displays this attitude clearly. His greed makes him consider everything as his possession.

"You should have him say, 'My ivory.' Oh yes, I heard him. 'My Intended, my ivory, my station, my river, my ----' everything belonged to him." (p.49)

Presumably the British colonialism in India and Malaya also looked for wealth but beside this they did contribute something to the countries. In India the British also gave education to the Indians by allowing them to attend classes in public schools. There was also Indians among Fielding's pupils.

"He did not mind whom he taught; public school-boys, mental defectives and policemen, had all come his way, and he had no objection to adding Indians." (p. 61)

In Malaya the British even helped the Malays to set up

schools for all the different races of Malaya with the purpose of uniting them.

"Actually, it was an Englishman who realized the visionary projects, an able Inspector of Schools, F.M.S., called Pocock. He spoke with energy and zeal to the Resident-General, his enthusiasm infected a Resident Conference, and soon the High Commissioner himself saw the value of an educational establishment which should be a microcosm of the teeming, various world which was Malaya and yet be a symbol too of the calm British governmental process." (p. 36)

There is a striking difference between the first story and the other two. In Congo, the people were passive; they just accepted what came to them. This attitude was caused by their awareness that they could not fight back against the white men whom they considered as supernatural beings. The white men, as Kurtz had discovered, had unbounded power over the natives there.

"He began with the argument that we whites, from the point of development we had arrived at, 'must necessarily appear to them (savages) in the nature of supernatural beings--we approach them with the might as of a deity, 'and so on, and so on. 'By the simple exercise of our will we can exert a power for good practically unbounded,' etc. etc." (p.51)

And this was badly exploited by the ruthless Belgian colonialism. In India and Malaya the British still held a position higher than the natives and had sufficient power over them, but it was a limited power; the power of the ruler over the ruled. The life of the people in these countries was not as bad as in Congo during the Belgian colonialism.

Accidentally, India in "A Passage to India" and Malaya in "The Malayan Trilogy" were both under British colonialism at that time and faced similar problems.

They were divided into parts; India by different castes and religions, Malaya by different races and religions. There was no understanding among them, each had prejudice against the others. It was because they were so divided that the British could get a hold on them. The British became a sort of unifying factor, they had power over all the parts.

When the two stories happened the British were already influenced by the idea of enlightened paternalism, a new policy of the colonialists at that time, in which they showed a positive attitude towards the colonies. They began to think about the life of the people in the colonies, their development, their future, etc. Under the influence of this new idea there came to the colonies idealistic persons like Fielding and Crabbe. These persons did not think of themselves as colonialists who looked for profit but they dedicated their work to the development of the countries. They believed in quality, so unlike the other English people they did not look down upon the natives. And seeing the importance of unity among the natives they wanted to make them aware of it, to think about their future as a free nation. As they were headmasters they gave their help through education; they educated the natives, enlarged their minds.

Fielding's willingness to make friends with Aziz indicated that he considered Aziz as his equal. He talked and behaved towards him as he did to his other English friends. His attitude was not only new and unintelligible for his seniors in India but they even disapproved of it. They thought that by doing so he weakened the British position, that as an Englishman he should always hold

the same opinion as the other Englishmen be it right or wrong.

"Innocence or guilt, why mix yourself up? What's the good?"

.....

"Sort of all-white thing the Burra Sahib would do," he muttered sentimentally. And trying not to sound patronizing, he stretched his hand over the table, and said: "We shall all have to hang together, old man, I'm afraid. I'm your junior in years, I know, but very much your senior in service;

"No, you don't see entirely. He not only loses himself, he weakens his friends. If you leave the line, you leave a gap in the line." (p. 171)

While the other Englishmen believed that there was a gap that divided the British and the Indians, and any social intercourse between them should be in accordance with their different positions Fielding continued his own way. He was still friendly with the Indians and when Aziz was accused of attempted assault on Miss Adela Quested which Fielding felt sure was not true, he bravely defended his Indian friend against his fellow-Englishmen. This so enraged them that they blamed him for causing the incident to happen and for acting against his own race. They jumped to the conclusion that all this was because he was relatively new in the country.

"I have had twenty-five years' experience of this country"--he paused, and "twenty-five years" seemed to fill the waiting-room with their staleness and ungenerosity--" and during those twenty-five years I have never known anything but disaster result when English people and Indians attempt to be intimate socially. Intercourse, yes. Courtesy, by all means. Intimacy--never, never. New-comers set our traditions aside, and in an instant what you see happens, the work of years is undone and the good name of my District ruined for a

generation. I--I--can't see the end of this day's work, Mr. Fielding. You, who are imbued with modern ideas--no doubt you can." (p. 164)

"Henceforward he would be called "anti-British," "seditious"---terms that bored him, and diminished his utility." (p. 175)

In Malaya, Crabbe had a similar experience. Like Fielding he too behaved against what the other English-people thought was proper for an Englishman. He took Malay lessons, was friendly and helpful to the Malaysians, and had an affair with a Malay divorcee instead of going to the white men's club and behaving like the rest of them. He became excluded from the world of the white men there.

"Crabbe began to wander round the still, dark dormitories, thinking of what his teacher had told him. There were few secrets to be kept in Malaya. What he had thought to be a discreet liaison was obviously already stale knowledge round the town, stale knowledge to Boothby. The side had been let down. He had broken the unwritten laws of the white man. He had rejected the world of the Club, the week-end golf, the dinner invitations, the tennis parties. He did not drive a car. He walked round the town, sweating, waving his hand to his Asian friends. He had had an affair with a Malay divorcee." (p. 91)

He also took his students' side (who were all Asians) against his fellow Englishman when there was a conflict between the students and the headmaster at that time, Boothby. He thought that the headmaster did an injustice to the students; he became their speaker to protest it. This led to a quarrel between the two of them and Boothby blamed Crabbe. Boothby was sure that he was right and Crabbe was wrong; if Crabbe could not yet understand Boothby's action at that time it was because he was still

new in the country so he did not know how to act in the best way to the country.

"Look here, Victor, I've been here since the end of the war. I tried the bloody sympathy business when I started teaching at Swettenham College in Penang. It doesn't work. Boothby was angry. The quick red of the ginger-haired suffed his untanned face. 'Wait till you've been in the country a few bloody years longer. You'll learn that you've to be able to make decisions, and make them quickly.'" (p. 61)

They disagreed not only once. In the end Boothby thought that it was useless to argue with Crabbe. The big difference was that he had been in the country for years while Crabbe was new and would not learn until later on.

"Go on," he said. "I'll say no more about it. You're new, that's your trouble. You can get away a lot in this country if you keep quiet. You'll learn." (p. 103)

The older people thought that the strange behaviour shown by the younger generation was caused by their inexperience in the country. These young people did not know the condition and the situation of the colonies, so they regarded these countries like England and used the same convention they used there. This was wrong and the older people thought that they would change as time went on. But it was not so. It was simply that these idealistic young people had a rather different principle from their predecessors; they were not colonialists who wanted to gain power nor merchants who looked for wealth, they were educated people from a developed country full of ideas to enable the natives to develop their own countries. They did not expect the countries to be colonies forever but they thought that it was justified if they demanded a struggle for freedom and Independence. They

had every right for it. It was for this reason that Fielding suggested that Aziz ran a club for Indians. He was outspoken in his remarks, not only to the other English people but also to the Indians; what he said to them could often be interpreted as against his own race, the British.

"Why don't you fellows run a club in Chandrapore, Aziz?" (p. 67)

"Hamidullah bore up best. "And those Englishmen who are not delighted to be in India—have they no excuse?" he asked.

"None. Chuck 'em out." (p. 112)

"My proverbs are: A penny saved is a penny earned; A stitch in time saves nine; Look before you leap; and the British Empire rests on them. You will never kick us out, you know, until you cease employing M.L.'s and such." (p. 160)

Crabbe was no better than Fielding, in fact, he was even more radical. He worked hard to educate the Malaysians. And, as the Independence was approaching swiftly he helped them prepare themselves for it. He thought their problem out and tried to solve it for them. He knew how important it was for a nation to maintain a unity of all its citizens and he tried and tried to make the different races of Malaya aware of it; he realized that the British had power over them all and used it to accomplish their aim.

"Would it surprised you, 'Crabbe had leaned forward conspiratorially, 'surprise you to know that I myself am something of a radical in politics?'

'No, sir. You have talked in class of a free Malaya.' (pp. 103 - 104)

"It's only people like me who can really help. And it's that very mistake I want to do something about. I want to try and cultivate better-racial understanding, for one thing. I had an idea last night, in bed. Why can't we have meetings, say, once a week, to try and mix up the races a bit more? We could

discuss things, we could have dances, we could encourage young people of different races to go about together." (pp. 458-459)

In spite of their hard work, Fielding and Crabbe were not greatly appreciated by the people of Malaya. They might work hard and sincerely for Malaya, love the country and mix with the people there but they could not be accepted as one of them. They remained strangers for them, the colour of their skins were strikingly different, white and brown. And above all their character and way of thinking were different. Something important for the Asians could be just a trifle for the British, and the other way round. One example was about gossip. For the English people it was a trifle, one could just ignore it. But Asian people did care about it. They paid much attention to it. Often one's future and reputation were much influenced by it. These different attitudes could mean a lot in a relationship between people of the two types. As in the case of Aziz and Fielding, one of the reasons that wrecked their friendship was this difference. Aziz felt humiliated and angry when Fielding ignored his story about his vigorous effort to suppress the rumour about Fielding and Miss Quested. On the other hand, Fielding was irritated because he thought that Aziz made so much fuss about trifles.

"It's all over the town, and may injure your reputation. You know, every one is by no means your supporter. I have tried all I could to silence such a story." (p. 272)

"Have I not lived all my life in India? Do I not know what produces a bad impression here?" His voice shot up rather crossly." (p.273)

"Oh, leave it alone, like all gossip--it's merely

one of those half-alive things that try to crowd out real life. Take no notice, it'll vanish, like poor old Mrs. Moore's tombs." (pp. 274-275)

In Malaya, people also created gossip when they saw that Crabbe had a close relationship with a Chinese boy who was interested in music. Crabbe thought that he should encourage the boy and did so but people thought differently, especially because his wife had gone back to England. As an Englishman he preferred to keep silent and let people say whatever they liked. When some of his friends advised him not to see this boy again he refused it. He could not see any reason for it. But, in spite of his ignorance it proved to be a hindrance to his work because they did mind gossip. They believed the gossip because Crabbe did not make any attempt to deny it. Silence gives consent. The result was that they suspected him and anything he did.

"If I were you, Vicky, I'd stop seeing that boy."

"So people are talking, are they?"

"What did you expect? It was a godsend to the gossip. What with your wife going back to U.K. and you not knocking about with women these days, and then your always having this lad around at your place."

.....

"You can go to hell, Nicky. Why should I have to go round denying rumours? If people want to think what they presumably are thinking, I can't stop them. I'd be a fool to try and stop them. And you think it, too, don't you?" (p.457)

"I must speak to your father again," said Crabbe.

"It's not altogether his fault, I can see that. He wants more trade, and so forth."

"He won't listen to you," said Robert Loo. "He says....."

"What does he say?"

He says that people are talking." (p.475)

"He found the money for the bail, did he not, this man Crabbe?"

'Yes,' said Syed Omar, 'he found it, and now I wonder why.'

'One should not be so suspicious,' said 'Che Yusof. 'It may be sheer goodness of heart, generosity of nature, a desire to help the Malays.'

..... , Syed Omar spoke his worst fears. 'You know this man Crabbe, you know that he does not go after women, you know of his relationship with at least one Chinese boy in the town.'" (pp. 511-512)

Many people in Malaya have more than one wife, that a man could live without any woman was a strange thing for them. So the only accurate interpretation for them of Crabbe's attitude was their suspicion.

Beside the similarities between Fielding and Aziz there were also differences between them. Although the situation in India during Fielding's stay was not as bad as in the past, the gap that divided the British and the Indians was wide. Like for example when there was a Bridge Party as Adela wished, the Indians accepted the invitation with suspicion because it was something unusual. A party for both the British and the Indians was very rare and during the party the gap again widened sharply.

"When tennis began, the barrier grew impenetrable. It had been hoped to have some sets between East and West, but this was forgotten, and the courts were monopolized by the usual club couples." (p.46)

Owing to this situation Fielding could still enjoy the privilege of being an Englishman in India in spite of his mixing with the Indians. They respected him highly and considered that it was very kind of him to be willing to mix with them.

"Mr. Fielding had entered unobserved. All rose to their feet, and Hassan, to do an Englishman honour, struck up with a sugar-cane at the coil of flies.

.....
 "It is good of Mr. Fielding to condescend to visit our friend," said the police inspector. "We are touched by this great kingness." (p.110)

Fielding, though sympathizing with the Indians and their fate and not liking the club very much because the members showed racial prejudice towards the Indians, still retained his identity as an Englishman as Aziz found out when he saw his house. He also paid occasional visits to the club. When he resigned from the club he felt that he missed something.

"Fielding let the mango trees too--there was no knowing who might not come in-- and his servants sat on his steps night and day to discourage thieves. Beautiful certainly, and the Englishman had not spoilt it, whereas Aziz in an accidental moment would have hung Maude Goodmans on the walls. Yet there was no doubt to whom the room really belonged...." (p.70)

"He was glad that he had broken with the club, for he would have picked up scraps of gossip there, and reported them down in the city, and he was glad to be denied this opportunity. He would miss his billiards, and occasional tennis, cracks with McBryde." (p.191)

Fielding liked India and the Indians. He gladly associated with the Indians even at the cost of being excluded from the British community at Chandrapore but he still wanted to go back to his homeland, England. He did not give himself up to India. While being kind and sympathetic to the Indians he remained an Englishman.

"He made a clean breast about the club--said he had only gone under compulsion, and should never

attend again unless the order was renewed. "In other words, probably never; for I am going quite soon to England."

"I thought you might end in England," he said very quietly, then changed the conversation." (p.276)

He confirmed this by his marriage with an Englishman.

"He had thrown in his lot with Anglo-India by marrying a country woman, and he was acquiring some of its limitations, and already felt surprise at his own past heroism." (p. 319)

Yet Fielding did undergo a change. At the end of the story he had changed from the idealistic Fielding who refused to behave like his predecessors to a Fielding who compromised with the social conventions of the British in India. His family needed money so he could not be as indifferent as in the past.

"Fielding laughed at the tangle and waste of energy, but he did not travel as lightly as in the past; education was a continuous concern to him, because his income and the comfort of his family depended on it." (p. 317)

In "A Passage to India" it was only at the end of the story that the Indian people became political minded, but in "The Malayan Trilogy" from the beginning of the story the Malays had been political minded because the scene took place only a few years before Independence. This made Crabbe's work much harder than Fielding's. Of course the Englishmen were still in high positions and the Asians there respected them. But burning with the idea of getting Independence soon, which meant that they would be a nation, the Malays became more confident of themselves, and more hostile too towards the British. They dared to say nasty things about them, openly swore at them, and a Tamil teacher who envied Crabbe's position as Headmaster even had quarrels with him.

"Before the final bell a bright boy of fourteen came in. He wanted time off to attend a 'Voice of Youth' rally in Tahi Panas.

'But your work comes first, said Crabbe. 'You can't afford to start taking time off at this stage in your career.'

'This is an important meeting, sir. It is to assert the solidarity of Malay youth against the intruder.'

'The intruder?'

'The non-Malays, sir. Such as the white man, sir.'" (p.278)

"'You're very kind,' said Crabbe, but I didn't really intend to stay.'

'And so,' said Haji Zainal Abidin, 'because I am only a Malay you will not accept my hospitality. Because I am only a poor bloody Malay and do not live in a fine European house with a fan spinning all the time. I tell you, you English bastard, there will never be peace on earth untill the Europeans have learned to treat their black brothers like brothers. Intolerance all the time.'" (p.394)

"Crabbe was having trouble with his senior master, Jaganathan. Jaganathan was quite sure of his own competence to take over from the white man. In the oven of an office he and Crabbe had occasionally raised their voices, and the Malay clerks had looked up with interest." (p. 274)

Crabbe was completely excluded from the British society there, he never came to the club, did not associate with the other Europeans and lived differently from them.

"It was too ridiculous that they hadn't a car and that Victor seemed unwilling to be friendly with any European in the place, for all Europeans- except the Crabbes- had cars." (p.64)

For his queer behaviour Crabbe had an excuse, he wanted

to be accepted by the Asians. He wanted to absorb and be absorbed by the country in spite of the unpleasant situation.

"But it was also right that he himself should draw great breaths of refreshment from the East, even out of the winds of garlic and dried fish and turmeric. And it was right that, lying with Rahimah, he should feel like calling on the sun to drench his pallor in this natural gold, so that he might be accepted by the East. And, if not right, it was at least excusable if he felt more loyalty to these pupils than to the étoilée, gingerhaired slug who yawned in the Headmaster's office. His indiscretion was based on something better than mere irresponsibility." (p.57)

"That's what we're here for - to absorb the country.
'Or be absorbed by it,' he said to himself." (p.67)

He did not think of going back to England, he wanted to be in Malaya as long as he could. His second wife, Fenella, who did not find Malaya agreeable to her in the least urged him to go back to England again and again but he kept on refusing.

"She wanted to go home, but not without him. Twice he had suggested that she go back to London, to wait till the end of the tour and long leave together. But what after that? He proposed to come back, work for Malaya till retirement, or for as long as Malaya would let him." (p. 301)

Knowing that Crabbe would not and could not go back to England, an Indian teacher predicted that he would end in Malaya.

"'And will my life be ruined too?' asked Crabbe.
'Oh yes,' said Mr Raj calmly. 'But with you it will not be a pity. The country will absorb you and you will cease to be Victor Crabbe. You will less and less find it possible to do the work for which you were sent here. You will lose function

and identity. You will be swallowed up and become another kind of eccentric. You may become a Muslim. You may forget your English, or at least lose your English accent. You may end in a kampong, no longer a foreigner, an old brownish man with many wives and children, one of the elders whom the young will be encouraged to consult on matters of the heart. You will be ruined.' (p.193)

Although this prediction was not completely right there was some truth in it. Later on, when Crabbe was on his way to Durian Estate where he found his death, he felt that he would end there. He remembered the prediction and admitted it, he could not see his life other than in Malaya.

"You know," said Crabbe, "I don't think I am going. It's a funny thing, it's just suddenly come over me. There was a man, a Ceylonese, back in Kuala Hantu, and he said I'd never go. He said I'd end my days up-river. Funny. I just can't see myself getting on the boat. Or the plane. I just can't see any future beyond being here.'" (p. 524)

Crabbe did find his death in Malaya. He ended there, though not exactly as people predicted. Before the Independence he was needed and they told him that liked him and accepted him as one of them, etc. But when Independence came he was no longer needed and no one could deny the fact that he was a foreigner; he remained a foreigner to them. His death was tragic: an Indian, one of the people he had worked hard for, could have saved him if he wanted to, but he didn't. And despite his great effort to improve Malaya his death did not grieve them. It was soon forgotten in the happy days during the Independence celebrations.

"Anyway, there was little trouble about writing C Crabbe off. Crabbe was dead. His death, though little mourned, was resented by a few." (p. 605)

EVALUATION

In "Heart of Darkness" colonialism is not the main theme, only a small part of the story is concerned with it. But, it is clearly seen throughout the story that through Marlow Conrad criticizes the white man's presence in Congo. He blames the whites for the misery they bring to the natives. His sympathy for the natives makes him give a vivid description of their sufferings and show how greedy and cruel the white men in Congo were.

Colonialism in Congo was done under the pretence of civilizing the savages. Conrad questions this idea because what he saw there was just its contrary. He is disappointed to see that the whites who call themselves civilized people came there only to rob the primitive natives of their property. Therefore, there is the hint of a cynical tone whenever he tells about the white man's activities there.

"On the fifteenth day I came in sight of the big river again, and hobbled into the Central Station. It was on a back water surrounded by scrub and forest, with a pretty border of smelly mud on one side, and on the three others enclosed by a crazy fence of rushes. A neglected gap was all the gate it had, and the first glance at the place was enough to let you see the flabby devil was running that show. White men with long staves in their hands appeared languidly from amongst the buildings, strolling up to take a look at me, and then retired out of sight somewhere." (p.21)

In telling the story Conrad uses an anonymous narrator beside a story teller, namely, Marlow. The narrator tells the readers what Marlow had told him before, but

he did not function much and only gave a few comments. However, this creates a distance with the readers who can only see the characters of the story through Marlow. They have to accept his opinion about the person he told about. Sometimes he gives such a long and highly romanticized description of a thing that it is rather boring to read.

"The reach was narrow, straight, with high sides like a railway cutting. The dusk came gliding into it long before the sun had set. The current ran smooth and swift, but a dumb immobility sat on the banks. The living trees, lashed together by the creepers and every living bush of the undergrowth, might have been changed into stone, even to the slenderest twig, to the lightest leaf. It was not sleep--it seemed unnatural, like a state of trance." (p.40)

He also uses words like "a whited sepulchre", "the door of darkness", etc.; and sentences such as "Droll thing life is--that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose.". While making the story interesting, they make it difficult to understand too.

Since this story talks about several things, only one of which is colonialism, it is rather difficult to understand and analyse it.

The main theme in "A Passage to India" is European man against Indian man. From the beginning to the end, the story tells about clashes between human beings in India at that time. The clash between men of different races, namely the English and the Indians; the clash between people of the same race but different religion, namely the Hindu Indians and the Moslem Indians; and another clash between people of the same race but different ideas and points of view. In spite of the various clashes, the main theme which concerns the relationship of people of two different races under the unfavourable circumstances of colonialism domi-

nates the whole story. Everything is related to the main characters and they are described in detail.

The author knows both the British and the Indians well enough to be able to tell the story vividly. He can describe the feeling and the attitude of the Indians towards the British as well as the feeling and attitude of the British towards the Indians. He also knows India and its problems which he depicts to the readers.

The problems of India as a nation connected with the problem of the friendship between Aziz and Fielding as representatives of the two people are unfolded clearly by the author. The personal differences between them which lead the quarrels, the force of circumstances that always tries to pull them apart, everything contributes to widen the gap that separates people and races in India. But as an Englishman, he cannot help favouring the British by blaming the Indians for their excessive emotions. None of the Indians in the story has a genuine character, Aziz is no exception; while the British at least have a good sensible man in Fielding. But Forster is quite honest in admitting and showing the fact that the British treated the Indians badly.

His deep knowledge of his subject makes the story interesting. The conversations are serious, the descriptions of situation and things are straightforward. On the whole the tone of the story is serious.

What makes the story rather difficult to understand is the use of vague sentences which are rather difficult to digest; philosophical sentences, sentences with symbols.

"She had come to that state where the horror of the universe and its smallness are both visible at the same time--the twilight of the double vision in

which so many elderly people are involved. If this world is not to our taste, well, at all events there is Heaven, Hell, Annihilation--one or other of those large things, that huge scenic background of stars, fires, blue or black air. All heroic endeavour, and all that is known as art, assumes that there is such a background, just as all practical endeavour, when the world is to our taste, assumes that the world is all. But in the twilight of the double vision, a spiritual muddledom is set up for which no high-sounding words can be found; we can neither act nor refrain from action, we can neither ignore nor respect Infinity." (pp. 207 - 208)

In "The Malayan Trilogy" Anthony Burgess has shown Malaya, its people and their problems. The mixture of the component races in Malaya is incredible, the inhabitants consist of different kinds of Malay, Indian, Chinese, and British. Therefore the problems there are very complicated; in all stories in the book there are arguments, demonstration, and fightings about politics mixed with the problems of race and religion. But the author has succeeded in bringing out the problems to the readers. He displays his characters very well, and gives enough explanation about certain situation in the country and about the customs and habit of each race so that we understand the characters in the story and the story itself even though he sometimes inserts some Malay or Chinese or Indian words in the conversations.

In fact, the stories are rather funny. The scene between a Malay woman, namely 'Che Normah, and her white husband, Rupert Hardman, is an example of it. Hardman who is a lawyer and a man of the world as he calls himself has to obey his uneducated and rather old wife for the sake of money. Actually he does not like it and wants to be a man so he tries to run away from his wife but she will not let him do so. She always succeeds in catching

him back.

"I will not. You are not going out."

"I don't want to use force," said hardman. "But you'd better realize once and for all, that I'm going to have my own way. I'm going to be master. And if you don't get away from that door, I shall"

'Che Normah stayed where she was, her magnificent full body confronting his delicate weak one. Hardman turned, and strode towards the kitchen.

'Now where are you going, Rupert?'

'I'm going to the jamban.'

'No, you are not. You think you are going to get out by the back door.'

Hardman ran for it. He clattered down the three stone steps to the big cool kitchen, into the yard. But the yard door was locked and the rusty iron key not in its accustomed hole. He heard Normah's light laughter behind him and ~~turned~~ angrily."

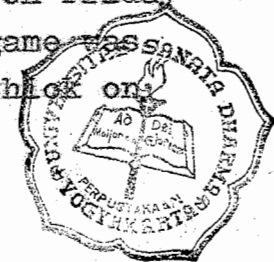
(p. 378)

But often the story becomes cynical or ironical, because life is not only fun in Malaya, there is a serious background to it.

"La ilaha illa'lah."

Like a lonely Rhine-daughter he sang the thin liquids, remembering again the trip to Mecca he had made, out of his own money too, savings helped by judicious bets on tipped horses and a very good o piece of advice about rubber given by a Chinese b business-man. Gambling indeed was forbidden, haram, but he had wanted to go to Mecca and become a haji. By Allah, he had become a haji, Tuan Haji Mohammed Nasir bin Abdul Talib, and, by Allah, all would be forgiven." (p. 18)

"The chief town, Kenching, was bulbous with mosques and loud with the cries of many muezzins. Islam was powerful. During the fasting months police squads dragged out sinful daytime eaters from house or coffeeshop. Non-attendance at the mosque on Friday - if discovered - was heavily fined. Poly game was practised and divorcee prostitutes were thick on



the evening streets." (p. 213)

All these make the stories interesting and real.

In all the three stories in the book Crabbe is clearly shown as the symbol of vanishing colonialism. The situation and the circumstances around him that becomes worse and worse for the colonialists contrasted with his firm intention to dedicate his life and work to Malaya and its people illustrate it. But the figure of Crabbe is too idealistic, he is very kind and helpful to the Malays who never appreciate him properly. He works hard and thinks very little about himself, his only weakness is that he loves Malaya too much. This is a bit exaggerated but understandable because the author is an Englishman who sees things from the British point of view.

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