

https://dspace.org/

Narrative violence in selected works by Rudyard Kipling

Romain, Steven

2020
https://hdl.handle.net/10539/30129

Downloaded from a DSpace repository. https://dspace.org/

Narrative Violence in Selected Works by Rudyard Kipling

Steven Romain
Student no. 2010919
Supervisor: Prof. M. Titlestad

A dissertation submitted to the Faculty of Humanities of the University of the Witwatersrand in fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts

Declaration

I declare that the following is my unaided work, never before submitted for any other examination or at any other university.

30/01/2020

Steven Romain _____

Table of Contents

Introduction	4
Chapter 1: History is the Oppressor	10
Chapter 2: Hegelian Contact	20
Chapter 3: The Orient as a Whole New World	27
Chapter 4: Self-deprecation	33
Chapter 5: A Secret Peak into the Native's Room	53
Chapter 6: Selecting Convenient Roots	65
Chapter 7: The Accidental Confirmation of What we had Thought All Along	72
Conclusion	77
References	85

Introduction

George Orwell famously accused Rudyard Kipling of promoting sadism, jingoism and racism in his stories (Orwell 1966 70). An apparent difficulty raised by those passages in Kipling's work which Orwell has in mind arises due to those other aspects of his work which seem to promote empathy with native peoples, affirms their rights as humans, and cast a questioning light on the assumed centrality and privilege of European interests in her colonies. In Kipling's 'Quiquern', for example, there is an undeniable empathy achieved with the experiences and ideology of the Inuit people, one that transcends mere condescension or caricature and resists inclusion in Edward Said's category of Orientalism. There is a desire to know these native people for what they are, at least a concerted effort to appreciate their minds without infantilising them, and a generous bestowal upon them of the more admirable human qualities like mercy, bravery and imagination. In *Kim*, the priest serving the English army base comes across as closed-minded in comparison to the lama, whose sincerity and purity evokes not only affection but even respect and reverence. In 'The Man who would be King', the English protagonists' rapaciousness and moral insensitivity in meeting the Kafiristani tribesmen is openly derided. In 'The Miracle of Purun Bhagat', it is proposed that more usefulness might lie in a Hindu life of separation and meditation than in a political life spent in developing India along Western lines. How do we reconcile these aspects of Kipling's work with those that seem to betray a racist outlook or that promote Empire and, in so doing, turn a blind eye to the black marks Empire has incurred through its various acts of human exploitation?

We might answer the difficulty with Lenin's solution to his dilemma surrounding Tolstoy. The apparent contradiction that concerned him is that Tolstoy's texts display revolutionary impulses on the one hand, 'the pent-up hatred, the ripened striving for a better lot, the desire to get rid of the past', (Macherey 303) but also a reverence for the religious, a passivity and acceptance of societal structures on the other. Lenin answers that these two contradictory impulses reflect historically determined contradictions in the psychology of the peasantry. The 'desire to sweep away the church, landlords, government' begged the question of what new order should be established, but the peasants' idea of the new life they sought was 'crude, patriarchal, semi-religious.' (ibid. 302) The contradictions in Tolstoy are precisely those which caused the 1905 revolution to fail for lack of peasant resolve. Similarly in the case of Kipling's

work, the power of liberal, egalitarian sensitivities is undeniable just as was their power in the socio-political environment of Europe at the turn of the twentieth century. Increasing rights-conscious thought in the forms of Feminism and Socialism were potent at the time. The disasters resulting from Britain's enforcement of its colonial authority, like the Indian Rebellion of 1857 and the revolt in Jamaica in 1865, raised the question of whether right really was on Great Britain's side in her global intrusions. The Anglo-Boer War was the event that drained much public support for imperial interventions. The rise in power of Germany near the beginning of the new century cast a doubt on England's ability to hold onto what she had won, and certainly on her ability to win more for herself. And yet, in the face of the specter of a less stable Europe, where Germany would play an aggressive and competitive role, and in which some level of self-determination seemed increasingly to be on the cards for the colonies, it was not a vision of strong, healthy nationalisms flourishing in the colonies that appealed to Kipling. Rather, the new world order would, too, be imperial. Imperial Great Britain would adjust itself to the new realities and would find itself best equipped for controlling their volatility and ensuring a politically stable Europe. In this vision of a strong, modified Empire going into the twentieth century, Kipling thought similarly to Jan Smuts, who impressed upon the English parliament both that it was vital Britain introduce a quality of mutuality and brotherliness into her relationship with the colonies and also that she maintain her imperial role. As it was for Smuts, so, for many Englishmen of Kipling's generation, imperialism was an ideal believed in with the force of a moral principle. HG Wells wrote: '…we were all… very distinctly Imperialists... and professed a vivid sense of "The White Man's Burden".' (Wells 305) It was therefore natural that this ideal should find ways of justifying itself in the face of the anti-imperial sentiment evolving in Europe at the time.

Kipling's work often sought to reconcile the Empire with the humanistic ideologies with which it would have to be reconciled if it were to survive the new century. It seemed in many cases to be a response to the imperative of showing the image of a Great Britain still in command but exercising that command in a benevolent, paternal spirit. This we see with especial clarity in, for example, 'Little Foxes' and 'The Tomb of his Ancestors', where emphasis is laid on the paternalistic benefits of colonialism for the colonized. This dissertation aims to analyse the ways in which his work negotiates the respect for native agency, rights and dignity, with the imperatives of a sustained Empire. Violence will feature strongly in my analysis of Kipling's texts because this is the act of imperial subjection, the ultimate expression of the Empire's

determination to subjugate individual agency before its own agenda. As such, it is a central locus of criticism for the anti-Empire voices in Kipling's Europe. In the reverse direction, violence is the absolute refusal of the native person to allow his agency to be overridden, which stands for a threat to the Empire prized so much by the author. Many of our ports of call must, then, be the depictions of violence in his texts and we must consider in each case what unnatural narrative 'violence' is simultaneously being done to native peoples in the process of displaying the sovereign figure of Empire advancing into her powerful but paternalistic role in the new century.

My method will be the close analysis of a selection of Kipling's texts which feature, among their dominant metaphors, violence, racial difference, and imperialism. With the help of the sensitivities offered by Elleke Boehmer, Edward Said, Anne McClintock and others to the ways literature was generally used to promote, defend and justify Empire, I will attempt to explain how the reputation of the British Empire and its ways of thinking are preserved in Kipling's stories. In the first chapter I will show how, in 'On the City Wall', there is a mystification of history whose charm derives from the sense of a deeper historical plan, as well as from humility before the lofty mechanisms working through the historical and determining human role-playing. But the charm of the mystical here acts to mask the responsibility of the British for their free choice in enforcing colonial subjugation upon India, and, in particular, for the types of violence they perpetrated as governors of India. In the second chapter I will analyse 'The Tomb of his Ancestors', where a moment of colonial contact is presented with the vividness of an English individual's adventure in the most exotic of Eastern locations. But the established trope of the Family of Man is drawn upon to legitimize violent colonial contact, and the Hegelian idea of benefit through colonial contact is utilized too. John Chinn, the European protagonist, turns the story into an attractive, personal, and fascinating tale of Western contact with an unusually obscure native people. It is a kind of a *bildungsroman* following his personal path of development in making effective colonial contact. But this project of personalizing colonialism, of depicting it in its aspect as a rung in the ladder of personal education to European values and thinking, hides the narrative strategies that naturalise violent imperial contact.

In the third chapter, we will see how, in ‘The Bridge-Builders’, the gesture of the story is one that reveres an Oriental episteme at length and with great vividness. But we will also pay attention to the means by which that episteme is disempowered, reduced, and removed from all contexts of modern relevance. Through the salience of the reverent gesture, we are rendered vulnerable to these more subtle devices which, finally, turn the Oriental episteme into an image attractive, exotic, even challenging, but ineffective and out-of-place in modern reality. Chapter four demonstrates how, in ‘The Man who Would be King’, the ideology depicted recognises the world as confusing and carnivalesque, and that this enables a presentation of the British imperial presence in India as externally established, not self-enforced. Any impression of the English as freely choosing and responsible agents is obscured.

Chapter five examines ‘Quiquern’, and, in particular, aims to reveal how the knowability of the native world is posited in that story. In this case we have an omniscient narrator who does not take part in the events of the story. And I will offer a close examination of the text, locating the Western narrator’s psychological anxiety as projected in that text, specifically as it relates to his authority in knowing the native mind. The emergence of the image of the family at the end of the story, I will argue, stands for the final knowability of the native world as proven by its spontaneous conformance with the known Western trope of the Family of Man. In Chapter 6, I will analyse a story that ostensibly uplifts a native episteme above Western ways of seeing, ‘The Miracle of Purun Bhagat’. I will identify the story as a means of discovering national roots in the late years of colonialism. But I intend, too, to argue that the value which is, here, dramatically placed on native agency, epistemology, and roots, amounts to a token gesture rather than to a genuine regard for an equally valid episteme, or for an equally valid faculty of free will. In the seventh chapter I will discuss ‘The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes’, where direct contact with the East is enacted through certain narrative methods, but the real experience of the East thus promised is denied us. Instead of narrative complexity, we find in the East the nightmarish vision of an Orientalist stereotype incarnate, and the genre of a ‘tale of the mysterious’ gives license to such a gesture.

In determining my texts for examination, I didn’t only search for dominant metaphors touching upon imperial violence, I looked for narrative methods used to bestow validity and priority on native epistemes, cultures, and agency. My method is to ask how this is achieved and, more

importantly, what limits, boundaries and conditions are imposed by the texts on this validity and priority. I also aim to ask, if a native episteme or ideology is validated in a given story, is this an imperial concession to a structure of feeling which is really anti-imperial, or does this validation actually constitute an extension of imperial ideology. The scenes of violence, when properly examined, assist in this regard, since the nature of the imperial relationship envisioned by the stories is often distilled in these encounters. One pertinent aspect of these scenes is that their import may transform from one that can be condemned into one that can be supported. In other words, if a scene of violence initially sparks off revulsion, it may develop into one that encourages acceptance and respect, and the effects of such a method for an imperial writer are significant. For example, in 'The Tomb of his Ancestors', the tiger-shooting scenes inspire our condemnation at an immediate level, but the story effects the normalization of these scenes, such that their import (from the perspective of Empire) changes from strange and revolting to acceptable and palatable. A violent act, in general, is either a terrible crime or a meritorious act. A story like the abovementioned plays with this potential ambiguity, and such a gesture fitted Kipling's late-colonial context. His stories show the insufficiency of simple oppositions like cruel/merciful, oppressor/oppressed, or slavery/freedom. They combat leftist political discourse which uses these kinds of oppositions in condemning Empire. Rather, these stories posit, the life of our societies is complex to the point that such discourse becomes useless much of the time. As an example, take 'Little Foxes', where there is a scene of the white Governor in Ethiopia whipping native Ethiopians for allowing foxes into the farmlands. An English philanthropist strongly condemns what has been done and comes to protest, but it turns out that the natives desire the beatings as confirmations of their land rights. The philanthropist hopelessly misunderstands the local social dynamics in making his protest and is made a laughingstock in the end. This is an unusually clear instance of such a method and shows us why a writer interested in justifying Empire might find scenes of violence especially useful. In forcing us to change our attitudes to such scenes, certain of our attitudes to Empire are also changed. We might naturally feel sympathy with a hunted animal, but when the hunter is Bagheera, we go through a process of re-evaluating our reaction. The ideology of *The Jungle Books* becomes our own: hunting is essentially ingrained in the nature of the Jungle. The work of a protagonist like Mowgli, or a reader like us, is in distinguishing the good from the bad kind of violence. The implications of this sensitivity are obviously pertinent to Empire, to which a host of villainous associations had been attached at the time of Kipling's writing.

This brings us to the question of the pertinence of such a study as this to our particular times. In these times, Empire is almost universally considered to be an institution corrupted in deed and thought. But Kipling's stories often undermine our basis for thinking so. In 'Little Foxes', we see an Ethiopia where English colonial influence has made the land productive and fruitful. The people are hardworking and high-spirited. The same is clear in 'The Bridge-Builders', where the bridge erected by the British has stimulated the local Indians into healthy activity and productivity. In addition, even stories that depict colonial violence done upon the locals offer a vision of that violence as historically inevitable, orchestrated from Above, ingrained in the Nature of Things. In 'On the City Wall', the British police-force controlling the city of Lahore comes across as potentially destructive but practically benign, even when actually quelling an uprising. The concept of racial prejudice is registered in 'The Tomb of his Ancestor', but also openly dissected. 'Do we deny that race makes for any kinds of difference at all?', the story asks us. We are able to see that acknowledging racial difference does not constitute racial prejudice, and this is a pertinent message we may derive from this story. Similarly in each other case where Kipling's story engages with a known anti-imperial argument, attempting with at least some success to defuse it, we stand to gain much in reading the text closely and considering that perhaps the argument in question might in fact be deficient, and that a revised argument should be formulated. In other words, what we have to gain from a study like this one is the refinement of our conception of the evils of Empire. When our abhorrence for Empire is based on such crude oppositions, such unrefined distinctions, and such absence of practical knowledge as that of the philanthropist in 'Little Foxes', we are in danger of finding ourselves, ultimately, a laughingstock just as he does. A new study of Kipling will help us crystallise what *exactly* was corrupt about the British Empire, in thought, word and deed.

Chapter 1: History is the Oppressor

In Kipling's 'On the City Wall' (found in *The Soldiers Three*) there are at least three kinds of violence that, as the scene is set near the beginning, seem poised to cause damage. Each is, in our imagination, a kind of violence we know the Empire has worked on native agency, directly or indirectly, in its enforcement of its imperial role in the colonies. They are introduced as potential threats in the initial period of waiting and anticipation. The prospect of the spectacle of their eruption stands for a threat to the Empire in vilifying her, and this plays upon the reader's sensibilities until the final resolution in each case. Significantly, none of the three is displayed, in the end, in the expected form.

The most obvious violence that lurks in the story is referred to specifically near the beginning, where the general trends in the governance of British India are outlined.

> … mere men of the flesh who would create a tumult must fare badly at the hands of the Supreme Government. And they do. (Kipling 1888 326)

The effectivity of the Government in enforcing order is hinted at with some darkness, but this is immediately followed by the gesture of downplaying or ironizing that effectivity.

> There is no outward sign of excitement; there is no confusion; there is no knowledge. …the machinery moves forward and the dreamer of dreams and the seer of visions is gone from his friends and following. He enjoys the hospitality of Government… (ibid.)

The ironic tone hints at the potential for exaggerated force in the day-to-day reality of the administration. But, overall, the idea of the government's untarnished efficiency in quelling disturbance is an appealing one, especially since we are informed that in general the revolutionary will not suffer corporal punishment at all, but rather the penalty of a soft imprisonment. Similar to this ironized affirmation of British force is another one close by: that of the necessity of British governance in the country. The first paragraph makes fun of the narrow English tendency to point to all that is different in Indian culture as proof of its deficiency and as a means of infantilising the Indians.

> In the East… nobody writes lectures or takes any notice; and that is a distinct proof of the inability of the East to manage its own affairs. (ibid. 322)

And yet within three pages we are told that India 'will never stand alone, but the idea is a pretty one….' (ibid. 325) Again we have the strange gesture of affirming that British conduct or ideology is flawed in its crude steamrolling over all that is of value in native India, in its devaluing and feminizing of Indian agency, and its egoism, at the same time as affirming the ultimate validity of the British approach as realistic.

We see here a precursor and a parallel to the gesture later on with regard to the impending British response to the unrest in the city. The Mohorrum festival in the city threatens to bring trouble in the city in the form of violence enacted by the Hindus upon the Muslims. The British authorities' job is to contain it, 'lest the Hindus should throw bricks… and the peace of the Queen and the heads of Her loyal subjects should thereby be broken.' (ibid. 341) The Deputy-Commissioner says about his preparations for Hindu disturbances of the festival:

> I think we can arrange a little surprise for them. I have given the heads of both Creeds fair warning. If they choose to disregard it, so much the worse for them. (ibid.)

So, again there is the prospect of a harsh British response, which is particularly unsettling for us since we have associated ourselves with the narrator, who whiles away his days in Lalun's house on the city walls, living on intimate terms with many local Indians. From that perspective, the disturbance caused by a police crackdown would be unwelcome: the lazy, peaceful languor we are used to in Lalun's house would be disturbed and certain of her friends might be implicated. Besides, the opposition between the 'inside' position of the narrator in Lalun's house, which has been carefully described to us, and the 'outside' position necessarily taken up by the police with regard to Indian life on the ground, is clearly marked in the story. We dread what results would come to the locals we have come to know by a generalized police response aimed at restoring order. The narrator tells us that if the locals were to fight with firearms, 'we should have half the City killed (ibid. 346).' After the build-up of anticipation, the police response is downplayed. The Deputy-Commissioner shoots no one, 'but calm and gently smiling, cantered up the clean-swept street in rear of the main body of rioters. "No one killed yet," he shouted.' (ibid. 345). In the end, despite the murderous atmosphere in the crowd, the riot is dispelled by the soldiers simply 'joining arms, swe[eping] down the side-gullies, their rifles on their backs, stamping, with shouting and song, upon the toes of Hindu and Mussulman.' (ibid. 352) A merry game is made of the rioters' efficient removal and, in general, inflicting only minor injuries. This gesture of anticlimax is highlighted by early mention of the

Indian uprisings of the nineteenth century. In particular, the horrific revolt of 1857 is mentioned by Khem Singh, the revolutionary, to the officer in his charge. We know that the British in fact responded in that case by killing many local Indians, including children. But the officer tells Khem Singh dismissively, 'I was not born then.' (ibid. 337).

The British Army presence now is a different generation to that of 1857. Thus, the atrocities for which the administration were responsible fall into the realm of history. The details relating to the attribution of responsibility have become glossed over through the passing of time, are irrelevant in the story's dreamy, lingering emphasis on the illusions of history and the changeability of historical roles. What is evident when we view the actual police presence is a collection of admittedly crude men – 'I am sorry to say that they were all pleased, unholily pleased, at the chance of what they called "a little fun" '(ibid. 347) – but they are not malicious or calculating at all. This picture of the simple, irreproachable character of the troops on the ground is a means of deflecting responsibility from their direction. In practice, the story shows us, nine times out of ten the English troops will simply do their job in loyal fashion; the exceptions will be lost in the sweep of history that distills and keeps only the general rule. That is to say, the historical atmosphere in the story encourages us to think of the actual police presence in the city as a generalized one, made up of a few benign characteristics like sincerity, loyalty, cheeriness and roughness around the edges. What has occurred in the past is lost for being unavailable and anomalous; it is to be absorbed in the atmosphere of mystery with which the story permeates the historical. The final note of the story is exactly the narrator's retrospective recognition that he has played a historical role he least would have intended or expected: '…I had become Lalun's Vizier after all.' (ibid. 355) The title of the story points to a parallel in historical roles between Lalun's and Rahav's in the Book of Joshua. The role of the police is equated, in this respect, with these historical roles. They are guileless, equally ignorant of the part they play in the mysterious ends of world history. Their agency is reduced. A police Superintendent calls out to the narrator during the riot: 'They know we haven't enough Police to hold 'em.' (ibid. 345) The British presence at this time is, then, much weaker in terms of numbers than the rioters and lacks strength behind its agency. Even the single real casualty of the disturbance is found after the fact; the authorities are not shown inflicting the damage, but it has occurred as a consequence of the tumult, and even so it is unclear whether an English gun-butt has caused his death or a native Indian bamboo-stave (ibid.352). Rather than being told that the soldiers act, in the quelling of the rebellion, we are shown the picture of them

acting. They are 'join*ing* arms… stamp*ing*… shout*ing*…'' (ibid., my emphases) The image together with the passive voice has the narrative effect of making the men passive players in the busy drama, already picturesque and historical even before the dust has settled.

Despite the fact that the English soldiers are few, as mentioned, the Subaltern in charge of Khem Singh looks complacently 'along the line of guns that could pound the City to powder in half an hour' (ibid. 336). Somehow, again, there is enough potential might in the hands of the British to inspire awe and respect, enough to allow us to trust in their ability to keep order, yet at the same time the soldiers who meet the rioters are few and frail, and the riot seems to dispel itself. The effect of the above is to divest the English of agency with regard to this first type of violence, that inevitably caused by the authorities in keeping the order in their colony. In place of their conscious deliberation about this task is the impenetrable mystery of a divine plan hinted at by the biblical quote at the head of the story. It is history that determines who shall be the police and who the policed, and history who determines who should find himself one of the few casualties of the administration. The British presence in the story comes across as the force placed in the country by Higher Powers, entrusted with the task of maintain an order we can't help but value, especially given the chaotic vision we have been shown of the relations between local Hindus and Muslims.

Walter Benjamin writes that

> law-preserving violence is a threatening violence. And its threat is not intended as the deterrent that uninformed liberal theorists interpret it to be. Its purpose is not to punish the infringement of the law but to establish new law. For in the exercise of violence over life and death more than any other legal act, law reaffirms itself. (Benjamin 274)

The display of power of life over death is crucial to the Colonial priority to establish law. Yet, writes Benjamin, there is a contradiction. For that power to effectively establish priority over law, it must divest itself of any trace of pure willful human agency, of crime. In Benjamin's words, it must be a 'violence crowned by fate' in order to function as 'the origin of law' (ibid. 275). This is why, for Benjamin, there is 'something rotten' in the actual spectacle of this kind of violence, since the authorities in any given case know clearly that it is their volition that brings forth the violence and not fate (ibid.) Any projected impression that it was bound to happen, or happened on its own, is a farce, and yet without such a suggestion the police act is

exposed as a potential crime. In our story, as we have seen, we find numerous suggestions of the dormant might of the British Army, as well as the spectacle of their successful quelling of the riot, yet, by careful narrative methods, their violence is 'crowned by fate' in exactly the way prescribed by Benjamin. There is a man dead on the street at the end, which is necessary for law to be established, as indeed stated by the officer who finds him: 'These brutes were beginning to show their teeth too much.' (Kipling 1888 353) Yet, as mentioned, there is apparently no individual whom we should find culpable for the act. Fate made it happen, though British power was present as a loyal role-player. The strange spectacle of the British soldiers stamping on the toes of the rioters is a deliberate demonstration that the British possess the power to keep order and yet choose not to exercise it to the full extent. The British are only responsive in the story, while the trouble is brought about by the locals. Every officer we meet is carrying out an order rather than issuing one or considering which one is best to give. For all these reasons, the impression given by the story is that the British do not choose to act violently but find themselves in the role of doing so, and that this suffices to invest them with lawmaking power. The constant theme of the mysterious design and agency of history also acts to obscure any notion we might have of pure free will underlying British police violence. With regard to the 1857 rebellion, B.J. Moore Gilbert writes that 'The chief cause of the sepoys' disaffection, according to much Anglo-Indian fiction, was an increasing resistance to attacks on Indian religion.' (Moore-Gilbert 101) In 'On the City Wall' it is marked that the attitude of the English authorities to the trouble brewing between Hindus and Muslims is that of a tolerant parent. Totally unintrusive initially, they simply await the inter-religious conflict, aiming to keep the peace as much as possible. The agency behind the religious dissatisfaction is nowhere in the British camp.

The second kind of violence which, as the story develops, seems attributable to the agency of the British presence in India is that which seems to have been done to Wali Dad's character. When he is initially introduced there are indications of some kind of disturbance within him, for he has 'pencilled eyebrows, small-cut nostrils, little feet and hands, and a very tired look in his eyes.' (ibid. 324) He is unusually effeminate and shows signs of being jaded. We are told explicitly that he is 'suffering acutely from education of the English variety and knew it.' (ibid. 323) He is religiously and spiritually confused, having experimented with more than one variety of Christianity and been finally rejected by all. On the other hand, he is also cynical about his native Moslem faith. The devotion of those observing the Mohorrum mourning

festival seems to him infantile for its lack of western rationality: ‘empty and making much noise.’ (ibid. 341) He is additionally cynical about the narrator’s suggestion that he take up a place in the British administration, scorning the secondary social status allotted Indians in such positions. He does not belong at all in the environment of India, religiously, socially or politically. Thus it is that he takes refuge on Lalun’s home, which is an in-between zone, or a refuge from reality. ‘Here is tobacco, here is talk, here are many friends and all the news of the City, and, above all, here is myself.’ (ibid. 337) Lalun’s presence obviously signifies the ambiguity of historical roles, pointing as it does to the parallel personality of the Bible who lived on the city wall. In her home, then, the concreteness of historical detail is suspended and Wali Dad may find relief from his oppression by that detail. However, in the same way the atmosphere in Lalun’s home, stuffy and fragrant with the thick smoke of Providence’s hidden historical agency, obscures the agency of the British authorities in enforcing their law, so it obscures their agency in corrupting Wali Dad’s character. Here it is that the narrator appears to Wali Dad as a brotherly figure, urging him to adopt a worldly-wise attitude to his situation, to take up his place in Anglo-Indian society and stop ‘dreaming dreams.’ (ibid. 339) Here it is that the atmosphere of unreality reveals Wali Dad as unafflicted, free in the dreamy world of historical mystery. This allows us to condemn him for his ultimate refusal to follow the narrator’s advice. What occurs in the end is that, as a result of observing the Mohorrum festival and hearing the drumbeating and the cries of religious devotion, Wali Dad ‘plunged into the thick of the fight’ with a fanatical scream. (ibid. 347) However, he does not successfully transform himself into the believer he seems to need to become. He returns to Lalun’s door at the end, the depth of his spiritual lostness uncovered.

> It was Wali Dad, Agnostic and Unbeliever, shoeless, turbanless, and frothing at the mouth, the flesh on his chest bruised and bleeding from the vehemence with which he had smitten himself. (ibid. 352)

The narrator simply tosses a stone at the front-door to alert Lalun of his presence but then goes lightly on his way, free of the responsibility earlier imputed to those who perpetrated Wali Dad’s English education. We hear nothing more of Wali Dad: through the story, the agency behind his suffering has been transferred from ‘education of the English variety’ to he himself, in refusing to live with the facts of his life as they are, and as the narrator, a man with implied life experience, advised him. In the end of the story, the matured perception of Wali Dad’s predicament is that, while it is true that he found himself in an ambiguous social-spiritual territory in British India, his lot stood in choosing to assume the role in the administration that

lay open to him, in accepting it from the hands of Providence as his portion, rather than resentfully reneging on life altogether.

Anne McClintock explains that, according to Homi Bhaba's theory of mimicry, it is a colonial power strategy to perpetuate a class of people like Wali Dad. The colonial power desires that 'a flawed identity [be] imposed on colonized people who are obliged to mirror back an image of the colonials but in imperfect form.' The 'colonized teachers, soldiers, bureaucrats and cultural interpreters' are forced to mimic the conduct of the colonial class, from whom they always will be essentially divided (McClintock 62). The desired result is that these classes of colonized peoples be frustrated in their ongoing attempts to inhabit an 'uninhabitable zone'. In fact, the complete assimilation of the colonized, anglicized official is rendered impossible by social taboos which strongly insist that true Englishness belongs only to the English. One reason why this result is desired may be that the state of cultural and political lethargy that accompanies the abovementioned dynamic is preferable, as far as the state is concerned, to clear political and cultural affiliations, which might lead to ideological resistance to the colonizer. According to this analysis, the narrator's brotherly exhortations to Wali Dad that he should 'take [his] place in the world' (ibid. 339) must be taken as a deceptive attempt to represent the administration as guileless and well-meaning, especially since the narrator does not come across as naïve about the real dynamics of government. This is made clear during the first five pages, when his on-the-ground familiarity with actual administration of the Empire is paraded. And according to this analysis, the narrator's apparently casual abandonment of Wali Dad near the end must be taken as desperate and deliberate. He is complicit in the man's sorry predicament and wishes to renounce the responsibility he knows is his. That the narrator speaks as a representative of Empire is also made clear near the beginning, where he seems to feel the weight of the colonial task on his shoulders: 'If an advance be made all credit is given to the native, while the Englishmen stand back and wipe their foreheads. If a failure occurs the Englishmen step forward and take the blame.' (ibid. 325)

For Bhaba, mimicry produces ambivalence. This means that, through the mimicry of the colonial subject, which is encouraged by the colonial power, there is a kind of a rupture in the pure flow of dominating discourse from that power, since it has (through its offshoot, the mimic man) revealed its awareness of its own image, or the image it desires to project. Its discourse

becomes, thus, not a monolithic, authoritative body commanding conformity, but something uncertain, creating itself as it deems necessary in relation to those it wishes to subjugate. It is this tendency, built into colonial mimicry, that undermines the authority of Empire. Anne McClintock challenges Bhaba on the grounds that the notion of ambivalence, a formal aspect of colonialism, is devoid of agency and thus insufficient as an explanation of how colonial authority is subverted (McClintock 63). She notes, though, that in a later essay, Bhaba admits that ambivalence will not necessarily translate into the subversion of colonial authority. The reason he gives does not please McClintock, though, because it is not the absence of agency in the dynamics of ambivalence, but rather the fact that the colonized personality, as far as he is affected by ambivalence, is 'caught in the Imaginary', which itself is a concept devoid of the question of agency. It is striking that the text of 'On the City Wall' represents, not only the strategy of mimicry in the person of Wali Dad, but also the dynamics of agency in relation to it, as against the notion of being 'caught in the Imaginary'. As my analysis has shown, the story initially records, as a first impression, Wali Dad's status as an apparent victim of the interference of English culture in India. Then, that impression matures into a different one, namely that his sufferings are a result of his own wrong choice in withdrawing from the realities of Anglo-Indian life. The initial impression, then, conforms with Bhaba: Wali Dad is afflicted by mimicry as a colonial strategy. However, at the same time, it is clear that the brokenness of his personality, a consequence of the ambivalence of mimicry, may eventually translate into some level of subversion against the regime of the English. The reason it is uncertain whether or not it will is that Wali Dad's personal ambiguity, the 'uninhabitable zone' in which he lives, is 'caught in the Imaginary', as symbolized by Lalun's home. He is disinclined to channel his frustration into a mode of resistance against the Government, since he experiences his suffering as inherently personal, as the suffering of personal ambiguity. Lalun's words to the narrator express this view, which makes Wali Dad's non-resistance a function of his state of being caught in the Imaginary, rather than his own choice. She begs him to remain in her flat because 'Here is tobacco, here is talk, here are many friends and all the news of the City, and, above all, here is myself. I will tell you stories and sing you songs…' (Kipling 1888 337). She exerts her charms in urging the narrator and Wali Dad to remain with her, telling the latter that the world of colonial reality is uninhabitable for him, whom she keeps attached to her by the spell of a romantic attachment. All this goes to fill in the impression that Wali Dad's non-resistance is not a function of his agency. But once the narrator, in a very significant moment, rebukes Wali Dad for not 'taking his place' in the administration, McClintock's view of Wali Dad begins to come across and eclipse Bhaba's. Now, Wali Dad's reneging on colonial life is

depicted as a function of his agency, not the restriction of his suffering to the Imaginary. Now, when Wali Dad leaves Lalun's home to throw himself into the crowd, signifying his decision to utilize his free will, it is also a refusal to act with the responsibility urged by the narrator. And when he finally crawls back to Lalun's house, injured and half-crazed, it is as an act of his agency too, not as a function of Lalun's charms or the dreamy stasis of her home. He consciously removed himself from the Imaginary, and he now consciously returns himself to it, just as McClintock tells us is the case. From now on, we must view his conformity or resistance to the colonial administration chiefly as a function of his agency.

Thirdly, there is the violence inherent in the relationship between the colonial administration and the revolutionary Khem Singh. McClintock writes that one powerful ideological tool used by colonial powers to justify their ventures is the invention of 'anachronistic space'.

> The stubborn and threatening heterogeneity of the colonies was contained and disciplined not as socially or geographically different from Europe and thus equally valid, but as *temporally* different and thus as irrevocably superannuated by history. (McClintock 40)

Khem Singh's agency, which is affirmed in his lurking menacingly behind the prison walls from which we know he may escape, represents a threat to the Government in two ways. Firstly, he may potentially foment unrest, and, secondly, his presence begs the question of whether the Government will respect his rights and dignity in the protection of its own interests. If the Government responds with harshness, this presents a threat to Empire in Kipling's world, as I have mentioned. As will be explained, McClintock's strategy is employed in the story in order to diminish the first threat while steering clear of the danger of demonstrating the Empire's might with an unwelcome bloody display of force, that is, of falling victim to the second threat.

Khem Singh is an aged revolutionary, belonging to a different time.

> 'He is an Interesting Survival,' said Wali Dad, pulling at the pipe. 'He returns to a country now full of educational and political reform, but, as the Pearl says, there are many who remember him. He was once a great man. There will never be any more great men in India. … (Kipling 1888 333)

Khem Singh is full of rebellious intentions, wishing to 'cut the throats of all the sahibs in the land if [he] could.' (ibid. 335) But, the narrative suggests, he is hopelessly out of touch with the many changes that have happened in the country since his glory days. One aspect of change is evident in the rebellious spirit of the populace, which Wali Dad tells us has dissipated in the face of the reforms introduced by the administration. These reforms aim at enhancing Indian lives educationally and politically, rather than oppressing them and ensuring their obedience. Rebellion against the administration is thus portrayed as an anachronism, a misunderstanding engendered in a mind isolated from modern realities. It would be a misplaced use of Indian agency in the context of the modern world. The image of the English guards respecting the old revolutionary personally is given us: '… I'll give you my word that you shall have no heavy guard put over you.' (ibid. 334) Singh's violent plans, then, seem unjustified, making it difficult to condemn a prison-guard who acted harshly with such a hostile charge. Crucially, the reduction of the validity of Indian agency seems to come, not from an oppressive European gesture, but from the irresponsible or misguided employment of that agency on the part of the Indian. The story implies that any sane Indian mind properly informed of the selfless goals of the Empire in the land would choose to fit in with its system rather than resist it. It is therefore not native agency in general that is devalued through the anachronism of Khem Singh, since we are on much more familiar terms with Lalun, an Indian who, in her awareness of contemporary realities – 'she knows of the news of the City and the Province' (ibid. 329) – adopts a passive, accepting stance to the Government. Rather, McClintock's method is used to devalue the attitude of Indian resistance in particular: this, in its irresponsibility, is a kind of native agency, the story suggests, we need not respect.

The drama of Singh's escape is enacted, but he ends up posing no threat to the administration at all. His comrades are all dead, aged or changed in their political views. Neither are the English faced with the decision of whether or not to use force in stopping him, since he returns to prison of his own free will, finding it more comfortable there. We have, then, the spectacle of Indian agency, outdated and misguided as it is, reneging on itself, and it *this* violence that ensures the force of British law in the land according to Walter Benjamin's formula. No infringements on Indian rights have been made, nor has Indian agency per se been patronized, and yet the power of the British administration, both physically and ideologically remains at a peak level.

Chapter 2: Hegelian Contact

'The Tomb of His Ancestors' (in *The Day's Work*), in dealing with the problem of native agency in a colonial context, makes even more explicit use of McClintock's 'anachronistic space'. The Englishman John Chinn, in meeting up with the Bhil tribe in India when he assumes his hereditary role as their ruler, meets a people who are 'Pre-Aryan, Aboriginal, Dravidian, and so forth.' (Kipling 1898 98) They have been oppressed by the effects of historical isolation.

> Centuries of oppression and massacre made the Bhil a cruel and half-crazy thief and cattle-stealer, and when the English came he seemed to be almost as open to civilization as the tigers of his own jungles. (ibid. 99)

Here, at this early stage of the story, we have been informed of at least two things. Firstly, these people make irresponsible, dangerous use of their free choice. Secondly, this latter fact is not entirely, if at all, their fault, since one result of their non-exposure to worldly civilization has been their restriction to a savage lifestyle, empty of the basic tenets of morality that underpin Western society. Indeed, up till the end, Chinn retains an attitude of paternalistic care for the Bhil particularly in their aspect of volatility. Despite the fact that this trait may release violence on their part, which would threaten Chinn and the English presence near the tribe, Chinn is not moved to adopt an intolerant approach in ruling over them. Certainly, as per McClintock, the 'anachronism' of the Bhil is a means of infantilizing and reducing the validity of their human agency. But the additional underscoring of an English attitude of custodial responsibility toward a people prone to thievery and occasional murder is another gesture in this vein. It is the gesture of a personality who does not merely live by Western codes of morality, since these codes make for a social contract by which an individual may claim the right of personal security in the face of a rogue who threatens it. It is the gesture of a personality who, by a historical sense of calling, carries the burden of safeguarding those coded of morality. This is the pose struck by John Chinn in Kipling's story. And in the context of a native tribe that is exceptional and unknown, 'the strangest of the many strange races in India' (ibid. 98), the possibility is opened up of presenting the moment of colonial contact in an idealistic form corresponding to this principled gesture. We might plausibly accept the picture of the Englishman approaching the native with nothing but the intention to edify, guide and educate.

It is clear we should view this as a deliberate solution to the problem of the violence of colonial contact, in the light of the sensitive state of imperial priorities in 1898 when the story was published. One reason this is clear is that the story harbours a consistent sensitivity to the violence of the colonial hand, evident in prolonged and vivid descriptions of tiger-hunts. This is also evident in the image of the beating of the Bhil near the end at Chinn's command, obviously a politically charged scene and one that seems, in retrospect, to have been known or expected throughout. But the work of the story beforehand establishes the character of those beatings as paternalistic, as do all the surrounding details of those punishments. Thus, the figuring of this miniature and obscure colonial contact in the form of a family relationship – Chinn's family have been the custodians of the Bhil for generations – carries the particular power of subverting the traditional accusation of brutality in imperial contact with the colonized.

There is also a familiar depiction of the deep meaning behind colonial contact drawn upon in the story, which further defuses the reader's inclination to spy an imposition in the Englishman's lording over the Bhil. It is that of G. W. F. Hegel. Hegel wrote of Orientals that their society is characterized by slavery for the reason that the spirit of Oriental peoples is as yet unaware of the innate freedom of mankind: 'they have no consciousness of freedom because they have all submitted to a despotism, whether religious or political.' (Hegel 1985 74) The contact of the more developed English civilization with the Orientals has functioned

> to form connections with barbarous peoples, to awaken needs within them and to stimulate their industry, and first and foremost to establish among them the conditions necessary for commerce, viz. the relinquishing of violence, a respect for property, and hospitality. (Hegel 1956 455)

Hegel stated two things that are directly relevant to our story. Firstly, in the case of a people that does not exercise its rights of human freedom, a colonial power is not technically infringing on their rights in enslaving or oppressing them, since those rights do not exist in practice. (Hegel 1982 73-4.) Secondly, colonial contact is one means by which the colony is awakened to the realities of human freedom which are protected in the institutions of the colonial power, thus fostering the increase in humanity's general consciousness of its inherent freedom. (Hegel 1956 455) This process of stimulating a culture into self-consciousness is not easy or simple.

According to Hegel, the attendant transformations in its values, taboos, and prejudices might be slow and complicated,

> as we ourselves see only too clearly today, as Third World countries often struggle painfully to adopt Western freedoms and at the same time seek to avoid the evident excesses of Western life and hold on to their own traditional values and beliefs (Houlgate 25)

With regard to the first point, it is marked in 'The Tomb of his Ancestors' that the nature of the Bhil to float idly in life, unmotivated and without initiative until some adventurous action captures their interest. They had to be taught to plow and sow by John Chinn the First, and before his introduction of a police force into their society the idea was foreign to them (Kipling 1898 99). 'They felt bored and homesick unless taken after tigers as beaters.' (ibid. 100) Thus, even before Chinn establishes himself as their ruler, there is the impression of their wayward, childish wasting of the faculty of free will, indeed their total unawareness of the concept. They idle away their time until a stimulus arrives, to which they surrender themselves completely. In this light, even if Chinn were to choose to impose on the tribe economically or physically, this would not be a rights-infringement.

Specifically with regard to physical violence, Hegel believed that violence done to a man's body is a violation of his free will, personhood and right. (Hegel 1967 47) His philosophy was that a man's body is an expression of his free will. It follows from this that 'My body… becomes my own when I have freely and self-consciously appropriated it.' (Houlgate 91) In Kipling's story, the criminal activity, fatuousness, and sheer vacuousness of the Bhil's behavior dramatizes that they lack the facility of using their strength and choice responsibly. Their bodies have ceased to express a natural right, if they ever did, exactly because they view themselves as subject to fate, superstition and their own whim.

With regard to the second point, the isolation of the tribe among the remote Satpura hills does lend Chinn's meeting with them the aspect of breaking their isolation – physically, ideologically – which would not otherwise have been broken. And there is an unambiguous picture that they are not flourishing in their solitary life in the hills: the Bhil is a 'cruel and half-crazy thief' (ibid.) Though the reader would be skeptical about the proposition that all of Indian culture is at best a stunted, primitive version of English culture, in the case of this tribe it

actually seems to be true. Indeed, the Bhil seem to be a tribe looked down upon by other Indian castes, long ago dispossessed and disregarded by the other Indian races who see 'no meaning' in the custom of applying Bhil blood to the forehead of a new Rajput chief. (ibid. 98) So it is that the impression of a first colonial contact can be made, and therefore credence may be lent to Hegel's picture of colonialism as an historical beneficence.

Two of the clearest methods in the story used for conveying this idea of historical beneficence in colonial contact are the vaccination incident and the beatings of the thieves near the end. In the first case, the Bhil fear that the official sent to vaccinate them intends to cut off their arms 'with little ghost-knives.' (ibid. 124) To the reader eyes, the strangeness and the pain of the experience merely represent the growing pains of Third World adjustment to the benefits of Western cultures already mentioned above. The violence done to their bodies is presented in the form of a benefit they are unable to recognise. They are positioned as resisting their own benefactors, the effect of which is to comically reduce the value of their judgement and agency. The 'anachronism' of their isolated existence has proved fatal to their ability to know the modern world and how to take their places successfully in it. In the second case, the beatings affirm the value *for the Bhil* of a society free of savage plundering, 'the relinquishing of violence… respect for property' which 'establish among them the conditions necessary for commerce', in Hegel's terms, and pave the way for their individual minds and collective society to be freed from savagery. A powerful result of all this is that the blood drawn by colonial contact is represented as the most beneficial kind of contact in history, that which draws a nation and a culture out of the mire of ignorance, slavery and suffering and into its ultimate historical role as free and self-determining.

The familial relationship Chinn maintains with the Satpura Bhils couches this Hegelian contact in palatable form. Chinn, referring to his ancestor, Jan Chinn, the original lord of the Bhil, tells the Satpuras, 'I, who am of his blood, the son of his son, come to turn your people. And I speak the truth, as did Jan Chinn.' (ibid. 127) The reverence in which they hold Chinn is based upon his ancestry, and they view John Chinn as a reincarnation of Jan Chinn. Only under this understanding are they willing to accept the young Chinn as their new lord. Anne McClintock has pointed out that the family image has been used to naturalise the hierarchical and authoritative relationships enforced by imperialism: 'paternal fathers ruling benignly over

immature children. The trope of the organic family became invaluable in its capacity to give state and imperial intervention the alibi of nature.' (McClintock 45)

In 'The Tomb of his Ancestors', when the Satpura Bhil take the official vaccinator hostage, there is a military, bureaucratic function that needs to be filled: that of subduing the tribesmen and rescuing the health worker. The function is performed by employing Chinn in his capacity as familialy related to those tribesmen. He goes off to meet them with Bukta, his assistant, but without any other military back-up. Indeed, when he returns to his Colonel, successful, in the end, he reports the story of his mission in terms of this family relationship: '…I'm my own grandfather reincarnated.' (ibid. 138) The Colonel subjugates his own military authority to Chinn's paternal, familial authority, by humbling his own bureaucratic language to Chinn's language in its capacity as sensitive to the mysterious power of family relationships: '"Now, how the deuce," said he, "am I to include that in my report?"' (ibid.) One thing accomplished here is that military authority – which sanctioned the power of Chinn's family influence over the tribe in sending him – is justified as a natural outcropping of Chinn's paternalism. It is nothing but the official seal on what is essentially a personal, familial relationship, the sign of the father in the relationship and the symbol of his authority to act freely in his role as custodian for his children.

When Chinn returns from England, at the beginning of the story, to assume his role, he meets Bukta, who, despite being a Bhil, is 'an "unmixed" Bhil, a Companion of the Order of British India, with thirty-five years' spotless service in the army, and a rank among his own people superior to that of many Bengal princelings.' (ibid. 105) Yet the young Englishman immediately adopts a superior rank to Bukta, who becomes his servant from then on. This should be related to Bukta's conduct in the celebration following Chinn's first tiger-hunt. 'When Bukta doffed uniform and reverted to the fragmentary dress of his own people, he left his civilization of drill in the next world.' (ibid. 111) The next morning, Chinn finds him fully dressed and back in character, 'making it hard to believe that only a few hours before Bukta was yelling and capering with naked fellow-devils of the scrub.' (ibid. 112) Now we understand why Bukta's exemplary record of military service could never translate into a rank superior to Chinn's. It is expressed later in a conversation between Chinn and Bukta, when the former tells the latter, 'The Bhils are my children.' And Bukta responds, 'Ay. We be thy children.' (ibid.

118) The underlying relationship between Chinn and Bukta is a father-son relationship. Bukta's status as child is characterized by his incurable volatility, his easy reversion to savagery during the celebration. Military status as well as military authority are the outward signs of Chinn's status as father. Thus it is that the English military priority to do violence in the story is presented as natural – in the way of a father's 'natural' authority to discipline his children in his role as their custodian. And the family relationship further dresses the impression of Chinn's momentous, Hegelian contact with the Bhil in the colours of the natural and beneficial. Instead of the picture of isolated colonial contact, and an essentially withdrawn attitude on the part of the colonial power, with the Hegelian beneficence as merely a promise of future benefit, we have the picture of a family, with the immediate, tangible form of the benefits bestowed and the unquestioned integrity of the father's intentions. The question of whether or not the contact with western culture constitutes a benefit for the Bhil is decisively resolved by the family imagery, which suggests interconnectedness, a sustained relationship, and one which is not entirely selfish or economic.

The two tiger-hunting scenes are very significant in this regard. There is the imposing work of nature that is the tiger, on the one hand, and the relationship Chinn needs to forge with the Bhil, which in both cases necessitates his killing it, on the other. The first tiger is 'a noble animal… a ten-foot cattle-killer with a huge roll of loose skin along the belly, glossy-hided, full-frilled about the neck, whiskered, frisky, and young.' (ibid. 108) Yet, despite the glorious form of the animal and the fact that it posed no danger to anyone, we are made to witness its destruction in vivid imagery: Chinn's bullet 'tore through the throat, smashing the backbone below the neck.' (ibid. 110) The reason for this is soon revealed. Already at the celebration for the hunt, the Bhil begin to initiate their side of a verbal relationship with Chinn: 'They grew eloquent and wreathed him about with flowers.' (ibid. 111) Soon after this, they begin to speak to him, for the first time, about tribal matters and in a particular form: one that expresses their tribal consciousness directly, without the need to translate Bhil values and sentiments into English terms, and one that defers to Chinn's comprehension of the matters bound up with those values and sentiments. The Bhil 'lay cases of tribal custom before him…. how many cows would Chinn Sahib consider a just fine? … would it be wise to disregard that [Government] order?' (ibid. 112) One thing that has been accomplished, then, through the hunt is that the Bhil have gained an advisor who is insider enough to properly appreciate all of their relevant norms, while possessing the kind of insight which is not to be found in the community itself, and thus

must in a certain sense also be an outsider. Our endurance of the scene of the shattering of the tiger is rewarded with the picture of the Bhil with this new, close and beneficial relationship. The glorious form of the tiger symbolises our reluctance to interfere with the native status quo, which is 'perfect' as it is, in the sense that it has been divinely made so. The experience of the tiger's destruction represents the initially disturbing impression we derive from colonial interference. But the untying of the Bhil's tongues, their entrance into a vital relationship with a European personality who is capable of both listening to them and speaking to them effectively, is the story's justification for that interference. Before the hunt, the Bhil were isolated, possessing no way of accessing the benefits of outside consciousnesses, nor of making themselves known to the outside world. Now, they become capable of knowing and being known. Here, then, the violence of the hunt signifies the painful adjustment to the circumstances brought about by colonial contact, which ultimately draw the colonized into beneficial connection with the world. Once we have accepted the destruction of the tiger in meeting Chinn's easy personality, as he attempts in his boyish way to project the bravado that Bukta tells him is necessary he project, the idea of the shattering of a culture also becomes more acceptable. It is only an illusion of tragedy, we feel, whereas the reality that comes about as a result is a much richer one for the Bhil, one in which they are saved from foolish quarrelling among themselves, as well as other destructive habits, and are able to interact effectively with the outside world. All this new reality is permeated with the wholesome connotation of the family.

Chapter 3: The Orient as a Whole New World

Edward Said points out a characteristic of Orientalism, by which he means the set of associations, prejudices and tropes through which the East is traditionally understood by the West: it is

> everywhere to stress the fact that the Oriental lived in a different but thoroughly organized world of his own, a world with its own national, cultural, and epistemological boundaries and principles of internal coherence. Yet what gave the Oriental's world its intelligibility and identity was not the result of his own efforts but rather the whole complex series of knowledgeable manipulations by which the Orient was identified by the West. (Said 2003 40)

The power of the dynamic Said points out derives from the fact that the West, in a modernistic gesture, displays an interest in the East in its potential to live by a different, but equally valid, episteme. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries we see a trend in European literature to search for ways of seeing and speaking that have been neglected in Europe's adherence to its own traditional ways of seeing and thinking. The question that needs answering in each given case is to what extent the Oriental episteme is actually respected as an equally valid one, and to what extent this is a pose. Said teaches us that the latter is frequently the case, such that no real contact of equal but different consciousnesses occurs, but rather the contact of the Westerner with his own idea or gesture.

This Orientalist method is used with unique effect in Kipling's 'The Bridge-builders' (in *The Day's Work*), and it constitutes another means by which the integrity of native agency is reconciled with the imperatives of Empire. Here, Kipling's English protagonist, Findlayson, the chief engineer of the Kashi Bridge, finds himself washed up on the shore of an island with his Indian employee, Peroo, after a storm. Under the influence of the opium given him by Peroo, he witnesses a conversation between the Hindu gods. The rational European has been placed within a totally foreign episteme. His vulnerable state after nearly losing his life on the rough waters of the river further underlines this gesture: the Englishman is made subject to a totally foreign ideology. The ostensible gesture, then, is of displaying an Englishman forced into a subjugated position before the Orientalist episteme. He is forced to genuinely listen, as

the discourse of the gods is the one that truly matters for the world, and, in particular, for Findlayson's bridge, which is in danger of sinking in the storm. Thus, the action that takes up the bulk of the story (the conversation of deities) specifically denies any anticipated reduction we might expect Findlayson to make, in his contact with the Oriental ideology, of his experience to his preconceived notions. Rather, the story, proclaims, here is a European *really* coming into contact with the Oriental episteme, really forced, finally, to listen to the East.

When Findlayson and Peroo stumble onto the island, we read language that implies a clarity, a lucidity so intense that it seems to prove the veracity of the Englishman's experience and deny that it is only a vision.

> The stumps of the indigo crackled, and these was a smell of cattle, as a huge and dripping Brahminee Bull shouldered his way under the tree… a monstrous grey Ape… seated himself man-wise in the place of the fallen image, and the rain spilled like jewels from the hair of his neck and shoulders. (Kipling 1898 25).

The sound is highly specified, together with the vividness of smell and the surprising, clear vision, making for the impression of actual experience. Nothing is hidden from view and each thing reveals itself with a generous clarity. The image of the rain that 'spilled like jewels' gains its force from the association of jewels with clarity, transparency, and finite, knowable structure. Findlayson's experience is one of heightened lucidity, not a deep dream-state. The next salient surprise is that the animal gods speak: 'Hour by hour the water falls, and their bridge still stands! (ibid. 26).' What they speak about is Findlayson's bridge. 'What have the Gods to do with my bridge? (ibid.)' wonders the engineer. The double surprise invests the episteme surrounding him with the impression of independent consciousness, the opposite to the impression of a dream-object. The unusual, extended discussion of the gods about what the fate of the bridge should be commences, and the point that should be noted is that the scene gains its power from the abovementioned and other cues, which indicate independent existence and consciousness in the gods, as well as their unexpected physical forms, attitudes, and interests. These make for the impression of real contact between the Englishman and an Oriental episteme that cannot help revealing itself exactly the way it is. Indeed, not once during the discussion do the gods show they are aware of Findlayson's gaze at all. They are speaking to each other under the impression of being alone, and thus cannot be accused of saying what they do for the engineer's benefit.

Elleke Boehmer has pointed out that the colonialist sense of insecurity about comprehending the new worlds of discovery was expressed in 'imagery of the vastness and shapelessness of the other land (Boehmer 89).' These images were functions of the colonialist's 'terror' at the 'distressing opacity of native peoples to European understanding (ibid.).' As an example, she mentions Conrads's dark African forest in *Heart of Darkness*. India, in particular, writes Boehmer, 'became the sign of a universal Incomprehensibility. Western categories of description collapsed before it; it was not beautiful, it was too large (ibid. 90).' But 'The Bridge-Builders', in the ways we have described, pointedly overturns this gesture. In place of an India that is 'too large', Findlayson finds a small, knowable place with intelligible language and a relevant discussion. In place of descriptions of 'engulfing darkness and overwhelming enigma, recalcitrant peoples, unbreachable jungles, vast wastelands, huge and shapeless crowds (ibid. 89)', everything Findlayson sees seems to proclaim that it has been precisely perceived, and the motivations of the gods are not enigmatic or menacing, but, rather, intelligible and human. The story's gesture, then, must be understood partly as a response to this trend in colonial representations mentioned by Boehmer, and thereby gains its freshness.

The purpose of foregrounding this 'real' contact of the Englishman with the Oriental ideology is to disable our perception of the ways in which the Oriental mind is, in fact, reduced and devalued in the story. There is not one convinced, devoted Hindu with which Findlayson engages in the story. Hitchcock, his assistant, seems almost totally westernized. Peroo, the most elaborated Indian character in the story, changes his religious practices with irreverent ease. The guru whom Peroo fantasises about beating is derided for being greedy and lazy and never actually appears. Thus, while Findlayson's vision does represent a respectful gesture toward Hindu belief, no respect is accorded to the actual practitioners of the Hindu faith. Indeed, the gods themselves lament the fact that, as modernity secularises India, true devotion among the Hindus is scarcer and scarcer. One result of this is that it is only a theoretical Oriental consciousness that is affirmed as equally valid to the European mind. Elleke Boehmer makes a similar point when she writes that E.M. Forster 'makes clear that the pluralities of the Hindu pantheon, or even the dignified quietude of Islam, hold out no meaningful answers for the questioning Westerner.' (Boehmer 144) Findlayson, the rational, scientific engineer who seems little interested in spiritual matters, certainly undergoes an experience which challenges his

paradigms. But the full explanation of the religious system he has encountered, and its implications, are not to be found anywhere among his Indian acquaintances or colleagues. These are left to him to comprehend within his own European mind. It is not through the enabling of interaction with the Oriental (Hindu) discourse that he is educated, but through a personal experience.

Peroo's changeable devotion to his guru is derided. (ibid. 7) He prayed, in London, to the dome of St. Paul's, and, when he was a boy, he 'prayed to the low-pressure cylinder' in the engine-room of a steamer. (ibid. 11) In contrast to Findlayson's steadfast secular consistency, Peroo's penchant for the spiritual comes across as childish. The final image of the story is Peroo fantasizing about beating his guru with some wire-rope, presumably because of the danger posed to him by the storm, from which his guru's charms could not protect him. The significance of this image lies in the fact that we are shown the Hindu we know from the story *himself* beating, reducing, and mocking the man who stands for his beliefs. It is Peroo who concludes, based on the guru's speech and conduct, as well as the events experienced in the story, that the guru is a fake. Peroo affirms that the validity of the Hindu belief system is nowhere embodied in its actual practitioners and instructors. Though Peroo is definitely an attractive character, his religious volatility itself persuades us that the practical application of Hinduism to real life situations is obscure and prone to misinterpretation. And therefore the actual practitioners of Hinduism in the story, who are never personalized but only distantly present, come across as potentially deluded, as prone to the flaws and imperfections the gods spy in all modern Indians. The divide between the gods and the actual Hindus they discuss underscores the distance created in the story between modernity and a valid Oriental episteme. The historical foresight, the divine sensitivity which the story admits may inhere in Hinduism, exists in the minds and speech only of the gods, who are far removed from the earthly.

When the flood begins, near the beginning of the story, the first image of violence appears. Findlayson's passionate concern is about whether his bridge will weather the storm, and as he anxiously watches the river he sees the following.

> Then hurried by, rolling in the water, dead men and oxen together, with here and there a patch of thatched roof that melted when it touched the pier.

> ‘Big flood,’ said Peroo, and Findlayson nodded. (ibid. 17)

Findlayson’s western, scientific edifice may, and eventually does, prove durable through the conditions of reality. But, as the passage suggests, the Hindu villagers are swept away helplessly by these conditions, with no way of effectively comprehending them or protecting themselves from them. The anonymous victims of the flood were unable to predict the event or devise any strategy in preparation for it. Indeed, their ineffectual relationship with the future is highlighted by their association with the oxen, who are caught equally unaware. This image of the great bridge that persists above the corpses of the hapless Hindu villagers crucially symbolizes the effectivity of Findlayson’s scientific episteme in managing reality as compared with the quaint but ineffective episteme of the local Indians. The structures erected by the latter simply ‘melted’ the moment the flood arrived, which fact mocks their ability to foresee the events of the future.

In contrast, the violence the gods consider inflicting upon India, including Findlayson’s bridge, clearly stands for the effectivity and relevance of a latent Hindu episteme. By this I mean, the hidden considerations and values of the gods, which will determine the future of British India and India itself, are Hindu considerations and values. ‘Ye should have slain at the beginning, when the men from across the water had taught our folk nothing’, (ibid. 37) argues one of the gods to another. This violence stands for the effectivity of the Hindu episteme, and, more, for its potential to dominate a European one. Findlayson’s potential to be struck personally and professionally by the weather conditions the gods may bring really implies the insufficiency of his secular episteme, and, certainly, in the wondrous spiritual world of the story, it does lack something. However, there is an undeniable narrative significance in the fact that the conversation of the gods is a drug-induced vision which suddenly vanishes. All the implied validity ascribed to the Oriental episteme is confined to the theoretical. Just as the truth in Hindu doctrine and belief is nowhere evident in the actual personalities in the story, so the relationship between that doctrine and reality may turn out to be nothing but a dream. In the end, the power of the Oriental ideology amounts to no more than a fearful apparition in the engineer’s mind. His vision slips out of his mind almost immediately as he sets about returning to his work at the bridge. He shows no sign of pondering his approach to his work or his religious views at all. And it does not seem true, as B.J. Moore-Gilbert writes, that ‘the process of bridge-building provides Findlayson with a defence against the demoralizing perspectives

of the Buck: "…Can any say that this their bridge endures till tomorrow?" (Moore-Gilbert 163).' On the contrary, instead of being demoralized by his vision, he seems to lose recollection of it within seconds. 'There was a fever upon me,' he says. 'It seemed that the island was full of beasts and men talking, but I do not remember. A boat could live in the water now, I think.' (Kipling 1898 41) His only thought is for the bridge. Findlayson's ideology has been seriously questioned, but its continued validity in navigating an imperfect modern world is affirmed. The bridge stands, as does Findlayson's professional position in India. The insufficiency of his secular worldview corresponds to the ideological confusion of modernity in general. But, in the spiritual deterioration of the modern world, Findlayson's episteme retains its superior status to that of the Orientals who know nothing of science but live lives of pure religious devotion. No individual in the story possesses an untarnished ideology whose relationship to the modern world is sufficient.

The third significant moment of violence is the one with which the story ends. Peroo, steering the boat home, fantasises about beating his guru with a piece of wire-rope. In contrast with the violence of the gods, this is one with a close potential relationship with reality. He may actually do it. And it is the deed that stands for the Hindu's own renunciation of his religion's representative in the world. By his own choice, the Hindu chooses to further relegate his devotions to the realm of the unstable, the changeable and volatile. He chooses to distance himself from his mentor, reducing the effectivity of that man's instruction for his actual life. His life will become less and less guided by actual Hindu principles and more and more guided by his personal whim. Thus, finally, the Hindu is made to commit spiritual suicide. The resulting impression is all the more that the Oriental episteme illustrated by the gods in the story is, rather than condescended by western agency, reduced by its own deficiencies in finding practical, relevant expression in the modern world.

Chapter 4: Self-deprecation

We have seen, above, the imperial power that is mustered in order to allow the native voice a place to speak and to grant it an honour of which European voices are deprived. We have seen that, in 'The Bridge-Builders', the picture of the world offered shows it as one of struggle and confusion, both on high and down below. Findlayson might be an imperial hero of a kind, but his flaws and deficiencies come across clearly, in particular his blindness to the spiritual order of things to which the native world is sensitive. The imperial project of the bridge is affirmed as attractive and desirable in its own right, but each individual involved in its construction, from the viceroy down to Findlayson and Peroo and including its supporters among the gods, is touched by personal bias in his support of that project. We do not find a worked-out justification for the British Empire in the mind of Findlayson or any other of these characters. Rather, when the story begins and we behold the completed structure of the bridge, which is certainly glorious, the implication for the reader is that the spiritual permanence of what it represents is affirmed as a given for reasons which cannot be ascribed to the rightness of any individual's ideology.

> The river was very low, and on the dazzling white sand beneath the three centre piers stood squat cribs of railway-sleepers, filled within and daubed without with mud, to support the last of the girders as those were riveted up (ibid. 2).

The natural world seems to collaborate in the bridge's construction, and to absorb the bridge into its environment with the same permanence as all that has existed since Creation. All the harmonious affirmation granted the bridge by the thousands of workers toiling around it, as well as the animals and the sand that contribute themselves, are beyond Findlayson's power to grant. The bridge has been made, and the foresight and understanding which were needed to guide its harmonious introduction into a foreign environment are located somewhere in the spirit of the imperial race, behind their personal vanity, acting through them. Indeed, the permanence granted the image of the structure near the beginning belies even the gods' inclination to sweep it away, as if that something in the spirit of the English carries a cosmic significance that allows it to challenge the decisions of the gods. Here there is a tacit message that the divinity in man may know no rival even on high. The Englishman is flawed with

something of the ignoble, but it is clear that deep-lying greatness underlies his vain aspirations; this can be seen only overall, or in retrospect, with a view that focusses more broadly than on the individual.

We see something similar in ‘The Comprehension of Private Copper’, where the fallibility of the protagonist is emphasized, yet the introductory poem presents a picture of him as the expression of the ancient Saxon race and its lofty ideals. In ‘The Bridge-Builders’, the reason for the permanence of the bridge seems unclear even to the gods, and the fact that one of them feels threatened by it further gives the impression that it is a human spirit on its own, without the blessings of the gods, that ensures its permanence. The discussion of the gods as to whether or not they should have ‘slain’ before the bridge came to this level of permanence also conveys the impression of a world where the gods battle man, and, by implication, where man may fight back. Something human has acted to bring about the bridge and, we feel, all the congregation of gods and men will one day in the future marvel at the deep cosmic rightness of it occupying its place by the Ganges. The one thing we might say in characterizing the spirit that brought the bridge about is that it seems intimately bound up with man’s free choice. It is, from top to bottom, characterised by design, ingenuity, the strength of will. It is the product of Findlayson’s many sleepless nights and ceaseless investment of energy and time. Somehow, this toil gave expression to something with a higher degree of spiritual permanence than anything of which he was consciously aware.

This idea, too, has a parallel – in Kipling’s ‘The Servants of the Queen’ where, through each British soldier and animal obediently performing his task, a splendor is revealed which constitutes the superiority of the British Empire over the Asiatic dynasties. It is exactly through each individual reneging on self-expression in order to serve the Empire’s interests that the imperial machine acquires its nobility and efficiency. In ‘The Bridge-Builders’, the stalwart structure of the bridge, which may never have been at risk at all, since all the discussion of the gods may have been a dream, stands for the historical permanence of Western man’s imperial endeavours. The structure communicates this permanence by simply symbolizing it, and, amidst the struggle and confusion of the story, shows that it is not dependent on any one ideology, religious system or individual. Like Private Copper, who simply knows, without being able to articulate the reason why, that he and his kind were destined to possess the

Transvaal, the silent bridge seems to know that it is destined to persist despite all reasonable arguments to the contrary.

This technique of justifying Empire is adapted for a similar kind of use in 'The Man who Would be King.' Here there is open emphasis on the rogue status of the imperial protagonists. There is, indeed, very little to admire in the Englishmen, Dravot and Carnehan, at all. The baseness and selfishness of their plan to make themselves kings of Kafiristan is not hidden by those men, who do not even adopt a guise of imperial altruism. Their clumsy attempt to usurp power over the primitive tribes of the region meets with success, followed by a downfall as a result of Dravot's miscalculated insistence on taking a bride from the tribes. The India – and the world – of 'The Man who would be King' is one in which anything might happen, events and their results are highly unpredictable, the appearance of things is often one of absurdity, and Heavenly design is hidden. The narrator communicates this early on with his description of an Indian newspaper office, which 'attract[s] every conceivable sort of person, to the prejudice of discipline. Zenana-mission ladies… Colonels… Missionaries… stranded theatrical companies….' (Kipling 1994 118) It is an environment of high volatility and low predictability. In this world, the crude plan of the two Englishmen actually succeeds in crowning them kings over thousands of men. The carnivalesque nature of the story's world is demonstrated at several points, for example before the Englishmen set off for Kafiristan, where they conceal guns in their luggage but pose as peddlers of children's whirligigs. (ibid. 125) And, near the very end, after our intimate association with Carnehan throughout the story, he is summarily relegated to the anonymous:

> That day at noon I had occasion to go down the blinding hot Mall, and I saw a crooked man crawling along the white dust of the roadside, his hat in his hand, quavering dolorously after the fashion of street-singers at Home. (ibid. 143)

Quite suddenly, he dies, and on this note the story ends, underlining the fact that, at least ostensibly, the world of the story is morbidly carnivalesque. This is the same comical, cruel, chaotic world that smiled temporarily on Dravot and Carnehan's low designs.

But a consequence of the admission of imperial roguishness in a particular case is the general impression rendered of the British administration in the country. By implication, in frowning

officially on such a venture, in consisting of individuals much less roguish and crude than Carnehan and Dravot, the administration comes across as stable, reliable, and comparatively noble. The Empire on which the narrator, as a newspaper-man, reports, is inactive, benign, unintrusive: 'A King or courtier or a courtesan or a Community was going to die or get a new Constitution, or do something that was important on the other side of the world….' (ibid. 120) The necessity of the narrator attending to these irrelevancies, at the expense of the busy world around him, testifies to the authority of the British administration, particularly in the aspect of its consistently, assuredly forcing its priorities into prominence. The newspaper's constant need to focus on matters appealing to the sensitivities of the Anglo-Indian community turns the Administration into a serene and stalwart presence among the anarchic atmosphere of the country. It is the only stable presence we find. While it is true that the newspaper-office is misused and might tend to report useless facts, it nevertheless contains the technology and the potential to report what is useful or crucial for people to know. Its absence would mean a less informed, less modern, more primitive type of society. The narrator's ability to raise himself above the poverty-stricken masses of India into respectability is due to the presence of the newspaper-office. The people who troop into the office are those who feel themselves victimized in some way and use the newspaper as their mouthpiece in expressing their grievances. Thus, the chaotic mix of people in the office really draws to mind the general lack of order in the country from which there would be no hope of salvation in the office's absence. The office is a refuge, where the individual may make himself heard and appeal for help from people far away in Europe.

The Administration, as the presence behind that office, sustaining it, comes across as an oasis of benevolence in a chaotic, heartless world. As in 'On the City Wall', the Administration is invested with a contingency, that is, the aspect of historical accident, yet, as in that story, we are invited to feel affection towards it by the fact of its comparative stability and benignity. Additionally, in a carnivalesque world no one is in control, and this conveys the impression of an unaggressive Administration, which is merely manipulated like a puppet by the unseen forces behind the Game of Life. But, like the bridge in 'The Bridge-Builders', the Administration in 'The Man Who Would be King' simply *symbolizes* permanence. No reasonable argument for its persistence is to be found on High or on Low, and it is exactly the absence of such an argument on Low that the story makes a drama of emphasizing. The protagonists present the image of imperialism as pure rapaciousness. And yet at the same time

we tacitly receive the messages that the world is inherently chaotic and that it for inscrutable reasons placed the English in charge of India, that the English in actual fact constitute a comparably civilized influence in that region, and that they do not enforce their presence but simply play out a role, just as the narrator in his newspaper-office – the symbol of the British presence – merely reports what other people do. As in the story of Findlayson, some unnamed, unidentified spirit among the English, pointedly no specific man, has accomplished something of historical permanence in propagating the English presence in India. The imperial justification accomplished by this is powerful, since the story suggests we locate our value for Empire outside the specifics of any given individuals, and rather in the idea of the presence of the English in India.

Z.T. Sullivan has pointed out that Kipling's narrators, contradictorily, both affirm their ability to know and undermine their own confidence in that ability. The language of his narrators is 'always slipping out of the author's, the narrator's, and reader's urge to control, and sliding toward doubt and self-contradiction.' (Sullivan 51) This certainly applies in our case. The narrator affirms his status as a qualified storyteller from the first page by recounting his extensive first-hand experience of India, but on the same page undermines his own trustworthiness by admitting to the economic and social lows he has undergone: 'I have been fellow to a beggar again and again under circumstances which prevented either of us finding out whether the other was worthy.' (Kipling 1994 115) Economic and social status is, in the traditional English ideology promoted by the narrator, associated with respectability. By making the narrator a participant in the events of the story, who has found himself in similar straits to Dravot and Carnehan in the times of the 'Deficit' in his 'Budget', the distance between narrator and subject matter that normally qualifies knowledge is eroded. The narrator has crystallised a philosophy out of his experience with Dravot and Carnehan, and with this epigraph the story is introduced, but on the other hand the bulk of the story is made up by his mechanically reporting his meetings with those men and Carnehan's speech in telling over the events that took place in Kafiristan. Even at the very end, when Carnehan re-appears and suddenly dies, when we would expect some retrospective philosophical glance at the events of the story, it is abruptly terminated: 'And there the matter rests.' (ibid. 143) The effect is to communicate the unwillingness to exhibit knowledge, and, rather, the will to come across as a mere reporter of facts, which is the narrator's profession. This narrative strategy runs parallel to the general chaotic vision of the world before mentioned, according to which the world's

complexity cannot be reduced easily to general principles, and further contributes to that vision. The narrator himself does not possess some pristine well of understanding, but is himself very human, subject to human frailties like the intimidation he experiences in the presence of the adventurers. He is also physically vulnerable to the outbreaks of illness that ravage the country (ibid. 119). The abrupt ending seems to imply that he lacks the sentimentality that would be necessary for a full appreciation of the events he relates and the human tragedy inherent in them. The effect is similar to the presentation of the gods' argument in 'The Bridge-Builders', in that we derive the impression of a world-façade that is mobile, ambiguous, confusing all the way through, for which there is no penetrating narrative voice that clarifies. This humble pose diffuses the charge of imperial smugness from the storytelling. But, also, the deceptive, savage world the narrator inhabits, about which he finds it difficult to say anything general, is also one in which a counter-position to Empire would be difficult to articulate. The India of the story, like the newspaper-office, is so full of sensory stimuli and inexplicable phenomena that bare description is the most appropriate narrative strategy the narrator can devise. In this narrative world, permeated by the humbled spirit of the narrator, humbled by the sheer volume of his experience and the magnitude of latent knowledge taught by that experience, the adoption of a political position against the Empire would seem overly simplistic and lacking in the humility appropriate before such complexity. The ideology of the narrator presents the world as much too mysterious and ambivalent, much too interesting and contradictory, to submit to such a straightforward and narrow kind of discourse as a political critique.

There is something else accomplished through the first-hand narration of Carnehan, quoted by the narrator, constituting the entire tale. A kind of reality-discourse is introduced, with important implications. The narrator begins by spending time describing his own first-hand experience living in India and in personally meeting the two characters who will constitute the focus of the story. When Peachey Carnehan, one of the two, stumbles into the narrator's office after this introduction, he relates to the narrator all the events that befell himself and his friend Dravot during their sojourn in Kafiristan and which make up the tale. We the reader, together with the narrator, listen to the story come directly from Peachey's mouth. This is a narrative technique which, according to Barthes, is a common one for history narratives.

> [T]he historian, an empty subject of the speech-act, gradually fills himself with various predicates intended to establish him as a *person*, provided with psychological plenitude, with a *countenance*. …[T]he historian intends to 'absent himself' from his discourse and where there is, consequently, a systematic absence of any sign referring to the sender of the historical message: history seems to *tell itself*. (Barthes 131)

Thus, the early self-reference of the narrator, which highlights the foibles of his personality and his idiosyncratic existence as a journalist in India, when juxtaposed with the reported speech of Peachey, seems to lend that speech an 'untouched' aspect, as if the language reported is *exactly* Peachey's, and as if inviting us to know Peachey directly, without the intermediary of the narrator. Peachey often becomes confused during his relation of the story, but those points are obvious, and elsewhere we read with a confident sense that the events he relates happened as he describes.

As will be explained, there is more at stake here than lending a convincingly entertaining aspect to a dramatic, far-flung story. Something specific is accomplished through the living colour of Peachey's narration, that is, its free-standing, unadulterated aspect. We are reminded at consistent intervals throughout the story that Peachey is telling the story – suffering, confused, but well-meaning and certainly not calculating. The materiality of Peachey's discourse is highlighted: we become familiar with his turns of phrase, habits of thinking, and the inclinations of his character, through his language. We begin to feel we understand how the crude mind of the ruffian would work in any given situation. The discourse of Peachey and Dravot roams freely through the narrative, and the result is that we are shown the spectacle of its effectivity in interacting with reality. The unrefined life-conditions from which their discourse seems to spring confirm the reality-grasp of that discourse: it is saliently lacking the over-refinement that divorces a mind from reality. The scene of their forcefully taking over the news-office stands for the superiority of their discourse, with its 'reality-stamp', over the crafted journalistic language of the narrator. This is crucial because it seems to be the explanation of the strange power their language has over reality. As they state their plans for venturing into completely unknown territory in order to manipulate and control tribes of men whose language and social structure is completely foreign to them, we would never expect

them to succeed. Surprisingly, though, the reality they meet conforms with their expectation, and with the power of their pre-articulated plans, perfectly.

When the narrator had originally met Peachey, some months before he finds his way to the press-office to tell of his adventures, it had been on a train. Peachey tells the narrator that he makes a living by posing as a journalist to the leaders of certain Indian states, pressuring them for bribe-money in order to report favourably on their governments. Immediately, then, Peachey presents the spectacle of a deceptive, delinquent white discourse interacting effectively, commandingly with the discourse of high native government officials. Peachey's roughness of character is a trait that is reality-born, having developed out of many years of harsh experience on the streets of India. He openly declares to the narrator his plan to 'get hush-money' for not revealing the Degumber Rajah's murder of his father's widow.

> 'I'm the only man that would dare going in to the State to get hush-money for it. They'll try to poison me, same as they did in Chortumna when I went on the loot there.' (Kipling 1994 117)

Reality has touched Peachey and left its mark on him, in the form of violence. A violent life is our assurance that his mind is in touch with the real world, since, in this respect, violence represents exposure to realities from which one might have been sheltered. He is confident in his ability to predict the future conduct of the Rajah for this reason. Experience has trained and conditioned his mind, so that it is in reliable contact with the actuality of things.

The reason for the efficacy of Peachey's method of extortion is given.

> The Native States have a wholesome horror of English newspapers which may throw light on their peculiar methods of government, and do their best to choke correspondents with champagne, or drive them out of their mind with four-in-hand barouches. They do not understand that nobody cares a straw for the internal administration of Native States

> so long as oppression and crime are kept within decent limits, and the ruler is not drugged, drunk, or diseased from one end of the year to the other. (ibid.)

Native discourse, then, is quite comprehensible for us, and for Peachey. It is easily expressible in a few English phrases. This means it is small-minded. Moreover, there is the clear implication that the native official's natural tendency is to intoxicate himself and become involved in disease-spreading activities. It is a depraved discourse. Significantly, too, this discourse is shown to be inefficient in engaging with reality. It is overly self-centred in presuming European interest in the business of native states. The two ways we see the Rajahs are able to respond to Peachey's blackmail are to pay him off or poison him. They lack Peachey's wiliness, which is the practical skill of dealing with people in smooth, beneficial ways. The gullibility that serves Peachey seems to bespeak a basic stupidity. As to the moral underpinnings of the native mind, the Rajah's deeds speak for themselves. He had 'Filled [his father's widow] up with red pepper and slippered her to death as she hung from a beam. (ibid. 8) Peachey's streetwise nature allows him to easily comprehend and manipulate the Rajah, who has been sheltered from the harsh realities with which the Englishman is well familiar.

Next in the story comes a telling scene that will precede the arrival in the newspaper-office of the two ruffians. The narrator must wait through the hot night for the news of the death of a European official. The tension of his wait in the heat highlights the disparity between the reality-report of the newspaper – increasingly put off, distanced, superficial in its focussing on the arrival of mere words from an unknown place – and the reality on the ground here in India, where the oppressive heat makes the words of the report seem unimportant. This disparity is referred to more specifically when the narrator tells us what happens in the press-office when there is the outbreak of a deadly plague in the country.

> you sit down and write: 'A slight increase of sickness is reported from the Khuda Janta Khan District… (ibid. 119)

One effect of the admittance of this disparity comes when the events of the story are placed squarely in the hot reality on the ground of India, in the personal experience of the narrator, as

opposed to the paper-thin world of the news report. More particularly, the potent deeds of the delinquent white men we are yet to hear of, are verified in a consciousness purified and trained in the school of the real world: the narrator's.

Now, into the press-office walk Peachey and Dravot. They ask that their sobriety be established, and it is, but are then given a whisky and soda. Considering the insane-type discourse we are about to hear from them, the simple opposition between sobriety and drunkenness in determining the fitness of their minds sounds ridiculous. Despite this, their minds are thus declared fit, and the narrator agrees to listen to them. In addition, regarding their plan to conquer Kafiristan,

> We have slept over the notion half a year, and require to see Books and Atlases…' (ibid. 121)

The narrator grants their request. Thus, the efficacy of their minds in navigating unchartered territory is affirmed. For one thing, they are potentially mad, and for another, they are certainly delinquent, operating from characters which are skewed, but the surprise of this moment when they actually take up maps and begin planning, similarly to the surprise later when we hear of their first successes, is at the efficacy of their discourse in relating to the world.

The arena of violence is the arena in which the efficacy of their discourse will be tested, signifying, as it does, the actual. Dravott and Peachey's plan is that

> We shall go to those parts and say to any King we find – 'D'you want to vanquish your foes?' and we will show him how to drill men; for that we know better than anything else. Then we will subvert that king and seize his Throne and establish a Dy-nasty.' 'You'll be cut to pieces before you're fifty miles across the Border,' I said. (ibid. 122)

The ruffians' language betrays their ignorance of the terrain but also of the psychologies and social structures of the locals. It is as paper-thin as the map. Thus comes the narrator's certainty that reality will refuse to cooperate with their plan. But their ensuing success confirms the power of their worldly-wise discourse, which compensates for their ignorance. And even here, where the unsoundness of their minds and instincts is most clear, their power to comprehend and predict native discourse is affirmed, since of the locals in Kafiristan they tell us

> They're a mixed lot… and it won't help us to know the names of their tribes. The more tribes the more they'll fight, and the better for us. (ibid.122)

The exact nature of the primitive behaviour to be expected of the local tribes is known to Dravot and Peachey. As to the names of these tribes, and what is specific about them, this is irrelevant since the few categories in the Englishmen's minds suffice in allowing them to grasp this unseen reality. Dravot poses as a mad priest to escape detection when they depart for Kafiristan. The Indians nearby call this a sign of 'good fortune'. Again, we have the effortless manipulation of the native mind by the delinquents, such that their malignant intentions are perceived as good luck. When the Englishmen enter Kafiristan, they soon find confirmation of the veracity of their expectations. As if on cue, they witness a tribal battle in progress. Dravot shocks the tribesmen into awe by firing his Martini and is led by them to a place of stone idols.

> Dravot he goes for the biggest – a fellow they call Imbra – and lays a rifle and a cartridge at his feet, rubbing his nose respectful with his own nose, patting him on the head, and saluting in front of it. He turns round to the men and nods his head, and says – 'That's all right. I'm in the know too, and all these old jim-jams are my friends. (ibid. 129)

Dravot's attempts at entering into the natives' discourse are obviously crude and clumsy. But, surprisingly, they are effective. The native mind proves as childishly comprehensible as expected. The material of this mind submits to the discourse of the Englishmen and there is no rude awakening for them. The same is true of the physical world into which they enter, which proves amiable to their project of village-by-village conquest, since there always seems to be another village on the other side of the nearest hill. The land actually does yield the two men a

bounty of gold, turquoise and amber, in accordance with their expectations. The sovereignty they had hoped for seems to come about on its own and very quickly. In short, the world responds to the delinquent discourse of Peachey and Dravot decidedly well, particularly with regard to their imperial scheme. It is as if that scheme were one to which the world, at least of Kafiristan, were especially susceptible, and that if not for certain extraneous factors would have succeeded in this case too. In fact, the impression is that the natives in Kafiristan are drawn to submit themselves to the Englishmen's discourse as if to a magnet. Dravot bestows honours of distinction on certain of the locals,

> And they was clamouring to be raised. (ibid. 134)

Dravot enforces his authority by force; his benevolence is a reward for submission. He tells his new followers:

> 'Nobody is going to be shot or speared anymore so long as he does well, and I know that you won't cheat me, because you're white people – sons of Alexander – and not like common, black Mohammedans….' (ibid.)

In other words, it is not only that the natives wish to submit willingly to the white men's discourse: there is a rod held over them. An important point here is how the coercion of the natives in this regard is presented. Markedly, there is no description of their suffering at the hands of the new white system of thinking that has been transplanted in their midst, despite the fact of the heavy impositions it lays upon them. No complications seem to result in the tribes from the changes in their power structures caused by Dravot's sudden and all-embracing kingship. The new authority exercised over them, though unforgiving, comes across as beneficial discipline, comparable to the beatings dealt out by the Ethiopian governor to the locals in Kipling's 'Little Foxes'', which become an object of desire since they confirm land rights. All the foreign codes of conduct introduced by Dravot are somehow assimilated seamlessly into normal life by the locals; there is no clash of ideologies. Rather, the power of the English ideology over the environment is immediate and complete.

The first thing to note about the pursuit of taking a wife, which will be the undoing of Dravot, is that it is the transgression of the contract Dravot himself made with Peachey, not to become involved with women until their kingship is established. It is noteworthy that, in all the gambit of Dravot's transgressions against his fellowman, the transgression that will undo him is one

of the two he established upon himself. It lends him a royal status, as if subsisting beyond the laws that govern men. The second thing to note is that, in uniting in marriage with a tribeswoman, Dravot is transgressing the European taboo, of which both he and Peachey are well aware, of marrying cross-race. Dravot justifies his decision by claiming, 'these women are whiter than you and me.' (ibid. 137) But it is in this light that we must understand the punishment that the Englishmen must endure. It is not that the power wielded by their discourse over that of the tribesmen is dissolved, or that they are subjected to the norms or control of the natives, but rather that the natives are granted control over them in a totally unnatural way, as an animal is granted control over a human being. The first thing that occurs after Dravot's 'marriage' is that his bride savagely bites his cheek, just as an animal would. The reason is clear: in transgressing the taboo of white staying with white, Dravot has sullied the dignity of his species, conducted himself in a manner that is below the dignity befitting a white man, and the fitting punishment is that the lower species should be granted power over him. The chant of the rebellious tribesmen who soon pursue Dravot expresses this point precisely: 'Neither God nor Devil but a man!' (ibid. 139) Dravot is now not the 'god' he should have been as a European in Kafiristan, but is no different to the tribesmen and his own animalistic wife. The blood on Dravot's cheek reveals to his subjects that he is really a man, not a god, and *that* descent from the realm of the divine down to the terrestrial is the meaning of Dravot's marriage to a black woman.

The foolishness that surrounds Dravot must now be viewed in the light of the above. Even as the white men are running for their lives, Dravot calls out: 'An Emperor am I… and next year I shall be a Knight of the Queen.'(ibid. 140) This, finally, is his foolishness, his ridiculousness and the one that summarises his memory when Peachey dies and all traces of these events vanish from the streets of India: not that he tried to make a grand conquest, out of proportion to what would be appropriate, but that he cheapened himself in turning a native woman into his wife. The comicality of the suddenly large distinction between Dravot's status before and after the marriage is the comicality of how a man who has so lowered himself, might ever have aspired to true nobility and greatness. The title of the story really highlights, not a laughable aspiration, but a laughably large distinction in status within a single individual over a period of time. That *this* man would be king, is what makes for the comedic.

Dravot's death is told of in a light-hearted tone, which is partly explained by the above: he has been reduced to the status of an animal. But there is something else detectable in the language Peachey uses in describing it, because when Dravot falls from a rope-bridge he is described as

> turning and twisting in the air like a penny whirligig. (ibid. 128)

The image of a child's toy in the description of this savage moment is significant. For one thing, it evokes the pathos of Dravot's childhood imperial dreams having gone awry. This image of the fluttering whirligig confirms the conception of Empire as a great game. The simplicity of a child's conception of an Englishman's right to claim the land of the world for his nation is confirmed as a soundly formed idea, as realistic, and as morally justifiable. The tragedy inherent in the image now is evident in Dravot's losing his grasp on the simplicity of that idea. Again here, there is no hint of punishment for a transgression against his fellowman in the depiction of Dravot's downfall, nor even of the arrogance of the impositions he has made on innocent people. Rather, the entire story demonstrates the power held by white discourse over the environment and other men, even when wielded by the unworthy, who need only beware of forgetting the crucial distinction between the white and black races in order to succeed practically and morally in any imperial project.

The depiction of the failure of the designs of two rogues, in order to confirm the discourse that holds imperialism to be natural and justifiable, is particularly effective. Foucault writes that European society, by means of the institution of the prison, deliberately produces a class of delinquents. The presence of these is desired by the dominant classes in order to exert pressure on irregularity and illegality. (Foucault 1994 56) In other words, their presence among us ensures it is a moral value for each of us not to be classified as one of them, but rather as respectable and legitimate. This serves the interests of the dominant classes. However, as Foucault explains, the spectacle of the prison does something more than foster a value:

> At the same time, though, prison conveys a different message: 'The best proof that you're not in prison is that I exist as a special institution, separated from the others, meant only for those who have committed a violation of the law.'(ibid. 85)

The clear demarcation of the delinquent class communicates to society that all who operate within the normal boundaries of society are considered lawful. In our case, the clear delinquent status of Dravot and Peachey in the context of their ill-fated imperial venture implies that any man who conducts an imperial venture with less roguishness is considered lawful. It is a

roguish imperialism that fails to succeed and to justify itself. The narrator and his press-office represent the discourse of that presence, and we see near the beginning of the story that the press-office functions almost as a public-service provider for all and sundry in the country:

> Zenana-mission ladies arrive… Colonels… Missionaries…. Stranded theatrical companies…' (Kipling 1994 118)

The discourse of the newspaper itself is presented with a high level of innocuousness. It comes across as the instrument for the expression of all the various discourses in the land. It serves the people of India but does not impose itself any of itself on them. We see the naturalness of the British presence in India, of the transplanting of its norms and discourse – embodied in the press-office – into a foreign society, and this assures the earlier-mentioned impression that Dravot's sudden kingship is immediately assimilated into the tribal society.

The reality-discourse in the story creates the impression of the 'naturalness' of the dominance of white discourse over black. Kipling utilises the contemporary interest in the discovery of virgin territory and unknown peoples, enacting through the language of reality the personal experience of discovery. His goal is to enact the *natural* onset of a dominance-relationship by white discourse even in the area of the untouched and the unseen. This is the impression that comes through the clumsy successes of the two English criminals in the virgin land of Kafiristan. Their success is accountable, not to their will, nor the force they employ, nor to luck, nor to a providential blessing – since Nature does not smile on a crime for Kipling – but to the sheer magnetic force of the white discourse they carry as if by accident, which registers and shapes reality.

Edward Marx writes that,

> the great advance of the narrative strategy of "The Man Who Would Be King" is that it successfully appealed to the home audience's desire for a narrative critical of colonial excess, while at the same time it refrained from threatening the more overt racial ideology of the Anglo-Indian community and, indeed, spoke to Anglo-India's troubled fascination with the boundaries of race. (Marx 61)

We see the appeal of this insight when we consider that this tale reflects, on the one hand, imperial recklessness and its damage, and, on the other, the nature of the native as truly savage.

There had been a divergence of views in England as to how the Empire should be pursued, which ran along the lines Marx mentions, even before the Indian Mutiny of 1857, but which came into sharp focus at that time. The voices most bullishly in favour of Europeanising the land were evangelical. On the other hand, the 'atmosphere of mutual tolerance and even admiration was the way the East India Company liked it, even if it practised religious toleration more out of pragmatism than principle.' (Ferguson 134) The following is the voice of Robert Dundas, the President of the Board of Control of India, in 1808.

> We are very far from being averse to the introduction of Christianity into India… but nothing could be more unwise than any imprudent or injudicious attempt to induce it by means which should irritate and alarm their religious prejudices… It is desirable that the knowledge of Christianity should be imported to the native, but the means to be used for that end shall only be such as shall be free from any political danger or alarm. (ibid. 135)

We see the reason for the urged cautiousness was fear of rebellion, that is, the animal-bite of Dravot's wife, rather than a sense that Christianity or European values might prove incompatible with Indian culture or religion, or that there might not be a need to modify Indian culture at all. The potentiality of rebellion was also the concern of the East India Company. Another official British voice that urged colonial restraint was that of Thomas Munro, Governor of Madras, speaking in 1813.

> I have no faith in the modern doctrine of the improvement of the Hindus, or any other people. When I read, as I sometimes do, of a measure by which a large province had been suddenly improved, or a race of semi-barbarians civilised almost to Quakerism, I throw away the book. (ibid.)

Here, the reason for the proposed policy of non-interference is the uselessness of such interference when dealing with 'semi-barbarians'. The theoretical value of 'improving' them is a given. Thus, it is important to discern that, though Kipling may possibly suit his story to appeal to English sentiments in favour of colonial restraint, as Marx proposes, those sentiments did not place Indian discourse and culture on an equal footing with the European. Both the voices urging restraint might have depicted native Indians in the form of Dravot's wife, that is, as dangerous animals or as sub-humans who cannot be reasoned with.

Kipling mentions more than once that the women in Kafiristan are beautiful. The English preconception about Indian femininity is worth discovering. Here is Captain Robert Smith's account of the women he encountered during his travels in India. The forms of their bodies,

> when seen through the veil of flowing muslin as the graceful Hindu female ascends from her morning ablutions in the Ganges is a subject well worth the labour of the poet or artist. (ibid. 134)

The many inter-racial relationships formed between English men and Indian women are well-known. In this light, more of the significance of Dravot's bite seems to reveal itself. Kipling deflates, in this scene, the exoticism of Indian femininity and shows that what lurks behind it is sub-human and unfit for the status of English wife. For our purposes this is important because it further confirms that the purpose of the story is to depict the Indian as bereft of human discourse, and here in her most appealing form, in the guise of the beauty admired and imagined in many English minds as belonging to the exotically oriental. The transformation of her mouth from an object of desire into the dangerous mouth of a biting animal is symbolic of the removal of the faculty of speech from the English vision of the oriental beauty.

I disagree with Marx's claim that because the Kafiristanis, and in particular Dravot's wife, are described as white in complexion, the story 'is able to develop a liberal critique of certain forms of colonial ideology amenable to the prevailing political inclinations of the home audience.' (Marx 62) Since the disastrous marriage is not with a clearly black woman, such a critique is implied, for Marx. The opposite seems true, because there is no indication in the story that her vicious response is somehow accountable to the uniqueness of her tribe being light-skinned. On the contrary, Dravot only agrees to marry a Kafiristani tribeswoman for the reason that, since her skin is white, she resembles a European woman and might be expected to conduct herself like one. That is, he expects her to be superior to the average 'black' Indian woman. The most salient meaning, then, of her sudden animal-savagery is that *even* the white native woman is deeply brutish within. Any sense of critique of the English taboo on inter-marriage with Indians is wholly absent from the story.

Kaori Nagai writes that the trope of the story, as well as its title, present the 'scenario' of Dravot's kingship as

> impossible and undesirable: it is not so much a truthful representation of colonial reality as designed to give expression to a subtle but clear difference between the 'would be' of fantasy and the real world, and thereby to point up the unconnectedness of the West and its other. (Nagai 90)

But this view ignores the many affirmations of the Englishmen's designs and prejudices exactly in the realm of reality, as I have pointed out. It is precisely the sense of a gulf separating the delinquents' fantasy, on the one hand, and reality, on the other, expressed by the narrator just before their departure, that the action of the story dissolves. And, on the contrary to an impression of 'the unconnectedness of the West and its other' appearing through the story, the effectivity of white discourse over virgin territory, and in commanding native minds, is apparent in the peaceful compliance of the tribespeople to the white men's aggressive power-grab. Until Dravot attempts to give a native woman equal status to a white woman, Dravot's effectivity in relating to the tribespeople through the power-structure of the tribe's leaders is high. He simply identifies himself with their highest god. The effectivity of Dravot's self-assimilation into the tribal society does not bespeak unconnectedness, but rather his ability to connect at will with the native mind.

Nagai also applies Foucault to the story, in particular to Kipling's choice of depicting a pair of white men venturing into the blank space on the map, as opposed to a single man.

> I would suggest that this pairing of two white men appears on the blank space as a manifestation of the utmost mystery which such a space represents, namely, that of 'man', the figure which, as Foucault has argued, newly emerged when the Classical episteme broke down and was replaced by the modern episteme at the end of the eighteenth century: 'man' suddenly became the centre of *human* investigation. When man becomes the prime object of man's knowledge, it inevitably figures as a 'strange… doublet', to use Foucault's phrase: 'an object of knowledge and a subject that knows: enslaved sovereign, observed spectator'- in other words, the pairing of a white king and his observer. The real protagonist… is in fact the observer, who, by attending the white god to the end, brings back sacred knowledge of 'man', which in turn illuminates his own *human* existence. (Nagai 99)

Indeed, the whole scheme was initiated as a 'contrack' between two men, not as one man's dream of glory. And, indeed, it is only due to Carnehan's observance of the events, and consequent ability to relate them to the narrator, that we know of them. Thus, the doubled

European presence does function to produce knowledge. In addition, the two men narrate their plans and concerns to each other throughout the story, each receiving the reflection of European discourse he needs in the wilderness barren of white men. For Foucault, though, there is an absurdity inherent in the act of studying man, which is due to the fact that when man strives to uncover 'facts' about man or anything else, he is merely establishing the authority of his ideology over other ideologies. This forms part of the project of European societies to monitor and control men in the way of the Panopticon. In our story, though, the company of the other does not function to confirm the delusions of each Englishman. Carnehan warns his friend not to marry the tribeswoman, and it is through ignoring Carnehan that Dravot falls. There is a rift that forms between the two friends at the point where Dravot's power increases, and Carnehan, even if seldom arguing with his friend, is much of the time at a psychological distance from Dravot's ambitious scheming. Even the suppositions that the two men share do not meet with a rude awakening through the action of the story, which we would expect to see happen if the story were demonstrating a farcical search for knowledge. For example, as we have pointed out, the religious practices, social sensitivities, and war conduct of the locals conforms very closely with their expectations. The presence of a white friend, for each of the characters, signifies an alternative version of white English discourse, against which he may check himself, inclined as he is to misconstrue the principles of that discourse due to his bias. On the contrary to presenting a scene of absurdity, the presence of the other affirms the actual objectivity of the principles of English discourse, and in affording Dravot the opportunity to ignore Carnehan's warning and divert from the 'true' voice of the discourse they share, to demonstrate that the power the white man wields over reality only persists so long as he partakes of, and submits to, a pre-existing discourse which is independent of any individual's rationales. Carnehan warns Dravot that there is still a taboo in their shared ideology against marrying a local. When Dravot ignores the warning, his rationale does not save him, thus proving the objectivity of the discourse that has worked so effectively on reality until now. Now the spell is broken and the locals rebel at exactly the moment of Dravot's objective transgression, demonstrating powerfully that the ideology they have carried with them into the country was their charm for success. Thus, the relationship shared by Peachey and Dravot does not seem to demonstrate a farcical search for knowledge, as Nagai suggests in her application of Foucualt. As to the 'sacred knowledge of "man"' brought home by Peachey in the end, it is not the hoax of a reflection of his old presuppositions and ideology, as Nagai suggests. The proof of this is that the object he brings home is Dravor's head.

> They gave it to him as a present in the temple, to remind him not to come again, and though the crown was pure gold, and Peachey was starving, never would Peachey sell the same. You knew Dravot, sir! You knew right Worshipful Brother Dravot! Look at him now! (Kipling 1994 142)

The knowledge Peachey has acquired is that gained by his observance of Dravot's divergence from their ideology. Peachey has learned that even a man perched like a king on the structure of English discourse, may, by his free will choices, fall below the level of an animal, since indeed it was animalistic tribespeople that were granted dominance over him in the end. Thus, at least two substantive pieces of knowledge are brought back to civilisation by Peachey: that white European discourse carries a charm in affecting the universe; and that discourse, with all its principles, values and operations, is objective, such that any white man may transgress its codes and forfeit its charm. The story proves systematically by means of the 'reality effect', in showing Dravot's downfall in graphic first-hand terms, which, in breaking the unlikely spell of his success, smacks additionally of reality, that the ideology of the white men really does wield a power over the world.

The Barthean reality-language of the narrator lends the story the aspect of a carnival-titbit – something unexpected that real life might turn up. His English discourse, then, comes across as transparent, uninterfering, innocent of ideology. The rough language and character of the would-be-kings, infused with the same discourse, possesses the same 'natural' hold on reality as the narrator's. The narrator seems to admire the adventurers' swashbuckling, intrepid willingness to explore and engage with the full scope of the reality represented by his map. But this apparent admiration for the quality of masculine adventurousness really masks the tacit message he sends, that the sheer Englishness of these rogues will assure the success of their designs no matter where they roam and no matter what they attempt. Thus, it is not luck or bravado that brings them their temporary success, but the discourse they inhabit, which grasps reality much more effectively than any Oriental discourse. I agree with Edward Marx that the story provides for a perceived demand for a 'narrative critical of colonial excess'. By the above points I mean to show that the text tempers this concession with strong, clear affirmations of the validity of the Englishman's imperial discourse as well as of the impotence of native Indian discourses in negotiating reality. Certainly, at the end of the story, we do not feel virulently critical of the actual Administration in India, nor do we feel confident that a parallel venture to

Dravot's might not end up being successful and beneficial for all, including the native Kafiristanis.

Chapter 5: A Secret Peak into the Native's Room

Knowability was a key characteristic that imperialism posited about the world and mind of the native. It was considered crucial, from the perspective of imperial texts, that the native episteme be presented as subsumed within the familiar episteme of the European, the white and the Western. The spectacle of a powerful, independent and alternative Oriental discourse was felt to be very threatening to all the ideological, epistemic and sentimental underpinnings of the imperial project. As we have seen in 'The Man who Would be King', bound up with the comedy of a roguish imperial blunder was the spectacle of white discourse standing in relation to native discourse as the human to the animal, and its authority over the matter of the world was strongly affirmed. In the next story we will examine, 'Quiquern', we see a different method employed to achieve the same end.

In this story, 'Quiquern', the narrator plays no part in the story, nor do there appear there any Western characters at all. The entire story is constituted by the glance afforded us by the narrator on the natives' private world, to which we would never normally be able to access due to its obscurity. The author's choice of an Inuit community evokes, at the outset, our conviction of the essential unknowability of the natives in question. But this culture, which is one felt in the West to be exceptionally closed off from our comprehension, hidden and elsewhere, is

made knowable and familiar to us through the story. This is a gesture of restoration of the imperial priority in knowing – in particular, in knowing the native mind.

Z.T. Sullivan observes about Kipling's narrators:

> By projecting onto the narratee that which he fears, denies, and represses in himself, the narrator makes of the inner story a mirror of the outer frame, both reflecting and contradicting what the outer story implies. The incident chosen for retelling is always a source of displaced personal or political anxiety for the narrator. (Sullivan 62)

This observation helps us understand much of what occurs in 'Quiquern' in the way of plot and narrative technique. In particular, at least three aspects of the story might be usefully understood. The first is a notable ambivalence between an alienation of the Inuit, on the one hand, and a compensatory refamiliarization, on the other. In passages like the following, the foreignness of the Inuit is emphasised:

> They were content to spear their living out of the heart of the bitter, hopeless cold; to smile oily smiles, and tell queer ghost and fairy-tales of evenings; and eat till they could eat no more, and sing the endless woman's song: 'Amna aya, aya amna, ah! ah!' through the long lamp-lighted days as they mended their clothes and hunting gear. (Kipling 1989 281)

Their sentiment of contentedness in relation to such a form of human life is strange to us, since our own reaction to such a situation as theirs would be fear and abhorrence. The fact that they tell fairy-tales is familiarising, since we do the same, but the stories they tell are qualitatively 'queer' and would scare us in provoking our anxieties without assuaging them with familiar tropes. They are made physically revolting to us by reference to their abundant consumption of seal-meat, which leaves their mouths oily. Overall, although passages like this one tame the stereotypical strangeness of the Inuit by displaying a domestic familiarity within their igloos, and indeed they are called 'a very gentle race' earlier in the same passage, it is an alienated version of western domesticity that we see. The food, the fairy-tales, the lifestyle all touch on familiar Western categories but defy Western tastes, as if pointedly making themselves unpalatable to our Western minds. The general categories of the Inuit's lives are laid down in such a way that makes the patterns of their lives discernible, but, at the same time, the specific manifestations of those categories make their lifestyles seem foreign.

A single paragraph begins by presenting an endearing image of the Inuit by means of the appellation, ‘a very gentle race’, with the elaboration that ‘an Inuit seldom loses his temper, and almost never strikes a child’, and this effectively disarms our wariness of this people in assuring us of the innocuity of their intentions and actions, but finishes off by highlighting their strangeness. Although we might trust this tribe to babysit our children, we would not relish spending an evening together with them, since the matter that fills their lives with meaning would not do the same to our lives. Their ‘endless’ song would madden rather than entertain us. The difference in their minds is emphasised and illustrated here. The effect of untranslated words in a text is ‘to signify the difference between cultures’, (Ashcroft et al 64) and this is the case with the Inuit lyrics here and the other Inuit words used in the story. Instead of a knowable concept emerging in the Inuit song through its translation, we have unintelligible verbiage, which stresses the unknowability of the ideology that drives them. The simultaneous knowability and unknowability of the Inuit is, for Sullivan, a projection of the ‘displaced personal or political anxiety’ of the narrator.

There is a need in the narrator for the Inuit to be unknowable, which we might locate in their non-whiteness and non-Westernness and the consequent imperative for their episteme to be marginalised. Their location on the margins of an imperial world, which is referred to finally at the story’s very end, necessitates that their ideology be presented as different, flawed, secondary, strange. But the epistemic authority of Imperial Britain also requires that the native be presented as knowable in the Western scheme of thinking and feeling. Thus, the Inuit are drawn close to us and we are prevented from feeling their inner lives are entirely alien. A very unfamiliar domestic life is still a domestic life, and still consists of similar basic components to the Western domestic life, like the worries of daily sustenance, family and societal power dynamics, and the preservation of cultural values. These two contradictory attitudes the narrator adopts toward the Inuit – familiarity and unfamiliarity – are not expressions of his own changeable attitude toward the native world he speaks of, as they are in ‘On the City Wall’, when the stereotypes of Western thinking about India are derided in the middle of a display of Oriental expertise. In that story, where the narrator’s presence is tangible, the fluctuating attractiveness and inaccessibility of the Indian city is partially due to the narrator’s own ambivalent relationship with it. The city is both closed from view and available to our glance for the reason that one of the story’s agendas is to complicate our conceptions of its knowability, suggesting a deeper, historical kind of knowability. In ‘Quiquern’, it is from the

perspective of an invisible, air-thin, all-seeing observer, that the strange familiarity of the Inuit is revealed. The Inuit community simply *is* precisely strange enough and precisely familiar enough to expediently offer the spectacle of a primitive society unmasked. For the entire length of the story, Kotuko's Inuit community remains isolated from contact with Western man. The native people pictured do not know the pains that accompany contact with the West. Their tendency to drift in and out of the light of familiarity, then, is not due to their own attempts at making themselves understandable. They have been caught by a hidden camera in the act of being themselves naturally, and as we will see, the camera reveals an exotic native world that finally proves to be permeated by a familiar spirit, with powerful consequences for the imperial ideology inhabited by the narrator.

The second aspect of the story illuminated by Sullivan's insight is the thematic focus on anxiety. After the introductory relation of Kotuko the young man's imminent passage into adulthood, we read of the terrible famine that grips the community. There is inordinate illustration of the Inuits' psychological experience of this famine. Indeed, the vividness of the illustration hampers the narrator's general project of keeping the natives at a psychological distance and reminding us of their otherness.

> The horror of a famine up there in the great cold is not so much dying as dying in the dark. All the Inuit dread the dark that presses on them without a break for six months in each year; and when the lamps are low in the houses the minds of people begin to be shaken and confused.
>
> But was worse was to come.
>
> … the silence fell down again as solid and as heavy as a snowdrift against a door, and men could hear the beating of their blood in the thin passages of the ear and the thumping of their own hearts that sounded as loud as the noise of sorcerers' drums beaten across the snow. (ibid. 283)

This must be understood in the light of the protagonist Kotuko's present state of irresolution about his place in his society. Kotuko 'was tired of making snares for wild-fowl and kit-foxes… There were hundreds of things he wanted to do, but the grown men laughed at him….' (ibid. 279) Reaching adolescence, his mind has begun to question the structures, values and customs of his society. He is hesitant to commit to perpetuating the domestic life of that society. His spirit rebels against the worldly, responsible attitude of his elders to life, which holds no place

for curiosity and self-expression. It is not clear whether or not he will choose to commit his own life to his culture's values.

The famine constitutes the impetus forcing Kotuko to devote himself to the community's wellbeing, and through that devotion he will come to a new recognition of what his society is for him and what he should be for it, personally and publicly. Indirectly, he will be led to take a wife and determine to start a family in the community. But in the moments described in the passage above, the famine is still building and its effects are materialising. The tortuous anxiety we are shown within the igloos in this period is a projection of the narrator's anxiety surrounding Kotuko's present state of indecision. This latter anxiety can be understood as follows. If Kotuko chooses to commit to his society's ideology, which supports its domestic existence, to raise a family and turn himself into a father and husband, he will voluntarily be demonstrating the truth of the rhetoric of the family of man we have seen mentioned by Anne McClintock. The familiar Western family unit will reveal itself even in this far-flung, isolated native society, and without the presence of any Western model with which to conform. This will confirm the essential similarity of the earth's people's – particularly in terms of that crucial building-block of societies, the family. Kotuko's temporary irresolution will be incorporated into our familiar concept of adolescent angst, itself a part of the universal family unit, and will not constitute a threat to the idea of the universal Family. But if he chooses to opt out of assuming his place in the community, to run away, the Western family unit will not reveal itself anew through Kotuko's free choice. The eternal truth of the Family of Man will be cast in doubt. The essential difference, opacity, unknowability of the Inuit will be illustrated by their exclusion from the Family. The trope of the Family of Man, which is a key means by which the West assures itself of the knowability of the native world, of the comprehensibility of all native discourse, may fall away. Without this 'natural' idiom or analogy for the relationship between the fatherly West and the child-like native, the intervention of the West into native societies may come across as unnatural interference.

If the Inuit prove themselves irreconcilable to this Western model of comprehending them, the efficacy of the West's ability to know the native and thus present itself in a paternalistic relationship to him is threatened. The anxiety in the igloos is the narrator's anxiety that the people he is imagining do not conform to the categories in his possession for knowing them.

And Kotuko's rebellion would be the realisation of that non-conformance in shattering the narrator's preconception that all the children in the Family of Man naturally assume certain roles in a great universal picture of human brotherhood. Sullivan quotes Weber that 'Anxiety is perhaps what one feels when the world reveals itself to be caught in the space between two frames: a doubled frame, or one that is split, who can tell?' (Sullivan 49) This analysis applies to our case: the narrator's confidence in his ability to gaze into the truth of the Inuit's minds is under threat; the prospect of there being revealed a native reality resistant to his 'frames' of knowing fills him with fear, which he attaches to his subject matter, the Inuit themselves.

Thirdly, through Sullivan, the encounter of the Inuit, in the quiet darkness, with themselves, assumes new meaning. They hear the sound of their own blood pulsing in their heads and their own heartbeats. Their fear is 'not so much dying as dying in the dark,' meaning living out their existence to the very end without being directly, intimately known, in the anonymity of pitch blackness. The starving Eskimos' fear of living and dying entirely alone is a projection of the narrator's fear of not truly knowing the people that make up the subject of his story, his fear that their inner essence escapes the power of his gaze. In addition, the impression that all they encounter in their self-communion in the darkness is the empty frame of their physical selves, the circulation of their blood, contributes to the impression of the 'loss of heart, soul, and conscience' that characterises 'an initiation into manhood, the movement from innocence into experience, from the "Imaginary" into the "Symbolic", a fall into Otherness.' (Sullivan 60) As I have explained, it is Kotuko's problematic transition into manhood that makes for the significant anxiety of this moment. Here, the Freudian 'repression, self-division, and alienation from one's childhood self' that make for 'civilised adulthood' (ibid.) are called upon to suggest their comparability to the colonial moment of self-doubt, when the colonial narrator begins to question the naturalness of his categories in comprehending the native mind, and he becomes alienated from himself.

When, through the drama of Kotuko's brave journey into the ice-wastes, his status in society is assured through saving the community, and his marriage relationship is forged, it is not only his personal angst which is relieved, but the deeper anxiety we have pointed to beneath it, namely the Western anxiety that the native mind does not submit to its modes of perception. Kotuko commits himself to relying entirely on the Inuit spirit Quiquern, whom he begins to

believe will guide him to salvation from the stretches of ice which are starting to shift and break up. Kotuko has claimed to the girl who accompanies him that he is well acquainted with spirits, but suddenly the two of them actually spot something mysterious in the snow, and 'however much a man may believe that he is a friend of strange and ugly spirits he seldom likes to be taken quite at his word. Quiquern, too, is the phantom of a gigantic toothless dog….' (ibid. 288) This apparition seems to indicate to the lost travellers where some solid ground lies, and indeed through following it they are saved from the shifting ice.

Afterwards, they find that what had seemed to be a two-headed dog with eight legs was really two of Kotuko's dog bound together by accident, wandering over the ice. Kotuko's full-blooded commitment to the ideology of his society, represented by Quiquern, has saved him and the girl. The spuriousness of that spirit is immediately suggested, in order to clarify that it is not the truth-value of that ideology that has saved Kotuko, but the decision to commit to it, rather than cast off the ideological bonds that bind him. On one level, this resolution in the story indicates the value of revering the ideology driving a society, of preserving its customs and norms, and one reason implied for this is that it is through these that the individual life comes to its fruition. Kotuko's life, if not invested in his culture, would be a failure and he would not attain the immortality that comes through raising a family. But also, on a deeper level and in the way I have been describing, Kotuko's decision to perpetuate his society's ideological structures signifies the resolution of colonial anxiety surrounding the knowability of the native. Kotuko, of his own accord, makes something knowable, comprehensible of his life, conforms to the pre-established categories of the Western narrator for knowing him. His life becomes another expression of the idea of the universal Family of Man we have seen mentioned by Anne McClintock. 'The family image came to figure *hierarchy within unity* as an organic element of historical progress, and thus became indispensable for legitimizing exclusion and hierarchy within nonfamilial social forms such as nationalism, liberal individualism and imperialism (McClintock 45).' The family unit, finally, is confirmed as universal in 'Quiquern'. This doesn't only make the form of individual and communal life in this far-flung corner of the globe familiar to us and confirm our ability to know them. This spontaneous emergence of the family unit in the desolation of the snow also confirms the metaphoric value of the family trope in justifying imperialism, as described by McClintock. This community, cut off from all contact with the West, manifests itself as a branch of the great

Family of Mankind, whose father is the West, associated with the narrator who knows his children with thorough and empathetic knowledge.

The final paragraph is very telling in the terms of my analysis. We are told that the story we have read is the narrator's translation of the account made upon ivory by Kotuko himself. Before reaching the narrator, the piece of ivory passes through many hands, including those of a Norwegian sailor. By sheer accident, after some time, it ends up in the possession of the narrator. Parallel to the resolution of the colonial knowledge-anxiety in the emergence of the family trope, is this resolution in the concept of relic. The relic is a shard of history itself, which means to say, it represents a surviving piece of a bygone time, free from the taints of interpretation or personal viewpoint. As such, having fallen into the hands of the narrator, it is the crystallisation of the knowledge-power he desires to fortify on behalf of Empire. Speaking about another of Kipling's works, Thomas Richards writes:

> In *Kim* the crystallised image of the comprehensive knowledge upon which English hegemony rests is the museum, and the 'Wonder House' frames the beginning and end of Kipling's narrative in a variety of ways. (Richards 29)

He also explains that 'the imperial archive was a fantasy of knowledge collected and united in the service of state and Empire… These are the ideas of a knowledge at once *positive* and *comprehensive*. The familiar Victorian project of positive knowledge divided the world into little pieces of fact. A fact was a piece of knowledge asserted as certain….' Comprehensive knowledge is defined as 'the sense that knowledge was singular and not plural, complete and not partial, global and not local… (ibid.6).' This crucial idea is implied in Kipling's illustration of the museum relic.

The space of the museum, into which, one imagines, Kotuko's piece of ivory should be gathered and kept, represents the narrative 'naturally' made up by the events of history, the proven truth-value of the knowledge-act of the West. The anxiety that earlier surrounded the fruition of Kotuko's life and, by extension, the materialisation of the native consciousness in practice, has dissolved in the face of the relic. The relic is more than a piece that broke off history: it signifies the existence of a naturalised overall narrative of history, in which the truth is self-evidently true and speaks through an archive of items that need no explanation, and

indeed will not tolerate alternative explanations. The narrative choice in 'Quiquern' of giving relic-status to Kotukos's story effectively answers the deep colonial uncertainty inherent in the existential angst of his adolescence with the sentiment of absolute certainty as to his identity, and as to the Western narrator's ability to contextualise his life-experience within a Western frame of knowing. After the random journey of the ivory-shard, its falling into the narrator's hands signifies the ultimate grasp of the Western episteme on the facts of the East. By dwelling on the narrator's empathetic description of the Kotuko's existential anxiety, the narrative emphasises his humanity with its turmoil, contradictory impulses and essential ambiguity. In this sense, the most far-flung of natives has been invested with a fullness of humanity normally reserved, in European literature, for Europeans, while preserving our appreciation of his Inuit sensitivities, which is a unique gesture, one more profound than Orientalist literature ordinarily provides. But what follows that gesture is the inclusion of all that ambiguous, live humanity in the structure of the established Western episteme embodied in the museum. Kotuko's life will take its place, will be articulated on the pages of history at the end of time, in the language of the West. So far does the knowledge-power of the Western episteme extend, that it grasps, takes account of and predicts the historical place allotted all the Earth's various peoples, and this despite the inner complexity of their choices which is as baffling as our own. The power, then, of the gesture of 'Quiquern''s conclusion in fortifying the knowledge-power of the West is much greater than that of any Orientalist gesture that simply reduces the East to the knowable. This story shows us that, if we were to meet an Inuit, we would be surprised to find within him the full palette of humanity with which we are familiar through Western literature: hope, ambiguity, nobility, a strong concept of the Eternity that follows death, and so on. And yet, because the divide between East and West is not one founded upon differences in humanity, it still stands firmly. The West is destined to know, teach and rule the East, despite the fact that the East is not the realm of a human sub-species. Rather, the East is the younger brother of the West, truly part of the same Family, and *all* the East's complex destiny is subsumed in her older brother's ways of knowing.

The story carries aspects of the *bildungsroman* according to Mikhail Bakhtin's definition, since Kotuko indeed 'emerges *along with the world* and he reflects the historical emergence of the world itself', and he is 'forced to become a new, unprecedented type of being.' (Bakhtin 23) But another aspect of the *bildungsroman* is there too for Bakhtin, namely, a mature sense of human, psychologically experienced time. For Bakhtin, one reason this genre is a reality-

discourse is because of this more realistic depiction of time, which conveys an event 'actually occur[ring], that is, *in real time* (and hence an attitude toward the artistic image of man as a living person…).' (Bakhtin 47) An example of this is the passage we have already seen, which describes the psychological experience of the cold, dark famine: 'men could hear the beating of their blood in the thin passages of the ear and the thumping of their own hearts.' The narrator does not gloss over the months of the Inuit's experience but forces us to dwell in the quality of their inner suffering.

The most central reason, though, why Bakhtin would call this story a *bildungsroman* is that it conforms with his definition of the third case that fits the genre. This is the story of the protagonist who is depicted, in meeting his fate in the world, as going through the school of experience that is life. (Bakhtin 22) This, in the case of 'Quiquern', may be the most potent method used for the evocation of the actual. There is emphasis from near the beginning on the fact that Kotuko's task is to negotiate the conditions which are seasonal, established, known from years of his ancestors' experience.

> For nine months of the year there is only ice and snow and gale after gale… For six months of those nine it is dark… In the three months of summer… the snow begins to weep away from the southerly slopes… (Kipling 1989 277)

Kotuko's parents and grandparents experienced the same changing of seasons and taught him what to expect. And the theme of his initiation into life is very pronounced, as I have mentioned. Kotuko has struggled with the taunts of those who remind him of his lack of experience: 'Wait till you have been in the buckle, Kotuko. Hunting is not *all* catching.' (ibid. 279) Kotuko is on the cusp of manhood, and the unexpected events of life teach him much more than he was able to teach himself when, near the beginning, he was full of adolescent bravado. For these three reasons the story seems to be a *bildungsroman* and, thus, a reality narrative as defined above.

According to the latter reason, then, the sense in which this story is a realistic narrative is owed to its depicting a recognised reality in the action of educating the protagonist to knowledge and personal development. The net reality-effect here is to make his new conclusions and worldview seem untainted by ideology. What shapes his mind and his personality are factors with which we are familiar: they are the factors in real life. Thus, the protagonist's developed

personality becomes a sign for our known reality. We might expect that the depiction of the otherworldly would detract from this kind of reality effect, since it is not an aspect of reality we normally recognise. Bakhtin writes that it normally would, referring to the growing realistic tendency in fiction of the eighteenth century.

> But the otherworldly and fantastic not only filled in the gaps of that impoverished reality, and conjoined and rounded out that patch of reality into a mythological whole; the otherworldly admixture absorbed and broke down the real compactness of the world and prevented the real world and real history from gathering themselves together and rounding themselves out into a unified, compact, and complete whole. (Bakhtin 43)

But the manifestation of the spirit-world does form an integral part of 'Quiquern'. Why would the story introduce a factor which compromises its 'artistic image of man as a living person'? As I have pointed out, the close, realistic, empathetic depiction of Kotuko's community facilitates a grand colonial gesture: the inclusion of the enriched Inuit humanity in the sphere comprehended by the Western episteme. What, then, is accomplished by weakening the reality-effect of the narrative by the introduction of the dog-spirit Quiquern, who indeed gives his name to the whole story? In the light of my analysis, there is an answer which suggests itself.

The anxiety that builds within the igloos during the famine is the colonial anxiety at not being able to sufficiently know the native, and this arises from the 'reality-effect', that is, from the narrative gesture of close psychological empathy. This brings the narrator to a moment of terror, in which he hears the beating of the blood in his own ear and the thumping of his own heart, namely, to the fear that all he believes he knows about his subject matter, the Inuits, exists only within himself, within his own mind. Kotuko, then turns to the spirit-world for salvation, and simultaneously the reality-effect is broken, following which the famine and its tension is resolved. The response of the narrator to the moment of his intense anxiety at coming in contact with an unknowable reality in the Inuit, is to relinquish his act of knowing.

The narrative becomes less a reality-narrative. The descent into interest in Kotuko's salvation by a spirit is the result of the narrator's decision to 'know' the Inuit, from now on, through imagination rather than reality. When Kotuko sees him first, 'he saw a Thing looking at him

from a little cliff of ice half a mile away.' (ibid. 288) The lack of a name for the spirit, at this point, hints that it does not exist in reality but only imagination: it is what ever thing Kotuko may have imagined in the spirit-world during his evenings listening to 'queer ghost and fairy-tales.' (ibid. 281) Indeed, after it becomes clear that what seemed to be Quiquern are really the two dogs tied together, the existence of Quiquern in reality is seriously held in question. The narrative effect of this is to have answered the colonial anxiety produced by the attempt to know the Inuit realistically, with the consolation of fairy-tale, meaning, of resorting to the established conceptual categories for knowing the East. What guides Kotuko to salvation, by sheer accident, is his commitment to a fairy-tale, itself an unlikely source for the deliverance he needs. He does not occupy, in the mind of the narrator, substantial enough a place in actuality to find his way out of his crisis by realistic means. Kotuko's accidental salvation by fairy-tale is really the effect of the narrator's decision to deprive him of a place in reality, to revert to his imagination rather than a direct act of knowing him. And the fairy-tale functioning as salvation is a projection of the category within which the narrator has begun to conceive his protagonist: the imaginary. Finally, this movement, on the narrator's part, to the imaginary culminates in the concluding narrative gesture of calling Kotuko's entire story a relic. Inevitably, since directly knowing the Inuit has proved too psychologically disturbing for the narrator and he reverts to imagination in his depictions of them, the sum total of his narrative must be relic. That is to say, his story must amount to the reinforcement of the known body of 'knowledge' underpinning the colonial West's act of knowing the East. It must recall and rehash established European ways of knowing the East in its Orientalist library of thought. One of these, as I have mentioned, is the idea of the Family of Man, affirmed near the end when Kotuko marries the girl. How the realistic crisis of Kotuko's existential angst was resolved in such a short time by his adventures in the snow-wastes with the girl, and how he came to a firm decision to marry and pursue a domestic life in the community, when his future had recently seemed so unclear, is never explained. The decision simply emerges from him at the end. But the reason for the sudden decision may be found in the narrator's decision to withdraw from a realistic approach to his subject matter, after which the complexity and ambiguity of the real-life crisis dissolves. The pleasing and familiar family structure need now only appear, and, in so doing, affirm our pre-existing notion of its universal applicability.

Chapter 6: Selecting Convenient Roots

We have seen how, in ‘On the City Wall’, the narrative obscures the representation of lived history, in its present-moment social and personal complexity, in favour of an emphasis on the hidden and mysterious designs behind what is revealed in history. We were entranced by the otherworldly pocket out of time, Lalun’s apartment, which somehow works revelation of the true historical roles we find ourselves playing in modernity. One thing this does is discourage canny social and political consciousness – awareness of political dynamics instituted by the British and which might be changed with concerted effort. The status quo is not to be changed, because at its helm is not the British, but the supernatural Powers of History, which determine the roles played in life by people like Wali Dad. The national consciousness enacted by the story is dreamy, reflective, passive. In Kipling’s ‘The Miracle of Purun Bhagat’, the protagonist is the Prime Minister of an Indian state who withdraws from political life – and life in society in general – to live the life of a Hindu holy man, in secluded meditation. He establishes himself atop a mountain by a village and enters into profound states of meditation, gazing down on the world below.

> Hiving and harvest, rice-sowing and husking, passed before his eyes, all embroidered down there on the many-sided fields, and he thought of them all, and wondered what they all led to at the long last. (Kipling 1989 199)

Purun’s productive and successful political life has culminated in this. His post as Prime Minister made him a servant of the Indian nation, but he felt he should, in order to fully realise his potential as a servant of his people, make this change in his life. Indeed he is viewed by the villagers near his mountain as their spiritual leader, and he is relied upon to bring blessing to the community. But what is noteworthy is that, in a similar way to ‘On the City Wall’, the highest level of national consciousness enacted in the story is passive and is withdrawn to a distance – as evident in the quote above – from which the practicalities of everyday life seem like irrelevancies. Enlightenment is imagined, and the ultimate in national service pictured, as a zoning out from actuality.

One obvious result of this is that there is a valorisation of passivity of a kind with national religious value, which draws the reader’s reverence for Indian national pride away from

expressing itself in the support of national resistance or identity movements. Certainly, in the story, the wellbeing of the Indian people and their future states is a high value. But Purun's choice to advance from a political service of his people to a complete withdrawal from society is significant. The obvious omission made by such a choice is that of Purun remaining in political life, but redirecting his powers to other means of assisting his nation, for example restoring their sense of identity and culture, encouraging identity and resistance movements as a means of negotiating the effects of British colonialism on his people. This option is excluded due to the potential military and ideological threats it presents to the wellbeing of the Empire. When Purun departs the city to find his place of seclusion, he hears the fanfare of his successor's inauguration. 'Now he would let these things go, as a man drops the cloak he needs no longer.' (ibid. 194) As he departs on the course of his Enlightenment, he feels no attraction to his previous active political life at all. But this means not only that he is able to spurn the honours and titles that had been his. It also implies that he discards the possibility of ever engaging in active political life again, even with a different kind of agenda. If Purun was at first able to appreciate his potential in the world of politics to benefit his people, and was placed highly enough in the Administration to do so, surely it would be a more natural choice for him to form a new political party or remain in his position and use it to bring advantage to the Indians.

Elleke Boehmer writes:

> Indian, African, Caribbean, and latterly Pacific nationalist writers focused on reconstituting from the position of their historical, racial, or metaphysical *difference* a cultural identity which had been damaged by the colonial experience. The need was for roots, origins, founding myths and ancestors, national fore-mothers and -fathers: in short, for a restorative history. (Boehmer 177)

As the twentieth century arrived and wore on, this need was felt by the colonised with greater and greater poignancy, and it became an imperative for supporters of Empire like Kipling to reflect and respect this need and show its compatibility with Empire. Indeed, 'The Miracle of Purun Bhagat' is a kind of myth in claiming a truth-value based entirely on tradition. At the end we read that it is really the story told to explain the building of a Hindu shrine in a particular spot, the place of the Bhagat's death. It is a story of a *national* forefather too: Purun saved an entire Indian community by warning them of an impending mudslide; he embarked on his

spiritual journey in the context of national service, moving organically from political life to his Hindu devotions; and he martyred himself in the act of working for the people's benefit, thus turning himself into a national heroic figure.

It is also a myth of roots, though the context is modern. The first reason for this is that it is a story of what came before, the explanation for an aspect of modern life in India, namely the existence of a particular shrine. More particularly, though, in delineating the events of a life that was devoted to the Indian people, and to some extent made the peaceful continuation of Indian life possible, it makes up a story of roots. It additionally does so in the sense that the nature of Purun's meditative and religious practices is traditionally Indian and not specific to modernity. Through the choice to devote himself to these timeless traditional practices, he brings salvation and makes his national fame. Thus, in re-applying the ancient spiritual practices of the Hindu in times which are increasingly secular and in proving their relevance to modernity, Purun recalls and re-awakens the spiritual-cultural roots of his people. Even this modern tale, then, can be a myth of roots.

But national forefathers are often associated with militancy, due to their usurping power by a militant coup, or at least with the role of standing up for the practical improvement of their nation's lot. The presentation of a Hindu recluse as a national, as opposed to religious, forefather is obviously unnatural. Indeed, the main action of the story also smacks of unlikelihood: the mountain upon which the Bhagat sits splits open at the point of his shrine and he warns the villagers, with the help of his animal friends, just in time. This construction makes possible something which normally would not be possible: the presentation of a religious recluse as a national hero. Purun is unexpectedly thrown into the position of having to act for the sake of the villagers. As he does so, his older political personality re-asserts itself: 'He was no longer a holy man, but Sir Purun Dass, K.C.I.E., Prime Minister of no small State, a man accustomed to command, going out to save life.' (ibid. 203) It is not through his new meditative personality that he achieves national hero status, but through accidentally reverting to his commanding political consciousness. This is another sign of the awkwardness of the gesture of making a Hindu holy man a national hero: the unlikely, accidental nature of the transformation into such a hero. The narrative act bringing about this change is artificial.

If we compare this story to ‘The Tomb of his Ancestors’ the native access to free will obviously contrasts sharply. As I have mentioned, in the abovementioned story the Bhil are presented as bereft of the faculty of free will, dominated by superstition, devoid of the Hegelian recognition of their essential freedom. Here, though, Purun’s personal life choices constitute the entire story. In addition, they are deliberate, wise, and effective choices. What should be recognised, though, is that the narrative’s granting the faculty of free will to Purun is accomplished dramatically. A key place this is evident is in the concluding words of the story. Instead of ending on the note of the salvation received by the villagers due to Purun’s heroics, emphasis is placed on his life choice: that he had once been an ‘honorary or corresponding member of more learned and scientific societies than will ever do any good in this world or the next.’ (ibid. 205) Another place this is evident is in the depictions of Purun’s lofty meditative states: ‘day and night he strove to think out his way into the heart of things, back to the place whence his soul had come.’ (ibid. 201) Descriptions of mental states like these, which are really inexpressible in speech, are unusual and noteworthy. The generous attention bestowed on Purun’s consciousness is also noteworthy in the light of the paper-thin consciousness ascribed to the Bhil in ‘The Tomb of his Ancestors’. The narrative adhesion to Purun’s personal consciousness is a marked gesture in the story. Of course, this gesture satisfies the reader’s desire for a privileged, valued native faculty of free choice, and the dramatic and insistent focus on it can be explained by the need to provide this satisfaction. But we should notice the signs of the limited and token status of the Hegelian free will granted our Indian hero. The final line, quoted above, creates a binary opposition which is clearly false: his life choice to seclude himself in meditation has, surprisingly, proved itself more useful than the choice to benefit his nation politically. But the choice between these two options is merely the choice between two politically innocuous life-paths as far as the British were concerned.

Purun’s free choice is never given the dynamism, the realistic ambiguity and clumsiness, of John Chinn’s in ‘The Tomb of his Ancestors’. John tries, fails, and finally succeeds in the mysterious tasks of taking on his unique role in his time and place, of relating to the Bhil in precisely the correct relationship, of expressing his personality’s uniqueness while preserving a family identity in himself. But Purun exercises his free choice in choosing between a political life and a religious life. All the complexities of inner experience that we would imagine accompany a transformation of the kind he undergoes are absent. ‘Now he would let these

things go, as a man drops the cloak he needs no longer.' This is a poorly illustrated depiction of a rich psychological experience. Purun's inner world is oversimplified.

And the free will he is so dramatically granted is not invested in a live, realistic context, as is John Chinn's. Chinn is given the opportunity to ponder and weigh the influences of history, family, his own unique qualities, and race, as regards how he should exercise his free will. That free will is, then, contextualised with some considerable realism. But the space and energy of our story goes, not to illustrating Purun's free choice functioning in a real-life context, but to enacting the gesture of bestowing upon him free will. 'His choice mattered! There was an Indian man whose choice mattered!' the story seems to proclaim. But the story amounts to the present moment in which all that is left of Purun is the temple which commemorates his choice. He is denied the satisfaction Chinn is given in advancing with head held high, enriched by his experience, into a life of active free choice. His free choice is turned into a relic, whose proper place is the temple that is built on the place of his death, where people travel 'with lights and flowers and offerings to this day.' (ibid. 205) And certainly it is a relic, since what constituted it was a construct of the western narrator's mind: a simple choice between only two available options. These two options are obviously English visions of Indian personhood, more specifically of approved forms of Indian personhood. Therefore, the warm praise offered by the story for Purun's freely following his life-path amounts to a father's praise for his son's polite behaviour when he has privately been beating him for the slightest hint of rudeness.

The story's selection of a Hindu holy man as hero functions to associate Indian nationalistic sentiments with passivity, which is a function that is Empire-preserving. In the story, Purun's search for a deeper, truer kind of divine service than his political life runs very much along the lines of the general trend pursued in the colonies, according to Boehmer, of pursuing roots, origins, deep identity when colonialism was on the wane. Purun indeed discovers an inner contentment and Enlightenment in his spot upon the mountain, and certainly there is no open narrative condescension of his new life-occupation in the story. But we might consider what this newly discovered national root – the Hindu life of separation – actually signifies in the story. By contrast, we should consider a similar character, the lama in Kipling's *Kim*.

Edward Said points out that the lama in *Kim* is more than an Orientalist caricature, in that he is granted a roundness, a fullness and is illustrated with loving empathy. 'Indeed, the lama commands attention and esteem from nearly everyone. He honours his word… he is listened to with veneration and devotion… this old saint has a life of his own that cannot be reproduced in sequential English prose.' (Said 1994 168) Mark Kinkead-Weekes, in his interpretation of the novel, explains that the lama, in the end, chooses involvement in the world. The lama rids himself of a sin still within him.

> The 'sin' can only be the element of selfishness in the search for perfection of self by turning away from others. It is by giving up self-perfection – 'I pushed aside world upon world for thy sake' – that he finds it. (Kinkead-Weekes 232)

Thus, the roundness and realism of the lama throughout the story are to some extent attributable to the process in which he involves himself of developing spiritually, through his association with Kim, toward an appreciation of the value of a life of social responsibility. From the beginning we perceive him as a traveler, a willing student of life, and, though Kim is officially his student, it is obvious that Kim also functions as his teacher on the fundamental point he fails to grasp, that pointed out by Kinkead-Weekes. The lama's destiny of inculcating this truth into his spiritual search is responsible for the respect accorded him, in particular for the sense that aspects of his personality escape the narrator's gaze. He binds himself to Kim throughout the story, thus demonstrating his willingness to engage in a committed relationship with another human being, and not to live entirely in isolation, despite his single-minded pursuit of his spiritual path. But Purun Bhagat lives a life of total isolation, a life without human relationships. Indeed, his dramatic and unexpected action of coming to the village's salvation very much resembles the resolution achieved by the lama in the above explanation. This is because his spiritual communion could never be complete if he ignored his responsibilities to his fellow man. This is what he realizes and what, finally, makes the spiritual achievement of his life complete. But the realization is sudden and fitful and is not born of a gradual development in his thinking. It comes in a sudden burst, saving him from spiritual error before his death. In contrast to the lama, he does not live into the future with his enhanced sense of Enlightenment, but immediately dies. The tons of mud spread over the village after the mudslide testify, not only to the correctness of his choice in breaking his solitude, but also to the disastrous status of the alternative choice. If he had not roused himself from his meditations, the villagers would have all been killed. Therefore, the life of separation in the story is presented as essentially flawed, though beautiful and perhaps admirable. Purun is much more

of an Oriental caricature than the lama, for the reason that, until the very end, his life choice is presented as a quaint error. He is what the lama would be had he never committed to a relationship with Kim: deluded, under the influence of a subtle mistake.

The pure life of Hindu separation which he represents, then, is not a *real* life in the way the lama's life is real. It is the life of someone dead and gone, a life less relevant to modernity, the picture of a sentiment in living which is hopelessly out-of-touch with the dynamism of modern life. Purun Bhagat is the picture of an imagined root in Indian culture: imagined by a European narrator. It is precisely the lama's ability to incorporate his new understanding, taught him by Kim, into himself and carry it into the future, that bestows reality on him and grants him life. Purun's undisturbed isolation on the mountain, his inability to grasp in a steady, convinced fashion what the lama realises, makes him unfit for the touch of realism given the lama. As representative of a national root, then, Purun does not translate into a relevant figure. He is cut off from the living world of society and moreover, as I have explained, his conception of Enlightenment is itself immature. He is a relic, a focal point for nationalistic emotion that could lead to nothing, and this is due to the fact that he is not a real, recognizable modern personality. He is the picture of a personality irrelevant to modernity. 'The Miracle of Purun Bhagat' is a story that posits the unexpected modern relevance of a kind of Indianness relegated, in the secular world of modernity, to the category of the quaint or outdated. But the gesture with which this relevance is bestowed is dramatic and merely token, and therefore does not actually suggest ways of retrieving Indian national identity. The story, while lavishing praise on an Indian way of seeing, living and thinking, suggests that Indian national feeling should take form in passive sentiments of the nostalgic.

Chapter 7: The Accidental Confirmation of What we had Thought all Along

We see, then, that the warmth of a gesture that makes a native episteme attractive, effective and even superior, may be bestowed with condescension and in such a way as to weaken the sense of relevance felt to subsist in non-European ways of thinking and feeling. In addition, a literary work that seems sympathetic to the native project of identifying cultural roots, and thus attaining freedom from the hegemony of European culture and systems of thought in evaluating itself, may actually offer a caricatured image of those roots, devoid of the life-giving sap of modern relevance, accessibility, and realism. The tension present in many of Kipling's stories is created by the necessity they feel to achieve two objects which are potentially contradictory. One is the demonstration of the willingness to see beyond conservative Orientalist categories in knowing the native individual; the acknowledgement that a result of the blind maintenance of these categories is that the actual native is kept 'chained irrevocably to the general truths formulated about his prototypical linguistic, anthropological, and doctrinal forebears by a white European scholar.' (Said 2003 237) In the achievement of this, the humanistic, modernistic and progressive imperatives in Kipling's society would be, to some degree, satisfied. On the other hand, the imperialism Kipling wished to preserve was indistinguishable from the clear conviction that, as Said puts it, 'the Orient is synonymous with stability and unchanging eternality.' (ibid. 240) This is to say, the idea of a discreet, knowable entity called the Orient needed to be maintained even if it didn't conform exactly with every one of our received concepts of the East. In Said's phrasing, the tension was between the need to show reverence to 'history and narrative', according to which the Orient was complex, developing, detailed, and the need to show a 'vision' of the East as an expression of its inherent, discreet and knowable essence. (ibid. 240)

In 'The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes' the narrator finds himself thrust into a world of shocking and indigestible Oriental detail. This is not expected in any of its shapes and forms, and, from the perspective of his conservative English mind, it is unmanageable. His predicament of being thrust against his will into the specifics of a strange Oriental situation demonstrates his invulnerability to mere Orientalist assumptions about the East. At the same time, the detail which continually surprises the narrator is the detail of a vision, a static world

which, after the narrator accustoms himself to it, reveals itself as simple and devoid of the complexity of narrative. The accidental nature of the narrator's journey provides the humanistic value inherent in showing a European submerged in the detail of Eastern actuality, to which he is subject – since he is unable to leave the strange place in which he finds himself and must attempt to survive there by determining the terms on which it operates. The strangeness of Oriental reality, therefore, exercises a control over him, and the very fact of his subjugated position throughout the story constitutes a concession to the power of what is insufficiently understood in the Orient.

But the accidental beginning of the narrator's adventure is misleading, since it does not introduce a genuine experience of engaging with Oriental actuality. The place in which he finds himself trapped after his random rush into the desert is certainly nothing he ever would have expected to find in the East, but its detail, finally, does not function to challenge his preconceptions of the native mind or society at all. In finding himself submerged and powerless in a new environment, he is conveniently innocent of imposing his own conceptions on the place and people he encounters. The strangeness of this pocket of the universe is certainly not born of his prejudice. Yet, when this strangeness, born of nature, is analysed, it conforms with much of what Orientalist prejudice presumes and, significantly, denies the narrative complexity it earlier promised to bestow upon the East, and offers instead the two-dimensionality of a vision. The word 'strange' in the story's title announces an encounter with unchartered territory – the discovery of an Oriental reality that shatters our expectations; yet, at the end, we are left wondering whether that strangeness might be precisely that strangeness characteristic of the Orientalist view of the East as quaint, a place of secrets. In this case, all the strangeness exists only in the narrator's mind, and he might have dreamed the entire story.

The narrator, who is Morrowbie Jukes, finds that his horse has tumbled into a place in the desert which is the home of those stuck between life and death. He finds himself unable to escape, and that there is another familiar face in the unusual community, that of Gunga Dass, the telegraph-master he had once known. 'Now, however, the man was changed beyond all recognition. Caste-mark, stomach, slate-coloured continuations, and unctuous speech were all gone.' (Kipling 1994 101) The horror that begins to unfold before Jukes is that he is bound, for the sake of his survival, to collaborate with this low character, doubly low for having long let

go of all social niceties, especially the nicety of relating reverentially to Europeans. The vision afforded Jukes of Dass is rendered by the fact of his retaining no more need to flatter Europeans, and reveals a man essentially base, who had been merely 'biting his lip' in living a life of servility in the past. The radically changed social circumstances of the present, then, reveal, not a deeper humanity, an inherent familial closeness, which, for example we saw the Bhil reveal when properly treated in 'The Tomb of our Ancestors'. Rather, a greater distance, a deeper grotesqueness, a profounder primitiveness are manifest before Jukes. The word 'unctuous', describing Dass's speech when alive, clarifies that the previously cordial relationship Jukes had enjoyed with him was only a façade of brotherly feeling.

The European prejudices against Indians – that they are dishonest, flattering, amoral, unclean, unpredictable, traitorous – are all confirmed in this revelation. We learn that Dass has murdered another European; he takes all Jukes' money with the threat of murder; he hunts and devours crows with a diabolical plan; and in the end he betrays Jukes in the end so that only he may escape. The tale, while ostensibly being a tale of the unknown or mysterious, uses this genre as a license to present a racial stereotype of the bluntest type. The fast-paced picaresque form, with the added appeal of a tale of the mysterious, promised us the hidden detail of the actual, but more exactly, to provide narrative historicism to the East. This implies humanity, complexity, development. We would expect, perhaps, unexpected qualities to emerge in Dass: those we wouldn't expect in a stereotypical Indian, like leadership, nobility, brotherliness, loyalty. And the manifestation of these would confirm the Family of Man, with its important implications for the imperial project. But, instead, this achievement is compromised, and the Indian telegraph-master is presented, not as more human than the European would normally think, but less. All the humanity in him to which Europeans were exposed is revealed as a charade. Beneath it, he is thoroughly animal-like and savage.

We must examine this vision of the mysterious which carries enough signifying currency to make this odd story haunting without having to present any blatant revelations of the supernatural, as we experienced in 'Quiquern' for example, and sufficiently so to mask the presentation of a known racial stereotype. The crucial point to note is that the image of Jukes bound eternally to Dass, with no surrounding society to enforce imperial Britain's hierarchical norms of race, seems to make for the horrific. When Dass informs Jukes, soon after his arrival,

that escape is impossible, Dass 'gave vent to a long low chuckle of derision – the laughter, be it understood, of a superior or at least of an equal.' Jukes' reaction is then given: 'The sensation of nameless terror which I had in vain attempted to strive against over-mastered me completely.' (ibid. 102) Jukes' fear is not only at being stuck and confined; its source is in the fact that, here in this place, paired up as he is with Dass, there is no means by which his superior status as a European may be recognized, either by others or himself. It is the specter of the utter equality of their positions that terrifies Jukes. Moreover, Jukes will soon find himself hunting crows out of necessity, so that even the dignified and clean English conduct by which he would like to distinguish himself from the telegraph-master will melt away. The added horror inherent in Jukes' position is due to the possibility he will become exactly like Dass in every way. All the stereotypes of the base, thieving, selfish Oriental will apply precisely to himself. It is repeated several times throughout the story that Jukes' horror is stimulated by the apparent impossibility of escape, and the above seems to partially explain it.

Julia Kristeva's concept of abjection usefully explains the horror-value of Jukes' predicament. Abjection refers to the Freudian notion of what is expelled by the developing individual as a condition for the constitution of his social being. As explained by Anne McClintock,

> these expelled elements can never be fully obliterated; they haunt the edges of the subject's identity with the threat of disruption or even dissolution… the expelled abject haunts the subject as its inner constitutive boundary; that which is repudiated forms the self's inner limit. (McClintock 71)

Dass, for Jukes, is clearly the abject. He is everything an imperial Englishman disavows, especially in spurning the façade of noble intentions and openly conducting himself with a savage, predatory attitude. This haunts Jukes' cultivated value for rhetoric, the superficial, and etiquette, which clothes the unseemly reality of imperialism with the garb of an ideal. Being tied to the Indian, then, constitutes an awful reminder for Jukes of the corrupted self which has been built up by his habits of imperial role-playing and rhetoric. George Orwell has described the pernicious effects of imperial role-playing on the Englishman himself:

> the lie that we're here to uplift our poor black brothers instead of to rob them… corrupts us… There's an everlasting sense of being a sneak and a liar that torments us and drives us to justify ourselves day and night. (Orwell 2014 37)

This inner torment is triggered in Jukes by finding himself bound to Dass, who has given up disguising his less noble thoughts and intentions. Significantly, the only thing we hear about Jukes before he falls into the otherworldly pit is that, in a fit of vengeful anger, he resolves to kill a dog who had kept him up at night by barking, and it is in pursuing the dog that his horse falls into the otherworldly pit. His baser emotions flare up in privacy, and the action of the story forces him to openly face the fact that being an Englishman and an ambassador of Empire does not make him an angelic kind of being, essentially distinct from the native Indians. He is then bound up with his abject double so that he may be reminded of the precarious foundations of the imperial self he lives with so blithely.

This deep terror is not only Jukes', for it is the reader's too, and fascinates him enough to make this tale, which is drab and uneventful by way of content and merely repeats a known stereotype rather than deepening our concept of the 'native', haunting. Jukes plans to escape together with Dass, and if they gained their freedom together it would signify Jukes' successful integration of the fact that his identity as an Englishman is founded on the farce of repudiating aspects of his own self which he projects onto the 'native'. This would entail his realization of the fact that all his suppositions about the Indian people are the mere false projections of this self-repudiation. But Dass betrays him and steals away on his own. This signifies Jukes' remaining trapped in his imperial identity in finding it to too difficult to comprehend and transcend. Jukes has been rendered unconscious of how his identity is constituted by the many years of playing the imperial part, just as Dass knocks him unconscious with a rifle-butt. Jukes is then unable to achieve his freedom on his own; he needs Dass in order to be free, which means to say, he needs to realise how the rejection of all Dass is, is actually the constitutive principle of his being. Only then will he able to form a new, freer identity. Since he cannot, we understand why only Dass achieves his freedom by his own power, while Jukes is pulled to safety by Dunnoo, his dog-boy. 'Dunnoo, with his face ashy gray in the moonlight, implored me not to stay, but to get back to my tent at once.' (Kipling 1994 114) Jukes hastily removes himself from this tormenting process of self-discovery and hastens back to his own tent, where his identity, no longer under threat, will continually be constituted by abjection of all that is 'native'.

Conclusion

In much of Kipling's work we find ourselves initiated into a social structure, a mind, an adventure which is exotic in being Eastern. Generally speaking, the exotic itself tempts us to turn the page. In addition, we have seen marks of genuine reverence for the quality of the Eastern lives to which we normally do not have access, but which appear with a loving brand of vividness in many of the stories. It is not easy to argue that all of what we encounter in *Kim* or 'Quiquern' is the reductive Orientalist concept of Eastern experience, no matter how disinclined we may be to other, more jingoist instances of Kipling's work. Much of this dissertation, though, has aimed to show that the gesture of reverential revelation of a hidden Eastern world does not necessarily imply the conviction that Eastern thought, feeling and habit possesses equal validity to what is Western.

In 'On the City Wall' we dwell, with the narrator, inside a local Indian home to which we would not normally be exposed, viewing the actions of the British presence in Lahore from a distance. We feel at home in this environment and with Lalun and Wali Dad, much more so than in the British police station in the city, for we do not see the interior of any English home in the story. This experience contributes to our impression of transcending Orientalist thought in our acquaintance with the East. We feel we are in touch with the real smells, tastes and schemes which are to be found in the actual neighborhoods of India. We sit beside the narrator as he relates to Lalun and Wali Dad on equal terms, as friends, and feel we have done the same. The India we know through the story is not an English dream, but the actual India which is lived in by real people. Thus it is that the exoticism of the East in the story is divested of a psychological connotation of threat, and here I refer to the one I spoke about in my reading of the anxiety theme in 'Quiquern': the threat of the possibility that the real East is not known to the narrator's Western mind, that the real East subsists beyond the view of the narrator, nourished by an independent episteme and ideology.

This is terrifying for the colonial mind, which relies on the inherent centrality and superiority of European thinking and sensitivity. In 'On the City Wall', Kipling clears away this fear in the act of making Indian feelings, speech and agendas as familiar as our own. And these

actually determine our own method of making sense of the events of the story much more than the attitudes of the English characters in the story. The result is a unique artistic achievement. We feel able to adopt the dreamy atmosphere of the story, to explore Lahore in an unguarded state of mind, as if its secrets were available to our view, and as if India didn't harbor a threat to our ability to know. The narrator's English mind, educated by his Eastern experience, guides us adequately around the town. The hidden plan of Lalun to liberate Khem Singh is finally revealed to the narrator's mind, as is a maturer sense of the role each character plays on a deep historical level. The mystery of Lahore is not the mystery of a hidden Oriental agenda, plan, or scheme. Any of these three is determinable by the reader with the narrator's guidance.

The mystery permeating the city seems to be a historical mystery, a cosmic mystery, which particularly surrounds the points where individual choices are made, opening up the question in each case of what deeply situated historical role is forged by this choice. The careful attention placed on Wali Dad's life-choices is an example, and this attention disarms our anti-Orientalist instincts. But the point I wish to make is that, once the threat of a viable Eastern episteme dissipates, and Lahore becomes intelligible to us through the European mind of the narrator, the newly innocuous quality of Eastern mystery is used to suggest the general opaqueness of this world and the deep-lying nature of truth. This gesture is not unrelated to the impression made by Empire in the story, because, instead of coming across as full of a certitude which must find its contradictory counterpart somewhere on the streets of Lahore, Empire comes across as the passive instrument of Providence in bringing about its ends.

The image of a British administration acting consciously and bearing consequent responsibility could not be further from 'On the City Wall'. Therefore, the mystery lurking somewhere among the Lahore streets, though perhaps innocent of Orientalism (for the reason that the story's studied empathy is with the minds of ordinary Indians in the way I have said), is used to obscure the very relevant question of the responsibility borne by the British for all they had done and will do in administering the country. The mysterious atmosphere hanging over Lahore, its hidden nature, is invested with the narrator's empathy with this foreign world. After all, he has lived here for many years and it is no longer all that foreign to him. It is an affectionate mystery, a benign mystery. And this, precisely, is what makes the obscuring of British agency (behind the administration of the country) through the emphasis on the

atmosphere of mystery an elusive gesture. A genuine sentiment of reverence for what lies in the East, expressed in this benign atmosphere of historical mystery, is used to deflect guilt. Specifically I refer to the guilt attributable to the British administration for the predicament of individuals like Wali Dad, who face a complicated identity crisis, and for the physical violence performed by the British police upon local Indians, well known to us and represented in the unrest of the Mohorrum festival. These forms of violence *have been done*, as far as the story is concerned, their agent being History and not the British presence in India.

There is a specter or prospect of violence throughout the story, as its likelihood builds up. This represents the prospect of deliberate imperial action for which the British might be held responsible, evoking as it does all the past Indian unrest to which the British responded with a harshness that was criticized. But the actual violence markedly never occurs, as if the historical forces using Great Britain as a pawn crowded into the story so intensely as to defuse the expected events from ever occurring. The barely believable spectacle of British soldiers quelling a rebellion by stamping on the troublemakers' feet does not need to be believable. The real work of the story goes into presenting a new and appealing attitude to violence, according to which its horror dissolves, as does the responsibility it normally implies. The picture of a murder is the ultimate representation of the responsibility inherent in human choice. 'On the City Wall' takes this picture and transforms it before our eyes into a matter that is actually devoid of human agency. It becomes a game of the gods. The consequences of this for Empire are significant: the violence that it wields is detached from its free choice and thus its responsibility.

We have seen the arresting gesture of 'The Bridge-Builders' where the story itself seems to constitute the project of presenting the Hindu episteme as all-powerful, as dwarfing the engineer's English ideology. But similarly to 'On the City Wall', this story employs the subtle device of making genuine regard for the Eastern into a mask for a different gesture, one that ultimately preserves the validity of English imperial ideology. What ever truth, what ever beauty subsists in Hindu doctrine, and no matter how much this is lost on the blinkered Western thinking of Findlayson, the English engineer, we are left with the picture of an Oriental system of devotion which cannot practically be fulfilled, certainly by a Westerner, in the modern world. Its practitioners are too imperfect, its teachings too elusive, its doctrine too simple for it

to constitute a real alternative way of living and thinking in the modern world. At the end, the assembly of the gods only makes for a moment of pause Findlayson takes on his way to completing his bridge. Something is missing from his scientific, secular mindset, but he is justified in pursuing his career-goals into the future, just as he has been. Modernity is the unavoidable nature of the future in 'The Bridge-Builders', and only Findlayson's ideology is equipped to live effectively in it.

The violence of the flood which may overwhelm the great English structure, and which sweeps many Indian labourers to their deaths, stands for the mystery of modernity, in which the deeper spiritual truths previously known to mankind have been hidden. Modern man's life is violent. Violence is done to his spirituality, to his individuality, and to his privacy. Findlayson and all his secular British counterparts experience the first of these in living divorced from spiritual purpose. The Indian workers experience the violence done to their bodies by the harsh labour that modern economics requires. But the image of the bridge stands strongly and clearly at the story's end as an affirmation of the value of diligent involvement in the modern world. Findlayson's achievement in constructing it exceeds by far any purely religious achievement in the story, despite the honour accorded to the Hindu devotional system. A key point is this one: no one would blame Findlayson for the labourers who have died in the bridge's construction. This symbolizes that the British are not responsible for the suffering caused by their imperial interference. They are merely diligent workers in a modern world that *itself* causes violence.

In 'Quiquern', there was a heightened gesture of reverence for an independent Oriental episteme, because the narrator takes no part in the story, and does not offer us an Eastern world through Western eyes. Rather, the discreet reality of an undiscovered foreign world appears before us. The narrator simply does the work of making the unfamiliar forms of Inuit culture into the mundane stuff of everyday life. And, as in the two cases mentioned above, the discreet world we see revealed in the East is one invested with all the humanity normally reserved for European lives, goals, and priorities. The heroism of Kotuko's achievement is not rendered patronizingly. The importance of his life choices is not posited with condescension. Within the symbolism of the ivory-shard on which the story is etched is this will to know the Inuit as an equal, and, indeed, part of the tragedy we sense in the image of the ivory-shard abandoned in

a rubbish-dump is the implication that Western narratives, in general, lack the tools to comprehend real Eastern lives, to tell the wonderfully human stories which the East has to tell, for 'Quiquern' is a superbly human story, and enough so to compel our interest on every page.

'Quiquern' strives, very effectively, to be an exception to the rule, and to show Eastern lives in all their human complexity, to show that their importance is not degraded by our being unable to know them. But I have argued that the relic-status of Kotuko's story also indicates a failure in the narrator's attempt to know the Inuit. After introducing his will to know the Inuit community with deep intimacy, the narrator finds this impossible and reverts to Orientalist tropes in understanding the ivory-shard before him. What he finally sees in it is what he expected, is an item in the library of Orientalist concepts he has learned. The resolution of the story is really unlikely, since there is no apparent reason why the Western trope of The Family of Man should appear spontaneously at that point in the story. What is signified here is the narrator's failure to cross the bridge from the Western to the Eastern ideology: to actually re-evaluate Western values, life goals, morality, sensitivities in an objective spirit has exceeded his powers. Thus, this unadulterated shard of the East ends up uncannily resembling the writings of European men, with their imagery, symbolism and import.

Suffering and violence in the story stand for the narrator's moment of encountering the Inuit for what they are – for the prospect of being left alone with them. The reason for this is that the specter of their discreet actuality implies the need for the narrator to die a death – in allowing his library of Orientalist tropes to crumble – or, on the other hand, to do violence to his subject matter, the Inuit, by obscuring their real existence behind those tropes, which he will now fortify. He in fact chooses the latter option, but the crucial point is that real natives – the moment of truly discovering natives in their discreet existence – is associated with violence in the narrator's psychology for the reasons I have said.

Similarly in 'The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes', there is a *real* kind of encounter, by which I mean that the strangeness of the events narrated derives from their materializing in an environment which we recognize as belonging to the real world. The story also suggests to the

reader by various devices that it is going to reveal the actuality underlying the mysterious East, separating truth from fiction. Here, though, instead of the revelation of a familiar family structure in the East, the story form (that of the ghost tale) is used as a license to record the Western nightmare of the stereotypical Indian. The facts turned up by strange experience don't even pretend to be actual ones, facts to be found in the real world, as they do in 'Quiquern'.

The violence and savagery in this vision stand for the European nightmare of the East unleashed its full horror. As in the case of 'Quiquern', it is the prospect of our finding ourselves, or the narrator finding himself, alone with the native that makes for the horror of the violence. Once Jukes' situation becomes clear, so does the necessity of violence. Either he will be killed by Dass, or he will muster the good sense to kill Dass first. To exactly the extent that Dass's savage nature comes to fruition in the story, so the imperial violence necessary to contain such Eastern primitivism becomes justified. Jukes' own unrefined character becomes irrelevant before the psychological appeal of the picture of a European exposed to the mercies of a native man without hope of protection. In the case of this story, the images of violence amount, with easy traceability, to license for equivalent violence by the imperial power on its native population.

Like the ideological world of 'On the City Wall', that of 'The Man who Would be King' is confusing, to some extent even unintelligible. 'Who knows what Providence's aims might be in maintaining the British Empire?', the story seems rhetorically to ask. British agency is sidelined by this gesture. I argued that the spectacle of imperial oafishness offered in this story obscures the more pertinent gesture of confirming the naturalness of imperialism, which is evident in the inherent susceptibility of the world and its people to imperial contact. The story's attitude to colonial contact is the Hegelian one I outlined in the second chapter, and it achieves (through the salience of its anti-imperialism) a comparable disinterestedness to Hegel's philosophy. 'In this chaotic world, which none of us can claim to understand, and which we can only aspire to humbly observe,' the story posits, 'the contact of the Western nation with the primitive Eastern nation, and dominance over it, are natural and inevitable. They are simply facts of the world, to be registered and accepted.' The moral flexibility of the narrator and his broad range of life-experience suggest to us his disinterestedness. It suggests that his narrative is ideologically innocent, merely gleaned from a life of actual contact with many events and people. But the naturalization of imperial intrusion is carefully constructed, and through many

images and much language we receive the message that Dravot and Carnehan's failure is due only to their own bumbling. They transgress no moral law in exploiting the Kafiristani tribesmen. The world that offers moral and economic success to people of their kind will continue to do so and is, in fact, the real world. Humility before the overwhelming facts of the world eclipses political, social and economic discourse, because of the tendency of those discourses to attribute guilt and responsibility.

Violence in the case of 'The Man who Would be King', which in general is either perpetrated by Dravot and Peachey on the Kafiristanis or by the Kafiristanis on them, and indeed changes from the former to the latter with great rapidity, communicates the unexpected nature of man's fate in this world. It stands for an ideology according to which the events dealt out by Providence to man remain entirely opaque to his eyes. The good and the vulnerable may die and suffer, while the diabolical and mean may thrive. Providence leaves even the irresponsible Dravot and Carnehan with the power to do violence to the innocent. But we must remember the ideological implications of such an ideology for Empire. In a world where the ends of history's great spiritual forces are unavailable to us, morality becomes ambiguous. Might the guiding angels of human history desire to enthrone Dravot as a king? Yes, says the story, they might and, if not for his own foolishness, would actually have done so. Who, then, can turn an accusing eye to the agents of Empire?

The violence done by the British Empire in maintaining itself might very well be desired by the lofty forces in charge of history and fate. The officials of the Empire in the story act as ensurers of stability in a mad world. Among the many free-will actors in the story, they are the ones who bring some semblance of structure, order, law to the world. When violence is done by them, it is only because they choose to attempt to act responsibly in a world in which violence is integrally ingrained. It comes from their hand, but they are not its perpetrators. In the chaotic experience of a world without a clear moral code, it is only the *overall* thrust of colonial Britain – of establishing order and progress – that stands out as worthy of our attention. The native Indians live lives of passivity, in which they derive all the benefits generated by the orderly society of the British. They are often pictured as simply spending their lives pursuing their base desires, without any sense of responsibility for society as a whole. Due to the above, every image of violence in the story really works to justify the imperial violence we know to

have been done and could be taken as stimulating a desire that the authority of the Empire be further strengthened, and, if need be, by violent means. The world is chaotic and opaque, and if we are to witness the spectacle of anybody enforcing their will, translating their will into law in such a world, we will choose to select for that role someone with a sense of responsibility for mankind – 'The White Man's Burden'. This is why, in Kipling's stories, the value for work is strongly reiterated and coupled with depictions of imperial might, as in, for example, 'The Bridge-Builders'. If the English are assiduously working for mankind in their imperial project, then the rod of violence should be theirs to hold. The alternative is that it should rest in the hands of rogues or the cruel forces of Fate.

References

Ashcroft, B., Griffiths, G. and Tiffin, H. *The Empire Writes Back: Theory and Practice in Post-Colonial Literatures.* London: Routledge, 1989

Bakhtin, M.M. *Speech Genres and Other Late Essays*. ed. C. Emerson & M. Holquist. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1986

Barthes, Roland. *The Rustle of Language*. Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1986

Benjamin, Walter. 'A Critique of Violence' in *On Violence: A Reader*. ed. B.B. Lawrence and A Karim. Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2007

Boehmer, Elleke. *Colonial and Postcolonial Literature*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2005

Ferguson, Niall. *Empire*. Fpp.2003; rpt. London: Penguin, 2004

Foucault, Michel. *Ethics: subjectivity and truth vol.1.* New York: The New Press, 1994

Foucault, Michel. *Power: essential works of Foucault 1954-1984 vol.3* ed. J.D. Faubion. London: Penguin, 1994

Hegel, G.W.F. *The Philosophy of History*. New York: Dover Publications, 1956

Hegel, G.W.F. *Hegel's Philosophy of Right*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1967

Hegel, G.W.F. *Introduction to the Lectures on the History of Philosophy*. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1985

Hegel, G.W.F. *Philosophie des Rechts*. Frankfurt: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1983

Houlgate, Stephen. *Freedom, Truth and History: An Introduction to Hegel's Philosophy*. London: Routledge, 1991

Kipling, Rudyard

_____. *The Day's Work*. London: Macmillan and Co., 1898.

_____. 'The Bridge-Builders'. In *The Day's Work*, pp.1-47

_____. 'The Tomb of his Ancestors'. In *The Day's Work*, pp. 102-47

_____. *Kim* (1901); rpt. London: David Campbell Publishers, 1995

_____. *The Jungle Books*. London: Penguin, 1989

_____. 'Quiquern' from *The Jungle Books* pp.275-297.

_____. 'The Miracle of Purun Bhagat' from *The Jungle Books* pp.192-206

_____. *Soldiers Three*. London: Macmillan and Co., 1888

_____. 'On the City Wall' in *Soldiers Three* pp.322-355

_____. *The Man Who Would be King & Other Stories*. Hertfordshire: Penguin, 1994

_____. 'The Man who Would be King' in *The Man Who Would be King & Other Stories*. pp. 115-144

Macherey, Pierre. *A Theory of Literary Production*. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1978

Marx, Edward. 'How We Lost Kafiristan.' In *Representations no.67*. University of California Press. URL: http://www.jstor.org/stable/2902886. Accessed 02-04-2019 08:16 UTC

McClintock, Anne. *Imperial Leather*. New York: Routledge, 1995

Moore-Gilbert, B.J. *Kipling and 'Orientalism'*. Kent: Croom Helm, 1986

Nagai, Kaori. 'G-d and His Doubles: Kipling and Conrad's "The Man Who Would be King".' Critical Survey vol. 21 no.1. Bergahn Books. URL: http://www.jstor.org/stable/4155630. Accessed 02-04-2019 08:19 UTC

Orwell, George. 'Rudyard Kipling' in *Kipling's Mind and Art*, ed. A. Rutherford. Stanford CA: Stanford University Press, 1966. pp.70-84

Orwell, George. *Burmese Days*. London: Penguin, 2014

Richards, Thomas. *The Imperial Archive: Knowledge and the Fantasy of Empire*. London: Verso, 1993

Said, Edward W. *Culture and Imperialism*. London: Vintage, 1994

Said, Edward W. *Orientalism*. London: Penguin, 2003

Sullivan, Z.T. *Narratives of Empire*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993

Wells, H.G. articles from ‘The New Machiavelli (1911) and The Outline of History (1920) in *Kipling: The Critical Heritage* ed. R.L. Green. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul Ltd. 1971. pp.305-307