

Fictions of Princely States and Empire

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INDIA BECAME INDEPENDENT ON 15 August 1947, and by mid-century the princely states no longer existed. Nevertheless, they continued to tease and to draw the literary imagination, as they had done throughout the period of British rule. The perspective, however, was altered and, with it, the highlights and depths, appearances and relationships. In Forster's *A Passage to India*, for example, the spiritual life of a princely state was viewed as a living part of the rich inheritance of India. When his *The Hill of Devi* appeared in 1953, it was to be "a record of a vanished civilization," salvaging "something precious" which might otherwise have been thrown away with the rubbish.¹

Forster's purpose was historical. In her fine study, *The Story-teller Retrieves the Past*, Mary Lascelles reminds us that wholly imaginative writers can also share in the historical activity, that is, the task of recreating the experiences of the past and of discovering thereby its relationship with the present. This paper will be concerned with the princely states as the subject of historical fiction and fiction-about-history. The works it will examine include Mulk Raj Anand's *Private Life of an Indian Prince* which, as it happened, was published in the same year as *The Hill of Devi*, Manohar Malgonkar's *The Princes* (1963), and Ruth Praver Jhabvala's *Heat and Dust* (1975).²

A question we are interested in must be the ways by which these novelists gained access to the past. Of the various ways which might be taken, it is that disclosed by the literary works of Englishmen about the empire which this paper will concentrate upon. For, to turn to Mary Lascelles again, "By the nature of his undertaking, the story-teller who draws on history impels us

to ask what he has been reading . . . when he reached backwards beyond memory — his own or his elders — and outside family tradition.”³ The literature of empire, both fictional and non-fictional, set out to entertain and to inform the British public. It also pointed to a way of looking. Kipling’s remark on the princely states summed up the general view: “They are the dark places of the earth, full of unimaginable cruelty, touching the Railway and the Telegraph on one side, and, on the other, the days of Harun-al-Raschid.”⁴ The second question this paper takes up concerns the manner in which these novelists have appropriated the literature of empire, and reworked it to suit their purposes. “Fictions are for finding things out, and they change as the needs of sense-making change,” as Frank Kermode has observed.⁵ To know the past is to be, above all, engaged with its relevance to the present.

Literary indebtedness can take many forms. It may be a broad, initial contact following which the new work plunges off on its own course. Such, I would suggest, is the connection between Anand’s novel and William Knighton’s *The Private Life of an Eastern King*, which appeared in 1855 and consists of the reminiscences of an Englishman who served at the court of Lucknow in the reign of Nasir-ud-din (1827-1837). To these, Knighton added a selection of reports on the condition of Oudh published by the Calcutta newspapers. The evidence pointed to a long-standing record of caprice, extravagance, licence, and neglect. Originating in the palace, they had repercussions throughout the countryside, and the King’s private life was the reason “that Oudh is one of the most miserably governed countries under heaven.”⁶ At a time when the fate of the kingdom was under discussion, *The Private Life of an Eastern King* lent support to those in favour of annexation.

Nearly a hundred years later, *Private Life of an Indian Prince* also concerns itself with the conduct of a ruler and the destiny of his state. The parallels with Knighton’s study are marked. The narrator, Dr. Shankar, is again a member of the court, one of four people close to Victor, Maharajah of Sham Pur. His accounts of Victor’s background and career reiterate the familiar courses of misrule and malpractice which despotism promotes and which, in this case, are intensified by Victor’s obsession with his faithless

mistress. Again the private life and the public are inexorably linked. Victor's sexual scandals, his extravagance and illegal exactions, his quarrels with his noblemen relations are responsible for strikes, revolts, and armed conflict in his state. Time runs out for him as it did for the King of Oudh, and Sham Pur passes into the control of the central government.

Some sections of Anand's novel might give the impression that nothing has changed in a hundred years, and with justification. History has its ironies. Because a contributing cause of the Mutiny was the annexation of Oudh, when the Crown assumed control of the government of India in 1858 it pledged to honour the treaties the Company had made with the princes. In consequence, the system which had been deplored as unworkable for Oudh, became, with minor variations, the means of governing the 562 princely states of India. As the rest of India moved into the modern age, and towards self-determination, they became more and more of an anachronism.

What has changed after 1947 is of course the political reality. Victor is being asked to accede to the Indian Union, a step he failed to take at the time of the transfer of power. What also has changed in this novel is the governing historical idea. Knighton assumed that Victorian civilization was superior and permanent. Anand's view is that British rule, and even the new freedom, are "part of a historical transition that was by no means finished and would bring still more shocks and surprises to all in the next few years" (p. 242). For him, the distance between *The Private Life of an Eastern King* and his own novel might be summed up in Lukác's words exactly: "Progress is no longer seen as an essentially unhistorical struggle between humanist reason and feudal-absolutist unreason. According to the new interpretation the reasonableness of human progress develops ever increasingly out of the inner conflict of social forces in history itself."⁷

Private Life of an Indian Prince was a bold attempt at reinterpreting the past, and in such a manner as would make sense of the difficult years following Independence. More debatable is whether it succeeds entirely as an imaginative realization of a historical idea and situation. Perhaps the events were too recent. No doubt Anand had trouble distancing himself from his personal

and emotional problems. Whatever the reason, thesis is too often a substitute for insight, and the narrator, in spite of Anand's assurances to the contrary, too much the author's mouthpiece. The Maharajah never quite manages to escape from Dr. Shankar's grid of ideas to become something more than a historical case and a case history.

For contrast, we think of Forster's Maharajah of Dewas Senior in *The Hill of Devi* who, living, defied public inquiry into his affairs, and, after death, resisted being too efficiently explained, even by those who loved him. Forster's intention was to offset the official accounts of Tukoji Puar III and to recall the individual who was "lovable and brilliant and witty and charming, and . . . complex."⁸ But perhaps his best tribute lay in the recognition that the character was "possibly unknowable."⁹ In this manner, he set his Maharajah free to be evoked as a subject for study by other writers.

And so it happened that ten years later Forster perceived in Malgonkar's *The Princes* "numerous and heart-rending" parallels between its fictional version of a princely state and the historical Dewas Senior.¹⁰ I do not think he was alluding to the obvious correspondences; for example, that both his Tukoji Puar and Hiroji IV, Maharajah of Begwad, were deeply religious, estranged from their Maharanis, embarrassed by their heirs-apparent, and considered by the British to be irresponsible rulers. After all, Malgonkar's method was to create composite portraits, and clear differences were also incorporated: the ruling house of Dewas claimed descent from the Marathas and the Rajputs, while the Bedars were originally casteless, professional robbers; Tukoji Puar abhorred blood sport while Hiroji IV was an excellent sportsman whose tiger hunts recalled those of "the greatest tiger impressario of all time," the Maharajah Sindia of Gwalior.¹¹

The parallels Forster referred to run at a deeper level and have their origin in the dominant part Dewas played in shaping Malgonkar's historical imagination:

"My grandfather was the prime minister of one of the bigger states in India and I grew up . . . knowing the princely ways . . . But that contact grew when I started my profession as a big-game hunter . . . and my clients were the most monied one could

think of, were American millionaires or Indian princes and one of them invited me to write the history of his family. . . ."¹²

The prince who was responsible for immersing the novelist in Maratha history was none other than the son of Forster's Maharajah. The commissioned work, *The Puar of Dewas State Senior*, appeared in 1963, the same year as *The Princes*.

James Dayananda remarked of Malgonkar's historical writings that they are heavily indebted to the research and scholarship of others and, moreover, lean towards propaganda for the vanishing princes.¹³ To which might be added that, too often, they read like chronicles rather than history, with the author, one feels, at the mercy of the endless wars, treaties, and succession disputes which make up his material.

The real achievement fell to him as novelist. The combined influences of personal background, contemporary events, and Maratha history produced tragic insight. From one point of view, the story of the princely rulers over two centuries tells of survival, often against great odds, and of continuity. From another, it tells of loss and a precarious destiny. Yearly, the Maratha armies set out upon conquests which had, yearly, to be recovered. If they enjoyed the glories of empire, they also knew its brevity. Afterwards, they gave up their wars for treaties with the British and their power struggles for quarrels over precedence, but the sense of uncertainty remained and was exacerbated by the contradictions inherent in their political position. Finally, with independent India becoming a reality, the princes found themselves fighting for their existence yet once more.

When the Maharajah of Dewas Senior fled into exile in 1933, Forster could wish him "to compromise, to give in to the inevitable, and so save something out of the wreck."¹⁴ But Forster was writing as a friend, and as an onlooker upon the rise and fall of kings. Malgonkar concentrates upon a more inward view of what might have impelled a prince like Tukoji Puar to take that "fatal," "fantastic" step. In his novel, the Maharajah of Begwad goes out unarmed to meet a man-eating tiger, preferring death to giving up the integrity of his little state. What he shares with Forster's Maharajah is the conviction that, after all, nothing will be the same again. Anand called his novel a tragi-comedy. A

longer view of the past, and possibly some disenchantment with the present, led Malgonkar to focus on the tragedy of the princes.

The story of the Maharajah of Begwad and his son, Abhayraj, is played out within the broad current of events leading up to the transfer of power and the merger of the princely states. By the time Abhayraj, who also narrates the story, is ready to assume the position of Bedar, the integrity of the state has been lost. His rule lasts forty-nine days, after which Begwad is absorbed in "the vast totality of India" (p. 25). Because we know the historical facts, Begwad's fate cannot surprise us. The novelist's task is to convince us of its inner necessity and to draw us into the human drama. He achieves this by showing, first, the corrupting effects of absolute power; and second, the linked destinies of princely state and empire. It is the second of these strands of interest that I wish to dwell on here.

So much that is intrinsic to the history and life of Begwad and of its ruler is sealed off from the youthful Abhayraj. As critics have pointed out,¹⁵ the novel delineates the stages by which forbidden and concealed territories are gradually opened up to him, until at the end his identification with his father and heritage is complete. The prince's progress from onlooker to participant means that perspective is sacrificed for intensity, and discoveries made in some areas produce concealments in others. The full significance, for example, of the part the British play in his development continues to escape him. Yet, from his English tutor to Chelmsford, the Princes' College at Agra, to the military Academy, and finally the army serving in Burma, his formal training is designed to reinforce the values and code of conduct implanted in him by the Maharajah, and to prepare him to serve both Begwad and the empire, a role which, as it turns out, he is not to fulfil. The larger movement of the novel underlines the ironies of such an education. In their turn, the smallest details, such as the literary works alluded to, are also made to tell.

Abhayraj's going-away present from his tutor is a copy of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and Chelmsford College is the English public school transplanted to India. "I know I'd sooner win two School-house matches running than get the Balliol scholarship any day," says a character in Thomas Hughes's novel. So, at Chelmsford,

games, team-spirit, and manliness count for more than intellectual attainments. Character is moulded and life reduced to a few simple rules. Not surprisingly, “Kipling’s ‘If’ was our daily prayer, the college motto ‘Never Give In’ our guiding principle” (p. 82).

Looking back upon his life, Abhayraj believes, “If I had my days all over again, the period of my life I would unhesitatingly choose to live exactly as I had, would be the years at the Chelmsford College at Agra” (p. 84). What he cannot see, even at so late a stage, is that by the 1930’s the empire was fast disintegrating, and the Princes’ College, its head and pupils were a dying order. The Second World War was to deal the deathblow. In some senses the decline had begun in 1857, the year Thomas Hughes published his optimistic statement of faith in “the great army of Browns” who upheld the empire. Kipling was the prophet of empire, but he also foresaw its doom. “If” was published in 1910, and bearing in mind the Great War and its aftermath, the sentiments in the poem were not so premature. Literary indebtedness operates as a structural device here, sustaining the tensions between the narrator’s limited perception and the author’s longer view of history.

It might be said that Kipling also serves to epitomize the distinctive consciousness of the novel:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss;
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve you long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them: ‘Hold on!’ . . .

That burdened spirit would have found a response in Hiroji IV who knows too well from his own experience and family history what it entails “to lose, and start again.” However, private sufferings are of little account compared to the integrity of the state. “There will always be a Begwad, and there will always be a Bedar ruling it — so long as the sun and moon go round” (p. 14), he

says early in the novel, and though the world changes all around him, it is a belief he refuses to yield up.

There is a curious overlap of disillusion and bravado both in the poem and Hiroji's behaviour in the novel. It calls to mind T. S. Eliot's statement: "Stoicism is the refuge for the individual in an indifferent or hostile universe too big for him; it is the permanent substratum of a number of versions of cheering oneself up."¹⁶ Eliot was speaking of various cases of self-dramatization in Elizabethan tragedy. A character like Hiroji IV may be expected, too, to play out his part whatever the situation. The greater the catastrophe, the more important it becomes that he should fill the little space and moment available to him. Only thus can the full measure of what is lost be contemplated by the tragic consciousness.

History, political reality, the destinies of princely states and empire coalesce in the very fine scene recreating the meeting between the Viceroy, Lord Mountbatten, and the Chamber of Princes three weeks before the transfer of power. The princes, taking a cue from Lewis Carroll, are inclined to regard themselves as oysters lured to their destruction by the Walrus and the Carpenter, that is, the British Government and Congress. But this sardonic note is quickly absorbed and becomes part of a complex total effect.

The scene is observed from a number of different perspectives. The princes have eyes only for the Viceroy who is making out an eloquent case for signing the Instrument of Accession: "What the Ministry had been telling them again and again for the past few weeks and what they had never wholly believed now gained their implicit trust because of the man behind the words: Mountbatten" (p. 279). The psychological insight cannot be faulted. As absolute rulers who know how to command the attention and loyalty of their people, the princes rally instinctively to the living image of authority, to the figure who in the context of the whole of India corresponds to what each of them is in his own state.

Watching the scene from the gallery, Abhayraj is chiefly occupied with his father, "the alert figure in the chair with the crest of the double axe, wearing the purple cap and the dead white achkan." Nevertheless, he too has taken in "the Viceroy in his

dazzling white uniform, his almost theatrical good looks. I counted the eleven rows of decoration on his chest. He spoke, without notes, confidently, serenely, almost disdainfully unaware that he was the central figure on the stage of history” (p. 278). These two images, of the Maharajah and the Viceroy, open and close the one paragraph, and they highlight for us, if not for Abhayraj, certain similarities between the two men, their appearance, status, and bearing. Above all, they are self-conscious performers with an acute sense of occasion. Here is an instance of what Avrom Fleishman, though some might not agree with him, considers essential to historical fiction — “a point of dramatic intersection of the fictional and the actual, best created when a fictitious and a historical personage are represented in the same scene.”¹⁷ Here, fictional character and historical personage comment on one another in a remarkable feat of seeing on Malgonkar’s part. For a brief moment, the Viceroy and the Maharajah are perceived under the same light of loss, for the Viceroy’s speech exhorting the princes to accede to the Indian Union is in effect testimony to the end of British rule in India.

Hiroji IV commits suicide rather than agree to a merger. A year later, his successor, Abhayraj, abdicates his title, having been found guilty of several items of misconduct. The most glaring of these is his horse-whipping of his childhood friend, and now Education Minister, Kanakchand. Malgonkar has been criticized for his narrow treatment of the untouchable who as a boy was whipped by Hiroji IV and ends up a twisted demagogue. Perhaps life has been sacrificed to some extent to artistic neatness in this case, but one cannot deny the impact of the final confrontation. It expresses irrefutably Abhayraj’s identification with his father, not simply because he acts like Hiroji IV and takes revenge on his behalf, but, insofar as Kanakchand was his first contact with progressive ideas, the second incident of horse-whipping may be read as signifying Abhayraj’s rejection of the new political and social reality which those ideas have since brought about. It shows the extent to which, politically futile and psychologically frustrated, Abhayraj is trapped, like Anand’s Indian Prince, by the past.

If in contrast the narrator of *Heat and Dust* is able to negotiate

a fluent passage between the past and her own age, part of the reason must be that she is an outsider, free to a very large extent from the weight of tradition, whether Indian or British Raj, and freer therefore to exercise her imagination in a supple manner. She arrives in India in February 1973, her curiosity stimulated by a packet of old letters written in 1923 by Olivia, her grandfather's first wife. For her, the princely states and empire do not have the personal intimacy they had for Anand's narrator and Malgonkar's. The separation of fifty years and two generations means that the configurations of the past are less cluttered and its demands less pressing.

Another difference between *Heat and Dust* and the earlier novels is that the princely ruler, in this case the Nawab of Khatm, and his relations with the British administration are, in themselves, no longer of central significance. One symptom of this is the note of parody which runs through the letters, in particular the echoes of Forster. Ruth Praver Jhabvala's indebtedness to *A Passage to India* has frequently been remarked. The borrowings from *The Hill of Devi* are also considerable and range from isolated details to concerted groupings. Though the Nawab is a composite portrait, many of the particulars relating to his domestic and political problems chime with what we know of the Maharajah of Dewas Senior:

Harry said, 'I know he's in all sorts of trouble. It's been going on for years. Financial troubles — Khatm is bankrupt — and then all that business with Sandy and the Cabobpurs who've been complaining right and left and trying to bring a case about her dowry. And of course that makes him more stubborn to fight back though he can't really afford to. Simla has been getting very acrimonious lately . . . You see, the truth is he's only a very little prince and they don't have to be all that careful with him the way they'd have to be for instance with the Cabobpur family. And he feels it terribly. He knows what he is compared with the others. You should see Old Cabobpur: he's just a gross swine, there's nothing royal about him. Whereas of course *he* is —'

'Yes.'

They heard his voice, his unmistakable step on the stairs.

(pp. 143-44)

Two points need to be made. First, Jhabvala's indebtedness to Forster is not straightforward. Though she gives the impression of echoing his works, she always maintains an ironical distance. Here, for example, the familiar piece of information we are given is set askew by the voice of Harry, the Nawab's homosexual house-guest, and, I would suggest, Jhabvala's sly take-off of Forster himself. Second, because the information is familiar, the effect is to disengage our attention from the Nawab, and to focus it upon how Olivia and Harry saw him. But we are never to know what insight they shared on this occasion. Nor are the divergent and conflicting images of the Nawab which Olivia assembled from her own observations, and from the gossip, complaints, and reports of others ever resolved — at least, not in the letters.

Just as Olivia was fascinated by the Nawab, so the narrator seeks, in a rather dogged way, to "know" the enigmatic writer of the letters. She edits them (though "translates" may be a more appropriate word), cutting past the surfaces of personality, the merry, mocking, exuberant style to what may be the bare reality. She arranges to bring her life into closer correspondence to the dead woman's. At the end of the novel, we leave her in the house in the mountains trying to read its concrete particulars as clues to what Olivia "thought about all those years, or how she became" (p. 180).

Olivia beckons and, like Forster's Maharajah, is "possibly unknowable." The problem of knowing, however, is central to the novel. It distinguishes between the knowing, for example, which is consciously pursued and may, in the end, turn out to be spurious, and that which is an act of the imagination and is of value. At the same time, they are not mutually exclusive, and on the occasions when the narrator is fully receptive the one has led up to the other. Then the relationship between past and present is truly apprehended, and what she takes away from the experience in each case is a strengthened faith in her own capacity for living. It is the delicate figuring in the novel of the complicated and imperceptible process by which memory and reliving, insight and hindsight, history and the present moment, are fused and transformed into illumination, that I wish to examine in the following example.

The episodes I am concerned with are included in the narrator's journal entry for 20 March, Olivia's letter following, and the entry for 15 June. The first recounts the visit the narrator makes with Inder Lal's mother to the suttee shrines; the second, Anglo-Indian reactions to the case of widow-burning in the district in 1923; and the last concerns the beggar woman, Leelavati. The pivotal image upon which these episodes rest is W. H. Sleeman's voluntary suttee, whom he encountered in 1829 on the banks of the Nerbudda. At a time when the practice of widow-burning was becoming prohibited, this old woman threatened to starve to death unless she was allowed to make the sacrifice and have her ashes mixed with her husband's.

Sleeman's account appears in *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official* (1844). In Olivia's letter, it was Major Minnies who recalled the incident, "not something that happened to him personally but a hundred years earlier to Colonel Sleeman" (p. 60). While the other Anglo-Indians condemned suttee as a barbaric custom designed to get rid of unwanted widows, the major supported Olivia's suggestion that some wives might genuinely have wished to die with their husbands. For a brief moment, it seemed possible that the terrible practice was informed with a noble idea, a paradox reflected, as it were, in "the crude figures scratched hair-thin into the stone" of the suttee shrines (p. 55).

Looking back from Olivia's letter to the journal entry, it comes as a surprise that the narrator's reactions to the shrines are negative. They give her an eerie feeling, are prosaic like mile-stones, the one dating back to 1923 looking as old as the rest. The devotion of her companion, "this merry widow" incongruously moved by "the highest sacrifice" (p. 55), merely amuses her. Knowing Olivia's thoughts on the subject has failed, it would seem, to revivify the past in any significant way.

The next time the narrator returns to the shrines, it is to look for Leelavati, the old beggar whom nobody in Satipur apart from Maji is prepared to own or help. They find her very close to death and attend her passing. Gradually the narrator's imagination is kindled. The beggar is not simply an object of charity but a person with a name and a history, and one who is loved. Maji's tenderness and vigorous approval, Leelavati's peace, and

the narrator's restored faith in her own humanity transform what was once a bleak and disagreeable scene:

It was pleasant sitting here — cool by the water — and we were ready to stay many hours. But she did not keep us waiting long. As the glow faded and sky and air and water turned pale silver and the birds fell asleep in the dark trees and now only soundless bats flitted black across the silver sky; at that lovely hour she died. I would not have noticed, for she had not moved for a long time. There was no death rattle or convulsion. It was as if everything had already been squeezed out of her and there was nothing left for her to do except to pass over. Maji was very pleased: she said Leelavati had done well and had been rewarded with a good, blessed end. (p. 115)

The level of percipience draws towards vision and is shadowed forth in the lyrical, assimilating simplicity of the prose. Jhabvala's writing is succinct like Forster's but without Forster's resonance. It is capable of ambiguity but not of mystery. However, within its middle ranges, it can achieve its kind of harmony, so that the phrase "as if everything had already been squeezed out of her" embraces thoughts of Leelavati's approaching immateriality, her exhausting life of hardships, and her physical incontinence referred to earlier in the scene.

Leelavati was driven from her husband's family home when he died. But she has acquitted herself well and can claim the right to die among those who performed the highest sacrifice. Although no overt connections are made with the earlier scenes, the narrator's sense of fittingness, and ours, will surely not be complete if we do not remember Sleeman's account of the other widow on the banks of the Nerbudda who also chose, in her own way, to do well:

As she rose up fire was set to the pile, and it was instantly in a blaze . . . she walked once round the pit, paused a moment, and, while muttering a prayer, threw some flowers into the fire. She then walked up deliberately and steadily to the brink, stepped into the centre of the flame, sat down, and leaning back in the midst as if reposing upon a couch, was consumed without uttering a shriek or betraying one sign of agony.¹⁸

One of Sleeman's informants pointed out that "after they (the dead husband and the suttee) pass through the flames upon

earth, both become young in paradise."¹⁹ In Jhabvala's novel, transfiguration of another kind takes place when the past is renewed by the heat of the imagination.

At a time when the narrator is in danger of slipping into a passive, resigned frame of mind, the total impact of the Leelavati incident is important to her development. It is after this that she goes to Baba Firdaus's shrine with Inder Lal, as if she too has decided to take an active part in shaping her destiny and to acquit herself well.

In seeking access to the past, the novelists I have discussed found in the literature of the past a rich storehouse of memories, both abundant and varied. It led them to ideas and doctrines which are very different from their own, many of which have long since been challenged and discarded. In this sense, to know the past is to recognize its remoteness. However, this literature also led them to the experiences of men and women who lived the ideas and doctrines. These experiences they have imaginatively appropriated, and by so doing they have given concrete realization to the relationship between past and present. What together these novelists have also demonstrated is the continuing and vital nature of the relationship, for writing about the princely states and empire, not only have they resorted to the same storehouse of memories, but each has, in turn, built consciously upon his or her predecessor's treatment of the subject. The fiction-making and sense-making go on, and (to borrow Shakespeare's phrase) from "the baseless fabric of *this* vision," we catch, at moments, and fleetingly, the idea of a Commonwealth tradition.

NOTES

- ¹ E. M. Forster, *The Hill of Devi and Other Indian Writings*, Abinger Edition (London: Edward Arnold, 1983), p. 4.
- ² Mulk Raj Anand, *Private Life of an Indian Prince* (London: Bodley Head, 1970); Manohar Malgonkar, *The Princes* (New York: Viking, 1963); Ruth Praver Jhabvala, *Heat and Dust* (London: John Murray, 1975). Page references are to these editions.
- ³ Mary Lascelles, *The Story-teller Retrieves the Past* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1980), pp. 20-21.
- ⁴ Rudyard Kipling, "The Man Who Would Be King," in *Wee Willie Winkie* (London: Macmillan, 1895).

- ⁵ Frank Kermode, *The Sense of an Ending* (1967; New York: Oxford University Press, 1979), p. 39.
- ⁶ William Knighton, *The Private Life of an Eastern King* (1855; London: Oxford University Press, 1921), p. 4.
- ⁷ Georg Lukács, *The Historical Novel* (1937; London: Merlin, 1978), p. 27.
- ⁸ Forster, p. 112.
- ⁹ Forster, p. 3.
- ¹⁰ Letter to Malgonkar, dated 27 August 1963, quoted in G. S. Amur, *Manohar Malgonkar* (New Delhi: Arnold Heinemann, 1973), p. 78.
- ¹¹ John Lord, *The Maharajahs* (New York: Random House, 1971), p. 112.
- ¹² Quoted in James Y. Dayananda, *Manohar Malgonkar* (Boston: Twayne, 1974), p. 95.
- ¹³ Dayananda, p. 88.
- ¹⁴ Forster, p. 109.
- ¹⁵ For example, G. S. Amur, p. 78.
- ¹⁶ T. S. Eliot, "Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca," *Selected Essays* (London: Faber, 1966), p. 131.
- ¹⁷ Avrom Fleishman, *Fiction and the Ways of Knowing* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1978), p. 53.
- ¹⁸ W. H. Sleeman, *Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official* (1844; London: Oxford University Press, 1915), pp. 22-23.
- ¹⁹ Sleeman, p. 27.