

A Study of Human Values in Mulk Raj Anand's *Untouchable* and *Coolie*

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Abstract. Mulk Raj Anand was an Indian novelist and short story writer. He was among the writers who incorporated Punjabi and Hindustani idioms into English. His stories depicted a realistic and sympathetic portrait of the poor in India. He was the first Indian novelist to make an untouchable, the hero of a novel. In this sensitive portrayal of an individual. Mulk Raj Anand displays his penetrating thought and human attitude in understanding the grim realities of one of the aspects of the social life in India. Here the values of human have been presented by Anand in his two novels – *Untouchable* and *Coolie*. *Untouchable* is Anand's first novel and his most compact and artistically satisfying work. This novel describes the life of 18-years old Bakha and his sister Sohini. Why are they treated like dirt by all human? Just because his profession is to clean latrines. Artistically, it is the most perfect of Anand's writings. Bakha tackles his odious job with a conscientiousness that invests his movements with beauty, The next novel *coolie* has a wider canvas and is more diffused in structure Munoo, a young orphan, works at a variety of odd jobs at Daulatpur. Munoo is exploited not because of his caste but because he is poor.

Keywords : Human; untouchable; poor; outcaste; disappointment.

Here Mulk Raj Anand's novels *Untouchable* and *Coolie* have presented the differences between human and human being. Anand writes very beautifully differences of humanities and show the realities of human beings. Bakha is an untouchable, a member of the lowest caste in India. The action of this book occupies one day in Bakha's life. A likeable, strangely he touches a caste Hindu. This catastrophe and its repercussions poison all that happens subsequently, even such episodes as a hockey match, a country walk and wedding. But hardly he becomes happy and enjoys life. What is perfect and clean clothes they don't know. If they see this type of thing they become surprised :

Oh, is that why you are wearing such nice clothes today, remarked Bakha, I see! What a fine waistcoat that! Only a bit frayed that gold thread on the velvet. Why don't you iron it? And oh I like that chain! Why is there a watch by the is there a watch Attached to it or is it merely for "fashun".

(*Untouchable*, 40)

Other side Anand describes about Munoo in *Coolie* that Munoo knew how his father had died a slow death of bitterness and disappointment and left his mother a penniless beggar, to support a young brother-in-law and a child in arm. The sight

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of his mother grinding grain between the scarred surfaces of mill-stones which she gyrated round and round, round and round by the wooden handle, now with her right hand, now with her left, day and night, had become indelibly imprinted on his mind. Also, the sight of her as she had lain dead on the ground with a horrible yet said, set expression on her face, had sunk into his subconscious with all its weight of tragic dignity and utter resignation. He had dreamed of course, of all the wonderful hinges which the village folk spoke about when they came back from the towns, the lallas, the Babus, and the sahibs from beyond the black waters – the silk clothes they wear and the delicacies they ate. Even here again, shown value of humanities. Due to this destitute they have no authorities to get or wear expensive things. He was especially interested in machines such as he had read about in the science primer of the fourth class. But he had meant to go to town when he had passed all his examinations here and was ready to learn to make machines himself. Bakha wanted to study and look like sahib. Bakha noticed the ardent, enthusiastic look that lit up the little one's face. The anxiety of going to school! How beautiful it felt! How nice it must be to be able to read and write! One could read the papers after having been to school. One could talk to the sahibs. One wouldn't have to run to the scribe every time a letter comes and one wouldn't have to pay him to have ones Heer-Ranja. And he had felt a burning desire, while he was in the British barracks, to speak the tish-mish, tish mish which the tummies spoke :

but the masters wouldn't teach the outcastes lest
their fingers which guided the students across's the
text should touch the leaves of the outcastes books
and they be polluted. (44)

Somewhere some persons show their kind heart like the sons of the Babu, being influenced with the captain of the regimental hockey team, because of the exalted position of their father, had had a dozen or so discarded hockey sticks given to them. The boys of the neighbourhood, who composed the 38th Dogras Boys' Eleven, were mostly the poor sons of the untouchable, dependent on the bounty of the Babu's sons for the loan of a stick every afternoon for a practice game. The elder of the two boys was always very obliging. He willingly suffered his mother's abuse for playing with the outcastes. But the younger one had to be humored before he would yield. Human fight for upper caste-lower caste, they fight for rich-poor, somewhere fight for food and water and some people want to kill each-other and some-where people want to save our life from death and their only kind-hearted people help them like a botched-up rescue mission, even as 13 tourists continued to remain standing in cabin cars on the ropeway at Deoghar's trikut hills without thinking that who all are there? Are they lower or upper caste but human being was there. A malfunctioning system saw cable cars getting stuck thousands of feet above ground and hurtling against each-other. Here showing humanities value that how that Indian Air Force helicopters were pressed into action for rescuing 48 tourists who were stranded in different cabin cars. Here showing the

main value of human and salute those human beings army who save them without thinking their own life :

PM Modi is constantly monitoring the situation.
In Deoghar due to the ropeway accident. He also
discussed the rescue operations with Union Home
Minister Amit Shah. (Panday & Mukesh, 10)

Munoo's uncle takes him to town for his job that he could earn and live. After he had gone a few hundred yards, with a heart contracted by fear and head expanded by thoughts, his feet bore the burning earth more easily. Because they even did have a pair of footwear or any van for crossing the distance. Due to their lack of money they have to face all these problems. He avoided the stones by hopping about and gave occasional relief to his soles by working a while on his toes. He was more than grateful for half a mile in a tunnel, and he grew cheerful when he saw, at the foot of the hill, a large number of tall, flat-roofed houses, crowded in irregular groups round the red stone minarets of mosques and the golden domes of temples. He forgot the inconveniences of the journey at the prospect of the journey's end. Here by the sudden rift of a shadowy lane or a dark grimy gully, thereby glaring patches of sunlight, seemed beautiful to him, especially when a man passed clad in a silk tunic and *dhoti* and gold-embroidered shoes, or when a group of women shuffled along, swinging their elbows and flourishing their green, pink or purple silk veils. He felt as if he were walking in a dream, in a land of romance where everything was gilded and grand, so different was this world from the world of the mountains. But, as he entered deeper into the town, and saw some people like himself who had the aspect of hill folk, as they carried weights on their backs, he felt more surprised. He could not realise the significance of this world. There was an eager fluttering sense of anticipation in his heart at the sight of the grand marble building by which Daya Ram had stopped to wait for him. And for serving him he brings a guy. When he reaches, Daya Ram just sacrifice himself to him :

I bow my forehead to you, Babuji. Daya Ram said,
joining his hands and dusting his feet as he entered.
(*Coolie*,10)

The Babu lifted his head from the papers before him but didn't reply, "Yus sir, yus sir, fot not de. Junction be ehana..." (33) The Babu seemed to be saying to the tube into which he spoke, as he held a cap with a twisted cotton wire to his left ear. Munoo wondered whether the language that his would be master was speaking was the angrezi speech the village school teacher said should be learnt by all those who wanted to become Babus, again here who become Babu only he could learn and go to school. He reflected for a moment and then he knew it was angrezi. But not dare to learn that only because of poor and value. Bakha crossed the street to where the Bengali sweetmeat-seller's shop was but eight annas in his pocket, he said to himself, "dare I buy some sweets? If my father comes to know that I spend

all my money on sweets, he thought and hesitated, but come. I have only one life to live: he said to himself, 'let me taste of the sweets who knows, tomorrow I may be no more' we all know that everybody have one life to live but the poor people have also one life but that life is not in their hand that life is like a puppet, the rich people play with them and not with softly but with full of heartless". (71) He just standing in a corner, he stole a glance at the shop to see which the cheapest thing was he could buy. But the shopkeeper as I describe earlier the rich people decide how to treat the lower poor people charging them much bigger prices, as if to compensate themselves for the pollution they courted by dealing with the outcastes. Four annas worth of jalebis, Bakha said in low voice as he courageously advanced from the corner where he had stood. His head was bent. He was vaguely ashamed and self-conscious at being seen buying sweets. Even they can't walk on road confidently; they have to keep to the side of the road, oh low-caste vermin! He suddenly heard someone shouting at him 'why don't you call, you swine, and announce your approach? Do you know you have touched me and defiled, me cock-eyed son of bow-legged scorpion; now I will have to go and take a bath to purify myself. And it was dhoti and shirt I put on this morning!

Swine, dog, why didn't you shout and warn me of your approach! He shouted as he met Bakha's eyes 'don't you know, you brute, that you must not touch me. (*Untouchable*, 53)

Bakha was too confused in the tense atmosphere which surrounded him to repeat what he had said, or to speak coherently and audibly. The man was not satisfied with dumb humility. Bakha stood still, with his hands joined, though he dared to lift his forehead, perspiring and knotted with its hopeless and futile expression of meekness. From wondering about the Babu's speech he failed to admire his clothes: the high, hard, white collar which he wore; the enormous turban wound round a pyramidal kulah of red velvet embroidered with gold thread; the khaki coat with big pockets like money bags; the wide cotton pyjamas; and the boots, the black boots. If only! I had had black boots like that! said Munoo to himself, I would have walked much quicker and my feet would not have blistered. Daya Ram bowed obsequiously over his joined in homage to the Babu. Then he dragged the boy away from the contemplation. I should have been the high- caste people in the street. That man! That he should have hit me! My poor jalebis! I should have eaten them. But why couldn't I say something? Couldn't I have joined my hands to him and then gone away? The slap on my face! The coward! How he ran away? The slapon my face! The coward! How he ran away, like a dog with the tail between his legs. He knows I was being abused. Not one of them spoke for me. The cruel crowd! All of them abused, abused, abused. Why are we always abused? The sentry inspector that day abused my father. They always abuse us. Because we are sweepers. Because we touch dung. They hate dung. I hate it too. That's why I came here. I was tired of working on the latrines every day. That's why they don't touch us, the high-castes.

For them I am a sweeper, sweeper, sweeper-
untouchable! untouchable! untouchable! That's the
word! Untouchable! I am an untouchable! (59)

Even the high class human mentality is that even the poor or low class people can't enter the surrounding of temple they keep them in distance that time lower class haven't much authority. The worshippers tell them that the distance, the distance the top of the steps were shouting 'a temple can be polluted according to the holy books by a low-caste man coming within sixty-nine yards of it', and here he was actually on the steps at the door. We are ruined. We will need to have a scarified fire in order to purify ourselves and our shrine. In that only lower caste can't enter the temple but nowadays it is very hard to do puja for the people. People have to struggle or fight for puja if we talk about recent right. It was occasion of Ram Navami and a havan was organized by the students in Kaveri Hostel and these were students who were objecting to this. Here they haven't any sympathy towards divine and can't feel the feeling of devotee. The wardens and dean of students tried to pacify them and the *havan* was concluded peacefully. Despite this, some students were not happy and soon after, at time of dinner, a ruckus was created and heated arguments were followed by an altercation between the groups :

Food should never be used as a political weapon to polarize people. Those responsible for instigating the campus violence must be identified and punished. Had adequate action been taken in an earlier incident of violence in JNU in 2020, perhaps this story episode could have been avoided. (Ghosh & Gohain, TOI, April, 12)

Some people fight for eating vegetarian or non-vegetarian but in *Coolie*, Munoo did not attend to it for a moment. He was possessed by sadness and self-pity. He was tired after the long march through the hills. And he was hungry. Here he just needs some pieces of food because he knows the real fact of hunger but depend on human value. He had thought that he would be able to sit down when he reached his destination, and that he would be given food according to the custom which prevails in all Indian homes of offering food to guests and visitors at whatever time of the day they arrive. But he forgot that he is not in custom level, he forgot that human behaviour supposed to be by their looking and by their properties. And here Munoo is poor and orphan boy. Instead he was being asked to go on an errand the very minute he arrived. Perhaps the customs in the towns are different. He thought with a sinking feeling but the customs in the town are different for slave and the poor, he didn't know :

get up ,oh you illegally begotten you have been the
bringer of disgrace to me! Get up or I will kill you!
Exclaimed Daya Ram turning towards Munoo, his
white teeth flashing. (*Coolie*, 6)

Munoo sprang up, knowing that his uncle's threats of beating always led to actual blows. He wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand and followed his guardian in the torrid heat, abusing him in his mind. Munoo began to cry. He was resentful and disheartened, thinking how he hated his uncle. He had come to grief fifty yards ahead, having collided with a calf which strayed about among the crowds of men and women near the fruit shops at the cross roads. So he walked along reassured, forgetful still but sufficiently cautious, with one eye on his uncle ahead of him, another on the row of shapes, and an occasional glance behind to see that there was not another steel horse, or bicycle as the juggler had called it, following.

The outcastes were not allowed to mount the plat form surrounding the well, because if they were ever to draw water upper castes would consider the water polluted. Nor were they allowed access to the nearby brook as their use of it would contaminate the stream. They had no well of their own because it cost a lot of money to dig a well in such a hilly town as Bulandshahar. Perforce they had to collect at the foot of caste Hindu's well and depend on the bounty of some of their superiors to pour water into their pitcher. More often than not there was no caste Hindu present. Most of them were rich enough to get the water carriers to supply them with plenty of fresh water every morning for their baths and kitchens, and only those came to the well who were either fond of an open-air bath or too poor to pay for the water-carrier services. So the outcastes had to wait for chance to bring some caste Hindu to the well for luck to decide that he was kind for fate to ordain that he had time- to get their pitchers filled with water.

When Sohini reached the well there were already about ten other outcastes waiting. But there was no one to give them water. She had come as fast as she could to the well, full of fear, anxiety that she would have to wait her turn since she could see from a distance that there was already a crowd. She didn't feel disappointed so much as depressed to realise that she would be the eleventh to receive water. Here she is not an outcaste but being of the lowest caste among the outcastes, would naturally be looked down upon by Gulabo. The delicate features of her rising beauty had inflamed Gulabo's body. The girl was a potential rival. Gulabo hated the very sight of her innocent, honest face, though she would not confess, even to herself, that she was jealous of the sweeper-girl. But she unconsciously betrayed her feeling in the mockery and abuse with which she greeted Sohini :

Her mind, eager to deceive itself, would not recognise her admirers as wish phantasies, her dream world of romance had to be peopled to become real. These admirers served her purpose for she gave them, mixing a little truth with much fiction, gestures and impulses to suit her liking. (*Music for Mohini*, 27)

Sohini now realised that the woman was angry but she hasn't done anything to annoy her. She herself began it all and is abusing her. She didn't pick the quarrel. Gulabo just insulted her without any reason but Sohini didn't speak a single word against her. Because she knows her limit and she know that she is very poor and of low caste and she doesn't have authority to speak anything. But Gulabo didn't stop her, just speaking up against Sohini and abusing that bitch, why don't you speak here Gulaboo tense that why didn't Sohini speak anything Gulabo again abuse, prostitute why don't you answer me? Gulaboo insisted her. Sohini just politely said please don't abuse me, the girl said. I haven't said anything to you.:

you annoy me with your silence. Eater of dung and drinker of urine! Bitch of a sweeper –woman! I will show you how to insult one, old enough to be your mother; and she rose with upraised arm and rushed at Sohini. (*Untouchable*, 29)

Women have no respect even for women. If we talk about women's self-respect or self-protection authority even at home or out of home it all depends on human nature. Somewhere women stop by their elders or somewhere they stop by their men. Nowhere women feel free. Sometimes men also curse women such as *Coolie* Munoo always shouted at his aunty. But some women do almost at work after asking her men :

what can a woman do? What strength has she against her house hold king? Tell me. Dear sisters. (*A Goddess Named Gold*, 7)

Daya Ram took his nephew to Bibiji and said he had brought his little nephew to serve you her. Here he was. Then he flashed an angry glance at Munoo and said, "join your hand, you pig and say I fall at your feet to Bibiji". (47) Munoo joined his hands, but he had hardly said ' I fall.... When a loud piercing shriek came from a child somewhere in the inner chambers. Bibiji retreated and exclaimed in a hard, rating voice; oh baby you have eaten my life! You can't rest even while I am talking business to anyone! You of the evil star! Now, what is the matter with you? What do you want? You... "Yes Bibiji, I took him to the office first said Daya ram and Babuji said, I was to bring him here and to put him in you charge".(53) He just kept Munoo without his agreement. Munoo felt a strange emptiness in him, a kind of embarrassment. The picture of his aunt came before him. but she never abused or cursed so much. He felt more dangerous than his aunt here :

And she would have continued, such a sharp, long tongue she had, and such in exhaustible resources of breath, had Daya Ram not stir will everything be all right then, Bibiji? Shall I leave him here? (59)

Both the novels show their its own human qualities. We see what does the values of human beings means. We can easily notice that value depends on power, money and on caste. If we have power we can stand in front of anyone and if rich can keep any maid and if caste can read anywhere. That all depends on that. But here in both novels their two types of differences in *Untouchable* Anand makes a compelling case for the end of untouchability because it is an inhumane, unjust system of oppression. He uses Bakha and the people populating the young man's world to craft his argument. The evil of untouchability is the main theme of the novel *Untouchable*. It draws our attention towards the miseries faced by the untouchables. The injustice, humiliations, and degradation faced by a particular section of the society are even visible in modern Indian society. Bakha can't do anything except sweeping due to outcaste and coolie condemned the social, economic, and cultural impact. The main theme of *Coolie* is the exploitation of the poor by the rich in early twentieth century India and human suffering that this brings. In *Coolie* owing to Munoo's poverty he has to work as a servant for some rich people. This shows different types of human values.

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