



Coetzee's *Foe* is a re-telling story of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*

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Abstract

J. M. Coetzee's fifth novel, *Foe* (1986), one of his most metafictional to date, deconstructs this desultory circumstance which, as Said clarifies, "far from being a type of idyllic conversation between equals, as Ricoeur would have it, is more usually of a kind typified by the relation between colonizer and colonized, the oppressor and the oppressed. In this vein the peruser of *Foe* is called upon to be mistrusting aware of the connection among creator and text. As Coetzee puts it, "the nature and processes of fiction' may also be called the question of who writes. Who takes up the position of power, pen in hand?" This desultory circumstance is acknowledged in *Foe*, as I will contend, in the figure of Friday, a character obtained from Daniel Defoe's great tale, *Robinson Crusoe* (1719); yet, incomprehensibly, Friday additionally opposes being figured in talk. He is a considerable body not just the substance of a story. For the reasons for my contention substance will suggest verbose experience and generosity will imply in essence materiality. Crusoe, the 'e' vanishes in Coetzee's variant, likewise includes and the name of a third hero, Susan Barton, is gotten from the courageous woman, Roxana, in another of Defoe's works, *Roxana* (1724), whose genuine name is Susan. Roxana's little girl is additionally named Susan.

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Introduction

In Coetzee's *Robinsonade*, Crusoe battles to form Friday as pilgrim subject, he is apparently absolutely oppressed, while Barton sets herself the assignment of discharging him from his bonds. However, critically, she confuses his real significance for his substance as story: he is nothing, she accepts, until his is designed in talk. Key to opening the mystery quiets in *Foe*, including the quietness of authorial deletion, is a comprehension of how Coetzee, in the convention of postcolonial stating, unwrites his pilgrim intertexts, yet additionally how these writings encroach upon one another. Obviously, there is a threat in unwritings, for example, this, as John Marx brings up, that they will in general fortify the centrality of Western composition of course, and this is an issue that various pundits have gotten on in their readings of *Foe*. Marx finishes up, by and by, that “treating canonical texts as a source of raw material could not help but transform them”.

In *Foe* not exclusively is Crusoe embroiled in this character work; however Barton and Friday – who in Defoe serves the Enlightenment task of counterbalancing the eponymous present day Crusoe – are as well. It is in this way obvious then that *Foe* has welcomed various women's activist just as post colonialist readings, much the same as the structure of the story supported by Coetzee's writer *Foe* (Defoe, short the bombastic prefix), which is the tale of Barton's lost little girl, in *Robinson Crusoe* the account of the island is only one piece of the bigger account. As Benita Parry brings up, “Crusoe [in Defoe's novel] ... has a life before and after his years on the island, and the story of this rehearses the stages of colonialism prior to formal empire” described by a forceful mercantilism harmfully upheld by the slave exchange and pilgrim stations in Asia and Latin America. As in Defoe's rendition, Friday is Crusoe's slave; however, the idea of this pilgrim experience withdraws from its source in various significant manners. *Robinson Crusoe* gives us the frontier experience which is the stuff of the mythic start: Friday broadly subjects himself by setting his head under Crusoe's foot. When Barton shows up on the island in *Foe* Friday is at this point subjugated, provincial savagery previously done, with the impact, dangerously, of essentializing Friday as slave since we know nothing of his life previously. Deciding to get rid of the fantasy of beginnings, Coetzee pulls together the story on the hushes that wrap Friday. Maybe most urgently, the Friday of *Robinson Crusoe* not exclusively can speak (Coetzee's Friday is quiet since his tongue has been torn out), he additionally rapidly increases a functional handle of English by which, incidentally, as *Foe* so distinctly illustrates, he can be formed by his lord: in *Robinson Crusoe* instructs Friday to state Ace and in *Foe* Crusoe confesses to showing Friday just the words that Crusoe accepts will prepare him in his job as slave. Friday in *Foe* is most likely a dark African slave, a Negro with a head of fluffy fleece, while in its intertext Friday is Amerindian, and specifically not a Negro. Defoe's Crusoe depicts him as an attractive, attractive individual ... he had all the pleasantness and delicateness of an European ... His hair was long and dark, not twisted like fleece ... his nose little, not fat like the Negroes. That Friday in *Robinson Crusoe* is seen as facially like a European, and distinctly not African, has the impact of decreasing the danger to Crusoe's psycho-social respectability; without a doubt, there are brief intermissions in the story when Crusoe perceives typical humankind among himself and his man. By recognizing Friday along these lines in *Foe*, Coetzee assigns him a slave, wrecked in transit on the Middle Passage, from Africa to the Americas. By this implies, Coetzee unwinds the manners by which Friday, as

character, is comprised by colonialist talk. One part of the story that frequently gets ignored in readings of *Foe* is that like Crusoe and Barton, Friday is additionally a castaway. As Barton at any rate has the perspicacity to acknowledge, Wreck is an extraordinary leveller. In *Foe* it is Friday and Barton, as opposed to Friday and his lord, who travel to England after the island experience and it is in England that Barton will have her revelation about her own job in Friday's training and that Friday will stand firm against being joined into the settler colonialist arrangement of portrayal. By the by, it is the narrative of Robinson Crusoe's island, instead of the arrival to England, that for the present crowds has persevered through, prove in the plenty of Robinsonades that Defoe's epic has generated in writing. As examined above, Hulme contends that in *Robinson Crusoe* this surrounding gadget figures the mythic beginning of colonialist philosophy. Lewis Nkosi in *Robinson Crusoe: Call Me Master* draws on this mythic quality by guaranteeing that English perusers "cannot read *Robinson Crusoe* properly, just as they cannot read *The Tempest* for what it is, because they cannot read themselves into the book" at the end of the day, they do not have the moral vantage point that relating with the "local" requires and are blinded to address readings of pioneer legend since they are in every case previously implanted inside it. Said expands the possibility of the experience of writings in his later work *Culture and Imperialism* (1993), in which he contends that the realities of domain give the structure of mentality and reference in books like Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park* (1814), Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* (1847) and, obviously, Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*. In Said's words, *Robinson Crusoe* is the "prototypical modern realistic novel that certainly not accidentally ... is about a European who creates a fiefdom for himself on a distant, non-European island"⁹. The colonialist settings of these works, , Said watches, give the social and good texture for the magnificent state , and this can be exposed by perusing contrapuntally.

Discussion

The errand of the contrapuntal peruser isn't to dismiss either the common or scholarly parts of the examination, to investigate the settings of the work while remembering its account joys, on account of Austen's *Mansfield Park*, for example, a deftly made satire of habits. In *Mansfield Park* the fortune of Sir Thomas Bertram, noble man father to Tom and Edmund, is based on the rear of subjugation: the novel hyper-cautiously, in a very Austenian way, references the family's slave estate in Antigua. Said proposes that from our cutting-edge point of view, Sir Thomas' victories and disappointments in the provinces get from the quieted national experience of individual personality, conduct, and appointment. Wanting to concentrate on the island experience, the mystery of which Friday obstinately watches, Barton coincidentally picks the fantasy of the frontier experience as the surrounding gadget of her story. As I have recommended in my conversation of *In the Heart of the Country* (1977) in, Western-driven woman's rights in Coetzee's fiction dangers subsuming the legislative issues of racial otherness, an otherness figured herein may be its most obvious structure, the quiet slave. Barton, who at the start trusts it is her voice that has been stifled, compares herself in the area of keeping in touch with a slave and to an infant, as she has compared Friday to an unborn. However, her need is immediately displaced by that of Friday: it is the substance of his voice (that is, his organization) that at last isn't heard. Following Coetzee's means, we see that of *Roxana*, the two acknowledged as contending talks. Barton not just rejects the little girl figure whom *Foe* has attempted to foist upon her and whom she totally dismisses as her own, yet in addition upsets the gentility

ascribed to her as Muse by turning out to be both goddess and begetter of her story. Regardless of enrolling *Foe* to form her record, she keeps up the father's on the right track to its control and emblematically signals this power when she mounts Foe as she engages in sexual relations with him, lessening him to ladylike accommodation. The hero of Roxana, whose genuine name is Susan and who, as Barton, lives as a so called fancy woman or prostitute to a string of rich men, advocates what today would be viewed as a women's activist disposition towards marriage, shockingly originating before crafted by Mary Wollstonecraft (b. 1759) to whose *Maria or Maria*, or, the *Wrongs of Woman* (distributed after death in 1798) she productively may be looked at. Roxana disregards Sir Robert Clayton's proposition to be engaged in wording the last alludes to as Amazonian:

My heart was bent upon an independency of fortune, and I told him I knew no state of matrimony but what was at best a state of inferiority, if not of bondage;... I would be a man-woman; for as I was born free, I would die so.

. Accordingly, while Crusoe determinedly works the land in *Robinson Crusoe*, which normally is perused as a moral, story of financial independence, in *Foe* Crusoe's demonstration of composing the land sharpens the colonialist securing of space: vainly marking out his region, Crusoe states his territory instead of efficiency. Barton insightfully draws a similarity between the blood of slaves spent in building the Egyptian burial chambers and the structure of the patios, which in these terms burden land to colonialist savagery. Tending to the lethargic Friday, Barton bestows: "The further I journey from Crusoe's terraces, the less they seem to me like fields waiting to be planted, the more like tombs". Essentially, on the island, where the instruments of composing have been dismissed, Friday's powerlessness to sire youngsters, accordingly expelling one danger to provincial position, yet in addition the endeavor to strip him of the ability to write his own life. Be that as it may, may be the most extreme take off from its interest is the mode where Foe is conveyed. The expressive opening, at Barton's place of section into the story and the island experience—With a moan, making body has been composed upon by imperialism and colonialist talk since not just has he been oppressed and his tongue cut out, he may likewise have been emasculated. In Coetzee, where sexual intensity is lined up with creation, scarcely a sprinkle, I slipped over the edge—frequents the account and returns us more than once to the site of injury, the submerged slave transport, which untruths covered at the base of the ocean. While Coetzee honours Defoe's verisimilitude through a bygone language structure and through the epistle-style works this time, Barton's letters to Foe as opposed to in *Robinson Crusoe*'s diary to descendants, here the expressive examination closes. Defoe's epic, Hulme fights, puts the constituents of formal authenticity together yet to a practically humiliating degree: *Robinson Crusoe* is true to the point that the story undermines to withdraw from being writing by any stretch of the imagination, which, Hulme brings up, is most clearly portrayed by plot. Crusoe records the minutest detail of his experience on the island in his diary, to a limited extent, to monitor time. It was not out of the ordinary, given the novel's hyper-authenticity, that contemporary perusers would be hoodwinked into accepting they were perusing a travelogue. Indeed, even late examinations of the work, as Hulme notes, have would in general contend that *Robinson Crusoe* pantomimes the surface of day by day experience so precisely that, Hulme recommends, just the most cautious rereading will see the fundamental profound examples that gives the account its actual significance. Hulme and different post colonialists like to peruse Defoe's authenticity as experience

and, thus, frontier sentiment. Experience gives double importance: firstly, in its unadulterated structure as the stuff of courageous undertaking ordinarily centering on the mission for treasure; furthermore, as in financial adventure, dealer traveller – anybody contributing abroad to experience free enterprise, the benefit stripper. These two sorts of experience, individual and financial, are coterminous in the pilgrim story. Toward the finish of his caper on the island, Crusoe finds he has amassed land and financial interests in the Brazils of some impressive sum. All things considered, however Defoe's story is apparently practical, Crusoe's island isn't. As Hulme brings up, the Amerindians would absolutely not have disregarded Crusoe's surprisingly prolific island except if they had been driven off by the European rivalry for Caribbean land which was going full bore by 1659. Hulme contends that the reasonable detail of the story:

Obscures elements of the narrative that ... would have to be called mythic [Crusoe is left “to live out alone his repetition of colonial beginnings”], in the sense that they have demonstrably less to do with the historic world of the mid- seventeenth-century Caribbean than they do with the primary stuff of colonialist ideology – the European hero's lonely first steps into the void of savagery.

Conclusion

While respecting Defoe's artistic accomplishments, Coetzee's account mode begins deconstructing the provincial facts of this prior content, a book which, as per Hulme, drifts around Crusoe's generous imperialism. It accomplishes this by surrounding the inquiry, what is truth? Barton determinedly discusses protecting reality of her record which she accepts must be accomplished by releasing the hushed story of Friday's tongue. As indicated by Attwell, the account shapes the unending chain of admission Coetzee identifies in Admission and Double Thoughts. As Attwell explains, each new area gets behind the first one until, at the purpose of conclusion; we have an anonymous storyteller who appears to represent the account work as such. The consistent not expose to this perpetual re-assessment and reappraisal, Attwell recommends, “Marking the limit of self-knowledge in Susan's case and overwhelming the narrator at the novel's close, is Friday”. Friday's significance may be steady at the same time, as I am contending here, his substance, or the manners in which he is seen by others (that is, built in talk), unquestionably isn't. On the off chance that *Robinson Crusoe* handed down the mantle of father of the English epic on Defoe, Coetzee's content attempts to unload the pilgrim philosophy that outlines its interest by delegitimizing the authority of the colonialist creator figure – here, Defoe and Crusoe, yet in addition Barton and Coetzee himself – through this interminable chain. Enemy ordinarily is perused as postmodernist, however this has been a prickly subject for some postcolonial pundits who have scrutinized the appropriateness of using a postmodern mode to address postcolonial problematic in light of the fact that postmodernism, through its clear distraction with surface and by destabilizing importance, is started as far as anyone knows on a refusal to connect strategically. For Graham Pechey, Coetzee appropriates a postmodern mode to pass on postcolonial issues.

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