

**DEREK WALCOTT'S *DREAM ON MONKEY MOUNTAIN*: A COMPLICATED PRESENTATION OF POSTCOLONIAL CONDITION OF THE WEST INDIANS**

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**Abstract**

*In Derek Walcott's play Dream on Monkey Mountain, the central character Makak represents distinct West Indian identity that is different from purely African or British identity. The black charcoal-burner Makak has been jailed for being drunk and disorderly in Alcindor café. Corporal Lestrade is an agent of the white/British rule; he performs his duty according to the rules of Her Majesty's Government. In response to the Corporal's formal queries Makak replies that he forgets his name and he belongs to a tired race. In fact, he has lost his identity. Makak, however, at last takes up his position as an African monarch. At Lestrade's instigation, the enemies of Africa are brought before Makak in a fantasy of black revenge; they are all condemned to death. Their common crime is their whiteness. Makak finally beheads the apparition of the White Goddess, exorcises the European and African sides of his heritage and regains his true identity. This paper attempts to demonstrate that Makak's situation in Walcott's play epitomises postcolonial condition of any formerly colonized West Indian.*

**Key words:** Caribbean; nigger; Mulatto; corporal; oppression

Derek Alton Walcott (Born in 1930) is a renowned St. Lucian playwright and poet. He is the first Caribbean writer who has received the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1992. He is the founder of Trinidad Theatre Workshop. Growing up in his mixed St. Lucian world and coming in close contact with both colonial and folk cultures, Walcott becomes aware of the plurality of Caribbean society. Most of Walcott's plays have employed Caribbean themes and settings. In his plays Walcott has investigated Caribbean origins – especially the region's relationship with Africa and Europe. *Dream on Monkey Mountain* (1967) is a very complex drama and due to certain rich ambiguities within the play it can be interpreted in diverse ways. The play is presented in a dream framework. Makak is the central character of the play and his condition represents the condition of the Caribbean people who had been uprooted

from their original land long ago and underwent excruciating experiences under European colonialism.

In the Prologue, the conteur and the chorus lament and they express their concerns for the condition of Makak who is already in a jail. The stage direction informs that there are two prison cases on either side of the stage. Tigre and Souris, two half-naked felons are squabbling in one cell. Makak, the old Negro with a jute sack is in the other cell. Corporal Lestrade explains before Tigre and Souris that he locks him up because he is “drunk and disorderly! A old man like that! He was drunk and he mash up Alcindor café” (215). So we see that the black charcoal-burner Makak has been jailed for being drunk and disorderly in Alcindor café. The Corporal is a part of the oppressive system – he performs his duty according to the rules of Her Majesty’s Government. The Corporal addresses the prisoners as “animals, beasts, savages, cannibals, niggers” (216). The Corporal has explained his notion of the black natives:

In the beginning was the ape, and the ape had no name, so God call him man. Now there various tribes of the ape, it had gorilla, baboon, orang-outan, chimpanzee, the blue-arsed monkey and the marmoset, and God looked at his handiwork, and saw that it was good. For some of the apes had straighten their backbone, and start walking upright, but there was one tribe unfortunately that lingered behind, and that was the nigger. Now if you apes will behave like gentlemen, who knows what could happen? The bottle could go round, but first it behoves me, Corporal Lestrade, to perform my duty according to the rules of Her Majesty’s Government, so don’t interrupt. (216-217)

The Corporal wants to know from Makak his full name, occupation, status, income, ambition, domicile or place of residence, age and also his race. But in response to the Corporal’s formal queries Makak only replies that he forgets his name, he belongs to a tired race and his denominational affiliation is Catholique. In fact, Makak has lost his fundamental identity. During this inquiry, Makak expresses his desire to go home. Souris mocks him saying, “Ay, wait, Tigre, the king has spoken” (218). The Corporal asks Makak, “Where is your home? Africa?” (218) and Makak replies, “I live on Monkey Mountain, Corporal” (219). The Corporal humiliates old Makak in every possible way: “You forget your name, your race is tired, your denominational affiliation is Catholique, therefore, as the law, the Roman law, had pity our Blessed Saviour, by giving him, even in *extremis*, a draught of vinegar, what, in your own language, you would call *vinegre*, I shall give all and Sunday here, including these two thieves, a handful of rum, before I press my charge” (220). Now the Corporal acts as a Counsel and two felons Souris and Tigre as judges. The Corporal wears Counsel’s wig and gown; Souris and Tigre robe themselves like judges. Corporal Lestrade is confident of his own power: “I can both accuse and defend this man” (220). The Corporal acts as a counsel and begins, “My noble judges. When this crime has been categorically examined by due process of law, and when the motive of the hereby accused by whereas and

ad hoc shall be established without dichotomy, and long after we have perambulated through the labyrinthine bewilderment of the defendant's ignorance, let us hope, that justice, whom we all serve, will not only be done, but will appear, my lords, to have itself been done..... Ignorance is no excuse. Ignorance of the law is no excuse. Ignorance of one's own ignorance is no excuse. This is the prisoner. I will ask the prisoner to lift up his face" (221-222). As Makak lifts up his head, the Corporal jerks it back savagely as he is a mind-less, will-less, tribe-less being:

Corporal: My lords, as you can see, this is a being without a mind, a will, a name, a tribe of its own. I shall ask the prisoner to turn out his hands..... I will spare you the sound of that voice, which have come from a cave of darkness, dripping with horror. These hands are the hands of Esau, the fingers are like roots, the arteries as hard as twine, and the palms are seamed with coal. But the animal, you observe, is tamed and obedient. (222)

The Corporal has ordered Makak to do a series of acts and Makak has done all these submissively. The critic Hamner rightly says that "Corporal Lestrade ridicules backward savages and proudly upholds his master's standards. Gloating over his presumed superiority he proves through interrogation that Makak is an ape, an imitator who must be told how to behave and what to do. Throughout Lestrade's grandiose exposition he is served by Tigre and Souris, who sit in mock judgement, miming at appropriate moments the gestures of hearing, seeing, and speaking no evil. It becomes clear by the close of the prologue that they all exemplify the 'mimic men'. Unsure of themselves, they know only how to play assigned roles" (85-86). The Corporal, however, proves that the prisoner is capable of reflexes, of obeying orders, of understanding justice, and therefore, the prisoner possesses a 'sound body'. Then the Corporal elaborately declares the charge against Makak:

His rightful name is unknown, yet on Saturday evening. July 25<sup>th</sup>, to wit tonight, at exactly three hours ago, to wit at 5:30 p.m., having tried to dispose of four bags of charcoal in the market of Quatre Chemin, to wit this place, my lords, in which aforesaid market your alias, to wit Makak, is well known to all and sundry, the prisoner, in a state of incomprehensible intoxication, from money or moneys accrued by the sale of self-said bags, is reputed to have entered the licenced alcoholic premises of one Felicien Alcindor, whom the prisoner described as an agent of the devil, the same Felicien Alcindor being known to all and sundry as a God-fearing, honest Catholic..... When some intervention was attempted by those present, the prisoner then began to become vile and violent; he engaged in a blasphemous, obscene debate with two other villagers, Hannibal Dolcis and Market Inspector Caiphas Joseph Pamphilion, describing in a foul, incomprehensible manner..... a dream which he claims to have experienced, a vile, ambitious, and obscene dream.....elaborating on the aforesaid dream with vile words and with a variety of sexual obscenities both in language and posture. Further, the prisoner, in defiance of

Her Majesty's Government, urged the aforementioned villagers to join him in sedition and the defilement of the flag, and when all this was rightly received with civic laughter and pious horror..... the prisoner, in desperation and shame, began to wilfully damage the premises of the proprietor Felicien Alcindor, urging destruction on Church and State, claiming that he was the direct descendant of African kings, a healer of leprosy and the Saviour of his race. (224)

When the Corporal reads out the charge against Makak in detail, Makak only expresses his intention to go home and states that he is an old man and innocent: "I am an old man. Send me home, Corporal. I suffer from madness. I does see things. Spirits does talk to me. All I have is dreams and they don't trouble your soul" (225). Makak is well aware of his isolated condition. In his long speech Makak discloses his mind:

Sirs, I am sixty years old. I have live all my life  
Like a wild beast in hiding. Without child, without wife.  
People forget me like the mist on Monkey Mountain.  
Is thirty years now I have look in no mirror,  
Not a pool of cold water, when I must drink,  
I stir my hands first, to break up my image.

.....  
The loveliest thing I see on this earth,  
Like the moon walking along her own road. (227)

Daizal R. Samad rightly comments: "The speech indicates that Makak refuses to confront the nature of his human image not only because he is Black and thinks himself ugly, but also because he cannot confront what he really is – fragmented and eclipsed. But paradoxically, he is true to himself at the same time – true to the fragmentation, and breaking up of human image." (Parker: 230-231) Makak describes his vision of a white woman who tells him that he is a descendant of the African warrior kings and he should go back to Africa. However, Makak's vision of the white woman is illusory and complex. Yet Daizal R. Samad points out that "this is real in the sense that Makak's obsession is real one: the West Indian's obsession with Whiteness and Europe" (Parker: 232). Regarding Makak's vision, Lestrade's comment 'is this rage for whiteness that does drive niggers mad' is very much humiliating and disrespectful for the Black people.

In the first scene (part-1) of the play we are introduced to Moustique who is a little man with a limp. Moustique is a companion of old Makak in the business of collecting and selling charcoals. The scene tells us that the time is morning and the place of action is Monkey Mountain itself. In the beginning of the scene, Makak is seen lying on the ground and is under a spell. Moustique calls Makak and asks him to wake up from sleep: "Makak, Makak, wake up. Is me, Moustique. You didn't hear me calling you from the throat of the gully? I bring a next crocus bag from Alcindor café. Today is market day, and I tie Berthilia to a gommier tree by the ravine" (231). But the reply of Makak puzzles Moustique.

Moustique expresses his annoyance: "Listen to him! Which Berthilia? The donkey you and I buy from Felicien! Every Saturday is the same damn trouble to wake you! You have the coals ready, eh? Spare me a little to light this fire.....Ay, what? What happen? (231) shows that Moustique is such a character who has a practical sense and he is a realist. Here, Moustique possesses some dominating power on Makak who seems to be under some mysterious spell. During his conversation with Moustique, Makak again reveals to him his vision of the white woman. Moustique, who is a realist, however, does not believe Makak and mocks him. Makak tries to convince him: "Listen to me, I not mad. Listen!" (236) Makak continues: "Well, well.....the things she tell me, you would not believe. She did know my name, my age, where I born, and that it was charcoal I burn and selling for a living. She know how I live alone, with no wife and no friend....." (236). Makak tells Moustique that the white woman accompanies him and she informs Makak of his royal origin: "We spend all night here. Look, I make something for she to eat. We sit down by this same fire. And, Moustique, she say something I will never forget. She say I should not live so any more, here in the forest, frighten of people because I think I ugly. She say that I come from the family of lions and kings" (236). Makak is in obsession with his vision while Moustique's preoccupation is with his business of coals. Here these two men appear to be completely contradictory in their attitudes; yet each one tries his hardest to support his own view. Makak expresses his sole desire to go to Africa and to achieve his African identity: "Saddle my horse, if you love me, Moustique, and cut a sharp bamboo for me, and put me on that horse, for Makak will ride to the edge of the world, Makak will walk like he used to in Africa, when his name was lion!" (240) Moustique, however, agrees to accompany Makak in his journey back to Africa.

In the second scene of part-1, Makak descends from Monkey Mountain and appears as a healer. Moustique meets a group of people who is taking a snake-bitten man to the hospital. In response to a peasant's question, Moustique replies: "(Whispering) From Monkey Mountain, in Forestiere quarter..... and forgive us our trespassers..... amen, is me and my friend and old man.....in the name of the father.....and we was sleeping in a hut by the road there, when we see you all coming, with all those lights, I thought it was the devil" (244). The peasant tells Moustique that the dying man is bitten by "A snake. He was working in the bush, and a snake..... but deliver us from evil.....and no medicine can cure him" (245). The dying man is treated by a priest and a doctor; but everything is hopeless; he has a bad fever and he cannot sweat. Moustique grasps the opportunity and asks some food from them and in return he will fetch a medicine-man from the forest; the medicine-man is none but Makak. Moustique fetches Makak to the dying man and his relatives. Makak starts his treatment with prayers. At last, he succeeds to heal the dying man. But it is, in fact, not any spiritual power on the part of Makak that acts; it is a coincidence or a chance. It is Moustique who presents Makak as a healer and tries to make money for their livelihood. He just uses Makak for the material benefit. Moustique is so clever that he utilizes his words as per the demand of the situation. Whereas Moustique is satisfied with the gifts of



food and money given by the relatives of the healed man, Makak condemns him and expresses his opinion: “You don’t understand, Moustique. This power I have, is not for profit” (254). Moustique is only concerned with his own deplorable condition and he cannot accept Makak’s suggestion at any cost:

Moustique:

[Picking up the hat] So what you want me to do? Run behind them and give them back their money? Look, I tired telling you that nothing is for free. That some day, Makak, swing high, swing low, you will have to sell your dream, your soul, your power, just for bread and shelter. That the love of people not enough, not enough to pay for being born, for being buried. Well, if you don’t want the cash, then let me keep it. Cause I tired begging. Look, look at us. So poor we had to sell the donkey. Barefooted, nasty, and what you want me to do, bow my head and say thanks? (254)

The second scene ends with Moustique’s extreme urge for food and money and Makak’s complete unwillingness to collect food and money from people. The ending of the second scene also points to Makak’s desire to go to Africa:

Moustique:

What you kneeling again for? Who you praying for now? [Makak says nothing] If is for me, patner, don’t bother. Pray for the world to change. Not your friend. Pray for the day when people will not need money, when faith alone will move mountains. Pray for the day when poverty done, and for when niggers everywhere could walk upright like men. You think I doubt you, you think I don’t respect you and love you and grateful to you? But I look at that moon, and it like a plate that a dog lick clean, bright as a florin, but dogs does chase me out of people yard when I go round begging. “Food for my master, food.” And I does have to stoop down, and pick up the odd shilling they throw you. Look, turn your head, old man, look there, and that thing shining there, that is the ocean. Behind that, is Africa! How we going there? You think this..... [Holds up mask] this damned stupidity go take us there? Either you let me save money for us, or here, at this crossroads, the partnership divide.

Makak:

[Rising] All right, all right. But don’t take more than we need. All right, which way now?

Moustique:

[Spinning around blindly, he points] This way, master. Quatre Chemin Market! (254)

The third scene brings us to the cells – the Corporal is in wig and gown. The Corporal tells Tigre and Souris: “This is our reward, we who have borne the high torch of justice through tortuous thickets of darkness to illuminate with vision the mind of primeval peoples, of backbiting tribes! We who have borne with us the texts of the law, the mosaic tablets, the

splendours of marble in moonlight, the affidavit and the water toilet, this stubbornness and ingratitude is our reward!” (256) Now Lestrade’s recollection begins and this recollection seems to be a continuation of Makak’s. In his recollection we can see the Market-scene. In the market Lestrade is on duty with Market and Sanitation Inspector Caiphas J. Pamphilon at Quatre Chemin Crossroads; he is well-armed. Lestrade recalls the rumours about Makak’s healing power and he criticizes the common people: “Some ignorant, illiterate lunatic who know two or three lines from the Bible by heart, well one day he get tired of being poor and sitting on his arse so make up his mind to see a vision, and once he make up his mind, the constipated, stupid, stupid bastard bound to see it. So he come down off his mountain, as if he is God self, and walk amongst the people, who too glad that he will think for them. He give them hope, miracle, vision, paradise on earth, and is then blood start to bleed and stone start to fly” (261). Lestrade comments “The crippled, crippled. It’s the crippled who believe in miracles. It’s the slaves who believe in freedom” (262). He harshly criticizes the Black natives: “They paralyse with darkness. They paralyse with faith. They cannot do nothing, because they born slaves and they born tired. I could spit” (261).

In the recollection of Lestrade, Moustique appears in the disguise of Makak. Wearing a black coat and tall hat and a spear in his hand, Moustique comes on the scene. The arrival of Moustique in the market is described by a boy: “I went down by the bridge by the river. I was looking in the water, down so, in the water, when I turn my head and .....and I see a man alone singing and coming up the road, beating on a pan, and singing. With a long stick in his hand, and with a big white hair on his head, and .....and a tall black hat, coming up the road so, one by one. I drop everything and I run like monsoon” (264). Limping in his stride, Moustique moves among the crowd and claims himself to be Makak. In the market Moustique satirizes the ‘white’ officials and their English rule. Moustique delivers a grand speech before the crowd and pretends to be a divine healer like Makak. Moustique successfully attracts the crowd to him and make them listen to his speech. But Moustique ultimately fails to present himself as Makak. When he sees a spider in his hand he seems shaken. His overconfidence and mental power evaporate. The Corporal mocks at him: “A spider? A man who will bring you deliverance is afraid of a spider?” (268) Moustique’s disguise is finally exposed by Basil, the carpenter: “You cannot run fast enough, eh? Moustique! That is not Makak! His name is Moustique!” (269) Moustique, however, confesses the truth: “You know who I am? You want to know who I am? Makak! Makak! Or Moustique, is not the same nigger? What you want me to say? ‘I am the resurrection, I am the life’? ‘I am the green side of Jordan’ or that ‘I am a prophet stoned by Jerusalem’ or you all want me, as if this hand hold magic, to stretch it and like a flash of lightning to make you all white? God after god you change, promise after promise you believe, and you still covered with dirt; so why not believe me. All I have is this [shows the mask] black faces, white masks! I tried like you. Moustique then! Moustique!” (270-271) Moustique is, however, beaten to death by the crowd. Makak arrives and wants to know from Moustique the reason

behind this beating. Moustique tells Makak: “Yes, I will die. I take what you had, I take the dream you have and I come and try to sell it. I try to fool them, and they fall on me with sticks, everything, and they kill me” (273). Moustique shakes and faints. Makak wants to perceive the mystery in a dying man’s gaze. He wants to know what a dying man sees with his weak eyes just before his death so that he can preach it among people. But there is nothing but emptiness and black in Moustique’s eyes just before his death.

The second part of the play opens with an interlude where Walcott uses Frantz Fanon’s ‘Introduction to *The Wretched of the Earth*’ and throws light on the psyche of a native: “Two worlds; that makes two bewitchings; they dance all night and at dawn they crowd into the churches to hear mass; each day the split widens. Our enemy betrays his brothers and becomes our accomplice; his brothers do the same thing. The status of ‘Native’ is a nervous condition introduced and maintained by the settler among colonised people with their consent” (277).

The first scene of part-2 brings us back to the jail again. Here we see the Corporal defending white justice: “I am an instrument of the law, Souris. I got the white man work to do” (279). When Tigre claims enough food and his right the Corporal replies just like an agent of the white colonizer: “Your rights? Listen nigger! According to this world you have the inalienable right to life, liberty, and three green figs. No more, may be less. You can do what you want with your life, you can hardly call this liberty, and as for the pursuit of happiness, you never hear the expression, give a nigger an inch and he’ll take a mile? Don’t harass me further. I didn’t make the rules” (279). Lestrade is very much proud and he boasts of his being an agent of the white rule. When Makak proposes to give him money he has hidden elsewhere, Lestrade screams out and supports the white law: “Bribery! [Pulling the old man through the bars] Listen, you corrupt, obscene, insufferable ape, I am incorruptible, you understand? Incorruptible. The law is your salvation and mine, you imbecile, you understand that. This ain’t the bush. This ain’t Africa. This is not another easy-going nigger you talking to, but an officer! A servant and an officer of the law! Not the law of the jungle, but something the white man teach you to be thankful for” (280). Now Tigre and Souris are on the side of Makak as the old man has money hidden somewhere. They want to exploit the tormented old man. They will anyhow capture the money of Makak. Tigre designs a plan to kill the Corporal and to escape from the jail. It is Tigre who actively instigates Makak to kill the Corporal. Tigre rightly describes the condition of Corporal Lestrade: “How else can you prove your name is lion, unless you do one bloody, golden, dazzling thing, eh? And who stand in your way but your dear friend, Corporal Lestrade the straddler, neither one thing nor the next, neither milk, coal, neither day nor night, neither lion nor monkey, but a mulatto, a foot-licking servant of marble law? He cause Moustique to die. He turn his back on that. Believe me, like your friend saw the spider, I see it clearly. You bastard son of a black gorilla, you listening?” (283-284). Incensed by Tigre, Makak has grabbed the Corporal and stabbed him. Makak holds Tigre and Souris and reveals his mental state in rage: “Drink it!



Drink it! Drink! Is not that they say we are? Animals! Apes without law? O God, O gods! What am I, I who thought I was a man? What have I done? Which God? God dead, and his law there bleeding. Christian, cannibal, I will drink blood. You will drink it with me. For the lion, and the tiger, and the rat, yes, the gentle rat, have come out of their cages to breathe the air, the air heavy with forest, and if that moon go out .....I will still find my way; the blackness will swallow me” (286). The Corporal is not killed; he is only injured – ‘only a flesh wound’. The Corporal now prepares to recapture the prisoners. Corporal Lestrade now expresses his own perspective regarding the black natives:

Times change, don’t they? and people change. Even black people, even slaves. He made his point, you might say..... But this is only what they dream of. And before things grow clearer, nearer to their dream of revenge, I must play another part. We’ll go hunting the lion. Except..... They’re not lions, just natives. There’s nothing quite so exciting as putting down the natives. Especially after reason and law have failed. So I let them escape. Let them run ahead. Then I’ll have good reason for shooting them down. Sharpeville? Attempting to escape. Attempting to escape from the prison of their lives. That’s the most dangerous crime. It brings about revolution.” (286-287)

Makak and his two fellow prisoners – Souris and Tigre run away to a forest; they want to go to Monkey Mountain. Now we can gradually see changes in the characters. Tigre who has been so long obsessed with the plan of getting money from Makak now appears as a follower of Makak and believes him. Tigre tells Souris: “Just do as he say. That’s all. This is his forest. He could easily lose us. You didn’t see how he stabbed the Corporal? He coming back. Let’s mix ourselves in his madness. Let’s dissolve in his dream..... Ah Africa! Ah, blessed Africa! Whose earth is a starved mother waiting for the kiss of her prodigal, for the kiss of my foot. Talk like that you fool” (289-290). Souris time and again asks Makak how they will go to Africa. Makak in a dreamy state describes how they will reach Africa. Makak has made Tigre his general. He now assumes the role of a destroyer. He forms an imaginary army and wants to destroy the enemies of Black people. Makak becomes violent: “Attention, and listen. I want to tell my armies, you can see their helmets shining like fireflies, you can see their spears as thick as bamboo leaves. I want to tell them this. That now is the time, the time of war. War. Fire and destruction ..... Fire, death ..... Fire. The sky is on fire. Makak will destroy” (295). Souris declares that they have reached Africa.

Now the Corporal enters into the scene. The Corporal is armed and alone. The Corporal is now a changed man. He now wants to play ‘another part’. Now he tries to discover his original self that he denied earlier. Bruce King in his book *Derek Walcott: A Caribbean Life* rightly comments: “Walcott said that *Dream On Monkey Mountain* was about the West Indian search for identity and what colonialism does to the spirit. The first half of the play is white, but when Lestrade becomes an ape, the play becomes black, and the same sins are repeated, the cycle of violence begins again” (275). The Corporal now admits his

African origin and Black identity. The Corporal becomes aware of his other part, the Blackness. He repents for his ignorance, becomes an advocate of the black race's law and the sole follower of Makak:

Too late have I loved thee, Africa of my mind ..... I jeered thee because I hated half of myself, my eclipse. But now in the heart of the forest at the foot of Monkey Mountain.....I kiss your foot, O Monkey Mountain. .... I return to this earth, my mother. Naked, trying very hard not to weep in the dust. I was what I am, but now I am myself..... Now I feel better. Now I see a new light. I sing the glories of Makak! The glories of my race! What race? I have no race! ..... Was that my voice? My voice. O God, I have become what I mocked. I always was. Makak! Makak! forgive me, old father. (299-300)

Makak welcomes Lestrade and includes him in his band: "Now he is one of us" (300). But Souris mocks the Corporal and vents his hatred: "So how it feel to be a nigger, Corporal? Animals! Savages! Niggers! Stop turning the place into a stinking zoo! ..... Who is the monkey now, Lestrade? You bitch!" (301) Tigre is now obsessed with his desire to get money from Makak. At any cost Tigre must possess the hidden money. He picks up the rifle and threatens:

Tigre:

All right. Up till now I been playing this game. Shadows and shapes been crossing my mind; I have felt my body altered by firelight, and I watched all three of you, like animals paralysed by the glare of a headlamp. About three miles back there is Quatre Chemin jail, remember that, Souris, is where you and I come from. Up there is the damn mountain. I don't know if you have money, uncle, but I intend to find out. (301)

Souris is also changed. When Tigre asks him to whose side he belongs, Souris replies that he believe that old man named Makak. Souris also adds: "I believe I am better than I am. He teach me that". Tigre confirms his position and proclaims: "I'm a criminal with a gun, in the heart of the forest under Monkey Mountain. And I want his money" (303). Tigre is killed by the Corporal. The Corporal now declares that Makak will be enthroned.

The third scene of part-2 is described as an apotheosis. It is, in fact, a dream within a dream. Makak is presented as African monarch. He sets up court to take revenge upon the oppressors who dominate over the Blacks. The Corporal also rejects his colonial dress and wears tribal robes. The Corporal now firmly proclaims the nature of their judgement:

Corporal:

Wives, warriors, chieftains! The law takes no sides, it changes the complexion of things. History is without pardon, justice hawk-swift, but mercy everlasting. We have prisoners and traitors, and they must be judged swiftly. The law of a country is the law of that country. Roman law, my friends, is not tribal law. Tribal law, in

conclusion, is not Roman law. Therefore, whatever we are, let us have justice. We have no time for patient reforms. Mindless as the hawk, impetuous as lions, as dried of compassion as the bowels of a jackal. Elsewhere, the swiftness of justice is barbarously slow, but our progress cannot stop to think. In a short while, the prisoners shall be summoned, so prepare them, Basil and Pamphilon. First, the accused, and after them, the tributes. (311)

The Corporal orders Basil to read the names of the offenders who are the enemies of Africa. Basil reads the names whose common fault or offence is 'whiteness':

Basil:

They are Noah, but not the son of Ham, Aristotle, I'm skipping a bit, Abraham Lincoln, Alexander of Macedon, Shakespeare, I can cite relevant texts, Plato, Copernicus, Galileo and perhaps Ptolemy, Christopher Marlowe, Robert E. Lee, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, The Phantom, Mandrake the Magician ..... It's not funny, my lords, Tarzan, Dante, Sir Cecil Rhodes, William Wilberforce, the unidentified author of The Song of Solomon, Lorenzo de Medici, Florence Nightingale, Al Jolson, Horatio Nelson, and, but why go on? Their crime, whatever their plea, whatever extenuation of circumstances, whether of genius or geography, is, that they are indubitably, with the possible exception of Alexandre Dumas, Sr. and Jr., and Alexis, I think it is Pushkin, white. (312)

The enemies are all condemned to death. Basil reads out a catalogue of tributes offered to Makak. But Makak shakes his head and the tribes reject all those tributes from the white world.

Even Moustique is not exempted. He is executed for having betrayed Makak's dream. Makak finally beholds the apparition of the White Goddess. The Corporal instigates Makak to kill her:

Corporal:

She is the wife of the devil, the white witch. She is the mirror of the moon that this ape look into and find himself unbearable. She is all that is pure, all that he cannot reach. You see her statues in white stone, and you turn your face away, mixed with abhorrence and lust, with destruction and desire. She is lime, snow, marble, moonlight, lilies, cloud, foam and bleaching cream, the mother of civilisation, and the confounder of blackness. I too have longed for her. She is the colour of the law, religion, paper, art and if you want peace, if you want to discover the beautiful depth of your blackness, nigger, chop off her head! When you do this, you will kill Venus, the Virgin, the Sleeping Beauty. She is the white light that paralysed your mind, that led you into this confusion. It is you who created her, so kill her! Kill her! The law has spoken. (319)

Makak removes his African robe and beholds the white apparition. By killing the White woman Makak becomes free: "Now, O God, now I am free" (320).

In the Epilogue, Makak awakens from his dream. He is in prison. But now he discovers his essential self. He remembers that his real name is Felix Hobain. Makak has regained his true identity. Makak and Moustique walk towards home, towards Monkey Mountain. The play ends with Makak's ultimate realization:

Lord, I have been washed from shore to shore, as a tree in the ocean. The branches of my fingers, the roots of my feet, could grip nothing, but now, God, they have found ground. Let me be swallowed up in mist again, and let me be forgotten, so that when the mist open, men can look up, at some small clearing with a hut, with a small signal of smoke, and say, 'Makak lives there. Makak lives where he has always lived, in the dream of his people.' Other men will come, other prophets will come, and they will be stoned, and mocked, and betrayed, but now this old hermit is going back home, back to the beginning, to the green beginning of this world. Come, Moustique, we going home. (326)

Bruce King in his book *Derek Walcott: A Caribbean Life*, has discussed about John Lahr's review of Walcott's play *Dream on Monkey Mountain* in detail. That portion from Bruce King's book can be quoted to have the idea of Walcott's brilliant creativity in writing the play:

John Lahr's rave review in the *Village Voice* (18 March, 1971, 57-58) praised the play and Walcott more than the production. Lahr regarded the shifting dream world, 'a mayhem of images', as that of Carnival, of masking and testing identities. The review was Lahr at his most brilliant, writing as if each paragraph was meant to offer at least a line for quotation: 'language and sound emerge with glistening freshness', 'psychic triumphs over colonial castrations', 'the extraordinary vigor and surprise in Walcott's language', 'full of fresh air and raw wounds', 'a sensory assault which makes us aware of our cultural blocks', 'Walcott's theatre is a search for the authentic voice in his culture', 'it takes the popular modes of a people – its tales, its music, its dances – and fuses them into a new prophecy', 'the play's originality ..... makes it exciting.' Lahr implied that Walcott was the great dramatist of the age whom others would need to follow. 'If our theatre is to be liberated from imitation and our language from mimicry, it will need creators equal to his tenacity, intellectual passion, and humour.' Lahr's review brilliantly restated the core theme of *Dream on Monkey Mountain*; Makak's drunkenness was a revolt which in rewriting white history tried to rewrite black history, but Death challenged all identities. Freedom came from embracing rather than escaping identity. (268)

In *Dream on Monkey Mountain* Walcott deals with Caribbean origins, and the region's relationship with Africa and Europe. The critic John Thieme comments: "At the end of *Dream on Monkey Mountain* Lestrade reemerges as the colonial administrator he was at the outset. This could support the view that the dream has been Makak's after all, but in the latter half of Part Two Lestrade is centre-stage, and the action seems to emanate primarily

from his mind. So ultimately he stands alongside Makak as another powerful study of split consciousness. The suggestion is that the coming to terms with hybrid origins is an issue of relevance for all Caribbean people irrespective of their ethnic make-up, and again it is mirrored in the complex cultural provenance of the play and its 'dream' of a future in which the emphasis is on the Caribbean present, not an impossible attempt to retrieve a supposedly homogeneous ancestral past" (76). In spite of its essential dream-sequences and ambiguities *Dream on Monkey Mountain* offers us an unforgettable character named Makak who represents the oppressed and humiliated natives under the white colonial rule. Lestrade, the Corporal behaves with the old man Makak savagely and brutally. Makak forgets his identity. Lestrade functions as an agent of the white rule. Not only this, Makak has been exploited by the men of his own race. Taking revenge upon the enemies of Black people and beheading the apparition of White Goddess, Makak regains his name and true identity. In fact, Makak's condition represents the condition of the colonized natives under the oppressive forces of the powerful colonizers. Edward Baugh, the influential critic has found in the character of Makak man's effort of regaining his identity as man: "... For Makak to return to his mountain eyrie to resume life as a poor charcoal burner is not a case of Walcott's simply showing the exploited black man as accepting his exploitation when all is said and done. Makak is not acquiescing in his oppression, but accepting himself as man, without shame or sentimentality, and that is the first necessity. In his end is his beginning. For one thing, he will now be a light for his people" (86).

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