



The
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KIPLING SOCIETY



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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field-Marshal The Earl Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950), Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, G.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. (1951-1960).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership. The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district

The Subscription is : Home Members, 25/- ; Overseas Members, 15/-; Junior Members (under 18, anywhere), 10/-; U.S.A. Branch, \$3.50 per annum. These include receipt of *The Kipling Journal* quarterly.

Until further notice the Society's Office at 323 High Holborn, W.C.1, will be open once a week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Please be sure to telephone before calling — HOLborn 7597 — as the day is not always the same.

NEW MEMBERS :

**THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO RECRUIT YOUR
CENTENARY NEW MEMBER**

CENTENARY NUMBER

Additional copies of this Centenary Number of *The Kipling Journal* may be obtained for 12s. 6d., post free, from the Editor : Roger Lancelyn Green, Poulton-Lancelyn, Bebington, Wirral.

NEW MEMBERS :

We are delighted to welcome the following **NEW MEMBERS** :
U.K.: Mmes. D. Carpenter, M. Hodgson, M. Mackie, I. Manning ; Misses S. Heppell, M. Lambert, J. Weaver ; Col. A. Paton ; Dr. J. Richardson ; Messrs. T. Bradbury, L. Brody, J. Burdett, J. Dunman, P. Heseltine, R. Hope, L. Peterson, R. Thomas. E. Thompson.
GERMANY : Fr. Hauptmann-Dessan ; C. Dundas. **U.S.A.:** Mrs. E. Bateson ; Prof. L. Cornell ; Hon. S. Reber, Jr.; Messrs. J. Brody, G. Clarke, J. Orgel, P. Sherman, B. Walker, E. Wolff ; Colorado Univ., Fr. Collins ; Louisiana Univ., B. Rouge ; Russell Sage Library ; Syracuse Univ. **VICTORIA B.C.:** H. Davy.

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

BIRTHDAY COMMEMORATION SERVICE

By the time this Journal is published, it may be too late for members to warn in for the above, though there is nothing to prevent them attending without tickets for the reserved section. Enquiries may still, however, be addressed to Mr. J. H. McGivering, 17 Addlestone Park, Addlestone, Weybridge, Surrey. The ceremony will take place at Noon on Thursday, 30th December, 1965, in The Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

We intend to have this ceremony tape-recorded. Instructions for obtaining copies will appear in the March 1966 Journal.

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, 16th February, 1966.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

January 12th, 1966, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House, Park Place, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Another 'Do you know?' contest. No difficult questions will be asked.

March 9th, same time and place.

The Centenary and After. Professor C. E. Carrington, M.C., will lead a discussion on Kipling's Literary Reputation with the Critics.

' BATEMAN'S '

Owing to its great popularity and success, the Centenary Exhibition will remain on view throughout the summer of 1966.

THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

by Edmund Blunden

There were magicians when my life began
By tales and ballads working their wide spells,
As, Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle and Wells —
And Rudyard Kipling. Their inventions ran
True to the light of the age, their spirits called
The wonderful into our quiet lives: and still
The human touch was there, heroic will
Was heard sustaining; and we read enthralled.

How Kipling out of rough-cast natures drew
The song of greatness, from things commonplace
Showed the unknown, and in the modern race
Of Progress hailed Romance for ever new,
We tell. Without his genius in its prime,
Can we imagine England at that time?

CENTENARY NEWS AND NOTES

by the Editor

There may be no logical reason for celebrating a centenary, and when the event which took place a hundred years ago is the birth of a baby of which no notice was taken at the time except among the relatives and nearer friends of the parents, there may seem to be even less reason for doing so.

When Joseph Rudyard Kipling was born to Alice (née Macdonald), wife of John Lockwood Kipling, Professor of Architectural Sculpture, in Bombay on 30 December 1865, there was naturally no idea that a hundred years later the world would be celebrating the centenary of one of the great writers of all time. 'How do you like you and me being godfather and godmother to Rudyard Kipling?' wrote his aunt Louisa Baldwin to his uncle Frederic Macdonald: pleased though they were at the birth of a nephew, that sentence bore nothing of the magic it does for us reading it a hundred years later.

It is a pity that there was no Just So Story about 'How the First Birthday was Made' — "In the high and far-off times, O Best Beloved, there were no Birthdays, and nobody knew what a Centenary was. None of the people of the Tribe of Tegumai knew on which day to remember specially all that Tegumai had done for them, and all that Taffy had 'spired him to do; and they all went up and down every day of the year making wreaths and writing odes and critical studies, and drinking to his memory and the unfading genius of Tegumai Bopsulai — and everything was 'fused and freudian and altogether farcical . . ."

And so it is right and proper for the Kipling Society to meet each year at the Annual Luncheon in honour of Rudyard Kipling — and even properer and more certainly right for us and many thousands besides to remember and pay our very special respects and record something of our perpetual debt of gratitude in the year which contains what would have been his hundredth birthday, and most particularly of all on December 30th.

On that day many of us will meet at 12 noon in Westminster Abbey to lay a wreath on Kipling's grave in Poets' Corner, listen to Mr. Michael Hordern reading from Kipling's works, and join the Dean of Westminster in the commemorative prayer. And some of us will meet together at various private gatherings and stand for a moment of the deepest gratitude and respect to drink to the memory of Rudyard Kipling. And many more of us will slip away quietly to take one or other of his books, lovingly turn over the well-thumbed, familiar pages and read for the tenth — or hundredth — time that story or poem for which we are most grateful and which seems at that solemn moment to bring us nearest to one whom few of us met in the flesh, but who nonetheless ranks with our nearest and dearest friends.

'PROOFS OF HOLY WRIT'

Although all of Kipling's works will take on a special aura of reverence in this moment of literary communion, perhaps few of us will turn to what is almost the last story he wrote, 'Proofs of Holy Writ'. Yet it has a special appeal of its own, and must surely rank with his greatest artistic successes, even if on a lower spiritual plane than some of his most famous stories. Almost every story in *The Sussex Edition* must be among the half-dozen favourites of some reader or other, and perhaps this story has a special appeal to those who follow Kipling's own profession and most appreciate 'the miracle of our land's speech'—who group it with 'The Finest Story in the World' and 'Wireless', 'The Propagation of Knowledge' and 'Dayspring Mishandled'.

Kipling started the story at Bath in February 1932 when he visited George Saintsbury who, he records "gave me inestimable help in a little piece of work called 'Proofs of Holy Writ', which without his books could never have been handled." He thought to finish it in July of the same year, but seems to have set it aside and only completed it in August of the following year. It was first published in *The Strand Magazine* of April 1934 and reprinted in the same periodical in December 1947. Apart from a Copyright issue by Doubleday, Doran & Co., of New York in 1934, its only other appearances seem to have been in the *Sussex* and *Burwash Editions*, and in *The Kipling Journal* No. 126, June 1958. We are particularly grateful to Mrs. Bambridge for allowing us to print it again in this our Centenary Number.

The genesis of the story, as reported by John Buchan, was given by Hilton Brown in a prefatory note to the 1947 reprint: 'At a lunch-club in Fleet Street, Buchan, Kipling, and others were discussing the question of how the Authorised Version of the Bible, the 1611 version, came to be written in such magnificent English. The official revisers were no doubt outstanding scholars, but what evidence was there, other than the translation standing in their names, that they were outstanding masters of English? Surely, said John Buchan, there were hidden hands at work, the hands of the great literary geniuses of the age—Shakespeare's, Ben Jonson's. Kipling said to Buchan, "That's an idea", and away he went to turn it over.

'The fruit of that idea follows in a story which Buchan ranked as "the best Kipling ever wrote." It is certainly a vintage specimen of the final Kipling period.'

KIPLING AND STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

"My *Tempest*—how I came to write *that* I know", says Shakespeare in the story. Kipling had written his letter to *The Spectator* on 'Shakespeare and *The Tempest*' in 1892, revised it as 'The Vision of the Enchanted Island' for *A Book of Homage to Shakespeare* in 1916, and used the same idea in verse as "The Coiner" in *Limits and Renewals*, 1932. He had also written the amusing Shakespearean parodies in *The Muse Among the Motors*, besides poking fun at 'this rancid Baconian rot' of the 'anti-Stratfordians' in 'The Propagation of Knowledge', 1926. But 'Proofs of Holy Writ', is his one story actually about

Shakespeare, and the setting is in the garden of New Place at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Leave New Place, pass along the front of the Grammar School (to which Shakespeare the schoolboy once 'trudged like snail unwillingly'), turn left towards the Church, and you pass Hall's Croft, one of the famous old houses of Stratford-upon-Avon which Shakespeare must also have known. Here from July to October of this year a small Exhibition of Kipling books and manuscripts has been on show. With a strange perverseness, 'Proofs of Holy Writ', is not included in this Exhibition in any shape or form, nor any of Kipling's other writings on Shakespeare—in spite of representations made well in advance to the organiser.

Some of the items shown were, however, of great interest. There was, for example, the original manuscript of Kipling's first letter to W. C. Crofts written from Lahore in 1883 (misdated 1888 in the Catalogue) from which we learn of Kipling's early loneliness and that, since he cannot occupy all his spare time playing tennis, he is learning to play polo and 'volunteering'. Another manuscript was of an unpublished poem, 'The Dedication', written to his mother—which proves that Kipling in his early years was prepared to adapt dedications to different dedicatees (as in the famous case of *Plain Tales from the Hills* in which he identified 'The wittiest woman in India' both as Mrs. F. C. Burton and his own mother). For the last line of the MS poem reads: "Does you like it, Mummy dear?"—and his sister Trix once quoted the poem as written to her with the last line line running "Does you like it, sister dear?" (*Kipling Journal* No. 44, December 1937.)

Another MS poem, apparently unpublished in any form "The Moon She Shined on Telescombe Tie" was matched in interest of a different kind by a letter written from Stockholm in 1907 to his son and daughter describing the ceremony at which he received the Nobel Prize. Interesting, too, were photographs of pages from Kipling manuscripts in the British Museum—notably that of "The Law of the Jungle" containing two couplets not in the published version.

There was also a good selection of first editions of the books from *Schoolboy Lyrics* to *Thy Servant a Dog*, and some excellent drawings of Indian village life by Lockwood Kipling. But the reason for including two paintings of ships by W. L. Wyllie was not explained.

VARIANT READINGS

There was much public controversy not long ago over the publication of words, lines and stanzas from A. E. Housman's manuscripts some of which the author had thought to obliterate, and none of which he had intended for publication. This raises the vexed question of how much right scholars have in the use of manuscripts left to libraries and museums or acquired by private collectors.

Outside the law of Copyright, the question is one of ethics—and the general consensus of opinion until recently set some sort of unconscious time-limit upon probings into literary and biographical details. For the search is usually one of genuine devotion and the

published results are often of great interest and occasionally (as in the case of Peacock's plays) of real additions to literature.

Kipling's own views are hard to determine. He seems to have considered biographical research as akin to 'the higher cannibalism' however well-intentioned: 'Seek not to question other than the books I leave behind.'

With regard to the books, he left the manuscripts of most of them to various libraries. Those in the British Museum are guarded by a prohibition against using them for collation—though whether this can be enforced seems doubtful, except in the strictest terms. Thus the two cancelled couplets of "The Law of the Jungle" exhibited at Stratford can easily be memorised and inserted in our copies of *The Second Jungle Book*: any devotee recognizes cancellations or variants in such a case, and takes what is surely a harmless interest in them.

A manuscript not in a great library seems to be free from any restriction, as is shown by the publication in *Notes and Queries* for August 1965 of the original version of "The Song of the Exiles" sent to Dunsterville and first published in *The United Services College Chronicle* on 15 October 1883. The published version showed several improvements, and was docked of two inferior stanzas: but Dunsterville's copy may be of biographical and critical interest as showing Kipling's first thoughts when writing it for him. Or, as the manuscript is dated 3 November 1883, it may represent his more personal and private views on the latest exiles from U.S.C.

MOWGLI'S JUNGLE

An interesting letter from Professor Carrington in the present number of the *Journal* deals with Kipling's nearest approach to visiting Seonee and the valley of the Waingunga. The unprinted article 'Home' which appeared in *The Civil and Military Gazette* on 25 December 1891 at the time of Kipling's last visit to India, was quoted at fair length in *The Kipling Journal* No. 52 (December 1939)—though unfortunately not the paragraphs describing his journey through central India.

Why Kipling set the Mowgli stories in Seonee still remains something of a mystery; but there is published evidence that in the earliest stories at least he originally intended Mowgli to live in the Aravulli Hills about 250 miles south of the Changamanga Forest near where Gisborne met him 'In the Rukh'. This was country which Kipling knew well, and it contained the ruined cities of Amber and Chitor which gave him the background for the Cold Lairs. This locale also explains how Bagheera happened to be born in the King's cages at Oodeyore, and Hathi to have sacked the fields of Bhurtapore.

The evidence is contained in the manuscript of 'Mowgli's Brothers' which Kipling gave to the nurse who attended at Josephine's birth—with instructions to sell it if ever she was in need of money. Susan Bishop did sell it—to W. M. Carpenter whose widow, Lucille Russell Carpenter, reproduced the first page in facsimile in her book *Rudyard Kipling: A Friendly Profile* (1942).

'It was about seven o'clock of a very warm evening among the Aravulli Hills when the Father wolf woke up from his day's sleep', the story begins; and later on the same page we are told that 'the wolves were talking in their own language but the way in which animals talk is very much the same as the way in which the men round them talk. So these wolves spoke like the Mewari herdsmen whose goats they stole.'

As this single page of the original manuscript has been published for all to see, there can, of course, be no harm in quoting from it and collating it with the revised version. It also serves to illustrate the value of this kind of literary research: it shows how much Kipling improved what he had written before he published it (surely no reader has ever stopped to wonder how the wolves talked—any attempt at rationalisation weakens the effect considerably), and it also sheds an interesting light on the geographical background of the stories. Why Kipling changed from the Aravulli Hills to Seenee is still unexplained; but it proves that he began by writing about country which he knew well, and also explains how Mowgli and the Four happened to be in Gisborne's *Rukh*.

Why all commentators so far have stated as a fact that 'In the *Rukh*' is set in the Forests of the Doon is another mystery. There is *no* indication of this in the story (unless someone can locate or identify the Kanye river), for the only definite place name is that of Changamanga Forest where Muller was supposed to be. This is about fifty miles south-west of Lahore, and if Gisborne's *rukhs* were about 300 miles south of it, as the story implies, Mowgli could have come from the Aravulli Hills, which would then be *north* of it, as he declares in the story. Seenee is, of course, many hundreds of miles to the *south*.

CENTENARY STUDIES

Doubtless by the end of December many articles of greater or lesser value about Kipling will have appeared in newspapers and periodicals. One of the most notable tributes to date was the speech given by Viscount Radcliffe at the opening of the Stratford Exhibition, which was reported in *The Stratford-upon-Avon Herald* on 9 July: 'Lord Radcliffe ranks Kipling with Shakespeare and Dickens in the distribution and acceptability of his work, and wonders whether he differentiated very clearly between his prose and verse, both of which are profoundly touched by his romantic sense. He vied always for perfection in his powers of expression and had a curious wish to describe himself as a workman, almost as if he were unwilling to accept a higher ranking, almost as if there were no higher title that a man could claim than that of being a great and meticulous workman.'

The same thesis is propounded in a full-scale article of great interest by Mr. Jack Dunman, 'Rudyard Kipling Re-Estimated' in the August number of *Marxism Today*. Naturally there are one or two doctrinaire diatribes against "Imperialism" but apart from this wilful blindness, Mr. Dunman has written an admirably fair and unbiased study—and one of particular value on account of his own ideological outlook and that of the readers for whom it is intended. Stories and poems chosen for special praise include 'The Courting of Dinah Shadd',

'Mary Postgate', 'The Gardener', 'The Wish House', 'On Greenhow Hill' and the Parnesius tales, "M'Andrew's Hymn", "Danny Deever" and "Cities and Thrones and Powers".

Mr. Dunman has nothing but praise for Kipling's portrayal of 'the working man' and his reproduction of 'working-class language' — 'If its drawingroom ballad associations can be forgotten', he says, "Mandalay" 'is a real poem in working class language. There is in fact no other considerable writer, except Hugh McDiarmid, who has written, or attempted to write, poetry in working-class language; it is a pity that the left-wing poets of the thirties, including Spender and Auden, made no attempt to study his methods . . . There is one further point about the poetry which workers should consider—his deep interest in machinery. No other poet in this country thus far has written so effectively about it. Working-class language is used extensively in the short stories, many of which are about working-class characters and no others . . . He had a profound sense of history, and therefore of change and development; but his history was always human, and human of the common people; never of kings and aristocrats. And finally, as a craftsman, he evolved a technique of writing, complex, subtle, allusive, requiring much effort for full comprehension, but without which his human, emotional, and intellectual impact would have been impossible . . . We and our Movement will be the poorer if we cannot see all this beyond the unpleasant attitudes and sentiments which were also part of him. A great craftsman, a great artist, a great humanist, dealing faithfully with the problems of his time as he saw them; whatever his conscious politics, his place is in the march of human progress, and we have much to learn from him.'

THE CENTENARY NUMBER

And so to our own tributes to Rudyard Kipling. None of those who have honoured these pages with their contributions are unknown to us, and most have already written about Kipling. Mr. Edmund Blunden, author of *Undertones of War* and the leading poet of his generation, wrote one of the most interesting reviews of *The Irish Guards in the Great War*, which appeared in *The Nation and Athenaeum* of 28 April 1923; and Professor Coghill comes to Kipling after a life-time of grateful and delighted reading of the stories and poems, rather than as a critic. Miss Rosemary Sutcliff, one of the great writers of historical fiction for young readers, has never hesitated to acknowledge her debt of inspiration to Kipling, and has published a charming little volume about him in The Bodley Head Monographs series; we all know Professor Carrington's authoritative biography almost by heart, and Dr. Tompkins takes her place in the same category with her outstanding study of Kipling's works. Professor Dobrée's study has not yet appeared, but his articles on Kipling are among the most important so far published: Dr. Elliot L. Gilbert includes one of them in the collection *Kipling and the Critics*, and he himself has written notable studies of individual stories, several of which have already appeared in *The Kipling Journal*. Professor Cohen is already an old friend, and his *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard: The Record of a Friendship*, recently published, is reviewed later in this number. Our

oldest — and newest — contributor, Dr. George Calvin Carter of Manchester, New Hampshire, U.S.A. is particularly welcome: who else is still with us who knew Kipling as a personal friend in Brattleboro seventy years ago?

These are among the most recent of writers on Kipling: the very first, Andrew Lang, is also represented here by three reviews never before reprinted.

Finally it will not be out of place to pay tribute to two writers who would have contributed to this Centenary Number had they lived long enough. C. S. Lewis needs no introduction: his study 'Kipling's World' first published in 1948, reprinted in *The Kipling Journal* in 1958, and included in Dr. Gilbert's volume, is one of the most important critical writings about Kipling. The other lost contributor Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling, William De Morgan's sister-in-law was born five months before Kipling, and died in August of this year two weeks before her hundredth birthday: as a child she sat enthralled by the fairytales told by Mary De Morgan at the Christmas parties given by the Burne-Joneses at 'The Grange' — parties that included Phil and Margaret Burne-Jones, Jenny and May Morris, Stanley Baldwin and Rudyard Kipling.

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

AN AMERICAN MESSAGE

To the very many American admirers of Rudyard Kipling's writings, this centennial year is of great and lasting importance.

It will be commemorated by a number of notable exhibitions of Kipling's works by university and college libraries as well as by a very important private collection. This is of great significance as indicating the recognition on this side of the Atlantic of Rudyard Kipling's genius and outstanding popularity which has grown materially and has not diminished with the years.

The appeal of Kipling's prose and poetry to the American reader can perhaps be best summarised by a quotation from the preface of "A Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling" by my friend the late Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler — our greatest American Kipling student and authority — who said "The answer is that Mr. Kipling, somewhere and somehow, has something that appeals to every man, woman or child; to every art, profession and occupation, to every mood, to every feeling, and to every experience."

CARL T. NAUMBURG

PROOFS OF HOLY WRIT

by Rudyard Kipling

THEY seated themselves in the heavy chairs on the pebbled floor beneath the eaves of the summer-house by the orchard. A table between them carried the wine and glasses, and a packet of papers, with pen and ink. The larger man of the two, his doublet unbuttoned, his broad face blotched and scarred, puffed a little as he came to rest. The other picked an apple from the grass, bit it, and went on with the thread of the talk that they must have carried out of doors with them.

"But why waste time fighting atomies who do not come up to your belly-button, Ben?" he asked,

"It breathes me — it breathes me, between bouts! *You'd* be better for a tussle or two."

"But not to spend mind and verse on 'em. What was Decker to you? Ye knew he'd strike back — and hard."

"He and Marston had been baiting me like dogs . . . about my trade as they called it, though it was only my cursed step-father's. 'Bricks and mortar', Decker said, and 'hodman.' And he mocked my face. " 'Twas clean as curds in my youth. This humour has come on me since."

"Ah! 'Every man *and* his humour'? But why did ye not have at Decker in peace — over the sack, as you do at me?"

"Because I'd have drawn on him — and he's no more worth a hanging than Gabriel. Setting aside what he wrote of me, too, the hireling dog has merit of a sort. His *Shoemaker's Holiday*. Hey? Though my *Bartlemy Fair*, when 'tis presented, will furnish out three of it and —"

"Ride all the easier. I have suffered two readings of it already. It creaks like an overloaded haywain", the other cut in. "You give too much."

Ben smiled loftily, and went on. "But I'm glad I lashed him in my *Poetaster* for all I've worked with him since. How comes it that I've never fought with thee, Will?"

"First, Behemoth", the other drawled, "**it needs two to engender** any sort of iniquity. Second, the betterment of this present age — and the next, maybe — lies, in chief, on our four shoulders. If the Pillars of the Temple fall out, Nature, Art, and Learning come to a stand. Last, I am not yet ass enough to hawk up my private spites before groundlings. What do the Court, citizens or 'prentices give for thy fallings-out or fallings-in with Decker — or the Grand Devil?"

"They should be taught, then — taught."

"Always *that?* What's your commission to enlighten us?"

"My own learning which I have heaped up, lifelong, at my **own** pains. My assured knowledge, also, of my craft and art. I'll suffer **no** man's mock or malice on it."

"The one sure road to mockery."

"I deny nothing of my brain-store to my lines. I—I build up my own works throughout."

"Yet when Decker cries 'hodman' y'are not content."

Ben half-heaved in his chair. "I'll owe you a beating for that when I'm thinner. Meantime, here's on account. I say, *I* build upon my own foundations; devising and perfecting my own plots; adorning 'em justly as fits time, place and action. In all of which you sin damnably. *I* set no landward principalities on sea-benches."

"They pay their penny for pleasure — not learning", Will answered above the apple-core.

"Penny or tester, you owe 'em justice. In the fracture of plays — nay, listen, Will — at all points they must be dressed historically — *teres atque rotundus* — in ornament and temper. As my Sejanus, of which the mob was unworthy."

Here Will made a doleful face, and echoed, "Unworthy! I was — what did I play, Ben, in that long weariness. Some most grievous ass."

"The part of Caius Silius", said Ben, stiffly.

Will laughed aloud. "True. 'Indeed that place *was* not my sphere.' "

It must have been a quotation, for Ben winced a little, ere he recovered himself and went on: "Also my *Alchemist* which the world in part apprehends. The main of its learning is necessarily yet hid from 'em. To come to your works, Will —"

"I am a sinner on all sides. The drink's at your elbow."

"Confession shall not save ye — bribery." Ben filled his glass. "Sooner than labour the right cold heat to devise your own plots, you filch, botch, and clap 'em together out o' ballads, broadsheets, old wives' tales, chapbooks —"

Will nodded with complete satisfaction. "Say on", quoth he.

"'Tis so with nigh all yours. I've known honester jackdaws. And whom among the learned do ye deceive? Reckoning up those — forty is it? — your plays you've misbegot, there's not six which have not plots common as Moorditch."

"Ye're out, Ben. There's not one. My *Love's Labour* (how I came to write it, I know not) is nearest to lawful issue. My *Tempest* (how I came to write *that*, I know) is, in some part, my own stuff. Of the rest, I stand guilty. Bastards all! "

"And no shame?"

"None! Our business must be fitted with parts hot and hot — and the boys are more trouble than the men. Give me the bones of any stuff, I'll cover 'em as quickly as any. But to hatch new plots is to waste God's unreturning time like —" He chuckled, "like a hen."

"Yet see what ye miss! Invention next to Knowledge, whence it proceeds, being the chief glory of Art —"

"Miss, say you? Dick Burbage — in my *Hamlet* that I botched for him when he had staled of our Kings? (Nobly he played it!) Was *he* a miss?"

Ere Ben could speak Will overbore him.

"And when poor Dick was at odds with the world in general and womenkind in special, I clapped him up my *Lear* for a vomit."

"An hotch-potch of passion, outrunning reason", was the verdict.

"Not altogether. Cast in a mould too large for any boards to bear. (My fault!) Yet Dick evened it. And when he'd come out of his whore-mongering aftermaths of repentance, I served him my *Macbeth* to toughen him. Was that a miss?"

"I grant you, your *Macbeth* as nearest in spirit to my *Sejanus*; showing for example: 'How fortune plies her sports when she begins To practise 'em.' We'll see which of the two lives longest."

"Amen! I'll bear no malice among the worms."

A liveried serving-man, booted and spurred, led a saddlehorse through the gate into the orchard. At a sign from Will he tethered the beast to a tree, lurched aside and stretched on the grass. Ben, curious as a lizard, for all his bulk, wanted to know what it meant.

"There's a nosing Justice of the Peace lost in thee", Will returned. "Yon's a business I've neglected all this day for thy fat sake — and he by so much the drunker . . . Patience! It's all set out on the table. Have a care with the ink! "

Ben reached unsteadily for the packet of papers and read the superscription: "To William Shakespeare, Gentleman, at his house of New Place in the town of Stratford, these — with diligence from M.S.' Why does the fellow withhold his name? Or is it one of your women? I'll look."

Muzzy as he was, he opened and unfolded a mass of printed papers expertly enough.

"From the most learned divine, Miles Smith of Brazen Nose College", Will explained. "You know this business as well as I. The King has set all the scholars of England to make one Bible, which the Church shall be bound to, out of all the Bibles that men use."

"I knew." Ben could not lift his eyes from the printed page. "I'm more about the Court than you think. The learning of Oxford and Cambridge — 'most noble and most equal', as I have said — and Westminster, to sit upon a clutch of Bibles. Those 'ud be Geneva (my mother read to me out of it at her knee), Douai, Rheims, Coverdale, Matthews, the Bishops', the Great, and so forth."

"They are all set down on the page there — text against text. And you call me a butcher of old clothes?"

"Justly. But what's your concern with this botchery? To keep peace among the Divines? There's fifty of 'em at it as I've heard."

"I deal with but one. He came to know me when we played at Oxford — when the plague was too hot in London."

"I remember this Miles Smith now. Son of a butcher? Hey?" Ben grunted.

"Is it so?" was the quiet answer. "He was moved, he said, with some lines of mine in Dick's part. He said they were, to his godly apprehension, a parable, as it might be, of his reverend self, going down darkling to his tomb 'twixt cliffs of ice and iron."

"What lines? I know none of thine of that power. But in my *Sejanus* —"

"These were in my *Macbeth*. They lost nothing at Dick's mouth:

'To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death —'

or something in that sort. Condell writes 'em out fair for him, and tells him I am Justice of the Peace (wherein he lied) and *armiger*, which brings me within the pale of God's creatures and the Church. Little and little, then, this very reverend Miles Smith opens his mind to me. He and a half score others, his cloth, are cast to furbish up the Prophets — Isaiah to Malachi. In his opinion by what he'd heard, I had some skill in words, and he'd condescend —"

"How?" Ben barked. "Condescend?"

"Why not? He'd condescend to inquire o' me privily, when direct illumination lacked, for a tricking out of his words or the turn of some figure. For example" — Will pointed to the papers — "here be the first three verses of the Sixtieth of Isaiah, and the nineteenth and twentieth of that same. Miles has been at a stand over 'em a week or more."

"They never called on *me*." Ben caressed lovingly the hand-pressed proofs on their lavish linen paper. "Here's the Latin atop and" — his thick forefinger ran down the slip — "some three — four — Englishings out of the other Bibles. They spare 'emselves nothing. Let's do it together. Will you have the Latin first?"

"Could I choke ye from that, Holofernes?"

Ben rolled forth, richly: "*Surge, illumare, Jerusalem, quia venit lumen tuum, et gloria Domini super te orto est. Quia ecce tenebrae operient terram et caligo populos. Super te autem orietur Dominus, et gloria ejus in te videbitur. Et ambulabunt gentes in lumine tuo, et reges in splendore ortus tui.*" Er-hum? Think you to better that?"

"How have Smith's crew gone about it?"

"Thus." Ben read from the paper. "'Get thee up, O Jerusalem, and be bright, for thy light is at hand, and the glory of God has risen up upon thee.'"

"Up-pup-up!" Will stuttered, profanely.

Ben held on. "'See how darkness is upon the earth and the peoples thereof.'"

"That's no great stuff to put into Isaiah's mouth. And further, Ben?"

"'But on thee God shew light and on —' . . . or 'in' is it?" (Ben held the proof closer to the deep furrow at the bridge of his nose.) "'On thee shall His glory be manifest. So that all peoples shall walk in thy light and the Kings in the glory of thy morning.'"

"It may be mended. Read me the Coverdale of it now. 'Tis on the same sheet — to the right, Ben."

"Umm-umm. Coverdale saith, 'And therefore get thee up betimes for thy light cometh and the glory of the Lord shall rise upon thee. For lo! while the darkness and cloud covereth the earth and the people, the Lord shall show thee light and His glory shall be seen in thee. The Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness that springs forth on thee.' But 'gentes' is, for the most part, 'peoples.'"

"Eh?" said Will, indifferently. "Art sure?"

This loosed an avalanche of instances from Ovid, Quintilian, Terence, Columella, Seneca and others. Will took no heed till the rush ceased,

but stared into the orchard, through the September haze. "Now give me the Douai and Geneva for this 'Get thee up, O Jerusalem'," said he at last. "They'll be all there."

Ben referred to the proofs. "'Tis 'arise' in both", said he. "'Arise and be bright' in Geneva. In the Douai 'tis 'Arise and be illuminated.'"

"So? Give me the paper now." Will took it from his companion, rose, and paced towards a tree in the orchard, turning again, when he had reached it, by a well-worn track through the grass. Ben leaned forward in his chair. The other's free hand went up warningly.

"Quiet, man!" said he. "I wait on my Demon!" He fell into the stage-stride of his art at that time, speaking to the air.

"How shall this open? 'Arise'? No! 'Rise.' Yes. And we'll have no weak coupling. 'Tis a call to a City! 'Rise—shine' . . . Nor yet any schoolmaster's 'because'—because Isaiah is not Holofernes. 'Rise—shine; for thy light is come, and—!' " He refreshed himself from the apple and the proofs as he strode. "'And—the glory of God!'—No! 'God's' over-short. We need the long roll here. '*And the glory of the Lord is risen on thee.*' (Isaiah speaks the part. We'll have it from his own Ups.) What's next in Smith's stuff? . . . 'See now'? Oh, vile—vile! . . . And Geneva hath 'Lo'? (Still, Ben! Still!) 'Lo' is better by all odds; but to match the long roll of 'the Lord' we'll have it 'Behold.' How goes it now? '*For, behold, darkness clokes the earth and—and—*' What's the colour and use of this cursed *caligo*, Ben?—'*Et caligo populos.*' "

"'Mistiness' or, as in Pliny, 'blindness.' And further—"

"No-o . . . May be, though, *caligo* will piece out *tenebrae*. '*Quia ecce tenebrae operient terram et caligo populos.*' Nay! 'Shadow' and 'mist' are not men enough for this work . . . Blindness, did ye say, Ben? . . . The blackness of blindness atop of mere darkness? . . . By God, I've used it in my own stuff many times! 'Gross' searches it to the hilts! 'Darkness covers'—no, 'clokes' (short always). '*Darkness clokes the earth and gross—gross darkness the people!*' (But Isaiah's prophesying, with the storm behind him. Can ye not *feel* it, Ben? It must be 'shall')—'*Shall cloke the earth*' . . . The rest comes clearer. . . . 'But on thee God shall arise' . . . (Nay, that's sacrificing the Creator to the Creature!) '*But the Lord shall arise on thee*', and—yes, we'll sound that 'thee' again—'and on thee shall'—No! . . . '*And His glory shall be seen on thee.*' Good!" He walked his beat a little in silence, mumbling the two verses before he mouthed them.

"I have it! Hark, Ben! '*Rise—shine; for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen on thee. For, behold, darkness shall cloke the earth and gross darkness the people. But the Lord shall arise on thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee.*'"

"There's something not all amiss there", Ben conceded.

"My Demon never betrayed me yet, while I trusted him. Now for the verse that runs to the blast of ramshorns. '*Et ambulantes in lumine tuo, et reges in splendore ortus tui.*' How goes that in the Smithy? 'The Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness that springs forth upon thee'? The same in Coverdale, and the Bishops'—eh? We'll keep 'Gentiles', Ben, for the sake of the indraught of the last syllable. But it might be 'And the Gentiles shall draw.' No!

The plainer the better! 'The Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the splendour of—' (Smith's out here! We'll need something that shall lift the trumpet anew.) 'Kings shall — shall — Kings to —' (Listen, Ben, but on your life speak not!) 'Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to thy brightness' — No! 'Kings to the brightness that springeth — Serves not! . . . One trumpet must answer another. And the blast of a trumpet is always *ai-ai*. 'The brightness of — '*Ortus*' signifies 'rising', Ben — or what?"

"Ay, or 'birth', or the East in general."

"Ass! 'Tis the one word that answers to 'light.' 'Kings to the brightness of thy rising.' Look! The thing shines now within and without. God! That so much should lie on a word!" He repeated the verse — "*And the Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness of thy rising*'."

He walked to the table and wrote rapidly on the proof margin all three verses as he had spoken them. "If they hold by this", said he, raising his head, "they'll not go far astray. Now for the nineteenth and twentieth verses. On the other sheet, Ben. What? What? Smith says he has held back his rendering till he hath seen mine? Then we'll botch 'em as they stand. Read me first the Latin; next the Coverdale, and last the Bishops'. There's a contagion of sleep in the air." He handed back the proofs, yawned, and took up his walk.

Obedient, Ben began: "*Non erit tibi amplius Sol ad lucendum per diem, nec splendor Lunae illuminabit te.*" Which Coverdale rendereth, 'Thy sun shall never go down and thy moon shall have been taken away.' The Bishops' read: 'Thy sun shall never be thy daylight and the light of the moon shall never shine on thee.'"

"Coverdale is better", said Will, and, wrinkling his nose a little, "The Bishops put out their lights clumsily. Have at it, Ben."

Ben pursed his lips and knit his brow. "The two verses are in the same mode, changing a hand's breadth in the second. By so much, therefore, the more difficult."

"Ye see *that*, then?" said the other, staring past him, and muttering as he paced, concerning suns and moons. Presently he took back the proof, chose him another apple and grunted. "Umm-umm! 'Thy Sun shall never go down.' No! Flat as a split viol. '*Non erit tibi amplius Sol*—' That *amplius* must give tongue. Ah! . . . 'Thy Sun shall not — shall not — shall no more be thy light by day' . . . A fair entry. 'Nor?' — No! Not on the heels of 'day.' 'Neither' it must be — 'Neither the Moon' — but here's *splendor* and the ramshorns again. (Therefore — *ai-ai*!) 'Neither for brightness shall the Moon.' (Pest! It is the Lord who is taking the Moon's place over Israel. It must be 'thy Moon.') 'Neither for brightness shall thy Moon light — give — make — give light unto thee.' Ah! . . . Listen here! . . . '*The Sun shall no more be thy light by day: neither for brightness shall thy Moon give light unto thee.*' That serves, and more, for the first entry. What next, Ben?"

Ben nodded magisterially as Will neared him, reached out his hand for the proofs, and read: "*Sed erit tibi Dominus in lucem sempiternam et Deus tuus in gloriam tuam.*" Here is a jewel of Coverdale's that the Bishops have wisely stolen whole. Hear! 'But the Lord Himself shall be thy everlasting light and thy God shall be thy Glory'." Ben paused.

"There's a handsbreadth of splendour for a simple man to gather! "

"Both hands rather. He's swept the strings as divinely as David before Saul", Will assented. "We'll convey it whole, too. . . . What's amiss now, Holofernes?"

For Ben was regarding him with a scholar's cold pity. "Both hands! Will, hast thou *ever* troubled to master *any* shape or sort of prosody — the mere names of the measures and pulses of strung words?"

"I beget some such stuff and send it to you to christen. What's your Wisdomhood in labour of?"

"Naught. Naught. But not to know the names of the tools of his trade! " Ben half muttered and pronounced some Greek word or other which conveyed nothing to the listener, who replied: "Pardon then for whatever sin it was. I do but know words for my need of 'em, Ben. Hold still awhile! "

He went back to his pacings and mutterings. " 'For the Lord Himself shall be thy — or thine? — everlasting light.' Yes. We'll convey that." He repeated it twice. "Nay! Can be bettered. Hark ye, Ben. Here is the Sun going up to over-run and possess all Heaven for evermore. *Therefore* (Still, man!) we'll harness the horses of the dawn. Hear their hooves? 'The Lord Himself shall be unto thee thy everlasting light and — ' Hold again! After that climbing thunder must be some smooth check — like great wings gliding. *Therefore* we'll not have 'shall be thy glory, but 'And thy God thy glory!' Ay — even as an eagle alighteth! Good — good! Now again, the sun and moon of that twentieth verse, Ben."

Ben read: " *'Non occidet ultra Sol tuus et Luna tua non minuetur: quia erit tibi Dominus in lucem sempiternam, et complebuntur dies luctus tui'*."

Will snatched the paper and read aloud from the Coverdale version. "Thy Sun shall never go down and thy Moon shall never be taken away . . . ' What a plague's Coverdale doing with his blocking *ut s and urs*, Ben? What's *minueatur*? . . . I'll have it all anon."

"Minish — make less — appease — abate, as in— "

"So?" . . . Will threw the proofs back. "Then 'wane' should serve. 'Neither shall thy moon wane' . . . 'Wane' is good, but over-weak for place next to 'moon' " . . . He swore softly. "Isaiah hath abolished both earthly sun and moon. *Exeunt ambo*. Aha! I begin to see! . . . Sol, the man, goes down — downstairs or trap — as needs be. Therefore 'Go down' shall stand. 'Set' would have been better — as a sword sent home in the scabbard — but it jars — it jars. Now Luna must retire herself in some simple fashion . . . Which? Ass that I be! 'Tis common talk in all the plays . . . 'Withdrawn' . . . 'Favour withdrawn' . . . 'Countenance withdrawn.' 'The Queen withdraws herself.' . . . 'Withdraw', it shall be! 'Neither shall thy moon withdraw herself.' (Hear her silver train rasp the boards, Ben?) 'Thy Sun shall no more go down — neither shall thy Moon withdraw herself. For the Lord' — ay. 'the Lord', simple of Himself, shall be thine' — yes, 'thine' here — 'everlasting light and' . . . How goes the ending, Ben?"

" *'Et complebuntur dies luctus tui'*," Ben read. " 'And thy sorrowful days shall be rewarded thee', says Coverdale."

"And the Bishops'?"

" 'And thy sorrowful days shall be ended.' "

"By no means. And Douai?"

" 'Thy sorrow shall be ended.' "

"And Geneva?"

" 'And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.' "

"The Switzers have it! Lay the tail of Geneva to the head of Coverdale and the last is without flaw." He began to thump Ben on the shoulder. "We have it! I have it all, Boanerges! Blessed be my Demon! Hear! *The sun shall no more be thy light by day, neither for brightness the moon by night. But the Lord Himself shall be unto thee thy everlasting light and thy God thy glory.*' " He drew a deep breath and went on. " *Thy sun shall no more go down neither shall thy moon withdraw herself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light and the days of thy mourning shall be ended?* " The rain of triumphant blows began again. "If those other seven devils in London let it stand on this sort, it serves. But God knows what they can *not* turn upsee-dejee! "

Ben wriggled. "Let be!" he protested. "Ye are more moved by this jugglery than if the Globe were burned."

"Thatch—old thatch! And full of fleas! . . . But, Ben, ye should have heard my Ezekiel making mock of fallen Tyrus in his twenty-seventh chapter. Miles sent me the whole, for, he said, some small touches. I took it to the Bank—four o'clock of a summer morn; stretched out in one of our wherries—and watched London, Port and Town, up and down the river, waking all arrayed to heap more upon evident excess. Ay! 'A merchant for the peoples of many isles' . . . 'The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy markets?' Yes! I saw all Tyre before me neighing her pride against lifted heaven . . . But what will they let stand of all mine at long last? Which? I'll never know."

He had set himself neatly and quickly to refolding and cording the packet while he talked. "That's secret enough", he said at the finish.

"He'll lose it by the way." Ben pointed to the sleeper beneath the tree. "He's owl-drunk."

"But not his horse," said Will. He crossed the orchard, roused the man; slid the packet into an holster which he carefully rebuckled; saw him out of the gate, and returned to his chair.

"Who will know we had part in it?" Ben asked.

"God, may be—if He ever lay ear to earth. I've gained and lost enough—lost enough." He lay back and sighed. There was long silence till he spoke half aloud. "And Kit that was my master in the beginning, he died when all the world was young."

"Knifed on a tavern reckoning—not even for a wench!" Ben nodded.

"Ay. But if he'd lived he'd have breathed me! 'Fore God, he'd have breathed me! "

"Was Marlowe, or any man, *ever* thy master, Will?"

"He alone. Very he. I envied Kit. Ye do not know that envy, Ben?"

"Not as touching my own works. When the mob is led to prefer a baser Muse, I have felt the hurt, and paid home. Ye know that—as ye

know my doctrine of play writing."

"Nay — not wholly — tell it at large," said Will, relaxing in his seat, for virtue had gone out of him. He put a few drowsy questions. In three minutes Ben had launched full-flood on the decayed state of the drama, which he was born to correct; on cabals and intrigues against him which he had fought without cease; and on the inveterate muddle-headedness of the mob unless duly scourged into approbation by his magisterial hand.

It was very still in the orchard now that the horse had gone. The heat of the day held though the sun sloped, and the wine had done its work. Presently, Ben's discourse was broken by a snort from the other chair.

"I was listening, Ben! Missed not a word — missed not a word." Will sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Ye held me throughout." His head dropped again before he had done speaking.

Ben looked at him with a chuckle and quoted from one of his own plays:

" 'Mine earnest vehement botcher

And deacon also, Will, I cannot dispute with you.' "

He drew out flint, steel and tinder, pipe and tobacco-bag from somewhere round his waist, lit and puffed against the midges till he, too, dozed.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

The Society's Library. This note is published for the information of any members who may wish to make use of the Library. We possess all of Kipling's works that are in book form (including the Sussex Edition), all the major bibliographies and reference books, together with a great many critiques and books about the man himself.

Owing to lack of staff and other facilities, it is not possible to allow books to be removed from the office. But we can (and often do) arrange for members who wish to look up certain items to do so at 323 High Holborn. Our Assistant Librarian (Miss A. M. Punch) is normally there all day on Thursdays (9.30. - 4.45), and will be happy to give every assistance. Should you wish to telephone, the number is HOLborn 7597.

Our Victoria (BC) Branch. The Hon. Sec. of this lively Branch, Mrs. A. R. Cornwell, tells us they have had another very successful season, holding eight well-attended meetings, a summer outing and an annual dinner. Last but far from least, they have recently recruited several new members.

The Branch is now in its 33rd year, and we send it — by no means for the first time — our heartiest congratulations.

THREE REVIEWS

(1886 - 1889)

by Andrew Lang

There is a special variety of English *Vers de Société*, namely the Anglo-Indian species. A quaint and amusing example of this literature has reached me, named 'Departmental Ditties'. The modest author does not give his name. The little book is published in the shape of an official paper, 'No. I of 1886'. The envelope is the cover. No poem, and this is an excellent arrangement, occupies more than one of the long narrow pages. Would that all poems were as brief. The Radical should read 'Departmental Ditties' and learn how gaily *Jobus et de.* govern India: —

'Who shall doubt' the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid,
Was that the contractor 'did'
Cheops out of several millions?

Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies,
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's swart civilians?

Here we learn how Ahasuerus Jenkins, merely because he 'had a tenor voice of super Santley tone', became a power in the state.

Very curious is the tale of Jones, who left his newly-wedded bride, and went to the Hurrum Hills above the Afghan border, and whose heliographic messages home were intercepted and interpreted by General Bangs.

With damnatory dash and dot he'd heliographed his wife
Some interesting details of the General's private life.

On the whole, these are melancholy ditties. Jobs, and posts, and pensions, and the wives of their neighbours appear (if we trust the satirist) to be much coveted by her Majesty's Oriental civil servants. The story of Giffen, who was broken and disgraced, and saved a whole country-side at the expense of his own life, and who is now worshipped (by the natives) in Bengal, is worthy of Bret Harte.

The Indian poet has kept the best wine to the last, and I like his poem *In Spring-time* so much that (supreme compliment!) I have copied it out here . . .

The worst of recommending Mr. Wheeler's publications, which we do very heartily, is that apparently they are difficult to procure. They appear in paper-covered little volumes; but these volumes are not found on English railway-bookstalls. Very little that is so new and so good can be discovered in those shrines of fugitive literature. Mr. Kipling is a new writer, or a writer new to the English as distinct from the Anglo-Indian public. He is so clever, so fresh, and so cynical that he must be young; like other people, he will be kinder to life when he has seen more of it. Clever people usually begin with a little aversion, which is toned down, in life as in love, to a friendly resignation, if it is not toned up to something warmer by longer experience. Mr. Kipling's least cynical stories are those in *In Black and White*, studies of native life and character. He is far happier with Afghan homicides and old ford-watchers, and even with fair Lalun, "whose profession was the most ancient in the world", and whose house was built upon the city wall, than with the flirts and frubbles of the hills. His "black men" (as Macaulay would have called them) are excellent men, full of courage, cunning, revenge, and with points of honour of their own. We are more in sympathy with their ancient semi-barbarism than with the inexpensive rank and second-hand fashion of Simla.

An invidious critic might say, and not untruly, that Mr. Kipling has, consciously or unconsciously, formed himself on the model of Mr. Bret Harte. He has something of Mr. Harte's elliptic and allusive manner, though his grammar is very much better. He has Mr. Harte's liking for good qualities where they have the charm of the unexpected. Perhaps the similarity is increased by the choice of topics and events on the fringes of alien civilisations. It may also be conjectured that Mr. Kipling is not ignorant of "Gyp's" works. In any case he has wit, humour, observation; he can tell a story, and he does not always disdain pathos, even when the pathetic is a little too obvious. People will probably expect Mr. Kipling, with all these graces of his, to try his hand at a long novel. We are a nation that likes quantity. But it may very probably turn out that Mr. Kipling is best at short stories and sketches.

Perhaps the most excellent of his tales is "Dray Wara Yow Dee", the confession to an Englishman of a horse-dealer from the Northern frontier. This character, in his cunning and his honesty, his madness of revenge, his love, his misery, his honour, is to our mind a little masterpiece. There is a poetry and a melancholy about the picture which it would be hard, perhaps impossible, to find in more than one or two barbaric or savage portraits from a European hand. His confession must be read; we shall not spoil it by analysis. The "Judgement of Dungara" is as good, in a comic and cynical manner; so is the tale of a "sahib, called Yankum Sahib". Missionaries ought to get the former by heart, and magistrates the latter. "Gemini", the story of Ram Dass and Durga Dass, might make a Radical Indophile laugh, and might teach him a good deal about his clients. "In Flood Time" is a little prose idyl of epical strength; there is something primitive in the adventure and something very sympathetic in the old warder of the ford **who** tells the tale. The "Sending of Dana Da" is an Icelandic kind of

miracle worked on esoteric Buddhists to their confusion and sorrow. The sending wherewith Dana Da vexed Lone Sahib was a sending of kittens, not nice young vivacious kittens, but kittens in their babyhood, and they vexed Lone Sahib sore. "On the City Wall" is the last, and certainly one of the very best, of the stories; the tale of conspiracy, riot, prison-breaking, organised by Lalun the Fair and Wali Dad, "a young Mahomedan who was suffering acutely from Education of the English variety, and knew it". This Wali Dad is as clever a study as that of the Pathan horse thief; his modern melancholy, infidelity, *Weltschmerz*, and all the rest of it, leave him at bottom as thorough a Moslem fanatic as ever yelled "Ya Hasan! Ya Hussain!" How the British soldier could quell a multitude of yelling fanatics, without drawing a bayonet or firing a shot, is pleasant to read. And, at the end of the riot, there we find Agnostic Wali Dad, "shoeless, turbanless, and frothing at the mouth; the flesh on his chest bruised and bleeding from the vehemence with which he had smitten himself." Wherefore we part from Wali Dad respecting him rather more than in his character of educated Unbeliever; for the attitude and actions of the fanatic were more sincere than the sighs and sneers of "the product."

On the whole, Mr. Kipling's *Under the Deodars* is more conventional and less interesting than his studies of native life. There is comparatively little variety in "playing lawn-tennis with the Seventh Commandment." Mr. Kipling, in his preface, intimates that Anglo-Indian society has other and more seemly diversions. Any persons who wish to see the misery, the seamy, sorry side of irregular love affairs, may turn to "The Hill of Illusion." It is enough to convert a man or woman on the verge of guilt by reminding them that, after all, they will be no happier than they have been, and much less respectable. "A Wayside Comedy" contains a tragedy almost impossible in its absurd and miserable complexity of relations. Only a very small and very remote Anglo-Indian station could have produced this comedy, or tolerated it; and yet what were the wretched men and women to do on this side of suicide? The freaks of Mrs. Hawksbee and Mrs. Mallowe are more commonplace and rather strained in their cleverness. But, on the whole, the two little volumes, with Mr. Kipling's *Departmental Ditties*, give the impression that there is a new and enjoyable talent at work in Anglo-Indian literature.

The Saturday Review. 10 August 1889

"Who will show us some new thing?" is the constant demand of criticism. As Jeames grew tired of beef and mutton, and wished that some new animal was invented, so the professional student of contemporary fiction wearies, ungratefully, of the regular wholesome old joints — of the worthy veteran novelists. This fastidiousness has its good side, it gives every beginner a chance of pleasing; but, on the other hand, it tempts people to over-estimate an author merely because he is not yet stale and hackneyed, or at least familiar. We know pretty well what the eminent old hands can do, they seldom surprise us agreeably. What the new hand does is likely to have the merit of a surprise. Thus Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills" (Thacker and Co.) take us captive, pretty much as his friend, Private

Mulvaney, with twenty-five naked recruits, took the Burmese town of Lungtungpen. It was the dash, the strangeness, and the unexpectedness of Private Mulvaney's expedition that did the business; the fort was not captured according to the theories of war. Thus we must be more on the watch than the Burmese garrison, and must not surrender at discretion to a literary recruit. This warning is needful because Mr. Kipling's tales really are of an extraordinary charm and fascination, not to all readers no doubt, but certainly to many men. His is more a man's book than a woman's book. The "average" novel reader, who likes her three stout volumes full of the love affairs of an ordinary young lady in ordinary circumstances will not care for Mr. Kipling's brief and lively stories. There is nothing ordinary about them. The very scenes are strange, scenes of Anglo-Indian life, military and official; of native life; of the life of half-castes and Eurasians. The subjects in themselves would be a hindrance and a handicap to most authors, because the general reader is much averse to the study of Indian matters, and is baffled by *jhairuns*, and *khitmatgars* and the rest of it. Nothing but the writer's unusual vivacity, freshness, wit, and knowledge of things little known — the dreams of opium smokers, the ideas of private soldiers, the passions of Pathans and wild Border tribes, the magic which is yet a living force in India, the loves of secluded native widows, the habits of damsels whose house, like Rahab's, is on the city wall—nothing but these qualities keeps the English reader awake and excited. It may safely be said that "Plain Tales from the Hills" will teach more of India, of our task there, of the various peoples who we try to rule, than many Blue Books. Here is an unbroken field of actual romance, here are incidents as strange as befall in any city of dream, any Kôr or Zu-Vendis, and the incidents are true.

Mr. Kipling's romances are not all of equal value; far from it. Several of them might indeed be left out with no great loss. But the best are very good indeed. For example, to read "The False Dawn" is to receive quite a new idea of the possibilities of life, and of what some people call the potentialities of "passion". Cut down to the quick, it only tells how a civil servant, in love with one sister, proposed to another in the darkness of a dust storm. But the brief, vivid narrative; the ride to the old tomb in the sultry tropical midnight, "the horizon to the north, carrying a faint, dun-coloured feather", the hot wind lashing the orange trees; the wandering, blind night of dust; the lightning "spurting like water from a sluice"; the human passions breaking forth as wildly as the fire from Heaven; the headlong race in the whirlwind and the gloom, "the dust-white, ghostly men and women" — all these make pictures as real as they are strange. "I never knew anything so un-English in my life" say Mr. Kipling; and well he may. It is more like a story from another world than merely from another continent. A window is opened on the future, and we have a glimpse of what our race may become when our descendants have lived long in alien lands, in changed conditions — for example, in the electric air of South Africa. There will be new and passionate types of character in "the lands not yet meted out".

The natives of India have been dwelling for countless centuries in the region which can make even Englishmen "un-English". Mr. Kipling's tales of native life are particularly moving and unwonted. Perhaps the very best, the account of a Hindu and Moslem riot, called "On the City Wall" is not in this volume, and we miss here the Pathan story of love and revenge. But, if anyone wishes to "grue", as the Etrick Shepherd has it, to shudder, he may try "In the House of Suddhoo". He will not only be taught to shiver, though the magic employed was a mere imposture, but he will learn more of what uneducated natives believe, than official records and superficial books of travel can tell him. There is nothing approaching it in modern literature, except the Pakeha Maori's account of a native *seance* in a Tohunga's hut in New Zealand. The Voice, the twittering spiritual Voice that flew about the darkness, talking now from the roof, now from the floor, now without, now within, impressed the Pakeha Maori till it said, "Give the priest my gun". Then the English observer began to doubt the genuine nature of the ghost. In the same way when the dead head of the native child spoke as it floated on the brass basin in the haunted house of Suddhoo, the English spectator can hardly help being moved, till the dry lips declare that the fee of the sorcerer must be doubled. "Here the mistake from the artistic point of view came in." But the tragic consequences came in too, inevitably. Mr. Kipling acts Asmodeus here, and, as it were, lifts the roof from the native house. The roof is only half lifted, with a terrible effect, in the romantic story "Beyond the Pale", the half told and never to be finished record of an Englishman's amour with a young native widow. On the other hand, in "The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows", the whole life of a half caste opium smoker, all the spectacle of will and nerve hopelessly relaxed and ruined, is transparent and masterly. At first three pipes enabled him to see the red and yellow dragons fight on his neighbour's cap. Now it needs a dozen pipes, and soon he will see their last battle, and slip into another sleep, in "The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows". The tales of English existence, official and military, are often diverting and witty; occasionally flippant and too rich in slang. Mr. Kipling may have the vivacity of Guy De Maupassant, but he has neither his pessimism, nor, unluckily, the simplicity of his style. There is yet a good deal to be learned by this born story-teller, and there is always the danger that, with experience and self-restraint, may come timidity and lack of force. The last story of the volume promises, or seems to promise, a novel on a theme quite untouched, the existence of a broken-down Englishman, a white Pariah fallen among the dark places of "the Serai where the horse-traders live". These stories, whatever their merits, are an addition to the new exotic literature, of which M. Pierre Loti is the leader in France. They have not M. Loti's style, nor his romantic gloom and desolation; their defects are a certain knowingness and familiarity, as of one telling a story in a smoking-room rather late in the evening. But that is a very curable fault, and it is natural to expect much from talent so fresh, facile, and spontaneous, working in a field of such unusual experiences.

KIPLING FOR CHILDREN

by Rosemary Sutcliff

When I was eight or nine, I tried to explain to my mother what I felt most strongly about the stories of Rudyard Kipling: "Well you see, other people write about things from the outside in, but Kipling writes about them from the inside out." That seems to get fairly well to the heart of the matter, and I don't think I can do very much better now.

This gift for self-identification with whatever and whoever he wrote about, which Kipling possessed to such an extraordinary degree, is apparent in almost all his work whether for children or grown-ups. It is hard to imagine how a man who had not himself pulled at an oar as a galley slave for five years or so could have written "The Finest Story in the World"; how anyone who had not himself run on four paws inside a lithe ebony velvet skin, could know so surely what it feels like to be a black panther. Even into the world of inanimate things, he carried the same gift, writing of a ship's engine or a big gun so that one knows to one's finger tips that if a ship's engine or a big gun could give consciousness, this is what they would feel, this is how they would be aware, and how they would express their awareness.

It is this gift, above all others, that makes Kipling what he is, to the readers of all ages who love his work. But it is a gift that, however, much it adds to the depth and quality of an adult reader's enjoyment, finds its greatest fulfilment when the reader is a child. It is through empathy the minor miracle of self-identification with the characters and events of a story, that a child does much of his learning — not only the learning of the mind, but of the emotions, even, maybe, of the spirit. And the more personally and painfully the author has become involved in his characters, the more completely he gets inside their skins, the deeper and more vivid will be the response of the child reading what he has written.

But before going further with this somewhat random 'piece' on Kipling for Children, it might be as well to try to decide which of his books are in fact for children, and the moment one begins, it becomes perfectly obvious that the thing can't be done. There is no clear demarcation line. All one can do is to make a personal choice and give personal reasons and opinions, and apologise in advance to anyone who disagrees.

The Jungle Books, The Just So Stories, Stalky and Co., Puck of Pook's Hill and Rewards and Fairies immediately leap to mind. But of the *Puck* books, Kipling himself says in his Autobiography, "I worked the material in three or four overlaid tints and textures, which might or might not reveal themselves according to the shifting light of sex, youth and experience. The tales had to be read by children before people realised that they were meant for grown-ups". On the other hand, two of his full length novels, *Kim* and *Captains Courageous*

originally intended for grown-ups, have always been read and loved by children, for, at least so far as these two books are concerned, Kipling belongs to the select company of writers — R. L. Stevenson, Rider Haggard and John Buchan are three more — whose books, written for adults, have been taken over by the young. How and why this happens to some writers is a mystery. I have seen it attributed in a recent T.L.S. article, to "A pocket of unlived childhood" somewhere in the innermost recesses of the author's being, and if, as seems quite possible, this is the answer, odd to think how much we who loved Kipling's adult books when we were children, and love his children's books still, may owe to the six miserable years of unlived childhood he survived under the shadow of *The Woman in the House of Desolation at Southsea*.

So, *The Jungle Books* and *Stalky*, the *Just So Stories* and both *Puck* books; add *Kim* and *Captains Courageous* and the list, my own personal list at all events, is complete. It is interesting to note that they were all written in the eighteen years or so between the time when the author's first child was on the way, and the time when the last was too old to have stories made for him any longer — as though it took the nearness of a child to tap that pocket of unlived childhood in Rudyard Kipling.

I was something under six when my mother first read *The Jungle Books* to me. They were my first introduction to Kipling, and perhaps for that reason, they have an especial potency for me. From the first, I had an extraordinary sense of familiarity in the jungle; I was not discovering a new world but returning to a world I knew; and the closest contact I ever made with a "Story book Character", I made with Bagheera, the black panther with the voice as soft as wild honey dripping from a tree and the little bald spot that told of a collar, under his chin.

The Just So Stories, *Kim*, and *Puck of Pook's Hill*, must all have followed soon after; at all events I have no clear memory of first meeting them, nor of a time before they were there, a time without the crowding delights and many-coloured over-spilling riches of *Kim*, on which one can get drunk as a bee among horse chestnut blossom; without the strong magic of *The Just So Stories* (no one understands better than Kipling did, the importance of incantation, the exact repetition of the word pattern until it becomes ritual "You must *not* forget the suspenders, Best Beloved" to all primitive peoples, including children); without Sir Richard Dalyngridge, that Very Perfect Gentle Knight, and the three magnificent "Roman Wall" stories of *Puck of Pook's Hill* which first, as it were, planted Roman Britain in my bloodstream.

I did not in the early days, of course, see what any of these books were really about. I did not see that under the superb tale of adventure, *Kim* told basically the same story as *The Jungle Books* — of a boy belonging to one world, thrown into and accepted by another, and faced in the end by the same unbearable choice to be made between world and world, nor how much the story had to tell about the nature of love and the soul of Man. I did not for a moment realise the brilliant playing with word-patterns and rhythms and intricate arabesques

of sound that give *The Just So Stories* their peculiar magic (but I did feel the loving delight that had gone into their fashioning, for an especially beloved child, and from the first I knew that the two stories of Taffy and her father were the most 'real' in the whole book). Most certainly I had no idea that the true hero of *Puck and Rewards*, alike, was Old Hobden, typifying as he does, the People and the Land that endure while Kingdoms and Civilisations come and go.

But the fact that I understood roughly a quarter of what I was reading — or rather having read to me — for until I was nine I set my face resolutely against the whole distasteful idea of learning to read to myself — made no difference whatever to my love for the books and my delight in them. And indeed, looking back, I think that I absorbed far more of all this, as it were through the pores of my skin, than my head could cope with. Children do have this trick of taking in intuitively, things still beyond their mental powers, far more than grown-ups realise.

I loved certain of the stories from *Rewards and Fairies* quite as much as anything in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, but the book as a whole, I have never found so satisfying, and this seems to be the case with others I have asked. There is an uneven brilliance about *Rewards*. It was the last book Kipling ever wrote for children, and maybe his power to do so was flaring and guttering like a candle before it goes out. Some of the stories, *The Wrong Thing* with its glorious irony, *The Tree of Justice*, and that most vast and terrible and piteous of stories *The Knife and the Naked Chalk* are finer than anything in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, but save for *The Tree of Justice* one does not grow to know their people so well. And some of the other stories, especially the American ones, I have even been bored by.

I was considerably older, at least ten, when I came to *Stalky and Co.* and at first time of reading I did not much enjoy it. Maybe it was too masculine. It is, of course, extremely masculine in its psychology, and having no brothers, I may have found its complicated male ethics and alien thought processes beyond my powers to cope with. Kipling himself says somewhere (I quote from memory, and therefore probably inaccurately) "The reserve of a boy is ten times deeper than the reserve of a maid, woman being made for one purpose, and man for several". Be that as it may, a year or two later I gave *Stalky and Co.* a second chance, and suddenly bells rang and pennies dropped in all directions. I must have re-read it at least a dozen times since then, and it remains one of the very few books that can reduce me to helpless gigglement when reading in bed at 2 a.m.

And that leaves only *Captains Courageous*. I never met *Captains Courageous* until I myself had joined the ranks of the grown-ups, but I do not think that was the reason why it failed me; it was, after all, originally intended for grown-ups. I enjoyed it hugely, and was gripped by it from start to finish, but once finished, it was over; and it is the only one of Kipling's books that I have never wanted to read again. I know perfectly well that it is as good as the others, but knowing is not enough. It is not for me, in the way that Kipling's other books — that I have mentioned here — are for me.

Rudyard Kipling died just when the old order was dying, and

many of the things that he believed in were falling into disrepute; when Britain was beginning to be ashamed of having — or ever having had — an Empire. And so the charge of Jingoism was levelled at him, and has been levelled at him off and on ever since, by people who have never troubled to read his books with an open mind. I have even heard conscientious parents and school teachers doubting the rightness of giving certain of his books to their children, lest they should imbibe jingoistic ideas from them — particularly from *Stalky and Co.*, the very book which contains, had those conscientious parents and teachers noticed it, the unforgettable portrait of the Jelly-Bellied Flag-flapper.

Empire had not become a dirty word to Kipling, but he saw it in terms, not of dominion but of service. One of the extremely sound lessons he has for the child of to-day is that service is not something to be ashamed of. Another is that history is something to do with oneself. Most children tend to grow up seeing history in a series of small static pictures, all belonging to the past and with no communicating door between them and the present. The two *Puck* books, with their mingling of past and present in one corner of England must help them to feel it as a living and continuous process of which they themselves are a part, and so see their own times in better perspective than they might otherwise have done.

Yes, Rudyard Kipling still has an honourable place to fill in the ranks of children's writers, and it is a place which, without him, must remain empty, for nobody else can fill it.

AN INTRODUCTION TO 'KIM'

by Charles Carrington

RUDYARD KIPLING'S reputation had reached its climax in 1900 when he published *Kim*, his valediction to British India. He was still no more than thirty-four years old, rich and famous — and, though so young, he had enjoyed an almost unparalleled popularity for about ten years. No other writer of the day was so widely quoted, so generally discussed, so publicly criticised. When, ten years earlier, he had arrived in London, a penniless young journalist with a budget of stories and ballads written in India, he had quickly become the talk of the town. Since Byron, on the publication of *Childe Harold*, had 'woken to find himself famous', there had been no such sensation as the impact of Kipling on the world of letters in England and in America. A best-seller in 1890, he was still to be a best-seller, in spite of the change in taste, fifty or sixty years later.

His early work, almost all written on Anglo-Indian themes, was sombre or cynical in its air, and by no means complacent about the

British Government. No one then thought of him as a defender of the Establishment. After his marriage, in 1892, a second and maturer phase of his work began, his imperial decade, when the sonorous rhythms of *The Seven Seas* accompanied his tales and ballads of pioneering and seafaring. Kipling, who had first been the soldier's laureate, became the engineer's laureate and lifted (or lowered) literature into the field of technology. No one before Kipling had ever considered the steam-engine a proper subject for poetry, and it was his task — his triumph — to write for a whole generation of technologists who were not otherwise great readers.

At this stage Henry James (a lifelong family friend of the Kiplings) made a comment which has often been quoted: 'He has come down steadily from the simple in subject to the more simple — from the Anglo-Indians to the natives, from the natives to the Tommies from the Tommies to the quadrupeds, from the quadrupeds to the fish, and from the fish to the engines and screws.' If this facetious remark was to be taken seriously it was an appalling reflection on Henry James's scale of values rather than on Kipling's choice of subjects. It was, however, not justified. Kipling was reaching out to experiment in a wide range of topics and modes. The years 1897 to 1899 saw the production of four of his most celebrated ballads, all of them the occasion for controversy in which various reactions were to be observed. The four ballads were 'The Vampire', 'Recessional', 'The White Man's Burden', 'The Absent-Minded Beggar' and though all four have resemblances of style it would be difficult indeed to deduce from them what manner of man their author was. Each of them contains phrases which have passed into the currency of familiar if unacknowledged quotation. If 'The Vampire' was vulgar and flashy, no one could apply those epithets to 'Recessional'; if 'The Absent-Minded Beggar' was brash and superficial, these qualities were not to be found in that prophetic statement, 'The White Man's Burden'.

But in the first crisis of imperialism, Kipling's reputation had reached a watershed. Until then a young experimenter at whom the critics had gazed with astonishment, he now stood out as the champion of a cause on which the contemporary world was sharply divided. How difficult it is to recapture the mood of those two unexpected episodes, the Spanish-American War and the Anglo-Boer War, when for the first time in their history the common men of the United States and Britain volunteered in thousands to fight arduous campaigns overseas in what we now call the under-developed countries, when to take up the White Man's Burden was a new and inspiring task.

Rudyard Kipling's family background suggested no tendency towards domination or militarism. His parents had been friends of the pre-Raphaelite group; his early work was strongly influenced by Swinburne and de Maupassant; his patrons as a young man were William Morris and Charles Eliot Norton; his moral principles were derived from Emerson. In the 'Gilded Age' of the eighteen-nineties it had not yet been necessary to take sides for or against the Emersonian concept of 'dominion over palm and pine'. It was the year 1900 that brought the crisis, when elections in Britain and in America swept into power the imperialist administrations associated with the names

of Joseph Chamberlain and Theodore Roosevelt. Just at that moment, Rudyard Kipling published *Kim*, which was not the book expected of him. His political verses had alienated many of his early admirers during the previous three years; and his graver friends, Henry James among them, had written him off as a literary figure, no longer concerned with art or life, but with patriotism and the externals of world conquest.

On the other hand, his reputation stood high with the creators of that pioneering age. Never again did he attract the sustained attention of the dedicated critics. He had declared for the men of deeds and had renounced his allegiance to the men of words, with the consequence that his picaresque romance of Indian life was dismissed as an adventure story. It was not at first heavily reviewed, and some critics who were reacting against the inflated reputation of the early Kipling treated it unjustly 'Stalky chilled me and Kim killed me', wrote Arnold Bennett, a curious comment indeed on two books which resembled one another so little and of which the latter was so warm with humanity.

When Kipling was a young journalist in India his friends knew that his spare time was devoted to the preparation of what was to be his masterpiece, the *Book of Mother Maturin*. The manuscript has been long since destroyed and no one now living has read it, but Kipling kept it by him and drew upon it for episodes which he afterwards used in his maturer work. The well-known story, "Without Benefit of Clergy", owes something to *Mother Maturin* as, I believe, do the scenes of low life at Port Said in *The Light That Failed*. In some degree the material may have been recast in his mind in quite new shape, the vital spark which brought this embryo at last to life being the character of *Kim* himself. *Mother Maturin*, it seems, had been a novel without a hero, though, like *Kim*, it had been a two-sided glimpse of the half-world where British India and 'native' India met and merged.

In New England Kipling's prolonged honeymoon in a new and healthy climate and landscape, his prosperity, above all his domestic pride and love, enabled him to look back upon his youth in Asia with a cool objective regard. There was always in Rudyard Kipling a conflict between the two sides of his nature which since childhood had been symbolised by the alternations of his life in the East and in the West. In each he had known frustration and fruition, misery and content; in each he had been conscious of contrary tendencies which seemed to lead him either into the common world of action or into some transcendental field which at once attracted and repelled him. Those who regard Kipling as merely a writer of adventure stories and patriotic songs should look again at the consistent strain of allegory which runs through so great a part of his work. In its most direct form it is to be found in the strange fable called "The Children of the Zodiac" which he wrote about the time of his marriage. But the choice between East and West, between the 'Jungle' and the 'Village', between the world of fancy and the world of fact, recurs again and again in his prose and verse of the eighteen-nineties. This is the theme of his tale of a roving life in India which, after several earlier drafts had been laid aside, he published as *Kim*.

His first sustained attempts to write a complete book on an Indian theme followed upon the publication of the *Jungle Books*,

which then and until the present time have been the most widely read of Kipling's works. All the world knows the myth of Mowgli the wolf-child, the motherless brat cast upon the world, who by learning the Law of the Jungle becomes its master, but who at last returns to the society of man. It was not necessary for Kipling to tell us, as he did, that the Mowgli stories were written on two levels, for children, and for adults who can find a deeper meaning in them. Another comment may be made on *The Jungle Books*, that he used the same myth and, to a large extent, the same characters when he came to write his Indian romance. *Kim*, like Mowgli, begins as a castaway in a ruthless world and ends as the master of its secret springs. Like the wolf-child, Kim too is confronted with the choice between the world of fantasy and the world of fact, and makes the same decision. The predatory beasts, so fierce to all others, who befriend Mowgli are reproduced as the ruffians from the underworld who become Kim's patrons. But *Kim*, if not so neatly contrived as the *Jungle Stories*, is far richer in content, not only in its bold impressions of Indian life (we must never forget that Kipling was brought up among painters), but in the variety of its dramatis personae. Bagheera the panther and Baloo the bear are slight sketches when compared with the rounded portraits of Mahbub Ali and Hurree Chunder, who reveal the vagaries and contradictions of actual human beings.

Kim is remarkable, too, for its portraits of women, far more deeply etched than the superficial studies of the mem-sahibs in his early Simla stories. Not much critical attention has yet been given to Kipling's series of middle-aged women. His young girls, with one or two exceptions where he was portraying his own daughters, are not interesting, but the older women who appear so frequently in his later work are remarkable indeed. Notice, then, that *Kim*, this autobiographical projection of the author as a youth, accepts the motherly ministrations of the old Hindu lady, the Sahiba, as a right, but rejects the amorous advances of the Woman of Shamlegh. It is significant that *Kim*, like Mowgli, is described as virile, beautiful, and desirable. Kipling takes pains to tell us that *Kim* has 'known all evil' since childhood and presents him in easy unashamed converse with women of the town. This experience of life we do not quite believe, and rather see him as moving through corruption in unstained innocence. Woman delights him not, nor man either. More significant still is the patronage of Mahbub Ali, a Pathan from a society where homosexual relations were quite respectable, who treats *Kim* as his 'favourite', an implication of which *Kim* seems unaware. This, too, is a view of life which he rejects. In the end he emerges from his adolescent state of dependence, neither the 'favourite' of a powerful patron nor the disciple of an other-worldly cult, but a man, and a man of the western technocratic world.

'Roads were made to be walked upon, houses to be lived in, cattle to be driven, fields to be tilled, and men and women to be talked to. They were all real and true.'

To consider and to respect mysticism but to accept material life, to know of the abnormal but to prefer the normal, to correlate **the** world of fancy with the world of fact — this is *Kim*'s solution for **the**

conflicts of adolescence and this was Kipling's message to his generation. Hence his lasting influence over normal men, and hence the irritation which his name and message stimulate elsewhere. He gets under the skins of the hyper-sensitive.

The book, *Kim*, has many faults, not least the occasional jibes and sneers that Kipling could not refrain from using in his early work. Even as late as 1900 he had not learned to prune away and reject these imperfections which, ten years later, would not have evaded his final scrutiny. While this is a book about Indians and Indian life, with an unusual tenderness for Eurasians, and an unsympathetic view of Englishmen in India, the author occasionally drops a casual comment of so unsympathetic a character that it jars upon the surprised reader. As the caravan settled for the evening, he writes, for example, there 'followed the usual aimless babble that every low-caste native must raise on every occasion'. If true, it is unnecessary, an irrelevant intrusion in a delightful scene. But these condescending asides about natives are mild when compared with his strictures on the uncomprehending sahibs. The character treated most harshly is the Church of England chaplain who looked at India 'with the triple-ringed uninterest of the creed that lumps nine-tenths of the world under the title of "heathen".'

These are minor flaws in a masterpiece. Surely *Kim* is the best book written by a European about Asia. Surely no other Englishman has written of India with such loving interest. E. M. Forster's *Passage to India* is the only work which can be laid beside it and, in many respects, *Kim* comes well out of the comparison. *Kim* is not a political romance; it attempts no glorification or even justification of British rule, which is merely taken for granted; its plot is unimportant, hardly memorable; its hero is thrown by chance into the vagabond life of India so that we may see and love the country and the people as we catch the scent of the hot dust in our nostrils. Nothing is explained or excused. Forster, not Kipling, is the political writer, the commentator en passant, at which he casts his cool austere regard. In the cold light of Forster's observation all is clear and all unlovable. While Forster appraises the Indian character and the Indian scene, noting conscious and unconscious processes, Kipling is content to paint the picture, loving it and causing us to love it. He laboured at this task for five years and when, at last, he produced a third draft which satisfied him, it was his farewell to youth, and to adolescent fantasy, as well as to Asia. All that was put behind him, long ago and far away, and never again did he take ship East of Suez.

[Note. This essay (copyright 1962 by The George Macy Companies Inc., by whose kind permission it is here reprinted) was written for an edition of *Kim*, handsomely printed by the *Limited Editions Club* of New York in 1962. It was illustrated in full colour by Robin Jacques with drawings which every lover of Kipling will welcome for their fidelity and vigour. A trade edition, with illustrations in two colours only has been issued by the Heritage Press, New York. C.E.C.]

RUDYARD KIPLING ; POET

by Bonamy Dobrée

(Note. The figures in brackets refer to the page in the Definitive Edition of Kipling's Verse where the poem named is to be found.)

Most of us, readers of this Journal, will have been provoked to thought by T. S. Eliot's saying:

While I speak of Kipling's work as verse and not as poetry, I am still able to speak of individual compositions as poetry, and also to maintain that there is 'poetry' in the 'verse'.

Kipling was certainly a dazzlingly able versifier — his mastery of rhythm and metre attests that well enough — but he was not just a versifier; he was a poet in the full sense of the term. To try to define poetry is to rush in where angels fear to tread; but I would quote what Moneta said in Keats' *The Fall of Hyperion*:

The poet and the dreamer are distinct,
Diverse, sheer opposites, antipodes.
The one pours out a balm upon the world,
The other vexes it.

(I. 199-202.)

Since he was a poet, much of what Kipling wrote vexed the world, sometimes by direct attack upon its complacency, at others by forcing the individual to face himself, or struggle against the abyss of darkness which man sometimes feels may engulf him. But before doing these things he vexed the secluded self-conscious literary world of his time in a more superficial way, by using the colloquial idiom of the people. His sin was to act on Wordsworth's precept — which is more than Wordsworth did — of writing poetry in the language men use in speaking to men. There were such things as 'Tommy' (398), in plain vernacular then decried, but now seen as contributing to that freedom from 'poetic' diction which has been one of the feathers in the cap of present-century metrical writing. Take, for instance, 'For to Admire' (457) which opens:

The Injian Ocean set an' smiles
So sof', so bright, so bloomin blue;

verses in which there may not be much 'poetry', except, perhaps, for the striking image

Old Aden, like a barrick-stove
That no one's lit for years an' years . . .

But there was certainly poetry in the later 'Sestina of the Tramp Royal' (87), a remarkable triumph in form, unusual in Kipling whose genius did not take to using given shapes (his sonnets are unremarkable); while 'Danny Deever' (397) is now recognised as a poem proper, and a very powerful one.

But he 'vexed' more deeply than that. As R. G. Collingwood put it, he "burst into the stuffy atmosphere of the aesthetes' china-shop", not only by his diction, but by writing 'Magical' poetry, poetry, that is, that "evokes and canalises the emotions that are to men as the steam in the engine of their daily work, and discharges them into the affairs of practical life". There is a deal of this sort of work at a certain period of Kipling's career: such pieces as 'The Islanders' (301) — which vexed more than the aesthetes — 'The Dykes' (305), 'The Truce of the Bear' (274), and, obviously, 'The Absent-Minded Beggar' (459). There is not very much poetry to be found in those pieces, mainly the result of irritation, but when he is really moved, as in 'Hymn Before Action, 1896 (425) the whole becomes a poem, most certainly in 'For All We Have and Are, 1914' (329): one may take the third stanza:

Comfort, content, delight,
The ages' slow-bought gain,
They shrivelled in a night.
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.
 Though all we made depart
 The old Commandments stand: —
 "In patience keep your heart,
 In strength lift up your hand."

Kipling, however, made full use of the truth which he stated that

There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And-every-single-one-of-them-is-right! ('The Neolithic Age.' 342)

and is as varied in the subject-matter of his verse as in his story-telling. And also in his manner. To try to simplify a little (though this is to be more than a little arbitrary), it might be suggested that in the main, apart from his 'magical' verse, he wrote three kinds of poetry. The edges of these things are always confused, and he sometimes *fused* the kinds. These I would call the 'romantic', or dreamers' poems; poems of thought and experience; and, to coin a word, 'actuality' poems. First the romantic. I would describe romantic poetry as that meant to evoke memories, to express and communicate the universal common emotions, "the weeping and the laughter, love and desire and hate", to awaken yearning to induce meditation. It communicates, not logical thought, but sentiment: and if it teaches it does so, in De Quincey's phrase, "by deep impulses and hieroglyphic suggestion". It depends largely upon its musical effect. Kipling wrote a good deal of this, as for instance in the very early 'The Love Song of Har Dyal' (637), of which the first stanza runs:

Alone upon the house-tops to the North,
I turn and watch the lightnings in the sky —
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die.

Or, again, there is 'The Harp Song of the Dane Women' (528)

What is a woman that you forsake her,
 And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
 To go with the old grey Widow-maker?

He could put various ballad-forms under contribution, not always very striking and sometimes far too long, but some are delicately phrased, as 'The Gift of the Sea' (374). There is one which has extraordinary force, perhaps because the story is implied rather than told, namely 'Heriot's Ford' (662), of which only a few stanzas can be quoted here, enough, however, it is hoped, to suggest the terror that pervades it.

St. 1 "What's that that hirples at my side?"
The foe that you must fight, my lord.
 "That rides as fast as I can ride?"
The shadow of your might, my lord.

St. 4 "Oh, do not slay me in my sins! "
You're safe awhile with us, my lord.
 "Nay, kill me ere my fear begins! "
We would not serve you thus, my lord.

St. 7 "You would not kill the soul alive?"
'Twas thus our sister cried, my lord.
 "I dare not die with none to shrive."
But so our sister died, my lord.

St. 8 "Then wipe the sweat from brow and cheek."
It runnels forth afresh, my lord.
 "Uphold me — for the flesh is weak."
You've finished with the Flesh, my lord!

It is a terrifying vision of doom, deserved, it would seem, and inescapable. In the same ballad-form is the poignant lament for his son, reported missing at the Battle of Loos, 'My Boy Jack' (216), almost equalled in intensity by the succeeding poem, 'A Nativity' (217). As a further example of 'romantic' poetry though approaching that of thought, is the late 'Gertrude's Prayer' (771), attached to 'Dayspring Mishandled', which opens:

That which was marred at birth Time shall not mend,
 Nor water out of bitter well make clean:
 All evil thing returneth at the end,
 Or elseway walketh in our blood unseen.
 Whereby the more is sorrow in certaine —
 Dayspring mishandled cometh not againe . . .

the sense being so strong that we ignore the deliberate Chaucerian pastiche.

The difficulty with a great many of Kipling's poems is that they cannot be fully understood without reference to the stories which they accompany — nor the stories altogether without the flash of light provided by the poems. Nevertheless many of them haunt the memory — a sufficient indication of their poetic quality — by the images of sight, or touch, or smell that they evoke, as in 'Alnaschar and the Oxen'

(759) with its "Sussex cattle feeding in the dew", of 'The Recall' (487) with the lines

Scent of smoke in the evening,
Smell of rain in the night,

or, most famous of all, perhaps, 'The Way Through the Woods' (490), where the unstressed, almost faltering end superbly achieves one of the objects of romantic poetry, the release of the imagination. If you enter the woods

You will hear the beat of the horse's feet,
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods . . .
But there is no road through the woods.

The lightest of his romantic poems is the gaily rhymed 'Rimini' (550), "When I left Rome for Lalage's sake"; another, not altogether light but relying on nostalgia for its effect, is 'The Flowers' (190), which though an 'Imperial' poem has nothing 'magical' about it. I give the South African part:

Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie —
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless sky —
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain —
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

The play of vowel-sounds is haunting. And as belonging to the romantic tradition may be classed some of the poems that deal with his basic intuitions, and his search for a religion. They are varied enough in depth, from the sympathetic but unparticipating 'Buddha at Kamakura' (92), to the almost agonisingly felt 'The Rabbi's Song' (592), from, to illustrate:

And whoso will, from Pride released,
Contemning neither creed nor priest,
May feel the Soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura . . .

to

Our lives, our tears, as water,
Are spilled upon the ground;
God giveth no man quarter,
Yet God a means hath found,
Though Faith and Hope have vanished,
And even Love grows dim —
A means whereby His banished
Be not expelled from Him!

Or we get statements about God's injunction against searching too much for the "knowledge God forbid", as in 'To the True Romance' (85), or 'The Prayer of Miriam Cohen' (614):

Thy Path, Thy Purposes conceal
From our beleaguered realm,
Lest any shattering whisper steal
Upon us and o'erwhelm.

A veil 'twixt us and Thee, Good Lord,
 A veil 'twixt us and Thee —
 Lest we should hear too clear, too clear,
 And into madness see.

Then there are the poems in which he expresses his sense of the minuteness of Time as we experience it, the transience of life and effort notably the one of which Rupert Brooke is supposed to have said, "Make no mistake about it; 'Cities and Thrones and Powers' (487) is a great poem", and is too well known to need quoting here. 'Recessional' (328), that sermon on humility addressed to jingoes, embodies this theme, but its most haunting expression maybe is in the Horatian Ode, 'The Survival' (756) of which two stanzas may serve as a reminder:

Of earth-constricting wars,
 Of Princes passed in chains,
 Of deeds out-shining stars,
 No word or voice remains,

 Yet furthest times receive,
 And to fresh praise restore,
 Mere breath of flutes at eve,
 Mere seaweed on the shore.

Further, there are the poems expressing man's loneliness, such as 'The Comforters' (615); or his sense of dropping into an abyss of blackness, terrifyingly expressed in 'Rahere' (754):

Suddenly his days before him and behind him seemed to stand
 Stripped and barren, fixed and fruitless, as those leagues of naked
 sand . . .

Then a Horror of Great Darkness sunk his spirit and, anon,
 (Who had seen him wince and whiten as he turned to walk alone)
 Followed Gilbert the Physician, and muttered in his ear.
 "Thou hast it, O my brother?" "Yea, I have it", said Rahere.

In that sort of poetry—and nobody can deny that name to 'Rahere'*—there is necessarily something of the dreamer. After all, Keats himself was very much of a dreamer, pouring out a balm upon the world, and it was only in his very last (unfinished) work that he wrote the lines quoted at the beginning of the discourse; like all romantic poets he invited you to enter unexplored realms, whether within yourself or outside. The poet who vexes, asks you, rather, to assess experience, to face the actuality within yourself; and this brings us to my second group in the attempt to classify Kipling's poems. In these he abandons the strongly stressed or swinging rhythms; they are poems of statement rather than of winged imagination, and have a touch of the didactic, forbidden the romantic poet, whose work, to quote De Quincey again, "can teach only as nature teaches, as forests teach, as the sea teaches, viz. by deep impulses, by hieroglyphic suggestion". Take for instance 'Seven Watchmen' (394). It inculcates the truth

that whatever the Seven Watchmen, the moralists, the law-givers, the upholders of convention may say,

... a man's mind is wont to tell him more
Than Seven Watchmen sitting in a tower.

for "The Kingdom — the Kingdom is within you". The theme is brought out in a more dramatic way in 'At his Execution' (781), where St. Paul in his agony cries out — to give the last stanza:

I was made all things to all men,
But now my course is done —
And now is my reward . . .
Ah, Christ, when I stand at Thy Throne
With those I have drawn to the Lord,
Restore me my self again!

Or there is the remarkable 'The Hour of the Angel' (740), a slightly irregular sonnet, attached to 'Stalky' in *Land and Sea Tales*, where it is explained that Ithuriel "was that Archangel whose spear had the magic power of showing every one exactly and truthfully what he was". The poem deserves to be quoted in full.

Sooner or late — in earnest or in jest —
(But the stakes are no jest) Ithuriel's Hour
Will spring on us, for the first time, the test
Of our sole unbacked competence and power
Up to the limit of our years and dower
Of judgment — or beyond. But here we have
Prepared long since our garland or our grave.
For, at that hour, the sum of all our past,
Act, habit, thought, and passion, shall be cast
In one addition, be it more or less,
And as that reading runs so shall we do;
Meeting, astounded, victory at the last,
Or, first and last, our own unworthiness.

And none can change us though they die to save!

Something of this idea of fidelity to oneself comes out in 'The Penalty' (788), "Once in life I watched a Star", which belongs to the very late story 'The Tender Achilles', and which ends:

I had loved myself, and I
Have not lived and dare not die!

which connects with a chapter-heading in so early a work as *The Naulahka*:

Because I sought it far from men,
In deserts and alone,
I found it burning overhead,
The jewel of a Throne.

Because I sought — I sought it so
And spent my days to find —
It blazed one moment ere it left
The blacker night behind. (539)

Those poems approach the succinctness he was able to bring to Epitaphs of the War, of which one may be quoted, 'An Only Son' (387):

I have slain none except my mother. She

(Blessing her slayer) died of grief for me.

In Kipling one thing so much leads to another, that one gets led off the track.

But to turn to the third of the suggested divisions, the 'actuality' poems. They are written in a kind of poetry that, rather than expanding the imagination, contracts it onto our half-apprehended intuitions, "exciting", as Coleridge put it, "a more continuous and equal attention than the language of prose aims at". That sort of poetry we meet within Wallace Steevens, who, at least in some of his work, was trying to make actuality, that is, the actuality of the emotions, more vivid, more starkly real, writing poems

For the listener, who listens in the snow,
And, nothing but himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and nothing that is;

and who could say:

After the leaves have fallen we return
To a plain sense of things. It is as if
We have come to an end of the imagination,

and whose last poem in the 1955 Collected Edition is entitled 'Not ideas about the Thing, but the Thing itself. This is the kind of poetry I suggest calling 'actuality' poetry, such as Kipling came to write, though by no means exclusively, in his later and final phases. Such poems we might think precluded by such a poem as 'Gethsemane' (98), where the soldier in the first war prayed that his cup might pass:

It didn't pass — it didn't pass —
It didn't pass from me.
I drank it when we met the gas
Beyond Gethsemane.

The starkest, what might be called the granitic of these poems is the 'Hymn to Physical Pain' (787), which again goes with 'The Tender Achilles':

Dread Mother of Forgetfulness
Who, when Thy reign begins
Wipest away the Soul's distress,
And memory of her sins . . .

It is a poem that shocks, and must be read in full to sense its terrible 'actuality'. But it is this sort of poetry which I venture to think may be Kipling's true contribution to the development of, at any rate to the tradition of, English poetry. A less granitic one is 'Hymn of Breaking Strain' (384), which opens:

The careful text-books measure
(Let all who build beware!)
The load, the shock, the pressure
Material can bear . . .

But, the next stanza tells us

The Gods have no such feeling
Of justice toward mankind . . .

But still, man,

In spite of being broken,
Because of being broken,
May rise and build anew.
Stand up and build anew!

This may seem to have, vaguely, the elements of romantic poetry; it may induce meditation, as do the polished 'Odes from Horace' (e.g. 765, 800, 758). And Kipling could treat the theme 'romantically', with all the aid of sweeping rhythm in 'The Supports' (767)

Services and Loves.

Heart may fail, and Strength outwear, and Purpose turn to Loathing,
But the everyday affair of business, meals and clothing.
Builds a bulkhead 'twixt Despair and the Edge of Nothing.

Patiences.

*(Praise Him, then, who orders it that, though Earth be flaring,
And the crazy skies are lit
By the searchlights of the Pit,*

Man should not depart a whit from his wonted bearing.)

Both poems are 'magical' in the sense that they support courage — but they face the grim actuality.

Those are, perhaps, the main divisions of Kipling's poetry, considering poetry as a medium which enlarges and deepens one's realisation of life. But his work is enormously varied, the nine-and-sixty ways involving most levels of apprehension. When in a lighter piece, 'The Two-Sided Man' (587) he wrote:

*I would go without shirt or shoe,
Friend, tobacco or bread,
Sooner than lose for a minute the two
Separate sides of my head!*

one feels that he might have said twenty as appropriately as two. One thinks of his story-telling ballads, not only the one of 'East and West' (234), and those which come under the heading of Ballad (v.), but of such things as 'Akbar's Bridge' (779). Or again there are such pointed but apparently light verses as 'We and They' (763):

*Father, Mother, and Me,
Sister and Auntie say
All the people like us are We,
And every one else is They.
And They live over the sea,
While We live over the way,
But — would you believe it? — They look upon We
As only a sort of They . . .*

and so the fifth and last stanza:

*All good people agree.
And all good people say,
All nice people, like Us, are We
And every one else is They:
But if you cross over the sea,
Instead of over the way,
You may end by (think of it!) looking on We
As only a sort of They!*

As good a scourging of racialism and xenophobia as you could wish to meet with.

He could also be bitter, as in 'Mesopotamia' (300), which ends, speaking of politicians:

Their lives cannot repay us — their death could not undo —

The shame that they have laid upon our race,
 But the slothfulness that wasted and the arrogance that slew,
 Shall we leave it unabated in its place?

and that we did so can have been little comfort. Even in his War Epitaphs he could be bitter, as in 'Common Form' (390):

If any question why we died,
 Tell them, because our fathers lied.

He could be more normally satirical too, as in the apparently light-hearted 'The Song of the Old Guard' (313), adapted from Quarles's 'Song of Anarcharsis' in *The Shepherd's Oracles, 1646*, where he derides the War Office 'Establishment': or more profoundly so, as in 'The Hyaenas', (318), where, after describing how the hyaenas tug up and devour the corpses of dead men, he ends, speaking of them:

Who, being soulless, are free from shame,
 Whatever meat they may find.
 Nor do they defile the dead man's name —
 That is reserved for his kind.

There is no end to the variety of Kipling's verse, in method, purpose, and material — even in his parodies such as 'The Muse Among the Motors' (675 *seq.*) where he remarkably forestalls the "Don't drink *and* drive" slogan" of Christmas 1964. Much of his work is verse, admittedly, but at least an equal quantity is poetry; and I should like to end this rambling disquisition with an example of his dazzling virtuosity — a poem, not verse — 'Anchor Song' (111):

Heh! Walk her round. Heave, ah, heave her short again!
 Over, snatch her over, there, and hold her on the pawl.
 Loose all sail, and brace your yards aback and full —
 Ready jib to pay her off and heave short all!

Well, ah, fare you well; we can no more stay with you, my love —
 Down, set down your liquor and your girl from off your knee;
 For the wind has come to stay:
 "You must take me while you may,
 If you'd go to Mother Carey
 (Walk her down to Mother Carey!)
 Oh, we're bound to Mother Carey where she feeds her chicks
 at sea! "

He keeps up this measure throughout four stanzas, with three consecutive 'longs' at the beginning of the third line and at the end of the fourth. It is not a light-hearted poem: following as it does the Fable 'Children of the Zodiac', and with its reference to Mother Carey, it is a poem indicating the need to overcome the fear of death.

I am only too aware that in 'presenting'—if I may use so pompous a word—the metrical work of Rudyard Kipling, I have left out a number of kinds of poem—which may be the favourites of many readers, as I have left out many of my own: for example, the poems in praise of laughter, as in 'The Necessitarian' (582), or the romantic one, 'The Legend of Mirth' (516). But surely it must be clear that he was not only a superb versifier, but also a very good poet indeed.

blundered". Indeed, the connotation of disorder must have been present from the time that the figurative sense developed. To say: "The deck was a shambles" implies not only bloodshed but the disorder of bodies violently killed. The shift in meaning is finally established only when the later sense has excluded the earlier one, and, as is now the case, a nursery, a study, a garden or a summer sale can each be described as a shambles, without any ironic afterthought at all. Dictionaries are naturally slow to record such a shift. Webster's *Third New International Dictionary* (1961) and the *Illustrated Oxford Dictionary* (1962) prudently link the newer with the older meaning. The latter gives the definition: "scene of carnage or chaotic confusion", and the former quotes from a description of the effects of bombing. Indeed, the transference has all the air of a war-time semantic shift, one of those defensive reductions of formidable experiences by means of the indiscriminate application of the terms associated with them (cf. "Strafe that fly! ") I turned to Eric Partridge's *A Dictionary of Forces' Slang, 1939-1945* (1948) and found:

Shambles. Any operation badly organised or carried out.
 "The whole exercise was a shambles". An untidy billet, gun-pit, etc. (Mostly Army.)

With a pun on the definition of *shambles* as a 'bloody mess'.

Here the shift is practically completed, though the pun still plays on the older sense. I cast further back and asked my contemporaries and those born in and about 1900. The response varied, probably in relation to the social background. Some had grown up, like myself, with the "bloodshed" sense undisturbed; another had been aware of both senses, but had learnt the older at school as "an archaism"; yet others, slightly younger, knew only the "disorder sense". I could not, however, trace the weakening of the word further back. It is, then, a tenable theory that the sense-shift began during the Boer War, in the ranks, and worked upwards socially through the next generation. Kipling — and this is the point of investigation — could not have been affected by it in 1893. To him shambles meant a place of slaughter.

Did he, however, see this slaughter as casual and fortuitous, or as harsh but ordered? Did the young writer at the height of his natural powers regard the men who died in the shambles — all men, that is — the victims of Chance or of Law? To hazard an answer, we must go back some four years to 1889, when Kipling went to visit the stock-yards in Chicago. There is no need to evoke highly dubious psychological traits to account for this visit. He was a journalist, passing through Chicago. Much of Chicago's wealth was based on the meat-trade, which had been developed with remarkable rapidity and success in the previous fourteen years. The extent to which the processes of killing, preparing and packing had been speeded up by a hitherto unparalleled division of labour had attracted a good deal of attention. So had the labour troubles the trade had sustained. Kipling went to see, as J. C. Squire was to go, thirty-two years later, in 1921. Both men received a profound and disquieting impression. Kipling sent his account to the *Pioneer* which published it on March 3rd, 1890.

It appeared later in No. XXXV of *From Sea to Sea*, headed 'How I struck Chicago, and how Chicago struck me. Of religion, Politics and Pig-sticking, and the Incarnation of the City among Shambles'. J. C. Squire wrote a poem in unrhymed verse, *The Stockyard* — the longest poem he ever wrote — dedicated it to Robert Frost, and published it in the *London Mercury*, of which he was editor, in June 1922. The differences between these two accounts are largely those of the ages of the two writers — twenty-three as against thirty-seven, — of the medium used and of the audience envisaged. Squire is able to translate his troubled response into an overt symbolism which might well have surprised the *Pioneer's* readers, a generation before. The Great War was just behind him, to put an edge on grotesque incongruities and to narrow the gap, which, luckily for everyday sanity, is usually pretty wide, between the slaughter of cattle and of those "who die as cattle". None-the-less his poem, as I recall, astonished by its transitions from practical detail — much more detail than Kipling uses — to human imagery.

Not pigs did I see but Life in a doom-filled place, he writes, and of the bullocks:

They stood there stolid like prisoners under guard,
And were pushed one by one to their end.

He is completely explicit and solemn. The butcher who cleaves the pigs' carcasses with a single stroke is

A figure from allegory, a symbol of Death;
and later, sitting in the Opera, he thinks not only of Chicago, living in the reek of the stockyards,

But of all our haunted race and its world.

This vehement and awkward poem is not very good, but it is useful as a sort of control for Kipling's prose. If you juxtapose them, you see the similarity of the emotions recorded and of the humanizing imagery. Kipling, however, is surprised and puzzled at his reactions, as the older man was not, and his embarrassment is expressed, as it not infrequently is at this stage of his life, by a jauntiness that here dissembles something like horror. It is not horror at cruelty; he does not identify any gratuitously cruel proceeding, and Squire, for his part, dismisses the charge in the first lines of his poem.

Was there cruelty?

I should not say so, nothing so human.

What both men observed was competent butchery, mechanized to some extent in 1889 and to a much higher degree in 1921. This was the way in which the human need for meat was met. There were no infamies. What then was wrong? Kipling, perhaps, hardly yet knew what had hit him. He suggested that it might be his Indian experience that made the mass slaughter of cattle a shock to him; but then there were also the pigs, and "a pig is only the Unclean animal — forbidden by the Prophet". He was certain that no-one who had seen the Chicago stockyards would ever forget the sight. Meanwhile he carried off his concern with a sort of mock-heroic pleasantry, calling the red Texan decoy-steer "Judas", the cattle he led up the ramp "country folk" and the refrigerated store where the halved swine hung "the mortuary chamber". There is a good deal of this rather displeasing device. The

mock-heroic, however, is an ambiguous mode. Its acknowledged function is to reduce extravagant figures and emotions to their proper size by ridicule. This function it performs here. When Kipling complains that the pig-butcher "did not seem to care" and wiped his eyes "not from any feeling of compassion", but because the blood had spurted into them, he is reminding himself and his readers that pigs are pigs, not men, and the proper "compassion" of a butcher is speed and skill. But sometimes the mock-heroic goes uncontrollably into reverse, and momentarily dignifies its object with the shadowy magnitude of the comparisons it is exposed to. This certainly happens in Dryden's *Mac Flecknoe*. Where and to what extent it happens here — whether, indeed, it happens at all — must depend on the reader. For me there is now and again a blurring of focus, as if a type of human fate were about to emerge from the journalist's details. It never does emerge explicitly; but the disturbance of Kipling's mind and sensibilities can be gauged by the intensity and spleen with which he sets his last picture before us. Providence, he says, sent him an embodiment of the city of Chicago.

Women come sometimes to see the slaughter, as they would come to see the slaughter of men. And there entered that vermilion hall a young woman of large mould, with brilliantly scarlet lips, and heavy eyebrows, and dark hair that came in a 'widow's peak' on the forehead. She was well and healthy and alive, and she was dressed in flaming red and black, and her feet . . . were cased in red leather shoes. She stood in a patch of sunlight, the red blood under her shoes, the vivid carcasses stacked round her, a bullock bleeding its life away not six feet away from her, and the death-factory roaring all round her. She looked curiously, with hard, bold eyes, and was not ashamed..

It is not often that we find sex and slaughter juxtaposed in Kipling's work, but when we do the effect is very violent and raw.

This, then, was the experience that provided him, some years later, with his image of man's common end. The salient features of the slaughter-house were its enormous scale and its orderliness. The blood, heat and reek, which fill his account, are inevitably by-products of the process and, no doubt, helped to root it deeply in his memory, for he had very keen senses; but the essence of it is the controlled dispatch of millions of lives. On one hand is the organisation, on the other the wholly ignorant subjects of it. The pigs wallowed in the boiling vats "in obedience to some unseen machinery"; the cattle were "slain at the rate of five a minute". Patient or protesting, all went to the planned 'doom'. He called the stockyard a "death factory" not a "factory of food". Squire was to see the same vision of

Life pouring down a shoot to the dark Pit,
A manufacture of death.

It is a vision that the True Romance veils from the infirmity of men. M. Francis Léaud in *La Poétique de Rudyard Kipling* (1959) points out the logical difficulty inherent in Kipling's conception of Romance. She is angelic Truth, yet she operates by concealing the facts. Kipling, however, as M. Léaud knows, is thinking morally, not philosophically, and invoking the conditions under which men can meet, with decency,

the demands of toil, failure and death. Can this be done if the sounds and sights of the universal slaughter-house fill our consciousness? Not, at any rate, by the majority of us, nor all the time.

It remains to adjust this confined enquiry to a larger question which it cannot solve but may help to illuminate. With the generations not only words but opinions and assumptions "slip, slide, perish . . . will not stay in place". The boundaries of faith and scepticism alter, and the position which seemed tenable to a writer in the past may seem, to his modern reader, a stupidity or a cowardice from which he should be exonerated, if possible. Something of this kind begins to be apparent in Kipling criticism. He is to be reduced to the respectability of metaphysical despair and a proper conviction of the chaotic nature of life. It is not very difficult to do. It is only the drawing of what seem to be logical conclusions from selected positions. Yet we should remember that to the grandson of Wesleyan preachers, born a hundred years ago, the logic may not have seemed so ineluctable.

These reflections are stimulated, in part, by one aspect of Mr. Elliot L. Gilbert's acute and rewarding analysis of *What Happens in 'Mrs. Bathurst'* (P.M.L.A., 1962, *Kipling Journal* 1963). The dominant impression that Mr. Gilbert receives from the story is of the fortuitousness of life. Indeed, he calls it the central theme. "The emphasis upon accident is inescapable", he writes. So it is, of course, in Shakespeare, Fielding, Dickens and Hardy, to take the first names that come. The large allowance that Kipling makes for the action of chance in human life is one of his traditional English traits. It is, however, very true, as Mr. Gilbert points out, that he has devised a technique that gives full value to his chance-medley by appearing to reflect it. The operations of chance are not drawn into a comprehensible pattern in the end, as they are in the works of his predecessors. To Mr. Gilbert, however, the disorder extends beyond the life of man to the universe. "The theme of the lawlessness of the universe is established beyond any doubt in 'Mrs. Bathurst' ", he declares. The tale exhibits "all the craziness of life, all its meaninglessness", it confirms "the irrationality of the universe and man's need to find some order in it", or, as he expresses it earlier in his study, "to impose on the universe some law, useful at least to himself". This is a serious view of Kipling's meaning and worthy of the closest attention. It may seem, however, if put beside other utterances of Kipling, to press a little beyond the evidence. The long stride from Vickery's death in the teak to cosmic meaninglessness is not logically compulsory. It is possible to say that Vickery gets his deserts, with such overplus of punishment as is not unusual in the rough justice of life. But to say "rough justice" is not to say "blind chance". Nor does the blindness of the agent, Mrs. Bathurst, necessarily invalidate the justice. It is even possible to say, using traditional language, that the encounter of the men who know something of Vickery's story is so strange that it must be "meant". This locution can be heard every day. I do not urge this interpretation; I merely point out that it is possible. As a matter of historic fact, various conclusions have been drawn from the disorder of life. To men of the fourteenth century the chance-medley was no less apparent,

and they explained it by saying that God had given Fortune the rule of the nether world. Thus the fortuitousness would be part of an intention, and the lawlessness delimited by an ultimate law. The question under consideration is not, I need hardly say, the objective truth of this or any other theory, but which theory — or, since metaphysical definition was no part of his business as an artist — which picture of the universe commended itself to Kipling. Which did he walk by? When he considered the orderly dispatch-work of the great shambles of the world, or the "superior" Vickery, cast into the pit under Fortune's Wheel, did he seem to himself to "find" an order in life or "impose" one on it? Or was it merely the bent of his nature — inherited, conditioned, typical — to posit a law even where he could not identify it, an "unseen machinery" in obedience to which we wallow?

This is too large a question to attempt to settle here. I have merely occupied the shambles, before that strong-point is rushed by critics unaware of the word's history. From it, however, other vital points in the line of Kipling's life are visible. Lilius Rider Haggard quotes in *The Cloak that I Left* (1951) her father's account of how, in spring 1918, he talked with Kipling of "the fate of man".

Rudyard apparently cannot make up his mind about these things. On one point, however, he is perfectly clear. I happened to remark that I thought this world was one of the hells. He replied he did not think — he was certain of it. He went on to show that it had every attribute of hell; doubt, fear, pain, struggle, bereavement, almost irresistible temptations springing from the nature with which we are clothed, physical and mental suffering, etc., ending in the worst fate man can devise for man, Execution! As for the future he is inclined to let the matter drift.

Here is the shambles, reinforced by a strong judicial metaphor. Rider Haggard goes on: —

I told him that I did believe as a result of much spiritual labour there is born in one a knowledge of the nearness and consolation of God. He replied that occasionally this had happened to him also, but the difficulty was to "hold" the mystic sense of this communion — that it passes. Now this I have found very true . . . Rudyard's explanation is that it (is) meant to be so; that God does not mean we should get too near lest we should become unfitted for our work in the world.

This is the heart of Kipling's metaphysic, if such a word is not too pretentious for his ancient, instinctive belief. "We are not *meant*" — they are the traditional words to which his enforced resignation accommodated itself during the war and after the death of his son. From this point we can sight one of his last poems, *The Hymn of Breaking Strain* (1935). The "veiled and secret Power Whose paths we seek in vain", who overtakes us "with loads we cannot bear", whom he beseeches to "Be with us in our hour of overthrow and pain", cannot honestly be equated with Science or Evolution or Humanism or the Life-Force or Hardy's Nescient Will; nor can it be equated with the Christian God. And if it is a metaphor, it is not appropriate to "what Beckett calls 'the mess'".

To Kipling the human condition was harsh and mysterious but not chaotic or absurd. The world, he thought — at any rate in some moods — was hell, and life and possibly individuality (*cf.* the dissection of the pig) ended in the shambles. I would not lean at all upon his fantasies of heaven and hell, of which the motive and the mode are readily comprehensible, but it may be remarked that his hell, like the shambles is highly organised, and that the sufferers do not know why they suffer. The quality of his stoicism, when the veil of the True Romance was withdrawn, was shown not by a brave glare into chaos but by the difficult submission to harsh orders from a source beyond knowledge.

WHY KIPLING DID NOT BECOME AN AMERICAN CITIZEN

by George Calvin Carter

Brattleboro, Vermont is unique in many ways and has a charm all its own, not comparable with any other place in the world. The lordly Connecticut rolls majestically by, and Vermont, whose state line is the west bank of the river, cares not one whit that New Hampshire owns the whole stream.

The West River, with its lovely string of small towns, flows from the very heart of the Green Mountains, joining the larger river at Brattleboro. Whetstone Brook comes bouncing right through the business section of the town and in the Spring laughingly sprays its cold flood over all who may be crossing the bridge.

On the New Hampshire side, there rises immediately from the edge of the Connecticut, majestic Mount Wantastiquet, five miles long and 1,335 feet above sea level, a splendid wind break against east and northeast Storms.

A few miles southerly, is that mythical and mysterious point where New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts come together in pin point precision. Having once stood in the Coos County wilderness of New Hampshire, where I could have my right foot in New Hampshire, my left in Vermont, and leaning over, placing both hands in Canada, I thought it would be nice to do the same thing at the three state intersection below Brattleboro.

Here I learned something that I had not previously known and the tourists do not know today. There is a three state monument visible from the highway, but a close examination of the lettering on the monument states that the actual three state intersection is so many feet easterly.

One day, after a long drive in the hills west of Brattleboro, where I enjoyed the crisp October air, and that "orderly riot of the hills" which goes by the name of "fall foliage" I decided that whatever the risks or impediments I would stand where the three states met.

I proceeded by car across the field and over a gully or two, walking the rest of the way to the river. There was no marker on the river bank, which was quite disconcerting. While I pondered the sunlight penetrated the ripples on the water and I saw my marker very clearly. It was the top of a granite hitching post, set in the sloping sides of the river bank, definitely under water, and about eight feet from the edge of the bank.

Ordinarily what I did could not be done, but in this case fortune favored the brave. Workmen had been repairing a telephone line and there was an ample supply of waste wire in the grass. I fashioned this into a strong four strand rope, tied one end securely to a tree, doffed coat, hat, shoes and stockings, and rolled my trousers up as far as they would go.

Winding the surplus wire around my waist I proceeded down the bank. It was terribly slippery. It was almost impossible to stand up, but I held tightly to the wire, dug my toes into the bank to keep from being swept down the river.

Carefully and gingerly, like stepping on holy ground, I gained the top of the stone and found that lines had been cut across the top, a copper spike being deeply inserted at the intersection. Initials "NH" "Vt." and "Ms." were in their proper places. I spent the next few minutes paddling around in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

Gaining the bank again after quite a struggle with its wet, slippery slope, I had time to survey the dangers of the trip and one of the famous phrases of Shakespeare came to mind — *"What fools these mortals be."*

To this Elysian vale in Vermont came Kipling and his family, in February, 1892, fresh from India. Writing a friend he said, "The Countryside here is beautiful beyond expression". During the Winter he learned to use snow shoes, and in the Spring he visited the maple sugar camps. He was captivated by his environment and all that pertained to it.

Joseph Balestier was a native of Martinique, but had bought land in the Brattleboro area. His son Wolcott collaborated with Kipling in England and Wolcott's sister became Mrs. Kipling. Wolcott died in Dresden in 1891. Caroline, the sister began to feel the pull of her Vermont home and Kipling was eager to go.

A home site was selected on a hill plateau just over the Brattleboro line in the little town of Dummerston. Here he built what he often spoke of as "The only real home I ever knew" and planned to spend the rest of his life there.

For the Kiplings, their new home and its environment constituted an ideal situation. A certain amount of privacy was necessary and this mountain plateau gave them just what they wanted. The stores and culture of Brattleboro were close at hand and there were beautiful drives everywhere.

In addition to the main home of adequate proportions and specially arranged for Kipling's work, there was a barn for the cows and a stable for the horses. There was a vegetable garden and a flower garden, both special projects of Caroline.

The basket phaeton, with its side seats, the light vehicle being drawn sometimes by one pony and sometimes by two in tandem, made a beautiful sight on the streets of Brattleboro as well as on the interval roads.

They had their own post office called "Waite, Windham County, Vermont" and their own railroad station "Naulahka". There were instructions to add "Windham County" to mail addressed to Waite, as this name would not be found in the last postal guide. Mrs. Waite was the post mistress, the office being in her home.

Beatty Balestier, brother of Caroline, who already had a farm of his own, was engaged to do the work. At first it went well for Beatty was capable. No one dared tell Kipling what the townspeople already knew, that Beatty was really lazy, a heavy drinker, a tempestuous character, who seemed to revel in making trouble, creating scenes and always blaming the other fellow.

At first Beatty did well, but when Kipling or Caroline wanted this or that thing done, the risibles began to rise and Beatty would explode. It finally became necessary for Kipling to have it finished by someone else, and the so called "Kipling-Balestier Feud" began a rift never to be healed.

This battle was going strong when I made my first trip to Brattleboro as a reporter for what is now Dun & Bradstreet Inc. I stopped at the famous Brooks House and under a special arrangement made that my headquarters, off and on for some time.

There were no room phones in those days, messages being written on yellow slips and tucked into the door. Returning to the room one evening I found a yellow slip reading "Mr. Rudyard Kipling wishes to see Mr. Carter at the earliest possible moment. Speak with desk clerk at office at once".

The clerk sent for the author and we spent the evening together. From that time on I saw Kipling fairly often and twice was a guest at his home, Naulahka. He always dressed for dinner but well knew I did not own any evening clothes, and laughingly said he would not like it if I did.

Why did he wish to see me? Beatty had been riding him hard and blaming him for not lending him more money. He had options on timber lands, water rights and all sorts of things. Kipling had inquired of the banks and others and they all said, "See the Dun & Bradstreet man. He has the real facts".

I did, because I had been over his financial affairs with Beatty and up to that time I had never seen anything like the financial situation in which he was floundering. His statements were wild, far from the truth and his values based on what he imagined he could sell the items for. Most of his options as he called them were not options at all but were merely unconsummated deals about which he had talked with somebody. He did not know how much he owed and did not care. Someday his ship would come in and he would clean up everything.

When Kipling outlined to me what he had done for Beatty I

was perfectly astounded. At first there were outright gifts, then loans on notes, and lastly endorsement on Beatty's notes to banks both in Brattleboro and elsewhere. Kipling gave me a complete list of them and then I saw how Beatty based the claim that he always paid Kip back, for when pressed he would give a new note, forgetting to add the accumulated interest.

In abbreviating the conversational name of the author, Beatty always called him "Rud" while the bankers and tradesmen spoke of him as "Kip" and I followed this precedent. Kip, at the suggestion of the banks, sought my help in two ways. First, to determine Beatty's financial condition as well as to check his claims, and secondly, to see if I could straighten him out financially as well as to stop his constant insults and threats of bodily harm.

I rounded up all of Beatty's liabilities, including some he had forgotten about and reported to Kip that his brother-in-law was hopelessly insolvent but did not know it, and that in business matters, because he was a dreamer instead of a realist, he would end up in bankruptcy. I told Kipling that in my judgement, he was stuck for every note he had endorsed.

As to Beatty, while he was "friendly" with me, and wanted me to call on him whenever I was in Brattleboro, I could do nothing with him to stop his war on his benefactor. I found him increasingly loud and noisy, explosive, sarcastic, bombastic and brutal. In spite of Caroline's apologies for him and her attempts to bring him to his senses, I predicted he would grow worse rather than better.

I had already had several talks with Kipling about his plans for American citizenship. He had made no public announcement and said he had talked to no one but me and Caroline about it. Caroline was as enthusiastic as her husband. Both were happy in their environment. Due to the nature of Kipling's work they could not be part of everything that was going on or mix freely with the common herd, but they were a part of the little coterie which constituted the best of Brattleboro. Both very sincerely wanted to spend the rest of their lives here and become an integral part of the community.

Kip asked me how Brattleboro would take it and I said the people would be delighted, and would continue to respect his desire and necessity for privacy, but I knew it could never be and finally had to tell him so, and considering the way Beatty was behaving, the sooner Kip returned to England the safer he would be. Beatty was getting completely out of hand.

Beatty was unbelievably beastly. He seized upon every bit of trivia he could find or make up, enlarged it, and then sailed into the fray with sadistic fury. He accused Kipling of saying things the latter never said, and demanded retraction with an apology within a week or he would knock Kipling's block off. Several times Beatty said to me, "If that s.o.b. does not come clean, with a public written apology and a retraction, I will kill him as sure as fate". I told the authorities something must be done and done quickly.

Beatty was arrested, placed under \$400 bonds to keep the peace, and under bonds of \$400 more to appear before the September Grand

Jury. This was done in a session of the municipal court held in the town hall, which could not contain all the townspeople who wanted to get in. In the meantime Beatty had a friend tip off the New York papers that Beatty had sued Kipling for defamation of character in the sum of \$50,000. No such suit was ever brought. It was simply a final thrust from a man whose greatest delight was to see a great man squirm.

Kipling called me to Naulahka for a brief farewell. Both husband and wife were visibly shaken. Their dream of American Citizenship, for creature comforts, agreeable companionships, and still greater novels from the pen of the master craftsman were all shattered beyond recall.

Both thanked me several times for what I had done for them and invited me to visit them in England. As soon as the three of us had recovered from the emotion of the decision, Kipling said, "Mr. Carter, do you personally think Beatty would actually kill me, or is that his beastly boasting?"

I replied, "Who can understand the working of the human mind? Personally I think you are in real danger and I think you should depart at once, secretly and quietly, like getting away safely from a conflagration. Your coachman can bring your personal things to you in England".

August 28, just before the opening of the September term of Court, Kipling and Caroline, with their two little girls, slipped quietly and unnoticed away from their beloved Naulahka and never came back to Vermont. The charges of assault and battery and threat to kill, were never pressed against Beatty.

In this quiet but determined departure, perished the fondest dream of one of the world's great—that of American Citizenship. The household was pledged to the strictest secrecy and it was some time before Brattleboro was convinced that Kipling would not return.

A meeting of leading citizens was quickly arranged in the parlor of the Brooks House and I was asked to attend as they knew I had been the confidant of both Beatty and Kipling.

In this meeting I was closely questioned for details. Since these were now a matter of public knowledge I could talk frankly and freely which I did, telling them that all efforts to get him to return would be fruitless, but I kept faith with Kipling by saying nothing about his intention to become an American Citizen. He had not told anyone in Brattleboro for obvious reasons.

Convinced that further effort would be useless, the meeting was adjourned by the chairman with the following words:

"Mr. Carter, this is a real tragedy. We had hoped he would become one of us."

KIPLING IN AMERICA TODAY

by Morton N. Cohen

As we celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Kipling's birth it is worth remembering too that twenty-nine years have passed since his death. Although twenty-nine is an awkward number, it is perhaps a more significant one for Kipling's reputation than the round one hundred because the mysterious force that often eclipses a writer's reputation for twenty-five years after he dies operated against Kipling. After 1936 his name and fame sank into oblivion, or if not into oblivion, certainly into disrepute. He was unfashionable, the subject of derision, he was not much read, and he was scoffed at and patronised.

But all that is now changing. Kipling's reputation actually began to re-emerge from that post-funeral limbo even before his twenty-five years elapsed, and now, twenty-nine years after his death, we can see a small but clear, and ever-increasing, revival of interest. Today he is read, taught about, and taken seriously; his genius is established; the subtlety and variety of his achievement are acknowledged; and he is given a place beside the greatest short-story writers in the English language.

Literary historians are already speculating about how and why the change in attitude to Kipling came to be. What is especially interesting is that the change has occurred in the United States as well as in England, as one sees readily by looking at the state of Kipling's reputation in America today and surveying recent American contributions to Kipling scholarship and criticism.

To begin with, America is reading Kipling. Forty-seven different Kipling editions are in print in the United States, including two different editions of *The Light That Failed*, five of *Kim*, six of *The Jungle Books*, and eight of *Captains Courageous*. We have a *Kipling Reader* and a *Kipling Sampler*. "Gunga Din", *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and "The Recessional" are available on American phonograph records. Many of the printed editions are in paperback, produced in the tens or hundreds of thousands, and some are straightforward anthologies, with introductions by well known critics. A few are luxurious, hard-cover editions, one of the best an edition of *Kim* with an introduction by Professor Carrington that the Heritage Press published in 1963. New editions appear almost every month, and more are promised for the future. Kipling's poems and stories are included in the best school and college textbooks, and many a university syllabus lists Kipling's works alongside Conrad's, Lawrence's, and those of other established masters. Houghton Mifflin and Company, the Boston publishers, have decided to issue a collection of Kipling's early writings in their dignified series of Riverside Edition, widely used in graduate courses in American universities.

Kipling's press in America has also been improving steadily these past few years. The chatty amateur essay has disappeared: we are finished with the sensationalism of the Vermont feud, and most of the people who thought they had significant reminiscences of Kipling to set down have either died or exhausted their memories. Gone, too, are the syrupy effusions of dilettante appreciations, and slurs and backhanded compliments have given way to implicit respect and informed appraisal. Because America now takes Kipling seriously, the essays that appear are disinterested, provocative, critical and scholarly. Fashionable critics such as Dwight Macdonald and Steven Marcus are apt to use Kipling as a touchstone in long and thoughtful essays in the *New York Review of Books*. Kipling's name turns up in the pages of the *New Yorker*, and last year glossy *Horizon* magazine commissioned Professor Carrington to write an article on Kipling for their pages. Some of our most eminent critics have written long and thoughtful pieces on Kipling, among them Randall Jarrell, Lionel Stevenson, Lionel Trilling and Edmund Wilson. Similarly, pieces on Kipling have appeared in our most distinguished reviews and learned journals, among them the *American Scholar*, *Antioch Review*, *Dalhousie Review*, *Nineteenth-Century Fiction*, *PMLA* and *Yale Review*.

Perhaps the best indicator of America's revised respect for Kipling is found in our universities, where he is a constant subject of intense study, not only by students in undergraduate and graduate courses, but as a subject for doctoral dissertations. As early as 1938, Professor Ann M. Weygandt wrote for her dissertation at the University of Pennsylvania what has become a classic study, *Rudyard Kipling's Reading and Its Influence on His Poetry*, and the past few years have been particularly rich in dissertations on a variety of topics.* Fewer books on Kipling have appeared in the U.S.A. than in England, but Professor Yeats's edition of James McG. Stewart's *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliographical Catalogue* (1959) is a milestone in Kipling bibliography.

One of the most industrious groups of Kipling scholars anywhere in the world is located at Purdue University in Lafayette, Indiana. There Professor Helmut E. Gerber and Edward S. Lauterbach and a few assistants have undertaken the immense task of producing an annotated bibliography of all writings about Kipling. Three parts of the bibliography have already appeared (*English Fiction in Transition, 1880-1920* III, Nos. 3, 4, and 5, 1960), and a lengthy supplement is promised for 1966. *English Literature in Transition* (as it is now named) has also published critical essays by various hands on Kipling subjects in its regular numbers, and has devoted an entire issue (VII, No. 4, 1964) to Kipling criticism. Its editors were the first group to signal the Kipling centenary year by devoting their Modern Language Associa-

* Five of these must be cited: Louis L. Cornell, *Kipling in India* (Columbia, 1964); Elliot L. Gilbert, *A Case for Kipling* (Cornell, 1963); Stanton Millet, *Rudyard Kipling: A Study of His Thought and Social Criticism* (Indiana, 1958); John J. Rouse, *The Literary Reputation of Rudyard Kipling: A Study of the Criticism of Kipling's Works in British Periodicals from 1886 to 1960* (New York University, 1964); and A. W. Yeats, *Kipling Collections in the James McG. Stewart and the University of Texas Libraries: An Appraisal of Resources for Literary Investigation* (Texas, 1962).

tion meeting held in December 1964 in New York to what turned out to be an extremely lively discussion of the papers in their Kipling issue.

Equally impressive are America's resources in Kipling holographs, first editions, and rare publications. Collections of material are numerous and large, most of them in public or university libraries. The Stewart Kipling Collection at Dalhousie University comprises some 1200 first editions and association copies, about 200 of Kipling's special copyright printings, and one of the largest collections of Kipling's periodical publication. Professor Yeats, in his preface to the *Bibliographical Catalogue*, writes that Mr. Stewart "tried to acquire each Kipling printing from its early newspaper or periodical appearance to the final revised text published in the author's lifetime" and consequently collected about ninety per cent of the items in the known Kipling bibliography.

Another good collection of first editions and periodical publications is housed at the University of Texas in Austin, and recent additions of original Kipling papers make it one of the best in the world. The Berg Collection of the New York Public Library contains numerous drafts of early Kipling manuscripts and Kipling notebooks and letters. Other significant public or university collections are at the Library of Congress, Cornell, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. Among private collectors are Professor Yeats and Mr. H. Dunscombe Colt of New York (whose holdings made an interesting centenary exhibit at the Grolier Club earlier this year). These collections throw new light on Kipling's work, and they are bound to attract interested scholars and stimulate new studies. As the reawakened interest in Kipling grows, students will seek to know how he wrote and revised his work, and they will wish to examine the rare items in his bibliography. American libraries will, certainly, be able to provide access to the material they need.

But what about America's attitude to Kipling in general? There is obviously no easy answer to such a question, simply because America is so many things at one and the same time. Attitudes toward Kipling are, however, changing. The gentleman who, a decade or two ago, would boldly recite "If" with gathering tears in his eyes is a remnant of the past: Kipling no longer provokes nostalgia. And just as he no longer serves as a peg for worn-out emotions, he no longer serves as a symbol of the censured generations that built and ran (mis-ran) Kipling would surely have said) the British Empire. Now, too, that Max Beerbohm's clever but malicious cartoons are precious museum pieces, the stigma that they attached to Kipling has vanished. Today Kipling stands alone and for himself. Children, students, subway riders, university teachers come to him because he offers good value. Americans particularly, involved as we never have been before in issues of peace and war the world over, cannot avoid applying Kipling's message to our own current condition. Certainly American youth serving in a distant Peace Corps post or fighting in the jungles of Vietnam must see the significance and feel the power of, say, *Kim* and the Mulvaney stories.

But Kipling's greatest appeal to Americans does not lie even in his message or in his appropriateness to our political involvements. We would not read Kipling's works in such vast numbers if we **did** not find them downright enjoyable. Kipling entertains and satisfies American readers today, and that is why we read him. The true indication of his value is that not only a century after his birth, but a bit more than a generation after his death, his work can give great pleasure to so many.

TO WHOM DOES KIPLING SPEAK TODAY ?

by Elliot L. Gilbert

To whom does Rudyard Kipling speak today, on the one-hundredth anniversary of his birth and the seventy-fifth of his first literary success? One crudely quantitative answer to this question is that he speaks to millions of people. All of his major works continue in print, new anthologies of his poems and stories are brought out every year by publishers who confidently expect them to make money, and from the evidence of their brisk sales, his books are enthusiastically read in nearly every language and nearly every country in the world. Indeed, according to no less an authority than Yevgeni Yevtushenko, Kipling is today the most popular modern poet in Moscow.

For many critics, of course, popularity measured by sale of books, even long-sustained popularity of this sort, is not a meaningful gauge of quality. Such critics look instead for proof that the author has something important to say to the serious reader of literature, and it is on just this score that Kipling has always appeared most vulnerable. For of all the voices which reach the serious reader today from the nineteenth century, Kipling's has traditionally seemed the most alien, the least communicative; an insensitive voice out of the brutal past, "the voice", as H. E. Bates has called it, "of a dying hierarchy which, for all its cruelty, violence, and stupid complacency and reaction, (the author) seeks to perpetuate".

This remarkable paradox inevitably raises a question. How are we to reconcile the Kipling who, on the basis of his "reactionary" political views, seems manifestly to have nothing to say to the twentieth century, with the Kipling who has attracted millions of twentieth-century readers? Even if we grant that many of these readers come to the author only for a "good yarn" or for some skillful verse (reasonable enough objectives), and that many others are drawn to the stories and poems by their very reputation for old-fashionedness, there still remain to be considered the large number of serious readers and critics — among them T. S. Eliot, C. S. Lewis, Bonamy Dobrée, J. I. M. Stewart, George Orwell, Randall Jarrell, J. M. S. Tompkins, C. A.

Bodelsen—who have, during the last twenty-five years, written respectfully (and sometimes even excitedly) of Kipling as a still-formidable literary figure. Not that there has ever been a consensus about the author's ideas and themes. Indeed, the question of what Kipling is really saying in his verse and prose—long thought to be one of the most settled of all issues in English literature—is today very much an open question and is, moreover, an especially appropriate matter for study in the centenary year of the author's birth. For what is now plain is that Kipling's work, however much it may be rooted in the particular circumstances and events of the late nineteenth century, has somehow managed to transcend its origins and has begun to speak more and more meaningfully to readers of our own time.

For example, though the universe as Kipling saw it, and as he depicted it in many of his stories, was the increasingly irrational universe of the late nineteenth century, the universe of accidental encounters and random violence which the author shared with nearly every other artist of the period, his response to it was subtly different from that of most of his contemporaries. The philosophical climate of those years has often been discussed and analysed. The times were characterised, as we know, by a breakdown of faith in old orders. Long-cherished economic, social, scientific and religious theories and beliefs were being undermined by constantly expanding investigations into the nature of the material world, and the most far-reaching and unlooked for consequence of all this inquiry was intellectual uneasiness and despair, a loss of faith in the old answers to perennial questions, notably in man's ability to control his life to any significant degree through his own actions. The harmony which had once existed between mankind and nature, John Ruskin wrote, making a metaphor of the 1883 eruption of Krakatoa, "is now broken and broken the world round: fragments, indeed, of what existed still exist, and hours of what is past still return; but month by month the darkness gains upon the day, and the ashes of the Antipodes glare through the night".

This was the gloomy universe in which many educated Europeans lived at the end of the nineteenth century. Yet, if artists and philosophers were almost unanimous in their recognition of the unique problems which such a universe posed, no two of them seemed able to agree about how to deal with those problems; and thus, it was not so much Kipling's *acceptance* of the world picture of his day as his *response* to it which was recognised as special, which gave his utterances their characteristic vitality in their own time, and which, today, helps to recommend his work to modern readers.

Indeed, of the many writers of the period—some of them Kipling's artistic superiors—who dealt directly with the problem of man trapped in an indifferent universe, a number seem not to have been seriously concerned with the matter of human response at all. The mere definition of man's plight appears to have precluded, for these artists, the possibility of meaningful reaction. Thomas Hardy, for one, in his vision of man and man's spirit as playthings of "purbblind doomsters", seemed to confront a world essentially indifferent to human destiny. His *Jude the Obscure*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and most notoriously

The Dynasts show "crass casualty" and not human will decreeing the fate of mortals, and it is precisely in this mechanistic determinism, in the inevitable impotence of his characters, that he differs most sharply from Kipling. As Noel Annan has written, "Kipling did not personify Nature like Hardy: like a sociologist he took the environment as given and noted its effect upon man". And, we might add, refused to prejudge what that effect might be. Thus, in the enigmatic story "Mrs. Bathurst", set in a universe as fortuitous and indifferent as any in Hardy's poetry or fiction, there continues to be, at moments of crisis, and for every man, a choice of action. Kipling's acceptance of this fact may well have been as mystical, as irrational, as sentimental, even, as Hardy's determinism. But when, in the story, he has Pritchard ask "And if a man gets stuck with that kind o' woman, Mr. Hooper?" and he has Hooper reply, "He goes crazy — or just saves himself", he acknowledges the existence of a meaningful choice of responses to the universe, as Hardy does not, and takes — philosophically — a position much more susceptible to development.

Unlike Hardy, Joseph Conrad believed in the possibility of human response to the "absurd" universe, and in this belief he occupied a philosophical position closer to Kipling's than did most serious artists of the time. If the two writers were much alike in doctrinal terms, however, they differed importantly on at least one issue. For Conrad's response to the challenge of life was in essence an aristocratic one while Kipling's remained, in spite of the author's apologies for colonialism, largely egalitarian. To put it another way, Conrad apparently felt that in a dark universe, some men had a greater obligation than others to penetrate the blackness, and that some failures were more terrible than others, while Kipling's special gift was to recognise and to place at the centre of much of his best fiction, the fact that an obligation to moral consciousness is universal. For Kipling, in spite of such catch phrases as "the white man's burden", there was only one kind of challenge in the world and only one kind of failure. Thus if Ameera in "Without Benefit of Clergy" and Peroo in "The Bridge-Builders", as native Indians, and Holden and Findlayson in the same stories, as Englishmen, approached life from very different directions and with very different sorts of preparation, their responsibility to themselves was the same, and the failure of one would have been of exactly the same magnitude as the failure of the others. It is perhaps for this reason that there are no heroes or villains in Kipling's best work as there are in Conrad's; no moral aristocrats of whom much is expected and moral plebians of whom nothing is expected — Lena and Heyst, on the one hand, Jones, Ricardo and Schomberg on the other. Indeed, it is very largely on this count that Charles Burkhart, in a recent essay, ranks Conrad among the Victorian rather than among the modern novelists. And it is in this one matter at least that Kipling speaks more directly to us today than his contemporary does.

A number of writers of this same period did, of course, prescribe an active response to the universe that was not notably aristocratic. Browning's "Prospice", for example, Henley's "Invictus", Longfellow's "Excelsior", though they do not necessarily represent their authors

at their best, do preserve for us one authentic note of the late nineteenth century, that shrill note of faintly hysterical heroism — forward to death, banners flying — which was the reaction of many of our grandparents to the new chaos. This was action of a sort, a hold-over from the days when action had seemed really efficacious. It was not, however, in any sense creative action, action designed to achieve a constructive end. Nor is this fact surprising. For to most people living in the second half of the last century, the breakdown of the old order was not a challenge to be met and overcome but a disaster to be endured. (Thus what seemed action was only frenetic passivity.) They could conceive of nothing following that disaster, and so, like people moments before a crash, they braced themselves for the end and gave their thoughts up wholly to the matter of dying well. It is therefore no accident that the three poems are principally concerned with the problem of how to look good while being crushed. The self-conscious heroism of the pieces, their sententiousness, established immediately by the classical titles, and their theatricality all suggest the desperate poses of men who are about to die.

Kipling, on the other hand, does not, in his best work, seem someone braced for a crash so much as — to continue the metaphor — he appears to be someone who has been through a crash and who, miraculously, is still alive. The crash has been terrible, of course; it has left him broken; things will never again be what they were — but he has survived it and indeed is even beginning to think about how to live and what to do in its wake. (Consider, for example, the significance of such a title as *Limits and Renewals*) It is just in this casting about for some significant action to take, however, that he makes a curious discovery. He finds that the paralysis which had very naturally gripped everyone in those last days when the crash was so imminent, has become institutionalised, has been elevated, as it were, to a philosophy, a philosophy whose first principle is the permanent futility of action. And thus, before he can act at all, it is necessary for him to try to discover the terms in which action may once more be meaningful for man, to redefine human freedom not in the old, comparatively naive pre-crash phrases, but in the light of the now firmly established post-disaster world.

We have only to outline these problems of the man who has been through the crash, of course, to see how distinctly they are the very problems of the present day with which contemporary artists and philosophers have most often struggled. Albert Camus, for one, created in his modern rendering of the story of Sisyphus a powerful symbol of man confronting the questions of freedom and action that have arisen from the disintegration of the old order in the nineteenth century. Not by chance is Sisyphus depicted as a man who has been through the crash. He need not, of course, have been so portrayed. A nineteenth century determinist, for example, might easily have seen in this figure out of mythology a metaphor for man enslaved, the helpless plaything of the indifferent gods. A poet like Browning or Henley, on the other hand, might have chosen to represent Sisyphus in the terrible moment when he first learns of his fate, contemptuous of the forces that

stand ready to destroy him and striding without hesitation into an absurd eternity.

Characteristically, Camus confronts us with a Sisyphus who has already been at his irrational stone-rolling for millennia. That occupation has lost none of its madness over the centuries, but one thing it *has* lost is its novelty. The surprise and horror of learning what he must perpetually suffer have worn off for Sisyphus, and he is very different now from the man he was on that first day, full of foreboding about his doom but with no actual experience of it. (In a way this is the chief distinction between man before and after the crash.) One difference which that experience—and the consciousness of that experience—has made for Sisyphus is to show him a way out; not a way out of the absurdity by which he is surrounded, for no such escape is possible, but a way out of his own personal commitment to that absurdity. (Kafka's "Report to an Academy" makes a similar point.) All the while that he is straining to force the great stone to the top of the hill, Camus shows us, Sisyphus is wholly committed to the insanity of his world, caught up, in spite of himself, in its mad laws. Indeed, the stone is a metaphor for the burden of that madness, for despair. The moment the boulder slips away from him, however, and plunges back down the hill—the climax of the torture for anyone genuinely interested in stone-rolling—Sisyphus is temporarily released from his obligation to irrationality. As he walks down the slope empty-handed he is, Camus says, his own man. He returns to the fortress of his own sanity and for the time that it takes him to reach the bottom of the hill, he is free.

Camus' definition of freedom is precise. In *The Myth of Sisyphus* he says that there are two facts, and only two, that man can know for certain: one, that the human being longs for order, and two, that he can never fully satisfy that longing in a world in which death, the executive arm, as it were, of chaos, has the last word. Some men, Camus points out, take the leap of faith, yielding to their desire for order by imposing that order upon, and therefore willfully falsifying their experience of, the absurd universe. Other men commit suicide, driven to despair by their knowledge of the madness of the universe, and failing to understand that in their ineradicable desire for order lies the means for achieving a personal freedom from that madness. Finally, there are those men who succeed in winning their freedom, men who, through a supreme act of consciousness, acknowledge the reality of the absurd universe, but recognise further its profound irrelevance to their own existence. Sisyphus is such a man. Walking down hill, he returns to the order and reality of his own being (he had originally been doomed for a too-great reverence for that being), and so is free of the absurd universe in the only way—Camus would have us understand—that man has ever been or can ever be free. Hamlet's cry:

O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell
 And count myself a king of infinite space,
 Were it not that I have bad dreams . . .

makes the same point. Freedom is a function not of the nutshell but of the dreams, not of the externally imposed conditions of life but of

the level of consciousness of that life. Thus the freedom which so many people of the nineteenth century felt they had lost, and whose loss shattered their faith in the efficacy of rational action, was, according to Camus, a freedom they had never had, the freedom to ignore absurdity and despair. On the other hand, the freedom which they had always had (though they had not always exercised it), remained unchanged by the new scientific discoveries or the semantics of particular philosophies. It was the freedom to understand their own natures and to fulfill themselves in their own terms. The act of consciousness, then, the establishment of human experience as ultimately sovereign, is Camus' well-known response to the absurd universe.

It is also Kipling's response in his most serious work, work spanning forty-five years and touching on almost every possible subject. Nearly all his best tales, for example, are marked by what Bonamy Dobrée speaks of in *The Lamp and the Lute* as "metaphysical scepticism . . . belief in the void which surrounds existence". That void is at least in the background, and is very often central to the meaning of most of Kipling's writings. In such early tales as "The Arrest of Lieutenant Golightly" and "In the House of Suddhoo", simple anecdotes already darkened by hints of the unmanageability of things; in such late stories as "The Gardener" and "The Bull That Thought", in which the First World War is the entirely appropriate symbol of absurdity; in the helplessness of Vickery in "Mrs. Bathurst"; in the obsessiveness of Dowse, the mad "Disturber of Traffic"; in the terrible sandpit of "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes", Kafkesque forerunner of the recent Japanese novel *Woman in the Dunes*; in the elaborate, mystical tale of the animal gods in "The Bridge-Builders" we are confronted again and again with an irrational universe, indifferent to man but often deadly in its carelessness. The list could easily be extended to include some of the best-known of Kipling's stories: "Without Benefit of Clergy", "The Man Who Would Be King", "At the End of the Passage", "On Greenhow Hill", "The Courting of Dinah Shadd", "Love-o'-Women", to select only a few at random. Indeed, these works all take their special colour from the fact of impending and largely unavoidable disaster, and it is significant that in all of them the characters are represented to us having attained varying levels of consciousness in response to the challenge of this disaster, and as having achieved varying degrees of freedom in proportion to that consciousness. Golightly, for example, and the narrator of "In the House of Suddhoo", being totally ignorant of the ways of the universe, are utterly victimized by chance. The former, with his dandy's wardrobe that makes no provision for bad weather, and the latter, with his misplaced confidence in the omnipotence of the British Raj, are examples of moral flotsam, controlled entirely by forces outside themselves, borne along on whatever currents they happen to blunder into. Ameera, on the other hand, the wonderfully poised heroine of "Without Benefit of Clergy", and Apis, the masterful "thinking" bull, as they become more and more aware of their own natures and assume greater and greater control over them, become freer and freer of the absurd universe and find it growing constantly more irrelevant to their real existences.

Mere awareness of absurdity, however, is not enough to deliver man from despair. Such awareness, by itself, Camus characterises as the prelude to suicide, to the profound nihilism, for example, of the late nineteenth century; and indeed, though such figures as Vickery, the pathetic victim of woman's love in "Mrs. Bathurst", and the prematurely "buried" Helen Turrell of "The Gardener" are conscious of the emptiness of their lives, that consciousness is not enough to turn them from the path that leads to self-destruction. What is required, then, in addition to consciousness, both writers tell us, is an active commitment to what that consciousness reveals; absurdity in the universe, of course, but also the sense of order within man, a sense that is at the heart of much twentieth-century philosophy. What is required, in short, is the sort of Job-like affirmation of human experience in the face of the whirlwind which Camus sees in Sisyphus and which Kipling depicts in so many of his best stories. But such affirmation requires a tremendous act of will, a huge expenditure of psychic energy. And so Ameera, rejecting ritual and affirming the sovereignty of her own nature at the brink of death; Apis, cheating death with a burst of creativity, a perfect ordering of his experience; Findlayson, the bridge-builder, imposing his own vision of life upon the gods by main force of exhausting labour, subduing the violent Ganges with his bridge—all are very specifically characters in action, characters who have moved sufficiently beyond the mere awareness of life's absurdity to be able to act meaningfully in the face of it.

Kipling is not, of course, naive in his celebration of the efficacy of action—does not, for example, ask us to return to a happier day when men believed they could physically vanquish the absurdity of the universe—and thus Findlayson's bridge is not offered as a physical victory over disorder (we are very clearly told that, as the gods measure time, the bridge will last only a moment), but rather as a symbol of the engineer's personal triumph, his assertion of his own reality as the only reality that matters. In the same way, Camus would have us recognise that Sisyphus' comparable achievement of freedom does not mitigate for an instant his obligation to roll his stone perpetually uphill, and that for him, as, for example, for Ameera, the process of growth and change must take place on an interior stage. Still, though action is, in the philosophies of both these writers, directed inward, not outward, it is action nonetheless and challenges—in Kipling's case, with notable prescience—the paralysis of much late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century thought.

To account for an artist's special vision critics often turn to biography. Biography can deceive, of course, but it can also, by increasing the critic's confidence in his intuitions, by offering him, as it were, another avenue of approach to his subject's always ingeniously guarded secret, reinforce an insight already established by careful textual analysis, or at least offer a metaphor for that insight. About Kipling, for example, we might legitimately wonder how it happened that one man was able to see, where others were not, that the new conception of the universe emerging in his day was a condition, not a terminus, of

civilisation; how it was that that man particularly should have been capable of forcing his way through to the other side—our side—of late nineteenth-century desperation and of speaking to us, more clearly than many of his contemporaries, about our own relationship to that despair. For the beginning of an answer to this question Kipling's biography is in many ways extremely enlightening.

The crucial years in Kipling's life, all biographers and critics agree, were those desolate ones between 1871 and 1876 which the boy spent far from his parents in a kind of foster home in England. It was the custom, among Anglo-Indians, to send their school-age children home for their education, and thus when Kipling was not yet six-years-old, he and his sister were deposited with the family of a retired naval officer in Southsea. There, for five years and three months, the young Rudyard was forced to endure the inexplicable separation from his parents and, more immediately, the shame and degradation heaped on him in what, later in life, he was always to refer to as the "House of Desolation".

These years have been well documented, yet there is one curious fact about the whole Southsea episode, a fact which is not often emphasised but which emerges the moment the experiences of Kipling's early life are set down baldly as Randall Jarrell has set them down in the essay he called "On Preparing to Read Kipling". "For the first six years of his life", Jarrell writes,

the child lived in Paradise, the inordinately loved and reasonably spoiled son of the best of parents; after that he lived in the Hell in which the best of parents put him and paid to have him kept At the end of six years the best of parents came back for their leper . . . and for the rest of their lives they continued to be the best and most loving of parents.

Jarrell recognises that his "best of parents" cannot help but sound ironic; yet he insists that he does not mean the phrase ironically at all.

From the father's bas-reliefs for *Kim* to the mother's "There's no Mother in Poetry, my dear", when the son got angry at her criticism of his poems—from beginning to end they were bewitching; you cannot read about them without wanting to live with them; they were the best of parents.

And then Jarrell comes to his point.

It is *this* that made Kipling what he was: if they had been the worst of parents, even ordinary parents, it would all have made sense, Kipling himself could have made sense out of it. As it was, his world had been torn in two and he himself torn in two

In short, the most significant fact about the Hell which Kipling was forced to endure for five of his most impressionable years was that, in terms of any reasonable continuity, it had little or nothing to do with the rest of his experience.

Up to a point, Kipling's unlikely history parallels the intellectual movement of the nineteenth century, beginning in Eden ("Bliss was it, in that hour, to be alive,/But to be young was very heaven . . ."); quickly plunging into Hell ("Month by month the darkness gains upon

the day".) But where the century continued in despair to the end, even projecting its disillusion into our own time, Kipling was physically able to escape from his private torment. And though the knowledge of that torment's existence haunted him all his life, warping part of his soul and much of his art, what he chiefly seems to have learned from his experience was that the Hell that gapes for every man need not, for all its horror, define his life. Hardy's characters are for the most part defined by—are chiefly functions of—the indifferent universe in which they live. In the same way, the figures in "Prospice" and "Invictus", for all that their heads are bloody but unbowed, expend their energies reacting to the absurdity of life and thus, in spite of themselves, are shaped by what they most despise, their only victory a hollow one, contempt for the bully cosmos even as it strikes them down.

Kipling, on the other hand, perhaps influenced by the events of his childhood, believed profoundly, like Camus, in the possibility of escape, not of escape from the *influences* of the absurd universe—every life, his best stories show, must be played out against that background—but of escape from the need to spend life *reacting* to that absurdity. Specifically, from his (intellectual) recognition that the five years he spent in Hell were really extraneous to the rest of his experience, came the definition of human freedom which, though he was not always able to implement it in his own life, he embodied movingly in such a story as "Without Benefit of Clergy". There, Ameera and Holden learn that ritual, because it is merely a slavish reaction to the irrational universe, is for that reason a surrender to it; that by thus giving up their initiative, they have in effect given up their own natures, their freedom. It is only when they make this discovery—the crucial moment of growth and change in the story—that they decide to reject ritual:

They sat together and laughed, calling each other openly by every pet name that could move the wrath of the gods
decide to act, like Sisyphus, independently of the absurd and to create a kind of enclave of sanity in life on their own terms.

The origin of Kipling's belief in the feasibility of escape, in the possibility of changing one's condition through action, is again to be found, at least in part, in his biography. For surely, the young Rudyard's dramatic rescue from the private Hell of his Southsea days must have made almost as profound an impression on the boy as his original plunge into it. His mother arrived without warning from India, we learn from *Something of Myself*.

She told me afterwards that when she first came up to my room to kiss me goodnight, I flung up an arm to guard off the cuff I had been trained to expect. I was taken at once from the House of Desolation, and for months ran wild in a little farmhouse on the edge of Epping Forest .

The sense of release here is overwhelming, enormously poignant; we can almost hear it in Defoe's astonished verse

A dreadful plague in London was
In the year sixty-five,

Which swept an hundred thousand souls
 Away; yet I alive!

It is the sense of having passed through Hell and emerged on the other side which makes this experience of Kipling's so central to his vision of life; that unique sense of having survived a fatal accident which enables him to speak to modern readers—who have also, miraculously, survived the first paralysing impact of the same sort of accident—in a way that some of his contemporaries, still occupied with the absurd universe as an *impending* disaster, are not able to do. And what he is able to say to those readers, what, in his best work, he says with narrative force and clarity (for it is in his ability to give these ideas dramatic expression that his real importance lies), is first, that man is essentially alone in the cosmos; second, that through a highly conscious act of commitment to the reality of experience he can rescue himself from life's irrationality; and finally, that by doing this he secures for himself a meaningful freedom, albeit within the larger framework of the absurd. To anyone for whom these issues are significant ones, Rudyard Kipling speaks today and will continue to speak for many years to come.

'THE UNFADING MEMORY OF RUDYARD KIPLING'

by Nevill Coghill

Centenary Luncheon, 27 October 1965

It will be my honour, in a few moments, to propose the Toast of The Unfading Memory of Rudyard Kipling, born on the thirtieth of December, almost exactly a hundred years ago. I have no fear that his memory will fade. He is the greatest writer of short stories, as imaginative as they are diverse, in our language. Only Chaucer can challenge him in that supremacy. There was a time when he fell into critical disrepute, so much so that one well-known writer, lusting too hotly after epigram, felt able to allow himself the *gaffe* of declaring Kipling to be morally insensitive and aesthetically disgusting. But now the tide has turned, and a serious study of his work has begun, first championed (against all expectation) by the late T. S. Eliot, and now blossoming in such excellent books as Professor Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work*, and Miss Tompkins' *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*. Fine essays on particular aspects of his genius have also appeared, such as those of Professor Dobrée and Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green, and a volume, edited by Professor Rutherford, came out last year with notable contributions by Lord Annan, Mr. Wallace Robson and others. As I read these sensitive investigations, I wondered how I was to say anything this, afternoon that has not been better said before. For, as Chaucer said,

'I come after, gleaning here and there,
 And am full glad if I may find an ear
 Of any goodly word that they have left.

I have to confess that I have made no study of Kipling. I have simply read him, on and off, all my life, for the immediate pleasure of it. I claim nothing but amateur status. What, then, am I to say to an audience containing so many distinguished devotees? I shall attempt to say three simple things, however obvious they are, about his greatness. You will all have thought of them before.

First, he has power to convey a vision of our Universe, of the Nature of Nature, and the astonishing forces it can release, even in what may seem its tinier manifestations; in bees, for instance, who, of all Jungle creatures, are alone able to deal with the Red Dhole of the Dekkan, under the leadership of Mowgli, in an epic massacre; or can explode out of a bonnet-box on to a gathering of well-dressed and unsuspecting English people, in the full respectability of Sumner-Barton railway-station platform, so that 'they shouted like Sodom and Gomorrah.' Or let us take the seeming docility of an English brook among its willows that when in spate can murder a blackmailer, and then turn to the same irresistible impersonal ferocity in the 'gigantic chocolate-coloured wall of water sent ahead by the flooding Ganges,' bank-high in haste, to challenge the engineering works of man; a flooding that brings in its wake a procession of the Gods of India. For in Kipling's vision of Nature, there are intuitions of powers above nature, and indeed of powers above these, in turn. Often we sense unnamed metaphysical presences in this richly living, almost animistic natural Universe; there are other, lower presences too, almost as mysterious, as in his astounding story called '*A Matter of Fact*', where we are made to experience a convulsion of the sea, when a marine volcano coughs up a mangled monster from its terrible depths, the horror of whose face lay in its eyes, for they were sightless. The Thing that has this blind, toothless face, is attended by a Second Thing, its mate, that 'circled round him bellowing . . . We could hear the wash beating along her sides; reared her neck as high as she could reach, blind and lonely in all that loneliness of the sea'. Over the secrets and immensities of Nature, we are made to apprehend un-named Powers of which men have made myths, and over them there run Time and the Hour, which even the Children of the Zodiac must accept; for men and all their works will die and disappear; the Gods themselves will vanish and leave no trace and the void will be void; The Gods in *The Bridge Builders* tell us: 'the beginning of the end is born already . . . As men count time, the end is far off; but, as we who know reckon, it is today.'

Within this frame of reference lies Kipling's imagination of Empire, where time counts itself relentlessly in human pulses, in the huge sweep of power and responsibility; and here, as in Mowgli's Jungle there is the Law, whether it is in Roman Britain or in British India. And out of power, responsibility and the Law is built a certain kind of character that Centurions and Second Lieutenants on Active Service and their like seem to share across the centuries.

As I touch this topic, I am well aware of its present unpopularity. Big Black Wolves of the Left and Centre have huffed and puffed for half a century, to produce what has been aptly called 'The Wind of Change'. But winds that have changed once can change again. Two

little tiny straws in that changing wind have recently come my way. One in the person of a hitch-hiker I picked up on the road to Wales. He was a Research Student at Swansea University (he told me), working on British Colonial Administration. 'Ah!' I said, fatuously, 'the Wicked Imperialists!' 'Don't you believe that old stuff!' he retorted angrily, 'I've read their diaries and their letters home, and let me tell you that never did one Country try to do more for another than we tried to do in India.' He continued to lecture me for the rest of the journey.

The other straw has blown in from Pakistan. This year's Illustrated Calendar, issued by the National Bank of Pakistan, carries a large-scale photograph of the gun Zam Zammah, which stands opposite the Lahore Museum. Those who have been there, or who have read *Kim*, will remember it: for we first meet Kim astride of it, in the opening sentences of Kipling's greatest book. And that, I presume, is why the photograph was chosen for this calendar in Kipling's Centenary Year, a tribute to his genius from the liberated children of Empire.

I am well aware that there are those who disapprove of the British Empire, particularly in India. But it is better to understand History than to disapprove of it. In the understanding of history, the poets have their place. What should we know of the Trojan War, but for Homer? Kipling is the Homer of our Empire, and he rose to the greatness of his theme. He will outlast his detractors as Homer has outlasted the walls of Troy.

Kipling's vision of India does equal honour to India as to Britain. Has there ever been a more richly evocative picture of a great, complex continent, full of bustle, roguery, power and holiness than *Kim*? A story like *The Tomb of His Ancestors* does as much in honour of the Bhil Bukta, as it does in honour of the Englishman John Chinn; a story like *In the Presence* makes it the glory of four Gurkhas that they upheld the honour of the Armies of Hind by taking on, unrelieved, the strain of motionless duty at the lying-in-state of King Edward VII. Nor do we admire them for this simply because he was an English King-Emperor; it is a story of honour, in whosever's honour it was done. I am glad to be able to tell you, what perhaps you may not know, that Kipling did not *invent* this story. It was sent him in a letter, from Sir James Dunlop Smith, then Political A.D.C. to the Secretary of State for India. It is a story of heroic self-control and dignity, such perhaps as only India could be capable of.

Kipling has often been attacked because his men of action are stoical and laconic; this is said to show his anti-intellectual bias. It is thought to be tied up with his snobbish attachment to Public School codes. It is therefore doubly detestable. But, in fact, it is a piece of simple observation on his part. Soldiers commonly do speak in brief, but often pregnant sentences. I had, for example, a great-uncle who, serving in the time of the Mutiny, stormed the walls of Delhi with his Regiment; when he was an old man, I asked him what it had felt like. He tugged a snowy moustache for a second or two, and then he said 'Well, I remember that in the evening my sword arm was tired.' To take a more modern instance of this expressive mode of speech, I have a letter from an Officer describing the landing at Arromanche on D Day. He wrote: 'By nightfall

we had got to the St. Leger Ridge, our objective. We were all muddled up with the Germans. Don't know who was most frightened. Subsequently we frigged about and marched through Bayeux without a battle. . . . Got blown up then at our O.P. and put into hospital for a bit . . . Later, finding our way to St. Lo, John and I got blown up on a mine in our jeep. I was O.K. but John lost his foot. Can't remember the exact name of the place.' When I asked his permission to quote this letter to illustrate my point about Kipling's style, he wrote back 'Of course ; but I think you're probably wrong about understatements — at the time it all seems part of the day's work.' A reply the wit of which is itself understated. This is the language of the Infant in *A Conference of the Powers*.

Another and bitterer attack has been flung at him for his supposed love of violence and cruelty, for a secret sadism which he is said to vent in his stories. There are several fallacies in criticism underlying this sort of thing, but they have been largely exposed by Miss Tompkins and others. I need not add to their argument. I will simply say that Kipling saw himself as living in an observably violent and cruel universe, having suffered deeply from the deliberate cruelty of people, and the chance cruelty of war ; and he had moments of thinking, like the mad priest in *John Bull's Other Island*, that perhaps this world of ours was Hell itself ; for so, I understand, he wrote to his friend Rider Haggard, upon one occasion. But, as he tells us in *Something of Myself*, all the cruelty had been burnt out of him by cruelty done to him. That he was deeply kind of heart I can assert on the evidence of one who knew him well. She is a cousin of mine and was a close friend of his. I have a letter about him from her, from which she allows me to quote. She writes : ' I think the chief impression Mr. Kipling made on one was his Puckishness, feet curled up on the chair, those bright blue eyes fixed on one's face, full of the most impish and wicked humour, his very thick glasses and heavy moustache like a mask behind which the real person was leaping about having fun ; then his kindness, which was the best kind of kindness, full of sympathy and understanding and compassion. No-one saw more of this than I, since I lived so near them when D. was missing, just after our marriage. As you know, the Kiplings' precious boy John was missing and never found . . . It is quite true ' (she goes on later in the letter to say) ' that he had a genius with children, and loved them. If one went to see him with a child, he would sit quite quiet and suddenly there would be some sort of silent communication, just as there is with dogs, and one would find that the child and Mr. Kipling were gone. Dan [her son] went like this several times (he was about five or six I suppose) and when I asked him what they had done and what Mr. Kipling had said to him, he refused to say anything except that they had had ' an important talk ', which I found quite maddening. If only one had been able to listen ! '

Now this is evidence of kindness, ' the best kind of kindness ', as my cousin says; and there is this best kind of kindness in his stories too. I will illustrate it from two of his mature masterpieces, *The Church that was at Antioch* and *Mary Postgate*. *The Church that was at Antioch* tells us of a young Roman police officer called Valens, appointed to prevent riots in Antioch at the Christian love-feasts presided over by St. Peter and St. Paul. In the course of his duties he is mortally knifed

by a Cilician, whose brother Valens had killed in battle at Tarsus Pass. This knifing had been the Cilician's second attempt, this time successful, to accomplish his revenge. The first time, Valens had foiled the attack, and caught his assailant. But he had let him go, saying 'Then we'll call it even throws', out of a sense of fair play. The Cilician escapes, but lies in wait for him again, and does his deed. As Valens lies, dying, he says to those helping him

"The Cilician and his friends . . . Don't be hard on them...

They get worked up . . . They don't know what they are doing."

Petrus stood like one in a trance. The tremor left his face, as he repeated "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Heard you *that*, Paulus ? " "

And when Paulus suggests the immediate baptism of Valens, Petrus replies "Think you one who has spoken those words needs such as we to certify him to any God ? " "

That we should forgive our enemies because they do not know what they are doing, seems the extreme of compassion. But there is one, still more extreme, in the story of *Mary Postgate*. Miss Tompkins twice uses the word 'dreadful' to describe this story, and Mr. Robson speaks of its 'crowning horror.' To me it is a masterpiece of utter beauty and sympathy. It shows, too, in an extraordinary degree, that age-old mystery of the exact confluence of Free Will and Predestination that we apprehend in *Oedipus Tyrannus*. The story, you will remember, tells of a very plain, elderly, unloved spinster, Mary Postgate, who is female companion to the aunt of a boy who, later in the story, becomes an airman in the First World War and is accidentally killed in an airplane crash before going out on Active Service. To this boy Mary Postgate had given all her unloved heart, and he had responded with a mixture of ragging and bullying which, though thoughtlessly cruel, enslaved her the more. When the accident happens and he is killed, his aunt orders Mary to burn his belongings at the bottom of the garden, so that no one should be able to handle them afterwards. Mary sets herself to this grim work and goes out to buy paraffin. There is an air-raid, and a German bomb kills a little girl that Mary had known since her perambulator days. Mary's boots are drenched in her blood. Doggedly she returns to the garden and builds the pyre for Wynn's belongings. And,

'as she lit the match that would burn her heart to ashes, she heard a groan or a grunt behind the dense Portugal laurels.'

It is from a German airman, one of the raiders, who has fallen from his plane and is lying, broken in the bushes. He begs her help. Mary refuses it. When he groans she stamps her foot and says "Stop that, you bloody Pagan!", and when the agony comes upon him and she hears his death-rattle, we are told she closed her eyes and drank it in. Then she went contentedly home, had a hot bath before tea, and came down (as Miss Fowler said) 'looking quite handsome'.

Now in this story there is no forgiveness. It is the *reader* who is called upon to forgive, for Kipling has made him *understand*; he has concentrated all his art that we may understand, and so forgive, Mary Postgate. It is the case one step further than 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' It is the step that we ought to imagine the dying

German might have taken, had he known as much about Mary Postgate as we do. If he had known *that*, he might have said 'Father, forgive her, for she knows full well what she is doing; and yet, I know better.'

This is a pity-compelling story. There are those who prefer meditating guilt to Grace and punishment to forgiveness, choosing to remain on the wrong side of Heaven's door. Those who like thinking in this way about Mary Postgate can rest in their own guilt and award the punishment to themselves; for it is our own, human, civilised society that manufactures daily all the unhappy, loveless Mary Postgates, the thousands of them that there are. This story is one of Kipling's deepest inreaches into the human heart.

I have touched on three great reasons why Kipling's memory will never fade — his vision of the universe, his vision of empire, his vision of human suffering and endurance. I am well aware I have only touched the fringe. You will be thinking of all that I might have said. And so I have the confidence — in view of what I have said, and of what I should have said, to ask you now to rise and drink to THE UNFADING MEMORY OF RUDYARD KIPLING.

REPORTS OF DISCUSSION MEETINGS

by P. W. Inwood

July 14, 1965, in the Ulster Room, Overseas House

It was a pleasant surprise to the writer of these notes to find an audience larger than usual to discuss "The Devil and the Deep Sea" and "Bread upon the Waters", and that this audience, containing a noticeable if not a major proportion of the gentler sex, displayed an unexpected enthusiasm for the technical aspects of these remarkable stories, in which, it may be observed, there is not one female character other than Janet McPhee and she has no more than a walking-on part.

As the chairman opened by saying, these stories are remarkable in that they, more than almost any other of Kipling's works, display his zest for the portrayal of the other man's job. In this he took enormous risks, and knew it, as his own confession in *Something of Myself* makes very clear. Except for professionals writing about their own occupations, it would be hard to name any other novelist or short story writer who has dared to expose himself to the ribald censure of professional critics, by which is meant critics who belong to the trade or calling being discussed by the writer.

Both are stories of the sea: the first is of the almost miraculous rehabilitation of a wrecked engine-room and the other of a salvage exploit which also in some of its details strains credulity.

Much of the discussion was bound to be focussed on technical matters, and it had been hoped that Mr. F. E. Langer, O.B.E. would be present to give us the benefit of his expert knowledge and answer questions. He is a Member of the Royal Institution of Naval Architects, and also of the Institution of Marine Engineers, and has lately retired from the post he held for many years of principal technical adviser to the Royal Fleet Auxiliary Service of the Royal Navy, a fleet of more than a hundred ocean-going vessels. In his unavoidable absence, much of the technical information referred to in the discussion had been either approved or provided by him. About "The Devil and the Deep Sea" he says "The story to my mind is technically accurate as to the description of the propelling machinery and equipment which would be fitted in a ship with compound engines of vintage 1850-1870. The repairs described in the story, however, would be technically impossible with the primitive facilities available. Faced with a similar situation, I would have attempted to transform the engine into a single-cylinder propulsion unit", and Mr. Langer goes on to explain how he would have effected this".

It so happened that at this meeting, Mr. T. E. Cresswell was able to produce the remarkable parallel case, which occurred during the 1914-18 War, of the s.s. *Southport*, the account of which from *Naval Operations*, Volume I, page 304, is worth quoting in full. It may well be considered as yet another example of Kipling's uncanny gift of prescience.

The German gunboat *Geier* had captured at Kusaie in the Eastern Carolines, on September 4th, 1914, the British s.s. *Southport*, which was lying there ignorant that war had broken out. Having disabled her prize's engines so that she could not get away, the *Geier* left her in harbour and went off on a fortnight's cruise.

No sooner was she gone than the master of the *Southport*, Captain Clopet, made up his mind to escape. Desperate as was the chance and short the time, the crew agreed, and under the clever engineer, Mr. H. Cox, they set to work to repair the engines, in spite of the almost hopeless condition to which they had been reduced.

The eccentric of the mean (intermediate) and high-pressure engines and the intermediate stop valve had been removed as well as a good many of the tools, but after eleven days work, by fitting the astern eccentric of the low-pressure engine to the high-pressure cylinder, and cutting out the middle cylinder, they got a semblance of a compound engine. True, it would not go astern, and if it stopped might get on a dead centre and refuse to start again. Nor was this the only trouble. They had over 2,000 miles to go to reach a British port, and no provisions except what the island — which like the rest was not self-supporting — could provide.

However, from the native king, whom the Germans had told to help him with food, Captain Clopet obtained 350 coconuts and 400 pounds of root which the natives only eat in times of famine. With this equipment, after infinite difficulty in getting their unhandy craft to sea, they started on September 18th with only a day or so in hand. Still, they escaped, and on the 30th put into

Brisbane with their news and another page added to the record of resource and daring with which the mercantile marine was to glorify itself in the course of the war.

The exploit was recognised by an Admiralty letter expressing high appreciation of the captain's and engineer's seamanlike and skilful conduct, and to each of them the Board of Trade presented a piece of plate.

Note: An eccentric, by definition, in marine engineering, is a disc mounted out of centre on a shaft to give reciprocating movement to a lever. It moves the valves controlling the flow of steam to and out of the cylinder.

It seems clear, Mrs. Scott-Giles was heard to remark, that the Chief Engineer, Mr. Cox, must have read "The Devil and the Deep Sea".

For a critical assessment of the narrative regarding the repairs to the engines of the *Haliotis*, readers are referred to the *Kipling Journal* of September, 1964, pages 17 ff. and of December, 1964, pages 17 ff.

The discussion then passed to that supremely well-told story "Bread upon the Waters" which seemed to evoke even more interest than the preceding one. The acuity of a lady in the audience brought to notice that whereas in the 1899 edition the *Grotkau* was provided with "a great, clumsy, iron, twelve-foot" propeller, most later editions describe it as 19-foot. Doubtless the revision was suggested by the author's engineering friends. Professional opinion, now consulted, assumes that pitch and not diameter is referred to, and says that an engine of that period in a 5,000 ton ship would develop about 55-60 revolutions per minute, while a modern 5,000 tonner, with an engine speed of between 130 and 180 r.p.m. would have a propeller of about 14-15 feet, but beyond that is non-committal in the absence of precise details in the narrative.

The same questioner observed that McPhee's account of eight weary days aboard the *Grotkau*, starving, might be regarded as an overstatement, for there must have been sufficient food, of however poor quality, on board to cater for a whole crew on a voyage to Rio. The explanation may be that McPhee, fresh from his recent good living on board the *Kite*, had become somewhat dainty, but on the other hand the provisions may have been largely uneatable. The long string of Merchant Shipping Acts fathered by Samuel Plimsoll, "the sailor's friend", had only just begun to have their effect.

The criticisms of seafarers and others over a span of many years directed at the *Kite's* manoeuvres in dogging the *Grotkau* from the Mersey to the Fastnet and beyond were dealt with and the author's narrative explained and justified, likewise the strange situation in which the control of the *Kite* appeared to devolve solely on the Master and McPhee between them, which has also been the subject of criticism.

A remark from the chair, correcting the author's use of the word "life-line" instead of "heaving-line", evoked some demur from the naval element, and in case the point has been missed it is this. A life-line is a fairly stout rope rigged fore and aft on board a ship in

heavy weather to provide a handhold for men working. In the Royal Navy, life-lines are provided for securing a boat hoisted at davits. A diver is provided with a life-line for emergency use, and a man sent into a tank or enclosed space suspected to contain foul air or poisonous gas is attached to a life-line. These definitions are approved by the standard nautical reference books. But the operation being described in the story was the passing of a hawser between two ships, which calls for a heaving-line — a length of light cordage with a turk's-head or other heavy knot at one end to provide momentum — and this is thrown from ship to ship, followed by another rope of larger size, and finally the hawser. The fact that McPhee swam with the heaving-line is incidental but it would have been a long throw. Strangely enough, no mention was made of the superhuman effort required of two men in getting a hawser on board and secured to the bitts without the aid of steam.

Opinion was divided as to whether McPhee's swim in North Atlantic winter weather with the remains of a south-west gale hanging about was a physically possible performance, but all were agreed that the narrative at this point strained credulity.

The long-standing suggestion that the author intended McRimmon to be a highlander was given another airing, but no evidence for it was forthcoming beyond assonance with McCrimmon, McCrimond and other variants.

The discussion ended with a short explanatory account of salvage at sea and its rewards.

Professor Yeats, from the University of Texas, whom we were glad to welcome once again, spoke briefly in praise of *The Reader's Guide to Rudyard Kipling* which, he said, had proved of immense value to scholars and readers debarred by distance from access to the sources from which much of its information was derived.

The President then took the chair and said a few words himself on the subject of the *Reader's Guide*, its origins and progress, and thus brought the meeting to its conclusion.

September 15th, 1965, in the Ulster Room, Overseas House

The President took the opportunity before the business of the meeting began to congratulate the Chairman on his accession to the Chairmanship of the Council, and to thank Mr. Winmill, the retiring Chairman of the Council, for his valuable services in that capacity for the past two years. Mr. Winmill's election to the Deputy Chairmanship, he said, ensures a strong combination to deal with the many and various matters arising out of the Centenary Celebrations.

Colonel Purefoy, who as the Chairman said needed no introduction to this or any other gathering of the Kipling Society ("he is the Kipling Society"), then opened the meeting with a short resumé of each of the selected stories, "The Dog Hervey", "The House Surgeon" and "They", reminding his audience that the distinguished writers Carrington, Tomkins, and Bodelsen, to mention only three, had "taken a glance" at them in recent years, but, in distinction from their brilliant presentation, he, as usual, would try to present them as they might strike the ordinary reader, and would mention the parts that puzzled him, suggesting a

few possible answers. "You", he told his hearers, "must do most of the talking".

Now, said the speaker, regarding "The Dog Hervey", what are we to make of that lot? Doctor Tompkins, rather dauntingly, says that to her it is the most difficult story of all, but in spite of that I would call it a story well worth reading. To begin with, it is not *all* difficult; in fact it is an extraordinary mixture of the occult and the crystal clear. What could be clearer, more easy to picture, than the party on the lawn at the beginning — picking the puppy? Can't you see it? The perfect lawn, a cedar at one end, tennis rackets lying about, the ladies cooing over the fat puppies, and the lean, awkward girl reaching forward to grab the one she wants — to the accompaniment from the undergrowth of muffled snarls as the dogs Bettina and Malachi have it out in silence. Then again, anybody who loves dogs *must* love that story, for I would say that the straightforward doggy bits are as good as any Kipling ever wrote. "I confided my trouble to Malachi, but Bettina had bitten him in four places, and he was busy". "Before Attley's car stopped, Malachi let me know Bettina was sitting beside the chauffeur". "Malachi and Harvey were deep in council with Bettina, who was being out-argued".

Opening the discussion by a record assembly of thirty people, the Chairman called attention to the reference on page 133, in which Moira's father is said to have taken stormy young men in the repentant stage, patched them up until they were sound enough to be insured and then insured them heavily. This, he said, seemed to ignore the fact that a contract of life insurance without an 'insurable interest' is illegal. Subsequent consultation of the authorities shews that since 1774, when speculation by means of life insurance had become a public scandal, and the passing of the Act of that year, the insurer must have a pecuniary interest in the life of the assured, so that we must assume the author to be implying that the doctor's young men patients were in his debt at least to the amount of his fees, but in these circumstances the adverb "heavily" seems out of place. After this, the discussion of the story, regarded by Doctor Tompkins as "to me Kipling's most difficult tale, but it is the details that are difficult, not the theme", ranged widely, from suggestions that the dog is a funnel, an agent, a channel, for affection, to a plain case of demoniacal (or other) possession, and so on to the transmigration of Moira's father into the dog. Perhaps, however, Doctor Tompkins should have the final word: "This, then, is a tale of sorcery, of such a 'sending' as we might read of in a northern folk-tale or find paralleled in the beliefs of a savage people".

The next story, "The House Surgeon", is in rather a different key, and Mr. R. L. Green in his latest book reminds us that it was unquestionably inspired by "Rock House", Maidencombe, near Torquay, where the Kiplings lived in 1896 after leaving America, and that Kipling records 'a growing depression which enveloped us both — a gathering blackness of mind and sorrow of heart, that each . . . fought against for long weeks'.

Colonel Purefoy then continued: The first time you read "The House Surgeon" you soon realize that you've been caught by one of Kipling's trick titles, and that it is no more to do with doctors and

hospitals than "A Naval Mutiny" has with bodies swinging from the yard arm. But we are taken very quickly indeed into the story, and I would call it a more neatly constructed one than "The Dog Hervey".

Once again the bare story was narrated, and once again provided an interesting discussion. McLeod's strange dialect, characterised by the interjection "Ain't it" was established by Brigadier Foster from his own experience to be authentically Jewish. The plausibility of exorcism as a motivating theme was raised by Mr. Daintith but was not pursued to a conclusion. The delightful song which concludes the story, "With mirth thou pretty bird", aroused much speculation as to its origin, many being convinced it was Kipling's own, but Mr. R. L. Green suggested, probably rightly, that it was an adaptation from the work of another author, not yet identified.

Colonel Purefoy said that he believed that this story would make a good play — given a first rate producer. "A conversational prologue, leaving the audience apprehensive. Then that nice family becoming, as they sit at dinner or in their drawing room, engulfed in the shadow — both stages of it — gradually and without ostentation and no over-acting. A spooky play, yes, but there have been good ones; probably the best known is *Mary Rose*, but I'd find this one easier to swallow than that."

And so, he said, we come to "They", which first saw the light in 1904. "I can't help feeling slightly apologetic at bracketing this wonderful story with the other two. It has always struck me as a "shining light" of a story — as if in the middle of those dark woods there was a centre of glowing brilliance. I see that the last time the Society discussed it, in 1938, the speaker described it as a piece of Dresden china. So I don't really like coupling it with the two others that are just frankly spooky." The speaker then drew attention to the two long pieces of description — before the first act, and before the third and last act. Kipling, he then said, detested any form of spiritualism, and there are indications here that the barrier between the living and the dead is not meant to be passed: he gave several instances of this from the story, ending with the incident of the doctor's hunt over half the county to secure a nurse, ignoring the possibility of advice from the woman at his elbow, "the blind woman", who it seems lived below the surface of ordinary peoples' lives, so that they hardly knew she was there.

The space allotted will not allow a report of the long and interesting discussion which ensued, a good deal of which was naturally devoted to blindness, and also the perception, if any, of colour by the blind. Mrs. Purefoy spoke with some authority on this, and it seems clear that those who have once possessed sight can conceive colour, but others cannot. We had the advantage of medical opinion in the person of Doctor Tuffley, a new member, who assured us that Kipling's medical details in this story — and others — are generally speaking correct; "bang on", as he put it, than which there can be no higher compliment.

With congratulations all round on a most pleasant evening, the came to a close.

BOOK REVIEWS

KIPLING AND THE CRITICS. Edited by Elliot L. Gilbert.

New York University Press. \$1.95, paper; \$5, Cloth

(To be published in London by Peter Owen Ltd., in February 1966, price 30s.)

This anthology of essays on Kipling covers the seventy-five years from the appearance of Andrew Lang's study in his *Essays in Little* published in January 1891 to Mr. Gilbert's own interpretive essay on 'Without Benefit of Clergy' here printed for the first time. This last is the only new essay, which allows the present volume to be far more representative than Andrew Rutherford's *Kipling's Mind and Art* with its five reprints and eight specially written pieces.

The two essays common to both collections, those by George Orwell and Lionel Trilling, though rather trivial, are presumably of sufficient historical importance to be reprinted yet again — though one wonders whether they might not have given place to Edmund Wilson's 'The Kipling that Nobody Read' which, for all its inaccuracies and prejudices, is of far greater interest and importance.

Of the pieces peculiar to this volume the greatest surprise is the inclusion of Max Beerbohm's parody 'P.C.X.36' which seems utterly out of place as well as excruciatingly bad. If Mr. Gilbert wanted to include a parody of Kipling he ought to have turned to Owen Seaman who excelled in this field: the present piece is neither funny nor a good parody — could not the unconscionable Max have been represented by one of his caricatures which are both?

Apart from this aberration, *Kipling and the Critics* deserves nothing but praise. It brings together not only essays that are often hard to find, but a selection which is truly representative both of the varying critical esteem in which Kipling has been held, and of the various types of criticism that have been applied to his works. Probably the most outstanding are those by Bonamy Dobrée and C. S. Lewis — both very welcome to those of us who do not already possess copies. The same applies to a couple of period pieces, early assessments by Andrew Lang (1890) and Henry James (1891), and to the first outstandingly vicious attack, Robert Buchanan's 'The Voice of the Hooligan' (1900). Among later, lesser-known pieces the introductions by Randall Jarrell and Steven Marcus are of particular interest, and will be new to most British readers. T. S. Eliot's tribute which many of us heard him deliver at the Annual Luncheon in 1958, though of minor importance makes a charming addition to the collection; and Dr. Tompkins is worthily represented by the section from *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* which deals with 'Dayspring Mishandled'. The new essay by Mr. Gilbert himself is also interpretative: whether 'Without Benefit of Clergy'* needs such detailed treatment might be argued — but Mr. Gilbert is an expert at this kind of criticism, and his essay is as fascinating and thought-provoking as any we have read.

Midway between the early and the late comes Boris Ford's curiously vicious attack both on Kipling himself and on T. S. Eliot for admiring him and for editing and introducing a Choice of his Verse. A full-scale attack by a scholar in 1942 would have been of real value, and one longs for the forthright bludgeoning of Buchanan or Le Gallienne — or even for the pathological hatred of a Max cartoon. Instead, we have Sporus 'mumbling of the game he dare not bite' with carefully ambiguous imputations of sexual aberration, lack of imagination, blind racialism, hysteria, artificiality — and of course brutality, vulgarity and Empire-worship. Nonetheless it is important as a representative example of much Kipling criticism of its period — though hardly a good advertisement for the so-called Cambridge School of Criticism (it first appeared in *Scrutiny*).

Finally, for good weight, we have Oscar Wilde's famous paragraph about the 'flashes of vulgarity'; — but might it not have been better as a quotation in the Introduction, which could also have given us the notorious H. G. Wells paragraph to which Trilling refers on page 93?

The Introduction itself is one of the most interesting features in the book, and one wishes that Mr. Gilbert had allowed himself even more scope. Doubtless we will all be only too ready to point out omissions or suggest substitutions (I regret the absence of the early studies by J. M. Barrie, Edmund Gosse and Charles Eliot Norton, any of which might have replaced Henry James or certainly Max Beerbohm: and wonder if recent Introductions by A. L. Rowse, J. I. M. Stewart and C. E. Carrington are not as important as those of Jarrell or Marcus) — but this is only another way of asking Mr. Gilbert to give us a second volume of a book without which no Kipling collection will be complete.

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

MORTON COHEN. Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard: The Record of a Friendship. *Hutchinson: 42s.*

Professor Cohen's book is of unusual interest, being the first collection of Kipling letters ever published, apart from those quoted by Carrington in his biography. It must be admitted at once that Kipling does not rank among those authors such as Walpole and Stevenson to whose letters we turn for literary and stylistic excellence. But they are none the less absorbing as the direct utterances of a great writer and master of style unbuckled and taking his ease with no thought that his conversation to his friend will be overheard by posterity. Just as Stevenson delighted in outrageous slang in conversation (he once referred to Julius Caesar, in Lang's presence as 'the howlingest cheese that ever was'), so Kipling broke away into the raciness of everyday speech in his letters.

As we follow the growth of his friendship with Rider Haggard we seem to draw nearer and nearer to these two 'magicians, working their wide spells', until we feel that we are sitting in the long study at Ditchingham looking out towards the Waveney, or in the book-lined room at Bateman's which we know so well, listening — listening.

'Eagerly we strain for a word out of that eager time', to quote another of Kipling's friends to whom in fact the first letter in this collection is addressed — and hear Kipling, who vowed that he could not himself construct a full-scale romance, hatching plots with Haggard, calling up the Zulu Impis in *The Ghost Kings*, helping to give life to Murgh, Gateway of the Gods, one of Haggard's supreme creations (in *Red Eve*), or stepping back in time with old Allan Quatermain to live vividly for a while at the end of the Ice Age.

But in this book we do more than listen in to our favourite authors. We learn to know them as human beings, to plumb something of the depth of spirit which made Haggard, for all his lapses of style and characterisation, one of the supreme mythmakers of literature; to marvel anew at Kipling's wide interests — and at the amazing modesty and generosity of so great a man, always it seems more eager about the books which his friends were writing, always full of enthusiasm for their achievements — yet the praise tempered with acute criticism and those quiet suggestions of the master mind slipped in apologetically just where most needed.

Besides giving us the letters with full and fascinating notes on all the persons, references and allusions contained in them, Professor Cohen has prepared the way with a skilfully dovetailed account of the careers of the two men before their actual meeting; and he sheds new light on Kipling's early days in London from the autumn of 1889 throughout the following year — and indeed until his marriage and departure for America.

Altogether this is the most important addition to Kipling literature published for some time, and by far the most outstanding celebration of his centenary year.

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

ANTHONY BIRD and
FRANCIS-HUTTON-SCOTT

Lanchester Motor Cars
Cassell, 36s.

THIS magnificent volume is one of the new series of Montague Motor Books and tells the story of the well-known firm of car manufacturers. Our main interest, of course is the section devoted to Car No. 16 which was delivered to Kipling in 1902 after he had been introduced to Max Lawrence, the new Works Manager who was visiting his sister at her new school, Roedean. The author recommends STEAM TACTICS to those 'faintly interested in the early history of the motor-car and the social attitudes of the time' and takes trouble to relate the fact from which the story is founded. This is in Appendix D, 'The Abduction of a Policeman' of which more later.

'Jane Cakebread' — the 18 h.p. twin-cylinder car is mentioned, and her namesake is reported to have had 93 convictions in a year for 'drunk and disorderly!' Kipling is reported to have sent this telegram to the works a week or so after he took delivery :—

'JANE DISEMBOWELLED ON VILLAGE GREEN
DITCHLING. PRAY REMOVE YOUR DIS-
ORDERLY EXPERIMENT.'

Although this story is related of many marques, the original telegram is said to exist. We are not told of the exact trouble but it seems this model was a little disorderly in its starting arrangements.

'Appendix D' takes up two and a half pages, and tells of a rally at Solihull, near Birmingham : Fred and George Lanchester changed cars as the latter wished to have his brother's opinion on the one he had been driving. It was on test, and it seems likely he may have exceeded the 12 mile limit. The vehicle was for the new Mechanical Transport Corps, painted a glossy khaki with the Royal Cypher and upholstered in natural pigskin. As Fred and Pinsent, the chief draughtsman, got in, a policeman asked for the former's name and address. Fred refused to give it and began to move off, saying, 'You can come and fetch it.' The 'officer' thereupon climbed in, bending a rear wing and scratching a panel. Fred promptly headed for Stow in the Wold : every time the policeman stood up and shouted 'Stop him' Fred countered with a shout of 'are we right f o r — ' (the next town). By communicating in French, they managed to get his note book off the unfortunate man, then, in English, discussed what they should do to him for damaging the King's property.

They waited long enough to bring their average speed down to 12 m.p.h. and then agreed to return him to Solihull : he was by now suffering from cold as there were no rugs in the car. They had dinner at Stratford — that took an hour — reminding the officer that he was on duty and therefore unable to enter licenced premises, so he minded the car. They did, however, relent and gave him a bottle of beer and some sandwiches.

He was dropped at Solihull police station at about 11 p.m. some five hours late for reporting off duty, returned his notebook with name and address duly inscribed and enquired with what offence they were charged. 'For exceeding the speed limit between Olton and Solihull,' 'But I did not drive this car on that road, nor, as my friend here is witness, was I in the car. Some other driver was in charge of the car before I took it over.'

No action was taken against Fred, but what happened to the policeman is not related.

J. H. MCGIVERING

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN. *Kipling and the Children.*

Elek Books. 30s.

Roger Lancelyn Green's new book, *KIPLING AND THE CHILDREN*, begins by giving us a very detailed account of Rudyard Kipling's childhood and boyhood up to the time he was "fully mature at 16½". He doesn't paint Kipling as an attractive little boy, indeed he "seems to have been a difficult and highly-strung child", "ill-ordered" and "a real nuisance". But he does bring out his Sense of Humour at an early age, and his real love of Children from the time he was a small school-boy. Kipling's own unhappy childhood, on which Mr. Green lays so much stress, had much to do with his fascination for "the mysterious Child World" which was lacking in his own upbringing.

His description of how Kipling's Stories for Children came to be written is excellent, and it is fun to know how much he really enjoyed doing many of the Illustrations himself.

He also brings out Kipling's own dramatic power in reading his own Poetry, and above all in telling his own Stories. "The JUST SO STORIES are a poor thing in print compared with the fun of hearing them told in (his) deep, unhesitating voice . . . which made his telling unforgettable".

I felt rather too much space was given to Stalky & Co., though it was interesting to learn that Kipling travelled to school with his Head Master for his first term. The Mowgli Stories are very well described, and we all long to know the names of Mowgli's three lair brothers. It is unfortunate, as the Author says, that many people reading of the Shipwrecked Mariner for the first time, do not realise that "suspenders" is the American word for "braces"!

Mr. Green's book is most welcome, and adds much to our conception of Rudyard Kipling's life and work, but I feel his Title is misleading, and it is not a book *for* children, but rather for mature adolescents and adults.

I hope that many Parents will add this excellent book of Mr. Green's to their bookshelves.

MARGARET BAGWELL PUREFOY

LETTER BAG

' SEAMAN KIPLING '

When I read ' Seaman Shakespeare ' in *The Times* and the subsequent correspondence citing *Captains Courageous* as evidence, I waited hopefully for the mariners to rise in their wrath and slay Mr. H. W. Guest. But, as the author has said, ' The men of the sea and of the engine-room do not write to the press . . . ' and so I am impelled to seek the hospitality of your columns in defence of Kipling on the points Mr Guest complains of, my only qualification being a slight acquaintance with and experience of the usages of the sea.

It is perhaps permissible to say that Long Jack, in his catechism of Harvey on the reefing of the foresail (by which is meant the four-sided sail on the stump mast forward) should have included the use of the topping-lifts to take the weight of the boom while the sail is being bowsed down to its reef cringles, but this is perhaps not to take account of the practice obtaining in the Bankers of that period. We had best consult the illustrations to the book, by I. W. Taber, a marine artist who clearly knew what he was about and was probably selected for the job for that reason. On page 31 is a drawing of the *We're Here* under all plain sail, in which we see that the mainsail is provided with topping-lifts, but the foresail is seemingly without. In a drawing otherwise so meticulously accurate, it would be rash to say that this was the artist's omission, and it may well be that the foresail boom, a much smaller and lighter spar than the main boom, was merely lowered into its crutches for reefing. Turning to the mainsail we see that the lee topping-lift is almost taut and that the weight of the boom could be taken without its

calling for any adjustment of topping-lifts when the main and peak halliards were settled for reefing the sail. But here a cautionary note must be inserted : with the topping-lifts so taut there might be undue chafing of the sail on the lee side, and a ridge in the wind surface might be caused by the pressure of the topping-lift on the lee of the sail to the detriment of its sailing efficiency ; it might be said that a careful seaman would avoid this. However, taking it all round, as far as we can see today, the omission of a reference to the topping-lifts of the foresail by the author might have been justified at that time and place.

In the cattle-boat encounter we must consider the relative height of the two ships. The *We're Here* by my guess was at least sixty feet long with a mainmast (and mainsail-peak) about the same height above her deck. The 'big, lumbering, old cattle-boat', which we may regard as a loaded ship with no excess of freeboard, was probably, as to superstructure, about 25 feet above the water-line. Consequently, for a consummate seaman like Disko Troop, it would be an easy manoeuvre to sail his ship, a handy craft, right through the cattle-boat's lee at close quarters, since she would be kept going by her own way through the water aided by the breeze acting effectively on the upper parts of her sails.

I suggest that the verdict is 'not proven' on both charges, and since I have noticed some seamanlike observations at some of our discussion meetings I await an onslaught of maritime knowledge and experience in your columns. 'Let battle commence !'

P. W. INWOOD

FORGED LETTERS

In the March number of the *Kipling Journal* there was some notes on the *Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, that is the forged ones to Sylvester Dorian. This has an introduction by Christopher Morley. A letter to the *Daily Telegraph* of the 28th December 1939 is quoted in which it states that only Mr. West's copy survived as Mrs. Kipling ordered all copies destroyed. The first statement is wrong and the second doubtful.

The colophon of the book says : 'The edition is limited to seventy-five copies for presentation and has been printed by The Southworth-Anthoensen Press, Portland, Maine, December 1936. No : 1. It is very well printed, in decorated boards with a black cloth backstrip and contained in a small slip case. The copy which I have is No : 44 and has the bookplate of the late Paul J. Sachs. Why I question the statement that 'Mrs. Kipling ordered all copies destroyed' is this. In a small privately printed edition of 75 there would have been no 'advance copies'. If Mrs. Kipling had been sent a copy it would, presumably, have been sent out at approximately the same time as many of the other copies. In 1936 with no air mail Mrs. Kipling could not have received her copy in time to take any steps until *after* many of the copies had been distributed and in any event she could hardly have ordered the destruction of a privately printed edition in America. Even if she had requested their destruction and the people who had received them were asked to do so it is doubtful if many would. So there must be many in existence.

H. DUNSCOMBE COLT

KIPLING'S LAST VISIT TO INDIA

Everything about Kipling's last visit to India, in December, 1891, is of great interest to the student, and much is obscure. We know that he arrived at Colombo from Australia, about 18th December, in the P. & O. Liner, S.S. *Valetta*. Transferring to the B.I. Liner, S.S. *Nerbudda*, he crossed to Tuticorin, and travelled by rail from there to Lahore, taking four and a half days. This was his only visit to Southern India and it was achieved in haste, to get 'home' to Lahore for Christmas. It is not known when he received the first bad news of Wolcott Balestier's fatal illness, perhaps at Colombo.

Our President has kindly drawn my attention to an 'uncollected' item, an article entitled '*Home*', which Kipling wrote for the Civil and Military Gazette, 25th December, 1891, giving us his railway route. Every Kipling student would recognise from this article, which is extremely sentimental and best left 'uncollected', the source of much local colour to be used, later, in *William the Conqueror*. To me it is more interesting for its negative information about the *Jungle Books*. This was the only occasion in his life when he might have seen the grazing grounds beside the Waingunga River, in the Seoni District, about twenty miles from Khaniwara, but only if he had taken the Eastern route through Nagpur and Jubbulpore. He took the Western route through Bellary, Sholapur, and Dhond near Poona, missing the Seoni District by two hundred miles. Let someone better versed than me in Indian railway travel discuss what was the best route, seventy-five years ago, from Tuticorin to Lahore.

The places he mentions in his article are Arkonam Junction near Madras (so he never saw Madras itself); Raichur; Wadi Junction in Haidarabad State (where there was drought—and so a chance of famine); Dhond Junction on the Marwar Line from which he turned off North-East for Bhopal, (four hundred miles short of Marwar Junction. There is a curious reference to meeting a remarkable character at Marwar, but this is a throw-back. *The Man Who Would be King* was published long before 1891); Asirgarh in the Satpura Hills (which he used in *Tomb of his Ancestors*); Bhopal, where the weather turned cold and Christmassy, and Agra.

We are now left with the plain fact that the "Mowgli" Stories in the *Jungle Books*, no less than *Toomai* and the *White Seal*, are written from second-hand information; they are straight fiction, and perhaps none the worse for that. He can never have seen the landscape he describes so powerfully. This comment does not apply to the adult "Mowgli" story, *In the Rukh*, which is located in the forests of the Doon, a district that Kipling knew pretty well. Not many readers, I think, will rank it with such pure fantasies as *Kaa's Hunting* or *The Spring Running*, stories which, by myth and image, move us deeply.

Lord Hailey, than whom no man knows Kipling's India better, once said to me that the "Mowgli" stories, brilliant though they are, "Smell of the lamp", unlike *Kim*, which is redolent of living India. We can reconstruct without much difficulty, almost the whole of his source of material for 'Mowgli'; first the conversation of his friends, Professor and Mrs. Hill, and the photographs, now in the Carpenter

Collection at Washington, which they took during their vacation in the Seoni District in 1888; secondly his father's anecdotes of *Beast and Man in India*; and thirdly Sterndale's Sporting books about wild life in the central jungles, (and his *Mammalia of India*). Take down the copy of Sterndale in the library at Bateman's and you will find that the book falls open at the page describing the *Dholes* of Central India, which hunt in packs, produce five or six puppies at a birth, and have hair between their toes. All this was mere information, *nature morte*. Kipling, who so emphatically was *not* a mere journalist of genius, breathed creative life into it. Lord Hailey also tells me much about wolf-children in Northern India, but that is another story.

C. E. CARRINGTON

KIPLING AND FREEMASONRY

Your note on Page 4 of the September Journal was a happy one about The *Quatuor Coronati* Lodge No. 2076. This is the Premier Lodge of Masonic research under the Grand Lodge of England.

Each year a formidable quarto volume of Transactions is issued by the English Constitution through Mr. Harry Carr, the Secretary of this very special Lodge.

On the 6th December 1886, Mr. Rudyard Kipling was raised to be a 'Master Mason' being then still 24 days under 21 years old.

The minute recording this was entered in the book by Kipling himself for he was the Secretary of the Lodge appointed at that same meeting. Most probably this was a unique position.

I do not think I will submit an ordinary review but I like to remember some of the great Freemasons I met at Kipling Society Meetings during the early years (1927 onwards)

V. B. BATESON, Esquire

B. M. BAZLEY, Esquire, editor of the Kipling Journals Nos. 20-50 and Chairman of Council for two periods.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., etc. Honorary Treasurer and Chairman of Council for many years.

COLONEL C. H. MILBURN, O.B.E., D.L., a Vice-President.

One whole volume of this year's Transactions may be obtained by Freemasons through their own Lodges by application at:

27, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

(opposite Grand Lodge) Price £2 2s. plus postage.

Mr. Carr has arranged to let me have some off-print copies of the 40 octavo pages entitled KIPLING AND THE CRAFT for 6/- each. I will let any Freemason have a copy for that price, post free, but I want an addressed envelope 12 in. x 10 in. to send it in. There are four illustrations.

I have private addresses but letters addressed to the Kipling Society Office will reach me quickly.

R. E. HARBORD

EPILOGUE : "TWILIGHT IN THE ABBEY"

Mr. Frederick T. Barrett sends the following extract from a letter written to him by his sister shortly after Kipling's funeral in Westminster Abbey on 23 January 1936:

' . . . There was a miserable cluster of us, about a hundred, on the pavement outside the North Door of the Abbey—love locked out. We all lingered on for a bit, disappointed, but we could hear the strains of the organ, and there was always the hope that a place might be found for "just one more". While looking at the strange medley I began to play a game all to myself, finding Kipling characters among them and thinking how he would appreciate the types assembled there to pay homage. I found the Absent-minded Beggar easily—also "we be soldiers three, *pardonez moi, je vous en prie*", and so on, from the many sallow yellowish faces that spoke of "far-flung outposts of Empire". It was a lovely game, but slowly the crowd gave up hope and dwindled away, leaving a faithful eleven and finally seven. By that time I was Commander of the Keyhole and we all listened or peeped in turn.

'It was all very tantalizing. There was just that big iron-framed keyhole and iron-studded relentless oak door.

'But looking at its iron I wondered whether it was Sussex iron: and that gave me an idea for another game. I thought "You be glad you are Sussex-born. I'll try Dan and Una's (or rather Puck's) incantation this time". So I began pressing the studs to "By oak and ash and thorn". There was still the organ to beguile us and it was rather a nice game. But suddenly, — and it almost gave me a fright, — I was certain the door gave a slight move, behind my shoulder, very quietly and cautiously. Someone said to me "May I come out, please?" She came out and I stepped in.

'There was still an irate verger to face and a pleading in whispers for the six behind me, but we got there. The spell had worked, you see!

'We were where we shouldn't have been at all—quite a front view, as well as more than half the service. The funny coincidence, to give the last touch of embroidery to the story, is that the woman who came out was the image of Gloriana, deathly pale, slightly reddish hair, very imperious, with maid or companion in attendance, and altogether it made me feel quite uncanny.

'Lovely fairy story, isn't it? But true!

'I wonder I didn't fall into the Abbey. There was a surprise step down. I landed plonk on a paving stone and it seemed only a second before I had to face the verger, who fortunately could not be over-irate in whispers. His final word to me was "Then stay where you are". For that I was only too thankful! And now every time I hear Kipling's "Recessional" I think of how I gate-crashed, literally and yet by magic.

'I had a clump of South Down grass with me, "Where sheep-bells tinkle as you pass", and when no other horrid verger was looking, I pushed it under the oak and ash and thorn sent by the Burwash gardener. So Puck was thoroughly represented. It was next to the French Ambassador's wreath, but we know which R.K. would have appreciated most, or more! . . .'

And a few days earlier, when the news came to a schoolboy near 'sleepy Chester' that his favourite author had died, some clumsy verses were strung together as the best tribute he could as yet produce to the writer who had meant more than any other to a lonely, bookish child:

'The world rolls on and many pass away —
Those whom we ill can spare — and such a one,
Kipling, has left us now: his course is done
And this our land is poorer from today.
For he is dead who held us all in sway
With magic words, words that were his alone,
That will not sound again now he is gone —
Is gone, and oh! the world seems sad and gray.
Yet in that night before mine eyes there gleam
A shadowy throng that being drew from thee,
Mourning the passing of a soul supreme:
Mowgli and Stalky, Terence Mulvaney,
Kim, Puck, and Jungle People swell the stream
That witness to thine immortality.'

Finally, after the words of lesser men, Miss A. M. Punch reminds us of the tribute paid to the memory of Rudyard Kipling by his greatest contemporary.

"In this — the centenary year of Rudyard Kipling's birth, we note with happiness, reflections on his mastery which come to us over the wide fields of the world from 'the masses, the under-dogs, the men of small account', no less than from the 'great, and well-bespoke'; fully justifying Admiral Chandler's dictum.

But for the summation of our claims to Kipling's greatness, surely we are led to the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, C.H., P.C., M.P. — his style of that day — when on November 17th, 1937 he — himself a lord of language — proposed a toast from which we quote as follows :—

"We meet here tonight . . . to honour the memory of a writer, of a man, and of a force . . . There seems to be no gallery of human activity which he could not enter easily and unchallenged, and which having entered, he could not illuminate with a light unexpected, piercing, enchanting, and all his own.

"There have been in our own time greater poets and sages . . . But in the glittering rank which he took by Right Divine there has never been anyone like him. No-one has ever written like Kipling before, and his work has been successfully imitated by none. He was unique and irreplaceable."

The Kipling Society

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