



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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KIPLING SOCIETY



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CONTENTS

NEWS AND NOTES	2
'THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING'	
— Viscount Radcliffe	6
OBITUARY : Brig. T. F. V. Foster.	12
THE WAY THAT HE TOOK : Part Two — T. L. A. Daintith	13
A BRIEF NOTE ON KIPLING IN SPANISH — Hensley C. Woodbridge	19
LETTER BAG	21
HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES.	25

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.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

The next Council Meeting will be held at 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, 15th March, 1967, 2.30 p.m.

Wednesday, 21st June, 1967, address not yet known.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

April 12th, 1967 at The Royal Society of St. George, 4 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Doctor J. M. S. Tompkins, D.Litt., will take a fresh look at "If" in association with other 'Wisdom' poetry, followed by a Discussion.

July 5th, 1967. Same time and place. Mrs. Bagwell Purefoy will place on view her unrivalled collection of criticism, appreciation and comment culled from the world press at the time of the Centenary, and will read and discuss. The Hon. Secretary will also give a short talk on the press comment he has amassed since 1958.

Visit to Bateman's. Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland are kindly allowing us to visit Bateman's this year on Friday, May 5th. We shall be lunching, as usual, at The Bear Inn, Burwash, at 1 p.m.

A coach will leave Charing Cross Underground Station at 10.15 a.m. on May 5th, arriving back in London about 7 p.m. **To make this hiring worth while, at least 15 seats need to be taken.**

The charge for members and guests, including lunch, will be 30/- for those going by coach, and 21/- for those going by private car.

If you wish to come, be sure to notify the Hon. Secretary, Beckett Lodge, Beckett Avenue, Kenley, Surrey, CR2 5LT, enclosing the correct fee, **not later than first post Friday, 21st April.** This will be the ONLY notice.

N.B. As lunch room is limited, please book EARLY for this very popular outing.

Annual Luncheon. The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2, on Wednesday, 25th October, 1967. The Guest of Honour will be the Rt. Hon. The Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, author of "The Macdonald Sisters".

Application forms will be sent out in September.

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NEWS AND NOTES

" WOULD YOU CALL A FRIEND FROM HALF ACROSS THE WORLD ... "

Cable received on 14 Nov. 1966 by President Kipling Society, from President Victoria B.C. Branch . . .

"As part of British Columbia's centennial celebration, the Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia, his honor General Pearkes, will unveil a plaque in memory of Kipling's visit Victoria in gardens of building named after him. From this site he wrote expressively of beauties of Victoria and British Columbia. Please cable immediately an appropriate message that T as President of Kipling Society here may read from you, congratulating British Columbia on its centennial and expressing the Society's appreciation of recognition Kipling and his contribution to bonds of Empire (now the Commonwealth) and its peoples."

D. H. MACKAY. *President Kipling Society, Victoria*

Reply sent on 15 Nov. 1966 by President Kipling Society . . .

"The Kipling Society Council and Officers send enthusiastic congratulations to the wonderful province of British Columbia and the city of Victoria on the centennial celebration. We are proud to remember Kipling's writing in and of British Columbia, and in particular his 'Letters to the Family' in 1907 during his stay in Oak Bay Hotel. Also his other writing during the 55 years he was thinking of Britain and the other Commonwealth states. Rear-Admiral Brock, born in British Columbia, a member of Council, wishes he could be home with you when the Lieut.-Governor unveils the plaque 'To the Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling'. Personally I congratulate you on your 33-year-old Victoria Branch."

R. E. HARBORD, *President Kipling Society*

KIPLING IN VICTORIA

The *Victoria Daily Times* of 13 January 1964 contained a full page with numerous photographs of 'The Rudyard Kipling', being 'Apartments De Luxe Offering Premium Suites Overlooking Victoria's Beauty'. 'Where The Old Charming Inn once stood on Beach Drive, overlooking the waters of Oak Bay, the stately new Rudyard Kipling apartment complex now dominates the shoreline. The owners, Chatham Estates Ltd., fully conscious of their responsibility in obtaining such a magnificent site, have spared no expense in making these exclusive apartments the epitome of luxurious living, 'for the discriminating person . . .'

Of particular interest is a short article on the same page which runs: 'Pride of the large lobby of Oak Bay's new luxury apartment

block is an old inlaid desk. The desk carries a bit of Victoria's history and gives the block its name. For it was at that desk, when it was in the lobby of what was then known as the Oak Bay Hotel, that Rudyard Kipling sat to write his oft-quoted words about the city. But he didn't write only praise. He wrote some rollicking sad verses too. John Virtue who had built the Oak Bay Hotel (it became the Old Charming Inn much later) was known as a convivial host. Kipling was a "special" guest. At the desk Kipling wrote a poem. "A gilded mirror and a polished bar," he began, "That's my recollection of last night." And ended: "Did I swear off? I got drunk again!"

The light verses do not seem to have been published, but the 'oft-quoted words about the city' may be found in the last of the *Letters to the Family*: 'The high still twilights along the beaches are out of the old East just under the curve of the world, and even in October the sun rises warm from the first. Earth, sky and water wait outside every man's door to drag him out to play if he looks up from his work; and, though some other cities in the Dominion do not quite understand this immortal mood of Nature, men who have made their money in them go off to Victoria, and with the zeal of converts preach and preserve its beauties.'

' THE KIPLING JOURNAL.' QUARTERLY. No. 1. MARCH, 1927

'Forty years on' we look back to our beginnings from No. 161 of *The Kipling Journal*, which has continued its unbroken succession from then till now. The first number was edited by the Founder and first Hon. Secretary, the late Mr. J. H. C. Brooking, M.I.E.E. There was no 'News and Notes' section (this began in the second number when W. A. Young, author of *A Kipling Dictionary* (1911), had become Editor), but Mr. Brooking introduced it with a few notes on 'the Aims and Objects of the Society'.

It will be of interest to quote these Aims and Objects, and see how far we have achieved them.

1. *To read Papers and hold Discussions upon Kipling's writings.* This we have done regularly and continue to do so. Brooking pointed out that in Kipling's words 'there are many cryptic matters that few can say they know all about' — Discussions, articles in the *Journal*, and additions to *The Reader's Guide* have made plain much that was hidden and preserved still more for future students and readers of what might otherwise have become more cryptic still.

2. *To circulate, promptly, information among Members of any fugitive verses etc., written by Kipling, which otherwise might escape their notice.* This was of greater importance in 1927, when Kipling still had almost ten years of his writing career before him, but it is still a valid reason for the continuance of the Society. The *Journal* still does its best, with the assistance of Members, to record the publication of items by or about Kipling, and remains an important aid to collectors and bibliographers.

3. *To form a complete Kipling Library (including early out-of-print works and the many books that have been published dealing with Kipling and his writings) for the convenience of Members.* There is probably no such thing as a complete Kipling collection in existence,

and we have never been able to compete with wealthy collectors who amass pirate publications, copyright issues, variants, cancellations and the like — but nonetheless the Society's Library represents the best working collection of Kipling in this country, containing not only the major items from *Schoolboy Lyrics* to *Something of Myself*, the Sussex and other collected editions, the majority of the original appearances of his works in periodicals, but also nearly every book and pamphlet that has been written about him, and a vast number of articles, reviews, photographs and ephemera. It is a Library of which to be proud, for which to be grateful to many past benefactors among our Members, and to which we should all take delight in adding.

4. *To issue a periodical dealing with the Proceedings of the Society, and containing other matters of interest.* Readers of this *Journal* must decide whether it still contains matters of sufficient interest — and seek to improve it by their own contributions. But the present Editor, who will this year have guided its course for a quarter of its existence so far, would like to record his considered opinion that, having read it from the first number to the latest not long ago when writing *Kipling and the Children* and compiling the Kipling Section of the new *Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*, he was amazed and impressed by the quantity and scope of the material and information contained in it, found it almost continuously fascinating, and is convinced that (with the authorised biography) it represents the most important and indispensable source for all future research into the life and works of Rudyard Kipling.

5. *To do belated honour to, and to extend the influence of, the most patriotic, virile, and imaginative of writers, who upholds the ideals of the English-speaking world.* 'Belated honour' perhaps, but surely also prophetic honour as one of our greatest writers comes slowly up out of the valley of the shadow of neglect and denigration to take his rightful place in the annals of literature.

' FLAWED GENIUS '

The treatment of Kipling in recent reviews of the two books on him by Louis L. Cornell and J. I. M. Stewart which appeared last autumn shows clearly how far, in the eyes of ordinary critics, he has come. 'Flawed' still, but a 'genius'; 'mostly he belongs between these extremes, in the important but ill-defined region of good-bad literature.' So Mr. John Gross in *The Observer* (18 Dec. 1966)—and dares, moreover, to point out that we should not be put off by Kipling's politics: 'Kipling's basic social philosophy strikes me as somewhat less obnoxious than that of, say, D. H. Lawrence; and if he committed the indiscretion of identifying himself with an actual political movement, the regime he celebrated, with all its sins, was a great deal less wicked than those supported by, say, Ezra Pound or Bertolt Brecht.'

Mr. Nigel Dennis in *The Sunday Telegraph* (27 Nov. 1966) was less up to date. He finds him much inferior to Henry James as a short-story writer — but dismisses short-stories contemptuously 'in a nation of novelists': even so might he decry the epic because we have only one Milton, and have produced more novels than epics at that. 'Rudyard Kipling,' he feels, 'has been the problem-child of our litera-

ture for many years — and the problem presented by problem-children is that although we may find it hard or even impossible, to love them, we know it is our duty to "understand" them . . . Things have now reached the point, one suggests, where the re-assessing of Kipling has become more interesting than the reading of Kipling. This is sad, but it is quite understandable. The more the problem-child is studied, the more of a problem he becomes : nobody really loves Kipling, but the struggle to "understand" him grows intense all the time and produces a large variety of contradictory understanding.' As an instance of these contradictions he cites the fact that 'as Mr. Stewart sees them, his English schooldays at the United Services College, Westward Ho ! were a continuation of this unhappiness [i.e. at Southsea], until Kipling grew bigger and tougher. So Mr. Stewart is able to argue that Kipling came to terms with his ugly childhood and concluded in the end that the manliness and character that made for Empire must be forged in suffering and even cruelty.

'Prof. Cornell says the opposite. Westward Ho !, he argues, was a delightful school where Kipling spent the happiest years of his youth . . . ' But Mr. Dennis disagrees with Cornell and bends Stewart to his own interpretation, which is 'in line with how Kipling behaved in later life. When he fell among thugs and unimaginative types, he wept — and came to terms with them . . . Kipling is always on the stronger side . . . In this respect he is like Brecht, who also wrote with smug vulgarity from safe inside the "party" and never allowed his personal feelings to make him deviate from the "line" . . . '

The review ends with a sensible query : 'Do readers of this newspaper still read Kipling? Or do they just read *Just So Stories* and *Puck of Pook's Hill* to their children? It is time we knew — after all, it's depressing always to be re-assessing in a void.'

Unfortunately the response to this challenge was distressingly meagre, and indeed proved only that the two books mentioned, plus *Jungle Books*, *Captains Courageous* and a selection of the Verse were indeed still popular with younger readers. But young adults seldom write to the papers, and the middle-aged and elderly are still suspect as critics !

R. L. G.

[NOTE. The review of Mr. J. I. M. Stewart's *Rudyard Kipling* has, unavoidably, been held over for the next *Journal*, for which the Editor apologises. The book was published in November 1966 by Dodd, Mead and Company. New York, and Victor Gollancz Limited, London. The American edition contains sixteen photographic illustrations, which are absent from the English edition, and is better produced.]

NEW MEMBERS : We heartily welcome the following, who have joined in the past three months : U.K.: Sir Dingle Foot; Mmes. M. T. Abbott, M. A. J. Broughton, U. G. Wilson; Miss E. D. M. Davis. Messrs. B. J. Bolt, H. Brogan, G. W. Smeeton; Southampton Univ. Library. CANADA : Mmes. Hudson-Allen, Langmuir; Messrs. S. K. Jain, G. R. McGregor. S.A.: H. J. Chapman; Rhodes Univ. Library, Grahamstown. U.S.A.: Mrs. L. G. Leavitt; Dr. T. N. Cross; Messrs. T. Babbitt, M. S. Wyeth. VICTORIA, B.C.: W. T. Burkitt.

"THE UNFADING GENIUS OF RUDYARD KIPLING"

Speech by Viscount Radcliffe at Annual Luncheon: 26 Oct., 1966

It is an honour and a pleasure to be invited to address the Kipling Society at its annual gathering. Yet somehow I had never thought of such an invitation reaching me. Over the years your Society must have heard pretty well every learned contribution that could be made on each aspect of Kipling's work, personality and, I fear, experiences; and I do not doubt that the audience I now address has a far greater mastery than I shall ever have of the range and detail of his literary output. I will not be intimidated by the thought. I have lived with his writings in a general way all my life (though, oddly enough, I do not recall reading the Jungle Books until I was in my thirties, and I have never yet been able to get through the Just So Stories); and the invitation to say something about him in a formal way has provided the welcome opportunity to re-read a very large part of his total writing — not just the favourites, the masterpieces that can't go wrong, but also the unstarred pieces in between. The latter did not, I think, mean less to the author himself, a strange, withdrawn, but never indifferent, artist, although his reading public has passed them by. It has been a fascinating experience, not at all a re-treading of well worn paths. It is I that owe gratitude to you for the impulse that you gave.

What to me was the untrodden field was the work of Kipling's literary critics. In this I was unversed. Coming to much of it for the first time I was, I must confess, surprised to find how low has been the standard of performance compared with the magnificence of the achievement of the writer himself. There have been a few conspicuous exceptions, but the failure is there, whether the trend of the criticism is to adulate or to condemn. After all, take it either way, Kipling stands out among the great figures who have worked in the medium of the English language, prose or verse, and the vitality of his communication is undiminished. Even Russia, though there is no need for the 'even', begins to be enthralled. Yet to study the literary appreciations of Kipling that date from anything but the most recent period leaves the curious impression that his work is being judged according to ideas that are unrelated to the actual purport or significance of what he says. He is a symbol, stimulant or provocative, involving political or social principles that today sound rather faintly upon our ears. He is 'vulgar': that cheapest of all categorisations, which we all employ and which usually means no more than that what we condemn flouts sensibilities precious to ourselves. He delights in cruelty and violence: Kipling, who in all his work, I believe, could never write a line about a child or an animal that was not instinct with compassion, understanding and tenderness. He was an imperialist, a sentimentalist, a realist, a sadist. I could recite indefinitely these attributions, admitting something here, qualifying there, denying this, agreeing that. What strikes one at the end of the list is how little these generalisations bear upon the true

content of the writer's work and how little illumination they throw upon a literary output as to which it has yet to be decided whether it belongs to our future or our past.

I have no wish to spend time today on this past. What I want to get to is a question about the future. Kipling, crude or subtle, benevolent or baleful, is no stuff for literature's more elegant digestions: we have ceased to be concerned with the shrinkings or the shryggings of Oscar Wilde or Max Beerbohm or Richard le Gallienne. Nor need we listen to the distant and rather vapid cheering of students who found in his writings the Epistles of the British Empire and have even distilled from those laborious corner of jokes and japes and scores surely the least sympathetic corner of all Kipling's imagination — a moral philosophy of laughter.

I will instance for my point just two Kipling studies which are not yet so far out of date as not to be included in that admirable 1964 collection "Kipling's Mind and Art". Take first George Orwell's essay 'Rudyard Kipling', published in 1942. Mr. Orwell was, we know, a writer of power, perception and integrity, according, as to the latter, to his special lights. In a few pages — he has not many pages to spare — I find that he says of Kipling that during five literary generations every enlightened person has despised him: that it is no use pretending that his view of life as a whole can be accepted or even forgiven by any civilised person: that his works, enshrining sadism and brutality and descending to "abysses of folly and snobbery", are "aesthetically disgusting", "tawdry and shallow", "idiotic" and instinct with "cruelty and vulgarity". I count the adjective 'vulgar' eight times in this short study and 'disgusting' three: the rest according as the pepper pot dictates.

This is neither criticism nor appreciation. It is hardly even denunciation. It is plain enough that Orwell was not really interested in Kipling except as an exponent of what he regarded as the politics of 'Imperialism' and that his literary perceptions were very simply conditioned by the aesthetics of Communism. But what to make of Mr. Edmund Wilson's "The Kipling that Nobody Read" (1941)? Here is a considered piece by a great literary critic, a man acknowledged to be of vast reading and of profound insights. And yet, for anyone who comes to it without prepossessions, what a sorry piece of work it is, and what odd questions it raises about Mr. Wilson himself. He disapproves of the ethos of a great many of the stories: but why import into them discrediting implications that are not there? He thinks 'Kim' a failure, and to support his view discovers dilemmas that would be foreign to the narrative and have no relation to the context. Why cannot he even understand and describe correctly the climax in which the Lama and Kim are respectively involved? Why indeed, because certain stores such as "Error in the Fourth Dimension" and "The Edge of the Evening" annoy him, cannot an accurate account of them be provided? And why, perhaps more than all, must the significance of Kipling's literary work be interpreted according to speculations about his personal life and character that are at once dramatic, intrusive and unconvincing?

It would not be impossible to produce some answers to this set of questions. But the questions today would be aimed at discovering rather what went wrong with Orwell and Wilson than what went wrong with Kipling—so far has the literary appreciation of Kipling grown up in recent years. Obviously, one is left concluding, there is something about the work of Kipling that in the past has worked as a toxin in the blood of many intelligent and sensitive persons. It has disturbed their balance and clouded their normal bright perceptions. What we want to know, now that we open the second century since his birth, is how far this strange alienation is likely to persist in a world that has so vastly changed since 1865 and for readers, if there are to be readers, whose experiences and sensibilities have almost a different spatial dimension.

There are some issues that bedevilled the appreciation of Kipling in the past and that really are not going to matter in the future. Was the British Empire A Good Thing? We do not know : we cannot take " the long account of Time ", and today we do not much mind. It is gone, and it can never return. What we do know is that it was a very extraordinary event, an exceptional adventure in the world's history, and we can see that the visible exercise of its dominion presented to Kipling's imagination just those instances of devotion and responsibility to which the deepest layers of his consciousness responded. It is not likely then that we shall bother to decide whether to regard him primarily as the laureate or the apologist or the propagandist of this departed system or as the indignant prophet who castigated its many imperfections. In point of fact you can find warrant for each of these characters in the stocktaking of his abundant output. It is likely, though, that we shall continue to ask, with rather more objective attention, whether that enormous expertise in the craft — I choose his word — of making prose and verse, the darting but disciplined imagination his constant and brilliant justness of observation, do not still afford insights of poignant force to those of us who wish to understand (I quote from the dedication to his father at the beginning of ' In Black and White') " in feare and decencie . . . that rare and terrible mystery . . . Man " .

So with India or Anglo-India. We have not now to argue or vex ourselves with the question how far the Anglo-Indian empire was ever, to use Mr. Edmund Wilson's sorrowful phrase, a state of native people being held in bondage by the British invaders. One would have to know a good deal about the history of the peonies of the Indian subcontinent and the varying phases of our own 150 years of active responsibility before one could approach so magisterial a generalisation. We turn now, I guess, to Kipling's India for other things.

What he portrayed was a peculiar society, the Anglo-Indian, military and civil, man, woman and, not least, child, shaped and conditioned by the geography, climate and native cultures by which it was surrounded. Not in the least a colonial society, as the phrase is now understood; but a dominant society, bound to its environment by career or service, not by settlement. Not a land-holding society or an expropriating society or, in its development, a community enjoying a monopoly of trade ; not merchants or bankers or capitalists, but a society hugging tightly to itself an almost exclusive privilege of government and major

responsibility. What was caught and reflected by that young man's eye, fascinated, enraptured and appalled, was the essential brittleness and violence of the scene, the violence of nature, with the burning heat, with flood and famine, with sudden pestilence and death, and the violence implicit in a social tension that could neither be permanently justified nor immediately released. I find it difficult to believe that, when all the rights and wrongs have been argued over and forgotten, men will not turn to Kipling's early Indian tales, to *Life's Handicap* and *Many Inventions*, to read with compulsive attention of the doings and feelings of this strange hierarchic society, devoted and courageous, hysterical and jaunty, scarcely possessing an authentic culture wider than that of polo and picnics, and owning but this one historian. If they do, can they fail to return with great treasure in their keeping — 'Without Benefit of Clergy' (perhaps the most poignant and delicate of all Kipling's glances at the relation of 'invader' and 'native'), 'In the Pride of his Youth', 'The Mark of the Beast', 'Thrown Away', 'The Man that was'?

Not only this, the sheer anthropological fascination of a study of a lost society. There is Kipling's India itself, unrelated to or at any rate untouched by the beliefs and habits of the British caste, the India of 'Kim', 'The Miracle of Purun Bhagat' and the touching little 'Story of Muhammed Din'. There is value in this aspect of Kipling's work that is independent of its setting, for the native life of India released one of the deepest springs of his imagination. Ought we to add the world of 'Soldiers Three', Ortheris, Learoyd and Mulvaney, with Barrack Room Ballads as their refrain? I confess to doubts about their survival. It is quite true that the old British professional army was again a society of marked individuality, now extinct, that in India it could be seen in its quiddity and that Kipling, to whom a worship of authority and power is sometimes imputed, was concerned to depict it from its bottom upwards, through the scornful and derisive gaze of his three private soldiers. They have had their devoted admirers: but do they not now seem to fall too explicitly between the two poles of the romantic and the realist? Even their vernacular, upon which so much of the effect depends, reads as a romantic invention, wonderfully descriptive, occasionally poetic, imposed upon some very unlikely subjects. It clouds the true image of Kipling to suppose that, because he had great powers of observation and narrative, he was therefore a writer whose talent lay in realism. He had a surprisingly defective ear for speech, even when it took the form of the specialist jargon in which he delighted. You could not, for instance, compare him with Charles Dickens in the rendering of either natural or idiosyncratic speech. If you do not believe me, sample some of the dialogue in, say, 'William the Conqueror' or 'An Habitation Enforced' and see what you can make of reading it aloud. What he had in place of this art was a singular imaginative power which translated observation into expressive effect. I have sometimes thought that the real division between those who respond to Kipling and those who shrink from him depends upon varying responses to those underlying forces by which his genius was inflamed.

Here then is a guessing game for Kipling's second century, a fascinating game, but one open only to those who have made an effort to study his work in the round and who are uncommitted to postures, either of prayer or commination. How much, and what, of Kipling, is going to survive as classic material, part of the endowment of English literature, not merely (and I hope that this is not a slighting comment) as stuff for the theses of academic students? I am going to play my game for a few minutes of your time. But, allow me to say, I would be playing the prophet with even less conviction than I do, if I had not had the good fortune to have read that most remarkable of recent Kipling studies, Miss J. M. S. Tompkins's *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*, a book which in the justness and acuteness of its preceptions seems to me to have raised the literary appreciation of Kipling to a new level.

Well first, then, Kipling looks like being accepted at last as one of the great fabricators of English prose, a master in the control and exploitation of his medium. His eminence in this was too long obscured by his own peculiar insistence that writing was a craft, an occupation allied to the manual skill of a worker in wood or stone or metal. You will remember how often he speaks of his tools and his material and that he has told us how he tried to think of words as objects that could be weighed, could taste and smell. There was something in his temperament that urged him to see himself as a workman, just as there must have been early family influences that inclined him to see Art as Craft. But we have had far too much of tiresome interpretations of Kipling's work based on the deliberately withheld details of his personal experience. What stands out, despite the modesty and restraint of his own claim, is that he was one dedicated to the service of his calling and to his perfection in it, submissively conscious that at unpredictable times he would be dragged by the power of his daemon, as he called it, to the exploration of regions at the extremities of light and darkness to which his unaided spirit would never penetrate.

What he was not, on the other hand, was either a philosopher or a moralist. I think that it will be a mistake if the new generation of critics tries to present him to us in either of these characters. His thoughts were not conditioned to any ordered system of ideas about the nature of the human condition or the individual's relation to it. Nor, despite occasionally infuriating tricks of didactic wisdom, did he shape the movement or conclusion of his stories to correspond with received categories of morality. He had instead, and this has always been the secret of his power, profound intimations as to the nature of man and the surrounding Universe, and it was in obedience to these intimations that his imagination dwelt upon certain human qualities which were to him the very essence of life—courage, endurance, responsibility, a sense of duty, a sense of order, compassion. "Kipling," Maurois once said, "had a permanent natural contact with the oldest and deepest layers of human consciousness". I could not put it as well. But I will match it with T. S. Eliot's comment that Kipling "is the most inscrutable of authors—an immense gift for using words, an amazing curiosity and power of observation with his mind and all his senses,

the mask of the entertainer and beyond that a queer gift of second sight, of transmitting messages from elsewhere, a gift so disconcerting when we are made aware of it that thereafter we are never sure when it is not present ". There is not much left that is worth saying after that.

I think that we must contemplate that a large part of Kipling's work will disappear for good from general reading. Just because he was so much concerned with what he saw around him his product was often absorbed in the contemporary, and it would, of course, be absurd to claim that the magnificent qualities that we discern in him are uniformly exhibited in his books. What is singular is that the old wizard is present at all stages of Kipling's writing life, early and late, and he is not the projection of some late maturity. The man who wrote 'The Wish House' in *Debits and Credits* (1926) had also written 'On Greenhow Hill' and 'Without Benefit of Clergy' in *Life's Handicap* (1891) and 'They' in *Traffics and Discoveries* (1904). Is it fair to guess that his survival will lie in his prose rather than his poetry? An absolute master of dramatic narrative in its most varied and ingenious forms; the author of occasional lyrics of uncomplicated beauty ('Cities and Thrones and Powers', 'My Boy Jack'—each of us has his choice): his verse shows nevertheless a certain slackness of tension between the prompting imagination and the verbal expression that, I think, makes him unsympathetic to the exacting modern ear.

With his prose the reverse is true. It is impossible not to see that the growth of appreciation of Kipling which has set in among literary critics is based upon their admiration for what has come to be thought of as his later style: *A Diversity of Creatures, Debits and Credits, Limits and Renewals*, let us say. There is indeed much to suit modern taste in the peculiar density of the narrative form, the supercharge of meaning, the shifting lights and shades of suggestion, the extraordinary technical achievement. What narrative there is—often there is little—runs like a root below the surface of the story, and all that show above ground are the shoots that tell by implication what lies underneath. Kipling has forged one more of his remarkable tools, and 'The Wish House', 'The Eye of Allah' and 'The Manner of Men', to take only three, are among the finest things he ever did in prose. But, for myself, I would be sorry if attention came to be concentrated too closely on his later manner. It often fails to make effect, even to convey its point, by the sheer complexity of the structure, the dedication to jargon, the withdrawal. After all, prose must remain an art of communication: Words are to speak to the ordinary willing reader, rather than to the devotee or the researcher; The artist has no right to retire so far that only through prayer and fasting can his voice be heard. In fact, I think that we have had a great deal too much of 'Mrs. Bathurst' (which belongs, incidentally, to 1904) and I shall continue to regard her, along with 'The Dog Hervey' and 'Proofs of Holy Writ' as strictly unintelligible.

Kipling has identified, somewhere in his book, those of his works which he attributed most directly to the influence of his daemon. There are five of them, as I recall, and it is my belief that they can be set apart as representing his genius at its height and most fruitful range. I

would hope that by them above all he will come to be remembered, for they contain the true enchantment, both in their brightness and in their shadows. There are the two *Jungle Books*, the playground of innocence and delight. There is *Kim*, one of the great imaginative creations of English fiction, with its baffling gleams of knowledge and experience, sustained always by the tender dignity of the relationship between the Lama and his child disciple ("I think that so old a man as thou, speaking truth to chance-met people at dusk, is in great need of a disciple"). And there are *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* ("slightly repugnant to grown-ups" according to Mr. Edmund Wilson). I name them because to me they seem best to express the two elements of Kipling that were truest to himself — his love and reverence for England, which indeed is by no means the same thing as loving and reverencing the English, and his admiration for certain qualities of the human spirit: strength, boldness, courtesy, single-mindedness, gentleness and generosity, of which his brief and poignant ghosts were seen as the embodiment. It was his talent, I think, that he made the qualities inherent in people more alive than the people themselves. All his life he was moved by his awareness of the burdens that men carry for one another, of the loneliness of the carrier and of the inescapability of the burden — "Like everything else in the world, it is one man's work" says Maximus. The younger the shoulders that lift the unyielding burden, of cold iron, rule or service, the deeper-felt and the more romantic is his response. So, in the end, it is to the complementary figures of the two friends, Parnesius and Pertinax, and their peer, the young Valens of *The Church that was at Antioch*, that I turn for what I have loved best in Kipling: boys who were ready to accept without heroics or self pity the curse that falls upon all men who rule — "Never will he be his own master nor yet ever any man's. He will get half he gives and give twice what he gets till his life's last breath; and if he lay aside his load before he draws that last breath all his work will go for naught."

OBITUARY

Brig. T. F. V. Foster, C.B.E., M.C.

Brigadier Foster, who died at Gibraltar on January 30th after a distinguished Army career, was a devoted servant of the Society. He joined in June 1957, and was Chairman of the Council from 1961-63. But he was much more to us than that, because he was always so cheerful and willing to help — by taking charge, for instance, of the coach to Burwash or of a table at the Luncheon, or by addressing London audiences, which he did at least twice. He attended most discussion-meetings, where his comments, particularly on the Indian and Parnesius stories, were always penetrating. We shall miss him greatly.

A.E.B.P.

THE WAY THAT HE TOOK

By T. L. A. Daintith

(PART TWO)

Kipling has been accused of believing in the cult of the Superman, of being a sort of Herald of the Dictators who flourished in later years and who are still not quite extinct. (Though, curiously enough, the same accusation is not levelled against H. G. Wells, who certainly did believe in Supermen, something like himself, but much taller.) He was, and is, said to have worshipped brute force and cruelty, revenge and hatred. This is entirely wrong and I hope to show why. He certainly believed in having a capable and strong man in charge, whether a soldier, a sailor, a District Commissioner or a Headmaster. His ideal, as it were, would be ship's Captain, who even today is, in both senses, Master of his ship, responsible to no-one else while his ship is at sea. This must be so; a business or a Town Council can be run by majority rule and any mistakes, which generally mean losing money, may be set right at a later date. But at sea, in times of stress, there is no time for counting noses; decisions must be made, at once, by the man best fitted to do so. Remember, in Kipling's day, the results of a man's work lay close at hand. Failure, to build a dam or a road or a bridge, or administer a district properly, could mean hardship or misery or even loss of life to hundreds or thousands of people (and Kipling was always interested in people). Today we are so sated with horrors, wars, famines and riots, that we fail to think of them as quite real. To Kipling, a riot would mean bodies lying in the street, real bodies with real blood, not an unimportant newspaper item or, as today, thirty seconds of confused film on a television screen. He was young, and it is not surprising that he was a little impatient and intolerant when he set about explaining reality to England.

His cruelty? Well, by today's standards there is no cruelty in Kipling's works. Far worse can be seen in comics intended for little children who are just able to read. But here again, he was trying to make the British understand that it could happen here, that a settled order of things was not necessarily unchangeable, that Peace and Law and Order, the whole structure of Society, must constantly be rebuilt and guarded. Kipling was not such a fool as to believe that things were perfect, or even becoming so; he did not blindly oppose progress of any sort, although he was against change for the sake of change, but he knew, as many people did not, that that which we had could be taken from us. There are fascinating accounts in his collected newspaper articles of visits to dead and forgotten cities, built in the time of their power and pride by dead and forgotten kings. As they were, so could we be.

Revenge. This is an important strand in Kipling's work; Dr. Tomkins has devoted a complete chapter to it in her book. More than two dozen of the stories have an element of revenge in them and I have classified them, very roughly, under several headings.

First, what might be called tales written in the third person, where the narrator is not concerned with the action and does not praise or blame; the subject matter happens to be revenge, as it might be braver) or shock or the countryside; that is all. In this class we have "Pig," "Dray Wara Yow Dee," "The Limitations of Pambe Serang". Secondly, where the writer obviously had personal feelings on the matter; "Swept and Garnished," "Mary Postgate," "The Mutiny of the Mavericks," and perhaps "The Sending of Dana Da," "A Sahibs' War," "Sea Constables," and "A Walking Delegate". The third, and biggest, group, as I see it, concerns betrayal or treachery by persons holding some position, whether official or social, and their downfall, whether at the hands of individuals or by the workings of Fate. The reason for this preponderance is, I think, this:—

A recurring image of Kipling is the Wall, protecting, keeping out barbarism. The wall can be literal, as in the Puck stories, or figurative, a settled order of things, holding chaos at bay. Now, essential to any form of good government are men who are efficient if possible, but above all, disinterested and incorruptible. One dishonest judge can bring the law into disrepute; half a dozen can destroy it. It is obvious, therefore, that the greatest danger to Kipling's visionary scheme of things is the man who is prepared to betray Society, to open the Gate, by misusing his position for his own ends. He had read Dante, and Dante reserved the lowest Hell of all for those guilty of the worst sin—treachery. (Beetle wrote a poem on the lines of the Inferno, describing his colleagues in various and suitable hells.)

"The Village That Voted the Earth Was Flat" and "Steam Tactics" deal with early motoring. In the first, the local squire, M.P. and magistrate, Sir Thomas Ingell, has deliberately set a trap, a long, straight, safe stretch of road—with policemen waiting to catch unwary motorists. In court, he abuses his position by insulting the defendants and finishes by fining them as heavily as possible. As a result of his behaviour, the Police are corrupted to the point where they distort evidence. Sir Thomas does not, of course, benefit materially by any of this; the fines do not go into his pocket. He is merely a bullying oaf, dressed in a little, brief authority, but, unimportant though his behaviour may be, he is breaking down, just a little, the Wall. He induces disrespect for the law in Police and prisoners alike; if the Police falsify evidence in a motoring case, they may do so in more serious circumstances; if a motorist finds himself denied justice in one village, he will be less inclined to uphold the law elsewhere. To the villagers, what should be a court of justice has been turned into a sort of music-hall. In the story, the real music-halls themselves become a court of justice where Sir Thomas is tried and sentenced. In the second tale it is the Policeman who is left, significantly devoid of his uniform, in a private zoo, where his authority goes for nothing. The traitor has been thrust out of the Gate into the wilderness.

"Beauty Spots" deals with a local dignitary, a budding Sir Thomas Ingell, who misuses his *social* power to harm someone of whom he personally disapproves and he, again, is made to appear ridiculous before his neighbours. In "Watches of the Night" it is a Colonel's

wife who uses her unofficial authority, from pure pleasure in meddling. (And I believe that a Colonel's Lady in those days had a very great influence, whether for good or evil). In "His Wedded Wife" it is the Senior Subaltern who makes life miserable for a junior. "The Tie" concerns a swindling caterer who is responsible for the proper feeding of the men who are to fight to protect him and who is treated, not as an important and flourishing business man, but as a mean, nasty little boy. Here we have one of the few incidents involving violence in these stories; but he is merely smacked round the head as if he were still at school.

The other occasion is on "A Friend of the Family", when a market gardener uses his influence to keep his own son at home and have the son of his business rival called up. His rival dies and the son is killed in action, but even here, the revenge goes no further than ruining his business and breaking the son's leg. "His Private Honour", perhaps, only just scrapes into the class of revenge stories. Ortheris, when struck an unintentional blow by a Subaltern, refrains from taking revenge through official channels, though he broods, no doubt, on more forceful ways of vengeance. The point is that the enormity of the offence lies in the fact that the victim was powerless to retaliate in kind; Oules could have been cashiered, but Ortheris, had he returned the blow, would have faced imprisonment at least.

The final, and most important story, is "Dayspring Mishandled". It is concerned wholly with a long, involved scheme of revenge. Although Castorley has no official position and his offence was purely personal, it is noteworthy that Kipling, to underline the basic meanness of the man, tells that while he was working in a war-time Ministry he cadged sugar from a typist and then, when she transferred her favours (and the sugar) to another, reported her officially. Always, you see, the man in authority misusing it.

If I may digress for a moment, there are two points that I should like to make about this, one of Kipling's best stories. First, to my mind, Kipling moulded Manallace to some extent upon himself. Manallace "worked best from a given point"; he could make up a plot from a handful of pictures. Kipling collected people and things and events and later built them up into his work. His early newspaper sketches, "From Sea to Sea" and "Letters of Marque" contain fascinating hints of his later writings. For instance, while sailing from Japan to the United States he had, as a fellow passenger, an American boy of most horrid behaviour. The same boy was surely transmuted into Harvey Cheyne in "Captains Courageous", and SD on. Second, Kipling, in his autobiography, mentions a French critic who "while browsing through some of my early work" came across a phrase which was the clue to the story in which it appeared. I feel that the clue to "Dayspring Mishandled" lies in the words "a man can sometimes be saved by his work." In the story the reference is to Castorley who, though a first-class cad in a number of ways — selfish, a snob, greedy and mean, yet is redeemed when he forgets himself and talks about his work. Although he had deliberately "opted" for Chaucer, like a student picking the subject which holds out the most prospect of success, eventually he develops a

genuine enthusiasm for his work. But, to my mind, the man who is saved by his work is Manallace. *His* task is the eventual destruction (eventual, because he is a slow-moving Northerner) of Castorley by forging a Chaucer manuscript which, by deceiving the victim, will eventually make a mockery of his pretensions to expert scholarship. As always, he is to be made a fool of. But by the time that Castorley has walked into the trap Manallace feels more pity than hatred for the dying and basically unhappy man. Indeed, he finishes by striving hard to prevent Castorley from realizing the truth. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, "I will repay". Castorley is paid, all right, but not by Manallace who has been saved, by the very thoroughness with which he carried out his scheme, from the sin of pride, of setting himself up as both Judge and Executioner.

When Kipling went to America he saw much that he admired, but he saw a great deal that only confirmed his belief in Law and Order. His obvious contempt for American politics, and Lynch Law; even for the casual way in which railway lines were laid, made him unpopular with some. I do not know to what extent Kipling was correct in his adverse comments upon the American way of life, but he certainly believed what he said. A state of affairs in which it was necessary for gangs of Vigilantes to carry out very rough justice seemed to him to be both immoral and inefficient. As he puts it, "It is as if a man should leave his business untended for a year and then break up his desk with an axe, crying to the beholders to admire him". But Kipling liked the Americans as people.

When he eventually settled in Sussex he found the last remnants of the feudal system. The old traditions of voluntary, unpaid service by the landed gentry still held; it was the duty of the man of possessions to care for those under him. It was a system far from perfect, but it was not an ignoble ideal. Kipling's land-owners accept their responsibilities as a matter of course. He approved of that and also of the farm-worker to whom the Land was more important than personal rights and feelings. The countryman in "Friendly Brook" who helps to save "good bread corn" first, without arguing about payment for his services, he was a man after Kipling's own heart. Failure of a crop in England meant a bad year for the farmers; in India it had meant famine and starvation. *There*, the Gods of the Copy Book Headings were near at hand, *here*, they were out of sight, but they still existed. Kipling was something of a prophet; now, half a century later, we can realize just how accurate he was.

I think that one of the reasons for Kipling's unpopularity in some circles is due to a form of intellectual snobbery. There are, of course, other, some obvious, reasons. His politics, his aloofness from the literary, back-scratching, world, jealousy of his early and astonishing success, his tendency to preach unpopular doctrines; but I feel that his insistence upon the importance and dignity of work irritated many intellectuals. He always thought of himself as a craftsman, working with the raw material of words. He had served a long apprenticeship in his trade, reading avidly from an early age and writing with a mastery of touch at a time when his contemporaries were still awk-

wardly composing letters home from school. To Kipling, a man could no more write without long practice than he could paint a picture, sail a ship or make a piece of furniture. In these days, when a chimpanzee of little or no experience can paint a picture which sells, we know better, but he was born too early. It is interesting to compare literary criticism of the last century with that of today. Formerly, to say that a novel was soundly constructed, that the interest did not flag and that the characters were well drawn, was considered praise. Today, it is only just sufficient to say that a book is a work of outstanding genius ; anything less is considered an insult. And geniuses, we must remember, are born, not made. A genius is not required to learn, slowly and painfully, how to handle his tools ; he does not have to spend years in a subordinate position, being taught, like any schoolboy. He is immune to criticism, because he is above it. It is so much easier to be a genius than to be a craftsman and much nicer. Of course, this only applies to certain intellectual fields : no-one can pretend to be a carpenter or a surgeon ; a good shot, rider or games player ; or even a hero. It is too easy to be put to the proof. Which may explain why self-styled geniuses are so scornful of manual labour or sports or the Services.

And why did Kipling take up his attitude to work originally? Because the craftsman and Society are mutually dependent. The more complex and civilised a community becomes, the more it needs men, of skill and reliability, to keep it in being; but conversely, no man can acquire the necessary skills except in an ordered framework of Society where it is possible and worthwhile to spend years of apprenticeship for an eventual reward. The Sons of Mary may have chosen (or been given) the better part, but without the Sons of Martha they would have had no choice. To Kipling, the self-confident amateur was anathema, whether he was a politician, visiting India in comfort and the cool weather, or the would-be janitor, who thought that the work was easy. You may recall the rather strange anecdote in the autobiography; strange, because it is apparently a very unimportant circumstance to relate in such a short book. The Pullman porter told Mr. and Mrs. Kipling of a friend of his, who wanted to try his hand, did so. and got so muddled that he finished up hiding in a broom cupboard. The story was told with a sort of recitative of " He'd seen me do it, and he thought that he knew how ". A good many men are deserving of that particular epitaph.

To summarise, then. Kipling discovered, at an early and impressionable age, that what he cared for most, civilisation, culture, decent behaviour, existence itself, was based on order, which, in turn, depended upon the constant efforts of men, trained to their work, independent when necessary, and reliable. That any group is composed of individuals, each playing a necessary part. That progress need not be inevitably forward ; things change, but not necessarily for the better. That some sacrifice is needed ; complete selfishness results in everyone losing (and if the greatest sacrifice is to lose one's life, the man most likely to lose it is the common soldier). That corruption and injustice are acts of treachery towards Society, or the State, or the People, call it what you will. And, that too many had forgotten these basic truths or had never known them. He conceived it his duty to do the work for

which he was best fitted, the work that lay under his hand, by bringing home to his own countrymen the reality of all these things. Whether he succeeded or failed is another question.

In a short talk of this nature I have been forced to skim the surface and leave out a great deal. I have hardly touched upon his poetry or upon his later, more mystical, work ; nor have I mentioned the novels or his non-fiction books. The field is too vast. I should emphasise, though, that what I have said is only theory on my part, based on what I have read of and by, Kipling. I should not presume to insist upon literal truth or accuracy of any of my statements.

* * * *

But the audience was in no mood to look for inaccuracies : their applause manifested their interest in this treatment of Kipling's work from a new aspect, as did the comment it evoked. On the subject of Kipling's so-called cruelty, " The Light That Failed " was brought into the discussion, but with what intent was not clear, since there is no dwelling on any aspect of cruelty, properly so-called, in that work; even the description of the gouging of the Arab tribesman's eye in self-defence in battle is no more than a piece of graphic description — *à la* Vereshchagin — with no emphasis on horror for its own sake.

Mr. Daintith's reference to the characters in " Dayspring Mishandled " was clearly welcome, since that masterpiece is all too seldom discussed as it deserves. Kipling's flair for professional detail evinced by this story earned some approving remarks and a question how the author could have known about the composition of the writing materials in use in Chaucer's time, and whether his information was correct. To a man of Kipling's bent for acquiring knowledge, however, this should have been easy with the sources at his disposal, and with that the enquirer was perforce content.

A suggestion that, in the same way as the Impressionists displaced the Pre-Raphaelites in art, so did the style of the younger writers (in the twenties and later) displace that of Kipling in public favour was inconclusive, and yet another attempt to place the onus for the denigration of Kipling on the Liberal party failed, as it was bound to do, likewise the epithet "pro-Boer" — a misnomer in any case — aimed in the same direction. It was not mentioned, but should have been, that it was the Liberal party that undertook the awful responsibility of going to war with Germany in 1914.

The gratified thanks of a most appreciative audience were accorded to Mr. Daintith at the conclusion of an enjoyable discussion.

P.W.I.

A BRIEF NOTE ON KIPLING IN SPANISH

By Hensley C. Woodbridge

In examining *Orbe: revista literaria ilustrada* (Managua, Nicaragua), año 3, no. 30 (octubre de 1939), I discovered a Spanish translation of Kipling's "If" on p. 11. In Spanish it has been given the title "Caracter"; no translator is given. The translation appears to be an accurate one. According to Sturgis E. Leavitt, *Revistas hispano americanas: índice bibliográfico, 1843-1935* (Santiago de Chile, Fondo histórico y bibliográfico José Toribio Medina, 1960), "Si" appeared in an August 1919 issue of the Mexican newspaper *El Universal*; it was twice published in *Repertorio americano*, 1 : 54 and 26 : 23.

A check with Flora V. Livingston, *Supplement to bibliography of the works of Rudyard Kipling (1927)* (Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1938), pp. 227-228 (Spanish translations) and p. 202 (Catalan translations) reveals that at least for these languages there exist both errors and lacunae. The standard retrospective Spanish bibliography for this period is the *Catálogo general de la Librería española e hispano americana* (Madrid, Cámaras oficiales del libro, 1935). I find that volume 3, items 42,548-42,556 and 42,558 is a listing of Spanish translations for 1900-1930. The Livingston supplement omits: *Los hijos del Zodíaco*, tr. : Miguel Paredes (Barcelona, B. Bauzá, 1926) 304 pp. (Colección Ideal); *El libro de las tierras vírgenes*, tr. : Ramón D. Peres (Barcelona, Gustavo Gili, 1904, 1908, 1913, 1921 and 1930); *Lo que codician Rusia y el Japón*, tr. : M. del Corral (Guarnés, Taberner y Compañía, n.d.), 266 pp.; *Wee Willie Winkie*, tr. : E. M. S. Danero (Buenos Aires, Tor, 1925), 88 pp. On p. 202, Livingston classified as Catalan translations *Los hijos del Zodíaco* and *El libro de las tierras vírgenes*. These are Spanish translations. Livingston apparently deduced the language of the translation on the basis of the place of publication. On the other hand, she omitted the one Catalan translation for this period. It is *El llibre de la Jungla*, tr. : María Manent (Barcelona, Catalana, 1920-1923), 2 vols. The Livingston data on the Spanish translations of "If" are too scanty to be checked.

The *Catálogo general de la Librería española, 1931-1950* (Madrid Instituto nacional de libro español, 1961), 2 : 37,067-37,077, 37,079-83 gives a list of Spanish translations or editions of Kipling's works, while 37,078 notes that another edition of the Manent translation mentioned above was published in Barcelona by Nagsa in 1935 and that it has 200 pp. Item 37,069 is a text edition of *The cat that walked by himself* annotated by Eduvigis de las Heras (Barcelona, Rauter, 1946, 34 pp.).

Libros en venta (New York, R. R. Bowker, 1964), p. 284 shows that the following titles are available to the interested Kipling collector and were in print as of the early part of the 1960's : *Obras completas, Obras escogidas, Acciones y reacciones, Capitanes valientes, El cuchillo mágico, En tinieblas, Kim, Kim de la India, El libro de la selva, El libro de las tierras vírgenes, La litera fantástica, Muchas fantasías, Nuevos*

cuentos de la colina, Precisamente así, Puck, Stalky & Co., and Tierras vírgenes.

None of the bibliographies of Kipling's works appear to list his works in Spanish American periodicals. The Leavitt index shows that some of the most important Spanish American journals used translations of Kipling's works. *El Cojo ilustrado* (Caracas) published translations of seven stories. Entries 28859-72, 29039-43, 29210-11 of the Leavitt index are references to material by Kipling. Entries 1235, 2492 (a reference to a review of the *Jungle Book* published in 1900), 9077, 11868, 11228 and 28752 refer the user to biographical and critical material concerning him.

Boyd Carter, *Las revistas literarias de Hispanoamerica* (Mexico, Studium, 1959) notes the existence of the Kipling translations in *El Cojo ilustrado*. He also notes that the Mexican *Revista moderna* has published Kipling in translation. He recorded one article concerning Kipling. It is "Rudyard Kipling," by Jesus Castellanos, *Cuba contemporánea*, 1: 11-37 (1913).

Translations of one poem and two prose pieces are recorded in entries 1984-1986 of Merlin H. Forster, *An index to Mexican literary periodicals* (New York and London, Scarecrow Press, 1966).

The *Anuario bibliográfico* (La Plata, 1930) for 1929 notes the publication of "'If' de Kipling . . ." tr. : P. Groussac, *Nosotros*, no. 242: 42-43 (July 1929). The volume for 1928 published in 1929 contains A. Révész, "Cómo tuve una entrevista con Rudyard Kipling," *La Prensa*, Feb. 19, 1928.

The Caracas *Elite* published in its no. 253 for July 19, 1930, an article by Alberto Gerchunoff entitled "Kipling, poeta del rey."

This same journal ran "Comedia en un campamento" translated by Miss Terry as a serial. I have seen only nos. 19-20 of this journal (Jan. 23, 30, 1926) as there is a break in our library file.

Until more and better indices to Spanish American journals are produced, the student interested in Kipling's vogue in Spanish America will have to rely on luck and perseverance in his search for translations of Kipling's works and of critical and biographical studies concerning him. It is hoped that this brief note will point to some of the sources for the scholar interested in Kipling's fame in the Spanish-speaking world.

[Hensley C. Woodbridge is an associate professor of foreign languages and Latin American bibliographer on the library staff at Southern Illinois University. He holds a Ph.D. and M.S. in L.S. from the University of Illinois.]

LETTER BAG

FURTHERMORE . . .

" The story goes that Addison once asked Garth of what religion he was.

Garth replied ' Wise men all hold the same religion.'

' What is that ? ' said Addison, and Garth replied ' Wise men never tell '."

Those who advance or deny theories about so well-worn a theme present their individual and widely opposed convictions, but, nevertheless, leave us free to discover what Kipling himself affirmed, when, from the time in December 1889— (challenged by Professor Hill) — his profession of faith was wrung from him, " in spite of his disgust at any intrusion on his privacy " (Carrington, p. 137) to that hour when he " came to the turnstiles of night, and declared all creeds to look alike."

The confession of faith referred to has been described by Mr. Carrington (page 138) as " an emotional outburst addressed by a very young man to a very young woman, from which it would not be proper to deduce the theological position which Kipling eventually reached."

Mr. Hilton Brown also reminds us that Kipling held — " and who shall gainsay him ? " — that man's private religious beliefs were " not for publication."

Meanwhile opportunity arises here to mention Nella Braddy's sensitive story—written for children—when her reasoning runs parallel with Mr. Dunman's at the point where she describes the very early age at which — living in Bombay — a thoughtful and precocious little boy would realize the existence of religions other than his own. " Both his grandfathers and two of his great-grandfathers were Methodist preachers . . . but his Ayah was Roman Catholic." On their walks together she " stooped to pray at wayside shrines ". Meeta, the bearer, could take him " since he was below the age of caste " — into the dark little Hindu temples, where the gods were strange, but friendly too, since Meeta was his friend. Were he to walk along the oceanside in the late afternoons he caught glimpses " of Parsees wading out into the water, in brilliant robes, to worship their God of Light." The Mohammedans, when the muezzin sounded, spread rugs and prayed to Allah. All were friendly to a little boy. It was not until he went to England to live he discovered there were any other kinds. And one wonders if the irony here be unconscious.

Mr. Hilton Brown also stresses the point (in reference to Kipling's return to India at the age of 17) that "even the product of a long line of Nonconformists crossed by a Scottish Highland strain — also given

to religion as a form of self-expression " failed to shake Kipling's confidence in the " majestically tolerant Hindu " and the " aggressively-devout Muslim " — (" Can all these people be foredamned, can all their ideas be mere corruption?"), and Kipling adopted, in spite of, or possibly because of, a conjunction of cruelty and piety which passed for religion during those seven years in the House of Desolation, the outlook of a great religious reformer, Kabir — " He reveals worlds in Him, and makes me to hear the Unstruck Music ! "

Richard Faber in his admirable essay — "The Vision and the Need " — claims that Kipling was an artist and a preacher, rather than an economist or a philosopher, and said that his two grandfathers bequeathed to him the preaching strain, which, since he was not a convinced Christian, satisfied his need for " a theme to occupy his dreams." His writing is full of Biblical allusions, and it is reported that on the publication of " Recessional " Kipling's uncle, the Rev. F. W. Macdonald, thought that the grandfathers had " spoken in him."

Dr. Tompkins in her supremely thoughtful study — and our debt to her is incalculable — likewise reminds us that, although we can trace compassion at every stage of Kipling's life, nothing in his outlook on religion is formalised. Nevertheless, to the close of his days he professed profound allegiance to a Power, "veiled and secret", "relentlessly sought, but mainly " the logical consequences of which, by virtue of the shame we experience by being broken, and the impulse to " rise up and build anew " have been so grandly proclaimed by one who knew his work so well :—

" There shall always be the Church and the World,
And the heart of man
Shivering and fluttering between them choosing and chosen,
Valiant, ignoble, dark, and full of light
Swinging between hell gate and heaven gate
And the gates of hell shall not prevail."

A. M. PUNCH

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

Exactly what Kipling meant by " The Law " in various poems and stories is a large subject. Writers in the *Journal* and elsewhere have discussed it at intervals for many years, but evidently not to everyone's satisfaction for the topic still recurs. In dealing with criticisms of *The Jungle Book* Mr. Elliot L. Gilbert (Journal No. 160, December 1966) has examined " The Law " in that particular context, and, I think, came to grief over the classification of the laws of nature — or scientific laws — and the laws of society. This is a pity because there is much good sense in the article which perhaps gives a clue to the problem of Kipling's " Law " in general. It was interesting to see Mr. Gilbert's point supported by Mr. T. L. A. Daintith's remarks on discipline on page 24 of the same issue.

Clearly the laws of the society which Kipling imagined to exist in the Jungle are more related to those of nature than are those of a human society, but I cannot see the Law of the Jungle except as a code of laws which has evolved over many generations. As far as we know

the Second Law of Thermodynamics existed before this world began and will exist when it has disappeared, but the laws of the Jungle were laid down rather than discovered. I am sure that Mr. Gilbert misinterprets the opening paragraph of "How Fear Came".

"The Law of the Jungle — which is by far the oldest law in the world — has arranged for almost every kind of accident that may befall the Jungle People, till now its code is as perfect as time and custom can make it."

As I read this, the Law does not cause the accidents: they are consequences of the operation of natural laws. "In the beginning of the Jungle" the Law was made by the first animals to cope with the accidents, and the code has evolved with time, as have codes of human law. A natural law does not evolve, although man's cognizance and understanding of it may vary over the centuries.

F. A. UNDERWOOD

KIPLING AND FREEMASONRY

I can add to R.L.G.'s note in the December 1966 *Kipling Journal* regarding Rudyard Kipling's masonic interests.

In December 1936, Kipling's Mother Lodge, Hope and Perseverance No. 782 (then in the English Constitution) added the subsidiary title of "The Kipling Lodge" to its existing name. This Lodge has now been transferred to the control of the recently formed Grand Lodge of India, and there is therefore at the moment *no* Lodge bearing the name of Kipling in the English Constitution.

As you know, we are active, here in Sussex, in founding a "Rudyard Kipling" Lodge, and we anticipate that its consecration will take place in either May or June of next year. The Petition will be submitted at the end of January, 1967, or early February, and will be open until then for any Master Mason to sign and join us as a Founder.

R. F. STRANGE

KING DANIEL'S LAND

Having, for many years, been intrigued by the history and geography of Kafiristan, the background to Kipling's *The Man Who Would be King*, I have just read a work which throws some illumination upon that most memorable of his tales. This is *A Short Walk in the Hindu Kush* by Eric Newby (Secker & Warburg, 1958), which I think should be commended to all readers of the *Journal*. Mr. Newby makes *no* mention of 'Wood on the Sources of the Oxus' or 'the files of the United Services' Institute' — Kipling rarely fails in matters like this, or was he just being studiously vague here? Newby quotes certain authorities, for example the *Linguistic Survey of India*, Vol. VIII, part II, by Sir G. A. Grierson; as well as several other works by explorers and surveyors, too numerous to mention. His chapter, 'A Little Bit of Protocol,' makes fascinating reading.

Kafiristan, or Nuristan as it should be properly called, Newby sums up as being, 'in the second half of the twentieth century, one of the least known countries in the world. To get there you still have to walk.'

But — in view of Kipling's grim narrative of Daniel Dravot and Peachey Taliaferro Carnehan — what, as a Scot, intrigued me most of all is Newby's account of the colourful and fantastic figure of Colonel Alexander Gardner. A book about this man, *Colonel Alexander Gardner*, by a Major H. Pearse, was published in Edinburgh in 1898; and Kipling must have heard of him. Newby describes Gardner as . . . a soldier of fortune employed as commandant of cavalry by the nephew, and deadly enemy, of the Amir of Afghanistan, Dost Muhammad Khan. According to Gardner's account he went to Kafiristan twice.

'The first time,' says Newby, 'was in 1826 when he had to flee for his life to Yark and after the Amir had slaughtered and mutilated his followers, together with his beautiful Afghan wife and small son by way of reprisal. The second visit was in 1828 when Gardner returned from Yark and subsequently he entered the service of the great Sikh ruler Ranjit Singh.

A photograph of him survives, taken when he was 79. (Superbly reproduced in Newby's book, he appears a Kipling-esque figure, indeed.) He is dressed from head to foot in a suit of tartan of the 79th Highlanders. Even his turban decorated with egret's plumes is of tartan. He seems to have actually become a Sikh; a great warrior-figure, with his Sikh's beard and alert look he is himself rather like an eagle. He died in bed at Jammu at the age of 92, a pensioner of the Sikhs.

R.K. was an admirer of the Sikhs, witness his tale, 'A Sahibs War.' It is likely that he knew about Colonel Gardner. And here, it may well be, that he got the 'germ' of his tale of Daniel Dravot, that red-bearded adventurer who sought to crown himself King of Kafiristan.

We shall, I suppose, never know now; but echoes of the Gardner legend seem to intrude, not only in 'The Man Who Would be King', but elsewhere in R.K.'s Indian tales.

I must be one of the few surviving members who actually met and talked with Kipling:—at Peebles Hydropathic some 45 years ago.

J. CORRIE

SUNNI AND TIRAH

Referring to Mr. A. F. Minchin's inquiry on page 29 of the Kipling Journal issue No. 157, March 1966, whether "Sunni and Tirah" are divisions or sects of Islamic religion:

The explanation of this small passage is that the Tirah is the area of the Afridi country lying south and mostly westerly along the slopes of the 10,000 foot snow capped range extending East to West immediately south of and roughly parallel with the Kyber Pass. The range itself is known as the Safad Kho. The Tirah includes about 600 square miles and includes five fertile valleys. Thus it is the western section of the Afridi and Orakzais Tribal Country.

The Afridi's include many sub-tribes, and the western section belongs to the Shiah Sect of Moslems, whereas the eastern and northern Afridi tribes belong to the Sunni, i.e. Orthodox and "Traditional" Sect of Moslems. Among the sub-tribes and even villages, no love exists

between Sunni and Shiha excepting when such an external war as in 1897-8 brings them together. Many of the Afridis live as far north of the Kyber Pass as the Kabul River.

I have always supposed that Mahhub was an Afridi, but of this eastern or northern group which straddles the Kyber and he was therefore of the Sunni persuasion.

CHARLES LESLEY AMES

"TELSCOMBE TIE"

I greatly enjoyed the centenary number of the *Journal*. It is a necessary item for the shelves of all Kipling students.

I was especially interested in your description of "The Moon She Shined on Telscombe Tie"—the poem exhibited in manuscript at Stratford-upon-Avon. It must be the complete form of the song Pharaoh Lee is singing "off-stage" near the beginning of "Brother Square-toes." (*Rewards and Fairies*). In Volume XXI of Scribners' edition it reads :

"The moon she shined on Telscombe Tye—
On Telscombe Tye at night it was—
She saw the smugglers riding by,
A very pretty sight it was !"

A bit of description follows this stanza,, and then Pharaoh actually appears and sings one more line :

"Three Dunkirk boats was standin' in !"

This ballady poem fascinated me as a child. I am delighted to know that more than a fragment of it exists, and hope that it may one day be published.

ANN M. WEYGANDT

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Our 40th Birthday. February 4th, 1967, was the 40th birthday of the Kipling Society. There is neither time nor space to tell the story of its founding here; suffice it to say that success did not come till the third attempt, after failures in 1921 and '22. The full story, told by the Founder, appears in *Journal* No. 8, with a re-telling, by "Stalky" himself, in No. 69.

Scarce Journals. Selling back numbers of the *Journal* is a valuable source of income to us, but we are extremely short of the following issues :

3, 5, 24, 62, 73, 86, 88, 93, 109, 130.

Anybody who can spare us some of these will be doing the Society a really good turn.

Membership. Seventy new members joined the Society in 1966—an encouraging follow-up to the Centenary total of ninety. Our U.S.A. Branch again easily achieved double figures, and deserves hearty congratulations, as also does our small but hard-working Victoria (B.C.) Branch, which gained five recruits.

Please continue recruiting; there's no better way you can serve the Society.

A.E.B.P.

The Kipling Society

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