



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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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).

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.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS —

18, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2. (Tel. 01-930 6733).
Be sure to telephone before calling, as the office is not always open.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

The next Council Meetings will be held at 50 Eaton Place, S.W.I, on Wednesday, 16th September, 1970, immediately after the A.G.M. (see below), and on Wednesday, 16th December, 1970, at 2.30 p.m.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

This will be held at 50 Eaton Place, S.W.I, on Wednesday, 16th September, 1970, at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At St. George's Club, 4 Wilton Mews, S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Wednesday, 16th September, 1970

Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy will open a discussion on: 'In the Same Boat,' 'The Wish House' and 'Fairykist.'

Wednesday, 18th November, 1970

Mr. T. L. A. Daintith will propound "A Kipling Quiz."

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London W.C.2, on Thursday, 15th October, 1970. The Guest of Honour will be The Rt. Hon. The Viscount Cobham, K.G., G.C.M.G., P.C, T.D., President of the Society.

Application forms are being sent out this month.

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NEWS AND NOTES

KIPLING AND DICKENS

In her article on the centenary of the death of Charles Dickens in *The Times* of 30 May, Marghanita Laski concludes :

'Away from Coketown [in *Hard Times*], in environments he thoroughly knew rather than "got up", Dickens is the greatest observer of domestic minutiae of any novelist in the world. There never was such a man for noticing bread-knives and boot-jacks and curtain-rails and stair-rods and mugs embossed with "A Present from Margate". What details of Army and other accoutrements and routines were to Kipling, domestic equipment was to Dickens, the furniture of the real world he knew best and could best recreate.

'T.S. Eliot stated that it is, in each generation, our duty to try to reassess the hierarchy of our writers, and it is, for my time and outlook, with Kipling that I would place Dickens, both men of undoubted greatness, undoubted genius, fecund even to the point of over-fecundity, both with political views springing (to revert to Leslie Stephen's phrase) from instinct rather than reasoned conviction, capable almost always of superb verse, occasionally of poetry, but too often marred by vulgarity, and in both cases where the man, the creature of his times and his audiences, intruded upon the creator. Undoubtedly Dickens, like Kipling (not yet so far emerged from time's trough) is among the greatest writers of the world; but I would place him only in their second rank.'

It is interesting to see how completely the wheel has come full circle by quoting from two early reviews of Kipling's first volumes, both of which make the comparison with Dickens.

On 26 April 1890 an anonymous critic in *The Athenaeum* (possibly T. Watts-Dunton) wrote: "What position Mr. Kipling may ultimately attain to it is impossible upon his present performances to predict with any certainty; yet if he should prove capable of filling a larger canvas than he has yet essayed, he might conceivably become a second Dickens . . .'

W. E. Henley in *The Scots Observer* on 3 May 1890 was even more definite: 'When Kipling is writing at his best, of Mulvaney or the Man who would be King . . . you are made to feel with all your strength that here is such a promise as has not been perceived in English letters since young Mr. Dickens broke in suddenly upon the precincts of immortality as the creator of Pickwick and the Wellers.'

And it is interesting to note that in a private letter to Macmillan, their mutual publisher, on 20 July 1891, the Australian novelist Rolf Boldrewood' wrote: 'I have just been reading your edition of *The Light that Failed*. In my humble opinion Mr. Rudyard Kipling is the strongest and most original writer in his own department since Dickens.'

ACADEMIC APPROACHES

In spite of his appearance as one of J. I. M. Stewart's *Eight Modern Writers*, which sets him at least on a level with Hardy and Conrad and Henry James, and of the even higher grading suggested by Marghanita Laski, Kipling is still almost completely ignored in our universities. A reading list for the first-year exam in Victorian and Modern Literature at Oxford, for example, includes Hardy, Lawrence and E. M. Forster—but not Kipling.

It is left for foreign students to study one of 'the greatest writers of the world'—and fortunately they are rising to the challenge. Thus Mr. D. C. R. A. Goonetilleke of the University of Lancaster has allowed me to read a section of his thesis on 'Kipling's Indian Fiction' which shows an interesting approach, though rather biased by over-dependence on the pronouncements of earlier critics..

Of greater interest is a letter to The Kipling Society from Dr. Wilhelm Gauger of the Freie Universitat Berlin in which he says: 'I am at present engaged in writing a book on animal stories of the 19th and 20th centuries. In the course of my studies I read Kipling again, whose *Jungle Books* I remembered from my boyhood as a highly fascinating sequence of stories. Now I am very much—and agreeably—surprised to find after all the deprecating comment written on Kipling that he is indeed a very great writer and that some French critics are fully justified in attributing the qualities of myth to some of his major works. One outcome of my re-discovery of Kipling for myself will be one or two shorter studies besides the book I am busy writing at present . . .'

In America even more is being done. Thus Professor Elliot L. Gilbert, who has contributed so frequently to *The Kipling Journal*, has a volume of critical studies on Kipling's short stories due for publication with the Ohio University Press at the end of this year. He is, moreover, in England during the present summer collecting material for a biography 'a sort of life and times—of Kipling' to which I am sure we all look forward most eagerly, knowing the high quality of his earlier writings on Kipling.

Mr. Jeffrey Meyers, who wrote in the *Kipling Journal* last December on 'Without Benefit of Clergy', informs me that an article of his on Kim will appear in the current issue of *Texas Studies in Literature and Language*.

And, while on the subject, it is worth reminding Members—if any can aspire to such glorious extravagance—that 'The Burwash Edition', the American equivalent of 'The Sussex Edition', has just been reprinted in the United States. This edition of *The Collected Works of Rudyard Kipling* in twenty-eight volumes is published by AMS Press, Inc., 56 East 13th Street, New York, N.Y. 10003 and 17 Conduit Street, London., W.1, by permission of Doubleday and Company, Inc., the Kipling estate, and Macmillan and Company, Ltd., in an edition limited to 400 sets. The price is 745 dollars—but we must remember that sets of the Sussex Edition are now selling for about £500, and that, in terms of today's great depreciation in the spending-power of our currency, this is not an unreasonable increase on the original 1937 price of about £85.

KIPLING AND BRECHT

Mr. William Mann in *The Times* on 12 May 1970 showed some sur-

prise at a programme of songs, poems and sketches linking Kipling and Brecht. The greatness of Brecht's debt to Kipling has been ably expounded in past numbers of *The Kipling Journal* by 'our Marxist Member' Mr. Jack Dunman, and so will come as no surprise. But Mr. Mann headed his review 'Strangest Bedfellows' and—as the entertainment, *Never the Twain?*, has been or is being given performances in various theatres all over the country—it seems worth quoting what he says in full:

'It may seem perverse to force Rudyard Kipling, poet of Queen Victoria's British Empire, into the same programmatic bed as the Weimar Republic's communist Bertolt Brecht. In *Never the Twain?*, which is Music Theatre Ensemble's new production for Brighton Festival (done on Sunday for the first time at the Gardner Arts Centre in Sussex University), John Willett and Duncan Druce have contrived a full-length revue which sets out to show how much Brecht owed to Kipling, and also how Kipling found inspiration in the working-class culture and ideals that Brecht, another bourgeois, was later to espouse even more fervently.

'This programme of songs, poems and sketches, places Kipling themes next to their Brecht equivalents, and *vice versa*, includes Brecht's translations or borrowings from Kipling, blends these with telling set pieces by either author (one of these is Brecht's *The Elephant Calf*, a characteristic satire on injustice towards the underdog, seldom staged), and sets the whole anthology in the India of the Raj. The male musicians as well as actors and singers are dressed in Victorian tropical uniform, and Mr. Willett's English translation of Brecht uses Kipling-esque language.

'Not, in the event, such a perverse enforced collaboration: but an intellectual idea that does not quite work dramatically (tensions are not sustained and some items are too long for their content), is unbalanced musically (the Brecht settings are always sharper and more attractive than the Kipling ones), and does not finally make one admire either author more or less, perhaps not even differently. As a production (by John Cox) it may lack adequate rehearsal, and with luck should become tauter by the City of London Festival in July. But numerous talents have been brought to *Never the Twain?* and these ensure that the evening is not entirely wasted. David Durke manages to recite "Gunga Din" without making you want to sneer or titter.

'Eliza Ward sings several Brecht songs to admiration—if only her voice were a shade stronger in projection—and she times the bitchy implications of honeymoon chitchat nicely in Kipling's "The Garden of Eden". John Dalby has several successes in a diversity of character parts.'

'NO MAN IS AN ISLAND'

Mr. P. W. Inwood sends the following cutting from *The Johannesburg Star*, spotted and retrieved for us by his keen-eyed daughter, Mrs. B. E. Villers: 'George Eliot once wrote: "The peoples of the world are islands shouting at each other across a sea of misunderstanding." She was, of course, exaggerating—or rather, using hyperbole, which is an author's prerogative ...'

If the writer who quotes this saying is correct in ascribing it to George Eliot, this solves the question of Kipling's source for the quota-

tion on p. 74 of *The Light That Failed* which was discussed at some length in Journal 164, p. 3 (Dec: 1967). When Kipling quoted it in his novel ("Who's the man that says that we're all islands shouting lies to each other across seas of misunderstanding?" Dick Heldar asks), he had just quoted it, a little differently, in a letter to W. E. Henley (quoted by Carrington, p. 156): 'Since we be only islands shouting misunderstandings to each other across seas of speech or writing . . .'

Kipling's only direct reference to George Eliot occurs in 'The Education of Otis Yeere' [*Wee Willie Winkie*, p. 9]: it is not a quotation, but it is quite possible that he had the actual quotation for which we are looking in mind;

Mrs. Mallowe is pointing out the impossibility of forming a *salon* in India where people are moved about so frequently, and ends: "'We are only little bits of dirt on the hillsides—here one day and blown down the khud the next. We have lost the art of talking—at least our men have. We have no cohesion—"

'"George Eliot in the flesh," interpolated Mrs. Hauksbee wickedly.'

Have we any Member who is an expert on George Eliot's works and can trace the one quotation or the origin of the other for us?

'THE RESULT'

Mr. Howard C. Rice sends us the following extract from *The Sports Illustrated* of 6 April 1970, headed 'Wee Willie Whoopee':

'It is some 63 years since Rudyard Kipling was guest of honour at a meeting of the Pacific Northwest Golf Association held in Victoria, British Columbia. Now the U.S. Golf Association's *Golf Journal* has rediscovered an effect of that meeting, a hitherto forgotten poem by Kipling written in commemoration of the event. The poem was recalled by Joshua Green, 100-year-old member of the Seattle Golf Club, when the *Golf Journal* asked him for an account of the historic Seattle-Victoria interclub series. It was published in the *Victoria Colonist* in 1907 . . .'

The extract goes on to quote the "poem", which consists of twenty lines of rapidly worsening doggerel beginning:

'A gilded mirror, and a polished bar,
Myriads of glasses strewn ajar:
A kind faced man all dressed in white,
That's my recollection of last night.'

This has, in fact, frequently been quoted, and claimed wholly or in part as Kipling's. [See *Kipling Journal* No. 93, p. 11 (April 1950) and No. 161, p. 2 (March 1967)]. It was, for example, printed as by Kipling in the *Island Motorist and Georgian Orient Magazine*, Vol. 18, No. 10, April 1932—where it was discovered by E. W. Martindell, who notes: 'Kipling was a guest of the late John Virtus at the Oak Bay Hotel, Victoria, B.C. in 1907, and committed to verse some of his recollections of the visit to Victoria. Date of visit, 5 October to 17 October 1907.'

Mr. R. E. Harbord adds an interesting note on the verses:

'Kipling was certainly in B.C. in 1907, as the story persists—for members still write in about such lines or verses. The story is of a young man who had a memorable night out in Kipling's company at an hotel in B.C., presumably the "Oak Bay", which was built in 1905. It is on a Vancouver Island. It was later named "Old! Charming Inn, Beach

Drive". There was a second young man there, a friend of the first one. The second youngster had been taken to the hotel for "consolation": he had been refused permission to pay court to a young lady, by her father, as they were of different religious faiths. To the young lover Kipling gave a six-line verse scribbled on the back of an envelope, with the heading "Sit on the Lid and Laugh". But admittedly it does not sound like Kipling.'

Nor does the poem read as if by Kipling, though he may have improvised some such set of verses, as he was well able to do extemporaneous, and one of the "young men" may have written it down afterwards from a very faulty and inept recollection of what may have 'come trippingly from the tongue' in an unguarded moment. To begin with, Kipling could ever have written with such metrical incorrectness!

R.L.G.

BROWNING AND KIPLING

By C. E. Carrington

Paper read to *The Kipling Society* on 18 February 1970.

Broadly speaking, there are two ways of telling a story; it may be a monologue, like the *Odyssey*, in which the narrator presents the point of view of a single person and sees the action through his eyes; or it may be a dialogue in which the narrator allows himself a god's-eye-view. To him all hearts are open and from him no secrets are hid, so that he can reveal not only the overt actions but also the inner motives of one character after another, as in the *Iliad*, where we are not quite sure whether Achilles or Hector is the hero. To take a simpler example, *Vanity Fair*, the publishing success of the year 1848, is a dialogue, as Thackeray makes clear in the sub-title, 'A Novel without a Hero', and again in the famous final paragraph. He has brought his puppets out of the box, one by one, displaying them in turn until the comedy is ended and the curtain drawn. The publishing success of the following season—and what a season—was *David Copperfield*, a monologue told in David's own words, with the consequence that all the characters are incomplete and even distorted by his partial vision. We know only what 'David' knew about them. How many characters are there in *David Copperfield*? Dozens, but only one quite rounded out. How many in *Vanity Fair*? At least nine or ten whose springs of conduct are revealed to us with the fullest analysis that the author can command.

Long ago the critics drew up a set of rules for constructing one kind of fictional story, the stage-play. The form in which these 'unities' are most familiar to us is the advice given to dramatists in the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, who—you remember—was one of Kipling's favourite authors. Don't think you can make a dust-bin drama lively, says Horace, with a few purple patches. Don't suppose that scenes of horror are effective; don't make Medea slay her children *coram populo*; have the murder done off-stage. Don't get into such a tangle that you must call in the Gods (*deus ex machina*) to sort things out in the last act. Above all, don't crowd up the scene with too many characters. Three is enough

and four too many. Classical Greek tragedy had begun with a monologue by a single actor, the protagonist; every other comment being provided by the chorus and all the action being reported, not displayed. Later, a second, and a third actor were admitted to convert the monologue into a dialogue, but four actors, Horace suggested, was carrying innovation too far. In our English drama since Shakespeare, we are accustomed to dialogues of many characters, though Shakespeare once attempted a play that almost observes the unities, *Othello*, in which there are only four essential persons. Usually, as for example in so perfectly constructed a comedy in the English manner as *Twelfth Night*, there are ten major parts.

And now I come to Robert Browning. There is a strange parallelism, a contrast rather than a likeness, between the lives of Browning and Kipling. Both were the only sons of devoted parents and each had a loyal younger sister. Both had a short and limited schooling and both owed the better part of their literary education to learned and bookish fathers, themselves largely self-educated. Thus they acquired a curiously wide range of information on unexpected subjects. Both loved technicalities, and, as Kipling put it, 'baited their hooks with gaudy words'. Both were inclined to overload the vehicle of communication until the message became cryptical and obscure. In this respect Browning was so baffling that about half his poetry is dismissed as unintelligible by the general reader. Browning was, without question, the greater scholar, indeed a profound thinker which Kipling was not. Browning's technicalities were in theology, the psychology of married love, the theory of music, and he did not often concentrate, as Kipling does, upon the 'nuts, bolts, and screws'.

To set against these resemblances, the boyhood of these two men had nothing in common. Browning was a mother's boy, entirely dependent on his parents. He rarely spent a night away from home until his twenty-seventh year; he was dedicated to poetry from youth and was never required to earn his keep by a single day's work; whereas Kipling was ravaged and desolated in his Southsea childhood; got his living the hard way as an up-country journalist; and was brutally confronted with the facts of life. Kipling was a tough experienced man of the world at twenty-seven with a whole range of physical adventures put behind him 'long ago and far away'. More than that, he was a best-selling author as a young man, at a time of life when Browning was unknown to the public, an object of derision to the critics, a writer who could not sell a single copy of the poems printed at his father's expense. Kipling, at twenty-seven, published *Barrack-room Ballads* and was at work upon *Many Inventions*; Browning at the same age published *Sordello*, which won for him the reputation of being a pretentious pedant.

Each of these writers married a possessive and highly intelligent wife. I cannot find that Kipling's marriage brought about any immediate development in his art, though domesticity suited him, enabling him to write in leisured ease, with some growth of his critical faculty. On the other hand, Browning's love-match with Elizabeth Barrett has been accepted as one of the most noteworthy romances of the age, and, after marriage, he became a different person. His poems acquired new extraversion, and at last imposed themselves upon the Victorian world. It was not, however, until after her death that he established his position

as a major poet. Throughout their happy married life Robert was never much more than the husband of the celebrated Mrs. Browning.

His early work had failed to interest the reading public because he had not discovered how best to employ his talent. When no more than twenty years old, Browning had published the sentimental poem *Pauline*, which he afterwards suppressed. He imagined it to be about love, and was horrified when John Stuart Mill described it in a review as mere mawkish, adolescent, eroticism. He made up his mind, at once, that never again would he commit the crime of indecent exposure in print. Like Kipling, he had a hatred of that sort of publicity and spent the rest of his life hiding behind fictitious characters, not always effectively.

Browning's second large poem, *Paracelsus*, though the ingenious have elucidated the disguised references to his own life, is a long story of a scientist in Renaissance Italy, torn between the desire for love and the desire for knowledge. Highly praised by a few discerning critics, it marked Browning down as a man with a future; but it was still too difficult for the general reader. His well-wishers waited eagerly for the next experiment, and were obliged to wait five years. When, at last, *Sordello* appeared in 1840, it was met with a cry of dismay. It was totally unintelligible, and the attempts of modern scholars to interpret it seem to me to have added to the obscurity. Enormously long, it purports to tell the growth of a poet's mind. Whatever else, it demonstrates clearly that this poet had not yet discovered how to use his resources. He went down for the third time, drowned in a sea of words.

While pegging away at *Sordello*, he had been persuaded by Macready, the actor, to try his hand at writing plays. They are no good at all. There is no true dialogue; the characters merely make erudite speeches at one another, in blank verse, with neither movement nor action, on or off stage. His three long monologues had failed; his seven verse-dramas failed, but there were some chips from his workshop that showed promise. In 1838, he had broken away from his mother's apron-strings to go alone to Italy, which came to mean in Browning's life what India meant in Kipling's life.

Ostensibly looking for local colour to be used in *Sordello*, he had stumbled across the little hill-town of Asolo, with which he fell in love. The place haunted his dreams for the rest of his life, stimulating him to make experiments in a new literary form, which he first called the 'Dramatic Lyric', and later—more accurately—the 'Dramatic Romance'. The public, however, were so bored with *Sordello* that they scarcely noticed his two little pamphlets, *Dramatic Lyrics* and *Pippa Passes*, which dropped dead from the press in 1842, only to be revived, twenty years later, when he had made a name by other publications. Two or three of these early pieces are of rare beauty, to my mind among the most exquisite poems in our language, but my purpose in introducing them here is to suggest that young Robert Browning had at last found his medium in the Dramatic Lyric or Romance, after years of fruitless endeavour; and it will be my affair to propound how Kipling made use of this formula in the next generation. You will remember the opening lines of *My Last Duchess* :

' That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive; I call
That piece a wonder now : Fra Pandolf's hands

Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
 'Fra Pandolf by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there'

The first observation I have to make on this enchanting poem is that nothing happens. A man draws a curtain and talks about a picture hidden behind it, then replaces the curtain; yet a complete tragedy is displayed so cogently that we can never forget it. My next point is that there are three characters in this drama, of whom only one speaks and he does not engage our sympathy. No one reading this poem identifies himself with the sinister Duke but rather with the silent, unseen, undescribed, listener to the Duke's words. By this device we, the audience, are drawn into the action of the play so far as to see all that the silent listener sees and hears. Thus we participate, thus far and no farther. But the third character steals the scene, the lady, although she is not present. She is dead. And we are not told how, when, or where she died. 'All smiles stopped together'. Like Kipling's 'Mrs. Bathurst' this sad, smiling, lady is flashed on to the screen and off again, and the silent listener will hear no more of her. Why expect that the picture can tell you more? May I add that I have recently noticed a portrait (No. 254) in the Dulwich Gallery, which Browning frequented as a boy, that might have given him the original notion for this poem.

'Paint

Can never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat'

The Duchess and 'Mrs. Bathurst' are what I call 'withdrawn heroines'.

Browning does not always give the same structure to his Dramatic Romances. Several are straightforward monologues in which a single character explains himself in the first person, a form that may be seen in verse or prose in many literatures. What I find singular in Browning, and what he transmitted to Kipling is the structure of *My Last Duchess*: the action off-stage revealed as a play within the play, or picture within the picture; the tale only half-told; the silent or almost silent listener who makes a link between author and audience; and, in many instances, the withdrawn heroine. Sometimes the rôles are exchanged, as in *Andrea del Sarto*, or in *The Last Ride Together*, where it is the speaker who engages the sympathy of the audience, but the silent listener is still essential to the act.

Many Browning pieces that are familiar to the general reader of poetry follow the formula, which can be identified in *The Bishop orders his Tomb*, *The Italian in England*, and *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, of course, with variations. *Pippa Passes* might be described as a group of four Dramatic Romances, linked together by 'Pippa', the singing-girl who provides a sort of Greek chorus. The master-piece, the *tour-de-force*, is *The Ring and the Book*, in which the murder of a wife by a jealous husband, is displayed twelve times over, in twelve monologues

by participants, some of whom are persons of the drama, and some detached observers. One of the latter class is named by Browning the *Tertium Quid*, a term borrowed from Roman Law to express what we, in English law, call a 'third party', who looks at the affair impartially, neither siding with the husband nor the wife. You will remember that Kipling ironically introduces his story, *At the Pit's Mouth*, with the words, 'Once upon a time there was a Man and his Wife and a Tertium Quid . . .'

Before I turn from Browning to Kipling, I must pay a tribute to Professor A. W. Yeats of the University of Texas, who wrote two articles for the *Kipling Journal*, seventeen years ago (K.J. Nos. 100-101) on *Some Browning Echoes at Bateman's*. To him I owe some of the notions that have already come into this paper. He lists a series of parallels between Browning and Kipling, among them familiarity with painters and paintings. I have sometimes thought that the analysis of Kipling's work—perhaps of Browning's too—can be better put in the language of art-criticism than in the language of the literary; he is, above all, an impressionist in words. In quite another direction these two writers shared a habit that irritates the student, by confusing the chronological order of their writings in the collected editions, thus making the kind of enquiry I am now engaged upon more difficult. Professor Yeats helps us here: 'Kipling's early work', he says, 'swarms with quotations from, and imitations of, Browning . . . and *Something of Myself* makes it evident that this was a lasting enthusiasm . . . Ten Kipling short stories have poetic headings from Browning's verse [one of the most unexpected being 'Pippa's' little chirrup of optimism at the head of the gloomy tragedy of *Badalia Herodsfoot*. C.E.C.] . . . Nine Kipling works contain Browning quotations . . . and twelve specific allusions are made in Kipling's prose to Browning's verses other than the borrowings already mentioned'. Every reader of Kipling will remember the quotations from Browning in *Stalky & Co.*, the reason why 'Mr. King' addressed 'Beetle' as 'Gigadibs', the allusions to *Fra Lippo Lippi* in *Something of Myself*. More to my purpose are the early verses which are plainly imitations or echoes or parodies of Browning's style. In *Departmental Ditties*, for example, the piece which opens with the line:

'Where the sober-coloured cultivator smiles . . .'

is a direct, and not very important parody of Browning's idyll, *Love among the Ruins*. Another early piece, *Giffen's Debt*, which I regard as one of his failures, is an imitation, not a parody, markedly in the style of Browning with its sudden transition of thought, its elisions and contractions, its oddities of vocabulary. But when we come to *One Viceroy Resigns*, written at the end of the year 1888, we may recognise a little masterpiece in another mode. The retiring Viceroy, Lord Dufferin, delivers his *apologia* to his successor, Lord Lansdowne, a silent listener, in almost the same terms and the same tone of voice used by 'Bishop Blougram', another sophisticated and sceptical grandee, who justified his professional life to the silent listener, 'Gigadibs'. This Kipling piece is not a parody nor is it adequately described as an imitation. It might almost be called a translation of *Bishop Blougram*, a new version of the picture in another frame. And the satire was so pointed that it pricked the skin of Lord Dufferin, who rather took offence, perhaps the more

because he was a friend of the Kipling family. By way of illustration here are a few lines :

' You know the trick
' You've governed Canada, You know. *You* know.'
And all the while commend you to Fate's hand
(Here at the top one loses sight o' God),
Commend you then, to something more than you —
The Other People's blunders and . . . that's all.
I'd agonise to serve you if I could.
It's incommunicable, like the cast
That drops the hackle with the gut adry.
Too much — too little — there's your salmon lost !
And so I tell you nothing — wish you luck,
And wonder — how I wonder ! for your sake.
And triumph for my own. You're young, you're young.'

By my reckoning, the quality of Kipling's verse improved immensely after his return from India. By the time that he published *The Seven Seas* he had formed his style, and no longer resorted to imitations, having taken all that he could use from Swinburne, Poe, and Browning. It was the structure of the dramatic romance, not the style of Browning, that he appropriated in *M'Andrew's Hymn*, a monologue spoken to a silent listener. But the *Mary Gloster* (1896) is the most perfect example. He was twenty-eight years old, the age at which Browning wrote *Pippa Passes*. There are three characters in the *Rhyme of the Mary Gloster*, the old shipmaster who is the only one to speak, his son the silent listener, and his wife who imposes herself upon the scene though she does not appear. She is dead. In this instance, while the device of the play within the play is used we are not shown an actual picture. We are confronted with a formidable old man facing death, and providing for a spectacular funeral, but increasingly aware that his son, who says nothing, despises the values that have made him what he is, and cares nothing for his dying wish. At the last gasp of life he clings to his treasured reliance on the worthy mother of this unworthy son. But readers of Browning have heard this tale before; the situation is borrowed from the Bishop who orders his tomb in Saint Praxed's Church, and here too the tale is left half-told. We are given but a faint impression of these withdrawn heroines, 'Mary Gloster' and the dead mistress of the wicked old bishop.

I wish I had the time to read you *Saint Praxed's Church* but it is too long. Here are a few from the *Mary Gloster*.

'For the heart it shall go with the treasure—go down to the sea in ships.
I'm sick of the hired women. I'll kiss my girl on her lips !
I'll be content with my fountain. I'll drink from my own well,
And the wife of my youth shall charm me—an' the rest can go to Hell !

* * *

Down by the head an' sinking, her fires are drawn and cold,
And the water's splashing hollow on the skin of the empty hold—
Churning an' choking an' chuckling, quiet and scummy and dark—
Full to her lower hatches and risin' steady. Hark.
That was the after-bulkhead . . . She's flooded from stem to stern . . .
'Never seen death yet, Dickie? . . . Well, now is your time to learn.'

So far we are on familiar ground; several critics have noticed the debt of the poet Kipling to the poet Browning. I now proceed to a notion that was suggested to me by a phrase of T. S. Eliot's. Many of the best of Kipling's short stories are constructed on the principle of the dramatic romance. I do not, of course, imply that Kipling slavishly copies the scheme I have outlined, but only that some features which are typical of Browning's romances are also to be found in Kipling's stories, and not, so far as I have noticed, in prose works by earlier writers.

His method of setting an elaborate scene and of putting the narrative into the mouth of one of the characters is well-described in *Something of Myself* (p. 210)

'In a South African post-Boer War tale called *The Captive*, I could not get my lighting into key within the tone of the monologue. The background insisted too much. My Daemon said at last: "Paint the background first once for all, as hard as a public-house sign, and leave it alone." This done, the rest fell into place with the American accent and outlook of the teller.'

Note that Kipling often differentiates the teller from the listener by a slight and subtle distinction in their mode of speech, the mere hint of a dialect that may escape the reader's conscious notice. The silent, or almost silent, listener is often Kipling himself and, if so, he never intrudes unless to give a slight nudge to the movement of the plot, or to ask for a word of information. All the 'Mulvaney' stories are introduced in this way, and so is *The Man who would be King*. In the 'Pycroft' stories, notably in *Mrs. Bathurst*, a second silent listener is interposed between the teller and Kipling, a formula used again in *The Janeites* and in *Madonna of the Trenches*. *The Janeites* seems at first to be a dialogue between three characters but, as the plot develops, two of the speakers are drawn into the train of thought of the shell-shocked soldier until the three strands are entwined to form a single thread, a monologue. The same device appears in *Sea-Constables*, where the form of a dialogue produces a unified episode in the end. A story that perhaps deserves more attention than it gets is *The Man who Was*, set in a rigid frame like *The Captive*, with two main characters, the escaped prisoner and the almost silent Russian officer. All the action is off-stage. Here, there is a silent audience of officers around the mess-table, among whom one is brought to life as the intermediary between the teller and us, the readers. In the 'Puck' stories, a series of dramatic romances in diverse styles, continuity is provided, as in *Pippa Passes*, by the two children, who are delicately handled and do not intervene too much. 'Una' is far more firmly delineated than 'Dan'.

The withdrawn heroine is also frequent both in Browning and in Kipling, the woman who is kept off-stage, or makes only a brief appearance, or who is already dead. In Browning she is 'My Last Duchess', the Bishop's mistress, the silent partner of *The Last Ride Together*, the sulky wife of *Andrea del Sarto*, the peasant woman of *The Italian in England*, and when 'Pompilia', hitherto silent, is at last allowed to speak in *The Ring and the Book*, the impact is shattering. In the early Kipling we notice the 'withdrawn' figure of 'Mrs. Vansuythen' who appears in two stories; in the very early *Duncan Parrenness* where she is kept off-stage, and in the later *Wayside Comedy*, an extremely mature and accomplished tale for its date. Here she speaks a few words, but I

should mention that *Wayside Comedy* is not in any sense a monologue. It is a rarity in Kipling, a true dialogue in which equal weight is given to all five characters. Among the later stories, three of the most absorbing, and most perplexing, turn upon withdrawn heroines: the un-named woman in *The Eye of Allah*, 'Mrs. Bathurst' again, and the oddly-named 'Dal Benzaguen' in *Dayspring Mishandled*, these three being dead or dying.

The last point I wish to make is the story left half-told. In a dramatic monologue the reader can only know what the speaker knows, and the tale, therefore, cannot be explicit. We shall never learn what happened to that Last Duchess, nor why the lovers who took their last ride together did not marry and live happy ever after, nor whether poor little 'Pompilia' was innocent. Tales half-told are so numerous in Kipling's books that I need mention only a few, from the early *Love o' Women* (another withdrawn heroine here), and in heroic vein *The Man who Was*, to 'Mrs. Bathurst' again (she comes into every Kipling investigation); *They*; *Madonna of the Trenches*; *The Gardener*. This is all I am going to tell you, says Kipling (and Browning). Make what you can of it, and don't suppose that you'll find out the truth by sticking your finger into my private life.

'Seek not to question other than
The works I leave behind' (says Kipling).

'With this same key Shakespeare unlocked his heart?'
(queries Browning).

'If so, the less Shakespeare he.'

APPENDIX

[I have now finished my thesis, and, if you can bear with me for five minutes longer, I shall conclude with four footnotes.]

- (1) Kipling also drew upon Mrs. Browning, as I have explained elsewhere. The structure and composition of *The Light that Failed* are directly borrowed from her verse-novel, *Aurora Leigh*. He also makes one of his characters, the blind woman in *They*, quote a verse from Mrs. Browning's poem, *The Lost Bower*.
- (2) 'Solomon and Balkis'. In *Something of Myself*, Kipling says that he reviewed a late volume of Browning's verse, for which he was properly rebuked by his father. This must have been *Joco-seria* (Grave and Gay), 1883, a volume of collected pieces that exhibit some of Browning's worst faults; inversions, far-flung rhymes, uncouth liberties with syntax, bad puns, though it is fair to say that this volume also contains the beautiful 'Never the time and the place And the loved one all together . . .' *Solomon and Balkis* may be classed as one of this author's least admirable efforts. It tells how the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon and how each was compelled by the virtue of his magic ring to speak the truth. He admitted:
'I confess an itch for the praise of fools—that's vanity.'
She admitted that all she cared for was 'one small kiss' from Solomon, rhyming it with 'Balkis'. Here is the germ of the *Butterfly that stamped*, a much neater job of literary work.
- (3) 'Twenty-four Leaders of Revolt in Faenza'. Kipling twice quotes this odd irrelevant phrase: first in *Below the Milldam* (1902), and

secondly in *The Files* (1903). It is the key-phrase of Browning's obscure and unsuccessful play, *A Soul's Tragedy*. It strongly suggests that Kipling was the author of a story, *Comet of a Season* (*St. James's Gazette*, 21 Nov. 1889), in which the same odd quotation is used in a passage written in Kipling's early manner. He repudiated this ascription but I am convinced by this and other evidence that it is actually the first story he sold in London.

- (4) Sir Maurice Bowra pointed out to me, twenty years ago, that Kipling's *If* is derivative, both in its message and in its rhythm, from Browning's *Epilogue to Asolando*, which was published on the day of his death, 12 Dec. 1889. Browning had it first, and Kipling is the imitator. Browning's poem is more subtle in its versification, and more sophisticated in its morality, than Kipling's, even in one line rather obscure. Here I will concede that Browning is the greater poet.

THE LAST LONG VOYAGE OF THE EXILES' LINE

By Philip Howard

[Reprinted from *The Times*: 12 January 1970]

One of the last historic links between Britain and her imperial past parted without fuss this weekend, when the P. & O. liner *Chusan* slipped out of Southampton Water, dropped in at Rotterdam, and pulled out on the long trail, the trail that is always new, to Bombay.

She will be the last P. & O. liner to sail to India on a scheduled service after well over a century of regular monthly, fortnightly and even weekly sailings. The company has delivered generation after generation of young men and women to take up the White Man's Burden.

Yesterday as we steamed down the green and uninviting Channel, passengers settled down to the rhythmic, promiscuous, and vegetable pattern of life on board ship. At lifeboat drill they were being invited, sheepishly and sheep-like, to turn round and shake the hands of the person behind them.

Conversations at the first class tables gradually ceased to be all very English and stiff upper lip. The energetic were entering their names of lists for Scrabble and bridge. An Hawaiian band dispensed sentimental melody. The less energetic scrambled for the best novels in the library. Old ladies who have let their stomachs slip harangued the chief steward about the urgency of providing them with China tea, and arrived in a Gadarene rush in the dining room at the first faint tinkle of the dinner bell.

Passengers and stewards were getting used to one another's idiosyncrasies. The fruit machines in the Verandah Bar were taking a fearful pounding. Last night there was Housie and a classical concert.

Few faint relics of the past which made P. & O. an important part of the Indian empire: the lascar deck staff and the Pakistan engine room crew; the Oriental panelling which gave the final generation of the

British Raj its first introduction to the mysterious east; the library still nostalgically boasts the Army List and the Colonial Office List of 1966, though both are less thumbed than they would have been a century ago; and as Kipling observed about P. & O. liners under Victoria, all the pretty girls are travelling in the second class.

Things have changed since the *Hindustan*, an all-wooden paddle vessel, and one of the first ships built for passengers rather than cargo, sailed for India in 1842. For a hundred years after P. & O. won the mail contract, the ships arriving at Bombay were the main link between India and home for the exiles, who nicknamed the line with friendly malice the "Dear and Slow". For a lot of the British wanderers, waifs and wasters in India the quartered flag of the P. & O. was the nearest thing to a home they would ever have.

Kipling wrote a long, sentimental poem about the P. & O. called *The Exiles' Line* :

'Linked in the chain of Empire one by one,
Flushed with long leave, or tanned with many a sun,
The Exiles' Line brings out the exiles' line,
And ships them homeward when their work is done.'

As well as being a physical link which stretched to natives carrying messages in cleft sticks through the jungles of Assam, the P. & O. made a vast contribution to the literature of the Indian Empire. It occurs, *passim*, in Kipling: "You know the chain gang regulations of the P. & O.: how you must approach the Captain standing on your head with your feet waving reverently, how you must crawl into the presence of the Chief Steward on your belly, and call him Thrice Puissant Bottle-washer".

It is the essential background for many fictional characters from Lord Jim to Adela Quested, the young, earnest, and charmless young woman in *A Passage to India* who longs to know the real India, and tries to disregard the taboos and snobberies of the British Raj.

P. & O. is evocative Somerset Maugham territory, with mysterious middle-aged women lying in long chairs on deck, while in the smoking room men in khaki suits and wide-brimmed double-felt hats drink gin slings and gin pahits, with cries of "Chin-Chin", and talk of tiffin.

In fact and fiction the P. & O. has always been the main link between Britain and India, carrying a long line of planters, pink-faced subalterns going to join Gurkha regiments, teak-faced majors carrying polo sticks, district commissioners, black sheep, missionaries, Indian civil servants with their stern devotion to duty, businessmen from Ralli Brothers, and the other famous firms, remittance men, and occasionally some of their wives, in both directions.

It added the word "posh" to the English language—Port-side Out Starboard-side Home—for those who were affluent enough to be able to afford to avoid the glare of the sun in the Indian Ocean.

On this voyage there are only 13 first class and 38 tourist class passengers booked to Bombay. And as far as can be ascertained, they are all travelling for pleasure rather than business, and are mainly retired people. The heyday of the India run ended long ago; the independence of India did not help the traffic. People who want to go on business fly. And the closing of the Suez Canal means that to call at Bombay en route for Australia round the Cape adds 10 days to the voyage. The Indian, Goanese and Pakistan crew are now flown to

London in charter aircraft instead of being picked up at Bombay for a year's engagement.

Even on the *Chusan* today some of the officers have nostalgic folk memories of the great days of the Bombay run: the maharajahs who used to take a whole deck and several wives for a European trip; the "E.P.S." (Eastern Princes Section) of their travel agents; the custom introduced by one of Bradman's cricket teams, in the days when Test teams automatically travelled P. & O., that the Australian Test team always dresses up as Arabs for the ship's fancy dress ball, and insists on eating its meal sitting on the floor.

The main cable between Britain and her Indian empire parted years ago. But today a not inconsiderable slice of British history sails away, "and hearts turn eastward with the P. & O.'s".

KIPLING AS PROPHET

by T. L. A. Daintith

Paper read to The Kipling Society, 15 April 1970

We do not think of Kipling as a prophet; not unnaturally, because for the most part he wrote of things as he saw them at the time. If he stepped out of his own age it was to return to the past, to show by what route we had arrived where we are, why things are what they are. Perhaps this was to some extent due to his early training on a newspaper; a reporter writes of people and events as they are at that very moment in time; this is essential—news more than a day old ceases to be news. Again, the reporter deals in facts, in present realities; his editor may indulge in fanciful speculation in a leader—but not the journalist. However, anyone with imagination must at some time or other have endeavoured to trace out the path into the future, whether it be to warn of dangers ahead or to persuade people to take some course of action which you believe is the correct one. Nowadays, of course, we have a whole school of prophets—the writers of science fiction, numerous and, some of them, very good. They prophesy what will happen tomorrow or in a million years, next door or beyond the stars. Between them they prophesy all and everything that might happen. But this main stream of science fiction has hardly existed for more than a couple of generations; when Kipling began to write the futuristic author was a rarity, although there were some—Lord Lytton, who wrote *'The Coming Race'* back in the last century (1871); the author of *'The Battle of Dorking'* which appeared in *Blackwoods* also in 1871, though that was a political, or rather military, forecast; Ernest Bramah, who wrote the Kai Lung stories, made an excursion into the immediate future, again in the political field; even G. K. Chesterton, who said that the future was a refuge of cowards who could not face up to the realities of past and present tried his hand, a little fantastically, perhaps, writing of the future in 'The Napoleon of Notting Hill'. Of course, the great figure was H. G. Wells who wrote numerous novels and short stories dealing with the future as it might be, as it should be. Thus, the climate,

so to speak, was favourable to an author having one or two shots at the future.

Kipling wrote two works of early science fiction and one of them has been published in a S.F. magazine, which would seem to set the hallmark of authenticity upon it; I refer to "With the Night Mail"; the companion story to this is "As Easy as A.B.C.", published in 1912. There is also the political allegory—"The Mother Hive"; and the blue print for an ideal fighting service "The Army of a Dream". In addition there are, scattered throughout his short stories, odd little prophecies, some of which have come about and some not. In his non-fiction work he occasionally permits himself a suggestion of the future, but not very often, I shall deal with those later.

To start with the story "As Easy as A.B.C.", published in 1912. A.B.C. stands for The Aerial Board of Control, whose motto is Transportation is Civilization; the Board controls transport and, controlling transport it effectively rules the world, much to the world's relief, because the average citizen has no great interest in government, is quite happy to do without politics and to let somebody else do the work of running public affairs. The world population is down to some 450 million, this in the later 20th century and people tend to live apart, to keep at a distance from their neighbours, rather than huddling together in great cities. So far, so bad. No-one would argue that we have anything like a world government nor, that if we get one, it is likely to be composed of highminded and disinterested people; nor do we have a minimum of government control, on the contrary; the population is approaching the 3,000 million mark and shows every sign of going up; so far from getting away from our neighbours we are faced with the prospect of having them closer, next door, overhead and below. On some smaller points Kipling does better though I shall return to the main forecasts later on, to discuss them a little more fully.

The aircraft have maps on which a moving spot of light shows the actual position of the machine, presumably a fix being taken by reference to radio waves emanating from fixed points, or perhaps by some form of radar; this is, I believe, quite feasible. Traffic lanes for aircraft—certain forms of transport, the Mail planes, for instance, fly at a certain height; we have a system like that now and it will become more and more important as air traffic increases. That is quite a good guess on Kipling's part because ships, once on the high seas, apart from passing Port to Port (is it?) and Steam giving way to Sail, go much in their own sweet way—they are not restricted to fixed lanes. A remote controlled cultivator, presumably run by some form of short wave radio; yes, that already exists.

The aerial navy has some unorthodox weapons; no guns that we are told of, but they use flashing lights, searchlights sweeping from side to side. Something of this nature was actually used during the Second World War, I believe, in North Africa and when tested, was found to be quite effective against aircraft, dazzling pilots to a remarkable degree. Some form of vibration; as the Commander says, "Our lower C can lift street paving". This again, I believe, has been thought of and tried; it is a possibility. The average height of the citizens is much greater than in 1912, 6 feet eight being no more than middle-sized; certainly, children today are taller than they used to be though I do not know if this

increase is carried on into adult life. Also, the expectation of life is greater by some 30 years; here, there is a little more doubt. The expectation of life is greater because more people reach old age, but it is doubtful if people stay *young* longer and the years of man are still not much more than three score and ten. However, Kipling was on the right track.

If we consider this story carefully one or two points become apparent which are not obvious at first reading. Firstly, it is not certain whether this story is a promise or a warning. On the face of it, it seems to refer to a pleasant, rather hedonistic, world; war has been abolished, people live much longer, there appears to be little or no hunger and want, pain and suffering—much of the evil has gone out of the world. But, is it quite the world that we want? If it is such a good world, why does the population decrease? Why are people reluctant to raise families? Possible they are so concerned with their own pleasures that they are too selfish to have children of their own; possibly they find that the pleasant, quiet, trouble-free life is a dead bore and not worth bringing children into. It is by no means an obvious Utopia; if we consider it, it is a middle class world, with middle class standards of comfort and behaviour; we do not hear of working class people to any extent and certainly not of the working classes of Edwardian days. Imagine Badalia Herodsfoot against this background! Given a middle class world, I think that Kipling has scored, at least in his forecast of the birth rate. I imagine that the birth rate of middle class families tends to decline; certainly, we cannot imagine a professional man of today having six or eight children as a matter of course. The population increases because larger families tend to occur at the bottom of the scale and were it not for the constant reinforcement of the middle classes by those rising from below, extinction would be a definite possibility.

Incidentally, the motto of A.B.C. "Transportation is Civilisation" is a sound prophecy in its own right. Transportation *is* Civilisation. If all transport were to vanish today, civilization would be at an end by the beginning of next week. It is as simple as that.

Now to the companion piece "With the Night Mail". A story of 2000 A.D. This is not a story as such, there is no plot; it purports to be an account of a journalist's trip on the Night Mail from London to Quebec, together with extracts from the magazine in which it appeared. In its way it is a most brilliant piece of work; the account of the engines, actually quite meaningless, is altogether convincing. One feels that if Fleury ever does discover his Ray, this is how it will work. This is Kipling the journalist reporting what he sees, except, of course, that it is all fiction, even down to the submarine boats (another possibility) and remember that this story was published in 1905 when the submarine was in a very primitive state of development.

Now we come to "The Mother Hive". The story, very briefly, is that the stock, the population of the hive, was old and overcrowded; Wax Moth entered and there was trouble, finishing with the destruction of the hive and its inhabitants, all but a small remnant of the bees who are prepared to carry on after the disaster. Although written over 60 years ago, the dialogue, in many cases, has a most up to date ring. For instance, the young bee who makes a speech and, incidentally, prevents the other bees from working: "Aren't they beautiful names to buzz

about? Did you see how it worked up the Sisterhood?" "Yes, but it didn't defend the Gate" replied Melissa. "Ah, perhaps that's true, but think how delicate my position is, Sister . . . I have a magnificent appetite and I don't like working. It's bad for the mind. My instinct tells me that I can act as a restraining influence on the others. It would have been worse but for me". Again, this time it is one of the worker bees in the Nursery speaking. "But we're hatching out drones with workers' stomachs, workers with drones' stomachs, and albinos and mixed leggers who can't pack pollen, like that poor little beast yonder. I don't mind dwarf drones, any more than you do; they all die in July, but this steady hatch of oddities frightens me." We seem to be hatching out a certain number of oddities these days.

Most of the oddities would not, and many, on account of their malformations could not, go through a day's field work, but the Wax Moths, who were always busy on the brood comb, found home occupations for them. One albino, for instance, divided the number of pounds of honey in stock by the number of bees in the Hive and proved that if every bee only gathered honey for $7\frac{3}{4}$ minutes a day, she would have the rest of the time to herself and could accompany the drones on their mating flights. The drones were not at all pleased.

I may say that some time after the last war I heard that if everybody in the country worked, I think it was two or three days a week, we should all have as much as we wanted. So that there is nothing new under the Sun.

"The Hive subsists on the Hival honey which the Hive produces" said a blind oddity, squatting in a store cell. "But honey is gathered from flowers outside, two miles away sometimes", cried Melissa. "Pardon me" said the blind thing, sucking hard, "But this is the Hive, is it not?" "It was, worse luck, it is". "And the Hival honey is here, is it not?" It opened a fresh store cell to prove it. "Ye-es, but it won't be long at this rate" said Melissa. "The rates have nothing to do with it. This Hive produces the Hival honey. You people never seem to grasp the economic simplicity that underlies all life". I seem to have heard people talking like that, most of my life.

"The father held up the frame where the bees had experimented with circular cell work. It looked like the pitted head of a decaying toadstool. "What on earth has come to the little wretches. They seem to have lost the instinct of cell building". Some people might think that we have lost the instinct of building.

Very different is the "Army of a Dream". This is not straightforward prophecy but merely a suggestion of what might be, what could be if we tried. I do not know whether all the ideas were Kipling's own or whether he drew on somebody else, possibly F. M. Lord Roberts, who was a believer in conscription. Much of the story never came to pass; we might have been better off in 1914 had we followed Kipling's advice, but there are some points which have since come to pass. The Infantry, on occasion, ride horses in order to be more mobile, and very reasonable, too, although now they travel by lorry. There is co-operation between the Army and the Navy in embarking and disembarking troops; this actually did not come about until the Second World War, when troops had to be landed, not in a friendly harbour but on possible hostile beaches, and co-operation and previous rehearsal were essential. Similarly, some

thought was taken in the matter of taking aboard and stowing soldiers' gear, instead of doing it haphazardly. Again, it was not until the Second World War that the importance of logistics was fully realized. Exchanges take place between the Dominions and the U.K. Canadian officers serving in the British Army and vice versa; this does now take place.

The private in the Imperial Guard has excellent quarters—a room of his own and so on, something which did not occur until very recently. The standard cartridge for the Army was .256 calibre; actually the British Army nowadays uses the Garand .280. A 24 thous. difference isn't too bad at a distance of 60 years.

READERS' GUIDE

to

'THE VILLAGE THAT VOTED THE EARTH WAS FLAT'

First published in *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917) pages 161-213 of *Uniform* and *Pocket* Editions. Kipling dates the story as written in 1913, but Professor Carrington quotes from Mrs. Kipling's diary: 'R. hard at work on *Village that Voted*' on 7 May 1914, and that he finished it on 8 June 1914.

- P. 163. Line 14: *Jubilee clock-tower*. One of many erected in 1887 to commemorate Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee.
- P. 165. Line 11: *home address in Jerusalem*. Masquerier was being jeered at by Sir Thomas for being a Jew—still a stigma to some minds in 1913.
- P. 166. Line 7: *dub*: Literally a muddy or stagnant pool.
- P. 167. Line 25: *Silhouettes*. Presumably a made-up name for a group of actors doing a special Music Hall "turn". Such names were common, e.g. "The Aspidistras".
- Line 26: *The Trefoil and the Jocunda*. Made-up names for Music Halls. "Because of a certain assonance and its location within a hundred yards of Villiers Street, I plump for the Tivoli as the counterpart of the Trefoil." (P.W.I.) "'The Jocunda' suggests 'jocund', so may be a disguise for 'The Gaiety'—where Nellie Farren was the star from 1868 until her retirement in 1891." (R.L.G.).
- Line 27: *Vidal ("Dal") Benzaguen*. "I think the prototype of 'Dal might well have been Violet Loraine, of revered memory. She was famous in 1913 on the Music Halls and the boys loved her (me too!), but she came to her final and absolute fame with George Robey in *The Bing Boys* and *The Bing Boys on Broadway*, c. 1915-20". (P.W.I.) 'Vidal Benzaguen' is also mentioned in 'Dayspring Mishandled'.
- P. 168. Line 26: *Sodom and Gomorrah*. 'the cities of the plain' destroyed by fire from Heaven. See *Genesis XIII*.

- P. 170. Line 3 : *Brasenose*. Walter Pater had been a fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford—which gave it the reputation at the time for the excellence and precision of its English.
Line 24: *Hoopoe*. Crested bird common in Greece and Palestine (see Aristophanes, *The Birds* and Solomon's dealings with it in *The Koran*, xxvii. 20). It would be rare indeed to see one in England.
- P. 171. Line 11 : *Eheu ab angulo*. "Alas for that rustic nook!" (P.W.I.)
Line 32: *Spec. The Spectator* (named after Addison's famous periodical) started as a weekly review in 1828 and still being published.
- P. 172. Line 9: *Epping Forest*. Pleasant country district ten miles to the north of London where Kipling had spent a happy holiday after the release from 'The House of Desolation' at Southsea.
Line 17: *tump*. A slang word not in O.E.D. but which explains itself.
Line 18: *non nobis gloria*. 'Not unto us the glory'.
Line 32: *late King-Emperor*. Edward VII (born 1842) reigned 1901-1910 as King of Great Britain and Emperor of India.
- P. 173. Line 11: *Lancet*. The well-known weekly medical periodical.
Line 26 : "*publish and be damned*". Attributed to the Duke of Wellington. "It seems well-authenticated that Wellington replied with these words when Harriett Wilson (born 1786), prostitute, wrote demanding £200 from him, and others, if they wished their names to be left out of the list of visitors in her *Memoirs*. The book ran to 38 editions. See Lady Longford's *Biography of Wellington*, 1970." (R.E.H.)
- P. 174. Line 12: *Shorthorns*. A breed of cattle originally from the N.E. Counties.
- P. 176. Line 3: *Here we go gathering nuts in May*. Very popular old anonymous song sung by children in certain round-games.
- P. 179. Line 13: "*By the grace of God, Master Ridley*—". Continues "we have lit such a candle in England this day as shall never be put out." Bishop Hugh Latimer (1485-1555) to Bishop Nicholas Ridley (1500?-1555) as they were being led to the stake during the Marian Persecutions.
Line 15 : *Reuters and the Press Association*. Two of the great news agencies, still functioning.
Line 30 : *Hone's Every-Day Book*. William Hone's great collection of Folklore and Folk Traditions: *Every-Day Book: or Everlasting Calendar of Popular Amusements, Sports, Pastimes, Ceremonies, Manners, Customs and Events*. 1825-7.
- P. 182. Lines 12-15: *The Geoplanarians . . . Yes, I know there is a real Society that thinks the world's flat*. 'This body was still in existence in 1969 when its Secretary appeared on Television. He was quite unable to answer the Interviewer's questions : what he did say was, of course, quite impossible nonsense." (R.E.H.) See also *Kipling Journal* No. 138, June 1961, for account of a Meeting of the International Flat Earth Research Society in 1960.
- Page 183. Line 11: *Nellie Farren*. Ellen Farren (1848-1904) "chiefly famous for her acting in burlesque, she had an amazingly vivid

- personality, and was easily the favourite actress of the lighter stage of her day. She was the incarnation of the Cockney spirit." (P.W.I.) Kipling also mentions her in 'Steam Tactics'.
- P.185. Line 22: *Peter's vision at Joppa*. See *Acts* X. 9-16.
- P. 186. Line 6: "*By God, what a genius I was yesterday!*" Adapted from Swift's famous remark about *The Tale of a Tub*! "Good God what a genius I had when I wrote that book!"
- Line 33: *Morgiana and Drexel*. "No show of this name can be traced, but Kipling seems to be imagining a burlesque of the type common in Revue at the time, based on 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves' in *The Arabian Nights*. In the original Morgiana is the slave-girl who pours the boiling oil on the thieves hidden in the jars. I would suggest that "Drexel" is an invented, portmanteau name derived from "Diesel" oil and "electric" ("—that fluid and electric review"—as Kipling describes it). The "nasty jar", "oil combinations", and so on all refer to the original story in its burlesque form. As in *Aladdin in Stalky & Co*. "the book had been re-written and filled with local allusions". Here "book" in the theatrical sense of "prompt-copy", possibly based on a burlesque by Guy du Maurier called *Morgiana*, first acted in 1892." (R.L.G.)
- P.188. Line 6: *Lockstep*. "About 1910 there was introduced to the London stage a sort of follow-my-leader dance with a peculiar step called the "Lockstep", said to be as used for exercising prisoners in the prison of Sing Sing, U.S.A." (P.W.I.)
- P. 189. Line 26: *With a boy's ease*. "This is another recollection of Nellie Farren, who specialised in male impersonations: 'Miss Farren may be a wife and a mother', wrote a contemporary critic, 'but she is certainly one of the best boys in existence'—and she played boys' parts at The Gaiety Theatre from its opening in 1868 until her retirement in 1891." (R.L.G.)
- P. 190. Line 22 etc.: *Winnie Dean . . . Ramsden*. Invented names for revue or Music Hall artistes: no originals have been suggested.
- P. 191. Line 7: *The Holy City*. A sentimental and semi-religious drawing-room ballad composed by Stephen Adams to words by Frederic E. Weatherley (1848-1929), author of "Danny Boy", "The Midship Mite" etc. The first line runs:
- "Last night I lay a sleeping," and the refrain:—
 "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Lift up your voice and sing!
 Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to your King!
 Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Sing for the night is o'er!
 Hosanna! Hosanna! To the King for evermore!"
- Kipling had already taken the 'Refrain' from another of Weatherley's songs and developed it into his long poem "Follow the Romany patteran" (See *Kipling Journal*, No. 119. Oct: 1956.)
- P. 192. Line 17: *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*. "The title and refrain of a song by Henry J. Sayers (1858-1934) with new verses by B. M. Batchelor. First sung by Lottie Collins (1866-1910) at Islington on 26 Dec: 1891 after which she scored a tremendous success with it at The Gaiety Theatre." (R.L.G.)
- Line 18: *Everybody's doing it*. "This was one of the first rag-

- time songs, giving its name to a revue of that title which took the town by storm in about 1911-1912." (P.W.I.)
- P. 194. Line 21: *Margaritas ante Porcos*. 'Pearls before swine', from the Vulgate. See St. Matthew's Gospel, VII. 6.
Line 25: *Village Hausmania*. Craze for modernising — "To Hausmannize" — after Baron Hausmann who, when Prefect of the Seine (1853-70) remodelled and modernised Paris, substituting new buildings for old.
- P. 195. Line 29: *triple-dubs*. "Obviously means triple salary. About that time "dibs" (not "dubs") was slang for money, though it is true one said "dub up" for "pay up"." (P.W.I.)
- P. 196. Lines 28-30: "*Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing: When Ilion like a mist rose into towers*". Quoted from Tennyson's "Tithonus", first published in *The Cornhill Magazine*, Feb. 1860.
- P. 197. Line 3: *Kodaking*. Photographing. A "Kodak" was the trade-name devised by Eastmans for the first dry-process, instantaneous, roll-film cameras. For a time "Kodak" or "to kodak" was used for any photography by this method, as distinguished from the old "wet collodion" process.
- P. 199. Line 14: *Christians awaiting their lions*. "There were several famous pictures painted at the end of the 19th Century with such titles as "Christians to the lions", showing the early Christian martyrs being "thrown to the lions" in the Colosseum at Rome — e.g. one by Herbert Schmalz, exhibited in 1888." (R.L.G.)
- P. 204. Line 31: *Gehazi*: Reference to II Kings V. 20-27, notably 27 'and he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.' Kipling refers to Gehazi in several other places, notably the poem with this title about Isaac Rufus.
- P. 205. Line 31 : *Street organs*. "The barrel-organ had virtually disappeared by 1913 and its place was taken by the street-piano, sometimes called a piano-organ. This was on the same principle, i.e. pins on the surface of a revolving barrel impinging on the mechanism of the notes, which in the case of the street-piano was a pianoforte movement — hammers on wires." (P.W.I.)
- P. 212. Line 12 : *Antaeus*. Son of Poseidon in Greek mythology. Whenever he touched the ground his strength was renewed. He was finally killed by Heracles who held him above his head and squeezed him to death.

R.L.G. R.E.H. P.W.I.

BOOK REVIEW

RUDYARD KIPLING: STORIES AND POEMS

Edited with a biographical note and an Introduction by ROGER LANCELYN GREEN (XXIV+230pp. Index of first lines. Glossary. Dent. Everyman's Library, No. 690. London 1970).

18s. net

The last words in this bibliographical entry are the most significant. Readers of the *Kipling Journal* will be glad to know that 'Kipling' has at last got into 'Everyman', and under the competent eye of Mr. Green. No one knows his Kipling more thoroughly. The decisive phrase is 'XXIV+230pp'. How to do it? What must be left out? Let us first say that this is a vast improvement on Somerset Maugham's selection, prose only, with no story later than 1913. Mr. Green's editorial apparatus is adequate for the narrow limits allowed him, a short biography and a note on his method of selection, with no more than an allusion to the difficulty of looking at Kipling dispassionately, 'a difficulty which has not been overcome even now'.

Without quoting them, which I might be tempted to do, there is little I can say of the twenty-six poems now chosen except that they are widely representative, early and late, grave and gay. Mr. Green finds space for such long pieces as *M'Andrew's Hymn* and *The Long Trail* as well as for shorter favourites. I could have wished for one or two *Epitaphs of the Great War*. When we come to the stories we are told frankly that 'simple reasons of length have prevented the inclusion of some of the greatest'. This constraint obliges Mr. Green to choose examples of Kipling's later abstruse manner from the consideration of shortness. *Habitation Enforced* is the only story that exceeds 12,000 words. However we are allowed *The Gardener*, *The Church that was at Antioch*, and *Proofs of Holy Writ*. There are none of the *macabre* stories, and—my one complaint—there is no 'Mulvaney', but I agree that in this department the longest are the best. For the Army we can very well make do with *Danny Deever* and *The Man Who Was*.

Not exactly my choice, or yours. How could it be? I don't pretend I could have done better. Could you?

C. E. CARRINGTON

July 1970

P.S. For the record, I add a list of the stories chosen, by their short titles: *Three—And an Extra*, *Beyond the Pale*, *Pit that they Digged*, *Man Who Was*, *Miracle of Purun Bhagat*, *King's Ankus*, *Slaves of the Lamp*, *Cat that Walked*, *They*, *Habitation Enforced*, *Marklake Witches*, *Gardener*, *Eye of Allah*, *Church that was at Antioch*, *Proofs of Holy Writ*.

NEW MEMBERS. We are delighted to welcome the following:—
 U.K.: Mmes. J. S. Hayton, M. W. Wheeler; Miss E. P. MacManus; Maj. P. N. Hunter-Bunn; Messrs. W. P. Hayton, T. C. Hughes, J. A. McCance, A. T. Roves, L. S. Winstock. MELBOURNE: Mrs. B. McRae. U.S.A.: Mrs. D. Adelson, Ball State Univ. Liby, Indiana. VICTORIA: Mrs. A. MacLeod, C. K. Rorke.

KIPLING'S INDIA

In association with the Kipling Society a special, quite unique tour to India and Pakistan, has been planned by Cooks to take place during October/November 1971. It will visit the places Kipling lived in and wrote about, beginning with his birthplace in Bombay and ending on a high note of adventure with a visit to the Khyber Pass and Kabul.

The underlying idea of the tour is to bring Kipling and his works to life in situ, so it will be accompanied and commented by an expert on the subject, ROGER LANCELYN GREEN, Editor of the Society's Journal and author of several books on Kipling, who with his wife recently toured India and visited many of the places on the present Itinerary.

No trouble has been spared in the planning and organisation of the tour to justify its description of unique: it has been timed, for example, to reach Agra (Taj Mahal) at the time of the full moon; garden and tea parties will be held in Bombay, Delhi, Lahore and Peshawar at which the Members will play hosts to local writers, poets and other personalities; a late night visit to a Game Reserve offers a chance to see Tiger, etc., etc. But although filled with good things (including, of course, all the normal sightseeing everywhere) sufficient time has been left free for rest, leisure, shopping, or other personal pursuits.

The tour will leave London by air on October 24 arriving back on November 13 and travel in India and Pakistan will be by air, car or coach as appropriate. Hotels used will be first class, all rooms having shower or bathroom. Cost, fully inclusive £462 per person in double or £479 in single rooms. For further information and descriptive leaflet please write at once to:

**Mr. H. J. Grant,
Manager, Special Promotions,
Thos. Cook & Son Ltd.,
45 Berkeley Street,
London W1A 1EB.**

N.B. Membership of the tour will be limited to 30 persons. Members of the Society who may wish to participate but are unable to commit themselves immediately are nevertheless recommended to make a provisional registration which will carry no obligation without good notice.

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