



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Future Meetings

DISCUSSION MEETINGS 1980

All at 'The Clarence' Whitehall, S.W.1. (near Charing Cross Tube Station on the Bakerloo, Northern and Jubilee Lines) at 17.30 for 18.00 hours.

Wednesday 13 February: Miss Audrey M. Ashley, B.A. will open a discussion on Kipling and the Bible.

Wednesday 9 April: G. H. Webb, O.B.E. (Editor of The Kipling Journal) will open a discussion on Rudyard Kipling as Regimental Historian. Details of Discussion Meetings to be held on 9 July, 10 September and 12 November will be announced soon.

ADVERTISEMENTS

A supplement containing Members' Advertisements of books and other Kipling items For Sale or Wanted will be included with future Journals. Rates: £1.00 for the first 25 words, 25p for each succeeding 10 words or part thereof. Copy for advertisements to Shamus O. D. Wade, 37 Davis Road, Acton, London, W.3.

Please make cheques payable to The Kipling Society.

OTHER MEETINGS

Dates, times and places of Council Meetings will be sent to Council Members with the Minutes of their last Meeting.

Date and arrangements for the Annual Luncheon and the Annual General Meeting will be announced in the Journal.

VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

By courtesy of the Administrator, National Trust, members will be welcome to a private visit to Bateman's, Burwash Sussex, on Friday, 30 May, 1980. Lunch, snacks and drinks will, as last year, be available at THE BEAR in Burwash for members who like to foregather there. Tea will be available at Bateman's.

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NEWS AND NOTES

CROSSED LINES

On 7 March 1938 Sir Sydney Cockerell wrote to *The Times* under the heading 'Stalky & Co.': — "Your interesting obituary of Mr. G. C. Beresford brings to my mind an incident that occurred during a weekend visit to Rottingdean in October, 1897, when my fellow-guest under Burne-Jones's hospitable roof was his old friend Cornell Price, who had been Rudyard Kipling's much loved headmaster at Westward Ho!

"On the evening of our arrival Kipling, with whom we had all enjoyed a walk over the downs in the afternoon, brought from his house across the way some chapters of the then unfinished *Stalky and Co.* and read them out with great gusto, turning again to Cornell Price with the question, 'Do you remember that, Sir?'

"When we were alone I asked Price how many of the schoolboy pranks about which he had been appealed to he had actually remembered. His answer was, 'Kipling remembers many things that I have forgotten, and I remember some things that he would like me to forget!' Long afterwards I repeated these words to Kipling, whose smiling comment was: 'Yes, the dear fellow never gave me away' . . ."

We do not know how Carrie Kipling entered this in her Diary (now destroyed) but Professor Carrington's brief notes from it tell us that on 17 October J. M. Barrie, Crom Price and Burne-Jones went "with R. for a great walk," and that on 21 Oct: "R. reads stories to the Pater. 'A Little Prep'."

Price's Diary records: "16 Oct: To Rottingdean. Met Cockerell at Brighton. Went together to see Ned's triptych at [word illegible] Church. Met Georgie with Miss Ridsdale in the street at Rottingdean. Ruddy shortly over and took me to the Elms to see his wife and kids. A jolly [drink] in 'The Merry Mermaid' [the private sitting-room furnished as a bar in Burne-Jones's house], where after much bantering chat R. K. read a school-tale, 'The Escape', in which happily I am a respectable figure.

"17 Oct: Sunday. A delightful morning. J. M. Barrie and his wife called. Walked with R. K. and Cockerell on the Downs, turning back to meet Ned and Georgie. R. K. came in, and we rollicked in 'The Merry Mermaid.' "

There is, unfortunately, no mention of this weekend in any book on Barrie or collection of his letters, nor in Georgiana Burne-Jones's

Memorials of her husband. But it is pleasant, and rather rare, to be able to find even three accounts of such a meeting.

CORMELL PRICE'S DIARIES

Since the publication of short extracts from Price's Diaries in the *Memorials* and in Mackail's life of William Morris, they have achieved an almost legendary status among scholars interested in the Burne-Jones and Morris group of artists and writers, but no additional quotations have since appeared.

The Cormell Price papers, contained in one huge trunk, were in storage until some years ago when I persuaded his son, the late Mr. C. E. W. Price, to get them out and go through them, after his retirement. This he did, and at the time of his death was contemplating some sort of book about his father. Nothing of this was written, but he left instructions that I should be allowed full access to the Papers, to write such a book if one were possible.

After reading many thousands of pages of letters and diaries I was forced to the conclusion that no book was possible. Price seems to have destroyed his Oxford diaries, after copying out the extracts used by Mackail and G. B.-J., for only these remained as extracts. There were no diaries of his years as a tutor in Russia, only purely factual accounts of visits to Paris with his pupil's family. The diaries for Westward Ho! and the rest of his life contain mainly brief entries of engagements, only sometimes enlarged, as in the quotation above, to describe particularly interesting occasions, usually of meetings with famous people. Even the entries about Burne-Jones and Morris — "Ned" and "Top" — add little or nothing to our knowledge of their lives or characters.

The references to Kipling are scantly still. There is virtually nothing about his schooldays at the U. S. C. — about the school itself and the other masters, that might throw any interesting light on *Stalky & Co.* Even the other masters are hardly mentioned, and after his retirement in 1894 Price seems only to have "kept up" with H. A. Evans ("Little Hartopp")

As an example of later Kipling references the total mentions of him in his golden year of 1890 are as follows: -

- "13, Jan: Called on Ruddy Kipling . . . scarcely well after influenza.
- 21, Jan: Heard from Georgie that Ruddy is getting better.
- 30, June: Met J. [Lockwood] Kipling and Ruddy at Waterloo and came down [to Westward Ho!] with them. Put them up at the house opposite school.
- 1, July: Ruddy K. fishing and wrote a 'Barrack Room Ballad'. J. K. remained with me.
- 2, July: Kipling père et fils dined with me.
- 3, July: J. Kipling and I went to Clovelly and dined at the New Inn. J. K. a genial companion and brim full of information.
- 4, July: The Kiplings dined with me; Crofts came in later
- 5, July: The Kiplings left for London."

Among the thousands of letters to Cormell Price only a few remain

that are of interest. All those from Kipling and his parents were sold at Sothebys some years ago, and are in a private collection in America. Of those from Old Boys of the U. S. C. those concerning *Stalky & Co.* do little more than prove that Price's nickname really was "Bates", and that "Mr. King" was recognised as based on Crofts. References to Kipling in the voluminous correspondence from the Burne-Joneses do little more than prove their close affection and supply information (already known from Carrie Kipling's diaries) on where the Kiplings were at various times.

Among a very few more interesting scraps two may be quoted from Lady Burne-Jones's as examples :

"21 Dec: 1901. The Ruddies left for the Cape at 8 o'clock this morning. He looks a great deal aged this year, to my eyes, but as loving as ever. O that he loved his fellow men enough to give them their own place in the world! We *never* mention the War — and he must feel the gap that this means just as much as I do—but somehow we go on caring more and more for each other, notwithstanding."

"6 July 1907. Ruddy came in a week ago today . . . His enthusiasm about the [Oxford Historical] Pageant was great — he said he never saw anything more beautiful— that *he* choked over Amy Robsart's Funeral and Mark Twain sobbed."

A KIPLING LOVER IN ARGENTINA

In *The Sunday Telegraph* of 30 September 1979 Paul Theroux gives an account of his visit to Jorge Luis Borges, "the blind genius of Buenos Aires," and reproduces a good deal of their conversation, some of which will be of interest here.

' "The English are wonderful people," said Borges, "but timid. They didn't want an empire. It was forced upon them by the French and the Spanish. And so they had their empire. It was a great thing, eh? They left so much behind, Look what they gave India — Kipling! One of the greatest writers."

' I said that sometimes a Kipling story was only a plot, or an exercise in Irish dialect, or a howling gaffe, like the climax of 'At the End of the Passage' . . .

' "It doesn't matter—he's always good. My favourite is 'The Church that was at Antioch'. What a marvellous story that is. And what a great poet . . . Read me "Harp Song of the Dane Women" . . . "The old grey Widow-maker"—that's so good. You can't say things like that in Spanish."

After reading some Edgar Allan Poe, his other favourite author, Borges went on: "Now how about some Kipling? Read 'Beyond the Pale'. I read 'Beyond the Pale', and when I got to the part where Bisesa sings a love song to Trejago, her English lover, Borges interrupted, reciting *Alone upon the housetops, to the North . . .*"

'When I had finished the story, he said, "Now choose one." I read him the opium-smoker's story, 'The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows'. "How sad that is," said Borges. "The man can do nothing. But notice how Kipling repeats the same lines. It has no plot at all, but it is lovely."

"ONE VICEROY RESIGNS"

It is always pleasant to find another Kipling enthusiast whose favourite stories coincide with ones own: 'The Church that was at Antioch' being among my dozen favourites, and 'Beyond the Pale' only a little lower on the list. No selection can satisfy all Kipling readers, and no agreement has ever been reached on his very best or his very worst, even when attempting dispassionate criticism rather than personal likes or dislikes. Herein lies one facet of Kipling's greatness — and one reason why *The Kipling Journal* has now reached its two hundred and twelfth number, and why articles of great interest are now pouring in in far larger numbers than we can afford to include, indeed in far larger numbers than when I became your Editor in 1957.

It had been my desire to resign the editorship only after having edited a hundred numbers. But various reasons, including those of health, make this my ninetieth number my last. And perhaps I have stayed on too long. After all, I too have my favourite stories, and those which I like less: in consequence I may have welcomed and included more readily articles on, say, *The Jungle Book* or the Stalky stories, the tales of English country life and those set in the past, rather than those concerned with the sea or with Freemasonry. Or, on the biographical side, I may have shown more interest in Kipling's childhood, schooldays and years in India, than his later doings and travels . . .

A new Editor will have different favourites and be interested in different aspects of Kipling's career. I look forward eagerly to seeing what new treasures my successor will lay before us, down what new paths he will guide us — and to reading *News and Notes* that are the results of someone else's researches.

R.L.G.

'THE EDGE OF THE EVENING'

by E. N. Houlton

This story—first published in 1913, and included in *A Diversity of Creatures* in 1917—is an excellent example of Kipling's use of "layers of meaning"—"three or four overlaid tints and textures, which might or might not reveal themselves"(1). The title itself has an obvious double-meaning: the events of the main story happen at sunset, and in 1913 our whole World was at the point of sunset, night was at hand for the ancient empires, kingdoms, dynasties, and aristocracies. What appears at first to be a fairly light-hearted spy-story is in fact a picture, by a pessimistic Tory (2), of a doomed and disintegrating society.

Laughton O. Zigler, the American who fought for the Boers and became fond of the English, is now an armaments-millionaire. He hi-jacks the Narrator in Pall-Mail, and takes him in a gorgeous motor-car to the country-house which he has rented from his old friend Captain Mankeltow, now Lord Marshalton. There he tells how during a recent week-end four men—himself, Marshalton, Lundie (the

Law Lord who appears in 'The Puzzler') and a journalist called Walen—were playing at playing golf in the Marshalton park at sunset, when a bi-plane made a forced landing, silently because it was equipped with Zigler's Patent Silencer. Two men got out, Marshalton asked "can I help?" and one of the men fired a pistol in his face, but missed; Zigler laid the man out with his golf-club, while Lundie tackled the other man, who was trying to draw *his* gun. It now became apparent that both men were dead, with broken necks, and that they were German spies—though the word "German" is never used. Zigler's friends saw that there was the making of an "international incident", perhaps a war; so, at his suggestion, they removed the evidence by replacing the dead man in the aircraft, and starting it towards the Channel, 23 miles away. It must have come down and sunk, because nothing more was ever heard of it.

The spy-story is set in a "frame"—or, rather, an introduction nearly as long as the story—a description, partly by Zigler and partly by the Narrator—of the blissful world which Zigler is briefly enjoying. "Bein' rich suits me. So does your country'. His "moving palace" "slides" him, past Buckingham Palace, into the country and to the Marshalton seat, miles and miles of park and lawn and garden and an enormous Georgian house where centuries of ruffed and periwigged Mankeltows look down at him and four footmen help him out of his coat. Marvellous shopkeepers, 'ambassadorial in their outlook', supply anything he may conceivably need (I wonder how many people remember Gamage's or Bassett-Lowke's pre-1914 catalogues?) and marvellous servants anticipate his most trifling wish — 'more butter for the popcorn in King Charles's corner' whispers Peters the butler, the super-Jeeves who in an instant produces the picture-catalogue, gets telephone-calls through to anywhere, knows the railway timetable by heart and sees that the gentlemen get their breakfast and catch their trains, explains why the late Lord's Garter isn't on hand, takes the children to bed, and looks in to make sure that the latest guest is comfortable. Kings have been here and left gifts; the old lords had their own racecourse and their own theatre, Reynolds and Gainsborough painted them, they had the Garter and the Bath as a matter of course and a first edition of everything, Peters took them anywhere at an hour's notice.

This very pleasant way of life is at "the edge of the evening". Dear good Zigler is himself a symptom of the decay: 'I hired this off My Lord Marshalton' when 'his father died and he got the lordship. That was about all he got by the time your British death-duties were through with him. So he said I'd oblige him by hiring his ranch'. And, 'I represent the business end of the American Invasion'—when he says 'You are the captive of *my* bow and spear now', the apparently flippant reminder of the old days when *he* was "The Captive" has a deeper meaning, whether or not he is aware of it: the United States is going to take the leading place in the World which the British Empire now holds; and if there is a war, the take-over will come sooner. Meanwhile, the delightful Americans swarm over the Marshalton treasures, amused and awestruck and bewildered—'what's that cunning little copper cross with "For Valurr"?'—talking business and servants across the cased harp and the piano, and making

popcorn. There is one American who understands exactly what is going on—'Don't these folk . . . remind you of Arabs picknicking under the Pyramids?'—today's barbarians at play among the stupendous ruins of an ancient dead civilisation—: this is Madam Burton of Savannah, who understands because she is herself an exquisite survival from an ancient ruling class whose rule has gone with the wind.

The theme of death, in particular the death of empires, recurs continually. The late Queen, the late Lord, the portrait of a woman dead 300 years, the Garter returned to H. M. on the death of the holder; 'Lincoln killed us'—the word "kill" occurs six times on one page; golf takes hold of Zigler 'quick as death'; the aircraft makes no more noise than the dead, and in seconds its crew are abolished, 'death being instantaneous' (the phrase generally used, I seem to remember, at inquests on the hanged). George III lost an Empire in America; the late Lord frequently went to Syria, where the dead empires lie in layers, and to Babylon, which is fallen, that great city; the empire which made the Pyramids has been dead 2000 years, and there is no Kingdom of Naples now.

The word "death" occurs 7 times, "dead" 4, "kill" 8, "murder" 5 (3). Words used over and over like this are obviously key-words to which we must pay particular attention. (4) Other key-words are "king" and "lord". "King" occurs 5 times, and there are about a dozen related words like "queen", "palace", "empress", and "crowned heads". "Lord" is used more than 30 times. The kings and queens who are particularised are all dead: Charles, George III, the King of Naples, the king commemorated by a yew—the churchyard tree—and Victoria: 'a very great lady', says Zigler, 'she represents one of the most wonderful institutions in the world'—and she is dead; so her 'institution', the Empire, will die also.

It is not hard to see why there is so much about the deaths of kings, or why the death-words are strewn so thick among the "kings" and "lords". War is inevitable—'you British are settin' in kimonoes on dynamite kegs'—and it will destroy the ancient order of Kings, Kaisers, Grand-dukes and landowners. Already, by "peaceful" change, the Marshalton splendours are in the past, and the future belongs to people 'blown in from the gutter'. Zigler can't be bothered with Debrett, or with the precise nature of Lundie's lordship; under stress he calls Marshalton 'Mankeltow', and then 'Arthur', as everybody does now; Nell Gwynne and Mrs Siddons are all one to him, same as the others with "honey swore" and "Bee-wick", and in his "book-lined study"—a nice bit of irony—he keeps golf-clubs. The theatre is as silent as the "dumb yelling mouths of the statues", the V. C. is a museum-piece, the harp is in its case, people argue across the piano until it is opened for rag-time.

Everybody is hard at work, playing. A dozen forms of entertainment are available: the estate contains a theatre, a racecourse, a golf-course, a wood full of pheasants, and a deer-park; just now the young people are popping corn—under a Gainsborough, in King Charles's Corner—and then playing rag-time or coon-can; their elders are playing the stock-market, or listening to Walen doing 'his crowned-heads-of-Europe stunt in the smokin'-room.' The representatives of

our hereditary aristocracy, our judiciary, and our press take their pleasures seriously — they sit up all night playing poker (it costs Zigler 1100 dollars besides what Mrs Zigler says when he retires) and spend the next night chasing golf-balls till it is too dark to see.

The Americans *are* serious, when they argue about the Civil War. 'My brother, Suh, fell at Gettysburg in order that Armenians should colonise New England today.' 'Lincoln killed us. From the highest motives, but he killed us.' 'A government of the alien, by the alien, for the alien.' This is a beautiful specimen of the Significant Irrelevance. The Americans have already learnt — since 1914, we all have — that if you have to start a war, the results will surprise you, whether you "win" or "lose"; if you "win", somebody else will draw the benefits; and the outcome will have small relation to the "war-aims" with which you set out.

Zigler brings the Narrator to Flora's Temple just as "the sunlight was leaving the park". They walk through a dark wood "ticking with the noise of pheasants' feet" to a "sunless circle" "walled" by "severe" Irish yews "like cliffs of riven obsidian", casting "blue-green shadows on the unsunned grass". 'A sightly view, ain't it?' says Zigler; the Narrator replies I think it would be better on a summer's day' — a careful understatement, because the place is uncanny and a little frightening — and we soon learn that it was here the spies were killed, and at the same time of day. The gloom is lightened by two glimpses of brightness: a glint of silver only 23 miles away — the Channel, the reminder (when we have read the whole story) that we are *not* alone in a world of wealth and play, but very close indeed to the Continent of Europe; and "the still bright plain in front where some deer were feeding" — poor dappled fools, mindlessly making the very most of the brief sunlight left to them: exactly like the English, and the Americans, playing at the Edge of the Evening.

It is a remarkably effective device, to show us the eerie scene at sunset, *before* we learn about the unpleasantness which has already happened at the same place and time. The deer are a master-stroke.

The spy-story is of course a parable, a Tract for the Times. The accident happens on Sunday, at the week-end; so will the real thing, when we are on holiday, playing, or asleep. (I was at my Grandmother's, for the bank-holiday, when the World came to an end on August the 4th 1914; Hitler generally arranged his crises for the week-end, he invaded Russia, and the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbour, on a Sunday). It will drop out of the sky, something you have never thought of — a couple of dead airmen, or an Archduke in Bosnia — and from the first shot, play changes to nightmare, the killing goes ahead 'like a motion-picture in Hell', Zigler's perfect phrase; an irreversible chain-reaction, in the jargon of today.

The enemy are perfectly equipped and armed, swift, efficient, professional and brutal. Zigler and his friends have to do their best with a golf-club and a football-tackle. The Englishman's instant impulse, on seeing strangers, is to say "Can I help?" and "Come to dinner"; the enemy's is to kill. The Englishman is plaintively puzzled by such behaviour — Marshalton (who has been a soldier) says "no man has a right to take his profession so seriously as these two moun-tebanks" — "silly asses, firin' pistols like civilians". It was a silly ass

of a civilian who fired the pistol at Sarajevo, the signal for the professionals to take over.

The slightest accident decides what is to become of us: the shot only grazes Marshalton's neck, the other spy is too fat to draw his gun, so four men live and two die; Francis Ferdinand's chauffeur takes the wrong turning, and ten million die.

The enemy are deadly serious, in the most literal sense; the Englishman sees everything as a game—"it ain't cricket to bury 'em"—and is more afraid of having his leg pulled—"some of my learned brethren might be disposed to be facetious"—than of anything else. There is a "gulf of incomprehension"; like other Englishmen since, Zigler's friends seem incapable of grasping the fact that the enemy really are different from us. They muddle through, of course (under God's Own Mercy and the 'land's long-suffering star" (5)) almost entirely through what Zigler does for them; and the meaning of the parable surely is, Let us hope that when the time comes the U.S.A. — Americans like Zigler—will help us out of the mess we are heading for.

The people of the story are a perpetual delight. "I expect I'll have to resign me club. I don't think that's ever been done before by an ex-officio member. I must ask the secretary". Zigler, like the doctor in 'The Captive', 'alone is worth the price of admission': 'they lifted 'em out—reverent, but not wastin' time'—'they was still dead in spite of our best attentions'—and, summing up a good deal of our history since 1913, 'the Lord hadn't quit being our shepherd'. Kipling obviously likes him—who wouldn't?—for his loyalty, resourcefulness, good-humour, and wit; a nice fellow.

Re-reading this fascinating and disturbing fable is like watching "trailers", through a glass darkly, not only of the 1914 troubles, but of our whole subsequent history; though Kipling could say, like Inge, the Gloomy Dean, "I never foretold anything so bad as what has actually happened to us". It shows what T. S. Eliot calls (6) "his queer gift of second sight". The disappearance of the Dynasties, for instance, almost unimaginable when kings were "normal"—I well remember learning that one or two odd countries, called republics, didn't have kings. I'm afraid he also foresaw the Decline and Fall of the British Empire. The Englishman's incredulous growlings about "mountebanks" and "silly asses" could have been uttered in the '30s. The national inability to take danger seriously seems incurable—Walen's warnings serve to fill a sleepy hour after luncheon, and others (including Kipling) who tried to warn us later, made about as much impression. Marshalton even keeps on saying "poor chaps!"—until he touches the automatic pistol left behind by the spy who tried to murder him with it—and 'the blamed thing jarred off, spiteful as a rattler'. "We have scotched the snake, not killed it". If there is a double-meaning in this incident, it is a case of quite uncanny pre-vision. The "poor chaps" defeated in 1918 became even more dangerous, in a very short time, than they had been in 1914.

The suggestion of a menace from the air seems like another pre-vision, of 1940 rather than of 1914, when the danger was from the sea; in 1940 enemy airmen really *were* 'playin' gun-men in British peers' parks'. There were no silent aircraft to photograph us in 1913, but it seems the satellites now are doing it all the time.

The most important element in the whole fable is, I think, the fact that the American plays the decisive part in it. Kipling is saying that in the time of troubles which he foresees, the United States will play a similarly decisive part, as our friend.

In *A Diversity of Creatures*, 1917, a poem is appended to the story: an expression of grief for what has already been lost—"these present deaths we live"—and for what will come (and has come) "For we are what we are—So broke to blood And the strict works of war"; there is a heart-breaking irony in the title of the poem, "Rebirth"—"If any God should say 'I will restore . . . the far show of unbelievable years'"—but no God will, there *can* be no "rebirth" of the unbelievable days of hope and glory, which old people remember.

(1) *Something of Myself* ch. VII. (2) W. R. Inge *Diary of a Dean* (of St. Paul's) "9 Nov. 1929. I was lucky enough to sit next to Rudyard Kipling. He is quite the most pessimistic Tory I have ever met". (3) I am not on my oath, but I think these figures are near enough. (4) The use of key-words, and other features in Kipling's technique, are brilliantly analysed in chapter VI of Professor C. A. Bodelsen's fine book, *Aspects of Kipling's Art*. I hope my debt to, and great admiration of, Professor Bodelsen, will be apparent. (5) "The Islanders"—"ye were saved by a remnant, and your land's long-suffering star"—this was written in 1902, it could be from a poem about the Battle of Britain. (6) Essay on R. K., prefaced to T. S. Elliot's *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*, 1941.

THE LONELY NATIONALISM OF RUDYARD KIPLING

by Elliot L. Gilbert

The thesis of "The Lonely Nationalism of Rudyard Kipling" by Karl W. Deutsch and Norbert Wiener (in *Yale Review* (1963) 699-517) is that to study the career of Rudyard Kipling is to be brought face to face with certain problems peculiar to the contemporary world and to begin to recognize solutions to those problems. In the essay, Kipling's stories and poems are shown to be unusually preoccupied with quests for and celebrations of social, political, and economic "in-groups" and—as the two authors point out—such worship of in-groups by a writer who was himself a "marginal" man, a persistent outsider, must be seen as Kipling's personal response to the uniquely contemporary problem of alienation. In the end, Deutsch and Wiener leave us with the picture of a writer who, while himself powerless to deal frankly with his own near-existential sense of loneliness, is able, through the force of his art, to help his readers toward their own solutions.

At its best, the essay makes a useful contribution to Kipling criticism by insisting upon the relevance of Kipling's art to the contemporary scene. The better known and more conventional view of Kipling is as an essentially old-fashioned writer—Deutsch and Wiener quote George Bernard Shaw, for instance, as saying of R. K. that "he began by being behind the times"—and the usual identification of Kip-

ling with nineteenth-century imperialism and other outworn political and economic positions only further contributes to the familiar vision of the author as one who manifestly has nothing to say to twentieth-century readers. When, therefore, Deutsch and Wiener go as far as to state that Kipling

was one of the first writers to write on the politics, the technology, the social problems, and the physical conquest of the twentieth-century world out of a central and fundamental experience of personal alienation

and when they go on to speak of his work as providing "building blocks for a new bridge between the nations," they usefully emphasize the continuing value of Kipling's work in the present day and even suggest new directions which Kipling criticism might take. The Kipling Centenary, in 1965, following the publication of the Deutsch-Wiener essay in the *Yale Review* by only two years, saw many efforts to deal with the author as a significant force in the modern world, and while it is impossible to speak of direct influences, the *Yale Review* essay seems clearly to have contributed to the subsequent Kipling revival.

In other respects, the essay is somewhat more problematical. Were it principally a political or sociological or even a metaphysical discussion, with Kipling and his work employed chiefly as an example or metaphor, the handling of the literary material would have been interestingly illustrative. As it is, the bulk of the piece is devoted to an analysis of Kipling's stories and poems, and as literary criticism, the essay suffers both from inaccuracies in the authors' allusions to English literary history and from a certain lack of sophistication in the application of critical techniques.

The most serious historical lapse occurs early in the essay where the authors, stressing the contemporaneity of "alienation" and the "quest for in-groups" as literary subjects, write that

the image of the small besieged garrison, surrounded and outnumbered by inferiors, gradually exhausting its weapons but not its own sense of unity and superiority, is a recurrent image in the literature of "Imperialism" from the 1890's onward. . . . In Kipling's writings . . . the small group fighting to the death for its superior values—a symbol that had been of scarcely any significance at all in Western literature from the Renaissance onward until at least the middle of the nineteenth century—acquires a particular emotional intensity.

Since so much of the point of the essay depends upon the "small group fighting to the death for its superior values" being a recent phenomenon in literature, it is distressing to think of the many works of earlier centuries, some very famous, which treat this same subject. Christian and Faithful, for example, in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* may be defined in just the terms which Deutsch and Wiener seek to reserve for "the literature of imperialism since the 1890s." Additionally, Daniel Defoe's "Shortest Way with Dissenters" presents a memorable vision of the "besieged garrison," and his Robinson Crusoe is the very epitome of alienated man struggling to preserve his identity in a hostile environment.

It's perhaps significant that Bunyan and Defoe were among Kipling's favourite authors; on one occasion the writer referred to them familiarly as "a tinker in Bedford gaol" and "a pamphleteering shop-keeper, pilloried in London," deliberately choosing to describe them in situations in which they were most notably members of "besieged garrisons." Indeed, compared to the truly threatened ideological in-groups about which Bunyan and Defoe wrote and of which they were themselves endangered members, the "besieged" communities to which Kipling was attracted—Masons, fishing fleet captains, even colonial administrators—seem to have been only metaphorically at siege. If, then, Deutsch and Wiener are undoubtedly correct to see in Kipling an author preoccupied with "small groups fighting to the death," they are probably wrong to speak of such a preoccupation as a strictly modern phenomenon. And to the extent that the modernity of that phenomenon is crucial to their argument, the error somewhat weakens the force of their study.

Perhaps a more serious fault in the essay is the lack of critical sophistication which marks the authors' treatment of Kipling's work. For the sake of their thesis, Deutsch and Wiener must spend a good deal of their time amassing evidence of Rudyard Kipling's intellectual and emotional rigidity, and for the most part this evidence takes the form of quotations drawn from the author's poems and stories. Some of these quotations may legitimately be offered as Kipling's own opinions. In the main, however, the two critics make no allowance for the fact that stories and in some cases poems are dramatic representations, and as a result they frequently fall into the common error of confusing a character's ideas with the ideas of its author. "Power—power—power! That is *our* God in our captivity. Power to use!" Deutsch and Wiener quote the medieval Jew Kadmiel in "The Treasure and the Law," assuming all too easily that Kadmiel was meant to be Kipling's mouthpiece in the story and that the theme of the story is, therefore—as they put it—that "wealth is power." But the notion that for Kipling stories were merely occasions for propaganda does a disservice both to the author and to his art; in the case of "The Treasure and the Law" it also misses the delicate irony of the tale, which lies in the fact that not the use of wealth but rather the refusal to use it is what constitutes true power. Where Kipling is subtle and shrewd. Deutsch and Wiener, quoting one of his characters out of context, make the author seem naive and brutal.

Another disadvantage of criticism by quotation, especially when one is dealing with a prolific writer like Kipling, is that however carefully a critic may pick and choose his passages in order to prove a particular point about his author, it is always possible for a second critic to find many equally cogent passages to prove just the opposite point. For example, Deutsch and Wiener are able in their essay to assemble a good deal of evidence, in the form of quotations and plot summaries, of Kipling's "intolerance of ambiguity," of his tendency to divide the world into two mutually exclusive and permanently irreconcilable camps. They can do this, however, only by ignoring such an important boundary-crossing character in the author's fiction as Strickland, or such a poem as "The Two-Sided Man," or such a novel as *Kim*, Kipling's masterpiece and one of the best studies we have in English of the reconciliation of two vastly different cultures

in a single individual.

What, we may wonder, aroused the interest, especially of Norbert Wiener, in Kipling as a cultural phenomenon? About this we can only speculate. Wiener and his collaborator spend a great deal of time in their essay discussing what they call Kipling's "frantic belief in the *all-or-nothing* character of group allegiance," his obsession with "*either-or* decisions" [italics mine]. This sounds familiar. Whether deliberately or intuitively, the two critics have drawn our attention to what they see as the similarity between the operation of Rudyard Kipling's mind with its binary predilection, and the operation of a computer. That they should have been willing to ignore so much of the author's important work in order to be able to insist on this parallel is suggestive. Equally suggestive is the long section of the essay devoted to Kipling's fascination with machines. "Kipling's view of the all-or-nothing character of group loyalty," Deutsch and Wiener write at one point, linking the either-or impulse with the machine worship in a way which helps to clarify the critics' major reservation about the writer, "finds a counterpart in his interest in completely determined mechanical systems." That weakness of Kipling's, we are invited to conclude, was also a great weakness of his age and is of our own, an inability to make the crucial distinction between the mechanical and the organic in human structures; as a result, the writer's fate, like the fate of many of his contemporaries, was to be obliged to live and act too often like a mechanical man, alienated and alone. If this view is not entirely fair to Kipling, there is certainly enough truth in it to make the essay worthy of consideration by future Kipling critics as well as by future students of the works of Norbert Wiener.

THE TRAMPS IN 'MRS BATHURST'

by T. L. Williams

Perhaps the most comprehensive analysis of "Mrs. Bathurst" ever attempted was Elliot L. Gilbert's "What Happens in 'Mrs. Bathurst'" (*PMLA*, LXXVII [Sept. 1962], 450-458, reprinted in the *Kipling Journal*, XXX (1963), nos. 146 and 147). The identity of the "other" tramp no longer exercises the critical imagination, but Gilbert's treatment of the question does deserve some belated response.

Gilbert begins his essay by claiming that Kipling's compression "justifies the closest possible reading of the text and makes the critic responsible not only for clarifying the surface action of the story but also for discovering the significance of that action." A closer reading of the text, however, would have prevented Gilbert from being diverted into re-opening the question of the other tramp's sex. Mrs. Bathurst, he argues, is the "unwitting" agent of blind chance who dooms Vickery to death without even knowing she has done it. She does not therefore have to be like "the conventional heroine of romantic fiction," at her lover's side when death strikes. Gilbert reaches this conclusion mainly through his determination to see Vickery's guilt and subsequent "madness" as the motivating forces of the action. Vickery is guilty because he has betrayed both his wife and Mrs. Bathurst. This compound betrayal leads him into self-contempt and on into madness. Mrs. Bathurst's presence at his death would be supererogatory: Vickery is

punished for his guilt by some blind irrational force. This is the essence of Gilbert's argument, for which little can be adduced in the way of fact. (This, however, is not necessarily a disabling criticism, since the story challenges the imagination to fill in the gaps in this way). Where Professor Gilbert does offer supporting evidence for the possibility that the other tramp is not Mrs. Bathurst he reveals that he has not read the text with that close attention he invoked at the beginning of his essay. It is worth quoting part of the footnote in which Gilbert attempts to prove that the other tramp was not Mrs. Bathurst:

. . . . a railroad inspector friend of Hooper's had seen the two tramps shortly before the storm and had given them food and quinine. A man and a woman travelling together under those circumstances would surely have been conspicuous and would have made a first-rate story. The inspector could hardly have resisted telling such a story to Hooper had there been one, and Hooper would have had no reason to conceal the information from the other three men in the railroad car. But there was no story to tell.

However, there *was* a story to tell. What Gilbert and all previous critics have failed to note is that Inspector Hooper already knows something of Vickery before the story begins. The subject of Vickery is introduced as follows, immediately after the reference to Moon, the "Mormonistic beggar" who deserted after sixteen years' service:

'It takes 'em at all ages. Look at—you know,' said Pyecroft.
'Who?' I asked.

'A service man within eighteen months of his pension is the party you're thinkin' of,' said Pritchard. 'A warrant 'oo's name begins with a V., isn't it?' (*Traffics and Discoveries* [London, 1930], p. 345)

Pritchard delays the unfolding of "Mr. V's" story for a few moments during which he strenuously objects to what seems to him Hooper's excessive curiosity in "Mr. V." He jumps to the conclusion that Hooper is an "emissary of the Law." During the two and a half pages of this altercation no one mentions the name Vickery. He is referred to in these pages only as "Click." When, with tempers calmed, the story of Vickery begins, it is *Hooper* who urges Pyecroft on "If you don't mind I'd like to hear a little more o' your Mr. Vickery" (p. 348). To repeat, Hooper is the *first* to mention the full name, Vickery. It seems inescapable, therefore, that Hooper was previously acquainted with the story of Vickery. This does not in itself prove that Vickery's notoriety derived from the fact that he had a female companion. But it does turn Professor Gilbert's footnote upside down. For Gilbert, notoriety would have been proof that the other tramp was a woman. If we accept this premise, the proof was always there in the text.

KIPLING AND GEORGE YOUNGHUSBAND

by Charles Roberts

The middle and latter part of the nineteenth century was a fruitful period for the young British officer to find a good war in which to participate. The moral or political issues involved were of no importance in comparison with the experiences both offered and sought. We can all call to mind several such examples, perhaps the most notable

being W. S. Churchill and his no less intrepid contemporary L. C. Dunsterville. Major General Sir George Younghusband, younger brother of the Colonel (later Sir) Francis Younghusband who led the expedition to Lhasa in 1903-04, was of just that breed, but more important for our purposes he met R. K., and had some pertinent comments to make.

His career started at Sandhurst in 1877 and continued on to the North-West frontier by way of a duel and an exercise in transvestism which puts you irresistibly in mind of *His Wedded Wife* (PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS). 1878 saw Younghusband in time for the siege of Ali Musjid and allied expeditions in that most war torn area. His Indian service was followed by transfer to the Burmese campaign as an intelligence agent, an episode full of incident and fascinating anecdote. After this period a long spell of leave became due. Of course casting about for a war was the next item and the Spanish-American war was the choice. With credentials supplied by both sides G. Y. and a few friends went to find roles to play, and soon saw that they were not the only ones.

They discovered that the American fleet contained 'a great number' of British sailors, some of whom were Public School men who had joined as rankers 'to see a bit of fun'. G. Y. continues to shed light on some interesting aspects of the situation as it concerned the German and American fleets and the influence exerted by the sole British vessel present.

It appears that after the destruction days earlier of the Spanish fleet, a German detachment of the Imperial fleet sailed into Manila Bay, without any reference to the American Commander Admiral Dewey. Present also in the bay was the English cruiser commanded by Sir Edward Chichester. Dewey, being uncertain how to react to the German presence signalled to Sir Edward asking for advice, who recommended a shot across the bows of the leading German vessel. Dewey gave the order to fire and the German fleet anchored instantly. A protest from the Admiral of that fleet to Dewey met with utter courtesy and no concessions.

The next incident occurred a day later, when a German ship anchored alongside a small island on which a few Spaniards remained. As their surrender was inevitable, Dewey had not troubled himself with them, but with the German ship supplying moral support he felt obliged to act. Once again, he applied to Sir Edward for guidance, which was as forthright as before. He suggested to Dewey that two of his battleships be cleared for action, and ordered to bear down on the German ship with the instructions that if she was not out of it in five minutes she would be sunk. Dewey moved on the advice exactly, dispatched Boston and Raleigh to the task, upon which the German ship slipped her cable and fled.

The next military exercise to attract this wandering soldier was the Boer War. Holding as he did at this time a staff appointment he was not permitted to go in a command capacity but, through the usual practice—shades of *A Sahibs' War* (TRAFFICS AND DISCOVERIES)—he applied for more leave, had it granted, and, after representations to Wolesely, was given a Yeomanry Regiment. During his account of this period he mentions a French Commando under the

command of a certain Villebois de Madeuil, but only in passing, and I mention it here because I've never heard of any direct French involvement at this period. He also has some amusing and cutting remarks to make about Caton Woodville's representations of that war.

In his memories of this time, when he met R. K. in company with Cecil Rhodes, he mentions R.K.'s visits to Simla during the middle eighties. I will quote verbatim what he has to say :

'We thought he was never in Simla long enough at a time to get the intimate knowledge of the social atmosphere which his writings portrayed. And we concluded, rightly or wrongly, that he was greatly helped in this respect by his clever little sister, who spent several seasons running at Simla. It was she, I think, who told us that her brother used to walk down the road to Jutogh where was stationed a British battery of Mountain Artillery and a company of British Infantry, and that on the road he used to stop and converse with the British soldiers, and thus got many of his quaint soldier expressions and turns of language. He used to do the same at Lahore, going down to the fort to meet soldiers.

'And now for a curious thing. I myself had served for many years with soldiers but had never once heard the words or expressions that Rudyard Kipling's soldiers used. Many a time did I ask my brother Officers whether they had ever heard them. No, never. But sure enough, a few years after the soldiers thought, spoke and expressed themselves exactly like Rudyard Kipling had taught them in his stories. He would get a stray word here or an expression there, and weave them into general soldier talk. In his priceless stories Rudyard Kipling made the modern soldier. Other writers have gone on with the good work, and they have between them manufactured the cheery, devil may care, lovable person enshrined in our hearts as Thomas Atkins. Before he had learned from reading stories about himself that he, as an individual, also possessed the above attributes, he was mostly ignorant of the fact. My early recollections of the British soldier are of a bluff, rather surly person never the least, jocose or light hearted except perhaps when he had had too much beer. He was brave always, but with a stubborn, sullen bravery, no Tipperary or kicking footballs about it! To Rudyard Kipling and his fellow writers the Army owes a great debt of gratitude for having produced the splendid soldier who now stands as the English type'.

Note. G.Y's autobiography, from which the above quotation is taken, is *A SOLDIERS MEMORIES IN PEACE AND WAR* by Major General Sir George Younghusband, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., F.R.G.S., etc. Herbert Jenkins Ltd., London 1917 (p.188). He was the author of several other books including *THE STORY OF THE GUIDES*, *INDIAN FRONTIER WARFARE*, and *THE RELIEF OF CHITRAL*. Lord Birkenhead in *RUDYARD KIPLING* (Weidenfeld and Nicholson 1978) quotes G.Y's description of his meeting with R.K. and Rhodes. Michael Edwardes, in an essay '*Oh to meet an Army Man*' : *Kipling and the Soldiers* in *RUDYARD KIPLING, THE MAN, HIS WORK AND HIS WORLD*, edited by John Gross (Weidenfeld and Nicholson 1972) quotes G.Y. on soldier-vocabulary and describes him as 'one of Kipling's archetypal subalterns'.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

THE EDITORSHIP OF THE JOURNAL

Roger Lancelyn Green, B.Litt., M.A., recently told the Council of the Society that he felt he should retire from the Honorary Editorship of The Kipling Journal at the end of 1979. The Council, at its meeting of 17 July, 1979, accepted Roger Lancelyn Green's resignation from the post with great regret.

Roger Lancelyn Green has edited no less than ninety numbers of the Journal with scholarship, wit, and great assiduity. In addition to this voluntary and honorary task and his major contributions to Kipling studies, he has had, as Members certainly know, a most distinguished literary career in many other fields, ranging from Lewis Carroll to the myths of the Ancient World.

Mr. G. H. Webb, O.B.E., has agreed to succeed Roger Lancelyn Green as Honorary Editor of the Journal. Council has confirmed his appointment and wishes him every success.

Would Members writing to the Honorary Editor of The Kipling Journal please address their communications to him c/o The Honorary Secretary, The Kipling Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, London, WC2N 5BJ.

THE LATE HON. TREASURER

Members will learn with regret that Mr. P. A. Mortimer, Honorary Treasurer of the Society, died on 15 September 1979. Our sincere sympathy is expressed to his wife and children.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome to membership: The Countess of Birkenhead; Mrs. D. M. Alexander; Mrs. P. E. S. Routh, Miss H. M. Webb; Sir Ian Critchett; Messrs. R. S. Bird, R. A. Maidment; L. Mallet; D. W. M Midgley, Major S. G. Overton.

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