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[Also at Bateman's, 20 July. See letter on page 55. – Ed.]

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## SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

### SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**Wednesday 17 April 1996** at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel (Albemarle Street, London W1), **Mr Jos. Jones** on " 'Mandalay': a Historical and Literary Interpretation".

**Wednesday 1 May** at 12.30 for 1 p.m., at the Royal Over-Sea League (Park Place, off St James's Street, London SW1), the Society's **Annual Luncheon**. The Guest Speaker will be **Mr Terry Waite, C.B.E.** Admission by ticket. For members in the U.K., application forms were enclosed with the December 1995 issue of the *Journal*. Other members will of course be welcome, but it is essential they contact me as soon as possible (address and telephone number opposite), saying they wish to apply.

**Saturday 22 June**, the Society's visit to **Rottingdean**. For members in the U.K., the programme and booking form are enclosed. Any enquiries to Mrs Lisa Lewis, telephone 01491838046.

**Wednesday 17 July** at 4 p.m., at Brown's Hotel, the Society's **Annual General Meeting** (which all members are entitled to attend), followed by **tea** (booking forms will be sent to members in the U.K.), followed at 5.30 for 6 p.m. by **Mr Michael Smith** (the Society's Deputy Secretary) speaking on "Kipling's Sussex".

**Wednesday 18 September** at 5.30 for 6 p.m., at Brown's Hotel, [speaker and subject to be announced].



*For comment on this cartoon, see page 8.*

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#### THE FRONTISPIECE CARTOON (PAGE 6)

This striking cartoon, by the American artist David Levene, was printed in the Winter 1995 issue of a sale catalogue called *Academic Book Collection*, which is published periodically by a firm of that name which specialises in the marketing of remaindered books. (This is an admirable service: the address of the distributor is Freepost, Portishead, Bristol BS20 9BR.) The proprietor, Mr Melvin Tenner, has kindly expressed no objection to our reproducing the cartoon.

It is hardly a friendly depiction of Kipling, and it seems to me to reflect what hostile critics have tended to identify as the hectoring aspects of his writing – aspects which certainly exist but are at variance with the greater bulk of his work which is highly sensitive. There is indeed a dichotomy: between the aggressive image fastened on to him by those who disliked his politics, and the rather gentle and introspective reality. As one of his biographers, Lord Birkenhead, commented, "Contrary to the impression he presented to the world, he was in fact a timid and sensitive man immersed in the realms of creation."  
 –Ed.

## EDITORIAL

Suppose Kipling had written nothing but the *Jungle Books* – or, come to that, merely the eight stories about Mowgli which constitute half the text of those two books. Would he not still occupy an honourable niche in English letters, as sure of immortality as Lewis Carroll for *Alice*, or Kenneth Grahame for *The Wind in the Willows*!

The Mowgli tales represent a great myth, redolent of passions and experiences that typify human life – love and hatred, anger and violence, intrigue and retribution, loyalty and rejection, companionship, loneliness and terror. Moreover, except in using human language, Kipling's animals are real. Apart from the endowment of speech, and a concomitant subtlety of mind, they are not anthropomorphised – unlike Carroll's and Grahame's whimsical creatures.

Kipling's jungle has convincing reality, compared with Alice's dream-world with its talking playing-cards, juryman Lizard, and White Rabbit who "blew three blasts on the trumpet, and called out 'First witness!' " Compared too with a motoring Toad, a boating Rat, a carpet-slipped Badger and a Mole whose house had "wire baskets with ferns in them, alternating with brackets carrying plaster statuary – Garibaldi, and the infant Samuel, and Queen Victoria, and other heroes of modern Italy."

Kipling's realism is bolstered by evocative description of great pitch and power, making the jungle come alive in the mind's eye, as when, at a crucial moment in "Kaa's Hunting", Mowgli "stared upward and saw, far away in the blue, Chil the Kite balancing and wheeling . . . waiting for things to die"; or when, in "Red Dog", drawing the doomed dholes over the Bee Rocks, he "ran as he had never run in his life before, spurned aside one – two – three of the piles of stones into the dark, sweet-smelling gullies; heard a roar like the roar of the sea in a cave; saw with the tail of his eye the air grow dark behind him; saw the current of the Waingunga far below, and . . . leaped outward with all his strength."

It is the marvellous prose of the Mowgli stories that enthralled the reader; likewise the accompanying verses that effectively set off the emotional undercurrents of the narrative – exhilaration, devotion, or fear – "But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart against thy side / Hammers: *Fear, O Little Hunter – this is Fear!*"

The theme of the stories is stirring and eventful, but adventure is only half of it. There is an explicit message regarding the Law of the Jungle (touched on at pages 47-49 in an article in this issue). There is also a haunting psychological undertone with notes of deep sadness, as Mowgli matures, feels rejected by the jungle, and faces the need to reintegrate into humankind. Kipling's cogent use of words, both in prose and verse, does justice to such deeper implications; but no filming, or

staging, of the Mowgli stories can easily convey them: they essentially depend on the reader's response to imaginative language. Depiction by cartoon, however amusing, ruins the naturalness of the characters and trivialises the dignity of the theme – insofar as it recognises it. Theatrical representation similarly poses great difficulty, if it is to carry conviction: suspension of disbelief encounters an intractable obstacle in any human actor dressed as wolf or kite or snake. What will do for Toad Hall misses the mark in the drama of Cold Lairs.

So it was with no great expectations that I went to Tim Supple's recent production of *The Jungle Book* at London's New Vic Theatre. But I was in for a most agreeable surprise. The show succeeded remarkably, mainly because it employed as far as possible Kipling's own words. I will not review it in depth (it has received laudatory reviews, for instance in the *Independent*, the *Independent on Sunday* and the *Daily Telegraph*) and anyway it has finished its short London run; but I will give a few facts which may explain what the play tried, and did not try, to do.

First, it was very limited in its scope, and rightly so; confining itself in essence to parts of the three Mowgli stories in the first *Jungle Book* – "Mowgli's Brothers", "Kaa's Hunting" and "Tiger! Tiger!" Second, there was no attempt to reproduce jungly scenery or props; the Young Vic is an exemplar of 'theatre in the round', and we were left to exercise our imaginations around an almost bare stage. Third, the actors wore no masks, and their costume, with the odd exception (such as a sort of striped dressing-gown for Shere Khan), was barely suggestive of the animals they represented. As for Mowgli, well acted by Ronny Jhutti, he was as nearly naked as decency permitted. Fourth, the imagination of the audience was helped out by some original and cleverly suggestive music, rendered 'live' from balconies overlooking the stage; and also by ingenious and not over-obtrusive lighting-effects. Fifth, and most important, the cast, well drilled and word-perfect, displayed splendid energy and enthusiasm, which conveyed itself to the audience, including a large proportion of highly appreciative children.

The animal-actors were undisguisedly human, but as one reviewer commented, "there is never a hint of cuddly anthropomorphism". In the words of another, it was a "resonant performance, where the imagination takes flight on the back of Kipling's prose". *That* is the secret.

## CULTURAL TRANSFER IN KIPLING'S WRITING

A CONFERENCE PAPER

by B.J. MOORE-GILBERT

[Dr Bart Moore-Gilbert, a member of the Kipling Society, lectures in English at Goldsmiths College, University of London. He is the author of *Kipling and "Orientalism"* (Croom Helm, 1986), and has edited a number of volumes of critical essays, including *Writing India, 1757-1990* (forthcoming, Manchester University Press, 1996). He is returning to Kipling after a number of years working on other projects; and he plans to produce for Manchester University Press a critical edition of Kipling's *Letters of Marque* (newspaper articles, 1887-88, collected in volume I of *From Sea to Sea*, 1899). I have on hand an interesting article by him on *Letters of Marque*, which I hope to publish later this year.

Meanwhile, here is an article on "Cultural Transfer", which has been mentioned, though not named, in two recent issues of the *Kipling Journal*. In September 1995, Lisa Lewis, reporting on an academic conference of historians which she had attended, said that she had unfortunately missed a presentation by Dr Moore-Gilbert; in December 1995, at page 60, I said that Dr Moore-Gilbert had kindly supplied the text of this paper, which I would publish in March 1996.

It is particularly interesting with regard to Kipling's faculty of observation and use of irony in that powerful and subtle short story, "Beyond the Pale" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*, 1888) – the grimly moving account of how an Englishman, Christopher Trejago, becomes deeply and emotionally involved with Bisesa, a young Hindu widow who lives in seclusion in her uncle's house backing on to a seedy cul-de-sac in old Lahore called Amir Nath's Gully; and of how she is atrociously mutilated by her family as a result of the affair.

So the article below was not written for the *Kipling Journal*. It is, as I have said, the text of a paper delivered to an assembly largely consisting of academics; and it has been only very slightly edited here. Many of those who heard Dr Moore-Gilbert would have been familiar with the jargon of academic literary criticism, including terms such as "colonial discourse analysis". They would have recognised, too, that when Dr Moore-Gilbert spoke of "Orientalism", that word was used in the sense that the American writer Edward Said used it in his influential book, *Orientalism* — a considerable polemic against the distorted assumptions inherent in a patronising view of "the East" which prevailed in "the West", particularly during the heyday of European colonial expansion, and which is not extinct today.—Ed.]

In this paper, I would like to use Kipling to address two of the questions which we were asked, as a panel, to consider. The first is, *To what extent can literary texts be used as source material by historians?* The second is, *To what extent is it possible to combine a socio-historical and ideological reading with aesthetic criticism of literary texts?*

The answer to the first question would appear to be, *To a great extent.* Certainly, historians such as Francis Hutchins<sup>1</sup> have drawn extensively on the writing of figures like Kipling in their work on late-nineteenth-century British India. The legitimacy of such use of literary material has been reinforced in the recent emergence of 'colonial discourse analysis' as a new inter-disciplinary conjunction.

In *Orientalism*<sup>2</sup> Edward Said considers a wide range of Western discourses, from anthropology to political economy to history, as instances of the West's will to power over the Orient; in his view these disparate modes of knowledge and representation all 'essentialise' cultural differences in the service of proclaiming the legitimacy of the West's domination of the non-Western world. Said concludes that this is effected by their construction of an "absolute demarcation between East and West", in which the latter term is always privileged – discursively, morally and politically.

In *Orientalism* Said treats literature as simply one more manifestation of the Western will to power. Early on, he asks the following question: "How did . . . novel-writing, and lyric poetry come to the service of Orientalism's broadly imperialist view of the world?"

The very terms within which this question is framed, of course, exclude the possibility that Western literature might have a critical function vis-à-vis the juridical or political elements of Orientalist discourse, or the material practices of imperialism. Thus the Anglo-Indian poet Alfred Lyall<sup>3</sup> is considered only in terms of his usefulness in helping to authorise Lord Cramer's executive policy in Egypt. Kipling, too, is seen solely as an ideologue and never as an artist.

It seems to me highly problematic to collapse a novel like Kipling's *Kim* together with legal edicts proscribing the immolation of Hindu widows, or ethnographic surveys of Indian 'tribals', as equivalent instances of Orientalism. I propose that the kind of critique developed in Said's *Orientalism* is primarily thematically-oriented, and generally oblivious to the complications and instabilities of textuality, particularly apparent in 'literary' versions of colonial discourse. This suggests the difficulty of combining "a socio-historical and ideological reading with aesthetic criticism of literary texts" in any easy way.

This is by no means to imply the desirability of returning to a 'humanist' notion of the literary' which fetishises the 'aesthetic' as a category of representation which is wholly undetermined by historical and political

affiliations. Clearly the literature of empire needs to be situated within the material and historical contexts of its production and consumption, with full recognition of the politics it implies. Equally it must be contextualised with non-'literary' forms to understand how it operates within the larger frameworks of colonial discourse. But to place the work of writers like Kipling alongside its non-literary equivalents also involves the responsibility of recognising not just similarities but differences between the various forms of knowledge and modes of representation which constructed and mediated imperial power.

\* \* \*

The results of the failure to accept this responsibility are widely apparent in the socio-historical or ideological criticism influenced by *Orientalism* in the 1980s. In order to illustrate its disfiguring and simplifying effects, I have chosen to focus briefly on some Kipling criticism from this period. Many contemporary critics have trawled through Kipling's work for evidence of his subscription to Victorian theories of the 'racially'-grounded fitness of British culture to dominate its subject peoples. In such work, the classic instance of Kipling's allegedly unambiguous racial supremacism is the opening paragraph of "Beyond the Pale" (1888), which reads as follows:

A man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race, and breed. Let the White go to the White and the Black to the Black. Then, whatever trouble falls is in the ordinary course of things – neither sudden, alien, nor unexpected.

Taking such lines at face value, out of context, as historical evidence – whether of Kipling's views or of British attitudes more generally in the 1880s – lends apparent credibility to influential recent interpretations of Kipling's work such as John McClure's, whose *Kipling and Conrad*<sup>4</sup> sees them unproblematically as 'racist'. Subsequent commentators like Mark Paffard<sup>5</sup> and Patrick Williams<sup>6</sup> follow this lead. Paffard rehearses McClure's argument without demur; while Williams insists that "the overt racism with which 'Beyond the Pale' opens" encapsulates Kipling's vision of colonial relations. Meanwhile Benita Parry<sup>7</sup> concludes that the tale is a classic instance of Orientalist attitudes, in which

native subordination and Oriental passion, those staples of colonial discourse, come together in the ecstatic and ceremonial yielding of the native as female to the dominating presence of a masculine West.

I would suggest that the meaning of the tale is in fact much more complex, as is evident even if one confines oneself to a primarily thematic reading of the story. First of all, the narrator explicitly seeks to modify staple ideas about "Oriental passion":

Much that is written about Oriental passion and impulsiveness is exaggerated and compiled at second-hand, but a little of it is true...<sup>8</sup>

Secondly, the 'native' in this story cannot in any simple way be considered 'subordinate'. Despite her disadvantaged status in terms of race, gender and age vis-à-vis Trejago, it is Bisesa who both initiates and ends (in no uncertain terms) the relationship, which becomes (and remains) so precious to Trejago.

Moreover, the idea that the "masculine West" is presented as uncomplicatedly dominant in its dealings with the Orient is contradicted by the violent response of Bisesa's uncle Durga Charan, on discovering the affair. Trejago is stabbed in the groin by Charan's spear, and left with a permanent limp – which is hardly evidence of imperial masculinity triumphant. This symbolic castration implies quite the opposite in fact – and in this respect it is significant that Trejago appears to remain a bachelor. Certainly one hears no more of the Englishwoman whom Bisesa had identified as her rival for Trejago's affections, thus precipitating the tragedy that followed.

The major problem with these treatments of "Beyond the Pale" is, however, that there is no attention to the formal properties which make it a 'literary' work. McClure at least is honest enough to admit ignoring the "aesthetic dimensions" of Kipling's work – which perhaps explains his acceptance of received wisdom about its "aggressively confident style". In the context of "Beyond the Pale", more specifically, McClure makes two crucially misplaced assumptions: *first*, that Kipling is an official mouthpiece of the imperial hierarchy, and *second*, that "Kipling's voice and the narrator's are one" – thus reducing an aesthetic work to a propagandist tract.

Williams isolates the opening paragraph not just from Kipling's Indian stories as a whole but from the volume of which it forms part. To read it alongside "Lispeth" (the first story of *Plain Tales from the Hills*) for instance, is to see immediately the distorting effect this manoeuvre has. In "Lispeth", both the missionary's wife and the Englishman subscribe to the truth of the opening statements in "Beyond the Pale"; and both are the object of unambiguous satire for doing so.

Even more mutilating to the integrity of "Beyond the Pale" is that Williams fails to consider the opening lines even in relation to the rest of

the tale of which it forms part. Considered in this context, as will be demonstrated, the opening lines may be understood as an introduction which is as complex and ironic as the famous beginning of *Pride and Prejudice* —

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

Indeed, the opening lines of Kipling's tales are often traps for the literal-minded reader. For example, "The Phantom 'Rickshaw" (collected in *Wee Willie Winkie and Other Stories*) opens with an unambiguous affirmation of the great 'knowability' of India —

One of the few advantages that India has over England is a great Knowability. ...

before launching into an extraordinary dramatisation of its alienness.

In order to appreciate the real complexity, formal and ideological, of "Beyond the Pale", one might begin by returning to Louis Cornell's 'superseded' reading of the story in *Kipling in India*<sup>9</sup> — an interpretation which both McClure and Paffard explicitly rebut. The virtue of Cornell's analysis is its recognition of, and attention to, the formal distinction between the frame and the embedded narrative in the story. ("Beyond the Pale" is typical of a number of Kipling's Indian stories in being mediated by a first-person narrator who introduces and sometimes interprets a record of events in which he is not, characteristically, directly involved.)

After exploring some elements of the fraught relations between the frame and the embedded narrative, Cornell concludes that "Kipling sees around his narrator and lets us know that the reporter is wrong, that we are not to accept his cautious warnings, that Bisesa and the world she represents are worth the terrible risks Trejago has run."

\* \* \*

But there is more to add to Cornell's account, enabling as its method and implications are. The first point to note, perhaps, is that the epigraph at the head of the story (a feature which none of the more recent critics cited above mentions) works to contradict the bluff and certain judgment of the narrator's opening remarks. The 'Hindu Proverb' reads:

Love heeds not caste nor sleep a broken bed. I went in search of love and lost myself.

The cultural provenance of this proverb provides a further, and crucial, framing of the narrator's own contextualisation of Trejago's misadventure. This reflects ironically on his apparently authoritative analysis, one which the unwary reader is encouraged to identify with the 'official' voice and values of colonial power.

More importantly, perhaps, the apparently considered detachment of the narrator from the events described – on which the authority of his initial judgments rests – is progressively undermined as he mediates Trejago's experience. Relations between narrator and protagonist are destabilised by an increasing suspicion of the former's complicity in Trejago's attitudes (a complicity which may derive from having had a parallel experience of forbidden inter-racial love). Thus the narrator is not only curiously knowledgeable about the topography of the native city, but himself knows "The Love Song of Hyar Dyal" (the recital of which is instrumental in initiating contact between the lovers), to the extent that he can claim that the song "is really pretty in the Vernacular. In English you miss the wail of it."<sup>10</sup>

Crucially, perhaps, he is able to provide a translation of the cryptic "object-letter" which Bisesa sends to Trejago. The narrator prefaces this translation with the comment that

No Englishman should be able to translate object letters .. .<sup>11</sup>

thus begging the question of how he himself came to such knowledge. While the obvious answer is through Trejago, this is not conclusively the case, as is suggested by the narrator's dismissal of "second-hand" accounts of Oriental passion.<sup>12</sup>

To argue that Trejago is the conduit of the narrator's information, moreover, prompts the question of why Trejago should confide in someone who genuinely represents the 'official' position on inter-racial liaisons. The narrator's complicity is further revealed in what perhaps remains the greatest irony of the tale – that in telling it, the narrator is himself now circulating the glamorous knowledge which he declares should be suppressed.

That the narrator's sympathies are with Trejago, despite his implied condemnation of the latter's behaviour, is apparent in a number of ways. While disclaiming the myth of Oriental passion as exaggerated, the narrator presents the relationship between Trejago and Bisesa in a positive light. He finds no reason to contradict Trejago's claim "that he loved her more than anyone else in the world",<sup>13</sup> especially since his acquaintance with her carries the risk of ruin and disgrace if his affair is discovered. The genuineness of the attachment is also indicated by Trejago's guilt and grief once the liaison ends.

In contrast to such strength of feeling, the narrative suggests how mundane and constrained are the relationships available within the white community, Trejago's friendship with the Englishwoman is described in terms of routine, formality and compulsion; its apparent joylessness and conventionality further justify Cornell's interpretation of the story as an endorsement of the risks Trejago takes.

\* \* \*

Such a reading of a tale that is generally considered Kipling's most notorious expression of racial exclusivism, suggests not only that Kipling's early narrative technique is a good deal more sophisticated than generally perceived, but that as a consequence, his relation to official imperial ideology is much more 'conflictual' than is implied in some recent criticism of his work which derives from the model of colonial discourse analysis elaborated in Said's *Orientalism*. Indeed it suggests the degree to which such criticism relies for its operation on precisely the kind of fixed and simple 'binary' oppositions of which it complains not only in Kipling but in colonial discourse more generally.

Such problems are likely to persist, given Said's continuing authority and only partial modification of his earlier methodology. His recent work, such as *Culture and Imperialism* (1993)<sup>14</sup> recognises some of the dangers of the essentially thematic, ideological approach to colonial discourse elaborated in *Orientalism* – at least where 'aesthetic' varieties of textuality are concerned. But the admirable wish to retain a conception of literature – and especially the literature of empire – as having political effects, still leads at times to crudely reductive readings.

While Conrad may be complicit in Orientalist-style discourse by virtue, for example, of his failure to imagine and represent resistance to empire, there can be no doubt of his opposition to what he saw of Belgian rule in the Congo, whether in his fiction or in his personal journals. Thus for Said to claim that Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* is ideologically a "short step away from King Leopold's account of his International Congo Association, 'rendering lasting and disinterested services to the cause of progress' ", seems well wide of the mark.

In insisting that the literature of empire requires an analysis of a different order to non-fictional documents, there is certainly a danger of admitting reprehensible politics under the guise of 'great art' – against which possibility only a scrupulous reading practice can guard. There seems little point, however, in claiming that all forms of colonial textuality can be reduced to one model of operation, or that the literature of empire simply sugars the will to power of the non-literary discourses of imperialism.

To fail to understand this is to promote a 'reprehensible politics' in the practice of colonial discourse analysis itself. *First*, it can lead to a reinscription of the epistemology of which it complains in colonial discourse; the essentialist binaries by which such discourse is held to operate are only reversed – not displaced – by seeing the whole Western cultural canon as what Aijaz Ahmad<sup>15</sup> calls an archive of bad faith and Orientalist deformation. *Second*, it encourages the misplaced belief that resistance from within the colonial formation to the practices of imperialism is impossible, even at a textual level. *Finally*, it promotes the idea that only certain privileged kinds of critical consciousness can escape (in a way which is never satisfactorily explained) the constraints of a supposedly totalising system, to provide a counter-vision which mere writers like Kipling and Conrad, as more or less conscious stooges of imperialism, are incapable of entertaining.

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## KIPLING'S VERSE RECITED

### A 'READING' BY HUGH BROGAN AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE

reported by MICHAEL BROCK, President of the Kipling Society

On 26 September 1995 Professor Hugh Brogan gave the annual 'Edmonds Reading' at Wellington College. These commemorative readings are based, by the terms of the gift, on the fictional work of a particular author; and your scribe, in his now distant youth at Wellington, heard E.F. Benson and Harold Nicolson read from their own works. Incidentally, Kipling sent his son John to Wellington, and in May 1912, while John was there, addressed the school's Literary Society on "The Uses of Reading" [collected in *A Book of Words*].

Hugh Brogan was to read from Kipling, and he made his choice entirely from the verse. The result was a remarkable *tour de force*.

He explained briefly how concerned Kipling had been to make his contemporaries understand their imperial responsibilities: he had feared that too many British people lacked the will to maintain their Empire, or the good sense to value those who guarded it.

The doings and sufferings of the Army naturally had a large place in the readings that followed. "Tommy" and "Danny Deever" led up to "Loot", which was introduced as "the most politically-incorrect poem you will ever hear". There was no shying away from the most famous items as 'hackneyed': "Recessional" was included, and saluted as perhaps the greatest poem ever to have been recovered from a waste-paper basket. Each of us has at least one piece, I would guess, which moves us at every repetition. Mine is "My Boy Jack". The reader included it.

He was given a great reception. No one who heard his address at the Society's Annual Luncheon in 1989 will be surprised at this triumphant performance; but a gathering of sharp sixth-formers, with a few fifth-formers too, must constitute an audience even more critical than the Society's own members. •

## A PARODY OF "IF –"

by RICHARD STILGOE

[Mr Richard Stilgoe has earned over many years a first-class reputation as a professional broadcaster, song-writer and entertainer. He has also, since 1986, found time to be an exemplary President of a charity engaged in important social work, the Surrey Care Trust, in which I know his energy and commitment are greatly appreciated.

In Guildford last autumn, shortly after Kipling's "If-" had won the title of the country's most popular poem (in a contest covered in our December 1995 issue), I was in the audience at a well attended evening of musical and other entertainment, hosted by Surrey Police at their County Headquarters, and directed by Stilgoe to raise funds for the Trust. One item in a varied programme was his recitation of a light-hearted parody of "If –", which delighted his listeners. I asked his permission to publish it, which he kindly gave.

In our last issue we reprinted a parody of "Tommy", which provided an ingenious echo of the spirit and the style of the original; but I commented, rather bleakly, that the *Journal* did not much concern itself with parodies of Kipling, which were numerous but usually unsuccessful. Well, I don't want now to open the door to an influx of parodies, but once in a while, when a neat one comes to hand, I am glad to find space for it. I think many readers will enjoy this frivolous effusion. — *Ed.*]

If you can bake a cake, when all about you  
Are watching while theirs hesitate and sink –  
If you can add some brandy to the mixture  
And not sneak just one surreptitious drink –

If you can break an egg (with just your left hand)  
And drop it in the bowl, not on the floor –  
(And then remember – was it one or two eggs? –  
When you come back from answering the door) –

If you can pipe your child in birthday icing  
And not miss out one letter of its name –  
If you can meet with fondant and fudge topping  
And treat these two *impastos* just the same –

If you can do these things, then in cake-baking  
You're probably no tenderfoot or stripling –  
You're probably a million-square-foot factory  
That goes beneath the name of Mr. Kipling.

## KIPLING AND BERMUDA

by EILEEN STAMERS-SMITH

[This article is closely derived from the text of a talk delivered in September 1995 by Mrs Stammers-Smith, to an appreciative Kipling Society audience at Brown's Hotel, London. It contains interesting and relevant information which has not been previously published, and casts new light on various writings of Kipling — notably two short stories ("A Naval Mutiny", collected in *Limits and Renewals*; and "A Sea Dog", collected in *"Thy Servant a Dog", and Other Dog Stories*); a letter Kipling wrote to the *Spectator* in 1898 about the sources for *The Tempest*; and a poem on the same subject, called "The Coiner (Circa 1611)".

A graduate in English Language and Literature at Oxford, Mrs Stammers-Smith has had wide experience of teaching and educational administration. In 1967, as Miss Eileen Fairey, she went as Headmistress to the Bermuda Girls' High School. During her four years there she met and married Mr Henry Arthur Stammers-Smith, C.B.E., who had retired from the Colonial Service (and who died in 1982). She was thus enabled to add his knowledge of the island and its history to her own.

Now living in Old Woodstock, Oxfordshire, she is a freelance lecturer and researcher in garden history and English Literature; and a Council member of the Garden History Society, whose Newsletter she has edited for the past seven years. So far as the *Kipling Journal* is concerned, we have published three short contributions from her in recent issues (December 1994; March and June 1995), and I am glad now to have the opportunity to publish this more extensive item, the record of an excellent lecture. — Ed.]

Kipling visited Bermuda on two occasions: in 1894 and in 1930. Both visits produced work linked with his experiences there — a poem, "That Day" (1895) and a letter to the *Spectator* (1898); a story, "A Naval Mutiny" (1931, collected in *Limits and Renewals*, 1932), and the accompanying poem, "The Coiner" (1932); and another story, "A Sea Dog" (published among *Collected Dog Stories*, 1934).

In what follows I hope to contribute in a small way to that kind of historical research which seeks to discover how literature comes to be made — what sparks light the writer's imagination, and set him off on a creative path. It may be of some interest to know a few positive facts about the points where life and works clearly intersect. My account of the genesis of "A Naval Mutiny" is from family record, and has not been published before.

In the nineteenth century, visitors went to Bermuda only in the winter months, most of them to escape the cold of North America. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Mark Twain were both winter residents, for instance; and Kipling may have originally heard about the island from Mark Twain, whom he interviewed as a freelance journalist in 1889<sup>1</sup>, and who visited Bermuda in 1867, 1877 and 1907, writing appreciatively about it.

So it was in February 1894 that the Kiplings embarked in New York on an ocean cruise to Bermuda, spending three weeks there before returning home to Vermont (where Kipling had built a house in Brattleboro, home of his wife's people); before setting off again across the Atlantic in April to visit his parents in England. 1894 was a year of prosperity and content for Kipling, now world-famous as a writer of verse and short stories.<sup>2</sup>

Bermuda in 1894, though a naval station with a military garrison and a dockyard of strategic importance, was in many ways a very old-fashioned place, remote even in the days of steamships, with great and completely unspoilt natural beauty, and ran on very 'English' lines. Its principal exports were agricultural – potatoes, onions and Easter lily bulbs, with a trade in fresh vegetables to New York. Life was leisurely, and revolved round the Governor & Commander-in-Chief and his entourage, the naval and military establishments and the dozen or so 'old families' who had been there since the seventeenth century.<sup>3</sup>

The Kiplings stayed in the old Hamilton Hotel with the Catlins, a New York family they had met on the voyage, who became lifelong friends; but Kipling was of course much invited out and entertained – by the Admiral in Admiralty House at Spanish Point, and in the Officers' Mess of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, stationed in Bermuda on duty. Caroline Kipling later wrote to the Catlins about their holiday, "Those were rare days together. We value them as a great treasure."<sup>4</sup>

The immediate fruit of this first visit was a poem, "That Day", not about Bermuda but about Afghanistan, sparked off by a chance meeting with a sergeant in the street, who took Kipling to the Sergeants' Mess, and talked of his experiences. Kipling and Carrie later took tea with the sergeant's wife in the Married Lines. It was fourteen years since the battle of Maiwand in Afghanistan in July 1880, when one wing of the regiment had died beside their colonel and the regimental colour; and the other wing, part of a broken, routed army, had made a fighting retreat to Kandahar. The sergeant was evidently a survivor of that action, and his narrative was sufficiently vivid to inspire Kipling to write very much in the vein of his other well-known poems about the British soldier.<sup>5</sup>

It was some years before Bermuda surfaced again in Kipling's mind. On 18 June 1898 he read an article in the *Spectator* on "Landscape and Literature"<sup>6</sup>, and as a result wrote a letter to the Editor, published on 2 July 1898, outlining his theory about how Shakespeare came to write *The Tempest*.<sup>7</sup>

The Shakespeare editor Edmond Malone in 1808<sup>8</sup> had first postulated a link between Shakespeare's *Tempest* and contemporary accounts of the wreck of the *Sea Venture* in 1609. With Admiral Sir George Somers, Sir Thomas Gates and William Strachey, Secretary-Elect, the *Sea Venture* was on her way to succour the new Virginia colony, when terrible storms drove her away from the rest of the fleet. After three days the ship struck between rocks within sight of Bermuda. The ship's complement were able to land unharmed, and to bring off the ship's stores.<sup>9</sup>

Later research has established that Shakespeare must have heard of, and read about, that voyage and the miraculous escape by the Admiral's flagship. News of it began to reach England in 1610; *The Tempest* was written in 1611, and first performed in November of that year. Of the three 'Bermuda pamphlets', as they are called, the most important in this context is William Strachey's eyewitness account of the shipwreck and the island.<sup>10</sup> It is known as *The True Reportory of the Wrack*, and is dated 15 July 1610, but was not published till 1625 when it was included in Samuel Purchas's book, *Purchas his Pilgrimes, contayning a History of the World in Sea Voyages and Land Travell by Englishmen and others* (of which Kipling had a copy in his library).

Shakespeare was certainly acquainted with several members of the Virginia Company; the Earls of Southampton and Pembroke, who both had a financial interest in the Virginia and Bermuda ventures, were his patrons. He knew others, including Sir Dudley Digges who had procured Strachey's appointment as Secretary in 1609 (when John Donne was a rival claimant). There was an opportunity for Shakespeare to see the unpublished report, and perhaps even to have met Strachey, who in 1611 took lodgings in Blackfriars, not far from Shakespeare's theatre.

The narratives form a basis for details about the storm, the shipwreck and island life, which reflect the contemporary interest in 'plantation' (colonisation). They present a picture of a voyage and shipwreck emblematic of man's life and, in its happy outcome, of the work of Providence.

However, it should be stressed that though Bermuda was a byword for storms and enchantments at the time, Prospero's island is *not* Bermuda; Ariel's remark to Prospero about having been sent

at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes<sup>11</sup>

precludes this; Alonso and his company are shipwrecked between Naples and Tunis. The actual geography of the play is unimportant, but the importance of the Bermuda pamphlets in precipitating most of the major themes of Shakespeare's last play cannot be over-emphasised. Shakespeare, like Andrew Marvell later, had an imaginative understanding of the island's symbolic importance, and used the factual details to give artistic resonance to his play.

Kipling is doing something similar. Like all visitors of any sensitivity to Bermuda, he had been struck by the specific likeness he saw to the details in *The Tempest*; and from his imaginative entanglement with Shakespeare's play, and his own visit to Bermuda, he wove a fantasy of his own about how *The Tempest* came to be written. One can agree with Ashley Thorndike that "Kipling's work shows a Shakespearean catholicity in the quest of fact, and a Shakespearean alchemy in its transformation."<sup>12</sup>

Kipling suggests that Shakespeare's vision was "woven from the most prosaic material – from nothing more promising, in fact, than the chatter of a half-tipsy sailor at a theatre". Thus, "A stage-manager, who writes and vamps plays" [obviously Shakespeare, though he is given no name until the end] overhears a mariner in the theatre audience "discoursing to his neighbour of a grievous wreck, and of the behaviour of the passengers, for whom all sailors have ever entertained a natural contempt".

He takes the man off for a drink, to hear more. The sailor tries to explain what the island was like: "It was green, with yellow in it; a tawny-coloured country" [the sunburnt, sub-tropical Bermuda] . . . a string of islands, "Some you could almost carry away in your pocket. They were sown broadcast like – like the nutshells on the stage there." [Bermuda comprises a number of larger islands, linked in the shape of a fish-hook, the sounds littered with smaller islets.] . . . "And the air made one sleepy" [Kipling remarks that "the Bermudian of to-day will tell you that the sou'-west or Lighthouse wind in summer" brings humidity and discomfort], and "the place was full of noises" [the muttering and roaring of the sea; the salt-laden wind sweeping across the islands, sometimes with hurricane force; at night the sound of tree-frogs; and by day the grunting of the wild pigs which were the only indigenous inhabitants].

Kipling goes on:

The man . . . describes the geography of his landing-place – the spot where Trinculo makes his first appearance . . . Much, doubtless, he discarded, but so closely did he keep to his original information that those who go to-day to a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton will find the stage set for Act II, Scene 2 of *The Tempest*, a bare beach, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's

edge, a gap in the passage wide enough for Stephano's butt of sack, and (these eyes have seen it) a cave in the coral within easy reach of the tide ... It was so well done that, after three hundred years, a stray tripper, and no Shakespeare scholar, recognised in a flash that old first set of all.

The sailor describes how the ship's crew decided to defy their officers, and to take possession of the island. So they went inland, but

were pricked with palmettoes, and the cedar branches rasped their faces. Then they found and stole some of their officers' clothes, which were hanging up to dry. But presently they fell into a swamp, and, what was worse, into the hands of their officers; and the great expedition ended in muck and mire.

Kipling comments that "to-day, as then, if one takes the easiest inland road from Trinculo's beach ... the path that a drunken man would infallibly follow, it ends abruptly in a swamp."

These details, while given the colour of accuracy and eyewitness reporting by the sailor and by Kipling, are in fact only an impressionistic picture, and do not pinpoint an actual location. The "easiest inland road" is evidently one of the 'tribe roads', public tracks which divided the groups of shares allotted to the shareholders' nominees as their land. The only remaining tribe roads lead from the south shore parishes, Southampton, Warwick and Paget; one of these does indeed lead to Warwick pond or marsh.<sup>13</sup> But the caves are mostly farther east, in Harrington Sound, where by 1946 a subterranean cave was hopefully labelled "Prospero's Cave, the scene of *The Tempest*", with a bust of Shakespeare to prove it!<sup>14</sup>

It is, however, quite true that one is irresistibly reminded of the setting of *The Tempest* on the south shore. There one can still find it a magic island, with its strangely shaped wave-worn rocks, small bays of golden-pink sand, and the gloriously-coloured sea – turquoise, indigo, and every shade of green, or breaking into white foam on the reef which surrounds the island.

Kipling concludes that the sailor he has imagined is none other than "the original Stephano fresh from the seas and half-seas-over"; and he buttresses his tale with an artist's craft:

His profligate abundance of detail at the beginning, when he was more or less sober, supplied the earth-basis of the play in accordance with the great law that a story to be truly miraculous must be ballasted with facts. His maunderings of magic and

incomprehensible ambushings, when he was without reservation drunk (and this is just the time when a lesser-minded man than Shakespeare would have paid the reckoning and turned him out), suggested to the manager the peculiar note of its supernatural mechanism.

Truly it was a dream, but that there may be no doubt of its source or of his obligation, Shakespeare has also made the dreamer immortal!

Both Kipling and Shakespeare transmute fact into magic, literature, through the force of their imagination. Kipling takes the accounts of the shipwreck, Shakespeare's play and his own observations in Bermuda, and weaves them into a tale which casts light on the making of literature and on the way Shakespeare may have transformed his experience into a play. Perhaps it is out of such varied driftwood and chance seeds that all enchanted islands are created. We move with Kipling in and out of different worlds; the world of exploration in the early seventeenth century, with its dangers and excitements, its discovery of strange places and peoples; the world of the Shakespearean stage and its audience, and of Shakespeare himself; and the world of 1894 and Kipling's first visit to Bermuda – with some hints about the details of his own method of working.



"The Coiner", though not published (and perhaps not written) until 1932 when it appeared as an accompaniment to "A Naval Mutiny"<sup>15</sup>, obviously springs from the same source as the letter to the *Spectator* of 1898.

A sailor of "circa 1611" describes how he and his companions, begging their way through England after their voyage, tell the story of their shipwreck and the magic island on which they spent seven months "among Mermaids and Devils and Sprites, / And Voices that howl in the cedars o' nights..."

In Southwark they enter a playhouse, and meet a player who takes them to a nearby tavern for a meal, and plenty to drink. As they drink, their stories take flight "From plain salted truth to flat leasing" [lying]. The meaning of the title of the poem becomes evident in the 7th stanza. Their host (obviously Shakespeare),

.. . when on midnight our reckoning he paid,  
Says, 'Never match coins with a Coiner by trade,  
Or he'll turn your lead pieces to metal as rare  
As shall fill him this globe, and leave something to spare . . .'

My dictionary defines *coiner* as "one who coins (esp. false) money; figurative, a fabricator"; and *to coin* as "to make, devise, produce, esp. in a bad sense (1561)".

The title then is a pun, and the poem is an extended metaphor. The coiner is a teller of tall tales, like the sailors, making false coin; he is also a fabricator, a maker, who can turn such false coin from lead into gold, like the medieval alchemist – transforming it into the magic of poetry and drama which (note the second pun) "shall fill him this globe". He generously acknowledges his kinship with the sailors, for

We slept where they laid us, and when we awoke  
Was a crown or five shillings in every man's poke.  
We bit them, and rang them, and, finding them good,  
We drank to that Coiner as honest men should!

This poem serves to link Shakespeare's *Tempest* to the story which follows, in a manner customary in Kipling's collections of stories.

\* \* \*

"A Naval Mutiny", collected in *Limits and Renewals* in 1932, had been written in 1931, after Kipling's second visit to Bermuda, from March to June 1930.

That second visit was a forced one; and he stayed far longer than he would have wished. By the 1930s the tourist trade, by the steamships regularly plying between the U.S.A. and Bermuda, had taken off. It was now fashionable to have a tan; so visitors were coming throughout the summer months rather than in winter.

Prohibition was in force in the States, so the liquor stores on Front Street, Hamilton (originally set up to provide for sailors from the merchant ships), did booming business, making fortunes for a few 'old' and 'new' Bermudians. Kipling, a temperate man himself and by now no lover of Americans and their ways, was disgusted by the drunkenness he saw daily. Bermudians themselves, working hard in a sub-tropical climate, were often inclined to drink heavily; but it was the Yankees from the tripper boats who went straight across the road from the wharf to quench a bottomless thirst, and often had to be carried back to their ship dead drunk. That is why, in the opening passage of "A Naval Mutiny", Kipling calls Bermuda not only "that gem of sub-tropical seas", but "Stephano's Isle" – after the drunken butler in *The Tempest*.

Neither Kipling nor Carrie was well in 1930. Kipling suffered intermittently from the gastric ulcers which were to kill him in 1936; Carrie had excruciating rheumatism, and had become diabetic; she was

more possessive and autocratic than ever. Their doctor, Sir John Bland-Sutton, prescribed a sea voyage, and in February 1930 the Kiplings embarked on a West Indies cruise, accompanied by Lady Milner's daughter, Helen Hardinge.<sup>16</sup> In Jamaica, Kipling rather grumpily refused an invitation to be the guest of the Governor; but when they began a tour of the islands, Carrie collapsed with appendicitis. Neither wished to set foot again in the United States, the scene of so much former unhappiness; so they came up from Nassau to Bermuda in the S.S. *Lady Rodney*, a mailship regularly plying the route with her sister ship the *Lady Somers*, going on to Halifax and Montreal.

Carrie was taken into the Edward VII Hospital (formerly the Prince of Wales Hospital), where fortunately the appendix formed an abscess which could be dealt with, at least temporarily, by medical rather than surgical means. Helen Hardinge had to return to her family, and Kipling booked into the Bermudiana Hotel (completed in 1924); but when it was evident that they would be there for some time, he moved to a private guest house run by a Mr Rowley.

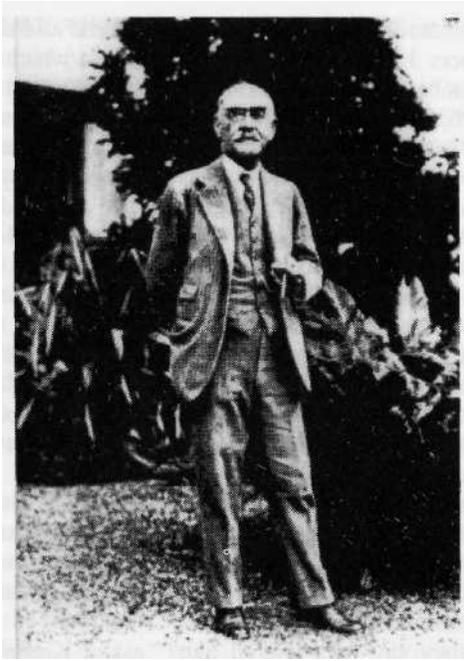
Of course, the arrival of such an eminent man was reported in the local press. On Tuesday 18 March the *Royal Gazette*<sup>17</sup> – then as now the island's principal newspaper – carried a first-page headline, RUDYARD KIPLING IS HERE, reporting that "the distinguished British author will arrive in Bermuda today by the *Lady Rodney*. He will spend a few days in the Colony, possibly at the Bermudiana Hotel."

It is a tribute to Kipling's authority over the press that no mention was made of Carrie, or of the reason for the visit. Above this was another item of relevance to "A Naval Mutiny": "Admiral Fuller has been appointed Second Sea Lord, and Vice-Admiral Haggard succeeds him as Commander-in-Chief of the North American and West Indies station."

The *Bermudian* magazine for April/May 1930<sup>18</sup> excitedly reported that no sooner had distinguished visitors Lord and Lady Baden-Powell left, than "came Rudyard Kipling, the noted poet, and Mrs. Kipling" – beneath a photograph of "Mr Rudyard Kipling out for a stroll in the Bermudiana Gardens".



The original impulse for "A Naval Mutiny" came from an anecdote told to Kipling by my sister-in-law Barbara, always known as Bobbie. She had trained as a nurse in Canada, and helped with training nurses at the Bermuda hospital; but she was now at home, preparing for her marriage. One day the Matron rang. Carrie Kipling was proving a very difficult patient, and had already dismissed three nurses as unfit to minister to such an important person. Would Bobbie come to help?



"MR. RUDYARD KIPLING OUT FOR A  
STROLL IN THE BERMUDIANA GARDENS."

This photograph of Kipling in Bermuda in 1930 (as recounted in the accompanying article by Mrs Stammers-Smith) appeared under "Happenings in the Society World" at page 17 of the *Bermudian*, April/May 1930.

[Coincidentally, an enlarged print of the same photograph has just featured as an item offered for sale (at £875) in the 'Autograph Letters & Manuscripts' catalogue of Sophie Dupré, of Calne, Wiltshire. It is described as signed by Kipling, undated but inscribed, "Dear Johnson, What the devil is an Imperial photograph? The committee informs me I've got to be photoed that way, and I don't know how." – *Ed.*]

My Smith sisters-in-law were all four handsome and distinguished-looking, numbers 3 to 6 in a family of twelve, in which my husband Henry was number 7. The first Christopher Smith had gone out to Bermuda in 1629, so the Smiths belonged to the dozen-or-so 'old' families on the island. My father-in-law was Colonial Treasurer. Bobbie was not only a very capable nurse, she was obviously a 'lady'; and though Carrie continued to be grudging and difficult she accepted Bobbie, and was attended by her for the rest of her stay. There is plenty of other evidence<sup>19</sup> of Carrie's domineering temper and snobbery, which would not have been improved by painful illness in a place far from home, where she was accustomed to be in control.

Bobbie told me that Kipling came every day to see his wife, and would sit cross-legged at the end of the bed, talking energetically and telling vivid stories of what he had been doing. He called Bobbie "the White Ghost-Lady" because of her starched uniform and quiet manner, and soon began to ask about her family and Bermuda life.

One day, Bobbie told him a family story. Her youngest brothers had had a pair of pet parrots at Rosemount, the family home in Paget Parish on the South Shore. One day they had escaped, and they were lost until the boys, climbing a tree in a distant part of the garden, found a parrots' nest with a number of baby parrots in it.

"What did they say they looked like?" asked Kipling; and when Bobbie replied, "Like little Jew babies," he laughed heartily. He must have made a note of this, since he used it as a preamble to the story. "A Naval Mutiny" is an account of a mutiny by a large number of caged parrots in the temporary charge of a time-expired Royal Navy sailor, 'Daddy' Winter Vergil; and of the ingenious way the old man quells it by treating the ringleaders, Jemmy and Polyphemus, as he would have treated lower-deck rebels during his service.

I would like to concentrate briefly on the way in which Kipling uses details from his observation, to set the rather improbable story on what he had termed in his letter to the *Spectator* an "earth-basis" of fact. The local colour is very delicately introduced. "Randolph's boat-repairing yard" – where Winter Vergil gives his account of the parrots' mutiny – is approached "along the front street to the far and shallow end of the harbour . . . just off the main road, near the mangrove clump by the poinsettias". This is Foot-of-the-Lane.<sup>20</sup>

"Mr Heatleigh" (whom the end of the story reveals as a retired admiral who had served afloat with Winter Vergil many years before) watches as "along the white coral road behind passed a procession of horse-drawn vehicles; for another tripper-steamer had arrived, and her passengers were being dealt out to the various hotels." Until 1946 there was no motor transport in Bermuda (except army trucks during the second

world war): islanders used bicycles, carriages and carts; and there were many horses for riding.

Mr Randolph describes Winter Vergil to Heatleigh in a sly parody of the way Bermudians talk about who is related to whom – which goes on all the time; though Kipling does not use real Bermudian names. He also suggests the changes coming to Bermuda in the 1930s:

"He's a Navy Bo'sun – any age you please. He took his pension on the Island when I was a boy. 'Married on the Island too – a widow out of Cornwall Parish.<sup>21</sup> That 'ud make her a Gallop or a Mewett. Hold on a minute! It *was* Mewett. Her first man was a Gallop.<sup>22</sup> He left her five acres of good onion-ground, that a Hotel wanted for golf-development. So-o, *that* way, an' Vergil havin' saved, he has his house an' garden handy to the dockyard. 'No more keepin' Daddy away from there than land-crabs off a dead nigger .. ."<sup>23</sup>

The "scarlet hydroplane" of an American millionaire, "crowded with nickel fitments and reeking of new enamels", roars off from her mooring nearby "with outrageous howlings", so that "the dead-water-rubbish swirled in under the mangrove-stems"; and Heatleigh and Winter Vergil settle down in the sun to talk, as "a breath of warmed cedar came across a patch of gladioli."

Since his stay in America in the 1890s Kipling's interest had gradually shifted from the land to the sea, and from the Army to the Royal Navy. Perhaps this stemmed from his constant sea-travel, and his realisation of the importance of the Navy to the Empire. Vergil's parrot story is a tall tale told by a seasoned sailor – "*the* biggest liar in the Service" – to a visitor to Bermuda whom Vergil recognises early on as a retired admiral who had once been his midshipman. Heatleigh recognises Vergil too; but neither admits a previous relationship until the end of the tale, though the reader is given plenty of hints.

The character of Heatleigh is fairly obviously a compliment to Vice-Admiral Vernon Haggard, just appointed when the Kiplings arrived, as we have seen. Kipling had been in the front line of spectators on the sidewalk opposite the Yacht Club landing platform, to see the Vice-Admiral take command of the station; and had viewed the ceremony with interest.

\* \* \*

After the first excitement of Kipling's arrival, Bermudians did not mob him for his autograph, or invade his privacy unasked. They liked him, finding that:

In his talk [he] was vivid, incisive, energetic. His manners were cordial, informal, frank with a heart-warming directness. However, when annoyed to the top of his bent he was said to be superb at squelching.<sup>24</sup>

Like Mark Twain, Kipling treated his stay as a holiday, since his concern about Carrie made it impossible for him to settle down to serious work. He spent the hospital visiting hours every day with her, and also visited children in other wards. One little boy won his heart by putting him on his mettle; when Kipling offered to tell him a story, the boy regarded him dubiously, and asked, "Do you know any good ones?"

A little girl in the hospital remembered him producing several baby rabbits from his pockets (he had bought them from a coloured boy on his way to market with them), and weaving a story round them. When the nurse approached, he swept them away with a conspiratorial wink.<sup>25</sup> On his last visit, he took the little girl an elephant-hair and gold bracelet, and gave her mother an antique bon-bon box. The child's parents noticed that, as they walked to and from the hospital each day with Kipling, he always paused at the war memorial.

Meeting an American college professor at the tobacconist's, he chatted with him about the calibre of Rhodes Scholars the United States was sending to Oxford – delighted that they were sportsmen as well as scholars.<sup>26</sup> (There were Bermuda Rhodes Scholars too, including my husband and three of his brothers: before he went to Ceylon in 1926 Henry had met and talked with Kipling at a Rhodes Society dinner.)

At the end of their stay in Bermuda, Bobbie accompanied the Kiplings to their ship; they were going back to England via Montreal. Carrie was barely civil in her thanks, but Kipling showed his gratitude by giving Bobbie a set of all his works to date, each volume inscribed with his name. These he must have had sent from England.

\* \* \*

Setting the story of "A Naval Mutiny" against others in the same collection (*Limits and Renewals*), critics who have mentioned it at all conclude that it is less than first-rate. Perhaps therefore it is possible more easily to discern Kipling's working methods in it than in "Dayspring Mishandled" or "The Church that was at Antioch".

The main characters from "A Naval Mutiny" appear again in "A Sea Dog" (collected in *Collected Dog Stories*, 1934, and in *'Thy Servant a Dog', and Other Dog Stories*, 1938), with two additions. One is Mr Gladstone Gallop, a Bermudian deep-draught pilot, who is descended from the Carib slaves freed in the early nineteenth century. These had

taken the names of the families they had served,<sup>27</sup> "so that now there were many Gallops – gentle, straight-haired men of substance and ancestry, with manners to match, and instinct beyond all knowledge, of their home waters – from Panama, that is, to Pernambuco."<sup>28</sup>

The other is the admiral's nephew, who is the commander of H.M.S. *Bulleana* (one of the two ships involved in the parrot incident). He tells the main story of "A Sea Dog": this is about 'Able Dog' Malachi (otherwise Mike) who, on false evidence from a 'Bolshie' member of the crew, is disgraced to 'Pup' for fouling the upper deck of the destroyer *Makee-do*, while the ship is on convoy duty in the North Sea during the Great War. After hunting submarines and dealing with a German minelayer, and after the Bolshie has admitted "tampering with the evidence", the commander promotes Malachi to 'Warrant Dog' because he has given early warning in the fog of the enemy's whereabouts.

The story is narrated within a Bermuda setting. The five men are on a trip to test a sloop that has been repaired in Randolph's boatyard. She is "known to have been in the West Indies trade for a century"; and Mr Gallop, her owner, makes his boat "show off among the reefs and passages of coral where his business and delight lay" – on their return, "taking a short-cut where the coral gives no more second chance than a tiger's paw".<sup>29</sup>

As they had gone out into the open sea via the Great Sound and Grassy Bay, a "twenty-thousand-ton liner, full of thirsty passengers", coming in through Two-Rock Passage, had been pointed out by Mr Gallop, who tells his companions that a little ferry,<sup>30</sup> which is also in sight and is recognised by the admiral as a former North Sea minesweeper, is a better sea-boat than the liner.

Near the end of the story, Kipling cannot resist a further thrust at the evil effects of Prohibition on visitors to Bermuda:

In an hour, they had passed the huge liner tied up and discharging her thirsty passengers opposite the liquor-shops that face the quay. Some, who could not suffer the four and a half minutes' walk to the nearest hotel, had already run in and come out tearing the wrappings off the whisky bottles they had bought. Mr. Gallop held on to the bottom of the harbour and fetched up with a sliding curtsy beneath the mangroves by the boat-shed ...

However, there are hints that he also knows about the smuggling which has gone on at least since the gun-running of the American War of Independence. "There are few liquors that the inhabitants of Stephano's Island do not know – bottled, barrelled or quite loose." When the commander describes the ruse he had practised in the North Sea ("If you

lie close enough to anything big he can't theoretically depress his guns enough to get you"), Mr Gallop recalls "that game played in miniature by a motor-launch off the Bahamas under the flaring bows of a foreign preventive boat".

\* \* \*

Kipling is here using the same method as in "A Naval Mutiny", giving his narrative credibility by detailed reference to a real place. He does this within the main story too, and sets that within the time-scale of the trial voyage in the sloop. The reality of the Bermuda background supports the verisimilitude of the framework, giving a solid foundation which counteracts the inherent improbability of the dog story.

The strength of all his stories is like that of Antaeus: it depends upon frequent contact with the ground – what he had called in his *Spectator* letter an earth-basis. In his close attention to physical fact, Kipling shows his belief in man not only as creator of an imaginative order but also as free to create within a prior order, respecting the given structure of his world. The Bermuda setting of both these stories combines with the narrative method and the characters to give a solidity of specification to the whole, which encourages the reader to suspend disbelief in their claims to be plain factual narrative.

#### NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. "An Interview with Mark Twain", collected in *From Sea to Sea, and Other Sketches* (1899).
2. His collections of short stories published since 1888 included *Plain Tales from the Hills; Life's Handicap; Soldiers Three, and Other Stories; Many Inventions; Wee Willie Winkie, and Other Stories*. He was to write the first *Jungle Book* in Vermont in 1894.
3. 'Old' families included Tuckers, Hutchings, Dills, Harveys and Smiths.
4. Edith Catlin Phelps, "Reminiscences of Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling", quoted in *East and West: a Biography of Rudyard Kipling*, by Thomas N. Cross, M.D. (Luckystone Press, Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1992), p 157.
5. "That Day" (the poem beginning, "It got beyond all orders an' it got beyond all 'ope; / It got to shammin' wounded...") was first published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 25 April 1895, and collected in *The Seven Seas*, 1896. For its origin, see Charles Carrington, *Rudyard Kipling* (Macmillan, revised edn, 1978), pp 265-6, where the poem is

described as "such a tale as every soldier knows to be true to the realities of war". For comment on Maiwand, see Carrington (ed.), *The Complete Barrack-Room Ballads of Rudyard Kipling* (Methuen, 1973), p 168.

6. Bodleian Library, Ref. N. 22872 c(i). *Spectator*, 18 June 1898. Report of the Romanes Lecture for 1898, given by Sir Archibald Geikie, the geologist, on the effect exercised by types of scenery on literature: "As far as life is moulded by scenic and natural influences, so must literature as an expression of life be moulded and inspired by those influences. With this all will agree, but when it comes to a complete correspondence between scenery and literary expression, we doubt whether any distinct theory can be set forth and maintained. Shakespeare, Sir Archibald Geikie truly reminds us, introduced the Warwickshire landscape freely into his plays, so that in Bohemia, for instance, we feel that we are still watching Midland rustics amid familiar scenes in 'the bright Stratford meadows'. But whence came the vision of the enchanted island in *The Tempest*? It had no existence in Shakespeare's world, but was woven out of such stuff as dreams are made of." [sic]
7. Bodleian Library, Ref. Sec. 39691 d. 13. c(i). In 1916 this was reprinted as an article for the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University, New York, with an Introduction by Ashley Thorndike, in a series called *Papers on Playmaking*. It was also reprinted, under the title of "The Vision of the Enchanted Island", as an item in *A Book of Homage to Shakespeare*, edited by Israel Gollancz, Secretary of the Shakespeare Tercentenary Committee (Oxford University Press, 1916). It is collected in Kipling's Sussex Edition (London, 1938), volume XXX (*Uncollected Prose, IT*).
8. E. Malone (1741-1812), privately printed pamphlet (1808), with additions (1809). Reprinted in volume XXV of the Boswell/Malone *Variorum Shakespeare* (1821).
9. Henry Wilkinson, *The Adventurers of Bermuda* (Oxford University Press, 1933).
10. Extracts from all three Bermuda pamphlets are reprinted in the Introduction to *The Tempest* by Frank Kermode (Arden Paperbacks, 1964).
11. *The Tempest*, Act I, Scene 2, lines 228-9.
12. From the Introduction to the reprint, 1916. (See note 7 above.)
13. Richard Norwood, Map of Bermuda, 1618.
14. William S. Zuill, *Bermuda Journey* (University Press, Glasgow, 1946).
15. "The Coiner" and "A Naval Mutiny" (first published in the *Story-Teller*, December 1931); collected in *Limits and Renewals*, 1932.
16. Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling* (cited at note 5 above), pp 575-6.
17. *Bermuda Archives*, Hamilton, Bermuda.
18. *Ibid.*

19. See for instance Cross's *East and West* (cited at note 4 above), chapter XVI, which contains new material about the acquaintance of William Beebe, the oceanographer, and his wife with the Kiplings in London and Bermuda, 1928 and 1930.
20. Sister Jean de Chantai Kennedy, *Hamilton, biography of a colonial town (1790-1897)*, (University Press, Glasgow, 1962).
21. There is no Cornwall Parish in Bermuda. The parishes are called after the original Bermuda company shareholders.
22. As to "Gallop", there have been Trotts in Bermuda from early days!
23. Land-crabs live in the sand dunes, and periodically swarm across the shore roads at night, like something in a Hitchcock film.
24. Hudson Strode, *The Story of Bermuda* (Random House, 1932), with a Foreword by Vice-Admiral Sir Vernon Haggard, K.C.B., C.M.G. (Haggard was knighted in 1932).
25. Information in a letter to me from Dr Cross (see note 4 above); and in Nella Braddy's *Rudyard Kipling* (Collins, 1945), pp 201-2.
26. Hudson Strode (cited at note 24 above).
27. This accounts for the small number of surnames found among Bermudians.
28. Bermudians were natural seafarers from the beginning, trading with the Turks and Caicos Islands and the West Indies, as well as down the east coast of South America.
29. The sea round Bermuda is extremely hazardous with reefs and shoals. Many ships have been wrecked off its shores.
30. That ferry would be the one which plies between Hamilton and Ireland Island, on the western tip of Bermuda.

## NOT ROOSEVELT BUT DUNHAM

by WOLCOTT B. DUNHAM, Jr

[Mr Dunham, who lives in New York, is a great-nephew of Rudyard Kipling's wife Caroline; his grandfather was Dr Theodore Dunham, who married Caroline's sister, Josephine Balestier, and became a friend of the Kiplings – and who, more than incidentally, attended Kipling during his nearly fatal illness in New York in early 1899.

In this short article, Mr Dunham corrects a not unimportant error of fact which can be found in one of the standard biographies of Kipling, the one written by the late Lord Birkenhead. It is clear that Birkenhead – too hastily and in one passage inexcusably – assumed that references to "Theodore" meant Theodore Roosevelt (with whom Kipling did indeed correspond), whereas they really meant Theodore Dunham. Others will have noticed the solecism, but no one can point it out with more direct authority. — *Ed.*]

Lord Birkenhead's extensive biography, *Rudyard Kipling*, was written in the late 1940s under contract with Kipling's daughter, Mrs Elsie Bambridge, but was suppressed by her. (She then arranged for the preparation of Charles Carrington's biography, published in 1955.) Lord Birkenhead updated his work in the 1960s in the hope that Mrs Bambridge would consent to its publication; but it was not published until 1978 – after his death in 1975 and hers in 1976.

I will not attempt comment on Birkenhead's psychological interpretations or literary judgments, but will comment only on his conclusion, appearing throughout the biography, that whenever Kipling in letters refers to "Theodore" he is referring to Theodore Roosevelt. Birkenhead devotes a chapter [chapter XVIII] to Kipling's interesting exchanges of correspondence with former President Theodore Roosevelt during the First World War. Thomas Pinney recounts that Kipling had met Roosevelt in 1895 in Washington D.C. In 1898 Kipling addressed a letter, "Dear Roosevelt" [*The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Volume 2: 1890-99*, ed. T. Pinney, page 350].

In each case of a reference to "Theodore", Kipling was, I believe, referring to his own brother-in-law Theodore Dunham (1862-1951), who had in 1897 married Josephine Balestier (1870-1939), sister of Kipling's wife Caroline (1865-1939) – and sister also of Kipling's friend Wolcott Balestier (1861-1891). The references appear for the most part in letters cited as being part of the "Dunham Papers". Birkenhead wrote the biography during Theodore Dunham's lifetime, and had access to copies of letters in Dunham's possession. The index names Dunham "Dr Theo Dunham", but in the family he was known only as Theodore. He

was my grandfather, and the Dunham Papers are now in my possession.

Birkenhead reproduces in his 'Appendix A' an intriguing account of Kipling's delirium, dictated by Kipling after he passed the crisis of his grave illness in New York in March 1899. Where the transcript refers to Theodore as an actor in the delirious scene [at page 370], Birkenhead interpolates "[Roosevelt]". However, Dunham (assisted by Dr Janeway) was the physician in charge of Kipling's case during his illness. The transcript refers [at page 373] to "men like Theodore and young Janeway"; and [at page 375] quotes Theodore as saying, " 'I am afraid you must not mind this. I could not help doing it', and he would stick things into me." Kipling is referring to his attending physician.

Similarly, at page 248, in an extensive passage from a letter by Kipling, marvellously describing a stormy voyage home from Stockholm across the North Sea in 1907 after receiving the Nobel Prize for Literature, Birkenhead quotes a paragraph as follows:

Our cabin was a deck one, accessible only from the deck, and it dawned on me as soon as we reached the open sea it would be just about as much as anyone's life was worth to leave or enter it. These matters I hid from C. and devoted myself with a single mind and much disturbed stomach to the business of being sick. Please tell Theodore [Roosevelt] that though I am not a man of science, I am thankful human beings are not ruminants. One simple little stomach suffices me.

This letter, which is in my possession, is cited by Birkenhead only as "Dunham Papers"; but it is in fact addressed to Kipling's mother-in-law, Anna (Smith) Balestier (1837-1919), who regularly forwarded his letters to her other daughter, Josephine Dunham – whose husband Theodore Dunham, unlike Roosevelt, *was* a man of science. To the best of my knowledge, Kipling's mother-in-law did not know Roosevelt.

Finally, at page 356, Birkenhead describes two letters written by Kipling on 22 December 1935 and 8 January 1936 as being addressed "to his friend, Theodore Roosevelt" (who had died in 1919). The letters are in my possession, as are the envelopes in which they were mailed. Both are addressed to Theodore Dunham.

In the letter of 8 January 1936, in a long passage quoted by Birkenhead, Kipling thanked Dunham for a Christmas gift of the just-published *Man the Unknown*, by Alexis Carrel (1873-1944), the French-born American surgeon and experimental biologist, and Nobel laureate in 1912 in Physiology and Medicine. As the letter indicates, the book had led Kipling to reflect deeply on the universe, life and creation. It may be the last personal letter that he wrote.

## MEMORIES OF THE KIPLINGS

by BONAR SYKES

[Mr Bonar Sykes, a member of the Kipling Society, is a retired diplomat living in Wiltshire. He is a grandson of Andrew Bonar Law (1858-1923) who was Prime Minister in 1922-23; and is the son of Major-General Sir Frederick Sykes (1877-1954), who had a distinguished career in the Army (not least as one of the senior founding members of the Royal Flying Corps) and in politics, and who was Governor of Bombay in 1928-33.

He is also a godson of Rudyard Kipling; and when I met him at the Society's Annual Luncheon last year I asked him if he would care to write something personal about the links between his family and the Kiplings, for the *Journal*. He kindly agreed, and this is the result – a very welcome contribution to the record, with some charming touches. Among various revealing insights it provides a corrective to the prevalent image of Kipling's wife Carrie as a chronically difficult and demanding woman. – *Ed.*]

I do not know when my grandfather Bonar Law first met Rudyard Kipling; but their shared views on Ulster, the Empire, and Imperial Free Trade must have brought them together by 1910. In that year, egged on by Max Aitken (who later became Lord Beaverbrook), Kipling played a part in inspiring support for Bonar Law's successful bid for the leadership of the Conservative Party.

Beaverbrook was host at his home, Cherkley Court in Surrey, to Kipling's and Bonar Law's families on many occasions. On such visits his daughter Janet, I am reminded by an account in the biography of Beaverbrook by Anne Chisholm and Michael Davie, nicknamed Kipling "Mr Sad" (because "he had a drooping moustache and never seemed to smile") and Bonar Law "Mr Smoke" (because he always had a pipe or a cigar in his mouth).

Another connection between the two families was my grandfather's political association and friendship with Stanley Baldwin, Kipling's cousin. Baldwin was Bonar Law's Parliamentary Private Secretary and Financial Secretary when Bonar Law was Chancellor of the Exchequer during the 1914-18 war; and was later his Chancellor in 1922-23 during Bonar Law's brief premiership.

My mother, Isabel Law (later Sykes) saw a lot of the Kipling and Baldwin families. My uncle Richard Law (later Lord Coleraine) told me that Kipling had a particularly soft spot for my mother, who was thought to have reminded him of his elder daughter Josephine, who had died aged six in 1899. Another link was the mutual sympathy of Kipling and

Bonar Law over the deaths on active service of John Kipling and Jim and Charlie Law.

The preparations for my mother's wedding in 1920, when my grandfather was Leader of the House of Commons, must have been quite exhausting, and included a presentation by the Speaker on behalf of Members of Parliament of all parties. Caroline Kipling was aware of this. "That's no good, my child," she said, and invited my mother to Bateman's for a couple of days just before her wedding, to rest and recharge her batteries. (Professor Pinney has found the dates of this visit recorded in the Bateman's visitors' book: 31 May/1 June 1920, just before the wedding on 3 June.)

Kipling signed the marriage register, together with Bonar Law, Mary Law, James Lowther (the Speaker), Lloyd George, Balfour, Carson and Baldwin. It may be worth mentioning that the Kiplings' wedding present to my parents was a complete set of signed copies of Kipling's works, in the small India paper edition.

I was born in the Albany on 20 December 1922, and my parents immediately wired Bateman's, to ask Kipling to be a godfather. On 22 December he wired back, "Joyfully accept appointment", and on the same day wrote saying that he and Carrie "rejoiced on the birth of a man-child" who came into a world "that is going to be better and more reasonable for him and his likes than it was in the past". Kipling could "hardly wait for him to be old enough to be able to kick about on the slope of Keylands' grass [Keylands was a house on the Bateman's estate], and to learn his swimming in Bateman's pond..." He added, "I'll larn him to chuck 'the poms and vanities'." A separate letter of congratulations from Carrie to my mother concluded, "Can you feel it's quite true, and he is all your own?"

Writing from Bath in January 1923, Carrie confirmed that they would come to my christening in the Crypt Chapel of the Palace of Westminster, and that her husband had "no intention of not taking a hand in person". In the same letter she asked if my mother was "having Keylands" for Easter; she added that her husband was happy and amused by the visit to Bath, and "loved his motor drives in the hills".

Kipling duly attended my christening on 16 February, and gave a covered porringer as a present – accompanied by a letter to my mother, begging her to use it to "keep his vittles warm". A year later, in February 1924, he wrote again to her, approving of his godson but adding that "he will never be a really bouncing Bonar till he makes a habit of coming to Keylands and falling into Bateman's pond. Sheffield", he added, since my father was then the Unionist M.P. for the Hallam division of Sheffield, "is the worst place in the world for babies. It lines their tummies with grit and fills their lungs with knife polish, till they come

out in spots."

Later, in December 1924, in a letter to his daughter Elsie [copied to me by Professor Pinney], Kipling related a visit he had made to our house, describing me, aged two, as follows:

Baby Bonar is a spirited thing. He hasn't learned any more words but he pronounces them louder and, when in any way crossed, falls into loud and sustained rages. Sykey [my father] trying feebly to coerce him, and Isabel [my mother] urging him "not to let the child shriek". Result: Baby B. returns to his own affairs at the end of the room.

Meanwhile, we had taken Keylands in 1923 and 1924. On one occasion Carrie Kipling had written to my mother in advance of the visit, asking "what sort of tub" she wanted. "There is one in the servants' bedroom at Keylands, would that be right, or does he have a small one? All sizes provided ... I want to have exact instructions ..."

We later rented a house at Henfield, not far away. From then until 1928 when my father was appointed Governor of Bombay, we had frequent contact with the Kiplings.

\* \* \*

In 1929, while we were in Bombay, both Kipling and his wife wrote to my mother to say that, as part of Kipling's tour for the Imperial War Graves Commission, they had visited the cemetery at Gaza where my uncle Charlie (my mother's brother) was buried. Carrie explained that while in Palestine for ten days they had decided on their way back to Cairo to

motor here to see where Charlie lies... the cemetery is now the most perfect sight, the hedges of rosemary 4 ft. high, the maritime lilies and the trees coming up and giving the sign of what they will be, the walls partly veiled with creepers, and the warm yellow sunset over it all... I can feel content with it, and how much more it would mean to you... we send you this bit from behind his headstone, and all our loving thoughts and remembrances of Charlie.

At the same time Kipling wrote, from "an old Arab house converted ... into a most wonderful half Eastern establishment". He repeated much of what Carrie had said, remarking that

the whole place has taken on the air and habit of permanence, and has lost all its rawness. But what is most difficult to convey is the overwhelming peace and dignity of it all. We saw it last night when

it was all one breathing stillness, and the breathing was the noise of the surf along the Gaza beach. The landward hills, those little low ones, took the last sun, and north and south was the vivid green line of barley. Never in all our comings and goings have we seen as beautiful a place . . . Gaza lies down to rest among the hills in the quiet. [Charlie] has a soldier of his own battalion on either side of him. I liked that specially . . . this is a mad and amazing country, with three religions at each other's throats, and the Bolshie dancing in the background to see where he can get in a stab.

Later, on her return home, Carrie Kipling sent my mother photographs of the Gaza cemetery, and of Charlie's grave, saying in the accompanying letter:

I hope, my dear, that these will give you pleasure and not pain . . . We are all feeling very sympathetic with you about your troubles [written in May 1929, at a time of civil unrest in India, particularly in Bombay] . . . you cannot help being bothered and upset by it all . . . Dear love, and send the boy to us at any time and [for] as long a time as you will trust us with him.

While I was in India I myself received a letter from Kipling, including the following:

When I was smaller than you are, I lived in Bombay and they used to tuck the mosquito curtains round my cot every night. I used to get up and untuck them because I wanted more air when it was hot. Then I got bitten all over for the rest of the night.

He added:

I have got a new boat for the pond at Bateman's. It is six feet long and has two paddle wheels that you can turn by a handle as you sit in the middle of it. It is so wide that it cannot be upset. It is painted yellow and green, and I hope when you are back again in England that you will come down and try it. It is called The Margaret... [and further on] How do you like the noise of the rain in the Monsoon? I used to lie awake listening to it until I went asleep. Do go and look at the house where I was little. I think it is still there. Tell me if it is. It is very small. A hen chased me once on the Esplanade, and I remember it looked to me as big as a donkey. Have you tasted red peppers yet on the trees? I did once, and they made me howl, and my Daddy spanked me for doing it. Have you eaten sugar-cane yet?

And do you like mangoes? I wish I could come out and see you and your Daddy and Mummy. I could tell you a lot of things about Bombay. What is your bearer's name? Mine was called Meta. He was a Surti. Now I must stop ... We think of them (your Daddy and Mummy) a great deal...

\* \* \*

Between 1931, when I returned from India to go to school, and 1935 I visited Bateman's on several occasions, sometimes on return from London to my preparatory school at Westgate on Sea in Kent. The Kiplings could not have been more welcoming. The paddle-boat, dogs and happy atmosphere have remained a warm memory. Kipling himself showed me many of his treasures in the house and garden. On one such occasion I recall his cutting open a 12-bore cartridge, to show me how it was made.

On a visit in September 1935, he gave me a small French barometer, and a copy of *Kim*. My letter of thanks from school was acknowledged by one from him, saying:

... whatever the weather my be, the first days of a winter term aren't exactly cheering ... I'm glad your barometer is so sensitive ... You said something about making a graph of the relations between millimetres and tenths of English inches. If you do, please send me a copy . . .

Then, in reply to a question of mine, he added a postscript:

Ghi is the Indian way of preserving butter. They boil it, till all the water is out of it, then strain it and then bottle it. It's an acquired taste.

A week or two later in October I received another letter from him, saying:

Check your barometer which is in millimetres ... and let me know your lowest reading during the gale. My mercurial barometer went mad over the situation.

Kipling died, alas, in 1936 when I was thirteen. My happy memories of him will always be coupled with those of his wife, Carrie. The bad press she sometimes received was, I think, incomprehensible to my mother, who had the warmest regard for her, and had received from her many special kindnesses. •

## THE DISCIPLINE OF ENGINE-ROOM AND JUNGLE

### A SECOND EXCERPT FROM A THESIS ON THE SUBJECT OF KIPLING'S POETRY

by the late FRED CHERRY (1923-1990)

[In our issue of December 1995, at pages 42-48, we published under the heading of "Romance, the Sea and the Open Road" an excerpt from a thesis which Fred Cherry had submitted in 1959 with his candidacy for an M.A. degree at Hull. A copy of the whole thesis, entitled "The Concept of the Law in Rudyard Kipling's Verse", has been given to the Society's Library by Mr Cherry's family – and I explained in my prefatory note to that first excerpt how this had come about, which I need not repeat here.

I now present a second passage from the thesis, recording how Mr Cherry saw a concept which for want of a better term may be called Kipling's Law emerging from the synthesis of two ideas – the first wayward and romantic (as outlined in the first excerpt), the second reflecting an austerer notion of discipline. I think this is a perceptive analysis. – *Ed.*]

In "McAndrew's Hymn" [1893], Kipling gathers together the threads which have up to this time remained separate, and achieves a synthesis between the two main groups of ideas (romance, freedom, lawlessness: discipline, predestination, service)... This synthesis formed the basis of the Law and, as will be shown, governed Kipling's concept of empire until the turn of the century.

Through the character of the Scottish Engineer he traces the development of his idea. The mature personality of McAndrew looks back on the uncertainty of his youth and the gradual growth of belief in his own purpose in life under the wider purpose of God. This sense of purpose is the dominating note sounded at the very beginning of the poem:

Lord, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream,  
An', taught by time, I tak' it so – exceptin' always Steam.  
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy hand, O God –  
Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.

It will be noticed again that although the sense of God's purpose is very strong, there is no suggestion as to what this purpose is. Kipling like

many of his contemporaries was not a whole-hearted Christian. He tended to accept the ethical content of Christian teaching whilst doubting the theology. His maternal grandfather was a Wesleyan minister, which perhaps accounts for the Old Testament echoes in some of his verses, but he himself was nominally an adherent of the Church of England, and Carrington cites him as having been "rather strongly anti-clerical as a young man", and quotes a letter of Kipling's written in his early twenties [*Rudyard Kipling*, chapter 6] in which he says:

I believe in the existence of a personal God to whom we are personally responsible for wrongdoing – that it is our duty to follow and our peril to disobey the ten ethical laws laid down for us by Him and his prophets. I disbelieve directly in eternal punishment, for reasons that would take too long to put down on paper. On the same grounds I disbelieve in an eternal reward. As regards the mystery of the Trinity and the doctrine of Redemption, I regard them most reverently but I cannot give them implicit belief. ..

To some extent his search for the Law can be considered an attempt to resolve his religious beliefs in relation to his own times. Like McAndrew he was not always responsive to the disciplined purposeful aspect of life. There were the blandishments of tropical waters:

By day like playhouse-scenes the shore slid past our sleepy eyes;  
By night those soft lasceevious stars leered from those velvet skies,

and the "ghostly whisper" which McAndrew hears expresses the same sort of conflict which, perhaps, was occupying Kipling's mind:

"Your mither's God's a graspin' deil, the shadow o' yoursel',  
Got out o' books by meenisters clean daft on Heaven an' Hell.  
They mak' him in the Broomielaw, o' Glasgie cold an' dirt,  
A jealous pridefu' fetich, lad, that's only strong to hurt.  
Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His red-hot rod,  
But come wi' Us" (Now, who were *They*?) "an' know the Leevin' God,  
That does not kipper souls for sport or break a life in jest,  
But swells the ripenin' cocoanuts and ripes the woman's breast."

McAndrew feels the same quickening of the pulse which urges the Tramp-Royal on his wanderings ["Sestina of the Tramp-Royal", cited in first excerpt]. He is racked with

Temptation past the show o' speech, unnameable an' new –

until he realises that motiveless drifting is impossible:

*"Better the sight of eyes that see than wanderin' o' desire!"*

He knows the need to *serve*, as an essential satisfaction:

Obsairve! Per annum we'll have here two thousand souls aboard –  
Think not I seek to justify myself before the Lord,  
But – average fifteen hunder souls safe-borne fra' port to port –  
I *am* o' service to my kind. Ye wadna blame the thought?

He discovers that romance is not only to be found in bright skies and tropic shores:

That minds me of our Viscount loon – Sir Kenneth's kin – the chap  
Wi' Russia-leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked yachtin'-cap.  
I showed him round last week, o'er all – an' at the last says he:  
"Mister McAndrew, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?"  
Damned ijjit! I'd been doon that morn to see what ailed the throws,  
Manholin', on my back – the cranks three inches off my nose.  
Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,  
Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?  
I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns – the loves an' doves they dream –  
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!

The touch of danger ("the cranks three inches off my nose") is still associated with the romance, but the excitement is now bound up with enthusiasm for the perfection with which his engines perform their appointed task:

Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,  
Till – hear that note? – the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the  
guides.  
They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes  
Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamoes.  
Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,  
To work, Ye'll note, at ony tilt an' every rate o' speed.  
Fra' skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,  
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;  
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:  
"Not unto us the praise, or man – not unto us the praise!"  
Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson – theirs an' mine:  
"Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"

Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,  
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.

Despite the restrictive sound of "Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline", the whole passage conveys a feeling of joy and freedom. Although on the one level it is a sincere tribute by Kipling to the way in which engineers do regard the machines they tend, it is also a statement of his growing understanding that freedom and romance are found in the willing fulfilment of one's destined role. There is no feeling of restraint if one is doing what one wants to do; and, in acting according to his nature, a man is fulfilling his potentiality and also obeying the Law. Thus "McAndrew's Hymn" reconciles what until now had seemed irreconcilable – an admiration for the controlled and disciplined order of things, and the wild freedom of the rover who recognises no master but his own inclination.

This is further emphasised by the Mowgli stories and the verses accompanying them, which were taking shape at this time. The allegory also suggests what Kipling had in mind by fulfilling one's destined role. In these stories, each of the species of animals follows his own nature, and in doing so creates the harmony which is the Law of the Jungle. Elephant, tiger, panther, wolf- all ignore the Law at their peril, and each realises that his very existence, his integrity as an animal, depends on his submission to the Law:

*Now this is the Law of the Jungle — as old and as true as  
the sky;  
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that  
shall break it must die.*

*As the creeper that girdles the tree-trunk the Law runneth  
forward and back—  
For the strength of the pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the  
Wolf is the pack...*

This [from "The Law of the Jungle" in *The Second Jungle Book*] is more than a "one for all, and all for one" association. There is a relationship which Kipling later symbolised for men in "the Blood": one must be true to one's kind, and only by doing so can one be true to oneself. In the jungle, the nature of each beast is clearly defined. Each pursues his food according to his nature, and acts with such ruthlessness and ferocity as his nature directs, taking pride in strength and skill. This is reflected in the following lines from the chapter heading to "Mowgli's

Brothers" in *The Jungle Book*:

This is the hour of pride and power,  
 Talon and tush and claw.  
 Oh, hear the call – Good hunting all  
 That keep the Jungle Law!

Each of the animals, too, respects the quality of the others – the mighty strength and ponderous wisdom of Hathi, the cold intellect and age-old knowledge of Kaa, the sleek power and wide experience of Bagheera – recognising his own limitations, and rejoicing in his own qualities. Even the Bandar-Log, the babbling fools of the jungle, have their place.

The jungle thus becomes a community of individuals, unequal as regards strength and ability, but equal in the peculiar conditions necessary to each for the fulfilling of his own potentialities. Thus, in one set of circumstances it is Kaa who shows to advantage, in another Bagheera. Obedience to the Law consists in each animal being true to his own nature, and striving to perfect himself. A snake, one feels, cannot be blamed for snakiness; Shere Khan is not blamed for his ferocity and his power, but because he falls short of true tigerishness – being lazy and, more significantly, something of a coward. From each Mowgli, the man-child, learns – having apparently few natural advantages of his own – until his supremacy is accepted willingly or unwillingly by all.

Man, it would seem, has not so clear a path as the creatures of the jungle; he is compounded of many different things, and his way is more difficult to determine. There is an almost mystic quality in Mowgli's leaving the jungle, a reaching out towards a vision [as in the chapter heading to "The Spring Running" in *The Second Jungle Book*]:

Man goes to Man! Cry the challenge through the Jungle!  
 He that was our Brother goes away.  
 Hear, now, and judge, O ye People of the Jungle, –  
 Answer, who shall turn him – who shall stay?

Man goes to Man! He is weeping in the Jungle:  
 He that was our Brother sorrows sore!  
 Man goes to Man! (Oh, we loved him in the Jungle!)  
 To the Man-Trail where we may not follow more.

The compulsion is on Mowgli, despite his sorrow, to leave the familiar jungle and fulfil his unknown destiny as a man. He is only aware of it as a compulsion, an urge. He does not know what the end is, the purpose of it all. Perhaps there is a suggestion here of life as process, which was

common in the thought of the time – Bergson's life force, pushing man on from behind, restlessly and unceasingly; Nietzsche's concept of a rope between man and superman; Shaw's variations of the same theme; Wells's reaching out to the stars – but it is not sufficiently clear to stress. The end of it all is part of the great mystery of life. What is certain is that the need to act, to make, to discover, is laid upon man, and he cannot ignore that part of his nature and find happiness.

In two respects therefore, man is destined. He has no control over the circumstances in which he finds himself on earth, or of the qualities which go into his make-up; and he cannot ignore the need to strive which is planted in him, except at the cost of failing himself.

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## MEMBERSHIP NEWS

### NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following, listed in mid-February 1996:-

Mrs M.E. Brocklebank (*London*); His Honour Judge J.M. Bull (*Surrey*); Mr J.H. Davie (*Kent*); Mr Wolcott B. Dunham, Jr (*New York, U.S.A.*); Mr E.J.D. Eddy (*Lincolnshire*); Mr M.A. Hougham (*London*); Miss M. Kennard (*London*); Mrs C.S. Lewis (*Sussex*); Mr A.R. Morgan (*Middlesex*); Roehampton Institute Library Services (*London*); Rottingdean Library (*Sussex*); Mr S. Springer (*London*); Major C. Wilcox (*Essex*).

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### VERANDAH BOOKS

Lists of secondhand and antiquarian books available from time to time on:



Rudyard Kipling  
*The Fiction of British India*  
 India and the British  
 Central Asia and the Himalayas  
 Mountaineering  
 The Lake District  
 Highlands and Islands of Scotland



15 LANGFORD GREEN, CHAMPION HILL, LONDON SE5 8BX  
 TEL & FAX: 0171 733 8432

## BOOK REVIEW

*KIPURINGU TANPENSHU* being selected short stories by Rudyard Kipling, translated into Japanese by Hashimoto Makinori, published by Iwanami Bunko, Tokyo, November 1995, paperback, price 670 yen.

[The reviewer, Sir Hugh Cortazzi, G.C.M.G., is a former British Ambassador to Tokyo, and a leading Western authority on Japanese history, language and culture. In 1988 he and I edited *Kipling's Japan*, which was published by the Athlone Press. – Ed.]

Nine stories are included in this collection, taken from various books of Kipling's short stories, beginning with *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1888) and ending with *Limits and Renewals* (1932). They are "Beyond the Pale" (*Plain Tales*); "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" and "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" (*Wee Willie Winkie & Other Stories*); "The Disturber of Traffic" (*Many Inventions*); "The Bridge-Builders" and "The Brushwood Boy" (*The Day's Work*); "Mrs. Bathurst" (*Traffics and Discoveries*); "Mary Postgate" (*A Diversity of Creatures*); and "Dayspring Mishandled" (*Limits and Renewals*).

Mr Hashimoto, in the explanation which he appends to his translation, comments that he selected these as representative examples of Kipling's stories from the earliest to the final stage of his writing life. It was not easy, he found, to choose a mere nine from among over three hundred. In making his selection he tried to avoid translating any stories that had already appeared in Japanese. In fact, however, only a few had been translated previously, and Kipling's works are comparatively unknown in Japan. He is best known in Japan as the author of the *Jungle Books* – through Disney productions! The famous line "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," is often quoted; but he notes that very few Japanese have read the "Ballad of East and West" to the end, which alters the thrust of that first line.

Mr Hashimoto gives a brief summary of Kipling's life and work, in which he touches on the allegation that Kipling was a repressed homosexual, and retained certain childlike qualities of which the classic expression is, he says, to be found in "The Brushwood Boy". He also draws attention to Kipling's reputation as an imperialist, and his right-wing tendencies especially in his final years. He briefly refers to Kipling's visits to Japan in 1889 and 1892: it is a pity that the Japanese translation of George Webb's and my edition of *Kipling's Japan* has still not appeared.

He ends by noting that Kipling's masterpiece, *Kim*, has yet to be translated into Japanese. One day he would like to try to produce a Japanese version. But because of the problems of the Anglo-Indian vocabulary, and of slang used in the book, this will be a difficult task.

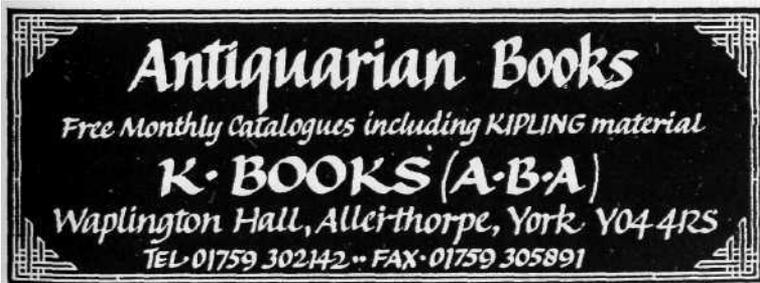
Inevitably, anyone attempting to select nine stories from some three hundred can hardly do so totally objectively. Certainly many Kipling fans would have chosen differently. Many will regret for instance that the selection does not include any of Kipling's directly humorous stories. Admittedly most of the stories in *Soldiers Three* are particularly difficult to translate, but there are other humorous stories which do not have an Indian or military background. Many of the ones selected by Mr Hashimoto have a nasty twist to them, which may perhaps appeal to a morbid Japanese taste.

Mr Hashimoto has made a valiant attempt at translating these stories without cluttering up the text with lengthy explanations and footnotes. This undoubtedly makes for easier reading, but inevitably many of the nuances are missed. For instance, at the beginning of "The Bridge-Builders" we learn that Findlayson expected to get a C.I.E. for his work on the Kashi Bridge, but that "he dreamed of a C.S.I." I wonder how many British readers today would understand the inwardness of this statement. Indeed many would not know what the initials stood for. At least in the Japanese they are spelt out.

Then it is almost impossible to convey in Japanese not only the way Rao Sahib (in the same story) speaks, but also the impression Kipling gives, in an indirect way at the end of the story, about Rao's position as an English-educated and wealthy Indian prince. The phrase, "woke me up in the arms of Morphus" [*sic*] is translated literally: I wonder whether Japanese readers will understand.

None of this is intended to belittle Mr Hashimoto's admirable effort to introduce more of Kipling to Japanese readers. I am sure that the subscribers to the *Kipling Journal* will wish him all success in his future endeavours, and especially in producing a Japanese version of *Kim*.

HUGH CORTAZZI



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[I am glad to receive letters intended for publication. However, since more are received than can in practice be printed, I must be selective, and reserve – unless expressly told otherwise – the usual right to shorten a letter. In some cases it may be possible for the text, and/or enclosures, to be summarised under "Points from Other Letters". – *Ed.*]

### KIPLING AND AUDEN

*From Mr Shamus Wade, 37 Davis Road, Acton, London W3 7SE*

Dear Sir,

With reference to footnote 1 to Andrew Sinclair's article (September 1995, page 30), and the related letter from Fred Lerner (December 1995, page 50), I know very little about Yeats – except that it was once possible to judge someone's social position in Dublin by whether they referred to him as "*aposeur*" or "an auld cod". I know even less about Auden, whose poem "In Memory of W.B. Yeats" includes: "Time that with this strange excuse / Pardoned Kipling and his views ..."

Can someone explain why Auden felt that Kipling needed to be pardoned? For it was Yeats, not Kipling, who wrote marching songs for his country's Fascist party (General O'Duffy's Greenshirts). Happily they do not seem to have been very effective, so O'Duffy's projected Green Division never arrived on the Eastern Front in World War II.

Yours sincerely  
SHAMUS O.D. WADE

[As well as Mr Wade's letter, I have received one from Mr John Whitehead — actually a copy of one he had sent to Mr Lerner. In it he writes:

"... the fourth stanza of section 3 [of Auden's poem] has always seemed to me crystal-clear. In the previous two stanzas Auden describes how Time, no respecter of persons, allows good writing to survive despite the writer having held distasteful views. To illustrate that proposition, he cites Kipling, whose work had survived despite his having held views widely felt at the time (1940) to have been 'politically incorrect', and predicts that Claudel (still alive when the poem was written) would similarly be pardoned. In the same way (the fourth stanza concludes) Time was already pardoning Yeats (for what was then thought to be his fascist tendency), because he, too, wrote well." – *Ed.*]

## GERMAN TRANSLATIONS, AND THE COPYRIGHT

From Herr Gisbert Haefs, Petersbergstr 4, 53177 Bonn, Germany

Dear Editor,

My new translation of *Captains Courageous*, entitled *Kühne Kapitäne*, which I enclose for the Society's Library as No 9 in the series begun in 1987, will most unfortunately be the last. The new European Copyright Law, effective from 1 July 1995, extends the period of protection for British authors on the Continent from fifty to seventy years. So Kipling's works, in the public domain since 1 January 1987, again belong to the National Trust, until 1 January 2007.

Laws not being retroactive, my publisher Haffmans and I are not liable to punishment for anything we did since 1987 (nor are Penguin, the Oxford University Press or the great Pléiade in France), and it should not be a problem to negotiate further volumes with the National Trust. But the implications go much further than this. Lawyers and courts will certainly use the next ten years for a prolonged debate about whether exclusively granted foreign language rights have come back into force, too, along with the original copyright. Rudyard Kipling is only one of many writers affected by this – Edgar Wallace, James Joyce, Conan Doyle, G.K. Chesterton ...

In Kipling's case, he (or his agents) in the 1920s gave exclusive German language rights to List Publishers of Leipzig, later Munich; it may be that under the new law, List are the only ones entitled to publish Kipling in German. In these circumstances, Haffmans have decided to discontinue their Kipling edition, rather than juggle with the National Trust plus List Publishers plus two agents plus a dozen lawyers. Once the web of legal uncertainty has been disentangled, I hope to be able to get Kipling going again.

Sincerely yours  
GISBERT HAEFS

[Although predictable, this is highly disappointing news. Gisbert Haefs, as we have noted in past issues of the *Journal*, has set exemplary standards, as a sensitive and imaginative translator, for whom his work on Kipling has been a labour of love. I fancy that even Kipling himself, though fiercely protective of his copyright during his lifetime, would, if he could be recalled to comment on the present *impasse*, be glad to let Gisbert Haefs get on with it.

In our next issue I hope to place a separate letter from Gisbert Haefs, describing some of the linguistic and cultural considerations which have coloured his translation of *Captains Courageous*. – Ed]

## "EDDI'S SERVICE": A MUSICAL SETTING

*From Mr B.J.H. Mattinson, 6 Herisson Close, Pickering, North Yorkshire, YO18 7HB*

Dear Sir,

The power of words to move us, treasured by every reader of this journal, can be enhanced by musical settings – which may indeed provide some listeners with their first experience of the words. I myself was introduced to "Eddi's Service" [*Rewards and Fairies*] a year ago, when Peter Horridge sang an unaccompanied version to members of the Society [*Kipling Journal*, June 1995, page 24].

So delighted was I by the poem, and such was everyone's enjoyment of the evening, that I have set Kipling's touching story to music, arranged for Bass Voice and Woodwind Quartet, and would like you to accept a copy of the score for the Society's records.

I chose contrasting woodwind tone colours to reflect the altar candles, the storm, the bemused animals and the calm of the dawn. I chose a bass voice because Eddi must have had a bass voice, and – well, my son David is a professional bass-baritone soloist who over Christmas thrilled me with the first performance, using my piano reduction of the accompaniment. David had already sung Kipling, and we have been collecting the 'songs' whenever possible to assemble a programme of this wonderful material, for future live and/or recorded presentation.

Members will be aware that publications of Kipling like *Barrack-Room Ballads*, *Songs from Books*, *Songs for Youth*, *Songs of the Sea* and *A Choice of Songs* do not, as one might expect from the titles, include music; and much of the sheet music which has been published is long out of print. Our collection is therefore still small. If any readers have musical settings of Kipling verse which they would be prepared to sell or lend, I would be very pleased to hear from them; according to Mr B.E. Smythies [*Kipling Journal*, June 1991, page 34], at least 167 of the poems have been set to music.

Yours sincerely

BRIAN J.H. MATTINSON

[Mr Mattinson is our music correspondent, as readers of his various contributions will remember. His setting of "Eddi's Service", which accompanied this letter, is being placed in the Society's Library. His taste and skill as a composer match his judgment as a critic, and he does justice to the simple elegance of Kipling's poem, with a score set for flute, clarinet, oboe and bassoon, as well as for bass voice. I would have liked to reproduce it, at least in part, but it fills nine pages of A4 size; and I reluctantly decided that to select even two or three and shrink them to A5, would not be a judicious use of the space available. – Ed.]

## "BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS" SUNG

*From Mr Ralph Meanley, Baritone, 1 Cedar Court, Upper Park Road, New Southgate, London N11 1RU*

Dear Sir,

On 6 July 1996 at Leighton House, London W14, my colleague David Mackie and I are presenting a concert entitled "Thank You, Mr. Atkins", based on the settings of Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads" by Gerard F. Cobb. Details can be found in the advertisement at page 3. The background to the concert may be of interest.

I have sung the famous Oley Speaks setting of "Mandalay" many times, including an orchestral version for the BBC. It was this song that first introduced me to the "Barrack-Room Ballads", and I became aware that there were other versions by Hedgcock and Cobb. When David Mackie and I began to put together a concert, "Rolling Down to Rio", based on the life and career of Peter Dawson, David mentioned that he had some original copies of Cobb's settings. We looked through the half-dozen copies that he had, and were impressed by the power and freshness of the words and the aptness of the music. It soon became clear that they were worthy of further investigation; and we tried to track down the complete sets.

We found that Gerard Francis Cobb (1838-1904) was born in Nettlestead, Kent, and graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1861. He was elected a Fellow of Trinity in 1863, and appointed Junior Bursar in 1869. Resigning his offices at Trinity after his marriage in 1893, Cobb continued to reside in Cambridge, and devoted himself to musical composition.

The "Barrack-Room Ballads" must have had a great effect on Cobb, because he set nineteen of them – plus a short setting of the "Dedication: To T.A.". They were written in three main series, which we managed to get from the archives of the British Museum:-

*1st Series (Copyright 1892).* "The Young British Soldier", "Mandalay", "Route Marchin' ", "Soldier, Soldier", " 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy' ".

*2nd Series (Copyright 1893).* "Troopin' ", "Ford o' Kabul River", "Danny Deever", "Shillin' a Day", "Cells".

*3rd Series (Copyright 1897).* "Belts", "The Widow's Party", "Screw-Guns", "Gunga Din", "Oonts", " 'Snarleyow' ".

In addition there were three separate songs:- "Tommy", which was published by the same firm as the above, Charles Sheard (Copyright

1906); and "Back to the Army Again" and "For To Admire".-These last two were written specifically for the *Scottish Student Song Book* of 1897. We think that these nineteen items (twenty, including the "Dedication") are the total number of "Barrack-Room Ballads" that Cobb set.

As we sang through these songs, we began to appreciate how Cobb had allowed the words to speak, and yet had given the songs a character that was all his own. "Less is more" seems to have been his maxim here. We were so impressed by the settings that we decided to plan a concert around them.

The title "Thank You, Mr. Atkins" (from "Tommy") seemed to suggest itself; and the Victorian splendour of Leighton House, which is run by the London Borough of Kensington and Chelsea, seemed the ideal venue. This was the home of Frederic, Lord Leighton (1830-96), the great classical painter and President of the Royal Academy. The house, built between 1864 and 1879, is "an expression of Leighton's vision of a private palace devoted to art". It is run by the borough as a concert venue, with a Steinway grand and seating for 150.

These songs have rarely been heard in public, and recorded even less; so the time is right for their renaissance. We were greatly helped by the new Centenary Edition of Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads* edited by John Whitehead [reviewed in the *Kipling Journal*, March 1995], which gave us an excellent background to the songs. We have certainly enjoyed putting this concert together, and are pleased to say that it will be repeated at Bateman's on 20 July 1996 in association with the National Trust; and in 1997 for Grange-over-Sands Music Club.

We are sure that the public will agree with the *Daily Telegraph* of 7 December 1893, when it said:

The composer catches very neatly the spirit of Mr. Kipling's lyrics, and surmounts with great tact the considerable difficulties some of them present. Indeed the alliance of poet and musician in this case is quite a happy one and has pleasing results.

We have brought out a new recording with eighteen items from all our different concerts, entitled "Shipmates o' Mine, and other songs". There are five of Cobb's settings of Kipling on this cassette: "Mandalay", "Fuzzy-Wuzzy", "Tommy", "Danny Deever" and "The Young British Soldier". It can be obtained (£6.50 + 75p postage & packing) from myself at the above address.

Yours faithfully  
RALPH MEANLEY

## DEXTERITY OF ELEPHANTS

*From Mr B.E. Smythies, Field Cottage, Church Hill, Merstham, Redhill, Surrey RH1 3BL*

Dear Sir,

Some time ago you published my little note about the elephant that, in 1934 in what is now Uttar Pradesh in India, picked up small steel knitting-needles that my mother, while riding on her, had dropped. [This was at page 48 of our June 1991 issue, in an item headed "For he was a Tidy Pachyderm", relating to the character and intelligence of the Indian elephant, as described by Kipling. – *Ed.*] I have come across an earlier example of this elephant trick being put to good use.

Dr Hooker (later Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, 1817-1911) made a botanical expedition to India in 1849-51, including a famous pioneer exploration of the Himalayas of Sikkim and eastern Nepal. Later he was Assistant Director of Kew (1855-65), and Director (1865-85), and was one of the greatest of the nineteenth-century botanists.

In chapter 1 of *Himalayan Journals* (originally published in 1854) he describes how his elephant helped him to collect geological specimens near Burdwan in Bengal:

Our elephant was an excellent one, when he did not take obstinate fits, and so docile as to pick up pieces of stone when desired, and with a jerk of the trunk throw them over his head for the rider to catch, thus saving the trouble of dismounting to geologise!

One suspects that the "obstinate fits" were caused by the mahout dropping too many catches!

Yours sincerely  
B.E. SMYTHIES

## KIPLING'S EYESIGHT

*From Mr Philip Mason, C.I.E., O.B.E., 97 Glebe Road, Cambridge CB1 4TE*

Dear Sir,

I am very grateful to the Reverend John Sarkies for his letter at page 51 in your issue of December 1995, arising from my own letter in the previous issue.

I agree with all he says, so far as he goes. That is to say, Kipling was extraordinarily short-sighted from birth, and perhaps became worse when he was at the 'House of Desolation', as he later called it, under the malign influence of 'Aunt Rosa'. He had to wear glasses for the rest of

his life; and he certainly was influenced by this short sight; and he certainly was introverted, and felt on the fringe of things. It seems to me very noticeable that he always wanted to get into a set or gang, and never felt secure in belonging to whatever set it was.

But Mr Sarkies does not go on, as I hoped he would, to say that sometimes such people compensate for their inability to become one with the extrovert athletes. They may compensate for their inability to become one of the gang, by rather noisily and aggressively professing the values which they believe the gang holds. This was the case with Kipling, who for that reason frequently incurred the dislike of other writers during the early and middle periods of his life.

In the early period he sometimes inserted, in an otherwise brilliant story, a passage to show that he had not altogether 'gone native'. And there is an unnecessary passage in that deeply moving story, "Without Benefit of Clergy" [*Life's Handicap*], which I feel may be attributed to this desire to show how 'normal' he was.

In his last writings, I believe he frequently contrived to overcome this, and to concentrate on the display of a vicarious and unselfish love – for example in "The Wish House" [*Debits and Credits*]. But I am inclined to think that his period of early blindness had something to do with his interest in Mary Postgate in the story of that name [*A Diversity of Creatures*], just as the cruelty to him of 'Aunt Rosa' had something to do with his relish in recounting suffering – for example in "The Mark of the Beast" [*Life's Handicap*], in some of the Stalky stories, and in "Mary Postgate".

I still hope that a psychiatrist may comment on this.

Yours faithfully  
PHILIP MASON

## 'MOHULLA' EXPLAINED

*From Mr Paul Beale, 131 Byron St, Loughborough, Leicestershire LE11 0JN*

Dear Sir,

I have received the December 1995 issue of the *Kipling Journal* and, as usual, have read it with great delight and interest from cover to cover.

In Note 3 on page 39 you invite comment on the term *mohulla* – as cited on page 23, in Dr Gillian Sheehan's article, "Kipling and Medicine".

It is defined in *Common Indian Words in English*, compiled and edited by R.E. Hawkins (Oxford University Press, Delhi, 1984), at page 63:

**moha'lla** *n.* district of a town. [UH]

(with UH signifying Urdu, Hindi).

This certainly makes sense in the context ["They died by fever, tens of thousands in a month; they died by cholera a thousand in a week; they died of smallpox, scores in the mohulla, and by dysentery by tens in a house ..."] – month against week, district against individual house, and the diminishing round numbers.

I have found this little glossary very useful, and particularly helpful when reading Kipling's Indian stories and writings. If still in print, it is well worth getting a copy.

I wish the *Journal*, and its Editor, every success in 1996.

Yours sincerely  
PAUL BEALE

## WHO WAS JOBSON?

*From Mrs Margaret Newsom, The Old Vicarage, Bishop's Cannings, Devizes,  
Wilts SN10 2LA*

Dear Sir,

Regarding "Jobson's Amen" (correspondence about the identity of Jobson: September 1995, page 46; December 1995, pages 53-4), since first reading this poem, many years ago, I have always assumed that "Jobson" represented Kipling himself.

The "Amen" showed that he was as philosophical as Job, when he (Kipling) was reminded of his own lost, ideally happy life in India; and the welcoming, promising and warning signs of that life on his journey there after leaving school in England..

Some of the letters he wrote while in India (see Thomas Pinney's published choice of them) have lately only confirmed my impression of this superb poem.

Yours sincerely  
MARGARET NEWSOM

[Mr William Graver, of Bethesda, Maryland, U.S.A., has also written about the poem. He sees the key to its significance in its position in *A Diversity of Creatures*, where it follows, and is essentially linked with, the story called "In the Presence" – a story of extraordinary tenacity, patience and strength on the part of four Gurkha soldiers, and one in particular who stood guard for four hours without relief at the bier of Edward VII. "And so," he writes, "who was Jobson? Add an apostrophe and an 's', thus: Job's Son's Amen." – *Ed.*]

## KIPLING, HORACE AND THE PRICE OF TIME

## [1]

*From Mr R.J.C. Wait, O.B.E., Grove Cottage, Weston Park, Bath BA1 4AN*

Dear Sir,

Sir George Engle (*Kipling Journal*, December 1995, page 52) asks whether anyone can make sense of the words "or to be paid for", in this pseudo-Horatian stanza from Kipling's *A Diversity of Creatures*:

Me, much incurious if the hour  
 Present, or to be paid for, brings  
 Me to Brundisium [*sic*] by the power  
 Of wheels or wings;

The first thing that strikes me is that *praesens* in Latin, meaning 'present', is commonly used in connection with money as well as with time. *Pecunia praesens* means 'cash in hand' or 'ready money'. Kipling/Horace seems to be commenting ironically on those who believe that 'time is money'. For him, the extra speed of 'wings', with its consequent 'saving of time', is no attraction.

In the Alcaic translation of 1920, cited by Sir George, the phrase *horis damna trahentibus* (no doubt because of the difficulty of finding something to fit the metre) does not quite hit the mark, although the rest of the stanza is quite satisfactory. But in the Sapphic version quoted in your editorial note, *imputandus* (meaning 'to be put down to a person's account') is exactly right.

I cannot think of any ode in which the real Horace makes precisely the same comment, but he certainly thinks that the future has to be paid for. For instance, in Ode 10 of Book IV he in effect tells Ligurinus that he will have to purchase his future by losing his present beautiful locks and complexion.

Yours faithfully  
 REX WAIT

## [2]

*From Dr Timothy Ryder, 47 Cressingham Road, Reading, Berkshire RG2 7RU*

Dear Sir,

Sir George Engle invited comments on the meaning of the words "or to be paid for", in the fourth stanza of the 'Horatian' ode entitled "A

Translation (Horace, Book V, Ode 3)", which follows the Stalky story "Regulus" in A *Diversity of Creatures* (1917), and whose main theme is a lack of enthusiasm for science.

Sir George quoted the Latin version of this stanza as printed in Kipling and C. Graves, *Fifth Book of Horace's Odes* (1920), in which the words "Present, or to be paid for" are rendered as *et nunc et horis damna trahentibus*. You yourself added the alternative version given in the Appendix to that volume, where the relevant Latin is *imputandus vel dies praesens*. As a contribution to the discussion I offer my thoughts about what may have moved the composers of the Latin versions to use the words they chose, and what they may have thought they meant.

For the *second* version the answers are, I think, straightforward. The inspiration for it would seem to be the famous poem in which the epigrammatist Martial (Marcus Valerius Martialis, C.40-C.104 A.D.) writes of *soles . . . qui pereunt et imputantur* (Martial V.20.12-13), rendered by W.C.A. Ker in the Loeb Classical Library edition (1919) as "our days that perish and are scored to our account".

"To charge (or render) to someone's account" is a common meaning of *imputare* – a verb which, it is worth noting, was not used by Horace in his extant poetry in this or any other sense. In this short poem (there is only one further line after those quoted) Martial is lamenting the time spent on all sorts of social and public activity, which prevents him having "leisure for genuine life" (*verae... vacare vitae*), and his thought seems to be that every mortal has been allocated a given span of life, and that each day used – in his view too often wasted – is marked up to the account of that span.

This sense of *imputandus*, then, could well be implied by Kipling's "to be paid for", obscure though it undoubtedly is. But whether Kipling knew the Martial passage is altogether another question. Might it even be that this Latin version had already been composed when (in or before 1917) Kipling wrote his "Translation", and that it was a genuine translation?

Does the *first* Latin version in the 'fifth book' of odes (*et nunc et horis damna trahentibus* – literally translated by Sir George as "both now and at times that bring losses") help us?

A trawl through the concordance of Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius and Martial brought up no use of the phrase *damna* [or *damnum*] *trahere*; and an adventurous browse through the uses of *damna* and *damnum* by Virgil, Juvenal and Ovid, listed in the computerised *Thesaurus Linguae Latinae*, came up with just one use of *damna contrahere*. clearly in the sense of "to incur losses" (Ovid, *Letters from the Black Sea*, I.10.29).

*Trahere* is found fairly often with the sense "to spend (time)" – e.g. in

Propertius I.14.9, IV. 1.99 and IV.9.65 – but not, as far as I know, with a time word such as "horae" as its subject. On the other hand, *trahere* can mean "to carry off" (e.g. spoils, in Cicero's speech for Balbus, c.54 B.C.); and *damnum* and *damna* can mean financial losses – but normally seen from the viewpoint of the loser rather than the gainer.

So, it is just possible that the writer of the Latin meant "in hours that extract payment", following the same line of thinking as Martial seems to have done in the passage cited above. If so, I have to say that he has been very obscure, and that this was not the way in which we were encouraged at school and at Cambridge to pick words and form phrases in our Latin Verse Composition exercises. However, if Kipling's inspiration was the Martial passage (or if he was actually translating the *second* Latin version), the *first* Latin version has a lot of the quality of the proverbial red herring.

Over, as they say, to the Kipling scholars, to see if they can say anything about the chronological relationship of the actual composition of his "Translation" and of the two Latin versions.

Yours sincerely  
TIMOTHY RYDER

[I am grateful for the well-directed erudition of these two letters. I had asked for "learned comment", and it was vouchsafed. As to whether Kipling did or did not know Martial's epigram about the passage of time, I guess he did. In a shortened form, *Pereunt et imputantur*, it has long been one of the clichés of the sundial-makers – one, moreover, that would particularly appeal to Kipling's puritanical sensibilities regarding the use to be made of the time allowed. (His own sundial at Bateman's, if I remember aright, is engraved with the gloomy warning, "It is later than you think.")

In "My New-Cut Ashlar" (the 'Envoi' to *Life's Handicap*) with its theme of the obligation to "work before the night", two key lines are: "One instant's toil to Thee denied / Stands all Eternity's offence." To a writer who could think in such terms, and to whom the very minutes were "unforgiving", the idea that one's days "pass away, and are laid to one's account" (to be paid for, indeed) would seem both memorable and just. – *Ed.*]

## BURTON AND STRICKLAND

*From Miss B. Riven, 6 Southview Court, Hill View Rd, Woking, Surrey GU22 7RP*

Dear Sir,

I should be most grateful for help with a Kipling question. I am doing some research for a biographer, Mary S. Lovell, who is writing a dual

biography of the nineteenth-century traveller and writer, Sir Richard Burton and of his wife Isabel. She would like to know whether Kipling's character "Strickland" was based on Burton – as was rumoured at the time. Is there an 'accepted opinion' on the matter?

Yours faithfully  
BERNADETTE RIVETT

[I have written to Miss Rivett, promising to place her letter in the *Kipling Journal*, but saying that I doubted whether a conclusive answer would be found. Strickland, of course, does have some of the attributes of Burton – a facility with languages, a fondness for disguise, an empathy with alien cultures – and plays a memorable part in several short stories – "Miss Youghal's Sais" (*Plain Tales from the Hills*), "The Bronckhorst Divorce Case" (*Ibid.*), "To be Filed for Reference" (*Ibid.*), "The Mark of the Beast" (*Life's Handicap*), "The Son of His Father" (*Land and Sea Tales*) and "A Deal in Cotton" (*Actions and Reactions*) – and in *Kim*. (See the illustration at page 69.)

I queried with Miss Rivett the validity of her point, that Strickland's derivation from Burton had been "rumoured at the time"; but neither she nor Mary Lovell could definitely authenticate this – likely enough though it seems. Miss Rivett did, however, quote from Frank McLynn's *Burton: Snow upon the Desert* (John Murray, 1990), page 41:- " . . . Burton's disguise yielded him a treasure trove of arcane information and laid the foundations for his unparalleled knowledge of the East. It has even been suggested that Kipling's Strickland, who was similarly a devotee of Indian disguise, was based directly on Burton." A footnote to this passage cites "Frank Harris, *Contemporary Portraits* (1915), p. 193". –*Ed. J*

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## POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

### JOHN MASTERS: A VIEW OF THE KIPLINGS

*From Miss M.S. Morison, 13 Ballast Quay, Lassel Street, Greenwich SEW 9PD*

Miss Morison has drawn to our notice a passage from a very good novel, *Now, God be Thanked* (1979), by John Masters, D.S.O., O.B.E. (1914-83), which purports to describe Kipling and his son John visiting John's old school, Wellington, on Saturday 21 November 1914, on the occasion of a rugby football match. There is much local detail (predictably, since it was Masters's old school too); but the main references to Kipling, from which we quote with grateful acknowledgment to the late John Masters, are at pages 338-9 and 343.

... a tall dark-skinned youth wearing heavy glasses, in uniform ...

accompanied by a smaller older man with a heavy walrus moustache...

Guy said, 'Hullo, sir. Come to see us beat Wokingham?'

'If you can,' the man replied. 'What do you think of John in his uniform?'

'Second Lieutenant, Irish Guards, I think,' Guy said.

'Ensign,' John Kipling said, smiling. 'We don't have 2nd Lieutenants in the Foot Guards ...'

'Well, you look every inch a guardee,' Guy said, laughing. 'Flatfoot Heavies, my father calls them.'

'He's Weald Light Infantry, isn't he?' the older man cut in. 'I knew them in Lahore, *consule Planco*. Good regiment! They wear the scarlet, or did then.'

'They still do, Mr Kipling – but they look down on Heavy Infantry, even Guards.'

Rudyard Kipling laughed loudly, his teeth shining out under the moustache, the glasses gleaming under the awning of the eyebrows. 'Well, each to his own. John was going into the navy. Jackie Fisher himself promised him an appointment, but his eyes . . . I persuaded Lord Roberts to accept him into his regiment – he's Colonel of the Irish, you know.'

'Bobs Bahadur,' Guy said.

'Ah, *you* don't have to prove to me you read my books, you young scoundrel,' Kipling said. 'Run along now, and beat Wokingham . . . good luck. Hope we'll see you again at Bateman's soon. Mrs K. has a very soft spot for you.'

[With his usual skill, Masters has drawn a very plausible picture of Rudyard Kipling; and it would have been quite in character for Kipling to have quoted a tag from his favourite Latin author, Horace. (It is from *Odes*, 3,14: "Non ego hoc ferrem calidus iuventa/ Consule Planco", which can be translated as: "I would not have borne it in the heat of my youth, when Plancus was Consul.") However, Masters did slip up, giving this encounter the date of 21 November 1914. Not only was Kipling elsewhere that day, visiting Indian troops in the New Forest, but more importantly Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, here referred to in the present tense, had been dead for a week. – *Ed.*]

## THAT CARTOON

*From several readers*

My editorial note at page 9 of our December 1995 issue elicited several

helpful responses. It will be recalled that I there referred to a "grotesque cartoon" of Kipling, which I had re-published (September 1995, page 8). It had shown "a clean-shaven, tousle-headed, foppishly dressed person of unengagingly decadent appearance", and I had found it in the December 1898 issue of the *Bookman*. What I sought was more information about its provenance.

**Mr F.A. Underwood** of Bristol, **Lt-Colonel Roger Ayers** of Salisbury and **Mr J.E. Phillips** of Derby all drew my attention to the May 1899 instalment of *A Kipling Note Book*, a work published in 12 monthly parts from February 1899, by M.F. Mansfield and A. Wessels in New York. There, the cartoon was accompanied by the following comments:

Here is evidence of the admiration felt for him at Cambridge (England). The editor of the *Cantab* dared to write for a literary contribution from the Great Young Man's pen. Mr. Kipling replied quickly, displaying at one swoop his power both as "lightning" poet and artist:

There once was a writer who wrote:

"Dear Sir, in reply to your note

Of yesterday's date

I am sorry to state

It's no good – at the prices you quote."

At the head of the letter was the following picture: [Next was reproduced the cartoon in question, with the caption, "Gold Cannot Buy Me", and, in brackets, the words *Drawn by Mr. Kipling.*]

**Mr Underwood** thinks it quite possible that the verse is by Kipling. **Mr Phillips** notes that it appears (headed "To the Editor of the *Cantab*." and dated "Sept. 17, 1898") in his copy of one of the unauthorised Martindell/Ballard booklets, entitled *Rudyard Kipling's Uncollected Verse: Inclusive Edition, 1881-1922* (one of 12 copies printed for private circulation). **Colonel Ayers** comments as follows:

"I have my own doubts as to the attribution of the cartoon to Kipling, since the figure looks far too much like one of the "long-haired things in velvet collar-rolls", for whom he expressed such dislike, for it to be from his hand. In addition, the style of drawing is unlike his known sketches in letters, and the caption, "Gold Cannot Buy Me", is at odds with the last

line of the limerick, which clearly indicates that sufficient gold could have bought a contribution. I suspect that the cartoon with its caption, portraying the popular idea of a poet regardless of its inappropriateness with respect to Kipling, were added by *Cantab* when it published the limerick. This may have been a form of editorial comment on Kipling's response . . . possibly without any specific attribution . . . It would be interesting to see a copy of *Cantab* for 13 October 1898, which might give a clue. Does Cambridge University have a copy?"

Colonel Ayers also refers to the mention of this subject in Will M. Clemens's *A Ken of Kipling* (New Amsterdam Book Co, New York, 1899). The relevant passage, at pages 85-87, is as follows:

Mr. Kipling is not ungracious. When asked by the editor of *The Cantab*, a journal published by undergraduates of Cambridge, to contribute something to its pages, he returned this genial reply: [here is printed the already quoted limerick, datelined from Rottingdean on 17 September 1898.]

Thereupon the editor consulted with his colleagues, and the result was a letter desiring to know what were Mr. Kipling's terms, and concluding thus: "So long as we have any garments left in our wardrobes and an obliging avuncular relative, we are prepared to make any sacrifices to obtain some of your spirited lines."

The author hastened to depreciate such a sacrifice and introduced the following reply, with a humorous sketch of his unknown correspondents:

September 29th, 1898

Dear Sir: Heaven forbid that the staff of *The Cantab* should go about pawning their raiment in a public-spirited attempt to secure a contribution from my pen! The fact is that I can't do things to order with any satisfaction to myself or the buyer; otherwise, [I] would have sent you something.

Sincerely,  
Rudyard Kipling.

Not yet satisfied, the young collegians begged for a photograph, and had for an answer this:

As to photos of myself, I have not one by me at present, but when I find one I will send it; but not for publication, because my beauty is such that it fades like a flower if you expose it.

Very sincerely,  
Rudyard Kipling.

## KIM AND INTELLIGENCE

*From Dr Andreas Prindl, Chairman, Nomura Bank International plc, Nomura House,  
1 St Martin's-le-Grand, London EC1A 4NP.*

Dr Prindl has sent a cutting from a recent issue of the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, with a review of *Gentleman Spy: The Life of Allen Dulles* by Peter Grose (Houghton Mifflin, \$30). Dulles, remembered as Director of the CIA, "began pursuing Kipling's 'Great Game' of intelligence", said the reviewer, "as a young diplomat". At the outset of his career, he "read *Kim*, Rudyard Kipling's spy novel, on his way to India in 1914 ... Grose adds in a poignant footnote, '[His] copy of *Kim* was on his bedside table when he died in 1969.' "

## NOT ANONYMOUS

*From Herr J.S. Armson, Wildgansstr 20, 22145 Hamburg, Germany*

Herr Armson has written very usefully to correct an error in our December 1995 issue. At pages 40-41 I had reprinted, with the approval of the 'Newsletter Coordinator' of the *North Laine Runner* (in which it had appeared anonymously a year ago) a parody of Kipling's "Tommy". Though I warmly praised the skill of the parodist, I was told that the parody was 'anonymous'. However, not so. For Herr Armson immediately recognised it as an item in *Imitations of Immortality*, a collection of literary parodies compiled and edited by E.O. Parrott, and published by Viking. Its author, indeed an accomplished one, is the well known writer Katharine Whitehorn, to whom we apologise for an unwitting failure of attribution.

## THE JOURNAL OF VICTORIAN CULTURE

*From Mr Martin Hewitt, Leeds Centre for Victorian Studies, School of Humanities &  
Cultural Studies, Trinity & All Saints College, Leeds University, Brownberrie Lane,  
Horsforth, Leeds LS18 5HD*

Mr Hewitt has written as Editor of a new scholarly publication, the *Journal of Victorian Culture*, which is to be produced twice-yearly from spring 1996, and which is planned to "become the central forum for

academic exchange for the broad field of Victorian Studies in Britain". He would like our readers to be made aware of it.

## DEUX SORTES D'HOMMES

*From Mrs M.M. Bendle, 89 Sea Mills Lane, Stoke Bishop, Bristol BS9 1DX*

**Mrs Meryl Macdonald Bendle** was the first of several members (closely followed by **Herr Gisbert Haefs** from Bonn, **Lt-Colonel Roger Ayers** from Salisbury and **Mr J.H. McGivering** from Brighton) who wrote helpfully answering Mr R. Samuelson's query (December 1995, page 60) as to what Kipling had written which, translated into French, was rendered "... il n'y a que deux sortes d'hommes dans ce monde..." [etc].

She correctly located the text as being the opening lines of "Our Overseas Men", collected with other items in the "From Tideway to Tideway" series (1892-95) in *Letters of Travel (1892-1913)*. The first two sentences read:

All things considered, there are only two kinds of men in the world – those that stay at home and those that do not. The second are the most interesting.

She commented that although the first sentence was the passage that had been cited in French, "I think it needs that second, sweeping, sentence to give it the true Kipling flavour."

[I was also glad to receive a couple of variant texts, which, if nothing else, might suggest a habit of mind, on Kipling's part, of dividing people into broad categories. Thus **Mr William Rowntree** of Farnham drew attention to the opening paragraph of Kipling's address to medical students at the Middlesex Hospital in October 1908 (collected as "A Doctor's Work" in *A Book of Words*):

Gentlemen – It may not have escaped your professional observation that there are only two classes of mankind in the world – doctors and patients.

And **Mrs Trixie Schreiber**, of Norwich, quoted a passage from chapter XV of *Kim*:

"I have seen something of this world," [the Sahiba] said over the crowded trays, "and there are but two sorts of women in it – those who take the strength out of a man and those who put it back."

I suspect that other similar examples could be found in Kipling's writings. – *Ed.*



#### STRICKLAND IN ACTION AT DELHI RAILWAY STATION

The French artist Fouquieray makes Strickland into a British 'bobby' in this illustration to chapter XII of *Kim* (translated by Fabulet & Fountaine-Walker; Delagrave, Paris, 1933). The scene is the delightful one where the agent E.23 (second from right) who has been disguised as an ash-smearing *saddhu* by the ministrations of Kim (right), abuses the inane-seeming police superintendent, Strickland (left), for the benefit of bystanders, while actually contriving to pass him secret and urgent information. Kim later asks, "Is he also one of Us?" and E.23 replies, "Not less than the greatest."



PISCES

One of twelve drawings, one for each month, by John Lockwood Kipling for *The Kipling Birthday Book* – a curious volume compiled by "Joseph Finn" in 1896. The compiler was actually Josephine Balestier (later Dunham), as revealed in an article by Thomas Pinney in March 1995, pages 13-20. This drawing, for March, shows the zodiacal Pisces (Fishes) in an Indian setting: the inscription on the floating pot is their traditional symbol.

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## THE SOCIETY'S LIBRARY

The Society's Research Library contains some 1300 items – books by Kipling, books and articles relating to his life and works, collections of press cuttings, photographs, relevant memorabilia, and a complete run of the *Kipling Journal*. It is located at City University, Northampton Square, London EC1V 0HB, where, by kind permission, it is housed in the Special Collections Room of the University Library on the 7th floor. Members of the University's Graduate Centre for Journalism are allowed access to it.

So, of course, are members of the Kipling Society, if they obtain a Reader's Ticket from the Honorary Librarian, Mrs Trixie Schreiber, at 16 High Green, Norwich NR1 4AP [tel. 01603 701630, or (at her London address) 0171 708 0647], who is glad to answer enquiries about the Library by post or telephone. If Mrs Schreiber is away, enquiries should be channelled through the Society's Secretary – see page 4 for the address and telephone number.

# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

## AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The *Kipling Journal*, house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all members. Its contributions to learning since 1927 have earned it a high reputation. It has published many important items by Kipling not readily found elsewhere, and a vast quantity of valuable historical, literary and bibliographical commentary, in various shapes, by authorities in their field. In the academic study of Kipling, no serious scholar overlooks the *Journal's* wealth of data, soon to be re-indexed. Over two hundred libraries and English Faculties, in a dozen countries, receive it as corporate members of the Society.

However, though scholarly in general tendency, it is not an austere academic production. It aims to entertain as well as to inform. This is both necessary and easy. Necessary because our membership is as representative of the ordinary reader as of the university researcher. Easy because there exists an inexhaustible reservoir of engrossing material – thanks to the great volume and variety of Kipling's writings; the scope of his travels, acquaintance and correspondence; the diversity of his interests and influence; the scale of the events he witnessed; the exceptional fame he attracted in his lifetime; and the international attention he continues to attract.

The Editor is glad to receive, from members and non-members alike, articles or letters bearing on the life and works of Kipling. The range of potential interest is wide, from erudite correspondence and scholarly criticism to such miscellanea as justify attention, e.g. reports of new books or films; press cuttings; sales catalogues; unfamiliar photographs; fresh light on people or places that Kipling wrote about; and of course unpublished letters by Kipling himself, particularly ones of any bibliographical or bibliographical significance.

Authors of prospective articles should know that length may be crucial: the volume of material coming in steadily exceeds the space available. A page holds under 500 words, so articles of 5000 words, often requiring preface, notes and illustrations, may be hard to accommodate quickly. Even short pieces often have to wait. Naturally, as with other literary societies, contributors are not paid; their reward is the appearance of their work in a periodical of repute.

The Secretary of the Society arranges distribution of the *Journal*, and holds an attractive stock of back numbers for sale. However, items submitted for publication should be addressed to **The Editor, *Kipling Journal*, Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ, England.**

# THE KIPLING SOCIETY

## AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Kipling Society exists for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). When founded in 1927 by J.H.C. Brooking and a few enthusiasts, it met with vehement and predictable disapproval from Kipling himself; but it quickly gained, and thereafter retained, a substantial membership. It remains today one of the most active and enduring of the many literary and historical societies in Britain. Moreover, being the only one in the world that focuses specifically on Kipling and his place in English literature, it also attracts members from many other countries, who all receive the quarterly *Kipling Journal* (subject of a descriptive note on the previous page).

As an essentially non-profit making literary organisation, run on a voluntary basis to provide a service to the public as well as to its members, the Kipling Society is a Registered Charity (No. 278885) in Britain. Its overall activities are controlled by its Council, though routine management is in the hands of the Secretary and the other honorary officials. However, its large membership in North America is mainly co-ordinated from Rockford College, Illinois, and there is also an active branch in Melbourne, Australia.

For fuller particulars of its organisation, and a list of impending meetings, see pages 4 and 5 of this issue. The Society's main London activities fall into four categories. *First*, maintaining a specialised Library which scholars may consult, and which is located in City University, London; *second*, answering enquiries from the public (e.g. schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request; *third*, arranging a regular programme of lectures, usually but not exclusively in London, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a distinguished Guest Speaker; *fourth*, publishing the *Kipling Journal*.

Kipling, phenomenally popular in his day, appeals still to a wide range of 'common readers' attracted by his remarkable prose and verse style, his singular ability to evoke atmosphere, and his skill in narrative. These unacademic readers, as well as professional scholars of English literature, find much to interest them in the Society and its *Journal*. New members are made welcome. **Particulars of membership are obtained by writing to the Secretary, Kipling Society, P.O. Box 68, Haslemere, Surrey GU27 2YR, England** (or, for those living in North America, to the address at the foot of page 4).

The annual subscription rate is £20 – both for individual and for corporate members, whether in Britain or abroad. This remains the 'minimum' rate: some members very helpfully contribute more.

