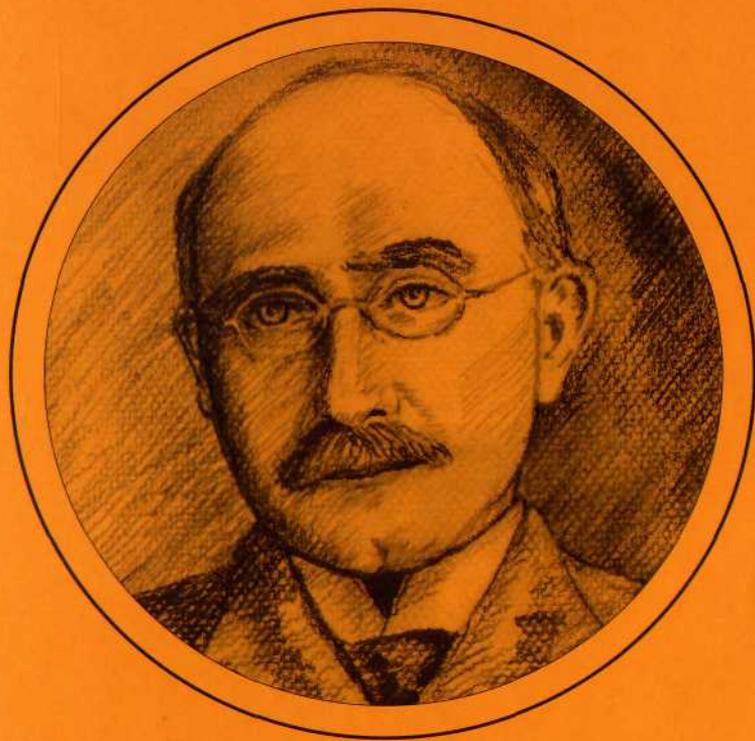


# THE KIPLING JOURNAL



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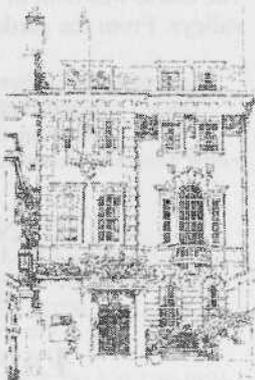
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## THE SOCIETY'S NORTH AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE

David Alan Richards, 18 Forest Lane, Scarsdale,

New York, NY 10583, U.S.A.

Tel: (212) 609-6817. Fax: (212) 593-4517. e-mail: drichards@mccarter.com

## SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

### SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

**Wednesday 11 September 2002**, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, Park Place, St James's Street, London SW1, **Dr Elizabeth Buettner** on "The Kipling Paradigm: British Childhoods in Late Imperial India."

**Wednesday 13 November 2002**, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Mrs Meryl Macdonald Bendle** on "Kipling and the Motoring Diaries".

**Wednesday 12 February 2003**, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Professor Nora Crook** on "Kipling's Pictorial Daemon: Kipling and the Arts".

**Wednesday 9 April 2003**, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Lt.-Col. R.C. Ayers** on "The Gardener".

**Wednesday 7 May 2003**, 12.30 for 1 p.m., in the Hall of India & Pakistan, at the Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's Annual Luncheon. Guest Speaker, **Sir Nicholas Barrington, K.C.M.G., C.V.O.** Details will follow.

## SOCIETY NEWS AND VIEWS

### A GOOD CIGAR IS A SMOKE

Mr C.J.B. Holme, of London SW2, tells me he has discovered that Kipling smoked a personalised tobacco mixture (Dunhill My Mixture Number 453), which can still be got if the customer orders 5 x 50 gram tins, minimum, at Dunhill, Jermyn Street, SW1. It is nearly £10 pounds for 50 grams. Kipling, he says, also liked POR LARRANAGA Havana cigars. "There's peace in a Larranaga, there's calm in a Henry Clay...", he quoted from "The Betrothed". He then added: "These [Por Larranaga] are still made in Cuba, but are difficult to obtain. But anyone who might wish to buy the brand should contact Ajay Patel on 020 8977 3793. His cigar store would be the most likely to obtain a supply. Ajay is in Teddington. Kipling also smoked a strong flaked tobacco by Dunhill. The processing machinery necessary for the manufacture of this old blend became obsolete and was dispensed with many years ago. However, Highland Sliced tobacco, said to be very similar to it, is still available."

### CHURCHILL

In a recent dramatised documentary on television, Sir Winston Churchill quotes:

Who is in charge of the clattering train?  
The axles creak and the couplings strain,  
And the pace is hot, and the points are near,  
And Sleep has deadened the driver's ear;  
And the signals flash through the night in vain,  
For death is in charge of the clattering train.

Many viewers thought he was quoting Kipling, others recall reading the lines in *Punch* sometime in the 1940s. David Page plumps for the celebrated "Anon". But letters please from those who disagree. Incidentally, at the A.G.M. David was elected to the Council of the Kipling Society. [cf., p.3]

### A MODEL KIPLING

Shamus Wade would like members to know that at the Annual Competitions of the British Model Soldier on 20 April, he acquired a very nice figure of Kipling in India. He is wearing a light tan three-piece suit with gold watch and chain and has a pith helmet in one hand and a dark red volume in the other. And though Mr Wade cannot identify the tie, the spectacles, he assures us, are definitely Kipling's.

The price is £7 painted, and £3.50 unpainted, plus 70p postage. Apply to: Patrick Willis, T/A Sarum soldiers, 2A Upper Tooting Park, London SW17 7SW.

#### **OLD REDINGENSIANS**

*Old School Ties* by John Oakes and Martin Parsons was first published in 2001 by DSM, The Studio Denton, Peterborough, Cambs PE7 3SD. Subtitled "Educating for Empire and War" and priced at £15.99, the book tells the story of the Reading School Old Boys who became leaders and the driving force behind the British Empire. Michael Smith, Vice-President of the Kipling Society, congratulates the authors and producers for their hard work in turning out this large paperback, which he believes will be of interest to those drawn to the noble voices of the past. "For me", he says, "it was a delight to learn that an Old Redingensian inherited the mantle of the *Civil & Military Gazette* which once nourished Rudyard Kipling, and of those working on the irrigation and other projects which so intrigued him."

#### **LUCY CLIFFORD**

*Such Silver Currents: The Story of William and Lucy Clifford, 1845 – 1929*, published by the Lutterworth Press on 31 March 2002, is priced at £17.50. The book, by Monty Chisolm, has a fascinating chapter in which she writes about Lucy Clifford's friendship with Rudyard Kipling during his early years in England. It was Lucy who introduced him to Macmillan, his publisher: to John Collier, the portrait painter: and also to a circle of literary friends, among whom was Henry James. They remained friends until Lucy, rather tactlessly, insulted Carrie. Rudyard left her house never to return. [Proof, if any was needed, of his loyalty to his future wife.]

#### **PORTSMOUTH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MONOGRAPH**

On 26 June 2000, our Membership Secretary, Roger Ayers represented the Kipling Society at a talk given by Professor Norman Page, author of *A Kipling Companion* and author and editor of a range of books on the lives and language of great writers in English. His talk, "From Bombay to Southsea: the two Childhoods of Rudyard Kipling", was organised by Portsmouth Grammar School as part of the Portsmouth Festival of that year; and the invitation to the Society came from its Headmaster, Dr Timothy Hands.

Professor Page, fresh from a visit to the Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy College of Art in Bombay, where Lockwood Kipling first taught in India, contrasted Rudyard's first years in this environment with his

subsequent years at Lorne Lodge, 'The House of Desolation', in Southsea. He highlighted the amount of detail Kipling himself had made public about the latter period, when he was otherwise so protective of his private life, and examined the effects of this experience in the formative years of a great writer.

This interesting and informed talk has now been produced by the pupils of Portsmouth Grammar School, as Number 9 in the school's series of Monographs. Most attractively printed in A5 format, it bears on the front cover a photograph of the 'Blue Plaque' recently attached to Lorne Lodge by Portsmouth City Council to commemorate Kipling's stay there. On the back is a colour photo of the house today. The publication is a credit to its subject and to the school, and a limited number are available, free of charge, from: Portsmouth Grammar School, High Street, Portsmouth, PO1 2LN.

### "JUST SO!"

To celebrate the centenary of *Just So Stories*, Polka Theatre – Britain's only theatre venue purpose-built for children – has commissioned children's author Jamila Gavin to adapt these timeless tales for the stage. "Just So!" is suitable for children aged 5-8 and their families and runs from 26th September – 9th November. Tickets: £3 – £10. Box Office: 020 8543 4888. Visit [www.polkatheatre.com](http://www.polkatheatre.com)  
Polka Theatre, 240 The Broadway, Wimbledon, London SW19 1SB.

### FRANCIS KYLE GALLERY

25 September – 24 October 2002: Telephone: 020 7499 6870/6970

The theme of John Fisher's 7th exhibition at the Francis Kyle Gallery, 9 Maddox Street, London W1, is *Writer's rooms*. Members will be delighted to learn that among the paintings on show are Rudyard Kipling's study and the parlour and the entrance hall at Bateman's. See flyer enclosed.

### HOUSE OF STRATUS

Telephone: 01845 527700 or email: [tbaldwin@houseofstratus.com](mailto:tbaldwin@houseofstratus.com)

This publishing house, which uses high-tech digital technology, has a range of 1,300 book titles stored on computer disk, and can print to meet demand. Rudyard Kipling alone takes up 21 titles. The attractively produced paperbacks, at £6.99, are available to members at a special discount of 25% (P&P extra). For a full list of titles and to place orders, contact Tom Baldwin by telephone or email.

See also page 40.

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# THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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Cover portrait by the editor

Journal edited by Mr Sharad Keskar M.A.

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## EDITORIAL

### AVE ATQUE VALE

There comes a time in all our lives when we need to leave the stage and bow out gracefully, or even disgracefully, for the sake of a greater good. *The Kipling Journal* is one such greater good. I have described it as the Society's flagship; and as such it must be kept afloat, but without undue pressure on the purse of our membership. Fortunately, a saving on the cost of printing the *Journal* is within the gift of our ever marvellous technological revolution. To parody Wordsworth, it is indeed "bliss" to be alive in such times, but to be computer literate is "very heaven!" Unfortunately, that literacy is for me a bridge too far. So, with a statement, greatly abridged from the one made at the A.G.M. on 10 July 2002, I here place on record my resignation as Editor. I apologise if at that time I let my feelings in saying goodbye to a dear friend [the *Journal*] get the better of me. But as a film actor (criticised for showing too much emotion in a scene involving his screen's daughter's death) said: "What did you expect me to do? A tap dance?"

This old dog tried to learn new tricks but came to an impasse, and now invites someone in the membership with time and skill to take on the Editorship. It is a goodly crown. For, whatever technology may achieve, it will never replace the tactile pleasure of actually holding a journal that is good to look at and a pleasure to read. There has to be someone able and willing to take up this challenge. And, to give that candidate time, I have agreed, with the Council's blessing, to continue editing the *Journal*, in locum-tenancy, till the new Editor can take over. I am sure that one will be found before long.

Both my illustrious predecessor and I have had a happy relationship with our present firm of printers, who have been co-operative and flexible enough to adjust to a new editorial regime, and whose 8-years experience of printing the *Journal* could ease the New Editor's task. This is my personal recommendation, and to them go my thanks: to Michael Egan and his staff, and in particular, to David Ayres, with whose partnership and electronic skills, the joins were made invisible.

I have not been Editor long enough to make great claims, but I will be content to be a footnote in the Society's history. . .and so, hail and farewell. . .

## KIPLING: CONTROVERSIAL QUESTIONS

By CRAIG RAINE

[Educated at Exeter College, Oxford, Craig Raine is now Fellow in English at New College, Oxford. Before that he was editor of *Quarto* and from 1981 to 1991 Poetry Editor at Faber. His books of poetry are *The Onion, Memory* (1978), *A Martian Sends a Postcard Home* (1979), *Rich* (1984) and *Clay*. *Whereabouts Unknown* (Penguin, 1996). His libretto for Nigel Osborne's opera *The Electrification of the Soviet Union* was published in 1986. In 1988, Correspondence des Arts, Lodz, published a limited edition of his *The Prophetic Book*. 1990 saw his verse drama '1953' and a collection of literary essays: *Haydn and the Valve Trumpet*. He is also editor of *A Choice of Kipling's Prose* (1987) and *Rudyard Kipling: Selected Poetry* (Penguin, 1993). His epic poem, *History: The Home Movie* (Penguin, 1994), focuses on two families, the Pasternaks and the Raines, and is a unique history of twentieth-century Europe. In 2001 Picador published his elegy, *A la recherche du temps perdu, Collected Poems 1978-1999*, and a new book of essays, *In Defence of T.S. Eliot*. In 1999 he founded the arts tri-quarterly, *Areté*.

Craig Raine lives in Oxford with his wife, Ann Pasternak Slater, and their four children. In 2001, he gave the Kipling Society's first Stammers-Smith Memorial Lecture to delegates from around the world, who had gathered at Magdalene College, Cambridge for the *Kim* Centenary Conference. What follows is a script of that lecture. – *Ed.*]

Was Kipling a racist? His poem "We and They" is an impeccable statement of cultural relativism:

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

You couldn't have a more complete and enlightened statement of the case for cultural relativity if the poem had been written by Edward Said.

I want to look at Kipling's racism and its complications. I think that even Kipling's admirers are prejudiced against him. We *know* he must be a racist – patronising and condescending at his least obnoxious; loathsome and ugly at his worst. I want to complicate this caricature. Part of me thinks the caricature exists because it is easier for advocates to concede the worst and move on than it is to haggle over detail.

For example, in his introduction to his Oxford Authors selection of Kipling, Daniel Karlin resumes two central mitigating arguments. First, retrospective justice – the *injustice* of retrospective justice – the sense

that Kipling must be seen in his historical context and not judged anachronistically by contemporary standards. And, second, the ransom argument – that positive racial portraits sometimes balance negative ones. The example Karlin gives is Hurree Chunder Mookerjee, the Babu in *Kim*, who can be weighed against Kipling's incessant libels of the Bengali Babu. Karlin then rejects both arguments completely. For him, the nuances never eliminate the uglinesses, *cannot* eliminate the uglinesses. And it is true that Kipling's stories constantly place before us observations which are morally unpalatable. Think of "An Habitation Enforced", where the obnoxious pushiness of the *nouveau riche* Mr Sangres is heightened by the pigment of his skin. Mr Sangres is Brazilian and therefore "dusky" as well as pushy. Finally, one of the peasants refers to him as "that nigger Sangres".

At junctures like these, it *does* seem appealing simply to concede Kipling's racism – so that one can get on and quote the writing. But we need, for accurate justice, to consider each case. Which is impossible. I propose to avoid the usual instances: "Beyond the Pale", "Lispeth", "Without Benefit of Clergy". "Loot" I have already defended in my 1994 Channel 4 programme "J'Adore Kipling". What about the letters? What about the private man in the secrecy of his correspondence? What about the travel writings? I want to concentrate on these two aspects of Kipling. So far, I think neither has been read well by critics. It is partly that, because there is so much of Kipling to read, the travel writings tend to be read once and once only, leaving the biographer with misleading index cards.

This is the only way I can account for the misreading by Harry Ricketts and Andrew Lycett of a passage in *From Sea to Sea*. This is Kipling. He's describing a murder in a Chinese gambling den in San Francisco: "Mark how purely man is a creature of instinct. Rarely introduced to the pistol, I saw the Mexican half rise in his chair and at the same instant found myself full length on the floor." While dropping to the floor, Kipling hears "an intolerable clamour like the discharge of a cannon". In the great silence following, Kipling gets to his knees. And from there gives us an unforgettably downbeat description of a death.

The Chinaman was gripping the table with both hands and staring in front of him at an empty chair. The Mexican had gone, and a little whirl of smoke was floating near the roof. Still gripping the table, the Chinaman said 'Ah!' in the tone a man would use when, looking up from his work suddenly, he sees a well-known friend in the doorway. Then he coughed and fell over to his own right, and I saw that he had been shot in the stomach.

I became aware that, save for two men leaning over the stricken one, the room was empty...<sup>1</sup>

And Kipling flees. Who could possibly forget this? Well, anyone who has read the whole of Kipling. Certainly Andrew Lycett and Harry Ricketts. This is Andrew Lycett getting it wrong: "When he picked himself up off the floor, Rudyard found that everyone else had fled the room."<sup>2</sup> This is Harry Ricketts getting it wrong: "A sortie to a gambling den in Chinatown produced a dead Mexican, shot before his eyes over a poker game."<sup>3</sup> And these are uncontroversial facts. Think of the scope for misreading and inaccurate transcription when interpretation is involved – interpretation of controversial questions.

In what follows, I propose to sift the evidence for and against Kipling – taking in sequence his attitude to Indians, Blacks, Irish, Chinese, Japanese, Jews and Germans. I do not expect to exonerate Kipling in every instance, but the evidence is more intricate than our initial inclinations might suggest. Our contemporary condemnations are blanket – like our terminology. Our terminology has evolved. Though 'African-American', like 'Asian-American', is precise enough, ethical purity has, on the whole, entailed terminological vagueness. The Negro was first 'coloured', briefly 'Nation', and then 'black' in an apparently courageous embrace of racial insult – except that 'black' now applies to any 'person of colour'. Some Asians prefer to be called 'black', though Salman Rushdie recently described himself as 'brown'. Arabs are usually called Arabs. 'Person of colour' is the currently favoured overall term – an ethical strategy to neutralise all those petty distinctions of colour so prized by racists of all complexions. But it is a strategy not particularly helpful in this context.

#### INDIANS

Kipling's story, "The Head of the District", is sometimes read as racist and patronising. It was written in 1890, seven years after the Ilbert Bill, which is its ultimate subject. The bill was liberal in orientation and supported by the Viceroy, Lord Ripon. One of its revisions to the Criminal Procedure Code was to invest native magistrates with jurisdiction over British subjects – including, most controversially, the power to try white women. Kipling was hissed in his club when the seventeen-year-old's paper, *The Civil and Military Gazette*, "ratted on the bill", supporting it after initial opposition. "The Head of the District" is usually read as Kipling's mordant comment on native Indian inability to govern and administer state affairs competently.

When Yardley-Orde, the white head of the district, dies, the government in its liberal wisdom appoints a Bengali as his replacement, one Grish Chunder Dé, MA. The new Deputy Commissioner's Afghan subjects are unimpressed, indeed insulted, by the appointment. They revolt and the Bengali panics. "I have not yet assumed charge of the district" is his cowardly response to the crisis.

His brother, Debendra Nath Dé, is beheaded in the rebellion. So far, this reads like a narrative of higher administrative incompetence told by the complacent voice of Anglo-India, chortling with racist condescension. No backbone, these natives. In fact, the story can only be read in this way if the reader is as prejudiced against Kipling as he believes Kipling to be prejudiced against Indians.

The rebellion is really put down by Khoda Dad Khan, an Afghan warrior loyal to the Bengali's white predecessor, Yardley-Orde, and to Orde's second-in-command, Tallantire. It is Khoda Dad Khan who kills the mullah behind the uprising. In other words, it is *he*, Khoda Dad Khan, who is effectively the Head of the District. It is he who realises that revolt against the British is futile – a drain on human resources – and it is Kipling who realises that the British can govern only with the consent of the indigenous population. Without consent, there can only be conquest – not the same thing as government by any means. Kipling knows that the Afghans rule themselves. What is more, they know it too, and it is marked in the story by a single subtle shift. When Orde dies, he speaks affectionately to the Afghans as children. "For though ye be strong men, ye are children" is his almost final word. *Children* – the great, standard, patronising Imperialist epithet, designed to demean the dignity of another race.

Kipling is careful, though, in his coda, to mark and salve this sensitivity. Tallantire and Khoda Dad Khan are discussing the Bengali's successor. Fully aware of where power really lies, both men connive at the myth of British rule. Tallantire "thunders" at Khoda Dad Khan that his people are "children and fools", that "the Government will send you a *man*" to rule the district. To which Khoda Dad Khan, momentarily lapsing from his part in the Imperialist charade, lets slip the truth: "Ay, for we also be men."

The moral of "The Head of The District" for literary critics is that there is no such thing as "the Indian" or "the native". In this story there is the Afghan (or the Pathan) and there is the Bengali. Kipling distinguishes between them. Two crucial letters maintain this distinction and complicate it. They were written to Margaret Burne-Jones when Kipling was still working at the *Civil and Military Gazette*. They are dated 27 September 1885 and 28 November 1885 to 11 January 1886. I want to discuss the second in detail because I think it is seriously misrepresented in Andrew Lycett's account.<sup>4</sup>

Kipling's second letter first of all attacks the concept of "the native". "When you write 'native' who do you mean? The Mahommedan who hates the Hindu; the Hindu who hates the Mahommedan; the Sikh who loathes both; or the semi-anglicised product of our Indian colleges who is hated and despised by Sikh, Hindu and Mahommedan. . ."

Kipling recorded these distinctions. He didn't invent them. And they still exist. In the aftermath of the recent race riots in Oldham, the *Today Programme* had an interview in which a Hindu woman complained about the blanket label 'Asians' – and blamed the riots on sections of the Moslem community.

You might maintain that, nevertheless, Kipling despises the Bengali Babu, whom he makes his target in "The Head of the District". It is true that, on the whole, Bengalis get poor press from Kipling. The panic of Grish Chunder Dé is reproduced in *From Sea to Sea* (Vol 2, "The Giridih Coal-Fields") where Kipling sketches an *imagined* mining accident in which the Bengali Babu panics and blames everything on the gang-Sidar. Kipling's verdict is "The best of accountants, but the poorest of coroners is he". "The best of accountants". Kipling does pay tribute to this specific quality, this aptitude, in the Bengali Babu. In "Among the Railway Folk" (Vol 2 p.281), he closes with this paean: "The Babus make beautiful accountants, and if we could only see it, a merciful providence has made the Babu for figures and detail. Without him, the dividends of any company would be eaten up by the expenses of English or city-bred clerks. The Babu is a great man, and, to respect him, you must see five score or so of him in a room a hundred yards long, bending over ledgers, ledgers, and yet more ledgers – silent as the Sphinx and busy as a bee."

Of course, there is an ironic tinge in that Sphinx-like silence, given the Bengali Babu's legendary loquacity – "celebrated" in "City of Dreadful Night" (*From Sea to Sea* Vol 2, p 219) where Sir Stuart Bayley endures Bengali bombast by the hour – but nevertheless Kipling's final, judiciously particular verdict is clear. "*The Babu is a great man*" – when he is a clerk. A verdict which is, of course, sufficient reason now to convict Kipling of racism. He is well-disposed to the Indian, the indictment goes, only so long as the Indian knows his place. So the Babu is a great man if he sticks to clerical work. The Indian, though, isn't interested in Kipling's benevolent disposition. It is irrelevant. The Indian rather wants justice. Ergo, Kipling is essentially racist.

I want to argue strongly against this. For several reasons. First, compared to the worst Imperialist racists, Kipling is indeed benevolent and enlightened. There are degrees of racism. Hitler's anti-Semitism is clearly far worse than that of T S Eliot, supposing you happen to believe Eliot *was* anti-Semitic. Which I incline to disbelieve. Secondly, there is an injustice inherent in the retrospective application of the standards of 2002. No one at the time would have recognised them as valid. In fact, the application of racial and class categories was universal until the end of World War II. The war completely broke

down accepted ways of categorisation. Up to that date, working class men and women would have described themselves as working class, the middle class as middle class. And so on. Categorisation, however deplorable, was then a matter of fact and a fact of life.

In his second letter to Margaret Burne Jones, Kipling addresses her central question. She had asked if the English and the natives had interests in common: "d—d few," Kipling replies – adding "faith if you knew in what inconceivable filth of mind the peoples of India were brought up from their cradle; if you realised the views – or one tenth of the views – they hold about women and their absolute incapacity for speaking the truth as we understand it – the immeasurable gulf that lies between the two races in all things, you would see how it comes to pass that the Englishman is prone to despise the natives – (I must use that misleading term for brevity's sake) – and how, except in the matter of trade, to have little or nothing in common with him."

And that is where Andrew Lycett leaves the quotation and the question of Kipling's attitude to Indians. At which point, Kipling sounds like an authentic pukka sahib. But Andrew Lycett has reversed the order of Kipling's paragraphs to make this *beginning* Kipling's conclusion. Lycett writes: "*At the end of the day*, he admitted that the British in India had very little in common with their subjects." [my italics] True, but misleading. Because Kipling goes on, amazingly, to *deplore* this gulf and to show his ambition to penetrate Indian society. The letter *continues*: "*Now this is a wholly wrong attitude of mind* [my italics] but it's one that a Briton who washes, and don't take bribes, and who thinks of other things besides intrigue and seduction most naturally falls into."

"*When he does* [fall into this wrong attitude of mind] [Kipling's italics] – goodbye to his chances of attempting to understand the people of the land." Kipling then describes his novel *Mother Maturin* as an attempt to penetrate the authentic native life, which is unaffected by British rule. "The result has been to interest me immensely and keenly in the people and to show me how little an Englishman can hope to understand 'em." Of this life, Kipling avers that "our rule, so long as no one steals too flagrantly or murders too openly, affects it in no way whatever. . ." – which could be a gloss on Kipling's "Head of the District". The letter continues with a remark often quoted against him – that the Indians are a cross between children and men, "touchy as children, obstinate as men".

But Kipling goes on: "the proper way to handle 'em is not by looking on 'em 'as excitable masses of barbarism' (I speak for the Punjab only) or the 'down trodden millions of Ind groaning under the heel of an alien and unsympathetic despotism', but as men with a language of their own

which it is your business to understand; and proverbs which it is your business to quote (this is a land of proverbs) and byewords and allusions which it is your business to master; and feelings which it is your business to enter into **and sympathise with.**" [my italics and bold] This scarcely sounds like a racist to me.

Later in the same letter, discussing Ram Dass, his printer, Kipling again writes something frequently quoted against him: "Remember Wop in spite of what good lies in the native he is utterly unable to do anything finished or clean, or neat unless he has the Englishman at his elbow to guide and direct and put straight."

Here, importantly, we should note that, writing to W E Henley (18-19 January 1893), Kipling makes the identical criticism of white Americans. He says that, in America, "a certain defect runs through everything – workmanship, roads, bridges, contracts, barter and sale and so forth – all inaccurate, all slovenly, all out of plumb and untrue. So far the immense natural wealth of the land holds this ineptitude up; and the slovenly plenty hides their sins unless you look for them. *Au fond* it's barbarism – barbarism plus telephone, electric light, rail and suffrage but all the more terrible for that very reason."

Odd, isn't it, that Kipling should equate native Indians and white Americans as essentially barbarous? However eccentric, the judgment begins to look impartial rather than racist. And one finds the same kind of cross-racial equation made in *Letters of Travel (1892-1913)*, where Kipling notes the slovenliness of New York's streets and declares them "first cousins to a Zanzibar foreshore, or kin to the approaches of a Zulu kraal. . ." Kipling's comparison is intended to shock by its initial unlikelihood. The barbarity of the Zulu is taken for granted, as the barbarity of the American is not. But this could be described as racist only if one were not prepared to concede that there might be something primitive in a Zulu kraal.

Given his reputation as a racist, it is equally odd to find Kipling rebuking a clergyman for ethnic insensitivity (16 October 1895): "it is my fortune to have been born and to a large extent brought up among those whom white men call 'heathen'; and while I recognise the paramount duty of every white man to follow the teachings of his creed and conscience as 'a debtor to do the whole law', it seems to me cruel that white men, whose governments are armed with the most murderous weapons known to science, should amaze and confound their fellow creatures with a doctrine of salvation imperfectly understood by themselves and a code of ethics foreign to the climate and instincts of those races whose most cherished customs they outrage and whose gods they insult." Kipling returns to this idea in *From Sea to Sea* (Vol 2, p 61): "Very many Americans have an offensive habit of

referring to natives as 'heathen'. Mahomedans and Hindus are heathen alike in their eyes. . ." Which seems almost enlightened – were not the protester Kipling.

Nevertheless, Kipling's idea of the White Man's Burden is predicated on a self-pitying gloss on Imperialism – seen not as economic exploitation, but as the fatiguing exercise of authority and enlightenment. It also seems to be predicated on the idea of 'lower races', however much sympathy Kipling would like to bring to their administration. But even this is complicated. The poem 'The White Man's Burden' has been widely misread. In effect, critics have stopped, affronted, at the first stanza: "Your new-caught, sullen peoples, / Half-devil and half child." It is the imputation of childishness that lodges in the throat – and, alas, in the brain. Has anyone, I wonder, read to the end of the poem and understood it? The reward for taking up the White Man's Burden is stated in the last line: "The judgment of your peers!" Who are those 'peers', those equals? Since the poem is addressed to the USA, you might think that "peers" refers to British imperialists. But you would be wrong. The "peers" in question are the "new-caught, sullen peoples" – raised to equality. As the previous three stanzas make clear. [My italics throughout]

Take up the White Man's burden –  
 And reap his old reward:  
 The blame of those ye better,  
 The hate of those ye guard –  
 The cry of hosts ye humour  
 (Ah, slowly!) *toward the light*: —  
 "Why brought ye us from bondage,  
 "Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden –  
 Ye dare not stoop to less –  
 Nor call too loud on Freedom  
 To cloak your weariness;  
 By all ye cry or whisper,  
 By all ye leave or do,  
*The silent, sullen peoples*  
*Shall weigh your Gods and you.*

Take up the White Man's burden –  
 Have done with childish days –  
 The lightly proffered laurel,  
 The easy, ungrudged praise.  
 Comes now, to search your manhood  
 Through all the thankless years,  
*Cold-edged with dear-bought wisdom,*  
*The judgment of your peers!'*

In this account, the imperialist aim, which mustn't be rushed, is eventual independence: "Nor call too loud on Freedom / To cloak your weariness." In other words, grant freedom at the proper juncture, when the moment is ripe – and not because fatigue makes you want to rest. Kipling's penultimate stanza ends explicitly with the judgment of the colonised on the colonisers: "The silent, sullen peoples / Shall weigh your Gods and you." But Kipling waits until the last line of the poem to spring his surprise – a surprise marked by an exclamation mark. There he makes it clear that, in the end, the judgment of the colonised on the colonisers will be the judgment of equals, "the judgment of your peers".

The aim, then, is not subjection and exploitation in perpetuity, but 'Freedom' with a capital 'F' and elevation to equality.

Ah yes. Those 'lower races'... As we shall see, Kipling was capable on occasion of seeing oriental races – the Japanese, the Chinese – as racially superior.

While Kipling can respect another race, he seems to reserve a special dislike/distaste for the half-breed. In a letter to Andrew Macphail (20 November-7 December 1908), he refers to the Afrikaner – post-Boer War, of course – as "a race largely tainted with native blood". Yet consider Kipling's humane comment on Eurasians: "we know nothing about their life which touches so intimately the White on the one hand and the Black on the other...Wanted, therefore, a writer from among the Eurasians, who shall write so that men shall be pleased to read a story of Eurasian life; then outsiders will be interested in the People of India, and will admit that the race has possibilities."<sup>5</sup>

It could almost be George Eliot, who believed the novel's moral purpose was to extend our moral sympathies, who wrote of those hidden lives and "that roar which lies on the other side of silence".

#### NEGROES

Margaret Peller Feeley in "The Kim that Nobody Reads" has shown how Kipling altered the drafts of his novel to tone down the glamour of the English and eliminate casual racist remarks. Of course, there will always be criminographers for whom the most damning interpretation of evidence is the truth – here, that Kipling's first thoughts were his true thoughts. Casual racist remarks, then, are what came naturally to Kipling. But it is surely the case that what is considered – those alterations, those toning-downs – should itself be taken into consideration.

The letters yield a further example. On 11 January 1904, Kipling composes an inscription for the Shanghai Memorial and sends it to Sir Lewis Mitchell – Mitchell objected to the phrase "in fight against savages", "as likely to hurt Native feeling a century hence. Kipling at once agreed to my substituted words 'the Matabele'."

If this is evidence of Kipling's insensitivity, it is equally evidence of his sensitivity. But consider this difficult, unpleasant passage:

Now let me draw breath and curse the negro waiter and through him the negro in service generally. He has been made a citizen with a vote; consequently both political parties play with him. But that is neither here nor there. He will commit in one meal every bêtise that a scullion fresh from the plough-tail is capable of, and he will continue to repeat those faults.<sup>6</sup>

Kipling's target here isn't simply "the negro in service", though he continues in this irritated-diner-vein for a few more sentences, until he is flagrantly, unforgivably racist: "Now God and his father's Kismet made him intellectually inferior to the oriental." And here Kipling has no excuse. He cannot hide behind the persona of the brash Globe-trotter, as he does successfully elsewhere. The person opining is unmistakably Kipling himself, in *propria persona*. And if he isn't asserting *white* racial superiority, but *oriental* racial superiority, he is insisting on black racial inferiority.

He is a big, black, vain baby and a man rolled into one. A coloured gentleman who insisted on getting me pie when I wanted something else, demanded information about India. I gave him some facts about wages. "Oh hell," said he cheerfully, "that wouldn't keep me in cigars for a month." Then he fawned on me for a ten-cent piece. Later he took it on himself to pity the natives of India – "heathen" he called them, this Woolly One whose race has been the butt of every comedy on the Asiatic stage since the beginning.<sup>7</sup>

It doesn't help that Kipling is offended on behalf of the Indian, nor that he shares an Indian race prejudice. He identifies the negro's head as Yoruba:

He did his thinking in English, but he was a Yoruba negro, and the race type had remained the same throughout his generations. And the room was full of other races – some that looked exactly like Gallas (but the trade was never recruited from that side of Africa), some duplicates of Cameroon heads, and some Kroomen, if ever Kroomen wore evening dress.<sup>8</sup>

So what is Kipling's message here? It is this. The persistence of racial type will survive evening dress and "thinking in English". That is the message.

And the type is inferior in perpetuity:

The American does not consider little matters of descent, though by this time he ought to know all about "damnable heredity". As a general rule he keeps himself pretty far from the negro and says unpretty things about him. There are six million negroes more or less in the States, and they are increasing. The Americans once

having made them citizens cannot unmake them. He says, in his newspapers, they ought to be elevated by education. He is trying this: but it is like to be a long job, because black blood is much more adhesive than white, and throws back with annoying persistence. When the negro gets a religion, he returns, directly as a living bee, to the first instincts of his people.<sup>9</sup>

And Kipling then describes his attendance at an African-American church:

The congregation were moved by the spirit to groans and tears, and one of them danced up the aisle to the mourners' bench. The motive may have been genuine. The movements of the shaken body were those of a Zanzibar stick-dance, such as you see at Aden on the coal-boats; and even as I watched the people, the links that bound them to the white man snapped one by one and I saw before me – the *Hubshi* (the Woolly One) praying to a God he did not understand. Those neatly dressed folk on the benches, the grey-headed elder by the window, were savages – neither more nor less.<sup>10</sup>

Phew. "The *Hubshi* praying to a God he did not understand." And Kipling concludes with a question and a dire prediction, which has proved lamentable but not inaccurate:

What will the American do with the Negro? The South will not consort with him. In some States miscegenation is a penal offence. The North is every year less and less in need of his services. And he will not disappear. He will continue as a problem. His friends will urge that he is as good as the white man. His enemies. . . it is not good to be a negro in the land of the free and the home of the brave.<sup>11</sup>

My quotation here comes from the 1914 edition of *From Sea to Sea*. The earlier edition of 1900 has no ellipsis at "His enemies". The text runs thus: "His enemies – well, you can guess what his enemies will do from a little incident that followed on a recent appointment by the President. He made a negro an assistant in a post office where – think of it! – he had to work at the next desk to a white girl, the daughter of a colonel, one of the first families of Georgia's modern chivalry, and *all the weary, weary rest of it*. [my italics] The Southern chivalry howled, and hanged or burned someone in effigy. Perhaps it was the President, and perhaps it was the negro – but the principle remains the same. They said it was an insult. It is not good to be a negro in the land of the free and the home of the brave." We don't know why Kipling excised this passage. Perhaps because it proved apocryphal. Whatever the factual status of Kipling's reported anecdote, his sympathies are clearly against the wearisome bogus chivalry, against segregation, and with the negro. His ironic parenthesis, "think of it!", is incredulous. He had no time for segregationist cant. There were limits to his prejudice.

Kipling's personal relations are germane to the question of his racism – or rather the gap between the reflex assumptions of his class and his considered experiential views. In September 1907, Kipling and Carrie went on a tour of Canada, from Montreal to Vancouver, and were given the use of their own railway car, with their own attendant – initially designated "the Noble Nigger" in letters to the Kipling children – who "would be our guide, philosopher and friend". In the next letter, Kipling reports that "our porter William (a negro) became a friend of the family". He is "William (our William)" by the end of the letter, telling Kipling touching anecdotes. In a letter to a friend, William is "the Negro Potentate in charge" and "negro King" who "entertains us with stories".

In my audited account of Kipling's racism, I should like to place this account of the Negro railway conductor in service in the credit column, directly opposite the irritated debit account of the Negro waiter in service of *From Sea to Sea*. In *Something of Myself*, Kipling gives a more decided, less gradualist account of his relationship with William. William isn't *ever* "the Noble Nigger". He is "coloured porter, our Nurse, Valet, Seneschal, and Master of Ceremonies". Here Kipling is mostly interested in William's vernacular: "bekase" for "because", "haow" for "how", "dey" for "they" etc. To this end, Kipling recounts one of William's anecdotes – about a friend who wants to be a conductor, but thinks he can succeed simply by copying William. He fails dismally, of course, and cries in a cupboard. William has to do the work for him.

Why does Kipling tell this parable, as he calls it? That it *happened* isn't a reason for inclusion. I think the reason is unconscious. The anecdote is an act of unconscious discrimination on Kipling's part – he is discriminating between his prejudice and his experience. Prejudice requires Negro incompetence, the caricature crying in the cupboard. Experience requires tribute to the omni-competence of William.

#### **THE IRISH**

Kipling is undoubtedly prejudiced against the Irish (and, incidentally, the Welsh) – largely because they resist British rule and insist on their national language.

This is a letter to Andrew Macphail (5 October 1913): "I had a man the other day from the interior of Wales poisonous-full of his own 'nationality' and its tongue and the teaching thereof. But I entirely agreed with him and was prepared to help in giving funds for the teaching of Cymric and Ogham and all the rest – compulsory if need be. Says he gratefully:- 'But I shouldn't have expected this of you Mr Kipling.' 'Man' says I, 'anything that cripples and diverts and renders more unintelligible the inferior and crippled breeds of the earth has my blessing and support.' "

In *Something of Myself*, Kipling candidly disparages the Irish: "[They] had passed out of the market into 'politics' which suited their instincts of secrecy, plunder and anonymous denunciation." This and other disparaging anti-Irish remarks scattered through Kipling's correspondence look racist – and they are, but the racism is an emphasis given to political disagreement. Vis-à-vis the Irish, we can see the absence of true racism in a letter to Andrew Macphail (21 October 1911): there, Kipling excoriates the Irish for their diminished aesthetic sense, their clinging to 'Erse', their gobbing (like US citizens), the manure pit of the station etc. Then: "we got into the North and the car literally bumped into a new country of decent folk. . ." Decent folk who are, of course, Irish – but Irish who wish to be part of the United Kingdom.

In *From Sea to Sea*, a variety of verdicts on the Irish are handed down. On a train (Vol 2, p 139) a drunken actress weeps because the conductor has taken her five-dollar bill to look for change. She fears he will not return. Kipling writes: "He was an Irishman, so I knew he couldn't steal." Eventually, the conductor reappears, "the five-dollar bill honestly changed". But Kipling denounces Irish politics, as usual for being anti-English:

. . . the Irish vote is more important [than the Italian vote]. For this reason the Irishman does not kill himself with overwork. He is made for the cheery dispensing of liquors, for everlasting blarney, and possesses a wonderfully keen appreciation of the weaknesses of lesser human nature. Also he has no sort of conscience, and only one strong conviction – that of deep-rooted hatred toward England.<sup>12</sup>

#### THE YELLOW PERIL

*From Sea to Sea* contains ostensibly virulent anti-Chinese remarks but these are in the persona of the despised globe-trotter. The letters have one reference to "the Yellow Peril". A postscript to Jules Huret (31 August 1905) asks "Who launched the phrase?" The answer is Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany.

In his recent biography, Harry Ricketts discusses Kipling's racism in the context of the letters of travel in *From Sea to Sea*. He quotes several examples of Kipling's Sinophobia but is curiously equivocal about their status: on the one hand, Kipling is "flagrantly racist"; on the other hand, "the uneasy phrasing and tone suggested that he did not entirely believe in the opinions he was voicing." Again, Ricketts says, he was "careful while he sent up the Europeanised Japanese to point out his own ignorance and presumption." Exactly. In India, Kipling unaffectedly despised the globe-trotter whose confidence was only matched by his superficiality. Leaving the known Indian sub-continent, Kipling is explicit in his identification with the contemptible globe-

trotter: if the globe-trotter libelled India, it was Kipling's comic role to revenge India by libelling other countries. "It was my destiny to avenge India upon nothing less than three-quarters of the world. The idea necessitated sacrifices – painful sacrifices – for I had to become a Globe-trotter, with a helmet and deck-shoes. In the interests of our little world I would endure these things and more. I would deliver 'brawling judgements all day long; on all things unashamed.' " (Vol 1 p 208) And this is the persona Kipling adopts for his opinions.

Since the question of the globe-trotter persona has been presented by recent biographers as problematic, I propose to cite the evidence at some length. The "Globe-trotter" is "the man who 'does' kingdoms in days and writes books upon them in weeks" (*From Sea to Sea* Vol 1 p 1-2). A page or two later: "Once or twice in my life I have seen a Globe-trotter literally gasping with jealous emotion because India was so much larger and more lovely that he had ever dreamed, and because he had only set aside three months to explore it in. *My own sojourn in Rangoon was countable by hours, so I may be forgiven when I pranced with impatience because I could not at once secure a full, complete, and accurate idea of everything that was to be seen.*" [my italics]

Then Vol 1 p 241: "I put my twelve-inch rule in my pocket to measure all the world by." Compare Vol 1 p 275: "It grieves me that I cannot account for the ideas of a few hundred million men in a few hours." An hundred pages later, he is undeterred: (p 361) "Thus we talked of the natures and dispositions of men *we knew nothing about till we had decided [6 generalisations]*". [my italics]

In Vol 1 p 245, Kipling notes uneasily that the Chinese work hard despite the climate. Feigning comprehension of the racial hatred of "the lower-caste Anglo-Saxon" for the Chinaman, Kipling adds the crucial parenthetical signal of irony: viz. "(this has the true Globe-trotter twang to it)". Elsewhere, Kipling's irony relies on the auto-destructive excess of his comments. Extremism signals irony.

He accuses the Chinese of cannibalism: [the Chinese baby] "isn't as pretty as the pig that Alice nursed in Wonderland, and he lies quite still and never cries. This is because he is afraid of being boiled and eaten. I saw cold boiled babies on a plate being carried through the heart of the town. They said it was only sucking-pig, but I knew better. Dead sucking-pigs don't grin with their eyes open."

The ironic undertow to all Kipling's "hatred" of the Chinese is an awareness of their possible racial superiority. In Hong Kong, Kipling and his Professor-companion are impressed by Chinese art and agree that its accuracy makes it superior to Indian art. The Professor thinks (p 275) "they will overwhelm the world". The globe-trotter Kipling says he hasn't seen "a single Chinaman asleep while daylight lasted." And it is this ability to work which evinces his fear and admiration.

In Canton, Kipling twice says he hates the Chinaman. And on p 306 he says: "it is justifiable to kill him. It would be quite right to wipe the city of Canton off the face of the earth, and to exterminate all the people who ran away from the shelling. The Chinaman ought not to count."

It is astonishing to me that anyone could read this straight, especially when the Professor immediately visits deflation on the callow Kipling: (p 306) "Why on earth can't you look at the lions and enjoy yourself, and leave politics to the men who pretend to understand 'em?" And later Kipling underlines the criticism of his globe-trotter side: (p 311) "The Professor says that I have completely spoiled the foregoing account by what he calls 'intemperate libels on a hard-working nation'".

It is this persona who, in Japan, comes in for frequent strictures from his professor-travelling companion: "if you think you can understand Japan from watching it at a railway station you are much mistaken". And this is Kipling's rueful, implicit opinion also.

Underneath the comic globe-trotterese, there is a recognition that the Chinese are *workers*, unquelled by the climate. They are a force to be reckoned with. And they know it: "they stand high above the crowd and they swagger, unconsciously parting the crowd before them *as an Englishman parts the crowd in a native city*. There was something in their faces which I could not understand, though it was familiar enough." [my italics] The adopted globe-trotter persona may not know more than "I do not like Chinamen", but Kipling is aware they are rivals, they are Sahibs, as my italics show. He isn't a simpleton. He's a subtle and extraordinarily intelligent ironist.

#### THE JAPANESE

By the time Kipling has reached Nagasaki, his globe-trotter's assumed confident racial superiority is succumbing to a sense of plurality: (p 322) "it's due to the extraordinary fact that we are not the only people in the world. I began to realise it at Hong Kong. It's getting plainer now. I shouldn't be surprised if we turned out to be ordinary human beings, after all." So much for the English master race.

It is quite clear that, in *From Sea to Sea*, Kipling adores the Japanese – for their natural artistry, for their demonstrative love of children, and for their physical smallness. He was a small man himself – but larger than the Japanese. "Japan is a soothing place for a small man. Nobody comes to tower over him, and he looks down upon all the women, as is right and proper." Most of all, though, Kipling admires the Japanese for their Otherness: (Vol 1, p 319) "Then I fell to admiring...the surpassing 'otherness' of everything around me." The one thing he deplores is their attempts to ape European civilisation, which he regards as misguided and faintly comic.

It's enough to make you weep to watch this misdirected effort – this wallowing in unloveliness for the sake of recognition at the hands of men who paint their ceilings white, their grates black, their mantelpieces French grey, and their carriages yellow and red... And in the face of all these things the country wants to progress towards civilization!

And here Kipling adds an ironic, exasperated exclamation mark to evaluate the worth of that 'civilization'.<sup>13</sup>

There are even two expressions of Kipling's racial inferiority to the Japanese. First:

Japan is a great people. Her masons play with stone, her carpenters with wood, her smiths with iron, and her artists with life, death, and all the eye can take in. Mercifully she has been denied the last touch of firmness in her character which would enable her to play with the whole round world. We possess that – We, the nation of the glass flower-shade, the pink worsted mat, the red and green china puppy dog, and the poisonous Brussels carpet. It is our compensation...<sup>14</sup>

You'd have to be unrelentingly obtuse to take that quotation as triumphalist imperialism.

Now the second:

What I wanted to say was, 'Look here, you person. You're much too clean and refined for this life here below, and your house is unfit for a man to live in until he has been taught a lot of things which I have never learned. Consequently I hate you because I feel myself your inferior, and you despise me and my boots because you know me for a savage.'<sup>15</sup>

### THE JEWS

Here Kipling cannot be defended. His remarks are mostly hostile, if unexcited. Because his correspondents so evidently share his views, agreement is taken for granted. On 14 November 1913, discussing the Marconi scandal and his unprintable poem "Gehazi", Kipling writes to Max Aitken: "I can't 'garble' my "Gehazi". It's meant to be for that Jew boy on the Bench. . ." This is on a par with his disparaging remarks about Hebrew millionaires and Jewish take-overs of the theatre. And yet. In "The House Surgeon", Kipling gives us an entirely amiable portrait of the Jewish furrier, L Maxwell M'Leod – whose unlikely name is the only possible ironic touch in the characterisation. His Jewishness is a fact only, quite unremarkable.

In *From Sea to Sea*, however, we find another surprising complication. On the one hand, there is the anticipated candid anti-Semitism, an unpleasant offshoot of anti-Americanism: (Vol I p 262) "But the real reason of my wish to return [to India] is because I have met a lump of Chicago Jews and am afraid that I shall meet many more. The ship is full of Americans, but the American-German-Jew boy is the most awful of all."

In America, on Independence Day, Kipling meets a German boy whose return to Europe for schooling has lost him his American accent. Kipling comments: (Vol 2 p 73) "but no continental schooling writes German Jew all over a man's face and nose." *And nose*. A facial feature evidently so large that Kipling grants it independence. The nose secedes from the otherwise united features of the face. It sets up on its own. It refuses to assimilate. Anti-Semitism seldom presents itself in so pure a form.

And yet this is Kipling 60 pages later. He is sweetening particular prior criticisms with an over-arching declaration of affection for Americans: "I love this People, and if any contemptuous criticism has to be done, I will do it myself." He imagines the Man of the Future.

What racial ingredients would you predict?

Wait till the Anglo-American-German-Jew – the Man of the Future – is properly equipped. He'll have the least little kink in his hair now and again; he'll carry the English lungs above the Teuton feet that can walk for ever; and he will wave long, thin, bony Yankee hands with the big blue veins on the wrist, from one end of the earth to the other. He'll be the finest writer, poet, dramatist, 'specially dramatist, that the world as it recollects itself has ever seen. By virtue of his Jew blood – just a little, little drop – he'll be a musician and a painter too.<sup>16</sup>

As a footnote to this look at Kipling and the Jews, I'd like to draw your attention to "The Burden of Jerusalem" – one of two unpublished Kipling poems discovered in April 1988 by Christopher Hitchens in the Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park, New York. The poems had been sent to Roosevelt by Churchill on 17 October 1943. They are not included in the published correspondence (3 volumes). Let Churchill explain why: "Similar copies were given to me by the President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England on the occasion of my admission as an Honorary Fellow of the College... I understand that Mrs Kipling decided not to publish them in case they should lead to controversy and it is therefore important that their existence should not become known and that there should be no public reference to this gift."

The second poem, "A Chapter of Proverbs", needn't concern us here. You can find it reprinted in full in Christopher Hitchens's strangely neglected essay in *Grand Street* Vol 9, no 3, Spring 1990.

"The Burden of Jerusalem" is a title with two applications. It is a reference to the repeated refrain of Zionists, the *burden* of Zionists ("Next year in Jerusalem"). And it is a reference to the political burden of Jerusalem on British imperial shoulders, given the British Mandate in Palestine. In the penultimate stanza, there is an oblique reference to the Balfour Declaration (1917) – which pledged British support to the Zionist hope for a Jewish national home in Palestine, with the proviso that the rights of non-Jewish communities should be respected. "And

burdened Gentile o'er the main, / Must bear the weight of Israel's hate /  
Because he is not brought again / In triumph to Jerusalem." Israel, of  
course, meaning the Jews of the Diaspora. The poem's argument is that  
Islam and Judaism are battling and have battled for Jerusalem, Zion,  
ever since the fatal split between Abraham's offspring.

This is the Biblical story from Genesis which Kipling's poem draws  
on. Hagar was the Egyptian handmaid of Sarah, Abraham's legitimate  
wife. When Sarah was no longer able to bear children, she begged  
Abraham to lie with Hagar, so that she, Sarah, might "obtain children  
by her". Ishmael was the son of Hagar. (It is the first recorded example  
of surrogacy.) When Hagar conceives, Sarah decides that she, the  
barren wife, is held in contempt by her maid. She asks Abraham to  
intervene. He shifts the responsibility to Sarah – arguing that Hagar is  
*her* maid. Sarah deals harshly with Hagar who then flees. Only to be  
accosted by an angel of the Lord – who persuades her to return, to  
submit to Sarah, with the promise of this reward: her seed will be so  
multiplied "that it shall not be numbered for multitude". This is Islam.

Isaac is the legitimate son of Abraham born to Sarah by special  
dispensation – she was then aged 90. Hagar and Ishmael are then cast  
out – Sarah's preference, which Abraham is advised by God to follow.  
Ishmael is preserved, however, because he is the son of Abraham and  
God promises Ishmael that he will be the founder of a great nation. [i.e.  
Arab Islam.]

The *burden* of Kipling's poem is the Jewish Diaspora: "Then they  
were scattered North and West." Pogroms and persecution follow:  
"And every realm they wandered through / Rose, far or near, / And  
robbed and tortured, chased and slew, / The outcasts of Jerusalem." The  
further burden is Kipling's sense of the triumphant survival of Zionist  
aspiration over every oppressor and tyrant: "So ran their doom – half  
seer, half slave – / And ages past, and at the last / They stood beside  
each tyrant's grave, / And whispered of Jerusalem."

What follows might appear to be tinged with prejudice. It refers to  
Jewish financial acumen. It forgivably caricatures Jewish movie  
moguls. But it is replete with respect for Jewish tenacity and the refusal  
of the Jews to inter-marry and assimilate. "We do not know what God  
attends / The Unloved Race in every place / Where they amass their  
dividends / From Riga to Jerusalem. // But all the course of Time makes  
clear / To everyone (except the Hun) / It does not pay to interfere / With  
Cohen from Jerusalem. // For 'neath the Rabbi's curls and fur / (Or  
scents and rings of movie-kings) / The aloof, unleavened blood of Ur,  
/ Broods steadfast on Jerusalem." Ur was ruled by Chaldeans, so the  
line means that Jewish blood was kept pure even when Abraham lived  
in Ur.

The moral of Kipling's poem, as opposed to its burden, is in the last stanza: "Yet he who bred the unending strife, / And was not brave enough to save / The Bondsmaid from the furious wife, / *He* wrought thy woe, Jerusalem."

Kipling *isn't* blaming Sarah, the fierce wife. He's blaming Abraham for cowardice, for the failure to exercise authority invested in him. He should have been the arbitrator. So the allegory is an allegory of rule – justice should be impartially exercised rather than being left to the disputants. The White Man's Burden.

#### THE GERMANS

Kipling is rabidly anti-German. On 31 August 1905, he writes to Jules Huret, who had interviewed him for *Le Figaro*. Pinney's note tells us that Kipling deleted from the proofs conversational, off-the-cuff remarks that were exaggerated and indefensible: viz that the Germans had done nothing special in commerce, industry or science; that he, Kipling, owed nothing to German literature (his letter says "in literature I know that I owe much to Heine"); that German troops had done nothing effective in South West Africa.

Clearly Kipling's considered views weren't just snow-jobs, but more closely approximate to the truth of his views.

After this admission to Jules Huret in August 1905 that he owed something to (the Jewish) Heine and that the German contribution to science etc wasn't completely negligible, Kipling went rapidly and insanely anti-German – because England was at war and because his son was killed by the Germans and because Kipling believed all reports of German atrocities (some of which were true, of course).

Kipling sees the war aim not as victory "but a war of extermination for their race". At first, there is a hint of defensiveness: he denies "hatred", denies "something our friends might take for brutality, but which isn't".

To Theodore Roosevelt (21 April 1918), he recommends reprisals on the American Hun "citizens". To Frank Doubleday (21 August 1918) he suggests that Germans should always be referred to by the pronoun "it" in Doubleday books; he recounts how a woman went to a crashed Zeppelin to savour the smell of burnt Hun. To Sir Almroth Wright (1916) he suggested that Germans exploit sexual perversion in their politics and that their sadism attracts the masochism of pacifists and conscientious objectors.

When he hears that the Germans are melting corpses for pig feed, Kipling writes a poem in which a German woman spreads a dead rendered German on her bread as fat. Of course, it was never printed, but it is there in a letter sent to Andrew Macphail on 21-22 April 1917. On 14 January 1919, he mounts a theory that the Germans have been

systematically undermining his literary reputation since the Boer war. He even blames Hun prisoners of war for an outbreak of foot and mouth disease – caused, he alleges, by their throwing away scraps of infected Hun meat (14 December 1919). He finds them a sort of "were-wolf people" in fact – sub-human, animal, "the baser side of humanity". As for a railway strike, nominally "It is the railway men and the Trades Unions who are doing it. Actually, it is the Hun, the Bolshevik and the Jew of Poleland chiefly. In spite of their best efforts to speak and act like white men, one sees in the cruelty practised on the railway horses, the hand of the Hun."

In November 1919, Kipling is denouncing Einstein's theory of relativity: "Do you notice how their insane psychology attempts to infect the Universe? There is one Einstein, nominally a Swiss, certainly a Hebrew, who. . . comes forward, scientifically to show that, under certain conditions Space itself is warped and the instruments that measure it are warped also. . . The more I see of the Boche's mental workings the more sure I am that he is Evil Incarnate, and, like all evil, a pathetic Beast. Einstein's pronouncement is only another little contribution to assisting the world towards flux and disintegration."

What are we to make of this? On 15 July 1919, Kipling writes that "Nothing matters much really when one has lost one's only son." To Sir Hugh Clifford, another bereaved father, Kipling writes on 18 November 1918: "Glad you escaped the peace celebrations. I bolted home from town and had my dark hour alone." Kipling never allowed himself public expression of his grief. His letters insist that his son's death was a noble sacrifice. Kipling believed this. He could not believe anything else. And it drove him mad. The recurrent accusation that the Hun is deranged is a reflection of his own derangement. Kipling wasn't a racist. Poor Kipling. He was a father driven mad with grief.

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#### NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Rudyard Kipling, *From Sea to Sea*, Vol. I, Macmillan 1914, p.489. All my quotations are from this edition, apart from one passage specifically indicated to be from the 1900 first edition.
2. Andrew Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling*, Weidenfeld & Nicolson 1999, p. 176.
3. Harry Ricketts, *The Unforgiving Minute*, Chatto & Windus 1999, p. 132.
4. Andrew Lycett, *op.cit.*, pp.119 ff.
5. Rudyard Kipling, *From Sea to Sea*, Vol.2, Macmillan, p.263
6. - 11. *ib.*, p.9ff.
12. Rudyard Kipling, *From Sea to Sea*, Vol. 1, *op.cit.*, p.496
13. *ib.*, p.447. cf., p.335.
14. *ib.*, p.376.
15. *ib.*, p.320.
16. Rudyard Kipling, *From Sea to Sea*, Vol.2, *op.cit.*, p.131

## A CONTRARY MAN AND MASON

By GEORGE C KIEFFERBARAS

[George Kieffer is a member of our Society and an active Freemason, who has, unlike Rudyard Kipling, passed beyond the 'Blue Degrees'. He has a B.A. in English Literature from the University of Exeter and is a member of the Court of Assistants of the Worshipful Company of Turners, of which Sir Edward Poynter, Rudyard Kipling's uncle by marriage, was an Honorary Freeman. Among other projects, he works as a consultant in defence and aerospace. His ambition is to take 6 months off and travel along the Great Trunk Road in Kim's footsteps to relive The Great Game. – *Ed.*]

In one of the most touching Masonic cameos ever shown on film in *The Man who would be King* [Columbia/Allied Artists 1975], a rogue (Michael Caine) steals a gold watch in the crush at an Indian railway station from a journalist (Rudyard Kipling, played by Christopher Plummer). As a Mason he recognises the pendant of square and compasses and returns it to the owner, claiming to have taken it off the thief. Kipling is not fooled but acknowledges a brother and they meet again when Peachey Carnehan (Michael Caine) and Dan Dravot (Sean Connery) announce their intention to depart for far Kafiristan to seek their fortune.

Although this episode is artistic licence by the film-makers – it does not feature in Kipling's story – it is quite shocking to find two Masons portrayed by Kipling as loafers and blackmailers. This is by no means the only unflattering portrait of a Mason in Kipling's work. There is Kimball O'Hara, Kim's father in the eponymous book, who, after leaving his regiment "fell to drink" and "loafing" and learning "the taste" [of opium] from the half-caste woman with whom he takes up after his wife's death. His legacies to his son were Kim's birth certificate, and his own Lodge and clearance certificates. Hardly the conduct becoming a Mason.

Much has been made of Rudyard Kipling as a Freemason and not unnaturally Freemasons have claimed him as one of their more illustrious brethren. But despite extensive chronological recordings of his Masonic career, little attempt has been made to look at the Masonic influences on the man and writer – within the overall context of a significant literary figure of the period of the British Empire (1850-1950). The picture that emerges is more complex than many Freemasons would wish.

Freemasonry, or at least English Constitution Freemasonry, requires from its members a belief in a Supreme Being. Organised Freemasonry was born during the Age of Reason and it is, therefore, not surprising

that its definition of 'Supreme Being' is much wider than that of a purely Christian God. One Lodge, St Luke in Essex No. 8714, which I have visited, has on its pedestal the books of no less than six religions (in no particular order, the Hindu *Gita*, the Jewish *Torah*, the Sikh *Guru Granth Sahib*, the Christian *Bible*, the Sayings of Buddha and the Muslim *Koran*. This would have appealed greatly to Kipling.

Apart from its ethical teachings, Freemasonry formed part of the social fabric of Victorian Society. It was then – and indeed continues to be – a very 'liberal' society of men, without religious or racial discrimination. Men mixed as Masons, not as Indians, Englishmen, Muslims, Jews, etc. Many regiments had their regimental Masonic Lodge and took Freemasonry with them to their postings to India and elsewhere.

Freemasons may also be tempted to read into Kipling's Masonic activities more than can be justifiably claimed, and we risk missing the all-pervading influence that Masonic beliefs had on him throughout his life. On 10 January 1931, five years before his death, he wrote in a *postscriptum* of a letter to the Worshipful Master of Friendship and Unity Lodge at Bradford-upon-Avon that "he [had] not passed the Chair and, being of an Indian Mixed Lodge, [had] never gone beyond the Blue Degrees." In other words he had simply been initiated as an Entered Apprentice, passed to the degree of a Fellow Craft and raised to a Master Mason. He had not served as Worshipful Master of a Lodge and had not received promotion within Grand Lodge.

Kipling was a professional journalist and a good one. In his hands the English language grew in stature; and his writings, first avidly read by the expatriate community in India, soon achieved worldwide fame. He was interested in the immediacy of the story, and his use of vernacular idioms lent verisimilitude to the local scene without being parochial. Instead it encouraged the reader to empathise with character and plot. Free from affectation, the stories were refreshing and uniquely real. In 1941, some five years after Brother Rudyard's ascent to those immortal mansions above, T.S. Eliot wrote that "his prose and his verse are inseparable; that we must finally judge him, not separately as a poet and as a writer of prose fiction, but as the inventor of a mixed form." His writings often mix both forms in the same book, with poetry serving to illuminate and distill the prose.

This perceptive analysis elevates Kipling into the front rank of English literature; a position that is rightly his due. For Kipling, even more than his contemporary, Thomas Hardy, was an innovator who introduced modernism, and his direct style was to be emulated by men like D.H. Lawrence and Ernest Hemingway. We must, therefore, see Kipling as part of the evolution of twentieth-century English literature.

Masonically speaking, we know that Bro Rudyard was initiated into the Lodge of Hope and Perseverance No 782 (founded in 1858 under the English Constitution) at the Masonic Hall – the *Jadoo-Gher* (The Magic House) as it is called in *Kim* – in Anarkali, Lahore, in Northern India that is now Pakistan. His candidature was proposed by Col. Oswald Menzies, Inspector General of Police and Under Secretary of the Home Police Department in the Government of the Punjab. This was on 5 April 1886, when Kipling was just over twenty years old and was, at the time, Assistant Editor of the *Civil & Military Gazette*. At the Lodge, Kipling helped decorate the bare walls of the Masonic Hall. The Lodge is still in existence under the District Grand Lodge of Pakistan and within the authority of the United Grand Lodge of England, although at the time of writing it is not meeting regularly.

In 1889 Kipling left India for good, but in those three years he was not only passed and raised, but became Secretary of the Lodge, when he transferred to the *Pioneer*, a more widely circulated newspaper, published by the owners of the *Civil & Military Gazette*, in Allahabad. There he joined the Lodge of Independence with Philanthropy No 391 – now, alas no longer in existence. In 1887 he was also advanced to the Mark degree in Fidelity Mark Lodge No 98 at Lahore and elevated into the Mount Ararat Mark Mariners Lodge No 98 on 14 April 1887. These are allied Masonic degrees. Thus Kipling's formative Masonic period was in India, and as is often the case these initial years provide the basis of Masonic beliefs and understandings for many Freemasons. This is not to assert, however, that Bro Kipling's development and knowledge as a Mason ceased there and then. Though his active participation in Freemasonry was never again quite so vibrant as it had been in India, the principles it had inculcated, stayed with him, and became more important as a moral guide. This is evident in "Banquet Night", subtitled in "In the Interests of the Brethren" which, according to his wife's diary, he wrote in 1917. It shows that his Masonic beliefs were still influencing him strongly 32-35 years after his initiation. Importantly too, he published this collection after he was made an Honorary Liveryman by the Worshipful Company of Stationers in 1925.

In 1909 Kipling became a member of the *Societas Rosicruciana* in Anglia, an exclusively Christian Society, open to Master Masons "of high moral character. . . and of sufficient ability to be capable of understanding the revelations of philosophy, theosophy and science, possessing a mind free from prejudice and anxious for instruction." He was not, at this time affiliated to any lodge nor was he an avowed or practising Christian and, so, ineligible to join the Society. Nevertheless, he created his own motto: *Fortuna non virtute* (by good fortune and not

by merit). In 1918 he was elected a member of the Correspondence Circle of *Quatuor Coronati* Lodge No 2076, the premier Lodge of Masonic Research in England. He remained a member of both until his death in 1936. So it was an understatement for Kipling to write, in 1931, that at he had "never passed beyond the Blue Degrees" but, understandably he may have wished to ward off importuning invitations from Lodges keen to bask in the glory of his fame. We would do well not to project our own views and to heed his writings. A most significant comment is his reply to an Australian enquirer from the University of Sydney in July 1931: "I was entered by a Hindu, raised by a Mohammedan, and passed by an English Master, but never rose beyond the office of Secretary."

In 1921 he was a Founder Member of the War Graves Commission Lodge "The Builders of the Silent Cities Lodge No 12" in St Omer under the *Grande Loge Nationale Française*, for which he created this singularly apposite and moving name. Kipling had lost his son John, an officer with the Irish Guards, at the Battle of Loos in 1915, although he was posted as 'missing in action'. It was only in 1994 that his grave was discovered outside Loos.

During his early childhood in Bombay he had been exposed to the pantheon of Hindu mythology, long before he became familiar with Christianity in any sectarian way. His Goan ayah was a Roman Catholic and took him to the churches of that faith; a Surti bearer called Meeta took him to Hindu temples, and both servants would recount folktales of Indian gods. He mixed with the Indian servants of his parent's household and became, like Kim, "the Little Friend of all the World".

The summer months took the family to Nasik, a hill station in the Western Ghats, which is a notable site of Hindu pilgrimage, particularly during the 12 yearly Kumbh Mela festival. It was at Nasik that Rama, the incarnation in human form of the Lord Vishnu, lived with his wife Sita during their exile from Ayodhya – a city, noted for religious strife these days. *Nasik* in Sanskrit means 'nose' and is derived from the episode in the *Ramayana*, in which the demoness Surpanakha lusted after Rama. His brother Lakhshmana cut off her nose when she tried to devour Sita. Subsequently, it was at Nasik that Kipling acknowledged that "they [the *nungapunga* or naked holy men] said I was a Hindu".

Ironically, albeit with hindsight, despite his anti-Germanism which was so evident from his early days, he adopted the Lord Ganesh's (the elephant-headed Hindu god) symbol of a *swastika* as a trade-mark for his early books. But perhaps this says more about the corruption of a perfectly respectable Hindu and Aryan symbol by the Nazis. To Kipling

it was a Hindu religious symbol and even today can often be found on maps in Japan and elsewhere to indicate the sites of temples.

This truly eclectic early upbringing left its mark. It was only when he was boarding in Portsmouth that he was first introduced to the Bible – often as a punishment for being naughty. But the Bible was to become his indispensable companion, and he was to read and delve deeply into this '*Ramayana*' of Christianity – and I use this analogy advisedly – during the rest of his life. However, to judge from his references and quotations, he felt drawn to the Old Testament rather than the New, and this too will not surprise a Mason.

It was on his return to Lahore as a fledgling reporter, barely 17 years of age, on the *Civil & Military Gazette* in 1882 that his spiritual search was to become more intensive. Familiar as he was with the warring and fornicating deities of the Hindu pantheon, his explorations of Lahore took him, not only to the uplifting sights of the funeral shrines of Mughal potentates and Sufi saints, but also led him into the seedier quarters of Lahore around the Mosque of Wazir Khan, with its brothels and opium dens. He experimented with opium, initially for its analgesic qualities, and hashish, though he was careful to keep these experiments from the immediate family circle. Indeed when he wrote "The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows", a tale of an opium den, for the *CMG*, later reprinted in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, he is careful to distance himself from the experiences described by starting the story with the cautionary preface: "This is no work of mine". It is, however, from personal experience when he writes in that tale: "Nothing grows on you so much, if you're white, as the Black Smoke."

Nor was Brother Rudyard a saint when it came to women and, while he claimed to have lost his virginity to a fish-girl at Appledore when boarding at Westward Ho!, he certainly indulged his sensuous and lascivious nature, which an exotic India seems particularly conducive to encourage.

For Kipling the path of true love was not an easy one. Drawn to American women, who were more liberated at the time, his engagement to one was an obvious mistake, causing him to flee to India to escape infatuation. Finally he married Carrie Wolcott-Balestier, daughter of a WASP New England family, which traced descent from Sir Francis Drake and Huguenot émigrés from France. The Rev Dr John Theophilus Désaguliers, one of the Founders of Freemasonry in England and Grand Master in 1719, was also from Huguenot stock.

The relationship with Carrie, a subject of much speculation, recently produced a little monograph, Adam Nicholson's *The Hated Wife*. The title says it all. Did Rudyard really hate his wife? True, he almost fell

into marriage because of the shared grief at Carrie's brother's untimely death and her urgent telegraphic summons to Kipling, who was in India: "Wolcott dead. Stop. Come back to me. Stop."

Carrie quickly lost her looks and became quite matronly. Yet unlike Thomas Hardy who went to the extreme of dividing the matrimonial home into two by building an internal wall, Kipling stayed married to her for 44 years until his death. They may not have been easy years, but clearly the relationship, marked by the shared grief of the loss of their daughter Josephine and son John, endured. More than that, Kipling was content, or at worst resigned, to hand over a substantial part of the control of his personal life and of the domestic arrangements to a domineering woman. In the first flush of love he followed her to her native New England, where they set up home, which became a deeply unpleasant experience for Kipling.

Perhaps the truth lies in Kipling's profound inability to understand women. He acknowledges that "the folly of a man in love is unlimited" in "His Wedded Wife". [*Plain Tales from the Hills*] In his writings women are somewhat one-dimensional characters, who only come to life through the vicissitudes of their relationships to men.

A questing mind thirsting for experiences, spiritual and temporal, brought him to Freemasonry and explains the importance of the ethical and spiritual elements of Freemasonry. The dual search by Kim for the "red bull on a field of green" and of the lama for the "River of the Arrow" are narrative expressions of this quest. It is not surprising, therefore, that the young Kipling was multi-religious or multi-cultural in its widest sense. In "The Mother-Lodge" he wrote that after a Masonic evening:

An' we'd all ride 'ome to bed,  
With Mo'ammed, God, an' Shiva  
Changin' pickets in our 'ead.<sup>2</sup>

The apparent equivalence and interchangeability of Mohammed, God and Shiva show a degree of religious tolerance not often associated with Kipling by today's politically correct observers. The breadth, diversity, and universality of Freemasonry is in the poem.

There was Rundle, Station Master,  
An' Beazeley of the Rail,  
An' 'Ackman, Commissariat,  
An' Donkin o' the Jail;  
An' Blake, Conductor-Sergeant,  
Our Master twice was 'e,  
With him that kept the Europe-shop  
Old Framjee Eduljee.

We'd Bola Nath, Accountant,  
An' Saul the Aden Jew,  
An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman,  
Of the Survey Office too;  
There was Babu Chuckerbutty,  
An' Amir Singh the Sikh,  
An' Castro from the fittin'-sheds,  
The Roman Catholick!<sup>3</sup>

Here are Christians in their various denominations, Jews, Hindus in their castes, Muslims, Sikhs, all united in the universal Brotherhood of Freemasonry. Here are blue and white-collar workers, managers, clerks, shopkeepers, professionals, all united without social division. The modern reader – not the Mason – may be surprised at this social levelling which finds expression again in "If –", and gives the lie to those who see Kipling as an imperialist and racist. The Craft offered an easy inter-mingling of representatives of social, religious and racial strata which the British Raj of the 1880s often had difficulty with – and indeed the Indian Raj has had since.

It is almost natural that Kipling should later add that "Freemasonry was the nearest thing to a religion that he knew".<sup>4</sup> In 1908 he described himself in a letter to Lady Edward Cecil as "a God-fearing Christian atheist". This four-word paradox sums up the essence of Kipling's beliefs better than several thousand words of analytical study. With its ethical and metaphysical elements, Freemasonry provided "the nearest equivalent to a coherent system of beliefs" to a young man "still floundering to make sense of India's mass of conflicting creeds".<sup>5</sup> It gave him a truly ecumenical approach to spiritual matters, enhanced by the precise and definite architectural and engineering measurements of the building of King Solomon's Temple, which forms an important part of the emblematic Masonic ritual. Rudyard's father, Lockwood Kipling, was after all one of the prime movers in the architectural renaissance of Bombay.

By all accounts during his travels through India, he was also a regular and no doubt most welcome visitor to other Lodges. In 1888 during a visit to Bengal he writes to his cousin, Margaret Burne-Jones, daughter of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, that at the local St George in the East Lodge (a lodge affiliated to the East India Railway Company and still in existence today) there were "men who will talk to me as though they had known me all their lives on subjects which both I and they will be able to discourse about with freedom and camaraderie." Later on it is perhaps this Lodge that he describes in his story "The Bold 'Prentice"<sup>6</sup>,

as 'St Duncan's in the East', and 'Olaf Swanson' as the mail train driver and Master of that big railway Masonic Lodge. He also visited the Lodge of St John the Evangelist No 1483 (now no more), a military lodge in the Lahore cantonment and borrowed the names of Mulvanney, a surgeon, and Lt. Learoyd RA for subsequent literary endeavours. It was this exposure to the blue-collar cogs whom he met on the 'level' – to use a Masonic expression – that made him appreciate and respect how much they contributed to the efficient turning of the Indian wheel, more so than the viceroys and associated functionaries. It is also significant that Kipling, who could be extremely cutting and frequently vented his spleen on governments and civil servants, (q.v. *Departmental Ditties*), never once deprecated the Craft in that way or mocked its ritual.

Masons are cautioned to avoid political discourse in their meetings, but to do so would be to fail in grasping the Masonic philosophy that embraced Kipling's life in all its facets. As someone who was brought up, almost literally, on the knees of the great artists, poets and writers of the second half of the 19th century in the Bohemian home of his aunt Georgie and her husband, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, his personal beliefs ranged across the whole of his life and philosophy. His reading, encouraged by his headmaster at the Coll (United Services College at Westward Ho!), Cornell ("Crom") Price, gave him a background in medieval folklore as well as in the classics.

No doubt his election as an Honorary Freeman and Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Stationers gave him considerable pleasure, as he viewed the methods and practices of the medieval guilds in regulating trade to be infinitely preferable to the activities of the nascent trade union movements. In these historic guilds of independent craftsmen, united by the pursuit of their craft and bonded by mutual respect and support and observing rituals, he saw the precursors of Freemasonry. With this upbringing he was very much an internationalist and viewed the role of Britain within the wider world. It is not surprising, therefore, that he saw the British Empire in quasi-Masonic terms as a "community of men of allied race and identical aims, united in comradeship, comprehension and sympathy."<sup>7</sup> In "The Man who would be King", it is the mystical signs of Freemasonry which allow the rogue and loafer Daniel Dravot to become a King and a god, and he proceeds to organise Kafiristan, along peculiarly Masonic lines. Here too appears the "Donkin' o' the Jail" ("The Mother-Lodge") as Dravot's ideal empire-builder.

The First World War not only confirmed Kipling's anti-German sentiments, but it also allowed him to explore the peculiar bonds between war and comradeship and implicitly between war and

Freemasonry. "The Janeites" delves into this territory by focusing on Jane Austen, whose observational and descriptive skills Kipling valued above all others of her age. Kipling sees the origins of the war in the failure to heed truth, one of the Masonic principles, which he feels was lost when

Truth, rising from the bottom of her well  
Looked on the world, but, hearing how it lied,  
Returned to her seclusion horrified.<sup>8</sup>

This time of trouble also highlights for Kipling the need for people to have broad common beliefs and rituals which can serve as a refuge and a lode-star: "The more things are upset, the more they fly to it". And one of his characters, the always wise Sergeant-Major, says: "We could do much with Masonry. . . Certainly not as a substitute for a creed, but as an average plan of life".<sup>9</sup>

In 1917 the world saw other upheavals, not least the October Revolution in Russia, which turned established relations between governments and citizens on their head. He had lived in India during the 1880s, at the height of The Great Game, which pitched Russian Imperial Eastern expansion against the British Raj, so vividly described in *Kim*. An India of 200 million people was governed at the time by no more than about 70,000 expatriates and Russian designs were of concern and frequently engendered an understandable paranoia. He sees these momentous changes as transitory phases within the wider context of history repeating itself and cautions common-sense in his "The Gods of the Copybook Headings". Written 82 years ago, it still has a strangely contemporary ring to it:

And that after this is accomplished, and the brave new world begins  
When all men are paid for existing and no man must pay for his sins,  
As surely as Water will wet us, as surely as Fire will burn,  
The Gods of the Copybook Headings with terror and slaughter return!

Kipling's frequent use of symbolism and allegory points to Freemasonry influences. Kim is found sitting in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammah on her brick platform opposite the old Ajaib-Gher museum. As its curator, Lockwood Kipling, passed this gun everyday on his way to work. Indeed, the unnamed white-bearded curator features briefly in the opening chapter and shows kindness to the lama by giving him his glasses. Rudyard was troubled from an early age with bad eyesight and this episode confirms that these worries never left him; and defiance of authority was a character trait not alien to the young Rudyard. Kim, the son of an Irish soldier,

Kimball O'Hara, and a nursemaid to a colonel's family, had only a dim recollection of his childhood. Kimball had left the army, worked on the railway, but after Kim's mother's death, fell in with a half-caste woman who was addicted to opium. The estate he left his son comprised a birth-certificate, and significantly both his lodge and clearance certificates. The "*ne varietur*" refers to the exhortation to the Master Mason that there should be no future variation from the signature which he appends to his Lodge certificate, and the clearance certificate shows that he was a member in good standing of his Lodge and that his subscriptions are up-to-date. "On no account was Kim to part with them, for they belonged to a great piece of magic – such magic as men practised over yonder behind the museum, in the big blue and white Jadoo-Gher – the Magic House, as we name the Masonic Lodge." The story was partly based on a true event that occurred when an Irish soldier ran away from Darjeeling with his Tibetan girlfriend after the Indian Mutiny and some years later a blue-eyed blonde boy appeared in Northern India from the Himalayas.

Kim's adopted half-caste mother also recalled his father's prophecy that "some day, there will come for you a great Red Bull on a green field, and the Colonel riding on his tall horse, yes, and nine hundred devils [whose god was a Red Bull on a green field]." It is not surprising that the flag of a red-gold bull on a field of green, the regimental standard of the Mavericks, should overwhelm young Kim as he observes the regiment setting up camp for the night.

The symbolism is evident, the clearance certificate carried as an amulet around his neck, and the flag of the bull is redolent of Royal Arch Masonry. And the magic works for Kim as the regiment takes this orphan of a deceased brother under its protective wing and arranges for his education, in accordance with Masonic teachings and principles. His guide through life remains, however, a Tibetan lama, a Buddhist, who is himself on the quest for the "River of the Arrow." An exchange between the holy man and the curator casts an interesting light on organised religion:

Lama: "... it was in my mind that the Old Law was not well followed; being overlaid, as thou knowest, with devildom, charms and idolatry."

Curator: "So it comes with all faiths."

There is symbolism and allegory enough in *Kim* for a whole book, let alone in the rest of Kipling's work. I refer to it here to illustrate the weight that Bro Rudyard attached to Freemasonry in all expressions, symbols and allegories. While Freemasons never claim that the Craft is a substitute religion, we cannot ignore Kipling's affirmation that it was

the closest he knew to religion. He did not go as far as adopting it as a creed, but rather "as an average plan of life", as the wise Sergeant-Major called it. Perhaps he never had the need for a more formalised creed.

The reader does not have to be a Freemason to enjoy Kipling, but there are many delightful cameos which would mean more to a reader who is a Mason. This essay will, I hope, lift the veil a little, and encourage others to take their old copy of *Kim* off the bookshelf, dust it down, and re-read the book in a new light.

#### NOTES AND REFERENCES

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5. Andrew Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling*, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1999, p. 129.
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7. Rudyard Kipling, *A Book of Words*, Macmillan, 1928, p.25.
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9. Rudyard Kipling, "In the Interest of the Brethren", *Debits and Credits*, op.cit., p.77.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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#### CHRISTMAS 2002

Looking for fun, colour and excitement this Christmas? See Rudyard Kipling's timeless classic, *The Jungle Book*. This exciting and colourful production will delight children of all ages from 4 upwards. Tickets £9.95, £1 off for children and concessions.

For Kipling Society members who book before 1st November, all tickets at the children's price. *The Jungle Book*, Gardner Arts Centre, Brighton, 6th December to 4 January. Box Office: 01273 685861.

## NEW MEMBERS

Mr Geoffrey Annis, (*Hessle, East Yorkshire*)  
Dr Roberta Baldi, (*Milan, Italy*)  
Mrs June Bassett, (*Arundel, West Sussex*)  
Dr Anthony Bushell, (*Norwich, Norfolk*)  
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Mr George Simpkin, (*Hoskinstown, New South Wales, Australia*)  
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## SUBSCRIPTIONS – ROUTINE REMINDERS

The Society is very grateful to those individual members who pay annually by cheque or cash and have responded promptly to the routine reminder of the month in which their subscription falls due, which is carried on the address label of each *Kipling Journal*. It would be appreciated if all such members would check their address labels and send their subscriptions when due, obviating the need for further reminders. The subscriptions – still £22 (plus £7 for airmail) or \$35US (plus \$10 airmail) – should be sent to:

**The Membership Secretary, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, SP1 3SB, England.**

UK members can remove the need for any form of reminder by paying by Bank Standing Order, a form for which is available from the Membership Secretary.

The Society is also most grateful to those members who generously send more than the minimum subscription listed above.

A new paperback edition of *Rudyard Kipling: the complete verse*, (with foreword by M.M. Kaye), has been revised by James Fenwick and published by Kyle Cathie Ltd, 2002, and is for sale at £12.99.

## RAVEN-HILL'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHITOR

By ROGER AYERS

Apart from the sketch of a boy who "might have been Kim himself, which we reproduced in the June 2002 *Kipling Journal*, Leonard Raven-Hill included other drawings with a connection to Rudyard Kipling in the pictorial record of his visit to India in 1903, published as *An Indian Sketch Book* in that year.

Among the sketches of the many colourful members of the retinues of the Indian Princes and other notables attending the Coronation Durbar is one of a Burmese girl, sitting on her heels and drawing on a "whacking white cheroot", with the appropriate line from Kipling's "Mandalay" as title. Although not very flattering, the drawing has none of the westernised romanticism seen in some illustrations of this scene, such as the music sheet cover for the "Mandalay Waltz" or Leo Bates' illustration for the 1924 anthology, *Songs for Youth*.

More importantly, a group of four other drawings has a close connection with Kipling's work, although Raven-Hill did not actually note such a link on the page. The first drawing, reproduced opposite, is entitled "The Indian Mail" and shows a mail runner just as Kipling described him in "The Overland Mail", complete, as Raven-Hill also notes, with the jingling bells that Kipling twice mentioned in that poem. Not mentioned by Kipling is the armed guard in the picture, running, with drawn sword, at the heels of the mail carrier.

In the distance, behind the runners, Raven-Hill included a view of Chitor and, on a second drawing of a closer view from the same angle, he noted that Chitor looked like "a huge battleship ploughing its way through the plain". These words are very close to those used by Kipling in Letter VI of *Letters of Marque*, when he compared his first sight of the ruined city of Chitor to the pictures of ships like "the *Inflexible* or the *Devastation* – gigantic men-of-war with a very low free-board ploughing through green sea". The "Letters of Marque", originally written in 1887-88 for the readers of the *Pioneer* and *Pioneer Mail*, were included in Volume I of the two-volume *From Sea to Sea*, published in England in 1900. Raven-Hill had illustrated *Stalky & Co* for Kipling in 1899, so that it is possible that he had read them and had them in mind when visiting Chitor.

Like Kipling, Raven-Hill also visited the Gau Mukh, or Cow's Mouth, the sacred well of Chitor. When Kipling visited it in early 1888, he had been making his own flesh creep by writing up the bloodstained history of Chitor in the original *Letters of Marque*. In a subsequent Letter, he confessed that, having descended to the dark, sunken tank where, "in a slabbed-in recess, water was pouring through a shapeless



"The Indian Mail – Rajputana

The bells at the end of the pole keep up a continual jingle.  
 View of Chitor in distance."

*Chitor was the ancient capital of part of Rajasthan and suffered a number of sieges in Muslim attempts to conquer Hindu India. One was by Ala-ud-din in about 1300 AD, when, as all was lost, the women threw themselves onto a massive funeral pyre and the men rode out to die fighting. Re-occupied and defended by the Rajputs once more, it finally succumbed to forces under Jalal-ud-din Akbar in 1568 AD. In an even bloodier end some twenty thousand non-combatants were massacred. It was never re-occupied.*



"The Gau Mukh or Cow's Mouth

Sacred well. Chitor. The pool is covered in green slime.  
 The Gau Mukh is in the shrine by the dead tree on the right."

stone gargoyle" onto "the loathsome Emblem of Creation", he could only endure the atmosphere of the place for about two minutes. He fled, while behind him "the Gau-Mukh guggled and choked like a man in his death-throe".

Raven-Hill appears to have been less affected, since he took the time to draw a picture of the sunken tank, with water "covered in green slime", shown opposite, and a close-up of the 'slabbed-in recess', reproduced below, showing the details of the scene that so upset Kipling.

Whether Raven-Hill was influenced by having read Kipling's descriptions of Chitor or if it was merely that two artists, albeit working in different media, were struck by the same scenes, it is now not possible to say. However, these drawings by Raven-Hill provide most effective illustrations to Rudyard Kipling's words.



"The shrine of the Gau Mukh showing the 'Cow's Mouth' with water issuing therefrom. Chitor"

## ANNUAL LUNCHEON 2002

The Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon 2002 was held on Wednesday 26 June at the Royal Over-Seas League, London. The Guest Speaker was the Rt. Revd & Rt. Hon. Richard Chartres, Bishop of London. At his table were Mrs Caroline Chartres, Dr & Mrs M.G. Brock, Lt.-Col & Mrs R.C. Ayers; Sir George Engle, (President of the Kipling Society) and Mr P.G.S. Hall, our Chairman.

The occasion was a great success and the attendance of some 116, included: Miss Margaret Aitken, Mr David Ayres, Mr R.E. Ayrtton, Mr Leslie Baldwin, Mrs Baldwin, Mr H.D. Balls, Mr J.A. Barker, Mrs H. Barton, Mrs Meryl Macdonald Bendle, Mrs A.F. Blackburn, Mrs G.J. Bolt, Mr B.J. Bolt, Mrs Diane Bonny, Major Keith Bonny, Mr S.J.B. Botes, Mrs Jennifer Botes, Professor D.H.V. Brogan, Dr W.N. Brown, Professor P.W. Campbell, KM. Sir John Chapple, Lady Chapple, Mr D.A. Clare, Lady Frances Clarke, Mrs J. W. Clayton, Mr S.J. Clayton, Mrs S. Cohn-Lieber, Mr A. Conway, Mrs S. Couchman, Mr M.H. Couchman, Mr Bryan Diamond, Mr William Dudgeon, Mr Norman Entract, Mr R.R. Feilden, Mrs E.H. Feilden, Mr David Fellows, Mr Peter Haddock, Dr F.M. Hall, Mrs V. Hall, Mr Andrew Hambling, Miss A.G. Harcombe, Mr Peter Havholm, Mrs B. Havholm, Mr J. A. D. Heal, Dr R. Henderson, Major Tonie Holt, Mrs Valmai Holt, Mrs Elizabeth Inglis, Mr T.W. James, Mrs V.E. James, Mrs Valerie James, Mr D.G.S. Jameson, Mrs Diana Jayawardena, Mrs Jane Keskar, Mr S.D.J. Keskar, Mrs C.A. Key, Mr W.H.B. Key, Mr J.G.N. King, Mr J. King, Mr J.S. Langley, Mrs J.M. Lewins, Dr J.D. Lewins, Mrs L.A.F. Lewis, Mr P.H.T. Lewis, Mr Edward Maggs, Mr P.H. Marsh, Mr E.H. Marsh, Mr Russell Matcham, Mrs H.H. Mills, Mr D.J. Montefiori, Mr J.L. Morgan, Mrs M. Morgan, Mr F.E. Noah, Dr Patrick Noronha, Ms H. Owen, Miss C.N. O'Riordan, Ms Ailsa Pain, Mr R.S. Parker, Mr R.G. Pettigrew, Mr G.C.G. Philo, Mrs A. Plowden, Mr J.F.C. Plowden, Mrs R.P. Plowden, Brig. R.B.C. Plowden, Ms L.A.C. Price, Mr John Radcliffe, Mr O.H. Robinson, Mrs F. Robinson, M. Max Rives, Mme Madeleine Rives, Mrs Anne Shelford, Revd Prebendary John Slater, Mr John Slater, Mr P.J.B. Smee, Mr J.W. Michael Smith Mrs G.M. Sooke, Mrs Doris Sortain, Mr G.H.B. Tregear, Mrs Prudence Turner, Mr David Vermont, Mrs G. Vermont, Mrs Sarah Vermont, Mr S.D. Wade, Mr G.L. Wallace, Mr John Walker, Sir Gerald Warner, Lady Catherine Warner. Apologies had been received from: Mr R.A. Bissolotti, Mrs A.J. Smith, Ms Rachel Vermont and Miss J.C. Hett.

### CHAIRMAN'S WELCOME

"My Lord, Ladies and Gentleman. My name is Patrick Hall. As Chairman of the Society's Council I welcome you to this year's Annual Luncheon. This year is, of course, very special it being 75 years since the Society was formed in 1927.

"I am delighted to welcome our Guest Speaker, Rt Rev and Rt Hon Richard Chartres, Bishop of London, and Mrs Chartres. I shall have more to say later about the Bishop. Today we have one of the largest turnouts, a total of 116 guests. Field Marshal Sir John Chapple, a member of long standing, who was in Kipling House at Haileybury, is here along with the present Housemaster, Mr Russell Matcham and

Haileybury's Archivist, Mr Andrew Hambling. M. Max Rives and Mme Madeleine Rives have travelled from France to be with us. Max is an author and translator of Kipling.

"We are pleased to welcome Mr Michael Egan, printer of *The Kipling Journal*, a good and generous friend of the Society. Unfortunately, Sir Colin Imray, Chairman of the Royal Over-Seas League, and Lady Imray, and Mr George Webb, our previous Editor, are unable to be with us today and have sent their apologies.

"Finally, I would like to welcome all members of the Society and their guests and to wish you bon appetit. I will now ask our Honorary Secretary, Jane Keskar, to say Grace."

#### GRACE, BY JANE KESKAR

"The Grace is from 'The Children's Song' by Rudyard Kipling.

Teach us Delight in simple things,  
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;  
Forgiveness free of evil done,  
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen."

#### THE CHAIRMAN: ON THE STATE OF THE SOCIETY

"Before I introduce our speaker, I would like to mention some matters of importance which have occurred during the past year. At the A.G.M. last July Sir George Engle was elected President in place of Dr Michael Brock who had made known his wish to stand down after 13 years as President. Sir George Engle is the 9th President of the Society. Dr and Mrs Brock are with us today. Jane Keskar was elected Honorary Secretary and Roger Ayers, Deputy Chairman. Michael Smith and George Webb were appointed Vice-Presidents of the Society.

"This year is the Centenary Year of the publication of *Just So Stories*. The Post Office issued a set of 10 stamps, and a first day cover, to commemorate the event. Michael Smith organised an exhibition for this at Rottingdean. Sharad and Jane were interviewed for the Brian Morton Show by BBC Scotland regarding the origins of *Just So*. It is also the centenary of the purchase in June 1902 of Bateman's for a sum of £9,300 by Kipling. Michael Smith and other members of the Society gave readings from Kipling's works at Bateman's on 12 May, which was well received by those present.

"Work has been started by a small Committee consisting of Messrs Radcliffe, Wilson, Walker and Slater, under the leadership of George

Webb, to revise and bring up-to-date *The Readers' Guide to Kipling's Works*, commonly known as Harbord's Guide. It is anticipated that this may take up to five years to complete. Our Kipling web-site, organised by John Radcliffe, continues to attract increasing interest as well as new members of the Society.

"Interest in Kipling continues with the publication of *The Long Recession* by David Gilmour which has been given an excellent review by George Webb in the June issue of the *Journal*. There has been a revised re-issue in paperback of *My Boy Jack* by Tonie and Valmai Holt. Both Tonie and Valmai are here today. A further biography of Kipling by Philip Mallett in the *Literary Lives* series published by Palgrave is due for publication later this year."

#### GUEST OF HONOUR

"It is now my duty to introduce our Guest of Honour. Dr Richard Chartres will be well known to all if not in person at least by reputation and intense interest in the media even down to the fact that he is reported to have at one time worked as a shelf stocker in a supermarket. After schooling at Hertford Grammar School, Dr Chartres studied history at Trinity College, Cambridge before undertaking theological training at Cuddesdon College, Oxford, and Lincoln Theological College. He was made Deacon in 1973 and ordained Priest in 1974. He served as Curate at St Andrew's, Bedford before becoming Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of St Alban's, Robert Runcie, and later again as Chaplain to Runcie when the latter became Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1984 he became Vicar of St Stephen's, Rochester Row. He was consecrated Bishop of Stepney in 1992 and translated to London in 1995. Richard Chartres was appointed Prelate of the Order of the British Empire and Dean of the Chapels Royal in 1995. He was made Honorary Bencher of the Middle Temple in 1998, Liveryman of Merchant Taylors Company in 1997, Honorary Freeman Weavers Company in 1998, Leathersellers Company in 1999 and Woolmen's Company in 2000.

Dr Chartres is a freelance writer and is co-author of *The History of Gresham College 1597 – 1997*."

[At this point the Bishop pointed to his co-author, Mr David Vermont. – Ed.]

#### TEXT OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S ADDRESS

Kipling's story "The Janeites", describes the immense pleasure that there is in finding oneself in the company of fellow literary enthusiasts. I would certainly describe myself as a Janeite and it only takes a copious dose of *Emma* to put me in a good humour after a day at the General

Synod. If I do not want to be soothed, however, I turn to Kipling who said that liberalism "was the mother of destruction the world over."

But of course Kipling's real and enduring fascination is that he was much more than a ranter with a dogma. His sympathies embraced what seem to be opposites. He was an apologist for the British Empire yet in the person of Kim he gave the tribute of awe to the wisdom of the civilisations of the Indian sub-continent. He was an intuitive capable of showing us "the road through the woods". He was a prophet: right about the Boers and Apartheid, right about the two World Wars, right about the disintegration of the British Empire; and he suffered the immense frustration of the prophet Cassandra, fated to speak the truth *sed non credita Teucri* – never to be believed by the Trojans. It is an agonising gift to see ahead. He was the defender of the status quo who refused any honours, and the friend of Kings who in so many of his writings celebrated the people in the engine room of Empire, and who in his lapidary work with the War Graves Commission insisted on noble simplicity and equality between all sorts and conditions.

As we meet this year in the shadow of World Com, I think that Kipling's stock may be rising unlike much of the rest of the market. After an unsuccessful bid for an incomplete set of the Bombay edition at the Bloomsbury Book Auctions I have been following the second hand prices for Kipling's works and can report a definite up turn. Perhaps after action in Afghanistan and the bursting of the brief bubble of complacency which followed the fall of Communism with talk of a miraculous new world order, some of Kipling's themes have come back into view as we contemplate whether we shall have the grit and conviction to preserve the achievements of the post war informal American economic Empire.

I find Kipling's melancholy, at a time when we are assaulted by so much breezy and upbeat rhetoric about the prospects of globalisation, very refreshing and his judgement on hubris very salutary.

Far-called, our navies melt away;  
On dune and headland sinks the fire:  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget – lest we forget!

A much diminished navy was exercising in the bay when I went down to Westward Ho! in search of the elusive young Rudyard Kipling who went to school there between 1878 and 1882.

I sat down to read *Stalky & Co* on the sea front. The sea was sucking at the pebble ridge, from which Kipling, who was a good swimmer

despite his deficiencies in other sports, used to bathe. Some girl pipers were marching up and down accompanied by a one rather hangdog, willowly lad on the side drum.

Behind were the Kipling holiday flats formerly the home of the United Services Proprietary College Ltd founded in 1874, four years before Kipling's arrival. It was basically a crammer for the services, charging lower fees than the London establishments and situated in a remote part of the country markedly short of fleshpots beyond the attractions of the wild girls of Appledore.

Kipling's sight, of course, precluded him from a military career and he was really there because of the Headmaster, Cornell Price, a most unlikely choice for such an establishment. Just before Kipling's arrival, Price had helped William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones organise the Workmen's Neutrality Demonstrations in Islington to protest against Disraeli's support for Turkey in her war with Russia. [I am grateful to my friend Sharad Keskar for pointing me to this reference from Janet Adam Smith's "Boy of Letters".] The Islington meeting was noisy and William Morris said that it "quite refused to cheer the Empress Brown" – a disrespectful reference to Queen Victoria. Kipling travelled down from London to Westward Ho! with Price a couple of days after this anti-war meeting. Kipling became the bard of Empire but remained a friend of the anti-jingo intimate of the Pre-Raphaelites.

The truth seems to be that Kipling was always drawn to people who were type true and was deeply suspicious of people in public life with all its necessary compromises, Paget MP and his like, who knew very little about many things and lived by spin. Kipling loved people who were type true and hang doctrine, but who was he?

Certainly the evidence of Stalky is that the non conformist strand was very strong. Both Kipling's grandfathers were Methodist ministers. One of the trio of boys at the centre of the story, M'Turk, openly derided cricket – how non conformist can you get in a school story published in 1899. The Chaplain – he is described as moustachioed so that means he was an evangelical – has a conversation with the Kipling character Beetle. "Just think if the Head went and got ordained. What would happen", asked the Chaplain. "The Coll 'ud go to pieces in a year." Was the reply.

His meetings with Bishops make me wonder whether he would have approved of this august society's invitation to me to propose this toast. He fell out with the British born high church Bishop Hill during his Vermont days and suspected him paradoxically for a person with such broad sympathies of ecumenicism. Writing about this visit he said: "Let us discourage enthusiasm and preach the Church of England as the old order ran." Josephine echoed his sentiments screaming "Take him away! I don't like Bishunts."

Sitting on the seafront at Westward Ho! Wondering who Kipling was, I wonder if he too with his powerful historical imagination saw the peril and promise in the place where he spent four impressionable years. There out in the bay on a good day you can clearly see Lundy Island, once a haunt of North African pirates in a more disordered world. As late as the 1620s there was a slave raid on Ilfracombe just up the coast. The restless sea brings dangers. But this was also the place named after Kingsley's great romance *Westward Ho!* which conjures up the expansion of spirit which carried the sailors of the West to the shores of the North American continent where the names of settlements in Newfoundland still recall the Devon home of their original settlers.

We live at a time when once again there are people as there were in the inter-war years who cannot believe [in the words of Auden] that "anyone means to be mean". On the whole we have done well out of history and want to go on drawing the peace dividend in a dangerous and volatile world. The last time that this country was menaced with extinction, according to David Gilmour in his excellent new book quoting Lewis Namier, it was the "Kipling Imperialists. . .who were called in to bring back to us the creed of an older generation." Will there be such people available next time?

But I do not want the last word to be with the peril which Kipling saw so clearly but with his evocation of the enduring continuities of Oak, Ash and Thorn, a tenacious freshness which lies deep down in the people of these islands, who have seen sun rise on Empire and sun set and are capable of great things in the world if only their memories are not destroyed.

Kipling is one of those who have preserved and enriched our memories. He remains an elusive figure, bard of the small scale and the NCO as well as the grandiose and imperial dream. But he wrote as he saw in a time which had many blemishes but which was not entirely ignoble and deserves to be incorporated in our folk memory as we struggle to understand who we are.

Let the last words be with Kipling in a poem about St Paul: "At His Execution".

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

I invite the company to rise to drink to the unfading genius of Rudyard Kipling.

VOTE OF THANKS BY THE SOCIETY'S PRESIDENT  
SIR GEORGE ENGLE

In thanking the Bishop, Sir George Engle began with the story of a prize giving High Court Judge, at a school for delinquent children, who said: "I didn't think much of the prize-givers when I was at Harrow – I think the bishops were the worst!" – "But", our President added with great emphasis, "for us the Bishop is the best."

Bearing in mind the theme of the Bishop's talk (Westward Ho!) Sir George Engle went on to quote from *Something of Myself*, in which Kipling records how good Crom Price was to him as his Headmaster.

Our President would like to have said more but brought proceedings to a close because the Bishop had to leave for a prior engagement.

[The Honorary Secretary would like to record her gratitude to The Bishop of London for taking time off from his busy schedule to be with us at the Society's Annual Luncheon on 26 June 2002. "Many members have told me how much they enjoyed the occasion and the Bishop's talk in particular. I too found the talk not only beautifully crafted but at times lyrical. More importantly, it was delivered with a clarity and generosity which can only come from scholarship and a well of deep spirituality." – *Ed.*]

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## THE READERS' GUIDE, WORLD WIDE

By JOHN WALKER

[The author's alternative title: "A Rabid Effusion in the Style of The Hunting of the Snark", is recorded for one of RK's uncollected pieces, in Volume V of the Guide. – *Ed.*]

If the *Readers' Guide* is to be revised and a new edition produced, the extended Editorial Board must have access to the original text. Reginald Harbord and his team of contributors published the work over eleven years, to 1972, and I have spent three months attempting to trace all sets and individual volumes.

*"Just the place for a Snark. . ."*

In the age of the Internet, contact with libraries, and with Kipling enthusiasts, world wide, should be simpler. However, every net has holes. Using all of the standard academic research engines, and a growing circle of contacts, I have accounted for something over four hundred numbered volumes. There may have been 105 sets of eight,

although the frontispiece claims a 'limited edition' of one hundred. This note is, therefore, partly an appeal for more information.

*"You may hunt it with forks and hope. "*

It would seem sensible to start with a list of subscribers, but this (if it exists) has not yet come to light. In fact, it is already clear that many of the sets in institutions are made up of volumes from a variety of sources, and some of those in private hands were bound up from loose leaves. My sincere thanks are due to all those who have helped with the hunt so far, but especially to several members of the Society who have supplied details of privately owned sets. These will not be published along with the rest of the results.

*"What I tell you three times is true. "*

Already, my insistence on recording locations by individual volume number has led to a lighter side of the research. Librarians, and especially those responsible for reserve collections, are commendably thorough, and many have obviously checked each volume of the set for its limited edition number. One (nameless, of course) admitted that a predecessor had carefully pasted over an offending number to bring it into line with the set. Another found that every single volume of the eight carried a different number. In contrast, other cataloguers insist that they have a complete "run", though I have found the same number as an isolated volume elsewhere. Twice, a mysterious ninth volume has proved to be the Guide to the *Just So Stories*, published as a twenty four page booklet in 1955.

*"That's exactly the method, the Bellman bold, in a hasty parenthesis cried. "*

Some questions are raised. Should I tell a keen and helpful bibliomaniac that the missing two volumes for his set are on my list, albeit on another continent? How does a National University come to have nothing but a single copy of Volume III? Why is it possible for a set, in a University library, to disappear from the catalogues, until I was put "on the scent" by a Society member who used it over thirty years ago? Why do the Union Catalogues for institutions in the United States of America seem so much more united than those in Britain? Should it be necessary to ask staff at a national copyright collection to check their shelves, because on line cataloguing only goes back to 1978? Was it unkind to disappoint the assistant who reported that several of their volumes of the *Guide* were signed by Mr. Kipling?

*"Not a chance must be wasted today. "*

Obviously, keen students have valued the publication by failing to return loans, from time to time. Several libraries have had this problem, and photocopies or flow printed microforms are extant. Including my own set of loose leaves, some of which our Librarian has identified as proofs, I know of over thirty "volumes" without numbers. Yet, in all, the most exciting scent is of the lost material. It was clearly intended that a second volume of commentary on the Verse would be produced, and Harbord himself mentions notes for this purpose. George Webb's team is very keen to trace these, or any further references.

*"We shall need all our strength for the job. "*

If you have never used the *Readers' Guide*, or even browsed through a volume, it may be difficult to share my despair that such a source should be so difficult to find. Only three of the library sets that I have traced are on open shelves, and our interest may already have driven one of these into the Rare Books section. At least a published list of locations (with privately owned sets excepted) would point some more researchers and keen readers to a treasure-trove of facts.

*On to "Fit the Fifth".*

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## REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES FOR 2001

The Kipling Society, whose postal address is 6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS, was founded in 1927, is registered with the Charity Commissioners (No 278885) and is constituted under rules approved in July 1999. As stated in the Rules, the object of the Society is the advancement of public education by promoting the study and appreciation of the life and works of Rudyard Kipling. The Society is administered by a Council comprising Honorary Executive Officers and elected Ordinary Members. Those serving during the year under review are listed below:

### EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

Chairman	Mr P.G.S. Hall
Deputy Chairman	Lt-Colonel R.C. Ayers, O.B.E.
Secretary	Mr S.D.J. Keskar, M.A. (until July 2001) Mrs Jane Keskar (from July 2001)
Treasurer	Mr R.A.Bissolotti
Journal Editor	Mr G.H. Webb C.M.G., O.B.E. (until July 2001) Mr S.D.J. Keskar, M.A. (from July 2001)*
Membership Secretary	Lt-Colonel R.C. Ayers, O.B.E.
Meetings Secretary	Dr J.D. Lewins
Librarian	Mr J.F. Slater
On Line Editor	Mr J. Radcliffe

## ORDINARY MEMBERS

Mr D.N.Vermont	(1999-2002)
Mrs Elizabeth Inglis	(2000-2003)
Cmdr. Alastair Wilson	(2000-2003).
Miss Anne Harcombe	(2001-2004)
Mr John Walker	(2001-2004)

In furtherance of its object, and on an ongoing basis, the Society:

1. Publishes quarterly, the substantial *Kipling Journal*, which is distributed to all individual members and Journal only members, and deals with matters of interest to readers and students of Kipling.
2. Promotes and holds meetings, lectures, film shows, visits, discussions and readings to stimulate and encourage the study of Rudyard Kipling's works.
3. Maintains in City University, London, an extensive library of books and archive material available to members and any researchers.
4. Maintains a Kipling Room at The Grange Museum in Rottingdean, Sussex.
5. Maintains a world-wide web-site (**www.kipling.org.uk**) containing information and pictorial material about the Society, about Kipling's prose and poetry, and about his life and times. There is also the catalogue of the Society's Library and a comprehensive Index to the *Kipling Journal* from its inception in 1927. The web-site attracts requests for information and new members from all over the world.

**State of the Society and specific activities in 2001:**

- Four issues of the *Kipling Journal* were issued during the year.
- The web-site continues to attract considerable interest from members and the general public; and now includes Alastair Wilson's naval glossary and Brian Martinson's musicography of settings of Kipling's poems. Papers from the Cambridge Kipling Conference are published on the Society's web-site with the agreement of the Conference organisers. A number of new members have joined the Society following visits to the web-site.
- During the year there were five meetings, inclusive of the Annual General Meeting, at which there were 4 lectures and the screening of a Russian cartoon film of "The Adventures of Mowgli". Embedded in the Cambridge Kipling Conference held from 5 to 7 September the Society arranged the delivery of the first Stammers-Smith Memorial Lecture given by the poet and critic Craig Raine. The Guest Speaker at the Annual Luncheon in May was Mr Adam Nicolson.
- At the end of 2001 the Society had 579 individual members and 115 'Journal-only' subscribing universities and libraries in 21 countries.- There is one self-administering overseas branch in Australia, at Melbourne, some of whose members are subscribers to the parent Society.
- A start has been made by a sub-committee of members to revise, and bring up to date, the massive 8 volume, 4000 pages, *Readers' Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Works* originally published privately by the Society between 1961 and 1972. It is anticipated that this work may take up to five years to complete but already good headway has been made.

- Financially the results for the year have been satisfactory though a deficit of £2,028 was made. It is anticipated that reduced expenditure during the coming year will again give rise to a small surplus. The Society's reserves have been boosted by receipt of a second tranche of the legacy, left in her Will to the Society, by a former member.

The Trustees will continue to expand the activities of the Society but in doing so continue their efforts to maintain subscription rates at the present level.

Signed by the Chairman, Mr P.G.S. Hall, and dated 6 August 2002.

[\*N.B. Mr. S.D.J. Keskar co-edited the December 2000 Journal with Mr G.H.Webb and has edited the *Kipling Journal* since March 2001. – Ed.]



### OBITUARY

*Although Capt. Peter Saunders joined the Society recently, it was his intention to be a member for many years to come. Peter joined the Indian 7th Cavalry in Rangoon in May 1945, after that port and town had endured three years of Japanese occupation. He helped plan the dispatch of the Regiment back to India, where his training on Sherman tanks made a useful contribution in the preparation for a sea-borne invasion of Malaya. But the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki changed the situation, and soon the Regiment was selected to be part of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force in Japan. According to a fellow officer, Capt. Geoffrey Siphthorp, (who is a member of our Society), it was Peter's mathematical genius – as applied to logistical problems – and his attention to detail, which ensured that personnel, vehicles, and stores reached their destinations on time and without mishap.*

[I am indebted to Capt. Harry Travis, (7th Cavalry and member of our Society), for telling me about Peter. I first came to know Peter Saunders in 1972 and, since then, well enough for me to realise that the Society has lost a good and genial friend. – Ed.]

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

**BURMESE DAYS**

*From Miss Ailsa Pain, 110 Hampstead Way, London NW11 7XY*

Dear Sir,

I was interested to read Mr George Webb's informative articles about Burma, and sad to learn that this "greener, cleaner land" suffered so much from ruthless imperial wars and royal tyranny in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. As I wondered about this I saw an Underground advertisement for a British Burma Campaign presentation: "Whisper Freedom". In modern Burma those with aspirations to new literary, political or social ideals can only "whisper". To speak aloud can lead to imprisonment, forced labour, and even death.

I first became concerned about Burma when I saw an exhibition in the Barbican Gallery last year. It expounded the oppression of the Newlin regime. The notorious Burma railway that cost 16,000 Allied lives in World War II is now being extended, at the request of a Western Oil Company, by forced labour. At least 200,000 have been forced to work and over 300 have died. Workers who try to run away are killed. There is even a report of one man being brutally hacked to death. A video in the exhibition explained how a reporter paid a villager to take him secretly to view the work as it is an area shut from tourists. He did not realise the terrible consequences that would follow when the man's wife was stood up in her village, humiliated, beaten and mutilated. Amnesty also reports the use of forced child labour in Burma and a human rights lawyer describes seeing political prisoners working to restore the old palace at Mandalay. They were shackled at the legs and perhaps at the neck. The work on the palace – like the new Kipling Bar in Mandalay – are all part of the Burmese Government's effort to attract tourism. I couldn't help thinking how I would enjoy a trip to Burma to see the jungle and wild life, and the temples – particularly the one at Moulmein. Then I recalled Aung San Suu Kyi on the video film! She was democratically elected as leader, after the failed 1988 uprising, but is now under house arrest by the present regime. She asked people not to visit Burma now, as their money would help to support a rule of oppression and fear, but that they should come when Burma is free and democratic, because it is a beautiful land.

Perhaps the last words should be Kipling's:

In Faiths and Foods and Books and Friends

Give every soul her choice.

For such as follow divers ends

In divers lights rejoice. [ . . . ]

There is a glory in all things;

But each must find his own,

Sufficient for his reckonings,

Which is to him alone.

[ "The Glories" ]

Yours sincerely  
AILSA PAIN

**THE RED AND THE BLACK**

*From Josephine Leeper, 43Lammas Lane, Esher, Surrey KT10 8PE.*

Dear Sir,

On re-reading Fiona MacCarthy's excellent biography of William Morris, I was struck by a fact which may throw some light on Kipling's splendid story "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot". [Written 1890, collected in *Many Inventions* 1893]

In 1887 William Morris's sister, Isabella Gilmore, founded the Rochester Diocese Deaconess Institution, whose members were to go about the East End slums providing practical help for the poor. Fiona MacCarthy says: "Isabella's deaconesses were a curiously effective combination of nurse, social worker and policewoman. They wore blue or grey merino dresses under large black cloaks; their lawn caps were surmounted by plain cottage bonnets tied with bows under the chin. . . This uniform made them immediately recognisable in the community and gave them an instant authority."

Kipling returned to England in October 1889. He had known William Morris as 'Uncle Topsy' when he was a boy staying with his Burne-Jones cousins. He would certainly have disapproved of Morris's activities in the Socialist League, but by autumn that year the League was disintegrating and Morris was about to resign and turn his enthusiasm to the Kelmscott press, printing beautiful books. In any case Kipling would have met him again at the Burne-Jones's in an atmosphere of friendliness and might, quite possibly, have met Isabella Gilmore.

In the story of Badalia Herodsfoot, Sister Eva, "youngest and most impressionable of the Little Sisters of the Red Diamond" wore a grey cloak and a bonnet with white ribbons under the chin, this bonnet becoming a focus for the curate who was in love with her. Isabella Gilmore's deaconesses seem to have been tough, practical women, quite capable of delivering a baby or intervening in a drunken brawl, but sister Eva is portrayed as emotional and vulnerable.

It is Badalia, no saint but loyal and trustworthy, who knows her neighbours and can distinguish between those in real need and scroungers. I think that this shows Kipling's disapproval of 'ladies' undertaking this sort of work and also his dislike of 'do-gooders' in general, and he may have been influenced by Morris's own admission that, although he believed firmly in the Socialist principle of the equality of men, he found it difficult to be on familiar and easy terms with members of the working class.

It seems that Kipling, during the couple of years on his own in England, saw more of darkest London than Morris ever did, just as, in India, he had explored the "City of Dreadful Night". He possibly

discussed slum-dwellers with Isabella Gilmore and certainly "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" gives the impression that he was familiar with the terrible conditions in which they lived.

Yours sincerely  
JOSEPHINE LEEPER

#### **CORMELL PRICE'S GRAVE AT ROTTINGDEAN**

*From Lorraine Price, 29 Livingstone Road, Palmers Green, London N13 4SD.*

Dear Sir,

My grandfather, Cornell (Crom) Price and the painter Edward Burne-Jones were school friends in Birmingham, and years later, when the latter resided at The Elms in Rottingdean, my grandfather began visiting him. It was also the time when Kipling, Burne-Jones's nephew by marriage and Crom's former pupil at the United Services College, Westward Ho!, was living at The Elms. When Burne-Jones died in June 1898, Crom and Kipling were among those who kept vigil over the ashes in Rottingdean Church before their interment in the churchyard. Crom remained close to Burne-Jones's widow, Georgiana, who so valued his friendship that she rented Fairhaven, a house in Rottingdean, for Crom, his wife and son, during the last months of his life. He died in May 1910 and his grave is in one of the oldest parts of the churchyard. It has an inscribed surround but no headstone, and lies against a flint wall beside a holly bush, under the overhanging branches of a tree, possibly an ilex.

When Crom's son, my father, died in 1966, I had the surround of Crom's grave inscribed in his memory, and another was added when my mother died in 1983. Since then, I have paid a stonemason in Brighton to clean the stone surround annually and keep the lettering intact as far as possible. On the death of Crom's daughter, Dorothy McKenna, in 1995, I brought her ashes from Washington DC and placed them on her father's grave. She had told me she wished to return to England one last time, but had left no other instruction. I assume that my father, but I do not know for certain, placed my grandmother's ashes on the grave after her cremation in 1957.

I normally manage to visit Crom's grave twice a year and try to keep the grass and weeds growing within the surround in check. Two years ago, I learned that this part of graveyard was no longer being maintained, making it virtually impenetrable for anyone wishing to visit any grave there. I wrote to the Parish Priest explaining Crom's connection with Rottingdean. I now make a small yearly donation to the Parochial Church Council to help towards the cost of maintaining that part of the churchyard. I do hope this will ensure that Crom's grave can now be visited.

Yours sincerely  
LORRAINE PRICE

## OTHER LETTERS

*From Mr B.J. Bolt, Wellforge End, Stanton Wick, Pensford, Bristol, BS39 4BZ.*

Dear Sir,

It is interesting to note that difficulties with railway punctuality was apparently felt by Kipling those many years ago. So much so that he was moved to write the brilliant and ironically entitled satire "Railway Reform in Great Britain". Written in the form of *A Thousand and One Nights*, it ends with a wonderful solution to the problem which is, unfortunately, not possible today.

Yours sincerely  
BEN BOLT

*From Mr G.L. Wallace, 9 Hathaway Close, Luton, Beds LU4 0HU.*

Dear Sir,

Re the letter from Sir George Engle about the death of Rudyard Kipling in 1936: King George V died two days later and I seem to remember seeing a newspaper headline which read: "The King has gone and taken his trumpeter with him!" It may have been the *Daily Mail*.

Yours sincerely  
G. L. WALLACE

*From Mr Geoffrey Plowden, 22 Prince Edward Mansions, London W2 4WA.*

Dear Sir,

Members might find my Latin translation of "The Way Through the Woods" of some interest. I promise it's O.K. technically. It has been seen by two of the finest Latinists now alive. Writing it taught me the Latin for badger and otter (*meles and lutra*).

Clausa via est, has quae per silvas duxerat olim,  
praeteriere etiam bis septem lustra, viamque  
dissolvere hiemes. Illam quis credere posset  
arboribus nondum positis hic ante fuisse,  
quam virgulta et erica tegunt, gracilesque anemonae?  
Isse homines quodam solus tu, vilice, cernis  
hac, ubi turtur habet nidum securaque meles  
ludit humi recubans. Sed si quis inire tenebras  
aestivo voluit silvestres vespere, ubi aura  
frigora piscosis stagnorum assumit ab undis  
et lutra in ripa cum coniuge sibila mittit  
(quippe homines nullis, raro gens visa, timentur  
per nemora). Is sentit rapida ut quatit ungula terram  
et dant, contactu tunicae, rorata susurrum  
gramina: fertur eques tam certis gressibus illic,  
aera per densum currens, ac sola locorum,  
priscam ut nunc etiam clare apparere putares –  
sed fuit, has quae per silvas via duxerat olim.

Yours sincerely  
GEOFFREY PLOWDEN

## ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). It is one of the most active and enduring literary societies in Britain and, as the only one which focuses on Kipling and his place in English Literature, attracts a world-wide membership. (Details from the Society's web-site (see page 4) and membership forms from the **Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wilts SP1 3SB**. The forms quote the minimum annual subscription rates. Some members contribute a little more.)

The Society is a Registered Charity and a voluntary, non-profit-making organisation. Its activities, which are controlled by a Council and run by the Secretary and honorary officials, include:

- maintaining a specialised Library in City University, London,
- answering enquiries from the public (schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request,
- arranging a regular programme of lectures, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker,
- and publishing the *Kipling Journal*, every quarter.

The Journal of the Society aims to entertain and inform. It is sent to subscribing paying members all over the world free of charge. This includes libraries, English Faculties, and 'Journal – only' members. Since 1927, the *Journal* has published important items by Kipling, not readily found elsewhere, valuable historical information, and literary comment by authorities in their field. By not being wholly academic, the Journal is representative of Kipling, whose own diverse interests and versatile talent covered a wide range of literary writing – letters, travel, prose and verse. For the serious scholar of Kipling, who cannot afford to overlook the *Journal*, a comprehensive index of the entire run since 1927 is available. Apply to: **The Librarian, Kipling Society, 13 Canonbury Road, London N1 2DF, England**. Back numbers of the *Journal* can also be bought. Write to; **Mr Michael Smith, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton BN2 6LB, England**.

The Editor of the *Kipling Journal* publishes membership news, Society events, and the texts of talks given by invited speakers. In addition, he is happy to receive letters and articles from readers. These may be edited and publication is not guaranteed. Letters of crisp comment, under 1000 words, and articles between 1000 – 4000 are especially welcome. Write to: **The Editor, Kipling Journal, 6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS, England**.

