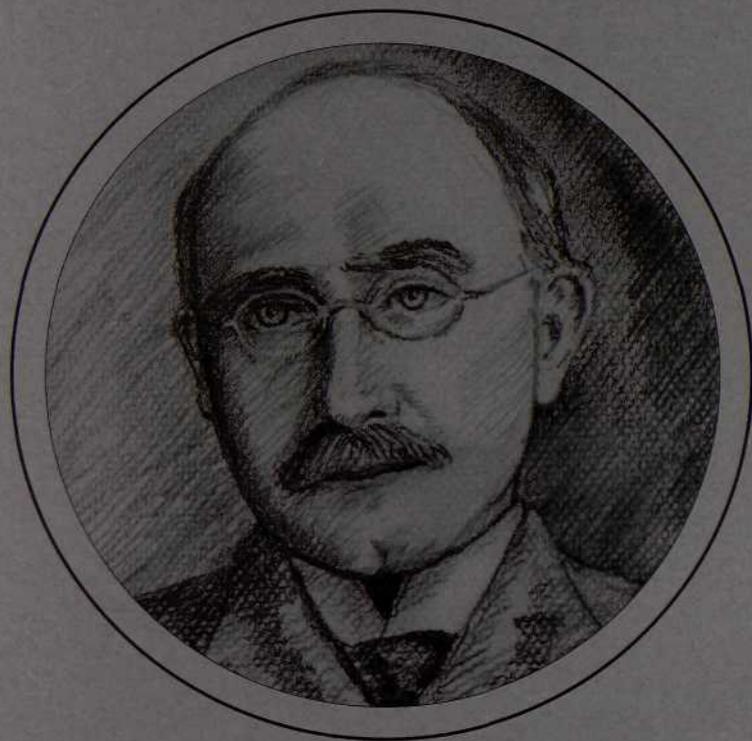


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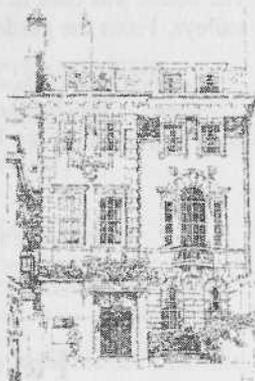
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

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 and Pakistan, Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's Annual Luncheon: Guest Speaker, **Sir Nicholas Barrington, K.C.M.G., C.V.O.**
Details in the flyer enclosed.

Wednesday 9 July 2003, 4.30 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's A.G.M. A cash bar will serve drinks at 5.30 p.m. before **David Gilmour's** talk: "**Kipling's Politics?**" at 6 p.m. Tea will be available before the meeting for those who book in advance. Information about this and other details to follow.

Wednesday 16th July 2003, Preliminary Notice. **Jeffery Lewins** hopes to arrange a visit to Rottingdean on this date, and asks that members who are interested should obtain details either by writing to him at Magdalene College, Cambridge CB3 0AG or by email to jd@eng.cam.ac.uk

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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NON OMNIA POSSUMUS OMNES

By SIR GEORGE ENGLE, K.C.B., Q.C.

The announcement, in the September 2002 issue of the *Journal*, of Sharad Keskar's resignation as Editor will have come as a surprise to many of my fellow-members, and as a matter of regret to all of us. Sharad had already proved to be a first-rate editor, with an enviable prose style all his own. He took over the job with remarkably little fuss two years ago, on George Webb's retirement – George's twenty years' editorship being a classic instance of a hard act to follow. But Sharad was undaunted, and his first issue (March 2001) gave us a new, sensitive image of our man on the cover, aimed (as he explained) at "capturing the quintessential person in a good light". Since then the *Journal* (including the Special 75th Anniversary Number) has continued from strength to strength; and we all felt that we were indeed fortunate in having Sharad as our Editor.

However, as they say in France, there is always some vinegar in the salad. Sharad inherited from George the time-honoured editorial method whereby an editor supplies typescript copy to the printer for conversion into printable form; and with this he was entirely happy. But not long after his appointment it dawned on the Council that the cost of printing and distributing the *Journal* might be substantially reduced by going in for what Sharad in his farewell editorial unenthusiastically called "our ever marvellous technological revolution". It is clearly the duty of the trustees of a charity (which is what the members of the Council are in law) to save costs where possible; but for Sharad this would have meant changing over to a mainly computer-operated system – something that for him would have been, as he put it, a bridge too far. So, with what I know to be real reluctance, he has decided to bow out – gracefully but firmly. I for one entirely respect his reasons for this; but I share the regret we must all feel at losing such a valuable Officer.

* "We cannot all do all things".

EDITORIAL

By THE NEW EDITOR, DAVID PAGE

I am very honoured that our Council has entrusted me with the task of taking over the reins which have been so ably handled by Sharad Keskar for the past two years, although I do so with considerable trepidation. It is not obvious, particularly to me, how my experience could fit me for the Editorship of the *Journal*, though my hope is that enthusiasm will make up for any lack of literary expertise. Not unexpectedly, Sharad is being very generous with his help and advice, with much of the work for this issue having been done by him, and for this I thank him profusely.

As a largely unknown quantity, it seems reasonable on this first occasion of access to the editorial columns of the *Kipling Journal*, to relate at least 'Something of Myself'.

I was born in 1935, and bred in "'The Midlands,' filled with brick cities, all absolutely alike, but populated by natives who, through heredity, have learned not only to distinguish between them but even between the different houses; so that at meals and at evening multitudes return, without confusion or scandal, each to the proper place." ["The Prophet and The Country", *Debits and Credits*]. As one of the natives, I always feel this to be a rather harsh judgement from someone of Yorkshire extraction.

School was in Staffordshire at Denstone College, about fifteen miles south-east of Rudyard Lake, where I came up, as it were, through "Mr. Hartopp's sti – science class" ["Regulus", *A Diversity of Creatures*], and thereafter the University of Liverpool for a B.Sc. I have spent my working life entirely in the rubber and plastics processing industries mainly carrying out research, first into polymers, then markets, and lastly finance and budgets, making extensive use of computers for the last quarter century.

My exposure to Kipling began early, following the usual route for a child, from *Just So Stories* via *The Jungle Books* to the *Puck Stories*, *Kim* and *Captains Courageous*. After that, the order of acquisition becomes sketchier; there were certainly requests for birthday or Christmas presents with definite markers of *Wee Willie Winkie* and *Life's Handicap* at 18 and *Many Inventions* at 21. By this point I owned, and was re-reading regularly, twenty of the Macmillan editions, almost all printed between 1936 and 1952. There was then a lull, with the collecting fever not

striking again until I was in my fifties— thereafter it has never stopped, but the emphasis has always been on the work, not (usually) the edition.

You will realise by now that Kipling's works have played a key role in my life, helping to form attitudes and ways of looking at things. My hope is that I can apply these to do justice to your expectations, and continue to produce a *Journal* that enlightens, informs and satisfies all of our "satiabile curiosity".

There are bound to be occasions when many of you will already know much of what I may put before you under the editorial hat, but the contributors and letter writers will surely continue to make up for any editorial shortcomings. In the words that Kipling used in his review of *Hobson-Jobson* in C&MG of 15 April 1886, but applying it to the *Journal*, it is also hoped that 'it will coerce him [the reader] pleasantly to consult other books and to explore fresh avenues of thought; ... Furthermore [that] it will interest him intensively throughout.'

AN EDITORIAL PRECEPT

Looking for every piece of advice that I could find on the editorial process – Sharad, back numbers of the *Journal*, internet websites, and not least, the works of our *raison d'être*, two interconnected precepts seem to summarise the matter. In *Something of Myself*, commenting in "Seven Years' Hard" pp.47-48, that

Double Headlines we had never heard of, nor special type, and I fear that the amount of 'white' in the newspapers to-day would have struck us as common cheating.

Then in his article in *The Idler* in 1892, *My First Book*, we have the foreman Rukhti-Din saying

Your potery very good, sir; just coming proper length today. You giving more soon? One third column, just proper. Always can take on third page ...

From these I distil one key precept—fill the page somehow—hence this digression.

KIPLING, WESTWARD HO! AND GOLF

By ANTHONY J. HANSCOMB, C.ENG., M.I.E.E.

[Anthony Hanscomb worked in manufacturing industry for some 35 years, after a short spell as an Air Electrical Officer in the Fleet Air Arm. His second career was in fund-raising in higher education – the last few years at Magdalene College, Cambridge. His interests are classical music, rugby football and everything French. He lives with his wife, Jennie, in Twickenham. He is the eldest grandson of J.H. Taylor, and as a small boy in Richmond during the late 1930's he visited his grandparents almost every day. After the war he regularly visited Northam, spending many a cold August day on the beach at Westward Ho! –Ed.]

In order to put this recollection into perspective I will take readers back to the 1870's and to Northam, near Bideford, in Devon. My grandfather, John Henry Taylor, was born in this village on 19 March 1871. He went to the village school, next to St Margaret's Church, but he had to leave school for good at the age of 11, as he had reached the top class. He then became a caddie on Northam Burrows, where golf was first played in 1857. The Club was granted the name Royal North Devon and West of England Golf Club in 1865, but it became known as Westward Ho! following Charles Kingsley's novel of that name. Kingsley wrote this book while staying with Captain Molesworth RN, whose home was midway between Bideford and Northam.

During the year 1890, at the age of 19, my grandfather left Northam, with a sovereign in his pocket and a box of clothes, to take up his first job as a professional golfer, at Burnham on Sea. He later became the professional at Winchester, where, in 1895, he won the first of his five Open Golf Championships. In 1899 he moved to the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club, in Richmond. He competed in every 'Open' until 1924; he was runner-up on six occasions. He retained close links with his brothers and sisters, who continued to live in Devon, and with the Westward Ho! Golf Club. One of his Northam friends sent him details of the death of Sergeant Cowell, in 1923, and my grandfather then wrote to Rudyard Kipling. My grandfather received the following reply from Kipling:

Bateman's

Burwash

Private

Sussex

December 28th 1923

Dear Mr. Taylor,

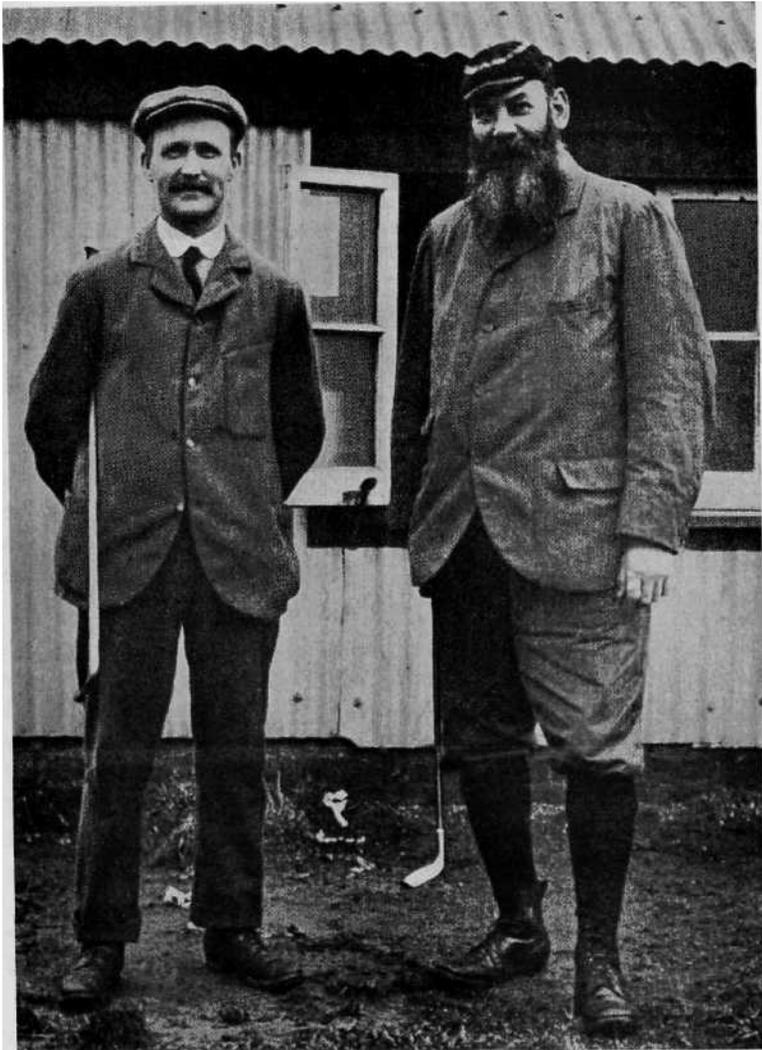
It was very kind of you to think of writing to me and of sending the account of Sergeant Cowell's death, which carried me back to memories of ever so long ago. I remember him as a big, red-faced man of tremendous energy and activity, but of course he did not come across our young lives at the College as much as the little school sergeant did; though we had a healthy fear of him. I'm glad he's buried in Northam Churchyard. I see, too, that Oke was represented at the funeral. What is he doing now? Those were good days when the Burrows were free to all, and as you remember, we golfed where and when we chose, and there were very few books or theories to confuse the mind or the muscles.

Your autograph is going to make a friend of mine very happy. With every good wish for the coming year, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
Rudyard Kipling

Readers of *Stalky & Co.* will remember Mr. Prout and Mr. King, two of the masters. Mr. Prout was based on Mr. Pugh, who was very helpful to my great-grandfather by handing on old clothes, which my great-grandmother turned into garments for her five children. Sergeant Cowell was a close friend of Foxy (Sergeant-Major Schofield). 'Oke' was a servant at the College and he married one of my grandfather's cousins.

Curiously enough Captain GEM. Molesworth RN, known to many at the Golf Club as 'Old Mole' was the original for the character Colonel Dabney in *Stalky & Co.* Various suggestions were made at the time as to the origin of the nickname 'Old Mole'. In the history *The Royal North Devon Golf Club 1864-1989*, published in 1989, it is suggested that when the redoubtable Naval Officer played golf at Westward Ho, with his driver, iron and putter – known as Faith, Hope and Charity – along with his dog, Toby, his ball rarely left the ground! Captain Molesworth was a founder member of the Golf Club in 1864.



J. H. TAYLOR

DR. W. G. GRACE

Taken 1909

A photograph taken of Mr J.H. Taylor with Dr W.G. Grace in 1909.

It was not until *Stalky & Co.* was published in 1899 that it became generally known that Rudyard Kipling had been a pupil at the United Services College in Westward Ho! from 1878 until 1882.

My grandparents retired to Northam in 1946. They named their cat "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi." 'J.H.' as he was universally known, died, aged 91, in 1963. He is buried in Northam Churchyard.

REFERENCE

Source of Kipling's letter and photograph: *Golf: My Life's Work* by J.H. Taylor
Published by Jonathan Cape in 1943

MR TAYLOR AND THE KIPLING SOCIETY

In the first March 1927 *Kipling Journal* (Volume 1 Issue 1), Mr J.H. Taylor of Richmond is included in the list of the *First Hundred Members* (p.34). Furthermore on pp. 18-21 there is an article that he wrote with the title *Westward Ho! and Golf*, and which is a fascinating overview of golf as played by the members of U.S.C. The following extracts will give the flavour of a caddie's views of their golfing skills. –*Ed.*

The Collegers were not allowed to play the game with any regularity.. . Current gossip was to the effect that if the game had been allowed, the Masters authority would be irretrievably undermined. .. Truth and candour compels me to state that none of them [the Masters] were "crack players". *Mr. Carr* was the best of a mediocre lot. . . because he was a slasher and hitter of great ferocity . . . Finesse was not his forte. *The Padre, Rev. George Willes*, I would place as the next best. He was the antithesis to *Mr. Carr*. Careful and methodical to an almost painful degree. . . *Mr Bode* took his pleasures sadly as if overawed by the solemnity of the occasion.

I do not remember that "*The Head*" *Mr. Cormel Price*, used to play with any of the other masters. They were not good, but *Mr. Price* was distinctly inferior. . . I have no recollection that "*King*," *Mr W.C. Crofts*, ever played golf, nor "*Prout*," *Mr M.H. Pugh*. They may have considered the game too futile for recognition.

"THE FALSE MEASURE" ¹

KIPLING OR POUND

By KEN FRAZER

[Ken Frazer has been a member of the Society since 1987. He was an elected member of The Council for three years. He has contributed articles and several letters to the *Kipling Journal*. Four years ago he gave a talk to the Society on "Cities of Dreadful Night." After studying Classics at school and Law at University Ken served in the regular army; and later worked at the BBC. – Ed..]

In the 1930s Ezra Pound, then living in Rapallo, wrote a series of verses for the *New England Weekly* under the pseudonym Alfred Venison. This magazine was founded by A.R. Orage an American who had moved to England after working for a variety of magazines in the States. In his biography of Ezra Pound¹ Humphrey Carpenter describes these writings of Pound as 'extremely unfunny light verses on Social Credit Themes' . The first set of verses was a parody of "The Charge of the Light Brigade", mocking a hunger march of the early thirties.²

On 1 March 1934 the *New England Weekly* (Volume IV Issue 20) contained an untitled poem of nineteen lines under the heading "Alf's Fourth Bit" . . . i.e. Alfred Venison's Fourth set of verses.³ "Alf's Fourth Bit" was a badly written attack on Rudyard Kipling. It begins:

Rudyard the dud yard
Rudyard the false measure

The last eight lines are:

Your own ma' warn't no better
Than the Duchess af Kaugh
My cousin's name Baldwin
An 'e looks a toff
You 'ark to the sargent
And don't read no books:
Go to God like a sojer
What counts is the looks.

In the same year Yeats records Pound as saying "All the modern statesmen were more or less scoundrels 'except Mussolini and that hysterical imitator of him Hitler'".⁴ Kipling of course by this time was making his second pre-war effort to persuade the British people of the danger from Germany. He hated fascism; Pound loved it. To Elliot L. Gilbert 'Kipling in 1932 was vainly calling the attention of his countrymen to the rise of totalitarianism in Germany, and preparing to renounce the swastika because he felt Hitler was defiling it'⁵

A letter in the *Journal* records Pound in 1910 claiming that Kipling said he was a good poet and wonders what poems had apparently provoked such a eulogy from Kipling.⁶ If anything did it must have been the 1909 edition of *The Personae of Ezra Pound* which won high praise from the Bookman, The Observer, Rupert Brooke and Punch (which calls him 'Edward Ton').⁷ Pound also refers to Kipling in his *Guide to Kulchur*.

There is no mystery about the Cantos, they are the tale of the tribe – give Rudyard credit for his use of the phrase.

And in Canto 82 he uses the mysterious phrase 'Kipling suspected it.' presumably referring to his understanding of contemporary events.⁸ But why did Pound attack Kipling in the *New English Weekly*? Perhaps to Pound, Kipling represented the government that he despised almost as much as the American government. Perhaps because at the same time as the left wing poets of the day Kipling the arch-Conservative protested against the totalitarianism of Germany and Italy. Did Auden delete his famous verse about pardoning Kipling from his tribute to Yeats and his views because they had been on the same side on the most important occasion?

But there was no forgiveness for Pound. He had started his virulent attacks on the American state in 1927 in his Review *The Exile*. By the mid-thirties most Americans were tired of being attacked by him. That year a third rate musical called *Dames*, the mad multi-millionaire and butt of the film who devotes his fortune to Raising the Moral Standards of the American People is not called Ezra Pound; but Ezra Ounce.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. *Ezra Pound* by Humphrey Carpenter 1988 Faber
2. The Alfred Venison poems were published as Appendix Two to *Ezra Pound: The Collected Shorter Poems*, Faber 1949 edition.
3. Catalogue No 1028 in Gallup's *Bibliography of Ezra Pound* 1983
4. Quoted in *Ezra Pound* by Charles Norman U.S.A. 1960
5. *The Good Kipling* 1972 p122
6. *The Kipling Journal* September 1989 p.36 (Letter from Mrs J. McIntosh)
7. Norman op. cit. pp.37-38
8. Gilbert discusses this phrase; and uses it as a chapter heading.

VERSE AND PROSE

Always on the lookout for any items of Kiplingiana, I came across a copy of Sir A. Quiller-Couch's book *On The Art Of Writing* (Cambridge University Press, 1916, p53), and in the chapter in which he considers the differences between Verse and Prose, there is the following paragraph which I think worth repeating – *Ed*.

I have purposely, skimming a wide subject, discarded much ballast; but you may read and scan and read again, and always you must come back to this, that the first poets sang their words to the harp or some such instrument: and just there lies the secret of why poetry differs from prose. The moment you introduce music you let emotion into speech. From that moment you change everything, down to the order of the words — the *natural* order of the words; and (remember this) though the harp is suspended, the voice never forgets it. You may take up a Barrack Room Ballad of Kipling's, and it is there, though you affect to despise it for a banjo or concertina:-

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river . . .

Bang, whang, whang goes the drum, tootle – te – tootle the fife.

TWO UNPUBLISHED KIPLING LETTERS: ON THE SWASTIKA

By FRANCIS A. BURKLE-YOUNG AND PEYTON R. BROWN

[Frank Young is Professor of English at Gettysburg College, Pennsylvania. Mr Peyton Brown was his undergraduate research assistant last semester. It was Mr Brown who spotted the letter on a visit to the Rare Book Room of the Library of Congress. He is an undergraduate at the University of Maryland, College Park, where he majors in English. — Ed.]

Recently, an examination of a copy of a first edition of *Stalky & Co.*, in the Rare Book Room of the Library of Congress in Washington¹, revealed that on the verso of the flyleaf, someone has pasted in, apparently with library paste, a short letter from Kipling to Baring on the symbolism of the swastika.² The volume was once owned by Maurice Baring (1874-1945) and, later, by H[arris] Dunscombe Colt, Junior (1901-1973). The Library has no separate provenance data for the volume, but it is surely a part of the collection of fifteen hundred items of Kiplingana acquired from Colt's widow, Mrs. Armita Colt, in 1994. The text seems to be a reply to an earlier letter from Baring inquiring about the possible symbolism of the swastika with matrimony.

BATEMAN'S
BURWASH
SUSSEX

July 15, 1930

Dear Baring,

There's a big book somewhere on the Swastika, which is auspicious (if properly drawn) for trade, good-fortune and such like.³ Hindu money-lenders draw it at the beginning of their ledgers. But as to Matrimony — even the gods themselves can't forecast that: and I don't know any certain charm.

Very Sincerely

Rudyard Kipling

The 'properly drawn' swastika to which Kipling refers should be the *gammadion* or 'right-turning' version, most correctly labelled the *crux gammata dextrovorsa*, the ancient symbol of good fortune which he used as his device. Kipling, however, also used the *sauvastika*, "left-turning swastika," or *crux gammata sinistrovorsa* — both versions are imprinted in the first edition of *Stalky & Co.*, and also appeared on the other volumes of the English trade edition from 1899 forward. But both of Kipling's representations always show the symbol resting on a horizontal. By contrast, the version of the *sauvastika* that was adopted by Hitler in the meeting of the National Socialist Party on May 20, 1920, generally was tilted at a forty-five-degree angle, so that the device was *en pointe*. By 1930, the Nazi symbol had become so well known that Kipling would soon drop his device.⁴ The distinction that the author makes here probably is to draw a bar between his own emblem, squared on a horizontal base, and the 'improper', tilted version of Hitler's movement — rather than a distinction between the swastika and the *sauvastika*.⁵

Apparently, the letter is Kipling's reply to a letter from Baring which included a question on the relevance of the swastika to well-wishing on the occasion of a marriage. A careful examination of the genealogy of the Baring family shows that no family marriages took place in 1930, so the "matrimony" to which Baring probably referred cannot be identified easily.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. The cataloguing for this volume is: Rudyard Kipling, *Stalky & Co.* (London: Macmillan, 1899), ix, 272 p.; 21 cm.; Library of Congress Call Number: PR4854.S68 1899a; Library of Congress Card Number: 50-42043. The OCLC Accession Number for this item is: 2096789. Prior ownership is shown by two bookplates on the inside front board, one above the other. The older, lower book-plate shows a sailing ship moving up-river to a town. The margins of the view, proceeding from the top, to the left, to the base, and to the right, has the legend: Ex. LIBRIS MAURICE BARING HERE GOES A SHIP WITH A CARGO OF BOOKS TO THE CITY OF DREAMS H BELLOC JUNE 1897. The upper, newer bookplate is a white octagon in the centre of which is a depiction of an Indian riding an elephant, with a swastika on the right. Around the top and bottom edges is the legend: H DUNSCOMBE COLT KIPLING COLLECTION.
2. The note is on light-olive stationery that is embossed: BATEMAN'S / BURWASH / *SUSSEX* and is dated July 15, 1930. The three-line letterhead is centered and fully justified. The letter measures 17.7 cm. x 12.54 cm. and seems to be on about 26 lb. paper. Originally, it had one horizontal fold in the centre.

3. The 'big book' almost certainly is Thomas Wilson, *The Swastika: The Earliest Known Symbol, and Its Migrations : With Observations on the Migration of Certain Industries in Prehistoric Times* (Washington [D. C.]: Government Printing Office, 1896). This volume is a separately-published excerpt (pp. 757-1011, inclusive) from the *Report of the United States National Museum for 1894*. The volume first came to Kipling's notice when Samuel Pierpont Langley, then the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the parent institution of the United States National Museum, sent him a copy in 1897. Kipling's letter of thanks to Langley is to be found in Rudyard Kipling, *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, ed. Thomas Pinney, 4 vols. (Iowa City: University of Iowa Press, 1990-), II (1911-1919): 289-290.
4. The removal was requested in letters from A. S. Watt, on behalf of Kipling, to Macmillan (May 29, 1933) and Doubleday (June 1, 1933). My thanks to Professor Thomas Pinney for drawing this to my attention.
5. As late as 1935, Kipling seems not to have known the significance of the direction of the turning. In a note to Harold E. White, dated from Bateman's on December 28, 1935, he wrote: 'I don't think it makes much odds which way the horns of it turn.' (Typed letter, signed, now in the collection of Syracuse University. It will be included in volume six of the Kipling *Letters*.) For a further discussion of this point, see the letter of J. Shearman in *The Kipling Journal* (March, 1980) 41-42, with editorial notes.

ON A CANADIAN JOURNEY

By PHILIP EVANS AND J.W. MICHAEL SMITH

The following letter is owned by Philip Evans of Rottingdean. He has very kindly said that it can be reproduced in the *Kipling Journal*. Rudyard and Carrie were returning to England, after the highly successful tour of Canada, on the Allan Royal Mail Line R.M.S. "Virginian" which sailed from Montreal on October 24th 1907. The letter was received at the office of the Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company the following day. It will be interesting to discover if there is any record of the maps in the Bateman's catalogue. The Canadian voyage was written up in *Letters to the Family (1907)* to be found in *Letters of Travel (1892-1913)* but no mention is made of sailing down the St. Lawrence.

[The Society is indebted to J.W. Michael Smith for obtaining the owner's permission to reproduce the transcription and the letter in the *Kipling Journal*, and also for supplying the Notes.—Ed.]

TRANSCRIPTION

R.M.S. "Virginian"

Oct.25.1907

Dear Mr. Nicoll,

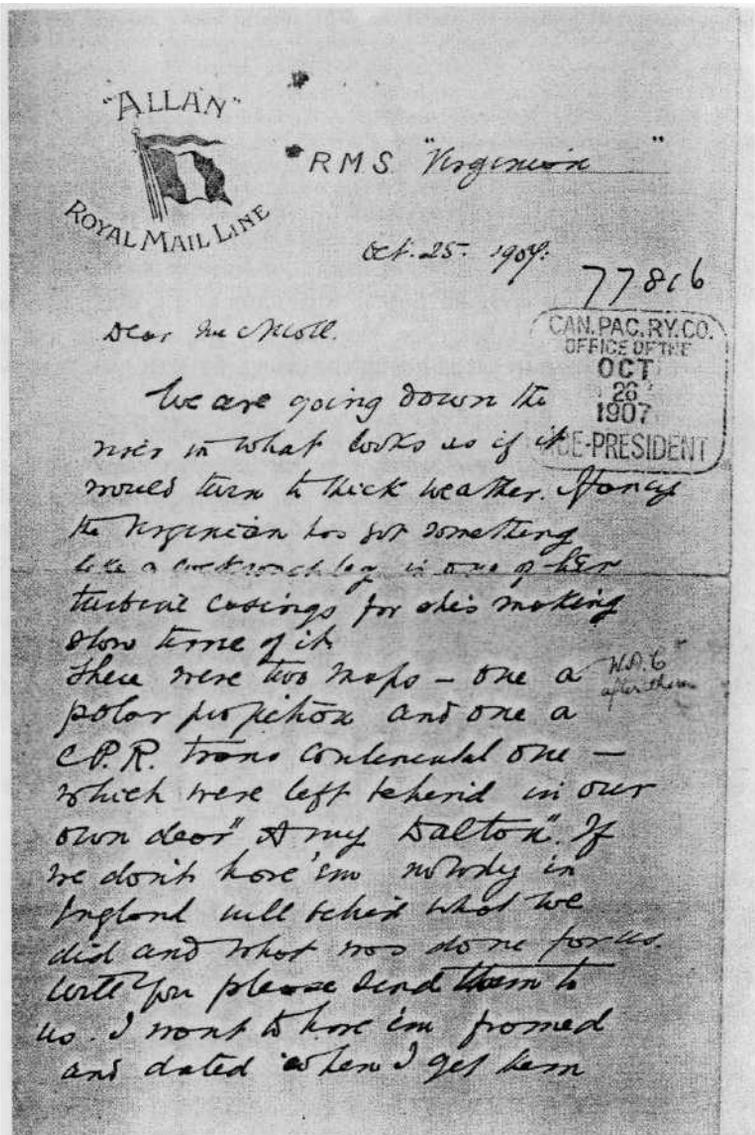
We are going down the river in what looks as if it would turn to thick weather. I fancy the Virginian has got something like a cockroach leg in one of her turbine casings for she's making slow time of it.

There were two maps – one a polar projection and one a C.P.R. transcontinental one – which were left behind in our own dear "Amy Dalton". If we don't have 'em nobody in England will believe what we did and what was done for us. Will you please send them to us. I want to have 'em framed and dated when I get them and I want 'em for reference when I write the amazing tale. No words of ours can thank you for all you did in our little saunter of 6,000 miles, so I won't try. Anything you can send me bearing on the land policy of your line (settlers etc, markets etc) will be of use to us in South Africa where I hope to go in mid December. Maybe we'll make a country of that subcontinent!

With all our best wishes to you and yours. (It is pleasant to be meeting one's daughter again)

Very sincerely

Rudyard Kipling



and I want in for reference when
I write the amazing tale.
No words of ours can thank you
for all you did, in our little matter
of 6,000 miles..so I must try.
Anything you can send me
bearing on the land-policy
of your line (settlers &c. markets
&c) will be of use to us in
South Africa where I hope to
go in mid December. Maybe
some day we'll make a assembly
of that subcontinent!
With all our best wishes to you
and yours (It is pleasant to be
meeting one's daughter again)
Very sincerely
Rudyard Kipling

POLITICS AND ART IN KIPLING

By PETER HAVHOLM

[Peter L. Havholm presented a paper "Politics, Fiction & Kipling's 'Late Manner'" to the Society at a meeting on 10th April 2002, upon which this article is based. A member of the Society, he is Professor of English in the Department of English, the College of Wooster, Ohio. He is completing a book on Kipling's fiction, which he began while on research leave in London this past academic year.—*Ed.*]

Most often, critics who attack Kipling do so because they think he lavishes his technical proficiency on ethically trivial or ethically offensive material;¹ and those who defend him claim that his attackers have mis-read his fiction, have not noticed the ethically commendable aspects of his work, or have confused the aesthetic with the ethical. That is, we might explain our enjoyment of fiction whose ethical commitments we do not like by reading out the offensive ethical commitments others have found — as Bart Moore-Gilbert does with stories like "His Chance in Life" [*Plain Tales from the Hills*] and "On the City Wall."² [*Soldiers Three and Other Stories*]. Or we might agree with Angus Wilson that, because of 'the difficult truth that aesthetic satisfaction is not one with ethical satisfaction,' the critic must 'distinguish the moral impulse which disgusts him from the story which is such a wonder to read.'³ Or we might with Thomas Pinney look past the 'Official View,' the conventional Anglo-Indian attitudes in Kipling's stories set in India to his 'rendering the Indian scene for its own sake, delighting in its variety and copiousness, and responding to the individuality of its people.' Pinney has since broadened this claim to propose a division between 'Kipling the individual . . . [who] can certainly be charged with all sorts of unpleasant or regrettable shortcomings and . . . Kipling the artist [who] is a different story.'⁴

In what follows, I shall argue that those who have complained of Kipling's ethical judgements have not mis-read him, that there was but one, undivided Kipling, and that ethical and aesthetic satisfaction are intimately intertwined. I believe my own ability to enjoy nearly all of Kipling's fiction while rejecting many of his ethical commitments arises from his achieving a characteristic effect in many of his stories: the evocation of wonder.

Most would agree with R.W. Hepburn's description of 'the attentive, questioning, baffled but appreciative stance of the person who wonders.'⁵

Hepburn and Martha Nussbaum notice that wonder is 'object-directed and object-absorbed,' as Hepburn puts it (p. 136); Nussbaum sees wonder as the most outward-looking of the emotions. Wonder 'responds to the pull of the object, and one might say that in it the subject is maximally aware of the value of the object, and only minimally aware, if at all, of its relationship to her own plans.'⁶ More metaphorically, wonder is the emotion that takes us 'out of ourselves.' It leads us to focus on its object (in life or in a story) as different from ourselves rather than to relate it to our personal plans.

As Nussbaum has shown,⁷ our emotions are judgements about their objects' moral meaning for us. And as Wayne Booth and many others have argued, we develop 'practical' interests in the behaviour of characters in fictions whom their stories persuade us to admire or despise, and those interests can lead us to respond emotionally to the characters' fates 'in a manner closely analogous to the feelings produced by such events in real life.'⁸ But if a story characteristically deflects our practical interest from the fate of its characters to the *oddity* of their fate, I believe, we will respond with wonder whose object is the unusual.

In two of Kipling's stories, one engaged with specific political commitments and one in which political questions are absent, I want to show the same characteristic application of this wonder to the quiet courage Kipling so often admired. In both cases, however, our attention is drawn not to the human cost of such courage or to its causes but rather to the sheer marvel of its existence. In the 1890 'The Head of the District,' [*Life's Handicap*] the wonder works to deflect our attention from the story's dependence upon Anglo-Indian political views Kipling developed in 1883. In the 1926 "A Madonna of the Trenches," [*Debits and Credits*] we are led to wonder at the startling contrast between an intensely private courage and the chaotic savagery of the Western Front. The Kot-Kumharsen District and the Western Front function alike as exotic worlds against whose background we are led to see marvellous actions.

The fundamental novelty in the "The Head of the District" is in Tallantire's exotic job. In an opening scene once widely know for its emotional power (C.S. Lewis called it 'one of Kipling's best tragic scenes'⁹), we learn nothing of the man outside his devotion to Orde, the Deputy Commissioner of the Kot-Kumharsen district. In fact, what we do learn in this scene is that the job matters far more than the man: 'Shaughnessy is dead . . . Evans is dead — Kot-Kumharsen killed him! Ricketts of Myndonie is dead — and I'm going too.'¹⁰ In the pathos of

Yardley-Orde's untimely demise, the story's fundamental values are established.

Even as Orde dies amidst blasted personal hopes, he reminds Tallantire to remit one-third of the taxes of several hard-pressed villages and to encourage the completion of the canal the people desperately need. He then holds his last public audience with the Afghan men who are leaders of the Khusru Keyl. These men are Orde's job: he has spent his life ensuring their peace and safety:

' . . . And you must not sack any caravans, and must leave your arms at the police-post when you come in; as has been your custom, and my order. And Tallantire Sahib will be with you, but I do not know who takes my place. I speak now true talk, for I am as it were already dead, my children, — for though ye be strong men, ye are children.'

'And thou art our father and our mother,' broke in Khoda Dad Khan with an oath. 'What shall we do, now there is no one to speak for us, or to teach us to go wisely!' (p.121)

The story's opening firmly sets as ultimate value a selfless dedication to the work and the health and the safety of the district's indigenous people. Orde joins a parade of Englishmen who have died in their service.

What would be the greatest challenge in such a job? It would be a threat not to oneself but to the security of the people one was sworn to protect. The most dangerous such threat would come not from without but from the most powerful force available within British India, the Supreme Government itself. Not only are the governed most vulnerable to such a threat; it also traps Tallantire between his duty to his superiors and what we have just seen to be his ultimate duty. We must be made to see the Viceroy's appointment of a Bengali officer as Orde's successor to be foolish and dangerous if we are to understand the challenge for Tallantire it represents.

Grish Chunder Dé has been successful as deputy commissioner of a district in South-east Bengal. According to Bullows, an old India hand, 'He's a Bengali of the Bengalis, crammed with code and case law; a beautiful man so far as routine and deskwork go, and pleasant to talk to' (p. 126). Tallantire states the problem in reply: 'Does the Government. . . suppose that the Khusru Kheyl will sit quiet when they once know?... It's a piece of cruel folly' (p. 127). So Tallantire must protect the people from

the malign foolishness of their Imperial protectors. How can he cope?

He does so with his sure local knowledge of the Afghan character. Khoda Dad Khan explains that the blind Mullah is advocating revolt against a government who has appointed 'an eater of fish from the South.' When he asks if Tallantire is sure there is enough force available to put down a border raid, Tallantire replies with the words that save his district:

'Tell the Mullah if he talks any more fool's talk,' said Tallantire curtly, 'that he takes his men on to certain death, and his tribe to blockade, trespass-fine, and blood-money. But why do I talk to *one who no longer carries weight in the counsels of the tribe?*' (p. 132, italics added)

The effect of this speech is to firm Khoda Dad Khan's determination to contest the Mullah's power. Tallantire does not beg for more troops; nor does he do anything to undermine Dé. He rather uses Khoda Dad Khan's treacherous ambition as his 'tenth legion,' and Khan responds perfectly: he warns the English where and when the next raid will come, arranges the murder of the Mullah's supporters during their retreat, and then orchestrates the assassination of the Mullah. As a result of Tallantire's knowledge and decisive action, then, the raid is foiled and tribal leadership reverts to a friend of the British.

If our practical hopes for Tallantire's success are to be satisfied pleasurably, we must understand his triumph's full value. The more serious the challenge, the more powerful our sympathetic fear for Tallantire; the more brilliant his success, the more powerful our pleasure in the gratification of our hopes for him. That is why the aesthetic and the ethical are so closely intertwined in fiction: because emotions are ethical judgements, we will not experience them unless we understand precisely the ethical valences of the actions and characters for whom the story has developed our concern.

If we are to feel admiration for Tallantire's courage, therefore, we must learn that, while the Viceroy's determination to ignore race may well be admirable in the abstract, the policy will not work in a northern border district where the people despise all Hindustan and Bengal most of all. As the story's narrator puts it:

'This is the worst of ill-considered handling of a very large country. What looks so feasible in Calcutta, so right in Bombay, so unassailable in Madras, is misunderstood by the North, and entirely changes its complexion on the banks of the Indus' (p. 132).

As the story's shocking events confirm, Afghans shed blood casually: Alla Dad Khan beheads Dé's brother, Debendra Nath, as one might swat a mosquito; the little children of the Khusru Keyhl delight in the torture-murder of the blind Mullah. Equally surprising is that the Oxford-educated Bengali stammers that he has not yet taken charge of the district at the first sign of trouble, while his brother runs away. Contrary to the Viceroy's ignorant theories about 'the mere question of race' (p. 124), Afghans really are savages and Bengalis really are afraid of them.

The story's final scene nails home the Viceroy's foolishness with a last double shock. When Khoda Dad Khan comes to congratulate Tallantire, he brings with him two severed human heads: the Mullah's and Debendra Nath's. The Mullah's head confirms both Afghan savagery and Tallantire's masterful understanding of it, but is not the Bengali's head a gratuitous cruelty? It is not; it is the final affirmation of the danger against which Tallantire has been victorious. In this story, Afghan savagery is not limited to border raids; it threatens all the people of India, and Tallantire has triumphed over a great evil by putting the Khusru Kheyl back in leash.

My focus on the story's ethical norms has left out its teeming evocations of wonders that stay in the mind. Orde's wife, her boat tossed upon the waters of the flooding Indus, misses his death by minutes. The 'very greatest of all Viceroys' becomes the very greatest threat to the country he governs. Apparently humane ideas about race turn out to be lethal. Afghans honestly fear that Dé's arrival promises the replacement of English soldiers by Hindus. Afghan peasants are moved to spontaneous laughter when a Bengali says 'It is my order.' An English superintendent of police, after seventeen years of the hardest work, waits only 'till he should be entitled to sufficient pension to keep him from starving' (p. 135). Subaltern Tommy Dodds, shaking with fever, says to his fever-shaken men: 'O men! If you die you will go to Hell. Therefore endeavour to keep alive. But if you go to Hell that place cannot be hotter than this place, and we are not told that we shall there suffer from fever. Consequently be not afraid of dying' (pp. 140-141). Nearly every line in this story catches some exotic difference between its world and that of its reader.

As wondrous is that Tallantire weeps when he mistakenly thinks he has harmed one of the Khusru Kheyl, and his final triumph is appropriately affirmed not by a medal or a mention in dispatches but by the ruthless Khoda Dad Khan: 'And by God, Sahib, may thou be that man!' (p. 148). The counter-intuitive complexity of the story's exotic world is so marvellous as to shift our attention from its Anglo-Indian politics to Tallantire's selfless dedication to others — underlined by his 'gasping hysterically' because his sword appears to be 'flecked with the blood of the Khusru Kheyl' (p. 143). We are led away from any sympathy we have in our lives for values like the Viceroy's to sympathy for the Anglo-Indian subordinate whose superiors callously use him in a risky experiment among the exotic cultural practices of Hindu and Muslim. The story urges us to enjoy Tallantire's triumph in that strange world, with the emphasis on its strangeness drawing our attention away from its relationship to our personal political opinions.¹¹

The most terrible exotic world in all of Kipling is the Western Front, and its incalculable dangers require Tallantire's kind of heroism from moment to moment — and routinely reward it with death. It should not be surprising, then, to find that Kipling looks away from the making of war toward human actions that will stand out against its background, as in "The Madonna of the Trenches." My reading of the story differs from Angus Wilson's — and also to a degree from Sandra Kemp's and Nora Crook's — though these critics and Lisa Lewis have significantly helped my understanding.¹² I would instead agree with J.M.S. Tompkins that it tells a tale of wonder. In the war tales, she writes, she finds the 'most pervasive' of Kipling's values to be 'the capacity of men under pressure for disciplined endurance,' which in the war 'received confirmation of such a kind that the basic emotion transmitted by the tales is always wonder.'¹³

And certainly there is much to wonder at in "The Madonna of the Trenches," not least that much of its difficulty, as Angus Wilson has noticed, lies in the *lack* of moral clarity with which its actions are presented. In "The Head of the District," the trustworthy characters and their omniscient narrator explain as they go along how we are to understand the value of their actions. But we have no omniscient narrator in "The Madonna of the Trenches," and the frame narrator is far from the knowledgeable old hand in "The Head of the District." This means that the value questions are left for the reader to answer. In fact, I find it most useful to understand the story as the unwrapping of successive wonders toward a solution of its quandary about valuing. Where, as David Lodge

has pointed out, the narratives in "Mrs. Bathurst" are arranged as a set of Chinese boxes so that each, when opened, reveals another story,¹⁴ I think the movement in "Madonna" is from wonder to greater wonder until we understand that a quiet, dogged, ordinary determination is the greatest wonder of all.

The tale begins when Clem Strangwick suffers a breakdown during a lecture at Kipling's healing 'Lodge of Instruction' in London, after the war. Keede, who tends him at the Lodge, served in Strangwick's battalion and treated him for shell-shock at the front. Under questioning from Keede, Strangwick reveals what he had kept secret in France, that he broke down because he saw his friend, Sergeant John Godsoe, meet the ghost of Strangwick's aunt, Bella Armine; accompany her apparition into an abandoned dug-out; and there kill himself with the gas of charcoal braziers. Since coming home, Strangwick has broken his engagement because his fiancée could never understand what he has learned about real love, and the man who has brought him to Lodge explains that Strangwick has been sued for breach of promise. The story's final revelation is that that man is Uncle Armine, husband of the woman whose ghost Strangwick has seen with Godsoe.

Where Tallantire's fortunes in "The Head of the District" move chronologically from the death of Orde to Khoda Dad Khan's ultimate tribute, the puzzle of Clem Strangwick's story is not whether he will succeed but how to value what he has done. Keede plays detective, which invites attention first to the questions he asks: What is troubling Strangwick? Keede tells us that whatever it is, it is not what Strangwick claims: corpses used as facing in Butcher's Row. One question then is: what *is* bothering Strangwick? But a second question is about value: what could possibly be so terrible as to be worse than creaking corpses? Keede then mentions the Sergeant who 'made a mistake' and accidentally gassed himself in an old dugout. Keede has known there was something odd about Strangwick's relationship with Godsoe, and he suspects foul play.

But this false trail circles back to the mystery of value when Keede says, 'Then what the dickens *was* on your mind that evening . . . You'd no more got stiffs on the brain then than you have now.'¹⁵ Keede's callous 'stiffs' alerts us to the possibility that no one in the trenches was particularly upset by French corpses. Strangwick confirms that no Runner could afford to notice corpses, and he also places mortal combat as mere background detail. That Jerry 'got a stinker into a bay an' mopped up 'alf a dozen' (p.252) is only a way to explain why the normal route to Parrot

trench was blocked, causing Strangwick calmly to risk his life by leaving the trench, after which he gets lost in the fog, and ends up in French End. That is, his explanation convinces us indirectly that soldiers at the Front deal with death in the most casual way.

That we are looking for moral guidance as much as factual understanding in this story makes us particularly alert to the implications of the two quotations Godsoe has so treasured, one from 1 Corinthians 15 as used in the Anglican burial service and the other from Swinburne's poem, 'Les Noyades.' At first, it seems as if we ought to take these as the 'scriptural' texts against which to measure the events of the story. But we soon see that these are Godsoe's quotations, not Strangwick's or Kipling's. Indeed, they come to us in the story a bit garbled because Strangwick misquotes Godsoe, further underlining that they are not the comment of an omniscient narrator. It is Godsoe who needs them; not Strangwick or the reader.

St. Paul says 'If after the manner of men, I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not?' And in the verse Godsoe quotes from Swinburne, a character in the poem says:

Whatever a man of the sons of men
Shall say to his heart of the lords above,
They have shown man, verily, once and again,
Marvellous mercy and infinite love.

My reading of Paul's words is that there would be no point in fighting for his beliefs if he did not believe in the Resurrection. The Swinburne poem presents an entirely different feeling. In the full poem, its speaker compares his passion to that of a man who, condemned to execution by drowning while bound to a woman he has secretly loved, rejoices because he will be able to express his passion in death. Paul offers the life hereafter as grounds for human endurance; Swinburne's lover offers an eagerly sought death in love as a metaphor for his overmastering passion. In the story Strangwick tells, Godsoe takes both to be texts that justify his actions.

Because, in Kipling, surfacing the repressed is enough to cure a neurosis,¹⁶ we might expect the tale to end happily when Strangwick finishes his story and Keede says, 'Ye-es. *That's* the real thing at last. . . . Now he's got it off his mind he'll sleep.' Except that the story has one more scene. Strangwick has been brought to the Lodge by Auntie Armine's husband. That surprises Keede, who expostulates 'That's all that's

wanted!' When Brother Armine looks 'a little puzzled' at the shout, Keede revises his earlier concluding statement: 'As I was saying, all he wants now is to be kept quiet till he wakes.'

'Till he wakes' forces us to think back over the story, for two reasons. First, Keede's surprise points to the man Strangwick will find when he awakes. Second, it reminds us of the wakings in the story. Godsoe has hoped to wake after death to a consummation of his love for Bella Armine; and Strangwick has claimed that he has awakened to a new understanding of love and life: having seen the real thing in Bella Armine's eyes, he has thrown over his pre-war sweetheart and determined to wait in life until he has found the 'real thing' which is 'life and death. It *begins* at death, d'ye see' (p.259).

All of these devices in the story are, I believe, designed to raise the questions that worry Angus Wilson: 'What is the meaning of this passionate love sustained into eternity?' and 'How long will the overturning of young Strangwick's view of life last?' The last scene must make us think about Strangwick's future, and we cannot decide what will happen to him if we have not decided what has happened to Godsoe and Armine. If their love is ugly or illusory, Strangwick's determination inspired by it hasn't much hope.

As C.A. Bodelsen remarks, some stories in Kipling's 'late manner' are like 'a kind of greatly concentrated novel.'¹⁷ One of several narrative lines in this story is that of the love-affair of Godsoe and Armine. They have been alone once. After that, for years, they have communicated only by way of things like Godsoe's letters to Strangwick's mother about Strangwick, which Aunty Armine reads to her. Similarly, once during each of Strangwick's leaves, Godsoe writes to him, and these letters, too, are read by Aunty Armine to Strangwick's mother. Together with our knowledge that Godsoe has arranged to have Strangwick in his platoon and that Strangwick gets more leaves than other men, these hints show how Godsoe has used Strangwick as a go-between for an exchange of mute tokens representing an almost incredible discretion. This in turn tells us that the lovers have been determined not to let their passion affect their families and explains Godsoe's elaborate planning of his suicide. He wants his last tryst with Bella Armine to be as secret as their meetings in his letters to Mrs. Strangwick.

I have already mentioned a second important narrative line. Brutally circumstantial paragraphs of landmarks like 'those four dead Warwicks' 'the two Zoo-ave skel'tons,' 'Butcher's Row,' and 'the *poy-looz* . . . laid in

six deep each side' confirm that Strangwick and Godsoe and Keede all three live in hell. The trenches in which a Madonna appears are a metonym for carnage.

A third narrative line in the story is Strangwick's progress. His first action has been to lie to keep secret what he has seen. His second action has been to break his engagement to the woman with whom he has priced 'things in the windows' (p.250), and we learn at the story's end that his third action has been to hold to that decision despite the objections of his family and a suit for breach of promise. He explains himself at the height of drugged delirium:

'For I saw 'er,' he repeated. 'I saw im an' 'er—she dead since mornin' time, an' he killin' 'imself before my livin' eyes so's to carry on with 'er for all Eternity—an' she 'oldin' out 'er arms for it! I want to know where I'm *at!* Look 'ere, you two—why stand *we* in jeopardy every hour?'

'God knows,' said Keede to himself.

Why *do* Keede and the narrator stand in jeopardy every hour? Paul's answer is that they know that the dead do rise. But Strangwick sees the risen dead as a sign that 'anything can 'appen' (p.258). He has been influenced by *Godsoe's* interpretation of St. Paul as a promise of the passionate life Godsoe wants after death. For Strangwick, therefore, the loved death of two forty-eight-year-olds among the frozen corpses removes all he has believed in.

I do not think we are asked to do theology here, any more than Strangwick or Godsoe. That is, we must take Strangwick as the illiterate young man who has understood the passage to be about 'beasts of officers' rather than 'beasts of Ephesus.' This very young man's life does not include thought about scripture. But it does include the conviction that this world is independent of the next. How else could he walk through corpses? For Strangwick, Keede, and the narrator, one stands in jeopardy every hour precisely because the living are worth protecting from pain and death.

No other interpretation is consistent with the kind of life Strangwick has brought us so vividly. And for Kipling in the 1920s, if the war did not mean that civilisation had been protected from barbarous destruction, it had no meaning. If we stand in jeopardy every hour because we believe

that the living must be protected from harm, then Strangwick's resolve, which follows his question about standing in jeopardy, makes sense.

He begins by quoting the Swinburne poem from which Godsoe has taken hope: 'Not twice in the world shall the Gods do thus.' Then:

'And I'm damned if it's goin' to be even once for me!' he went on with sudden insane fury. 'I don't care whether we 'ave been pricin' things in the windows. . . . *Let 'er sue if she likes!* She don't know what reel things mean. *I do*—I've 'ad occasion to notice 'em. . . . *No, I tell you!* I'll 'ave 'em when I want 'em, an' be done with 'em; but not till I see that look on a face . . . that look. . . . I'm not takin' any. The reel thing's life an' death. It *begins* at death, d'ye see. *She* can't understand....' (p.259).

That is, now that Strangwick knows what real passion is, he cannot accept marriage to a woman who could not understand it. Only when he finds that passion will he marry and be done with it (unlike Godsoe and Armine, who have had only secret anguish). The real thing begins at death, he says. For him, that is where it did begin. If a middle-aged man can die quietly and happily for love, at the passionate invitation of the loving ghost of a middle-aged woman, then Strangwick can refuse to lose his life for to live his life the way that he ought to do. (I paraphrase from "Gypsy Vans," the poem with which Kipling precedes the story.)¹⁸

So Strangwick is first horrified by the secret affair consummated in death and then changed by the passion it represents. I think this helps us understand how to value it ourselves. Godsoe and Armine have done everything they can short of abandoning one another to keep their love from harming anyone. Their final meeting, in fact — she dead at home in South London and he dying in an abandoned trench in France — metaphorically underlines a lifetime of discretion. Given the savage, ungovernable nature of their feeling for one another, they have acted honourably and bravely.

And Strangwick? One of the story's curiosities, as Nora Crook has noted, is that the spelling of the word 'real' changes in Strangwick's directly reported speech, from 'real' when he is lying about the horror of the corpses in French End to 'reel' when he says, just before telling the truth, "Fore it ended, I knew what reel things reelly mean!" It is a small thing, but I think it makes us notice that the man who has brought

Strangwick to the Lodge, and who appears in the story's last scene, pronounces the word the same way. "That's his *reel* trouble' says Brother Armine, speaking about the breach-of-promise action. The spelling underlines for me that the Uncle is both very close and unutterably distant from his nephew.

Just as Godsoe and Bella Armine have kept their love wrapped in secrecy, so Clem Strangwick must never reveal the reason for his determination to marry someone with that look in her eye or marry no one. I think we realise at this point that the young man who has managed to keep his secret while daily meeting his uncle does indeed have the resolve necessary to live his life as he has resolved to do. The story's final wonder is that Strangwick will follow his resolve to find real passion — as Godsoe and Armine could not in life — but he will have to do so in exactly the secrecy they were forced to practice. The naturally irresolute boy has found his own version of quiet courage in the face of pain.

In my view, then, the story provides us with three heroic characters. Caught by love, Godsoe and Armine yet manage to protect others. Clem Strangwick, caught by the revelation of their passion, resolves that he will accept nothing less, but he refuses to allow his understanding to harm the innocent: who include both his fiancée and his Uncle. I do not think there is any doubt that he can hold to his resolution.

Kipling more than any other writer in English of whom I am aware can delight us with human actions and passions that he takes to be wondrous, and in both "The Head of the District" and "A Madonna of the Trenches," we are asked to see the beauty of a determination to save others from harm. In the 1880s frontier district, Tallantire's great virtue is his determination to use all his knowledge and power to save his people. On the Western Front in 1918, we are shown through layers of weakness and misunderstanding and obsession and death that, in such a world, the determination not to harm is wondrous indeed. Unlike Thomas Pinney, I think both stories represent Kipling the artist — whose 'official view' of India *included* the 'response to the individuality of [India's] people' I have shown to inform "Head of the District." But here, at the end of this paragraph about selfless heroism, I can agree with Pinney when he says of Kipling that 'there is, in his deepest ideas, nothing that can offend ours' ("In Praise," 20).

Kipling's art sweeps us into the worlds of his stories and therefore into the ethical positions from which his heroes appear wonderful. I continue to enjoy all of Kipling because he is so good at making the exotic believable.

And because I am so often asked in his stories to wonder at the human actions he presents, I tend to see them as separate from my own political agenda. I marvel instead at the elegant coherence of a different ethical world. And even when he offers a world whose politics I would reject in life, he finds at its heart a fundamentally unselfish human courage I must admire.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. The attacks range from Robert Buchanan's 1899 "The Voice of the Hooligan" in which Buchanan claims that Kipling's voice is "retrograde and savage" to Phillip Mallett's judgement about several stories in *Limits and Renewals*: "[They] are all in their different ways complex tales, but the complexities are of the wrong order; they belong to the apparatus of the story, instead of to the central human situation." Buchanan is reprinted in E.L. Gilbert, *Kipling and the Critics* (New York: NYU Press, 1965), p.20; Mallett's judgement is in his Introduction to Kipling's *Limits and Renewals* (London: Penguin, 1987), p.14.
2. Moore-Gilbert's interpretation of "His Chance in Life" is in his *Kipling and "Orientalism"* (New York: St. Martin's, 1986), p.183 and of "On the City Wall" in his *Writing India 1757-1990: The Literature of British India* (Manchester: Manchester UP, 1996), pp. 112-118.
3. Angus Wilson, *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Works* (New York: Viking, 1977), p. 311. Hereafter, "Strange Ride." Page references in the text are to this edition. More recently, Edward Said subscribes to Wilson's aesthetic/moral split, condemning Kipling's Imperialism but calling him nevertheless "an artist of enormous gifts" in *Culture and Imperialism* (London: Chatto & Windus, 1993), p. 182.
4. On the "official" and "more personal" Kiplings, see Thomas Pinney, ed., *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches, 1884-88* (New York: Schocken Books, 1986), pp. 18-25. The larger claim is in Pinney's "In Praise of Kipling" (Austin: The Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center 1996 Faculty Seminar on British Studies, 1996), pp. 21 and 20. Hereafter, "In Praise."
5. R.W. Hepburn, *"Wonder" and Other Essays: Eight Studies in Aesthetics and Neighbouring Fields* (Edinburgh, Edinburgh UP, 1984), p. 131. Page references in the text are to this edition.
6. Martha Nussbaum, *Upheavals of Thought: The Intelligence of Emotions* (Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 2001), p.54. Hereafter "Nussbaum."
7. See Nussbaum, particularly Part I, pp.19-248.
8. Wayne Booth, *The Rhetoric of Fiction* 2nd Ed. (Chicago: Chicago UP, 1983), p.130.
9. In "Kipling's World," *Kipling and the Critics* ed. E.L. Gilbert (New York: NYU Press, 1965), p.108.
10. Rudyard Kipling, "The Head of the District," *Life's Handicap* (London: Macmillan Pocket Edition, 1912), pp.119-120. Page references in the text are to this edition.
11. Revealingly, while Richard Le Gallienne concludes in 1900 that Kipling's writing is deeply flawed by 'all the old-fashioned vices of prejudiced Toryism,' he compliments 'The Head of the District' for its seeing through the Viceroy's 'beautiful mistakes' to 'the old artistic maxim that the part is greater than the whole.' Le Gallienne, in other words, attends to the story's wonder rather than to its politics. See *Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism* (London: John Lane, 1900), pp.129,78-79.
12. These critics have dealt with the story in Angus Wilson, *Strange Ride*, p.315; Sandra Kemp, "Introduction," *Debts and Credits* (London: Penguin, 1987), pp.21-23, and *Kipling's Hidden Narratives* (London: publisher, date), pp.118-120; Nora Crook, *Kipling's Myths of Love and Death* (New York: St. Martin's, 1989); and Lisa A. F. Lewis, "Some Links between the Stories in Kipling's *Debts and Credits*," *English Literature in Transition* (1880-1920) 25 : 2, 1982 pp.74-85.

13. J.M.S. Tompkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (London: Methuen, 1959), p. 190.
14. David Lodge, "Mrs. Bathurst: Indeterminacy in Modern Narrative" in Phillip Mallett, ed., *Kipling Considered* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1989), pp.71-84
15. Rudyard Kipling, "A Madonna of the Trenches," *Debits and Credits* (London: Macmillan Pocket Edition, 1927), p.245. Page references in the text are to this edition.
16. As in "The House Surgeon" [*Actions and Reactions*] and "In the Same Boat." [*A Diversity of Creatures*]
17. Bodelsen, *Aspects of Kipling's Art* (Manchester: Manchester UP, 1964), p.90.
18. The last four lines of the poem's last stanza run:

Lose your life for to live your life
The way that you ought to do;
And when you are finished, your God and your wife
And the Gipsies'll laugh at you!

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KIPLING AND HIS SUSSEX

By Mrs GRACE M. GAZELEY

[This is the first section of the dissertation written by Mrs Grace M. Gazeley as part of her mature teacher training course at Wall Hall College, Aldenham in the 'sixties. It was referred to by Miss Verlie Gazeley, daughter of the authoress, in her letter printed on p.63 of the June 2002 *Journal*. Mrs Gazeley executed the original document in a clear round hand on foolscap of approximately 140 words per page. She also incorporated twelve photographs and one print of Bateman's into the document. Mrs Gazeley was a member of The Society for about fifteen years, and it is planned to publish a second part next quarter. The original manuscript will be placed in the Kipling Library. – Ed.]

INTRODUCTION – HIS CRITICS

[In this first section, Mrs Gazeley quotes extensively from a speech given in 1966 by Viscount Radcliffe to the Kipling Society on *The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling*. Much of this is concerned with rebutting the criticisms perceived as having been made by George Orwell in his 1942 essay *Rudyard Kipling* [reprinted as the "Introduction" to *The Works of Rudyard Kipling*, The Wordsworth Poetry Library, Wordsworth Editions Ltd, 1994] replying to that of T.S. Eliot¹.

Critics who have made favourable comments, such as J.M.S. Tompkins in *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*, Bonamy Dobrée in *Rudyard Kipling – Realist and Fabulist*, Angela Thirkell in *Three Houses*, Randall Jarrell in *On Preparing to Read Kipling*, Louis L. Cornell in *The Development of Kipling's Prose from 1883*, and C.S. Lewis in his Essay "Kipling's World" – in *Literature and Life* are drawn on and quoted. One who made unfavourable comments, Edmund Wilson in *The Kipling that Nobody Read*, draws this shaft— 'For a man acknowledged to be a great literary critic, this work raises some odd queries about Mr Wilson himself.'

The section closes with quote from Viscount Radcliffe, and a final comment by Mrs Gazeley. – Ed.]

But the questions today would be aimed at discovering rather what went wrong with Orwell and Wilson, than what went wrong with Kipling – so far has literary appreciation of Kipling grown up in recent years. Obviously, one is left concluding, there is something in the work of Kipling that in the past has worked as a toxin in the blood of many intelligent and sensitive persons. It has disturbed their balance and clouded their normal bright perceptions.

This seems a very informed and acute observation. If Kipling's work, as I fully believe it will, stands the test of another hundred years, one wonders whether that of his critics will still be read. Doubtless another Orwell will rise in his wrath and damn Kipling for having disgusted the literary world for two centuries.

CHAPTER I – THE SUSSEX SCENE

Environment has a much deeper connotation than that merely of the surrounding countryside. The true meaning of environment includes the historical, geographical and biological relationships which have affected the subject under discussion. An author must necessarily be influenced by his surroundings, as must an artist, but few have woven the environment into their work with as happy a result as has Rudyard Kipling.

It is quite obvious to the reader of his works that he has a genuine regard for England, its people and its countryside. Viscount Radcliffe speaks of

His love and reverence for England, which, indeed, is by no means the same as loving and reverencing the English, and his admiration for certain qualities – strength, boldness, courtesy, single-mindedness, gentleness and generosity.

In his stories Kipling shows clearly his high regard for such human virtues.

Kipling knew his England. More, he knew how to paint a picture in a few words which would remind the exile so vividly of some small, yet poignant circumstance that his heart would be drawn irresistibly back to his home; his eyes would see and his ears would hear small intimate details he had thought lost forever. Kipling has the power of speaking to that part of our being nearest the heart. His language evokes that which lies hidden in most men, the inarticulate feeling for one's own land.

There is a story in *Traffics and Discoveries* called "Steam Tactics". It is an exceedingly humorous tale, a riotous confusion of events, each funnier than the last, and reaching a climax of supreme burlesque. Here and there, however, among the scintillating periods of comedy, the story pauses for an inspired look at the country and a chosen phrase or two sets Sussex before us.

Northward we could see the London haze. Southward, between gaps of the whale-backed Downs, lay the Channel's zinc-blue. But all our available population in that vast survey was one cow and a kestrel.

And later,

She . . . emerged into an upward-sloping fern-glade fenced with woods so virgin, so untouched, that William Rufus might have ridden off as we entered. We climbed out of the violet-purple shadows towards the upland where the last of the day lingered.

His descriptive prose is, possibly a thought more irregular, less serene, than in his more serious tales. The evocative beauty of phrase in "They" [*Traffics and Discoveries*] that poignant and pathetic little story crying for the loved, lost children – a heartfelt cry in Kipling's case, as he had lost a beloved child, Josephine – conjures for the reader a still, sombre days of mist and rain over the gentle country, or the sunlit beauty of a summer afternoon. He speaks of

The orchid-studded flats of the East . . . the thyme, ilex and grey grass of the Downs . . . hidden villages where bees . . . boomed in eighty-foot lindens that overhung grey Norman churches.

There for all time, is Sussex spread before us. Kipling must have known and explored every nook and cranny of this gentlest of counties.

This description is at the happy start of this mingled tale "They". Later the mists gather:

There came at last a brilliant day, swept clear from the south-west, that brought the hills within hand's reach – a day of unstable airs and high filmy clouds. As I reached the crest of the Downs I felt the soft air change, saw it glaze under the sun; and, looking down at the sea, in that instant beheld the blue of the Channel turn through polished silver and dulled steel to dingy pewter.

Kipling can set the scene, not only with its physical attributes, but with its far less determinate but equally essential atmosphere. In this paragraph he parallels the visual change, brought about by the onset of a sea fog, with the sense of brooding sadness slowly becoming evident in the story.

One of the best examples of Kipling's devotion to the English scene, made evident through his writing, is the story "An Habitation Enforced" [*Actions and Reactions*]. It is so obvious that the insidious influence of the

countryside and its children – those wise and wary countryfolk – would ultimately wean George and his wife from their old, hectic life to the ancient, quiet service of the country where the people and the land hold the real dominion and the landowner merely executes their will. On this story T.S. Eliot¹ says

The American Chapins in "An Habitation Enforced" have a passive role: the protagonist in the story is the house and the life that it implies, with the profound implication that the country-man belongs to the land, the landlord to his tenants, the farmer to his labourers and not the other way about.

As one reads, there is a triumph in every small ripple undermining the solid rock of George's former ideal – the making of vast sums of money with no leisure time in which to spend them – and a glorious feeling of victory when the end is achieved and the two are bound for all time to the country, its people, and its history. There is the real treasure house of England, the green hedges, the small farms nestling under the Downs sheltering the life of the village, the wisdom, kindness and humour that lie so shallowly buried that only an understanding word or look is required to uncover them.

Kipling's own home, his last and best loved, is a perfect background to his work. Bateman's, a beautiful example of a small, early seventeenth century manor, lies a little away from a small Sussex village. The very atmosphere he created in his Sussex stories still surrounds it, as peaceful and unaltered as if untouched by the years.

The village itself, Burwash, lies on a fairly busy road, but something about its one wide-set street, and the quality of the old buildings on either side, mutes the noise of traffic.

The little grey stone church crouches comfortably on the brow of the hill and is so much a part of both of the reality of Burwash and of the fantasy of *Puck of Pook's Hill* that it bridges that most uncompromising chasm and allows the magic of imagination into everyday life without embarrassment. One might turn suddenly in that cool, dim side chapel by 'Panama Corner' and see the door swing gently as if behind two children. Kipling has marked this hamlet and made it his own. To his followers, once again, he gives 'seizin of Old England' as Puck did to his two *protégés*, Dan and Una, when he guided them through the history and tradition of their land.

Around Bateman's the original fields lie unchanged along "Friendly Brook", the little river Dudwell. Pook's Hill rises to the West and the remains of the little mill still stand by the pond. Kipling has immortalised all these in his stories and poems, and the visitor, far from feeling a shade disappointed in the very ordinariness of the surroundings – as is the emotion often felt by pilgrims visiting the homes of the great – has a sense of relief that the place is so right, so evocative of the atmosphere in the tales. Whether he has lent his genius to the land, or whether some essence of the countryside itself has crept into his work, matters little. Whichever it is, the marriage of the two has provided us with some of the best prose and verse in English Literature.

He must have loved the brook, certainly, to have created a memorial to it in "The Land" [*A Diversity of Creatures*]. The tracing, through time, of the fortunes and disasters suffered by one small tract of land makes, of history, a much more intimate and personal study. The realisation, that, after centuries of rule by a curious assortment of landowners, the land has emerged very little changed by the activities of these rulers, gives a sense of comfort and security in this day of drastic 'development'.

The sagacious old Hobden, wise to the ways of the waters of the earth, advises his master, William of Warrenne, to lessen the damage created by the flood water –

'When ye can't hold back the water you must try and save the
sile.

Hev it jest as you've a *mind* to, but, if I was you, I'd spile!

The work was evidently well done for –

And when the spates of Autumn whirl the gravel-beds away
You can see their faithful fragments iron-hard in iron clay.

Even if the reader had never before met the old, traditional word 'spile', its meaning is clear enough and one is fired with desire to grub along the overgrown banks to discover if it is still possible to 'see their faithful fragments iron-hard in iron clay'. What a perfect picture of enduring service!

How many times must Kipling have squelched along the sodden path by the brook and observed each detail, to have written in "Friendly Brook" [*A Diversity of Creatures*]

Every blade, twig, bracken-frond, and hoof-print carried water, and the air was filled with the noise of rushing ditches and field-drains, all delivering to the brook below. A week's November rain on water-logged land had gorged her to full flood, and she proclaimed it aloud.

Another wonderful description of the flooded countryside comes in "My Son's Wife" [*A Diversity of Creatures*]

The ditches were snorting bank-full on either side, and towards the brook-side the fields were afloat and beginning to move in the darkness.

This bears the very sound and sense of the unchancy, hidden perils of floods, but Kipling is equally efficient in his descriptions of Nature in her more pleasant moods. He appeals to all man's senses, reminding us not only of scenes but of sounds and scents as well.

Here is one of his happiest depictions of a summer evening's sights and sounds.

Three Cows had been milked and were grazing steadily with a tearing noise that one could hear all down the meadow; and the noise of the mill at work sounded like bare feet running on hard ground. . . Everything else was a sort of thick, sleepy stillness smelling of meadow-sweet and dry grass.

The above excerpt comes from *Puck of Pook's Hill*, that treasure house of linked fantasy and history.

Sufficient examples have been quoted to illustrate the keen observation and pithy descriptive style of Kipling. He bases his accounts of every incident on personal knowledge. Where a subject is more esoteric he has obviously taken pains to study it himself, at least sufficiently to give authenticity to his work. His is the real stuff of genius – a sparing of no effort to add to the worth of his writing.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Essay by T.S. Eliot introducing *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*, Faber and Faber, 1941

A MYTHICAL MYTH

By MAJOR R.H. DUNCAN

[Major R.H. Duncan saw 37 years' service, of which 23 were as a 6th 'Gurkala'. His service abroad totalled 27 years including 5 in Nepal, 5 in Malaya, 10 in Hong Kong, 2 in Brunei and 1 in Aden and the West Aden Protectorate. Although not a member of our Society, Major Duncan has enjoyed Kipling's works since boyhood – his library contains many of them. This article was originally published in *The Bulletin of the Military Historical Society*, Vol. 2, No. 207, Feb. 2002.

A fuller version of the *Sunday Times* article was published in the *Kipling Journal*, Dec. 2001, pp.11-15 under the title "Taleban and the Great Game". Some of the references given by Major Duncan to subtitles are only to be found in the *Sunday Times* version. – Ed.]

The illustration of the attack on the British Embassy at Kabul in 1879 used by Andrew Lycett, the author of a new biography of Rudyard Kipling, in his article which appeared in the *Sunday Times* on 30th September 2001, is pure fantasy. The very different reality is shown in the accompanying photograph, taken after the city was re-occupied by the British Army. Lycett's notion that Kipling created an Afghan myth is hardly less fanciful and he does not elaborate on the potent effect that he supposes the stories and poems with Afghans as their subject had on the Victorians and on us.

To write that the daily machinations of the "Great Game" fuelled Kipling's journalism is preposterous: by its very nature the "Great Game" was conducted in utmost secrecy and while *Kim* contains much verisimilitude Kipling could have known nothing factual about it. His few stories and poems about Afghan tribes (there were, and are, many – not merely one as Lycett has it in his subtitle) all illustrate characteristics of the race. But "Dray Wara Yow Dee"¹ (All Three are One) [*Soldiers Three*] is mentioned by Lycett merely because it has a horse-dealer as its main subject.

The story illustrates one of their principal characteristics, a fierce code of honour. It is the story of a man who kills his unfaithful wife, then devotes his life to the pursuit of the man who cuckolded him in order to kill him also and thus expunge the stain on his honour. (In real life their code of honour was amply shown by seven of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides sent to recover two rifles stolen by a deserter, a man of their own tribe. They returned with the rifles two years later having killed the deserter, and asked to be re-enlisted as their places had been filled).



The interior of the Residency. All but one of the Resident's escort of 77 men of the Guides died in its defence. The survivor had been sent to call on the Afghan ruler to fulfil his duty of protecting the embassy and imprisoned.

Lycett writes that Kipling waxed lyrical about Afghans in *Barrack Room Ballads*. Of the forty-three poems these contain only two are about Afghans, the one he mentions and "The Ballad of the King's Jest". Both show the cruelty of the rulers, hardly something to wax lyrical about, nor does he. Cruelty is endemic in the race. The awful truth of their cruelty to their own people is illustrated by Sir John Kaye in his *History of the War in Afghanistan*. First blinded, a man was put to death by being slowly dismembered, fingers, toes, hands, feet and then his limbs. Kipling hints at the atrocities perpetrated on wounded British soldiers: in "With the Main Guard" [*Soldiers Three*], an Irish soldier desperate to get at the foe says: 'We have seen our dead.' And in 'The Young British Soldier':

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out to cut up what remains,
Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.

General Sir Walter Walker recounted the fate of a British officer wounded in an action. Attempts to rescue him had to be abandoned after several Gurkhas had been killed trying to bring him in. His body was found some days later, his skin pegged out beside it: he had been flayed alive. (Small wonder that Russian soldiers in Afghanistan massacred whole villages when they found that their comrades who had been captured had suffered the same fate at the hands of the inhabitants.)

Their fanatic courage, born of their Islamic faith, is illustrated in "With the Main Guard" and "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" [*Wee Willie Winkie*]. It was widely known, being remarked on in numerous regimental and campaign histories and newspaper reports and re-counted by the thousands of those who had been in action against them. The one characteristic which is not featured in Kipling's works is the innate treachery of the Afghan race. The supreme example of this is the destruction of the British Army during the retreat from Kabul in 1842. An escort had been promised for its safe conduct but the promise was broken and the escort never provided. The result was that 16,000 including women, children and the non-combatants were massacred: Lady Sale and Lt Vincent Eyre of the Bengal Horse Artillery were among the handful



Officers of Headquarters etc. The tall cavalryman wearing the mourning band is almost certainly a 10th Hussar in mourning for the 46 men of his regiment drowned while fording the Kabul river on the night of 31st March 1879. Two officers of the regiment did duty as Transport Officers with the Kabul Field Force Headquarters, Lt.s R.B.W. Fisher and R.H.E. Wilson.

taken hostage and wrote harrowing accounts of the retreat. Reports of the massacre which were widely circulated could not have 'fuelled a fond image' of Afghan prowess. The memory of it long remained in the minds of the public and was refreshed by the disaster at Maiwand in July 1880 when the 66th Foot (Later Royal Berkshire Regiment) lost 285 killed. The wounded who fell into Afghan hands were slaughtered. Kipling's writings reflected reality. He created no Afghan myth.

NOTE

1. I do not think "Dray Wara Yow Dee" means "All Three are One". It is probably Urdu, certainly not Hindi – three in Hindi is the same as in Gurkhali (tin) and one in Hindi is "ek", again the same as in Gurkhali. I believe it means "From Three there shall be One", in Gurkhali this would translate as "Tin Dwara (or Bata) ek Hunchha" – the rhythm matches. This would tally with the story – the man kills his unfaithful wife and, if successful kills her lover, so that of three, but one shall remain.

BOOK REVIEW

[Dr Richard Haythornthwaite in New Zealand posted the following review of a recently published book on the Kipling Mailbase – *Ed.*]

In his recent book *A Corner of a Foreign Field, The Indian History of A British Sport*, (ISBN 0330491164, published 2002) Ramchandra Guha gives a fascinating account of how Cricket came to be adopted as the National Game of the Countries of the Indian Sub-Continent. The early part covers the time of Kipling in India and tells of the use of Cricket as a means to try and unite the diverse communities, by use of it's good qualities.

Kipling is mentioned specifically twice, first that 'on his return to Lahore in 1889 he was perplexed to find Punjabi boys infected with Cricket mania,' – and again when Jardine during the tour of India by England in 1933 quotes in a speech, Kipling's praise of Bombay, but no detail is given. There is also a good description of Cricket at the Mahommaden College at Aligarh, an eleven of which Kim is recorded as playing against when he was fourteen years and ten months (spelt Allyghur in *Kim*). Reference is made to David Gilmour and *The Long Recessional* for Kipling's views on Cricket.

WHO WAS "MY GREAT AND ONLY"?

By DAVID PAGE

[For biographical detail, please see the Editorial. The appearance of this article in this issue is coincidental – it had simply reached the right place in the publishing queue! – *Ed.*]

In October 1889, Kipling arrived in London after his years in India. In Chapter IV of his autobiography *Something of Myself*¹ (SoM hereafter), he describes how:

... I had found me quarters in Villiers Street, Strand, which forty-six years ago was primitive and passionate in its habits and population. My rooms were small, not over-clean or well-kept, but from my desk I could look out of my window through the fanlight of Gatti's Music-Hall entrance, across the street, almost on to its stage. The Charing Cross trains rumbled through my dreams on one side, the boom of the Strand on the other, while, before my windows, Father Thames under the Shot Tower walked up and down with his traffic.

Although it must be acknowledged that details recorded in SoM are sometimes at variance with his writings nearer the time of an event or with independent sources, (the price of entry to Gatti's being given as fourpence in SoM rather than the sixpence in "My Great and Only" for example) it is considered that SoM is generally reliable about this period of Kipling's life, and herein is treated as such. Nevertheless, it is always worth bearing in mind the comment made by L.C. Dunsterville in his 1936 Preface to *Schooldays with Kipling* by G.C. Beresford: '... Finally, the memories of old gentlemen over sixty are not entirely to be trusted'.

Kipling started to explore the theatres and Music Halls, and some of the results are described in the story "My Great and Only" (MGO hereafter) which was written in November 1889, printed initially in *The Civil and Military Gazette* on 11th and 13th January 1890,² and later in the *C&MG* quarterly "Turnovers No IX". The story is collected in *Abaft the Funnel*, printed in the U.S.A. in 1909 in an unauthorised edition by B.W. Dodge³ and rapidly followed by a Doubleday, Page & Co authorised edition the same year.

In a diary-letter² to Mrs Edmonia Hill on 15th November 1889, he recorded that he had "dined at the Italian restaurant and after dinner concluded to go to Gatti's Music Hall" (KP 16/5). On 16th November, he '... wrote for the *C&MG* a thing called "A Legend of Great Honour" – an exposition of Music Halls' (ibid.). Thus, the basis for the events described in MGO must have occurred between mid-October 1889 on his arrival in London and mid-November 1889 when the story was completed and despatched to India.

Briefly, the story describes how Kipling sampled the London theatrical offerings, then the music halls, studying their customers, much as he used to do in his peregrinations in India. He chose one hall, and out of his many visits 'was born the Great Idea', which was to write a song.

I spent a penny on a paper which introduced me to a Great and Only who "wanted new songs". The people desired them really. He was their ambassador, and taught me a great deal about the property-right in songs, concluding with a practical illustration, for he said that my verses were just the thing and annexed them.

The song was "That's what the girl told the soldier", aimed at the redcoats who frequented the hall, and Kipling worked with the Great and Only to devise some appropriate business:

It was long before he could hit on the step-dance which exactly elucidated the spirit of the text, and longer before he could jingle a pair of huge brass spurs as a dancing girl jingles her anklets. That was my notion, and a good one.

whilst,

the conductor, who advertised that he "doctored bad songs," had devised a pleasant lilting air for my needs.

But, there is competition – appearing before the Great and Only on the bill was

one who was winning triple encores with a priceless ballad
"We was shopmates—boozin' shopmates."

This was lauded by the 'billycocks' , civilian clerks and shop assistants, and dreaded by Kipling. However, all goes well on the night and:

as I looked across the sea of tossing billycocks and rocking bonnets, my work, as I heard them give tongue, not once, but four times . . . I felt that I had secured Perfect Felicity.

But, how much of the story is fact?

Dealing first with bricks and mortar, Gatti's in Charing Cross opened in 1867⁴ and was described variously as 'in the Arches', 'Villiers Street', 'Charing Cross' and for a short period from 1883 as 'The Hungerford'. It was part of the brick arches which level and support Charing Cross Railway Station, and in 1945 became The Players Theatre. In 1987 these Villiers Street premises were demolished, but a replacement theatre was built as part of the Embankment Place development. This unfortunately means that the current building is not that which Kipling frequented.⁵

There was also another Gatti hall at 214 Westminster Bridge Road which opened in 1865, described as 'in the Road' or 'Gatti's Palace of Varieties'. The two establishments tended to share at least some of the same artistes, and were not too far distant if one crossed the Thames by the Hungerford footbridge. This Gatti's was destroyed in the blitz.

Gatti's also had restaurants next to both Halls⁶, but these are not significant to the story, despite "the first restaurant to introduce music during meals was Gatti's at Charing Cross"⁷. However it may have been the 'the Italian restaurant' mentioned to Mrs Edmonia Hill².

The proprietors of both of the Halls were Messrs. G & L. Corazza (Gatti), and at Charing Cross the Manager was C. Pezzatti, the Chairman Tom Tinsley, Leader (or conductor) J.E. Baker.

Kipling says in MGO that the hall held 'four hundred "when it's all full, sir"'(MGO p 298), which does look a believable number for Gatti's Charing Cross. In 1945 it was described as 'a 300-seat theatre'⁸ which, together with the standing and promenading customers likely to be present in 1889, would approach a capacity of 400. On the basis that one tends to frequent the most convenient enjoyable place of entertainment, Charing Cross is the most realistic setting for the story.

MGO opens with the statement:

Whether MacDougal or MacDoodle be his name, the principle remains the same, as Mrs Nickleby said. The gentleman appeared to hold authority in London, and by virtue of his position preached or ordained that music-halls were vulgar, if not improper.

Mr John MacDougall was a member of the London County Council (L.C.C.) Theatre and Music Hall Committee and was associated with the 1889 'social purity' campaign⁹. He was an annoyance to the music halls at that time and regularly occasioned rude remarks in the trade press.

There was a weekly paper¹⁰ published in London each Saturday at one penny which started life as *The Music Hall* at the beginning of 1889, was renamed *The Music Hall and Theatre* (MHT hereafter) from 27th September – 30th November, 1889, and then became *The Music Hall and Theatre Review*. The proprietor and reporter during the period in which we are interested was Mr William McWilliams who sometimes wrote under the by-line "Billie McDitto".

Each issue begins with advertisements by artistes giving their expected performing locations, sometimes mentioning songs with which they have had successes, and advertisements by theatrical agents. These are followed by the body of the paper, usually some squibs on particular events in various halls, then perhaps a review of one hall, a note about a forthcoming benefit performance, and ending with a series of advertisements for the various music halls. Both the Gatti halls were regular advertisers. This publication is one of the main sources of the information used in this article. Unfortunately, no advertisements were found for artistes who "wanted new songs", nor in its competitor, *The Entr'acte*, also priced at one penny. A third potential source, *The Era*, was priced at sixpence and so was excluded from further searches.

The key item needed to identify the factuality of MGO is the presence of two male singers on the same bill, one to sing "Shopmates" and the other, later in the bill, to sing "That's what the girl told the soldier". Using the Gatti Charing Cross advertisements as a source in the issues dated 5th October to 16th November, the following artistes were employed:

<u>Week</u>	<u>Artistes</u>
5th & 12th October	Harry Anderson & James Bowman
19th & 26th October	Harry Anderson, Charles Ross & John Watkin
2nd November	Leo Dryden, & Charles Ross
9th November	Leo Dryden, Charles Ross & James Fawn
16th November	Charles Ross & James Fawn

Harry Anderson was best known as a singer of convivial songs⁴ ("Glorious Beer" is one of his). Bowman and Watkin seem to have sunk without trace. Leo Dryden became best known for colonial and patriotic songs including "The Miner's Dream of Home". Charles Ross had been at The Gaiety Theatre in the Strand for the first part of 1889 in "Faust-up-to-date", an early George Edwardes burlesque composed by W Meyer Lutz¹¹ Ross was advertising an item "She's a real good mother" by Joseph Tabrar at the London Pavilion, South London and Gatti's Charing Cross Halls in November that year¹². James Fawn achieved immortality with "Ask a P'liceman" which he was singing in 1889¹³ and after.

In 1889, Leo Dryden placed a series of advertisements for himself in MHT, which listed the songs that he was currently singing. On 19th October, he listed "Shopmates," parody on "Shipwrecked". This was repeated on 26th October with the rider "'a terrific success" – Oliver and Healy' (who were his agents!). On 16th November, he listed "Twixt Love and Duty" (C. Williams), "Shopmates" and a parody on "Feniculi Fenicula".

Thus,

the man winning triple encores with a priceless ballad beginning deep down in the bass: "We was shopmates-boozin' shopmates"

must have been Leo Dryden (MGO p 298).

If there was to be a "Great and Only" on the same bill, then the weeks beginning 2nd and 9th November look to be the key ones, with Charles Ross or James Fawn the most likely candidates.

In the MHT of 23rd November there is a one-column review of the show at Gatti's, Charing Cross although it is clear from the tone of the article that this is quite the opposite of a reasoned critique! The artistes mentioned are the same as those advertised in the 9th November edition, with one addition who is listed in the bill for the following week. This review tells us the order in which the artistes appeared, and also something about their turns. In this list, Leo Dryden appeared in fourth place, and was followed in sixth by Charles Ross while the eighth turn was James Fawn.

To quote from MHT:

"Twixt Love and Duty," Leo Dryden has his hands full, to say nothing of his voice, which is equally full . . . Charles Ross, of Gaiety fame, so well known as the "Dainty Champion," secures rounds of applause by the rendering of his new characteristic song entitled "She's a real good mother" . . . James Fawn wants to know who cuts the policemen out? Why the soldier whom Fawn impersonated to the very life. He does like to be in the know, you know, equally so with his hearers, who would willingly sit out a whole night with him if he'd keep them "in the know" all the time, but James must draw the line somewhere, so he draws it at Gatti's.

What had Kipling to say about 'my Great and Only'? (MGO p299-300):

I glanced at the gallery—the redcoats were there. The fiddle-bows creaked, and, with a jingle of brazen spurs, a forage-cap over his left eye, my Great and Only began to "chuck it off his chest." Thus:

"At the back o' the Knightsbridge Barricks,
When the fog was a-gatherin' dim,
The Lifeguard talked to the Undercook,
An' the girl she talked to 'im."

The song may not be the same, but James Fawn's costume most certainly is.

From the descriptions of his act, none of which mention any songs about soldiers, it is thought most unlikely that Charles Ross was "my Great and Only".

James Fawn was also appearing at the Alhambra, and a review¹⁴ of his act at that hall says:

Mr James Fawn has a *pendant* to his "P'leeceman" delineation; but the military sketch does not at present reach the level attained by that admirable representation of the member of the force.

The same source also reviews the Charing Cross Gatti show, where:

Mr James Fawn is under engagement here just now, and is trotting out his humorous gifts to the delight of his audience, who cordially applaud his three songs.

The probability that James Fawn was 'my Great and Only' is enhanced by a reference to him at the end of "The Army of a Dream—Part II"¹⁵ and a song about "The Guardsman!"

Why, that's one of old Jemmy Fawne's songs. I haven't heard it in ages.

Further, in SoM¹,

Among my guests in chambers was a Lion Comique from Gatti's—an artist with sound views on art.

Robert Hampson in his notes to SoM concludes that the Lion Comique was probably James Fawn.

In summary, 'My Great and Only' is undoubtedly built on fact with the characters mentioned all existing and doing most of what is described in the story. The only missing item of significance is a reference to the song "That's what the girl told the soldier" being sung anywhere. But there is one tantalising hope that this may also be fact. A discography¹⁶ of Edison and Edison Bell 2 minute wax cylinder recordings gives two references to a song "That's what the girl told the soldier" having been made by Florrie Forde, music by Harry Castling, in 1904 and 1905. Despite the British Library and the V&A Theatre Museum having no record of it, tracking down the lyrics to this version is an ongoing task.

APPENDICES

A. BILL AND ORDER OF APPEARANCE, GATTI'S VILLIERS STREET 9TH NOVEMBER 1889

<u>Artiste</u>	<u>Turn</u>
1 Ada Swan	Serio Comic Vocalist
2 George McCulloch	New Comedian
3 Sadie Grossmith	Queen of Song
4 Leo Dryden	Vocal Comedian
5 The Sisters Lyster	Duettists and Dancers
6 Charles Ross	"Dainty Champion" from the Gaiety
7 Billie Barlow	Burlesque Beauty
8 James Fawn	Vocal Comedian
9 Jackley's Acrobatic Wonders	Acrobatics
10 Nellie Wilson	Top-boot Dancing
11 "The Mason"	A sketch by James Taylor, Ada Alexandra and combination
12 Ina Dick	New Serio Comic

B. BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES FAWN

Born 1850 as James Simmons. Died 1923. ¹⁷

Jan 1875 to Apr 1876 Worked as an actor in The Adelphi Theatre, London. ¹⁸

1877 Started in Music Hall with a 'blackface' act, but soon dropped this. ¹⁷

1880 Appeared in Pantomime at Drury Lane with Kate Santley and Arthur Roberts. ¹⁹

Jan 1889 The Alhambra, London

October 1889 The New Star Music Hall, Liverpool

November 1889 The Alhambra and Gatti's Charing Cross

Music Hall songs include:-

"The House that Jerry Built"

"It must have been the lobster, it couldn't have been the booze"

"Ask a Pl'ceman"

"Not Wanted"

C. THE READER'S GUIDE VOL II, PAGES 707 – 711

Page and Line numbers are those in the Notes quoted by Roger Lancelyn Green in the *Reader's Guide*, which used the Authorised collection of *Abaft the Funnel*.

This research did not set out to check the validity of the RG (it was not consulted until after the work was almost completed), but there are now some points which can be updated.

[Page 263, line 9] **Barnum:** Although Kipling does not say in MGO that he visited Barnum's during his theatre pilgrimage in November 1889, he did so in his diary-letter to Mrs Edmonia Hill² and that on 14th November:

. . . Pip [Philip Burne Jones] . . . carried me off to see Barnum's which is close to The Grange. A howling jam – the monsters made me almost sick. I do not like people without legs or hands and I *hate* a two headed boy. But 'tis a great show: tho' I never saw the tenth of it.

[Page 266, lines 16-17] **I chose one hall:** It is almost, but not absolutely, certain that this was Gatti's in Villiers Street. Regrettably, it no longer exists (*vide supra*), and the new Players Theatre at Charing Cross was closed, at least temporarily, in May 2002.

[Page 267, lines 10-11] **Great and Only:** The presence of Allan Malvern as the leading "character comic vocalists" at Gatti's in December 1889 is not germane since the story was written on 16th November.² The report from 'The Stage' that James Fawn was performing a song called 'The Soldier' at the Cambridge on 22nd November agrees with the reviews mentioned above of Gatti's and The Alhambra.

[Page 268, line 1] **"we was shopmates":** It has been shown from Leo Dryden's advertisement that "Shopmates" was a parody of *Shipwrecked*. It is possible that this is the same song as that identified in RG as *Shipmates*, but neither has been found.

REFERENCES AND NOTES

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2. *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling 1879 –1889*, Edited by Andrew Rutherford p. 473.
3. Also Thomas Pinney (ed.) *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, Vol. 1, p. 359 – 367
4. *Abaft the Funnel*, Rudyard Kipling, facsimile edition, Fredonia Books, 2001 – used as the source in this article.
5. *British Music Hall* – Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson. publ. 1965 Illustrations number 57 & 301
6. www.netcomuk.co.uk/~dumsday/players/history.htm
7. Gatti's Charing Cross Programme Cover; *The Entr'acte* 15th June 1889 advertisement for the 'Road'
8. *London The Biography*, Peter Ackroyd, Vintage 2001 p. 326.
9. *The Great Theatres of London*, Ronald Bergan, edited by Robyn Karney, Prion 1987 p. 187.
10. *Music Hall, The Business of Pleasure* edited by Peter Bailey. Open University Press 1986, p. 122-123
11. Available for viewing at the British Library Newspaper Archive, Colindale, London
12. *The Entr'acte* – advert. of 5th Jan. 1889
13. *The Entr'acte* – advert . of 16th Nov. 1889
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16. *Traffics and Discoveries*, Rudyard Kipling, Macmillan, 1904
17. www.truesoundtransfers.de/edi213.htm
18. *Sixty Years of British Music Hall* by John M Garrett, 1976, Chappell & Co
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IN PERPETUUM MOBILE

John McGivering, one of our Vice-Presidents, has sent me a copy of the current Brighton & Hove *Bus Times*. The local bus company has named some of its fleet after distinguished local residents, and the photograph on the front cover is of a double-decker emblazoned 'Rudyard Kipling' above the destination board of 'Peacehaven 14C, a route which passes through Rottingdean. In *Something of Myself*, (p. 136) we have the statement that 'In 1882 there had been but one daily bus from Brighton, which took forty minutes', presumably horse-drawn. I see from the timetable that there are now about forty-eight daily, and the 14C takes between 25 and 30 minutes from Brighton to Rottingdean. – *Ed.*

THE NEW READERS' GUIDE

REPORT FOR OCTOBER 2002

By JOHN RADCLIFFE

Work on the New Readers' Guide is going well. The task, as we reported earlier this year, is to update and extend the massive eight-volume guide edited by Reginald Harbord in the 1960's. We plan to give it a sweeping re-write and up-date, and an exhaustive amendment of the presentation of detail in its many pages of notes and references. We will take account of the work that has been done by writers and scholars since Harbord's day, and of the changes in views and attitudes over the past thirty years towards Kipling's large abiding themes, Empire, work, tradition, retribution. We are very conscious of the need to speak out to a new generation of readers who are coming to him afresh, with little of the historical knowledge – or ideological baggage – of Kipling's times.

To create the Guide – 'the *NRG*' – we have set up a small Project Group, meeting monthly under George Webb. Starting in 2003 we plan to spread the work over the next four or five years. Each year we will cover some five short story collections, one of the novels, two other pieces of major prose writing, and at least one of the major collections of verse, plus twelve or so general articles. We have set up a General Editorial Board to advise on our plans, and comment on sections of the Guide as they emerge. We are finding Editors for each of the main collections, or novels, identifying possible contributors with special interest in particular works or themes, and commissioning fifty or so general articles. The project can only succeed if we are able to muster the knowledge and effort of Kipling specialists all around the world to create a guide of the highest possible quality.

Partly for reasons of cost, but also to make the *NRG* as widely accessible as possible, we plan to publish it first on the Internet, as part of the Society's web-site at www.kipling.org.uk (Its pages will be found via the 'Readers' Guide' button on the home page of the site.) There are already some 'pilot' sections there in draft; "A Doctor of Medicine" [*Rewards and Fairies*] (by George Engle), "The Enemies to Each Other" [*Debits and Credits*] (by Lisa Lewis), "Judson and the Empire" [*Many Inventions*] (by Alastair Wilson), "RK and the Royal

Navy" (by Alastair Wilson), and "Kipling's Biographers" (by Lisa Lewis).

Publication on the Internet will make the *NRG* visible to the growing millions who are using this remarkable world-wide communications system. It will also allow us to publish piecemeal, as particular sections are completed, and to update the text in response to comments and suggestions from users. The electronic *NRG* will thus give access to an ongoing dialogue between scholars and others with a serious interest in Kipling's works, continuously updated, and reflecting new ideas as they emerge.

Electronic publication will also make it possible to use search systems and cross-references which will make it very much easier to find one's way around the *NRG* than its printed predecessor. Thus one will be able to find the entry on a particular story via its name, or its collection, or in some cases via the name of a character like Mulvaney or Mrs Hauksbee. One will be able to find a poem by its name, by its collection, or its first line, and in some cases by the story it is associated with. There will be many cross-references, which will take advantage of the 'hot-linking' possibilities of the Internet.

It will be possible to use the *NRG* on line, or to print out sections for use on paper. If there is the possibility of publishing parts of it in book form, we will certainly consider this. But we are very conscious that a good many of our members do not have access to computers or the Internet. We will therefore be exploring the possibility of sending out sections of the new Guide on paper to people with a special interest in particular parts of the project, provided that this can be paid for. We will be reporting on progress in the *Journal*, quarter by quarter.

MORE ON "KIPLING AND GOLF"

In the *Journal* issue of March 1994, there is an article by Mr Bob Labbance of Vermont on this topic. It clearly struck a chord with members for in September we have four letters on the subject, including Kipling's diagram and advertisement for a "Divotee Club".

Why Put Back Your Divot??? when for half the expense you can:
make a new one as you play. Sow! Seed! Roll! Rake!

... AND You can comb your hair with it. – Ed.

SOCIETY NEWS AND VIEWS

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS STOCKING FILLER

Michael O'Mara Books Limited have produced pocket-sized editions of the selected poems of "four of the World's greatest poets"—Kipling, Burns, Keats and Wordsworth. Just over 11 cm. by 14 cm., the Kipling booklet is a tastefully designed paperback volume, and is entitled 'If—' and other poems.[sic]. Selected and introduced by Dominique Enright, Kipling is well served. Forty of Kipling's best and most popular poems have been included. There is an excellent brief introduction to Kipling, as well as "Contents" and "Index to first lines" pages. Reasonably priced at £3.99 this 126 pages long book is available, (postage and packing free in the U.K.), by telephone: 01624-836000, fax: 01624-837033, or e-mail: bookshop@enterprise.net

LAPSUS CALAMI

It is fairly common knowledge, among Kipling enthusiasts, that his uncle Ned, the Pre-Raphaelite artist Edward Burne-Jones, lived in North End House, and not The Elms, at Rottingdean. Or at any rate, no one, who has spent ten minutes with Michael Smith in Rottingdean, can fail to be so informed. So, the inexplicable error, which crept into the first sentence of Miss Lorraine Price's "Letter to the Editor" in the last issue of this Journal, has to be a genuine 'slip of the pen', but not on the part of Miss Price. With a *mea culpa*, the outgoing Editor, Sharad Keskar, remains penitent.

BARBICAN RECITAL

Bryan Diamond has informed us that on 19 January at 4.30pm, in a Turnage weekend at the Barbican Hall, the Birmingham Contemporary Music Group and baritone Gerald Finley will perform his "Torn Fields", a song cycle reflecting the senseless destruction on Western Front in WWI, with texts by Kipling, Owen, Sassoon, Rosenberg & Sorley. Tickets are priced at £8, £12 or £16.

FOLIO SOCIETY PUBLICATIONS

Roger Ayers tells us that The Folio Society has reprinted two volumes from their list of Kipling's works in time for the Christmas 2002 market. These are *Just So Stories*, bound in a near-replica version of the original 1902 first edition, and *The Jungle Book* which wears a matching cover. Their address is: The Folio Society, 44 Eagle Street, London WC1R 4FS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WAS KIPLING A RACIST?

From Cdr A. J. W. Wilson RN, Jolyon, Salthill Road, Fishbourne, Chichester PO19 3PY.

Dear Sir,

Craig Raine, in his admirable lecture last year, printed in the *Journal* for September 2002, asks the blunt question 'Was Kipling a racist?' He goes on to say, referring to Kipling's admirers, 'We know that he must be racist - patronizing and condescending at his least obnoxious; loathsome and ugly at his worst.' And he goes on to cite numerous examples of Kipling's 'racism'.

So, there is the charge: 'Did commit an act to the prejudice of Good Order and Naval Discipline in that he did utter racist statements contrary to . . .'. (I'm trying to make this light-hearted, although my points are serious.) But lawyers are usually careful to make sure that the charge is worded correctly: furthermore, it is, I think, a principle of English law that you cannot make legislation retrospective to create an offence that did not exist at the time that the act was committed.

I suppose we all think that we know what is meant by 'racism' and 'racist'. But do we? I consulted the *Oxford English Dictionary* in my local library, and found that the words 'racism' and 'racist' do not appear in the relevant volume, Volume VIII, published in 1970. But they do appear in the supplement dated 1982, with the earliest citation being 1936. And the definition given is 'The theory that distinctive human characteristics and abilities are determined by race' – nothing very obnoxious about that. And an earlier definition of 'race' (from *Webster* – to give an American dimension) is 'The descendants of a common ancestor': a lineage: a breed.' The same *Webster* (1907 edition) has no such word as 'racism' or 'racist'. It would seem that the words 'racism' and 'racist' were unknown before Kipling's death

On the other hand 'racialism' and 'racialist' are very different, and indeed do have the pejorative sense in which 'racism' and 'racist' is all too often used these days. Racialism is 'Belief in the superiority of a particular race leading to prejudice and antagonism towards people of other races, esp. those in close proximity who may be felt as a threat to one's racial integrity or economic well-being' (*Oxford English Dictionary*, as before):

and a 'Racialist' is 'A partisan of racialism: an advocate of racial theory'. But the earliest citation for 'Racialism' is 1907, then 1910, then 1925.

Therefore, I suggest that Craig Raine should have posed the question 'Was Kipling a racialist?' Were he still alive, then he would be hard put to refute the charge, as Dr Raine has shown. But when he was writing the largest part of his work, it would appear that racialism, as defined, was not an issue, because there was not a word for it. The condition may have existed – certainly did exist – but it would seem to have been considered normal, or a natural state of things. Of course, that doesn't make the 'crime' any the less in our 21st century eyes, but if the 'belief in the superiority of a particular race . . .' was not offensive in those days, then I don't think we should, as it were, pass retrospective legislation to make it so. I suggest therefore, that, given a good lawyer, Kipling would have got off- indeed, the case would have been dismissed before any evidence had been given.

My point is that if Kipling and his writing was tainted with what we now define as racialism, these were the normal prejudices of many people, of all races, a century ago (and still are: a moment's thought will produce half-a-dozen examples without even considering western Europe and the U.S.A.). Therefore, there is no particular merit in being able to cite many examples of his racialism: what would be surprising, given the wide-ranging nature of his writing, would be to find no examples in it.

All that said, Dr Raine has been scrupulously fair, it seems to me, in balancing the credit and debit sides of the account. But I do believe that he is on shaky ground in his reference to Mr Sangres, a minor character in "An Habitation Enforced". It would have been out of character for 'one of the peasants' (and that, although a lexicographically correct usage, must today be considered a condescending description) to have referred to Mr Sangres other than as 'that nigger Sangres' (though he might well have used another word ending in ..gger!), and Kipling's putting the phrase into the mouth of one of the estate workers in a piece of fiction should not be adduced as proof of his own opinions – there are plenty of other examples in his reporting which can fairly be used.

Yours faithfully

ALASTAIR WILSON

THE MOWGLI EXPRESS

From Mr Anand Chandavarkar, 4000 Tunlaw Road, N.W.#1116, Washington DC 20007 U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

Madhya Pradesh [formerly Central India Province] will get its own 'Palace on Wheels'. Christened the "Mowgli Express" the six-coach train, (according to a news item printed in Calcutta's *Statesman Weekly* of 10 August), "will chug through 'original Rudyard Kipling country' of lush dense forests and the Satpura range". To mark the 50th year of the Indian Railways, the 'Mowgli Express will roll out in October'. The luxury coaches once belonged to families of princely states. Every Friday this tourist train, with its large plush observation-cum-dining saloon, will leave Nagpur for Jabalpur via Nayanpur, covering the 250 kilometers stretch at a leisurely speed, and will return to Nagpur the following Monday. Destinations along the route include the Kanha National Park, the famous Bhedaghat marble rocks gorge on the Narmada river, and the Dhuandar Falls.

I am sure the authorities would welcome suggestions and Society members could get in touch with the Cultural/Tourism Attaché of the Indian High Commission re travel arrangements. A 'package' holiday could easily include a stop over in Mumbai/Bombay to visit Kipling's House in the yard of the J.J. School of Art.

I recall reading somewhere that General Wavell had used *The Jungle Book* as a source for one of his World War II cypher codes.

Yours sincerely

ANAND CHANDAVARKAR

ASSOCIATIONS WITH KIPLING

From Mrs June Bassett, Mill Lane Cottage, Amberley, Arundel, West Sussex BW8 9LZ

Dear Sir,

I have loved Kipling's writings all my life and, by coincidence, was born in the year the *Journal* was first published – I remember winning a five-shilling prize at my first school in Cornwall and spending it on a beautiful book of Kipling's animal stories, including "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi", which I think must have been illustrated by the brilliant Detmold brothers.

Later on, I was sent home from India, where my father (a regular in the Royal Engineers) was currently serving, to a boarding school in North Devon within a walk of the United Services College at Westward Ho! I used to take volumes of Kipling bound in dark-blue morocco and looking, I hoped, like hymn-books, to church with me on Sundays as an antidote to boring sermons.

Later still, my first job was in the editorial department of Macmillan's, as secretary to the formidably gifted editor Thomas Lark, who must have known Kipling well. Now that I come to think of it, I remember his telling me that in his early years with the firm he used to be sent down to Bateman's with proofs for the great man. There was a splendid set of file copies of all the different editions of Kipling's works on the shelves in my office, and I regret to this day that I couldn't afford to buy a complete set for myself.

Recently I've been re-reading such volumes as I have, and rediscovering the pleasure that such books can give. I know that Nirad Chaudhuri (whose *Autobiography of an Unknown Indian* was seen through the press by Thomas Lark during my time at Macmillan's) said that *Kim* was the finest book about India ever written: does anyone in the Society have a record of this?

Yours sincerely,
JUNE BASSETT

KIPLING'S SOLDIER POETRY

From Mr Milton Horowitz, 37-30 83 Street, Jackson Heights, NY 11372, U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

I've communicated with the Society's Honorary Secretary about an essay I submitted to the Journal in 1960, entitled "Tommy This An' Tommy That": Soldiers and Kipling's Poetry'. At the time, I was a graduate student and had earlier served as an infantry officer during the Korean War. Soldiers were (and still are) on my mind, as were the poems of Rudyard Kipling. As a newly commissioned officer, I was assigned for awhile to help train draftees. I began many sessions with recitations from Kipling's poetry, especially from *Barrack-Room Ballads* and especially from such poems as "The Young British Soldier." Now that the United States is militarily and politically engaged in a place like Afghanistan, such lines as 'When you're

wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains . . .' have a poignancy not felt here before.

The Society is no doubt aware that Americans have always read Kipling, no matter what literary critics wrote about him. With war on terrorism, the establishment of a new government in Afghanistan, and a new awareness of the tragic burden Kipling wrote about in an 1899 poem, it's plain that Kipling knew what the United States may now be learning.

Yours faithfully,
MILTON HOROWITZ

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

FAMILY SERVICE

From Mr Ronald H. Pont, O.B.E., M.A., F.R.C.S., Ingham, Drove Close, Twyford, Winchester, Hants SO21 1QN

Mr Pont, having been prompted by re-reading the September 1999 issue of the *Journal*, writes to point out that the Kipling's 'God of Duty' is still served today. The tradition, in his family, of work on the sub-continent, started in 1780 when George III sent his Naval Architect, Marmaduke Stalkart, to Calcutta to design teak ships for his navy. Mr Pont has worked for the past twenty years in the N.W.F.P., and has had one son working around Kandahar bringing relief and aid for three years drought, whilst another son has a current posting as Civil Affairs Officer (Kabul) with a U.N. team.

From Dr R.H. Haythornthwaite, 309 Waimiri Road, Christchurch 8004, New Zealand

Dr Haythornthwaite writes to say that his family connection with India goes back to his grandparents on his father's side, who were both missionaries, at Agra. She as a doctor and he as Principal of St John's College, Agra, from 1890-1911. He later wrote a *History of St John's College from 1850 to 1930*. There was also his aunt who was a missionary doctor, in Kagal, Maharashtra for forty years, at a leper hospital, and then his own father served in the I.M.S. for twenty years until partition, and he had the experience of living in India fourteen years as a boy.

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, 32 Merton Road, Harrow HA2 0AB, England or email to davpag@yahoo.co.uk**

