

THE KIPLING JOURNAL



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE KIPLING SOCIETY, LONDON

VOLUME 77

MARCH 2003

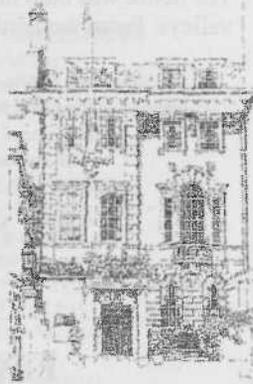
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

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 Barington, K.C.M.G., C.V.O.**

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 16 July 2003, Society Visit to Rottingdean arranged by **Jeffery Lewins**. Details are in the enclosed flyer, and Members can now book using the reply slip.

Wednesday 17 September 2003, 5.30 for 6 pm, in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Overseas League, **Boyd Tonkin** on "Kipling and the British idea of Afghanistan".

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*published quarterly since 1927 by the Kipling Society
(6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS)
and sent free to all members worldwide*

Volume 77

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Number 305

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EDITORIAL

PLUS ÇA CHANGE ...

First I must apologise for the extra 'white' present between the lines in the December 2002 issue of the *Journal* – this resulted from the Editor not being as knowledgeable about the hidden defaults in his word-processing software as he thought he was. This should not occur again.

For the current and subsequent issues, in the interests of economy, we have changed from Michael Egan & Associates, who have printed the *Journal* for the past eight years, to J.W. Arrowsmith Ltd. We have changed from a small and flexible organisation to a larger and more structured enterprise with a level of technology which we expect to give us the cost savings referred to by our President, Sir George Engle, in the December 2002 issue.

The main consequence of this change for the Editor is that the deadline for making up the complete *Journal* is now ten weeks before the date on which he expects it to reach your hands. For contributors, the deadline for me to receive them is just after you receive the previous issue. Thus, if you are impelled to write a Letter to the Editor as a result of reading something in the current issue, please shoot it off as quickly as possible.

One final point – although I have to supply everything in computer files to the printer, and am therefore grateful for any contributions supplied in electronic form – please don't hesitate to put pen or typewriter to paper if you are happier with those methods – I will do the necessary conversion.

GANÉSHA

Looking at back numbers of the *Journal*, I have noticed that each of the last two changes of Editor has been reflected in a change to the cover – this seems to me to be a desirable tradition. My view of Kipling, formed from reading his works and the published details of his life, is of an intensely interested man, and one who had a playful sense of humour – compassionate, loyal, occasionally irascible, one who had a stern work ethic, but who enjoyed his work to the full.

How is this view to be conveyed when most of the images of him that are available seem to emphasise only sternness, and the sadness that he had experienced? I finally decided that an appropriate portrait would not be available, but that there is one image which Kipling chose and used throughout his long career – the elephant head of the pot-bellied god, Ganésha. "The Finances of the Gods" [*Life's Handicap*] is Rudyard Kipling's main story about Ganésha, but he also mentions him in "The Bridge-Builders" [*The Day's Work*], in *Letters of Marque* and several times in *From Sea to Sea* — and of course, his head appears on many

of the Kipling volumes, particularly the pocket editions, both with and without Ganésha's swastika symbol.

Lockwood Kipling in *Beast and Man in India* (p.209) says that '... the wise and humorous god... is invoked at the beginning of all enterprises... The traveller and pilgrim look to Ganésha for protection, the merchant for fortune, the student for advancement, and the housewife for luck.' Who could be more appropriate for a new Editor?

KIPLING'S WORKS ON THE INTERNET

Members who have access to the Internet may like to know about a website that I look at regularly as a searchable source of Kipling's work, and of other authors who are of interest.

Located at <http://whitewolf.newcastle.edu.au/words/> on a server of the University of Newcastle, N.S.W., Australia, this site is the personal work of Russell Tayler, a biological technician.

One of the frustrating things he notices with the web is that it is rare to find all the information you want in one place so Mr Tayler decided to set up a site where he could add all of an author's works systematically so that a reader can fully experience an author's development and range. Most web e-text sites tend to use a shotgun approach to their content, relying mainly on the Project Gutenberg archive.

The next step came from a long standing personal frustration when reading in general, which is that a lot of authors use quotes or verse fractions as chapter headings. These are often intriguing as well as possibly contextually important. He spends hours looking for these! So he thought 'why not use the web to allow instant access to the original sources for these and put them on my site as well'. In doing this it is possible to see that very few, if any, authors work in a vacuum, it seems that even fiction works have a referencing system as well.

He has made a major start with Kipling and now has almost all the main collections with the exception of *Land and Sea Tales*. Unusually, you will also find *The Naulahka*, *From Sea to Sea — Vol. I*, *American Notes*, and *Thy Servant a Dog*. Much of the verse is also there, which also has a grouping of the "Barrack Room Ballads" which are collected in *Barrack Room Ballads* and *The Seven Seas, and Departmental Ditties and Other Verses*.

However, it is not just Kipling that you will find there – also present to a greater or lesser degree are 'Banjo' Paterson, George Orwell, Charles G. Leland, Joel Chandler Harris, Henry Lawson and half-a-dozen more.

Mr Tayler realises that he has set himself an impossible goal, but that only makes it more interesting. He is sure that at some time, it will be realised, and in the meantime – why not carry on and do as much as he can. This is an attitude that is to be wholeheartedly applauded.

KIPLING AND THE LIMERICK

By BOB TURVEY

[After 30 years in the Pulp and Paper Industry, Dr Bob Turvey is currently engaged in several literary projects. One is to conclude and publish a lifetime's study of the limerick. He will be happy to hear of anything further on this topic at: *Bob Turvey, 11 Lyndale Avenue, Stoke Bishop, Bristol, BS9 1BS, England: bobturvey@hotmail.com – Ed.*]

One of life's little mysteries is why the word limerick is used to describe the well-known five-line poem. The *Oxford English Dictionary* currently records that it first appeared in print in 1898 and in written form in 1896. Before that such poems were called nursery rhymes or nonsense verse and date from at least 1820.¹ A connection with Ireland is easy to suggest. Early examples of the word are invariably printed with a capital L; that does imply it came from a proper noun. Some limerick scholars believe they have made a case for the connection.²⁻⁴ Others, probably the majority, consider there is no real evidence.⁵⁻⁹ However, this school of thought has yet to advance a plausible alternative explanation for the use of the word.

Because Kipling used the word 'Limerick' in stories about his schooldays, some writers¹⁰⁻¹² have suggested that he was familiar with the word earlier than the dates given by the OED. If he was, and if he used the word in correspondence or print, then the context may give some indication as to why it was used to describe the five-line verses.

Kipling knew limericks from an early age. His autobiography records :-

Once, on the way there [to visit his Father's School of Art] alone, I passed the edge of a huge ravine a foot deep, where a winged monster as big as myself attacked me, and I fled and wept. My Father drew for me a picture of the tragedy with a rhyme beneath:-

There was a small boy of Bombay
Who once from a hen ran away.
When they said: 'You're a baby,'
He replied: 'Well, I may be:
But I don't like those hens of Bombay.'
This consoled me. I have thought well of hens ever since.¹³

This illustration and the hand-printed limerick accompanying it still exist in a copy of Edward Lear's *A Book of Nonsense* that belonged to Kipling's father.¹⁴

Kipling's autobiography also records that at school he discovered 'that personal and well-pointed limericks on my companions worked well'.¹⁵ None of these seem to have survived, with the possible exception of one quoted in Beresford's book.¹⁶

When his schoolfriend Dunsterville was in Nassik, Kipling sent him a letter.^{17,18} Dated Jan. 30th, 1886, it included the following:-

A lovely spot is Nassik. You know the rhyme of course –

There was a young lady of Nassik
Whose attire was graceful and classic
For all that she wore
Both behind and before
Was a wreath of the roses of Nassik.

This too was written by Kipling's father.¹⁹ To illustrate it JLK painted a charming water colour of a small girl garlanded only in pink roses.²⁰

Turning to Kipling's own limericks, the earliest extant seem to be two written in 1886,²¹ two in 1888²² and four in 1889.²¹ On 5 April 1895 he sent a hand-written letter to Lady Marjorie Gordon, which was published in facsimile in her children's magazine *Wee Willie Winkie* in July of that year.^{23,24} It contained the following limerick:-

There was a small boy of Quebec
Who was buried in snow to the neck.
When they asked:- 'Are you friz?'
He replied:- 'Yes I is,
But we don't call this cold in Quebec'

This has appeared in many books of limericks, often misquoted. Bibby²⁵ has suggested that it may owe something to an 1822 verse –

A Tailor, who sailed from Quebec,
In a storm ventur'd once upon deck;
But the waves of the sea
Were as strong as could be,
And he tumbled in up to his neck.²⁶

- but quite possibly the inspiration came from Lear's *A Book of Nonsense* in which the old man from Quebec has a beetle run over his neck.

The 'Cantab' limerick, to be quoted later, was written shortly after

this in 1898. Although published, and recorded in such works as Harbord,²⁷ it seems to have disappeared from current records of Kipling's work; for example it is not in Pinney's Collected Letters or in Rosenbaum's Bibliography. Which is a pity, since it is one of his better limericks!

Several sources record a photograph of Kipling being sold at auction in 1903, underneath which was written a limerick about a young person of Oldham.²⁸ In the *Kipling Journal*²⁹ Professor Alfred Frolich recorded a limerick that Kipling wrote for him. It described the professor's efforts on the bob-sled; Green²² says it was written in 1909. Harbord²⁷ says December 1908.

Two limericks were sent in letters to his son in 1910.³⁰ The second of these – 'a pretty little poem' – was accompanied by a drawing and runs:-

There was a fat person of Zug
Who was found on all fours on the rug
When they said:- 'You've a fit!'
He said:- 'No! I've been bit,
And I'm morally sure it's a bug!'

Kipling commented that it was perfect, except for the drawback that Zug ought to be pronounced Zoog! Pronunciation notwithstanding, this limerick was important to him. In a letter later that year³¹ he writes as a postscript 'Why should the following limerick – composed by me – please me so? Is it that there is a moral and political meaning to it, or what? [The limerick is then given.] I think it must mean social reform or something.' Rounding out 1910 Kipling included a limerick in a letter to a friend.³²

A limerick exists in an unidentified hand, written on a letter from Kipling to Lord Roberts, dated 3 November 1912 and annotated 'by Rudyard Kipling'.³³ The letter is held in the National Army Museum in London; the limerick may or may not be by Kipling:-

There once was a nation that warred
With two men, one horse & no sword
From Colenso to Cressy
Their Methods were messy
But when Haldane reformed it
Oh! Gawd!

A letter³⁴ to his cousin Stanley Baldwin in 1919 starts off 'Dear Stan' and concludes with a limerick:-

There was a young parson of Wells
 Who remarked:- 'Here is something that smells!!
 As the Canon is out
 There isn't a doubt
 It's the Bishop and nobody else!'

Kipling's daughter recorded that

The writing of limericks delighted him, and there exists an old copy of Lear's Nonsense Book on the blank pages of which appear many verses, illustrated with spirited drawings of the Old Maid of Zug, the Young Lady of Brie and the Three Young Ladies of Nice and many more.^{35 36}

This second copy of Edward Lear's book is also in the Kipling Collection at the University of Sussex.³⁷ Written on the blank backs of pages bearing Lear's illustrated verses are thirteen limericks in Kipling's hand. Most are illustrated by him. The last entry consists of two limericks in his wife's hand-writing, with a note at the foot of the page which reads 'Limericks by R.K. about 1920.' The book is an 1896 edition so the fifteen limericks contained in it were probably written between 1896 and 1920. Rosenbaum records a total of seventeen limericks in the book.³⁸ However, careful reading shows that one of the poems is a four line verse with a different rhyme scheme, and another consists only of the first two lines. We cannot allow that to be classed as a limerick, since as A. P. Herbert has quite rightly pointed out 'It is more difficult to finish a limerick than to finish anything in the world!'.³⁹

Some of these limericks have similarities to Lear's verses. Some use the same place name, for example Ems, and some even borrow a line or two. For example:-

There was a young person of Dover
 Who strongly objected to clover
 So she ordered her cousins
 To pick it by dozens
 Which agreed with that person of Dover. [Rudyard Kipling]

There was an old person of Rhodes,
 Who strongly objected to toads,
 He paid several cousins,
 To catch them by dozens,
 That futile old person of Rhodes. [Edward Lear]

Others are completely original:-

There was a young woman of Brie
 Who said 'None of this fromage for me,
 My Pa's in the trade
 And I've seen this stuff made—
 And to eat it, is felo de si.'

Despite Elsie Bambridge's recollection, only "The Young Lady of Brie" appears in this book. The other two limericks do appear in the Kipling Collection⁴⁰, possibly in her own handwriting, as "The Fat Person of Zug", and:-

There were two young ladies of Nice
 Who drank seven cocktails apeace (sic),
 Then they tried to undress
 In the Paris express,
 But were stopped by the local police.

This is undated. There are three other Kipling limericks which are not dated. One is found only in Green.²² A second is in the Kipling Collection.⁴¹ The third has appeared in the *Kipling Journal*⁴²:—

There was a young girl of Mwssleuch (pronounced M'sloo)
 Whose statements were often untrue.
 When they said, 'Are you hot?'
 She replied, 'No I'm not;
 What you see on my face is the dew'.

The third and fourth lines in this owe more than a little something to Lear's "Old Person of Gretna". To be fair, the great limerick writer Anon has also appropriated Lear's lines:-

There was an old fellow of Tyre
 Who constantly sat on the fire
 When they asked, 'Are you hot?'
 He replied, 'I am not –
 I'm James Winterbottom, Esquire.'⁴³

One of the more unusual limericks Kipling wrote appears in facsimile as the dedication in a 1933 book on ants,⁴⁴ in praise of a peki-nese dog! Later that year a letter to George Bambridge⁴⁵ wished him happy returns of the day and hoped that he would approve of the following poem:-

There was an old man who said:- 'True –
 My outsides and insides ain't new.
 And me guts are a wreck,
 But I can write a cheque!! ...
 So he did – and he sends it to you!'

Perhaps the most elusive of Kipling's limericks is "There was a Young Man with a Story". This is the title which Green gave to his booklet. In the introduction he remarks that the late Mr R. E. Harbord, editor of *The Reader's Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Work*, (1961-1969), and sometime President of the Kipling Society, could only remember the first line. Rosenbaum also records just this first line, and refers to a letter in the Library of Congress.⁴⁶ Visiting the Library of Congress website revealed their free 'Ask a Librarian' service; guaranteed reply in five working days. Sure enough, after asking what the rest of the limerick was, a reply came within the time limit. It stated that a complimentary copy of the letter had been sent to my home address. It duly arrived:-

Dear Verschoyle
 Don't blame me if a whole hatful of unruly characters makes
 me neither dinnersome nor lunschome. In fact

There was a young man with a story
 Who wrote it alone in his glory
 When invited abroad
 He said blandly:- 'O Lord!'
 And retired to finish his story.

But I'll try to come o'Friday,
 Sincerely
 Rudyard Kipling.⁴⁷

Ah – the trials and tribulations of literary research in the electronics age!

So, discounting dubious attributions, variants and incomplete verses it seems that at least 39 limericks written by Kipling are still in existence.

§ § § § §

Kipling was clearly a writer and lover of limericks. But what of his use of the word limerick? There are two references which have been taken to refer to his schooldays. The first is in *Stalky & Co.*, which

was started in 1896 and published in October 1899. Half way through the chapter entitled "The Flag of their Country" (which had appeared in McClure's magazine in May 1899) the following appears:-

'Then you've got to rot King, my giddy poet. Make up a good catchy Limerick, and let the fags sing it.'

The second reference is in "The Propagation of Knowledge". This was written in 1925 and published in the *Strand Magazine* and *McCall's Magazine* of January 1926. It was also published in 1926 in *Debits and Credits*, and in 1929 as one of five new chapters in *The Complete Stalky & Co.*



And Beetle proceeded with the text of an old Du Maurier drawing in a back-number of *Punch*:

'De tous ces défunts cockolores
 Le moral Fénelon,
 Michel Ange et Johnson
 (Le Docteur) sont les plus awful bores.'

To which Howell, woingly, just above his breath:

"Oh, *won't* you come up, come up?"

Result, as the tea-bell rang, one hundred lines, to be shown up at seven-forty-five that evening. This was meant to blast the pleasant summer interval between tea and prep. Howell, a favourite in 'English' as well as Latin, got off; but the Army Class crashed in to tea with a new Limerick.

Beetle is quoting the last four lines of an 1877 *Punch* limerick written by George du Maurier.⁴⁸ This is presumably the limerick the Army Class then quote at tea.

The lines whispered by Howell are part of the chorus of a song said to have been sung in Ireland. The earliest reference to this song is seemingly in a letter to *Notes & Queries* in 1898.⁴⁹ A query a month earlier had asked why nonsense verse in the style of Lear were called Limericks. It elicited the following reply, which, incidentally, is quoted in most dictionaries as 'proving' that limericks came from Ireland. The whole letter reads:-

"LIMERICK." – A nonsense verse such as was written by Lear is wrongfully so called, though the editor of the *Cantab* applied it to a nonsense verse of Kipling's the other day. The "Limerick" proper is a far from blameless production, though some "Limericks" achieve an enormous circulation – verbally. It has been shown that the nonsense verse is older than Lear's; but how much older I am not prepared to say, but certain it is that a song has existed in Ireland for a very considerable time, the construction of the verse of which is identical with that of Lear's. The refrain of it is as follows:-

Will you come up, come up?
 Will you come up to Limerick?
 Will you come up, come up?
 Will you come up to Limerick?

The method of singing it was peculiar. One member of the party started a verse, and when he had concluded the whole assembly joined in the chorus. Then the next performer started a second verse, and so on until each one had contributed a verse; repetitions were not allowed, and forfeits were extracted from those who could not fulfil the conditions. This meant that each one had to supply an original verse of his own. That some of these were highly decorous is quite possible, but that others were not is proved by the fact that the "Limerick" verse to-day bears quite a different significance from ordinary nonsense verse. Who

applied this name to the indecent nonsense verse is hard to say, but I fancy a scurrilous London weekly may have had to do with it. Whence these nonsense verses emanate or who are their authors there are no means of knowing; perhaps the fathers of many of them are not anxious to avow the paternity.

J. H. MURRAY.

The editor of the *Cantab*, a Cambridge undergraduate magazine, had written to Kipling asking him for a contribution. Kipling replied on a postcard dated 17 September 1898. The card was reproduced in facsimile in the *Cantab* of 13 October 1898, and the text is as follows :-

There once was a writer who wrote:
 'Dear Sir, In reply to your note
 Of yesterday's date,
 I am sorry to state
 It's no good – at the prices you quote.'

The National Press was primed about this scoop and the *Cantab* was rewarded by widespread publicity and increased sales. The editor of the *Cantab*, despite what Murray states in his letter, did not describe Kipling's verse as a limerick. He merely called it 'a contribution' and a 'Nonsense Verse'. However, the word Limerick was used regularly in the magazine, starting on the 6 October 1898.

So far so good. But did Kipling know the word limerick earlier than the OED currently records its use? The answer is yes. In a letter to William Heinemann dated 20 January 1895 he writes:—

Dear Heinemann

Of course you'll come up, for New York in April is greasy damnation besides being cold. We'll drive you out of your mind round Brattleboro in deep mud and what Limericks I have manufactured I will disgorge. An almanac is a fearful task for the reason that there are 365-6 days in the year, as your contributors will discover. It sounds too nice to be possible, and ought to be splendid fun. You're in luck about the *New Review* for W.E.H. has *got* to be heard from, and there will be knives and clubs in the air by the time he has settled into his stride.

I am working hard but shall experimentalize on Limericks. Don't forget to give us your steamer date.

Yours ever
 Rudyard Kipling

In a footnote to this letter Pinney⁵⁰ suggests that Heinemann had proposed an almanack of limericks to which Kipling might contribute. No trace of this book has been found, although Kipling did write verse for an *Almanac of Twelve Sports*, illustrated by William Nicholson and published by Heinemann in 1898. It would be interesting to know the background to Kipling's comments. Heinemann's archives might elucidate the matter, but an initial search has revealed little of interest.⁵¹

Now, did Kipling know anything about how the word came to be applied to five-line poems? Alas, that I do not know. There may be letters or notes somewhere in the world that can tell us, and if any reader can direct me to such documents I shall be grateful.

One final matter. Limerick research is bedevilled by claims for which no evidence is given. One of the most famous limericks ever written is:-

There was a young lady of Riga
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger.
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside
And the smile on the face of the tiger.⁵²

A 1958 German book of limericks⁵³ stated that this was written by Rudyard Kipling. An enquiry to the publisher drew forth the following delightful reply:—

"Dear Dr Turvey, we are sorry not to can help you. Mr Dahl died last year, and we ourselves cannot remember or reconstruct his sources. Nevertheless, we believe to have been told about Kipling's authorship of that limerick also from otherwards."

Having investigated the publication history of this limerick and the rival claims to its authorship I would be astounded if Kipling wrote it. But it is difficult to prove a negative. .. and stranger things have happened!

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Grateful thanks are due to members of the Kipling Society for sharing information with me, especially Michael Jefferson, Jane Keskar, David Page, John Slater, E J Thompson and George Webb. Thanks are also due to Joy Eldridge who showed me the two annotated Edward Lear books and other documents housed in the Kipling Collection at Sussex University. To Alastair Massie of the National Army Museum, who supplied me with the text of the War limerick. And to Jean Rose, library manager at Random House, who kindly looked through what remains of the Kipling files that Random House acquired from Heinemann.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. *The History of Sixteen Wonderful Old Women*, author unknown, Harris and Son, London, probably 1820.
2. *The Complete Limerick Book*, Langford Reed, Jarrolds, London, 1924. [Reed's ideas as to the origin of the verse form and its name are given in the Introduction to the first edition; subsequent editions give an expanded explanation.]
3. *The Limerick Makers*, Jean Harrowven, The Research Publishing Company, London, 1976. See chapters 1-3.
4. *The limerick is furtive and mean*, article by David Stewart, Smithsonian Magazine, September 2002.
5. *Book of American Limericks*, Carolyn Wells, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1925. See Introduction.
6. *The Limerick, A Facet of our Culture*, Anonymous, privately printed, Mexico City, 1944. (Actually Reynold Morse, Cleveland, Ohio, 1948.) See pp. 13-14.
7. *The Art of the Limerick*, Cyril Bibby, The Research Publishing Company, London, 1978. See extensive discussion in Chapter III, "Why 'Limerick'?".
8. *History of the Limerick*, George N. Belknap, The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, volume 75, number 1, 1981, pp. 1-32.
9. *Pentatette* magazine, November 2002, p.4. Editorial comment on article in Smithsonian Magazine loc. cit.
10. *The Limerick*, Gershon Legman, Paris, 1953. See for example the two volume Panther paperback, 1976, volume 1, p.39. [Note that Mr Legman confuses *The Complete Stalky & Co.* with its predecessor. In his inimitable style he seems to assume that the word limerick was current during Kipling's schooldays.]
11. Harrowven, loc. cit., p.49. [Mrs Harrowven seems to follow Legman and simply states that 'Kipling mentioned [the word limerick] in his work *Stalky*, in the early 1880's (sic).']
12. George N. Belknap, loc.cit.. [The late professor gives a somewhat more considered commentary on the *Stalky* books than Legman.]
13. *Something of Myself*, Rudyard Kipling. See for example *Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings*, edited by Thomas Pinney, Cambridge University Press, 1990, pp.4-5, and footnote to this limerick.
14. This copy of Edward Lear's *A Book of Nonsense* is housed in the Kipling Collection at the University of Sussex, file number 31/3. It is an almost square volume with gold lettering on a purple background. Unpaginated, it has 112 vividly coloured illustrations, usually two per page, sometimes three. No pages seem to be missing, but there is no title page giving a date. On four originally blank pages there are eight hand-printed limericks, two per page, each accompanying an illustration. Seven are

in J.L.Kipling's hand. There are several differences between the J.L.Kipling's limerick and the version Kipling quotes. The original reads:-

There was a small boy in Bombay
Who once from a fowl ran away,
When they said You're a baby, He replied 'Yes, I may be
But I can't bear those hens in Bombay.'

15. See for example *Something of Myself and Other Autobiographical Writings*, edited by Thomas Pinney, Cambridge University Press, 1990, p.22.
16. *Schooldays with Kipling* by G. C. Beresford, Victor Gollancz, London, 1936, p. 179.
17. *Rudyard Kipling, His Life and Work*, Charles Carrington, Macmillan & Co., London, 1955, p.73.
18. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Volume 1, 1872-89*, edited by Thomas Pinney, Macmillan, 1990, p. 115.
19. *Index of English Literary Manuscripts. Volume 4 (1800-1900). Part 2: Hardy-Lamb*, by Barbara Rosenbaum, Mansell, 1990. See p.545.
20. In the undated edition of Edward Lear's *A Book of Nonsense* which is housed in the Kipling Collection at the University of Sussex. The original is slightly different from the version Kipling quotes: Nassik is spelled Nassick, and the second line reads 'Whose attire was both graceful and classic'.
21. *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling, 1879-1889*, edited by Andrew Rutherford, Oxford University Press, 1986, pp.345/6, 458, 467.
22. *There was a Young Man with a Story, Sixteen Limericks by Rudyard Kipling*, privately printed for Roger Lancelyn Green, 1980. The frontispiece records that Green had collected together all of Kipling's limericks which he had been able to discover, to circulate amongst those of his friends who were interested in anything to do with Kipling. The source for each limerick was given. Only fifty copies of the booklet were printed for strictly private circulation. All were numbered and signed. Number 35 is held in the Kipling Library at City University. Green included the dubious Beresford limerick, and incorrectly attributed the Nassik limerick to Kipling.
23. *The Kipling Journal*, June 1979, pp.3-4.
24. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Volume 1, 1872-89*, edited by Thomas Pinney, Macmillan, 1990, pp. 177-8.
25. Cyril Bibby loc. cit., see pp.82-3.
26. *Anecdotes and Adventures of Fifteen Gentlemen*, probably R. S. Sharpe, John Marshall, London, probably 1822. See *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*, edited by Iona and Peter Opie, OUP, 1951. p.359 of the 1975 edition.
27. *Reader's Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Work*, R. E. Harbord, 1961-1969, privately printed. Verse Notes 1. See pp.5156-8.
28. See for example Rosenbaum loc. cit., p.545. Said to be in the *Daily Express* of 3rd January 1903, although the *Daily Mail* of the same date has also been cited. Copies in the Newspaper Library in Colindale Avenue are on very difficult to-read microfilm, which probably explains why I could not find the relevant article!
29. *The Kipling Journal*, number 38, p.42, June 1936.
30. *O Beloved Kids, Rudyard Kipling's letters to his children*, selected and edited by Elliot L. Gilbert. Weidenfeld & Nicholson 1983, Zenith Books paperback edition published 1984. *There once was a man who said:- "I*, on p.101 in a letter to his son 3 Feb 1910. *There was a fat person of Zug*, on p.108, with accompanying illustration by R.Kipling, in a letter to his son 17 May 1910.
31. Letter to Andrew McPhail, 25 June 1910. See for instance *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Volume 3, 1900-10*, edited by Thomas Pinney, Macmillan, 1996, pp.439-442.
32. See Rosenbaum loc. cit., p.544.

33. See Rosenbaum loc. cit., p.543.
34. Undated letter to Stanley Baldwin. Typed copy in file 11/3 in the Kipling Collection at Sussex University. Pinney suggests 19? February 1919. See *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Volume 4, 1911-19*, edited by Thomas Pinney, Macmillan, 1999, pp.534-6.
35. Charles Carrington loc. cit., epilogue by Mrs George Bambridge, see p.517.
36. *The Kipling Journal*, March 2002, p.52. Letter from Michael Jefferson.
37. This second copy of Edward Lear's *A Book of Nonsense* is also housed in the Kipling Collection at the University of Sussex, file number 31/2. It is an oblong book with 110 black and white illustrations on one side of each page. The title page states it is a 31st edition, Warne, London, 1896.
38. See Rosenbaum loc. cit., p.652.
39. *Light Articles Only*, A. P. Herbert, Methuen & Co. Ltd., London, 1921. Chapter entitled *The Art of Poetry II*. See for example p.69 of the Third and Cheaper Edition, 1939.
40. Kipling Collection at Sussex University, file 24/64. See also Rosenbaum loc. cit., p.546.
41. Kipling Collection at Sussex University, file 24/64. See also Rosenbaum loc. cit., p.544 (*the fat man of Girgenti*).
42. Said to the mother of the Rt. Hon. the Viscount Cobham after a tennis match. Recounted by him at the Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society, October 15, 1970. Printed in the *Kipling Journal*, March, 1971, p.5.
43. Several variants exist. See for example Langford Reed loc. cit., p.49, *The Lure of the Limerick*, W. S. Baring-Gould, 1967, (under Eire), *The Pan Book of Limericks*, edited by Louis Untermeyer, 1963, p.116, etc..
44. *Ant Antics*, by Estella Cave, John Murray, London, 1933. Interestingly Harbord loc. cit. dates the limerick as 1886.
45. Original letter in file 12/10 in the Kipling Collection at Sussex University, dated Sept 26 1933. Recipient identified as George Bambridge by Rosenbaum loc. cit., p.546.
46. See Rosenbaum loc. cit., p.545.
47. This is on a single sheet of paper headed Embankment Chambers, Villiers Street, Strand. There is no date. In the Moulton Papers, reel 8.
48. George du Maurier, *Punch* magazine, 5 May, 1877, p.202. [There were four limericks on this page, each with its own illustration. One of a series of eight pages of Mr du Maurier's limericks published in March, April and May. Mr du Maurier was completely bi-lingual and wrote his limericks in a kind of early Franglais.]
49. *Notes & Queries*, 10th December 1898. Note that many authors have confused J. H. Murray – the writer of this letter – with J. A. H. Murray, editor of the OED. They are not the same person.
50. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Volume 2, 1890-99*, edited by Thomas Pinney, Macmillan, 1990, p.169.
51. The Kipling correspondence possessed by William Heinemann may have been part of the material sold at auction at the American Art Association in New York in 1922, after his death, when money was needed to help the company. The chapter notes for John St. John's book, *William Heinemann – A Century of Publishing 1890-1990*, are in the Random House library. Some original Kipling letters are in this file, but most are photocopies bearing Princeton University stamps.
52. Langford Reed, loc. cit., see p. 103 — and many other sources.
53. *99 Limericks*, Jurgen Dahl, illustrated by Reiner Zimmik, Langewiesche-Brandt, Munchen, 1958. See limerick number 28.

THE FOLIO SOCIETY'S EDITIONS OF RUDYARD KIPLING'S WORKS

By ROGER AYERS

The Folio Society, which was founded in 1947 to produce 'editions of the world's great literature, in a format worthy of the contents, at a price within the reach of everyman', came late to the works of Rudyard Kipling.

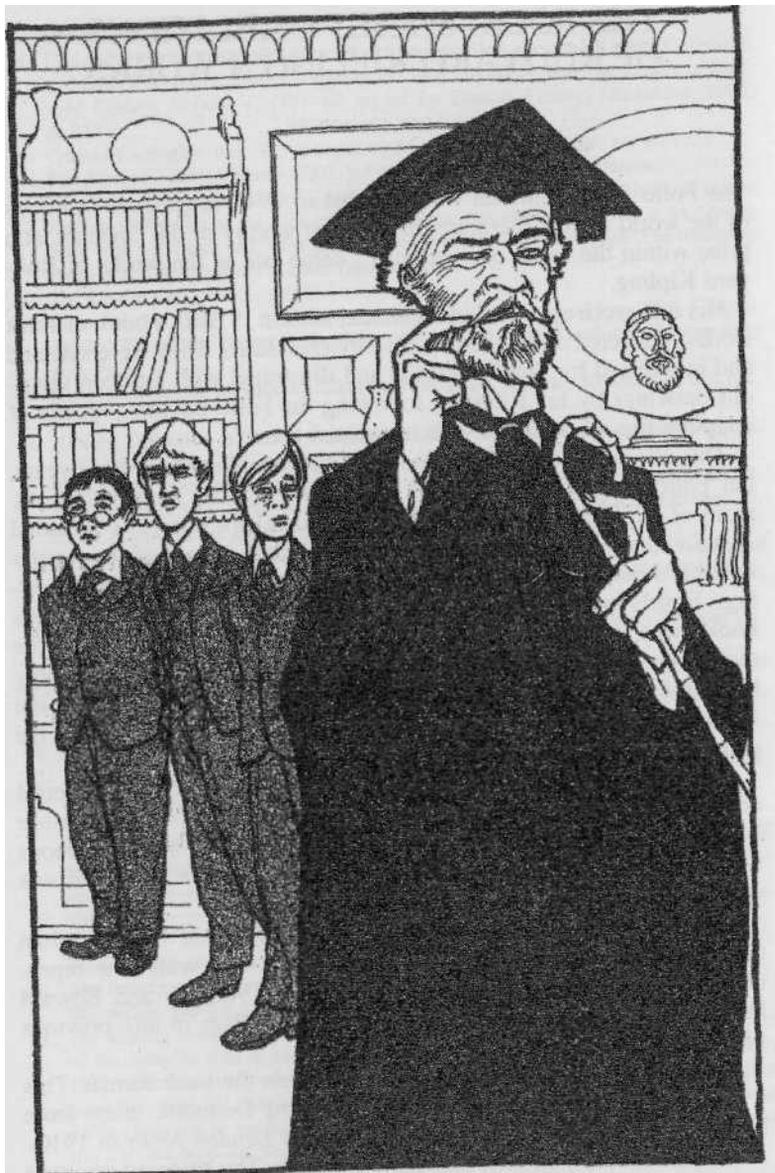
His first work appeared in its annual list for 1972 as a book of short stories, collected under the title *Twenty-One Tales*. They were selected and introduced by Tim Wilkinson and illustrated with fourteen vigorous drawings by Ian Ribbons, following the Folio Society practice of coupling fine illustrations with its printed texts.

This one volume was reprinted eight times in the next twenty years, but Folio Society members had to wait nearly that long before any more of Kipling's work appeared. The annual list for 1991 included *Just So Stories*, complete with the "Tabu Tale", as one of the regular monthly books. It was illustrated by Kipling's own inimitable drawings, freshly copied from the originals held by the British Library. This book was a joint publication with the British Library, which issued its own copies with its own title page and binding. The Folio Society binding for this edition, 9½" X 6¼", in full coloured cloth with a design in dark brown and gold based on one of the illustrations, became the pattern for the series of Kipling works that followed.

Also published that year by Folio Fine Press Editions was a special edition of *Barrack-Room Ballads*. Twenty-one poems were printed in letterpress on mould-made paper and again illustrated by Ian Ribbons with fourteen fresh drawings in black and yellow, one of which was used in a block design on the quarter-cloth cover.

In 1992 came *The Jungle Book* in a larger format (10" x 7½") than the *Just So Stories*, but with a similar cover, and with new reproductions of the original 1908 illustrations by Maurice and Edward Detmold that were larger, clearer and brighter than in any previous version.

The *Second Jungle Book* followed in 1994 in the same format. This was illustrated by eight drawings by Edward Detmold, taken from black and white prints used by the *Illustrated London News* in 1910—1911 to accompany its serialisation of the book. The coloured originals had been lost, so the Folio Society made copies from the best prints it could find, from which David Eccles re-created striking coloured versions.



One of David Eccles' illustrations to the 1996 Folio Society edition of *Stalky & Co.*

In 1995, four works were published – *Captains Courageous*, with I.W. Taber's original illustrations; *Kim*, with strong coloured illustrations by the French illustrator August Leroux, and *Puck of Pook's Hill* with original illustrations by H.R. Millar. The fourth book, *Poems by Rudyard Kipling*, contained the Society's own selection of some 125 poems, grouped by theme and illustrated with some of W. Heath Robinson's coloured and monochrome drawings from a Hodder and Stoughton edition of *A Song of the English* published in 1915.

Early 1996 saw the addition of a matching volume, *Short Stories*, which reprinted fourteen of the *Folio Twenty-One Tales*, accompanied by their original Ian Ribbons drawings.

That year also saw the issue of two versions of a seven-volume boxed set. The set for the British market contained *Just So Stories*, *Kim*, *Short Stories*, *Poems*, and *Puck of Pook's Hill*, all as described above, plus *The Jungle Book* and *The Second Jungle Book*. The last two were reduced to the same 9½" x 6¼" format as the rest of the set by trimming the page borders and some reduction in the size of the illustrations. In the set for the North American market, *Puck of Pook's Hill* was replaced by *Captain's Courageous*.

1996 ended with the publication of two more companion volumes, *Rewards and Fairies*, with Charles Brock's original drawings and *Stalky & Co.*, which contained all nine stories that had appeared in *The Complete Stalky & Co.* of 1929 along with a brand new set of bold illustrations by David Eccles.

This brought to a close this particular run of the Folio Society's Kipling works but two volumes were reprinted in time for the 2002 Christmas market. They are *The Jungle Book* and *Just So Stories*, in the smaller format but in very different covers. *Just So Stories* is bound in a near-replica version of the original 1902 first edition, with the Elephant's Child and the Crocodile in black and white on plum-coloured cloth, while *The Jungle Book* wears a similar cover portraying Mowgli with a very glinty-eyed Bagheera.

To go along with this latest pair, the Society's quarterly magazine, *Folio*, carried Philip Burne-Jones' 1899 portrait of Rudyard Kipling on the cover of its Autumn 2002 issue and had an article, with excellent sample illustrations, called 'Voices from Childhood' by the children's author Joan Aiken.

Kipling's bibliography is said to be one of the most complex of any writer in English. The Folio Editions have added a small, high quality corner to that complexity. More details can be found in *Folio 50*, the comprehensive record of the output of the Folio Society, which was published in 1997, again in association with the British Library.

The two accompanying illustrations are reproduced by kind permission of the Folio Society, whose address is 44 Eagle Street, London, WC1R 4FS. The membership commitment is to buy four books in each membership year from the twelve to be published in that year or from those still in print from previous years. Prices reflect the quality of the books but represent good value for money.



Ian Ribbons' striking drawing of "Danny Deever", one of the black and yellow illustrations to the Folio Society *Barrack-Room Ballads* of 1991.

ROGER AND FRANCIS BACON AND SOME COMPARISONS WITH RUDYARD KIPLING

By PROFESSOR T.J. CONNELL

[As reported in the September 2000 edition of the *Journal*, Professor Tim Connell gave a lecture to the Baconian Society of St Albans on the subject of ethical issues in the lives of Roger and Francis Bacon with reference to the works of Rudyard Kipling. Some of the key comparisons (and points of contrast) between the three men appear below in an amended version of the lecture. – Ed.]

At first sight, Rudyard Kipling seems an odd point of reference to combine with the Bacons. But he is one of the most widely quoted (and indeed mis-quoted) authors in English after Shakespeare (or quite possibly Bacon), and quite demonstrably, among the sources that Kipling knew and used – were Roger and Francis Bacon.

Roger's pragmatic approach and commitment to experimental science are acknowledged in one of Kipling's stories. "The Eye of Allah" is set in a monastery where Friar Bacon is dining with the monks. The story compounds the travels in Islamic Spain of one of the brothers with the reminiscences of a veteran crusader about "art optic" and a Moorish microscope – the Eye of Allah itself, which provides dangerous insights into learning forbidden by the Church. The abbot's ruling is against what the friar calls 'wisdom after trial and experiment' and so the microscope is destroyed.¹

Kipling himself had notoriously bad eyesight: his glasses are a key feature in caricature, even when drawn by himself. This becomes a leit-motiv: there is his alter ego the Egregious Beetle in the *Stalky & Co.* school stories; the searing emotion of Punch in "Baa Baa Black Sheep" is intertwined with the boy's fading eyesight.² *The Light that Failed*, his first novel, published in 1890, also treats the theme of blindness.

The optical theme underlines the visionary in all three men, which may also have set them at odds with people around them. Roger Bacon became embroiled in battles with his superiors to publish. Kipling became involved in the rather specialised field of copyright and the vexed issue of authors' rights in America and Canada above all.³ But any reverses must have made them more robust in their views, and willing to hold their ground, even if this led Kipling to admire muscular Christianity in a way that is seen as rather unhealthy nowadays, and some of his Victorian characters are a bit too good to be true.⁴ Kipling also developed an unsavoury reputation as an Imperial jingoist: the stance he took in the Boer War sullied his literary reputation for the rest of his life. Although he did tend to portray colonial warfare

rather like a bad-tempered rugby scrum (in "With the Main Guard" in *Soldiers Three* (1895) for example) he genuinely feared a major European war as far back as 1885 and made himself unpopular with his constant carping on Britain's lack of preparedness.⁵ His writing after the death of his only son in action takes on a haunting quality which could never be contrived:

They believed us and perished for it. Our statecraft, our learning
Delivered them bound to the Pit and alive to the burning
Whither they mirthfully hastened as jostling for honour,
Not since her birth has our Earth seen such worth loosed upon
her.⁶

All three were restless men, driven in their respective callings and prolific in their output. In some respects they appear as men being impelled by some inner force. Kipling acknowledges this with reference to the devil who lives in the bottom of the inkwell.⁷ This phenomenon is described as his Daemon (usually with an ae), a figure which appears at regular intervals in his writing:

. . . but, on the higher planes of it, where thought merges into
Intuition and Prophecy, my Demon (sic) of Irresponsibility
sang:— 'I am with you once more! Stand back and let Me take
charge.'⁸

The importance of the Daemon is also acknowledged in his autobiography:

When your Daemon is in charge, do not try to think consciously.
Drift, wait, and obey.⁹

The sense of moral crusade forms part of Kipling's role as a self-appointed outsider, a reactionary more than a thinker, though he did write some of Baldwin's political speeches – and refused to write some others. When he did become involved directly, he was not taken seriously and he was mocked cruelly in cartoons by both Punch and Max Beerbohm for his political views and mawkish patriotism – of the sort he himself derided among the 'Jelly-bellied Flag-flappers'.¹⁰

Kipling's real indignation was kept for the people that he felt were responsible for the War or who might profit by it: "Mesopotamia" was written in 1917, in response to the disaster at Kut El Amara, where an allied army of 10,000 men had been cut off and captured by the Turks. The senior officers were kept in some comfort in a villa overlooking the Bosphorus while many of the other ranks (mostly from the Indian Army) died from sickness and ill-treatment.¹¹

"Mesopotamia" is scathing about those who fail to support men on active service. Kipling writes with cold fury:

Shall we only threaten and be angry for an hour?
When the storm is ended shall we find
How softly but how swiftly they have sidled back to power
By the favour and contrivance of their kind?

Kipling was equally harsh on those who chose to live (as he saw it) without the Law. Some of these can be cheerful rogues, like the loafers Carnehan and Dravot in "The Man who would be King" [*Wee Willie Winkie*, 1890]. The Law of the Jungle is clearly a set of rules for survival, but, as with so much of Kipling's work, he is prone to being misquoted. The monkeys, the wretched *bandar-log*, are reckless precisely because they can never see the general good, or adhere freely to a recognised set of principles. Even the 'poison people' (the snakes) are accommodated and are a threat to none, other than their own acknowledged prey.

A significant number of stories are based on the individual's moral position and the breaking of social codes.¹² This combines with a streak of cruelty and not so much *schadenfreude* as glee at poetic justice when someone gets their comeuppance. It is a theme which runs from *Stalky* and *Plain Tales* through to the later stories, many of which contain a farcical element.¹³

Francis himself was a born survivor, a man who applied his considerable intellect to making progress at all costs, something which at times faced even him with difficult decisions. His Essay XI (*Of Great Place*) is eloquent on the subject:

It is a strange desire, to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others and to lose power over a man's self.

For him, 'power to do good is the true and lawful end of the aspiring.'

Even so, Francis fell from public grace accused of corruption. He did take what he listed in his official accounts as 'Gifts and Rewards', although admittedly he had lived in debt for most of his life. Nor was he remunerated for his years of service to the Crown until he became Solicitor General at the age of 47. Army commissions were still purchased as a matter of course up until 1871 so Kipling would have known senior officers who had bought preferment. But he would have found no excuse for such behaviour in public life, as is apparent in "Gehazi", a poem which draws on the Old Testament episode of Elisha's servant who is struck down with leprosy as a punishment for corruption.¹⁴ This was developed into a stinging attack on the Attorney General Sir Rufus Isaacs who was implicated in the Marconi scandal

of 1913, which revolved round insider dealing or, as Kipling terms it, 'knowledge which is profit in any market-place':

Stand up, stand up, Gehazi,
Draw close thy robe and go,
Gehazi, Judge in Israel,
A leper white as snow!¹⁵

Kipling was prone to controversy from the Boer War onwards. It is ironic that most of the honours (Nobel Prize 1907; honorary degrees from Oxford and McGill) came when he was no longer in fashion, as he had been at around the time of the Jubilee – 1897, the height of Victorian power. Although Kipling Clubs were formed at Cornell and Yale in the 1890s and he came to be buried in Poets' Corner, by the end of his life Kipling appeared to belong to another age. Nevertheless he continued speaking out on the threat and perils of another world war and he never courted popularity. "The Fabulists" warns of the dangers of not speaking out and the even greater dangers of not being listened to, with the ironic refrain 'Unless men please they are not heard at all'. Even so, no key literary figure attended his funeral, and of his pall-bearers three were from the armed forces, and one was his literary agent. But at least he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Both Bacons, by contrast, died in semi-disgrace. Roger was at odds with his own order over ideas that were ahead of his time. His years of public service were seen to have led Francis Bacon to his own enrichment in a way that was considered excessive even by the standards of the age, this despite the advice in his own Essay XXXIV *Of Riches*:

Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

However, the situation at the end of their lives is not entirely surprising in that all three of them were determined outsiders. To an extent their strength came from the fact that they were outsiders, but that hindered both Bs, and lent controversy to Kipling. Not that any of them was lacking in powerful backers. Kipling's family tree was entwined with the Baldwin and Burne-Jones dynasties. Roger benefited from the patronage of Guy de Foulques who supported him in the development of his writing even before he became Pope Clement IV. Francis was brought up in the Burghley household with Robert Cecil (to whom he was related by marriage) and in later life was an ally of the Duke of Buckingham, though in the complex political environment of the period that attracted as many enemies as friends. Francis was also a *protégé* of the Duke of Essex (who paid for Bacon's country house at Twickenham) and was

well-known to both Elizabeth I and James I, though he seems to have been respected (and perhaps a little feared) rather than liked. As Bacon himself comments in his Essay *Of Great Place*:

All rising to great place is like a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. [Essay XI]

How would the subjects of this literary and historic ramble have got on had they met? That sort of question would certainly have intrigued Kipling as this conceit is a central structural device in *Puck of Pook's Hill* (1906) and *Rewards and Fairies* (1910) where the children (evidently Kipling's own) meet a string of historical figures ranging from Weland the Smith to Good Queen Bess.

Kipling and Roger Bacon would (in a manner of speaking) have seen eye to eye from the start. Kipling knew his Bible and would have been able to trade texts verbatim with Roger, who was a leading Franciscan. Francis came from a staunch Protestant family: his father Sir Nicholas Bacon had been Lord Keeper of the Seal under Elizabeth I and an implacable foe of Mary Queen of Scots, so his family was one accustomed to responsibility and power. In his Essay XV (on *Seditious and Troubles*) Francis refers to the four pillars of government: religion, justice, counsel and treasure. If these are mainly shaken or weakened, he observes, 'men had need to pray for fair weather'. This is echoed by Kipling in "My Father's Chair":

There are four good legs to my Father's Chair—
 Priest and People and Lords and Crown.
 I sits on all of 'em fair and square,
 And that is the reason it don't break down.¹⁶

It is curious to note that the image of the chair also appears in Bacon's Essay LVI, *Of Judicature*:

Let judges remember that Salomon's throne was supported by lions on both sides: let them be lions, but yet lions under the throne.

Kipling was very widely read, so he may well have noted the image for future reference.¹⁷ Francis and Kipling would each have been impressed with the other's range and productivity and their natural enthusiasm would have been infectious. Kipling would doubtless have respected Francis for his ability to write in fluent Latin, being a lifelong devotee of Horace himself. Francis used literary devices in his own writing, like Socratic dialogues and at the end of his life he produced an allegorical novel, *The New Atlantis*, which bears comparison with Utopia

and is a neatly crafted piece of work. Kipling would undoubtedly have taken the opportunity to cross-question Francis on his alleged authorship with, through or on behalf of Shakespeare, a topic which is pivotal in "The Propagation of Knowledge", one of the less cloying stories in the *Stalky and Co.* cycle, when the boys join forces to distract the visiting examiner by asking his view on the supposition that Bacon wrote the works of Shakespeare. In Kipling's Shakespearean spoof "The Married Drives of Windsor" there is a longwinded footnote claiming to find a hidden Baconian signature; in the runic inscription of the initial drawing for "The Cat that Walked by Himself" [*Just So Stories*] is the note 'I also wrote all the plaies ascribed by Mrs Gallup' – another candidate for the role of ghost-writer to the Bard.

Both Bacons were varsity men, whereas a combination of indifferent examination results and family funding problems prevented Kipling from going up to Oxbridge. Instead, he went out to India before his seventeenth birthday to work on the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore. Kipling saw himself as a journalist all his working life, a proud member of the Fourth Estate.

In that context Francis would have been wary of Kipling, fearful of giving too much away to a newspaperman. Kipling, on the other hand, was unimpressed by what he referred to disparagingly once as 'open-work jam-tart jewels' which cannot have endeared him to at least some of his readership.¹⁸ In fact his earliest published verse, *Departmental Ditties* is overtly satirical, featuring characters with unlikely names and offering certain parallels to biblical episodes like Potiphar's wife or Uriah the Hittite. One poem, concerning Boanerges Blitzen, shows that Kipling knew he was running some risk:

Never young Civilian's prospects were so bright,
 Till an Indian paper found that he could write:
 Never young Civilian's prospects were so dark,
 When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his mark.¹⁹

Rudyard himself refused a knighthood more than once, and at least twice refused to allow his name to go forward as Poet Laureate.²⁰ The Order of Merit was also offered but not accepted. Francis was only too conscious that he had bought his 'almost prostituted title of knighthood' from James I (who sold around 600 of them for cash):

For my knighthood, I wish the manner might be such as might
 grace me, since the matter will not.²¹

It is difficult for the modern mind to justify a lot of what Francis Bacon did other than in the context of his role as an Elizabethan courtier. Francis himself seems to foresee his own end (or perhaps to

see decline as the inevitable cost of greatness) when he observes in his Essay XI *Of Great Place*:

By indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery;
and the regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse, which
is a melancholy thing.

Bacon was gradually rehabilitated, but never fully accepted back into public life. He had time before he died to put his papers in order and to write a surprising amount.²²

Francis, Baron Verulam of Verulam, Viscount St Albans, died in 1626 and was buried in St Albans, though not perhaps as obscurely as he had directed in his Will. In it he also expressed the wish that lectureships should be endowed in his name at both Oxford and Cambridge, but his estate was not sufficiently in funds for this to be done. However, Baconian principles lay behind the setting up of the Royal Society. Kipling's home of many years, Bateman's, was eventually left to the Nation.

So there we have it – three distinguished Englishmen, key figures in public life in their own particular age whose contributions spread across a wide field of activities. They courted controversy in a way that some might consider reckless, and even their friends must at times have viewed what they were doing with alarm. But their achievements have outlived the more questionable parts of their working lives; their reputations are established, and quite possibly have been strengthened by the fact that the high points of their output must always be viewed within the context of their failures and shortcomings. We live in an age where it is fashionable to examine the underside of the carapace rather than the side normally open to the public gaze. It is perhaps unfortunate that this emphasis on the negative and even sordid aspects of the subject in question may be used to eclipse their achievements. But perhaps it is also time to accept that the taller the statue the broader the base and we may then view individual figures in a truer and more proper light. I don't think that any of the three would be diminished in the slightest as a result.

With thanks to members of the Kipling Society for their responses to my queries on the website, and to Mrs Lisa Lewis and Lt-Col Roger Ayers in particular. Also to George Webb for his masterful observations.

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NOTES

1. In *Debts and Credits*, 1926.
2. In *Wee Willie Winkie*, 1890.
3. Kipling even wrote a poem called "The Rhyme of the Three Captains" in which he lampooned Sir Walter Besant, William Black and Thomas Hardy for their apparent support of the American publisher Harper – a known literary pirate of Kipling's work.
4. Only a Subaltern in *Wee Willie Winkie*, (1890); "Brushwood Boy" in *The Day's Work*, (1899); "A Conference of the Powers" in *Many Inventions*, (1893).
5. 24.6.1885 in Pinney (1986) page 107. See also "The Islanders", (1902).
6. "The Children" in *A Diversity of Creatures*, (1917).
7. See *Le diable boiteux* in T. Pinney (ed), (1986) p.25.
8. Aunt Ellen in *Limits & Renewals*, (1932).
9. *Something of Myself*, Macmillan 1937. p.209-210.
10. See "The Flag of their Country" in *Stalky & Co.*, (1899 – the year is crucial).
11. See C Chevenix Trench (1988) *The Indian Army and the King's Enemies* Thames & Hudson: London pp.77-81.
12. Compare Trejago in "Beyond the Pale" and Phil Garron in "Yoked with an Unbeliever", which are both in *Plain Tales from the Hills*.
13. "My Sunday at Home" [*The Day's Work*], (1899), "The Puzzler", *Actions and Reactions*, (1909); "A Friend of the Family" [*Debts and Credits*], (1917); "The Vortex" and "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat" [*A Diversity of Creatures*], (1917), "The Tie" [*Limits & Renewals*], (1932), etc. "An Error in the Fourth Dimension" [*The Day's Work*], (1898).
14. Kings II, chapter 5.
15. See the *Kipling Journal* vol 70 No 280 (December 1996) for a most enlightening analysis by Austin Asche.
16. *Definitive Edition of Kipling's Verse*, London: Hodder & Stoughton 1977. p716.
17. There is another possible connection, between Kipling's "Gods of the Copybook Headings" and Bacon's four Idols; of the Tribe, Market-Place, Cave and Theatre. See Crowther (1960) pp.11-104. These "idols" tally closely with Roger's "causae erroris" in the "Opus Maius". See Crombie (1962) p.301.
18. In "Cupid's Arrows" from *Plain Tales from the Hills*.
19. "The Man who could write". Curiously enough Lord Dufferin, Viceroy during Kipling's time in India liked *Departmental Ditties*. He commented to Kipling's father John that they combined 'satire with grace and delicacy', so he must have seen the truth behind at least some of the laughter. See A. Ankers, (1988), p.143.
20. Lord Birkenhead, 1978, p.384.
21. Crowther (1960) pp.218-219
22. *De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum* of 1625 was the Latin version of *Advancement of Learning*. Kipling may have had this in mind when he chose as a title the "Propagation of Knowledge", [*Debts and Credits*], (1926).

KIPLING AND COLLINGWOOD

By MICHAEL J R HEALY

[Michael Healy spent his career as a statistician, first in agricultural research and then in medical research. He worked for the Medical Research Council and ended up as Professor of Medical Statistics at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, London University, from which he retired some time ago. His interest in Kipling dates from his young days when he was given his books by an uncle – he still possesses them, in rather battered state, and he finds that he can usually identify John Radcliffe's weekly quotations. – *Ed.*]

R. G. Collingwood (1891-1943) was by profession a philosopher – he was Professor of Metaphysics at Oxford from 1935 to 1941. He was also a distinguished historian and archeologist specialising in the study of Roman Britain. He published a number of philosophical works as well as an autobiography and an entertaining account of a Mediterranean trip with a band of students. His immediate connection with Rudyard Kipling stems from a remark in Carrington's biography (page 553 in the Penguin edition) to the effect that, although 'comments on his contemporaries are rare in Rudyard's private letters', he read Collingwood's book *Speculum Mentis* and wrote to C. R. L. Fletcher 'I've read Collingwood. It's the old finale to most things in this world – the *dénouement* is that there isn't any *dénouement* – only deliquescence. But Collingwood's tremendously interesting.' It is not unlikely that Fletcher, himself an Oxford historian, had recommended the book to him.

Speculum Mentis which was published in 1924 was Collingwood's first major work. It is concerned with the structure of human knowledge and studies this in five aspects, those of art, religion, science, history and philosophy, each fulfilling and in a sense supplanting its predecessor in what Collingwood later called a scale of forms. Collingwood himself came to regard it as part of his juvenilia and used a passage in a later book to 'do penance for youthful follies of my own' (*The Principles of Art*, page 288), though in his Autobiography he finds it 'much better than I remembered'. Having read it myself more than once, I find it hard to extract from it the rather negative conclusion implied by Kipling's letter, though 'tremendously interesting' it certainly is, as are all Collingwood's other books.

The occasion for this essay is my belief that Collingwood's philosophical work, notably that on aesthetics in *The Principles of Art* (1938) and on ethics in *The New Leviathan* (1942) throw a good deal of light on aspects of Kipling's work which have bothered literary critics ever since its publication. These critics have always found

Kipling to be a problem. It is of course possible to dismiss him as a reactionary militarist not worthy of serious attention from literary scholars, but this attitude simply fails to come to grips with the problems raised by the man who wrote both "The Army of a Dream" and "Dayspring Mishandled", both "Loot" and "Cities and Thrones and Powers". But even sympathetic critics have difficulties with Kipling, especially with his verse. As T. S. Eliot writes in the masterly introduction to his anthology, 'The critical tools which we are accustomed to using do not seem to work'. Overall, Edmund Wilson and others have wrestled with the problem – Kipling is so obviously supremely good at something; just what is it that he is so good at? And why is there the nagging feeling that he ought to be good at something else?

Eliot in a footnote pointed to the relevance for Kipling criticism of Collingwood's *The Principles of Art*. In this book Collingwood, in trying to answer the question 'What is art?', concerns himself first with a fundamental distinction between art proper and two kinds of art falsely so called. Art proper, he maintains, is obviously and unarguably distinct from craft (the Greek *techne*) – 'this is not' he says 'a matter that stands in need of demonstration'. Craft is distinct from art proper in several ways of which the most important is the involvement in craft of planning prior to execution, of preconceived means and ends. The end, the purpose, of the craft that masquerades as art is the deliberate evocation of emotion in its recipients, and this may be done in two different ways. The emotions aimed at may be evoked for their own sake, as something to be enjoyed without affecting practical life, and this is called amusement or entertainment. Or the emotions may be evoked specifically for their practical value and the pseudo-art that has this as its purpose is what Collingwood calls 'magic'.

Collingwood is exceedingly hard on amusement 'art'. It threatens 'a moral disease whose symptoms are a constant craving for amusement and an inability to take any interest in the affairs of ordinary life, the necessary work of livelihood and social routine'. It was precisely this disease, with its *panem et circenses*, that led to the death of the Greco-Roman society. Its modern forms scarcely need enumerating.

Magical 'art' on the other hand is of the highest importance to the society which surrounds it. Magic evokes emotions which are to be discharged in the practice of daily affairs, 'a kind of dynamo supplying the mechanism of practical life with the emotional current that drives it'. Examples of magical 'art' are all forms of ritual, from church services with their dramatic ceremonial and religious music, through public occasions such as the Lord Mayor's Show, to the ceremonies of social life, weddings, funerals, dinner parties. A funeral is not a

public exhibition of grief by the mourners; it is a public laying aside of the old emotional relationship to a living person and the taking up of a new relationship to that same person as dead. The funeral ceremony is designed to evoke the needed emotional re-orientation, and the faintly unsatisfactory nature of ritual-free 'humanistic' funerals is witness to the need for good magic on such occasions.

What then of art proper? It is absurd to try to compress into a short paragraph the argument of a whole book, but, put very briefly, true art is the attempt of the artist to express his own emotions (fully explaining the meaning of 'express' takes a few chapters). The artist possesses certain emotions, of which (s)he is not fully aware; the creation of the work of art (which is a mental, not a physical construct) consists of bring the emotions to awareness by expressing them, a process which modifies them as they are expressed. The role of the physical 'work of art' (the picture or the symphony or the story) is twofold. On the one hand, its creation is an integral part of the expressive activity – the painter 'paints a thing in order to see it'. It is also the means of communicating the expressed emotion to an audience. The role of the audience is to keep the artist honest, to affirm (should that be the case) that the work of art is indeed an honest expression of an emotion which they and the artist share.

How does all this relate to Kipling? I think it is clear that his stories fall under all three of Collingwood's headings. Many, particularly among the early ones, are written purely to entertain – and very successful they are. Many more are magical in Collingwood's sense, they aim to produce an emotion which the author considers to be valuable for the conduct of life. The most obvious examples among the stories are those such as the Parable of the Boy Jones whose very title indicates its didactic purpose, but there are magical elements in many of the others – "An Habitation Enforced" comes to mind as an example, to say nothing of the Puck stories. More numerous are the magical poems, of which *Recessional* is perhaps as typical as any. The emotions it deals with are complex, but there is no doubt that Kipling deliberately intended to produce them in his readership and that he regarded them as valuable in that readership's existence. During the years preceding the First World War, Kipling acted very consciously as a magician, aiming to produce in the British public the patriotic and allied emotions which he considered essential to the survival of their culture. He was indeed a very successful magician in that it is hard to resist his approach – some of those who dislike his work complain of 'being got at'.

Collingwood certainly regarded Kipling as a magical 'artist'. He contrasts him with the aesthetes with their doctrine of 'art for art's

sake', which ruled out magical 'art' altogether. In his words (*Principles of Art*, page 70):

Into the perfumed and stuffy atmosphere of this china-shop burst Rudyard Kipling, young, nervous, short-sighted, and all on fire with the notion of using his very able pen to evoke and canalize the emotions which in his Indian life he had found to be associated with the government of the British Empire. The aesthetes were horrified, not because they disapproved of imperialism, but because they disapproved of magical art; Kipling had blundered right up against their most cherished taboo. What was worse, he made a huge success of it. Thousands of people who knew these emotions as the steam in the engine of their daily work took him to their hearts.

And of course there are the works of art properly so-called. The easiest place to look is among the late stories – everyone will have their favourites, but simply to mention "The Wish House" and "They" may be sufficient. Neither of these has an objective other than the exploration of the writer's own emotion when confronted with personal heroism or personal loss, and the latter at least is sufficiently common that his readership can judge the extent to which the associated emotions have been truly expressed.

I do not believe that Kipling would have found much to disagree with in Collingwood's theory. As a magician or an entertainer, he knew very well what he was doing. As an artist, he knew that stories and poems grow as they are written. Leo in "The Children of the Zodiac" remembered as he sang 'facts concerning cultivators, and rice-fields, and bullocks that he had not noticed particularly before'. And he had his eye on his audience, as a magician must – "The Bull that Thought" worked 'with the detachment of the true artist who knows he is but the vessel of an emotion whence others, not he, must drink'.

Where I think he would have found the theory wanting is in the role of technique. In his anxiety to distinguish between art and craft, Collingwood tends to play down the matter of the artist's skill – it is in fact difficult to talk about this skill except in the context of the artist as craftsman. Everyone regards Kipling as a master craftsman, though it is not at all easy to say precisely what this means in detail. He himself was quite clear about it – being a successful magician is not easy; 'unless we please, we are not heard at all'. It is not difficult to think of writers who fall short of the greatness that they seem to deserve because of a lack of technical ability – Gerard Manley

Hopkins is an example who posed himself technical problems which (in my view) he failed to solve in a satisfactory way. Some of Kipling's magical verse is as miraculous in its verbal mastery as anything in English literature – contrast the extraordinary onomatopoeic description of the incoming tide in "The Dykes" with its clumsy equivalent in Joyce's *Ulysses*.

Collingwood's last book, written at the start of World War II, is called *The New Leviathan*. It is an ambitious work with the subtitle 'Man, Society, Civilisation and Barbarism' and it was written when 'it became evident that we did not know what we were fighting for, and that our leaders were unable or unwilling to tell us'. The most important part of the book deals with human motivation, and divides this into three categories. An action may be performed because it is useful (it is a means to an end), because it is right (it is according to a rule or law) or because it is my duty. The highest of these is the third, and it is also the hardest to define. Collingwood's definition is almost mystical in character – 'A man's duty' he writes 'on a given occasion is the single act which for him is both possible and necessary, the act which at that moment character and circumstance combine to make it inevitable, if he has a free will, that he should freely will to do'. This is a hard saying indeed, but it is possible to elucidate it to some extent by giving examples. They are everywhere in Kipling, but providing them is precisely the purpose of *Rewards and Fairies*,¹ with its recurrent refrain **in every story**. 'What else could I have done?' asks the boy in "Cold Iron"; 'I don't see what else she could have done' says Dan in "Gloriana"; 'What else can I do?' asks Washington in "Brother Square Toes".

Kipling the skilled magician who brought all his skill to bear upon the bringing to full expression his own deepest emotions? Kipling the prophet of duty against utilitarianism and legality? These may constitute one way to approach the most elusive author in the English language.

NOTE

Kipling, in a letter to Arthur Sullivant Hoffman (Managing Editor of *The Delineator*) dated 26 April 1910 wrote:

The central idea of the series you have published lies in "Cold Iron" and you may notice that every chief character of the tales says, at one time or another:— 'What else could I have done!' My notion was to give an idea of the way in which the land itself compels the men it breeds to serve it in some fashion or another.

Thomas Pinney (ed.) "The Letters of Rudyard Kipling" Vol. m, pp 424-5

KIPLING'S JAPAN IN JAPANESE

By KOSUKE MATSUMURA, (Honorary) M.B.E.

[This review has been written and sent to us by Kosuke (Jerry) Matsumura, M.B.E. He served with the British Embassy in Tokyo for more than thirty years until he retired in December 1995 as Senior Economic Adviser. He was awarded an (Honorary) M.B.E. in the 1981 New Year's Honours List. He is now a journalist and the Tokyo representative of HUGO Publications (based in London) which publishes the quarterly *Insight Japan* among other magazines. He has translated two books into Japanese. On a recent visit to Kamakura, Mr Matsumura presented a copy of Prof Kano's book to the Chief Priest of the Temple there.

The translator, Professor Takayo Kano, was born in Fukuoka, Japan in 1944, and is a Professor in the English Department, Aoyama Gakuin Women's College. She holds a B.A. in Sociology, The University of Tokyo., and an M.A. in Comparative Literature and Culture, The University of Tokyo. Her academic interests lie in the exchanges of religious literature and travel documents on foreign lands, and is co-author of several Japanese books on the translations of these subjects. – *Ed.*]

KIPLING'S JAPAN: Collected Writings edited by Sir Hugh Cortazzi and George Webb (The Athlone Press, London and New Jersey, 1988) has been translated into Japanese by Professor Takayo Kano, Aoyama-gakuin Women's College, and was published by Chuokoronshinsha, Tokyo in June 2002.

This is a collection of Kipling's writings on his visits to Japan in 1889 and 1892 when he stayed four and ten weeks respectively. No other leading English literary figure of his day spent so long in the country or wrote so fully about it. His pictorial brilliance, which staggered not only resident Western authors such as Basil Hall Chamberlain and Lafcadio Hearn, but also his great contemporary Japanese literary figures like Mori Ogai and Natsume Soseki (who were also deeply impressed by his strong sense of justice and by his serious way of writing), is everywhere also in this book. Even the Japanese readers will find something revealing in his descriptions of things Japanese, such as the Buddha at Kamakura and the walls of Osaka Castle.

Prior to Prof. Kano's book, about twenty books by Kipling, including selected writings, had been published in Japanese including three different translations of *The Jungle Books*, but nothing on Japan. Even the fact that Kipling visited Japan was very little known in this country. As the translator says in her note, Japan and its people are the heroes and heroines of the book which tells so vividly what that long ago Japan and the Japanese were like.

The editors' most useful introductions and astonishingly rich and carefully prepared notes make the book most attractive and enjoyable.

It has been commented that without those carefully prepared notes, the book would be very hard for most Japanese to read because they have very little knowledge of the Indian and other foreign historical backgrounds.

The book, translated in a masterly manner, will be a big boon to the Japanese, and will go a long way toward making Kipling even more popular in this country where his reputation as a serious writer seems to have suffered slightly longer than in other countries. This is due to his having been viewed as a jingoistic imperialist by the post-war young Japanese intellectuals who were against anything related to or labelled as imperialism. Almost all the works of the leading Victorian English literary figures such as Charles Dickens, W.M. Thackeray, George Eliot, the Bronte sisters, Thomas Carlyle, John Ruskin, Thomas Hardy, Oscar Wilde and Robert L. Stevenson have been published in Japanese long ago and read fanatically, particularly in the post-war period with militarist thought controls abolished. So the present book, in addition to being so enjoyable, will be instrumental in causing Kipling to be looked at under a new light, and follows in the recent favourable new trend where three books by Kipling including *Kim* (but not including the present book of course) have been published in Japanese since 1995.

As the translator admits, it took her more than ten years to complete her work. She was certainly busy with her own job as a professor of English literature, but it took so long mainly because of her great conscientiousness and meticulous research in translating Kipling's descriptions correctly. She not only visited all the particular places described in his writings, often more than once, but spent many hours locating every object he wrote about. She "meditated" before them and did not leave there until she came to share his one hundred year ago "inspiration" of them. She ends her translator's note by saying: "The only thing I feel sad about on publication of the present book is that I had to bring to an end the task of translating it, which has been so pleasant and so enjoyable."

Who will be Kipling's Japanese equivalent? In her translator's note Professor Kano writes that she finds some notable resemblance between Kipling's "HALF-A-DOZEN PICTURES" in the present book and "Night of the Milky Way Railway", a short story by Miyazawa Kenji (1896-1933), a highly distinguished Japanese poet and author of children's stories who received little notice during his lifetime. A young British resident thought Kipling's poem "IF-" can be compared to Miyazawa's "Not being Overcome by the Rainy Day" which is so popular in Japan:

NOT BEING OVERCOME BY THE RAINY DAY

Not being overcome by a rainy day,
 Not being daunted by a windy day,
 Not surrendering to the heavy snowfall of winter,
 Not succumbing to the heat of summer,
 Not being greedy,
 Never being angry,
 One always keeps inner calm and peace.
 Eating every day brown rice,
 Miso soup and a few vegetables,
 Looking at and listening to all,
 Without taking oneself into consideration,
 One does understand it,
 And does not forget it.
 Living in a thatched roof cottage shaded
 By a forest of pine trees in a field,
 One goes to attend a sick child
 In the east,
 Goes to carry on his back
 Sheaves of rice plants for a tired mother
 In the west,
 Goes to say "Don't be anxious"
 To a dying person
 In the south,
 And goes to ask "Why don't you stop
 Your argument and make up?"
 Of the quarrelling persons
 In the north.
 One sheds tears over a spell of dry weather,
 Walks apprehensively through a cold summer
 And is called a country bumpkin by all,
 Who can be neither praised nor disparaged.
 I would like to be a person such as that one.

NOTES

1. The translator of this version of Miyazawa's poem is not known.
2. *KIPLING'S JAPAN* was reviewed in the *Journal*, Mar. 1989, pp.21-25 – *Ed.*

KIPLING: LOST PARODIST

By HARRY RICKETTS

[Harry Ricketts presented the following paper to the Society at a meeting on 10th July 2002. A member of the Society, he is Associate Professor in the Department of English, Victoria University of Wellington, Wellington, New Zealand. His biography *The Unforgiving Minute: A Life of Rudyard Kipling* appeared in 1999. He is currently working on *Strange Meetings*, a composite biography of a dozen World War I poets. — Ed.]

I'm going to talk this evening about a largely forgotten aspect of Kipling – his work as a parodist. This is a potentially huge subject, which could include, to give just a few obvious examples from his fiction, the satirising of Liberal cant in "The Mother Hive" and "Little Foxes", the send-up of Welldonian imperialism in "The Flag of their Country", the more affectionate take-off of King's schoolmaster pedantry in "Regulus", or, more complicatedly, that peculiar Keatsian parody-pastiche "Wireless". However, I'm going to confine myself for now to Kipling's poetic parodies in *Echoes* (1884) and "The Muse among the Motors" (1904-1929).

And I am, in fact, going to start in 1904, though not with "The Muse among the Motors". Instead, I'm going to begin with *A Parody Anthology*, a wide-ranging collection of verse parodies edited that year by the American parodist and crime writer Carolyn Wells. Kipling, thirty-eight and the most famous writer in the world, is significantly represented in Wells's anthology as both parodist and parodee. As parodist, he notches up a very respectable seven entries. There are two pieces guying Robert Browning ("The Flight of the Bucket" and "The Jam-Pot") and two guying Swinburne ("The Maid of the Meer-schaum" and "Quaeritur"). Wordsworth scores one ("Jane Smith"), as does Heine ("Commonplaces"), and William Morris ("Estunt the Griff"). It is true that seven is only half Bayard Taylor's total and two behind Phoebe Cary's, but it puts Kipling equal with Charles Calverley and only one short of Lewis Carroll. Seven asserts Kipling's right to be fun, to play with the best.

Of those seven parodies, all are early efforts and all except "The Jam-Pot" come from *Echoes*, the collaborative volume that the eighteen-year-old Kipling composed in Lahore in 1884 with his fifteen-year-old sister Trix. Trix, recently reunited with the Family Square after years in England, was thought too young to dine out; so, when their parents had social engagements, Kipling would keep his sister company. Like other lively, well-read, young Victorians, they enjoyed, and were adept at, literary games. One evening it might be Shakespeare, with only quotations from the Bard allowed and no checking references till the following morning. Or they might pass the time spoofing

their favourite English and American poets, a pastime which led in the late summer or autumn of 1884 to the anonymous publication of *Echoes, By Two Writers*. The title was a nod to Bayard Taylor, much of whose *The Echo Club, and Other Literary Diversions* (1876) Kipling knew by heart and which he later claimed spurred him 'to the joyful labour of writing parodies on every poet between Wordsworth and Whitman'.¹ This is the collection, incidentally, from which Carolyn Wells drew the fourteen Taylor entries for her anthology.

In my biography of Kipling, I suggested that it was no coincidence that his first real book should have grown out of collaborative play:

During the miserable Southsea years, [Rud] had invented elaborate rituals that involved secret knowledge and private codes. These games, played either on his own or with his sister, had been both a survival tactic and a way of creating a sense of self. The same spirit, rekindled in happier circumstances, now found new expression. It is easy to see why Rud found literary parody so appealing. An outsider longing to be an insider, he could show that he at least knew his way around 'the realms of gold', however difficult he might sometimes find the worlds of India and Anglo-India. Besides, away from the daily drudgery of the *CMG*, here was an area where he could safely show off his wit and ingenuity . . . For the most part, bravado was the keynote, the sense of a young writer gleefully picking out figures in the poetic landscape and showing how neatly they could be travestied.²

I still endorse that overview, but I should like to amplify it just a little. I should like you to imagine, for instance, the high spirits with which the teenage brother and sister read out to each other their latest efforts, trying only half-successfully to keep a straight face.

Imagine Kipling reading for the first time "The Flight of the Bucket", his Browning version of "Jack and Jill". Here are the opening lines:

Pre-admonisheth THE WRITER:

H'm, for a subject it is well enough!
Who wrote 'Sordello' finds no subject tough.

Well, Jack and Jill—God knows the life they led
(The poet never told us, more's the pity)
Pent up in some damp kennel of their own,
Beneath the hillside; but it once befell
That Jack or Jill, niece, cousin, uncle, aunt
(Some one of all the brood) would wash or scour—

Rinse out a cess-pit, swab the kennel floor,
 And water (*liquor vitae*, Lawson calls,
 But I—I hold by whisky. Never mind;
 I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, sir,
 And missed the scrap o' blue at buttonhole—)
 Spring water was the needful at the time,
 So they must climb the hill for't. Well and good.³

How neatly these lines send up some of Robert Browning's more distinctive literary mannerisms. There is the abrupt, colloquial opening ('Well, Jack and Jill—'); the penchant for extended parentheses ('The poet never told us, more's the pity'); and the sudden inclusion of a silent and previously unsuspected listener ('I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, sir,/And missed the scrap o' blue at buttonhole—'). As Andrew Rutherford points out in his invaluable *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling 1879-1889*, Kipling also glancingly alludes to particular Browning poems: the title "The Flight of the Bucket" bathetically recalls "The Flight of the Duchess"; the little preamble recalls the opening of "The Heretic's Tragedy", and the final '*gr-r-r-r!*' at the end recalls the conclusion of "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister".

Or imagine Kipling – or should that really be Trix? – gleefully reciting "Jane Smith", which so laconically parodies Wordsworth's "Alice Fell". (Personally, I am with those who think that "Jane Smith" was probably a joint effort, a genuine collaboration.) Here is the poem in full:

I journeyed, on a winter's day,
 Across the lonely wold;
 No bird did sing upon the spray,
 And it was very cold.

I had a coach with horses four
 Three white (though one was black),
 And on they went the common o'er,
 Nor swiftness did they lack.

A little girl ran by the side,
 And she was pinched and thin.
 'Oh, please, sir, *do* give me a ride!
 I'm fetching mother's gin.'

'Enter my coach, sweet child,' said I;
 'For you shall ride with me,
 And I will get you your supply
 Of mother's eau-de-vie.'

The publican was stern and cold,
And said: 'Her mother's score
Is writ, as you shall soon behold,
Behind the bar-room door!'

I blotted out the score with tears,
And paid the money down,
And took the maid of thirteen years
Back to her mother's town;

And though the past with surges wild
Fond memories may sever,
The vision of that happy child
Will leave my spirit never!⁴

How adroitly this catches the less effective features of Wordsworth's ballad manner: the language simple to the point of banality ('And it was very cold'); the ludicrous literalism ('Three white (though one was black)'); and the inert line- and rhyme-fillers ('Nor swiftness did they lack'). Like many of the best parodies, "Jane Smith" is not just good comic mimicry; it is also a form of literary criticism. The nature of young Jane's errand (" 'fetching mother's gin' ") is a cheeky reminder of how improbably admirable and deserving Wordsworth always makes *his* poor – not a bad lot or a drunk among them – and how *his* children are always fountains of wise innocence, engaged in some poignant pursuit. We are reminded, too, how such encounters in Wordsworth often end on a note of self-congratulation, with the speaker indicating the depth of his own moral feelings. Here the dead-pan pun in the last line on that ultra-Wordsworthian word 'spirit' inevitably conjures up deliriously inappropriate associations.

Having, I hope, briefly reminded you how beautifully judged these youthful parodies can be, I should also remind you that, of the thirty-one poems in *Echoes* which are definitely Kipling's about half were not, in fact, new. Some, like "His Consolation" and "Common-places", had not originally been intended as parodies at all. ("His Consolation" is again in the manner of Robert Browning, "Common-places" in that of Heine.) These were both written at school at Westward Ho! and started life as serious lyrical poems. By 1884, however, Kipling had come to see how derivative they were, and needing to fill out *Echoes* as a volume, he realised he could slip them in and pass them off as playful imitations. Kipling was always a great opportunist, but this particular form of literary opportunism is, I think, highly unusual – unusual both in its self-criticism and in its frugality. Not many eighteen-year-old poets are discriminating enough to turn such debits into credits, such limits into renewals – to see in past failure

the opportunity for positive recycling. "Commonplaces", remember, Wells thought good enough to include in her anthology.

As a collection of parodies, *Echoes* is a mixed bag: hits and misses, gems and fakes. What is really notable, I think, is the sheer nerve and verve of the whole performance. There is something very appealing about the figure of Kipling – so young, so aware of his emerging powers, so aware of how far he was from the literary London where he longed to be – constructing these smart little darts and lobbing them in from the side-lines. Or, to put the point more generally, parody is always an attractive option for clever writers (young or otherwise) who, for whatever reason, feel marginalised or undervalued; who want to cock a snook at the established and the accepted; who want to show off just how knowledgeable and skilful they are. If they cannot be, or choose not to be, part of the privileged in-group, they can at least set up their own in-group. That said, you can of course only effectively parody those whose work you have thoroughly internalised and made your own.

So, in Wells's anthology, Kipling is represented as a parodist by a respectable seven contributions. And even though one of those ("Commonplaces") was not originally a parody at all, and another ("Jane Smith") might have been a collaborative effort or even mainly his sister's work, that still leaves him with a very creditable five entries – including the excellent "The Flight of the Bucket" and the accomplished "Quaeritur". And five, as it happens, is also the number of entries in the anthology which feature Kipling as parodee. Of these, four could be described as 'chummy parody' – the kind of parody which nevertheless acknowledges the writer to be unquestionably significant and secure in their literary position. Only Guy Wetmore Carryl's "A Ballad" packs much of a punch. After convincingly mimicking Kipling's cockney (and cocky) manner, his knowingness, his rollicking rhythms and internal rhymes, "A Ballad" ends in supposed despair at the threat that Kipling's enormous productivity and range pose to other contemporary poets – a final swing which is more wry compliment than knock-out blow:

There are manners an' manners of writin', but 'is is the *proper*
way,
An' it ain't so hard to be a bard if you'll imitate Rudyard K.;
But sea an' shore an' peace an' war, an' everything else in
view –
'E 'as gobbled the lot! – 'er majesty's poet – soldier an' sailor,
too.
'E's not content with 'is Indian 'ome, 'e's looking for regions
new,

In another year 'e'll 'ave swept 'em clear, an' what'll the rest
of us do?
'E's crowdin' us out! — 'er majesty's poet— soldier an' sailor too!⁵

Carryl's is the first parody of Kipling, which holds its own with its original. Rightly, it is still regularly reprinted. So, too, though it is not in Wells's anthology, is J.K. Stephen's "To R.K. (1891)", which, you will remember, throws up its hands in mock-horror at the parlous state of contemporary writing, and looks forward yearningly to 'a season',

When there stands a muzzled stripling,
Mute, beside a muzzled bore:
When the Rudyards cease from Kipling
And the Haggards Ride no more.⁶

Wells was right not to include Stephen. "To R.K. (1891)", witty and memorable as it is (and much admired by Kipling himself), is not really a parody at all but excellent light verse. The lines do not try to take off Kipling's forms, language, or attitudes; they merely take a nicely judged potshot at those prolific and oddly named literary contemporaries, Rudyard Kipling and Rider Haggard.

Other anthologists have been more lenient in their taxonomy. Stephen's lines are included in Dwight Macdonald's *Parodies: An Anthology from Chaucer to Beerbohm and After* (1961), probably the most prestigious collection of literary parodies ever published. Carryl is also there, as is the most brilliant and cruellest parody of Kipling ever written: Max Beerbohm's "P.C., X, 36" from *A Christmas Garland* (1912), in which 'Kipling' is gleefully present at PC Judlip's arrest of Father Christmas. Beerbohm produces a virtual do-it-yourself guide to Kipling's less appealing literary traits: the stylistic archness ('a grand pow-wow between certain of the choicer sons of Adam'); the penchant for odd names (Judlip, Slushby); the overstretched technological metaphors ('when Judlip sighs the sound is like unto that which issues from the vent of a Crosby boiler when the cog gauges are at 260° F'); the figure of the excessively hero-worshipping reporter-narrator ('"Is dooty," said I, looking up from my note-book. "Yes, I've got that." '); the discomfiting relish for licensed brutality coupled with the showing off of would-be in-group slang ('"Frog's-march him!" I shrieked, dancing. "For the love of Heaven, frog's-march him!" ').⁷ Dwight Macdonald finds no place for Kipling as parodist – except for three entries ("The Service Man", "Big Steamers", and "When 'Omer Smote 'is Bloomin' Lyre"), in which

(unkindest cut of all) he is represented as an unintentional *self*-parodist. So, not only is he included as the butt of others' spoofs; he is even the unwitting butt of his own.

It is true that William Zaranaka allows Kipling's "The Flight of the Bucket" into his *Brand-X Poetry: a parody anthology* (1981), but this concession is more than outweighed by the inclusion of another unintentional self-parody, "Municipal", and by the presence of the inevitable J.K. Stephen and Guy Wetmore Carryl. Macdonald's and Zaranaka's selections support the central claim I want to make this evening: which is that for eighty years or so after Carolyn Wells's anthology Kipling the parodist became 'lost', and virtually invisible. He could be made fun of, but it was unthinkable that he himself could be fun. In fact, it was not until E.O. Parrott's excellent collection *Imitations of Immortality* (1986) that Kipling the parodist was again allowed more space than Kipling the parodee.

Why did this happen? How did Kipling the parodist become 'lost' for so long? I think the answer is probably a further example of what happened to his standing as a writer in the Edwardian period. After a decade of unprecedented fame and critical approval, some dip in reputation was almost inevitable. But what really did for Kipling, at least in English liberal and literary circles, was his fierce espousal of the English cause in the Boer War, the unironic fervour with which he turned himself into a literary spokesperson for British imperial values. Max Beerbohm's celebrated 1904 cartoon succinctly makes the point. Parodying Kipling's own use of cockney, the caption reads: "Mr. Rudyard Kipling takes a bloomin' day aht, on the blasted 'eath, along with Britannia, 'is gurl." The cartoon itself is witty, clever, and damning. A diminutive Kipling frantically blows his toy trumpet, He hangs on the arm of a large, languid-looking Britannia. The two have swapped hats: he wears her helmet, she his bowler. She looks distinctly unimpressed by his pipsqueak trumpeting.

It is a neat irony that 1904 saw the appearance of both Wells's anthology and Beerbohm's dismissive cartoon: Kipling, as it were, simultaneously enshrined and debunked – though it is of course significant that the enshrining was done by an American and the debunking by an Englishman. An even neater irony is that 1904 also saw the publication of Kipling's great, though still little known, parody sequence, "The Muse among the Motors".

The first probable reference to the sequence that I have come across occurs in the notes Charles Carrington made of Carrie Kipling's diary. Against 19 December 1901, we find the suggestive phrase 'Motor Verses'. Almost two years later, on 16 November 1903, there is the categorical 'Motor parodies'. So, those two dates seem to define the

period of initial composition. Since the first set of fourteen was published during February 1904, Kipling was probably putting the finishing touches back in November 1903, prior to leaving for the annual family winter holiday in South Africa. The sequence started appearing in the *Daily Mail* on 5 February 1904 – the first two items being spoofs of medieval alliterative verse and Chaucer – and the sequence continued at regular intervals throughout February with parodies of Ben Jonson and Donne on the 6th, Prior and Herrick on the 9th, Byron on the 13th, Wordsworth and Praed on the 17th, Adam Lindsay Gordon and Waldo Emerson on the 23rd, and, in a final burst, Longfellow, Tennyson, and Robert Browning on the 27th.

To this initial set of fourteen, Kipling, over the next twenty-five years, added two further groups. By 1919, he had completed parodies of Horace, Shakespeare, Milton, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Clough, and Author Unknown (the last, a *deliberate* self-parody). By 1929, there were further spoofs of 'The Greek Anthologies', 'Early Chinese', 'Boethius as translated by Chaucer' (though this item may date back to 1903), Thomas Tusser, a 'Wardour Street Border Ballad', and Robert Louis Stevenson. The complete sequence amounts to 26 pieces all told. (Parrott, to his credit, prints sixteen of these in *Imitations of Immortality*, and Craig Raine three in *Rudyard Kipling: Selected Poems* (1992).)

As the general title suggests, the central motif which 'steers' "The Muse among the Motors" is the recent invention of the motor car – that, and Kipling's own passion for cars, following the day in 1899 when Alfred Harmsworth came to visit him in Rottingdean in his new motor and took him out for a spin. From then on, Kipling was hooked and, though never himself a driver, owned a succession of cars. The idea of organising parodies of various writers around a single subject or motif is not in itself new; it dates back at least to Isaac Hawkins' *A Pipe of Tobacco* (1736). What is strikingly original is Kipling's combination of subject and range: ultra-modern subject (the motor car) and wide traditional range ('English' poetry through the ages). The result is a perfect matching of two of what – forgive the irresistible pun! – one might call his driving obsessions: modernity (particularly modern technology) and poetry.

Why did the sequence initially appear in the *Daily Mail*? On the face of it, the choice of a popular daily newspaper rather than a literary magazine or journal seems an odd one. One reason, perhaps the main one, was that Harmsworth, who had given him that first exhilarating drive, was the proprietor of the *Daily Mail*. And it was the *Daily Mail* which had run the "Absent-Minded Beggar" Fund back in 1899.

Another reason, I suspect, was that if the liberal and literary intelligentsia was turning against Kipling, he himself had always felt highly ambivalent about that world and his relationship to it. A more 'popular' audience no doubt had its appeal. It would be typical, too, of Kipling to enjoy the notion of printing a highbrow spoof history of English poetry in a reasonably lowbrow medium.

Before offering some more detailed comments about the parodies themselves, I should like to make a couple of general observations about the sort of games Kipling offers his reader. First, there is the usual invitation to appreciate how, and how cleverly, a particular parody engages with its original. Kipling in "The Muse among the Motors" rarely parodies a specific poem; he tends instead to imitate a characteristic verse form (like Tennyson's *In Memoriam* stanza) and typical stylistic features (a favourite word, a turn of phrase, a cadence). With the parodies which purport to be translations, there is the added twist that parody is itself of course a kind of translation – or, one might say, a deliberate mistranslation – of an original. This allows Kipling scope for further ingenuity. Secondly, there is the invitation in each case to spot how the car motif is being used: it may be some feature of cars themselves, like the gear stick, or some typical motor-ing incident or hazard like speeding, drunk driving or a brush with the police.

Each of the twenty-six parodies deserves and rewards attention, but I only have time this evening to discuss a few of the effects Kipling achieves in selected examples. Let me start with the opening parody, "Sepulchral", which, as I explained, is one of the later 1919-1929 additions:

Swifter than aught 'neath the sun the car of Simonides
moved him.

Two things he could not out-run—Death and a Woman
who loved him.⁸

What an apt point of departure: a supposed translation of an epigram from *The Greek Anthology*, one of the fountain-heads of European (hence by descent English) poetry. Specifically, Kipling's couplet evokes Simonides (c556-c468), author of the famous epitaph for the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae: 'Go now, and tell the Spartans, passer-by,/That here obedient to their laws we lie.' Kipling had imitated similarly terse epigrams from *The Greek Anthology* in his Great War sequence, "Epitaphs of the War 1914—1918", notably in "Common Form": 'If any question why we died/Tell them, because our fathers lied.'⁹ Here Kipling uses fast cars and Simonides to offer

a laconic, sardonic reflection on love and death. *En passant*, he also takes the opportunity to have a swipe at the stiltedness of much Victorian translatoresque in the phrase 'aught 'neath the sun'.

"Arterial" which immediately follows is another of the late additions to the sequence:

I

Frost upon small rain—the ebony-lacquered avenue
 Reflecting lamps as a pool shows goldfish.
 The sight suddenly emptied out of the young man's eyes
 Entering upon it sideways.

II

In youth, by hazard, I killed an old man.
 In age I maimed a little child.
 Dead leaves under foot reproach not:
 But the lop-sided cherry-branch—whenever the sun rises,
 How black a shadow!¹⁰

This evocation of a series of hit-and-run accidents is a small masterpiece and seriously challenges the common assumption that Kipling never read his younger, more experimental contemporaries. Both the style and the use of free verse suggest that he must have known Ezra Pound's *Cathay* (1915) and *Lustra* (1916) or Arthur Waley's *A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems* (1918) or perhaps both. Kipling brilliantly hits off the compressions and inversions, the somewhat mannered phrasing and cadence – the sheer *Chinoiserie* – of Pound's and Waley's translations in lines like 'Dead leaves under foot reproach not' and 'How black a shadow!'. Notice, too, the quietly aestheticising pun in the title, "Arterial", hinting at the artiness of Chinese poetry, a point immediately exemplified by the exquisite delicacy of describing a road covered with black ice as "the ebony-lacquered avenue".

By contrast, "The Advertisement" and "The Justice's Tale" (Nos 4 and 5), though entertaining enough in their way, seem to me a little less successful because, technically, Kipling has allowed himself a much easier run. In "The Advertisement", subtitled 'In the Manner of the Earlier English', he is presumably taking off the 'manner' of medieval alliterative poems like Langland's *Piers Plowman*: 'In a somer seson, whan soft was the sonne,/I shope me into shroudes as I a shepe were'. Except that he only does so in a loosely impressionistic way. Instead of accurately reproducing the basic pattern of such verse – two alliteratively stressed syllables in the first half of the line and one (only

very occasionally two) in the second, Kipling makes up his own pattern, which mostly consists of separate alliterate grouping in each half of the line ('Lordly of leather, gaudily gilded'): highly alliterative, but not quite the same thing.¹¹

As its title implies, "The Justice's Tale" is one of the parodies which involves motoring and the law. It also contains a couple of good jokes. 'By the Road' is a nice travesty of the stock medieval phrase 'By the Rood' (meaning 'By the Cross') and 'He was more wood [mad] than bull in china-shoppe' speaks for itself. However, while Kipling successfully travesties Chaucer's habit of slipping in homely proverbs and colloquialisms and manages quite effectively to echo something of his slyly guileless tone ('Hee was soe wise ne man colde showe him naught/And out of Paris was hys learynyng brought' – a half-nod here to the Prioress, perhaps), the attempts at 'Chaucerian' spelling and prosody are too slapdash to produce anything more than a very generalised and largely *visual* impression of the original.¹²

Not so, No 12, " "When the Journey was Intended to the City" ". This spoof of Milton's grand style is wonderfully and satisfyingly obfuscating. Kipling gets maximum 'mileage' out of Milton's addiction to convoluted syntax, extended similes, classical allusions, and ponderous Latinisms (including the splendid 'Circumvoluminant'). So successful is the obfuscation that it can take several readings to work out all the nuances of this hilarious description of drunk driving and the inevitable pile-up:

When that with meat and drink they had fulfilled
 Not temperately but like him conceived
 In monstrous jest at Meudon, whose regale
 Stands for exemplar of Gargantuan greed,
 In his own name supreme, they issued forth
 Beneath new firmaments and stars astray,
 Circumvoluminant; nor had they felt
 Neither the passage nor the sad effect
 Of many cups partaken, till that frost
 Wrought on them hideous, and their minds deceived.
 Thus choosing from a progeny of roads,
 That seemed but were not, one most reasonable,
 Of purest moonlight fashioned on a wall,
 Thither they urged their chariot whom that flint
 Buttressed received, itself unscathed—not they.¹³

The parodies of Byron and Wordsworth (Nos 14 and 15) are equally

well-judged. "The Tour" is naturally in *ottava rima*, the stanzaic form which Byron made uniquely his own in "Beppo" and *Don Juan*.

Thirteen as twelve my Murray always took—
 He was a publisher. The new Police
 Have neater ways of bringing men to book,
 So Juan found himself before J.P.'s
 Accused of storming through that placid nook
 At practically any pace you please.
 The Dogberry, and the Waterbury, made
 It fifty mile—five pounds. And Juan paid!¹⁴

How deftly this catches Byron's lordly but worldly tone, the oh-so-knowing aside ('He was a publisher') and even Byron's use of the odd insouciant poeticism ('placid nook'). How neatly Juan's speeding is captured in the deliberately anachronism of the Dogberry/Waterbury joke: Dogberry, the incompetent constable from *Much Ado about Nothing*; Waterbury, of course, the famous make of watches.

But excellent as the Byron parody is, the prize exhibit in the entire sequence is, I think, undoubtedly "The Idiot Boy", Kipling's version of the feckless young male driver done *à la* Wordsworth:

He wandered down the mountain grade
 Beyond the speed assigned—
 A youth whom Justice often stayed
 And generally fined.

He went alone, that none might know
 If he could drive or steer.
 Now he is in the ditch, and Oh!
 The differential gear!¹⁵

Kipling plays a number of games here with Wordsworth. The title is of course lifted straight from Wordsworth's 'lyrical ballad' of the same name. 'Wandered' immediately echoes 'I wandered lonely as a cloud', but the Wordsworth the parody mainly recalls is the 'Lucy' poem "She dwelt among the untrodden ways", in particular the final pathetic quatrain which Kipling splendidly undermines with his 'differential gear':

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be;
 But she is in the Grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me!

Kipling is too good a sport not to include himself in this parodic motorcade, and the penultimate piece, "The Moral", appropriately spoken by the car itself and nicely guying "The Song of the Banjo", is again amongst the best. There is the annoying note of breezy expertise ('You mustn't groom an Arab with a file'), the irritating air of demotic superiority ('You hadn't ought to tension-spring a mule'); the predilection for out-of-the-way slang ('brumby', an Australian term for a wild horse). There is a perfect spoof Kiplingesque line: 'I'm the Mentor of banana-fingered men!' (one worthy of the late, great comic poet Gavin Ewart, who specialised in such morsels). There is, finally, the persistent habit of wrenching commonsensical, even platitudinous, maxims from unlikely contexts and delivering them as though they were profound truths:

I will make you know your left hand from your right.
 I will teach you not to drink about your biz.
 I'm the only temperance advocate in sight!
 I am all the Education Act there is!¹⁶

On the final piece, "The Marrèd Drives of Windsor", I am afraid I have little to offer. Shakespeare is notoriously parody-proof, and Kipling's overcluttered attempt is no exception to this rule. His efforts to have fun with Falstaff, Hal, Portia, Shylock, traffic offences and the judiciary rarely get out of first gear. However, the fake Johnsonian Preface is nicely turned and of real interest because it contains Kipling's own 'apology' for parody: 'those same forces of natural genius, which expatiate in splendour and passion, demand for their refreshment and sanity an abruptness of release and a lawlessness of invention, proportioned to precedent constrictions.'¹⁷ Parody, Kipling implies, is the liberating complement to serious writing, and is, for the serious writer, essential to imaginative health. Parody is civilised play; it requires technical skill, knowledge, virtuosity, and literary flair. The youthful *Echoes* and the mature "Muse among the Motors" more than justify Carolyn Wells's long forgotten claim that Kipling's parodies 'rank with the highest' and mine this evening that he can play with the best.¹⁸

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BIBLIOMANIACAL INFLATION 103 YEARS AGO

The issue of *The Friend* in Bloemfontein, for 20 March 1900, contained the following appeal:

The offer made yesterday of 5s a piece for copies of the wrongly dated issue of Saturday last having met with no response, the Editor is now requested to offer 10 shilling for one or two clean copies of that issue.

It seems that "The Friend" has begun early in affording a very restricted first edition of one of Rudyard Kipling's poems—a tempting bait to the large circle of bibliomaniacs who are engaged in making a collection of the early imprints of his work.

This refers to the issue of Saturday, 17 March 1900 where the first 100 copies had the previous day's date 'Friday 16th March 1900' printed on pages 1 and 4. The correct date appeared on pages 2 and 3. The poem to which reference is made is the first stanza of "St Patrick's Day" which was first printed on page 2 column 5. The full poem, with corrections/amendments appeared on 23 March 1900.

To get a feel for the value of the offer, *The Friend* was on sale at 3d to Officers and Civilians or 1d for NCOs and Other Ranks – a potential return of 120 times for an NCO or OR in three days!

A full set of the original issues which are of most interest to members, 15 to 30 March 1900, are held under Shelf Mark C1563 in the British Library Newspaper Library, Colindale, N.W. London. Presentation of a simple piece of identification (e.g. credit card) will gain one immediate access. – *Ed.*

KIPLING AND HIS SUSSEX

By Mrs GRACE M. GAZELEY

[This is Part II of the dissertation described by Miss Verlie Gazeley, daughter of the authoress, in her letter printed on p 63 of the June 2002 *Journal*. Part I was published in the December 2002 issue of the *Journal*. The original document has been lodged in the Library. The speech given by Viscount Radcliffe, referred to by Mrs Gazeley in the first part of her paper, is recorded in the *Journal* for March 1967, No 161, pp.6-18 – *Ed*]

CHAPTER II – THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE SUSSEX SCENE

Kipling, in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, and *Rewards and Fairies*, has given to history a fascination even for children. In these stories, it is not a dead, distant past presented to us, thick with the dust of ages and so remote that it seems completely dissociated from the world of today, but a past, vital and inspiring, inextricably blended with and related to our own times. It is still living in habits and customs laid down by our ancestors and it is as much a part of life today as the news in last week's paper.

This ability of Kipling to present the past as a living fact gives the reader a much more personal link with historic events. T.S. Eliot, in an essay on Kipling,¹ says of his historical writing

The historical imagination may give us an awful awareness of the extent of time or it may give us a dizzy sense of the nearness of the past.

I think it does more, it gives us a sense of the past as being part of the present, it gives the reader a personal interest and this through the small, intimate touches which relate us so closely with our forebears. As J.M.S. Tompkins² says of these tales

The historical background never palls, the facts are introduced in a personal and narrative context. The legionary, looking suspiciously at his helmet full of British flour, is a permanent type. . . .

For Dan and his sister and so for those who read, history comes as a part of their own well known locality. It is, in fact, a facet of environmental study, which, working through one small tract of land, can bring each of us into close touch with the past of our home acre.

The children met their exciting visitors in the nearby woods and some of these people from the past even had local connections. Hal –

Sir Harry Dawe – was born at Little Lindens Farm. Parnesius had shoulder straps mended at the forge on the children's home estate.

The brook, with its ford and mill, the lie of the country, the farms in the sheltered valley, these things have not altered much through the centuries.²

This link immediately establishes a relationship with the children and so with the reader, because the peculiar quality about these stories is that they permit the reader to have an 'insider view', a privileged position in which he may feel identified with the narrative. This feeling of intimacy and the creation of an atmosphere always evocative of the period, makes of Kipling, if not a heaven-born historian, at least a writer who brings history to life.

How far Kipling adheres to historical context and where he deviates for his own purpose would provide a never-ending study. He has used known facts as pegs on which to hang his story to give it an authentic background and has then proceeded to clothe it with an atmosphere redolent of the time, probably far more meaningful and valuable to the reader than any amount of relevant dates. To know how people lived, their customs, habits, tools, everyday events which were part of their existence, have much more meaning to the reader than to know when their king died or when a single battle was fought.

"A Centurion of the Thirtieth" has always been a favourite of mine. It has an extraordinary atmosphere of the imminence of some gigantic culmination, a despairing feeling of being swept towards the inevitable end of all known and comfortable things. The helplessness of the people concerned to change the course of events is expressed by Parnesius on receipt of a letter from the doomed emperor, Maximus.

It is finished with Maximus. He writes as a man without hope. I, a man without hope, can see this.

The simple determination to face up to the situation shows in the young officers' devotion to duty and cause which they thought already lost.

One particularly dramatic moment in the story is when Parnesius, feeling abandoned by his general and depressed by the wild and rugged northern hills, marches his men to the Wall, where the old roadway, in the days of Rome's power, led into the tamed province of Valentia – now, alas, tamed no longer. Here, he finds the gate blocked by stone on which some wry humorist has scratched 'Finish'. That single word has an impact and meaning hard to define, but one remembers it.

T.S. Eliot¹ offers an appreciative word on Kipling's intuitive power.

At times Kipling is not merely possessed of penetration, but almost 'possessed' of a kind of second sight... he was reproved for having placed in defence of the Wall a Roman Legion which historians declared had never been near it, and that later discoveries proved to have indeed been stationed there.

This might possibly be a fortunate coincidence – or had Kipling the fey gift credited to Old Hobden's wife who was referred to in "'Dymchurch Flit" '?

Ah, I've heard say the Whitgifts could see further through a millstone than most.

Another odd coincidence, mentioned by Bonamy Dobrée in *Rudyard Kipling, Realist and Fantast* and by J. M. S. Tompkins², concerns the well in the wall of Pevensey Castle, made by De Aquila in "Old Men at Pevensey". A similar well was actually discovered afterwards in the castle.

'Clio, we might say, honoured the cheque he had boldly drawn on her account.' as J.M.S. Tompkins² happily expressed it. However, it is more likely that Kipling's experience and knowledge, working through analogy, led him to choose situations and events which were most likely, therefore, perhaps it is not so surprising when he is proved right.

In the distant past of most civilizations their history becomes inextricably mixed with their mythology and it does not lessen the historical impact to blend it with the folklore of the nation.

Puck, the *deus ex machina* of the Sussex tales, is perfect in this role. Though of very dubious origin – the mediaeval English regarded him as an evil imp – he has mellowed through the years to a game-some being, closely bound to the English soil. Shakespeare refers to him in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as 'that shrewd and knavish sprite'. He plays mischievous pranks on the village folk yet acts as a kind of guardian of their interests.

Shakespeare's Puck is more akin to the original Hobgoblin. Kipling's kindly 'Old Thing' is the living symbol of the English countryside, with a peasant's appreciation of the rare good things in life. In "Cold Iron"

"That's Little Lindens' baking", he said as his white teeth sunk into it.

He also shows a countryman's stubborn refusal to be diverted from his own chosen way. As he says in "Weland's Sword" when he first meets the children;

'I came into England with Oak, Ash and Thorn, and when Oak, Ash and Thorn are gone, I shall go too' . . . 'A bowl of porridge, a dish of milk . . . was enough for me then as it is now. I belong here, you see, and I have been mixed up with people all my days.'

The myth is represented strongly in several of the Puck stories. In "The Knife and the Naked Chalk" the exploit of Tyr in venturing into an alien area in search of the magic knife for the safety of the tribe, closely parallels the story from Teutonic myths of Odin in his search for wisdom. Both sought a priceless gift, one for the people, one that he might be fit to rule wisely over Heaven and Earth, and both paid the price of an eye.

The myth appears again in "Cold Iron". Sir Huon of Bordeaux and the Lady Esclairmonde belong by rights to the mythology of Chivalry. Thor, that mysterious and awe-inspiring intruder on the English countryside, has strayed from Teutonic mythology and the Boy is the willing sacrifice who puts on the yoke of service to his fellows, a parallel of which story may be found in almost all folklore.

History and myth, fact and fiction, recording and imagining, all appear in these books, but the history is not corrupted by the myth, merely illuminated; the fiction serves to dress the facts more attractively and Kipling's imagination creates an atmosphere evoking the historical period around the recorded events. It is this impression that is of value to the reader and it is because of this that the Puck stories are still widely read both by children and adults.

NOTES

1. Essay by T.S. Eliot introducing *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*, Faber and Faber, 1941
2. *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* J.M.S. Tompkins pp.159-160, Gollanz, 1959, University Paperbacks.

UNUSUAL COMMEMORATION OF "THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD"

We have been told by Michael Gardner that on Saturday 28 December 2002, he, together with six friends and relatives gathered at the Pafuri Picnic Site in the far northern section of the Kruger Park to commemorate the centenary of *Just So Stories*. Here, on the banks of the Levubu River, Mr Gardner read "The Elephant's Child" to the group.

They then drove to the place where the Levubu River enters the Limpopo but, regrettably, only saw crocodiles – no elephants or Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes. After returning to Pafuri, special toasts were proposed to both Rudyard Kipling and the Elephant. – *Ed.*

THE NEW READERS' GUIDE PLANS FOR 2003

By JOHN RADCLIFFE

The Project Group for the New Readers' Guide continues to meet monthly under the guidance of George Webb, and is making good progress. We have agreed on guidelines for contributors, which are designed to help achieve reasonable consistency of style and presentation across numerous entries which will be the work of many different people from all over the world. We are doing all possible to draw on the experience of those members who were involved in the creation of Harbord's original Guide, including John McGivering and Margaret Short. We have been greatly encouraged by their very positive response to the project and indeed by the enthusiasm of virtually everyone we have written to about it.

As reported in December, we expect the NRG to take as much as five years in the making, but we have already made ambitious plans for this year, so as to get off to a flying start. Before the end of 2003 we hope to complete the sections on *Plain Tales from the Hills* (edited by John McGivering) *Debts and Credits* (edited by Lisa Lewis), *Kim* (edited by Sharad Keskar), *Just So Stories* (edited by Lisa Lewis), *Stalky & Co.* (with the help of Isabel Quigly), *Captains Courageous* (with the help of Leonee Ormond), and *The Jungle Books* (with the help of Daniel Karlin). We are also giving early thought to the sections on *The Day's Work*, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Rewards and Fairies*, and *Something of Myself*. For all of these sections, and indeed for the rest of the guide, the task is to decide how far to retain the existing Harbord entries, review what work has been done since which we may be able to include, and consider whether there are still gaps that need to be filled. After Kipling's works went temporarily out of copyright, in 1986, there were major paperback editions by Oxford University Press and Penguin, with new notes by a range of scholars, some of which we should be able to draw on by agreement with their authors and with the publishers.

The verse presents various special problems, because of the sheer volume of the work – over 1200 poems – and the fact that poems were often rewritten or extended, first published in magazines or newspapers, or linked to tales, and later collected in an altered form. We also need to take account of the large corpus of unpublished work, some of which figured in Harbord. The familiar Hodder & Stoughton *Definitive Edition* is by no means definitive. Harbord planned two volumes on the verse, of which only one was completed.

We know that there were extensive notes for the second volume, which may have been passed on from Reggie Harbord to his daughter, Mrs Voss, after his death, but we have not been able to track them down. If members can give us any leads on this we will be most grateful; please send any thoughts to John Walker, who is leading on the verse for the Project Group, either to 72 Millbank, Headcorn, Ashford, KENT TN27 9RG, or by email to jwawalker@another.com

We plan to index the verse by collections, by titles, by first lines, and by Harbord number (i.e. in chronological sequence). We are in the process of gathering the data for these indexes, and determining how best to present them on the web-site. Where a poem is linked to a tale, we will ask the author of the notes on the tale to contribute to the notes on the poem. Line references will refer to the version of the poem in the *Definitive Edition*, and any differences between this and the version in the *Sussex Edition* will be noted. The first major verse section, which we aim to publish before the end of 2003, will be *Barrack-Room Ballads*, edited by Roger Ayers, who worked with the late John Whitehead on notes for this collection.

In the meantime we have published 'pilot' entries for "Gehazi" (by John Walker), "Tomlinson" (by George Engle), and "The Mary Gloster" (by George Engle) on the web-site, and we will use these to help us frame guidelines for later contributors to the sections on the verse. These will figure in an extended version of the "Notes for Contributors" which are already to be found on the web-site. In presenting these and other entries on the site we have been generous with space, but we are also offering 'Versions for Printing' which are rather more economical for people who wish to make hard copies of particular entries.

We also plan to include the *Kipling Dictionary*, which enables a reader with a quotation or name in mind to track it down within Kipling's works. This was first created by W. Arthur Young and published in 1911, and updated by John McGivering in 1967. John has extensive notes for a further update, and we plan to incorporate these with his help, and publish a new on line version, formatted and tagged so as to integrate it with the entries in the new Guide. As part of our initial experiments with on line layout, we have put the current entries for 'A' and part of 'B' up on the web-site; these are, of course, yet to be updated.

If any members would like more information about the project for the New Readers' Guide, or have comments or suggestions, we will be very glad to hear from you. Please write to John Radcliffe, at 106 Richmond Avenue, London N1 0LS, or by email to johnradcliffe@blueyonder.co.uk

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

LONGEST SERVING MEMBER

Last October, our longest serving member, Mrs R.E. Hobbs, wrote to the Hon. Membership Secretary to say that, with regret, she was resigning her Life Membership of the Society. Mrs Hobbs, who lives in Argentina, was enrolled by her Father in 1928 when she was 11 years old (her parents were both great admirers of Kipling's works), and who later also enrolled her sister, who is younger by two years. At that time they lived in the 'back blocks' of Patagonia and her father had home leave every third year. The children had a very unusual and unforgettable childhood, dependent on books as a source of entertainment, they had no formal 'schooling' at all. We send Mrs Hobbs our good wishes for the very best of health and good fortune in the future. – *Ed.*

NEW MEMBERS

Mr Christopher Bilham, (*Hong Kong, China*)
 Mr Peter Crabb, (*Darling, Victoria, Australia*)
 Mrs B.A. Cracknell, (*Dudley, Worcestershire*)
 Mr Peter Croft, (*Cambridge, Cambs*)
 Dr Máire ni Fhlathúin, (*University of Nottingham, Nottingham*)
 Mr John Kipling Jnr. (*Clinton, Washington, U.S.A*)
 Mr Ulrich Krentz, (*Mamer, Luxembourg*)
 Mrs Helen E. Mango, (*London, SW1*)
 Mr David Markham, (*Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire*)
 Mr Alan Mattingly, (*Vernet-les-Bains, France*)
 Miss Helen Murphy, (*London, E13*)
 Mr Andrew Pitt, (*Bidford-on-Avon, Warwickshire*)
 Revd Michael Ryan, (*Middletown, Ohio, U.S.A.*)

SUBSCRIPTIONS – ROUTINE REMINDERS and PAYMENTS THROUGH FOREIGN BANK

The Membership Secretary is grateful to those members who pay by Standing Order or pay promptly when reminded that their subscription is due by the note carried on the address label of each *Kipling Journal*. It would be appreciated if all members who send subscriptions annually would check their address labels and pay them when due, obviating the need for further reminders. The subscriptions for those who pay in this way are still £22 (plus £7 for airmail) or \$35US (plus \$10 airmail) and should be sent to;

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

Members who cannot pay by British or US cheques are asked to transfer the subscription in sterling direct to the Society's bank account, notifying the Membership Secretary by letter. If a cheque drawn in sterling on a foreign bank has to be used, please add £7.60 to cover bank charges. Our bank details are:

Lloyds TSB; Piccadilly Branch, London;
Bank Sort Code: 30 96 24; Account: The Kipling Society; Account No: 0114978.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A REVISED TAXONOMY

From Mr A.A. Turner, 118, Cottage Lane, Marlbrook, Bromsgrove, Worcs B60 1DT

Dear Sir,

May I re-open a point from the Sept. 2000 *Journal*, (pp.8-10)?

You (or your predecessor) wondered about familiarity in the U.S. with a *Punch* cartoon. The whole theme of classification of animals for railway purposes seems in fact to have been a widespread problem and a widely enjoyed joke. I have recently read a serious account of rural stations, in *The Country Railway* by David St. John Thomas. The classification of animals is quoted (Chap. 5) in a list of examples of the subjects on which stationmasters were bombarded with memos by distant management: 'Every week some kind of fare was adjusted . . . Monkeys accompanying organ-grinders to be charged at the same rate as dogs.'

The Oxford Book of Humorous Prose (1980, Ed. Frank Muir) includes a whole story, "Pigs is Pigs", by Ellis Parker Butler, on the problems arising from an argument over the classification of a pair of guinea-pigs. (The Kipling example in this anthology is "'Brugglesmith'" [*Many Inventions*])

Yours sincerely

A.A.TURNER

KEEPING KIPLING ALIVE

From Mr Royston P. Slade, 31 Hayward Crescent, Verwood, Dorset BH31 6JS

Dear Sir,

Having now attended one or two Society meetings I am distressed that so few relatively young people are in attendance. I am equally upset that Kipling has all but disappeared from the curriculum of our state schools, both in terms of general poetry and prose.

We that are interested in the great man and his work should, I believe, be more pro-active in our attitude to disseminating his work. I have personally talked to Cubs and Scouts, Guides and Brownies using *Kim* and *The Jungle Book* as a springboard for mentioning other books and poems. I have also a talk which I give at the drop of a hat to any group that asks including Freemasons, Rotary, Probus W.I. etc., not. I hasten to add. a talk of erudite scholarship, but an enthusiastic one which I trust will 'light the blue touch paper' under people of all ages who may never have heard of Kipling and his work or who have

vague memories of "If-" and 'Watching the wall while the Gentlemen ride by!' ["A Smuggler's Song" – *Ed.*]

May I urge others to take up the call – Kipling needs us all to be his disciples, otherwise his life and his work will be consigned to the dusty archives of the National Library, and the exciting heritage he left us will be lost to the generations yet to come.

Yours sincerely
ROYSTON P. SLADE

"REGULUS"

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

Dear Sir,

While it was nice, for me at least, to see my Latin version of "The Way through the Woods" in print in the September 2002 issue, I am afraid that by changing a comma to a full stop six lines from the end the printer left it in a state that even King could not translate, let alone Paddy Vernon or Beetle, who at least know that every sentence has to have a main verb! As does

Yours sincerely
GEOFFREY PLOWDEN

[As King said to Paddy Vernon '... there exist in Latin a few pitiful rules of grammar, of syntax, nay, even of declension, which were not created for your incult sport – your Boeotian diversion.' Hence the Editor takes up the impot and, with apologies, delivers a corrected version. – *Ed.*]

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

AN INDIAN ENCOUNTER; PORTRAITS FOR QUEEN VICTORIA

From Mr Bryan C. Diamond, Flat 2, 80 Fitzjohn's Avenue, London NW3 5LS

Dear Sir,

The exhibition just opened at the National Gallery (Room 1, till 19 January, free) is interesting, including 43 portrait sketches lent by H.M. The Queen, done in India 1886-8 by the Austrian Rudolf Svoboda. The head-dresses are striking; compare those illustrated in Lockwood Kipling's *Beast and Man in India* (London, 1892). There is a brief review in *The Times* ("T" section) of 13 November.

One is of Ram Singh, architect & wood carver, deputy and then successor to Lockwood at the School of Art in Lahore, who then in 1890-91 with Lockwood designed the Durbar Room at Osborne. (see *The Pater* by Arthur R. Ankers, 1988, p. 128).

An accompanying booklet by Prof. Saloni Mathur (University of California, Los Angeles) gives a sympathetic and scholarly background, and refers to Kipling at pp.20, 23 (quoting letters in Prof. Pinney's collection) & 26.

Yours faithfully
BRYAN DIAMOND

"THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR'S REPLY"

From Mr Shamus O.D. Wade, The Commonwealth Forces History Trust, 37 Davis Road, Acton, London W3 7SE

Dear Sir,

Does anyone know the full version of "The Absent-Minded Beggar's Reply" written in 1900 by Colour-Serjeant J. Sheldon Redding of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry? I only know four lines:

And if they're left in poverty you must not blame him for that,
For he hadn't any railway scrip to sell;
And a working man and family can't prosper and grow fat,
And put money in Three per Cents, as well.

The four lines are quoted on page 110 of *Drummer Hodge: The Poetry of the Anglo-Boer War (1899-1902)* by M. van Wyk Smith published by Clarendon Press in 1978. The author describes it as 'one of the many poems in which soldiers objected to Kipling's condescending appeal for charitable hand-outs to their dependants'.

Does anyone know anything about Colour-Serjeant J. Sheldon Redding (apart from the fact that he had Boer War medals)?

Yours sincerely
SHAMUS O.D. WADE

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 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,
- running the web-site at **www.kipling.org.uk** for members of the Society and anyone else around the world with an interest in the life and work of Rudyard Kipling,
- 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 OAB, England or email to davpag@yahoo.co.uk**

