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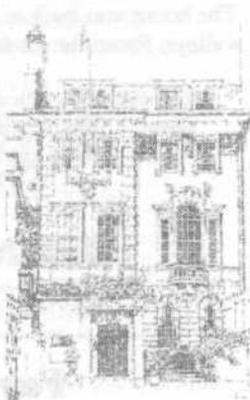
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 15 September 2004, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Stammers-Smith Memorial Lecture**: following the publication of the final volume of Kipling's letters, **Professor Tom Pinney** will give us "Some Reflections on Kipling's Letters".

Wednesday 17 November 2004, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Roy Slade** on "Promoting Rudyard Kipling".

Wednesday 19 January 2005, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Viscount John Julius Norwich** on "Kipling and the Browning Poems".

Wednesday 13 April 2005, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Dr Susan Walsh** on "Modern Critical Readings of Kipling".

September 2004

JANE KESKAR & JEFFERY LEWINS

KOPJE-BOOK MAXIMS

HORSE

Two horses will shift a camp if they be dead enough.

Forage is Victory: Lyddite is Gas.

Look before your Lope.

When in doubt Flank: When in force Outflank.

(Continued on p.31)

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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WRITTEN BY
J. P. HARRINGTON

COMPOSED BY
GEO. LE BRUNN

INDIA'S REPLY

Sung by **LEO DRYDEN**

DAGONET of THE REFEREE, says:
The idea of papering the saddle of often races and creeds who share under our banner with the English people first occurred to me as last Saturday evening at the Canterbury Music Hall, and listened to the mighty cheer which greeted Mr Leo Dryden when dressed as an Indian Soldier, he sang "India's Reply." There was no "Perish, India," sentiment among the thousands of Spectators who sat packed like herrings in a barrel in every part of the popular place of amusement.
They cheered themselves loudest for India and the brave natives who fight beneath her flag and have had no song greeted with such honest and genuine and patriotic enthusiasm, since the great days of The Russians shall not have Constantinople.

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Price 1/6
Leo Dryden

This Music Hall song was published in 1895 at the end of the Chitral campaign, to which it refers. See Editorial for more information. – Ed.

EDITORIAL

The Chitral campaign took place in the North-West Frontier province that borders Afghanistan. The British had established an agency in Chitral in 1889, much against the wishes of the local tribesmen. In 1895, the killing of the ruling chief in a *coup d'etat* led his successor to attempt to drive the British out of Chitral. The British garrison in Chitral fort was finally relieved by two forces of mixed British and Indian troops approaching first from Gilgit and then from Malakand in April 1895.

So, what of "India's Reply"? The four verses all deal with the loyalty shown by Indian troops to England on various occasions, the last verse (quoted below) referring to Chitral.

Our loyalty is ever firm to those we've sworn to serve—
When face to face with dangers grim our men show pluck and nerve;
And time can prove Britannia's rule can keep our tribes at peace,
But woe betide the foe who says, " Britannia's power shall cease" !
With British Generals at our head to lead us to the fray,
Although out-numbered, side by side we'll keep your foes at bay ;
For hand to hand 'gainst mutineers we've upheld Britain's right—
The Chitral war now plainly proves how Indian soldiers fight.

CHORUS.

England, ask the question when danger's nigh—
Will the sons of India your foes defy ?
Will we fight for England ? Yes! until we die!
That is India's reply.

The statement by "'Dagonet' of *The Referee*" reads:

The idea of popularising the soldiers of other races and creeds who serve under our banner with the English people first occurred to me as I sat last Saturday evening at the Canterbury Music Hall, and listened to the mighty cheer which greeted Mr Leo Dryden when, dressed as an Indian Soldier, he sang "India's Reply." There was no "Perish, India" sentiment among the thousands of spectators who sat packed like herrings in a barrel in every part of the popular place of amusement.

They cheered themselves hoarse for India and the brave natives who fight beneath her flag and I have heard no song greeted with such honest and genuine and patriotic enthusiasm since the great days of "The Russians shall not have Constantinople."

'Dagonet' was the pen name of George R. Sims, a journalist, author and social reformer. He often wrote poems on social issues for *The Referee*, one that still lingers in folk memory having the opening line 'It was Christmas day in the workhouse'. The Canterbury Music Hall to which he refers was situated at 143 Westminster Bridge Road, Lambeth, a little north of Gatti's 'in the road' at No.214. He was credited in a letter to the *Journal* of April 1941, No.57, as being the author of a musical comedy, *The Dandy Fifth* which included the chorus:

So come you foreign soldiers, and we don't care who you are—
The Uhlans of the Kaiser or the Cossacks of the Czar—
Our Army may be little, but you've learned before to-day
That a little British Army goes a damned long way.

"The Russians shall not have Constantinople." comes from "Macdermott's War Song" of 1878, written and composed by G.W. Hunt and sung by G.H. Macdermott which contains that emotive chorus:

We don't want to fight but by jingo if we do . . .
We've got the ships, we've got the men, and got the money too!
We've fought the Bear before . . .and while we're Britons true.
The Russians shall not have Constantinople . . .

[www.cyberussr.com/hcunn/q-jingo.html]

Kipling had long since left India and was living a married and paternal life in Vermont, but there are links to his past in Dryden's song. Leo Dryden has been identified [*Journal*, Dec 2002, No.304, p.51.] as the singer of "Shopmates", described by Kipling in "My Great and Only" [*Abaft the Funnel*] when he was living in Villiers Street in 1889. opposite Gatti's Music Hall, as 'one who was winning triple encores with a priceless ballad . . . "We was shopmates—boozin' shopmates."'. Dryden advertised the song as a parody of "Shipwrecked" which is also known as "Shipmates", a Victorian parlour ballad published in 1885 with words by F.E. Weatherly and music by Stephen Adams [British Library Pressmark H.2404.(16).]. A sense of the original can be gleaned from a few lines:

. . . We were shipmates, loving shipmates.
We were shipmates, I and he;
And I know there's few in the world would do
All that he did for me.

The parody sounds considerably more appealing!

' "AFTER ME COMETH A BUILDER.
KIPLING'S MASONIC *LUDIBRIUM* IN
"THE PALACE" (1902)

By ERIC W. VOGT, Ph.D.

[Dr Vogt is Associate Professor of Spanish and Golden Age Literature at Seattle Pacific University, Washington. Among his five books to date, he has treated mystical, hermetic and occult subjects in both a recent article published in *Esoterica*, an online journal under the auspices of Michigan State University as well as in his translation and edition of *The Complete Poetry of St. Teresa of Avila* (University Press of the South, New Orleans, 1996). His most absorbing research currently finds him working with Tulane musicologist, Dr. John Baron, producing a series of volumes of sacred music written during the late 17th century. The recent article in *Esoterica* is an outgrowth of that research. It provides an example of how pervasive esoteric interests once were in the West and points to interesting thoughts on the origins of the Royal Art and its relation to other hermetic traditions.

He is, currently, the Junior Warden of Queen Anne Lodge No.242, a 32° of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, a VII° of the *Masonic Societas Rosicruciana In Civitatibus Foederatis*, and a corresponding member of *Quatuor Coronati Correspondence Circle* of the London research lodge of the same name. It is from this interest in Freemasonry that this paper derives.

Ludibrium: from the Latin meaning a jest, sport, plaything or trivial game. The word has been associated with Freemasonry since the early 17th Century. – *Ed.*]

Rudyard Kipling's proud affiliation with Freemasonry is well documented and well known, but with the exception of one academic article and scattered references in books that this author is aware of, not much discussed outside Freemasonic circles, and in them mostly with biographical interest and in an encomiastic tone.¹ He is one of the Craft's most ardent and famous supporters in the twentieth century, certainly, and one of the most famous where *belles lettres* are concerned. His famous story, "The Man who would be King", a dark, comical view of Freemasonry dealing with the exploits of two vagabond-like Masons in India, was made into a movie in 1975, starring Sean Connery and real-life Freemason Michael Caine. In addition to toasts and other short pieces written for lodges, his best known, explicitly masonic works are: the light-hearted, cockney-versed "The Mother-Lodge" (1895) and the subject of this article, "The Palace" (1902).

In order to properly assess these particular works, there are two worlds in which Kipling lived that must be taken into account – his English Victorian one and the world inside that world, that of English-speaking Freemasons of that period. Although "The Man who would be King" has received regular treatment, not all critics have addressed

the masonic aspects despite the fact that they are ubiquitous and essential for a reader even to follow the plot with ease. Some have stressed character and plot without so much as a mention of the Masonic world which defines them.

The larger details of Kipling's life (1865 – 1936) are well known.² It has become popular to refer to the 1907 Nobel Poet Laureate as a famous imperialist or a champion of a benevolent form of white supremacy, a politically correct posture made possible either by wilfully excluding or misunderstanding such works as "The Mother-Lodge", whose theme of universal brotherhood is stamped on every line.³ This reputation, as undeserved as Twain's, has resulted from ignorant readings of his works. Twain, incidentally also a Freemason, influenced Kipling⁴ by his use of colloquialism. Like Kipling, anachronistic criticisms of Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* and the author's depiction of Jim have placed it on the lists of banned books from time to time in those unenlightened school districts in the U.S. that abuse thought and freedoms.⁵

Dismissing the errors that result from anachronistic judgments that do not account for Kipling's idealistic expressions of universal brotherhood found in "The Mother Lodge" and "The Palace", a few facts about his masonic life and his times are offered here in the interest of filling in some gaps. He was initiated into the three degrees at Hope and Perseverance Lodge No.782 at Lahore Punjab, India on April 5, 1886.⁶ He was a friend, neighbour (in Sussex) and contemporary of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Arthur Edward Waite, C.W. Leadbeater, W.L. Wilmshurst and a score of other famous (and infamous) intellectuals, artists, mystics and eccentrics that made English society of the Victorian period so colourful. Its masonic subculture was exponentially so. Doyle, a spiritualist, and Waite, a student of the occult, for instance, were, along with Kipling, members of the *Quatuor Coronati Lodge No.2076* of London, primarily composed of professional intellectuals (professors), writers, artists, mystics, visionaries, members of the aristocracy, as well as others with scientific interests. Kipling joined in 1918. This premier lodge of masonic research is still very much in existence and was founded by General Sir Charles Warren, of Scotland Yard, in 1888. Today, Warren is often remembered for resigning his Scotland Yard position on Nov 8 of that year, after protracted political pressure about his supposedly militaristic management – curiously too (for illogical conspiracy theorists), late in the day Mary Kelly was killed by Jack the Ripper. Kipling was also a member of the *Masonic Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia*.

On the surface, it would appear that Kipling's masonic affiliation and the particular associations he enjoyed through it are nothing more than a quaint, and fading, sepia-toned backdrop for our passive, aesthetic enjoyment. In order to make any sense of these circumstances, it

is important to note that one cultural phenomenon of Victorian society was the occult revival, and that code making and code breaking was much in vogue.⁷ Doyle's use of codes in the Sherlock Holmes' series is famous, but its fame obscures the Victorians' nearly universal interest in cryptography because Holmes' adroitness in *The Adventure of the Dancing Men* has been canonized, fossilized even, and thus appears unique. Add an infusion of long-standing preoccupation, indeed a characterizing one, with symbolic, allegorical and mystical subjects among educated Freemasons to the Victorian taste for codes, riddles and puzzles, and one can see how it would have been too tempting to a man of Kipling's talent not to attempt to leave a masonic signature – a "Mason's Mark" of his own craft as a writer, on some work of his own.⁸

The artistic function of repetition and patterns in Kipling's works has been treated at some length by C.A. Bodelsen. This aspect is of importance in our examination of "The Palace". Bodelsen observed that "[Kipling] may well have thought that the symbolism was obvious enough to be perceived by the attentive reader, and the chief motive of his elaborate pattern of allusions, hints and pointers, as well as the network of criss-cross references from one point of the story to another may have been to produce a pleasing artistic effect . . . he invariably took care to insert so many clues that the full meaning can always be understood if the reader is patient enough to notice them all."⁹ Given Kipling's known predilection for erecting such meaningful architecture in his works, we may dispense with the astute, ironic observation Umberto Eco's character Aglie makes in Eco's own *ludibria-filled* work, *Foucault's Pendulum*, namely that one can find number symbolism anywhere, particularly if one is inclined to round off. 'I invite you to go and measure that kiosk,' he begins, and ends his elaborate game and *exemplum* with the 'formula for naphthalene.'¹⁰

In order to be effective, a meta-game, or *ludibrium*, would have to be utterly transparent but at the same time, hidden from those lacking curiosity or skill.¹¹ Its transparency means that it would lie open to talented brethren or sufficiently observant students of Western esoterica and hermetic studies. In other words, like Freemasonry itself claims to be, Kipling's *ludibrium* would be an open secret. Rather like the obvious, yet sealed time capsule in a cornerstone, Kipling has left a mark for us to read in his poem, "The Palace".¹² This poem draws attention to its own artifice. Its self-conscious playfulness, its very literalness, becomes the key itself, allowing a discerning mind to pry open the poem's lid and discover its contents.

Members of the mystic tie may be assured that Kipling did not reveal any masonic "secrets", beyond affirming the delight Freemasons have in their awareness of their tradition's diachronic and synchronic

connectivity, of its value as a transcultural mystery capable of uniting men of all faiths in a model of tolerance amid diversity, and of the sublimity of the enduring and intellectually playful nature of Freemasonry's symbolism and allegories for those capable of engaging in them. Fortunately, this article is unconcerned with the origins of Freemasonry, since Kipling is a modern author. Fortunately, indeed, for as Dame Frances A. Yates declared, 'The origin of Freemasonry is one of the most debated, and debatable, subjects in the whole realm of historical enquiry.'¹³ It is necessary, however, to appreciate the roots the Craft has in, or influences it drew from, the Renaissance, particularly with regard to the various forms of *ludibria* encountered in the works of the Rosicrucian movement that Yates frequently finds herself obliged to associate with Freemasonry's nearly modern period. The most common was that of its members being – literally – *invisible*, an obvious irony, whatever its motive.

The decrypted message *per se* is not profound, nor is it even the point. The very existence of the encoded message and its playfulness, however, is. The resulting "message" in Kipling's verbal cornerstone and time capsule simply restates the theme of the poem in a gnomic way: in one sense perceived by any attentive reader, the poem reports simply that talented people recognize each other in each other's work, regardless of time or distance. In the masonic sense, the poem recalls the first sense and more; it reminds Freemasons that as men and Masons, they are bound to be and do their best to make the world and themselves better, and that they are able to recognize each other by means known only to them. The exacting nicety of the fit arrived at by applying the measures of sacred geometry, which are suggested in the poem's architecture, proves the resultant message to be too cleverly embedded to be coincidental.¹⁴ This precision in turn is allusive of the image of King Solomon's temple whose construction was such that it more resembled the work of God than of man. In Kipling's humble case, he, as a man, *imago Dei*, was merely imitating God, as man the builder.¹⁵

After presenting the text of "The Palace", we shall dissect it, treating it (ironically, yet, as will be seen, appropriately) as two cubes. By taking Kipling at his word, and in accord with geometric principles, we shall treat the words and patterns as "bricks" with which as a writer he "built", we shall discover the message he has left us, be we his fellow craftsmen as writers or readers, or his fellow Craftsmen of the Freemasons. The principles or formulae of sacred geometry we shall use are not masonic secrets, but they have been well known for centuries to informed Masons the world over.

THE PALACE¹⁶

When I was a King and a Mason—a Master proven and skilled—
I cleared me ground for a Palace such as a King should build.
I decreed and dug down to my levels. Presently, under the silt,
I came on the wreck of a Palace such as a King had built.

There was no worth in the fashion—there was no wit in the
plan—

Hither and thither, aimless, the ruined footings ran—
Masonry, brute, mishandled, but carven on every stone:
"After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have known."

Swift to my use in my trenches, where my well-planned ground-
works grew,
I tumbled his quoins and his ashlar, and cut and reset them anew.
Lime I milled of his marbles; burned it, slacked it, and spread;
Taking and leaving at pleasure the gifts of the humble dead.

Yet I despised not nor gloried; yet, as we wrenched them apart,
I read in the razed foundations the heart of that builder's heart.
As he had risen and pleaded, so did I understand
The form of the dream he had followed in the face of the thing he
had planned.

When I was a King and a Mason—in the open noon of my pride,
They sent me a Word from the Darkness. They whispered and
called me aside.

They said—"The end is forbidden." They said—"Thy use is ful-
filled,
"Thy Palace shall stand as that other's—the spoil of a King who
shall build."

I called my men from my trenches, my quarries, my wharves, and
my sheers.

All I had wrought I abandoned to the faith of the faithless years.
Only I cut on the timber, only I carved on the stone:

"After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have known!"

The first aspect of this poem that should particularly attract one's attention is its metre. This poem is unusual in that each line is in "stress accentual hexameter" with a caesura between the first three, and second three, feet in each line.¹⁷ This form is not frequently encountered in

Victorian poetry. Hexameters were more common in the Baroque, eighteenth century English poetry and endured into the nineteenth, manifesting and distinguishing themselves as (usually frustrated) attempts to force modern languages into the prosodic moulds of Latin and ancient Greek, in which tongues it was used for, among other themes, gnomic ones.¹⁸ Thus, the use of this form is an archaizing feature, evoking classical antiquity and erudition. Its use also calls to mind the cultural milieu of the periods associated with the early development of Freemasonry (late 1500s through 1600s), their tastes and concerns. These periods culminated, for Freemasonry, in the so-called Great Revival when it emerged into public view, officially held to be St. John's Day, 24 June, 1717, when four London lodges joined to form the first Grand Lodge, inaugurating the modern period.

The second thing that one discovers is that there are six stanzas, of four lines each. Combined with the use of hexameters, this becomes very important symbolically and is ludibriously alluded to by one line in the poem: *I tumbled his quoins and his ashlars, and cut and reset them anew*. Once it is suspected that the poem may contain an embedded message of the very type explicitly stated in the poem (for reasons that will become clear), this line becomes an invitation to do with the verbal materials what the narrator does with the cut stones or bricks. The narrator discovers that a builder has left a message for him, cut on the stones he finds lying about, at first, as indecipherable rubble.¹⁹

At this point, one knows not, nor need know, whether Kipling has his narrator direct us to *tumble, recut* and *reset* either words, lines or both *anew*, yet precisely what and how we shall see presently. What is important at this stage is to perceive that the key, or basic geometry suggested by both the dimensions of the poem and verse just quoted, offer one of the universal symbols of Freemasonry: the perfect ashlar (or finished cube). This figure is suggested in the architecture of the poem and allows us to determine what we are cutting and where to cut. After making this determination, whether arrived at or discovered by intuition, sudden insight or by hermetic knowledge gained by initiation and subsequently nourished by study, one will know how to tumble and reset the text.

The tumbling of the text is one of its features that, like its use of hexameters, harkens back to the past, specifically, to the cabalistic studies and practices of the Renaissance magics. In the briefest description, suitable for our present purposes, the cabalist rearranges sacred Hebrew texts to discover hidden meaning. Due to Freemasonry's nature as an oral tradition, it is well known to even less educated Freemasons that the fraternity as it is now known emerged from a *mélange* of Renaissance and Baroque studies of hermetic texts,

cabbala, neoplatonism and Christianity, and became configured more or less what it is today (in terms of ritual and symbolism) during the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.²⁰

In quantifiable terms, the cube as a key to a verbal cipher is evinced by each stanza's being composed of twenty-four stressed syllables for a total of 144 in the entire poem. In accord with the hermetic or neoplatonic principle of the correspondence or analogy of upper and lower worlds, the two half lines of three syllables each in each line reveal them to be microcosms of the whole. Thus, half of 144 (if that number did not already suggest the fact), or 72, emerges as a significant number, which in fact it is in esoteric traditions.²¹

At the simplest level, and the one that most matters for our decipherment, the number 72 alludes to a cube (6 sides by 12 edges = 72). This division reveals that the first three stanzas represent one cube and the second three another, stacked, just as the stanzas are. The words, like bricks, are laid in lines, corresponding, in the operative sense, to courses of bricks in a wall. The four lines per stanza allude to four walls, set perfectly square.

The row of dots dividing the stanzas in no way disturbs the geometry, quite the contrary. They are found between the fourth and fifth stanzas, dividing the numbers of stressed syllables into 96 above and 48 below. The relationships these numbers have with each other and the total number of syllables give us proportions of 2 and 3, and echo the sacred geometries we shall see presently in the square root ratios in the composition.²²

Next, it is important to know how an operative mason ensures that the corners of brick or stone courses are set square. The Pythagorean Theorem, known to Freemasons as "the forty-seventh problem of Euclid" is the key. According to this theorem, known to any preparatory geometry student: $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$ wherein "c" is the hypotenuse of a right triangle. Typically, so an operative friend and brother tells me, a "3-4-5" triangle is used in worksites to this day to ensure that a corner has been laid perfectly square.²³ Furthermore, a line drawn from corner to opposite corner (in the same plane as the square in which it is drawn) gives the measure of " $x\sqrt{2}$ " (where "x" equals the length of one of the equal sides of the square). In three dimensions, a line drawn from one corner to its most opposite corner (crossing to the parallel plane, opposite), gives the measure of " $x\sqrt{3}$ " (where "x" again is the length of one of the equal sides of the perfect cube). These ratios, $\sqrt{2}$ and $\sqrt{3}$, are essential to sacred geometry and the art of building. The two ratios of "x-to- $\sqrt{2}$ " and "x-to- $\sqrt{3}$ " are related to the Golden Mean Ratio (*Phi*) and were essential in the planning of the Gothic Cathedrals, whose connection with Freemasonry is more than legend, even if less than amply

documented.²⁴ The various means of their encoding and transmission through pre-literate times into the modern age form the material of the deeper layers of Freemasonry's esoteric work. Though the ratios themselves and their uses are now thoroughly familiar to engineers, architects and handfulls of art historians, seldom is there any conscious connection in the minds of these professionals of the transcendent meaning they may convey or their place in Western cultural history, nor are they aware of how such ratios can function as signatures in stone – unless they are not merely card-carrying Freemasons, but studious and well-informed ones.

The application of these ratios in other contexts lies beyond the scope of this article. However, the lines dividing the squares and cubes reveal *how* to divide and *where* to tumble Kipling's verbal ashlar. A) the same time, the corners of the "verbal cube", confirmed both by position as well as metre, all according to proportions significant to sacred geometry, tell us *how far* to tumble them with respect to each other, rather like the tumbler in a combination lock.

Be it remembered that each set of three stanzas has 72 stressed syllables, alluding to the mystic number associated with a cube. Before we retumble the verbal bricks, let us examine the technical (i.e., operative) sense of the word *quoin*. According to the O.E.D., a quoin can be 'an external angle of a wall or building; also, one of the stones or bricks serving to form the angle of a cornerstone [or rarely a] keystone or any one of the voussiers of an arch.' To this, let us recognize the importance of a definition of proportion in architecture, ultimately of ancient origin (Vitruvius' *Ten Books on Architecture*) but reasserted in the Renaissance by Giacomo da Vignola.²⁵ Much of his text found its way into one of the essential lectures of Freemasonry, and therefore would have been more than passingly familiar to Kipling: ' . . . by order in architecture is meant the members, ornaments and proportions of columns and pilasters, or it is the regular arrangement of the projecting parts of a building, which, united with a column . . .' This brief passage is certainly no exclusive masonic secret, but it is part of a much longer text which Kipling would have in fact committed to memory. It is with the words that occupy these key positions, *i.e.* the cornerstones, that we are concerned.

Recalling that the first three stanzas form one cube and the last three another, we may next identify the top and bottom four corners of the stack, draw lines through them in ways that are meaningful in sacred geometry, particularly where cathedral building was concerned. We shall begin with the ashlar set in elevation view. This orientation of the cubes corresponds to the way the stanzas are printed on the page and require no tumbling of the metaphorical cubes to reveal the first set of interesting

results. From this perspective, the top corners of the top cube have the words "When – skilled" and the bottom corners have "Taking – dead"; the bottom cube has "Yet – apart" on its top two corners and "After – known" on the bottom. Drawing one $\sqrt{2}$ line on the top cube connects "When – dead" and its parallel $\sqrt{2}$ on the bottom cube connects "Yet – known", revealing the first gnomic reiteration of the poem's themes of recognition and transmission of cultural and technical memory.

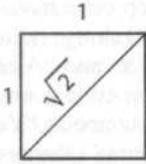
At last, we are ready to tumble the ashlar and see what words join when drawing two lines, this time $\sqrt{3}$ ones and instead of parallel, crossing. This may be imitated with a printed page on which all six stanzas appear by folding the bottom three over the top three, as if inverting a cube (imagine a pair of dice showing double sixes and turn one six onto the other so that the single dot appears on the top die and at the bottom of the lower die). The $\sqrt{3}$ lines now connect "After – dead" and "Yet – skilled".

The curiosities do not end there. There is one more interesting connection, this time one that by drawing the proper lines, binds the two cubes together, as if with cement. This time, once again in elevation view (i.e., as the stanzas appear on the page), connect the words just connected by the $\sqrt{3}$ lines: "After – dead" and "Yet – skilled", and add to them lines connecting other quoin-positioned words: "Taking – apart" and "Yet – dead". Next, overlap "Taking – yet" and "dead – apart", then recall the $\sqrt{2}$ lines drawn by the words they connected: "When – dead/apart", "After – dead/apart", "Taking/Yet – skilled" and "Taking/yet – known".

These lines suggest three interesting ideas, any one of which has masonic significance. First, the figure approximates, as nearly as geometry through words can, the familiar masonic Square & Compasses emblem. Second, the diamond-shaped figure in the center recalls the diamond formed by the lines connecting various points in the *vesica piscis*, or sacred mandala, which was so important in cathedral building, the various ratios of which reveal $\sqrt{3}$ and *phi*. Lastly, though, the idea of 'taking the dead apart' evokes the myth of Osiris, his dismemberment and resurrection, as well as ancient foundational sacrifices, all of which resonate with masonic symbolism and lore.²⁶

Let I be accused of committing an intentional fallacy by reading into Kipling's work something he did not consciously construct, let the reader consider how unlikely it is to dismiss to coincidence the relationships and geometries we can measure while at the same time observing Kipling's care and exactitude in the metre. The question parallels the positions for and against the intelligent design theory of Creation. Kipling could have written a five-stanza poem, for instance, or used a different metre altogether.

"Palace"

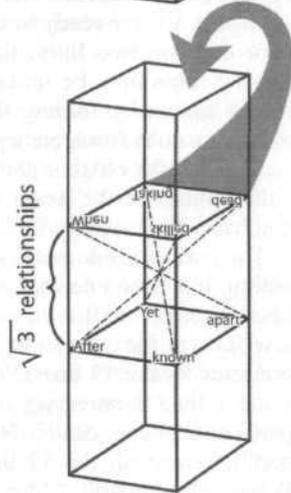
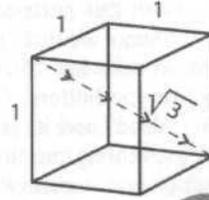


When	skilled
taking	dead

Yet	apart
After	known

$\sqrt{2}$ relationships

Elevation, or 2D view, seeing poem either as on faces of two quoins, or ashlars, or as if each stressed syllable were a brick on 24 courses of a facade.



Isometric, or 3D view seeing poem as if graven on faces of two quoins, top one "tumbled".

[Drawn by Dominic Williamson, a Londoner now based in Seattle – Ed.]

Second let it be remembered that *ludibria* of the type encountered in this poem have a time-honoured place among esoteric writings, all found in the Renaissance roots of Freemasonry. Third, the more prosaic practice of the Mason's Mark on stonework suggests a point of inspiration even if Kipling had been unaware of the lengthy esoteric, Renaissance, cabalistic shadow cast over his game. Lastly, it is hoped the reader will accept also the word of one who shares the delight of the game and who, like Kipling, views it as a poor human's playfully mimetic way of evincing the admirable contrivance of the Creator in His works and in which the reverent will perceive a manifest appearance of design in their exacting and analogous proportions. When a

Mason, Christian or not, reads this poem and discerns what "brother Kipling" has wrought, it brings a smile to his lips as he too 'reads in the razed foundations' (the "tumbled quoins" of his poem) the gnomic message in 'the form of the dream [Kipling] had followed in the face of the thing he had planned.'

NOTES

1. Fussell, Paul, Jr. "Irony, Freemasonry, and Humane Ethics in Kipling's *The Man who would be King*", *English Literary History*, Vol.xxv, No.1, 1958, pp.216-233. Other articles about Kipling's contribution to Freemasonry or mentions in articles about the influence of Freemasonry have appeared over the decades in the *Kipling Journal*, but they have been more in the biographical or encomiastic vein, not interpretive. In *Kipling the Poet*, Peter Keating addresses the frequently "Masonic implications" readily found in Kipling's use of architectural imagery, not only in "The Palace", but in other compositions, such as "The Pro-Consuls", a tribute to Milner in 1905. Keating notes how in various poems and writings, Kipling extolls virtues such as endurance and perseverance as a literary response to criticism that he and his generation belong to the past, not to the present or future. While Keating is quick to see masonic references in the obvious use of architectural imagery, he misses the masonic implications, or rather allusions to masonic ritual and legend in "The Explorer". Keating points out the motif "The Palace" and "The Explorer" share is the peculiar articulation of the exhortations to press on when an "everlasting word" is "whispered". The Explorer is urged to continue because something is hidden and he must find it; the King and the Mason recalls how, in his (masonic) youth he had been encouraged to build and leaves that as his legacy to future builders (brother masons). What Keating does not mention is that masonic lore essentially depends on the notion of an exhortation to continue a quest for the unknown or for that which was lost. See Keating, Peter, *Kipling the Poet*, Seeker & Warburg, London, 1994, pp.153-154.
2. The most recent biographies of Kipling are: Lycett, Andrew, *Rudyard Kipling*, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, 1999; paperback, Orion Books, Ltd., London, 2000; and Gilmour, David, *The Long Recessional: The Imperial Life of Rudyard Kipling*, John Murray, London, 2002. A somewhat less recent one is, by Ricketts, Harry, *Rudyard Kipling: A Life*, Carroll & Graf Publishers, Inc., New York, 1999. Freemasonry is mentioned in three or four paragraphs through Ricketts' book – an odd disproportion when one considers the dimensions of Freemasonry in Kipling's life, works, times, culture and travels. Lycett discusses Kipling's involvement and the importance of Freemasonry in 22 pages of over 800 pages, certainly a reasonably long excursus.
3. Regarding Kipling's reputation, Louis L. Cornell in his critical anthology *Rudyard Kipling: The Man who would be King and Other Stories*, Oxford University Press, Oxford, 1987, has observed: 'He stood, it can be argued, in a special relation to the age in which he lived. He was primarily an artist, with his individual vision and techniques, but his was also a profoundly representative consciousness. He seems to give expression to a whole phase of national experience, symbolizing in appropriate forms the "sense of the significance of life he [felt] acting as the unconscious metaphysic of the time". He is in important ways a spokesman for his age, with its sense of imperial destiny, its fascinated contemplation of the unfamiliar world of soldiering, its confidence in engineering and technology, its respect for craftsmanship, and its dedication to Carlyle's gospel of work. That is an age about which many Britons – and to a lesser extent Americans and West Europeans – now feel an exaggerated sense of guilt; and insofar as Kipling was its spokesman, he has become our scapegoat. Hence, in part at least, the tendency in recent decades to dismiss him so

- contemptuously, so unthinkingly, and so mistakenly. Whereas if we approach him more historically, less hysterically, we shall find in this very relation to his age a cultural phenomenon of absorbing interest', p.vii. The internal quote is from E.M.W. Tillyard, *The Epic Strain in the English Novel*, London, 1958, p. 15.
4. 'Kipling developed his characteristic voice in the *Plain Tales from the Hills* of 1886 and 1887 . . . The model was Mark Twain in his role of frontier journalist, the Mark Twain of *Roughing It*. . .', Cornell, *Op. cit.*, p.xvii. Americans may take some pride in that literary influence flowing back across the Atlantic.
 5. Kipling's favourable views about multiethnicity have been noted by Angus Wilson. Noting Kipling's own words in his posthumous work *Something of Myself* (1937), in which Kipling takes the trouble to enumerate the racial diversity among the men with whom he associated in lodge, Wilson notes: 'In these post-war Freemasonry stories, the emphasis is strongly upon the mixture of classes and trades. Here his fellowship with doctors is expressed strongly as in the other group of purely medical "healing" stories. But there is also a very lively and sympathetic concern with tradesmen . . . an affectionate and admiring feeling . . . The other feature of the stories is a pleasing delight in the ritual and furnishing (particularly eighteenth-century furnishing) of the Lodges.' See Wilson, Agnus, *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Works*, Penguin Books, New York, 1977, pp.314-315. Elliot L. Gilbert has also commented on the ill treatment Kipling has received – and properly identified it as a result of stupidity: 'Critics have long equated certain brutal or violent attitudes on the part of characters in Kipling's works with the author's own attitudes.' See Gilbert, E.L., *Kipling and the Critics*, New York University Press, New York, 1965, p.x. One is reminded of Don Quixote's attack on Maese Pedro's puppet show!
 6. See <http://freemasonry.bcy.ca/Writings/RudyardKipling.html>, on the website of the Grand Lodge of British Columbia.
 7. Singh, Simon. *The Code Book: The Science of Secrecy from Ancient Egypt to Quantum Cryptography*, Anchor Books, New York, 2000, p.79. Singh reports 'As people became comfortable with encipherment, they began to express their cyphographic skills in a variety of ways. For example, young lovers in Victorian England were often forbidden from publicly expressing their affection, and could not even communicate by letter in case their parents intercepted and read the contents. This resulted in lovers sending encrypted messages to each other via the personal columns of newspapers. These "agony columns", as they became known, provoked the curiosity of cyptoanalysts, who would scan the notes and try to decipher their titillating contents.'
 8. Two other famous masonic artists left such marks on their work. Mozart, in *Die Zauberflöte* (1791), used musical phrasings grouped in threes in the opening notes of the overture and generally throughout in groupings of characters, set design and so forth. Tolstoy, in an essay *The Lion and the Honeycomb*, writing of temperance, used a whole array of building metaphors so familiar to Freemasons as to invite future generations of Masons to recognize him as a brother (it is unclear whether he ever joined). Non-masonic, personal signatures are found in Bach's music as well. He employed a series of the musical notes "B-A-C", then the "A" above for the "H; the repetition drawing attention to its own artifice.
 9. Bodelsen, C.A., *Aspects of Kipling's Art*, Barnes & Noble, Inc., New York, 1964, pp.105ff, especially p. 123.
 10. Eco, Umberto, *Foucault's Pendulum*, trans. William Weaver, Ballantine Books, New York, 1997, p.288.
 11. Yates, Frances A., *The Rosicrucian Enlightenment*. In order to understand Yates' book, indeed most of her scholarly works, one must understand the *ludibria* carefully woven into the fabric of the whole, in the interstices between words and

emblemata, on which the anonymous *Fama Fraternitatis*, known as the first of the *Rosicrucian Manifestos* (first printed edition, 1614), was based, as well as the sequela of writings that depend upon it, beginning in the early 1600s. These hermetic *ludibria*, in the midst of the *melange* from which Freemasonry emerged, connect Kipling with his esoteric roots in the Renaissance.

12. In addition to the robust, albeit tongue-in-cheek observation of Eco, another famous warning to researchers into masonic lore and symbolism in particular is the famous satirical piece by Ambrose Bierce in his work *The Devil's Dictionary*. It reads: **'Freemasons, n.** An order with secret rites, grotesque ceremonies and fantastic costumes, which, originating in the reign of Charles II, among working artisans of London, has been joined successively by the dead of past centuries in unbroken retrogression until now it embraces all the generations of man on the hither side of Adam and is drumming up distinguished recruits among the pre-Creational inhabitants of Chaos and the Formless Void. The order was founded at different times by Charlemagne, Julius Caesar, Cyrus, Solomon, Zoroaster, Confucius, Thothmes, and Buddha. Its emblems and symbols have been found in the Catacombs of Paris and Rome, on the stones of the Parthenon and the Chinese Great Wall, among the temples of Karnak and Palmyra and in the Egyptian Pyramids – always by a Freemason.' Fortunately, in this article, we are dealing with a work by a known Freemason, moreover, one who is known to have enjoyed writing on masonic themes or using masonically inspired, self-consciously playful plots. Let us see how one might recognize another and then let the reader admit that such methods have held in examining some of the sites enumerated by the cynic, augmenting, rather than diminishing, the mystery of the origins of Freemasonry. See Bierce, Ambrose. *The Devil's Dictionary*, Dover Publications, Inc., New York, 1993 (originally published in 1881 in serial form in a newspaper).
13. Yates, Frances A., *Op. cit.*, p.266.
14. For an intellectual feast, exploring the amazing world of sacred geometry, see Doczi, György, *The Power of Limits: Proportional Harmonies in Nature, Art, and Architecture*, Boston, Shambala, 1994.
15. Yates, Frances A., *The Occult Philosophy in the Elizabethan Age*, Routledge Classics, New York, 1979. In this book, the last of many in her career, she states, in reference to the "La Boderie" prefaces to their French translation of Francesco Giorgi's *Harmonia Mundi*: 'The importance of the Temple of Solomon as the great exemplar of architectural numerology is emphasized, and the preface ends with "Hermes Trismegistus" on the One.' Elsewhere, in the same book, she asks rhetorically: 'Was, therefore, the influence of Giorgi which we have traced in the Elizabethan age and called an influence of Christian Cabala really the same as an influence of Rosicrucianism, a movement possibly connected with secret societies and particularly with Freemasonry?' (p.197).
16. *Rudyard Kipling's Verse: Definitive Edition*, Doubleday and Company, Inc., New York, 1940, pp.383-384.
17. *Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, ed. Preminger, Alex, and assoc. eds. Frank J. Warnke and O.B. Hardison, Jr., Princeton University Press, Princeton, 1965, p.127, b.
18. *Ibid.*, pp.127-128 and 347-348.
19. It must also be pointed out that much, if not most of Freemasonic ritual is often regarded as rubble, and will remain so if not pondered, even to the so-called initiated. As for what is meant by rubble and what rises from it, the reader is left to his own devices.
20. For another exploration of the ways in which masonic symbolism was evolving from a late Baroque *melange* of esoteric skeins, see Vogt, Eric. "The Curious Case of Hermetic Grafirti in Valladolid ms. 40/8.", *Esoterica*, Vol.V, Michigan State

- University, E.Lansing, 2003, pp.73-94. Online journal at: www.esoteric.msu.edu. In this article, graffiti on a title page of a song is examined and it is shown how the IHS emblem and the monogram of Mary are respectively revealings of the tetragramaton and the sigil of Saturn, the relationships of which are still preserved in masonic symbolism.
21. Ovason, David, *The Secret Architecture of Our Nation's Capital: The Masons and the Building of Washington, DC*, HarperCollins Publishers, New York, 2000, p.290. Ovason is not the source of the significance of the number 72, but gives a good summary. For a more remote source that played a decisive role in Western hermeticism, see Agrippa, Henry Cornelius, *Three Books of Occult Philosophy*, trans. James Freake, ed. Donald Tyson, Llewellyn Publications, St. Paul, MN, 2000. Originally published in 1531, this seminal work is itself derivative but offers a convenient *terminus a quo*, along with the *Picatrix* and the *Zohar*, for Western occult studies.
 22. Calculated as decimals, the relationships mean little or nothing. But examined proportionally, as geometric relationships, they are suggestive from a variety of numerical perspectives, none of which can be explored here, beyond noting the numbers 2 and 3, which will figure in the word relationships analogous to cornerstones. The 48 syllables of the last two stanzas, doubled (or times 2) equal the number of syllables above, or 96. The lower number tripled (or times 48) equals 144.
 23. I acknowledge Jon Sewell, past master of Queen Anne Lodge No.242 in Seattle, Washington, and operative stonemason, for an informative discussion comparing the actual practice of stone and bricklaying with the symbolism of the speculative craft.
 24. For example, the oldest extant written record connecting or suggesting the connection between the operative and speculative craft is the manuscript known as the *Halliwell Poem*, dated 1390. Its existence and contents suggest remoter origins, giving some credence to the loosely or anachronistically composed data in the legends, all inextricably confused by oral transmission in pre-literate ages, across language barriers and in slow-moving currents of the rivers of linguistic drift. Although the origins of Freemasonry – at least the elements that eventually came together to form it – are likely more remote than the *Halliwell Poem*, the questions of "how much credence to give the data" and "how far back to go" continually elude, tease or tempt researchers.
 25. From the Grand Lodge of British Columbia's website (see note 6, above) we find succinct details about this connection: 'Giacomo da Vignola, (b. 01/10/1507, d. 07/07/1573), a theoretical and practical architect of the Transition Period between the Renaissance and Baroque styles, was the pupil and successor of Michelangelo. Born Giacomo Barozzi, in 1550 he was made papal architect by Pope Julius III. His *The Five Orders of Architecture* (1563; trans. 1889), became a standard work on the subject and was translated into many languages. Based upon the work of Marcus Vitruvius Pollio (fl. 1st century C.E.), it undertook to formulate definite and minute rules for proportioning the classical orders appearing in the buildings of the Romans. This work, which has been in continuous use, has been scrupulously adhered to by many as an almost inviolable authority.' To this we must add the theory of David Stevenson, who asserts that it was Robert Shaw, Master of the Works for James I, who began incorporating the hermetic, esoteric, Rosicrucian and cabbalistic features into stonemasons' guilds in Scotland in the last decade of the sixteenth century. See Stevenson, David, *The Origins of Freemasonry: Scotland's Century (1590-1710)*, Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1988.
 26. For Osiris, see Budge, E.A. Wallis, *Osiris & the Egyptian Resurrection*, Vol.1, Dover Publications, Inc., New York, 1973, pp.5-6. For the theme of foundational sacrifice, see Brewster, Paul G, "The Foundation Sacrifice Motif in Legend, Folksong, Game, and Dance", *Zeitschriftfur Ethnologie*, No.96, 1971, pp.71-89.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON 2004

The Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon 2004 was held on Wednesday 7 May at the Royal Over-Seas League, London. The Guest Speaker was Sir Christopher Bland. At his table were Lady Jennie Bland, Sir George Engle (President of the Kipling Society), Lady Engle, Lt Col R.C. Ayers (our Chairman), Mrs Lesley Ayers, Mr John Crookshank and Mr John Radcliffe (the Deputy Chairman).

Apologies were received from some members who were unfortunately unable to attend: Sir Colin & Lady Imray, Chairman of the Royal Over-Seas League, Michael and Audrey Smith, George and Jo Webb, Mr Edward Maggs, Major and Mrs Holt, Mr Charles Allen and Mr Geoffrey Siphrop.

Once again the occasion was a great success and was attended by some 91 guests including:

Brig R.J. Baddeley, Mrs S.M. Baddeley, Mr H.D. Balls, Mrs H.A. Barton, Mr Clive Bettington, Mrs G.J. Bolt, Mr B.J. Bolt, Dr T.F. Brechley, Professor D.H.V. Brogan, Dr M.G. Brock, Mrs E.H. Brock, Captain J.C. Browning, Mrs J.D. Browning, Professor P.W. Campbell, Mr Brendan Casey, Mr D.A. Clare, Mr S.J. Clayton, Mrs J.W. Clayton, F.M. Sir John Chappie, Lady Chappie, Dr N.K. Cooper, Major A.T. Condy, Mrs E.E. Condy, Mrs S. Couchman, Mr M.H. Couchman, Mr B.M.D. Elliot, Ms B. Fisher, Mr P.G.S. Hall, Miss A.G. Harcombe, Dr T.A. Heathcote, Mrs M.M. Heathcote, Dr Rosa Henderson, Miss J.C. Hett, Mr T. James, Mrs V.E. James, Mrs K.M. James, Mr E. James, Mr B.G. Kappler, Mrs Jane Kesar, Mr S.D.J. Kesar, Mrs C.A. Key, Mr W.H.B. Key, Mr I. King, Mrs S. King, Mrs J.M. Lewins, Dr J.D. Lewins, Mr P.H.T. Lewis, Miss E.B.W. Luke, Mr C.R.W. Mitchell, Mrs J.A. Mitchell, Mrs H.H. Mills, Mr J. Money, Mr J.L. Morgan, Mrs M. Morgan, Mr F.E. Noah, Sir Derek Oulton, Mr David Page, Mr R.G. Pettigrew, Mr G.C.G. Philo, Brig R.B.C. Plowden, Mrs Ruth Plowden, Mr G.F.C. Plowden, Mrs A. Plowden, Mr M.J. Powell, Mr O.H. Robinson, Mrs F. Robinson, Lord Sandberg, Mr C.M. Smith, Mrs T.M. Smith, Col Gordon Spate, Mrs Pamela Spate, Ms P. Solomon, Mr John Slater, Mrs Elizabeth Travis, Mr Harry Travis, Dr Alan Underwood, Mr David Vermont, Mr S.D. Wade, Mrs F.M. Wade, Sir Gerald Warner, Lady Catherine Warner, Mr G.L. Wallace, Dr L.J. Weaver.

CHAIRMAN'S WELCOME

The Chairman, Lt Col Roger Ayers bid everyone a warm welcome and mentioned those who had sent their apologies. He went on to say "I also regret that George and Jo Webb cannot be with us, particularly since the Society is positively flourishing in promoting the works of Rudyard Kipling, with the *Kipling Journal*, the Website, an ever expanding New Readers' Guide and our meetings; the most recent of which dealt with the previously unpublished "Stalky" story, which figured in the March Journal.

I am sure that all those responsible for the current success of these enterprises will join with me in recognising that the solid basis for our work today was laid down by the years of George's expert editing of the *Journal* and his initiative in proposing the revision of the old Readers' Guide. Our thanks and best wishes go to both George and Jo."

GRACE, BY JANE KESKAR

The Grace is from "The Choice" by Rudyard Kipling.

*To the God in Man displayed—
Where 'er we see that Birth,
Be love and understanding paid
As never yet on earth!*

*To the Spirit that moves in Man,
On Whom all worlds depend,
Be Glory since our world began
And service to the end!*

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

GUEST OF HONOUR

Our Guest of Honour, Sir Christopher Bland, is Chairman of BT. He was Chairman of the BBC Board of Governors between April 1996 and September 2001, and became Chairman of BT on May 1, 2001. He is also Chairman and major shareholder in Leith's School of Food & Wine, Canongate Publishing and a senior advisor to Warburg Pincus.

He was born in Japan on 29 May 1938 and was educated at Sedbergh School, Yorkshire and Queen's College, Oxford, where he gained a degree in modern history; he was made an Honorary Fellow in 2001. He captained both the Oxford University Fencing Team and Modern Pentathlon Team. In 1960 he was a member of the Irish Olympic Fencing Team.

He is keen on health issues, and was Chairman Hammersmith Hospitals NHS Trust from 1982 to 1997. He was knighted for his work in the NHS in 1993. Sir Christopher has chaired the Private Finance Panel and been a member of the Prime Minister's Advisory Panel on the Citizen's Charter.

TEXT OF SIR CHRISTOPHER BLAND'S ADDRESS

I stand before you, I confess, somewhat ill-at-ease. It is a sensible rule in life never to hold forth to an audience that knows more about your subject than you do. Today I am breaking that rule. I did toy with the idea of resuscitating my address to the annual dinner of the Trollope Society in 1999 (as you will observe, I have broken this sensible rule on a previous occasion), and giving you that. There's not too much overlap in the membership, and Trollope and Ireland is a perfectly agreeable subject for a lunch-time audience. Unless, as John Crookshank pointed out – he is responsible for inviting me, if later you require a scapegoat – unless the audience is expecting Kipling. So Kipling it is.

Enough self-deprecation. You will be relieved to learn that I have some qualifications for speaking to you – beyond, that is, accepting the original invitation after an all-too-good Regimental Dinner. My personal Kipling links are tenuous – some might say Pooterish – but here they are regardless. The father of Kipling's first love, Florence Garrard, served in the 5th (Princess Charlotte of Wales') Dragoon Guards, as did, somewhat later, John Crookshank and I. I am a member of Kipling's favourite clubs, Grillions and The Beefsteak. And Sir Henry MacMahon, K.C.I.E., one of the heaven-born, once offered to take the bumptious young Kipling outside the Club in Lahore and give him a good thrashing – and Sir Henry married my great-great-aunt May Bland. Bland-Sutton, Kipling's somewhat eccentric surgeon, (when asked his favourite operation, he allegedly replied "circumcision"), was, I am happy to say, no relation.

It is perhaps more relevant that I am a child of Empire; mother born in India while my grandfather was serving there as a sergeant in the Leicestershire Regiment, father a lifetime Shell itinerant, in Japan, where I was born, Canada, the West Indies and Kenya. My uncle, who brought me and my brother up in Northern Ireland during most school holidays, (he had six children of his own, so he barely noticed the over-age), was a Colonel in The Kings Own Bengal Sappers and Miners. He had shot the two tigers on the floor of his hall, played polo for his regiment, had trekked for six weeks in Sikkim before that became a hippy trail, and planned and organised the crossing of the Indus by the Indian Cavalry Brigade in 1936, a feat only previously attempted by Alexander the Great. And I did once hear him refer to a disreputable acquaintance as "not quite sixteen annas to the rupee".

I should state emphatically that my Northern Ireland upbringing was a far cry from the horrors of the House of Desolation and "Baa Baa, Black Sheep". But I experienced what I imagine several of you who are over fifty will have experienced, the peculiar – peculiar

because it was taken for granted – separation from my parents for long periods. The older you are, the longer it will have been. Two summer holidays together in three years was the Shell policy, and Shell was an enlightened employer. Punch and Judy had, you will remember, a not unusual five year separation. Today's Imperial children, if there are any left, no doubt get flown out for every half term.

So how did I come across Kipling? The handsome library in my Ulster uncle's house consisted largely of 17th and 18th Century books – sermons by obscure Irish divines, treatises on the Irish land question, Griffith's *Valuations*, Nimmo's *Bogs of Ireland*, none of them calculated to make the blood of an eleven-year-old run faster. The books in the rest of the house had been abandoned, and for good reason, by house guests. The only contemporary literature consisted of Burke's *Irish Landed Gentry*, *The Foxhound Stud Book*, bound editions of *Punch* from 1880 to 1939, and *The Man-eating Leopard of Rudraprayag* by Jim Corbett.

And Kipling. The collected works, in that unforgettable pocket edition published in red leather by Macmillan with the elephant, Lockwood Kipling's Ganesha, and the swastika on the cover. It was a heady and exotic diet for an eleven-year-old. I'd finished them – most, but not all, as there were some that I thought better left till later – by the time I was thirteen. And I have returned to my favourites – '*Captains Courageous*', *Kim* and *Plain Tales from the Hills* in particular – many times since. So my grounding is thorough, if dated. It is also unscholarly, which on the whole I take to be a boast. No don has ever set me a Kipling essay, and I have avoided the dead hand of literary criticism like the plague. That attitude I share with Kipling, who in one story writes, with evident distaste, about critics speaking of "tones" and "notes" and "lights" and "shades" and "tendencies" in the narrator's works. The Kipling described by Harry Ricketts 'as scholastically inventive and metafictionally teasing as Borges or Eco' is not my Kipling.

I chose my subject partly because I feel I am one of Kipling's children, partly because I suspect that several of you might feel the same. It is, of course, a conveniently discrete, if multi-faceted subject. Kipling was a masterly writer about children, children of distinct and recognisable types – the Child Abandoned, the Child of Nature, the Child Obnoxious, the Child Heroic. He was a wonderful writer for children. And understanding Kipling's affection for Josephine, Elsie and John is essential to a proper understanding of Rudyard Kipling as a man and as a writer.

First, the Child Abandoned. "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" is one of the most desolate stories of childhood in English literature. The contrast between the innocent joy of Indian childhood, a world in which Papa

and Mama 'knew everything, permitted everything and loved everybody' with the chilly horrors of Downe Lodge, the House of Desolation and the 'dry chapped lips' of Antirosa makes us understand why Punch and Judy's 'grief, while it lasted, was without remedy'. The sadistic treatment of the Black Sheep by Harry and Auntie Rosa is unrelenting. Punch is bullied, beaten and half-blind; the reader can't help wishing that Punch's attempt to knife Harry and strangle Antirosa had succeeded. Rescue finally comes – but Kipling in his last sentence, reminds us that 'when young lips have drunk deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion and Despair, all the Love in the world will not wholly take away that knowledge'. Paradise, once lost, is never totally regained.

The Child of Nature is an altogether more cheerful subject. From the moment we meet Kim 'in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammah', avoiding 'missionaries and white men of serious aspect', moving from a loin cloth to 'a horrible stuff suit that rasped his arms and legs', and then to a Delhi embroidered waistcoat, milky white shirt, green pyjamas, russia-leather slippers, and a .45 revolver, and back to a loin cloth again, we play the Great Game and the Jewel Game; we feel 'the caress of soft mud squishing up between the toes' and our mouth waters 'for rice speckled with strong-scented cardamoms, for the saffron tinted rice, garlic and onions, and the forbidden greasy sweetmeats of the bazaars'. We take on the mantle of Mahbub Ali, and register in the books of the Indian Survey Department as, say, C25.1.C or D. We follow the path of pilgrimage, 'the rutted and worn country road that wound across the flat between the great dark-green mango groves, the line of the snow-capped Himalayas faint to the eastward', and the Grand Trunk Road 'such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world'. We observe 'all India at work in the fields, to the creaking of well-wheels, the shouting of ploughmen behind their cattle, and the clamour of the crows', see 'all the rich Punjab lay out in the splendour of the keen sun,' and watch as 'golden, rose, saffron and pink, the morning mists smoked away across the flat green levels'. And we become Kim – knowing, silver-tongued, innocent, flattering, eager, curious Kim, who epitomises in his mixed parentage and openness to all religions that which Kipling most admired in the Indian fusion of East and West. The lama and Kim discover the River of the Arrow and its gift of freedom and enlightenment, and the reader, for a moment or two at least, feels he has discovered the River too.

The Child Obnoxious is a complete contrast. From the moment we meet Harvey Cheyne, with his 'pasty yellow complexion', his 'mixture of irresolution, bravado, and very cheap smartness', his 'cherry-coloured blazer, knickerbockers, red stockings and bicycle shoes', we are

encouraged to dislike him heartily and to believe him beyond redemption. Harvey's transformation by Disko and Dan Troop into the well-set-up fisher youth who looks at his rediscovered father with 'eyes steady, clear and unflinching', who speaks 'in a tone distinctly, even startlingly, respectful' is improbable but convincing. It is Kipling's descriptions of life on a Banks schooner in fog and in fine weather that help to convince us, as it convinced Harvey, who, on the return journey to Gloucester, 'began to comprehend and enjoy the dry chorus of wave-tops turning over with a sound of incessant tearing; the hurry of the winds working across open spaces and herding the purple-blue cloud shadows; the splendid upheaval of the red sunrise; the folding and packing away of the morning mists, wall after wall withdrawn across the white floors; the salty glare and blaze of noon; the kiss of rain falling over thousands of dead, flat square miles; the chilly blackening of everything at the day's end'. Most of us have met a child or two that we would cheerfully have sent off for a four month spell on the *We're Here* in the belief that nature and Disko Troop could change most Harveys for the better.

The Child Heroic, although Kim and Mowgli qualify, is Stalky. At eleven I was an unqualified admirer; I longed to be Stalky. And although you are no doubt too polite to ask, the answer is that I was an Anglo-Irish swot – midway between McTurk and Beetle, without glasses, but with braces on my teeth instead. I respect Stalky's skill at outwitting authority, his enthusiasm for the works of Surtees, and his uneasiness at excessive displays of patriotic zeal. His admiration for the Headmaster's skill with the cane and readiness to use it is something it is harder to share. And the big question I ask myself about Stalky is, would I like to have been commanded by him in war? He would undoubtedly have won the D.S.O.; that he might have got me, and himself, killed in the process is a matter of some personal, if ignoble, concern. I distinguish between Stalky and Dunsterville, as the latter didn't win the D.S.O., and had the sense to withdraw *Dunsterforce* when faced by an overwhelming opponent.

Kipling not only wrote wonderfully well about children, he is one of the world's finest writers for children. The *Just So Stories* and *The Jungle Books* in particular, books that have never been out of print and are available in almost every language, have a resilient appeal that continues to override the dictates of childish or adult fashion. Above all, they pass the critical litmus test for all great books for children – they can be read aloud with pleasure for the listener and reader in equal measure. Who here hasn't rolled his tongue over the sonorous allitera-

tions of 'the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo River'? Who here doesn't still prefer Kipling's explanation of "How the Rhinoceros got his Skin" to the more conventional Darwinian version? Who here hasn't learnt most of what he knows about the habits of the mongoose and the cobra from the pages of "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi"? Who here hasn't been pleasantly surprised by the reception given to Mowgli, Baloo, Bagheera and Kaa by a generation gorged on Harry Potter videos?

The Jungle Book was written in 1894, before the first of the tragedies that twice devastated the Kipling family. Their daughter Josephine died in 1899 at the age of six; in 1915, sixteen years later, their son John was killed in the battle of Loos aged 18.

Of Josephine's death Kipling's father wrote 'poor Rud told his mother how he saw Josephine when a door opened, when a space was vacant at table – coming out of every green dark corner of the garden – radiant and heart-breaking'.

His son John became, largely through Kipling's influence with Lord Roberts, the most unlikely of Irish Guardsmen. 5 feet 6 1/2 inches tall, his eyesight was terrible; he had difficulty making out the second line of a standard eye chart. His last words to his mother were 'Send my love to Daddo.' John was first reported missing, and for almost two years the Kiplings lived in hope; his body was never found.

Kipling's outward reaction to both tragedies, and particularly to John's death, was one of agonised reserve. In a letter to Dunsterville he wrote 'It was a short life. I'm sorry that all the years' work ended in that one afternoon but ... it's something to have bred a man'. It is not surprising that, in Elliot Gilbert's words, 'the emotional anaesthesia of the post-war Kipling approached the pathological'. He was, in public at least, a man condemned to live out his own mythology.

Private anguish lay beneath that public stoicism, as is evident in the haunting lines of "My Boy Jack",

"Have you heard news of my boy Jack?"

Not this tide.

"When d'you think that he'll come back?"

Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

And Kipling's anger and guilt show in one of his "Epitaphs of the War,"

If any question why we died,
Tell them, because our fathers lied.

His subsequent history of *The Irish Guards in the Great War* and his membership of the Imperial War Graves Commission, (Known Unto

God was Kipling's choice of epitaph to the unknown dead) were both acts of expiation.

The private Kipling is revealed as vulnerable and affectionate, in total contrast to the public stoic. He wrote over 200 letters to Elsie and John between 1906 and 1915; letters that are whimsical, informative, amusingly illustrated, endearing. Predictably they are full of fairly humorous advice, 'Never stop a motor bus with your foot. It is not a croquet ball.' 'Do not attempt to take pictures off the wall of the National Gallery. You will be noticed if you do.' And to John, later and in vain, 'don't forget the beauty of rabbit netting against hand-grenades.' Throughout the letters Kipling's affection for his "Beloved Kids" is undisguised, even by the occasional 'Dear Old Man' and 'Ever the Pater'. For a father of that generation to write, as Kipling did to John, 'need I tell you how much I love you, or how proud I am of you' was remarkable and revealing.

In conclusion, I believe that Kipling's Children - the children he wrote about, the children he wrote for, the children that were his own - help us to understand him better as a man and as a writer. Malcolm Muggeridge described Kipling as 'a strange, sometimes absurd, but still inspired babbler of the truth whose genius was so spontaneous as to be child-like.' Kipling's 'intuitive understanding of the deep contradictions of childhood' , in Elliott Gilbert's words, is unique, and arguably more important, and certainly more enduring, than his idea of Empire. That understanding was sharpened by personal suffering and family tragedy - the early separation from his parents and the death of two of his children.

'But who shall return us the children' is the refrain to one of Kipling's most moving poems. Perhaps 'returning us the children' is a good description of one aspect of the unfading genius of Rudyard Kipling, the toast which I am proud to have been asked to propose today,

The unfading genius of Rudyard Kipling.

**VOICE OF THANKS BY THE SOCIETY'S PRESIDENT
SIR GEORGE ENGLE**

In thanking Sir Christopher Sir George said that it was good to hear Our Man spoken of with so much understanding and real affection. He felt that Sir Christopher had shown *himself* to be one of "Kipling's children". Referring to our speaker's remarkable C.V., he said it brought to mind Dryden's description of one of his characters as —

A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

At this Sir Christopher, to everyone's amusement, chimed in with the next two lines —

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.

'Ah', said Sir George, 'you have made me turn left, where I meant to go right!'

He then mentioned what he said was his favourite image of Kipling – the photograph of him on board ship, telling a story to half a dozen small children sitting round him on the deck, with himself sitting on the deck at their level. As Elliot Gilbert had memorably said of him in his introduction to "*O Beloved Kids*" (his collected letters to his children), he had 'an ability to think simultaneously like a grown-up and like a child' and had brought up his young son and daughter with 'imagination, tenderness, comic exuberance, deep affection and the lightest possible touch.'

In conclusion Sir George thanked Sir Christopher on behalf of everyone present for his extremely interesting and enjoyable talk.

(Continued from p. 4)

FOOT

Take the Towns and the Tents will take care of themselves.

Spare the solitary horseman on the skyline, he is bound to be a Britisher.

Abandoned Women and Abandoned Kopjes are best left alone.

Raise your hat to the Boer—and you'll get shot.

GUNS

The Dead Gunner laughed at the Pom-Pom.

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THE RIVER AND THE ROAD

FASHIONS IN FORGIVENESS

By CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK

[Mrs Park retired in 1994 from full-time teaching at Williams College, but still goes back there to teach from time to time. She earned her B.A. magna cum laude at Radcliffe College in 1944 and her M.A. in 1948 at the University of Michigan. She has published frequently in *The Hudson Review* ("Artist of Empire: Kipling and *Kim*" in Winter 2003 being the most recent), and in *The American Scholar*. Some of those essays, including one on teaching great books, have been collected under the title *Rejoining the Common Reader*. Her current research is focused on the literature of British India, with particular reference to Rudyard Kipling, R.K. Narayan, and Salman Rushdie.

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When Lionel Trilling collected the essays that became *The Liberal Imagination*, was it chance or subliminal recognition of affinity that caused him to place his discussions of *Huckleberry Finn* and of Kipling side by side? Five years separated the essays – that on Kipling written in 1943, in response to the then recent essays by Edmund Wilson and T. S. Eliot ('critical attention . . . friendlier and more interesting than any he has received for a long time'), that on *Huckleberry Finn* in 1948. No interior references united them. If Trilling remembered *Kim* (Kipling's 'best book' he'd called it in a long and appreciative paragraph) when he identified *Huck Finn* as a 'picaresque novel, or novel of the road' and quoted Pascal's 'rivers are roads that move,' he did not say so.

Kim, of course, is also about a road, a road that one of its own characters compares to a river. And on that road journey a boy and a man, separated by race and culture, bonded by love. The end of that journey, too, is problematic, a betrayal, Wilson had called it, of the complex relationship that made the book so much more than a boy's adventure story. No wonder that Christopher Clausen, writing in the *Chronicle of Higher Education*, remarks that 'a persuasive case can be made for studying' the two novels 'together, rather than as the products of two presumably discrete traditions.'

Yet far from being studied together, the novels have only rarely and fleetingly been associated. Eliot, though he wrote important essays on both books, did not link them. *Huckleberry Finn* had been around for forty-eight years, *Kim* for over thirty, before anyone noticed in print that the novels might have something in common. An occasional critic, in an isolated phrase, might suggest a connection between their authors. William Lyon Phelps in 1910 had seen in Kipling a debt to Twain's

'deliberate, enormous hyperbole'; in 1926 Brander Matthews recalled *Tom Sawyer* as he wrote of a book in which 'Kipling recovers the days of his youth.' But Phelps was thinking of Kipling's farcical "Brugglesmith," Matthews of the schoolboys of *Stalky and Co.* Kim and Huck remained unmentioned. It was not until 1932 that Bernard De Voto dropped into his polemic with Van Wyck Brooks a first notice of *Huck's* affinity with *Kim*. He accorded it a full sentence. *Huckleberry Finn* 'is the story of a wandering — so provocative a symbol that it moved Rudyard Kipling to discover another sagacious boy beneath a cannon and conduct him down an endless road' — 'an enterprise,' he added, 'that fell enormously short of its model.'

Seventeen years later the English critic J. M. F. Tompkins devoted three searching pages of a book on Kipling's art to these two 'picaresque narratives, with boys as travellers, sweeping in the characteristic scenes and figures, opinions and superstitions of a particular society at a particular time.' I know of no more extensive treatment. [I've since found Harold Bloom's 6-page introduction to his Chelsea edition of *Kim*. He examines *Kim* and *Huckleberry Finn* at some length, though with emphasis on aesthetic matters rather than the problematics of plot/character]. Though comparisons have recently begun to proliferate as interest in the literature of colonialism mounts, they are confined to partial sentences and glancing suggestions. Kim and Huck are alike in 'trying to evade the clamp of civilization,' notes Irving Howe. To Daniel Bivona the lama's river suggests a Heraclitean Mississippi. S. P. Mohanty finds Kim's relationship with the lama 'culturally vacuous' compared with Huck's with Jim, though both boys learn 'to value the hardships of an unsheltered life over the privileges of "sivilization." In his extensive discussion of *Kim*, Edward Said, tracing the genealogy of novels that celebrate 'the friendship of two men in a difficult, and sometimes hostile, environment,' remarks parenthetically that '*Huckleberry Finn*, *Moby Dick*, and *The Deer slayer* come quickly to mind' but leaves it at that. All of these are in contexts where Kipling, not Twain, is the focus of attention. Although in the astonishing volume of critical writing on *Huckleberry Finn* there must somewhere be a reference after De Voto's, I have not found it.

Today, with *Huck Finn* present, or controversially absent, in every American high school, and scarcely a book in the exploding number of studies of imperialism, colonial literatures, and 'orientalism' that leaves *Kim* undiscussed, it seems not only time to make the connection but extraordinary that anyone could have overlooked it. Clausen explains this by 'the continuing power of cultural nationalism,' the rigid division of English-department curricula between American and British literature that 'tend[s] to define the specialties of literary scholars.' He is

certainly right, as my meagre American harvest shows. But there are other reasons, less parochial – or parochial in a different way.

The thing is, Kipling simply isn't as *important* as Twain. In academic language, *Kim* isn't in anybody's canon. Comparability here is not a function of theme, of treatment, of authorly preoccupations, of imaginative power, of readerly pleasure or admiration; it is a function of status.

Though academics confer status, the status of *Huckleberry Finn* is more than academic. The very day that Twain began it is 'momentous in the history of American literature.' It is not only 'the great American novel,' wrote Phelps, 'it is America.' Mencken went further: it is 'perhaps the greatest novel ever written in English.' And there's Hemingway's judgment, endlessly quoted: 'All modern American literature comes from one book called *Huckleberry Finn*. . . . There was nothing before. There has been nothing as good since.' In the words of a popular literary pundit of the forties, Clifton Fadiman, Mark Twain is 'our Chaucer, our Homer, our Dante, our Virgil.' In forty more years, a *Washington Post* editorialist would call *Huck Finn* 'the Sistine Chapel of our civilization.'

American or English, academic or common reader, no one talks like that about *Kim*. Something deeper than academic compartmentalization underlies such torrid pronouncements. The rhetoric of cultural nationalism is the rhetoric of national need. As once they needed epics, national literatures now need great originary novels. American literature needs *Huck Finn* as British literature does not and cannot need *Kim*. 'The great British novel' – the absurdity of the phrase bespeaks the disparity of the cultural need between a young nation and an old one that takes its status for granted.

Yet even if the British had yearned for the coming of a great novel, one that should profoundly tell them who they imagined themselves to be, it could not have been *Kim*. An adolescent America might recognize its mythical self-image in a book for boys, telling the story of a boy's escape from "sivilization." England could not. *Huckleberry Finn* could be felt as central to American experience, psychologically, thematically, even geographically. To English experience, *Kim* could only be peripheral; part of its charm was that in each of these ways it was as far from England as could be imagined. It was not even, as *A Passage to India* would be, about the English in India. Its few British characters, though they have their importance to the plot, are as alien to the book's emotional centre as the Widow and Aunt Sally are to Huck's relationship with Jim. *Kim* is overwhelmingly a novel about India – "The Finest Story about India," N. C. Chaudhuri called it in 1957, ten years after independence, and when he added " – in English" to the title of his essay, it was a statement, not a qualification. But there was a greater obstacle than genre or locale to according *Kim* a status that could invite,

or even admit, comparison with Twain's novel. By mid-century, what Trilling called Kipling's 'mindless imperialism' had become notorious. Kipling had won the Nobel Prize in 1907, but in the years in which *Huckleberry Finn* was becoming America's Sistine Chapel – and India was struggling toward independence – his reputation steadily sank. Auden might write in 1938 that Time that 'worships language' had pardoned 'Kipling and his views' – pardoned him 'for writing well.' But Time was in no such hurry to absolve. Through the thirties, the forties, the fifties, the sixties, Kipling's reputation resisted rehabilitation with extraordinary tenacity. And not only rehabilitation it resisted any attempt to take his work seriously. Auden tried. Edmund Wilson tried. T. S. Eliot tried. Lionel Trilling tried. Randall Jarrell tried. To no avail. Kipling had written well enough to burn "The White Man's Burden" into the English-speaking memory, and for three generations that phrase was beyond pardon. However deeply – or finely – *Kim* might be about India, it was wholly at home with empire. Certainly the imperial voice was less strident in this novel, conceived in Vermont and completed in England, than in earlier stories by Kipling. Yet it was still audible, and that was enough. A book wholly at home with empire could not be a great novel.

Time passes, however. Trilling might write in 1943 that 'Indians naturally have no patience with Kipling,' but it is Indians, former Indians, and others whose anti-imperialist credentials are impeccable who now take Kipling very seriously indeed. Not only Chaudhuri but Sara Suleri, S.P. Mohanty, Zohreh T. Sullivan, K.R.S. Iyengar, V.A. Shahane, Salman Rushdie, and Edward Said are ready to examine, to challenge, to praise, even, in varying degrees, to pardon. *Kim*, like *Huckleberry Finn*, has never been out of print. But in the last ten years it has become available in paperback in Twentieth Century Classics (Penguin), The World Classics (Oxford), and Bantam publications – a Norton Critical Edition inches toward publication. An irresistible comparison need no longer be resisted.

Kipling and Twain, after all, were not merely contemporaries. They were profoundly aware of each other – acquaintances and mutual admirers long before 1907, when Lord Curzon conferred on each of them Oxford's honorary degree. Kipling was a schoolboy in England when he read Tom Sawyer's adventures. In 1888, at twenty-two he was quoting *Huckleberry Finn* from memory, though he'd been six years in India and the book had been published only three years before. In 1889 he would return to England via San Francisco, whence he would make his way to Elmira, New York, to seek out 'this man I had learned to love and admire fourteen thousand miles away.' Naturally Twain had never heard of the young unknown; Kipling's stories had not yet

appeared outside India. Yet the meeting was memorable for both. Kipling sent a reverential account of it to his Indian newspaper; years later, Twain would record his memory of it in his autobiography.

Inside a year Kipling was unknown no longer. Already in 1890 Twain was reading 'my splendid Kipling,' and writing a friend that his stories, 'plenty good enough on a first reading,' were even better on a second. By 1895 the two most famous – and most popular – authors in the world were on familiar enough terms for Twain, with typical brio to alert Kipling to his upcoming India trip; he would arrive 'riding my ayah with his tusks adorned with silver bells and ribbons and escorted by a troop of native howdahs richly clad and mounted upon a herd of wild bungalows.' Letters and occasional visits kept up the friendship. In 1903, when F. N. Doubleday told Twain that Kipling had called him 'the great and godlike Clemens,' his response was that he 'would rather see [Kipling] than any other man.'

It's no wonder they found each other congenial. I cannot think of two writers in English who had more reasons to understand each other. Both had begun as ink-stained working journalists. Both became popular almost as soon as they began to publish – immensely, internationally and (it now seems) permanently. Both were geographical and cultural outsiders: Kipling formed by India, where he was born, to which he returned for his most formative years; Twain a raucous voice from far beyond the Hudson. They were academic outsiders as well. Twain was out of school and earning his living at thirteen, Kipling at sixteen, and both kept from that experience a lifelong commitment to "the day's work" and the kind of people that performed it. Both had an extraordinary ear for hearing and a talent for rendering their various voices, 'not,' as Twain proudly explained in his introductory note to *Huckleberry Finn*, 'in a haphazard fashion, or by guess-work but painstakingly, and with the trustworthy guidance and support of personal familiarity with these several forms of speech.' Out of their working experience, too, came their respect for machines. 'Engines and screws,' Henry James regretfully called it – speaking of Kipling. Speaking of Twain, Van Wyck Brooks remarked that 'his enthusiasm for literature was as nothing beside his enthusiasm for machines,' and deplored his 'ingrained contempt for the creative life as against the life of sagacious action,' 'for the word as against the deed.'

One could make something of an anthology of such unrelated but virtually reversible critical dicta. 'The vernacular style . . . has been peculiarly useful in expressing a preoccupation with process, with the way things are done,' noted Leo Marx. He was talking about Twain – he could have said the same of Kipling. Reversible, too, is his acute comment on 'the chief defect of the vernacular mode – its unremitting

anti-intellectualism.' When intellect counterattacks, it is on similar grounds. Thus Brooks complains that about philosophy or history 'one would say that Mark Twain had never thought at all,' while Noel Annan must defend Kipling from the often-made 'charge that he has no mind.' Kipling, too, is called, as Brooks called Twain, 'a victim of arrested development.' When the same things are said less pejoratively, they are equally reversible. For De Voto, Twain was an artist who preferred 'experience to metaphysical abstractions and the thing to its symbol.' For T. S. Eliot, Kipling was 'an intuitive rather than an intellectual,' his mind not 'gifted for abstract thought.'

Out of such affinities grew two extraordinary novels, each described by successive critics as the only successful novel its author achieved – his masterpiece, his one great book. Like their authors, the books generate reversible judgments, arising from one, equally applicable to the other. When Trilling speaks of a novel, part of whose greatness 'is that it succeeds as a boys' book,' which read at ten 'and then annually thereafter' is each year 'as fresh as the year before, . . . changed only in growing somewhat larger,' he is of course talking about *Huck Finn*. But when he tells us that 'to a middle-class boy he gave a literary sanction for the admiration of the illiterate and shiftless part of humanity,' he is talking about Kipling, about *Kim*. It hardly seems to matter which book is called "idyllic" or "pastoral," the adjectives are so frequent, or which is praised for its command of vernacular voices. So, too, with "episodic" and "picaresque." And these are only the most obvious of the parallels.

Such similarities might seem to suggest direct influence. Twain himself saw none, though he read *Kim* every year and admired it as much as he admired Kipling, whose 'name and . . . words stir me more than any other living man's.' He thought it 'worth the journey to India to qualify myself to read *Kim* understandingly and to realize how great a book it is.' Yet this tribute, written five years after *Kim*'s publication and four years before Twain's death, contains no suggestion that *Kim* brought Huck to mind. And Kipling, so much younger, so much aware of himself as a writer? Did he recognize between river and road, between Huck and *Kim*, between Jim and Teshoo Lama, a kinship he might gracefully have acknowledged? I doubt it. For among the similarities are entwined such differences as might well overwhelm conscious or unconscious recognition of affinity, differences that ensure that each book remains triumphantly itself.

That both Twain and Kipling wrote children's books that adults continue to explore is a similarity at once obvious and deep. The ability – and the need – to access the far shore of childhood, to re-enter and to actualise a remembered Eden, is central to the creation of these novels

as to no others I can name, and it is not children but adults to whom this return has meaning. *Huck* and *Kim* take their imaginative intensity from a boyhood to which their creators could return only in dreams. Prisoners of success – including successful marriages – and perhaps for that very reason, they kept intact their vision of a paradise both past and real. Twain did not take his wife or children back to Missouri; they lived grandly and expensively in New York and Connecticut, and later, less expensively but still grandly, in the grander cities of Europe. Kipling did not take his family to India though the Kiplings travelled widely and for years wintered in South Africa. Nor did he go back himself. Yet in the autobiography he wrote in his seventieth year, forty-four years after he had seen India for the last time, the idyll returns in a rush of remembrance: 'daybreak, light and colour and golden and purple fruits at the level of my shoulder,' visits to 'little Hindu temples where, being below the age of caste' he 'looked at the dimly-seen, friendly Gods' as he held a beloved Indian hand.

Huck's idyll is very different from Kim's, not least in its duration. 'It's lovely to live on a raft,' with 'everybody . . . satisfied' and 'feel [ing] right and kind toward the others,' but all told the loveliness lasts less than three weeks. As Huck and Jim drift naked down the river, their paradise is as temporary, and as isolated, as Eden itself. The incursions of a violent and unjust society shatter the dream of human fellowship, as the steamboat literally wrecks the raft. The raft will be recovered and repaired, but after that there will be only 'two or three days' more to slide along 'so quiet and smooth and lovely.' Once the Duke and the King come aboard, idyll gives place to boisterous farce, and paradise is lost for good.

Its perfection is *dependent* on its isolation, as Huck's state of innocence is dependent on his status as a moral and social outsider. To keep his integrity he must remain one; he does not and cannot. Twain advertised him on the title page as "Tom Sawyer's Comrade." Once back on shore, Tom's world and Tom's values claim him, and the moral idyll is forgotten. Huck may speak up, amusingly if feebly, for common sense against Tom's romantic tricks, but he doesn't speak up for Jim. To reclaim the innocence Twain has insouciantly forfeited, we must steadfastly misread Huck's famous lighting out for the territory. We must, and, out of the intensity of our need, most of us do, ignoring not only the hint that Huck will be only a little 'ahead of the others,' but the explicit witness of such sequels as *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, where Huck, returned to St. Petersburg, continues as Tom Sawyer's loyal subordinate and Jim is in blackface forever.

The idyll of Kim and Teshoo Lama, however, is hardy enough to last out the book. Their journeyings, though interrupted by Kim's "siv-

ilizing" stints in school (where, like Huck, he wears uncomfortable clothes but learns some useful things), cover three full years, in which Kim has time to grow as Huck cannot. And unlike Huck's and Jim's idyll, secure in an isolation in which 'nothing ever happened,' Kim's paradise is one of human bustle and noise and continuing event. Unlike the river, or the barely mentioned 'territory,' India *is peopled*, various and rich with human beings, their languages, religions, their social rules and assumptions. The Grand Trunk Road is 'as a river,' on which move 'all castes and kinds of men . . . Brahmins and chumars, bankers and tinkers, barbers and bunnias, pilgrims and potters—all the world coming and going,' as social as Huck's actual river is solitary. Kim swims in society. He, like Huck, is fatherless and motherless, socially marginal, even Irish. Yet he is the ultimate insider, at home everywhere and with everyone, the 'Little Friend of All the World.' Far from depending on isolation, his relationship with Teshoo Lama is social from the outset, beginning in a boy's social curiosity ('He is new') and continuing in a boy's expertise, the street smarts that mediate between the Holy One's spirituality and the rich practicalities of the world.

And the world in *Kim* is not violent but benign. In that respect Kipling's is far more a boy's book than Twain's, though in other ways it is far less so. To reread *Huckleberry Finn* as an adult is to experience a society so murderous that only selective memory – and the return of Tom Sawyer – can haze it into the eternal summer of Norman Rockwell boyhood. Huck's father nearly succeeds in killing him. Jim is in continual danger of death. We could list corpses, beginning with Pap's, but with the Grangerfords and Shepherdsons, we'd lose count, and Colonel Sherburn's point-blank shooting of the town drunk still to come. 'Human beings *can* be awful cruel to one another,' says Huck, oddly enough when the deaths are behind him and it's only a matter of tar and feathers. Yet even in the farcical ending, the lynch mob and the bullets are real.

Whereas in all of *Kim* there is not a single fatality. In Kipling's Eden as in Milton's, death, though alluded to, is suspended. Danger and risk are asserted rather than experienced, and the single act of violence, in which a brutal Russian knocks down the lama and tears his marvellous drawing of the Wheel of Life, would in Huck's harsh world hardly merit the telling. Kipling's earlier stories had been full of the murder and graphic mayhem that come easy to a young reporter – too full, protested Indian critics, to pretend to a realistic rendition of Indian life. Here he makes another choice. We may recognize reasons of genre – Victorian boys' books minimized or excluded outright violence – unless, of course, they were written by Mark Twain. But in *Kim* the exclusion has deeper roots. This was the beloved country of his childhood, the secure paradise of sensory awareness and human affection from which he'd been exiled

when, at five, his parents had left him without explanation in the chill English hell that he to the end of his life would call The House of Desolation. Not English but Hindustani was the vernacular of paradise, the language of songs and stories, of love. In paradise children had to be reminded to 'speak English now to Papa and Mama.' Writing *Kim* in the 'gloomy, windy English autumn,' Kipling 'had my Eastern sunlight.' Here he could regain all he'd lost and more, dreaming a world 'below the age of caste' in which a boy, white and yet not white, Indian and yet British, could recognize what Zohreh T. Sullivan calls 'the underground Indian child who is always unavoidably within him.' Kipling would find a plot that would allow that child to grow out of boyhood, able, by his mastery of language and disguise, to do what, if it had ever been possible, was possible no longer. Though *Kim* is now sixteen and a sahib, he can enter the temple as the child Ruddy could and find his lama there, and 'forgetting his white blood,' gladly make the Indian gesture of reverence, stooping to touch his Holy One's feet. 'That night he dreamed in Hindustani, with never an English word.' Even in imagination, Twain could secure no such fullness of return.

Kim is, as Edward Said points out, 'an overwhelmingly male novel' – another doubly applicable critical perception. Idylls written, if not only for boys still with boys in mind, are likely to be. De Voto invites another double application, noting that Twain 'could create women of only a certain age and class.' Yet crucial differences must qualify both judgments. Both Twain and Kipling are at home with older women, good cooks who can at need nurse back to health the sick or injured male. But the aunts and widows of *Huckleberry Finn* represent a "sivilization" not only misspelled but sentimentalised, a civilization (as De Voto notes) that excludes sex. It's a familiar picture. In age, the female is nurturing and prone to tears; in youth, if worthy of male attention, she is prone to tears, beautiful, and in need of male protection. Mary Jane Wilks is 'sweet and lovely' and makes Huck's heart swell up like to bust, but at nineteen she is no more to be apprehended sexually than Tom Sawyer's Becky Thatcher.

But as there's more violence in *Huck* than fits an idyll, there's more sex in *Kim* than fits a boys' book – certainly one published in 1901. Though the old woman from Kulu nurses *Kim* as Aunt Sally nurses the wounded Tom, her inventive curses and cheerful sexual innuendos are more likely to recall the Wife of Bath than any female in *Huckleberry Finn*. Huck's puppyish attachment to Mary Jane would touch Victorian readers and perhaps convince them; *Kim*'s expertise with helpful prostitutes made one contemporary reviewer wish for a 'cleaner' hero. And there is his encounter with the Woman of Shamlegh, up in the polyandrous hills. 'No common bearer of babes,' as she proudly tells *Kim*, this

masterful woman who gives the orders in her village and holds it directly from the Rajah makes Kim an offer inconceivable for Mary Jane. If he refuses, it is not because he does not understand its nature, though few of Kipling's child readers would have done so. Kim has known about sex 'since he could speak'; Huck, so familiar with violence, seems never to have heard of it.' [Those who pick up Kipling's carefully planted clues will recognize her as the touching "Lispeth," abandoned by her English lover in the story that opens *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and reflect that Kipling was capable at least once of representing the encounter of native and Englishman as devastating rather than benign.]

The confident, self-defined women of *Kim* are in need of no man's protection – or boy's. On the contrary, they control the episodes that contain them, and those episodes are crucial to the novel. *Huckleberry Finn* could do without Mary Jane, and one Aunt Sally is much like another. In contrast, the unsentimental realism with which Kipling treats his female characters allows us to take them seriously. (I know a traveller in the Himalayan foothills who not long ago received – and like Kim refused – just such an invitation in just such a place from just such a woman.) Because we can take them seriously, Kipling can use them for serious purposes. Women not only provide a protective setting for the novel's concluding episodes but contribute significantly to the defining of its major themes. The Woman of Shamlegh marks a significant stage on Kim's journey to maturity. Mary Jane can only cement Huck's eternal boyhood. She is merely another instalment in a novel Hemingway famously advised us not to finish, a novel whose author just as famously warned its readers that 'persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot.'

Kipling too called *Kim* 'picaresque and plotless'; he told his mother that 'what was good enough for Cervantes was good enough for him.' This looks at first like another reversible judgment, but the similarity dissolves on inspection. *Huckleberry Finn* is indeed a series of 'adventures,' as its title indicates. Sometimes they include Jim; more often he is absent or disastrously peripheral. Teshoo Lama appears in thirteen of *Kim's* fifteen chapters; he is never long out of Kim's consciousness or ours. Structurally, there is no doubt about what is the novel's centre: spatially, the Road (as Huck's River is not, however much we wish it to be); intellectually, psychologically, and humanly, the relationship of Kim and the lama, a relationship that guides the novel from its beginning to its tender and ambiguous end.

As Said has pointed out, *Kim* is both *bildungsroman* and quest story. For the lama, it is a quest for release from the Wheel of Being; for Kim a discovery – and creation – of his true identity. Who, what is Kim? By the novel's end, the road will have brought a resourceful boy to the threshold of effective manhood – in his own terms. The lama will – in

his own terms – have found his own River, the River of Lord Buddha's Arrow; he will have achieved salvation 'for himself and his beloved.' Kipling, having centred his novel on two antithetical figures, young and old, white and coloured, worldly and spiritual, can now use the two concluding episodes, each made possible by a woman, to bring their separate quests to a single close. At Shamlegh, the two seemingly irreconcilable plotlines coalesce. At Kulu they are brought to conclusion, a conclusion that at once ensures the novel's artistic coherence and challenges us with questions neither Kipling nor we can answer.

At Shamlegh, the Woman, though a bitter sceptic in matters of religion (readers who remember "Lispeth" will know why), will provide the necessary litter for the weakened lama and order her husbands to carry him to what will prove to be the end point of his quest. At Shamlegh, too, Kim's defense of the lama will enable his full entry into the Great Game as he takes possession of the maps of the Russian spies and throws their surveying instruments into bottomless space. In this climactic episode, he justifies the years of education that have converted a clever street urchin into an effective agent of British intelligence.

Though this is exactly the outcome we have found so difficult to pardon, in the novel's own terms – Said is unquestionably right on this – it is a triumph. "Sivilization" could promise Huck and Jim no such protective order as Kipling saw in his idealized British Raj, the Raj of bridges and railroads, engines and screws, the benign and active guarantor of an enlightened justice that should understand and respect the multiform beliefs and differences of the governed, their civilization, properly spelled – everything but their ability to govern themselves.

And yet, are the novel's terms so simple? In one of the verses Kipling liked to affix to his chapters, he – or is it Kim? – gives ecumenical thanks to God (for he knew quite well the meaning of 'Allah') 'who gave me two / Separate sides to my head.' Two sides. English and Indian. Game and quest, and a quest is not a game. In this *bildungsroman* in which (Said again) 'he has graduated from one brilliant success to another,' there is another kind of education for Kim, not complementary to, but radically at odds with, the first, a kind of education that puts the very concept of success in question. At Shamlegh, Kipling brings to its sharpest concentration the conflict that defines the novel.

Brilliantly double, the episode that is a triumph for Kim is for the lama a Dark Night of the Soul. The detour that has taken him back from the plains to his beloved hills – and Kim more deeply into the Game – has tempted him from his quest, back into the illusory world of desire and anger. At Shamlegh, the lama articulates most fully the Way he has tried to teach Kim and confronts its most difficult challenge. 'All the long night,' 'torn and wrenched beyond a thousand blows,' he traces

'the running grass-roots of evil.' Fifty years past, monk or no monk, the lama was a fighter. He still bears the scar. Now, though the Russian's blow 'was but a shadow on a shadow,' it struck with all the power of illusion. 'Evil in itself... it met evil in me, anger, rage, and lust to return evil.' More: returned to the hills, the old man had exulted, gloried in his endurance, 'desired strong slopes to climb.' The attack, the tearing of the sacred Wheel of Life 'was a sign to me, who am no better than a strayed yak, that my place is not here. . . "Back to the path," says the Blow. "The Hills are not for thee. Thou canst not choose Freedom and go in bondage to the delight of life.'" 'Just is the Wheel. . . Learn the lesson, *chela*' It is not the lesson of Kim's Western education.

Kim mutters what we may take as a Western response – or perhaps it is merely a natural one. It is certainly truthful. The lesson 'is too high for me... I am glad I hurt the man.' Reject force? Kim is a boy and boys are likely to return blow for blow. He is an agent of government – of imperial government – and governments do, perhaps must use force. Reject the world? The whole novel has celebrated the delight of life.

The diamond-bright dawn woke men and crows and bullocks together. Kim sat up and yawned, shook himself, and thrilled with delight. . . This was life as he would have it—bustling and shouting, the buckling of belts, and beating of bullocks and creaking of wheels, lighting of fires and cooking of food, and new sights at every turn of the approving eye.

Edmund Wilson's political reading of the East-West conflict in terms of the Indian independence movement seems transitory and shallow compared with the conflict between the lama's Way and Kim's.

We may see it as a conflict between Eastern quietism and Western activism, but that is too easy. Though Kipling invites such a reading he pushes us beyond such ready dichotomies. The West has its contemplatives, and not all of them are saints; there is nothing quieter than I Luck's and Jim's Mississippi idyll, where every incursion of the active world threatens danger or injustice, and usually both. And Kim's India is full of men of action (we need only consider Kim's alternative father figure, Mahbub Ali), all of them, in the lama's terms, deeply engrossed in the world, cheerfully and energetically bound on the Wheel.

Men of action, and women too. Like the lama, the Sahiba of Kulu is old. Kipling brought her in near the Road's beginning; here, at its end, he needs her again, and not only for his plot. Certainly she provides a haven for Kim, now ill and exhausted, and the failing lama. But more than any single character except Kim himself, she provides the thematic counterweight to the lama's rejection of the delight of life and the needs of the 'stupid body.' Her practicality, her vigorous enjoy-

ment, her good food, her healing potions and massage techniques of which, Kipling tells us, Europeans know nothing, carry a heavier weight than Aunt Sally's good grub and tearful care for the wounded Tom. Affirming in age what Kim's alert delight affirms in youth, they define the central conflict that pervades the novel and organizes it.

As Kim teasingly reminds his Holy One, those for whom the world is illusion must depend on the day's work of those for whom it is real. The lama's detachment requires 'a *chela* to prepare tea for him, and to fold a blanket for his head, and to chase out calving cows.' The Sahiba, with her raunchy jokes and her talkative preoccupation with grandchildren, is a persuasive voice for the tasks and pleasures of the ongoing, fertile world. Like the Rissaldar, the old soldier who jokes with the lama, 'the despiser of this world,' he who calls children 'stumbling blocks upon the Way' yet sings a nursery ditty to comfort a crying baby, she speaks for another kind of river than Lord Buddha's, what the narrator calls 'the broad smiling river of life.' That the lama finds his own river in her fields, that the novel ends in her compound, confirms and reaffirms its double pull.

But the strongest voice for the delight of life has been implicit throughout – not only the delight in the Road and its colour and variety, but the delight in another human being, the one attachment the lama cannot relinquish, his love for his *chela*. It is in this relationship that Kipling's Road differs most from Twain's River. Both, indeed, assert the Edenic possibility of affection in difference. And in both unlikely pairings, that love is a powerful educative instrument, as white boy learns from man of colour lessons their creators direct not only to the children for whom the books were ostensibly written but also to the adult world. 'Learn the lesson, *chela*.' In *Huckleberry Finn*, this is overwhelmingly a lesson of the heart. The "good heart" Twain gave Huck allows him to discover what clever, heedless Tom will never know. He learns from Jim that blacks love their families just as white folks do. He learns, though he will all too soon forget it, that folks who play humiliating tricks on friends who love them are trash. He learns that he'd go to hell to save Jim, although he doesn't learn why. And since Twain's irony calls upon adult readers to think things through, we learn from the paradisaical raft more than Huck can understand, or at least conceptualise, about the dehumanising of human beings.

Kim, too, has a good heart, but he swims in deeper waters. In *Huckleberry Finn* we know what is right and what is wrong, all the more clearly because a slave-owning society has reversed those terms in the name of Christianity. But it is part of *Kim's* force that it poses questions to which there can be no answers. We cannot imagine Huck questioning his own identity, as Kim does in his frightened isolation, or

choosing to travel as a disciple with a despiser of this world. What Kim absorbs from the lama cannot be what Huck absorbs from Jim. What Huck – and we with him – must learn over and over is that Jim is like us and we like him, all human together; what he does not learn, and we must, is that any system that denies that is simply, unequivocally wrong. What Kim – and we – learn from the lama is the possibility of an alternative, valid, and wholly other way of being.

That a resourceful and sociable boy who is, as the lama notes, 'something of a small imp' should be attracted to, of all things, an exemplar of holiness is for the novelist an extraordinary creative choice, a choice, literally and figuratively, halfway round the world from *Huckleberry Finn*. Kipling built that choice into the story from its opening in front of the great Museum of which Kipling's own father was curator, whose astonishing collection of Buddhist sculptures Kipling uses to introduce a novel that, as finely as any in our language, sets out the counterstatement to the values of the imperial West. Who is Kim? What is Kim? What is real and what is illusion? How should life be lived? Huck would not be Huck if he asked such questions.

The waters are deep, and Twain would have found them about as congenial as a bath in the Ganges. When he writes about Benares in *following the Equator*, it is the river's filth that strikes him, not its holiness, and though he tries to be respectful, he sprays Hinduism with the same corrosive sarcasm – no more, perhaps, but certainly no less – that he accords Christianity. But Kipling has made metaphysical and religious questions integral to the relationship between Kim and Teshoo Lama, and he treats these questions with full seriousness. The relationship between boy and man is of the rare kind that is founded on respect for what the other is, and the lama is Kim's Holy One. Edward Said types with Western fingers when he writes that 'of course,' 'there is some mumbo-jumbo' in the lama's final vision of the soul's escape 'beyond the illusion of Time and Space and of Things.' It is a vision that Kipling, having two sides to his head, both understands and honours; his presentation of its dimensions is in turn respected by such Indian critics as Iyengar, Shahane, Chaudhuri, and Bhaskar Rao. Kim will not choose that Way – he will recognize that for him, as for the Widow and the Rissaldar, the world is real, roads are 'meant to be walked upon, houses to be lived in, cattle to be driven, fields to be tilled, and men and women to be talked to.' Yet the lama's voice will be unforgotten. Kipling never discounts his vision nor can India be experienced – or respected – by discounting it. There must be a sense in which the Holy One's search is fulfilled, his cleansing River more than a mere brook.

Here, at least, Kipling's respect is untainted by the racial condescension that manages, apparently without Twain's noticing it, to

transform Jim from a moral teacher to whom Huck can willingly humble himself to the superstitious butt of an elaborate practical joke. Both Jim and the lama have been called childlike by critics, but the lama's innocence is very different from what William Lyon Phelps, secure in the white stereotypes of 1910, could praise as Jim's 'peculiar harmlessness.' That the lama is unaware that the Western education he paid for prepared his *chela* for a secret-service career, that he knows nothing of the Great Game, is naive, but it is not foolish. It is no undeveloped intellect that holds that 'to help the ignorant to wisdom is always a merit.' If the lama is a child in the ways of the world and the Raj, it is because he has spent fifty years in a monastery, not because he is what Kipling calls an "Oriental."

The novel's Orientals – Hurree Babu, Mahbub Ali, and a host of others – are neither childlike nor naive. And it is no reverent native but Kipling's own narrative voice that offers us the lama 'as a scholar removed from vanity, as a Seeker walking in humility, as an old man, wise and temperate, illuminating knowledge with brilliant insight, . . . till Kim, who had loved him without reason, now loved him for fifty good reasons.' That we must ask what use, in the Game, Kim can make of a wisdom that defines the whole life of action as illusion is central to the tender irony that pervades the novel. But it is a challenge to the lama's Way, not a dismissal of it.

Teshoo Lama is a spiritual presence so compelling that it keeps the love and allegiance even of this savvy street kid turned sahib. On such dignity one does not play jokes. 'He had dreamed dreams at school of returning to the lama as a Sahib—of chaffing the old man before he revealed himself—boy's dreams all.' One of the more problematic affinities between Twain and Kipling was their love, in life and in fiction, of the practical joke. Even De Voto, espousing Twain's frontier robustness against Brooks' Eastern genteelism, could not ignore the 'inharmonious burlesque' that defaces the last chapters of his novel, and critics from Henry James to Edmund Wilson complained *of Stalky & Co.* But Kipling could control the tilt toward farce that Twain allowed to mar even his finest work. No contrast is more telling than his decision to make the maturing Kim consider, and reject, exactly the kind of prank most reminiscent *of Huckleberry Finn*.

Of all the reversible judgments, the least avoidable is the issue that has already insisted on making its way into this exposition, however I tried to hold it back. *Of Kim*, Said wrote that it is 'a rich and absolutely fascinating but nevertheless profoundly embarrassing novel.' *Huckleberry Finn*, too, continues to fascinate and embarrass, in unequal measure. E.L. Doctorow puts it categorically: 'Something terrible happens – terrible for Huck, terrible for American literature,' and Twain 'blows his greatest

work.' Doctorow makes no excuses. 'It is Huck Finn who struggles against the mores of his time to help the black man, Jim, escape from slavery, but it is Huck's progenitor' who brings back Tom, converts Jim's liberation into a protracted, cruel joke, and expects us to enjoy it. 'Tom's book and Huck's book,' writes Doctorow, 'are conflicting visions of the same past, and at the end one vision prevails, and it is the wrong one.' Huck and Tom. Sahib and Indian. Frederick Crews, writing of Twain, has spoken of 'a conflicted authorial will.' A critic such as D. L. Smith, brilliant, generous, and black, may try to save the appearances by reading *Huck Finn* as an allegory of Reconstruction. But the common reader must read with Hemingway and Doctorow a profoundly embarrassing novel, structurally fissured, ethically riven.

Today's common reader – or critic – is not, however, yesterday's. Time may, as Auden thought, forgive the trespasses of those who write well enough, but more than half a century went by before it was generally noticed that Twain had anything to be forgiven for. 'What was principally wrong' with Tom's well-named "Evasion," thought De Voto, was that 'Mark's innocent pleasure thrust it into a great novel.' As late as 1948 Trilling could write of 'this almost perfect work' that 'only one mistake has ever been charged against it,' and that mistake was an aesthetic, not an ethical lapse. The Evasion was 'a falling off,' 'too long,' 'too elaborate,' though, like Eliot, he defended its 'formal aptness.' Neither suggested that there were other grounds for criticism or for defense. It was not until 1953 that Leo Marx, in *The American Scholar*, called attention to 'the glaring lapse of moral imagination in *Huckleberry Finn*' and set the terms for the debate that still continues.

Against current apologetics we may usefully set the reading experience of the Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale. William Lyon Phelps, too, was defending Twain, whose genius he thought insufficiently recognized in accounts of American literature that gave him less space than Josh Billings and Artemus Ward. He knew Twain, and, closer to him in time and in assumptions about American society, he is arguably a more realistic reader of what is upon the page. Contrasting *Huck* with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Phelps praises Twain for 'giv[ing] us both points of view,' for including, along with 'the horror,' 'the beautiful side of slavery,' 'its wonderfully beautiful, patriarchal side.' As *Huck* rose to the status of cultural icon, the raft's brief idyll was remembered; the beautiful side of slavery, the side that is encoded in Aunt Sally and Uncle Silas and the good food they send the captive Jim, was ignored. Twain, after all, was anti-slavery; was not that enough? Jim was really free all along, and though the Evasion might be an artistic lapse, who would grudge Tom his little joke or Twain his innocent pleasure?

Kipling and his views have been less fortunate. A more conscious thinker than Twain, as well as a more conscious artist, he knew exactly where he stood and why. He could yearn for India, respect its religious thought, love in imagination its multivarious people as far as he knew them, think he knew them better than he did. He could not respect their ability to govern themselves. Today, perhaps, we may be ready to find it astonishing that for so long this has been harder to forgive than an appreciation of slavery's beautiful side.

Auden might pardon such views; Wilson could not. In mid-century, he knew 'what the reader tends to expect': that 'Kim will come eventually to realize that he is delivering into bondage to the British invaders those whom he has always considered his own people, and that a struggle between allegiances will result. . . . It never seems to occur to his creator that this constitutes a betrayal of the lama.' A betrayal of the lama. A betrayal of Jim. 'Kipling has committed one of the most serious sins . . . which are possible for an imaginative writer. He has resisted his own sense of life and discarded his own moral intelligence.' Five years later Leo Marx would write of Twain's lapse of moral imagination. The need for pardon may be where the two books most profoundly connect.

Yet we may pardon differently, and for different things. *Kim* ends, tenderly and beautifully, with the lama; *Huck Finn* ends with Jim only in a way that, if we cannot forget it, we cannot endure. Kipling was able to imagine a plot to bring the sides of his head together, to resolve his conflicted authorial will into a dream of love so fully imagined it seems real – love subsisting not only for a few weeks in isolation, but in society and over time. It was, of course, impossible – perhaps the word is inconceivable – in the imperial India he had known to bring Indian and English adults together as equal friends, in actuality or in fiction. Twenty years later Forster would try it, only to conclude that it couldn't yet be done. It is hardly surprising that Mark Twain couldn't keep going a true black-white friendship in America in 1885.

But it is more than personal affection that provides Kipling's resolution, and this is where, as Said has argued, Wilson's anti-imperialism leads him to misjudge the artistic integrity of a novel that, embarrassing as it may be, we are, in Said's words, 'entitled to read as belonging to the world's great literature.' (Among Said's few revisions in incorporating the 1986 introduction to *Kim* into his 1993 *Culture and Imperialism* was to change "great" to "greatest.") However flawed the politics, the novel contains no such imaginative fissure as Twain's, since for Kipling it is exactly the British Empire, whose servant Kim has become, that guarantees the continuance of the multiple India he has loved, that protects and holds safe against change the paradise of

his youth In the sacramental moment when Kim lies down in the healing Indian dust no English grass, 'no new herbage that, living, is half-way to death already, but the hopeful dust that holds the seeds of all life' Kipling has regained his Indian sunlight the only way he can regain it, in memory and art. It shines on British India in full ideality maintained by the English hierarchy of class and race atop the Indian hierarchy of caste. Hierarchies will seem natural, even necessary, when you are born to them. Benign English power must tame and order that marvellous multiplicity (no immolated widows, no Hindu-Muslim bloodshed), and guarantee it against the aggressor from the North. 'Oh, India, Oh, my country!' wrote Kipling when leaving it. Trilling called *Huckleberry Finn* 'a hymn to an older America forever gone.' For *Kim*, he would have had to change only one word.

After almost a century, we may need to remind ourselves of the power of that imperial ideal. It could, after all, make an imperialist even out of Mark Twain — whose anti-imperialism, based on his opposition to the U.S. annexation of the Philippines, has been greatly exaggerated. Inspired by Kipling to visit India, he returned to rehearse for eager Americans the most sensational British accounts of 'the Satanic brotherhood of the thugs,' along with horror stories of *ofsuttee*, the Black Hole of Calcutta, and the "Great Mutiny." The Mutiny in *Kim* is accorded an understated page and a half, just enough to make the imperial point. In *Following the Equator*, Twain milks it for fourteen pages. It was not Kipling but Twain who wrote of Warren Hastings that 'he saved to England the Indian Empire, and that was the best service that was ever done to the Indians themselves, those wretched heirs of a hundred centuries of pitiless oppression and abuse.' It is in that context that we may hear and pardon Kipling's hymn to the India he could neither transfix nor possess.

Such a hymn will raise, of course, the spectre of "essentialism." There's not much to be done about that, in Twain, in Kipling, in a lot of other writers we are lucky to be able to read. Trilling's phrase, which deliberately echoes Twain's own words about *Tom Sawyer*, may remind us that hymning the past is something that artists do — sometimes, as Proust did, in its passingness, more often in what the passing, temporal consciousness strives to fix as a timeless essence. That is what an idyll is. Taken in that sense, it is not a minor form, but one of the continuing shapes art gives to our desire.

Nor need *Kim* and *Huckleberry Finn* seem as irrevocably past as all that. Huck has still enough to show us about race, and time has brought round even some of Kipling's views that seemed most obsolete. The imperial Russian outrages the lama's map of the moral universe in an act all too prophetic of what other lamas have suffered and are suffering at the hands of another empire, and today there is no Kim and no nation,

imperial or otherwise, to come to their defense. And the Russian menace to India, mention of which seemed so retrograde in mid-century, takes on unexpected resonance when, recalling Afghanistan, we read the language of a Zhirinovskiy who dreams of Russian soldiers who will 'wash their boots in the warm waters of the Indian Ocean.' Indeed the world changes. But some things do not change.

The past will always need our forgiveness, as will the passing present. If time indeed worships language, it is not for language alone, but because it preserves the past, in its blindness and its beauty, set down in what Grace Paley calls 'the beautiful letters of the alphabet, invented by smart foreigners long ago to fool time and distance.' *Huckleberry Finn* hymns a peculiarly American past, complete with the moral fissure that is integral to it. Kipling's multicultural idyll, begun in America, finished in England, suffused with India, though it too hymns a vanished past, reaches forward toward the future. Both novels hold up, however imperfectly, the possibility of an intercultural respect and admiration that society would not yet support, that neither Twain nor Kipling could in full consciousness espouse. Twain could take these emotions only so far. If Tom and Huck were the two sides of his head, they were both white. In Kipling's more complexly divided imagination, West and East met and mingled. He was the first to imagine what writers like Salman Rushdie and Homi Bhabha now call for and embody – 'culture's hybridity,' in Bhabha's words, the "Third Space" in which, as we explore it, we may 'elude the politics of polarity and emerge as the others of ourselves,' as we 'transform our sense of what it means to live, to be, in other times and places, both human and historical.' That hybridity is irreversible, to the immense enrichment of our literature and our language. Twain, perhaps, had dimly seen his way toward it. Kipling took it further. Henry James, Kipling's admirer and antithesis (and witness at his wedding) in 1891 wrote of how he could convey 'the sum of the feeling of life as reproduced by innumerable natures; natures that feel through all their differences, testify through their diversities.'

Encouraged by this oddly prescient vocabulary of difference, we may play our own post-modern game as we imagine James singing with Bhabha in anachronistic harmony. If literature needs originary texts, or if we do, *Kim* may stand in full irony as the great originary postcolonial novel. With *Huckleberry Finn*, it can help persuade us to pardon the past its pastness, to recognize both what it could not see that is so clear to us and what is invisible to our own blinded eyes. The flaws and insights of our great books challenge us in many ways, not least, today, to free ourselves from the reductive expectation that what the mirror of art should reflect back to us is our own transient face.

"TOMMY THIS AN' TOMMY THAT"

KIPLING'S SOLDIER POEMS – BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

By MILTON HOROWITZ

[Milton Horowitz is a freelance editor working on college and reference books and scholarly journals. Before working freelance, he was employed at textbook publishers in New York City. He has a B.A. (premedical) and an M.A. in English and Comparative Literature. Between undergraduate and graduate work, he served in the U.S. Army as an infantry officer. –Ed.]

When Rudyard Kipling began to write poetry, his subject was the colonial official, the government worker of *Departmental Ditties*, which was published in 1886. Kipling studied and lived for four years at a college that served as a preparatory school for military men, where he came to know veterans who delighted in reliving the Sikh wars of the 1840s,¹ and in his capacity as a reporter on the staff of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, a newspaper in Lahore, India, he must have talked to soldiers of the regiment encamped in nearby Mian Mir. But his first original composition concerning the military was "Arithmetic on the Frontier," one of the few poems in *Departmental Ditties* not specifically about the colonial service.

Major-General Dunsterville, a school chum of Kipling's (the real Stalky") and a former President of the Kipling Society, in a reply to adverse criticism of *Barrack-Room Ballads*, stated; 'I can speak with authority when I say that Kipling's types are literally men whom I have known in the flesh, and the language my men spoke was nearly word for word the language of his men.'² An extravagant statement, perhaps. It's not difficult to find contrasting statements, like one by another Major-General: 'I myself had served for many years with soldiers, but never once heard the words or expressions that Rudyard Kipling's soldiers used.'³

Some of the poems have been denounced for inaccuracies, geographical and historical. Adverse criticism of "Mandalay", for example, lists "errors" such as these; Moulmein is nowhere near Mandalay, flying fishes do not live in rivers, and China is not across any bay from Burma.⁴

On the other hand, although some will say that Kipling's soldier poems glorify war, we learn (in "That Day") that soldiers are terrified of battle, that they don't know what the big issues are all about. Orwell's contrast of lines from "The 'Eathen" with those of a more famous soldier poem makes a telling point:

An' now the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust,
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must;

So, like a man in irons, which isn't glad to go,
They moves 'em off by companies, uncommon stiff an' slow.

Contrast them to these lines:

'Forward the Light Brigade!
Was there a man dismayed?
No! though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.'⁵

So how then did Kipling learn about the rank-and-file soldier and army jargon that fill the poems of *Barrack-Room Ballads*, never having served in the army, as did such later war poets like Wilfred Owen and Siegfried Sassoon?

That his knowledge of combat, at least in his early poems, was acquired from sources other than the battlefield, Kipling amusingly confesses in a letter to Stalky in 1886:

I had an experience at Jumrood.... I stood afar off and heaved rocks at mine adversary like David did and providentially smote him on the mouth insomuch that he lost interest in me and departed. . . . That's been all the active service I've ever seen, and I didn't like it.⁶

Carrington says: 'The most remarkable thing about him . . . was his mysterious faculty for assimilating local colour without apparent effort. He knew more about the low life of Lahore than the police, more about the tone of the regiment at Mian Mir than the chaplain.'⁷

Kipling's ability to gather knowledge, coupled with his reading and the yarns he heard told to recruits by old soldiers seems to have equipped him, for *Barrack-Room Ballads*, with factual though second-hand experiences of soldiers' lives and their battles. If he writes with authority that comes with actual experience with any fighting men in his early poems, it is about those soldiers of the North-West Frontier with whom he was permitted to camp for a few days by the Duke of Connaught, the commander of the district.⁸ During his early years in India, he thought not only of the romance that comes with soldiering but also of the realistic side that distinguishes his effective soldier poems: 'I came to realize the bare horrors of the private's life and the unnecessary torments he endured. . .'⁹

During his years as a young journalist, Kipling dined in the local clubs and messes and, no doubt, heard a popular song called "Gunga Deen." He was later to associate in his poem this Gunga Deen with Juma, the heroic water carrier of the Guides at the siege of Delhi.¹⁰ Another traditional story is that incorporated in "'Snarleyow'", one of

the few poems written about the Sikh wars. "Snarleyow" is the name given to a horse in a troop of Bengal Horse Artillery. The story told in Kipling's ballad is identical to the one found in the memoirs of Quarter-Master Sergeant Bancroft of the Bengal Artillery, describing an incident in 1845.¹¹ Other traditional stories are those found in "The Jacket," the adventures of a battery of Horse Artillery in Egypt¹²; "Danny Deever," traced to an execution in 1886¹³; and "Ford o' Kabul River," about a tragic episode during the Second Afghan War.¹⁴

In many Ballad poems, it is not so much the story itself as the allusions within that reveal Kipling's thorough knowledge of British military tradition and soldier jargon. For example, in "Belts", the expression 'threes about' is an order for retreat that goes back to the

Second Sikh War. 'Delhi Rebels' in the same poem refers to what was called "The White Mutiny," which occurred when the Crown transferred Europeans employed by the East India Company into the British Army.¹⁵ These traditional soldier stories combined with Kipling's

extraordinary talent for getting inside his characters to imagine what they must have seen and felt produced some of the most effective and historically authentic soldier poems in literature.

Kipling left India and arrived in London in 1889, having travelled by way of Japan and the United States. While in America for several years, having married Caroline Starr Balestier (the sister of his friend Wolcott Balestier, to whom he dedicated the *Ballads*), Kipling wrote home about the wonders of nature; he was especially interested in writing about a detachment of the U.S. Army. He found the soldiers slovenly, undrilled, and, perhaps most significant to him at the time, despised by civilians even more than British soldiers were.¹⁶ Edmonia Hill, who in 1889 travelled on the same ship as Kipling, claimed in her reminiscences that she was present at the inception of the Ballads:

We were on the British India steamer *Africa*, sailing towards Singapore, standing by the rail, when suddenly he began to hum 'Rum-ti-tum-tra-la' – shaking the ashes from his pipe overboard. I was used to this, knowing something was stirring in in his brain. Humming in a musical tone, he exclaimed, 'I have it. I'll write some Tommy Atkins ballads', and this idea simmering for months, with an occasional outbreak in soldier-like language.¹⁷

whether or not Mrs. Hill's recollections are accurate, it is known that when Kipling arrived in England, his first-year's lodgings overlooked Gatti's Music Hall, a rendezvous for soldiers, where he continued to absorb impressions about the soldier and soon after wrote his first series of army ballads.¹⁸

Kipling's association with the music hall has significance for much of the soldier poetry. T. S. Elliot, studying the *Ballads*, wrote that Kipling intended the verses to be conveyed at one listening, and for this simplicity of purpose only the uncomplicated rhyme scheme of the ballad sufficed.¹⁹ The student of the soldier poems may surmise that the poem came after the music was heard. It seems that when Kipling wanted to write about the barrack room, he first went into the barroom and music hall to learn the tunes people were singing, absorbing the rhythm until the words arranged themselves.²⁰ For the "'Birds of Prey' March", a poem about soldiers embarking for colonial service, Kipling may have used a popular tune, "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road"; parts of "'Follow Me 'Ome'" move to the tune of the "Dead March";²¹ "Danny Deever", a question-and-answer ballad that Carrington cites as a kind that has flourished in English folklore, is still to be heard in the melody of a lyric called "Barnacle Bill the Sailor"; "Shillin' a Day" goes to the melody of an Irish jig; "Mandalay" to a waltz.²²

And so we have the setting for the *Barrack-Room Ballads*. Beginning on 22 February 1890, a series of poems began to find their way into a new weekly magazine called the *Scots Observer* (later the *National Observer*). By 1892, the poems were widely read, delighting and shocking the reader, published, after "Danny Deever", in this order: "Tommy", "'Fuzzy Wuzzy'", "Loot", "The Widow at Windsor", "Gunga Din", and "Mandalay", then others.²³ When they were published as a collection in 1892, the life and manners of the common soldier were not poetic fare. Poets in general had had no desire to explore an uncouth army of drinkers and swearers, talking in their own language of 'h'-less, colloquial, street-pub-barracks talk. The language spoken by these "lower orders" jarred the ears of readers who were seeing and hearing the talk of a savage tribe.

The Ballads grew in popularity, and Kipling's reputation soared among an audience to whom the pronouncements of the critics meant little, if they were heard at all. The cockney soldier, a literary creation of Kipling's, gave him the reputation of being the soldier's poet, the voice of Tommy Atkins, a guttersnipe without manners, of limited morals – rude, ignorant, but dimly aware of the honour and privilege of being one those 'what makes up the forces o' Missis Victorier's sons.'²⁴

Who is this Tommy Atkins? "To T. A.", the short poem that is the prelude to *Barrack-Room Ballads*, introduced Kipling's principal character. Ralph Durand traces the origin of the name to a form that soldiers were to fill out, giving name, age, length of service, medals, and so on. A specimen form showing an example gave the particulars of an imaginary soldier called Thomas Atkins. When the Duke of Wellington, a

Commander-in-Chief, was asked to suggest a name for the purpose of the specimen entry, he chose the name of a private whose bravery in action had greatly impressed him.²⁵

The second stanza of the prelude suggested to the reader one of the causes that Kipling intended to advance, a cause not popular when he advanced it:

O there'll surely come a day
When they'll give you all your pay,
And treat you as a Christian ought to do; . . .

"Shillin' a Day" advances this theme. At the time Kipling was disgusted with the attitude of the British public toward its army. In "Tommy", T.A.'s remark "makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep" is indicative of Kipling's understanding of the hypocritical public view of the soldier. With his view of empire, Kipling felt that 'men can only be highly civilized while other men, inevitably less civilized, are there to guard and feed them.'²⁶ Other soldier poems are efforts to improve the soldier's lot. "Cholera Camp" described the chaos resulting from the spread of disease among soldiers. "The Last of the Light Brigade" sarcastically imagines the survivors of the 'glorious battle' described by Tennyson as now impoverished on the streets of London and headed for the workhouse because of insufficient pensions. "Pharaoh and the Sergeant," a later poem (1897) in the spirit of the *Ballads*, tells of the task the British soldier had in training an Egyptian army as part of the work of keeping the empire intact: 'And England didn't seem to know nor care. . . . / And she didn't think of Sergeant Whatsisname.' "The Widow's Party" and "'Back to the Army Again'" are other poems of this order.

Did Kipling's poems improve the lot of the soldier? 'What Dickens did to raise the lot of the inmate of the workhouse, Kipling did for the soldiers of the period' states the *Kipling Journal*.²⁷ Whatever the improvements brought about by the poems were eclipsed after 1914, when the British Army came to be made up of civilians and underwent a complete change. What were once only military matters later concerned the entire nation. But before 1914 it was because of Kipling that conditions of the soldier's life came to be known.

Victorian England, at least its academics, might have been more sympathetic with the soldier of *Barrack-Room Ballads* had Kipling refrained from including vulgar details about him. Tommy is not the type of man with whom people want to associate the heroes of their battles, and the reminder in "Tommy" that 'single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints' is a thought not seriously considered

when respectable citizens are revolted. 'Tommy is . . . a breaker of all laws except that of the barrack square, a liar, a thief... a drunkard, a lecher' writes one critic.²⁸ The soldiers 'remain brutal and drunken to the end; their coarse instincts are without the relief of the better side that the coarsest soldier in real life would sometimes exhibit' is the verdict of another critic.²⁹ It goes without saying that the characterizations in the *Ballads* reveal more about the soldier than his depravities.

Nevertheless, perhaps the poem most responsible for the stigma attached to Tommy's behaviour is "Loot." When read alongside a noble-looking soldier on a recruiting poster, the events in the poem could be considered detestable. Likewise the unflattering descriptions of Tommy in "Belts." Neither behaviour is unfamiliar to a soldier. Kipling makes no moral judgment in either poem, only an effort to present the soldier's life as it seemed to the soldier himself, and looting and brawling were part of Tommy's experience in India and elsewhere. Tommy was not inclined to consider Anglo-Indian relations when it's time to get paid "for fightin' overtime",³⁰ *i.e.* justification for looting.

Army veterans can substantiate Tommy's likely belief that the non-drinking man could never become a first-class fighting man. In "Cells," Tommy is recuperating from the effects of a 'thundering drink and blacking the Corporal's eye'. Although in the "The Young British Soldier" he is warned to 'steer clear of the grog-sellers' huts, / For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out your guts—', we expect Tommy to disregard that well-meant advice. I can't believe that Tommy could take the unrealistic approach to drinking sung in "Troopin' ": "Troopin', Troopin', give another cheer— / 'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English beer". As for English women, one can read about Tommy's loose conduct in several poems, among them "The Ladies", "The Sergeant's Weddin' ", and "Soldier, Soldier".

By conventional morality, these soldiers are guilty of drunkenness, womanising, blasphemy, and brutality, but by Kipling's code they are more worthy than the talkers and the shirkers. Though tainted in earthly life. Tommy is welcomed to eternity because he has 'done his work and held his peace and had no fear to die'.³¹

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NOTES

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| 1. Carrington, p.58. | 2. Dunsterville, p.53. | 3. Younghusband, p.187. |
| 4. Hopkins, p.289. | 5. Orwell, p.131. | 6. Carrington, p.58. |
| 7. <i>Ibid.</i> , pp.61-62. | 8. Kipling, <i>Ballads, Poems and Other Verses</i> , pp.viii-xv. | |
| 9. Kipling, <i>Something of Myself</i> , p.49. | | |
| 10. Durand, p.34; MacMunn, "The Original Gunga Deen", pp.3-4; Carrington, p.80. | | |
| 11. MacMunn, "Kipling and the Past", pp.3-4. | | |
| 12. Durand, p.189. | 13. Unsigned, "Concerning Danny Deever", No.110, p.14. | |
| 14. MacMunn, <i>Rudyard Kipling: Craftsman</i> . | | |
| 15. MacMunn, "Belts", p.10. | 16. Carrington, p.98. | |
| 17. <i>Ibid.</i> , pp.275-76. | 18. Hughesdon, p.25. | 19. Eliot, p.11. |
| 20. Carrington, pp.273-74. | | 21. <i>Ibid.</i> , p.275. |
| 22. <i>Ibid.</i> , p.277. | | 23. <i>Ibid.</i> , p. 120. |
| 24. "The Widow at Windsor". | | 25. Durand, p.26. |
| 26. Orwell, p. 127. | | 27. Unsigned, No.28, p. 106. |
| 28. Wingfield-Stratford, pp.365-66. | | 29. Russell, pp.653-60. |
| 30. "Loot". | | 31. "To Wolcott Balestier". |

BOOK REVIEWS

by THE EDITOR

KIPLING'S AMERICA: *Travel Letters, 1889 – 1895*, edited by David H. Stewart, published in 2003 by ELT Press, English Dept., University of North Carolina, U.S.A., (ISBN 0-944318-17-7, Paperback, \$40.00), xlii + 282 pages including Notes, Index and Illustrations.

We have been able to arrange for a special price to members of the Society of £16.95 (including postage) for readers in the U.K., or €25.95 for readers in Europe. Please send a sterling or Euro cheque in favour of *The Kipling Society* to: **Kipling's America, 106 Richmond Avenue, London N1 0LS.**

This is a book to enjoy.

If you have only read the pirated *American Notes*, that abbreviated, 'imperfect and inaccurate' collection of Kipling's letters on America which was first printed in 1891, then you have no concept of the pleasures in store for you. If you have only read *From Sea to Sea*, Kipling's own collection of these articles which he edited with copious application of 'well-ground Indian ink', and published in 1899, then you have read the expurgated views by a 33 year-old of his own work created ten years before in 1889. But when you read Prof Stewart's book, you will read the handiwork of that 23 year-old in all its ebullient glory – Kipling writing for his Anglo-Indian audience, paying his way from his earnings, and clearly not stinting since on arrival in London he could only afford rooms off the Strand and tuppence for as much of Harris's 'sausage and mash as would carry one from breakfast to dinner. . .'

David Stewart has gone back to the original 1889-90 printings of the American letters in the *Pioneer* including "Chautauquaed"; an interview with Mark Twain (not in the *Pioneer*); some of the material subsequently collected in *From Tideway to Tideway*; and four interviews of Kipling. For the hard mechanical grind of transposition he was aided by his wife 'reading aloud (punctuation included) the blurred copies from microfilm of every "letter" whilst' he entered the text into the computer – a task that anyone who has struggled to read micro-filmed newspapers would consider to be almost beyond the call of familial duty, and for which we should all be truly grateful.

In the short Introduction of 20 pages, David Stewart sets the scene through which Kipling moved, including gentle reminders of things as they actually were, not as we might have expected them to be. As an example, since wireless had not been invented in 1889, a 19-day voyage from Japan to California meant 19 days without news, and the natural thing for any journalist to do after docking would be to devour the contents all the available newspapers and to pick up on what was of

most local interest – such as the outdated defences of the Golden Gate at that time.

Notes have been added with a light hand – enough to identify allusions that one might otherwise have missed, but Prof Stewart has avoided over-egging the pudding, which would have resulted if he had drawn attention to each difference between editions. Those notes that explain the political situation existing between Great Britain and the U.S.A. at that time are particularly helpful.

Thus, here we have a book that has been sympathetically edited, in which Kipling paints the American scene literally with his pen; delights in the people that he meets, foibles and all; exults over the salmon and trout that he conquers; and tells us what he really thinks of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

Thank you Professor Stewart.

VICTORIAN LITERARY TRIVIA: 640 Questions and Quotations from Jane Austen to Oscar Wilde by Kclley A. Dickinson, published in Sept 2004 by Lorman Press, Madison, MS39110, USA., (ISBN 0-9753924-0-9, Paperback, \$16.95 or £9.75), 102 pages.

Mrs Dickinson has prepared this little book out of enthusiasm for the work of Victorian writers. She has selected material from 88 works of 16 writers: Austen, the Bronte sisters, Carroll, Collins, Dickens, Eliot, Gaskell, Hardy, Kipling, Stevenson, Thackeray, Trollope, Wells and Wilde, and devised questions on sources of quotes or details of lives set out into in 20 topics.

The Kipling material is principally drawn from '*Captains Courageous*', *The Jungle Book*, *Kim* and *The Light that Failed*, so it will be seen that this is not exhaustive, and should also be very easy for members to spot the sources. However, for those members who have a broader interest in the works of the authors covered here, there is much fun to be gained from working through it.

The only problem, which stern self-discipline can ameliorate, is that because answers follow immediately after questions within each topic, it is possible on occasion to see the answer with one eye whilst you are reading the question with the other. – *Ed.*

BOOK ACKNOWLEDGMENT

by THE EDITOR

'ABREAST OF THE AGE': Arbeit und Technologie im Werk Rudyard Kiplings, by Dr Stefan Welz, (ISBN 3-487-12580-3, Paperback) Habilitationsschrift, Universität Leipzig, Hildesheim: Olms Verlag, 2003, 474 pages.

This is not a Review, but an acknowledgement of the very kind presentation by Dr Welz of a copy of his book to the Society Library. The reason for this, stated in his accompanying letter, is that 'This is meant to be a gesture to say thank you for the Society's efforts in propagating Kipling's *oeuvre* and publishing the *Kipling Journal* from which I have much profited during my research.'

The study is written in German, which is required for a *Habilitationsschrift* [post-Doctoral Thesis seems to be the nearest equivalent] at German universities, Dr Welz being on the staff of the *Institut für Anglistik*, at the University of Leipzig. As Dr Welz comments in an English overview which he kindly sent with the book:

This interdisciplinary study on the English author Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) is meant to be a contribution to both literary criticism and aspects of broader socio-historical interest in the context of late Victorianism and early Modernism in Great Britain. The idea to focus on the important relation of *work* and *technology* at the turn of the 19th to the 20th century on the basis of literary texts derives directly from Rudyard Kipling's literary *oeuvre*. Embedded within the cultural context of their time Kipling's texts and even his biography provide ample evidence of decisive changes in a work/technology paradigm which has shaped social reality up to the present. Such a different perspective on Kipling seems to be encouraged by the fact that after decades of exhausting ideological criticism readers of the early 21st century are inclined to appreciate his literary achievements otherwise. . . [A] critical re-reading of a representative choice of Kipling's texts with regard to the changing nature of *work* and developments in *technology* make it possible to lay open new points of interest such as a re-defined work ethics, the need for order in times of social restructuring, an ethical control of imperialistic expansion and the social benefits of new inventions and emerging media which seem to be not only crucial for Kipling's thinking but also representative for his time.

THE NEW READERS' GUIDE: VERSE

By JOHN WALKER

Rhymes or of grief or of sorrow
Pass and are not,
Rhymes of today—tomorrow
Die forgot.

I that am writer of verses—
What is my prize?—
Palm crowns and gold filled purses,
Honour that dies
As the year flies,
As the multitude breaks and disperses
And the new Generations arise—?

If through these shy ones in their reading
Thy blood should be
Quickened *one moment* conceding?
One thought to me—
Have I not thee
As a star and a light for my leading
Through Time and Eternity.

This poem came to light, in holograph form, when items were presented for auction on behalf of Miss Frances Egerton, at Sothebys in 1968. Kipling apparently sent it to Miss Egerton's friend, Flo (Violet) Garrard, with a copy of *Departmental Ditties*. There was an autograph inscription:

To Flo from Ruddy who is supposed to have written this book: 90.
Written in '81'.

It is a fascinating insight into Kipling's renewed courtship of Flo in 1890, and deserves to be analysed, annotated and generally made available. You can find it, with brief notes, on page 110 of Andrew Rutherford's *Early Verse* (Rutherford 1986), and remind yourself of the circumstances of their chance meeting in London (Carrington 1955). Of course, you may also wish to judge the piece on its own merits as poetry for an 'unrequited lover'.

Therein lies a problem. Rutherford copied this from another holograph version in *Sundry Phansies*, and gives the first line as above but

with an additional comma after "Rhymes", and in the fourth line "Lie" instead of "Die" . My loose leaf proof copy of Harbord's Readers Guide has the first line as :

"Rhymers or of grief or of sorrow. . .

When producing my extended list of the verse (www.kipling.org.uk). I used the Rutherford version, as I assumed the proof copy had an error. However, I have since checked a bound copy of the verse volume, and "Rhymers" persists. Some members may agree that the latter is actually possible as Kipling's original choice. The note sent to Flo Garrard is now in the Berg collection at New York Public Library (www.nypl.org). and we simply need someone to check this point. The same someone could prepare a note on the background to this version of "L'Envoi", the publishing history, and any individual words or phrases that bear explanation.

In other words, we need contributors for this part of the New Readers' Guide. Once on line, this material will be studied, and corrections offered, by Kipling cognoscenti world-wide. Although we have excellent extended notes already on line for many of the verses, and the major collections are largely allocated, the unpublished or uncollected items are many – and time is passing. If you can offer some help, please do not hesitate to contact me: jwawalker@another.com, or John Walker, 72, Millbank, Headcorn, Ashford, Kent TN27 9RG, England.

(Continued from p.31)

"I bet I killed Eighty" roared the 4.7: "I have buried my three" snapped the Lee Metford.

"It is well to keep your Hair on: it is Better to take out your Tompion."

A Shell on the Rand is worth ten on the Veldt.

There are ninety and nine roads to Stellenbosch, but only two to Pretoria. Take the other.

Koopjeright in all armies and standing camps.)

From *The Friend*, Bloemfontein, 26 March 1900. Julian Ralph, in *War's Brighter Side*, says that these Maxims were written by Kipling with help from Perceval Landon of *The Times*. – Ed.

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

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SUBSCRIPTION REMINDERS- NEW SYSTEM

The use of the address carrier sheet which accompanies the *Kipling Journal* inside its wrapper to remind those members who pay by cheque, draft or bank transfer that their annual subscription is due is working well and the Membership Secretary is grateful to members for their responses. However, members are reminded that the subscription should reach the Membership Secretary, whose address is given on the sheet, **well before** the dispatch of the next issue of the *Journal*, otherwise their name will be omitted from the list of labels used to distribute it. It will then only be sent on receipt of the due subscription. All members are asked to use the carrier sheet to notify the Membership Secretary of a change of address or other membership details.

"SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS." CORRIGENDA

Despite all attempts to achieve perfection in the March 2004 issue of the *Journal* (No.309), we have found that some errors slipped though the editorial net. We apologise profoundly for the following:

1897 should read 1898 on:

p.42 ln.27; p.43 ln.5, 26; p.45 ln.7; p.46 ln.7, 11; p.49 ln.37.

p.56, table of stories collected in *Stalky and Co.* The abbreviation for McCall's (MC) was used and this should have been McClure's (ML).

Collected in Stalky & Co.,

*Published in England and
America in 1899*

Story

"Let Us Now Praise Famous Men"

" 'In Ambush' "

"Slaves of the Lamp I"

"An Unsavoury Interlude"

"The Impressionists"

"The Moral Reformers"

"A Little Prep."

"The Flag of Their Country"

"The Last Term"

"Slaves of the Lamp II"

Magazine Publication

ML, Aug; P, Dec 1898

C, Apr; ML, Aug 1897

W & ML, Jan 1899

W & ML, Feb 1899

W & ML, Mar 1899

W & ML, Apr 1899

MC, May; P*, Jul 1899

W & ML, Jun 1899

C, May; ML, Aug 1897

p.56 ln.23 should begin " 'Stalky' ", with " removed from the end of ln.22

p.61, note 90. The *Journal* for March 2003 was No. 305, not 304.

THE EDITORS

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A KIPLING ANECDOTE

From: Mr G.F.C. Plowden, 22 Prince Edward Mansions, London W2 4WA

Dear Sir,

Here is an anecdote of Kipling that a friend of mine told me the other day. Her mother, who came from Sussex, was driving with another girl when they saw Kipling walking along the road. They decided that they would have a conversation with him, to boast about later, so they stopped the car and, to open proceedings, asked if he could tell them the time. Kipling leant across, put his finger on the dashboard clock, and said 'It's half-past three.'

Yours faithfully
GEOFFREY PLOWDEN

"RAILWAY REFORM IN GREAT BRITAIN"

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

Dear Sir,

My thanks to you and Michael Smith for giving us that splendid piece of little known Kipling prose "Railway Reform in Great Britain".

You wonder what precisely the Kiplings had been subjected to in 1900. I would suggest that he was indulging in a well-known Sussex hobby at that time; "Bashing the Brighton".

Michael Smith has provided us with the essential clue by identifying the place names, and then by telling us that they were all stations on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway (LBSCR, LBSC, or The Brighton"). There is another clue, in that the Afrit's engines were 'brazen'. The locomotives of the LBSCR at this time were painted yellow an artist's colourman might say gamboge – though the official name of the colour was "Stroudley's Improved Engine Green"

The Brighton line had an effective monopoly in Sussex and East Surrey, and behaved like monopolies are apt to do, displaying scant regard for its paying customers, most particularly in the matter of punctuality. A well-known writer on railway matters, E.L. Ahrons, writing in 1919, wrote of the LBSCR in the latter part of the nineteenth century:

But truth compels me to say that I do not think that the denizens of the London Bridge offices contributed very much to its popularity; they were a cheerful band of railway sinners, more especially those connected with the traffic department, and between them they could then produce more chaotic unpunctuality than could be found any-

where, except perhaps on the South Eastern. Luckily the geographical position of the Brighton line limited the length of the journeys. Had the company to deal with a longer main line, it is just conceivable that some of their nineteenth century trains might just be arriving at their destinations today. Moreover, the best trains were for first-class, or first and second-class passengers only, and the poor third class traveller generally had a benighted time.

Many other unflattering reports could be quoted.

Clearly, Kipling was inveighing against this unpunctuality, and his target seems to have been the Chairman of the Board of Directors (the 'Afrit') and the Board ('some twelve merchants of the city', who 'entered into a partnership with the Afrit'). Michael Smith has identified "Bagdad" as Brighton*, which is entirely reasonable, since its traffic was the prime reason for the incorporation of the railway company, but, as indicated above, the main offices were in fact at London Bridge station, and it is at least arguable that Kipling meant London. It is true that Brighton and Bagdad have the same initial letter, but they do not make any approximation, one to another, as the other place-names do. Probably the fact that Baghdad's inhabitants were 'amorous and adventurous' may be considered to be a clincher in Brighton's favour.

Luckily (or unluckily, depending on which side of the railway fence you were), there was at that time no authority with the power to bring the directors of the LBSCR to book for their unpunctuality (no-one to set targets to be missed). Nor was there, at that time, a campaign to erect "name and shame" advertisements alongside the line. So it is suggested that this tale is another of Kipling's "revenge" tales (*cf.* the policeman in "Steam Tactics", or Sir Thomas Ingell in "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat"), and is largely wishful thinking.

It would be satisfying to be able to identify the Afrit and the merchants by name, but 'Beiman Be-uql', however it is pronounced, does not make anything like the name of the Chairman (Lord Cottesloe, family name Fremantle), nor of his predecessor, Laing, who had been in office for 29 years. The first merchant is Ali, son of Abu-Bakr: this might just be a reference to Laing, if he was connected with MacFarlane Laing, the biscuit makers (bak(e)rs). So far as is known, he was not, but such the making of such a remote connection is not unlike some of Kipling's more oblique references in other tales. Nor do I know of any obvious connection between Hussein of the Fishmarkets and any of the Brighton company's directors, but it would not surprise me if on tracing the records at Companies' House it were found that one had connections with the fishing industry.

The other incident which clearly rankled with Kipling was the uncontrolled entry of eleven persons not holding first-class tickets into his first-class compartment. In those days, there were virtually no corridor coaches on the Brighton line. The only ones were one set, all first-class, which formed the "City Limited", the businessman's express, 8.45 a.m. from Brighton, and 5 p.m. from London Bridge. So, on all other trains, whether express or local, one would travel in a compartment coach, and once in, there was no corridor for a ticket inspector to pass through the train, checking tickets. The incident described in this tale sounds as though Kipling had been unfortunate enough to travel on a bank holiday, and didn't take kindly to being described as 'me old duck'. Nor am I sure of the reference to 'Behold his hair' - had the tale been dated 1921, it might have referred to a cry of "Beaver", but not in 1901. And again, I wonder about the wet-nurse's verses - the gist of them is "Blow you, Jack, I'm all right": was there a music-hall song of the period which would have been recognised by his readers?

There are a number of other railway references which would be recognised by the locals. Having travelled from Brighton to Lewes, they changed for the train to Eastbourne, as one did; and Lewes station did indeed have eight platforms with bridges, and was something of a maze; and the Eastbourne train (from Haywards Heath) entered the station from a tunnel. Similarly, there would have been disclaimers about the timetable, and notices detailing the results of prosecutions for trying to avoid the fare. (My May 2004 timetable for the Southern Railway Company, the Train Operating Company currently operating the services over most of the old LBSC routes, says "Southern is committed to running a punctual and reliable service, and our staff are instructed to see that trains leave at their advertised times whenever possible. This means that connections cannot be guaranteed.")

All in all, a fascinating piece of esoteric Kipling.

Yours faithfully,
ALASTAIR WILSON

|* In all fairness, Michael Smith was unsure whether London or Brighton was the more likely. The Editor decided that he preferred Brighton on the grounds that "Prinny's" Pavilion was reminiscent of a Caliph's Palace. - *Ed.*

THE WESTWARD HO! COMMUNITY HISTORY PROJECT

The Chairman of this Project (*Journal*, No.310, p.67) is now:

Mrs Anne Hulbert, 17 Francis Drive, Westward Ho!, Bideford, N. Devon EX39 1XE. Tel: 01237 422215

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**

