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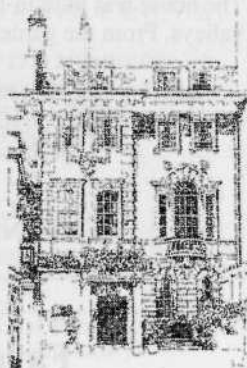
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 12 September 2007, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Andrew Lycett** on "Kipling and Conan Doyle – from Portsmouth to ends of Empire, brothers in literature."

Wednesday 14 November 2007, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Charles Allen** on "Kipling and India's Religions".

Wednesday 13 February 2008, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, Speaker to be announced.

Wednesday 9 April 2008, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, Speaker to be announced.

Wednesday 7 May 2008, 12.30 for 1 p.m., in the Hall of India and Pakistan, at the Royal Over-Seas League, **the Society's Annual Luncheon. Guest Speaker: Rear-Admiral Guy Liardet, C.B., C.B.E.** For details and advanced booking for tickets; see December flyer.

Wednesday 9 July 2008, 4.30 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's A.G.M. Details to be announced later.

September 2007

JANE KESKAR & ANDREW LYCETT

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THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any
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prior permission in writing from the Kipling Society, London.*

The usual page "ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY" has had to be left out of this issue. Contact details usually found there are:

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EDITORIAL

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN TRANSITION, 1880-1920

This year *ELT* celebrates its 50th Anniversary. It was initiated by Hal Gerber and Maurice Beebe of Purdue University, who disagreed with the historical divisions of literary study that had been devised by the Modern Language Association, seeing no logic in requiring, for example, the study of Thomas Hardy's novels in a nineteenth-century novel course but Hardy's poetry in a twentieth-century literature course. And so *ELT* was formed, in Gerber's words, for the "writers [who] have dared to bridge the centuries and defy the neat calendar division of literary periods in the MLA bibliography."

Gerber organised some 20 *ELT* Seminars at the MLA sessions, one of which, on the topic of "Rudyard Kipling: A Centenary Reevaluation", was reported in the *Kipling Journal* No.153 (March 1965). Gerber also started to publish what has developed into the *ELT Journal*, which he edited until his early death in 1981, whereupon the Editorship was taken on, and is still carried out, by Prof Robert Langenfeld of the University of North Carolina. In 1988, the *ELT Press* was founded in the English Department of the University. Like the *Journal*, it was created to fulfil a need for a community of scholars with the ability to print short runs. A recent issue that many members will have seen is David Stewart's *Kipling's America: Travel Letters, 1889-1895*.

The first two issues of Volume 50 of *ELT* have now been published, and continue the layout which has been devised to maximise the amount of information that each issue can carry. The pattern is four or five articles followed by about ten book reviews, each of three or four pages. The latest issue, No.2, 2007, has articles on Frances Power Cobbe, Leonard Woolf, and two on Rudyard Kipling.

The first of these Kipling essays is by Patrick Brantlinger on "Kipling's 'The White Man's Burden' and Its Afterlives". Prof Brantlinger first reviews the main context of the poem (America in the Philippines), and then goes on to examine the various uses to which the poem has been put since 1898. As he points out, few poems have been more frequently cited, criticized and satirized. Initially the running was made by the American anti-imperialists and the groups who, in the main, were not white males. From the examples quoted, it seems to me that the majority of the parodists were more concerned with gaining something for their own group rather than helping the Filipinos.

The 11 September 2001 terrorist attacks on America, and what are seen by some as America's neo-imperial ventures in Iraq and elsewhere, have resulted in a certain degree of reappraisal of Kipling's 'imperial' poetry, including "The White Man's Burden". Prof

Brantlinger quotes from several authors including Max Boot, Michael Ignatieff, Robert Kaplan and Niall Ferguson to illustrate this, but with examples drawn from other sources, he demonstrates that the division of American opinion is just as sharp today as it was when the poem was first published.

The second article is by Lisa A.F. Lewis, one of our Vice-Presidents, on 'References', 'Cross-References', and Notions of History in Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*'. This is one of those closely-reasoned essays that cannot, and should not, be summarised in a couple of sentences. Suffice it to say that she identifies and illumines the threads that run through the various stories; the materials such as iron or wood or gold that link groups of the stories; the topics of empires and their inevitable decline, of religions be they Protestant, Catholic, Norse, Mithraic or Neolithic which all have a truth for their own believers; the question of truths and of how writing can be used to subvert the truth; and the growth in experience and confidence of Una and Dan resulting from their exposure to Puck and their introduction to what is effectively historical research. Mrs Lewis has made visible more of Kipling's 'overlaid tints and textures' than we are normally accustomed to seeing.

Over the last 25 years, I see from the online index that there have been 24 articles on Kipling, and many more book reviews. I cannot say how many there were in the first 25 years, but I suspect it is a significant number. Single issues of the *Journal* can be obtained for \$10 U.S. or \$12 Foreign, from ELT Press, English Department, UNCG, PO Box 26170, Greensboro, NC 27402-6170, U.S.A. More information on ELT and the various subscription rates can be found at www.uncg.edu/eng/elt/

FOR KIPLING COLLECTORS

One of our members, Michael Hougham, told me that he has recently upgraded his Verandah Books website www.verandahbooks.co.uk so that all of his stockholding is searchable online. He specialises in Kipling, India and South Asia, and I found it very easy to see what he has available, or to search for specific titles, topics, and authors.

A SUSSEX KIPLING

This is a new anthology of Kipling's poetry, letters and prose on Sussex. The material has been selected and annotated by David Arscott, and is published by Pomegranate Press, 51 St Nicholas Lane, Lewes, Sussex BN7 2JZ, in paperback, priced at £8.50, (ISBN 978-0-954-89751-2). It is not a scholarly work, having neither index nor many source acknowledgements, but the interpolation of letters and stories makes for an interesting read.



A PHOTOGRAPH OF JANE HARD (nee STANLEY) IN THE ARMS
OF RUDYARD KIPLING

The photograph was taken at Bateman's around 1921-1922
when Mrs Hard was about 6 months old

SOME PERSONAL MEMORIES OF MY UNCLE RUD

By JANE HARD

[It is unusual for friendships to cover four generations, particularly one that starts up during a foreign holiday, but this is the case for Mrs Hard and her forebears with the Kiplings. Members may well wish to know more about this family after reading this delightful memoir, and more can indeed be found in *The Letters* (ed. T. Pinney), Andrew Lycett's *Rudyard Kipling*, and an article by Madame J.H.C. Taufflieb in *Journal* Nos. 67 & 68, (Oct & Dec 1943). When consulting the various indexes, you will need to look for the surnames Catlin, Taufflieb, and Stanley, whilst Mrs Hard's father is listed as Ernest or Gerald or by his nickname, "Peter". – *Ed.*]

My father, Gerald Stanley, was a surgeon who established a practice in Paris after the Great War after having served in France with the army medical corps. He formed an increasingly close friendship with Kipling after having been introduced to him by his mother-in-law, Julia Taufflieb, who was a New Englander by birth like Carrie Kipling and had known the Kiplings since 1894, when she and her mother had met them during a trip to Bermuda. She has interesting things to say about Kipling in her unpublished memoirs, but I will concentrate here on my own personal memories of my 'Uncle Rud' (as I and my sisters always knew him), helping myself out here and there with additional details that can be drawn from letters that he wrote to me.

Although Uncle Rud would regularly stay with my parents in Paris while passing through the city during his frequent trips to France, it was not there that I became most closely acquainted with him. Indeed, I have only one specific memory to record about these visits. On one occasion he arrived with a gift for my younger sister Ursula and myself, a pair of tortoises which were named Lump and Bump and lived ever afterwards in our garden; and I can picture Uncle Rud sitting beside us there as we were observing these strange creatures. But it was while staying with him at his own home at Bateman's that I had most opportunity to enjoy his company. For my parents liked to go off on long journeys to North Africa and elsewhere, and when Ursula and I were young, we would sometimes be entrusted to the care of the Kiplings during their absence, always during the springtime as far as I can remember. This would have been in the mid-1920's (I was born in 1921). Kipling was Ursula's godfather by the way; since she had red hair and was sometimes inclined to be a little rough, he would call her the 'red bear'.

We would stay in the nursery rooms at Bateman's under the care of our beloved Canadian nanny, Kate Walton. Uncle Rud grew fond of her too and would always send his love to her when he wrote to me. At lunchtime we would eat with the Kiplings under the strict eye of Aunt Carrie; it was at these meals that I had my first taste of bacon and blanc-mange! It hardly need saying that Aunt Carrie, who guarded her husband like a benevolent dragon, would never have allowed us to disturb him while he was at work or to stray into his study. I do remember playing with his typewriter however. Although he wrote his books in longhand with a pen, as he describes in his memoirs, he often typed his correspondence (rather badly, it must be said) on a typewriter that was kept in the library. He must have noticed me messing about with it because he wrote to me in one of his letters (25 March 1926), 'I AM ANSWERING YOU ON MY OWN SMALL TYPEWRITER – THE ONE THAT YOU USED TO PLAY WITH AT BATEMAN'S.' When I was very young – I was then five – he would always write or type to me in capitals like this, as in this delightful note (undated):

MY DEAR JANE
I AM WRITING YOU THIS LETTER ON
YOUR DAD'S TYPE-WRITER JUST TO TELL YOU
THAT I LOVE YOU VERY MUCH INDEED.
YOUR LOVING UNCLE
RUD

The pleasure that Kipling took in the company of children is one of the best-known features of his character, and my sister and I received a generous share of his attention while we were at Bateman's. He used to chat with us and tell us stories, but I cannot recall anything very definite (except that he encouraged me to believe in fairies when I was little!). My memories relate mainly to the time that we spent outside with him in the garden. I notice, incidentally, that in a letter to me he refers to it – or more likely some special part of it – as 'your garden' (5 July 1925: 'The mulberry tree in your garden is full of fruit but the birds are eating it'). He used to set me and my sister to work picking snails from the box-hedges, making a competition of it to see how many each of us could collect in little buckets. On one occasion he showed me an oak-tree that had been split by a bolt of lightning, a sight that I found most alarming. And above all there was the pond, on which he liked to sail little boats driven by spirit-fuelled steam-engines.

I think he must have had a number of these boats over the years. He refers to one of them in a letter sent to me on 24 August 1929: 'I have got a new model boat with steam engines. She is called D36. She is three feet long. She caught fire the other day because I put in too much alcohol!' Another boat was specifically dedicated to us, the Stanley children, and christened the 'Jusat' accordingly after our initials (Jane, Ursula, Susan, Anne, Trenor). This must have been acquired at around the time when my brother Trenor was born in the autumn of 1931 because it was due to be named the 'Jusam' if the child turned out to be a girl (who would have been named Mary). This boat is described far better than I can remember by Kipling himself in a letter that he wrote to me in 1935:

Yes, The Boat – the "Jusat" is going strong. She comes out of the water at the end of each October and chauffeur, who loves her, paints her all fresh in the winter – red, black and green with aluminium-painted motor tyres at her bows to prevent her jarring too hard into the banks. And she has tiny little white pipe-clayed rope fenders at her bows and stern.

Ursula and I were certainly playing with boats on the pond well before D36 and 'Jusat' arrived, as is confirmed in a letter that I wrote home to my parents at the age of 6 1/2 (thus early in 1927); it is worth quoting here because it will also take me on to my next subject.

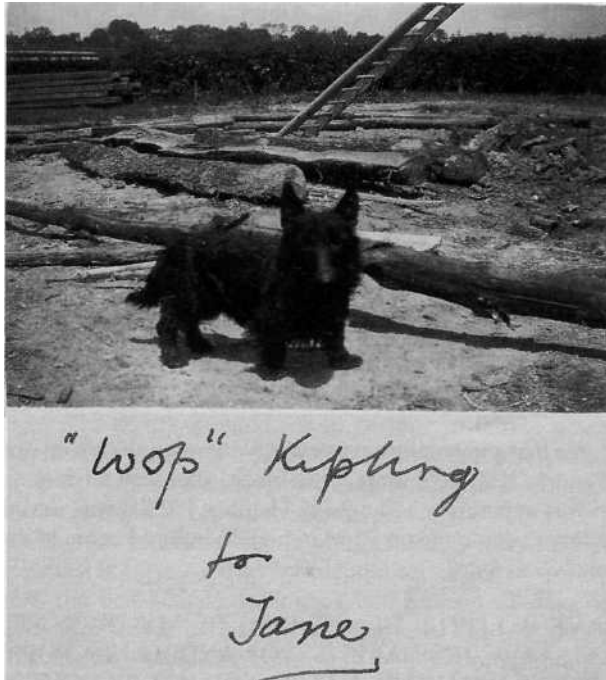
Dear Mother and Daddy Uncle Rud let us sail the boats it was great fun. We are very kind to Wop and James we give them grass to eat and pat them and throw Wop balls. We are very happy. I have tried to be good, love from Jane.

It seems that punctuation was not my strong point. Wop and James were of course Kipling's dogs, little black Aberdeen terriers.

Wop was apparently acquired in October 1925. I was introduced to him in a letter sent to me on 25 March 1926 before I came to know him in person:

I HAVE A LITTLE BLACK DOG OF MY OWN AT BATE-MAN'S NOW. HIS NAME IS WOP AND HE IS A PUPPY AND HE PLAYS WITH THE KITTEN. SHE HAS TAUGHT HIM TO ROLL A BALL ABOUT IN HIS PAWS JUST LIKE AS IF HE WAS A KITTEN HIMSELF.

On the 19 July of the same year I received a further note containing a snapshot of him inscribed on the back ' "Wop" Kipling for Jane'. His companion James was actually rather more appealing since Wop was inclined to be a bit snappy; and I am afraid that we were not always quite as kind to him as my letter home might suggest. On one dreadful occasion my sister Ursula ejected him from a window on the hall staircase, causing him to fall down with a bump on to a lavender-bed below. Uncle Rud happened to be out at the time, but he was soon informed of the crime on his return. Ursula confessed, and we were both given a stiff lecture and forbidden to play with the dogs for the rest of the day. The episode is described by Kipling himself in a letter of 8 June 1928 that he wrote to my father; the crime cannot in fact have been so very terrible since he remarks that it 'did not worry the pup a bit' though 'it didn't improve the lavender'.



When we grew somewhat older, we were no longer sent away on these visits to Bateman's. I have nothing further of interest to record of my Uncle Rud until I met him for the very last time just before his death. During the intervening years, did I become acquainted with him

in another way by reading any of his books? I am not sure. At any rate, the only book of his that I personally owned was a copy of *Puck of Pook's Hill* which he sent to me as a Christmas present in 1935, inscribed 'for Jane from her Uncle Ruddy'. I had received my final letter from him not long before, on December 6th of that year. This was a time of change in my life. I had been educated in Paris up until then, but I was now due to be sent away to boarding-school in England, at Westonbirt. Uncle Rud tried to offer some reassurance in his letter, remarking that we (i.e Ursula and I; she would go later) would find 'an English school very interesting and, in some ways, *very* funny', and that 'An English girl at school is considered quite a young woman.' He added that we would be able to speak more about these things when I came over with my father in January.

Some time in the earlier part of January 1936, my father and I duly had tea with Kipling at Brown's Hotel off Piccadilly, where he always used to stay when he was in London. Alas, I cannot recollect any details of our conversation, but he appeared to be in very good form, and it was settled that I should go to visit him at Bateman's when I was first allowed leave away from school. The prospect of such visits had already been raised in his letter as an advantage of my presence in England. But all these plans came to nothing. For our meeting must have taken place only very shortly before Kipling was struck down with his final brief illness, right there in Brown's Hotel (on the 12 January; he died in the Middlesex Hospital on the 18th). I can recall to this day the very deep sorrow that I felt on learning that I would not be able to keep our appointment. Although he undoubtedly had a special sympathy with children, as I had occasion to appreciate from a young age, I remember him as being a warm and loving man with all and sundry, and I am grateful to him for leaving such enduring memories in my old heart.

THE LAST LAMPOST

By LYDIA MONIN

[Lydia Monin began her career in Auckland as a television documentary producer before becoming a network reporter for Radio New Zealand and then a reporter and producer for Television New Zealand's regional news and current affairs. Since joining Dublin independent film company Concordia in 1998, she has written and produced three major historical documentary series for the international market.

This article is based on the research for her recently published book, *From the Writer's Notebook: Around New Zealand with 80 Authors* (ISBN 0790011085). She has collated writings about New Zealand from a galaxy of visitors, including Dickens, Darwin, Kipling, R.L. Stevenson and Mark Twain. – Ed.]

Bad news awaited a *Lyttelton Times* reporter as he arrived at the railway station on the morning of Tuesday, 3 November 1891. He intended to catch the 7.55 a.m. train to the port to meet Rudyard Kipling, who was due on the Union Steamship Company's *SS Talune* at Lyttelton Harbour, southeast of Christchurch. The *Talune* had docked earlier that morning and some of her passengers were already in the city. Was Kipling one of them? The reporter gambled that he wasn't and took the train to the port. Knowing only that Kipling wore 'somewhat peculiar spectacles' he started his search by seeking out his newspaper's shipping reporter.

As he rounded the post office corner he met a well-known barrister. 'Do you want to see Mr Rudyard Kipling?' the lawyer asked, and offered to introduce the scribe to the author, who he knew to be at the port's railway station waiting for the next train to Christchurch. Kipling refused to be interviewed, according to his usual custom as a man who 'was once a newspaper man and does not care to undergo the operation'. But the reporter needed a story so he offered to escort the author around the city. The invitation was accepted and on the short journey into Christchurch Kipling, although he complained about the slow speed of the train, was generally chatty and interested in his surroundings. He enthused about the fertile lands and the Heathcote River that snakes around the outskirts of the city. It was a key transport link between Lyttelton and Christchurch in the early days of settlement.

Kipling wanted two things when he arrived in Christchurch: a cigar and a shave. The reporter offered to organise both. They walked out of the railway station building on Moorhouse Avenue, crossed the road and started the five-minute walk up Manchester Street towards Cathedral Square. They had barely left the railway station when they noticed another passenger heading into Coker's Hotel. Coker's was renowned for its high standards, prompting one Christchurch news-

paper to gush 'wherever the white man has established civilization, one has heard of Coker's Hotel. All the celebrities have sojourned within its hospitable portals.' Kipling was 'evidently pleased' with the establishment once inside. He got a cigar, which he lit, and the two men continued their journey.



A LATE-NINETEENTH PHOTOGRAPH OF COKER'S HOTEL, CHRISTCHURCH
(With grateful acknowledgements to the Aotearoa New Zealand Centre, Christchurch
City Libraries, Photo CD 13 IMG 0029.)

During his visit to New Zealand in 1895, Mark Twain, an admirer of Kipling, predicted to a reporter that his countrymen 'may one day get something from that writer's pen with a flash of New Zealand colour in it. Kipling is a man who gets material wherever he is and never misses anything, but it may have to simmer and foster a long time before he uses it.' It was an astute observation. The barmaid Kipling met briefly at Coker's Hotel simmered in his thoughts for more than a decade when it seems likely that she emerged in the short story "Mrs Bathurst".

In his autobiography *Something of Myself*, published posthumously and without revision, Kipling wrote that an Auckland barmaid inspired the character of Mrs Bathurst. The author recalled how the face and voice of a woman who sold him beer at a small hotel in Auckland was in the back of his mind for a decade. She stayed there until he heard a petty officer on a Cape Town train talking about a New Zealand woman who

'never scrupled to help a lame duck or put her foot on a scorpion.' Then—precisely as the removal of the key-log in a timber jam starts the whole pile—those words gave me the key to the face and voice at Auckland, and a tale called 'Mrs Bathurst' slid into my mind, smoothly and orderly as floating timber on a bank-high river.

But Kipling's official biographer, Charles Edmund Carrington, believed his subject was mistaken and the woman who inspired the character of Mrs Bathurst came from Christchurch, not Auckland. When Christchurch librarian and local historian Richard Greenaway was researching his MA thesis in the early 1970s on "Henry Selfe Selfe and the origins and early development of Canterbury", he wrote to Carrington, who had published a book on John Robert Godley, the 'founding father of Canterbury' and a friend of Selfe. Carrington was born in England but lived in Christchurch as a boy before returning to Britain. Greenaway asked Carrington whether he had come across the first cousin of his great-great grandfather, Mrs Coker of Coker's Hotel. In his reply Carrington revealed the "Mrs Bathurst" link to Coker's. He wrote that the hotel employed the last barmaid in Christchurch before barmaids were prohibited under new legislation and she was a 'celebrated lady'. He claimed Kipling based Mrs Bathurst on the barmaid, who the author met when he stayed in the hotel. Kipling didn't spend a night at the hotel as Carrington suggested, as he was only in Christchurch for half a day, but he did meet a barmaid when he called in briefly with the reporter to get a cigar.

The once lavish establishment where the 'real' Mrs Bathurst formerly worked is now a backpackers' hostel. But the Christchurch

barmaid has left a lasting legacy. Not only was she the inspiration for one of Kipling's most mysterious characters, she was the original 'It girl'. Kipling wrote that Mrs Bathurst was the kind of woman that could make a man go insane.

' . . . 'Tisn't beauty, so to speak, nor good talk necessarily. It's just It. Some women 'll stay in a man's memory if they once walk down a street, but most of 'em you can live with a month on end, an' next commission you'd be put it to certify whether they talked in their sleep or not, as one might say.'

The Coker's barmaid inspired Kipling to use the word 'It', a couple of decades before British romance novelist and screenwriter Elinor Glyn became famous for inventing the term 'It girl'.

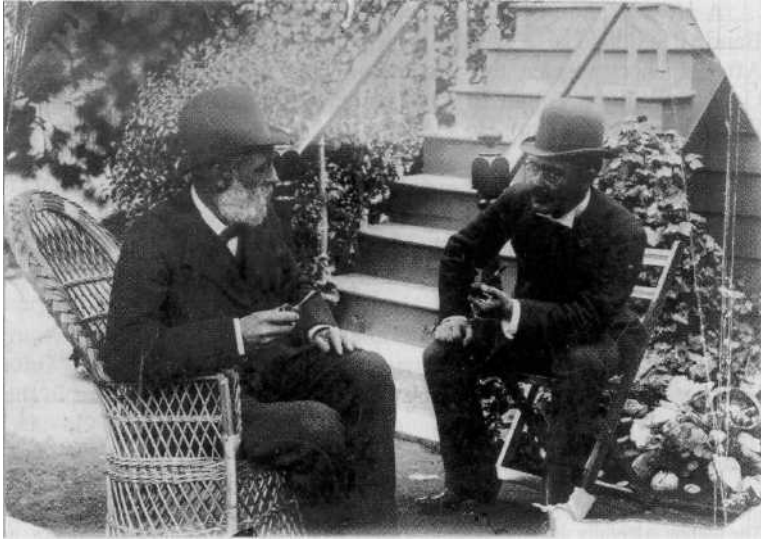
On the walk from Coker's Hotel to the centre of the city Kipling, with the *Lyttelton Times* reporter still in tow, complimented the horses, cabs, street verandahs, shops and the large glass windows he passed. He had a shave at Messrs Davis and Lamb's near Cathedral Square, an establishment he thought quite American in style. He admired Cathedral Square and although he'd been told Christchurch was like an English town he thought it more American. He looked inside the City Council Chamber, which he liked but thought far too extravagant for a place the size of Christchurch.

He called to see a friend at the Canterbury Club, which still stands on the corner of Worcester Boulevard and Cambridge Terrace. The friend wasn't there and Kipling left his card. He admired the black swans and their fluffy cygnets on the Avon River as he headed towards Canterbury College to meet his old sharp-tongued master from the English military college he attended a decade earlier. F.W. Haslam may have partly inspired Kipling's creation of the character 'King' in *Stalky and Co*. Kipling and Haslam reminisced for while, looked into College Hall where an exam was taking place, and then went to a classroom where Kipling was amused by the graffiti on the desks. Kipling was a scribbler himself. On board the Doric bound for New Zealand he covered the marble tables in the smoke room with pen and ink sketches and the stewards had to wash away his artwork in the morning. Canterbury College became the University of Canterbury and the site of the original university on Worcester Street is now an arts centre.

Kipling and Haslam, with the intrepid reporter for company, visited the museum, the Provincial Council Chamber (also too lavish according to Kipling) and the art gallery. The Canterbury Society of Arts' gallery on the corner of Armagh and Durham Streets, now used by the Law Courts, was the public gallery until 1932. The Armagh Street

section opened in 1890, the year before Kipling's visit, but the Durham Street extension wouldn't open until 1895. While they were admiring paintings a fire bell rang nearby. Kipling was anxious to get to the blaze as speedily as possible and he betrayed his military training with a call to 'double'. Kipling watched the fire fighters extinguish the blaze in an old wooden stable and headed for the Christchurch Club, which can still be found on Worcester Street. From there he returned to the train station.

Kipling Street runs through Addington, a suburb to the southwest of Christchurch city centre. A statue of Kipling stands on the street that bears his name; it's one of a number of Christchurch streets named after famous authors. Dickens, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson, Shakespeare, Ruskin, Burke and Barrie all share the honour. Kipling's statue is a bench on which the solitary author sits and waits for someone to join him. 'I always prefer to believe the best of everybody—it saves so much trouble' is inscribed on the back of the bench. There's also a plaque that commemorates his morning in the city and the encounter with the Coker's Hotel barmaid. The real Kipling travelled back to Lyttelton by train in time for the *Talune's* 1 p.m. departure for Dunedin. Kipling was seen waving to Haslam and the reporter from the deck of the ship. He'd been in the city for just a few hours but his whistle-stop tour of Christchurch inspired one of Kipling's most intriguing creations. Mrs Bathurst's existence in the literary canon is even more remarkable considering that the author hadn't intended visiting New Zealand's South Island at all. He planned to travel up the North Island and leave Auckland for Samoa to visit Robert Louis Stevenson, before heading for Africa and India, possibly visiting Australia on the way. He didn't want to visit the South Island as it was too cold and he was suffering a malaria relapse. A Wellington scribe suggested that surely he wanted to see the South Island's 'special features of interest'. 'Ah, but that's just where it is,' Kipling replied. 'It is these features of interest I am afraid of, and I know just what it would be. I went through it all in America. They would be most timid in wanting to show me things, but they would insist on taking me to see all their new buildings, and factories, and freezing works, and corn, and stock, and so forth. Someone would point to a big building and say. "Look there, the foundation of that was only laid eighteen months ago, and by gad, sir, look at it now! What do you think of that?" No; I have gone through it all before. The South is too prosperous and go-ahead, and productive, and all that, and I don't want to see buildings and products.' But Kipling failed to get the steamer connection he needed to travel to Samoa, so he was forced travel down the east coast of the South Island, to sail from Bluff to Melbourne.



RUDYARD KIPLING CHATS WITH WILLIAM EWING IN DUNEDIN, 1891
(With grateful acknowledgements to M.S. Stephenson Collection, Alexander Turnbull
Library, Wellington, New Zealand. PAColl-0070.)

An elderly Dunedin resident, William Ewing, received a telegraph from Kipling that he would be coming to Dunedin on the *Talune*. Kipling had met Ewing on board the *Doric* from Cape Town to Wellington and despite a marked age difference the two got on well. He stayed at Dunedin's Grand Hotel, the High Street building near the Octagon designed by the Italian architect Louis Boldini, but he spent most of his time at Ewing's house in Elm Row, a couple of blocks away. He drew a picture for one of Ewing's daughters of a quill pen with his head on it and the words, 'To ye memory of Rudyard Kipling, who came to see New Zealand, but didn't.' Kipling didn't attract as much attention in the Dunedin press as he had elsewhere in New Zealand. There was a rival attraction in town, General William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, who travelled widely on evangelical missions and attracted large audiences and many column inches in New Zealand.

By making his way to Bluff by sea, Kipling missed the beauty of the South Island countryside. He 'tackled' the South Island, 'mainly populated by Scots, their sheep, and the Devil's own high winds', in a small ship 'among colder and increasing seas.'

A procession in Bluff marched to the sound of the Salvation Army Band. It stopped at a piece of vacant land beside the customhouse. After a short service the procession was reformed to accompany General William Booth to the *Talune*. Kipling watched as General Booth boarded the ship. He saw him

walking backward in the dusk over the uneven wharf, his cloak blown upwards, tulip-fashion, over his grey head, while he beat a tambourine in the face of the singing, weeping, praying crowd who had come to see him off.

Kipling had been in Bluff for 12 hours awaiting the *Talune's* departure for Hobart and Melbourne. His visit to New Zealand was over. 'On a boisterous dark evening' Kipling departed 'the Last Lamp-post in the World'.

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KIPLING AND NORTHERNNESS

By DONALD MACKENZIE

[Dr Donald Mackenzie, a member of the English Literature Department of the University of Glasgow, has based this paper on a talk which he gave to members in London on 8 November 2006. Well-known to us as the Editor of the Oxford World's Classics edition of *Puck of Pook's Hill and Rewards and Fairies*, his Introduction and Notes for this are now online as part of our website's Readers' Guide. – *Ed.*]

Something of Myself – that jewel-box of anecdotes and epigraphs for anyone writing on Kipling – records, in its opening chapter, his primary encounter with the Northern. Staying at the Burne-Jones's on one of his saving escapes from the House of Desolation he was in the nursery with his cousin Margaret, 'eating pork-dripping on brown bread, which' (he characteristically informs us), 'is a dish for the Gods' when they heard

'Uncle Topsy' in the hall, calling, as he usually did, for 'Ned' or 'Georgie.' The matter was outside our world. So we were the more impressed when, not finding the grown-ups, he came in and said he would tell us a story. We settled ourselves under the table which we used for a toboggan-slide and he, gravely as ever, climbed on to our big rocking-horse. There, slowly surging back and forth while the poor beast creaked, he told us a tale full of fascinating horrors, about a man who was condemned to dream bad dreams. One of them took the shape of a cow's tail waving from a heap of dried fish. He went away as abruptly as he had come. Long afterwards, when I was old enough to know a maker's pains, it dawned on me that we must have heard the Saga of Burnt Njal, which was then interesting him. In default of grown-ups, and pressed by the need to pass the story between his teeth and clarify it, he had used us.

Kipling says he and Margaret were 'about eight' which would date this most plausibly to 1873. Nearly forty years later, the adolescent C.S. Lewis, the future author of, among much else, that brilliant one-eyed essay on "Kipling's World" had one of the cardinal experiences of his life when, in the arid world of his preparatory public-school, his eye fell on a headline and a picture in some literary periodical, 'carelessly, expecting nothing.'

A moment later, as the poet says, 'The sky had turned round.' What I had read was the words *Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods*. What I had seen was one of Arthur Rackham's illustrations to that

volume. I had never heard of Wagner, nor of Siegfried. I thought the Twilight of the Gods meant the twilight in which the gods lived. How did I know, at once and beyond question, that this was no Celtic, or silvan, or terrestrial twilight? But so it was. Pure "Northernness" engulfed me: a vision of huge, clear spaces hanging above the Atlantic in the endless twilight of Northern summer, remoteness, severity . . . and almost at the same moment I knew that I had met this before, long, long ago (it hardly seems longer now) in *Tegner's Drapa*, that Siegfied (whatever it might be) belonged to the same world as Balder and the sunward-sailing cranes.¹

The citing of *Tegner's Drapa* carries us back to one of his childhood experiences of that stab of desire he names Joy:

I had become fond of Longfellow's *Saga of King Olaf*, fond of it in a casual, shallow way for its story and its vigorous rhythms. But then, and quite different from such pleasures, and like a voice from far more distant regions, there came a moment when I idly turned the pages of the book and found the unrhymed translation of *Tegner's Drapa* and read

*I heard a voice that cried,
Balder the beautiful
Is dead, is dead—*

I knew nothing about Balder; but instantly I was uplifted into huge regions of northern sky, I desired with almost sickening intensity something never to be described (except that it is cold, spacious, severe, pale, and remote) and then, as in the other examples, found myself at the very same moment already falling out of that desire and wishing I were back in it.²

To pursue this would carry us deep into the imaginative and intellectual heartlands of Lewis's world: into his early and enduring passion for Wagner (on whom, when barely thirteen, he wrote an essay which one of his biographers has judged a remarkable production³); into his slightly later and equally enduring passion for William Morris; into his response to Norse mythology; and into the dialectic of desire he finds in Joy. But I quote Lewis here on his primary encounter with the Northern only to define, by contrast, the nature of Kipling's. Lewis first encounters the Northern as pure *quality*. In his adult writing and thinking such an experience exfoliates into a Platonic ontology which undergirds his essay "On Stories", surfaces at points in his own fiction,

and is made explicit in his posthumous book on prayer. It is an ontology for which the qualitative takes priority over the quantitative, for which 'the terrible and the lovely are older and solider than terrible and lovely things.'⁴ Kipling, by contrast, first encounters the Northern as a tale and its telling. And in that encounter we find three elements which can resonate with his adult work. The tale is, firstly, 'full of fascinating horrors', the horrors of a supernatural experienced as internalized and punishing by a man 'condemned to dream bad dreams.' And what gives the horror its precise tang of the uncanny is that it is, simultaneously, so mundane: one of the dreams 'took the shape of a cow's tale waving from a heap of dried fish.' Such a supernatural is characteristic of the Northern imagination — or characteristic at least, one might propose, of the Northern imagination in the Icelandic sagas (as against, say, the flamboyant chiaroscuro of a Northern supernatural in *Beowulf*).⁵ The ghosts of the three men killed by the Viking voyagers of "The Finest Story in the World" who 'followed the galley, swimming and choking in the water' are perfectly in character with this Northern imagining of the supernatural — an imagining, in turn, not without its analogues in the later Kipling of "The House Surgeon" or "The Wish House".

His primary experience of the Northern is, secondly, as a tale told by an adult to children; the tableau of its telling comes somewhere between the story-telling of the Puck books and Kipling's own early telling of the *Just So Stories* to Josephine and to Angela Mackail whose mother had been Margaret Burne-Jones.⁶ And, thirdly, superimposed on this, is the adult craftsman's knowledge of what Kipling calls 'a maker's pains' — pains made so precisely oral and tactual in the phrase: 'the need to pass the story between his teeth and clarify it.'

And, lastly, the anecdote — one has to add — is not entirely uncharacteristic of Kipling in getting a factual detail wrong: the story comes not from *Njal's Saga* but from that less well-known and panoramic text, *Erybyggja Saga*.⁷

The supernatural and a focus on telling make themselves insistently present in "The Finest Story in the World" which contains Kipling's first extended engagement, as a writer, with the Northern, and which there are grounds for claiming as a focal text for its collection, the *Many Inventions* of 1893. The latter, in its range and variety, can be claimed as a watershed work in Kipling's *oeuvre*. It contains the last Mulvaney stories and the first of the Mowgli:⁸ "The Disturber of Traffic", which opens it, radiates widely out of and into Kipling's fiction of Empire. It also anticipates, together with the closing story, "The

Children of the Zodiac", those themes of psychic breakdown and physical suffering which Kipling will so obsessively tent in his late work. "The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot" is an essay in the urban slum fiction that burgeoned between the mid-1880s and 1900;⁹ "A Matter of Fact" an essay in science-fiction. The latter in its self-satisfied playing of English against American also anticipates various things in *The Day's Work* And it stands, a story of (literal) displacement and dislocation, at the precise centre – seventh story out of fourteen – in this collection so much powered by displacements and by dislocating perspectives. Dislocation in *Many Inventions* can feed direct satire as it does in "One View of the Question" (which looks forward to such satiric fables as "Below the Mill Dam" and "The Mother Hive"). But it can also work in subtler fashions as it does in "A Disturber of the Traffic" and " 'The Finest Story' " itself. And it is such dislocation which, alongside its ironic play with journalism, fiction and truth, aligns the second of these with "A Matter of Fact", and allows us to claim it as focal for the imaginative concerns of the whole volume.

It brings together Charlie Mears the suburban city clerk who aspires to be a great writer – a figure out of the realistic fiction of Wells or Gissing¹⁰ – and Grish Chunder, a figure of babu comedy out of Kipling's Indian stories who can be invested at moments, as can Charlie Mears, with an authority from far beyond his quotidian self. In Charlie it is a personal authority of the half-alien, in his snatches of unrecognized memory from previous lives:

As we passed over the Thames we paused to look at a steamer unloading great slabs of white and brown marble. A barge drifted under the steamer's stern and a lonely ship's cow in that barge bellowed. Charlie's face changed from the face of the bank-clerk to that of an unknown and—though he would not have believed this—a much shrewder man. He flung out his arm across the parapet of the bridge and laughing very loudly, said:—

'When they heard *our* bulls bellow the Skraelings ran away!'

In Grish Chunder the authority is that of his half-alien culture:

'*Beshak,*' he said philosophically. '*Lekin darwaza band hai.* (Without doubt; but the door is shut.) I have heard of this remembering of previous existences among my people. It is of course an old tale with us, but, to happen to an Englishman—a cow-fed *Mlechh*—an outcast. By Jove, that is *most* peculiar!'

'Outcast yourself, Grish Chunder! You eat cow-beef every day. Let's think the thing over. The boy remembers his incarnations.'

'Does he know that?' said Grish Chunder quietly, swinging his legs as he sat on my table. He was speaking in his English now.

The two meet only in passing, and Charlie's response in that passing encounter is one of the story's most effective dislocations:

Grish Chunder looked at him keenly for a minute.

'I beg your pardon,' Charlie said uneasily; 'I didn't know you had any one with you.'

'I am going,' said Grish Chunder.

He drew me into the lobby as he departed.

'That is your man,' he said quickly. 'I tell you he will never speak all you wish. That is rot—bosh. But he would be most good to make to see things . . .'

'What a big black brute that was!' said Charlie, when I returned to him. 'Well, look here, I've just done a poem; did it instead of playing dominoes after lunch. May I read it?'

The contrast between the two young men is laid as a grid upon the contrasting worlds of Mediterranean Greek galley-slavery and Viking exploration that Charlie fragmentarily recalls. (It might be worth interjecting here that Kipling in the first chapter of *Something of Myself* just before the story of Morris's saga-telling, juxtaposes recollections of his aunt reading from Scott's Northern novel, *The Pirate* and Burne-Jones himself joining in the children's playing out of an episode from it, with recollections of other, Oriental reading and games.¹¹). And each of Charlie's fragmented narratives has its perfect epiphany. The first comes in the prose-poem of the galley-slave's chant — a Kipling celebration of work which is also a carved utterance of what one can call the view of history from below, the view here, as Orwell puts it in another context, of 'those hundreds of millions of slaves on whose backs civilisation rested generation after generation' and who 'have gone down into utter silence.'¹² The second epiphany comes in the dream-smooth narrative which is the true climax of "The Finest Story in the World" ":

The gas-jet puffed and whinnied, Charlie's voice dropped almost to a whisper, and he told a tale of the sailing of an open galley to Furdurstrandi, of sunsets on the open sea, seen under the curve of the one sail evening after evening when the galley's beak was notched into the centre of the sinking disc, and 'we sailed by that for we had no other guide,' quoth Charlie. He spoke of a landing on an island and explorations in its woods, where the crew killed three

men whom they found asleep under the pines. Their ghosts, Charlie said, followed the galley, swimming and choking in the water, and the crew cast lots and threw one of their number overboard as a sacrifice to the strange gods whom they had offended. Then they ate sea-weed when their provisions failed, and their legs swelled, and their leader, the red-haired man, killed two rowers who mutinied, and after a year spent among the woods they set sail for their own country, and a wind that never failed carried them back so safely that they all slept at night.

'The Finest Story' " in its fragmentation, its Oriental dimension, above all its inter-cutting of disconnected historical worlds can be claimed as a seed-point text for Eliot in *The Waste Land*.¹³ Its foregrounding of story-telling and the ironies or ambiguities of story-telling might align it with some things in Eliot's predecessor, Henry James. Its affinities with both stamp it as the work of the Kipling who is one of the major Modernist writers of the Edwardian age. It uses the Northern – but only as one part of its cosmopolitan Modernist mosaic of the dislocated. And that separates Kipling, here as elsewhere, from the Victorian engagement with the Northern which can provide both a matrix and a foil for this area of his work.

Andrew Wawn in *The Vikings and the Victorians* has mapped that engagement in scholarly detail and with brio; and at various points in what follows I have mined his splendidly readable study for contexts and overviews. But for the moment I want to pick out two general motifs in the Victorian engagement with the Northern to define, by contrast and affinity, what is distinctive in Kipling's. The first is the turning to the Northern as an ancestral homeland for an English imagination. The second is the conflict and rapprochement between Northern paganism and Christianity. (I should insert here that "the Northern" in this paper can denote three distinct – but overlapping – zones of geography, history and the imaginative fashioning of both. There is, first, the Germanic world in its heroic age. There is, second, the Viking world, centred on Scandinavia but thrusting with an astonishing energy east, south and west.¹⁴ It thrusts east across the Baltic to the founding of Novgorod and Kiev, and from there south to Byzantium, in trade and in the enrolling of Vikings in the Varangian Guard. It thrusts south and west to the English Danelaw, to the Orkneys and the Hebrides, to the Viking city of Dublin and to the incorporation of the Northmen under Hrolf Ganger into what becomes the Duchy of Normandy. North and west it thrusts to Iceland where the old Germanic culture has a last, classic flowering and, beyond Iceland, to the Icelandic colonies in Greenland and the Icelandic discovery of North America in the Vinland voyages. Those locations carry us over into a

third zone of the Northern: the arctic world that has called to twentieth century imaginations as diverse as those of Buchan and D.H. Lawrence. Kipling ventures into this third zone in "The White Seal" and "Quiquern"; but his principal response, and our focus in this paper, is to the second, Viking zone).

The turning of the English imagination to the Northern is launched in the eighteenth century with the new response, in Gray and others, to Northern and Celtic antiquities. That response can bring a corresponding turn away from the classical Mediterranean world. And by the middle of the nineteenth century such a turn can be incised and self-conscious. Froude, reviewing Matthew Arnold's *Poems* of 1853 asks:

The Hellenic poet sang of the Hellenes, why should not the Teutonic poet sing of the Teutons?

"Vixere fortes *post* Agamemnona."

And grand as are Achilles and Clytemnestra, they are not grander than their parallels in the German epic *Criemhilda* and *Von Tronjè Hagen*. We do not dream of prescribing to Mr. Arnold what subject he should choose. . . . And yet it seems as if Teutonic tradition, Teutonic feeling, and Teutonic thought had the first claim on English and German poets. And those among them will deserve best of the modern world, and will receive the warmest welcome from it, who will follow Shakespeare in modelling into forms of beauty the inheritance which has come down to them of the actions of their own race.¹⁵

Arnold's Preface to his 1853 volume had astringently called contemporary poetry to order, urging its need to detach itself from a hectic pre-occupation with the modern and take the achievement of classical Greek literature in Homer and the tragedians as its pattern. Froude retorts to that *rappel à l'ordre* with a robust championing of the claims of the Germanic (not here separated out from other zones of the Northern) at large.¹⁶ (I want to interject here that if this review provided any impulse for the writing of that curiously wooden performance, *Balder Dead*, in Arnold's *Poems* of 1855, Froude has deserved ill of all those of us who love Norse mythology and Arnold's poetry).

A decade and a half later Morris – the 'Uncle Topsy' of our opening anecdote and a cardinal figure in the story of the Victorian assimilation of the Northern – wrote in the Preface to his collaborative translation of the *Volsung Saga*

In conclusion, we must say again how strange it seems to us, that this *Volsung* tale, which is in fact an unversified poem, should never before have been translated into English. For this is the Great

Story of the North, which should be to all our race what the Tale of Troy was to the Greeks—to all our race first, and afterwards, when the change of the world has made our race nothing more than a name of what has been—a story too—then should it be to those that come after us no less than the Tale of Troy has been to us.¹⁷

This brings the continental Germanic and the Icelandic together under the rubric of "The Great Story of the North"; and where Froude had robustly asserted the ancestral claim of this Northern world, Morris, characteristically, modulates the claim into a plangent sense of heroic mutability: 'when the change of the world has made our race nothing more than a name of what has been—a story too—then should it be to those who come after us no less than the Tale of Troy has been to us.' (I take it there is an echo here, conscious or unconscious, of that key moment in Book VIII of the *Odyssey* where Odysseus weeps as he listens to the minstrel singing of the fall of Troy and Alcinous, comforting him, says: 'This the gods wrought and spun the skein of ruin for men, that there might be song for those yet to be born'¹⁸). Morris's verse Prologue to the translation calls on an audience of 'ye who speak the English tongue', and the translation itself was published the year before his first journey to Iceland. At the beginning of her detailed and perceptive account of that key episode in his life Fiona MacCarthy writes:

In leaving his wife at Kelmscott with Rossetti, 'the man of the South', and in setting off to Iceland Morris cut himself off decisively from old allegiances. His new passion for the sagas was itself in effect a discarding of Rossetti and Pre-Raphaelite influence: he regarded the bluntness of the old Norse literature as 'a good corrective to the maundering side of medievalism.'¹⁹

And, finally, we can cite Rider Haggard, one of Kipling's closest literary friends, in the Preface to his quasi-saga novel, *Eric Brighteyes* of 1891, aligning the Icelandic Sagas with Homer and claiming them as 'the prose epics of our own race.'²⁰

For Kipling, by contrast, the Northern offers only one vantage-point for the workings of his fundamentally cosmopolitan and deracinated imagination. Even his final settling into England and the Sussex myth-making that comes with it, shifts but does not decisively change his use of the Northern, as we find in the Puck books to which we now turn.

II

Recounting the genesis of the latter in Chapter VII of *Something of Myself* Kipling tells us

I went off at score—not on Parnesius, but a story told in a fog by a petty Baltic pirate who had brought his galley to Pevensey and off Beachy Head—where in the war we heard merchant ships being torpedoed—had passed the Roman fleet abandoning Britain to its doom. That tale may have served for a pipe-opener, but one could not see its wood for its trees, so I threw it away.

(This, incidentally, signals that *Puck of Pook's Hill*, for all its often sunlit buoyancy and the celebratory drive that propels its myth of English history, was first conceived under the sign of imperial defeat. As such it constitutes the second wave of Kipling's response to the imperial trauma of the Boer War, coming between *Traffics and Discoveries* in 1904 and that largely drained and ebbing collection, *Actions and Reactions* in 1909. With *Rewards and Fairies* in 1910 we have crossed the threshold into a major new phase of his work). In relation to *Puck of Pook's Hill* the rejected opening story of the Baltic pirate spans, if it does not spawn, both the Parnesius stories of a dying empire and the Sir Richard stories, or at least the cusp-story of the latter, "The Knights of the Joyous Venture". I would like to think the Baltic pirate re-emerges in Witta, that Northern pocket-Odysseus ('a wolf in fight, and a very fox in cunning') with his care for his ship, his desire for gold, his caution, his adventuring and his home-yearning.

' "Gold or no gold," said Hugh, fingering his sword, "it is a joyous venture. Have at those devils of thine, Witta!"

"Venture!" said Witta sourly. "I am only a poor sea-thief. I do not set my life adrift on a plank for joy, or the venture. Once I beach ship again at Stavanger, and feel the wife's arms round my neck, I'll seek no more ventures. A ship is heavier care than a wife or cattle."

Kipling's sketch here of a Viking leader is historically realistic (Jones drily observes of "trade, and trade's dark sister, piracy" that "Both were essential to the viking movement, for the vikings practised both, assiduously."²¹) It is a sketch equally distant from the preposterous older image of Viking warriors quaffing from their enemies' skulls²², and from some not much less preposterous nineteenth century imagings of them as manly or democratic Victorians.²³ Within the story Witta's outlook is played against that of a free-spirited Viking adventurer in Thorkhild (who, significantly, 'was a landless man, and had been slave

to some King in the East'). And it weaves itself into the texture of a narrative which turns out more complex than at first it seems. The spirit of romance adventure, signalled in the story's title, has never been more beautifully caught than in Sir Richard's account of their launching into the unknown world of their southern voyage:

We were not young, but I think no shame to say whenas we drove out of that secret harbour at sunrise over a still sea, we two rejoiced and sang as did the knights of old when they followed our great Duke to England. Yet was our leader an heathen pirate; all our proud fleet but one galley perilously overloaded; for guidance we leaned on a pagan sorcerer; and our port was beyond the world's end.

But this is countered in what immediately follows:

Witta told us that his father Guthrum had once in his life rowed along the shores of Africa to a land where naked men sold gold for iron and beads. There he had bought much gold, and no few elephants' teeth, and thither by the help of the Wise Iron would Witta go. Witta feared nothing—except to be poor.

And when the gold has been won in the battle with the great apes which leaves Hugh and Richard half-crippled, the tempo of their adventuring changes decisively:

' . . . we grew afraid of too strong winds, and of shoals, and of careless leaping fish, and of all the people on all the shores where we landed.'

'Why?' said Dan.

'Because of the gold—because of our gold. Gold changes men altogether. Thorkhild of Borkum did not change. He laughed at Witta for his fears, and at us for our counselling Witta to furl sail when the ship pitched at all.

"Better be drowned out of hand," said Thorkhild of Borkum, "than go tied to a deck-load of yellow dust..."

'He would have beaten out the gold into deep bands to put round the oars, and round the prow.

But looking back we see that the buoyancy of romantic adventure has been checked and chequered from the start. The anonymous knight of Artois on the Bordeaux wine-ship in which Hugh and Sir Richard first set sail, with his 'three couple of tall hunting-dogs' and whose shield 'bore gold pieces on a red ground', has become in the next paragraph

the Knight of the Gold Pieces who, when Hugh is precipitated overboard by the collision with the Viking ship and Sir Richard leaps after him, 'muzzled his dogs with his cloak, lest they should give tongue and betray the merchants'. And Sir Richard, later, detailing their trading before they finally launch into the unknown, says of himself 'But I speak like a merchant.'

Gold as empowering and cramping — the merchant's eye view of story and history that goes with it — those motifs run up into "The Treasure and the Law" told by the Jewish money-lender Kadmiel. It is his telling that gives a dislocating, cosmopolitan take on the signing of Magna Charta, the climax of the optimistic myth of English history in *Puck of Pook's Hill*. But, over against that, we must also register how "The Runes on Weland's Sword" bring to that myth an incantatory authority of the riddling:

*A Smith makes me
To betray my Man
In my first fight.*

*To gather Gold
At the world's end
I am sent.*

*The Gold I gather
Comes into England
Out of deep Water.*

*Like a shining Fish
Then it descends
Into deep Water.*

*It is not given
For goods or gear,
But for The Thing.*

'The Thing' is the classic legal and political assembly of the Northern world, its most famous instance the annual Althing of the Viking republic in Iceland. In this poem it crystallizes the seeing of English history and Englishness from a Northern perspective. Nor is such a perspective confined to political history and its myths. In the organizing of *Puck of Pook's Hill*, "The Runes on Weland's Sword" comes at the hinge between the Norman Conquest stories and the Roman. It faces the ironic plangency of "Cities and Thrones and Powers" and looks

beyond it to "The Treasure and the Law". Eliot in his 1941 essay saluted it, along with "The Way through the Woods" and "The Harp Song of the Dane Women", as among the 'very remarkable innovations' of Kipling's later poetry.²⁴ "The Harp Song", like "The Runes", exemplifies his mastery of pastiche — here a pastiche working on the concision of Northern poetry and its oblique elaborations — and his power, through pastiche, to distil. What "The Harp Song" distils is that sense of the elegiac which counters the adventuring swing of Longfellow's "Discoverer of the North Cape" that Dan quotes at the start of "The Knights of the Joyous Venture", and that runs in counterpoint beneath the buoyancy of the story which follows to emerge as dominant in "Old Men at Pevensy":

*What is a woman that you forsake her,
And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
To go with the old grey Widow-maker?*

*She has no house to lay a guest in—
But one chill bed for all to rest in,
That the pale suns and the stray bergs nest in*

*She has no strong white arms to fold you,
But the ten-times-fingering weed to hold you
Bound on the rocks where the tide has rolled you.*

But a perspective — one among others — the Northern remains. In *Rewards and Fairies*, on the other hand, it could be argued that the Northern, and especially Northern myth, moves to the centre. This is manifestly the case with "The Knife and the Naked Chalk" and its plaiting of Norse myth into its fable of art, isolation and sacrifice. In my World's Classics edition of the Puck books, I took this story as focal for the whole volume, and will not repeat what I have said there. Instead I want to consider the opening and closing stories, "Cold Iron" and "The Tree of Justice" (each with its poem). The former systematically rewrites "Weland's Sword"; the latter systematically refigures "The Treasure and the Law", and we can take it first. From the earlier volume it recalls, perhaps significantly, "The Knights of the Joyous Venture". But principally it looks back to the crucial year of Hastings, the year in which two branches of the old Northern world contended for the crown of England: Harold Hardrada, the last classic Viking warrior who in his youth had fought and intrigued in the service of the Byzantine empire, invading, with Harold's brother Tostig, from Scandinavia; the Normans, Northmen assimilated for two generations into the consolidated world of feudal European Christendom, invading

from the south. Harold, within one month, defeated the first and, as De Aquila acknowledges, very nearly defeated the second. At the story's centre, in the confrontation of the Norman King Henry and the one-eyed, witless pilgrim who had been Harold of England, Kipling mobilizes, perfectly, the laconic idiom of Icelandic saga to evoke the plangency of that lost achievement in the latter's boast: ' "I move very swiftly. Harold of Norway knows that, and so does Tostig my brother. They lie at ease at Stamford Bridge." ' But saga boast runs out into the pure (and witless) cataloguing of facts (' "and from Stamford Bridge to the Battle Abbey it is—" he muttered over many numbers and forgot us') which sustains its own kind of heroism: ' "Ye have heard!" said Rahere. "Witless, landless, nameless, and, but for my protection, masterless, he can still make shift to bide his doom under the open sky." ' And heroism, no less than the political power-play of Henry and his barons, is transcended, at the story's climax, in judgment and in the challenge of the jester-priest Rahere to all worldly judgment:

'He hies him across to staring, nodding Harold, and speaks from behind his chair.

' "No man mocks thee. Who here judges this man? Henry of England—Nigel—De Aquila! On your souls, swift with the answer!" he cried.

'None answered. We were all—the King not least—overborne by that terrible scarlet-and-black wizard-jester.

Where "Cold Iron" is concerned we have a rewriting, point for point, of its template story from *Puck of Pook's Hill*. Where "Weland's Sword" celebrates release – of Weland from his servitude as a displaced god, of Hugh from his novitiate – "Cold Iron" inscribes enclosure and imprisonment. It does so playfully at the beginning where the children complain of their boots, and with a sombre resonance at its climax where the Boy stands with the still-unclosed slave-ring of Thor's forging round his neck:

"Oh, cruel, wicked Thor!" cried the Lady Esclairmonde. "Ah, look, see, all of you! The catch is still open! He hasn't locked it. He can still take it off. He can still come back. Come back!" She went as near as she dared, but she could not lay hands on Cold Iron. The Boy could have taken it off, yes. We waited to see if he would, but he put up his hand, and the snap locked home.

' "What else could I have done?" said he.

An earlier epiphany — 'he was as happy as a gipsy with a stolen pony, and the front part of his gold coat, all blood and grass stains,

looked like ancient sacrifices' – ominously darkens the light-hearted satiric treatment of pagan sacrifice in "Weland's Sword". The farmer in this story is brutal where his counterpart in the earlier had only been mean, and the Wordsworthian punishment²⁵ Puck inflicts correspondingly grimmer ('I breathed on the back of his stooping neck—and—I've *heard* he never could be warm at any fire afterwards'). The atmospheric magic of Sir Huon and his troop in "Weland's Sword" is expanded and heightened in the Boy's night piece-performance, but performance it is, splendidly phantasmagoric, solitary ('He had promised the Lady Esclairmonde he would never go near folk in housen; so he had to make shows and shadows for his mind to chew on'). It is evoked only to be over-ruled or, rather, over-mastered by the magic of Asa Thor in whom the story's brooding imagination finds its centre. He is the figure only seen by Puck from behind or registered by him when 'a slow North-East wind blew up, sawing and fretting through the oaks in a way I remembered', who, in his silent presence, so completely overshadows the matching figure of the garrulous Weland in the first story. Through him Norse myth is being plaited into fable, as it is later in "The Knife and the Naked Chalk"; but here the fable articulates a kind of sombre and anonymous Christian vision of service.

The sequel poem transposes service into sacrifice, masterfully tuning ballad towards carol, and lacing both with the parabolic. At the same time it flickers with anticipations of motifs and issues in later stories within the volume: iron and its working passim, the power of technology in "The Knife and the Naked Chalk" and "Simple Simon". The utterance of the defeated rebel Baron (*Tears are for the craven, prayers are for the clown—/Halters for the silly neck that cannot keep a crown*) and its answering in the final stanza

*'Crowns are for the valiant—sceptres for the bold!
Thrones and powers for mighty men who dare to take and hold.'
'Nay!' said the baron, kneeling in his hall,
'But Iron—Cold Iron—is master of men all!
Iron, out of Calvary, is master of men all!'*

anticipates the treatment of Napoleon in the Pharaoh stories and, still more, the taut interweave of politics as performance, as power-play and as the rule of law in "The Tree of Justice". The climax of the latter, as we have seen, calls all human judgment in question. And *its* sequel poem transposes that into a zestful, carolling reprise of God's challenge to Job out of the whirlwind:

*Our Lord Who did the Ox command
To kneel to Judah's King,*

*He binds his frost upon the land
 To ripen it for Spring—
 To ripen it for Spring, good sirs,
 According to His word;
 Which well must be as ye can see—
 And who shall judge the Lord?*



*God bless the master of this house,
 And all that sleep therein!
 And guard the fens from pirate folk,
 And keep us all from sin,
 To walk in honesty, good sirs,
 Of thought and deed and word!
 Which shall befriend our latter end—
 And who shall judge the Lord?*

The glancing reference to 'pirate folk' in that final stanza may remind us how far we have travelled from the Northern and its perspectives by this point. Yet it is through Norse myth and its transposition that Kipling in those stories and poems achieves an imaginative rapprochement with Christianity much superior to what he can achieve in the edgy, Flaubertian reconstruction of "The Church that was at Antioch" or the over-lavish scroll-working of Browning monologue in "The Manner of Men" – not to mention the loaded-sponge sentimentality of "A Madonna of the Trenches" or the direr blotting-paper sentimentality of "On the Gate". (The mobilizing of the Christian to non-Christian or anti-Christian ends in those taut masterpieces, "The Gardner" and "Gethsemane", is another matter).

This has brought us round to the second motif – the encounter of Christianity and paganism – that I singled out earlier in Victorian engagement with the Northern. As indicated there, it can take two principal forms. The first is the conflict of two faiths and cultures which figures in a range of nineteenth century texts from Scott's *Harold the Dauntless* to Longfellow's *Saga of King Olaf*. The second is the rendering of Northern myth as a pagan anticipation of the Christianity with which it is seen as finally melding. In the poetic version (1825) of the Icelandic *Frithiof's Saga* by the Swedish poet, Bishop Esias Tegnér, the final scene of reconciliation in the temple of Balder has Balder's priest declaim a version of Northern myths heavily allegorized in Christian terms, and anticipate the coming gospel of Christ: "A Balder, virgin's son, as Southron sages write". Or, as the first English translator, William Stanley, Royal Chaplain, rhapsodizes in his commentary: "Piety, though disguised in the robe of Mythology—Charity, though

impersonated in the form of Balder, hallows the scene." ²⁶ Anne and Elizabeth Keary's *Heroes of Asgard and Giants of Jotunheim*, first published in 1857 and living on to be read by Una in "Weland's Sword", in its full original version likewise orientates Northern myth to the coming of Christianity. Setting Kipling's texts against either of those forms of response, we register how different his engagement, drawing on his distinctive genius for fable and the oblique, is, how completely it flies under their cultural radar.

III

It has been my argument in this talk that the Northern does not figure in Kipling's work as does it for some of his nineteenth century predecessors — or for the twentieth century imaginations of Lewis and Tolkien, W.H. Auden and George Mackay Brown. There is no equivalent in his life for the youthful voyaging of that future proconsul of Empire and friend of the Kipling family, Lord Dufferin, recorded in his delightful *Letters from High Latitudes* of 1857; or for the two visits to Iceland which were of such cardinal importance to Morris — MacCarthy notes how, after his first journey 'Morris, the atheist, would refer to [Iceland] ... as his "Holy Land" ' ²⁷ — or for Haggard tracking the sites of *Njal's Saga*. Kipling does not engage, as they do, with specific Northern landscapes and he stands quite aside from the outlook signalled in the title and embodied in the text and illustrations of Collingwood's and Stefansson's *A Pilgrimage to the Saga-Steeds of Iceland*. ²⁸ The Northern world does not constitute one of Kipling's countries of the mind, as India does in the first half of his work or Sussex in the second. At the same time it is not one of his *half*-countries of the mind, like New England or South Africa, a region his imagination begins to colonize but where the colonizing is not carried through. It is, rather, a region evoked from the outside and evoked to provide a local and passing perspective. And yet the power of such perspectives to focus and command the imagination at work in story or poem is very considerable. Nor should that surprise one. There are key features of the Northern world and its culture to which Kipling is naturally attuned.

The first of those is the role within it of law — classically etched at one of the turning points in *Njal's Saga*. In the debate at the Icelandic Thing of the year 1000 between Christians and pagans on whether Iceland should accept or reject the new religion "both sides went to the Hill of Laws, and each, the Christian men as well as the heathen, took witness, and declared themselves out of the other's laws, and then there was such an uproar on the Hill of Laws that no man could hear the other's voice." At this point the (pagan) Law-Speaker, after lying all day on the ground silent, with his cloak spread over him, declares

It seems to me as though our matters were come to a dead lock, if we are not all to have one and the same law; for if there be a sundering of the laws, then there will be a sundering of the peace, and we shall never be able to live in this land

and proceeds to take oaths from both sides that they will accept his ruling before he declares as "the beginning of our laws . . . that all men shall be Christians here in the land".²⁹ For 'the Scandinavian peoples in general', says Jones:

their respect for law, their insistence upon its public and democratic exercise at the Thing, and its validity for all free men, together with their evolution of a primitive and exportable jury system, is one of the distinctive features of their culture throughout the Viking Age, eloquent of the value they set on the individual man and woman, and the enlightened pragmatism of their thinking.³⁰

One can readily see how such an emphasis might appeal to Kipling who had fashioned a mythology of the Law in *The Jungle Books* and was threading a more oblique mythology of law through the Puck stories.

Jones can point us to a second relevant feature of the Northern culture when he notes that "the Norsemen were excellent workers in metal, producing handsome weapons and agreeable ornaments for the person."³¹ We may grasp the relevance of this if we think of some implications of metalwork as against, say, sculpture. In metalworking the material is at once hard and ductile ("Iron's sweet stuff if you don't torture her," says Hal in "The Wrong Thing", "and hammered work is all pure, truthful line, with a reason and a support for every curve and bar of it"). Metalworking enters into the shifts in technology that fundamentally shift a culture (the iron knife the Flint Man wins from the Children of the Night at the price of an eye; the iron ships that Simon Cheyney dreams of). Finally, metal working can unite the practically useful and the work of art – "handsome weapons and agreeable ornaments for the person" – in ways whose relevance to Kipling's own thinking about art and to the art-tradition out of which he comes need no spelling out. "Agreeable ornaments for the person" can be carried over into those treasure-hordes that play a role in the stories of the Northern world which has no equivalent in those of the classical Mediterranean. "Handsome weapons" likewise can be carried over into those ancestral or talismanic swords (Excalibur, the re-forged Gram) that, again, have, I think, no equivalent in classical story. And it is those motifs of Northern story that Kipling in *Puck of Pook's Hill* splices into

his myth of English history with the making of Weland's Sword and the treasure it brings and the (paradoxical) role of that treasure in the bringing of the Law.

Lastly, those master-images of the Northern imagination — the shield-wall, the lit hall ringed by darkness and doomed to destruction even at its first uprearing, the fenced worlds of Asgard and Midgard facing Jotunheim across the outer sea — could be expected to appeal deeply to Auden's Kipling, the poet of the encirclement.³² The Northern worldview such images clench or crystallize, has its masterful denouement in the myth of Ragnarok, the apocalyptic Twilight of the Gods.

So, also, there is this to be told: the whole earth, together with the mountains, will start to shake so that the trees will loosen from the ground, the mountains will fall, and all fetters and bonds will sever and break. Then the Fenriswolf will break free. The sea will surge on to the land as the Midgard Serpent writhes in giant fury and advances up on the land. . . . Meanwhile, the Fenriswolf advances with its mouth gaping: its upper jaw reaches to the heavens and the lower one drops down on the earth. He would open it still wider, if only there were room. Flames shoot out of his eyes and nostrils. The Midgard Serpent spews out so much venom that it spatters throughout the air and into the sea. He is terrible and will be on one side of the wolf. . . .

The sun grows black,
The earth sinks into the sea.
The bright stars
vanish from the heavens.
Steam surges up
and the fire rages.
Heat reaches high
against heaven itself.³³

This is a myth and a worldview deeply, bracingly congenial to late nineteenth and early twentieth century agnostic sensibilities in the godless cosmos of Darwinian biology and the Second Law of Thermodynamics. W.P. Ker incises that appeal in his 1904 handbook on *The Dark Ages* — that rare oxymoron, a handbook which is also a classic:

The last word of the Northmen before their entry into the larger world of Southern culture, their last independent guess at the secret of the Universe, is given in the Twilight of the Gods. As far as it

goes, and as a working theory, it is absolutely impregnable. It is the assertion of the individual freedom against all the terrors and temptations of the world. It is absolute resistance, perfect because without hope. The Northern gods have an exultant extravagance in their warfare which makes them more like Titans than Olympians; only they are on the right side, though it is not the side that wins. The winning side is Chaos and Unreason; but the gods, who are defeated, think that defeat is not refutation. The latest mythology of the North is an allegory of the Teutonic self-will, carried to its noblest terms, deified by the men for whom all religion was coming to be meaningless except 'trust in one's own might and main' – the creed of Kjartan Olafsson and Sigmund Bretisson before they accepted Christianity.³⁴

C.S. Lewis in his interesting, if unsatisfactory, essay on Morris notes how in the latter's *Sigurd the Volsung*

the gods have not made the world for happiness but to be 'a tale', and it is good, when they ask us for one deed, to give them two. We find even a hint that there may be some ultimate justification of all things which will explain

Why the brave man's spear is broken, and his war-shield fails at need.

But Morris soon withdraws from these supposals. For one so enamoured of 'the Northerness' these doomed Eddaic gods — the very type of Stoical Romanticism — had a strong appeal. But Morris cannot forget that he does not really know whether any thing like them exists, and he feels that the whole thing is getting too like a philosophy or a theology. He will not hammer his world into any simplified shape.³⁵

Kipling, here as elsewhere, might be placed as one of Morris's successors. Both are pagan sensibilities — genuinely pagan in a way that makes the paganism of a Swinburne look painfully bookish and hothouse. Both are, in their paganism, agnostic (which gives their agnosticism a different resonance from Huxley's). But Kipling in that ferociously proverbial poem of 1933, "The Bonfires", which marks his final summoning of the Northern, calls on its mythology not as stoically Romantic but as apocalyptic:

We know that Ones and Ones make Twos—
Till Demos votes them Three or Nought.
We know the Fenris Wolf is loose.

We know what Fight has not been fought.
 We know the Father to the Thought
 Which argues Babe and Cockatrice
 Would play together, were they taught.
 We know *that* Bonfire on the Ice.³⁶

A Northern apocalypse is invoked against an idyllic apocalypse out of Isaiah ("And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den" ³⁷). But it is also evoked to strike at the bastard, latter-day Nordic paganism of the Nazis. And, as I opened by defining Kipling's childhood encounter with the Northern through a contrast with that of the Ulster schoolboy C.S. Lewis, so I want to close by defining this last adult evocation against that of a contemporary Ulster writer, Seamus Heaney, in the title poem of his 1975 collection *North*. It is a collection that draws variously on the history, the sagas and the archaeology of the Northern world to map the political history of Heaney's own people and their political present. The title poem evokes that Northern world in terms not apocalyptic but sombrely, bleakly mundane. And yet the mundane here can achieve its own kind of disrupting revelation, and Heaney's final, tactile emphasis on the maker's craft may loop us back to the Kipling anecdote from which we began:

I returned to the long strand,
 the hammered shod of a bay,
 and found only the secular
 powers of the Atlantic thundering.

I faced the unmagical
 invitations of Iceland,
 the pathetic colonies
 of Greenland, and suddenly

those fabulous raiders,
 those lying in Orkney and Dublin
 measured against
 their long swords rusting,

those in the solid
 belly of stone ships,
 those hacked and glinting
 in the gravel of thawed streams

were ocean-deafened voices
 warning me, lifted again

in violence and epiphany.
 The longship's swimming tongue
 was buoyant with hindsight—
 it said Thor's hammer swung
 to geography and trade,
 thick-witted couplings and revenges,

the hatreds and behindbacks
 of the althing, lies and women,
 exhaustions nominated peace,
 memory incubating the spilled blood.

It said, 'Lie down
 in the word-hoard, burrow
 the coil and gleam
 of your furrowed brain.

Compose in darkness.
 Expect aurora borealis
 in the long foray
 but no cascade of light.

Keep your eye clear
 as the bleb of the icicle,
 trust the feel of what nubbed treasure
 your hands have known.

NOTES

1. *Surprised by Joy: the shape of my early life* (London: Geoffrey Bles, 1955), p.74.
2. *Ibid*, p.23.
3. A.N. Wilson in *C.S. Lewis: A Biography* (London: Collins, 1990), p.30.
4. *Prayer: Letters to Malcolm* (London: Collins, 1981), p.88.
5. For Icelandic instances see e.g. *Njal's Saga* trans. Magnusson and Pálsson (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1960), Chapter 78 (evoked by Seamus Heaney in "Funeral Rites" in *North*); *Eyrbyggja Saga*, trans. Pálsson and Edwards (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1989), Chapters 20, 33-4, and 51-5; *The Saga of Grettir the Strong* trans. G. A. Hight (London: Dent, 1982), Chapters XXXII-V and LXIV-VI. Grettir's combats with the troll-woman and the giant in the last of these provide a suggestive analogue for, and contrast with, Beowulf's combats with Grendel and Grendel's mother.
6. See her account, quoted in *Just So Stories* ed. Lisa Lewis (Oxford: World's Classics, 1995), pp.xviii-ix.
7. It is interesting that Scott contributed an abstract of it to the 1814 edition of Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*. For a brief, suggestive comment on this, see the Pálsson and Edwards translation, pp.1-2.

8. I owe this point – one debt among many in Kipling matters over the years – to Lisa Lewis, in discussion that followed an earlier version of this paper.
9. For a concise sketch of this context see Peter Keating, *The Haunted Study* (London: Secker and Warburg, 1989), pp.312-20. Incidentally, Keating salutes the absence, in Kipling's "early stories and ballads about British soldiers in India", of "the assumptions of the sociologist or anthropologist" that curtailed the imaginative freedom of novelists of the period in this area: "with *Barrack Room Ballads*, *Soldiers Three*, *Life's Handicap* and *Many Inventions* working class values and language entered fiction with a vigorous comprehension that had been absent since the death of Dickens" (*ibid.*, p.315).
10. For the suburban in this period and the contempt of intellectuals for it, see the swash-buckling polemical sketch in John Carey *The Intellectuals and the Masses* (London: Faber and Faber, 1992), pp.46-70. It is interesting that he too singles out Kipling's presentation of the clerk in this story as superior to much contemporary fiction in this area.
11. The episode from *The Pirate* comes in Chapter 21 where a playing at fortune-telling is taken over by the oracular and half-crazed Norna of the Fitful Head, a figure of ambiguous authority, marginalized between shifting cultures. The whole treatment of the supernatural and of culture shift in *The Pirate* may not be without its relevance to "The Finest Story in the World". For the place of Scott's novel in British imagining of the Northern, and its own reception-history through the later nineteenth century, see Andrew Wawn: *The Vikings and the Victorians* (Cambridge: D. S. Brewer, 2000), pp.60-88 (though he does not pick up on this reference in Kipling) – hereafter cited as *Wawn*. For the range of Northern material Scott wove into his novel see *ibid.* and also Wawn's Introduction to a 1996 reprint of *The Pirate* (Lerwick: The Shetland Times Ltd.), pp.iv-v and x-xiii. He notes (p.ii) its citation in "The Propagation of Knowledge".
12. "Looking Back on the Spanish War" reprinted in e.g. *All Propaganda is Lies*, Vol.13 in *The Complete Works of George Orwell* ed. Peter Davison (London: Secker and Warburg, 2001). The passage quoted is on p.505.
13. See Robert Crawford, *The Savage and the City in the Work of T.S. Eliot* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1987), pp. 132-6.
14. See e.g. Gwyn Jones's *A History of the Vikings*, 2nd edition (Oxford: 1984), Part III, "The Viking Movement Overseas". Hereafter cited as *Jones*.
15. *The Westminster Review*, 1854; reprinted in the Everyman selection *Short Studies on Great Subjects* (London: Dent, 1964). The quotation is on p.17.
16. Divisions – sometimes vehement – can emerge, as the nineteenth century goes on, between champions of the Germanic and of the Scandinavian as the ancestral heritages of the modern Britons: see e.g. Samuel Laing's polemic against the Anglo-Saxons and the modern Germans in the Preliminary Dissertation to his translation of *Heimskringla or Chronicle of the Kings of Norway* (London: Longman. Brown, Green and Longmans, 1844), Vol.1, pp.33-7 and 103-29; *Wawn* pp.98-100 (on Laing) and Chapter Eight (on that most belligerent champion of the Scandinavian against the German, George Stephen).
17. *The Collected Works of William Morris* (24 volumes, London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1910-15), Vol.VII, p.286.
18. *Odyssey*, Book VIII, pp.579-80; Loeb translation.
19. *William Morris: A life for Our Time* (London: Faber and Faber, 1994), p.279. Morris's second journey to Iceland in 1873 comes immediately after his first and (partly, not wholly) rejecting visit to Italy: see MacCarthy, pp.327-34.

20. Dasent's 1861 translation of *The Saga of Burnt Njal* – ranked as one of the classic achievements of Victorian engagement with the Northern world – was saluted by some early reviewers in terms of Homeric parallel: see *Wawn*, p.157. For Haggard, see e.g. the quotations given by D.S. Higgins in *Rider Haggard: The Great Storyteller* (London: Cassell Ltd, 1981), p.125.
21. *Jones* p.199.
22. The history of this particular absurdity is tersely summarized by E.V. Gordon in his *Introduction to Old Norse*, 2nd edition, revised (Oxford, 1957), pp.lxix-xx.
23. See *Wawn* on e.g. the Viking ethic as rendered in Bishop Tegnér's version of *Frithiof's Saga* frequently translated and widely popular in nineteenth century England: "There is very little in this 'Vikingabalk' which was out of line with the corporate culture of a Victorian public school, regiment or gentleman's club" (p.131); or pp.321-2 on the democratic values displayed in Ballantyne's 1869 Viking novel, *Erling the Bold*.
24. *A Choice of Kipling's Verse* (London: Faber and Faber, 1941), p.17.
25. I am thinking of "Goody Blake and Harry Gill" in the *Lyrical Ballads*.
26. *Frithiof's Saga: A Scandinavian Legend* (London: 1833), p.296. The translation comes with a fulsome dedication to the future Queen Victoria. *Wawn* notes (p.121) that "In the period 1833-1914 at least fifteen English versions of Tegnér's poem were published, along with an assortment of retellings"; and he devotes his Chapter Five to a detailed analysis of the reception of *Frithiof's Saga* as one of the three canonical texts of "Victorian old northernism" (p. 141), alongside Laing's translation of *Heimskringla* and Dasent's translation of *Njal's Saga*.
27. *William Morris*, p.309.
28. (Ulverston: W. Holmes, 1899). "We went out to see the very places where events so familiar in books occurred in reality" writes Collingwood in his Preface, "and we found that the belief was true. For every touch of human interest in the sagas—pastoral, romantic or sublime—there was, and still remains, a landscape setting no less sweet, or strange, or stern." Collingwood, the secretary and later biographer of Ruskin was, in addition to being an artist in his own right, an antiquarian of Viking Lakeland history, the author of Viking novels and of *Scandinavian Britain*, and father of the philosopher and historian of Roman Britain, R G Collingwood. For an extended analysis of Victorian travel-writing on Iceland see *Wawn*, Chapter 10.
29. *Njal's Saga*, Chapter CI in Dasent's translation.
30. *Jones* p.348.
31. *Jones* p.336.
32. See Auden's essay of that title in *Forewords and Afterwords* (London: Faber and Faber, 1973).
33. Snorri Sturluson: *The Prose Edda*, trans. Jesse Byock (Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin Books, 2005), pp.72-5.
34. *The Dark Ages* (London: Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd, reprinted edition, 1955), pp.57-8.
35. *Selected Literary Essays* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1969), p.226.
36. For Kipling's anterior use of this myth in private letters to emblemize the rising dangers of Hitler's Germany, see *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling* ed Pinney (Palgrave: Basingstoke, 1990-2004), Vol. 6, pp.166, 171 and 180.
37. Isaiah 11:8.

THE AUTHOR OF *JOURNEY'S END* MEETS KIPLING

By ALISON VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

[Mrs Vaughan Williams has been a member for ten years now, and this is her second appearance in the *Journal*. In December 2004 she reviewed *Pick up your Parrots and Monkeys ...* by Capt J.W. Pennington, M.C., R.A.(retd). This time she has researched what lies behind a description by R.C. Sherriff. – Ed.]

The September 2006 edition of the *Journal* has (on page 46), a picture of Kipling in Norfolk jacket, with the alert look of a hopeful terrier, watching Henry Cotton play golf. That image seems a perfect illustration for this description of a meeting with Kipling in 1929, described by R.C. Sherriff in his 1968 autobiography *No Leading Lady*.

Sherriff, (1896-1975), wrote several more plays and many film scripts, but is still, as he ruefully foretold, known chiefly as the author of the play *Journey's End*. Later he wrote other less successful plays, and turned to script writing, his credits including *The Invisible Man*, *The Four Feathers*, *The Dambusters*, *Odd Man Out* and *Goodbye Mr Chips*. *Journey's End* was recently revived in London at the National Theatre, and is on the recommended list of 20th century plays for the General Certificate of Secondary Education (GCSE).

After Kingston Grammar School, in 1914 Sherriff followed his father and grandfather to work as an insurance clerk for Sun Insurance, then joined the 9th East Surreys. He was commissioned, wounded at Passchendaele, won the M.C, and returned to work for Sun Insurance as an outdoor agent. A devoted oarsman, he captained Kingston Boat Club, and began writing plays for the club to perform to raise money for new boats. His fifth play he sent to an agent, Curtis Brown. It was performed for two nights in December 1928 by the private Stage Society at the Apollo Theatre with the young Laurence Olivier in the leading role of Stanhope. It met rapturous reviews from the critics, including James Agate, but the professional theatre managers were still reluctant to stage it. With a competent agent, an unknown entrepreneur, luck, and financial backing by the Elmhursts of Dallington Hall, *Journey's End* was staged at the Savoy Theatre on 21 Jan 1929, with the original cast save only for Olivier. It was a runaway hit for 594 performances; the rights were sold to 27 countries, and it ran 485 performances on Broadway.

Sherriff records that he first met Mr and Mrs Kipling having been invited to luncheon with them by Maud Cazalet, although he didn't learn who his fellow-guests were to be until he arrived. Although

feeling that he had not made a good impression on the Kipling's despite his deep admiration for Kipling's work, he was surprised to receive a letter a few days later inviting him down to Bateman's, which of course he accepted.

He describes the journey down the lane to Bateman's, the interior of the house, and Kipling's study which on this occasion contained 'a round shallow bath in brown enamel set upon a large towel in the middle of the room full of steaming soapy water, in which Kipling was washing some little black longhaired dogs. I don't know what they were called, but they smelt rather strong. Maybe they did a lot of rattling and rabbiting, and Kipling hadn't washed them lately. Sometimes the smell of the carbolic soap got the better of the smell of the dogs, but for most of the time the dogs got the better of the soap.' Sherriff wrote that, as a schoolboy,

I had been an ardent collector of cigarette pictures. One of the companies had issued a set of famous men, and Kipling had of course been among them. It gave you only his head and shoulders, but it had left me with the impression of a towering giant with a massive head and huge black eyebrows jutting out above keen piercing eyes gleaming behind a pair of horn rimmed spectacles. The spectacles had intrigued me because the frames were square. Ordinary people had round frames to their glasses. The square ones Kipling was wearing on the cigarette card were unique in my experience; further proof, if proof were needed, that here was man apart, and above the common herd. But Rudyard Kipling wasn't in the least like the man I had envisaged from the cigarette card. . . He was a little man, spare and wiry, who spoke and walked with the eager alertness of a boy on the lookout for exciting new adventures and discoveries.

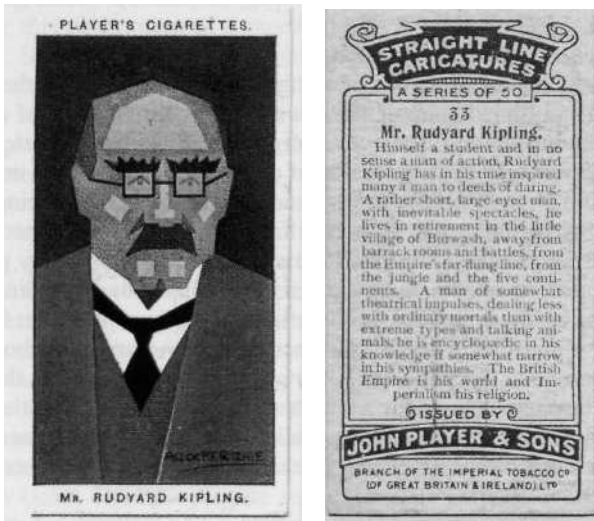
But Kipling's glasses were not square, and it was really only his bushy eyebrows that bore much resemblance to the cigarette cards.



The most likely cigarette card that meets the criteria outlined by Sherriff is one of a set of 50 "Straight Line Caricatures" which was issued by John Player and Sons. The set includes famous men from all walks of life – Chaplin, Jellicoe, Hall Caine, Earl Haig, Baden-Powell, Harry Lauder, Stanley Baldwin, Jack Hobbes, Augustus John, with number 33 being Rudyard Kipling. They can all be viewed on the National Portrait Gallery website www.npg.org.uk. The portraits were drawn by Alick P.F. Ritchie (1868-1938), a caricaturist and illustrator.

The reverse of the Kipling card reads:

Himself a student and in no sense a man of action, Rudyard Kipling has in his time inspired many a man to deeds of daring. A rather short, large-eyed man, with inevitable spectacles, he lives in retirement in the little village of Burwash, away from barrack rooms and battles, from the Empire's far-flung line, from the jungle and the five continents. A man of somewhat theatrical impulses, dealing less with ordinary mortals than with extreme types and talking animals, he is encyclopaedic in his knowledge if somewhat narrow in his sympathies. The British Empire is his world and Imperialism his religion.



It must be admitted that the card does look better in colour. The *Kipling Journal* No.2, for July 1927 also printed the text from the card and noted that 'Mr. Alick P. F. Ritchie's drawing is somewhat severe, hardly so true to life as the little character sketch at the back of the cigarette card'.

And so, the only problem with R.C. Sherriff's autobiography is a question of dates. This series of cigarette cards was issued in 1926 when Sherriff would have been aged about thirty, three years before his meeting with Kipling. He was however writing his autobiography almost forty years after the meeting with Kipling that he describes, and at the age of 72 he may have felt that his thirty-year-old self could be described as a schoolboy.

HOMAGE AND CRITIQUE: ANTHONY POWELL'S USE OF KIPLING IN *A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF TIME*

By HARRY RICKETTS

[The work of Prof Ricketts of Victoria University of Wellington, New Zealand is well known to members. In addition to being the annotator of *One Lady at Wairakei* and author of *The Unforgiving Minute*, he has read papers at the "Kim" Conference in 2001, the A.G.M. in 2002, and at the "Lost Stalky" Conference in 2004. The paper published here was presented at the Anthony Powell Biennial Conference at the Wallace Collection, 2-3 December 2005. – Ed.]

"It is impossible to define Rudyard Kipling's position as a writer in a few sentences," wrote Anthony Powell in 1964. "Everything about him is hedged in with infinite complication and contradiction." The following year his centenary tribute to Kipling is, from the start, similarly 'hedged in':

Born 100 years ago today, Rudyard Kipling might be claimed by the astrologers as a typical Capricorn. Outwardly at least, he was practical, straightforward, not without ruthlessness and a nagging persistence.

When he is examined closer such simple terms turn out to be inadequate; while his work, critically speaking, presents a tangle of contradictions to anyone who hopes to make a brief, trenchant expose.¹

Powell was plainly fascinated by Kipling. The first collection of his critical prose, *Miscellaneous Verdicts: Writings on Writers 1946-1989* contains no less than 10 pieces on Kipling – nine reviews and a parody – written over a period of 33 years. All of these in some form or other mull over the contradictions and paradoxes of Kipling's work and personality. To put that figure of 10 in a Powellian perspective, *Miscellaneous Verdicts* includes seven pieces each on Cyril Connolly and Evelyn Waugh, and six on Hardy, Orwell, Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway and Naipaul. In *Under Review: Further Writings on Writers (1946-1990)*, the companion volume to *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, there are eight pieces on James Joyce, and six on Wilde and Dostoyevsky. So, a score of 10 is notable. This places Kipling third equal with Conrad, close behind Henry James (who notched 11), with only Proust way out in front with a whopping 17.

Before moving onto my principal focus – Powell's use of Kipling in *A Dance to the Music of Time* – I want to look a little more closely at Powell's critical pronouncements on Kipling. These show what a

discriminating critic Powell could be and often anticipate, or run in tandem with, his fictional homage and critique. In his 1964 review, Powell succinctly anatomises some of the more blatant contradictions in Kipling's work: for instance, his racism and his racial tolerance. "On the one hand," Powell observes,

there are the contemptuous references to races of other colour than white, some of which the least squeamish mind [including presumably Powell's own] finds unpalatable; on the other, Kipling shows more understanding – in *Kim*, for example – of the forces that bind the human race together, whatever their colour, than perhaps any other writer in English.

Or, as he puts a related paradox in his centenary tribute: "Kipling ... we find putting out some of the most damaging anti-British, anti-imperialist propaganda imaginable – if you like to look at books in that particular committed way."² Powell, like T.S. Eliot before him, explains these contradictions as resulting from Kipling's self-professed reliance on his literary Daemon. But, however the contradictions are explained, to insist on the multifaceted nature of Kipling's work remains an important corrective, even today, when a hugely selective notion of Kipling is routinely trotted out as a stalking horse in post-colonial debates. For my purposes, however Powell's point about Kipling's "understanding" of what binds people together is the more crucial one, playing an integral part in his own homage to Kipling in *The Valley of Bones* (1964).

Powell is a shrewd assessor of Kipling's 'debts and credits' – to borrow one of Kipling's own titles. The 'credits' include the great originality of the fiction, particularly of *Soldiers Three*, *Kim*, *Stalky & Co.*, and the notoriously difficult "Mrs Bathurst". In review after review, Powell emphasises Kipling's "extraordinary integrity as an artist", especially his "fascination with language [which] more than once recalls Joyce". On the technical side, he makes the important claim that, after Kipling, dialogue in fiction "was never the same", while his "powers of compressing required, and at the same time picturesque, information into a short paragraph are unequalled."³ Powell's tribute here is borne out in his own practice: in his carefully loaded dialogue and, for all the apparently leisurely narrative pace, in the snapshot economy of his descriptive detail.

Powell's enthusiastic response to Kipling's poetry is less relevant in the present context, though his 1974 defence of Kipling's phonetic rendering of Cockney in the "Barrack-Room Ballads" is still worth mentioning. Orwell had famously objected that " 'Kipling ought to have known better ... to have overridden the impulse to make fun of a working-man's accent.' " Powell's succinct rejoinder has the immediate

effect of jolting the reader into a larger view: "It would be just as reasonable to complain that Robert Burns was 'making fun' of Scotland, or William Barnes of Dorset." Powell is always good at retrieving the ignored or underrated. "Bridge-Guard in the Karroo", a late "Barrack-Room Ballad", is a case in point. This is described as "deal[ing] with troops doing boring, uncomfortable, but not dangerous jobs" – a neat summary of much of Powell's own Second World War trilogy in *A Dance to the Music of Time*.⁴

Kipling's 'debits' are just as sharply delineated and, not surprisingly, sometimes overlap with his 'credits'. Powell's explanation of why (despite *Kim* and *The Light that Failed*) Kipling never became a novelist is particularly pertinent to his own fictional critique of Kipling. He endorses Wilde's remark that Kipling "has seen marvellous things through keyholes" and implies that the acute subjectivity which gives the short stories and poems such memorable force necessarily precludes "the kind of objectivity required by a novelist".⁵ That was written in 1965 in the centenary tribute. By then Powell had already exemplified the same point about Kipling in *A Question of Upbringing* and *The Valley of Bones*.

Powell's views on Kipling's style are equally apropos. For him, Kipling was incapable of "writ[ing] a sentence without betraying his own passionate interest in words and language", but this quality sometimes "impos[es] an almost intolerable strain on the reader."⁶ This is patently true, though one might retort that Powell's own "passionate interest in words and language", particularly the mandarin insouciance of his style, can impose its own "strain on the reader". After prolonged immersion in *A Dance to the Music of Time*, it is hard, whether speaking or writing, not to fall into Powellian cadences, turns of phrase, habits of thought – not least his way of eroding – at least partially – an apparently straightforward statement or claim with infinitely subtle and plausible-sounding qualifications.

One of the most impressive aspects of Powell on Kipling is that he does not evade the tough stuff – such as the latter's "aggressive literary personality". "Most writers," Powell asserts, "have a personality, not necessarily attractive, that must be accepted over and above their writings, as such – D.H. Lawrence, for example. In Kipling's case, this personality was unusually strong; to some more pungent than was tolerable." One "pungent" ingredient, which Powell indicates more than once, is Kipling's "disagreeable strain of rather schoolboyish sadism". In Powell's personal lexicon, the word 'disagreeable' carries with it waves of disapproval as powerful as the discontent which emanates from Audrey Maclintick. So his dismissal of Kipling's "Mary Postgate" as "uncompromisingly disagreeable" is itself quite 'uncompromising'?

For all his reservations, Powell's sense of Kipling's literary place always remained high. He put this plainly enough in the centenary tribute – though the final, minute readjustment of focus is entirely characteristic. "One thing at least is clear," he says. "[Kipling] was a writer of the first rank, a genius, though perhaps even in that category, a genius of rather a peculiar kind." Twenty-one years later, in 1986, in the last of the Kipling pieces, he was for once (almost) unequivocal: "Surely [Kipling] is up with, say, Dickens as one of the country's greatest writers."⁸

So much for Powell on Kipling. What about his use of the work? There are allusions to Kipling in many of the volumes of *A Dance to the Music of Time*, often so unobtrusive they are easy to miss. But there are also two richly worked-out Kiplingesque episodes: the Stalkyesque 'Braddock alias Thorne' incident in *A Question of Upbringing* and what one might call 'The "Clinch" in Lady Caro's Dingle' in *The Valley of Bones*.

In his centenary tribute to Kipling, Powell describes *Stalky & Co.* as "show[ing] as absolute an originality in tackling the subject of school-boys, as does *Soldiers Three of the Army*".⁹ So it is no surprise to find a number of Stalkyesque features in the opening, school, section of *A Question of Upbringing*. Powell's trio of school friends – Stringham, Templar and Jenkins – recall Kipling's equivalent trio, Stalky, M'Turk and Beetle. Stringham, like Stalky, is presented as (in some sense) the ringleader of the group, Templar, like M'Turk, as the 'wide boy', and Jenkins, like Beetle, as the author's alter ego and future chronicler of events. Both trios wage an ongoing war against their rule-fixed house-masters, Stalky and Co against Prout, Stringham & Co against Le Bas. (The trio in *Stalky* also conduct skirmishes against their sharp-tongued Latin and English master, King, whose literariness is transferred to Le Bas.) Smoking is made much of in both books. In *Stalky & Co.*, the trio are always nipping off to smoke their pipes or to Chunder over a strong cheroot. In *A Question of Upbringing*, the pipe-smoking is confined to Templar, who affects a notably rank brand of shag tobacco. But in explaining to Le Bas how Jenkins' Uncle Giles inadvertently lit a cigarette in their rooms, Stringham shows an impressive grasp of the different aromatic properties of Turkish and Virginian cigarettes.

In *Stalky & Co.* of course each story describes a different escapade in the boys' ongoing war against the masters. However, the Platonic shape of most of these japes is more or less the same: Prout or King unjustly accuses or persecutes one or more of the trio, who subsequently gain their revenge in a appropriate manner. So, for instance, in "In Ambush" the trio are wrongly accused of trespassing (they have, in fact, been careful to gain permission), and they then trick King

himself into being caught trespassing on the same property. Inevitably this aspect takes a compressed form in the single Stalky-esque episode in *A Question of Upbringing*, but the essential shape is the same: Le Bas oppresses Jenkins and Stringham (about Uncle Giles's careless cigarette) and also Templar (about being late back from a trip to London). In both instances, he " 'make[s] himself very objectionable' " to the boys, obdurately demanding to see written evidence of their innocence.¹⁰

The denouement comes one hot Sunday afternoon when the trio are out on a walk. Passing the police station in the nearby town, they see a wanted poster for a noted fraudster called 'Braddock alias Thorne', whose face, Templar decides, bears an uncanny resemblance to that of their housemaster. The boys head off into the country so that Templar can smoke his pipe, and they come upon Le Bas himself, also seeking solitude. At first, the exchange is cordial, but then there is a slight altercation, and the trio leave (without Templar's smoking pipe being discovered). On Stringham's suggestion, they stop at a garage for a drink. Stringham promptly disappears to make a phone call. The dialogue that follows his return and explains the trick he has pulled off is distinctively Kipling-esque in its economy and clipped implication (if not in its actual idiom):

At last Stringham reappeared, rather hurriedly, his usually pale face slightly flushed. He drank off his ginger-beer at a gulp and said: 'We might be getting along now. I will pay for this.'

Out on the road again, Templar said: 'First we are rushed into this horrible place: then we are rushed out again. What is supposed to be on?'

Stringham said: 'I've just had a word with the police.'

'What about?'

'On the subject of Braddock alias Thorne.'

'Who's that?'

'The chap they wanted for fraud.'

'What about him?'

'Just to inform them of his whereabouts.'

'Is this a joke?'

'Yes.'

'Where did you tell them to look?'

'In a field beyond the railway line.'

'Why?'

'Set your mind to it.'

'Le Bas?'

'Neat, isn't it?'

'What did they say?'

'I rang up in the character of Le Bas himself,' Stringham said. 'I told them that a man "described as looking rather like me" had been piling up bills at various shops in the town where I had accounts: that I had positive information that the man in question had been only a few minutes earlier at the place I described.'

'Did the police swallow that?'

'They asked me to come to the station. I pretended to get angry at the delay, and – in a really magnificent Le Bas outburst – I said that I had an urgent appointment to address the confirmation candidates (although, as far as I can remember, it is the wrong time of year to be confirmed): that I was late already and must set off at once: and that, if the man were not arrested, I should hold the local police responsible.'

'I foresee the hell of a row,' said Templar. 'Still, one must admit that it was a good idea. Meanwhile, the sooner we get back to the house and supply a few alibis, the better.'¹¹

The ruse works. Le Bas is arrested. To complete his humiliation, he is only released on the say-so of Cobberton, a master with whom he has "chronically strained relations":

who also disclosed generally that the policeman who had taken down Stringham's telephone message on the subject of Braddock alias Thorne had remarked to Le Bas, after the matter had been cleared up: 'He'd fair got your manner of speech to a T, sir, whoever he was.'¹²

Simply in terms of action, the stunt is pure Stalky: the quick-witted opportunism, the take-off of Le Bas (which echoes similar improvisations in *Stalky & Co.*), and the way Le Bas is himself falsely accused just as he has falsely accused Stringham and Jenkins, and is made to be late (for Chapel) just as he has accused Templar of being late. In these terms, there is no question that the whole episode is a homage to Kipling's book, which single-handedly revolutionised the fictional representation of boarding school life. What is profoundly different, and implicitly critiques Kipling, is Powell's treatment of the incident. So, although undoubtedly funny, the Le Bas jape produces no overflow of Kiplingesque high spirits – there is no triumphant gloat from the avenged trio. There is no "disagreeable strain of rather schoolboyish sadism", as there is in "The Moral Reformers", say, where Stalky & Co are themselves allowed to bully two school bullies.¹³ Nor is there any all-seeing, wise headmaster to step in at the end and administer 'unfair' canings on the trio, thus squaring the ledger at a higher level of authority.

There is no sense in the Powell episode of Kipling's underlying moral that the education the boys give themselves in bending and breaking rules is far more valuable than anything they learn in the classroom. This point is rather crudely spelt out in "Slaves of the Lamp, II", the 'adult' Stalky story which concludes *Stalky & Co.* Here Stalky's antics at school are seen as a useful training ground for the maverick measures he must later take as an army officer, extending or preserving the Empire. No such imperialist (or other) underpinning is stated or implied in *A Question of Upbringing*. On the contrary, the whole 'Braddock alias Thorne' episode is introduced as "[t]his rather absurd affair, which did no one great credit" and as having been "pointless in some respects".¹⁴ Rather than the buoyant relish of the 'Stalky' japes, the Powell version makes us subtly aware of the crueller aspects of the revenge on Le Bas. This is more in the spirit of Kipling's later 'Stalky' stories- such as "Regulus" or "The Propagation of Knowledge", written long after the original *Stalky & Co.* – where the imaginative sympathy is not exclusively on the side of the boys, and King, like Le Bas, is allowed at least a limited humanity.

Perhaps the profoundest difference, however, is in the character of Stringham. While Stalky is motivated by delight in clever, schoolboy derring-do, Stringham already shows more complex, divided propensities. There is the suggestion that the Le Bas hoax is an attempt to even the score with Templar, after the latter's sexual adventure in London (the reason for his lateness on the day of Uncle Giles's visit). There is even the suggestion (developed later) that the "romantic" Stringham "would perhaps have liked to play a somewhat different role from that which varying moods, and love of eccentricity, entailed upon him."¹⁵ It is implied, in fact, that he would have liked to be more of a Stalky type, and has, rather hectically, seized the one opportunity offered him to play this part. At all events, a self-destructive, melancholy, quite unStalkyesque undertow is already discernible in Stringham's character, which will ultimately make him such a poignant casualty as the novel sequence unfolds.

The inclusion of the 'Braddock alias Thorne' episode in *A Question of Upbringing* is Powell's fictional homage to Kipling's "originality" in *Stalky & Co.* At the same time the far greater complexity of character, perspective, motive and mood which Powell brings to the incident provides an implicit rewriting and critiquing of the Kipling version.

Before turning to the equivalent episode in *The Valley of Bones*, I want to look briefly at a few of Powell's more unobtrusive references to Kipling. *A Question of Upbringing* contains several of these. When Jenkins pays a visit to Templar's home, the latter describes a fellow guest, Sunny Farebrother, as " 'a downy old bird' ".¹⁶ "A downy bird"

is the term repeatedly used of the headmaster in *Stalky & Co.* In Powell's novel, the use of the phrase raises various possibilities. One is that Templar, who has already left school and gone into business, is keen to sound man-of-the-worldish to his old schoolfriend. However, not yet quite fluent in the requisite lingo, he still sometimes sounds more like a refugee from *Stalky & Co.* But, as so often with Powell, the exact tonal weighting of the phrase is not easy to pin down. So this bit of Stalkyese could equally well suggest the lingering school bond between Templar and Jenkins, which is, in fact, about to loosen. Characteristically, the phrase 'downy old bird' turns out to be an apt enough description of Farebrother's character, and is just the sort of thing he might have said about himself.

Later, at Madame Leroy's in France, Jenkins is suddenly asked by another paying guest for his opinion of *Simple Contes des Collines* as a rendering of Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*. Fortunately, he is saved from this dismaying prospect by the unexpected appearance of Widmerpool. Later again, now at Oxford, Jenkins and Stringham find themselves inevitably drawn into the web of the manipulative don, Sillery. When Stringham decides to accept a job with the business magnate Sir Magnus Donners and go down without taking a degree, he calls on Sillery's help to win over his unenthusiastic mother. At the time, Jenkins cannot see what Sillery can possibly gain from helping Stringham. But, looking back, he realises that, with Stringham working for Sir Magnus, Sillery can keep tabs on Bill Truscott, his "other man" at the firm Donners-Brebner. Having Stringham in his debt adds another strand to the ever-expanding web of intrigue and influence which Sillery is constantly weaving. "In short," reflects Jenkins, echoing Kipling's famous phrase about Lord Beaverbrook and the harlotrous prerogative of the Press through the ages, "power without responsibility could hardly be offered to Sillery, within this limited sphere, upon cheaper terms."¹⁷

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Both power and responsibility play their part in 'The "Clinch" in Lady Caro's Dingle' in *The Valley of Bones*, the seventh volume in the sequence. Here Powell is paying homage to the way Kipling's portrait of the military shaped the expectations of at least a couple of generations of serving officers, and how this portrait, in effect, reinvented their depiction in English fiction. This time the key figures are not, as one might expect, the rule-breaking Stalky or the lovably dissolute Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris from *Soldiers Three*, the collection Powell praised for its "originality" in "tackling the subject . . . of the Army".¹⁸ Instead the key figure is Parnesius, the dutiful Roman centurion from *Puck of Pook's Hill*. (Powell in a 1975 review of Philip

Mason's *Kipling: The Glass, the Shadow and the Fire* attests to his own partiality for the 'Puck' stories.)

Jenkins is now a second lieutenant in a Welsh Regiment. The Second World War has begun, and he is stationed in Northern Ireland under the command of Captain Gwatkin, a bank-manager in civilian life. When Jenkins shares sleeping quarters with Gwatkin, he discovers that his commanding officer keeps a copy of *Puck of Pook's Hill* in a locked cashbox in a locked steel cupboard, together with the latest army code words, a *Glossary of Military Terms and Organization in the Field* and "all sorts of other papers which had taken Gwatkin's fancy as important". Gwatkin admits to Jenkins to being an avid, secret fan of 'Parnesius', on whose code of stoical heroism he seems to be modelling his own wartime career. " 'I've read [the story] lots of times really,' " he tells Jenkins, as though the story were another indispensable military manual.¹⁹ The discovery of the book establishes a distinctly Kiplingesque bond between the two men, recalling Kipling's story "The Janeites", in which a group of First World War soldiers are drawn together by a shared enthusiasm for Jane Austen's novels.

Jenkins learns that the apparently heavily married Gwatkin is much struck by the celibacy-strengthening line "Mithras, also a soldier, keep us pure till the dawn!" from one of the poems accompanying the Parnesius stories.²⁰ " 'Does that mean women?' " Gwatkin asks Jenkins. " 'I suppose so,' " the latter replies, resisting the temptation "to make flippant suggestions about other, more recondite vices, for which, with troops of such mixed origin as Rome's legions, the god's hasty moral intervention might be required."²¹ This silent aside perfectly exemplifies that most Powellian of manoeuvres: qualified assent to a proposition, followed by some witty or arch rider. The effect here is for Gwatkin's rather simplistic Kiplingesque notions of love and duty to be at once endorsed and sent up.

Gwatkin's own conclusion is that the line from the poem " 'Make[s] you glad you're married . . . Don't have to bother any more about women' ". This assertion inevitably proves premature, and, some time later, Gwatkin confides to Jenkins that he has fallen head-over-heels for a local barmaid called Maureen. By then, the company, still in Ireland, has been redeployed to the more palatial Castlemallock. In the grounds, there is a glade called Lady Caro's Dingle, where Byron's rejected mistress Caroline Lamb is supposed to have walked. Things come to a head when Gwatkin loses his command and is to be shunted off as " 'a dud' " to the Infantry Training Centre. It is implied that his passion for Maureen has irretrievably distracted him from his official duties (there is, tellingly, a mix-up over code words). That evening Gwatkin and Jenkins take a stroll towards Lady Caro's Dingle.

Soon after Gwatkin has confessed that Maureen has more or less promised to sleep with him, they come across Maureen herself in the Dingle in a " 'clinch' " with the lascivious Corporal Gwylt. Gwatkin implores Jenkins to "say something":

'Gwylt ought to pray more to Mithras.'

'What do you mean?'

'You know – the Kipling poem – "keep us pure till the dawn".'

'My God,' said Gwatkin, 'you're bloody right.'

He began to laugh. That was one of the moments I felt I had not been wrong in thinking there was some style about him. We reached the house, parting without further discussion on either side, though Gwatkin had again laughed loudly from time to time.²²

This denouement is even richer in Kipling associations than the Stalkyesque incident in *A Question of Upbringing*. Shortly before they reach the Dingle, Jenkins surprises Gwatkin by admitting that he does not enjoy being a platoon commander. " 'Thirty men are merely a responsibility,' " Jenkins observes, " 'without the least compensatory feeling of power' " – another variation on the Kipling swipe at Beaverbrook, already used in *A Question of Upbringing*. Equally neat, and underplayed, is the first sign of the presence of the entwined couple. Jenkins and Gwatkin hear Gwylt's voice singing a contemporary love song, which, we are told, "recall[s] old-fashioned music-hall tunes of fifty years before" – in other words from around 1890, exactly the time that Kipling first burst on the London literary scene, and barrack-room ballads like "Mandalay" were being sung in music-halls.²³

These references are by way of an overture. The revelation itself is much more resonantly Kiplingesque. On one level, the scene offers a practical demonstration of the Kipling maxim that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male".²⁴ This element is subtly reinforced (but also ironically sharpened) by the reference to the line from Kipling's "A Song to Mithras" as a response to Gwatkin's appalling (but also poignant and comic) discovery. The line "Mithras, also a soldier, keep us pure till the dawn!", with all its accumulated associations, acts as an all too ironic reminder of Gwatkin's recently dashed military and amorous hopes. Also, as a piece of personal shorthand code, the line reaffirms the Kiplingesque bond that has developed between the two men. And Gwatkin's reaction, once he registers the force of Jenkins' grimly flippant joke, is equally Kiplingesque. His sudden, bitter, releasing laughter recalls a number of similar moments in Kipling's stories, most notably perhaps the one in the Indian "A Wayside Comedy" where the cuckolded Boulte and jilting Kurrell suddenly realise they are now in the same emotional boat:

The sentence was cut by a roar of laughter from Boulte's lips. Kurrell was silent for an instant, and then he, too, laughed—laughed long and loudly . . . It was an unpleasant sound—the mirthless mirth of these men on the long white line of the Narkarra Road.²⁵

So much for the homage. As for the critique, a comparison with Evelyn Waugh is instructive. In Waugh's Second World War trilogy *The Sword of Honour*, Kipling's version of the Army is again patently present, but mostly as a vehicle for some (admittedly very funny) caricature. So Colonel Ritchie-Hook, the overgrown public schoolboy who sees war "as a prodigious booby-trap" and is made to misquote "If—", is clearly a brilliantly cruel take-off of Stalky. Waugh even has some of his officers talk in well-known quotations from Kipling: " 'A woman's only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke,' said the major"; " 'The captains and the kings depart,' said de Souza."²⁶

Powell's approach is more subtly oblique, much more imaginatively generous. As with the 'Braddock alias Thorne' incident, he takes a recognisably Kiplingesque situation and then, with the "kind of objectivity" he claimed as so essential to a novelist, he gives the episode a deeper and a sadder note. There are certainly comic aspects to Gwatkin's unrealistic military aspirations and situation, even something rather childish about his secret devotion to Parnesius from *Puck of Pook's Hill*. But from the start he is established as a cut above the other officers in the company. Although no Stringham, he has "some style about him", some romance. Consequently Jenkins (and the reader) feel more moved than amused by the collapse of all his hopes and by the manner in which he responds to his loss.²⁷

Another characteristic way in which Powell deepens and enlarges the effect of the scene in Lady Caro's Dingle is by a subtle foreshadowing of its emotional entanglements. It is quietly made clear that marriage no more offers a safety net to the reliable Sergeant Pendry than it does to Gwatkin himself. Pendry, it is strongly hinted, shoots himself, because he is unable to deal with his wife's infidelity. Not even the happily married Jenkins is entirely immune. Before the scene in the Dingle, he has been on a training course. There he meets the philandering Odo Stevens (who is soon to have an affair with Jenkins' sister-in-law Priscilla). More heart-twistingly, Jenkins himself has an encounter on the course which unobtrusively anticipates Gwatkin's in the Dingle. He learns for the first time how, years before when he was deeply in love with Jean Templar, he was himself two-timed by Jimmy Brent, a man he has always despised. "The Jean business was long over," he reflects in one of Powell's sharp insights into the human heart, "but even when you have ceased to love someone, that does not necessarily bring indifference to a past shared together. Besides,

though love may die, vanity lives on timelessly."²⁹ It is such moments, apparently so coincidentally worked in, which provide the profounder nuances to the climactic "Clinch" in Lady Caro's Dingle'.

Powell rightly remarked that "It is impossible to define Rudyard Kipling's position as a writer in a few sentences".³⁰ Nor is it possible in a few sentences to define Powell's witty and adroit homage to Kipling in *A Dance to the Music of Time*. However, like any true homage, Powell's is not only imaginatively generous but offers an entirely unreverential critique.

NOTES

1. Anthony Powell, *Miscellaneous Verdicts: Writings on Writers 1946-1989* (London: Heinemann, 1990) pp.122, 129. [Hereafter *Miscellaneous Verdicts*]
2. *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, pp.123, 130.
3. *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, pp.122, 131.
4. *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, p.128.
5. *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, pp.130, 132.
6. *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, pp.131.
7. *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, pp.121, 131, 140, 136.
8. *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, pp.129, 139-140.
9. *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, p.131.
10. Anthony Powell, *A Question of Upbringing* (London: Heinemann, 1951), p.28. [Hereafter *A Question of Upbringing*]
11. *A Question of Upbringing*, pp.45—6.
12. *A Question of Upbringing*, p.50.
13. *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, p.140.
14. *A Question of Upbringing*, p.36.
15. *A Question of Upbringing*, p.36.
16. *A Question of Upbringing*, p.87.
17. *A Question of Upbringing*, pp.206-7.
18. *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, p.131.
19. Anthony Powell, *The Valley of Bones* (London: Heinemann, 1964), pp.57, 59. [Hereafter *The Valley of Bones*]
20. Rudyard Kipling, *Puck of Pook's Hill and Rewards and Fairies* (London: World's Classics, 1993), p.112.
21. *The Valley of Bones*, p.91.
22. *The Valley of Bones*, pp.91, 227, 230.
23. *The Valley of Bones*, pp.228, 229.
24. Rudyard Kipling, *The Years Between* (London: Methuen, 1919), pp.128 *et al.*
25. Rudyard Kipling, *Wee Willie Winkie and Other Stories* (London: Macmillan, 1895), p.54.
26. Evelyn Waugh, *Unconditional Surrender* (London: Chapman & Hall, 1961), pp.204, 290; *Men At Arms* (London: Penguin, 1964), pp.72, 70.
27. *The Valley of Bones*, p.9.
28. *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, p.127.
29. *The Valley of Bones*, p.128.
30. *Miscellaneous Verdicts*, p.122.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON 2007

The Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon 2007 was held on Wednesday 2 May at the Royal Over-Seas League, London. The Guest Speaker was Sir Mark Tully. At his table were our President, Sir George Engle, Lady Irene Engle, Mr John Radcliffe (our Chairman), Mr Charles Allen, Cdr Alastair Wilson, Lord Sandberg of Passfield, Lt-Col. R. C. Ayers, and Mrs Leslie Ayers.

Apologies were received from those who, unfortunately, were unable to attend: Dr Michael Brock and Mrs Brock, Sir Derek Oulton, David Alan Richards, and John and Marian Morgan. The occasion was a great success and was attended by some 134 guests including:

Mr M. Aidin, Mr C. Allen, Mrs F.A. Arrowsmith, Mr K.V. Arrowsmith, Brig. R.J. Baddeley, Mrs S. Baddeley, Mr R.G. Bailey, Mr L. Baldwin, Mrs R. Baldwin, Mr Derek Balls, Mrs H.A. Barton, Mr R.P. Batt-Rawden, Miss H.N. Batt-Rawden, Mr P.A. Bedding, Revd. A. Bergquist, Mr C. Bettington, Mr S. Bevan, Dr K.W. Blyth, Major K. Bonny, Mrs D. Bonny, Miss M. Bookless, Mr P.W. Brock, Mr A.P. Brown, Mr W.N. Brown, Captain J.C. Browning, Judge J.M. Bull, Mrs S.M. Bull, Mr R. Camden, Ms B. Caseley Dickson, Sir John Chapple, Lady Anabelle Chapple, Mr M.H. Couchman, Mrs S. Couchman, Mrs M.A. Craig, Professor N.A. Cumpsty, Dr S.L.P. Davidson, Mrs J.C. de Mounteney, Lt-Col B.T.A. Douglas, Mrs E.A. Douglas, Mrs L.N. Fjelland, Mrs J.J. Garwood, Mrs H. Gray, Mrs J.C. Habib, Mrs J. E. Hard, Mr S.G. Hard, Miss A.G. Harcombe, Mr P.G.S. Hall, Mr N. Harris, Dr Mary Hamer, Ms Fiona Hancock, Mrs T. Hanley, Dr P.L. Havholm, Mrs M.S. Havholm, Sir Anthony Hayward, Lady Hayward, Miss J.C. Hett, Mr P. Hodgman, Mrs CD. Horton, Ms P. Howell, Mrs P. Jefferys, Mr R.C. Kernick, Mrs E. Kernick, Mr W.H.B. Key, Mrs C.A. Key, Mr S. Keskar, Mrs J. Keskar, Dr J. Lewins, Mrs J. Lewins, Mrs M. Lyons, Mr F. Lyons, Mrs M. Macdonald Bendle, Mrs M. Magan, Mrs J. MacKay, Mr C. Marchant Smith, Mrs D. Marchant Smith, Mrs J.M.T. Mager, Mr D.R. Major, Mr D.E. Markham, Mrs R.A. Markham, Mr E.H. Marsh, Mr P. Marsh, Mr J. Matthews, Mrs W. Matthews, Mr C.R.W. Mitchell, Mrs J.A. Mitchell, Mr K.G. Moon, Mrs K.B.F. Moon, Mr Frank Noah, Mr D. Panter, Mrs A. Panter, Mr David Page, Mr R.S. Parker, Mr J. Parsons, Mr Robin Parsons, Mrs Elizabeth Parsons, Mr J.C.J. Pegler, Mr R. Pettigrew, Mr G.F.C. Plowden, Mrs R.P. Plowden, Ms L.A.C. Price, Mr J. Raisman, Mrs E.A. Raisman, Mrs C.J.J. Reid, Mr M. Rudman, Mr R.H. Seebohm, Mr P. Sizeland, Mrs G.E.A. Shomzoni, Mr John Slater, Mr CM. Smith, Mrs T.M. Smith, Mr J.W.M. Smith, Mrs A.J. Smith, Mrs A. Smithurst, Mrs S. Stonor, Mrs S. Thomas, Mrs E. Travis, Mr H. Travis, Dr F.A. Underwood, Mr John Venning, Mrs S. Venning, Mrs A.L. Vaughan Williams, Mr S.D. Wade, Mrs F.M. Wade, Miss Pauline Waddington, Mr R.H. Whatmoor, Mr G. Weekes and Mrs CF. Whitehead.

CHAIRMAN'S WELCOME

My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to see you at our annual luncheon for 2007, the eighty-first year of the Kipling

Society. I would like to offer a warm welcome to our members and their guests; in particular:

to our speaker today, Sir Mark Tully; to Lord Sandberg of Passfield; to Field Marshal Sir John Chapple; to Mr John Raisman, Chairman of the Friends of the British Empire, who was our speaker in 2005; to Michael Smith, one of our Vice-Presidents, who was Hon. Secretary of the Society for many years, and whose book on Kipling's Sussex is coming out in the autumn; and to Mrs Maxine Magan, who some seventy years ago was invited to partner the Viceroy at the Bachelors' Ball in Simla. Her book *From the Raj to the Old Rectory* – which includes some of her own plain tales from the hills, came out last November.

It's good to see you all.

Once again I am happy to report that the Society is in good health.

- Membership remains steady. We send out some 600 copies of the *Kipling Journal* each quarter, with a steady stream of applications from all over the world through the Internet. Since none of us are getting any younger, we are going to redouble our efforts next year to recruit some younger members.
- It should be an auspicious time for this campaign, since now that the Kipling copyrights have expired, there are likely to be a number of new editions coming out. In the *Kipling Journal*, which goes from strength to strength, David Page will now be regularly publishing some of the less well-known stories and articles, as he did in March with "The Legs of Sister Ursula".
- We continue to have lively meetings here at the Royal Over-Seas League, arranged by Andrew Lycett, who will himself be addressing the Society in September on "Kipling and Conan Doyle"
- The Society's website is visited by between two and three hundred people a day, and a growing number of visitors are using our new Readers' Guide to Kipling's works, our update of the splendid Harbord guide, which we hope to complete by 2009.
- The Kipling Library, in the safe hands of John Walker, is being increasingly well used by researchers, and the process of cataloguing a number of the unrecorded treasures we possess, including many rare photographs, is going on.
- It is interesting to note that the value of Kipling material seems to be rising fast. David Richards in the United States, who has recently become a Vice-President of the Society, reports that the manuscript of "On Greenhow Hill" was on sale in New York last month for

\$75,000. David's massive new bibliography of Kipling is virtually complete and should be published by 2009 as a worthy successor to Martindell, and Livingston, and Stewart.

- David is exhibiting his collection at Yale in June, and his Catalogue will be a worthy volume in itself. There are details on a sheet on the table by the door, and if you are interested in acquiring a copy, please give your name to Jane Keskar.
- There will also be a Kipling exhibition this year in the Nobelmuseet in Stockholm, to mark the centenary of Kipling's award of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907.
- To mark the same centenary we are collaborating with the University of Kent, in Canterbury, in a Rudyard Kipling Nobel Conference on 7 and 8 September, where the keynote speakers will be Christopher Hitchens and Benita Parry.
- And we have been instrumental, through Jeffery Lewins, in presenting a plaque to the University of Capetown, where it is now on the wall of the Woolsack, the house where the Kiplings wintered in the years before the Great War. So it has been a lively year

And now I'd like to ask Jane Keskar to say a grace, before our luncheon.

GRACE, BY JANE KESKAR

First, these lines of Kipling's:

*When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.*

And only The Master shall praise us, and only The Master shall blame;

And now the grace:

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

GUEST OF HONOUR, SIR MARK TULLY, O.B.E.

After the luncheon, the Chairman, Mr John Radcliffe said:

Mark Tully told me last week that he felt that today he would be surrounded by people who know more about Kipling than him. Whether or not that is so, I am sure that there are few people here today who know more about India. And, of course, Kipling's experience of his seven years 'hard' in India was seminal to his writings.

Mark spent the first ten years of his life there, and after Cambridge returned for 22 years as the voice of the BBC in India. He lives there still. He was broadcasting not only to people in Britain, but in the World Service to India itself. As Tully Sahib he is a voice trusted and respected by millions of ordinary Indians. Like Kipling he has a rare gift for getting into the minds of people of different languages and cultures and beliefs. I'm sure he has a great deal to offer us today in Kipling's immortal memory.

KIPLING AND MODERN INDIA

By SIR MARK TULLY, O.B.E.

[We expect to publish Sir Mark's Address in the December 2007 issue.]

VOTE OF THANKS BY THE SOCIETY'S PRESIDENT

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

It falls to me, on behalf of us all, to thank Sir Mark Tully for his fascinating talk – the fruit of more than forty years of close contact with India, compared with the mere seven years that Kipling spent there.

Not knowing in advance what he was going to say – the problem confronting all proposers of votes-of-thanks – I looked again at my copy of his marvellous book *No Full Stops in India*, and found on the cover some comments on his writing which are as true of his talk today as they were of his book back in 1991. Here are two of them.

First: "Not since Kipling has one man's love of India been so movingly revealed."

And again: "In everything he writes, [his] sympathy for and knowledge of India shines through. . . He is indeed incomparable among foreign observers of that bewildering, maddening, utterly enchanting medley of peoples."

I cannot improve on either of those tributes, so I will simply say "thank you" to Sir Mark for giving us such a memorable talk.

I have great pleasure in inviting you to be upstanding and to drink to
The unfading genius of Rudyard Kipling.

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

NEW MEMBERS

Dr Rodney Atwood (*Shaftesbury, Dorset*)

Mr Roger Baldwin (*Wickford, Essex*)

Miss Amanda-Jane Eddlestone (*Rüsselsheim, GERMANY*)

Mr Brian Harris (*Yardly Hastings, Northamptonshire*)

Mr David Teasdale (*Liverpool*)

Miss Eleanor M.E. Wood (*Tarbert, Isle of Harris, Outer Hebrides*)

SUBSCRIPTIONS – NEW RATES FROM 1 JANUARY 2008

As notified in the last issue of the Kipling Journal, the Council has decided that a general rise of 10% in the subscription rate is necessary in order to ensure that income and expenditure remain in balance. The U.K. subscription was last raised in 2000 and overseas sterling rates have remained virtually unchanged since 1992. In addition, various increases in inland postage rates and overseas rates in the last two years have resulted in an imbalance in our inland and overseas subscriptions which the new rates will correct.

From 1 January 2008 the new rates are to be

UK (payment by Standing Order) £22 – Joint* £32

UK (payment by cheque) £24 – Joint* £34

* Joint Members – Two members at the same address, one *Journal*.

Surface mail, worldwide £26

Airmail Europe £26

Airmail world, other than Europe £30

Universities and libraries, where membership includes multiple access to the Members Pages of the website, are to be £2 more than the individual rates.

This will require new Standing Orders from most who use them, which will be sent out towards the end of 2007. Prompt completion and return will be most appreciated.

Cheques will continue to be accepted in US\$ and, from 1 January 2008, in Euro. The subscriptions in these currencies for 2008 will be announced in the December 2007 *Kipling Journal* and will be printed on the Subscription Reminder forms that go out with that and subsequent issues of the *Journal*. Subscriptions due before 1 January 2007 remain unchanged.

Roger Ayers, Hon. Membership Secretary

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA"

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

Dear Sir,

On a recent visit to Tokyo, I took the train to Kamakura, visited by Kipling in 1892, as described by Cortazzi & Webb's book¹. Based on his visit to The Great Buddha he wrote the poem "Buddha at Kamakura": 'O ye who tread the Narrow Way . . .'

The site, the Kotoku-in Temple, was busy, including parties. At the entrance one is still confronted by the notice by the abbot ("quaint little printed appeal" per Kipling²). No-one now climbs on the imposing statue³ as Kipling described and as shown in old photos,⁴ although I was able for 20 yen to walk inside it. Plaques record the donation of trees by visiting royalty. I purchased a small illustrated guidebook⁵ to the statue [the Daibutsu], which quotes from the diary of a Capt John Saris in 1613.

Nowhere in that booklet or the site is Kipling mentioned, although a copy of the Cortazzi & Webb book in Japanese translation was presented to the Chief Priest in 2002,⁶ and the translator wrote that "They were more than delighted to find Kipling's wonderful poem in it."⁷ I suggest there is scope for the Society to publish a booklet for sale there mentioning Kipling's visit and quoting his poem.

Yours faithfully
BRYAN C. DIAMOND

NOTES

1. *Kipling's Japan*,: *Collected Writings*, edited by Hugh Cortazzi & George Webb, 1988, v. from p.201.
2. *ibid.*, p.202, text given in endnote No.20, p.207.
3. Various websites of Kamakura show recent pictures.
4. *ibid.*, Plate 11; and Clive Holland, *Things Seen in Japan*, 1914, facing p.214.
5. *Daibutsu: The Great Buddha of Kamakura*, Kamakura Hase Kotokun, Chief Priest, 20 pages, n.d.
6. *Kipling Journal* No.305, March 2003, pp.38-40.
7. Jerry Matsumura, letter to David Page.

"DIANA" AND "SMET-SMET"

From: Mr Brian Harris, Church Barn, High Street, Yardley Hastings, Northants NN7 1ER

Dear Sir,

I was interested to read the piece on *Diana of Ephesus* in the March issue of the *Journal*. Has anyone, I wonder, considered the parallels between this poem and Rupert Brooke's "*On the Death of Smet-Smet the Hippotamus Goddess*"?

It reads:

**On the Death of Smet-Smet, the Hippopotamus-Goddess
Song of a tribe of the ancient Egyptians**

Rupert Brook (1908)

(The Priests within the Temple)

She was wrinkled and huge and hideous? She was our Mother.
She was lustful and lewd? — but a God; we had none other.
In the day She was hidden and dumb, but at nightfall moaned in the
shade;
We shuddered and gave Her Her will in the darkness; we were
afraid.

(The People without)

*She sent us pain,
And we bowed before Her;
She smiled again
And bade us adore Her.
She solaced our woe
And soothed our sighing;
And what shall we do
Now God is dying?*

(The Priests within)

She was hungry and ate our children; — how should we stay Her?
She took our young men and our maidens; — ours to obey Her.
We were loathed and mocked and reviled of all nations; that was
our pride.
She fed us, protected us, loved us, and killed us; now She has died.

(The People without)

*She was so strong;
But death is stronger.
She ruled us long;
But Time is longer.
She solaced our woe
And soothed our sighing;
And what shall we do
Now God is dying?*

Most notable is the refrain:

"What shall we do now Diana hath died?" (Kipling)

and,

. . . *what shall we do / Now God is dying?* (Brooke)

Yours sincerely
BRIAN HARRIS

KIPLING MEMORABILIA AT HAILEYBURY

From: Mrs Jane Keskar, 6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS

Dear Sir,

Haileybury College held a small but fascinating exhibition of Kipling memorabilia on Saturday 26 May. Sharad, Anne Harcombe and I were welcomed by Toby Parker, the Archivist, who drew our attention to the various exhibits, one of which was William Strang's fine etching of Kipling – one of 60 signed copies – acquired by Russell Matcham, Kipling housemaster.

We had the privilege to see and turn the pages of the *Stalky* manuscript and saw the unique photographs of Kipling and his young friends, together with amusing caricatures of the masters and boys. There was also a portrait in oils of Cornell Price by an unknown artist. The exhibition demonstrated Price's subtle encouragement of Kipling's talent, ample proof of which was in the copies of Kipling's hand written minutes of the Literary Society and the *United Services College Chronicle*.

There were some moving and amusing letters including a personal reminiscence about Alice Kipling by Sir Louis Dore. Alice had sent him a booklet of Kipling's verse (the first form of schoolboy lyrics) and sought advice about encouraging her son's talent: "I may be a fond mother, but I do think that the verses show promise; should I encourage him to write or discourage him?" Returning the booklet, Dore wrote that "the writer showed a marvellous power of terse expression in verse, and that he should certainly be encouraged to write, and *would I was sure go far*"! (my italics)

During Kipling's lifetime there was a strong collective memory of the Mutiny and we saw the letter from Sir Henry Lawrence's nephew, George, to his father, Sir John Lawrence, telling of his uncle's injuries and death during the four month siege of Lucknow in 1857.

Toby Parker gave generously of his time even to the extent of showing us the superb Arts and Crafts Dining hall, a striking memorial to over 500 of Haileybury's young men killed in the First World War. The architect was Sir Herbert Baker, Lutyens' New Delhi colleague.

Yours sincerely
JANE KESKAR

L.B.R. BRIGGS AND T.S. ELIOT

From: Prof Traugott Lawler, Dept of English, Yale University, P.O. Box 208302, New Haven, CT 06520-8302, U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

After my article on Kipling's "Charade" was in press (*Kipling Journal*, No.322, June 2007, pp.34-40), I learned one more fact about Le Baron Russell Briggs, the Harvard English teacher and dean who sent Kipling a copy of his "Original Charades". It is a fact already well known to scholars of T.S. Eliot: that Briggs was one of Eliot's freshman English teachers, and introduced him to the poetry of John Donne. Like everyone else in his class, Eliot took English A, a course conducted by four different lecturers: Barrett Wendell, George Lyman Kittredge, George Pierce Baker, and Briggs. In the opening paragraph of his essay "Donne in Our Time", Eliot says, "Professor Briggs used to read, with great persuasiveness and charm, verses of Donne to the Freshmen at Harvard assembled in what was called, as I remember, 'English A.' I confess that I have now forgotten what Professor Briggs told us about the poet; but I know that whatever he said, his own words and his quotations were enough to attract to private reading at least one Freshman who had already absorbed some of the Elizabethan dramatists, but who had not yet approached the metaphysicals" (in Theodore Spencer, ed., *A Garland for John Donne*, Cambridge, Ma, 1931, p.3; see also Herbert Howarth, *Notes on Some Figures Behind T.S. Eliot*, Boston, 1964, p.8, in an entire chapter devoted to Eliot's undergraduate courses; and James Miller, *T.S. Eliot: The Making of an American Poet, 1888-1922*, University Park, PA, 2005, p.79). Since Eliot's advocacy was a major factor in gaining for Donne the universal admiration among readers of English poetry that he has now long had, those charming and persuasive classes of 1906 can be said to have earned L.B.R. Briggs an important niche in the literary history of the twentieth century.

Yours,
TRAUGOTT LAWLER

KIPLING, PARODY AND FILK

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

Dear Sir,

Lee Gold's parody of "Danny Deever" (*Kipling Journal* No.322, June 2007, p.56) is not only more evidence of enthusiasm for Kipling's verse in the U.S. filk scene but also contains a possible explanation of my failure to locate similar enthusiasm in this country; in the U.S.A. ' . . . we do not seem to care / That Political Correctness may be lacking here and there.' Tom Holt, British novelist and filker, shared negative misconceptions about Kipling until he heard one of Leslie

Fish's tapes (reminder about her, *Kipling Journal* No.307, September 2003, p.52; No.310, June 2004, p.54); 'had it not been for the enthusiasm of an American, I'd have missed out on some of the finest poetry in the English language'.

The Editor has been understandably cautious about printing parodies (*Kipling Journal*, No.276, December 1995, p.40) but some have since been worthy of inclusion (No.277, March 1996, p.20; No.281, March 1997, p.28; No.310, June 2004, p.50; No.314, June 2005, p.53; No. 315, September 2005, p.53; No.316, December 2005, p.44), demonstrating 'that Kipling is still a source of inspiration around the world'. The *Journal* has covered Kipling's own work as a parodist (No.305, March 2003, p.41); in the same issue (p.62) Royston Slade urged an enthusiastic approach to 'disseminating his work', to 'be his disciples' (compare "The Disciple", set by Fish!).

Our catalogue of Musical Settings (www.kipling.org.uk/settingsl.htm) already includes some parodies. Lee Gold has now drawn my attention to more which, unlike most folk music, are published and available in the USA. The best acknowledge specifically their inspiration by Kipling, match his idiosyncratic style convincingly to enlighten and amuse and will be included in the next catalogue update on the Society website. Without the internet and e-mails (which I hate) the catalogue could not have developed as it has and a particularly good parody is "The E-Mail of the Specious" by Tom Holt, to Fish's setting of "The Female of the Species".

Fifteen areas planned for a 'wide-ranging approach to the man and his work' at the Kipling Conference 2007 make no mention of music (*Journal* No.322, June 2007, p.7). Perhaps wider publicity of the synergic relationship between his verse and music would attract a third kind of reader and the young we are trying to encourage.

Yours faithfully,
BRIAN J. H. MATTINSON

OBITUARY: MISS SHEENA STEEL

It is with great regret that we have to record the death at 96 of Miss Sheena Steel on 2 May 2007. Born on 30 April 1911, Miss Steel was a long-term member of the Society, who was on our Council from 1987 to 1990. She is particularly remembered for the useful help that she gave to two of our Librarians, Mrs Margaret Newsome and Mrs 'Trixie' Schreiber, in the mid-1980s. – *Ed.*

