



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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KIPLING SOCIETY



DECEMBER 1966

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. (" Stalky ") (1927-1946), who was succeeded by Field-Marshal The Earl Wavell, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., C.M.G., M.C. (1946-1950), Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick A. M. Browning, G.C.V.O., K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O. (1951-1960).

Members are invited to propose those of their friends who are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works for election to membership. The Hon. Secretary would be glad to hear from members overseas as to prospects of forming a Branch of the Society in their district.

The Subscription is : Home Members, 25/- ; Overseas Members, 15/-; Junior Members (under 18, anywhere), 10/-; U.S.A. Branch, \$3.50 per annum. These include receipt of *The Kipling Journal* quarterly.

Until further notice the Society's Office at 323 High Holborn, W.C.1, will be open once a week, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Please be sure to telephone before calling—HOLborn 7597—as the day is not always the same.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 323 High Holborn on Wednesday, 15th March, 1967, at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

February 15th, 1967, at the Royal Society of St. George, 4 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m., a reading and discussion of selected verse. **Note date and address.** Postcards with suggested items for reading and discussion, addressed to P. W. Inwood, 13 Cumberland Close, St. Margaret's on Thames, Middlesex, are invited.

April 12th, 1967. Same time and place.



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NEWS AND NOTES

OAK, ASH AND THORN

Puck's magic worked retrospectively this summer at 'Bateman's'. Mrs. Helen Howard turned 'Young Men at the Manor' and 'The Tree of Justice' into dramatic form and they were acted in the garden at 'Bateman's' within view of Pook's Hill during the summer of this year. But the charm 'by oak, ash and thorn' worked so well that no member of the Kipling Society seems to have heard anything about the production until it was over.

An undated cutting from an unidentified paper has come my way telling of 'two Kipling plays adapted from *Puck of Pook's Hill* which are being given tonight, tomorrow and on Saturday at his 17th century Sussex home, Bateman's, near Burwash. One is placed just after the Battle of Hastings and the other 40 years on. Prologues spoken by Robert Speaight will be heard, and the proceeds will go to the National Trust, which owns Bateman's, to provide a rose hedge. Kipling's daughter, Mrs. Elsie Bambridge, remembers acting these stories in the garden in her youth with the children of Stanley Baldwin and the grandchildren of Burne-Jones . . .'

A senior member of the Society, Mr. Couldrey, has managed to obtain some information about the event from Mrs. Howard, who writes that the plays were originally to have been acted at Bodiam as part of the nonacentenary celebrations of the Battle of Hastings. 'When the project was practically abandoned, having proved much too elaborate for the committee to undertake, Lady Hardinge very kindly put me in touch with Mrs. Sutherland of "Bateman's" who became interested in the idea of putting on the plays there, particularly as the Shakespeare production for this summer had been cancelled. Mrs. Raymond Francis, who had produced the Shakespeare plays, was persuaded to do the producing, and once she and her admirable team of experts for lights, sound, props. and costumes, went into action, everything went forward rapidly . . .'

'For lack of finding a better playwright, I had undertaken to adapt the stories; I have always particularly admired them and felt that they would make wonderful plays. I had to make very few changes or additions, on the whole, though Ælueva's part had to be developed a good deal, if for no other reason than to lengthen the play. If there should be a second production next year, as has been suggested, I shall try again to find a more experienced writer than myself, as the stories deserve an expert hand. My suggestion for the next production would be "Gloriana" and perhaps a Roman play, but they will be much more difficult to adapt; the other two practically wrote themselves . . .'

'We were, of course, gambling heavily on the weather, and were extraordinarily lucky with it. Altogether, there must have been over 700 people at the performances, and the profit should be sufficient to pay for the rose hedge which Mrs. Sutherland wants for the garden.'

KIPLING'S READING

The *New York Times* of August 13 announced the death of Dr. J. De Lancey Ferguson, aged 77, professor emeritus of English at Brooklyn. He was best known for his *Pride and Passion: a Study of Robert Burns* (1938) and *Mark Twain: Man and Legend* (1943), but Members will probably remember him best for his many articles on Kipling, both in the *Journal* and elsewhere.

His last Kipling study, 'The Pen Took Charge' in *New Colophon* for October 1948, gave a detailed account of Kipling's debt to *Poems Written for a Child* (1868), and *Child-Nature* (1869), the little anonymous volumes — 'blue and fat' — 'brown and fat' — 'full of lovely tales in strange metres.' Ferguson ascribed both books to Menella Bute Smedley, while in fact she was only concerned in the first, more than half of which was by her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Anna Hart, minor novelist and poet, and author of a famous Victorian children's book *The Runaway*.

While identifying the poems mentioned by Kipling in *Something of Myself*, he went on to point out the important influence Mrs. Hart's poem 'Wolfie' may have had on the creation of Mowgli (see also my article 'Kipling's Early Reading', *Journal* 118, July 1956 — written before I had heard of Ferguson's article). Ferguson also points out another interesting identification which no one else seems to have noticed: in *Captains Courageous*, pages 270-1, the women sing 'some sort of poem about a fishing-port called Brixham and a fleet of trawlers beating in against storm by night, while the women made a guiding fire at the head of the quay with everything they could lay hands on.' Kipling quotes eleven lines of the song — which is, in fact, 'The Wives of Brixham' by Menella Bute Smedley, remembered (for there are minor mistakes of a word here and there) from *Poems Written for a*

'So when you see a Brixham boat
Go out to face the gales,
Think of the love that travels
Like light upon her sails!'

'A BOOK OF WORDS'

A letter from Mrs. Bagwell Purefoy, printed later in this *Journal*, corrects an unfortunate misunderstanding for which I should like to apologise humbly to Members who did in fact send cuttings about the Centenary — which found their way directly into the Album.

Items added recently include the following:—

'31.3.66. Swedish Newspaper. 'Kipling's Kinds of Hell,' by Jan Olof Olsson; translated and sent by Mrs. Hellstrom.' [Name of paper not supplied.]

'Dec. 65. *The Lantern*, Pretoria. 'Re-reading Kipling on the Occasion of his Centenary,' by J. M. Leighton. Information and copy sent by Mr. S. G. B. Williams, of Malawi.

' 3 and 28.12.65. Two West German articles [in *Die Welt*, Hamburg, and *Hamburger Abendblatt*] with translations by Mr. Jack Dunman : 'Was Kipling nothing more than an Imperialist?' and 'Is Rudyard Kipling out-of-date?'

' Also Feb.-March 66 : *Poesie Vivante*, two articles : ' Kipling : Gentleman Humaniste ' by Jean-Jacques Celly, and ' The Other Kipling ' by Irene Joliot-Curie.

' He also sent a Czechoslovakian article, and translated it : ' Others, too, re-estimate.' [*Weekly Journal of the Union of Czechoslovak Writers* : 1 Jan. 1966. Mainly an account of Mr. Dunman's article in *Marxism Today* and the various answers to it.].

' Dec. 65. Two articles from *L'Historia* by André Chevrillon and Andre Maurois [no further date or reference] sent by Colonel Landon : ' The Kipling Centenary ' and ' The Miracle of Rudyard Kipling ' with translations supplied by Madame Villers Inwood; and an undated *Courier de Londres* with article by Zovina Benhalla.'

Mrs. Bagwell Purefoy also encloses an extract from a letter dated 14 Sept. 1966 from Mrs. J. Tickell of the Book Exhibitions Department of the British Council :— *The Kipling Centenary Exhibition in India* was shown from 25-29 July at the British Council Library in Poona. Then it went on to be shown at the British Council Library in Ranchi from 7-10 August. It was opened by Mr. B. Das, Dean of the Faculty of Arts, Ranchi University, and attracted 1500 visitors. Then it went on to Patna where it was shown from 16-20 August, but was seen by far fewer visitors, some 200-odd. I do not know why the numbers were so small here. The local paper *Searchlight* published an article on Kipling two days before the opening and a report on the final function — a symposium on Kipling's work — after it ended. It then went on to Calcutta where 400 visitors came to see it between 29 August and 1 September. Not much publicity was possible here because of a long-drawn-out strike in the non-Government colleges. It was, however, advertised in local papers. A programme of tape-recorded recitals was organised on the opening day. It has now gone on to Delhi for touring.'

' THINGS AND THE MAN '

Kipling's popularity in Russia continues to cause surprise. 'The works of Rudyard Kipling are growing in popularity in the Soviet Union' recorded *The Times* of 13 August. 'Tass said today [12 August] that 250,000 copies of his poems and stories for children had been sold in a few days and a selection of his works would be included in the " World Literature " series of 200 volumes.

The New York Times of the same day quoted the same Reuter's report, but added : ' His translator, Konstantin Simonov, a poet, has just published war epitaphs written by Kipling in World War I. His lines are, his translator said, as terse " as if cut on gravestones ".'

Two recollections of Kipling by Sir Charles Wheeler appeared in *The Times* on 9 August : ' It is a long time since a stranger in a black top hat and morning coat knocked at the door of a tiny studio at the back of Chelsea Old Church. Inside a young sculptor named Charles Wheeler was working on a clay head of his baby son. He was working

for love of his craft, not money. " I remember feeling very sad that day," he recalls. " As I worked I wondered whether I would ever be given a commission. When I saw the man at the door, I thought he was a commercial traveller selling encyclopaedias — in those days they were always dressed very formally — then he handed me his card. It was Rudyard Kipling. I was so surprised I gave him his card straight back : now, of course, I wish I hadn't. He came to commission a plaque in memory of his 20-year-old son who had been killed' . . .

' Sir Charles tells the story of a girl who was to have sat for him —not for a portrait of herself but for a bust of her brother. Again it was a commission from Rudyard Kipling. " After his son's memorial plaque was completed, he asked if it would be possible to do a bust of the boy from photographs and with the help of his sister, because she had a similar bone structure. When I had done the preliminary work, I asked Kipling if he would come along to see it. There was no answer to my message so I sent another. There was still no reply. I guessed the reason for his silence. He was so grief-stricken over the boy's death that he could not bear to look at his effigy. Eventually he told me this and asked me to destroy the work I had done." '

From *The Times* again (20 Sept.) comes a delightfully complex howler from Ceylon : ' When asked to write on the life of Shakespeare one teacher [at a training college] declared that " Shakespeare belonged to the Greek nationality. He appreciated the human nature as well. It can be judged from his poem *If*.' The article, on ' Ceylon's problem over English,' is appropriately headed : ' " If ", by Shakespeare the Greek.'

Mr. John V. Roberts sends two Centenary cuttings from *The Belfast Telegraph*. The first is a long article, ' Kipling by D. Frazer-Hurst (17 Dec : 1965) : ' Undoubtedly he is one of the greatest of the short-story writers . . . Nor are his tales of India, and particularly the wonderful *Kim*, ever likely to be surpassed. The vigour and picturesqueness of his verse places him among the great ballad writers.'

The second cutting, dated 30 Dec : 1965, is headed : ' Kipling and Ballinamallard,' and states : ' Today's centenary of the birth of the renowned Imperialist and author, Rudyard Kipling, has a direct link with the village of Ballinamallard in Co. Fermanagh' — via Kipling's grandfather, the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, ' younger son of James Macdonald whose father came to Fermanagh from the Highlands after the ' Forty-Five '. About 30 years ago the Masonic Lodge in Ballinamallard — Newporton Lodge No. 315 — prefixed its title with the name Kipling in honour of a staunch Freemason and a descendant of a family who once lived there. The idea came from the late Mr. W. J. Kerr, Killadeas, Ballinamallard, a past officer of the Grand Lodge of West Lancashire . . . No. 315 was the first Lodge anywhere in the world to honour Kipling, a fact which caused special consternation and surprise in English Freemasonry.'

THREE CRITICISMS OF THE JUNGLE BOOKS

By Elliot L. Gilbert

The Jungle Books are universally acknowledged to be among Rudyard Kipling's finest literary achievements, yet as respected as these stories are, there have always been critics to question certain aspects of them, to find in them faults which have also been said to disfigure other of the writer's works. For example, Kipling's emphasis in these stories on "The Law" and on the need for discipline has disturbed some readers, who are in general unhappy about a certain note of authoritarianism which they sense in much of the author's work, a certain rigidity, an intolerance of individuality and of the individual's right to follow his own path. In teaching the wolf cubs the Law of the Jungle, for instance, Baloo sings them a song which ends

Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many
and mighty are they ;
But the head and hoof of the Law and the
haunch and the hump is — Obey !

and at the conclusion of the story called "Her Majesty's Servants" we are told in no uncertain terms that a man who obeys his own will is sure to be mastered by the man who obeys orders.

That Kipling is not recommending, in these and other passages like them, the sort of blind and mindless obedience which we associate with totalitarian states could easily be shown through a study of his work as a whole. In terms of *The Jungle Books*, however, we must first be sure we understand what the author means by "The Law" before we jump to conclusions about his "philosophy". There are two kinds of laws in the world : laws which are made to suit the convenience of those who make them ("No Smoking," "Keep Off the Grass," "No Parking Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays") and laws which are descriptions of certain truths about the world ("The Law of Gravity," "The Second Law of Thermodynamics"). The first kind of law is passed and does not exist until it is passed ; the second kind of law is discovered and exists whether anyone discovers it or not. It is sometimes right to disobey the first kind of law, since disobedience may lead to improvement of it ; it is always absurd to disobey the second kind of law, since nothing can change it. (In what sense would it be striking a blow for freedom, for example, to disobey the law of gravity?). Now, when Kipling speaks of "The Law" in *The Jungle Books*, he is speaking of the second kind ; the opening paragraph of "How Fear Came" makes this quite clear.

The Law of the Jungle — which is by far the oldest law in the world — has arranged for almost every kind of accident that may befall the Jungle-People, till now its code is as perfect as time and custom can make it.

Notice the terms in which "The Law" is described ; it is the oldest law in the world ; it was, so to speak, created at the same time the world was. Moreover, it arranges for accidents to befall the Jungle-People ; it has a motive power, an existence of its own and is not the creation of the animals. Therefore, disobedience of "The Law" is not a creative

manifestation of the individual will ; it is, rather, an act of suicide. This is made clear in a little scene at the end of " Kaa's Hunting ". Because he has ignored the warning of Baloo to stay away from the Bandarlog (who are dangerous because they have no law), Mowgli has gotten into trouble and has involved both Baloo and Bagheera in that trouble too. Thus, when the boy is finally freed, the moment for punishment arrives.

"What says the Law of the Jungle, Baloo?" [Bagheera asks after Mowgli has apologised.]

Baloo did not wish to bring Mowgli into any more trouble, but he could not tamper with the Law, so he mumbled " Sorrow never stays punishment. But remember, Bagheera, he is very little." Despite Baloo's plea for leniency, many readers have found this scene rather cruel. Why, they ask, *must* Mowgli be punished? Why should Baloo be so trapped by his Law that he cannot take independent action? Doesn't Mowgli's apology count for anything? Obviously, Baloo doesn't want to hurt the boy any more; then why must he recommend punishment? The answer to these questions becomes clear the moment we substitute the word "consequences" for the word "punishment". It is one of the first laws of the universe that every action has a consequence which inevitably follows it. If you lean too far out of a window, you fall. No doubt you will be sorry for having made this mistake, but will your sorrow cause you to fall one bit slower? This is the meaning of the law that " sorrow never stays punishment " ; it is simply a fact of nature, and Baloo, as Mowgli's teacher, must not withhold this fact from the boy. It would be doing Mowgli no favour to let him believe that he need only apologise to avoid the consequences of his actions, any more than it would be doing a favour to any child to permit him to think that if he should fall out of a window he need only be sorry in order to land safely. The Law must be obeyed, then, not on some soulless authoritarian principle, but because compliance with the Law, as the term " Law " is used in *The Jungle Books*, is synonymous with right knowledge of the truth.

Another criticism of *The Jungle Books*, this one dealing more directly with the issue of cruelty, is that Mowgli has, for his special friends and teachers, all the killers of the jungle. Nor does Kipling anywhere attempt to conceal or gloss over this fact; instead, he is constantly making us aware of it. He never says, for example, that the animals have "eaten", he says they have "killed". " Mowgli had killed early that day," is a phrase which appears frequently in *The Jungle Books*. Why did Kipling choose these companions for the boy when, for example, he might just as easily have had him brought up by antelopes as by wolves? And what is he trying to say about the way in which the world of men should be run when he looks with so much favour on killer panthers and wolves? These are legitimate questions, especially when we consider that *The Jungle Books* were written for the delight and instruction of children, and the answers are to be found in the stories themselves.

First, and simply in terms of the requirements of a good story, animals who must hunt for their food are more dramatic than animals who graze. The former put all their talents on the line every day; if

they do not exercise their cunning and their strength they do not eat. Every evening they must rouse themselves to the chase again, and not just for the sake of the food but also for the sake of proving themselves to their companions. Let Akela miss one kill and he is driven out of the Pack. Whatever we may think of the morality of all this, it is the stuff of which drama is made, and Kipling was first and foremost a story-teller. The grazing animals have their food all around them. True, they are always open to attack by the meat-eaters, but for this very reason they are creatures who react to the initiative of others and so are less promising as central figures in a sustained drama. Beyond this, Kipling's particular vision of life led him to prefer meat-eaters to grazers as the protagonists of his tales. For Kipling saw the world as a place where men are beset by problems randomly imposed upon them by an indifferent universe but where nevertheless they have the freedom to triumph through the rigorous application of their own talents. Both the meat-eaters and the grazers in *The Jungle Books* come under the sway of the implacable Laws of the Jungle, but the range of responses of the "killers" is so much wider than that of the grazers (who can never triumph but at best can only survive), that they are plainly more useful to the artist as instruments for the expression of his philosophy. But this raises the third and most important question. If the jungle is being offered to us as a metaphor for the world of men, are we supposed to take Kipling's evident approval of Bagheera and Kaa and Akela as his way of saying that in the world of men success goes to the most efficient killers? The answer is plainly "no", and this despite the fact that men are, in their aggressiveness and cunning, more like the predators than the grazers, and despite the fact, too, that in the jungle, as opposed to the world of men, victory does favour the killer. The solution to the problem lies in the phrase "the jungle as opposed to the world of men," for the greatest mistake that any reader of *The Jungle Books* can make is to think that Kipling is using the two interchangeably. The mistake is an understandable one; the usual fable makes its point most often by simply introducing animals into a cautionary tale that is clearly about men. But for the most part Kipling does not employ this device in *The Jungle Books*; instead, he writes—brilliantly and with uncanny accuracy—about animals as animals. This is the key to the whole matter. His eyes have shown this from the beginning, but in "The Spring Running" the point is made directly.

. . . the look in his [Mowgli's] eyes was always gentle.

Even when he fought his eyes never blazed as Bagheera's did.

They only grew more and more interested and excited . . .

Mowgli is *not* an animal, he is a man. The jungle is *not* the world and so Mowgli must leave the jungle and return to men. The boy has passed through a preliminary training which is, in many respects, like the preliminary training appropriate for animals. But at last the moment has come for him to move beyond his brothers; for man there is something more than jungle. Thus, the books that have seemed to many a celebration of cruelty and violence, in fact state more movingly and more memorably than nearly any other books ever written that for man, cruelty and violence are not enough.

Even among critics who understand *The Jungle Books* and admire them for what they are, there are those who question whether the project was worth undertaking in the first place. Henry James's famous criticism of Kipling sums up this whole attitude.

In his earliest time I thought he [Kipling] perhaps contained the seeds of an English Balzac ; but I have given that up in proportion as he has come down steadily from the simple in subject to the more simple — from the Anglo-Indians to the natives, from the natives to the Tommies, from the Tommies to the quadrupeds, from the quadrupeds to the fish, and from the fish to the engines and screws.

James, usually an insightful critic, has on this occasion entirely missed the point; indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a more absurdly snobbish notion than that Indian natives are inherently simpler people than their British rulers, or, for that matter, that fish are simpler than quadrupeds. This is James's prejudice, not his fine critical faculty speaking. Because he himself devoted his novels to the study of "civilized" white men and women and their infinitely complex social and moral relationships, he seems to have assumed that all other literary subjects must be inferior. And if he sneers at stories about natives and British soldiers, it is inevitable that he should have been even more contemptuous of stories about animals. Yet no one can read *The Jungle Books* without becoming aware of the almost Jamesian subtlety of some of the relationships which Kipling describes, and without becoming aware, too, that while the animals are depicted largely as animals and not as disguised men, the story of the growth and development of Mowgli makes of *The Jungle Books* a first-rate example of a kind of novel that was enormously popular late in the nineteenth and early in the twentieth century — the *bildungsroman*.

The *bildungsroman* — literally, a "development novel" — deals with the growth of a young man in the world, with his efforts to come to terms with the world as he finds it, to alter that world if he can and, most important, to discover his own real nature. The usual *bildungsroman*, of course, is set in the conventional world of men in society, and so James is perhaps to be forgiven for not seeing in *The Jungle Books* a reduction of the *bildungsroman* to its most central and crucial elements, just as *Robinson Crusoe* was, in its day, the reduction to its crucial elements of the then popular novel of a young person confronting the world with just his natural endowments and successfully subduing it.

Every *bildungsroman* deals, either directly or by implication, with two critical moments in the life of the protagonist: one, the young man's breaking away from the deadly "safety" of his father's house to face the challenging hostility of the real world, and two, the young man's rediscovery of his father in himself. The recognition that he is both uniquely himself and yet part of all that has gone before is the protagonist's great achievement in a *bildungsroman* (in any given novel that recognition may or may not occur, may or may not be considered a good thing), and it is certainly Mowgli's achievement in *The Jungle Books*. Indeed, Kipling has taken some pains to embody the two

crucial facts of the *bildungsroman* in two symbolic tales. "How Fear Came" is a retelling of the expulsion from Eden story, a tale in which the animals are driven from their world of perfect peace and accommodation out into a jungle where fear and death lurk around every corner. Adam and Eve are also driven from paradise into a world of hardship and death, and at least symbolically, the hero of every *bildungsroman* must take this same path. Mowgli we know was thrust by accident out of the bosom of his family into the hard jungle, there to survive or not as chance and his own talents determined.

The second crucial act of the *bildungsroman*, the return to paradise, to a new and higher order fashioned out of one's own experience and the developing knowledge of oneself, is also given symbolic treatment by Kipling in "The White Seal". This is the familiar "messiah" story, told, to be sure, with an unusual set of characters, but making the point that all such stories make. Kotick's people are in bondage to death. Everywhere he turns, the white seal is told that nothing can be done about this fact. But he is a white seal; he is not like anyone else, he is only like himself. And so he steers always by his own reckoning, and when he at last releases his people from the threat of death, it is to find himself occupying on the new beach the position his father had occupied on the old. Mowgli, too, we are shown, must struggle with the reality of a world he never made (a reality which he learns to call "The Law"), in order, finally, to make himself. And the more he becomes uniquely himself, the more clearly he recognises that he must return to his origins. Much can and should be said on the subject of *The Jungle Books* as a *bildungsroman*, a subject we have only begun to consider here. What should be clear by now, however, is that in these stories Kipling is not — as Henry James would have us believe — undertaking a simple-minded job, but instead is confronting one of the most difficult and complex of all literary problems and solving the problem brilliantly.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

NEW MEETING PLACE. For economic reasons, our Discussion-Meetings during 1967 will be held at the Royal Society of St. George, 4 Upper Belgrave Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.1, and NOT at Overseas House. The new venue lies just south of Belgrave Square, directly between Victoria and Hyde Park Corner, and is 10 minutes' walk from either. No tea, but we may use the Club Bar. We hope to reduce the charge from 6/- to 3/6d.

Revised Programme for 1967. As an experiment, we are holding five meetings instead of six, omitting January and avoiding the usual May clash of a meeting with the Bateman's visit. *Please always watch Page One for notices.*
A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS :—

We are delighted to welcome the following New Members :—

U.K.: Mmes. D. R. Alexander, D. E. M. Fielding; Sir John Beaumont, R/Adml. E. R. Carson, Dr. G. H. Gretton; Messrs. E. Booth, T. E. Daniel, M. Horniman, M. J. Murphy, R. F. Strange. CANADA: W. L. Mackinnon. MELBOURNE: Miss Adamson. U.S.A.: Misses R. Howard, D. M. Kirk, St. John's University Library, Jamaica, N.Y.

CARLYLE AND KIPLING

(PART THREE)

By Andrew Rutherford

The ability to assimilate technical knowledge straight from the horse's mouth was to be a major source of strength to Kipling : it could be regarded as essentially a journalistic technique for acquiring copy, but it is journalism raised to the point of genius. Throughout his life Kipling had the knack of talking to men, and soaking up (as it were) from what they said the essence and accidents of their trade or profession. This leads to one of the main differences, not of philosophy but of technique, between Carlyle and Kipling. Except in his major historical works Carlyle preaches his gospel of work in general abstract terms, by means of exhortation, admonition, incantatory reiteration of his precepts, and an emotive-rhetorical use of imagery and prose rhythms. This is, however, a technique which diminishes in effectiveness the more it is used, for the repetitious generalisations about Work can soon become monotonous and fail to move us. This is one reason for the superiority of Carlyle's historical to his polemical writings, since in the former his values are more effectively embodied in narrative, and the demands of narrative restrict the worst excesses of his hortatory style. Kipling, on the other hand, works characteristically through the particular case — through the fictional rendering of one man or another doing his job; and his skill in assimilating information about their jobs is one source of his virtuosic success. The difference between them, therefore, might be described as a difference between moralising and fiction, between preaching and art. Or if we concede that preaching too is an art, there is still a contrast to be drawn between Carlyle's manner, which is based on sermonic techniques — expansive, rhetorical, full of elaborations, repetitions, reiterated exhortations — and Kipling's *concentration* of effect. It had not always been so : Beresford, the original of M'Turk in *Stalky & Co.*, tells us in *Schooldays with Kipling* that " His prose-style at the age of 13 was the most majestic form of Johnsonese. Every idea was elaborated and dressed up in a full panoply of Latin-derived words of polysyllabic dimensions . . . It was after Gigger had left school — in the Lahore period — that his prose took on terseness and concentration of meaning.⁽⁴⁷⁾ There was a very good reason for the change, for at Lahore his task was that of sub-editor, a job that involved (in his own words) " eternal cuttings-down of unwieldy contributions " — whether by himself or others; and when he came to contribute fictional pieces, it was to fill a predetermined space of one column and a quarter so that " once more [again in his own words] I was forced to ' write short ' ".⁽⁴⁸⁾ These tales, he tells us, were originally much longer, but they were shortened first to his own taste, then to the space available; and he came to believe that cutting, or the Higher Editing as he called it, was an essential part of the creative process : " a tale from which pieces have been raked out ", he wrote near **the** end of his life, " is like a fire that has been poked. One does not know that the operation has been performed, but every one feels the effect."⁽⁴⁹⁾ Hence

the difference between much of Carlyle's art and Kipling's involves not only the contrast between generalising hortatory statements and fictionally-rendered specific cases, but also the contrast between an expansive reiterative rhetorical style, and a concentrated economy and force.

Kipling, moreover, had none of Carlyle's mixed feelings about machinery. He could appreciate to the full the skilled crafts of old countrymen untouched by the machine age, but he could also appreciate the characteristic techniques of that age itself. Far from mistrusting the mechanical or seeing it as the negation of life, he wrote one story ("The Ship that Found Herself") which is concerned entirely with the parts of a mechanical construction, and their adjusting to each other in the running in of the ship on her maiden voyage. The tale has, of course, allegorical overtones: the same adaptation of part to part, the same acceptance of varied individual roles, the same subordination of the individual to the purpose of the whole, might be for Kipling desiderata in any social group; but the primary level of meaning in the story shows a fascinating and fascinated understanding of machinery. It is a narrative and imaginative *tour de force*. Kipling was also fascinated by the man who used machines — the Scots engineers in "Bread upon the Waters" and "The Devil and the Deep Sea", for example, where the virtuosic mechanical skill of the main characters is celebrated in equally virtuosic prose narrative; while in a story like "The Bridge-Builders" (in *The Day's Work*) he conveys magnificently the scene, the materials, the skills, the human efforts and qualities involved in building a new bridge over the Ganges, and this typifies a whole range of stories in which he records the techniques and the consciousness of the men most fully involved in the processes of that age of applied science, of engineering and technology.⁽⁵⁰⁾

Imperial endeavour; technological endeavour; and thirdly, military endeavour, for another kind of work celebrated by both writers is that of soldiering. *Cromwell* and *Frederick the Great* occupy a prominent place among Carlyle's works (and suggest the ominous analogy in his mind between military command and the art of government); yet even in *The French Revolution* he shows a remarkable sympathy with men like Lafayette and Bouillé, as they do their duty in accordance with their simple but heroic soldier's code. One is struck, indeed by the way in which Carlyle, though seeing that France's social disease is too dire to be held in check by what he calls "Patrolotism", nonetheless understands and sympathises with the soldiers who try to implement that policy. Ultimately this may be because he sees them as a bulwark — though perhaps an ineffective one — against the upsurge not only of the lowest classes, but of the lowest elements in human nature — against the horrors and terrors of the abyss that is revealed when corrupt order is replaced by anarchy. And when that anarchy has run its course, it is by military action (by the young Napoleon) that order must be finally restored: "For Arrangement is indispensable to man; Arrangement, were it grounded only on that old primary Evangel of Force, with Sceptre in the shape of Hammer. Be there method, be there order, cry all men; were it that of the Drill-Sergeant! More tolerable is the drilled Bayonet-rank, than that undrilled Guillotine, incalculable as the

the Law and Order which we all tend to assume as the normal condition of our lives : he too valued soldiers partly because they protect society wind."⁽⁵¹⁾ Kipling shares Carlyle's awareness of the precariousness of from foreign foes, partly because they protect it against the anarchic elements which it contains within itself ; and it would be easy to select stories of frontier actions, or of duties in aid of the civil power, which we could set beside Carlyle's works to reveal some community of values between them. The point is worth making because English prose fiction (serious fiction, that is to say) of the nineteenth century has so little time to give to soldiers — as a consequence, no doubt, of the national security of Victorian England; and to treat military life with the kind of understanding Carlyle and Kipling brought to it was no mean achievement.⁽⁵²⁾ There are, however, times when we may feel that they are putting too high a value, or the wrong kind of value, on soldiers and soldiering. It is not that they admire only soldiers : we have only to think of Carlyle's attention to the hero as poet, man of letters, priest, and prophet, or of his preference of Cromwell to Napoleon, or of the multitudinous variety of men, women and children whom Kipling portrayed. Yet each of them had moods when the soldier seemed to them not only heroic in his own right, and admirable in his own sphere, but a type, as it were, of what all men could and should be. "Have you no respect' whatever for the dignity o' our common horsehood?" asks the agitator-horse in "A Walking Delegate"; and the reply comes thus : "Horse, sonny, is what you start from. We know all about horse here, an' he ain't any high-toned pure-souled child of nature. Horse, plain horse, same ez you, is chock-full o' tricks an' meannesses an' cussednesses an' monkey shines . . . That's horse, an' that's about his dignity an' the size of his soul 'fore he's been broke an' raw-hided a piece." As C. S. Lewis has observed, "Reading 'man' for 'horse', we here have Kipling's doctrine of Man."⁽⁵³⁾ And the most obvious human equivalent for the breaking in of a horse, was the drilling, bullying, disciplining, by which a raw recruit is turned into a trained soldier — a process which for Kipling could serve as a paradigm of what every man must go through (*mutatis mutandis*) to achieve full manhood and to be accepted by his professional peers. There is much one can respect in this view, though one may well feel some uneasiness about what the process may involve for the individual concerned, and about Kipling's readiness to condone the elements of cruelty involved.⁽⁵⁴⁾ Some of the wider social implications which might follow are, however, more deeply disturbing. The soldier, fully disciplined, is fit to take his place in the ordered hierarchy of Army life, which depends on the habits of command and obedience : there may be room (as Kipling shows) for individuality, initiative, anarchic tendencies, but ultimately the chain of command must rule supreme. But this highly specialised social group, with its highly specialised functions, is often taken by Carlyle as a true analogue for what society as a whole should be — ordered, hierarchic, resting on "the basis of all human culture — that of commanding and obeying." Like Kipling he sees man as he stands as raw material which needs to be "drilled" into full manhood, but he takes the "drilling" literally, as well as figuratively, and wants to see the process applied to

the community as a whole. Kipling advocates a similar extension in "The Army of a Dream", but only as a means of forming a fully trained Reserve and Territorial Army, whereas Carlyle sees it as a way of reshaping society itself. Thus in *Shooting Niagara*, dreaming of what ideally might be done with the nation to replace the wretched reality before his eyes, he reflects that

there might much be done in the way of military Drill withal. Beyond all other schooling . . . one often wishes the entire Population could be thoroughly drilled; into cooperative movement, into individual behaviour, correct, precise, and at once habitual and orderly as mathematics, in all or in very many points — and ultimately in the point of actual *Military Service*, should such be required of it !

That of commanding and obeying, were there nothing more, is it not the basis of all human culture; ought not all to have it; and how many ever do ?

Which leads him to go on to argue that the " one Official Person, royal, sacerdotal, scholastic, governmental, of our times, who is still thoroughly a truth and a reality, and *not* in great part a hypothesis and worn-out humbug . . . is the Drill-Sergeant who is master of his work, and who will perform it " ⁽⁵⁵⁾ — the Drill-Sergeant standing here for all military trainers and commanders who can be relied on to produce Carlyle's desiderata, " order, just subordination; noble loyalty in return for noble guidance . . . ; not " a bewildered bewildering mob, but . . . a firm regimented mass with real captains over them . . . " ⁽⁵⁶⁾ The regiment as model appealed to his sense of the need for leadership and hierarchy, and for a system of mutual obligation and loyalties : these, together with permanent contracts between master and man, he opposed to the temporary employment and " impersonal cash nexus " of a *laissez-faire* economy. ⁽⁵⁷⁾ Kipling too was attracted to the kind of organic community which is to be found in an infantry battalion or a naval vessel, but he was much less ready to see it as a valid blueprint for an organic society. For one thing he was much more aware of the human fallibility which was bound to figure in such a system : he knew a good deal more than Carlyle about stupidity and inefficiencies in both military and naval hierarchies ; and for another thing, he was much more capable than Carlyle in his middle and later years of imagining what it would be like to have his own freedom curtailed. For such a military or naval analogue for society obviously implies drastic restrictions on personal freedom as well as on the democratic process ; and such restrictions are readily accepted, even welcomed, by Carlyle : " Despotism ", he declares, " is essential in most enterprises ; I am told, they do not tolerate ' freedom of debate ' on board a Seventy-four. Republican senate and *plebiscita* would not answer well in Cotton-Mills." ⁽⁵⁸⁾ The necessary principles of Freedom and Despotism, he suggests, can be readily reconciled by the simple expedient of making the Despotism a just one.

This, needless to say, is a doctrine repugnant to twentieth century readers who have seen something of its practical application. When the values of soldiers and soldiering are given pre-eminence over others, we may legitimately speak of militarism; when the techniques and

structure of militarism are applied to society at large, we must diagnose the policy as Fascism. With the word all our unease about these writers is focussed in a single charge, as we remember their racialist assertion of white superiority, their distrust of democracy and parliamentary government, their preference for strong heroic leaders, their emphasis on command and obedience, their interest in wars and violence, their nationalistic mystique; together with Carlyle's dreams (in *Shooting Niagara*) of a takeover by a dedicated élite, his notion of life-long contracts between master and man, and his worship of political strong men; and Kipling's military-imperial bias, with his failure to come to terms with the political and social consequences of industrialism. It can hardly be denied that such elements in their work can be seen as sign-posts to Fascism, indications that this twentieth century aberration has some of its roots in central elements of nineteenth century thought and communal experience. On the other hand a fuller historical sense may mitigate some of our modern criticisms of these writers' responses to nineteenth century phenomena. Their assumption, shared by most of their contemporaries, of white superiority was a natural enough consequence of the tyrannies, anarchies, primitive barbarisms, terrors and corruptions which Europeans encountered in Africa and Asia. Their distrust of democracy, also widely shared, was similarly rooted in contemporary conditions. The economic, social, moral and intellectual degradation which Carlyle observed in the working classes, and which made him cry out against the system responsible, also seemed to disqualify such classes as responsible electors, though his distrust extended beyond them to other social classes and the whole system of parliamentary government, discredited in his eyes by its failure to cope with the great problems of that age. Kipling passed from what he (like Fitzjames Stephen) saw as non-democratic good government in India, to observe with horror the corruption of democratic processes in the United States, presided over by venal demagogues, ward politicians and political bosses; and the irresponsibility of the British Parliament and electorate, which had ultimate control over the whole Eastern Empire.⁽⁵⁹⁾ Both men, moreover, tending as they did to focus on crisis situations, were naturally struck by the ineffectiveness, delays and pettiness of the speech-mongering, party-ridden House of Commons.

Yet when all such allowances have been made, the indictment cannot be dismissed as merely anachronistic; and the two men have to face it separately. There is little to plead in Carlyle's defence. His frequent references to Cromwell's assumption of power and dismissal of the Long Parliament suggest that he viewed this (and relished it) not simply as a notable historical event, an action appropriate in the circumstances then obtaining, but as a model for the establishment of "good" government in any age. (Hence his satisfaction at finding the pattern repeated in the career of Dr. Francia.) And his insistence that the despotism he advocates must be "just" is not much of a safeguard, in view of the flexibility of his notions of justice. His true leader must be great in moral integrity as well as courage and skill in government — he must be a Cromwell rather than a Napoleon; but Carlyle sees no incompatibility between Cromwell's moral integrity, his justness, and

his massacres in Ireland, carried out in the name of God.⁽⁶⁰⁾ Against this must be weighed his understanding of the situation and psychology of the oppressed in *The French Revolution*, but one of the saddest things in Carlyle's literary career is the way his views narrowed and hardened, so that he very soon lost the ability which he had supremely in *The French Revolution*, to see both sides of a question, to imagine both the points of view. No doubt he would have recoiled in horror from the worst atrocities perpetrated by Nazi Germany, but I fear that the Carlyle who defended the procedures of Dr. Francia, Governor Eyre, and Frederick the Great might have looked with approval on those of Mussolini and Franco, and some of those of Hitler himself.⁽⁶¹⁾ There is no safeguard in his later thought to compare with Kipling's doctrine of the Law, which is a protection against both anarchy and tyranny, and which insists absolutely on the preservation of honour and decency in all relationships in peace and war. It is true that Kipling supported the Tory extremists in the Ulster crisis, and that he identified himself with the right wing of his party in the post-war years, but his die-hard conservatism coexisted with a yearning for a classless brotherhood of man, expressed notably in his stories of Freemasonry, while of comparable importance are his recollections of his own childhood sufferings under a tyrannical régime in the House of Desolation, his humane delight in the diversity of God's creatures, his celebration of the individual, often recalcitrant and anarchic, and his concern for full personal and professional integrity. In spite of the many preoccupations which they share, therefore, the arch-Imperialist is far removed psychologically, morally, and philosophically, from the Victorian proto-Fascist.

47. G. C. Beresford, *Schooldays with Kipling*, London, 1936, pp. 271, 276.

48. *Something of Myself*, Chapter Three.

49. *Op cit.*, Chapter Eight.

50. Cf. Edmund Wilson, "The Kipling that Nobody Read", and Noel Annan, "Kipling's Place in the History of Ideas", *Kipling's Mind and Art*, ed. Andrew Rutherford, Edinburgh, 1964, pp. 52-3, **111-12**.

51. *The French Revolution*, Book Seven, Chapter One.

52. For a further discussion of this aspect of Kipling's work, see my essay "Officers and Gentlemen", *Kipling's Mind and Art*, pp. 171-196.

53. C. S. Lewis, "Kipling's World", *They Asked for a Paper*, London, 1962, p. 79.

54. Cf. Lewis, *op. cit.*, pp. 80-82.

55. "Shooting Niagara: and After?" (Section IX). Cf. *Past and Present*, Book Four, Chapter Three.

56. *Past and Present*, Book Four, Chapter Four.

57. Cf. Ruskin, *Unto this Last*, Essay I: "It is easy to imagine an enthusiastic affection existing among soldiers for the colonel. Not so easy to imagine an enthusiastic affection among cotton-spinners for the proprietor of the mill."

58. *Past and Present*, Book Four, Chapter Five. One might contrast with this Kipling's violent reaction even to petty tyranny in such stories as "Beauty Spots" or "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat".

59. "One View of the Question," *Many Inventions*.

60. *Oliver Cromwell*, Part V. Cf. H. J. C. Grierson, "Carlyle and Hitler", Cambridge, 1933, pp. 37-40.

61. See, for example, J. A. Froude, *op. cit.* II 448-9: "His dislike for Disraeli was perhaps aggravated by his dislike for Jews. He had a true Teutonic aversion for that unfortunate race" . . . Contrast Kipling's deeply sympathetic presentation of Kadmiel and his race in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, though traces of anti-semitism are to be found elsewhere in his writings.

KIPLING AND BELLOC

By C. E. Carrington

We who were young in the early years of the century were fortunate in our popular authors. From Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle, we passed to Kipling and Wells, to Conrad and Bennett, to Shaw and Barrie, and to the redoubtable pair, Belloc and Chesterton. Most of the Edwardians are now in the doldrums of popularity to which fashionable authors are commonly relegated in the generation after their deaths, and I shall not now venture to foretell which of them (except Kipling) will establish their ranks in *Eng. Lit.* I assert, however, that all were readable — avidly read by intelligent young persons, even by young persons who disagreed with their views. I do not think the younger generation, today, are as fortunate. Without venturing to assess the merit of the writers now admired by the *avantgarde*, I merely observe that they do not seem to be best-sellers, or not on the Kipling-Belloc scale.

Something over fifty years ago, when very young and callow, I was a devoted reader both of Rudyard Kipling and Hilaire Belloc. I remember, about the year 1912, comparing the fashionable verses on *Sussex* by these two writers, and deciding that Belloc's was the better poem. I'm still inclined to think so, though I find in Belloc's prose little of the magic that it once seemed to exude. On present form, Kipling's reputation as a prose-writer has stood up more firmly against the change in taste.

These two, contemporaries though Belloc was five years younger, seem now to have had much in common. Both men wrote largely, in prose and verse, from the eighteen-nineties to the nineteen-thirties; they lived in the same county, not thirty miles apart; both were passionately devoted to Sussex, to soldiers, and to France. Each of these writers had an American wife; each lost a son in the First World War. Both were disgusted by the manoeuvring of party politicians and, while Belloc was a Liberal and Kipling a Conservative, both reacted with satire against the Marconi Scandal.

Mr. Robert Speaight, Belloc's biographer, tells me that he finds in his writings few allusions to Kipling. When both were very young, Belloc derided the early Kipling in *Caliban's Guide to Letters*. But in maturity, about 1919, Belloc praised Kipling's verse in a lecture which I attended at Oxford. He selected '*Follow me 'Ome*' and *Kabul River* for special commendation. That is all. They seem never to have met.

After his early experiences in London, Kipling did not much frequent literary circles. We know, however, of his contacts with Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle, Conrad, Barrie, even Shaw and Wells. He was never the recluse that some critics have supposed him. But I have not noticed a single allusion to Belloc in Kipling's letters nor any reference to Belloc's writing in his published work. Why did they ignore one another?

Chesterton, who is so frequently coupled with Belloc, was on quite another footing; his critical essay on Kipling is very well worth reading.

BOOK REVIEW

KIPLING IN INDIA. By Louis L. Cornell. *Macmillan* : 30s.

'Instead of reviving old battles — aesthetic, moral, and above all political — I have found out all I could about the circumstances of Kipling's literary apprenticeship, for the best defence of an author lies not in polemics but in the informed and sympathetic reading of individual works. And that is what *Kipling in India* sets out to provide.'

Mr. Louis L. Cornell has succeeded in providing just that : it is a pleasure to be able to read a book about Kipling with such enjoyment and praise it with so few reservations. Mr. Cornell's main object is to trace both the influence of India on Kipling and how he developed as a writer under the influence during his " seven years hard ". We may regret that he does not carry his study one day or one story beyond the date in March 1889 when Kipling set out from Sea to Sea on his way home to England — that he does not follow the development of the Indian theme and the achievement of literary greatness under the Indian influences in the later Indian stories from *Many Inventions* to *The Day's Work*, in *Barrack Room Ballads* and in *Kim* — but his study of all that was written actually in India, collected and uncollected alike, is absorbing and the fruit of much learning and sympathetic study.

As an American scholar writing about a past period of history in another country, Mr. Cornell is able to be genuinely dispassionate and absolutely unprejudiced in his picture of British India and Anglo-Indian relations at the time of Kipling's life there, and he seems to have produced an admirably clear and convincing picture. With this as background he has been able to make an illuminating study of Kipling's reactions to the life about him — both Indian and Anglo-Indian — and how this influenced his development as a writer. The careful comparison of Kipling's earliest journalistic contributions to *The Civil and Military Gazette* with all that followed enables him to show how the young " cub reporter " consciously and unconsciously taught himself to write and developed into the author of *Plain Tales* and the Railway Library stories, as well as of *Departmental Ditties* — and the potential author of the greater things that were to follow.

Interesting Appendices give a ' Chronology of Kipling's Writings ' from his arrival in India on 18 Oct : 1882, until his departure on 9 March 1889 and a detailed and authoritative account of the reasons for ascribing certain uncollected items and definitely omitting certain others as not by Kipling. The very few doubtful items are clearly marked : one of them, " The City of Delhi Is Hushed and Still ", can now be deleted from the Kipling canon, since the late Mr. Cornell E. W. Price provided definite evidence from among his father's papers that it was written by W. L. Maxwell — also an O.U.S.C.

Although Mr. Cornell gives less attention to the pre-Indian writings and literary influences, he deals well with *Schoolboy Lyrics* (though he does not mention that controversial poem ' The Night Before ', which he apparently accepts as by Kipling) and is particularly interesting in his account of the manuscript volume of almost entirely

unpublished poems written for Florence Garrard, *Sundry Phansies*. This volume is in the Berg Collection at New York, and there seems no doubt that it was indeed written for and given to Miss Garrard. The other volumes of MSS in the collection, fair copies of prose and verse already or about to be published and continuing as late as 1912, offer a fascinating problem for the literary detective. Did Kipling continue to keep in touch with Flo for so long? And if so did he give her the MSS in lieu of money to help her in financial straits—or, if I might offer a suggestion, to buy back his letters to her so that he could destroy them? Or, which does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Cornell, were the later MS books given to another Florence, perhaps Kipling's favourite cousin Florence Macdonald?

Even in so good a book as *Kipling in India* it is natural to disagree over some points and to pick a few trifling holes: Kipling in his schooldays was surely guided much less in his reading 'by his elders' than Mr. Cornell suggests (p.22) — *The City of Dreadful Night* (1880), for example, was an almost new book which he must have found for himself; he surely did not 'hold his schoolmates in low esteem' from the cultural angle as the activities of the U.S.C. Literary and Debating Society surely show, to say nothing of the literary contributions to the *Chronicle* by Stalky and others; Poe may have influenced 'The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes' as Mr. Cornell suggests—but another potent influence was the actual wreck of the *Mignonette*, which Kipling acknowledges by reference in the story itself. By comparing two *Quartette* (1885) stories, 'Morrowbie Jukes' and 'The Phantom Rickshaw', with later stories of similar types he demonstrates brilliantly how Kipling's technique developed; but it is surprising that he does not compare the much less successful 'Unlimited Draw of Tick Boileau' with the excellent *Plain Tale* 'His Wedded Wife'—a better example of development than either. The anonymous *Times* reviewer in 1890 who was 'perhaps the first to make the comparison in print' between Kipling and Guy de Maupassant was preceded by Andrew Lang (*Daily News*, 2 Nov. 1889), who had also mentioned possible debts to Bret Harte and Gyp several months earlier. But these are no more than motes to trouble the mind's eye, and critics will always be meddling—or showing off. They detract nothing from this excellent book without which no Kipling Library will henceforth be complete.

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN.

ARECENTADDITIONTOTHELIBRARY

One of our Members, Colonel G. Benn White of Tunbridge Wells, has very generously presented us with a Uniform First Edition of STALKY & CO. containing an interesting collection of signatures, newspaper and other cuttings. It was a present from his sister in 1899: he took it to India in 1908 and brought it home when he retired in 1946. Apart from the attentions of cockroaches and so forth, it is in remarkably good condition.

Inside the front cover is a newspaper photograph of Kipling as a schoolboy, wearing his cap and fondling his moustache ; opposite is Dunsterville in uniform (*Daily Mail*, September 18, 1918) and a cutting announcing his death in 1945. Overleaf comes an article from the same paper by J. H. Taylor, five times Open Golf Champion, who was a caddy at Westward Ho ! when Kipling and his friends were there. He recalls Willes, Carr, Bode and Pugh, but mistakenly makes Cornell Price a parson.

The young Taylor was, in common with the other caddies, scared stiff of Foxy . . . 'not tall, wore a pair of fierce ginger moustaches, and had a glint in his eye that was menacing'.

Taylor was born at Northam in 1871 and apparently writing about 1930 (the date of the article is not given) tells of some of the characters we know so well ; Foxy, the Padre. Gumbley and Lena (he did marry her) are all dead, as are John Short and Richards. Oke was alive and well at the time, and had married Taylor's cousin some time before he retired from his post as Steward to the Wimbledon Park Golf Club.

Rabbits-Eggs (Billy Gregory) is dead, likewise old Keyte the postmaster and confectioner.

Another cutting, also from the *Mail* dated 21st September, 1918, tells of Dunsterforce, followed by a note of the death of Beresford in 1938.

Above the Dedication is pasted a picture of Cornell Price which Colonel Benn White found at the Coll. when he visited it on August 9th, 1907, while he was staying at Bude. The place was deserted, but he found several huge ledgers in what appeared to be the Head's study, containing receipts and so forth — one of which, from Keyte, but not receipted, is pasted inside the back cover. It is for cakes and biscuits to the tune of £1. 5s. 10d. for a match tea.

Beneath Price's photograph is pasted his signature. Over "Let us now praise famous men" on o. vii is a view of the Coll. with a cricket match in the foreground ; facing the beginning of 'In Ambush' is the school group with Kipling, still in the same suit and funny little cap, towering over the others. Opposite is Pugh's signature over a half-penny stamp.

A possible clue to the long-lost identity of Mason is pasted to the bottom of p. 47 — the signature of one I. T. Browne-Mason. There is no doubt about the bold Richd. Flint on p. 165 which reports his meeting with Beetle on the question of marbles. It seems that at least one of Keyte's bills was paid, for there on page 203 is his signature — with thanks — alongside a penny stamp.

The last item in this interesting collection is a Methuen print (Twopence net) of "The Holy War".

We are grateful to the Colonel for giving us this volume that he has treasured for so long and would assure him that it will be kept in an honoured place in our Library.

THE WAY THAT HE TOOK

By T. L. A. Daintith

(PART ONE)

July 20th, at the Ulster Room, Overseas House

[This evening Mr. T. L. A. Daintith made a welcome maiden appearance as the promoter of a discussion, offering as his subject "The way that he took", dealing with the broad question of why Kipling wrote what he did having regard to his views on imperialism, the Forces, work and discipline. His discourse follows in his own words.]

My theme this evening is somewhat sweeping, but I have chosen it, first, because it is a variation from our normal practice of taking one or two stories and examining them in detail and secondly, because I thought that it might be of interest to talk of Kipling the writer, rather than of his actual work.

The late Josephine Tey made a very sound point when she said, in one of her books, that, of necessity, we tend to look back on the illustrious dead and see them, mainly, in their later years. For instance, the name of Queen Victoria immediately suggests (to me, and probably to others) *The Queen Empress*, *The Little Fat Widow of Windsor*, *Sixty Glorious Years*, the mother or grandmother of most of the ruling monarchs of Europe; in other words, as she was at the time of the Diamond Jubilee. We rather forget that she came to the throne as a young, unmarried girl; that once, Queen Victoria was a teenager. Today, that sounds almost incredible. Similarly, Rudyard Kipling means *The Master of Words*, the *Poet of Empire*, the skilled and experienced *Craftsman*; Kipling, in fact, in his sixties, towards the end of his life, and we overlook the possibility that, given his times and background, he might have developed into something vastly different. After all, Shaw and Wells were of his period and neither resembled him very much.

Indeed, Kipling, with his family background, should by rights have made a name writing for, say, the *Yellow Book*. Consider; his father was curator of a museum, his mother one of three intelligent and cultured sisters, Burne Jones was his uncle, William Morris a friend of the family. The whole colour of his upbringing was literary and artistic (by artistic here I mean the visual arts—painting and sculpture); music and the drama were largely absent, as they are absent from his written work. A generation further back we find *Non-conformist Ministers*. There are no soldiers or sailors in his ancestry; no hereditary streak to explain his long interest in the Services. His school, although it contained numerous officers' sons and had a large *Army Class*, was in no sense a *Military Academy*. (Consider what a school for the sons of Prussian Officers would have been like, by contrast). The *Headmaster* was what we would now call an intellectual, although I do not care for the term. Kipling himself, while at school, was mainly interested in books, any books; the England in which he lived was largely anti-militaristic—*Waterloo* had been won nearly

three generations before and although there had been scares of invasion, with Tennyson writing " Riflemen, Form !", they had remained merely scares. Wars there had been, but they had all happened a long way away and none of them had been on a scale large enough to affect the country greatly by the loss of men, money or prestige. Dickens's soldiers, in " The Pickwick Papers " were brainless idiots ; The Brook Green Volunteers were a joke in *Punch*. There had not been a battle in England for over a century and the majority of the English were certain that there would never be another.

So, the young Kipling left for India at the age of 17 and in a comparatively short time was writing, with enthusiasm and understanding, about soldiers and the British Empire. Why? One thing is certain; he did not write with his tongue in his cheek, as a manufacturer will try to increase his sales by following the public taste. Although he became immensely popular and successful, he was read because the public followed *him* ; he created his own market, so to speak. He never sought popularity at any price.

A certain Mr. Muggerridge claims that Kipling only became a writer because he went to India. There is some truth in this. Kipling would have written had he been a journalist on a newspaper anywhere, but his raw material would necessarily have been different. The basic reason that he wrote what he did was that he realized, very early, the truth of the paradox that freedom can only exist within defined limits; without restraint there is anarchy and anarchy is not freedom. Kipling, it must be remembered, was an artist, and the artist can only live and work fully in conditions of freedom.

Kipling's education was Classical, not Modern. The classics, in his case, meant Latin and Latin meant Rome. The Roman Empire was bounded by the sea, the Sahara Desert and by land frontiers, guarded by men. Within these walls, as it were, was civilisation and without was barbarism. The Roman Empire was far from perfect, but it was a vast improvement on anything outside. Certainly, writers, artists, dramatists, architects, all could, in the safety of settled conditions, work in a fashion that was impossible beyond the Pale. It is reasonable to suppose that an aspiring writer would approve of such a state of affairs. He left school, travelled to India, and discovered an Empire, bounded by sea, mountains and jungle and guarded by men. Within was the Queen's Peace ; beyond was lawlessness. And all this was spread out for him.

Kipling was extremely fortunate, uniquely gifted, in fact, when it came to seeing India. He had a good brain, an observant eye and an interest in everything and everybody. At the risk of seeming fanciful, I think that there is something of the author in Rikki Tikki Tavi, full of restless curiosity and delighted wonder at the new world into which he was suddenly carried. As a journalist he was required to look and ask and travel ; it was one of those rare instances where work and inclination go together. Had he been a Subaltern, a Civilian or a junior in a bank or business house, his working hours would have been restricted to the limits of his job and, inevitably, his outside interests and circle of acquaintances confined to those of similar background. Questions of snobbery apart, a soldier or a bank clerk would not meet

an engine-driver or a coal miner, merely because their paths hardly ever crossed. Kipling, though, with no official or semi-official position, was the Little Friend of all the World. He was, however, in India but not of it (which may explain why he was so keen to take root : in America, South Africa and in Sussex and why he never returned). He stood outside the picture, looking on and criticising, but he was not a part of it. And the picture that he saw, that he wrote so many early novels about, as a man may copy details of a huge canvas ; what did he see in it?

First, at that time, in the Eighties, there were many people who remembered the Mutiny as we today remember Dunkirk ; older men could remember wars against the Sikhs and the Gurkhas as some today remember the first World War ; a few very old men could remember Wellington as perhaps a Chelsea Pensioner might recall the Zulu Wars. There were, of course, younger men who had seen active service on the Frontiers or in various side-shows about the World, but these men would remember what war in India had been like or what it was like to live under an independent and uninhibited ruler, a robber baron, in fact, something which had not been seen in England since the Middle Ages. Thuggee had been discovered and wined out within the memory of middle-aged men. Kipling could and no doubt did, hear at first hand what it was like to exist in a Society in which no man could build with confidence for the future unless he was strong enough to guard himself against all comers. All this had been replaced by the Queen's Peace and this was due entirely to the work of a handful of men, soldiers and administrators. At no time did the numbers of Britons amount to more than a fraction of one per cent of the total population of **India**. It was a most remarkable achievement.

The military victories, which essentially preceded the setting up of a Civil Administration, were almost of a pattern. 200 white soldiers, with 2,000 European trained and led Indian troops, would defeat an Army of 20,000. There was nothing to choose between them in physique or bravery or armaments. The deciding factor was discipline. Discipline that caused a body of men to move in the same direction at the same speed, to fire together, to advance or retreat together. The later achievements ; a code of law ; which applied to everyone ; a protected existence in which a violent death was the exception and not the rule ; the establishment of a settled order of things to which men voluntarily subjected themselves through self-discipline ; the story was the same. Incidentally, it is worth remembering that an Army is not based on mere brute force ; if it were, ten privates would not obey a corporal nor nine hundred men a Colonel. All discipline is in the main voluntary ; it must be. Even in an Army of conscripts the majority must be willing to obey orders, to do things that they would rather not, to make sacrifices ; if everyone refuses to obey, they degenerate into a mob. I say, make sacrifices : in any community the individual must make some sacrifice for the good of others, whether it be in personal comfort, paying taxes, or risking one's life for someone else.

Kipling, then, was presented with an inspiring theme, on a vast scale. Freedom under the law, a freedom in which a writer like himself

could engage in what he considered worthwhile—the creation of planned and finished works of art. The extreme individualist might argue that this apparent conception of man as a cog in the administrative machine, working to fixed rules, is the negation of freedom. But we, in this machine age, should be aware of the importance of every cog, no matter how insignificant. Any car driver knows only too well that the failure of some minute component, or the introduction of a speck of dirt, may halt the whole vehicle, just as a million pound aeroplane can be grounded by a broken wire or a leaky oil pipe. Anarchy is, as it were, a dismantled engine in which all parts are equally unimportant; order, the assembled machine, where the individual pieces assume their rightful importance. Kipling put this point of view in the story "The Ship That Found Herself".

I have said that the Indian and Roman Empires were alike in that they had land frontiers, guarded by men. The famous example in India was, of course, the North West Frontier. On the far side there lived a somewhat forceful collection of individualists. They obeyed laws if it suited them and they shot their neighbours as they thought fit. Unfortunately, if you are free to kill your neighbour, he is usually equally free to kill you, so that the free and unfettered Pathan or what not frequently found himself unable to step outside his front door without the very real possibility of being murdered. Most people would consider such freedom to be insufficient, if not entirely illusory.

In the last story in "The Jungle Book", dealing at first with the Camp Animals, each performing his separate part, the visiting ruler of Afghanistan witnesses a ceremonial parade which finishes with a march past. To march or ride together should not be too difficult for trained soldiers, it is the basis of drill. However, a veteran Afghan asks an Indian Officer "How is this marvellous thing done? All these soldiers moving as one man?" The officer explains, "We obey orders; the private obeys his sergeant, the sergeant his Colonel, the Colonel the Viceroy, and he in turn obeys the Great Queen". "Ah, in my country we all do as we like," says the Afghan. "Exactly, and that is why your Ameer has to come here to our Viceroy." As ever, order is superior to anarchy. The story also preaches the importance of the individual: each animal, however humble, has a part to play, *but*, and here the artist in Kipling comes out, the more intelligent and perceptive (such as the elephant) feels and suffers more than the dull and unimaginative (like the bullocks), although to an outsider the Elephant may seem cowardly and the bullocks heroic in their indifference to death. That was one truth that Kipling learned early in life; any advantage, whether of birth or rank or brains, must be paid for in some way, work or responsibility or suffering.

(To be concluded)

LETTER BAG

SCRAP BOOK

I should like to correct the statement in "News and Notes" for Journal No. 158 (June 1966) that "not one member of the Society contributed any item" to the Centenary Press-Cutting Album.

A good deal of material is still coming in, and I should like to thank the following Members who have either sent Cuttings, or translated valuable articles, or told me where articles could be obtained :—

Mrs. BROOKING, Prof. CARRINGTON, Miss R. BAGWELL PUREFOY, JACK DUNMAN (CZECHOSLOVAKIA, FRANCE, WEST GERMANY, MOSCOW and "MARXISM TODAY"), JANICE FARQUHARSON (S. AFRICA), Mrs. HELLSTROM "(SWEDEN), P. W. INWOOD and MADAME VILLERS INWOOD (BRUSSELS), Col. LANDON (FRANCE), Father MURPHY (EIRE), CARL NAUMBURG (U.S.A.), LENNART PETERSEN (SWEDEN), Mrs. JERRARD TICKELL (BRIT-COUNCIL, FIJI, INDIA, PAKISTAN, ETC.), Dr. JOYCE TOMPKINS and S. G. B. WILLIAMS (MALAWI).

Will anyone else who has sent me material or information for the Album, please accept my most grateful thanks.

M. BAGWELL PUREFOY

KIPLING AND RELIGION

" I know that there have been innumerable discussions on Kipling's attitude to Christianity. I can only speak of my own experience, **and** say that Kim, The Church That Was At Antioch, Buddha at Kamakura, were landmarks on the road to understanding that there are other religions and beliefs in the world besides those in which one was brought up."

Above is the restrained and logical opinion of Mr. Jack Dunman in dealing with, as he describes it, the second aspect of Kipling's realism — religion : the rock on which, in general debate, so many split.

Professor J. I. M. Stewart states that Kipling is not a Christian; Professor Carrington that " though he never doubted the actuality of the unseen world . . . he could never accept rationalized formulas of any church or sect."

Dr. Tompkins quotes from Rider Haggard's account of his conversation with Kipling — " I told him that I did believe that as a result of much spiritual labour there is born in one a knowledge of the nearness and consolation of God. He replied that occasionally this had happened to him also, but the difficulty was to "hold" the mystic sense of the communion — that it passes . . . Rudyard's explanation is that it is meant to be so : that God does not mean we should get too near lest we should become unfitted for our work in the world."

There remain Kipling's own words in a letter to Henry Arthur Jones — " I expect that every man has to work out his creed according to his own wave-length, and the hope is that the great Receiving Station is tuned to take all wave-lengths."

Finally, Kipling wrote — on the 2nd of February, 1936 — to his only surviving aunt, Edith Macdonald, " He, who put us into this life does not abandon His work for *any* reason or default at the end of it. That is all I have come to learn out of my life. So there is *no* fear."

A. M. PUNCH

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