



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was Major-General L. G. 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.

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETING

The next Council Meeting will be held at 20 Chester Street, S.W.I, on Wednesday, 19th June, 1968, at 2.30 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

July 10th, at The Royal Society of St. George, 4 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Mr. P. W. Inwood will open a discussion of 'Their Lawful Occasions'.

September 11th, same place and time.

Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy will open a discussion of 'The Record of Badalia Herodsfoot', 'On Greenhow Hill', and 'Below The Mill Dam'. (Books : M.I. L.H., T.D.)

ANNUAL LUNCHEON. The Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society will be held at the Connaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, W.C.2, on Wednesday, 23rd October, 1968. The Guest of Honour will be Dr. Joyce Tompkins, author of "The Art of Rudyard Kipling".

Application forms will be sent out in September.

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NEWS AND NOTES

OUT OF INDIA

'Our great poet Rabindranath Tagore called the Taj Mahal a tear-drop in stone,' said the Indian guide, 'and your poet Rudyard Kipling wrote that the world was divided into those who had seen the Taj Mahal and those who had not : for those who have seen it, the world can never be the same again.' Readers may correct or verify these quotations, which I have not been able to locate — and quote here only from a dazed memory. But the first chapter of *Letters of Marque* perfectly sums up the experience of those who, having 'read a great deal too much about the Taj,' seen too many pictures of it, and 'had its praises sung till the brain loathed the repetition of the word,' then see it — 'the embodiment of all things pure, all things holy, and all things unhappy.' 'It is certain that no man can in cold blood and colder ink set down his impressions if he has been in the least moved.'

The wonder of the Taj Mahal does not change with the years, nor can any visitor's impressions of it be out of date. But to tour Rajputana with a guide book written eighty years ago is more of a novelty : *Letters of Marque* made good reading, however, at Jaipur and Udaipur — with Letter XI and chapter XII of *The Naulahka* while sitting among the ruins of Chitor.

The new music of modern India filled our ears — but the old echo from the India that Kipling had made so real kept making itself heard, and to listen to it from time to time merely added to the visitor's delight : for recognition gives an added thrill to discovery. But, it must be confessed, I would soon have become a bore if I had capped each new sight with the Kipling reference that came to mind : as Chil the kite swept down, or the *Bandar-log* scampered off among the trees ; as a *bheesti* passed with his *mussack* over his shoulder or the *pariah* dogs slunk away into the shade of the village *peepul* tree . . .

More specific and of greater interest to readers of the *Journal*, was the comparison between Jaipur and Udaipur, Amber and Chitor, as described in *Letters of Marque* and as they are today.

Jaipur — 'a pink city set on the border of a blue lake, and surrounded by the low red spurs of the Aravallis' — was still splendid with palaces : but one at least of them had been turned into a hotel where, amid glorious architecture and ravishingly beautiful gardens of flowers through which Mor the peacock stalked in his glory, we slept in palatial rooms furnished with the worst excesses of Victorian mahogany and Edwardian *art nouveau*.

'And what shall be said of Amber, Queen of the Pass?' We rode

up the steep ascent four to an elephant, to find the city still deserted; but no longer do the 'trees grow in and split upon the walls, the windows are filled with brushwood and the cactus chokes the street.' But all else was as Kipling had found it, from the 'little temple of Kali, a gem of marble tracery and inlay,' to 'the cramped and darkened rooms, the narrow smooth-walled passages with recesses where a man might wait for his enemy unseen, the maze of ascending and descending stairs leading no-whither, the ever-present screens of marble tracery that may hide or reveal so much.'

Then to Udaipur 'where two marble Palaces floated upon the water' (the biggest of these being our hotel) — 'this city hidden among the hills that encompass the great Pichola lake' — 'and saw all the glory and beauty of the City.' Here in the great gardens below the City Palace still stand 'the cages of the King's Palace at Udaipur' where Bagheera was born.

FROM THE COW'S MOUTH

Only two of us drove the seventy miles from Udaipur to Chitor : two and a half hours in a good car on a good road, and not the 'twelve hours or thereabouts' it took Kipling in a tonga.

Perhaps because the place really did seem deserted, Chitor came nearest to what I had hoped : a real ruined city overgrown with the jungle, where the *Bandar-log* sported among the trees and on the stone terraces of the reservoirs.

This was assuredly the Cold Lairs : 'Some king had built it long ago on a little hill. You could still trace the stone causeways that led up to the ruined gates ... A great roofless palace crowned the hill, and the marble of the courtyards and the fountains was split, and stained with red and green, and the very cobble-stones in the courtyard where the King's elephants used to live had been thrust up and apart by grasses and young trees. From the palace you could see the rows and rows of roofless houses that made up the city looking like empty honeycombs filled with blackness ; the shapeless block of stone that had been an idol, in the square where four roads met ; the pits and dimples at street-corners where the public wells once stood, and the shattered domes of temples with wild figs sprouting on their sides.'

As at Amber, most of the buildings have been cleared of trees and creepers; and climbing up the Tower of Victory was not quite such a dark and dangerous proceeding as Kipling had found it — though the narrow passage and still-narrower and lower stairs winding round and up in the thickness of the exaggeratedly carved walls still gave very much of the impression he captured so vividly : 'The Tower, in the arrangement of its stairways, is like the interior of a Chinese carved ivory puzzle-ball. The idea given is that, even while you are ascending, you are wrapping yourself deeper and deeper in the tangle of a mighty maze. Add to this the half-light, the thronging armies of sculptured figures, the mad profusion of design splashed as impartially upon the undersides of the stone window slabs as upon the door-beam of the threshold — add, most abhorrent of all, the slippery sliminess of the walls always worn smooth by naked men, and you will understand that the Tower is not a soothing place to visit.'

Of course much of the mystery and horror had gone from the Gau-Mukh, the "Cow's Mouth", which had such a nightmare effect on Kipling (and on Nicholas Tarvin when he sought the Naulahka there), with the clearing of trees and creepers. The path has been cleared, baring the 'flight of steps, built out and cut out from rock . . . worn and polished by the terrible naked feet till it showed its markings clearly as agate.' Being Spring, there was no verge of mud round the 'dull blue tank sunk between walls of timeless masonry.' But still 'in a slabbed-in recess, water was pouring through a shapeless stone gargoye, into a trough—which trough again dripped into the tank.'

MOWGLI'S JUNGLE

Walking across the long, narrow hill-top of Chitor, past the ruined tanks and beneath the trees where the *Bandar-log* play, one comes to the double-gateway and the precipitous walls on the south side and looks across the ten to twenty miles of level plain to where the Aravalli Hills rise fold on fold.

Most of the plain is reclaimed and cultivated now, but it is easy to imagine it covered with jungle, or even the combination of desert and scrub with patches of trees clustering round the Gamberi River and its narrow tributaries in the deep *nullahs* as on the north side towards Udaipur.

Approaching Chitor from the north I had noticed several small hilltops sticking up above the trees and scrub, and a particular one dotted with great red boulders—'a hilltop covered with stones and boulders where a hundred wolves could hide.'

It has always been a matter for controversy as to why Kipling placed Mowgli's jungle in the Seonee hills and beside the Waingunga River—a part of India which he had never visited—and yet why Bagheera had been born in the King's cages at Udaipur hundreds of miles to the north, and Mowgli and the four wolves had come to Gisborne's *ruk* from further north still.

But, as I pointed out in *Kipling and the Children*, the first page of the first draft of 'Mowgli's Brothers,' reproduced in facsimile in Mrs. Carpenter's *Rudyard Kipling: A Friendly Profile* (1942) proves that Seonee was an afterthought and the setting was changed after this story at least had been written.

'It was about seven o'clock of a very warm evening among the Aravalli hills when the Father wolf woke up from his day's sleep,' the manuscript begins; and a little later there is a reference to 'the Mewari herdsmen whose goats they stole.' (It is a pity that this page does not go far enough to include the name of the river by which Shere Khan was hunting: may we hazard a guess that it was Gamberi rather than Waingunga?)

Of course, wherever its supposed position, Mowgli's jungle is very much a jungle of the imagination, and Kipling would not have scrupled to alter or adapt his originals, or move sites hundreds of miles apart into close proximity. If the setting is in Mewar, Chitor has become more ruinous and overgrown, more isolated—and perhaps improved with the aid of a building or two from Amber when becoming the Cold Lairs. (The underground passage still runs from the Gau Mukh to the

Palace—but I was not able to explore it to see if the treasure-chamber where Mowgli found the King's Ankus is pure imagination or not.) The Council Rock with the red boulders is over near the road, and perhaps not far enough away from the modern village of Chitor : but all these sites eighty years ago must have been infinitely wilder and more lonely and desolate.

Why did Kipling change from Mewar to Seonee? I can only suggest that he had the idea for 'Red Dog' in his mind before 'Mowgli's Brothers' was published—and the Bee Rocks in the gorge of the Waingunga had been revealed to him in photographs taken by Professor and Mrs. Hill. But why did he not move the Bee Rocks to the Gamberi River, instead of Chitor to Seonee? And would animals have ranged as far as Bagheera from Udaipur and Hathi from Bhurtpur to Seonee—or Mowgli and the four wolves from Seonee to Gisborne's *rukh*?

KIPLING'S BIRTH-PLACE

My pilgrimage ended in Bombay where Kipling's began. The coconut groves by the Juhu Beach may have been the remains of the Mahim Woods ; the Esplanade and Marine Lines have changed out of all recognition, and the Towers of Silence are well hidden among trees surrounded by gardens.

But the College of Art is an oasis of trees sheltering old buildings in a great quadrangle of new ones. Before the original nucleus (see photograph in *Journal* 43) the 'hens of Bombay' still wander, and in the verandah hangs a round copper plaque decorated with a wreath of carved leaves and inscribed :—

RUDYARD KIPLING,
SON OF
LOCKWOOD KIPLING,
FIRST PRINCIPAL OF
THE SIR J. J. SCHOOL OF ART,
WAS BORN HERE
30. 12. 1865

' THINGS AND THE MAN '

Recently *The Times* recorded that 'Vladimir Lebedev, a leading Russian illustrator of children's books, has died in Leningrad at the age of 76. He was well known for his illustrations to Russian editions of works by Rudyard Kipling . . .'

A leading article by David Wood in the same paper on March 11th was headed : 'Mr. Wilson finds his comfort in Kipling,' and developed its theme from the opening paragraph : 'Mr. Wilson has never been a speaker given to tricking out his thoughts with flowers plucked from the poets, and I hope I was not alone in registering that one day last week he had at instant call a couplet from Rudyard Kipling. It came, of course, not from *Mandalay*, with its inappropriate appeal to "ship me somewheres east of Suez", but from *If*, in which from schooldays Mr. Wilson's generation and mine has been sure of finding comfort when the world is doing its worst . . .'

Referring to the same paper again, Mr. P. W. Inwood asks me to

register his triumph. " I gloat ! Hear me ! " he cries, reminding us of his vindication of Rufus (" Gehazi ") Isaacs in *Journal* 158, page 22 : ' I thought that was the end of it, but no. In the *Times Saturday Review* of Feb : 3rd, there was an article on Edward Lucie Smith (poet and art critic) which winds up with his expressed regret that he was refused permission to include in his anthology Kipling's poem *Gehazi*, the satire on the Marconi Scandal. " This I greatly regret," he says. Somebody must have seen the light at last ! "

There have been several recent sales of Kipling items that are of interest. On Dec : 19th Sotheby's sold number 76 of the Sussex Edition to D. E. Mayers for £450, and on Jan : 30th a first edition of *The Jungle Book* with seven lines of verse inscribed in Kipling's hand to Francis Edwards for £65.

An amazing collection of Kipling manuscripts, the property of the late H. C. Drayton Esq., was also sold at Sotheby's—their catalogue gives many interesting extracts. This included "Autograph Manuscripts of eight poems written as a schoolboy at the United Services College in 1881, 12 pages . . ." Besides poems included in *Schoolboy Lyrics*, this included two that seem never to have been published : " Chivalry " in 9 lines, beginning " Is a woman but man's pastime . . ." and an unnamed poem of four 4-line stanzas beginning "A cry in the silent night." These had belonged to his aunt Louisa Baldwin. Bertram Rota bought them for £1,700, also a series of seventeen letters to Edith Macdonald and Louisa Baldwin, 1882-86, for £1,600, and the thirty-six letters to Cornell Price, 1882-1910 (which were sold by Price's son in 1964 for £3,600—see *Journal* No. 149) for £3,800; six letters to Miss Coxen, including an unpublished poem, 1886, for £250, and fourteen miscellaneous letters to various buyers for sums ranging from £12 to £110.

In New York a Philadelphia bookseller called Sessler bought an interesting letter from Kipling to Theodore Roosevelt for \$225. The catalogue entry ran as follows :—

" 148. Kipling, Rudyard. English author. LS. 1 full page, 4to, Bate-man's, Burwash, Sussex, April 8, 1910, To Theodore Roosevelt, with a few pencilled words in Roosevelt's hand on verso.

" Interesting letter, linking the advocate of " Manifest Destiny " with his British literary counterpart. ". . . thank you for the splendid speech you made in Egypt, where I expect there will be some trouble later. That was good work . . . if you and Mrs. Roosevelt could slip down here for lunch . . . there's nothing we'd like better. I can give you a dead quiet, a view of ordinary English country life in a small way (which is different from the big lay-out that you'll get) *and* if you want to get a sweat on you by any form of manual labour, we can meet you with axe or spade . . . I want to see you very much . . . We are having one hell of a political time . . ." At the bottom of the letter, Kipling has typewritten a curious postscript. " Do you remember the ' hereditary enemy ' you used to tell me about in Washington in the years before the Flood? I told you then she didn't hate you." This is quite possibly a reference to England.

" Very slightly worn, with a few tiny marginal tears, otherwise fine."

' RESIDENCE RECITALS ' of ' works by famous writers and composers are read or performed in the houses where they used to live. In 1968 Residence Recitals will be held in the houses of Yeats, Morris, Vanburgh, Pavlova, Addison, Kipling, Byron, Handel.'

The Kipling Recital at ' Bateman's ' takes place on *Friday, June 28th*. The Recital will be introduced by Lady Hardinge, a close friend of the Kiplings for many years, and the Readers will be Gwen Watford and Richard Leech.

A special coach leaves Charing Cross at 2 p.m. and reaches ' Bateman's ' at 3.30. It leaves on its return journey at 7.30, arriving at Charing Cross at 9 p.m. A ticket costs £4 inclusive; for Recital and Buffet only, £3; for Recital only, £1.

Tickets and further information available from " Residence Recitals " (*Organising Secretary*: Francis Carr); 34 Hillgate Place, London, W.8. *Telephone No.* 01-727-7582.

R.L.G.

HON. SECRETARY'S NOTES

Collecting Subscriptions. This is a Secretary's worst headache, and two extracts from Hon. Sec.'s Notes of more than 30 years ago apply so strongly today that I reproduce them *verbatim*. You will save us much time and money if you conform to what they say.

(i). The Council is greatly indebted to members who send us Banker's Orders for their subscriptions. If members only realised what an enormous amount of labour and time these Banker's Orders save us, I am sure many more would do so. It is, however, never too late!

(ii). When members wish to resign, I do wish they would be so kind as to drop me a postcard and say so. In the vast majority of cases, members simply refrain from sending in their subscriptions when due, and take no notice of reminders or letters. This, of course, gives your Secretary a great amount of extra work, and costs the Society much unnecessary expenditure and stationery.

" *William the Conqueror.*" Did anyone hear a dramatized version of this, broadcast on Sound on Saturday afternoon, 27th Jan. 1968? The Editor or I would be interested to hear comments. The *Radio Times* introduction by A. R. Rawlinson was excellent, but for some odd reason the play was described as " the love-story of Martyn and his ' William '." Poor Scott!

A.E.B.P.

NEW MEMBERS

We are delighted to welcome the following New Members :—
U.K.: Mrs. R. I. Charlish, Miss M. E. Garratt; Sir John Russell, Cdr. C. M. Drage, M. J. W. Edwards. *CANADA*: Mrs. E. A. Dobson. *DENMARK*: Royal Library, Copenhagen. *EIRE*: Dr. T. E. Hastings. *MELBOURNE*: Dr. S. Edvi-Illes. *N.I.*: J. Cunningham. *PORTUGAL*: M. Costa Pereira. *S.A.*: Mrs. Brews. *U.S.A.*: Mrs. Boyden.

PEDANTRY ABOUT PARNESIUS

by C. E. Carrington

I think that no characters from Kipling's works made a deeper impression on the generation that was young in the early years of this century than 'Parnesius' and 'Pertinax', the two centurions who were burdened with the task of defending the Wall for an Empire that had been betrayed by the misconduct of their seniors. Here Kipling created a dynamic myth, the obligation on the young to carry the 'White Man's Burden' and to sacrifice their lives in a cause that would bring them neither profit nor credit. He lifted this concept out of the narrow field of 'colonialism' and applied it to the salvage of a society that had lost its purpose. 'Rome has forgotten her Gods and must be punished,' says the wise old father of Parnesius. 'If the Gods forgive us here, we may save Britain.' The 'Puck' stories were prophetic rather than reminiscent; the first of them were written in 1905, before the General Election that Kipling regarded as the downward turning-point in our History, ten years before the War of 1914 produced so many repetitions in fact of what he had portrayed in fiction, and sixty years before the collapse of British morale was commonly admitted. Some day a student of national decadence will lift these fierce scrutinies of failure off the shelf where they stand with the 'juveniles', and will place them with *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels*, among books that hold the attention of the best audiences in the world, the children and the wise men. I would not wish to comment on Kipling's Roman Stories without clearing this point, but today I shall be content with some historical niggling. A myth-maker has the right to arrange his material, and a historian does no harm by putting the pieces back in chronological order.

Parnesius is the younger son of an old Roman-British family, who have been living on their estate in the Isle of Wight for four hundred years, and have been Roman citizens for three hundred, since Agricola confirmed them in possession of it. The story opens towards the end of the reign of the Emperor Gratian, about 380 A.D. A hundred years earlier, the Empire had been reorganised in four 'Dioceses', and most Emperors found it convenient to allot the administration of them to one or more colleagues as co-emperors. Though there were inevitable struggles for precedence and power between them, the whole Commonwealth remained united as a customs-union, with a single currency, code of laws, and rule of citizenship. Gratian had recently taken as his colleague in the East the Younger Theodosius, a distinguished General and son of an equally distinguished General of the same name. The Elder had restored Roman rule in North Britain after the war against the Picts in 367, the Younger had achieved much greater things. In 378 the Goths had crossed the Danube and had defeated the main Roman Armies at Adrianople, one of the decisive battles of History, at which the Eastern Emperor, Valens, was killed. His successor, Theodosius, had restored the situation, and so preserved the Roman Empire from

the Goths for a whole generation, extant but doomed. An age was drawing to a close, and the copious literature that has survived breathes pessimism or apathy.

On at least three previous occasions, Generals in Britain had assumed the Purple and had demanded recognition as co-emperors ; and one of these claimants, Constantine the Great, had eventually become the sole ruler. It needed but slight discontent among the British garrisons to induce them to proclaim their General Maximus as Caesar. If Theodosius was to be co-emperor in the East, why not Maximus in the West?

In 383, Maximus crossed to Gaul with his best troops, put Gratian's men to flight, and killed him at Lyons. He thus became *de facto* Emperor in Gaul, Spain, and Britain, with his capital at Trier on the Moselle. For five years Maximus ruled the Western Diocese, hoping to persuade Theodosius to accept him as a colleague. Our authorities give variant accounts of Theodosius, a man of great force of character, but strangely volatile and impetuous in temperament. He is remembered for furious quarrels and pious reconciliations with the Church leaders, especially with Saint Ambrose of Milan. The Church had triumphed and Theodosius is the Emperor to whom we owe the general acceptance of the Nicene Creed ; it was also Theodosius who suppressed the public worship in the heathen temples. In every province of the Empire the bishops had come forward as rivals in moral authority to the secular power. Gratian had been a luke-warm Christian, Theodosius, as a constitutional ruler, was prepared to co-operate with the Church leaders so long as they did not press him too hard, but Maximus was a Christian fanatic who arrived in Gaul determined to impose Church order, and from his Court at Trier he organised the persecution of heretics. Trier was the greatest city north of the Alps, and the ruins of Roman buildings still to be seen there dwarf our Roman ruins in Britain. We have a full account of the state kept by Maximus in the Life of the soldier-saint, Martin of Tours, written by Sulpicius Severus, who implies that good Saint Martin disapproved of the cruelty of Maximus. This usurper seems to have been the first Christian ruler to punish heresy with death. We have now come a long way from Kipling's picture of Maximus as a stoic Roman of the old school. Whatever he was, Theodosius would not come to terms with him; Maximus crossed the Alps with his Army and was defeated, and as we are told in our story he was executed at Aquileia, near the head of the Adriatic, in the year 388. Seven years passed before troops could be spared for the lost province of North Britain and when, about 395, Britain was reorganised, it was the Lowland Province only; Rome never again occupied Hadrian's Wall.

To sum up : about the year 380, *Britannia* was officially Christian and Maximus was a rather fanatical Christian. The Roman Army no longer consisted of disciplined legionaries, but mostly of irregular corps of barbarians serving under their own tribal chiefs. The cities were decayed, half-empty, or even abandoned, and civilised life persisted mainly in the great country houses, like the Parnesius family home in the Isle of Wight, where old-fashioned aristocrats clung to their pagan religion in a world that had passed them by. Except for that, Kipling

is describing Roman Britain as it had been, two centuries before the time of Maximus and Theodosius.

Evidently Maximus was a powerful personality who left his mark behind. In addition to the many references in Greek and Roman chronicles, he was remembered as a Celtic Hero, 'Maxen Wledig', in British tradition, and some old tales provide him with a British wife, Helena, who came from *Segontium* (Caernarvon). His name occurs in the ancient Welsh genealogies, and it is not improbable that Queen Elizabeth is descended from him.

Note: For further information about Maximus readers may refer to an article by David Jones in *History Today* (Feb. 1968).

'KIM' AT AN AMERICAN COLLEGE

By Morton N. Cohen

Last autumn, for the first time, I included *Kim* as required reading in an undergraduate course in the Nineteenth-Century English novel. Thirteen students enrolled in the class, and they read eleven novels ranging across the century from Jane Austen to Kipling. *Kim* appeared in part of a question on the final examination, and the students' answers to that question give us an idea of how young minds today respond to Kipling.

I ought perhaps to say something about my students. They were all New York City residents, mostly from working-class or lower-middle-class homes. In all probability they lived at home, for the City College of New York has no student residences. To have been admitted to the College, they all had to have good secondary-school grades and to have made a high score on rather stiff entrance examinations. Tuition at the City College is free, and thousands of qualified students are turned away each year because of inadequate space. Consequently the students who succeed are fairly intelligent, often well read, and generally well trained in essentials. The fact that the novel course was an "elective" means that the students enrolled in it had probably had two years of required work in college and were one or two years away from the B.A. degree, awarded at the end of the fourth year.

I must confess that I was prompted to set the examination question by a curiosity about how the students reacted to all the novels I had chosen. But the readers of the *Journal* will share my particular interest in the students' reactions to *Kim*. Here is the question :

List the eleven novels you were required to read this term, putting the one you think best at the top of the list, the worst at the bottom, and those of descending excellence in between. Then write an essay defending your list.

I have tabulated the result by assigning the number 1 to the first novel on each list, the number 11 to the last novel on each list, and the appropriate numbers in between. Here is the result :

	Student Ratings													Total
<i>Middlemarch</i>	5	1	1	4	6	1	5	1	5	3	1	1	2	36
<i>Jane Eyre</i>	4	4	6	5	4	2	2	3	1	5	4	9	1	50
<i>The Mayor of Casterbridge</i>	3	5	10	1	2	4	1	6	3	1	3	7	10	56
<i>New Grub Street</i>	1	2	4	8	3	3	4	9	10	8	2	3	4	61
<i>Emma</i>	9	8	2	11	1	9	7	8	2	4	8	2	3	74
<i>The Picture of Dorian Gray</i>	7	10	8	2	9	7	3	2	4	2	6	11	6	77
<i>Kim</i>	8	3	11	3	7	5	9	5	6	7	9	5	5	83
<i>Dr. Thorne</i>	6	6	5	7	10	8	6	4	8	10	5	4	8	87
<i>Hard Times</i>	2	9	3	6	5	6	8	7	7	9	7	8	11	88
<i>Henry Esmond</i>	11	7	7	10	11	10	11	10	9	6	11	6	7	116
<i>The Egoist</i>	10	11	9	9	8	10	10	11	11	11	10	10	9	129

That *Kim* falls seventh in popularity is, to my mind, an extremely good showing. But the numbers can be interpreted even more strongly in *Kim's* favor, for the novel falls only 47 points behind *Middlemarch*, the most popular, and 46 points ahead of *The Egoist*, the least popular, or virtually at the mid-point between the best showing and the worst. More impressive still, perhaps, is *Kim's* lead over novels by Trollope, Dickens, Thackeray, and Meredith.

The students' comments in their essays are also revealing. "It is probably surprising that I have placed *Kim* relatively high on my list [in fifth place]," writes one student, "but I can defend my position. I feel that there is much more to this novel than its narrative. Kipling has also included generous portions of Buddhist philosophy and tied nature and God and man very close together. If *Kim* were a fatter book and if its ideas were more fully developed, I would place it perhaps in the number two spot on my list."

"Though *Kim* was an exciting adventure story, and probably once satisfied the English public's demand for a new kind of entertaining literature, I did not rank it as one of the better novels of the term," writes a student who placed it ninth. "Perhaps my decision is the result of my preference for the more realistic and down-to-earth, rather than exotic, mystical, Indian story. I found myself incapable of identifying with anything in *Kim's* world."

A student who gave *Kim* sixth place had second thoughts when writing the essay: "Thinking about it now, I believe that *Kim* should come before *Jane Eyre* and *Henry Esmond*. It is far too attractive to be placed after them. The reader *does* get to know *Kim*. Kipling creates a real boy. He is somewhat idealized, as the hero of an adventure should be, but he is nonetheless human."

"Third on my list is *Kim*," writes another, "a novel that makes the reader wish it were much longer. *Kim's* adventures, his constant charm and alertness fascinate the reader. Besides learning about Indian life and culture, the reader feels that he is actually in India, in the third-class carriage, on the Great Trunk Road, a real participant, not a spectator."

"*Kim* was the fastest-moving book of the semester," writes a student who ranks it seventh. "It almost reads itself, and it is sheer pleasure. I enjoyed it because it is not a novel of great depth; reading it was just plain enjoyment."

I did not know what to expect when I put *Kim* on the reading list, and I must have felt that I was doing something daring and unconventional by including it. My students' reactions have convinced me that *Kim* offers to the young as much enjoyment and food for thought as it does to the mature. Certainly it stands up well against the "heavier" novels of the nineteenth century. *Kim*, I am convinced, belongs in college.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY LIBRARY

The Library of the Royal Commonwealth Society has recently accepted the custody of the Library of the Kipling Society, as the result of negotiations initiated by Professor C. E. Carrington, former Chairman of the Royal Commonwealth Society Library Committee and a Vice-President of the Kipling Society. After being housed in various places in the past 40 years, it has now, while remaining the property of the Kipling Society, found a permanent home in a room off the Library gallery, where it can be seen and studied with greater comfort and convenience. Here are assembled not only Kipling's printed works in a great variety of editions, some extremely scarce and rare, but also a large number of works by his critics and commentators, biographies and autobiographies of people who knew him together with a mass of newspapers and magazines (many being 'first appearances' of his works) extending over the last eighty or ninety years.

Here also are many of the 'Uncollected' stories and poems, photographs and the monumental 'Centenary' Album (Kipling was born on 30 December, 1865) containing over 360 cuttings from 146 different newspapers and magazines in 1965-66.

The origins of the Library are simple. The Kipling Society was founded in 1927, and by 1930, when W. G. B. Maitland became its first Honorary Librarian—a post he held for thirty years—had a small case full of books. Through the years members presented books from their own collections and even purchased new ones; with the passing of time, too, several bequeathed valued items. Among the benefactors by gift or bequest have been John Sanderson, a member of Council, Capt. E. W. Martindell, Kipling's bibliographer, B. M. Bazley, a Chairman of the Society, Dr. P. F. Wilson, C. A. Shepperson, and Col. M. A. Wolff. The Wolff collection, bequeathed in 1954, is the most valuable section of the Kipling Library, with numerous early and scarce editions, many in splendid modern box bindings. It is kept in a special case in the Librarian's office.

Authors have given copies of their works (a courtesy still very much appreciated) and Macmillans very handsomely presented a set of the magnificent Sussex Edition—35 volumes bound in native-tanned

Niger leather, ornamented in gold, the first volume signed by Kipling — so the collection grew until it now forms one of the best working collections in the country. It comprises over 1,000 bound volumes, 3-400 parts of periodicals or extracts from periodicals, 10 volumes of press cuttings gathered by various individuals, and some miscellaneous items.

The material has been meticulously listed and indexed by Mr. R. E. Harbord, the President of the Kipling Society, and is under the direct charge of the Librarian of the Royal Commonwealth Society, to whom all enquiries should be made.

During February a choice of items from this collection was displayed in the Library show case. It is hoped that this note will serve both to introduce the exhibition to those who are accessible to London and touch on the scope of the collection for those who cannot visit it.

On view now are sample volumes from each edition — the great *Sussex* mentioned above, the famous 'pockets' red and blue, the *Outward Bound* (Scribner's), the *de luxe* and the *Bombay*. Here also can be seen Professor Carrington's splendid Biography—the standard work — the two Dictionaries and commentators from Knowles in 1900 (*A Kipling Primer*) to Tompkins, Green, Sandison, Dobrée and Cornell within recent years.

Other important aids to the study of Kipling are the bibliographies by E. W. Martindell (1923 : No. 1 of the limited edition of 50 copies) and Flora V. Livingston (1927), Lloyd H. Chandler's *A Summary of the work of Rudyard Kipling* (1930), Ralph Durand's *Handbook to the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling* (1914) and the Catalogue of the E. A. Ballard Collection. The most comprehensive work of this character is the massive *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliographical Catalogue* (1959), in which James McG. Stewart recorded in meticulous detail a collection he had gathered over nearly fifty years, so admirably edited by A. W. Yeats.

Amongst the earliest publications are *Schoolboy Lyrics*, printed at Lahore in 1881 by Rudyard Kipling's parents while he was at school in England : copies of the *United Services College Chronicle* (1881-94) to which he contributed : *Echoes* (1884) containing parodies by Kipling and his sister 'Trix' ; and *Quartette* (1885), written entirely by members of the Kipling family.

Other items of interest are the original *Departmental Ditties* of 1886 — in the format of a public document of the Government of India, printed for Kipling at the press of the Civil and Military Gazette, Lahore, and now a collector's piece. The first paperbacks are also here — Wheeler's Indian Railway Library, price One Rupee — cover by the Mayo School of Art, Lahore, where Kipling's father was Principal. He, incidentally, is an author in his own right, his *Beast and Man in India* contains verses by his son, which is fair enough, as the father also provided the illustrations for *Kim*. He can also be recognised as the Curator in the Wonder-House of Lahore in chap. 1 of *Kim*.

The verse is collected in many anthologies and special editions, some of which can be seen in the case. Heath Robinson is not an artist who would come to mind as an illustrator of historical or lyrical verse; a glance at *A Song of the English* will show that first impressions are not always correct. Another illustrator whose Kipling association may cause surprise is Laurence Housman. The item displayed is the set of

four original pen drawings which were reproduced in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for June 1893, to illustrate the first publication of *The Last Chanty*. The large de luxe edition of the illustrations by M. and E. Detmold to the *Jungle Book* (1903) and thirty etchings by William Strang (1901) are other notable pictorial works. In all, more than 70 artists are represented in the collection and examples appear in a special section of the exhibition. The illustrations in many of the old magazines add greatly to the atmosphere of the stories and it is unfortunate that they are not available to the general public; they can, however, be seen in the Library. Another was recently provided by *The Times* when H.M.S. *Dampier* was on passage just before Christmas last year. This splendid photograph illustrates "The Bonds of Discipline" in *Traffics and Discoveries* (albeit some sixty years late), the story of an H.M. Ship that was equipped with an extemporised suit of sails of somewhat bizarre appearance.

Other Naval items include *A Fleet in Being*, with cover by Norman Wilkinson, *Sea Warfare*, a reprint of articles in the *Daily Telegraph* and *The Times* of 1915 and 1916, and *A Flight of Fact*, an early story of Naval aviation. The Merchant Navy is well taken care of — the best perhaps, being "Brugglesmith"; while the soldier and the man on the frontiers of Empire provide some of his best-known stories and verses.

The varied single items are too numerous to note in detail — they include special American editions to establish copyright, pirated editions, examples of translations — "Rikki-tikki-tavi" in French and Russian — and association copies such as *The Gods of the Copybook Headings* inscribed "To Hugh Walpole from Joseph Conrad 1921". There are also bibliographical curiosities, e.g. *Putnam*, printed by Kipling on two sheets of crepe paper, using a hand press, at Rottingdean in 1900, and *The School Budget* mimeographed by boys of Horsmonden School, Kent, in 1898 and including a letter from Kipling. Critical articles, from sources as diverse as *The Aryan Path* and *Marxism Today* indicate the continued interest taken in his works.

Kipling's vast output (nearly one thousand titles are available in the published works) contains something for everybody. His stories have been staged, filmed, broadcast and put on television with varying success: in the main, however, they stand on their own, and as their writer said of one of his own fictional characters . . . 'his heart and soul were at the end of the pen, and they got into the ink'.

[The Kipling Society headquarters is now established in the Royal Commonwealth Society building, and we are grateful to Mr. J. H. McGivering, its Hon. Librarian since 1963, whose revision of W. A. Young's *Kipling Dictionary* (1911) was published last year, for this note, to which a few additions have been made by the Librarian of the Royal Commonwealth Society.]

KIPLING'S IMPERIALISM : A POINT OF DEPARTURE

By **Elliot L. Gilbert**

Attacks on Kipling for his approval of the British presence in India, for his support of what Lionel Trilling has called "a puny and mindless imperialism,"¹ have been at once the most damaging and the most irrelevant of all criticisms leveled at the author. They have been more damaging than any others because, while the presumed trickiness and journalistic superficiality for which the writer has also been taken to task might actually recommend him in certain pop art and camp circles today, and while the alleged violence in his work might even render him indistinguishable from a number of other modern fiction writers, his approval of imperialism, for just the reason that it implies acceptance of a number of stable social and cultural values, seems to call into question the assault on those values which is the essence of pop art and violent fiction.

To put it another way, the rejection of imperialism in the twentieth century amounts to a rejection of the sort of absolutist rationalism which, while it had already ceased, on the purely theoretical level, to have much vitality in the second half of the nineteenth century, nevertheless continued to underlie many of the political and social structures of the period. Thus, the average nineteenth-century man who believed in imperialism necessarily believed, first, in the physical and moral superiority of the colonialists; second, in the (at least temporary) physical and moral inferiority of the natives; and third, in the possibility that the colonialists, by their presence and through their efforts, would improve the lot of the natives. We think very differently about such matters today. The cultural relativism of the twentieth century, our age's loss of faith in the dogmas of science and progress, have swept away most of the philosophical foundations of imperialism; for us, therefore, it is impossible to treat the idea of an altruistic colonialism with anything but cynicism and contempt. No wonder, then, that Kipling's imperialism has been so particularly damaging to his cause in the twentieth century, and no wonder that so many readers have found the writer repugnant and have been repelled by such smugly self-satisfied passages as these :

There is a destiny now possible to us, the highest ever set before a nation to be accepted or refused. We are still undegenerate in race; a race mingled of the best northern blood . . . This is what England must either do, or perish; she must found colonies as fast and as far as she is able, formed of her most energetic and worthiest men; . . . their first aim is to advance the power of England by land and by sea.

The noblest men methinks are bred

Of ours the Saxon-Norman race . . .

'Sweet, blighted lilies,'—as the American epitaph on the Nigger child has it,—sweet, blighted lilies, they are holding up their heads again! How pleasant in the universal bankruptcy abroad. . . to have always this fact to fall back upon :

our beautiful Black darlings are at least happy; with little labour except to the teeth, *which* surely, in those excellent horse-jaws of theirs, will not fail.

[On the map] there was a vast amount of red — good to see at any time, because one knows that some real work is done in there.

If [such men] hadn't worked and died in England for thousands of years, you and I couldn't sit here without having our throats cut. There would be no trains, no ships to carry us literary people about in, no fields even. Just savagery. . . . More and more do I refuse to draw my income and sneer at those who guarantee it.

Look left, look right, the hills are bright,
 The dales are light between,
 Because 'tis fifty years tonight
 That God has saved the Queen. . . .
 Oh, God will save her, fear you not :
 Be you the men you've been,
 Get you the sons your fathers got,
 And God will save the Queen.

I really think that the most living clue of life is in us Englishmen in England, and the great mistake we make is in not uniting together . . . and so carrying the vital spark through. Because as far as we are concerned it is in danger of being quenched. I know now it is a shirking of the issue to look to Buddha or the Hindu . . . for the impulse to carry through. . . . Those natives are *back* of us — in the living sense lower than we are. But they're going to swarm over us and suffocate us. We are, have been for five-hundred years, the growing tip. Now we're going to fall. But you don't catch me going back on my whiteness and Englishness and myself.

The population should be homogeneous ; where two or more cultures exist in the same place they are likely either to be fiercely self-conscious or both to become adulterate. What is still more important is unity of religious background ; and reasons of race and religions combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable. There must be a proper balance between urban and rural, industrial and agricultural development, and a spirit of excessive tolerance is to be deprecated.

What is, for our purposes, most interesting and instructive about these quotations is a fact about them which has no doubt already become quite evident to the reader : namely, that not one of them is by Rudyard Kipling. Instead, they are, respectively, the work of John Ruskin, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Thomas Carlyle, Joseph Conrad, E. M. Forster, A. E. Housman, D. H. Lawrence, and T. S. Eliot. The significance of such a poor sleight-of-hand trick as this should not be misconstrued. This collection of chauvinistic and racist statements by famous authors is not intended to excuse similar comments by Kipling, of which there have been many, though none so virulent as the passages by Carlyle and Eliot. It is, however, intended to set Kipling's own statements in their

proper context for the purpose of making a curious observation about the writer and his reputation.

The context is immediately established by the range of these quotations. Covering as they do a period from the middle of the nineteenth century through the first third of the twentieth, they represent many decades of uncritical acceptance, by some of the most revered writers of English literature, of what today seem outrageously bigoted or jingoistic ideas. Nor is this collection of excerpts in any sense exhaustive. Quotations from Yeats or Shaw or Pound, for example, might easily have replaced any of those included here without the list becoming one bit less outrageous in the process. These facts have never been a secret, and most recently they have been examined by John R. Harrison in *The Reactionaries: Yeats, Lewis, Pound, Eliot, Lawrence*, a full-length study of what the author calls "the anti-democratic intelligentsia".

It is precisely because Kipling can be read in the context of such writers that it is possible to make the curious observation about him to which we have already referred, an observation which can perhaps best be explained through consideration of the final quotation on our list, the one by T. S. Eliot. That passage is for us the most useful of the excerpts, among other reasons because its urbane cruelty makes it more repellent even than Carlyle's hysteria, and because the date of its composition — 1932 — renders it particularly unforgivable, unforgivable in a way that the Ruskin and Tennyson statements, for example — written out of a kind of political naiveté — are not. (By way of contrast, Kipling in 1932, was vainly calling the attention of his countrymen to the rise of totalitarianism in Germany and was preparing to renounce the swastika as his personal good luck sign because he felt Hitler was defiling it.)

Now what is most interesting about the Eliot statement is that, though it is a reasonably well-known passage, and though it expresses ideas which most critics vigorously oppose, its existence has never seriously interfered with the admiration which many of these same critics have long felt for T. S. Eliot's art. That is, the poems and plays go on being read and discussed and praised just as if their author had not revealed himself, in political utterances such as these, to be a man of arrogance and insensitivity. To be sure, some critics, notably of the *Scrutiny* group,² have attacked the poet on political and moral grounds, have seen, in the conservatism, the traditionalism, the orthodox mysticism of the poems counterparts of the ideas embodied in the quotation. In the main, however, it would be safe to say that for most readers of T. S. Eliot, political passages such as the one we have presented here are largely irrelevant to an appreciation and an evaluation of the poet's art.

The same may be said of all of these quotations. Critics have long been aware of their existence, have not hesitated to refer to them scathingly wherever such reference has seemed appropriate to a discussion of their authors, but have not, for the most part, allowed what are essentially political comments to distract literary criticism from its real business, the judgment of art. Only with Kipling — and here we come to the curious observation of which we have spoken — have the critics abandoned their sound policy of clearly differentiating between

an artist's works and his personal opinions. As a result, of all the writers belonging to the "anti-democratic intelligentsia" during the late nineteenth century and after, Kipling is the only one whose works continue today to be dismissed as unworthy of serious critical consideration largely because their author's social theories are offensive; the only one, that is, whose politics are still examined with greater care than his poems and stories.

One explanation for this phenomenon may lie in the fact that Kipling is of historical interest in a way that most other writers of English are not. That is, his association with India and with the Anglo-Indian experience is different in kind from the association of, say, Dickens with London or of Jane Austen with Bath. For Kipling was the only artist of quality ever to be produced by the British community in India, and so for better or worse, his pictures are the only really vital ones available of many facets of the English colonial experiment: his soldiers the only soldiers who have survived the long marches and the barracks and the battles of a hundred years ago, his harried civil servants the only members of that strange breed who live today outside the pages of the old departmental reports. Thus, for students of the period, Kipling and his art are, inevitably, primary sources; unavoidably, the raw data for history books.

Many of these books have genuine value on their own terms, of course, as studies of British imperialism in action; Richard Faber's *The Vision and the Need*,³ for example, and Alan Sandison's even more recent *The Wheel of Empire*⁴ are both extremely useful works on the subject. Moreover, Sandison's book is a study of art as well as of history and philosophy, and one fully aware of the dangers inherent in extra-literary use of literary materials; thus, it is a distinct virtue of *The Wheel of Empire* that it recognizes the way in which, for Kipling, the British Empire was really a macrocosm, or a huge wall against which the shadows of private emotions, personal actions, might be enormously thrown. The conflicts [he] portrayed were not essentially political conflicts, however dressed up in heroics and Empire-building, but were just those stresses between man and his environment, spaciouly and sometimes violently expressed, which lay near the roots of all romantic art.⁵

But in another study of Kipling and India, one just as recently published as Sandison's, K. Bhaskara Rao writes that he is

not primarily concerned with Kipling's capabilities as a storyteller, for which he possessed a talent uniquely his own [but is, rather,] concerned with a more basic issue of his writings, the question of his fidelity to the Indian scene.⁶

At this late date, then, it can still be simply and unself-consciously stated that Kipling the historical figure is a "more basic issue" than Kipling the artist.

In the face of such continued distortion of values, what sort of response is possible? Perhaps only the bluntest. Perhaps all that can be said to Mr. Rao and to critics like him is that the question of Kipling's "fidelity to the Indian scene," so far from being "basic issue" is no issue at all; is, in fact, largely irrelevant to any legitimate consideration

of Kipling. And to those who see such a response as a side-stepping of the issue implicit in Trilling's statement about a "puny and mindless imperialism," it can only be insisted that Kipling is under no obligation to have a foreign policy which pleases Professor Trilling. Indeed, it is only to the extent that the Trilling statement may be applied to Kipling's poems and stories rather than to his personal politics that we need deal with it at all, only insofar as imperialism is an issue in the works of art that it is an issue we need consider. Very obviously, imperialism is a frequent subject of Kipling's work, and so it is as a literary subject that we must consider it. If we find it intruded blatantly and without aesthetic justification into the stories and poems, we must call attention to Kipling's failure. (But it must be to his artistic and not to his political lapse that we refer.) If, on the other hand, we find Kipling, in his best work, using the particular issue of imperialism to develop the larger themes which always preoccupied him, we must bring to bear on that work all of our critical acumen in order to reveal fully, as the best possible response to the Trilling attack, the aesthetic implications of such political motifs. Let us establish this point of departure for the study of Kipling's imperialism and we will have gone far toward avoiding that personal abuse of the author which has so long passed for literary criticism.

FOOTNOTES

1. Lionel Trilling, "Kipling," *The Liberal Imagination* (New York : Doubleday Anchor Books, 1950), p. 126.
2. See, for example, Boris Ford's "A Case for Kipling?" *The Importance of Scrutiny* (New York, 1948).
3. Richard Faber, *The Vision and the Need* (London, 1966).
4. Alan Sandison, *The Wheel of Empire: A Study of the Imperial Idea in some late Nineteenth and early Twentieth-Century Literature* (London, 1967).
5. From a review in the *Times Literary Supplement*.
6. K. Bhaskara Rao, *Rudyard Kipling's India* (Norman, 1967), p. 42.

REPORTS ON DISCUSSION MEETINGS

15th November, 1967, at the Royal Society of St. George

The pleasure of this occasion was enhanced by the apposite announcement that the evening's speaker, Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green, has been appointed Andrew Lang Lecturer to the University of St. Andrews and is to deliver his lecture on Lang exactly a year hence, on 13th November, 1968.

Mr. Green was to speak on "The Man from Nowhere — London 1889", but confessed that his discourse would tend to speak rather of Lang than of the man so described by J. M. Barrie in the title of an article on Kipling in *The British Weekly* of 2nd May, 1890, though suggesting that it was Kipling's own name for himself. Barrie's article was a strikingly generous appreciation of this young man, almost unknown some months before. One very pungent statement was "The great question is, Can he write? To which my own answer is that no

young man of such capacity has appeared in our literature for years." And on this your reporter would like to remark that Barrie, whimsicality and sentimentality apart, was a literary craftsman himself of the first order. W. E. Henley in *The Scots Observer* the next day seemed to be echoing Barrie's words.

But, said Mr. Green, my present purpose is rather to trace the progress of Kipling's reputation from the appearance of his first book, *Departmental Ditties*, until his leap to fame at the beginning of 1890, and in particular his debt to one critic, the first outside India to recognize his genius.

The dispatch by his friend and editor, Kay Robinson, of eight copies of *Departmental Ditties* to English journals with his recommendation produced no result at all according to Robinson's account, but one must have reached Andrew Lang of *Longman's Magazine*, who gave a reasonably laudatory review, comparing the author favourably with Bret Harte.

Later, on 30th August 1890, in *Harper's Weekly*, Lang refers to "an odd little volume of verses, bound like an official report . . . It has gone the way of first editions; a thing to regret as it was an example of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Departmental Ditties* . . . Mr. Kipling's name was new to me, and, much as I admired his verses, I heard no more of him until I received *The Story of the Gadsbys*, *In Black and White* and *Under the Deodars* . . . published in India. Then, on reading them, one saw that a new star had swum in one's ken."

Lang's manifested interest in him became apparent to Kipling however, when before starting his tour round the world he sent the first six Railway Library booklets from India to Sampson, Low, Marston and Co.: its reader was Lang, who at once recognised their merit, and while their publication was in preparation reviewed *In Black and White* and *Under the Deodars* in *The Saturday Review* of 10th August 1889 in which he said that they, with *Departmental Ditties*, gave the impression that there was a new and enjoyable talent at work in Anglo-Indian literature.

Kipling's first meeting with Lang followed very shortly on this, and his introduction by Lang to the Savile Club, Rider Haggard and Anstey Guthrie ("F. Anstey") a few days later.

Mr. Green went on to regale us with the parody of Bret Harte's "The Society on the Stanislaus" first published in Morton Cohen's *Rudyard Kipling and Rider Haggard: The Record of a Friendship* (1965). The many who were not acquainted with this heard it for the first time with gleeful approval.

Having dealt briefly with Kipling's Savile Club associations, the speaker went on to Lang's criticism's, mostly favourable, of the later works, including that of *The Naulahka*, Kipling's share "giving life, mark and merit" to the work, and of Balestier's "no good at all to say", a now very generally held opinion, and finishing up with "his whole-hearted welcome of *Kim* in April 1901: 'Mr. Kipling in *Kim* in *Cassell's Magazine* is once more the Mr. Kipling who first won our hearts . . .'" and on that we may leave", said Mr. Green, "Kipling's first critic — the critic who discovered and made known The Man from Nowhere."

Without any urging, the audience flung itself into discussion of this most interesting paper, and formality was soon discarded in favour of what might be called a *conversazione*, if that word is still current. Professor Carrington stated that when Lang first saw *Departmental Ditties* in the circumstances mentioned he did not know the author's name, or did not realize that it was included in the formal presentation of a mock departmental docket. The President enquired whether Kipling might be considered lucky to have come upon the scene when people like Lang and Henley were prominent in criticism, seeing that ten years later he would have been slain by Shaw, Max, *et al.* No decisive answer was forthcoming.

A welcome newcomer to our Discussion Meetings, the Rev. J. Carson of Tunbridge Wells, made some pertinent general observations and offered some helpful comment on the pronunciation of Hindustani words. His mention of "deodar" which he said was pronounced "djódar" struck a responsive chord in the minds of senior members, who were moved to give a brief rendering of "Under the Deodar", a sentimental song (title borrowed from R.K. ?) from "The Country Girl", a musical comedy of c. 1904.

With this and other diversions, the meeting drew to its close with almost vociferous applause for Mr. Green's entertaining and scholarly disquisition.

Suggestions as to subjects for future Discussion Meetings will be welcomed.

P.W.I.

21st February 1968 at the Royal Society of St. George.

We were delighted once again to welcome Mr. T. F. Evans, editor of *The Shavian*, who in May 1966 gave us a stimulating talk in which he showed a knowledge of Kipling's work unusual in one admittedly not an all-out enthusiast. His subject this time was "Kipling: Poet and Prophet?", and he modestly began by saying that he hoped to learn more from his audience than they would learn from him. Did Kipling write poetry? Certainly yes, if you define it as the imaginative use of language expressed in rhythmical form. He had not been brought up on Kipling, and was first attracted by the "Barrack-Room Ballads", in particular the humorous or sardonic ones. Having lifted the roof by warning us that, in a friend's opinion, his own accent was "debased East Ham", he then read "The Sergeant's Weddin'", seeing beneath the bitter satire a pathos possibly not intended by the author. Other poems read by Mr. Evans, in accents far from East Ham, were "The Winners", with its famous "He travels the fastest . . ." ("a pity if it's really true"), and "Harp Song of the Dane Women" ("the triple rhyme captures you, and the practical details in the middle are cleverly emphasized by the tender feelings at the beginning and end").

The speaker felt that Kipling used too much biblical language, often, for example, choosing "Ye" rather than "You", but conceded that, on occasion, this helped to fix a line in the reader's mind. He found fault with the poetry under three heads. First, a lack of precision, words like "Law", "Duty" and "Right" being loosely used. Second, barring a few personal and very moving exceptions, Kipling did not put enough of himself into his poems ("he was over-reticent, and

' Something of Myself ' might well have been called ' Not much of Myself ' "). This criticism was coupled with the opinion that, as a poet, Kipling wrote " far too much ". Third, Kiplings' poems lack a sense of prophecy, dealing mostly with the past or present. He was slow to adjust himself to change, though this failing applies far more to the verse than to the prose.

Having, as he hastened to assure us, got his main criticisms off his chest well before the end of his talk, Mr. Evans went on to emphasize Kipling's command of rhythm and swing, and to stress how much our author used direct statement rather than symbol or metaphor. He reminded us that the great reevaluation of Kipling now in progress had been started by T. S. Eliot, but that the latter tied himself into knots trying to decide whether Kipling wrote poetry or verse, and left the student in doubt as to what his verdict really was. Mr. Evans thinks that the new admiration for Kipling is more concentrated on his prose than on his verse ; he confessed himself a great admirer of both, but feels that Kipling's best work shows itself in the stories, since the poems do little to change one's attitude to life, apart from some of those that are part and parcel of the most powerful stories. Kipling himself, the speaker reminded his audience, had explained in " Something of Myself " how he had deliberately made the texture of some of his stories more complex, those in *Rewards and Fairies* for example, and it was the imaginative power shewn in such work as this which was now exciting the attention of critics.

Nobody will be surprised that comment by the audience was aimed mainly at the " Prophet " issue. Dr. Whittington, in a notable little speech that drew loud applause, claimed that Kipling was indeed a prophet, and more so in poetry than prose. " The Sons of Martha ", alone, proved him the prophet of work, both work well done and work for work's sake. " Big Steamers ", published in 1911, had shewn itself twice as a hideously true prophecy, while "The Secret of the Machines" (same year) truly forecast the computer-age (" We can see and hear and count and read and write"). Kipling, said Dr. Whittington, was too often thought of as a poet of Empire. He holds a far higher place as poet of the English countryside, with " The Dawn Wind ", " The Flowers ", " The Glory of the Garden " and countless more. On this theme, said the Doctor, Kipling was surely the finest poet in the English language.

Mr. Evans gracefully acknowledged the force of this. He had come, he reminded us, in the hope of learning something new, and this certainly made a start. Still on the prophecy theme, Mrs. Bagwell Purefoy, in compiling the Centenary Book, had been impressed by the recurrence of the word " prophet ", and Mrs. Shelford claimed that Kipling was well in advance of his time in acceptance of psychiatric theories, quoting " The Breaking Strain " as an example.

There was an argument as to what T. S. Eliot really did mean, and brave attempts to define poetry were made by Mrs. Newsom and Mr. McGivering. There could have been at least another half-hour's discussion had Mr. Evans not been compelled to leave, amid our regrets and renewed applause and his own assurance that he would lose no time in getting down to more Kipling.

A.E.B.P.

KIPLING CENTENARY CUTTINGS: III

Report of Discussion Meeting held on July 5th at the Royal Society of St. George

- (91) Two articles (in *L'Historia*) by André Chevrillon and André Maurois, also translated by Mme. Villers: "He was well known in Paris which he often visited. Those who have met him find it difficult to imagine him in the stillness of death. They remember his thin, slight body, refined as it were by the inner fire, those strong sculptured features, the hard, clean line of the jaw, the pointed chin, the intense blue eyes shining behind thick lenses under enormous tufts of eye-brows that seemed to wave like feelers as he talked, when an idea struck him as funny, and he would carefully articulate words and syllables with one eye half closed and the other looking straight at you as if to pierce you with the comic shaft of his invention. But he did not gesticulate: the rather demoniacal energy underlying that unforgettable mimicry found its outlet only in his expression . . . He had all the gaiety of a child, and nobody loved children more or was better able to speak their language."
- André Maurois: "he loved France." "We Frenchmen in particular owe him a great and lasting debt of gratitude for having painted us in such glowing colours to England. In a period of Anglo-French rivalry, he might have entertained prejudices . . . but his great respect for 'Things as they are' did not permit him to accept the distorted image of nations, as it emerges from polemics and passions, without first checking his facts. He went to see for himself. Untiringly, for many years, he travelled the roads of France. He knew their names, their halting-places, the regions through which they ran: he talked with the country people in all our Provinces: he knew that 'the dust is white in Angoulême, the sun is hot in Blaye, and that once near Langon you begin to smell the scent of resin and pine trees': he knew that 'France's real strength is in her soil!'"
- (93-97) *Mr. Dunman's* splendid article (in "*Marxism Today*,") which I have quoted from earlier this evening, and which many of you have probably read. And the answers to it for the next *five* months.
- (88) Also a Czechoslovakian article, translated by Mr. Dunman, and referring to his article in *Marxism Today*.
- (99) Then we have Kipling as a Notable Mason (in *The Texas Freemason*) and also (p. 16) (in *The Belfast Telegraph*) in Ballinamallard, "where about 30 years ago the Masonic Lodge, Newporton Lodge No. 315, prefixed its title with the name "Kipling" in honour of a staunch Freemason. No. 315 was the first Lodge anywhere in the World to honour Kipling, a fact which caused especial consternation and surprise in English Freemasonry."
- (100) We have this beautifully illustrated article (in *The New York Times Book Review*) by Khushwant Singh, mainly about the

- Indians' reactions to Kipling, but not nearly as laudatory as Chaudhuri.
- (108) There is a nice eight-page article (in *The Lantern*, Pretoria) with a picture of Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey just before Kipling's Funeral, to compare with the one earlier in the Volume at the Centenary of his Birth. This is well worth reading.
- (110-112) Another article from a Swedish newspaper (the *Dagens Nyheter*), translated by Mrs. Hellstrom. It is entitled "Kipling's kinds of Hell". I found it rather a depressing article. "The theme of Kipling's later stories is mostly that life is an impossible business — a Hell out of which we cannot escape", a contrast to the view expressed in an earlier Swedish article.
- (115-118) There are two West German articles translated by Mr. Dunman. The first one mentions "A three-volume edition by the List-Verlag published for the Centenary. It consists of three beautiful handy volumes of about 1,000 pages each, and contains many known items and some less known ones, and offers the German reader an opportunity to re-examine an old point of view or to form a new opinion." The second article says "It is a pity that this beautifully produced edition has not a better introduction. Even so, we do hope it will have many readers. It is worth while. Today, one hundred years after his birth, his reputation is ascending again."
- (119-124) Then six articles (in *Poésie Vivante*) which I have alluded to earlier in this talk. Again they have been admirably translated by Mme. Villers, and are well worth perusal. They are entitled "Kipling, the Misunderstood," "Kipling, Gentleman and Humanist," "Kipling's Purgatory Inspires no Alarm," "The Other Kipling," a poem "Seagulls," and another poem "The Scales," of which Mme. Villers writes, "the French may think it up to Rudyard Kipling standards, but I beg to differ — for one thing, one could never fault Kipling on scansion or rhythm — two aspects which Modern French (and English) Poets tend to disregard entirely."
- (126) A "London letter," written by Princesse Zouina Benhalla (in the *Tribune D'outre Mer*) describing Kipling's home. "Kipling had an inspired vision beyond the British Empire — that of the Empire of all Humanity."
- (127) In *Etudes Anglaises*, a copy of an original letter, hitherto unpublished, from Kipling to André Chevrillon, dated October 1919, answering some questions, and giving him a short description of his life,— I imagine for his book on Rudyard Kipling. A very long article, by Pierre Chevrillon on "André Chevrillon, or England, a second Motherland," again beautifully translated by Mme. Villers. It is largely about Chevrillon, and beautifully written. (p. 6) It describes one of his visits to Kipling at Bate-man's. "Both men chatted in the garden . . . Kipling, who led a quiet life, was still the man described by André Chevrillon some thirty years before." "The high forehead on which the hair receded as if to demonstrate the flinty bone structure; the delicate, robust, architecture of the head; those eyes deep-sunk in shadow

below the firm, strong line of the brows — eyes, one would say, that were tired because they had seen too much, but peaceful behind the scholar's spectacles; that sharp jaw, the thin, jutting, obstinate chin; the entire profile reduced to bare essentials, sharp, determined, like a steel clamp that will not let go, yet a relaxed face, dreamy and contemplative. . . . " "The meeting in front of the house was that of old friends: the welcoming gesture and 'Well, old boy, this is just you!' Yes, they were two 'old boys' happy at this opportunity to meet again and exchange lively, cheerful talk; but the affectionate malicious twinkle in the shining eyes of both men was far more expressive than words." (p. 7) "A slight pucker appeared on Kipling's brow. A shadow passed over his face, and was immediately followed by a smile and a joke." (p. 10) "When his theme is Shelley or Kipling, his (Chevillon's) prose is woven quite differently: his language is entirely fluid, subtle, soaring in long, slow, rhythms that would seem to rest on air: then, in contrast, it becomes full of concentrated imagery, pulsing with muscular, primaeval strength. He is not only the intellect that appraises: he is the work itself into which he becomes transmuted, so that he renders it appreciable in another tongue."

- (131) And so to "The House under Pook's Hill" (in *The Field*), some lovely photographs, including a nice one of the River Dudwell which we see every year.
- (135) Two catalogues of beautiful Exhibitions, the one at Stratford-upon-Avon, opened by Lord Radcliffe. And the one showing
- (136) many priceless things at the Lamar State College Library in Beaumont, Texas.
- (137) A description of the unveiling of the plaque in Kipling's honour in British Columbia, and their Christmas Card to the Society. A short article (in *England*) "Rudyard Kipling, Story-teller, Poet and Prophet," by the Hon. Secretary.
- (139) "Has Kipling's light failed?" by Nigel Dennis (in *The Sunday Telegraph*), and the *Shoals* of letters in contradiction to this. Mrs. Alison Travers says, "Please will you tell Mr. Nigel Dennis that I still look upon 'Kim' as the most wonderful piece of fiction I have ever read, and I re-read it about three times a year. He doesn't even mention it. . . . I also re-read a number of his wonderful short stories. Henry James indeed! I really feel roused and indignant at Mr. Dennis's article."

There are some more book reviews, and there I think I must leave it to you to look at, or read what you will.

As Mrs. Purefoy finished speaking, Professor Carrington rose and enthusiastically proposed a vote of thanks for her admirable exposition, which was carried with gratified acclamation.

NOTE. The Centenary Cuttings Book is now available for study, on demand, in the R.C.S. Library.

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