The KIPLING JOURNAL

Published quarterly by the

KIPLING SOCIETY

DECEMBER 1972

VOL XXXIX No. 184

CONTENTS

NEWS AND NOTES 2
By Roger Lancelyn Green

CRAFT AND VISION IN 'THEY' 5
By A. T. Roeves

THE PROMISE OF THE 'PHANTOM RICKSHAW' 10
By D. C. R. A. Goonetilleke

REPORTS ON DISCUSSION MEETINGS 12

THREE BOOK REVIEWS 14
By C. E. Carrington and R. E. Harbord

LETTER BAG 16

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).

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 KIPLING SOCIETY ADDRESS—
18, Northumberland Avenue, London, WC2N 5BJ (Tel. 01-930 6733).

Be sure to telephone before calling, as the office is not always open.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Eaton Place, S.W.I, at 2.30 p.m.

Wednesday, 20th December 1972.

Wednesday, 21st March 1973.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

At St. George's Club, 4 Wilton Mews, S.W.I, at 5.30 for 6 p.m.

Wednesday, February 21st, 1973: Mr. John McGivering will speak on 'Kipling's Army and Navy'.

Wednesday, April 18th, 1973: Members are invited to put forward the names of their Favourite Minor Character or Characters in Kipling, with reasons for their choice. As many characters as wished may be suggested and the papers may be read by the authors or, if desired, the Chairman will read. Please let me know in advance how many papers you wish to read, whether you wish to read them yourselves, and who the characters are. If you wish the papers to be read please send them to: The Meetings Secretary, The Kipling Society, 18 Northumberland Avenue, WC2N 5BJ.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly by

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Vol. XXXIX No. 184 DECEMBER 1972

NEWS AND NOTES

KIPLING IN THE GROSS

It is natural that Mr. John Gross's magnificent *Rudyard Kipling: The Man, his Work, and his World* should have been very much in the literary news lately, and the present number of the *Journal* contains Professor Carrington's review of it. As the leading expert on Kipling, Professor Carrington naturally commands the greatest attention; but a few extracts from such reviews as have come our way will be of interest to Members.

On the day after publication Professor Morton N. Cohen wrote in *The Times* (7 September): 'In the old days Kipling had a hard time. People read him, but critics sneered—they could not stomach either his "vulgarity" or his politics. But gradually his "vulgarity" became "realism", and his politics, history. By the time his centenary rolled round, seven years ago, every major critic had written about Kipling, and the less-than-major ones were queuing to get into print. Since the centenary, the books have flowed steadily from the presses, and we already have three anthologies of critical essays on Kipling and his works. Now comes a fourth, for that is what John Gross's book is, a collection of twenty essays by diverse hands. But this book is a collection with a difference. Only two of the pieces have been seen before—eighteen have been freshly commissioned—and with the essays come ninety-nine illustrations, some in living colour. It is, then, a production, and a handsome one at that. . . . '

Professor Cohen finds many of the contributions worthy of high praise, notably those on Kipling at Southsea, at Westward Ho! and at Simla, and those on Lockwood Kipling (by Lord Baldwin) and on Kipling's relations with such close friends as Wolcott Balestier and Rider Haggard. But he makes the valid criticism that:—

'Unfortunately, Kipling himself, the *Ur*-Kipling, eludes us here. We get his ethos, his work, his friends—but somewhere in the shuffle we lose that little fireball of a man, bespectacled, shy, torn internally by ulcers, driven irresolutely by his daemon, hiding behind his stone wall in Sussex, ruled by his Valkyrian wife. Early in the book Leon Edel writes brilliantly about Wolcott Balestier, who played Arthur Hallam to Kipling's Tennyson, and Edel's seven pages breathe the magic of life into the obscure American. Edel has the courage to talk plainly about the relationship with Kipling and about Kipling's "odd little marriage" (Henry James's words) to Wolcott's sister Caroline, whom a relative characterised as "a good man spoiled" . . . '

E. B. Cox in *The Sunday Telegraph* (10 September) also singled out Edel's essay for special praise (though without Professor Cohen's unfortunate and presumably unintended undertones), but concludes that

'the outstanding essay is Robert Conquest's study of the verse. Conquest shows how Kipling's patriotism, like his imperialism, is not a shallow gang loyalty, but a profound sense of a great civilisation and its responsibilities. Kipling understood, as so many liberal intellectuals have not, the importance of disciplined work and of the use of force in maintaining justice. His earthy realism and insistance on factual detail contrast favourably with the vapid generalities of much late Victorian aestheticism. . . . There is plenty of evidence that he always understood the horrors of war. . . . Mr. Conquest's masterly analysis of such verse [as "The Young British Soldier"] will be prescribed reading for Kipling students of the future'.

Frank Giles in *The Sunday Times* (17 September) and Malcolm Muggeridge in *The Observer* (10 September) also praised Mr. Conquest's essay, and both of them picked out for special praise one of the best in the book, Janet Adam Smith's on Kipling at Westward Ho! Mr. Muggeridge pointed out perceptively the curious fact that Kipling as a writer has received far higher praise from an Indian critic such as Nirad Chaudhuri than from any of his own countrymen—but goes on to underline this by revealing his own curious reaction to Kipling: 'Even his most skilful writing is somehow horrible, as his most horrible writing is somehow disturbing. "He remains," John Gross writes, "a haunting, unsettling presence, with whom we still have to come to terms." The reason, I think, is that he was really a bit mad; the conflicts and sickness of the age had got into his bloodstream. . . . Hence the sentimentality, the tingle and the slaughterhouse tang of him; hence, too, the poignancy, the tragic aptness of his words'.

'But when all is said and done, we are not really much nearer than before to the heart and mainspring of Kipling's genius,' was Frank Giles's conclusion. 'There's no arguing with J. I. M. Stewart's conclusion that in Kipling we English have "the first short story writer". But that is about the only positive and indisputable assessment or re-assessment. The rest is conjecture, value-judgement, thesis. The truth is that, as John Gross says perceptively in his foreword, Kipling "remains a haunting, unsettling presence, with whom we still have to come to terms." Therein lies the fascination, not just of this book, but of the whole perspective of Kipling the man and Kipling the writer, and the world in which both lived.'

NEW LOOKS AT KIPLING

During the first weekend in July, writes Mrs. Gwenydd J. Bolt, 'a course was held by the Women's Institute College, Denham, at Marcham in Oxfordshire, on "A New Look at Rudyard Kipling". As this was one of the weekend courses to which husbands of W.I. members were also admitted, both my husband and I enrolled as students, and spent a happy and profitable time. Three lectures were given by Professor Carrington, two by Mr. Jack Dunman, and one on Kipling as a writer for children by Mrs. Margery Fisher. Animated discussions followed the lectures, but for us the high-light of the course was the reading by Professor Carrington of *The Gardener*. It was a very well attended course, having the largest number of students ever to enrol on any literature course at the College.'

Another Member, Mr. Patrick Crean, writes from Stratford, Ontario:— 'I am sure your readers would be interested to learn that

for the past four years (full details of which are in the Society office files) I have been playing what I am happy to say has been a most successful stage presentation, praised by the Press, entitled *The Sun Never Sets,* which is based on the works of Kipling in verse and prose. The show has been directed by Mr. Powys Thomas, a leading actor of the Stratford Shakespearian Festival of Canada, and it is a one-man show devised by myself and performed without the use of books. I have also done a performance in England, and Mr. Carl Naumburg was an enthusiastic supporter of the venture. *The Sun Never Sets* has been featured on C.B.C., radio and television, in Canada and the U.S.A. It is also advertised in the Theatrical Casting Directory, *Spotlight,* in Great Britain. A further autumn tour is imminent.

KIPLING AND 'THE GREAT'

Mr. J. I. M. Stewart in his excellent article on 'Kipling's Reputation' in John Gross's book tells us that on his arrival in London at the end of 1889 Kipling was 'generously received from the start by an impressive array of men of letters distinguished in their time: Lang, Henley, Whibley. Barrie, Gosse, Saintsbury, Besant, Dowden, and many others. With the exception of the equivocal James, indeed, the great are absent; but it is still a formidable reception committee or jury.' It would be interesting to know whom Mr. Stewart has in mind—and does he mean who made Kipling welcome personally, or who welcomed his works.

'There were no giants in literary London in those days, not even giants of the decadence,' wrote Professor Carrington about this very period. Among the writers of the previous generation, Tennyson was still alive—and declared that among the younger poets Kipling was "the only one of them with the divine fire"; William Morris was, of course, a family friend—but no pilgrimage to Putney was made in search of Swinburne. Among the older novelists the traditional visit to Meredith proved uncongenial (and Meredith considered Barrie the better novelist); Hardy soon became a personal friend and recommended Kipling for membership at the Savile, and Stevenson welcomed him warmly by letter from Samoa; Wells, Conrad, Bennett and Galsworthy had not begun to write, Lawrence and Joyce were still in the nursery. 'Nor did the revival of the theatre belong to those years," added Carrington—'neither Wilde nor Shaw nor Barrie nor Synge had yet produced a play.' And the greatest potential poet of the new generation, W. B. Yeats, was still wandering the streets at night, wrapped in a long cloak like a bandit, and romancing to A. E. W. Mason about the Irish plots in which he was concerned, with his first volume of verse, *The Wanderings of Oisin,* appearing in that very year of 1889 which had seen the death of Browning and Hopkins.

And so it surely seems that the *absent* great as recognised in 1890 were only Swinburne, Meredith and Ruskin (who was already in his dotage) and of those now recognised as such by hindsight two juveniles then unknown called Shaw and Yeats (and perhaps two of doubtful status then as now, Moore and Gissing). And Hardy, who was not given either to booming or criticising his friends, said nothing—like the dog in the night.

R.L.G.

CRAFT AND VISION IN "THEY"

By A. T. Roeves

In his best stories, Kipling was something more than a craftsman. He was a poet with a vision that was complicated, ambiguous and real. It is the vision we return to when we read Kipling.

Eliot Gilbert in his essays on 'Without Benefit of Clergy' and 'What Happens in Mrs. Bathurst' has analyzed the bleak core of Kipling's view of life. 'They', however, is one of a group that includes 'The Wish House' and 'Love-o' Women', where something more hopeful is offered in an attempt to cope with the horrors of random fate in the triumph of love over death.

When the narrator in 'They' turns his back on the House Beautiful he is not rejecting this; He is, as Professor Carrington points out, rejecting the world of private grief into which Kipling had been plunged on the death of his daughter Josephine in 1899. The germ of the story can be seen in a letter from Lockwood Kipling to Sarah Norton:

> 'the house and garden are full of the lost child and poor Rud told his mother how he saw her when a door opened, when a space was vacant at table, coming out of every green dark corner of the garden, radiant and heartbreaking.

The story can therefore be read as exorcism on Kipling's part. It is also a story of haunting by love, the clue being given in the verse which prefaces the story:

> 'Shall I that have suffered the children to come to me hold them against their will?"

But such abbreviated interpretations are too thin for the rich complexity of associations and levels that Kipling creates. He builds them from the opening sentence. One view calls him to another, i.e. one version takes him on to others. He answers the call by the 'snapping forward of a lever' suggesting the release of tension. The journey following is a movement from the known to the unknown and is more of a journey through time than space. But even that which is best known, the England of 'known marks' and which is mapped has a foreign air to it. Orchids, thyme, ilex and grey grass certainly flourish in Sussex but Kipling's selection of these words hints at something Mediterranean and with 'ilex' specifically Roman.

These plants are, of course, now regarded as being native to this country but they originated in the Mediterranean, a fact which Kipling would have been aware of from his own interest in botany. This sense of foreigness is enhanced by 'rich cornlands and figtrees' an agricultural combination that is singularly un-English.

This is the narrator's England but one that has been made by outsiders. He leaves the coast and moves inland; his journey takes him into England's past and towards her heart. The village of Washington symbolises that particularly English form of freedom which Kipling felt had been inherited by the United States. But the village also serves as a mark in his journey through time. Thus he moves in his motor-car from the twentieth century, through the eighteenth to the eleventh of the Normans. A thousand years beyond, beside the Roman road, he finds

the oldest surviving part of England, the gypsies. Free, untamable of unknown origin but traditionally foreign there is the sense that they came and were absorbed by the land before the Romans arrived with their civilized roads. Furthest of all, in this secure land, a fox, one of the shyest of creatures, plays in the sunlight. The last thing the narrator looks at, before he undertakes the final stage of his journey, is Chanctonbury Ring, a symbol of that freedom and security which is the envy of other, lower, more unfortunate nations across the water.

The vision of England as a place of liberty and safety, its modern foundations laid by the Romans and built over by those who come after, but where even the untamable and shyest feel safe, is for the narrator both actual and a preface of the dreamworld he is about to enter. But the narrator is unaware of what is happening so that the actual world he has been driving through is suddenly 'veiled' as though it had been the dream.

The change from the one to the other is quietly effective. The words 'plunged, 'brimfull', and 'liquid' suggest that a sea-change is about to take place, that perhaps he is about to enter a world 'full fathom five' below. The drive down through the dark, dark tunnel of trees is akin to Orpheus's descent to the Underworld. But it is no hell he enters so dramatically. The light which leads him on in the last stages leads to a return of tension. Here, with the putting on of the brake, it is the first hint that the narrator is an intruder. It is a submarine world for the light 'beats' across his face and the lawn is 'still'.

The description of the garden and house is important. The knights are guardians of the place. The peacocks are an ancient symbol of immortality, the maids of honour, one would presume, of purity. The house itself stands as a place of peace and love against the besieging world about it. The flanking walls are embracing and welcoming arms. It is very old. It is the repeated use of rose-red, there is an echo of the line of Petra, rose-red city half as old as time. The man-high box-hedge is another sign of the great age of the place, box being an extremely slow-growing plant. It also has another significance if one recalls Wordsworth's poem 'The Childless Father'. It is worth quoting the note to the poem:

> 'In several parts of the North of England when a funeral takes place, a basin full of sprigs of box-wood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up and each person who attends the funeral ordinarily takes a sprig of this box-wood and throws it into the grave of the deceased.'

The scent of the box is used later when with the blind woman he stops the car in the hope that the children will come closer to suggest that not only is love at hand, but that it is inextricably bound up with death. The detail of the mullioned windows is more than local colour. It is taken up later with the 'elaborately cast lead guttering', the lead figures and the hedge-stake, and it is the first hint that we have that in this house there is no impassable iron.

The narrator, however, is an intruder. He 'stays' even though the spear at his breast is a clear indication that he cannot proceed further. He not only stays, however; he is held by his vision. The phrase 'exceeding beauty of that jewel in that setting' recalls John of Gaunt's speech in Richard IL

'This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.'

The Narrator's joking reference to Shakespeare and Elizabeth makes this clear and one realises that the culmination of his journey through time is in that most emotionally English period of England's history, the Elizabethan.

The narrator is aware of himself as an intruder only in the social sense. His first words referring to himself as a trespasser have an ironic significance in the light of later events. And his first words to the Blind Woman are more than an apology; they are an unconscious recognition on his part that he has no business to be there.

'I'm afraid I've made a mistake in my road.
I should have turned off up above.'

A further reminder that he is only there on sufferance, as it were, is contained in his elaborate reiteration of his position as a trespasser.

'If you had done your duty as a pillar of the State and a landed proprietress you ought to have summoned me for trespass when I barged through your wood the other day. It was disgraceful of me—inexcusable.'

But it is excusable. He does have some right to be there, for he has lost a child, even though the mother can make it quite clear that he belongs to the outside world and another age. He lives on the other side, of more than simply the county, far away from this secret heart. The references to it in the modern world of documentation are doubtful, to say the least, though those who have the largest connections with the land are aware of its existence. So remote is it from his world that on his second visit he does not know how he gets there.

But the way is not all directed against the narrator. The Blind Woman displays it when she directs Madden to show him the way to the cross-roads.

'He has, lost his way but—he has seen them.'

There is the suggestion that he will be able to find a new significance in a new way through life. But the narrator never actually sees a child; he only glimpses. Nowhere is a child kept in focus long enough for it to have personality. He only finds his way at the moment of personal and private contact with the kiss on the hand. It is a different way from that which was envisaged by the Blind Woman. He realises that he does not belong in this world which is so much bound up with the past. He belongs to a world of motor-cars and a different kind of democracy. As Mrs. Madehurst tells him at their first meeting:

'People with motor-cars had small right to live—much less to go about talking like carriage folk.'

But this world of private grief made bearable by the returned children must be rejected for its society is too perfect—even an illegitimate child is buried with full Christian ceremony. Each is dignified by his loss. As Mrs. Madehurst says:

'I dunno but it opens d'eart like.'

They are stoic in their acceptance of death and of the necessity that life must go on. No one complains of his lot for each has a part to play.

Even Turpin—and his name is the clue—plays out his role, that of the unbeliever and outlaw. But in this perfect society so carefully stratified —the Blind Woman's song hints at this—special, rank can be forgotten and equality achieved. Madden the butler is less trusting of strangers than his mistress. He questions the narrator closely about the children to make sure that they were seen before the narrator met the Blind Woman. Having satisfied himself on that point, rank is irrelevant; each has lost a child and he can decline the tip. One does not accept a tip from an equal. The 'British silver' which the narrator offers is a reminder that the country outside to which the narrator belongs is now more than England. Having displayed his equality, Madden reverts to rank; he 'retires into the armour plated conning tower of his caste'.

As far as Madden is concerned the narrator has a right to be there, but in fact, the narrator has no place in this stratified society, something which, in the remark previously quoted, Mrs. Madehurst had instinctively recognised. But if he and his motor-car have no specific place in this society—it might even be said he has no caste — they can be absorbed into it when they are commandeered to search for the nurse and medicine. During the crisis, Madden emerges again to become this time the superior. First he rose to the crisis like a butler and a man. Next, at the moment of revelation about his own loss, he is 'all man and no butler'. There is the moment of equality when 'he looked at me carefully as a scout considers a stranger—not as a menial should lift his eyes to his divinely appointed superior'. Madden is now the guardian of the House, a kind of St. Peter at the Gates. Finally, deftly turns the conversation when the neighbour announces that it will be Jenny's turn to walk in the woods, explaining that the woman thought that he, the narrator, was a chauffeur. The implication is that a chauffeur is inferior to a butler. Madden identifies, at that moment, with the narrator, for both are from outside, and suggest with 'They're an independent lot in this county', that he has not been absorbed. But Madden has his part to play and his small deceits are to protect the narrator from premature enlightenment. The narrator has a right to be there but he does not know it. Madden cannot allow him to enter his world for the faith which flows from the living through the Blind Woman is unquestioning. This recalls the conversation about the Egg and the Colours, of which the narrator has knowledge and understanding. There is a hint that the narrator has actually seen the Colours but it is the Blind Woman who uses them, without understanding their power of significance. Her ability to see the colours gives her her unquestioning receptivity to love and enables her to act as a kind of transformer for the two way current of love that flows between God and the living. This passage immediately follows the statement about 'the more than inherited (since it is also carefully taught) brutality of the Christian peoples.'

That famous sentence encompasses more than the insensitiveness of the Christian peoples; it is also a condemnation of the religion for hedging God's love about with qualifications. Jenny, the mother of the dying child, in her appeals to the doctor is criticising Christianity.

> 'Dat sort, dey're just as much to us dat has 'em as if dey was lawful born. Just as much—just as much! An' God he'd be just as pleased if you saved 'un, Doctor.'

Love is supreme and no one is excluded. The sins of the parents are not to be visited upon the children. During their ride throughout the

county they are received and listened to everywhere. No one in this society refuses to help.

This episode gives the narrator some standing, though no position. He does not return quickly because it is not his world. He has to wait some time between visits to be called, as it were. This third and last time he sets the car on 'that known road'. The word 'known' is ironic for knowledge is what he does not have, even though the society he enters assumes the contrary.

He has also some sort of superior status. The woman who is walking with the child in the woods in the fog underlies both when speaking of the weather.

'Mine's used to 'un. You'll find yours indoors, I reckon.'

But idyll must end. The weather has changed rapidly and England is cut off from the rest of the world which needs her security. Inland, she is still a safe place where houses stand open and children are not afraid of the stranger. But as the gale rises and the darkness falls, the world narrows and everything is contained in the House Beautiful. The House, in the reflection of the gallery in the mirror, becomes a ship riding out the storm.

Neither the narrator nor the Blind Woman can make contact. The creaking of a door, the rustle of a frock, the patter of feet are all that they get and their fruitless chase is brought to an end by the arrival of Turpin, the unbeliever and outlaw. His greed is such that it will overcome his fear—he has not lost a child so he has no understanding—but more importantly he has broken custom. He should not be there, not just because of his lack of faith, but because it is outside office hours. The narrator understands the value of custom and ritual which is why he asks permission to play with the fire. He is a stranger with no rights in this house and cannot presume. The tallies are an illustration of the practical value of tradition which, in the narrator's world, is fast dying out. Further, Turpin has no respect for tradition or custom; for the farm had never carried more than fifty bullocks. In breaking the lease, Turpin is breaking more than written law; he is breaking custom which has shown that the land must be respected if it is to be generous in return.

At this interview the Blind Woman is a different person. Turpin twice refers to a future interview as being 'man to man'. It is while the Blind Woman is engaged in forcing the truth of his villainy from him, when, in fact, she is furthest removed from the situation of the children, and the narrator has forgotten them— he is calculating the cost of the shed—that he has his one moment of contact with his own dead child. Then he understands and knows he cannot stay. This world is ideal, remote and centred on the past. The first image for it was Elizabethan but the motor-car belongs to the twentieth century. It is an unpractical world for the narrator for it is a vision built from what people want rather than from what is. But it is not wholly unreal. The love which is the essence of this society is real enough. As the narrator says in his first apologies to the Blind Woman, 'I never dreamed—'. The unspoken words are—'that this place existed.'

The keystone of this structure of love is the Blind Woman. She has neither borne nor lost which gives her a special position. In her unselfish love she is the medium through which true Christian love, which belongs only to God, operates. Her cry of 'Oh, you *must* bear or lose' does not apply to her. It is an echo of Mrs. Madehurst's who had borne and lost

and had found that each were akin in that it opened the heart to the fullness of love. She is, however, more than a medium. At varying moments one feels she is the Virgin Queen, at others the Virgin Mother. It was not Kipling's intention that she should be either all the time for that would have imposed a more rigid and limiting scheme upon the story than his fine feeling for possibilities would ever allow. Even this interpretation may seem too limiting for a story which depends so much for its effect upon the accumulation of words, phrases and repetitions. Neither was it my intention to impose some sort of logical structure upon it. Rather it was an attempt to tease out a structure which the reader feels to be there but for which many of the parts have to be imaginatively constructed. The original situation as quoted in the letter is not irrelevant but Professor Carrington's conclusion that it is Kipling's rejection of the world of private grief is of less importance. Rather it is a hymn to that binding power of love which Kipling felt to be the true genius of England.

THE PROMISE OF THE PHANTOM RICKSHAW

By D. C. R. A. Goonetilleke

The Phantom Rickshaw (1885) is one of Kipling's earliest stories, and I propose to suggest that it is one of his most promising ones. I know of no criticism which recognizes its full worth.

The clear focus of the story is Jack Pansay's psychological state and Kipling subtly plays off three views on it. Pansay narrates his own story, but his account- is introduced by an T. This T is different from the completely self-effacing secondary narrator in *The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows;* he expresses his view. So does Dr. Heatherlegh.

The beginning of Pansay's case is his affair with Mrs. Keith-Wessington. He grows tired of her and breaks it off. But she dies as a consequence of this, clinging to him to the last despite 'openly expressed aversion and brutalities'.[1] These events are sketched as a prelude to the body of the action which consists of his life after her death.

Its centre is his relationship with Kitty Mannering and the whole of it is ruined because he is haunted by an apparition of Mrs. Keith-Wessington in a rickshaw with her four coolies. He puts explicitly the spirit in which he relates his story:

> Speaking now as a condemned criminal might speak ere the drop-bolts are drawn, my story, wild and hideously improbable as it may appear, demands at least attention. That it should ever receive credence I utterly disbelieve. Two months ago I should have scouted as mad or drunk the man who had dared tell me the like. Two months ago I was the happiest man in India. Today, from Peshawur to the sea, there is no one more wretched. My doctor and I are the only two who know this. His explanation is that my brain, digestion, and eyesight are all slightly affected; giving rise to my frequent and persistent 'delusions'. Delusions, indeed! I call him a fool; but he attends me still with the same unwearied smile, the same bland professional manner, the same neatly trimmed red whiskers, till I being to suspect that I am an ungrateful, evil-tempered invalid. But you shall judge for yourselves. (pp. 102-3).

As the secondary narrator observes, Pansay adopts "the blood-and-thunder magazine diction" (p. 102). This suits the extremely overwrought

'average' man. He thinks that the apparition, though impossible to be regarded as real under normal circumstances, is a fact. Earlier on, the secondary narrator had stated Heatherlegh's detailed view and his own :

> Heatherlegh is the dearest doctor that ever was, and his invariable prescription to all his patients is, 'Lie low, go slow, and keep cool'. He says that more men are killed by overwork than the importance of this world justifies. He maintains that overwork slew Pansay, who died under his hands about three years ago. He has, of course, the right to speak authoritatively, and he laughs at my theory that there was a crack in Pansay's head and a little bit of the Dark World came through and pressed him to death. 'Pansay went off the handle,' says Heatherlegh, 'after the stimulas of long leave at Home. He may or he may not have behaved like a blackguard to Mrs. Keith-Wessington. My notion is that the work of the Katabundi Settlement ran him off his legs, and that he took to brooding and making much of an ordinary P. & O. flirtation. He certainly was engaged to Miss Mannering, and she certainly broke off the engagement. Then he took a feverish chill and all that nonsense about ghosts developed. Overwork started his illness, kept it alight, and killed him, poor devil. Write him off to the System that uses one man to do the work of two and a half men.'
>
> I do not believe this. (p. 101).

As the story unfolds, these two views are qualified and Pansay's own is shown to be untrue. Indeed, in this context itself the doctor sounds (as he clearly does later[2]) like a person who is good-natured but 'average' in medical intelligence, even rather dense. The secondary narrator appears a sympathetic layman with an 'average' layman's mind. Still, both views contain elements which point to the complex truth of the matter.

Pansay's tendency to see the apparition and to be otherwise normal reflects a schizophrenia. "Overwork" may, or may not, have made him susceptible to this, but his personality was split into "two selves"[3] (to use his own words). This seems to have been caused mainly by a sense of guilt over Mrs. Keith-Wessington's death. This sense is betrayed, for example, by the excess in his impassioned utterances of his absolute innocence and harmlessness.[4]

Kipling's use of narrators resembles Conrad's. It helps him to achieve a necessary objectivity. Pansay relates his story as a man of his character and in his condition would be plausibly expected to: he slants his narrative in his favour; we noticed the appropriateness of the selected diction. At the same time, the author implies his own view through suggestions of which the first-person narrator, the secondary narrator and Dr. Heatherlegh are unaware. This comes about partly through the overall interaction of the views of these three characters and the material of the story and also partly through local suggestions in the language:

> Pity me, at least on the score of my 'delusion', for I know you will never believe what I have written here. Yet as surely as ever man was done to death by the Powers of Darkness, I am that man.
>
> In justice, too, pity her. For as surely as ever woman was killed by man, I killed Mrs. Wessington. And the last portion of my punishment is even now upon me (p. 124).

These lines round off the story and are rich in irony. They reveal much the same spirit which Pansay exhibited at the opening of the story and

to which, it is suggested, he self-consolingly clings. The last words suggest the real cause why he was "done to death". Kipling leaves vague the question whether Pansay's sense of culpability derives from a correct judgment (in so far as this is possible) of his share of the blame in the estrangement from Mrs. Keith-Wessington and her subsequent death. But this is not relevant to the concerns *of the story.*

[n *The Phantom Rickshaw,* Kipling has chosen to present a difficult subject (in essence, a case of neurosis) and commands complex artistic means to do so.

Notes

1. Kipling, *The Phantom Rickshaw: Wee Willie Winkie* (1964 ed.), p. 103; all later quotations from this story are from this edition and their page-numbers are noted in» my text whenever possible.
2. Ibid., pp. 113-4.
3. Ibid., p. 119.
4. Ibid., p. 119.

REPORTS ON DISCUSSION MEETINGS

On 19 July Col. Bagwell Purefoy gave a talk on three related Kipling stories; 'A Doctor of Medicine', Marklake Witches' and 'The Eve of Allah'. They could be loosely described as stories of early scientific discovery. The central figure of the first story, a healer himself, although he never qualified as a doctor, is Nicholas Culpepper, in his own line undoubtedly a very great man. Kipling's friend, Sir William Osier, a distinguished medical man, drew Kipling's attention to Culpepper; Kipling was always interested in illness, the study of Botany and English herbal and any mysterious practice, such as Astrology. There was a great deal of Astrology in the make-up of Culpepper.

For once the story is close at hand, taking place in the village and the very Plague stone itself is at their feet, now a chicken's drinking trough. The poem at the end, 'Our Fathers of Old' is a gem.

'Marklake Witches' is Una's private treat (Dan's was, of course, 'The Wrong Thing'). In both of them neither Dan nor Una understand the inner meaning of what they have been told. Dan's story is told by one grown-up to another, with Dan merely a preoccupied listener, while Una's story is a conversation between herself and Puck's guest, in fact, the story is just bits of charming chatter between two girls. Again the story is about illness and again Kipling introduces one of the leading figures in the history of healing, René Laennec, although this time Kipling had to doctor some of the dates and facts in order to introduce him.

Philadelphia is a girl of spirit, especially when anyone fusses about her health, in fact she can be an arrogant little puss, but in spite of this, and her undoubted abilities as a housewife, much of what she overhears goes right above her head. We have a brief glimpse of Wellington, then only Sir Arthur, to contrast with the more sinister snapshot of Bonaparte in 'A Priest in Spite of Himself similarly in his early days, before he had reached the heights, and we close with the dinner party with Philadelphia (and Una) unaware of the tragedy. Of the two accompanying poems 'Brookland Road', rather folksey, has been set to music at least once and the other 'Way Through the Woods' is a gem, setting off perfectly the story. It might have been better had

it come after the story, with the sound of the horse's hooves fading away into silence.

Finally, 'The Eye of Allah'. In 1960 it looked as if this would be the first of a series of television plays based on Kipling's best work, but it was apparently the last.

Most critics comment on the varying reactions of the various characters to the breaking of the Microscope; the Artist—indifference; the Doctor and the Scientist—horror at the destruction of a road to new knowledge; the Abbot—certainty that the time is not yet for this step forward, but regret that it is he who has to prevent the step being taken. Mr. Carrington has an idea that the story originated in 'Curiosities of Literature' which contains an article about men who suffered through making discoveries before their time. The Author, for once, has described how he wrote the story, at first in black and white and then, when that did not suffice, treating it as an illuminated manuscript. To illuminate means to decorate with gold, silver and brilliant colours and Kipling shows us the artist working with gold, golden letters washed with red-lac as a background, with sprays of orange blossom, and so to Ultramarine, German Blue and Vermilion.

Now there is a puzzle here. John goes to Spain and returns twenty months later, carrying the magnifying glass with which he has discovered the Devils he has been seeking; but we are told that he had the glass six years before and used it. So we must assume either that he had the glass for four years but had not used it to find his Devils, or that he obtained a superior glass whilst he was in Spain. But we are not told so and this is a weakness.

We know how it ends. Kipling has been criticised on occasion for ending a story on a weak note but this is surely one of his finest efforts. 'The choice' says the Abbot 'lies between two sins. To deny the World a Light which is under our hand, or to enlighten the world before her time. This birth, my sons, is untimely. It will be but the mother of more death, more torture, more division, and greater darkness in this dark age. Therefore I, who know both my world and the Church, take this choice on my conscience. Go! It is finished.'

HAS KIPLING ANY RELEVANCE TODAY?

This talk, given on 13 September, had at least one virtue in that it provoked discussion. The basic theme was that since the Society was formed, over forty years ago, there had been changes, not only in the world at large, but in the membership of the Society and in the reading public. Much of what Kipling knew and wrote about has vanished or has largely changed—the Army and Navy, the British Empire, the countryside, travel, patriotism, politics, education; altered in many cases beyond recognition, even in the few years since Kipling's death.

We will continue to read Kipling because of the picture that he gives us of some aspects of the past; travel by steamship and steam-train to places that had not yet been modernised; the countryside as it was before the first World War; India in the last century.

Although Imperialism is gone yet there are still Empires, although they do not call themselves such, and it can do no harm to remember that once, to several generations of young men, Imperialism was a noble and unselfish ideal, though such things have no place in the modern world. Love of one's country need not be evil, any more than love of

one's family; any good thing may be perverted, but we do not on that account rid ourselves of something worthwhile; we ensure that the misuse does not occur.

We can, I think, learn some lessons from Kipling's books: to derive a feeling for the past and its people; to write clearly, as so few today do, and I am not referring to poets and novelists, but to ordinary people, writing letters to newspapers or in the course of their work; to have compassion, there is such a volume of human misery today that the senses are in danger of being swamped and it sometimes happens that a line of Kipling can make us aware, that we may read a few lines in a newspaper through Kipling's eyes, with understanding and compassion; to value Law and Order, to realise that civilisation must be guarded and cherished if it, and we, are to have any continued existence; finally, Kipling's men characters are men, mature and responsible adults and, in a world which is increasingly childish in its behaviour and thought, we can gain by reading of grown men—they are a sort of yardstick against which to measure others, real and fictional.

The moment of truth comes, for the meetings Secretary, when the Speaker has finished and the audience has applauded; will someone open a vigorous and enjoyable half-hour of discussion with a pertinent question, or will there be a depressing hush?

Most fortunately, one's worst fears were not realised. Col. Bagwell Purefoy, addressing what must be a record audience, gave a talk which was up to his usual high standard and the audience responded wholeheartedly. Mr. Daintith, whose talk was up to *his* standard, managed to provoke a certain amount of discussion; not everyone agreed with him but, being the Meetings Secretary, he was pleased that anyone spoke at all. T.L.A.D.

THREE BOOK REVIEWS

THE GREAT TRUNK ROAD. By John Wilkes. Elek Books Ltd. £3.50. The price of this expensive book of 161 pages (nearly sixpence a page in the old currency) is perhaps justified by its good pictures.

Any reader old enough to remember A. E. W. Mason's *The Broken Road* (1907) will be much interested in the book and its illustrations—but was it, after all, Calcutta to Kabul? Or did it check somewhere between Attock and Nowshera and turn north to Darghi, then over to The Malakand and on to Chitral? (The road from Nowshera to Peshawar and westward through the Khyber already existed, but it doesn't matter—the name of this book correctly describes Mr. Wilkes's road).

The present reviewer remembers it not too far from Bareilly where the scene the author picks out from *Kim* might well have been enacted many hundreds of times. It is this scene which justifies the sending of this book to the Kipling Society for review in our Journal.

An index is always an addition to be desired (Elek Books are frequently remiss in this respect) but perhaps a little less essential here, especially as the maps are such a good feature. (But the Khyber is West, not North of Peshawar!). R. E. HARBORD

DELUSIONS AND DISCOVERIES, Studies on India in the British Imagination. By Benita Parry. 8vo. viii + 370 pages. Introduction, references, bibliography, index. *Penguin,* London 1972. £4.50.

A learned and honest book on the British presence in India, with

a trend that can be guessed from the title. As an unsympathetic account of this phenomenon in its literary expression, it cannot fail to interest students of Kipling. 'His Indian fiction' says Benita Parry, who devotes many pages to it, 'is the richest single source for understanding the paradoxical hold which India could exercise on the British mind.'

RUDYARD KIPLING, the Man, his Work and the World. Edited by John Gross. Cr. 4to xii +182 pages. 100 plates of which 8 in colour. Index. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson,* London 1972. £3.75 net.

It is not easy to deal adequately, in a short review, with twenty original essays by competent writers, embellished with a hundred rather unusual illustrations. Let me say firmly that this is a real book, well-edited and organised by John Gross, who remains modestly in the wings and scarcely appears upon the stage. The essays flow forward in a chronological pattern, and it is no disparagement to several contributors to say that they are content to give a summary of current opinion, with regard to their particular themes.

First comes Betty Miller's study of *The Light that Failed,* with its sensitive probing into Kipling's early life. Printed as long ago as 1957, it reminds us how much we have lost by her early death. Janet Adam Smith follows and surprises us by producing some new information about Cormell Price and Kipling's schooldays. I had thought that sponge was squeezed dry. Lord Baldwin writes with definitive authority about the elusive Lockwood Kipling; and this is all we are ever likely to learn of him. Next there are four studies of Rudyard's India: Nirad Chaudhuri reprints his eulogy of Kipling as 'the best English writer on India'; but readers must find out for themselves why he rejects *Without Benefit of Clergy,* for 'falsifying the theme of Indian love.' Chaudhuri is almost alone in recognising as purifying virtues the humour and the hatred of humbug that pervade his work. Philip Mason, writing as an 'insider', is a little severe on Kipling's treatment of the I.C.S.; whereas Michael Edwardes, on the British-Indian Army, leans to the view that young officers of the next generation formed themselves on the model he had created. James Morris's description of Simla is a little jewel. Read Mason, Edwardes, and Morris, and you will understand the compact world of Anglo-India.

The scene shifts to America, where Leon Edel, commanding a wide prospect, surveys the Kipling-Balestier imbroglio; and Louis Cornell reviews the American stories. I wish that these two had more space. Will not one of our trans-atlantic colleagues really investigate what Kipling was up to in 1889 at Beaver, Pa? Are there no relics?

The child-stories fall to Gillian Avery, who suggests disturbingly that, but for *Just So Stories,* they are falling out of nursery favour. George Shepperson finds the Boer War writings uncertain and inconclusive, a theme that Eric Stokes elaborates in an enquiry into Kipling's Imperialism, which is somewhat hampered by his modern fancy that 'imperialism' is a dirty word. For the later years in Sussex we turn to Roger Lancelyn Green who well understands Kipling's hesitant admission into the old world, now lost, of the landed gentry. The friendship with Rider Haggard, Alan Sandison's contribution, seems to belong to this part of the life-story. Bernard Bergonzi examines Kipling's reaction to the First World War, and John Raymond judiciously covers the final years. As the book gathers strength, the contents become rather

critical than biographical. I should mention Colin Mclnnes whose analysis of Kipling's 'music-hall' style leads to what is now called 'pop-culture'. On the other hand, his verbal dexterity was lost on the silent cinema, and Philip French's informative essay tells more of Movie History than of Kipling's life and work. On his serious verse Robert Conquest suggests the 'negative capability' that Keats ascribed to Wordsworth; he mentions too Kipling's persistent overstatement about English Understatement. J. I. M. Stewart throws some light into the abyss of critical neglect in Kipling's middle years. 'When we focus upon his real achievement,' he writes, 'any question of placing him in a second rank becomes absurd.' I give the last word to Bernard Bergonzi, on the stories which display 'the strange complexity of his art, and how completely it resists any neat and limiting formula.'

The only error I have noted is on Plate 55—Cecil Rhodes with death written on his face, accompanied by a burly male nurse or attendant who could not possibly be, as described, the dapper 'Doctor Jim'.

C. E. CARRINGTON

LETTER BAG

THE KIPLINGS IN SKIPTON

In Skipton, a few minutes' walk along Raikes Road towards Gargrave, there is a field which was once a burial ground. Long disused and now a paddock for horses, there is little to remind the passer-by of its original function. Abandoned as a cemetery "in Victorian times, its stark stone memorials stand askew or lie around in drunken attitudes. The researcher, wishing to read their inscriptions, may have to push through beds of nettles and step warily to avoid unpleasantness underfoot. Stones that have fallen on their faces hide, perhaps for ever, the secrets of the graves they cover.

Looking for details of our Lockwood ancestors, we came upon a surprisingly well-preserved headstone, upright and perfectly legible, erected to the memory of the Rev. Joseph Kipling and his wife Frances, the grandparents of Rudyard Kipling.

Joseph, a Wesleyan Minister, served in many Methodist Circuits in the north-east. He died in 1862 before his grandson Rudyard was born, but his wife lived on to 1886 when her grandson had almost reached his majority. Along with his sister Beatrice, Rudyard is known to have spent holidays from boarding-school with his grandmother in Skipton.

Great-grandfather John Kipling, a farm-worker and later a farmer, was born in 1774. In 1801 he married Ann Hansell at Lythe near Whitby. He died in 1837 at Edstone near Kirby-Moorside. John and Ann's children, born at Lythe, were: Joseph 1805, John 1807, Robert 1809, Ann 1811 and possibly two others.

The Births and Deaths Registration Act of 1836 came into operation on July 1st 1837. The first entry by the Registrar for the Pickering District of Yorkshire give the following details:

1837, No. 1. July 6, H.M. 2.30 p.m.
John Kipling, male.
Father: Joseph Kipling, Wesleyan Minister.
Mother: Frances Kipling, formerly Lockwood.

This I reported to the Kipling Society in 1956, as there seemed to be some doubt about the time and place of J. L. K.'s birth. Whether he

was given the name Lockwood at a subsequent baptism, I do not know. One thing, however, is certain: he was registered as John Kipling.

Frances Lockwood, J. L. K.'s mother, born in 1804, is said to have been the daughter of a William Lockwood, an architect of North Yorkshire, and a grand-daughter of a Peter Murray, but, to my regret, I know of no evidence of her ancestors. A farm having the name Lockwood Beck near Saltburn may have family connections.

My wife's great-grandmother, Susannah Lockwood, daughter of William and Margaret Lockwood of Burley-in-Wharfdale and Addingham, also born in 1804 and a Wesleyan, has for generations been regarded by the family as cousin to Frances. Alas, no documentary evidence of this has yet come to light. She, too, ended her days a widow, in Skipton. R. H. BLACKBURN

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH AND RUDYARD KIPLING

"We are selfish men,
Oh! raise us up, return to us again
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power."

Wordsworth to Milton

What of Kipling's relevance in these times, when 'work is the fundamental law of creation, efficiency the crying need of the day, and economic return the sole interest of many wage earners'?

Wordsworth claimed that this country had forfeited 'the ancient English dower of inward happiness' through National shortcomings, whereas to-day the whole world is sick, and it would be doubtful—to quote an extreme case—if 40,000 dockers for example, would subject themselves to the guidance of Kipling, who would never have made a political leader, since he was 'less of a quack, less of a showman, and less of a time-server' than any before him.

Frederick Greenwood once said that had Kipling three grains of spirituality—that quality which, like charm, is indefinable—he would be the greatest genius of modern times. And Kipling admits this inadequacy, with great distress, in talks with his friend Rider Haggard.

Moreover, though he wrote the finest Humanist prayer of all time, to influence a nation when charity and chastity are at a low ebb—reputed token of a country's decline—when money is god, when a premium is set on hard work, and when Cranmer's English finds a rival in Pop outpourings—no matter how sincere these outpourings may be—would indeed amount to a Sisyphean task!

'Meanwhile Rudyard Kipling is a classic, his fame is established, his literary reputation is secure.'

What, therefore, remains for us to do for one who in the field of hard work and good organising, gives the proverbial beaver points—and wins !

We will follow the direction of Ibsen's Lona Hessel's in 'Pillars of Society'—we will let in some fresh air! A. M. PUNCH

NEW MEMBERS. We are delighted to welcome the following : *U.K.:* Mrs. J. Cory; Misses S. G. Balkind, M. E. Fyson, K. Vanus; Cmdr. B. S. Mallory, Dr. B. D. M. Williams; Messrs. A. M. K. Alexander, R. H. Blackburn, R. Houghton, P. Stevens. *Denmark:* T. Heiede. *U.S.A.: Miss* P. A. Burns, Mr. C. Ellison; Akron Univ. Libry., New York Public Libry., Tulsa Univ. Libry., Oklahoma.

The Kipling Society

Founded in 1927 by J. H. C. BROOKING, M.I.E.E.

President:

The Rt. Hon. the Viscount Cobham, K.G., P.C., G.C.M.G., T.D., LL.D.

Vice-Presidents:

The Rt. Hon. the Earl Baldwin of Bewdley
Mrs. George Bambridge
Professor C. E. Carrington, M.C.
E. D. W. Chaplin
Professor Bonamy Dobrée, O.B.E.
J. R. Dunlap, U.S.A.
P. W. Inwood
W. G. B. Maitland
Sir Archie Michaelis, Australia
Carl T. Naumburg, U.S.A.
Mrs. C. W. Scott-Giles
F. E. Winmill

COUNCIL:

Chairman: S. W. Alexander, M.B.E.

Deputy Chairman: R./Adml. P. W. Brock, C.B., D.S.O.

S. W. Alexander, M.B.E.
Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy
R/Adml. P. W. Brock, C.B., D.S.O.
Cmdr. C. H. Drage
T. L. A. Daintith
Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.
W. H. Greenwood
R. E. Harbord (permanent)
P. A. Mortimer
J. H. McGivering
Philip Randall
J. R. Turnbull, M.C.
Dr. T. H. Whittington

Hon. Treasurer: P. A. Mortimer.

Hon. Librarian: J. H. McGivering

Hon. Editor:
Roger Lancelyn Green, B.LITT., M.A.

Hon. Secretary:
Lt.-Col. A. E. Bagwell Purefoy

Subscriptions Secretary: T. L. A. Daintith

Hon. Auditors:
Milne, Gregg and Turnbull

Asst. Secretary & Librarian:
Miss A. M. Punch

Hon. Solicitor: Philip Randall

Meetings Secretary: T. L. A. Daintith

Office :

18 Northumberland Avenue, London, WC2N 5BJ
Tel.: 01-930-6733

Melbourne Branch :

President:
R. J. H. Walker,
62 Maltravers Road,
Ivanhoe

Hon. Secretary:
E. J. Batten,
14 Albert St.,
East Malvern

Victoria, B.C. Branch (Canada) :

President: Rev. J. B. Dangerfield *Vice-President*: Mrs. D. A. Copeland

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. A. R. Cornwell, 5 Chown Place, Victoria, B.C.

Hon. Secretary, U.S.A.

Joseph R. Dunlap, 420 Riverside Drive, Apt. 7D, New York, NY 10025

Printed by Boscombe Printers Limited, Bournemouth, Hants