



The
KIPLING JOURNAL

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

THE Society was founded in 1927. Its first President was — Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, C.B., C.S.I. ("Stalky") (1927-1946).

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.

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THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Forthcoming Meetings

COUNCIL MEETINGS

At 50 Eaton Place, S.W.I, at 2 p.m.

Wednesday, 19th June, 1974.

Wednesday, 18th September, 1974 (after the A.G.M. at 2 p.m.).

Note change of time to 2 p.m.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Wednesday, 18th September, 1974, at 2 p.m.

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

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

Wednesday, 17th July, 1974. Dr. T. H. Whittingham will speak on "Their Choice": Anthologies of Kipling's verse from Quiller-Couch to Philip Larkin.

Wednesday, 18th September, 1974. Mr. T. L. A. Daintith will introduce a recital of "Kipling on Record": his songs and verses as recorded by various performers.

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

We confirm that, owing among other things to the uncertain economic outlook, we shall not hold our usual Annual Luncheon this year. We still hope to be able to hold one in 1975.

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NEWS AND NOTES

KIPLING'S FIRST PUBLICATION

Setting aside such private productions as *The Scribbler* and *The United Services' College Chronicle*, there seems to be some confusion and difference of opinion as to where Kipling's first contributions to the public press appeared and what they were.

This confusion is shown most clearly by Professor Carrington in the first edition of his biography (p. 38) 'Kipling too, could raise money in his own way, and impressed the other two [Dunsterville and Beresford] by selling an article to a London newspaper for no less than a guinea', and to this is added a footnote: 'We have Kipling's authority for this, in *Land and Sea Tales*. The article has not been identified.'

What Kipling actually said in 'An English School' when it first appeared in *The Youth's Companion* of 19 October 1893 was that a London paper 'published and paid a whole guinea for some verses that one of the boys had written', and when reprinting the article in *Land and Sea Tales* he added 'and sent up under a *nomde plume*'—probably to deter collectors from hunting for it.

But unfortunately for him, if he so intended, he had already given himself away by telling a reporter in April 1890 that the first money he ever received for something was from *The World*, for a sonnet. And sure enough in *The World* for 8 Nov. 1882 appeared the Sonnet "Two Lives" signed 'R.K.' The poem was reprinted in facsimile in *Journal* No. 7 (Oct: 1928) to illustrate an article by W. M. Carpenter on his own Kipling researches.

As there was no point in trying to conceal it any further, Kipling reprinted the poem in *The Sussex Edition*, thus leaving no doubt as to its authenticity.

So far all is plain sailing. But on page 3 of her 1927 Bibliography, Flora V. Livingston has a note: 'Kipling contributed several articles and poems to a local newspaper while at Westward Ho! These have not been identified.' And similar statements appear in many books on Kipling—one, which I have not been able to retrace, stating that some of the articles were concerned with local sanitation.

These statements appear to stem from two sources. On 15 Dec. 1898, on the strength of the *Stalky* stories which were appearing in the magazines, Michael Gifford White (U.S.C. 1879-82), contributed an article to *The St. James's Gazette* on 'Mr. Kipling as a Schoolboy: Some Reminiscences'. In this he states that the editorship of the *U.S.C. Chronicle* led Kipling 'to an engagement on the local paper under novel and amusing circumstances. It would seem that one of the masters of the College, apart from his scholastic duties, held the office of chairman of the local board, partaking of the nature of an unpaid supervisorship,

with perhaps a little patronage attached that somebody or other was anxious to possess, and he had succeeded in gaining the assistance of the editor of the local paper. The consequence was that, for a time, a number of crudely virulent and personal attacks were made upon the policy of the board, to all of which the master paid no attention whatever. Then the editor, probably having seen some of Kipling's work on the college paper, entered into an agreement with him—that for a small weekly consideration the latter should do his best to goad the master into the indiscretion of a retort. It was not long, therefore, before denouncing articles appeared in the paper, treating of the board's local drainage scheme in such poignant sarcastic terms that everybody began to talk about the matter, and the master was impelled to take up his pen in self-defence—a literary duel thus commencing between the all-unconscious master and his pupil that afforded those who were in the secret a weekly fund of amusement. Eventually the master resigned his chair; but whether he discovered the identity of his brilliant antagonist is not known.'

This story, which brings in the theme of articles on sanitation can almost certainly be dismissed: in the copy of the *St. James's* preserved among his papers, Cormell Price—the Head—has written beside the paragraph quoted above: 'This is all mythical. C.P.'

A much more authoritative statement was made by Dunsterville in an interview quoted by E. W. Martindell in *Kipling Journal* 56 (Dec: 1940). Unfortunately neither the year nor the name of the paper is given but the date is about 1900—'forty years ago' says Martindell, and *Stalky & Co.* is referred to in the interview as 'just published'. The interviewer was one Louis Tracy, and among other recollections for the accuracy of which we have support elsewhere, Dunsterville is reported as saying: 'When we were hard up we used to rush him into our study and sit over him till he dashed off an article for the local paper, for which he got ten bob.'

And this is supported by Charles Eliot Norton in his 'Rudyard Kipling: A Biographical Sketch' written for the authorised American edition, included in its first volume, *Plain Tales from the Hills* in 1899 besides appearing in *The Windsor Magazine* for December of the same year. Norton would presumably have been corrected by Kipling if the relevant sentence about his school days contained any errors: 'He became the editor of the school paper, he contributed to the columns of the local *Bideford Journal*, he wrote a quantity of verse, and was venturesome enough to send to the *London World* a copy of verses, which to his infinite satisfaction was accepted and published.

Finally, we have a note made by Edmonia Hill in 1888 and quoted in her article 'The Young Kipling' in *The Atlantic*, April 1936: 'He says that he earned his first money for a sonnet written for the *London World*, for which he received a guinea, and never since has he had any money which has given him such joy. He fairly thrilled when he spoke of it.'

Unless his contributions to *The Bideford Journal* were unpaid this leaves little or no time for them, since Kipling left Westward Ho! in July 1882 and "Two Lives" was not published until November.

And so this minor mystery remains—and probably will continue to do so unless a file of *The Bideford Journal* turns up; and even then it will probably be a matter of guesswork as Kipling's contributions, if any, are likely to have appeared anonymously.

JUNGLE STORIES ON TELEVISION

In the section 'What's Happening' in *The Sunday Telegraph* of 17 March, Rosemary Say wrote, under the heading 'A fresh line on Kipling : 'What does modern India think of Kipling's Jungle Book? Not much one would have thought. But Biman Mullick, an Indian artist from Calcutta, though he finds that "with many adults it is not very popular," says the young take to it as a rattling good story, without any nationalist hang-ups, particularly those in the still active Scout movement, of which Mowgli is a founder member.

Mr. Mullick, now a teacher here at Wimbledon School of Art and West Sussex College of design, has just finished a set of 22 specially commissioned pictures to go with Michael Hordern's narration of the *Jungle Book* on B.B.C. 1's top-viewing children's programme "Jackanory" from March 25 to March 29. "I have shown Mowgli in a very Indian way, based on our vividly colourful traditional art, using symbols and decorative motives—he is no longer a brown-painted little European, as in the original illustrations, nor a Walt Disney caricature," he told me.

Even in black and white reproduction the drawings are stunningly descriptive. Mr. Mullick was the first overseas artist to design a British stamp (of Gandhi) as well as the first set of eight stamps for Bangladesh.'

The stories chosen were 'Mowgli's Brothers' and 'Tiger! Tiger!', each in two parts, and 'Rikki-Tikki-Tavi' on the final evening. Except for a few small cuts the stories were told as Kipling wrote them, and Michael Hordern rendered them splendidly. The illustrations were slightly disappointing after Miss Say's eulogy, appearing rather sketchy, and the colour was not at all striking—which may have been partly the fault of the television set. But one had the feeling that they would be very much better as ordinary book illustrations than when projected on the screen. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mullick will one day illustrate the rest of the stories and issue them with Kipling's text.

EDITORIAL NOTES

In view of criticisms levelled at Dr. Karim's article in the last *Journal*, I should like to state that publication of an article in no way means that I, or other Members of the Society, agree with everything contained in it. It seems always to have been the editorial policy to give contributors a free hand—and allow Members to disagree or point out errors by contributing their criticisms to the "Letter Bag"—as in this case Brigadier W. J. Jervois has done (see page 15); and he is not alone in criticising the first paragraph of Dr. Karim's article.

I should also like to remind Members that it is up to them to supply articles: relatively few lately have come from Members in this country—and none from the more flourishing branches of the Society overseas—in Melbourne and Victoria, B.C., for example. But may I remind would-be contributors that I cannot accept full length lectures, except in very special cases. Contributions should if possible be of not more than about 3,000 words (six pages of the *Journal*) and should give references where ever possible rather than quoting long passages from Kipling in full. Shorter articles are always welcome as well—and, of course, contributions to the 'Letter Bag' which has often contained items of particular interest and importance.

R.L.G.

COLONIAL NEUROSIS : THE YOUNG KIPLING

by Dr. D. C. R. A. Goonetilleke

Margery Pesham has spoken of her feelings when she was about to enter Somaliland for the first time :

Next day we were to cross the gulf of Aden to Berbera to live almost alone and far inland among a population of dark people. I had an overwhelming spasm of recoil, of something more than physical fear. I referred to this in one of my Reith Lectures: a revulsion against the thought that I, so white, so vulnerable, so sensitive, so complex, was about to commit myself to that continent across the water, one among tens of thousands of strange, dark, fierce, uncomprehending people, and live away on that far frontier, utterly cut off from my own race. It was like a nightmare. I suppose it was racial fear. It passed.'

This kind of nightmarish experience was a characteristic aspect of European life in the colonies, and I propose to examine its presence in Kipling's earliest stories. Probably, "racial fear" is only a part of this experience; the cultural fear of the alien and the invaders' fear of their subjects² are more or less important causes. It is natural that this aspect should have occupied Kipling's mind at the beginning of his literary career just as it was a part of Conrad's concerns in his first two (Malayan) novels and in his African tales: Louis L. Cornell argues that Kipling's four earliest stories were "a false start and that it was through newspaper sketches, not grotesque tales, that the main course of his development was to lie."³ But it seems to me that "the main course of his development was only partly through "newspaper sketches"; it was partly through these stories of nightmarish experience to the body of his work, which focussed on the ordinary world of Anglo-India. The development of Kipling's interest from nightmarish experience to ordinary experience is logical: he moves from a kind of colonial experience which tends to strike a sensitive alien like Margery Perham, Conrad or himself with immediate force, to experience which impinges later on the consciousness of such a person. Moreover, Cornell's epithet, "grotesque", does not accurately describe the earliest stories of Kipling.

There are more reasons why these stories are an integral part of Kipling's development as an artist, reasons which affect their quality. These stories illustrate the kind of unevenness despite consistent care which, W. W. Robson observes, is one feature of Kipling's work at any period of his career. In all of them Kipling, like Conrad, employed narrators partly for the sake of an objectivity which became characteristic and a condition of artistic success, though it did not consistently guarantee it in his case. The stories reveal his type of economy. This probably derives mainly from his habit, as he himself confesses, of shortening his Anglo-Indian tales, first to his own fancy after rapturous re-readings and next to the space available⁵ — that is, a habit formed by considerations of artistic effect and journalistic exigence.⁶ His fictive economy at times contributes to and at other times detracts from the power of his stories; these stories about nightmarish experiences are no exception. In "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" (1884), he treats

Gabral Misquitta's opium-addiction as the centre of the story, but he artfully introduces a compressed account of his entire life to bring out the full import of his deterioration. But in "The Dream of Duncan Parrenness" (1884) he condenses too much. The story is an allegory about a European's maturation after a nightmare, set in India under Warren Hastings:

Yet there be certain times in a young man's life, when, through great sorrow or sin, all the boy in him is burnt and seared away so that he passes at one step to the more sorrowful state of manhood: as our staring Indian day changes into night with never so much as the grey of twilight to temper the two extremes.⁷

This extremely swift maturation passes through three stages: Parrenness's future self takes from him his "trust in man," his "faith in women" and as much as remained to him of his "boy's soul and conscience."⁸ The whole process is rendered with an extreme conciseness which is partly responsible for the impression of slickness created by the development of the action.

The basic narrative mode of all the stories is the same and is that which was established in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*⁹ — that of the "sahib" recounting his experiences in the colonies. But the quality of the language in each and also the quality of the experiences, though all are broadly nightmarish, are diverse. As a Eurasian deteriorating in a colony, Misquitta in "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" is a representative figure and belongs with such characters as Conrad's Almayer and Willems, Joyce Cary's Gollup in *Mister Johnson*:

How did I take to it? It began at Calcutta. I used to try it in my own house, just to see what it was like. I never went very far, but I think my wife must have died then. Anyhow, I found myself here, and got to know Fung-Tching. I don't remember rightly how that came about: but he told me of the Gate and I used to go there, and, somehow, I have never got away from it since. Mind you, though, the Gate was a respectable place in Fung-Tching's time, where you could be comfortable and not at all like the *chandoo-khanas* where the niggers go. No; it was clean, and quiet, and not crowded. Of course, there were others beside us ten and the man; but we always had a mat apiece, with a wadded woollen headpiece, all covered with black and red dragons and things, just like the coffin in the corner.

At the end of one's third pipe the dragons used to move about and fight. I've watched 'em many and many a night through. I used to regulate my Smoke that way, and now it takes a dozen pipes to make 'em stir. Besides, they are all torn and dirty, like the mats, and old Fung-Tching is dead.¹⁰

An "I" introduces the story at the beginning as that told entirely by Misquitta when he was at death's door. As the story unfolds itself, it becomes clear that Misquitta had become fatally addicted to opium. At this point, he is halfway through his account when Kipling introduces one of his flashbacks to an earlier period of his life. It coheres with the (rest as a natural part of one of his open answers to the "I" series of implied questions, answers which compose the whole story. This flashback is one of his rather hazy recollections of the origins of his addiction which the reader finds suggestive. Through it Kipling shows

Misquitta's deterioration in depth and, at the same time, ensures that the story is unfailingly in character. On the other hand, it is equally appropriate that Misquitta describes precisely the stage of opium-addiction because it comes later and grips his mind: he evokes the very experience of the increased addiction to opium-smoking. Through this kind of conversational idiom, Kipling presents Misquitta's case from the addict's standpoint as well as implies his own through suggestions in the language and organization beyond the narrator's consciousness. Here Kipling suggests how Misquitta's fate is of his own making though he does not face this squarely, how he clings incongruously to his sense of superiority as a sahib when both his character and his opium den have declined. The deterioration of the den parallels and intensifies his own. Kipling uses Misquitta's expression of happiness over his poor allowance of "sixty rupees fresh and fresh every month" as a kind of refrain which suggests an abortive attempt to appease a nagging sense of failure beneath his protestations of contentment and indifference. His last hopes are in keeping with and suggest movingly the irretrievable wreck which he has become:

One of these days, I hope, I shall die in the Gate. . . .

I should like to die like the bazaar-woman—on a clean, cool mat with a pipe of good stuff between my lips. When I feel I'm going, I shall ask Tsing-ling for them, and he can draw my sixty rupees a month, fresh and fresh, as long as he pleases. Then I shall lie back, quiet and comfortable, and watch the black and red dragons have their last big fight together; and then . . .

Well, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters much to me—only I wish Tsing-ling wouldn't put bran into the Black Smoke.¹¹

In "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" (1885), Kipling presents a colonial kind of experience, "going native," which appears nightmarish to a sahib. The sahib, Jukes, narrates his own story and the author introduces it. The author vouches for its truth, but indicates that Jukes "has touched it up in places and introduced Moral Reflections"¹² presumably from his present healthy and maturer state in ordinary Anglo-India. The latter point is clear in the story, but the former is qualified by the story itself. Jukes is, certainly, true to his experience, but the experience itself is half fantasy. The authorities of the Village of the Dead remain a mystery and the armed boat, which guards the only almost totally unknown way of escape from the Village through the swamp, is inexplicably rather strange. But these are suitable correlatives for Juke's nightmarish experiences—of being ruthlessly hemmed in by "native" life and of inner discomposure because of an overturning of his notion of what social roles should be and were in a colony. The European as conqueror holds the "native" in subjection basically through force which appears nakedly during "rebellion", but here the roles are reversed:

As I led Pornic over the sands I was startled by the faint pop of a rifle across the river; and at the same moment a bullet dropped with a sharp "*whit*" close to Pornic's head.

There was no mistaking the nature of the missile—a regulation Martini-Henry "picket." About five hundred yards away a country-boat was anchored in mid-stream; and a jet of smoke drifting away from its bows in the still morning air showed me whence the delicate attention had come. Was ever a respectable gentleman in such an

impasse? The treacherous sand-slope allowed no escape from a spot which I had visited most involuntarily, and a promenade on the river frontage was the signal for a bombardment from some insane native in a boat. I'm afraid that I lost my temper very much indeed.

Another bullet reminded me that I had better save my breath to cool my porridge; . . . (p. 138).

Kipling captures the kind of slightly forced playfulness which a sahib would come out with in this kind of situation, and the shooting is described exactly. The fantasy works because it stylises into an extreme form the actual essence of the coloniser's position.

Jukes' experience is half real in an extremely grim way. He has to live among Hindu outcasts on the verge of death in a tiny barren village in a crater. He has no alternative but to live on a staple diet of crows and sleep in a filthy hole in a sand-bank. Thus he is placed in extremely primitive and difficult circumstances which test the very essentials of his kind of character. Kipling renders ironically a range of feelings within Jukes arising from a tension between his ingrained sense of superiority as "a Sahib, a representative of the dominant race" (p. 144), which is absurd for one in his situation, and a sense of inescapable degradation.

One does not protest against the doings of a den of wild beasts; and my companions were lower than any beasts. While I ate what Gunga Dass had provided, a coarse *chapatti* and a cupful of the foul well-water, the people showed not the faintest sign of curiosity—that curiosity which is so rampant, as a rule, in an Indian village.

I could even fancy that they despised me. At all events they treated me with the most chilling indifference, and Gunga Dass was nearly as bad. I lied him with questions about the terrible village, and received extremely unsatisfactory answers. (p. 143).

Jukes's experience is brought to a focus mainly through his interaction with Gunga Dass. He had known the Indian earlier as a Government servant with among other things "unctuous speech" (p. 139). But Dass now treats him differently. Indeed, none of the Hindus place him on his accustomed sahib's pedestal. His case is in some ways similar to and in others different from Dass's. The latter feels that his present state is a humiliation particularly because he is conscious of his past as a "Brahmin and proud man" (p. 141). He reconciles himself with difficulty to life in the Village, but Jukes finds it impossible to do this. The difference in their positions in Anglo-India matter here. The perils which await a person such as Jukes are indicated concretely when he learns of the Englishman who had died there and sees his remains. These carefully woven significances arise from the action whose realistic aspect, like its fantastic one, is rendered in precise detail. This is equally true of the everyday activities such as eating, and of the social attitudes that come up. It brings the story potently to the senses so that we lose the sense that it is half fantasy. Indeed, it raises it to the level of a symbolic dramatisation of aspects of "ruling-race" and "native" psychology in a colony.

Not all the nightmarish experiences of Europeans in colonies, however, arise because of or are conditioned by that complex of colonial fears which I mentioned at the beginning. The young Kipling realized this. The "dream" of Duncan Parrenness is couched in an archaic prose to suit its period, but it remains rather artificially sterile. The dream

remains artistically flimsy and is not related to those fears. In "The Phantom Rickshaw" (1885) Kipling subtly suggests that Jack Pansay's "delusion," which Pansay himself puts down in a "blood-and-thunder magazine diction,"¹³ reflects a kind of schizophrenia caused mainly by his sense of guilt over his affair with Mrs. Keith-Wessington. It is not presented as an experience which is typically or specially colonial.

NOTES

1. Margery Perham, "African Dreams": *The Listener*, 12 March, 1970, p. 336.
2. This is evident, for example, in Churchill's speeches on India: :
When the nation finds that our whole position is in jeopardy, that her whole work and duty in India is being brought to a standstill, when the nation sees our individual fellow-countrymen scattered about, with their women and children, throughout this enormous land, in hourly peril amidst the Indian multitudes, when at any moment, this may produce shocking scenes, then I think there will be a sharp awakening, then, I am sure, that a reaction of the most vehement character will sweep this country and its unmeasured strength will once more be used. That, Sir, is an ending which I trust and pray we may avoid, but it is an ending to which, step by step and day by day, we are being remorselessly and fatuously conducted.—Winston S. Churchill, *India: Speeches* (London, 1931 ed.), p. 69.
3. Louis L. Cornell, *Kipling in India* (New York, 1966), p. 108.
4. W. W. Robson, "Kipling's Later Stories": Andrew Rutherford (ed.), *Kipling's Mind and Art* (Edinburgh and London, 1965 ed.), p. 69.
5. Kipling, *Something of Myself* (London, 1964 ed.), p. 207.
6. For instance, "thirty-two of the *Plain Tales* had been printed in the *Civil and Military*; the remaining eight made their first appearance when the book was published in January, 1888."—Charles Carrington, *Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Work* (London, 1955), p. 91.
7. Kipling, "The Dream of Duncan Parrenness": *Life's Handicap* (London, 1964 ed.), p. 302.
8. *Ibid.*, pp. 300, 301.
9. See, e.g., Sir Hugh Clifford, "The Quest of the Golden Fleece": "*Blackwood's Tales from the Outposts* (Edinburgh and London, 1933 ed.), Vol. 8; Lord Baden-Powell, "Jokilobovu," *ibid.*, Vol. 9; J. A. G. Elliott, "The Ngoloko," *ibid.*, Vol. 9; Lieut.-Colonel R. L. Kennion, "A Country Postman," *ibid.*, Vol. 1; Lieut.-Colonel F. M. Bailey, "A Quiet Day in Tibet," *ibid.*, Vol. 1.
10. Kipling, "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows": *Plain Tales from the Hills* (London, 1964 ed.), pp. 215-6.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 218.
12. Kipling, "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes": *Wee Willie Winkie* (London, 1964 ed.), p. 134; all later quotations from the story are from this edition and their page-numbers are noted in my text.
13. Kipling, "The Phantom Rickshaw": *Wee Willie Winkie*, p. 103.

NEW MEMBERS: We are delighted to welcome the following:
U.K.: Miss J. Greenburgh; Messrs B. D. Copland, J. M. Patrick. U.S.A.:
Wayne State Univ. Liby., Detroit.

THE KIPLING AND HEMINGWAY CODES : A STUDY IN COMPARISON

by Shamsul Islam

The bracketing of Kipling and Hemingway together would make many raise their eyebrows for unfortunately Kipling is still a bad name—a jingo imperialist, a reveller in vulgarity, and a superficial writer. These attitudes, though largely wrong and mistaken, continue to flourish. It is therefore small wonder that even if one may see the parallels between Kipling and Hemingway, one usually keeps mum about it in public. In England, partly as a result of the uneasy association with the art and reputation of Kipling, a prolonged tendency towards "suspended judgement" and even antipathy regarding Hemingway made itself manifest. This tendency is best typified by Wyndham Lewis's essay 'The Dumb Ox: a study of Ernest Hemingway' which appeared in April 1934 in *Life and Letters*. The frequency and the glee with which subsequent critics borrow the title is evidence of its impact.

We have today come a long way from the 'thirties. Thanks to the recent serious scholarship, we do not have to support the sabre-rattler and the dumb-ox evaluations of Kipling and Hemingway though of course these views may still exist in the popular mind, especially the one regarding Kipling. We are now increasingly becoming aware of the profundity of the work of these two writers who show marked similarities in their art and vision despite the fact that they belong to different generations. These similarities are no mere accident for Hemingway himself acknowledged his debt to Kipling when in answer to George Plimpton's questions: "Who would you say are your literary forebears—those you have learned the most from?" he included "the good Kipling" in a long list of writers and painters.¹ I will not however delve into the area of influences here—I prefer to see Hemingway and Kipling as two writers with a common denominator. In this paper, I propose to examine some of the points of contact between Kipling and Hemingway with particular reference to their respective codes of life.

I will begin with some obvious parallels. Both Kipling and Hemingway, it is interesting to note, did not go to college or university—they said goodbye to formal education after graduation from high school. Immediately after leaving high school both adopted journalism as a career. (Kipling went to India in 1882 to work with the *Civil & Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer* for seven long years. Hemingway too worked for almost seven years as a full time staff reporter for the *Kansas City Star*, and later *Toronto Star* and *Star Weekly*)

Journalism links the two writers in more than one way. On the one hand it endowed them with a hard, vigorous style and strong visual sense for which they are so notorious. But more than that, journalistic discipline led to the development of similar interests and attitudes of mind in both Kipling and Hemingway. Journalism produced in them an insatiable wanderlust; it made them deeply conscious of the process of history; it made them involved in politics; it developed in them an abiding interest in war and violence. Interest in war and violence is in particular an important point of contact between the two writers. We thus see Kipling prowling about the riot-torn city of Lahore, dashing to the

turbulent North West Frontier, rushing to South Africa during the Boer War, and involving himself with the First World War by writing propagandist literature. Hemingway in fact takes an active part in the First World War on the Italian frontier where he gets seriously wounded, covers the Graeco-Turkish War of 1921 and the Spanish Civil War of 1936, flies with the Royal Air Force bombing missions during the Second World War, and fights his own private war to liberate Paris. Besides interest in war and violence, both exhibit a rather irritating expertness and cockiness (which again may be attributed to journalistic discipline); they seem to know everything about anything be it fishing, hunting, bridge-building, steamships, prostitutes, priests, and what not. An intense hatred of communism and fascism further binds them together. They are romantic spirits—anti-intellectual and primitive.

It is, however, when one compares their art and vision that one becomes aware of the deeper affinities between these two writers. The universe of both Kipling and Hemingway is essentially hostile towards man. The Dark Powers reign supreme; they frustrate man's every effort at putting an order and a pattern upon the existing chaos. At every turn Kipling, for example, encounters these dark, nameless, shapeless powers which throw him deep down in the abyss of nothingness :

A stone's throw out on either hand
From that well-ordered road we tread
And all the world is wild and strange;
. . . Wherein the powers of Darkness range.²

At an early age Kipling had, in what he describes as a "pivot" experience, the first serious encounter with the Powers of Darkness :

It happened one hot-weather evening, in '86 or thereabouts, when I felt that I had come to the edge of all endurance. As I entered my empty house in the dusk there was no more in me except the horror of a great darkness, that I must have been fighting for some days. I came through that darkness alive, but how I do not know.³

These negative forces of darkness appear in a concrete shape in the writings of Kipling in the person of the goddess India which like malignant Nature in Hardy's novels rules over this little world of ours. India promotes nothing but chaos among all who are doomed to live under her sway. The goddess of chaos refuses to be tamed; hence the mood of black despair on the part of Kipling which often appears in his writings in the form of pain and suffering.

Hemingway's world is also a dark, dismal, hostile, and chaotic world presided over by the blind demons of Hardy's novels—a sterile world darkened by the shadow of pain and suffering, death and disease, war and annihilation. Hemingway's world too is a God-abandoned kingdom of *nada* (Spanish for nothingness)—where there is no meaning, no pattern, no light. The parable of the doomed ants on the burning log in *A Farewell to Arms* is perhaps the best illustration of Hemingway's world-view. Most of his characters are disillusioned skeptics whose Hail-Marys are sung in praise of *nada*—'Hail nothing, full of nothing, nothing is with thee,' they all seem to mutter with the old waiter in 'A Clean, Well-Lighted Place.' Going through the works of Kipling and Hemingway is in fact like having a nightmare. In Kipling you witness death, disease, and destruction fast at work. Pictures of epidemics and

famines laying waste entire villages at one sweep, violent communal riots, mutilated bodies of women, shell-shocked soldiers, love affairs ending in suicide, graveyards in ruin, and lonely young men dying with terror in their eyes abound in Kipling's works. As far as Hemingway is concerned few can beat him in the profusion of the sick and the dead: here we have entire bunkers full of soldiers' corpses, gored horses in the bull ring, crazy veterans, Lesbians, nymphomaniacs, and women dying of childbirth by caesarean operation without anaesthesia.

Such a sense of doom and despair does not however lead Kipling or Hemingway to escapism—this is what makes their writings rather complex. The universe may be malignant and hostile, yet Kipling and Hemingway believe that man, and man alone, is responsible for his own heaven or hell on earth. This may sound self-contradictory, but it is precisely on such seemingly incompatible foundations that both the writers built their philosophy of life. They seem to suggest that though man is ultimately destined to be defeated by the Dark Powers, he has two choices: Either he can let himself be devoured by the Dark Powers or he can, through *suffering and action*, bring himself out of the limbo of nothingness and thus preserve his individuality. Man, according to Kipling and Hemingway, has no reality beyond his own actions: man *is* what he *does*, and work is not only a means of ameliorating man's existence in a hostile universe, but the very existence itself.

It is therefore not surprising that both Kipling and Hemingway focus their attention on a certain code of conduct with which one can oppose the Dark Powers and lose with dignity or *izzat* (Urdu for honour). The word dignity in Hemingway and *izzat* in Kipling are significant—defeat is our destiny but even in defeat a kind of victory is possible if one preserves one's integrity and honour. This code of conduct (Kipling has a name for it—he terms it "the Law") consists of Aristotelian virtues—courage, discipline, love, sense of duty, self-sacrifice, honesty, fortitude, and so on. One who obeys the code and plays the game of life according to the rules—game being an important image for both Kipling and Hemingway—can assume heroic proportions and bring some order (on a social or personal level) in the chaos around him.

Such a concept is central to whatever Kipling and Hemingway wrote. It is the Law which brings order in the life of an Indian village or among the beasts of the surrounding jungles as *The Jungle Books* so vividly express. It is the commitment to the code which makes Kipling's ordinary workers, engineers, doctors, soldiers carry out their duties in the face of heavy odds whereby they assume heroic proportions. No wonder that the Lama in *Kim* says: I follow the Law—the Most Excellent Law.⁴ Akela, the wolf, cries out from his rock: "Ye know the Law—ye know the Law. Look well, O wolves!"⁵ "Keep ye the Law" is the stern advice given to her children by England in the poem "A Song of the English."⁶ This code or the Law extends to inanimate objects as well as is illustrated by the poem "McAndrew's Hymn." The Empire itself becomes an instrument of the establishment of the code or the Law and hence Kipling's glorification of the Empire for which he is so maligned.

Hemingway too is concerned with the exposition of a similar code throughout his works for it is the code which makes life meaningful. "Maybe if you found out how to live in it you learned from that what it was all about," reflects Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises*.⁷ Frederick

Henry's experiences in *A Farewell to Arms* are directed towards understanding the order of love as opposed to the disorder of lust—love being an important part of the code. Duty and self-sacrifice, the other significant ingredients of the code, enable Robert Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* fight off an impulse to kill himself to end the anguish of a badly broken leg and avoid possible capture. "You can do nothing for yourself but perhaps you can do something for another,"¹⁸ he muses. A similar message of courage before heavy odds underlies the story of Santiago in *The Old Man and the Sea*.

Perhaps the most concise statement about the code projected by Kipling and Hemingway is contained in two short stories—'The Bridge Builders' by Kipling and 'A Clean Well-Lighted Place' by Hemingway. It will therefore be useful to have a closer look at these stories.

The struggle between the forces of Order and Disorder in 'The Bridge Builders' (1893) is symbolised by the bridge-building over the Ganges that has been going on for three years in spite of every conceivable obstruction. Incessant toil at last makes the black frame of the Kashi bridge rise plate by plate, girder by girder, and span by span. However, mother Gunga cannot take this bridling any more, and she wakes up in all her fury. The great flood comes, and Findlayson (the engineer) is drifted to a little island where he rests near a Hindu shrine. Findlayson is drugged; at this stage the tale passes into his trance. He witnesses a *panchayat* (meeting) of the Indian gods (who symbolise the Dark Powers).

Mother Gunga starts with the complaint: "They have chained my flood, and my river is not free any more . . . Deal me the justice of the Gods!"⁹ Indra does not like the impatience of Gunga and goes on to say: "The deep sea was where she runs yesterday, and tomorrow the sea shall cover her again as the Gods count that which men call time. Can any one say that their bridge endures till tomorrow?" Ganesha tries to calm Gunga down by arguing: "It is but the shifting of a little dirt. Let the dirt dig in the dirt if it pleases the dirt." Hanuman adds: "Ho! Ho! I am the builder of bridges indeed—bridges between this and that, and each bridge leads surely to Us in the end." Indra sums up the case in these words: "Ye know the riddle of the Gods. When Brahm ceases to dream the Heaven and the Earth disappear. Be content. Brahm dreams still. The dreams come and go, and the nature of the dreams changes, but Brahm still dreams . . . The Gods change, beloved—all save One."

This is the riddle. All is *maya* (illusion)—nothing remains. The toil and trouble of men working for sweetness and light come to nought in the ultimate analysis. The Kashi Bridge, symbol of a little order in the vast sea of chaos, may be spared by the gods today, but tomorrow it will be washed away by angry Gunga. The forces of chaos cannot be vanquished. Nevertheless, Findlayson does not lose heart and his bridge-building continues. In doing so the engineer becomes the code hero. Findlayson's victory lies in the struggle which he put up against the forces of *nada va* spite of an awareness of final defeat.

'A Clean Well-Lighted Place' (1933) may be regarded as an extended metaphor for the Hemingway code. The clean and pleasant café is a lighted haven of order within the all-embracing darkness and disorder. The story is very simple; in fact hardly anything happens at all. It is very late at night in a small Spanish café; the only customer is an old man of eighty who had made an unsuccessful suicide attempt a week before. The two waiters in the café—one young and the other older—discuss the old

customer; the younger waiter, anxious to get home, closes up the place despite the older waiter's objections. The old waiter reflects on the significance light, order, and *nada*: "It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it was all nada."¹⁰ Then the old waiter recites the Lord's Prayer, substituting the word "nada" for all the important verbs and nouns; has a cup of coffee at an all night *bodega* and returns to his room.

The "huge, terrible, overbearing, inevitable, and omnipresent" *"nada"* is characterized by an absence of order, light, and meaning. It is everywhere outside of the "clean, well-lighted" café. The clean well-lighted café becomes the symbol of the structure that man imposes on the chaos all round him. But this structure or pattern, like Kipling's bridge, cannot last long. The café must close down eventually, and its customers must go out to face the dark nothingness. And even when it is open, the nothingness can invade and disrupt the imposed order at any time. However, this does not mean that one should stop maintaining the clean, well-lighted café as it provides one way of meeting the challenge of *nada*. It is only through coming to the clean well-lighted place that the old customer gains "dignity"—as he leaves the café he is described as "walking unsteadily but with dignity."¹² The word dignity, as pointed out earlier, is the key to the operation of the code; the Hemingway or the Kipling hero who works within the code may achieve dignity as the supreme value for the game he has played.

Thus we see that there is a marked similarity in the vision of Kipling and Hemingway. In their search for pattern and order in a world where disorder, chaos, and darkness reign supreme, both adopt a similar strategy.

NOTES

1. George Plimpton, *Writers at Work* (New York, 1963), Second Series, p. 227.
2. Rudyard Kipling, *Plain Tales From the Hills* (London, 1965), p. 144. All quotations from Kipling, unless otherwise indicated, will be from Macmillan's Centenary Edition.
3. Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself* (London, 1964), p. 65.
4. Rudyard Kipling, *Kim* (London, 1966), p. 45.
5. Rudyard Kipling, *The Jungle Book* (London, 1967), p. 19.
6. The Definitive Edition of *Rudyard Kipling's Verse* (London, 1954), p. 170.
7. Ernest Hemingway, *The Sun Also Rises* (New York: Scribner, 1926), p. 153.
8. Ernest Hemingway, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (New York: Scribner, 1940), p. 466.
9. Rudyard Kipling, *The Day's Work* (London, 1968), p. 29. etc.
10. Ernest Hemingway, "A Clean Well-Lighted Place," *The Hemingway Reader*, edited by Charles Poore (New York, 1961), p. 421.
11. Carlos Baker, *Hemingway: The Writer as Artist* (Princeton, 1956), p. 124.
12. *Hemingway Reader*, p. 420.

LETTER BAG

A QUERY

Could anyone please place for me a quotation from Kipling used by the Earl of Birkenhead in the 1960 edition of his life of his father—"F.E.—First Earl of Birkenhead" page 398.

(The Duke of Connaught was feeling very testy with F.E. at a formal dinner)—"The Duke grunted and, looking as Kipling says 'like the Day of Judgment framed in grey bristles' ostentatiously turned his back."

To me it sounds as if it could come from an early article or story but I don't remember meeting it before.

Sadie G. Balkind

JOHN LOCKWOOD KIPLING

As the report in the March *Journal* states, the discussion meeting at which Mr. James Craig gave us the results of his researches into the appointment of John Lockwood Kipling to the Bombay School of Art provided a most interesting evening. The wording of the bronze plaque commemorating Rudyard Kipling's birth was shown to be incorrect in referring to Lockwood as the Principal of the School, and the question of the origin of the plaque was raised at the meeting. A glance through earlier numbers of the *Journal* shows that it was almost certainly erected by Lord Lloyd (1879-1941) who was Governor of Bombay from 1918-23. In *Journal* No. 14 there is a report of a speech to the Society by Lord Lloyd which includes a reference to the birthplace: "He had had that house remade, so that it should last for many years, and he had also put up a memorial to Rudyard Kipling in the house where he was born."

The wording of the plaque was quoted at the end of an article in *Journal* No. 3 by the Principal at that time, Captain W. E. Gladstone Soloman, but it is noteworthy that the rest of the article refers to Lockwood only as the Professor of Modelling and does not state or imply that he was the Principal.

F. A. Underwood

THE ARMY IN INDIA

In the first paragraph of the article on R.K. and his Lodge by Dr. Karim in No. 189 of the Kipling Society's *Journal* there appears the sentence "Masonry was regarded as a humanizing force within the caste-ridden British army in India by checking savage tortures inflicted on the ill-paid soldiers by their superior officers". The writer appears to justify this statement (which, I need hardly tell you, Sir, is a farrago of nonsense) by reference to a work by an individual named Firminger, written in 1906, which "mentions that hanging in chains, blowing from guns, public mutilation and other horrors were publicly inflicted in the presence of troops assembled on parade".

I write without having ready access to reference books, but to the best of my recollection it was upon the mutineers and murderers of the *Indian* regiments that such punishments were inflicted. Harsh they were,

no doubt, but they were harsh times, and harsh deterrents were necessary. However, Dr. Karim implies that these punishments were inflicted by *British Officers upon British soldiers*. I refuse to believe that there are any grounds for such an allegation, which seems to me to be yet another attempt to throw mud at the British Army, whether serving in India a hundred years or more ago or in Northern Ireland in this year of Grace, 1974.

I hope you will be able to publish some form of contradiction of Dr. Karim's allegation in a future Journal, for it is one which must be causing R.K. to turn in his grave.

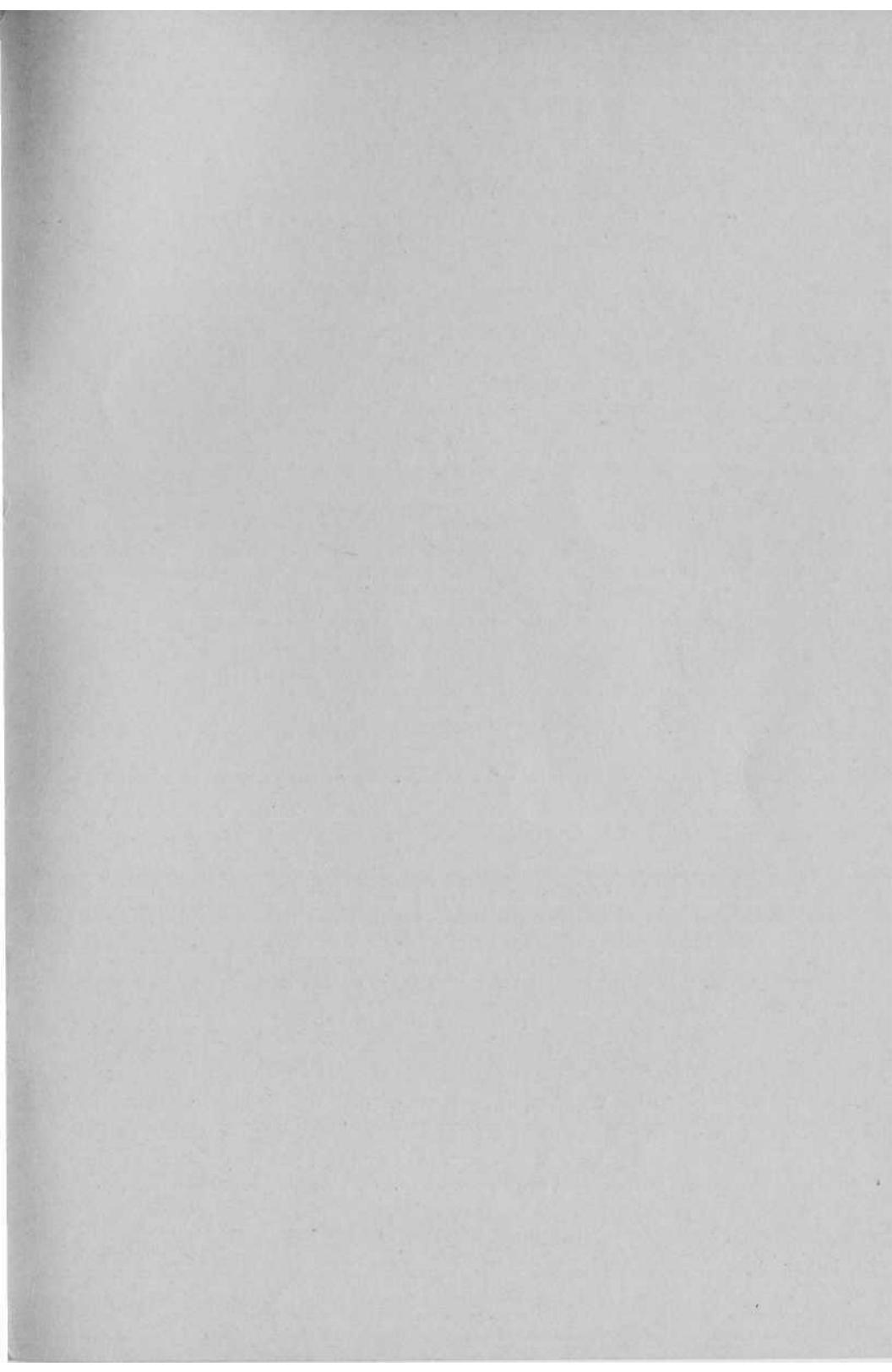
W. J. Jervois

REPORT OF DISCUSSION MEETING

On 20 February Mr. Carrington opened a discussion on the *Barrack-Room Ballads* before a small but spirited audience that argued about, and sang, the tunes with which they have been associated, much helped by the contributions of Mr. Peter Bellamy, the well-known expert on English folk-music.

Mr. Carrington elaborated his experience in editing the Ballads (see *Kipling Journal*, No 187), and gave an account of their popular success, by far the most widely-sold of verses throughout the English-speaking world since their first appearance in 1890. He distinguished these ballads from other romantic and patriotic verse of the period by their consistent literary form, which the young Kipling seems to have borrowed from the *Men and Women* of Robert Browning, whom he greatly admired. They are dramatic monologues in which a soldier delivers his comment on War and Empire in his own words, usually in the London vernacular, a gallery of self-portraits, and all different. There is little political interest, the soldiers, 'single men in barracks most remarkable like you' are moved by the same impulses as other men, and a surprisingly large number say: 'Make Love not War.'

The appearance of a complete edition of the *Ballads*, Mr. Carrington said, had produced much criticism, some of it harsh and even hostile. He had been roundly attacked, by musical experts for his ascription of tunes to particular ballads, a matter of opinion on which there can be no finality; and by military historians who had differed with him on questions of army folk-lore. His defence, as an old soldier, was that this was what the old soldiers used to say when he was a young soldier, nearly sixty years ago. He admitted to three errors that would be corrected in future editions. The tune of the *Absent-minded Beggar* was, of course, composed by Sullivan not Elgar, a very odd lapse of memory; and he conceded two points to military critics. It is with regret that Mr. Carrington learns that the grand old army myth of wearing roses on Minden Day cannot be traced earlier than 1888, about the time that young Kipling turned his attention to the British-Indian Army. (Incidentally, the 5th Fusiliers were not a Minden regiment). The similar tradition of the original 'Tommy Atkins' must also be dropped as a mere fable, though it was taken as gospel sixty years ago. For correction on these points, Mr. Carrington expresses his thanks to Mr. A. L. Kipling of the Society of Army Historical Research.



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