THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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VOL. XLVII MARCH 1980 No 213

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SOCIETY ANNOUNCEMENTS

DISCUSSION MEETINGS

All are on the first floor of 'The Clarence', 53 Whitehall, London SW1, at 5.30 for 6 p.m. This is near Charing Cross Tube Station on the Bakerloo, Northern and Jubilee Lines.
Wednesday 9 April: G. H. Webb, O.B.E. (Editor of the Kipling Journal) will open a discussion on *Rudyard Kipling as Regimental Historian.*

Wednesday 9 July: Dr Shamsul Islam (author of *Kipling's Law* and *Chronicles of the Raj)* hopes to be present and to address the meeting.

Details of Discussion Meetings to be held on **Wednesday 10 September** and **Wednesday 12 November** will be announced as soon as possible.

OTHER MEETINGS

Dates, times and places of Council meetings will be sent to Council Members with the minutes of their last meeting.
The date and arrangements for the Annual Luncheon and the Annual General Meeting will be announced in the Journal.

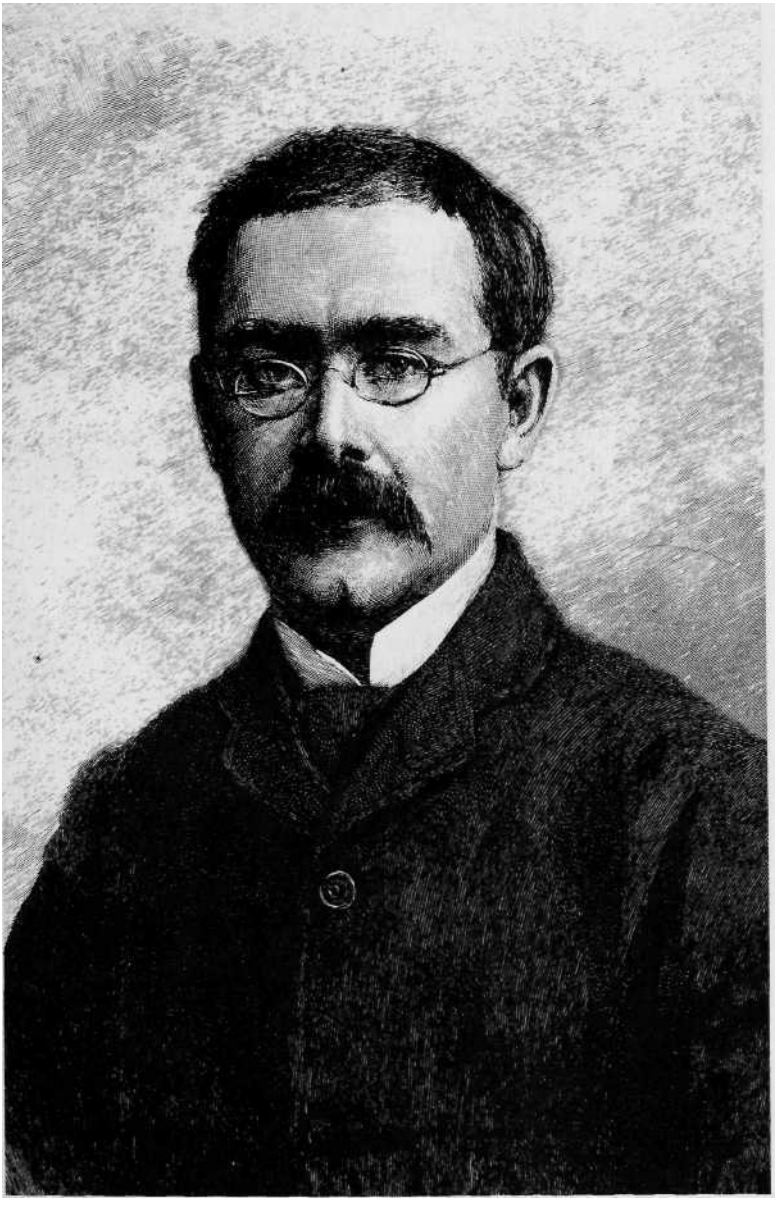
VISIT TO BATEMAN'S

By courtesy of the Administrator of the National Trust, members of the Kipling Society will again be welcome to a private visit to Bateman's, Burwash, Sussex, on **Friday 30 May.** As last year, lunch, snacks and drinks will be available at 'The Bear' for members who like to foregather there. Tea will be available at Bateman's.

MEMBERS' ADVERTISEMENTS

A supplement containing members' advertisements of books and other Kipling items, *for sale* or *wanted,* will be enclosed with this and future Journals.
Rates: £2 for the first 25 words, 50p for each succeeding 10 words or part thereof. *Copy for advertisements:* to Shamus O. D. Wade, 37 Davis Road, Acton, London W3. *Cheques:* payable to the Kipling Society.

February 1980 JOHN SHEARMAN



RUDYARD KIPLING: A PORTRAIT OF 1891
Engraved by T. Johnson from a photograph by Elliott & Fry,
this appeared in the *Century Magazine* in October 1891

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EDITOR'S NEWS AND NOTES

ROGER LANCELYN GREEN

To be Roger Lancelyn Green's successor is distinction: I am as proud of that as of being your Editor. I cannot match his learning, and had most reason for that dismay we felt when he decided to give up the job for which he was uniquely qualified, the post that fitted. Preparing my first issue, I am awed by the twenty-three years that he did it while also doing so much else—no less an achievement for his enviable capacity to be prolific without loss of style. Since I cannot rival him I shall not always copy him. In any innovations, I am encouraged by his modest avowal to you in print, to me in person, that there was merit in a new approach. Perhaps not true, but heartening.

We owe an immense debt to him. Before he took over, the Society's survival was in doubt, but he assured it, blending scholarship with readability to lift and sustain the level of the *Journal.* For literary magazines the times continue hard. That ours still exists, with this wind blowing, is thanks to him. His wider contribution to Kipling studies, which we trust will very long continue, is impressive. His share in the encyclopaedic *Readers' Guide,* his sensitive biographical study *Kipling and the Children,* his compendious *New Cambridge* bibliographical listing, his masterly selection and summing-up in *Kipling: the Critical Heritage,* together with many stylish editings and essays, are of enduring value.

This is a mere fragment of his output. His profound knowledge of Carroll, Mrs Molesworth, Lang, Haggard, Barrie, A. E. W. Mason and C. S. Lewis more than spans the Kipling epoch. In children's tales, and myths for any age, his province extends to the very dawn of literature and his name carries authority. Of his more than eighty books fifty are for children, or are about those who wrote for children—my own first heard the surge and thunder of the Odyssey in his evocative re-telling. A doyen among editors, compilers and translators, he is also an original author of note. *The Luck of Troy* and *The Land Beyond the North* are audacious but authentic essays in legend, *Andrew Lang* is definitive, *Tellers of Tales* has joined the classics.

Deep-rooted in ancestral acres, he formerly ranged wide—librarian, bookseller, schoolmaster, professional actor (in Barrie's *Peter Pan,* with Alastair Sim and Ann Todd, the pirate Noodle was Roger Green). A man of letters *par excellence,* his writing has always such felicity that when he ends you wish he would go on. So with the monumental ninety numbers of his *Journal.*

AND HIS SUCCESSOR

I have for years been a member of this Society, but you may well wonder if I was a sound choice for its Editor. I wonder myself, less from modesty than from considerations of time, place and my profession. After early years in Africa I came late to the Diplomatic Service and the rolling stone life it entails. I am again being sent abroad this year, and members in Britain will have (as those in Canada and the U.S.A. have always had) the inconvenience of a transatlantic Editor. I hope it will work: unexpectedly asked to drive this vintage car, I dread the thought of crashing. Actually, though I crave your forbearance in advance, my posting should not cause intolerable difficulties: an immediate write-off seems unlikely. But there are longer-term problems and unless we now take adequate precautions our *Journal* could soon become too expensive to run.

OUR PREDICAMENT

Last year we found that the *Journal's* production and distribution cost was exceeding the Society's income. This was unprecedented, and not much less disturbing for being in part attributable to slack response to raised subscription rates: that is how Societies collapse. Under acute inflation, a static Society of eight hundred with a high average age is very vulnerable to soaring print and postal costs, and may suddenly fail to find the funds to produce its magazine. Yet there was paradox in our very constraints: a general boom in Kipling, none in our circulation; far more articles received than could be printed; lively Discussions unrecorded for lack of space; no means to finance the larger *Journal* that should attract more members. There were not lacking suggestions that we should retreat to six-monthly or annual issues,

or a cyclostyled format for economy. I felt the problem might respond to a new approach: that rather than retreat we should advance. Your Chairman, Hon. Secretary and Council readily gave me wide discretion, for which I am most grateful.

REMEDIAL STEPS

For a small uncommercial magazine to add cubits by taking thought, if feasible at all, must be slow or risky. To break from our constraints we needed underpinning. In the event, readers should know that the *Drogher Press* of Christchurch are in this issue handsomely subsidising extra pages, more spacious printing style, photolitho process, and other innovations. Were they not ready to help us take initiative our headway would be small. I am grateful for their confidence: armed with it I went and sold space to friendly firms, who wished the *Journal* well and could see that given help it should expand. Though I am sure they could nowhere advertise more judiciously than to our distinguished readers, I thank them all: income from this source gives elbow-room we never had before. We are pleased to welcome *Brown's,* still redolent of Kipling, to this issue. Also our London home, the *Royal Commonwealth Society,* which I hope many readers will join: our American members, despite 1776, may apply for associate status. The *National Trust* has close links with Kipling: the copyright and Wimpole Hall as well as Bateman's. *Commin's* is a leading bookshop on the coast, *Phoenix* of course a landmark in the City. *Hewett's,* by the way, could arrange an India tour next winter, around £600 for ten days if enough members were interested (any initial reactions to me please, soon). The *Sherpa Trekking* and *Argyll Elkin* advertisements are from members, who offer us warm welcomes in Kathmandu and Bond Street. I thank *Collins* for their support, with Thesiger's superb new book; and *Oberoi Hotels* of India, who gave me early encouragement.

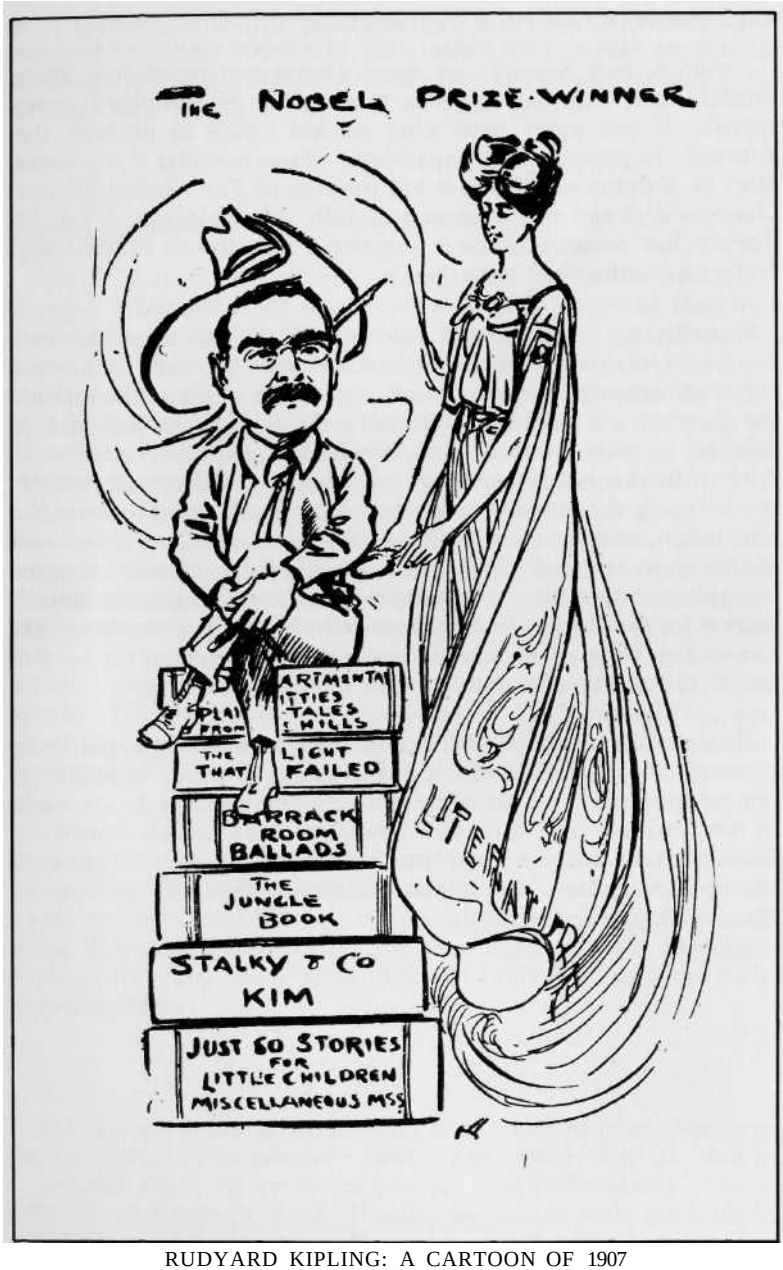
We also acknowledge with thanks most welcome donations from the *National Westminster Bank,* and from the *Hobhouse Charitable Trust,* set up by the late Sir John Hobhouse, a lifelong admirer of Kipling's work. Finally, we accept with gratitude a generous grant from *Ocean Transport and Trading Ltd.,* per the Philip Holt Trust.

PASS THE HAT FOR YOUR CREDITS SAKE . . .

Never a rich Society, we have always welcomed any extra financial help members felt able to give. My present plea is more specific: if you agree with what we are trying to do with the *Journal*—to preserve it by expansion—please consider if you could send us a donation. Cheques are payable to *The Kipling Society (Journal a/c)* and will be most gratefully acknowledged. (That the Society has recently become Registered Charity no 278885 may facilitate institutional donations.)

Equally, we urgently need more members. This larger *Journal* has to be justified by larger circulation. Without that, we cannot easily sell space, and cannot vindicate our backers' confidence that the *Journal* will take off. Without more members it will in fact subside: to print a run of eight hundred is simply not economic. And without more members we can hardly hold down rates, each rise in which drives some subscribers out. Our first aim is to double circulation, and the more young members recruited the better our chance to sustain and increase that growth. If each present member brings in one more, our prospects are transformed. A great untapped market for the Kipling Society does exist: hoping to prove that fact, one or two of us alone recruited over three quarters of the record list of thirty-four new members on page 47 of this issue.

Regrettably there are still many who have not brought their subscriptions into line with current rates. It seems impolite to remind them that they are being carried by the rest. We do not want to lose a single one of them. I appeal to them to reach for their cheque books and to complete, with current and I hope with retrospective effect, the quotation above—from "The Absent-Minded Beggar".



RUDYARD KIPLING: A CARTOON OF 1907
from the *Glasgow Weekly Herald,* 14 December 1907

POE AND KIPLING: A 'HEAVY DEBT' ACKNOWLEDGED

by BURTON R. POLLIN

[Professor Emeritus of the City University of New York, Dr Pollin has written three authoritative books and some scores of learned articles on Poe: he is working on a definitive edition of Poe's writings, and on a comprehensive study of the illustrations Poe inspired. He is also the author of several books and numerous articles on other literary figures, notably William Godwin, Shelley and the Romantics, and various English and American 19th century writers.]

In April 1896 Rudyard Kipling was still occupying the commodious house called Naulakha that he had had built near Brattleboro, Vermont. Enthusiastic about America in 1892, when he had moved to the Vermont estate of the family of his wife Caroline Balestier, he was now totally disenchanted, especially because of the adverse publicity attending his imprudent lawsuit with Caroline's crude brother. Within a few months this most prominent visitor from abroad, embittered, was to leave for England, but not before he had affirmed his literary debt to Edgar Allan Poe in a published letter[1] which has been curiously ignored by devotees and students of both major figures. It was evoked by a request, probably via a form letter sent out by Frederick M. Hopkins of the Shakespeare Society of New York, for a statement in support of the efforts to save the Poe cottage in the Bronx from demolition through the widening of Kingsbridge Road. Because of technicalities in the deed of ownership preventing the cottage from being moved, special legislation in the State House at Albany was urgently needed, possibly along with funds for further propaganda and legal counsel. Many of the most prominent personalities of the day were solicited for responses which were then selectively published in the April 1896 *Review of Reviews.* Kipling's letter, dated 7 March 1896, shorn of its last two sentences which can be supplied here from a private printing, is stronger than most of the others[2] in acknowledging the influence of Poe:

> Many thanks for your letter. I am of course in most entire sympathy with you as regards the preservation of Poe's Cottage. As a rule I do not approve of buying dead men's camps, but my own personal debt to Poe is a heavy one and I would cheerfully send in $50 to save the place where his wife died and where he wrote "Ullalume" *(sic).* I note that you say money is not needed; but surely

> if the matter of keeping the cottage rests with the Albany Legislature, this must be an error. As an Englishman, I can have no influence.

ORIGINS OF A LITERARY DEBT

The question hereby raised is this: How "heavy" was the "personal debt" of Kipling the writer to Poe? In how many aspects of Kipling's prose and verse can the significant influence of Poe be discerned? In his poems would it lie in the suppleness and brilliance of his versification, his use of refrains, in particular words and phrases taken from Poe's small body of poetry? In his prose tales does it appear in Kipling's mastery of varied means of narration and of carefully wrought literary form, in the exotic and sometimes eerie atmosphere tinged with the mysterious and the supernatural, in the powerful control shown by Kipling over graphic and hypnotically convincing details, or in science-fiction themes of air flight or advanced technical developments? Can we find in both masters what Kipling called "a breadth of technique that comes of reasoned art"?[3] The answer can be briefly given—in all of these and more are strong evidences of Poe's traits and achievements. The manifestations are sometimes signalized by a direct allusion to Poe, or a quotation from a poem or an almost parodic imitation of lines or refrains, or, in the tales, the occurrence of phrases and situations as well as the manner of introducing and ending the action. We must limit ourselves to the most obvious and indisputable of course, for the overall influence demands a monographic treatment.

Was this influence recognized in Kipling's earliest period or later? Occasionally it was mentioned concerning the collections of the newspaper stories which he regularly published from the late 1880s on,[4] but the individual and original nature of his treatment of Anglo-Indian themes dampened this recognition and turned attention to other aspects of his work, until the great question of his strident imperialism rather usurped critical discussion.

It is not to be doubted that Poe was one of the four American writers whom Kipling read unceasingly and admiringly while a student at Westward Ho! in Devon, the others being Emerson, Longfellow, and Bret Harte. Charles Carrington, his major biographer, mentions this without adequately charting the scope of Poe's influence.[5] Among modern students of Kipling there is acknowledgment only in Ann Weygandt's *Kipling's Reading and Its Influence on His Poetry* and in Francis Léaud's study *La Poétique de Rudyard Kipling*.[6] But so generally overlooked is this connection that we find T. S. Eliot in his influential preface to *A Choice of*

Kipling's Verse (1943) speaking, with no mention at all of Poe, of Kipling's depiction of "things which are underneath and . . . beyond the frontier", of "external events which have exact nightmare correspondence to some spiritual terror", and of "the artist as magician".[7] The fact is, as Lord Birkenhead recently said, that in "the impressionable phase of his development" Poe is as discernible as Browning in Kipling's verse, and in two of his earliest prose masterpieces he shows a "brilliant skill and a horror" reminiscent of Poe.[8] One should add that throughout his lifetime's work, which was exceptionally homogeneous in its major elements and remarkable in beginning at a high level of maturity,[9] Poe remained an obvious and admired model for Kipling, both in theme and in method. The simplest way to show this would be through a roughly chronological survey.

PARRENNESS AND *PHANTOM RICKSHAW* AND *MORROWBIE JUKES*

Soon after his return to India from the United Services College in England Kipling, at seventeen, became the sub-editor of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette,* and this became the regular vehicle for his tales and poems about the life of the British officials and soldiers in India. As early as 1884 his tale "The Dream of Duncan Parrenness" shows unmistakable, although hitherto unnoted, similarities to "William Wilson": an autobiographical confessional narrative of a ne'er-do-well, skilled in the "small sword," with *doppelgänger* overtones (and much before the publication of *The Picture of Dorian Gray)* such as these—"His face was somewhat like mine own grown older … I saw that his face was my very own, but marked and lined and scarred with the furrows of disease and much evil living—as I once saw mine own face, all white and drawn and grown old, in a mirror", and "looking all the time into my face with my own eyes, as much as remained to me of my boy's soul and conscience". In 1885, in the Kipling family volume *Quartette,* two of the most memorable of Kipling's tales there are strong in their Poeian effects and themes, as numerous commentators specifically indicate.[10] The plot of "The Phantom 'Rickshaw" bears traces of "Ligeia" in that the dead sweetheart of a callous man returns in her black and white carriage to haunt her indifferent lover and to displace his new fiancée or drive him to death. There is Poe's concern about preserving the manuscript ("I got his ms. before he died . . . dated 1885"); the self-confession of a rascal ("I am resolved … in flat defiance of my doctor's orders to stay where I am and take all the world into my confidence"); the concern over sanity

("Mad to a certain extent I must have been"); the ambiguity ("'Delusions', says my doctor, but you shall judge for yourselves"); and the melodrama ("It is my destiny to die slowly and a little every day", and "Two months ago I was the happiest man in India. Today there is no one more wretched").

Even more obviously Poeian in *Quartette* is "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes", which is also a dramatic monologue relating a grotesque experience, drawn from "The Pit and the Pendulum". The narrator, an Anglo-Indian lieutenant, has fallen into an enormous sand-logged pit in which dwell mysteriously doomed semihuman creatures, subsisting on snared crows or occasionally dropped food supplies, condemned to a living death because they had once recovered "from trance or catalepsy" (a typical Poe touch). His rescue is as contrived—for the purpose of "saving the story"—as is La Salle's outstretched arm in "The Pit and the Pendulum". The lieutenant's comparison of his sand-sliding entrapment with the constructed funnel of the ant-lion shows the source to be also Poe's "Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherazade", which describes this insect's wiliness.

EXAMPLES IN KIPLING'S EARLY VERSE

At about the same time., in his verses Kipling showed obvious traces of Poe's works in his published continuations of the parodies that he had prolifically turned out even during his schooldays. In 1886 appeared two such poems; in "Study of an Elevation, in Indian Ink", the poet narrator writes of Potiphar Gubbins, his junior and rival for the hand of "Lovely Mehitabel Lee", a man who "Is coarse as a chimpanzee" and about whom he says—"Careless and lazy is he, / Greatly inferior to Me. / What is the spell that you manage so well, / Commonplace Potiphar G.?" And he wonders: "Should I have riz to where Potiphar is, / Hadst thou been mated to me?" The whole is an ironic inversion of "Annabel Lee", down to the internal or medial rhyme scheme. In "The Man Who Could Write", Kipling gives advice about writing satirically but not wittily of one's superiors: "Boanerges Blitzen, servant of the Queen,/Is a dismal failure—is a Might-have-been. / . .. / [Men who spar with Government need, to back their blows,/ Something more than ordinary journalistic prose]". What is the source of the name for this foolish writer? The end of Poe's "Tale of Jerusalem" gives us "Boanerges, the son of Thunder", while "The Devil in the Belfry" furnishes an explanation of the town's name "Vondervotteimittiss" which rests upon "Bleitziz obsol.: pro Blitzen".

The next year, 1887, produced a parody of "The Raven" in '"As the Bell Clinks'", the title of which has a Poe flavor; here are used the versification, the refrain, and language devices of Poe to tell the story of a man's yearning after a maiden whom he failed to capture last year at one of the balls of the hillside resort of Simla.[11] The adaptable response of the mindless bird is here replaced by that of the clacking "tonga-bar" on the light vehicle used by the lovelorn speaker in retreat. Here are the first two of the eight stanzas:

> As I left the Halls at Lumley, rose the vision of a comely
> Maid last season worshipped dumbly, watched with fervour from afar;
> And I wondered idly, blindly, if the maid would greet me kindly.
> That was all—the rest was settled by the clinking tonga-bar.
> Yea, my life and hers were coupled by the tonga coupling-bar.
>
> For my misty meditation, at the second changing-station,
> Suffered sudden dislocation, fled before the tuneless jar
> Of a Wagner *obbligato, scherzo,* double-hand *staccato,*
> Played on either pony's saddle by the clacking tonga-bar—
> Played with human speech, I fancied, by the jigging, jolting bar.

The last line of each of the succeeding stanzas gives a comment by the tonga-bar, parallel to those of the raven.

In 1890 there were published two more important poems with Poe touches. The celebrated "Mandalay", composed to a waltz tune "with a swing", as Kipling explained in *Something of Myself,* presents a private soldier in the Anglo-Indian army reviewing his loves and experiences in the Burma campaign.[12] It is the biographer Carrington who declares that "the rhythm ... is similar" to that of "The Raven", and that the refrain "Come you back to Mandalay" is identical in timing to "Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'"[13] Less disputable is the derivation of Kipling's poem "A Tale of Two Cities", in part, from Poe's "City in the Sea". Poe movingly writes: "So blend the turrets and shadows there/That all seemed pendulous in air,/ While from a proud tower in the town/ Death looks gigantically down". Kipling declares: "Thus the midday halt of Charnock—more's the pity! / Grew a City./ . . . / Palace, byre, hovel—poverty and pride—/ Side by side;/ And, above the packed and pestilential town, / Death looked down. / But the Rulers in that City by the Sea/Turned to flee—".[14]

SUDDHOO AND MRS HAUKSBEE AND IMRAY

The influence of Poe's prose tales, however, was an ever-continuing force in Kipling's prose works; let me therefore take you back to the 1880s, specifically to 30 April 1886, when he wrote "In the House of Suddhoo", the very title as well as the theme of which reminds us of "The Fall of the House of Usher". It concerns the selfdestructive actions of Suddhoo, the superstitious head of the family, whose house may be symbolic of all of India, according to Elliot L. Gilbert.[15] Kipling mentions "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" in the central episode of the charlatan ventriloquist who victimizes Suddhoo with his black magic of the "flaming portraits of the Queen and Prince of Wales", drawn from the wall grotesques of "The Pit and the Pendulum", and with the native baby's black head floating on the water in a basin, which speaks with "a sort of ring, ring, ring" in the note of the voice, like the "timbre of a bell" (with a hint of "The Bells"). Says Kipling: "Read Poe's account of the voice that came from the mesmerised dying man, and you will realise less than one half of the horror of that head's voice".

In 1888 a tale called "A Supplementary Chapter" was printed in the *Week's News,* although not collected until the 1909 *Abaft the Funnel.* It has a minor Poe allusion which proves that "Ulalume" was one of the poems that engaged Kipling's attention, for a character is thus described: "And he wore *jharun* coats, like 'the scoriac rivers that roll their sulphurous torrents down Yanek [written as *Yahek],* in the realms of the Boreal Pole'", (from the fifth stanza of the poem).[16] In the same tale is an unmistakable costume note from "The Masque of the Red Death", for Kipling's favorite social arbiter at Simla, Mrs. Hauksbee, goes to the Fancy Ball dressed as "The Black Death—a curious arrangement of barred velvet, black domino and flame-coloured satin puffery"; the colors and fabrics and situation come from Poe's tale.

In the 1890s there came a succession of short stories with Poe themes, effects, and plot devices. One of the first was "The Return of Imray", the story of an indiscreet Englishman, assumed to be casting an evil eye on the child of his Indian butler, who therefore murders him and hides him in the ceiling cloth. When exposed, the butler invites death from a half dead *karait* snake on the floor near his toe rather than be publicly executed. The means and the descriptive language remind us of Bedloe's death from the leech, which resembles the natives' poisoned kris in Poe's only tale with a partially Hindu setting, "A Tale of the Ragged Mountains".

THE MARK OF THE BEAST, AND OTHER STORIES

The nightmare story "The Mark of the Beast" concerns the curse laid upon the drunken Englishman, who has insulted the Hindu monkey-god, by the temple leper-man; the victim's loathsome rosette mark and hydrophobia-like illness are removed by the two friends who horribly torture the leper with red-hot gun barrels. It is full of the pseudo-scientific type of detail that Poe habitually employed: the torture, which causes "horrible feelings" to "play across" the leper's "slab of a face", the exactly designated "fishing-line" lassoo, and the leper's "otter-like mewings". Edmund Wilson well analyzed the biographical and psychological sources of what he termed Kipling's cruelty, without including the literary approach which rendered it easier for Kipling to begin his career with this narrative element in full bloom.[17]

In 1891, in the volume *Life's Handicap,* we find the tale "The Wandering Jew", written in a lighter vein about a wealthy eccentric who tries to avoid aging by traveling continually eastward. He manages to save twenty days through as many trips but still grows old. While Kipling remembers that some one had "covered the passage in eighty days" (meaning Jules Verne of course), he also knew the ultimate source to be Poe's "Three Sundays in One Week", to judge from the similarly jocose tone of both tales. Quite different in mood, in the same volume, is "Bertran and Bimi", based firmly on "Murders in the Rue Morgue". It features an immense orang-outang from New Guinea, so jealous of his master's new bride that he tears her literally to pieces when alone, and bears the evidence of her black tresses on his bloody paws, just like Poe's giant ape. Although the beast's strength is seven times that of a man, as we are factually and inventively told, Bertran and Bimi still manage to strangle each other to death at the end. Finally, in the same collection, appears "At the End of the Passage", which tells of one Hummil, who dies of fear of some nameless horror that keeps him sleepless for months: "In the staring eyes was written terror beyond the expression of any pen". His scientific friend takes a photograph with his Kodak of the image of the "thing" imprinted on his eyeball but, with a fine Poeian evasiveness, he tears up the developed picture without revealing any more than did Poe concerning the horror in the Pit of "The Pit and the Pendulum".

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

In 1890 Kipling tried his hand at a novel, *The Light that Failed,* which contains a direct quotation from Poe in one of the most

powerful passages. Kipling is trying to show the force and originality of artistic genius in his painter hero Dick Heldar, whose light or eyesight will eventually fail. He is a passenger on a ramshackle, slow-moving cargo boat going from Lima to Australia, and he is painting a mural on the empty lower-deck wall, using only brown, green and black ship's paint and, as model, a sensual, amoral Cuban woman. His theme is taken from "Annabel Lee": "Neither the angels in Heaven above/ Nor the demons down under the sea, / Can ever dissever my soul/ From the soul of the beautiful Annabel Lee". "'I drew that fight', says Dick, 'fought out in green water over the naked, choking soul, and the woman served as the model for the sea-devils and sea-angels, and the soul half drowned between them ... It looked very fine and creepy.'" He also used drastic foreshortening "for sheer delight of doing it". We remember Roderick Usher's abstract picture of the tunnel created for his self-amusement. Whistler's celebrated picture of "Annabel Lee", treated in a different vein, may very well have been familiar to Kipling, nephew of Burne-Jones and son of a fine artist. There are two other striking traces of Poe in this very chapter (VII). He says: "A little before sundown ... a big bristly wild boar, with all his family, . . . trots through the city gate", reminding us of Poe's "Tale of Jerusalem", which is about the "forbidden flesh" of pig and starts with a humorous motto about "a bristly *bore".* More important, in the same chapter, is the dialogue of Dick and his friend Maisie, listening at the water's edge—a passage full of echoes of "The Tell-Tale Heart" which had as its original motto Longfellow's lines ".. . Our hearts . . . / Still, like muffled drums, are beating/ Funeral marches to the grave". Kipling reminiscently writes: "A faint beating, like that of a muffled drum, came out of the moon-haze. 'What's that?' said Maisie quickly. 'It sounds like a heart beating. Where is it?'" Dick replies that it is a "steamer ... a twin-screw steamer by the beat". Of course a steamer will eventually bear him to his death in Africa. The last chapter of the novel (number XV) bears a motto which Kipling draws from the old "Tom a' Bedlam's Song", about the knight "of ghosts and shadows . . ./ With a heart of furious fancies, . . ./ summoned to tourney . . . / beyond the wide world's end". Kipling's eight lines curiously include the four that Poe affixed to "Hans Pfaall" and remind us that it was characteristic of Kipling to begin each tale with a teasing or mystifying epigraph, sometimes used again in the course of the plot. This similarity to Poe's usage was once commented on—by the *New Orleans Times-Democrat* in 1899—and never again.[19] It deserves mention, especially since it is allied to Poe's habit of including in the action of the tale his own verses, as in "Ligeia" and "Usher".

The theme of death, so rife in Kipling's works, also shapes a tale of 1890 appearing first in a journal and collected *[Abaft the Funnel]* only in 1909. In "A Death in the Camp" the ubiquitous horror of plague in India was developed with traces of Poe's "Masque". Mr Strangeway's sudden demise causes a variety of people to think of their own death so that the narrator says: "Wait . . . till you have dined with a man one night and seen him buried on the next", and a youth in the tale asks naively, "Is there any society in which this sort of holocaust goes on?" He receives the answer, "It's not society; it's life".

THE NAULAHKA AND *MANY INVENTIONS*

The next year (1891-92) another of Kipling's novels, this one written in collaboration with his future brother-in-law Wolcott Balestier, and called *The Naulahka* (or "nine-lakh" [necklace]),[20] has a passage employing an idea from "The Rue Morgue" for one of its most thrilling episodes. It presents an attempt by the strange, beautiful gypsy concubine of the Maharajah of Rhatore to kill the intrepid American hero Nicholas Tarvin, who has invaded the ancient city to snatch the fabulous necklace, a national treasure—she thinks, wrongly, for his American friend Kate Sheriff:

> Something sprang out of the darkness where the guard slept, and where the king's fighting apes were tethered ... on the pommel of the saddle. It encircled his own throat . . . Before the teeth under the grimy blue gums had time to close he had fired twice. The creature rolled off to the ground, moaning like a human being . . . The smoke dissolved in the open court-yard. [CH. xvi]

The mark of Poe's murdering beast above the Rue Morgue courtyard lingered long upon Kipling's work.

A widely read Kipling tale of this period (1892), ironically titled "A Matter of Fact", *[Many Inventions]*, owes much to Poe's verisimilar details, used to establish a plausible but incredible story. Here three sophisticated journalists on a ship suddenly rocked by half-mile waves, which speed directly out of "MS. Found in a Bottle", witness the dying struggle of a deep-sea serpent violently surfaced by an exploding sea-bottom volcano, and attended by his helpless and pathetically ministering and weeping mate. The journalists decide to present their tale of the wonderful only as fiction, exactly in the manner of *The Narrative ofArthur Gordon Pym.*

OTHER EXAMPLES, AND SCIENCE FICTION

Kipling's stay in Vermont from 1892 to mid-1896 drew his attention to the American scene for fiction, and with the help of Dr Conland he studied the details of the life of the fishermen who brought back boatloads of cod from the Grand Banks, using them for *Captains Courageous.* He must also have re-read American authors, including Poe, who left traces in the novel such as a reference to "hidden treasure on Fire Island guarded by the spirits of Kidd's men" (CH. IV), and the sign-talk of the French sailors who could communicate with the Yankees because both knew the gestures of Freemasons (VI). This narrative device, perhaps borrowed from "The Cask of Amontillado", was more tellingly used by Kipling in "The Man Who Would Be King". In it two British renegade soldiers manage to carve out a kingdom for themselves in a gold-rich Himalayan area among natives who have inherited from the distant past the masonic rituals and signs. The soldiers' ability to interpret the markings and grips makes them appear to be gods to the natives—until the gruesome ending.[21]

Now we come to a sort of autobiography, Kipling's famous series devoted to the escapades of the trio of youngsters at the school at Westward Ho!, which he published as *Stalky and Co.* in 1899, and in which he is the participant known as "Beetle". An odd trace of Poe's work occurs in one of the final frolicsome triumphs against the authorities: "The door banged behind their outraged innocence". In an ecstasy of delight, Stalky embraces Kipling and cries out: "Oh, Beetle! Beetle! Golden Beetle! However did you do it?"[22] In England the word bug, usually applied to "bed-bug," was carefully avoided in Victorian editions of Poe by entitling the tale "The Gold Beetle".

The next clear trace of Poe occurs in a Kipling novella entitled "With the Night Mail: A Story of 2000 A.D." We remember that Poe's "Mellonta Tauta" of 1848 is a satirical, futuristic tale of the year 2048. Like Kipling's it is the story of how the world looks viewed from the newest form of transportation—the dirigible balloon, which Poe had also celebrated in his "Balloon Hoax". The descriptions of the sea and of the ships, seen from above, remind us also of the graphic passages interspersed throughout Poe's "Hans Pfaall". Poe's matter-of-fact and detailed technological tone and details surely contributed to Kipling's similar approach, and especially to his appendix of reports from newspapers, as in "The Balloon Hoax". Moreover, one such passage was called "Skylarking on the Equator", the "Skylark" being the name of the passenger balloon in "Mellonta Tauta"; a missing airship is named

the "Berenice", as is one of Poe's tales; and one of the engines is termed "the old colloid Thelussons". Thelusson, we know, was the renowned name of the real-life heir to fortune mentioned by Poe in his footnotes to "The Landscape Garden" and "The Domain of Arnheim", both of which explain how the character of derived name, Mr Ellison, received his enormous legacy. Poe's very great contribution to science fiction was naturally absorbed and extended by Kipling. Consider Kipling's superb handling of technological details and processes as in "Wireless" and ".007" (about a locomotive). He too has the same ambiguous attitude as Poe toward all which is popularly termed "progress"—a love for the mechanical refinements and a detestation of social and political leveling of power.

AUTHENTICITY AND THE CREDIBLE

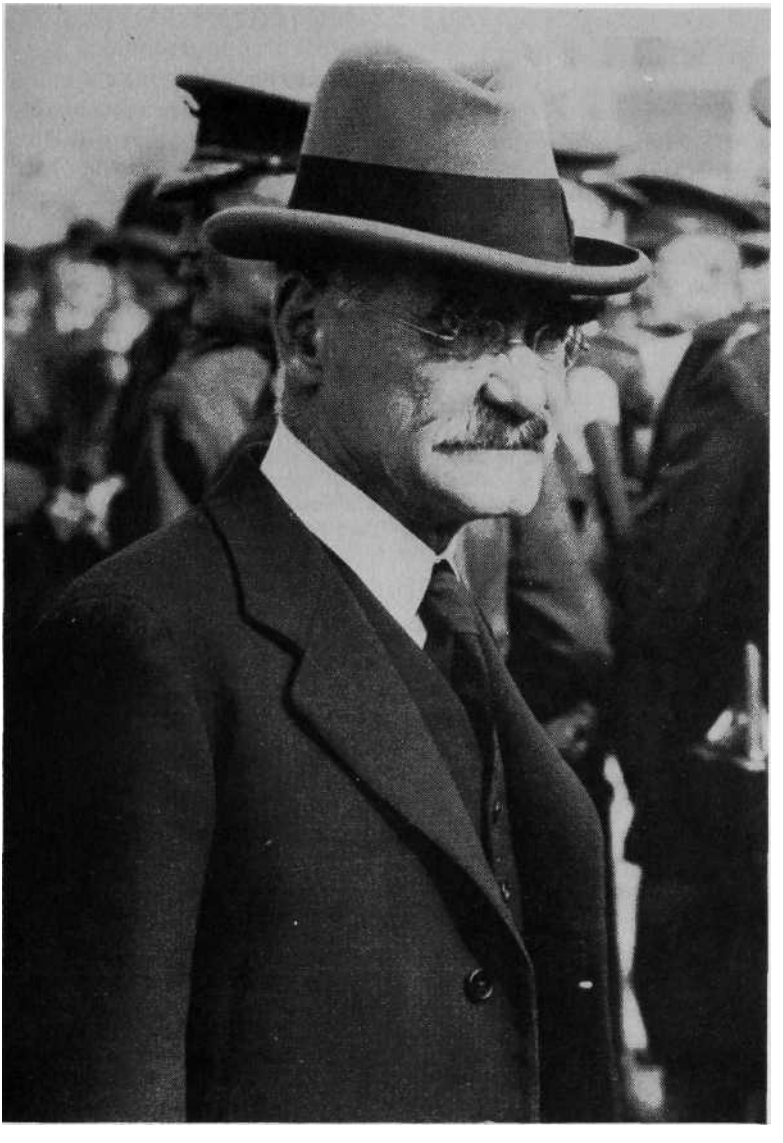
What then is the major element of that "heavy debt to Poe" of which Kipling spoke in his published letter? It might be the creation of "authenticity" in the most varied types of tales, the weird and horrifying, the seemingly realistic, the magical and wonderful. In "The Finest Story in the World" Kipling said, concerning the stirring "remembered" tales of the Greek galley-slave who is reincarnated as the bank-clerk Charlie Mears, that given his wealth of details the published slave's account would be so "sure that the world would hail it as an impudent and vamped fiction". Was he remembering the first page of the Preface written by Mr Arthur Gordon Pym or Mr Poe, stating that his family and friends would believe in his veracity but "the public would regard" his story "as merely an impudent and ingenious fiction"?

NOTES

1. The first reference to it is in James McG. Stewart's *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliographical Catalogue* (Halifax: Dalhousie University Press, 1959), pp. 512-13; it is described but the contents are not given.
2. The circumstances evoking these letters are given in the full text in the *Review of Reviews,* 13 (April 1896), 458-62. The letter was owned by William M. Carpenter of Evanston, Illinois, who had it privately printed as a folder in 1924, with the cover statement, "Mr. Kipling's essential modesty is shown by the frank acknowledgement of his indebtedness to Poe". I owe my copy of the Library of Congress's reprint to the kindness of Mr John Piper of New York.
3. This comes from "The Bull that Thought" in *Debits and Credits* (1926) as quoted by W. W. Robson in "Kipling's Later Stories", in *Kipling's Mind and Art,* ed. Andrew Rutherford, (Stanford University Press), p. 261.
4. For example, see *The Critic* (New York), 20 (19 August 1893), p. 120, in a review of *Many Inventions,* which declares "A Matter of Fact" to be "almost

worthy of Poe"; W. G. Clarke, *Rudyard Kipling* (London: Greening and Co, 1899), p. 138, "Poe . . . and Kipling often associate in one's mind"; and concerning "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes", Edmund Gosse's comment: "the Poe-like horror of the situation", and Andrew Lang's: "A nightmare more perfect and terrible than anything of Poe's"—both cited in Francis Léaud, *La Poétique de Rudyard Kipling* (Paris: Didier, 1958), p. 61.

5. Kingsley Amis, *Rudyard Kipling and His Work* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1975), p. 31, deems his attachment to American favorites to be then unusual in an English school and likely only in an unconventional place like the college at Westward Ho! Lord Birkenhead, *Rudyard Kipling* (New York, Random House, 1978), p. 49, adds to these four Whitman and Mark Twain; C. E. Carrington, *Life of Rudyard Kipling* (New York: Doubleday and Co., 1953), pp. 26-28, adds boyhood reading of Browning and Swinburne to that of Poe; the influence of these three is mentioned by Hilton Brown, *Rudyard Kipling* (New York: Harper and Bros., 1945), pp. 197 and 205.
6. Weygandt, *Kipling's Reading* (Philadelphia, Univ. of Pennsylvania, 1939), pp. 147-48 and Léaud, *La Poétique*, pp. 53, 58, 60-61, 65, 183, 193, 338, 342, 383, 410, 413, 452, 487, including some doubtful connections and associations.
7. T. S. Eliot, *A Choice* (New York: Scribner's Sons, 1943), p. 20.
8. Birkenhead, *Rudyard Kipling*, pp. 49 and 100.
9. For this point see W. W. Robson, "Kipling's Later Stories", in *Kipling's Mind and Art*, pp. 255-78, especially p. 258.
10. Beside Léaud, *La Poétique*, pp. 61 and 413, see Carrington, *Life*, p. 54, André Chevrillon, *Rudyard Kipling* (Paris: Plon, 1936), p.69; Louis L. Cornell, *Kipling in India* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1966), p. 103, and Léon Lemmonier, *Kipling* (Paris: Tallandier, 1939), pp. 72-73.
11. The Poe touch here is noted approvingly by Richard Le Gallienne, *Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism* (London, 1900), p. 15, and is given by Weygandt, *Kipling's Reading*, p. 148, n. 51.
12. Kipling, *Something of Myself (New* York: Doubleday, 1937), p. 274.
13. Carrington, *Life*, p. 274.
14. This poem, in *Departmental Ditties* of 1890, is too movingly serious to be classed as parody despite the closeness of the two phrases and of the basic situation, never previously noted.
15. Gilbert, *The Good Kipling* (Columbus, Ohio University Press, 1970), pp. 61-70.
16. Weygandt, *Kipling's Reading*, p. 147, n. 50, gives it.
17. Edmund Wilson, *The Wound and the Bow* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1929; rev. ed., 1941), "The Kipling that Nobody Read".
18. Given by Weygandt, p. 147, n. 49.
19. This article, "Of Chapter Headings", is reprinted in M. F. Mansfield and A. Wessels, eds., *Kiplingiana* (New York: 1899), pp. 52-54.
20. The novel, first published serially in the *Century* magazine, 1891-1892, seems largely the work of Kipling, as Edward Shanks properly notes in *Rudyard Kipling* (New York: Doubleday, 1940; rep. 1970), p. 129. The published title is an improper spelling of "*naulakha"*, which was properly applied by Kipling to his Vermont home—an indication of his esteem at first for America and its people.
21. W. L. Renwick, "Re-reading Kipling", reprinted in *Kipling's Mind and Art*, pp. 9-10, comments that Kipling, "an ardent Freemason", saw the world as composed of "secret .. . societies", of "circles intersecting ... but closed", and tried to prove himself "initiate of many mysteries". This view might fittingly be applied to Poe as writer. See also Shanks, *Rudyard Kipling*, on his Freemasonry.
22. Kipling, *Stalky & Co.* (New York: Doubleday, 1897), p. 218.



RUDYARD KIPLING: A PHOTOGRAPH OF 1927

At the unveiling of the Indian Army Memorial
between Neuve Chapelle and La Bassée, October 1927
(see *A Book of Words*, "Our Indian Troops in France")

[by courtesy of Central Press Photos]

ANNUAL LUNCHEON

The Annual Luncheon on 25 October 1979, held at the Captain's Table (formerly Hanover Grand), Hanover Street, was a reasonably well attended and highly enjoyable occasion. Thanks are due to John Shearman for organising it. Mrs Shelford was in the chair.

The Guest of Honour was the Countess of Birkenhead, who before proposing the traditional toast—*The Unfading Genius of Rudyard Kipling*—delivered a most attractive and interesting address, which was heard with much appreciation and is here recorded for a wider audience.

LADY BIRKENHEAD'S SPEECH

[Widow of the second Earl (whose *Rudyard Kipling* was published posthumously by Weidenfeld & Nicolson in 1978), the Countess of Birkenhead was formerly the Hon. Sheila Berry, daughter of the first Viscount Camrose. In 1949-53 she was Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent. Lady Birkenhead is the author of *Against Oblivion* (1943), *Peace in Piccadilly* (1958), and *Illustrious Friends* (1965). She lives in Oxfordshire and is a member of the Kipling Society.]

I am most honoured to be asked to speak to you today, though I realise that I am really here as my husband's representative. Mr Shearman was kind enough to reassure me that I had been asked for myself, but I know that I am not qualified to speak to you as my husband would have done. In fact, surrounded as I am by so many Kipling experts, I feel rather as I did when my sister and I took our children to the Greek Islands, on one of the first Hellenic Cruises after the war. Our fellow travellers were immensely learned—they seemed all to be professors, headmistresses and classical scholars. One evening, looking round this assembly, there occurred to us the chastening thought that, of all those present, we were probably the only ones who could not have immediately quoted ten or twenty lines of Homer at the drop of a hat.

I am sure that all of you know the history of how my husband's life of Rudyard Kipling came to be written, and of his differences with Kipling's daughter. I don't want to enlarge upon that story, except to mention one small point.

Many reviewers have commented on how extraordinary it was that my husband should have allowed himself to be tied up in such an inequitable contract, in which Mrs Bambridge was to have complete control of the book which he had written, besides keeping two-thirds of the proceeds. But I think when reviewers wrote this—and I understand their point of view—they did not quite appreciate the climate of the time when he made this agreement. He was still in

the Army, which he had been in since the beginning of the War, five years I suppose, and he felt a tremendously strong yearning to be able to return at the earliest possible moment to what he really loved to do, which was writing. He had always admired Kipling's work, though his reputation was at that time very low. To be the first writer to be able to read and use in a biography the mass of papers in the Kipling archives, was a marvellous work to look forward to, as soon as he was demobilised. This would probably in any case have made him more flexible than he would normally have been, to the hard bargain which Mrs Bambridge's agents presented to him. But in addition he had no real fear of trouble with her, because her husband, who was a friend, had a very strong influence on his wife, and she was accustomed to accepting his judgement in most things. Although he was unwise to enter into this contract, it never occurred to him that Captain Bambridge, who was apparently a strong healthy man, would die during the three years in which he was researching and writing his book.

THE COMPLEX AND LONELY FIGURE

Anyway, I am deeply thankful that his life of Kipling has at last been published, particularly because it contains so much material which could never be collected again, as it came from people who were already very old when he interviewed them just after the War. And I am happy that the result of his researches is now available to everyone. He was a lifelong admirer of Kipling's writing, but he met Kipling personally only once when, as a boy, he was taken by his father to visit the War Graves in Flanders. He was of course too young then to form any opinion of the great writer, but as he came to meet so many people who had known Kipling well—some even (almost incredibly) when he was a very young man in India—he became fascinated by the complex and sometimes baffling character of the man who was responsible for such a rich and varied body of work, in both poetry and prose. And the contradictions in his nature became ever more interesting to him—that the man who could rise to the heights of tenderness as in the story "Without Benefit of Clergy", should be the same who could write at times so brutally and even coarsely; and that this short-sighted unathletic man should become the enthusiastic protagonist of the man of action.

It was strange too, that in spite of his feeling of the paramount importance of belonging to a group, he himself remained throughout his life a lonely figure. He saw civilisation, throughout

history, as a beleaguered garrison surviving against odds: "a little citadel of light" as Auden wrote, "surrounded by a great darkness full of malignant forces". Its existence was maintained, he felt, only by the constant vigilance and self-sacrifice of its defenders, who must remain united, and obedient to their own laws. Yet he himself belonged to no pack, and did not feel himself to be a true native of any one country. He never even had a real base. His genius had flowered in India, and he wrote that he loved that country—but he never visited it after he was twenty-six years old. He was very happy living for a time in Vermont, which he had to leave in painful circumstances, and he never returned. He loved England, but described it as his favourite foreign country.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL RAPPORT WITH CHILDREN

I too, while working on the proofs of my husband's book, became fascinated by this subtle and contradictory character. But my personal interest in his work is a simple and less critical one, which began in childhood and which could be duplicated again and again, among generations of children who have read and loved his stories. I cannot remember a time when the sonorous phrases of the *Just So Stories* and *The Jungle Books* were not a part of my life—just as they later became a part of the lives of my children and now, I am happy to say, of my grandchildren. This is a most sympathetic aspect of Kipling's genius—his instinctive *rapport* with children. Even in old age he felt immediate sympathy and understanding for *all* children, and appeared in many ways to prefer their company to that of their elders.

As a young man in India, he published a number of rather sentimental stories about children—*"Wee Willie Winkie", "His Majesty The King", "The Drums of the Fore and Aft",* in which the children lisped in baby-talk. This kind of writing is unusual for a man in his early twenties, and particularly for a hard-headed young journalist. These stories were all written *about* children, for grown-ups to read. Later, when he came to write stories *for* children, he never made the mistake of lapsing into sentimentality. *The Jungle Books* are completely unsentimental. It is made quite clear that, in the jungle, if you are weak you are killed.

The *Just So Stories* fascinate children, even those too young to understand their meaning, by their strong rhythm and the sound of the words. *Puck of Pook's Hill* has wakened an interest in history, and in linking particular places with the people who have lived there in times past, for many of us. But perhaps *The Jungle Books* are

Kipling's greatest feat of imagination, and they broke entirely new ground. Victorian children's books were usually fairy stories, or tales of family life, which were severely moral, and most of them very sentimental. *The Jungle Books* were a completely new departure. They are tough and realistic. There is no question of the animals portrayed being even slightly domesticated. They are really *wild*—and some of them, such as Bagheera the black panther, are both fascinating and frightening. The beautiful descriptive writing is not lost on children. The vivid picture of Shere Khan's great head, thrust into the cave where Mowgli was sheltered by the She-Wolf, and the description of the scene when he is shown to the Wolf Pack and Akela calls to them to recognise him as one of themselves, "Look well, O Wolves", must have been part of an enormous number of children's memories in the last seventy or eighty years. It is difficult to imagine children growing up without them, and because such a magical work of imagination doesn't date, I feel that they will always love them.

It is extraordinary how quickly these stories made their impact. It is shown in a book by the well-known writer of children's stories E. Nesbit, *The Would-Be-Goods.* It was written only seven years after publication of the first *Jungle Book,* yet the Bastable children are shown as contemptuous of visitors of their own age, because they were not familiar with the story of Mowgli and the animals of the jungle. Another immediate and lasting effect of *The Jungle Books* was the creation by Baden-Powell of the Wolf Cubs, the junior branch of the Boy Scouts, whose organisation was based entirely on the Wolf Pack in *The Jungle Books.*

One side of Kipling, with his instinctive feeling for what appeals to children, never grew up. He enjoyed gangs and passwords, and while most people forget their schooldays, to him the adventures of Stalky were as funny as ever when he was a grown man. I have a letter in my possession which he wrote to a schoolgirl, years later, when he was living at Bateman's. She had organised a gang which was named The Prowl, and the names of the members were taken from *The Jungle Books,* she herself being called Mowgli the Frog. They wrote "to the author of *The Jungle Books",* saying that they "were trying to be some of the wolves in the Mowgli stories", and wanted to know if he could tell them the names of the three wolves who, with Grey Brother, made up the Four who were Mowgli's lair-brothers. "Hoping that this would not bother him too much", the girls signed it as "members of the Seeonee Wolf Pack". Kipling answered with detailed information about the three lair-brothers, their names as used in the pack, and their lair-names by which their mother knew them, ending his letter with the cry, "Good hunting!"

This shows one of the most attractive sides of Kipling—his prompt response to children's imaginative play. Can one think of any other great writer who would have taken the trouble to send such a detailed reply in his own handwriting? And what pleasure it must have given to the girls—who felt that they were now the guardians of knowledge that no other reader of Kipling's work possessed.

SENSITIVITY AND LOSS

It has always seemed to me particularly tragic that Kipling, of all people, with his intense love and feeling for children, should have lost his own two older children when they were so young. His elder daughter Josephine must have been an extremely attractive child—and from the photographs, with her fair hair and wide blue eyes, she seems an extraordinary child for Kipling and his wife to have had. As we all know, Kipling never really recovered from her death, at the age of six, and could never bear her name to be mentioned. To me the poem that he wrote about her, "Merrow Down", is one of the most moving that I have ever read. His only son was killed in the first War when he was just eighteen. Kipling suffered the prolonged agony of never knowing the details of his death, and was haunted by lingering hopes that he might have been taken prisoner. A hundred years earlier, John Keats wrote of the extra sensitivity which is necessary to make a great poet, and how this quality also makes him more vulnerable to suffering. I always remember this when I think of Kipling and the two much-loved children whom he lost.

I suppose most people would agree that Kipling was the greatest English writer on India. His name will surely last as a great writer of short stories; as a poet, a skilled master of rhythm and rhyme; and as a poet-prophet—"the Bard that past, present and future sees". But not least, I like to think, he will be remembered by *children,* of many nationalities, for the new world of the imagination which his genius opened up to them. And I have a feeling that this is the memorial, of all others, which he would have preferred.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: I have spoken to Lady Birkenhead about the Kipling letter to which she refers, and asked if we might be told more about its contents. Lady Birkenhead replied that she hoped she might be able to make it available to us for future publication.]

Present at the Luncheon were:- Mr & Mrs D. M. Alexander, Mr S. W. Alexander, Mr & Mrs R. J. Allsopp, Miss A. M. D. Ashley, Lt.-Col. & Mrs A. E. Bagwell Purefoy, Lord & Lady Blake, Mr & Mrs B. J. Bolt, Mr & Mrs C. E. Carrington, Brigadier J. L. Chapple, Mrs R. I. Charlish; Sir Ian Critchett, Bt; Mrs M. L. Deane, Mr D. B. d'Eath; Pamela, Lady Egremont; Lord Ferrier, Dr & Mrs F. M. Hall, Mr M. I. Horniman, Mr & Mrs T. Hoy, Mr J. M. Huntington-Whiteley, Mr M. C. Jones, Mrs A. M. Kilburn, Mrs T. H. Kipling, Miss C. Kipling, Mr M. W. R. Lamb, Lt.-Col. & Mrs L. H. Landon, Mr & Mrs R. E. Landon, Mrs L. Lewis, Mrs L. A. F. Lewis, Mr J. H. McGivering, Miss J. L. McKenzie, Mr L. Mallet, Mr M. J. Moynihan, Miss P. Moon, Mrs G. H. Newsom, Mr R. O'Hagan, Mr C. Roberts, Mr J. Shannon, Mr. J. Shearman, The Revd. and Mrs G. H. McN. Shelford, Brigadier & Mrs F. E. Stafford, Mr J. Taylor, Mrs D. Taylor, Mr & Mrs S. Wade, Mr P. Walker, Mr & Mrs M. J. Watts, Mr & Mrs G. H. Webb, Miss H. M. Webb, Mr J. P. Williams.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: We were sorry that Dr J. M. S. Tompkins, though due to attend, was prevented by illness. Dr Tompkins, author of *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* and a Vice-President of the Society, hardly needs introduction, and members will be interested to learn that I was in touch with her in February. Though she is still troubled by ill health, and can hold out no early prospect of visiting London or attending our functions, it is good news that she has continued to make progress with the MS, now approaching completion, of a projected book on the poetry of William Morris. The Society's good wishes go to her.]

THE PROPHET AND THE COUNTRY' THE NASTIEST STORY?

by LISA A. F. LEWIS

At a Discussion Meeting on 12 September 1979, with J. H. McGivering in the chair, Mrs Lewis spoke on "The Prophet and the Country" (in *Debits and Credits*, 1926; published originally in *Hearst's International* and *Nash's Magazine*, 1924, with illustrations by David Robinson). Though exigencies of space preclude record of the discussion which followed, and her talk has had to be slightly shortened here, making it more laconic than it was, her perceptive and stimulating analysis of this enigmatic story, including her questions she leaves unanswered, deserves preservation.

[Mrs Lewis was born in Belfast, was educated at Benenden, married into the R.A.F., and lives in London. Firmly disclaiming academic pretensions, she concedes a "secret vice", addiction to Kipling. Introduced to his works at three, she never looked back. For years at school she read every Kipling in the library every term—a grounding, we might add, which left her notably unobsessive. A member of the Society's Council.]

No doubt you will wish to challenge me right away: you will say there are nastier stories—"The Tie", "'Swept and Garnished'", "The Mark of the Beast".[1] I would reply that "The Prophet and the Country" is nasty in another dimension: it is no juvenile effort, nor mere caricature: Kipling has aimed high, and failed by a unit. He starts with a sneer, continues with petulance, and depicts a bore. The atmosphere is black, the characters are distasteful. They have not the excuse (as in "Mary Postgate")[2] of War. These are comfortable middle-class folks in safe suburban America. Their hell is all their own work. And it is the way in which they have reacted on each other to their doom that makes it so nasty.

In a letter to the *Kipling Journal* in April 1954 it was suggested that this was Kipling's "worst story".[3] To me, it is unpleasant rather than bad. Hugh Brogan[4] says it is "affectionate" and "full of poise and kindly humour": both he and the caption-writer of *Nash's Magazine* consider it unique among Kipling's work. The tale is flawed for at least two reasons, but it is one of the great ones, subtly constructed as a Swiss watch. The first flaw is that its nastiness prevents people from reading it carefully. One skips to get to old favourites beyond, and the deeper elements never get through. The second flaw I shall come to later.

Dr Tompkins[5] says these stories "hook into each other in all directions; if one is lifted up for inspection, several others come up attached". The collection in which this story appears contains a number of such cross-references. *Debits and Credits* implies a balancing of accounts—Grace Ashcroft drawing spiritual profit from unpromising circumstances, while Tarworth and his folk, highminded and richly endowed, return a loss.

I first read this collection as a homesick schoolgirl in my first term at boarding-school, my first experience of England. To one born in Ireland, England is at first sight both familiar and strange. Kipling's works appeared as a piece of home, and at the same time as a sort of guide to the strangeness. Some were familiar, some new, and I read my way through them. Between the ages of thirteen and eighteen I read *Debits and Credits* at least once a term. Dr Tompkins said: "It is through repeated readings that the difficult tales explain themselves, until they lie under the mental vision like a map".[6] If I have any claim to speak on the subject, this must be it. It is very much an amateur view but I can at least be controversial, so I am going to throw in all sorts of thoughts, and hope you may say, "That's not as stupid as it sounds". Ten years ago, after reading several works of Kipling criticism, I went back to the stories with renewed interest and understanding. I tried to apply some of the techniques I had been taught. What follows has been many years

brewing. The Librarian of Sussex University allowed me to read the magazine version, 350 words longer: some of the cut material is of great interest.

MOTION PICTURES, WOMEN, HATRED AND DRINK

There are a number of themes in this story. On the surface, it is "the one about" Prohibition, critical both of Prohibition and of American women—a far cry from eulogies in *American Notes.*[1] It is also much concerned with motion pictures. Underneath appear themes of religion and madness, death and funerals; and a portrait of a failed artist, an exile, a "man without a country". Between the lines emerges dimly a portrait of Tarworth's unhappy home life, the hell I referred to; and of feminine cruelty. It is curiously modern. There is an anti-hero. There is no single person, not even the "I" figure, with whom we identify. It is possible to read it from different angles, apportioning blame according to mood.

The frame of the story is constructed in a series of moving pictures, including some wonderful descriptions of nature. There are the brick cities all alike, the market town with cattle, the policeman, his helper with the enormous tongue, and the "large-featured land where the Great North Road ran, bordered by wide way-wastes, between clumps of old timber". Night falls. Notice the lighting. "A rounded pile of woods ahead took one sudden star to its forehead and faded out; the way-waste melted into the darker velvet of the hedge; another star reflected itself in the glassy black of the bitumened road; and a weak moon struggled up out of a mist-patch from a valley". I suggest that in the frame of this story Kipling is trying to make pictures. (He is said to have been involved in a real film script in 1923.) I was interested to find, after I had developed this theory, that Dr Gilbert[8] considers Kipling is making pictures in "Mrs. Bathurst" (pre-War newsreels). I submit that in "Aunt Ellen"[9] he is in the world of the golden comics.

"I diagnosed it as a baker's van on a Ford chassis, lit with unusual extravagance." There follows a short transitional passage (one imagines a caption or two: *"What might the trouble be?" "My car's broken down.").* Then the pace changes. We get inside the caravan, an enclosed artificial world, and the dialogue begins. This cannot be a film of the date in question; it is simply a couple of what we would now call "talking heads", a necessary part of the construction. Later we are shown a series of still photographs, thrown up in strong contrast to an inner frame of their own. The movements in this part (almost stage directions) are highly significant.

Probably the most memorable part of the story is the first photograph of "my wife's best friend"—"I saw the trained sweetness and unction in the otherwise hardish, ignorant eyes; the slightly open, slightly flaccid mouth; the immense unconscious arrogance, the immovable certitude of mind, and the other warning signs in the poise of the broad-cheeked head." It is as alive and horrible as anything Kipling wrote—all the petty feminine tyrants that ever there were.

Yet the other woman is almost more important—Mrs Tarworth, so ruthlessly edited out of the book text that she has only a disease, a funeral and a friend; Tarworth also mentions that he discussed Prohibition with her a week before she died. More details appear in the magazine version: she was highly-strung, disliked natural flowers, was a cinema addict (found movies calming to her nerves), and died suddenly but uplifted to the end. (I suspect the reason for this wholesale cutting was that Kipling was afraid, in showing an unsympathetic American wife, that people would equate her with his own: if you attempt to discuss the "bad marriage" theme in this tale with anyone, I find they immediately equate poor Carrie either with Mrs Tarworth or the appalling friend. This is the second flaw of which I spoke: it must have been the last thing Kipling intended.) We really don't know how unpleasant the wife was, except by examining her husband's attitude. We are told she died of duodenal ulcer: is it possible she died of alcoholism? (The only evidence, apart from Tarworth's obsession, is that he says he discussed Prohibition with her. She may have died suddenly after drinking some unspeakable bathtub potion.) Was the other woman not just a neighbour, but a nurse-companion? There is something creepy about that friendship. "Trained unction" does sound like a nurse: Kipling had spent five miserable weeks in a London nursing-home in 1922: later he had an operation at the Middlesex.

Though bitterly anti-Prohibition (which he blames on American women) Tarworth doesn't keep drink in his caravan: at any rate he doesn't offer any. There may have been an alcoholic in his background—perhaps his father?—and his mother reacted by being over-repressive. The roots of his hatred of women go a long way back: "I know the type—'born and bred with it". We can deduce, from his attitude to his countrywomen, his release after his wife's death, and his treatment of the "friend", that between them they kept him in subjection.

These stories in *Debits and Credits* were written when Kipling's only remaining child was getting engaged and married. Do some of them contain things he would have liked to say to her but couldn't, since "each of the Seven Ages of Man is separated from all the

others by sound-and-X-ray-proof bulkheads"? "Enemies to Each Other" contains a good deal of what appears to be marriage guidance. "The Wish House" and "A Madonna of the Trenches" show devoted love outside marriage—the former outside the whole world of convention. Was Kipling trying to show that in a strongly religious atmosphere (the Tarworths are Fundamentalists) it is possible to find extreme wickedness and hate? In the "Horace" ode, "The Portent", which precedes the story, he is saying pride and presumption can be more fatal than what the world calls immorality. In "The United Idolaters" the riots and revels of the boys are much more innocent that the repressive virtue of the housemaster. If you try to be too virtuous through legislation you let loose "public strife and naked crime". Kipling himself had experience of female bullying as a boy: had some nurse reminded him of "Aunty Rosa"?

MADNESS, CRUELTY AND FAILURE

Let us look at the case against Tarworth. He really is not very charming. For one thing, he is demonstrably mad. Asked how he arrives at conclusions, he says "It came to me"—not the voice of sanity. Nor is it healthy to hate half the human race. We do not know how he treated his wife, and what provocation the women had. The first mention of his private life is: "Before my wife died . . .". He immediately makes a joke. "There was a sawing noise behind the face . . . Evidently he was laughing."

He first "realised himself on the way back from the funeral; within ten days, having sold everything and left home, he was "the freest—the happiest—man in the United States". (At this point he shuts the door.) He treats the friend in an unnecessarily cruel way, leading her to suppose he is going to marry her, and then: "It was cruelty beyond justification to have pinned down any living creature in such agony of shame, anger and impotence ... a well-favoured woman, her torment new-launched on her as she stood gripping the back of a stamped-velvet chair". He produces this effect and promptly photographs her for his collection, nor does he see anything wrong with this. Kipling is shocked and means us to be. At one point Tarworth asks: "'Is there anythin' about *me* strikes *you* in any way as deviatin' from sanity?' 'Not in the least,' I replied quickly".

Not only in human relations is he a failure. He has failed, in spite of his obsession, to get his film produced. All he has to show is a card index drawer of photographs and a story line that no one will

touch. As Kipling said elsewhere, "Unless men please they are not heard at all".

In the details of how he was driven out we see the pressure of the community on the individual. Two deleted phrases from the opening paragraphs refer to the "primitive" instinct to herd people and stick labels on them. As Dr Gilbert says,[10] in "The Gardener" we see Helen Turrell living with this pressure: Tarworth, more independent and more deeply wounded, has shed his label (changed his name) and run—a scapegoat, "The Man Without a Country". This refers to a story[11] about an American Army officer in 1817, encouraged by a politician to criticise his country, then court-martialled for disloyalty. He said, when found guilty, "Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!" He was sentenced to have this wish come true, and spent the rest of his life on U.S. naval vessels, passed on to another ship whenever they were due to return home; the crew were forbidden to speak of the U.S. in his presence; his reading matter was censored. He fought for his country on several occasions but could not obtain pardon.

The Red Indian *"Rum-in-the-Cup"* ("Degraded Male" as against "Woman Triumphant") stands for the old community Tarworth's people have destroyed: he is an Episcopalian. The Texarkhana lady who made the film about American cruelty to Indians takes the middle ground; a Congregationalist. The fourth photograph, of tourists in Yellowstone Park looking "unutterably mean", stands for the revenge of the Indians, and of Tarworth, on modern America which drove them out. His moments of greatest emotion (his face works and he hits his knee, he stands up and mops his brow) refer to his country's humiliation: he still loves America, and refuses to consider producing his film abroad.

Tarworth's movements in the caravan have significance. It is tempting to the post-Freud generation to draw conclusions from that unlit cigar, where he is expounding his Great Idea, showing his first three stills, his *"leet-motif"*. I know this is risky with Kipling's generation, but in "The United Idolaters" he used smoking to symbolise other vices. This cigar being unlit (and when lit, going out) would symbolise failure. Kipling refers to a visit he once made to Omaha, Tarworth's home town; and a funeral furnisher there. In *American Notes* he asks, would you be buried "as much of a dead fraud as ever you were a living lie—to go into the darkness, one half of you shaved, trimmed and dressed for an evening party, while the other half—the half that your friends cannot see—is enwrapped in a flapping black sheet?" How hollow is Tarworth? Was he a failure as a husband? Professor Bodelsen[12] bids us look for the "key word". Why does Tarworth keep saying *"virgin"*?

KIPLING AND "*I*"

Let us change angle once again. The other main character is "I"—usually Kipling. He starts with a sneer at the Midlands, is offered assistance, describes his rescuer with derision, lies to him about knowledge of the United States, draws confidences out of him, and lays him out dissected before us, with his pompous vocabulary and flat accent. (It has been related that Kipling *was* inclined to draw people out, then treat them with less than consideration.) Bodelsen suggests[13] the failure in the tale is Kipling's own: he is in search of his old Daemon of Mirth and fails to find it. But if Brogan is right, and the tale is funny, the Daemon is present. *Hearst's International* heralded it as "good-humoured satire". Bodelsen also notes a minor flaw: Kipling speaks of "we", in the breakdown, but there is no sign of who "we" is: was there a chauffeur, who was cut?

Kipling shows a peevish anti-Americanism, especially in the section of "Gow's Watch" which follows. (In 1922 he had been involved in an Anglo-American row following the unauthorised publication of some rash words to an American lady journalist concerning their tardy entry into the War, and post-War policies.) "These loud pagans are doubly fatherless", he says. Some of "P's comments, if you play Tarworth for sympathy, seem uncalled-for—why shouldn't the poor man wear dentures? Yet how we see the portrait develop in these waspish asides.

Relating the frame to the main story, bearing in mind Kipling's sufferings at the hands of a Low Church woman in England, I wonder if we are meant to extend the parable to the Midlands—reference to whose primitive instincts was cut out? Presumption and pride are as sinful in England as anywhere else. When Tarworth describes the "Levelled Bay'nets of Europe" exploiting the American people in their desperate desire for liquor: "'Why lay all the responsibility on Europe?' I broke in. 'Surely some progressive American Liquor Trust would have been in the game from the first?' 'Sure! But the Appeal is National, and there are some things, sir, that the American People will *not* stand for.'" If you stand this on its head, Kipling could be saying he has set his parable in America because the English would be so offended if he set it here that, "for our pains—we are not heard at all".

The story leaves many queries. How is Tarworth studying "Comparative Ethnology"? What does he *do*? He is going on tours of Britain: to compare cultures for another documentary? He has also toured the U.S., and visited France. He tows Kipling's car "kindly and efficiently" into Doncaster: where has he come from? (Northbound, says the magazine version.) Is Kipling making fun of

contemporary psychology? (In his Rectorial Address at St Andrews he said sarcastically, "we of course know the psychology of all the ages".[14]) And what is the significance of the three Protestant sects?

The dawn comes: they leave the caravan: again we have descriptions of changing light. A hearse passes and Tarworth remarks: "There's somethin' very soothin' in the Concept of Death after all!" Dr Gilbert,[15] writing about the next story, "The Bull that Thought", shows how Kipling connects Art with Death. May Tarworth make it after all? (The pall has slipped a little, on the passing hearse.) "Mr Tarworth laid his hand on my shoulder", in command, kind, efficient. (Is he a western Purun Bhagat? Will he found a movement and become a real prophet? Does he seek immortality, or oblivion?) We come to the last sentence, back once more with the car. The moral seems to be that in art or life you need a "make-and-break"—goodwill and desire to make the thing work, "lack of which immobilises any car"—or as Tarworth puts it, "National Spirit . . . Homogeneous and in Ethical Contact throughout—Unconscious but Vitally Existent".

I hope I have been able to stimulate or irritate you into re-reading this repellent but fascinating story. I feel it—with others in this book—goes some way to refute the contention of Angus Wilson and others that Kipling never looked deep into himself.

NOTES

1. Respectively *Limits and Renewals, A Diversity of Creatures, Life's Handicap.*
2. *A Diversity of Creatures.*
3. Disagreeing, the writer of a second letter (Dec. 1954) wondered if the writer of the first had ever been to U.S.A.
4. *Journal of American Studies* 1973 (7, 1) p. 32.
5. *The Art of Rudyard Kipling,* J. M. S. Tompkins (Methuen, 1959) p. 167.
6. Tompkins, *ibid.* p. xiii.
7. Pirated American version (1891) of letters later edited as *From Sea to Sea.*
8. *The Good Kipling,* Elliot L. Gilbert (Manchester U.P., 1972) p. 97.
9. Respectively *Traffics and Discoveries, Limits and Renewals.*
10. Gilbert, *ibid.* p. 83.
11. *The Man Without a Country,* Edward Everett Hale (Boston, 1912).
12. *Aspects of Kipling's Art, C. A.* Bodelsen (Manchester U.P., 1964) p. 105n.
13. Bodelsen, *ibid.* p. 35.
14. *"Independence"* (1923), reprinted in *A Book of Words.*
15. Gilbert, *ibid.* pp. 175-84.

BOOK REVIEWS

CHRONICLES OF THE RAJ: a Study of Literary Reaction to the Imperial Idea towards the end of the Raj. (By Shamsul Islam, Macmillan 1979, £10)

I

Nostalgia, not commonly thought a profitable emotion, has recently become profitable to press, radio and television. The calendar itself has been endowed with historical awareness, and our recent past divided into Decades, encouraging Sixties to be nostalgic for Fifties, and Seventies for Sixties. This feeling for width rather than quality will bring us any day now to nostalgia for the Seventies. In such a climate it is no wonder the Raj has come in for its full share of sentimental appraisal.

Chronicles of the Raj, by the author of that perceptively unruffled contribution to Kipling studies *Kipling's Law,* is a reminder in equally moderate terms of how the British occupation of India was still being mythologised while "the Imperial idea was in decline", from 1914 to 1947. Helped perhaps by his nationality, Shamsul Islam does not indulge in sentimentality about the Raj, but attempts to isolate it as an idea in Western minds, as an historical phenomenon. For evidence he goes not to the vast library on modern Indian affairs but, refreshingly, to writers of imaginative fiction, E. M. Forster, E. J. Thompson, George Orwell and John Masters—all (except perhaps Thompson) well known authors who can be assumed to be saying something their audiences were willing to hear. The seminal ideas of Kipling, by no means a major literary influence during the years under review, are played as *leitmotiv* throughout the book.

Considering the disparity of the authors' sympathies, the picture that emerges is remarkably coherent. First, the East is Mysterious, full of Dark Forces, an object of superstitious awe. Second, there is the obsession (not the same as prejudice) about colour and race, taking it for granted that these are deep and powerful divisions between peoples, perhaps the deepest and most powerful. The third theme is less expected—the unmitigated awfulness of the average Briton in the East. Words are guarded for Indians, but are downright contemptuous for fellow-Britons—their insularity, clubs, memsahibs, upstart minds. Shamsul Islam quotes Forster, "Never in history did ill-breeding contribute so much towards the

dissolution of an Empire". There is in that statement the whiff of a thought that if the British had been better bred the Empire need not have dissolved. And this oddly reflects a consensus among the authors studied: widely apart as they were in other attitudes, none could but flinch in the face of Indian independence. Some went to the brink, none would take the plunge.

This book diagnoses an assumption widely accepted during those years between the wars, that the British Raj was *in essence* different from the imperialisms of other western nations. Maybe the idea is still alive—it seems to shape much of the nostalgia currently in the media.

Shamsul Islam's analysis would not have been so telling if it had been less detached, though sometimes his writing has the bleak air of a doctoral thesis, with notes often livelier than text. To have incorporated the notes in the text might have made the book an easier and more popular read, at twice the length—and half the price?

November 1979 JOHN ROWDON

II

This is an immensely readable book, which shows once again (if proof were needed) how well Dr Shamsul Islam knows and loves Kipling.

He has set out to study British writings on India during the period 1914-47 when the Raj was in decline, using Kipling as a point of reference. To do this, he looks at Forster, Thompson, Orwell and Masters. He sees Forster's view of India as much closer to Kipling's than is generally admitted, but bleaker. Thompson he has chosen because, though a minor figure, he had influence in the thirties and shows some typical British attitudes of the time. Islam on Orwell on Kipling is a joy. He points out that Orwell was quite orthodox as a policeman in Burma, and developed his liberal attitudes afterwards, in reaction to his experiences. Masters is more than "a mere narrator of exciting stories", but in spite of a deep love of India lacks "the artistic or philosophic depth of Kipling" and has less excuse, at his late date, for imperialist attitudes. Dr Islam concludes, "The journey from Forster to Masters brings us back to the old master—Rudyard Kipling". It would be interesting to know what he makes of Paul Scott.

The introduction includes some penetrating remarks about Kipling, and the book is well worth members' attention.

November 1979 LISA LEWIS

THE KIPLING ABC. (By John Lockwood Kipling, Macmillan 1979, £4.95)

This charming and lively illustrated Alphabet was made by Lockwood for his grandson John Kipling. In addition to a portrait sketch of Lockwood and his granddaughter Elsie at work together on an illustration, it contains a self-portrait of Lockwood as "an Artist who painted an Ass", and other delights.

The work was amongst the papers left by Mrs Bambridge to the National Trust, which now form the nucleus of the Kipling Archive at the Library of the University of Sussex. Royalties from *The Kipling ABC* go to the National Trust. Macmillan London Limited have kindly given a copy of the book to the Society's Library.

December 1979 JOHN SHEARMAN

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE *KIPLING JOURNAL*

We are glad to receive *Articles* for publication, from members of the Society and others. (They should be accompanied by enough about the writer to enable the Editor to compose a brief biographical note for inclusion in the *Journal.)* Since Kipling touched the world at many points our terms of reference are broad. However, not to discourage the flow of material on which we depend, enlarging the *Journal* scarcely reduces the need for brevity. A short piece can sometimes be placed when a longer would have been deferred.

Letters to the Editor are welcome, but should also be brief: the right to shorten them is reserved. *Book Reviews,* usually written by invitation, may also be volunteered. Of three in this issue, two have less than 225 words. (This guideline may help contributors: they should also think of 2000 words as 5 pages.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GANESH AND THE SWASTIKA

From Mr J. Shearman, Garden Flat, 29 Buckland Crescent, London NW3

Dear Sir,

In 1959 I attended a course of lectures given (in English) by Professor Sayid Hussein Nasr at the University of Tehran. His subject was 'Religions of the Middle East'. In his first lecture he touched on the Swastika, a symbol derived from the World Tree. In early Hindu texts the Swastika is a wheel with four spokes, to the ends of which burning torches are attached. When the wheel is rotated in a clockwise sense, in accord with the clockwise movement

of the cosmos, the flames stream out so as to form the *Good Swastika.*[1] If the wheel is rotated in an anti-clockwise sense, against the universal movement, the flames stream out so as to form the *Bad Swastika.*[2]

Hitler chose the hooked cross—*hakenkreuz,*[3] red on white on black—as the symbol of the Nazi Party. Need I say, he chose the *Bad Swastika.*

Lockwood Kipling, in *Beast and Man in India,* refers to "the *svastika,* the cross fylfot of our Western heraldry and the hermetic cross of Freemasonry, traceable from Troy town to China", and describes it as the mystic sign of Ganésh, the elephant god who is invoked at the beginning of all enterprises. Lockwood sketches the *Good Swastika.*

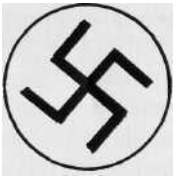
Rudyard Kipling, in a letter to his friend Edward Bok, wrote "I believe there are two sorts of Swastikas . . . one is bad, the other is good, but which is which I know not for sure", *(The Americanization of Edward Bok,* New York, 1923). Kipling's publishers seem also not to have known the difference. Many volumes of the Uniform Edition had the *Bad Swastika* together with the Ganésh head[4] on the cover, and the *Good Swastika* together with a reproduction of Kipling's signature[5] on an introductory page.

Yours faithfully,

8 January 1980 JOHN SHEARMAN

(1)

(2)

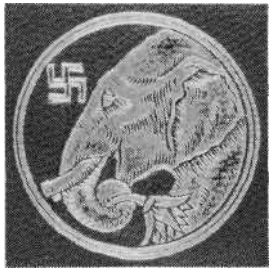


(3)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The quotation from *Beast and Man in India* is found in Chapter ix. "Of Elephants". There, Lockwood Kipling says the "auspicious image" of the "wise and humorous god" (Ganésa, Ganésha, Ganésh or Ganpati) is also placed "on the first page of Hindu ledgers and day-books". Perhaps this fact prompted Rudyard Kipling's adoption of the symbol on his books. There seem to be variants on the forms mentioned in the letter: one, from the Pocket Edition, is shown here.[6]

It would be interesting to know whether ignorance or perversity led the Nazis to select the *Bad Swastika.* Their rise to power of course appalled Kipling, and led to the omission of the Swastika in his later works and editions. *Souvenirs of France,* 1933, does not carry the emblem. The *Kipling Journal,* rather slower in its reactions, sported the Swastika till 1935.

It seems surprising that Lockwood's notable omniscience and his son's famous particularity about detail did not combine to distinguish good and bad versions, and get it right from the start.]



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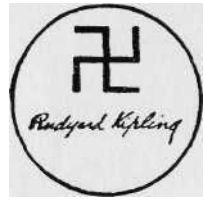

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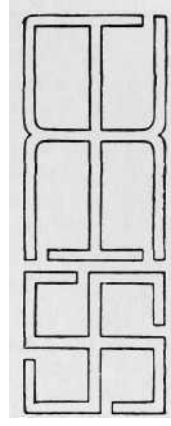

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KIPLING'S LETTERS

From Professor Thomas Pinney, Department of English, Pomona College, Claremont, CA 91711, U.S.A.

Dear Editor,

I am writing because I think that my work will be of interest to the Kipling Society and, even more, because I feel sure that the Kipling Society can be of essential help to me.

With the authorization of the National Trust, the holder of copyright in Kipling's writings, I have begun work on an edition of Kipling's letters. It is still too early to state distinctly what form this edition will finally take, but it will probably be a selection rather than a complete collection.

A selection depends upon a knowledge of the whole, however, and I am therefore eager to trace and to secure copies of all the extant letters so far as that task proves to be possible. I would like to appeal to the members of the Kipling Society for any information they may have that would assist me in this work, and I would be most grateful to you if you could publicise this request in the *Kipling Journal.*

Sincerely,

26 December 1979 THOMAS PINNEY

EDITORS NOTE: I wrote to Professor Pinney, hoping to elicit further information about himself and his project. In a reply in early February he has supplied this. He is Professor of English at Pomona College, with a special interest in 19th century English literature. He has just completed work on the monumental six-volume edition of the letters of Macaulay. He has also published an edition of George Eliot's essays. He is enthusiastic about the Kipling correspondence, since apart from the letters in Morton Cohen's *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard,* and a selection mainly in Carrington, most of it is unpublished.

He writes: "Kipling is an interesting and expressive writer of letters; not all good authors are. But Kipling put into his letters the same imagination that went into the stories and poems. I do not mean the mere letters of form and duty, of which there will be many, but those letters in which he opens up to his correspondent. A selection from the whole body of extant letters should reach a very high level indeed. The humble labor of an editor on Kipling's letters will thus have its reward in making a contribution to the canon of a great writer. I will spend my sabbatical year on leave in England, from June 1980 to June 1981, at work on the project, and I hope that I may be put in touch with interested students and collectors. I may be reached c/o Robin Wright, Managing Editor, The National Trust, 42 Queen Anne's Gate, London SWIH 9AS."

We wish Professor Pinney every success, and the Kipling Society, of which he is a member, will look forward to meeting him.

NEWBOLT AND KIPLING

From Mrs G. H. Newsom, The Old Vicarage, Bishop's Cannings, Devizes, Wiltshire

Dear Editor,

The other evening I met someone (Dr Stephen Pasmore, of South Cottage, Ham Gate Avenue, Richmond, Surrey) who possessed a letter written by Henry Newbolt, which discusses Kipling. I asked if he would mind if the letter were published in the *Journal.* He replied that of course he would not mind. He has given me a photocopy, which I enclose in case you might like to use it.

The letter is an amusing example of some professional jealousy. Poor Newbolt! But if Kipling had been deliberately copying Newbolt's style in ballad-making, he paid dearly for it, I think. I am interested to see that the work of the two writers was thought to be alike from the start. I know people who still confuse them, which suggests there may be many more who do so, without of course having carefully read and compared both authors. Their attitudes will be seen to be different, as Newbolt himself points out. In the confusion, Kipling is wrongly judged as upholding Newbolt's 'idealistic' schoolboy standards, now laughed at indulgently.

Newbolt's evidence of public reaction in 1898 to "Recessional" and Kipling's soldier and patriotic verse, and his reference to the ignorance of some readers—still the writer's hazard!—is interesting too.

Yours sincerely,

23 January 1980 MARGARET NEWSOM

25.ii.98

23, Earl's Terrace,
Kensington, W.

Dear Mr. Lane

Here is the ballad: I think you will agree that it is "Newbolt, not Kipling". I was in a hurry, or I should have stopped to ask what was behind that remark of yours. Has anyone been making suggestions? I see the Times of India has. If this sort of thing goes on, I shall get very tired of it. I am two or three years older than Kipling: I knew these sea stories before he could read: I began to write years before he published: my subject is the past, his the present: my treatment is idealistic, his realistic: and I am told by Bridges, Lang, Miss Coleridge and a dozen other judges that there is "absolutely no resemblance" between us. Arthur Symons cuts me up, but I would take his verdict on the *manner* of my verse as compared with R.K's. As to the *matter,* as I say, I wrote patriotic verse and fighting verse, and ballad verse, before anyone in Europe ever heard of Kipling. Take the "Menelaus" for instance: my grandfather steered her into San Stefano: I never heard that his name was Kipling. These donkeys who think that Tennyson invented the Arthurian legends and Keats made the Greek mythology, of course can't believe that Kipling didn't create England and English patriotism and the Navy and the Native and all the rest. I understand that no one else [may *deleted]* since the "Recessional" may write a hymn or mention God. It seems that Kipling made Him too and took out a patent.

I am so smothered with publishers *[sic]* offers that I have had to put myself in Watt's hands. Of course this has nothing to do with my agreement with you: it is chiefly prose they want and I am fully occupied till near Xmas. But he is to distribute my occasional verse from and after the [one *deleted]* ballad I now send you. There will not be many pieces but I have neither time nor inclination to send them about myself. I have asked him to see if you want any of them for America.

Yours truly,
Henry Newbolt.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This sad letter stirs more ghosts than can be fully discussed here, but many will be familiar to readers. Newbolt had great popularity in his day: his themes are unfashionable but some of his verse should survive. The ballad he is sending his publisher John Lane would be among those collected in *The Island Race* (1898), an expansion of the previous year's collection *Admirals All.* The San Stefano allusion is to a ballad of that name, celebrating a daring night attack by Sir Peter Parker in "Menelaus", in the Napoleonic War:

"When the summer moon was setting, into Orbetello Bay
Came the *Menelaus* gliding like a ghost . . ."

A. P. Watt was Kipling's agent as well as Newbolt's. The other literary names, Robert Bridges (Poet Laureate), Arthur Symons (most lasting of the Aesthetic school), Mary Elizabeth Coleridge of that ilk, even Andrew Lang, all writers of note, are somewhat faded now.

The letter touches a subject on which truly satisfying critical assessment is still awaited, yet may not be feasible while the echo lasts of our once-Imperial seas. This subject is the contemporary merit, and subsequent durability, of late nineteenth century English patriotic verse—Kipling being its most powerful, original and disconcerting voice, Newbolt among its most orthodox. Later critical judgment has been hard on Newbolt. Batho and Dobree *(The Victorians and After,* Cresset, 1938 rev. 1962) immediately after calling Kipling "a master-craftsman, with seventeenth-century affinities, and great boldness of metrical invention and adaptation ... a real poet whom only the foolish or the prejudiced will ignore", assert that Newbolt, "with an irritating monotony of subject, scarcely disguised by a variety of metres, and a great appearance of nobility, celebrated the worst side of imperialism".

Their youthfulness in early 1898 should be remembered. Newbolt was 35, Kipling—at his high noon of world acclaim—just 32. Newbolt's petulance (and special pleading with selected criteria—"began to write", "he published", "anyone in Europe"—though his own first publication was in 1892) probably reflect that bitterest awareness in an artist, of inferiority. To be thought to plagiarise the genius under whose shadow he was writing (and who had undeniably moulded the public taste that helped Newbolt to sell) would be galling.

The offending *Times of India* article might be interesting. In England, at least some of the press comment on *Admirals All* had given Newbolt his due as an independent practitioner. "Mr Newbolt's style . . . has not the volume and impetus of Mr Kipling's, but it is simpler and more concise, and has more of true lyric."—*(Daily Chronicle).* "In assuming topics and methods . .. identified so closely with Mr Kipling, he nevertheless succeeds in striking an entirely original note."—*(Literature)]*

KIPLING, DICKENS AND DISEASE

From Miss D. M. Webb, New Hall, Cambridge

Dear Sir,

Recently I was given reassurance that by no means all Medical Students, or their teachers, are Philistines. On two occasions we students were referred to literary characters for demonstrations of the symptoms of neurological conditions.

During his lecture on Electrophysiology of the Spinal Cord, the neurophysiologist Lord Adrian recommended Kipling's "'Love-o'-Women'" *[Many Inventions]* for an exact account of a man suffering from the late syphilitic condition of *tabes dorsalis* or *locomotor ataxia.* In subsequent conversation he added that an example of Kipling's power of observation, and ability to translate detailed facts picked up listening to doctors' talk, was the reference in "The Wish House" *[Debits and Credits]* to the edges of Mrs Ashcroft's leg ulcer being "all heaped up, like—same as a collar", which is the classic sign of malignant growth.

Later the same day our supervisor in Pharmacology told us that Dickens's portrayal of Mr Dick in *David Copperfield* is one of the few close and accurate descriptions of a schizophrenic in English literature. Furthermore, it was written nearly fifty years before Kraepelin, in 1896, described the mental disease for the first time, calling it *dementia praecox.* Had scientists paid more attention to this contemporary best-seller their researches might have been accelerated by half a century!

Yours faithfully,

5 February 1980 DIANA WEBB

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We have great pleasure in welcoming the following:

Mr N. C. Adamson *(Islamabad, Pakistan);* Mr R. V. Bailey *(Gloucestershire);* Mr R. Baxter *(Lancashire);* Mr T. S. B. Bennett *(Surrey);* Mrs K Beswick *(London);* Mr J. D. M. Blyth *(Suffolk);* Mrs U. Brown *(Lower Hutt, New Zealand);* Mrs B. V. Chatterton *(Leicestershire);* Mrs M. Chatterton *(Lincolnshire);* Miss J. M. Collins *(Surrey);* Mr J. B. Denson *(Kathmandu, Nepal);* Mr N. Entract *(Surrey);* Mr P. G. P. D. Fullerton *(Surrey);* Mr B. Garai *(Surrey);* The Revd. R. C. Gaunt *(Surrey);* Miss V. Harrison-Cripps *(London);* Lt.-Cmdr. J. L. Hornby *(Sussex);* Miss J. Isenberg *(Lancashire);* Mr A. S. H. Kemp *(Gloucestershire);* Mr M. W. R. Lamb *(Sussex);* Mr G. G. Lawrie *(Canberra, Australia);* Miss J. L. McKenzie *(London);* Miss S. L. McKenzie *(London);* The Revd. P. C. Magee *(Wiltshire);* Miss N. Olsen *(Surrey);* Sherpa Co-operative Trekking (P) Ltd *(Kathmandu, Nepal);* Miss B. Smith *(London);* Lady Spens *(Kent);* Mr J. R. Stephen *(Dorset);* Miss J. E. Stevenson *(London);* Mr J. A. Terry *(Surrey);* Miss H. Thomas *(Hertfordshire);* Mr G. C. Warner *(London);* Miss J. With *(London).*

STATISTICS

This exceptionally long list, numbering thirty-four, gives us a net gain of over thirty members since the last issue of the *Journal.* We hope that a future issue will contain figures of the scale and geographical distribution of the Society's membership. The number of currently paid-up members is being carefully studied now, and any statistics would at present be premature.

OBITUARY We announce with deep regret the death of Mr F. E. Winmill, a Vice-President of the Kipling Society, and extend our sympathy to his relatives.

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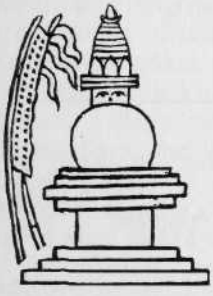

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