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KIPLING JOURNAL



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE KIPLING SOCIETY, LONDON

VOLUME 60

JUNE 1986

No 238



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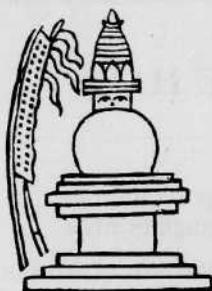
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[from Kipling's "The Master-Cook", after Chaucer]

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VARIOUS MEETINGS IN 1986

Wednesday 30 July at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at Brown's Hotel (Dover and Albemarle Streets, London W1) **Mr D. H. Simpson**, O.B.E., Librarian of the Royal Commonwealth Society, on *A Librarian looks at Kipling*.

Wednesday 10 September at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Naval and Military Club (the "In and Out", 94 Piccadilly, London W1) **Mrs Helen Mills** on *The Humour in Kipling*.

Tuesday 14 October at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Naval and Military Club, the **Annual General Meeting**.

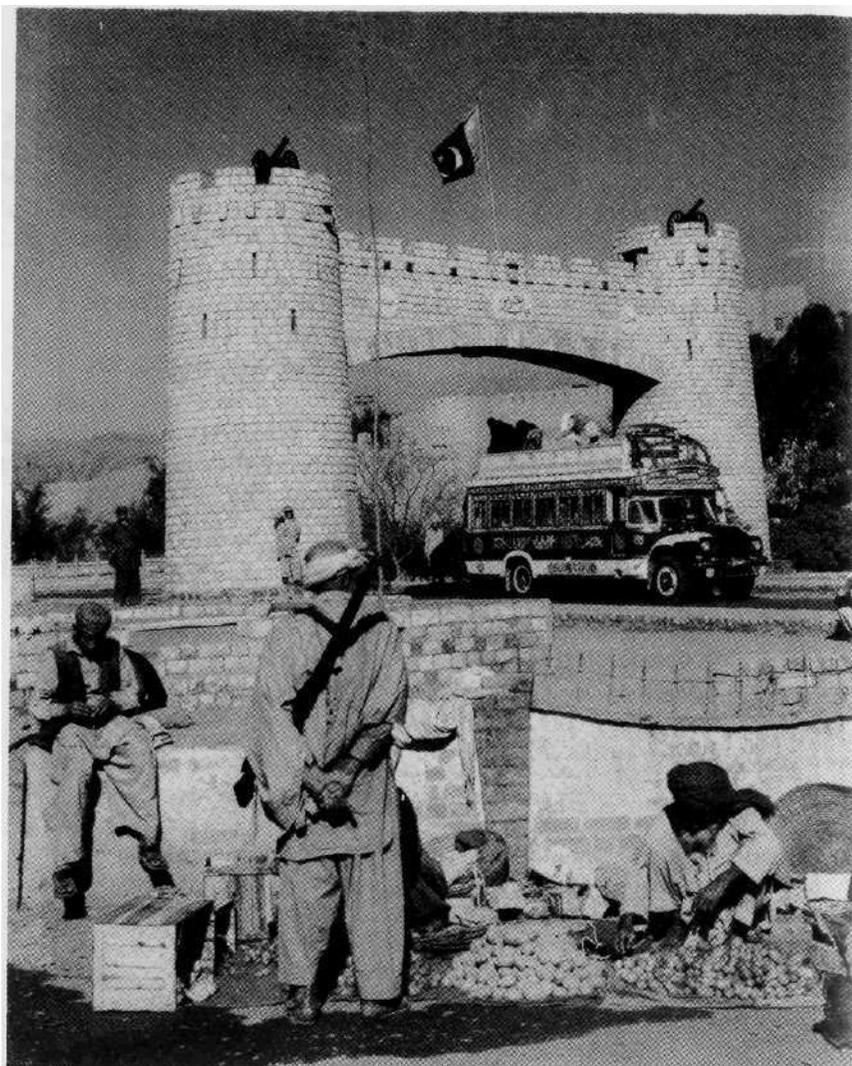
Wednesday 5 November at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at the Naval and Military Club, **Mr Peter Lewis**, O.B.E., M.A. F.I.Mech.Eng., on *Kipling on the Italian Front, 1917*.

*

Dates for engagements in **1987** are being worked out and will be listed in our next issue. Two which are firmly fixed, however, are (1) **7 April** (a lecture on *Kipling's Japan* by **Mr G. H. Webb**) and (2) **7 May** (the Society's **Annual Luncheon**).

*

I wish to thank all those Members who have so quickly amended their subscription arrangements and added Covenants. I hope that in future our reminder system will leave nothing to be desired.



THE JAMRUD GATE

Mr Douglas Dickins, F.R.P.S., several of whose striking pictures we have published, sends us this photograph that he took at the Jamrud Gate, Peshawar, Pakistan, which marks the entrance to the Khyber Pass. (Peshawar was in British days the capital of India's North-West Frontier Province, as constituted by Lord Curzon in 1901.) The Pathan tribesman with the Lee Enfield rifle is buying vegetables.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

published quarterly since 1927 by the Kipling Society
18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ
and sent free to all Members worldwide

Volume 60

JUNE 1986

Number 238

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EDITORIAL

The period of time for which I have edited the *Kipling Journal* has imparted by now, I suppose, a sort of rear-view perspective, perhaps worth conveying in outline through the medium of this editorial—which owing to the pressure of other material will be a briefer one than usual. Anyway I am prompted to it by a generous donation, mentioned below.

I was appointed Editor in 1980 simply because my distinguished predecessor, Roger Lancelyn Green, was prevented by ill health from carrying on. It would have suited both of us to defer the change for several years, but the option did not exist. For myself, in the event, the experience has greatly widened my knowledge and brought me into contact with hundreds of interesting people. I have also been given continuous encouragement and support from other members, not least Roger Green, who recently gave practical expression to his approval of the *Journal* by making a handsome donation towards its very high costs. One does not cite figures, but it was the largest single gift to the Society in recent years, and is warmly appreciated.

In retrospect, the twenty-three years during which he ably edited this magazine were relatively lean ones. More than once the Society's lack of confidence in its future verged on a death wish, and only the enthusiasm of a few determined individuals such as himself kept it in being. Today, by comparison, although there is no cause for complacency, the Society's position does seem to be on a far more assured footing.

One measure of its liveliness may be seen in the volume of good material submitted for potential publication in the *Journal*. There was a time when it was in distinctly short supply. This is no longer the case, and in terms of quantity there is more than enough on hand, though I trust the flow will continue; the heartening amount of good writing and shrewd criticism bodes well for the continuing quality of the *Journal*.

In this present issue, which at 76 pages is about as large as we can hope to process or afford, readers may note that all Letters to the Editor have been deferred, and that several other regular short features are temporarily missing. This has enabled me to accommodate more articles than usual—while barely seeming to reduce the pile that waits. It is a tribute to the keen interest Kipling still engenders, fifty years after his death.

IMPERIALISM IN THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS" [2]

THE BUILDERS OF THE BRIDGE AND THE FUTURE OF THE RAJ

The second of two Parts, by ANN PARRY

[In our March 1986 issue we published the first part of Mrs Parry's essay on a highly enigmatic story in *The Day's Work*, "The Bridge-Builders". We now present the sequel.

In the first part, Mrs Parry effectively justified her fresh look at this powerful and subtle story. She brought out the forcefulness of the contrast between the construction of the bridge and the encounter with the Indian gods; the necessity at the end of the story to reappraise both Findlayson's and Peroo's roles; and the significance of Krishna's estimate of technology as a catalyst for national change in nineteenth century India.

In the second part, she sets "The Bridge-Builders" in the context of the climate of imperialist thinking prevailing in Britain when it was published in 1893; and consolidates her thesis—which is that certain well established critical assumptions about the story are open to challenge.—*Ed.*]

In the first part of my commentary on "The Bridge-Builders" I concentrated on details that stand in contradiction both to critical opinion and to assumptions about the security of the British Raj. It will be remembered that, in the story, aspects of characterisation, elements of the action—its outcome, contrasting types of narration—all drew our attention to notions of England's 'mission', and to the future of the Raj and that of India. In this sequel I want to 'contextualise' the story by relating these themes to the preoccupations of late Victorian Imperialism.

The critics of "The Bridge-Builders" have remarked on the devotion of Findlayson and Hitchcock, their willingness to face financial loss and physical danger that the Kashi Bridge may be built. Their ideal, it would seem from such an interpretation, must be service to the Raj. They seem the very incarnation of the Henty hero,

perfect examples of the true servant of Empire—

good specimens of the class by which Britain has been built up, her colonies formed, and her battlefields won—a class in point of energy, fearlessness, the spirit of adventure, and a readiness to face and overcome all difficulties, unmatched in the world.⁴¹

Such heroes belong in a larger ideological framework of "Imperial trusteeship. . .the tradition of paternalistic, civilising, evangelising mission" which had a long and influential pedigree in the nineteenth century. It was used to justify Tory and Liberal policies⁴² and demanded of the Empire's servants a willingness to sacrifice health and comfort for the sake of introducing English values and institutions in the less civilised parts of the world. The tone of a writer in 1850 in the *Edinburgh Review* captures the moral seriousness that attached to 'mission' as an Imperial idea, as well as its assumptions of racial and cultural superiority:

It is a noble work to plant the foot of England and extend her sceptre by the banks of streams unnamed, and over regions yet unknown and to conquer, not by tyrannous subjugation of inferior races but by the victories of mind over brute matter and blind mechanical obstacles. A yet nobler work it is to diffuse over a new created world the laws of Alfred, the language of Shakespeare, and that Christian religion, the last great heritage of man.⁴³

The men of the Empire, therefore, had a missionary and civilising duty laid upon them, and Seeley had been quite clear in *The Expansion of England* that "the essence of British dominion in India was a moral one: it was that of the modern over the mediaeval world."⁴⁴ This meant that, as A. P. Thornton put it, "Imperialism in its best days, of its best type, was always equated with service".⁴⁵ It was perhaps Curzon, Viceroy of India between 1899 and 1905, who voiced the morality and the practical outcome that was seen to lie behind the notion of England's mission. He declared that "In Empire we have found not merely the key to glory, but the call to duty, and the means of service to mankind".⁴⁶

Certain aspects of "The Bridge-Builders" that I have discussed suggest the contradictions involved in the notion of imperial trusteeship. Henty's imperial hero, the representative of a class and race that is unmatched, is called into question by Peroo's assumption of a major role, in which he shows the ability to combat the flood, to save Findlayson's life, and to learn from his experience.

Similarly the mission of England to civilise and evangelise the natives with her own values is undercut in two ways. First, there are those details in the story that suggest the irreducible discontinuity between British and Indian cultures. This was seen in the contrast of story types, of realism and fable, and the passage from one to the other being violent; and it was explicitly stated by Peroo when he could find no relationship between London and "Mother Gunga". Second, the sacrificial notion of mission is undermined as it becomes apparent that for Findlayson the bridge has ceased to be the means to the larger purpose of Empire, and has become the instrument of his ambition. The ideals belonging to the Service Set⁴⁷ are reduced, and thereby challenged, by Findlayson's inability to conceive the bridge as anything other than an advancement of his own reputation and career. The gap that exists between the idea and the reality, between England's mission and the egotistical ends of the man on the spot, points the limitation of this imperial idea.

Turning now to the future of the Raj, its power could be seen to be confirmed by the outcome of the story: the bridge survives even the worst of natural disasters, and will therefore provide the means by which Britain will extend her influence on India. The strategic importance of the bridge is emphasised by the fact that no less than the Viceroy will open it, in the presence of an Archbishop, and after the speeches "the first train-load of soldiers would come over it".⁴⁸ This emphasis on the security of the Indian Empire, as confirming the power and prestige of Britain, can be understood in relation to Tory principles and policy. Disraeli had enunciated the main tenet in 1863 when he described England's purpose as "to get possession of the strong places of the world if it wishes to contribute to its power".⁴⁹ On this notion a whole foreign policy was based, part of which involved protecting the frontiers of India (against Russia) and defending access to her trade routes. Bridges in this context were a means to "the forward movement that Salisbury initiated in India, where one third of the British Army was already stationed".⁵⁰

However, as I have indicated, there are story details that question the long term prospects of the power and prestige of the Raj in the future. Krishna points to a people who have separated bridges from their builders, and who, in responding in this way, are seen to be on the move. Such contradictions suggest that the means to security and power for the Raj were also, potentially, the means to Indian independence of it. Bridges, and the railways that went over them, were the mechanics of far-reaching social change: the technology itself was the engine of this change.

Marx had observed, in his series of articles, *The Future Results of British Rule in India*, that

Modern industry resulting from the railway system will dissolve the hereditary divisions of labour, upon which rest the Indian castes, those divisive impediments to Indian progress and power.⁵¹

The implicit emphases of "The Bridge-Builders" would confirm Marx's estimate of the impact of technology on India. There are details within the story that undercut the more explicit Tory attitudes towards the role of India in maintaining British power and prestige. In historiographical terms this emphasis on the great impact of economic change would be aligned with what has been called the 'diffusionist'⁵² approach to interpreting the economic effects of British rule. Represented by writers such as Sir Percival Griffiths [in *The British Impact on India* (1952)] this approach stresses the technologically constructive role of imperialism in India. By indicating, however, that the construction of the Indian economy is incompatible with Tory policy for the long term maintenance of the Raj, "The Bridge-Builders" reveals the limitations of this conservative ideology.

What, then, of the future of India? There is an explicit emphasis in the story on the gradual emergence of the Indian subcontinent from the ravages of famine, on communications breaking down the isolation of native groups and thereby loosening the grip of the divisive thousand-and-one sects of Hinduism. Findlayson and Hitchcock do not consider that even the wily Peroo could be trusted to supervise his own future. When Peroo refers to the building of the bridge as a joint enterprise to which he has contributed, "Findlayson smiled at the 'we' ". When Peroo offers advice about shoring up the revetments, he is told, ironically, "Another year thou wilt be able to build a bridge in thine own fashion". The British, it would seem, are superior in knowledge and control: their presence is a necessity.

At odds with these emphases are several details. The Kashi Bridge has taken three years to build; it holds against the Ganges and redirects its flow. Flood and famine, the age-old problems of India, are—in a historical perspective—being combated quickly. Krishna's determined assertion, and reassertion, that the days of the gods are numbered, that people are ceasing to believe in them, indicates the revolutionary effect of the bridges on traditional Indian life. Peroo's achievements, both in what he does and in what he learns, suggest that there is already a type of Indian—belonging not to the mercantile nor the babu class—who can cope with and control the nuts and bolts of imperial power.

Seeley, in his lectures published in 1883 as *The Expansion of England*, had considered India as an anomaly amongst Britain's imperial possessions, and had asked how Britain was able to maintain such a vast territory with so few men on the spot. He had concluded that it had nothing to do with the inherent superiority of the British, and was only possible because of the tacit consent of the native population. Those details I have drawn attention to would agree with this aspect of Seeley's assessment, but depart from it in suggesting that the end of this tacit consent was in sight. "The Bridge-Builders" undermines any notion of a "Greater Britain"⁵⁴ secured by an imperial hegemony. One of Seeley's best-known dictums was, "We study history that we may be wise before the event".⁵⁵ Contemporary historians of India now tell us that "At the close of Curzon's Viceroyalty in 1905 there stood against the British Empire a Hindu Nation".⁵⁶ "The Bridge-Builders", in Seeley's terms, might be said to fulfil a historical role.

Its disclosures indicate how nationhood came about through the response of people to the "things that the bridge-builders have done".⁵⁷ This implicit emphasis on economic transformation, on 'diffusionism', is at odds with those historians who believe that "traditional indigenous forces",⁵⁸ such as the

discovery of the civilisation and culture of ancient India, the Hindu social and religious reform movements and the formation of political . . . groups⁵⁹

were responsible for nationhood and independence. The disclosures of this story would suggest that history of this sort ignores first causes—the changes in the economic structure of a society.

Kipling's story "The Bridge-Builders" indicates that his work is well worth re-examining both for the picture it gives us of the workings of the Raj in its heyday, and as a source of comment on the future of the Empire. It is only one of a number of stories written in the last decades of the nineteenth century that challenge the assumptions of prevailing ideologies used to buttress Britain's imperial role.

The notion that Empire made possible the transfer and growth of English cultural institutions, such as representative government, is denied by "The Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P.",⁶⁰ which reveals that "there are no politics . . . in India. It's all work." Any attempt therefore to govern India on English lines is "false analogy and ignorance of the facts".⁶¹

Other stories extend this theme by making it clear that not only are social institutions culturally specific but that men's own faith in cultural values does not survive transplantation to another continent. Hummil's horror in "At the End of the Passage" [*Life's Handicap*] finds its source in the realisation that what he had thought of as universal rights—"life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—have no meaning in a country where, in "one hundred and one degrees of heat... it was as though the earth were dying of apoplexy". Material conditions, he learns, geographical as much as social and economic, determine the rights of, and possibilities for, man.

"The Judgment of Dungara" [in *In Black and White*, collected in *Soldiers Three*] shows, in contrast to Hummil, the characteristics of the successful man on the spot: Gallio is an egoist, whose motivation in coming to and working in India is "a longing for absolute power". It can be sublimated by the reverence done to him by a simple people, the tribe that he governs, the Buria Kol. The man who survives, it seems, is he who is "devoid of creed or reverence", not he who has inappropriate cultural values and impossible ideals.

Again in these early stories there is the intimation that it is technology and industrialisation that is transforming India. It is the engineers, like Edwards in "The Enlightenments of Pagett, M.P.", who are "in reality, missionaries who by precept and example are teaching more lessons than they know". These lessons are producing an India that is slipping by England. She has not realised that "there is an industrial class in this country"; in this "as in other respects [India] is like a badly-kept ledger—not written up to date".⁶²

Finally it must be noted that in this early work of Kipling there emerge implicitly attitudes towards race that are inconsonant with the rules of segregation of European society. Although we are told at the outset of "Beyond the Pale" [*Plain Tales from the Hills*] that "A man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race, and breed", in this story and in "Without Benefit of Clergy" [*Life's Handicap*] the protagonists discover relationships that are more fulfilling than anything that can be offered by the *mores* of their own culture.

If, therefore, it is not assumed that Kipling was politically unspeakable, or that he is only to be read for his 'formal' excellence, we can discover in his early work meanings that relate it quite specifically to the contemporary debate about the nature, role and future of Empire. These stories are deeply enmeshed in the intricacies of their historical moment. Those critics who interpret Empire as 'metaphor', or symbol of a larger "far-reaching philosophy",⁶³ are concealing the ways in which the stories raise questions about some of the fundamental principles of late Victorian Imperialism.

NOTES

41. G. A. Henty's *With Roberts to Pretoria* (1902), quoted in A. P. Thornton's *The Imperial Idea and its Enemies: a study in British power* (Macmillan, 1959), p 93.
42. C. C. Eldridge's *England's Mission: the imperial idea in the age of Gladstone and Disraeli* (Macmillan, 1973), see p 39.
43. *Edinburgh Review*, XCI, 1850, p 61, quoted in Eldridge, *op. cit.*, p 238.
44. Thornton, *op. cit.*, p 52.
45. *ibid.*, p 72.
46. G. N. Curzon's "The True Imperialism" in *Nineteenth Century*, Jan. 1908, p 157.
47. Thornton, *op. cit.*, p 71.
48. "The Bridge-Builders", p 1. [For a note on editions and pagination, see Note 19, *Kipling Journal*, March 1986, p 22.]
49. Eldridge, *op. cit.*, p 232 (also pp 180-86, 206-33).
50. *ibid.*
51. The articles appeared in the *New York Daily Tribune* in August 1852 & 1853, see D. McLelland *Karl Marx : Selected Writings* (1977), pp 332-37.
52. See N. Charlesworth's *British Rule & the Indian Economy, 1800-1914* (Macmillan, 1982), pp 11-16.
53. "The Bridge-Builders", p 10.
54. See Sir Charles Dilke's *Greater Britain* (1868), and *Problems of Greater Britain* (1890).
55. J. R. Seeley's *The Expansion of England* (1883), p 180.
56. Bishwa Nath Pandey's *The Break-up of British India* (Macmillan, 1969), p 26.
57. "The Bridge-Builders", p 40.
58. Charlesworth, *op. cit.*, pp 11-16.
59. Pandey, *op. cit.*, p 26.

60. *Contemporary Review*, Sept. 1890, p 105. [This too-little-known story, after its initial magazine appearance, was only collected in the American *Outward Bound* and British *De Luxe* editions (1897), in their fourth volume, entitled *In Black and White*; and eventually in the posthumous *Sussex* and *Burwash* editions.]
61. *ibid.*, pp 113, 130.
62. *ibid.*, p 149.
63. See Part One of the present article, *Kipling Journal*, March 1986, p 16: a quotation from Gilbert's *The Good Kipling*.

THE EVEN STRANGER RIDE OF MORROWBIE JUKES

KIPLING AND DANTE AGAIN

by NORA CROOK

[This decidedly original piece by Mrs Nora Crook, a new member of the Society, is the more welcome in that it was sparked by an article on Dante, Kipling and Morrowbie Jukes by Dr Evelyn Hanquart (in our June 1985 issue) in the foreword to which I had written, "I hope Dr Hanquart's exposition will evoke informed comment from our readers". I hardly expected anything so positive, detailed and carefully considered.

To be sure, not all readers are going to concur with all that Mrs Crook says. There will be those who wonder, as I did, whether some supposed clue is not too tenuous, whether some hypothesis has not been pressed too far. Yet, upon dispassionate scrutiny of the story in question, they will hardly be able to avoid wondering what Kipling *might* have meant, in some of the presumably calculated particularities of his text, if he did *not* intend to convey, however opaquely, some of the suggestions here attributed to him. In short, a theory has been propounded, and is accompanied by evidence and argument. It derives basic support from Dr Hanquart's article, but goes beyond it. Once again, I hope it may "evoke informed comment".

Mrs Crook, whose early years and schooling were in Jamaica, read English at Newnham College, Cambridge, and is now a lecturer at the Cambridgeshire College of Arts and Technology, with aspects of 19th century literature as her main field. She disclaims any specialisation in Kipling, and came rather recently to detailed study of his work, but this has at least enabled her to bring to it something that she does claim, "a fresh eye". I know, from discussion with her, that she has tuned in to other Dantean echoes in Kipling—of which I hope we shall hear more—but for the moment, and as far as concerns that remarkable product of a very young man's imagination, "Morrowbie Jukes", what follows stands on its own.—*Ed.*]

During a recent study of one of Kipling's stories, I became certain that he had used Dante's *Inferno*, very specifically, as an integral part of the structure. It was therefore with pleasure that I discovered Dr Hanquart's pioneering essay, "Kipling and Dante" (*Kipling Journal*, June 1985, pages 18-26), where she argues that echoes of Dante are to be found in "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes". That we should have quite independently found evidence of Kipling's actual reading of Dante in apparently very different stories suggests that there remain a good many hidden allusions to Dante in Kipling. The results of my study are too detailed to summarise here, but I would like to corroborate Dr Hanquart's view that "The Strange Ride" is a story which deserves close analysis, and to suggest that the Dantean framework is the key to the real subject of "The Strange Ride"—the ostensible one being, of course, the imperialist's fear of finding himself at the mercy of his subject races.¹

Dr Hanquart shows that Kipling is eclectic in his use of the *Inferno*, but that most of the imagery is taken from the seventh circle. In particular, the dominant image of *sand* in "The Strange Ride" locates the chief Dantean source as the third compartment of that circle, the abode of the violent against God, Nature and Art—"a plain of hot and dry sand".²

This compartment is dominated by Brunetto Latini, and "The Strange Ride" contains a corresponding figure—the murdered sahib, the discovery of whose corpse is the emotional climax of the story. Dante and Jukes are each irresistibly drawn towards the presence of a representative of their own kind, damned or dead. Dante insists on walking with Latini, whose "smirch'd" visage cannot disguise his superiority to the other lost souls [pages 78-80]. The sahib, of whom Jukes urgently demands information from his cringing and treacherous Virgil, Gunga Dass, is literally superior—"above middle height" [page 195].

Latini commends to Dante his *Tesoro* [page 82]. According to a long note in the Cary translation, this was a philosophical treatise, and there was also a *Tesoretto*, an allegory in which the narrator wanders into a savage desert but eventually finds his way into a pleasant land, the abode of Virtue. Jukes is the inheritor of the sahib's treasure, which includes a slip of paper containing the route out of the pit of sand.

Dante likens Brunetto to a winner of the green mantle at the Veronese races [page 82]. The sahib is actually dressed in green—"an olive-green hunting-suit".

Finally and conclusively, the sahib's monogram is "either 'B.K.' or 'B.L.'", a curious detail as the letter K is not normally confused with an L.

Brunetto's crime is "Violence against Nature", that is, sodomy, and this is the clue to the real identity of the Village of the Dead. B.L.'s diary contains mysterious references to "a Mrs. L. Singleton, abbreviated several times to 'Lot Single' " [page 196]. These are Lot and his wife, who were spared the destruction of Sodom: Lot became single when his wife was turned into a pillar of salt [*Genesis*, 19]. The Village, then, is a City of the Plain, and the faecal imagery a metaphor for that city's abominations, which included fornication as well as "going after strange flesh" [*Jude*, 7]. The "hideous cavity" in B.L.'s back, made by "the gun that fitted the brown cartridges", and Jukes's haste to sink his yellow-brown mummified body in the quicksand, are other contributory details [page 197]. So is Gunga Dass's only piece of information as to what the villagers actually *do*, "There is neither marrying nor giving in marriage" [page 184]. That the inhabitants number some forty men, twenty women and a child is Kipling's giving the horror a further turn of the screw.³

The episode of the pony's dismemberment is a reworking of elements of *Judges*, 19, a chapter resembling *Genesis*, 19. A Levite offered his concubine to satiate the lusts of "sons of Belial" in Gibeah, rather than suffer homosexual rape upon his own person. They "abused her all night". In the morning the Levite found her corpse, placed it upon his ass, and rode home; then "divided her together with her bones into twelve pieces, and sent her into all the coasts of Israel". In the morning Jukes finds "poor old Pornic" lying dead. "How they had killed him I cannot guess." Pornic's body "was divided, in some unclean way or other" and eaten. It is on this occasion that Dass observes, "We are now Republic, Mister Jukes". *Judges*, 19, begins its story with the words, "And it came to pass in those days when there was no King in Israel...". Although the pony is male (for a reason which I shall put forward later), his curious name has been suggested by the fact that the concubine in *Judges* had previously "played the whore" against the Levite. "Pornic" is a nonce-adjective derived from the Greek "porne", and thus means "to do with prostitution". The horse Pornic has been partly responsible for Jukes's landing in the deep pit, and thus may be said to have played his master false and led him astray.⁴

Once one realises that "The Strange Ride" is a fable about the threat of sexual degradation—for which domination by racial "inferiors" is a metaphor—other features in the story can be deciphered, and a reason for Jukes's ordeal emerges.

He has an extraordinary loathing for the dogs that bay the moon. The moon is the symbol of the Eternal Feminine, and unites the qualities of fertility, chastity and witchery. The votary dogs who "sing their hymns of thanksgiving to it" stand for deluded love-sick

fools, whose appetites have been elevated into worship of the unattainable One—thus making it impossible for them either to find satisfaction in animal lust or to attain a purely spiritual union (the condition of nearly every major nineteenth century poet at some time).

Jukes, being a rabid misogynist and scoffer at romantic passion between men and women, shoots one dog and then rides out "to slaughter one huge black-and-white beast who had been foremost in song". Dr Hanquart identifies the dog with the speckled panther in Canto I, symbolic of pleasure or luxury [page 2]. (Black and white, it is also worth noting, figure prominently as the livery colours of the deserted mistress whose ghost drives Jack Pansay to insanity in the later "The Phantom 'Rickshaw", which is the title story in the collection containing "The Strange Ride".

Jukes has "a faint recollection of standing upright in my stirrups and of brandishing my hog-spear at the great white moon that looked down so calmly on my mad gallop": the symbolism is obvious here. Pornic is racing like "a thing possessed" [pages 172-73]. Since Plato, the wild horse has been an emblem of unruly sexual passion, the most famous nineteenth century use of it being Byron's "Mazeppa". Kipling employs it rather differently here, I think. The horse and rider are in this story associated with masculine sporting activities based on comradeship—polo, pig-sticking. Normally this comradeship offers relief from the pains of romantic entanglements, and is thoroughly "healthy" and "clean". However, in this case, the horse, spurred on by Jukes's vehement moon-hatred, is rendered mad too, and precipitates him into the pit.

Jukes has offered violence to the White Goddess, and has thus attempted to defeat the processes of Nature. To punish him, he shall be made to act in a way contrary to Nature, and the very same masculine stronghold from which he has ventured to attack her shall be converted into the agency for his downfall, for it is also the *entrée* to the homosexual underworld. Jukes is an engineer, and it is sport to have the engineer hoist with his own petard—a tag which could have served as an alternative epigraph to the story.

The moon continues to menace Jukes throughout the tale. When he is nearly sucked under in his attempt to cross the quicksand, "in the moonlight the whole surface of the sand seemed to be shaken with devilish delight at my disappointment" [page 190]. On the night that Jukes and Dass plan their escape, it is after the rising of the moon that Dass hits Jukes on the head, steals the route map and disappears.

From Jukes's point of view Dass is a traitor, but Dass is being loyal to the Power who commands him. Long before, when Dass was a telegraph officer, Jukes, in an "accident" about which he is oddly reticent, had given him a "crescent-shaped scar on his left cheek"

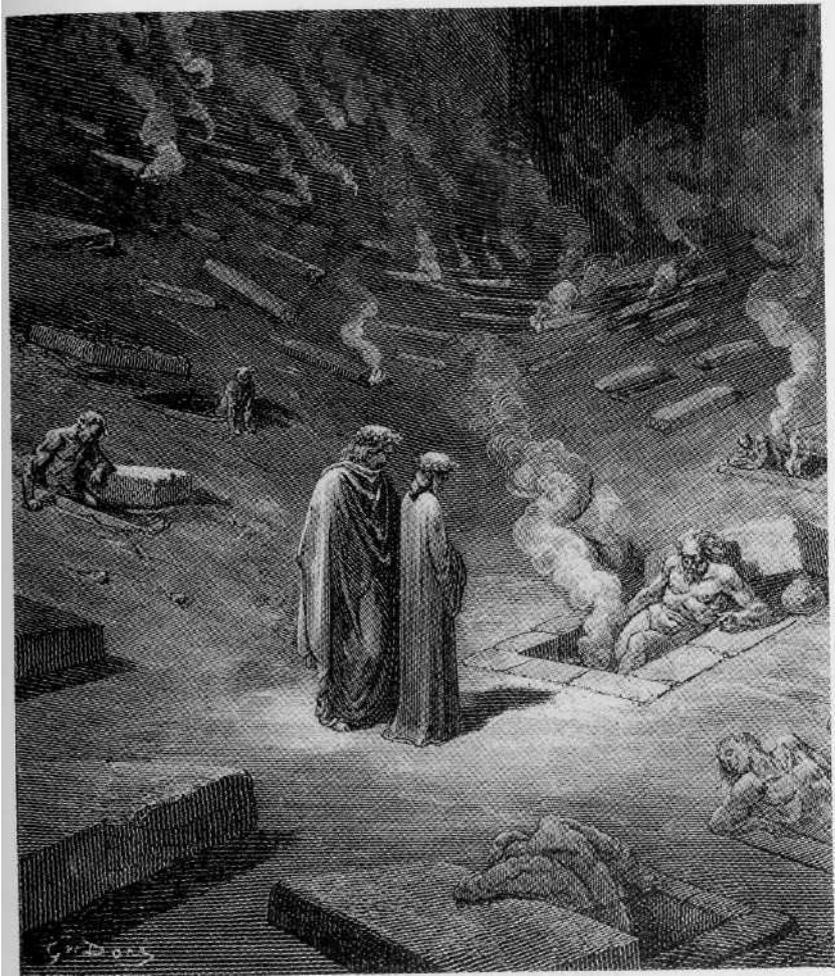
[page 177], and has thus inadvertently branded him with the insignium of Hecate, the hornéd moon. When the moon is in the ascendant, then, he does her bidding.

Jukes recovers consciousness only when the moon is going down; the events have lasted from 23 December to the morning of Boxing Day, and the moon by then is waning from the full.⁵ He is rescued by Dunnoo, his dog-boy, whose face is "ashy-grey in the moonlight". This good Samaritan is able to help because his job is to care for dogs, not to slaughter them.

This reading interprets the ending as less perfunctory and more artistically satisfying than it had previously appeared to be. Kipling rounded off his story in a way consistent with the moral patterning, and did not simply employ a 'with-one-bound-Jukes-was-free' contrivance *faute de mieux*. Jukes has no more self-knowledge at the end than at the beginning. He has had a dreadful fright, but, unlike the reader, he is too stupid—"not of an imaginative temperament" is the way he puts it—to ask himself what mighty Power he has offended. He is thus unable to implore forgiveness or offer expiation, and is past salvation through works. On the other hand he is equally immune to the stings of remorse, and is thus marked out as a survivor. It is therefore fit that he should be rescued suddenly by grace through an intercessor (the dog-boy), and perhaps through a certain inconsistency in the rigour of the 'Gods of Things as They Are', who allow for a few lucky beggars.

"The Strange Ride", as well as having implications for our view of Kipling's depiction of "colonial neurosis", emerges as perhaps the first of that group of his stories in which the reader veers between indignation at man's cruelty to woman, and horror at the mode of the redress of woman's wrongs. Examples are "The Phantom 'Rickshaw'", "The Man who would be King" and "'Love-o'-Women' ". In each case the punishment meted out (madness, execution, syphilis) is of an implacable savagery and is imposed even when the individual wronged woman might not have demanded it.

"The Strange Ride" commands admiration as an astonishingly compelling tale by a nineteen-year-old; it looks forward to the mature Kipling in its emotional logic and construction.⁶ It is also a remarkable transmutation of anxiety into art; that Kipling is involved with his subject matter I do not doubt. The alternative initials, "B.K.", I suggest, stand for "Brunetto Kipling"; Kipling is confronting a possible fate for himself, "nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita" (B.L. is between thirty and forty). This seems to be a predictable anxiety in a predominantly heterosexual young celibate living in a very masculine society in 1885: in that year moral panic about "unnatural vice" was at such a high water mark as to produce



"FORTH ISSUED LAMENTABLE MOANS"

A detail from Doré's Plate 29, illustrating Canto IX of Dante's *Inferno*. Mrs Crook, in Note 2 to her accompanying article, suggests that pictures such as this may have directly influenced details in Kipling's "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes". The text relating to this picture, in Cary's translation of Dante, reads:

. . . 'midst the graves were scattered flames,
Wherewith intensely all throughout they burned. . .
Their lids all hung suspended; and beneath,
From them forth issued lamentable moans,
Such as the sad and tortured well might raise. . .

the Act of Parliament which was eventually to be used against Oscar Wilde. I would also very tentatively conjecture that during 1882-85 he encountered homosexuality for the first time in real life; in his autobiography he explicitly says that he did not do so at school.⁷

Much still puzzles us about "The Strange Ride". Why do the possessions of B.L. include a letter with a Victorian (Australian) stamp? "Miss Mon—", the name on the envelope, might stand for "Miss Moon"—an idealised Intended whom B.L., like Conrad's Kurtz, has left behind in "—nt", Kent perhaps. But why "Mrs. S. May" and "Garmison" in his diary? Is there any significance in the sum of money, "Rs. 9-8-5-", that Jukes has in his pocket? Are these genuine clues, or has Kipling added some distractors in order to take his readers for a ride? Perhaps someone skilled in deciphering Kipling's cryptograms can say.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

1. Page numbers and text for "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" are taken from the Macmillan pocket edition of *Wee Willie Winkie and Other Stories*.
2. I have come to the conclusion that Kipling must have used the Cary translation with Doré's illustrations. He discovered the *Inferno* at school; it was the model for one of his early efforts (*Something of Myself*, ch. II). Apart from the sheer unlikelihood of his having encountered Dante in a version other than the famous Cary/Doré one, he refers to Doré in the 1885 Lahore sketch, "'The City of Dreadful Night'", and to Dante in the 1888 Calcutta sketch, also called "The City of Dreadful Night" (ch VII, "Deeper and Deeper Still"). Doré's illustrations seem to have contributed details to "The Strange Ride". The number of the villagers, sixty-five, approximates to the total of the damned in Doré's Plate 38 [opposite page 76]. The villagers' fetid burrows are "semicircular, ovoid, square, and multilateral holes": Plate 29 [opposite page 47] shows the damned coming out of smoking holes, some of which are square and one of which is polygonal.
Page references to Dante's *Inferno* are taken from the Paddington Press reprint (London & New York, 1976) of H. F. Cary's translation of *The Vision of Dante*, illustrated by Gustave Doré (New York: A. L. Burt, 1890).
3. According to Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, "Gunga-Wallah" was Forces slang early in this century for "male prostitute".
4. The probable immediate source of the name, Browning's "Gold Hair", also uses 'Pornic' symbolically, in this case to suit the poem's theme of meretricious beauty.

5. In Zodiacal terms, Sagittarius the Hunter has just moved into Capricorn, sign of the lustful Goat.
6. It may be, of course, that the above remarks would need modification in the light of the original *Quartette* version, which I have not read.
7. See *Something of Myself*, ch II. He may, for instance, have come across evidence of homosexuality among the representatives of "every shape of misery" who drifted into the Punjab Club (*ibid.*, ch III).

EDITOR'S ADDITIONAL NOTES

- a. Correspondence with Mrs Crook has thrown up some points that supplement her article. She suspects the *Inferno* was a more pervasive influence on Kipling than the clues in "The Strange Ride" alone suggest. A seeming echo of it appears in "Teem": a Treasure-Hunter", a late and enigmatic story collected in *Thy Servant a Dog, and Other Stories*. The point here is the well established view [Bodelsen's *Aspects of Kipling's Art*; Tompkins's *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*; J. G. Griffin, *Kipling Journal*, September 1937] that the story is an autobiographical allegory of Kipling's artistic career.
- b. Noting that the dog "Teem" had heard crows "calling the very name of my lost world—'Aa—or'", which Kipling obligingly footnoted as "Cahors?", Mrs Crook points out that these vowels also match Lahore. That for Kipling was the irrecoverable world of his youth, as the "*sans-kennailerie* of the Street of the Fountain" was for "Teem". The vowels do serve for Cahors too, and that was a place which, apart from being notorious for its usurers, is mentioned in the *Inferno* as a city of those who have committed violence in some way against their Art. The reference, in Canto XI, comes eye-catchingly at the top of page 57 in the Cary/Doré edition:

Sodom, and Cahors, and all such as speak
Contemptuously of the Godhead in their hearts.
- c. The suggestion is that Kipling sardonically attached the 'violence against Art' label to himself, remembering how the literary and aesthetic establishment had disapproved of the unrefined and vulgar subjects he brought back from abroad—common soldiers, opium addicts, the prostitutes and riffraff of an Indian city. "Teem" gets his Badge of Office, Kipling his Nobel Prize and other honours, but he can still dream of the city of his youth. The Cahors/Lahore rhyme, and the link with Dante, might in Mrs Crook's view have been enough to inspire the writing of "Teem": were the author anyone but Kipling (or Poe or Joyce), she acknowledges that this could seem over-ingenious, but excessive ingenuity is a common charge levelled at Kipling by hostile and sympathetic critics alike.

A KIPLING PROGRAMME AT SUSSEX UNIVERSITY

by ANGUS ROSS

[In our issues of September 1985 (page 64) and March 1986 (page 37) we announced a programme of commemoration of Kipling, to be held at Sussex University in May 1986. This duly took place, and proved both pleasant and interesting—a left and a right that did credit to the organisers. Foremost among these were staff at the University Library, who had worked hard to make it all possible, and Dr Angus Ross, Reader in English, who was the overall Chairman of the occasion.

I attended (as did several other members of the Society), and when it was over I invited Dr Ross to compose an account for the *Journal*. He kindly complied, and here it is—a precursor, I am glad to say, of what he is planning to make publicly available later this year by way of a fuller textual record of the proceedings.—*Ed.*]

The University of Sussex houses the important archive of Kipling Papers bequeathed to the National Trust by Kipling's daughter, Mrs Elsie Bambridge, and placed by the Trust on long loan in the University Library, where it is accessible to scholars. It was therefore fitting that the University, in association with the National Trust, the Friends of the University Library, and Macmillan Publishers Limited, should commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Kipling's death. A programme of exhibitions, lectures, discussions and social events brought together over three days a total of over two hundred people interested in Kipling. They came from all over Britain, and some from the United States, but also from the locality: Kipling is a Sussex writer who, as one speaker showed, may be said to have 'invented' the Sussex of the imagination that is so powerful an image for many.

* * *

On Thursday evening, 15 May, the poet Craig Raine gave a well-attended public lecture entitled "Talking in the Library: Kipling's Voices". The talk was memorable for its striking expression of new insights into Kipling's use of *language*—the manner in which he embodies in the stories his belief that 'everything speaks in its own way'. More generally, Craig Raine explored what he called Kipling's 'democratic artistry', and was particularly successful in projecting his reading from a large number of Kipling's stories. The substance of the lecture will form the Introduction to his forthcoming selection of Kipling's short stories for Faber & Faber. This will complement the

Faber selection of Kipling's poems made by his predecessor as Poetry Editor of that firm, T. S. Eliot.

* * *

The major contribution to scholarship lay in the Seminar held in the Library on Friday morning, 16 May, by courtesy of the Librarian, Miss Elizabeth Rodger. It was addressed by Professor Thomas C. Pinney, Professor of English at Pomona College, California, and by Professor Andrew Rutherford, Warden of Goldsmiths' College, University of London.

Professor Pinney's recent book, *Kipling's India: Uncollected Sketches, 1884-1888* (Macmillan), made good use of the Kipling Papers in the University of Sussex: they are also important for his current editing of Kipling's correspondence. In a major review, entitled "The Canon and the Kipling Papers", Professor Pinney considered how the collection suggested further lines of investigation, to establish a more satisfactory Kipling bibliography, since "the record remains seriously incomplete".

Professor Rutherford's newly published and magisterial edition of uncollected poems, *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling* (Oxford University Press) is the second substantial volume to owe much to the Sussex archives. His paper, entitled "News and the Muse: Newspaper Sources for Kipling's Early Verse", also pointed the way for a fruitful investigation into Kipling's Anglo-Indian context—and one of major importance.

In the afternoon, with the best spring weather to date, participants enjoyed a coach trip through the blossom to Bateman's and, by courtesy of the National Trust, a private visit to the house and grounds under Mr King's uniquely knowledgable guidance. This was followed by an excellent cream tea in Burwash.

* * *

There were two Exhibitions in the University. The Library showed manuscripts, photographs and books from the Kipling Papers, in an informative presentation, "Rudyard Kipling, 1865-1936", which was a tribute to the skill and hard work of the Library staff.

"Kipling in Print", in the University Bookshop, displayed works currently available, graphically reminding us that whatever academic and established literary opinion of him may have been, Kipling's work has always been available, read and appreciated. On the Friday evening, after our return from Bateman's, Macmillan Publishers Limited gave a wine reception in the bookshop, by courtesy of its Manager.

* * *

The closing event was a Day School on Saturday 17 May. Some fifty-five people had enrolled. Three papers sparked lively discussion, which was a feature of this very successful gathering.

Dr Alun Howkins, Lecturer in History at the University, and author of a well received recent book on agricultural history—*Poor Labouring Men* (Routledge)—gave a thought-provoking paper on "Kipling and Englishness", in which he touched briefly but effectively on such major topics as Kipling's vision of English history, and the place of the land, and country living, in his ideals. The paper offered an excellent historical matrix for discussion of Kipling's imagination.

In a wide-ranging paper, "Kipling's Secret Worlds", Dr Geoffrey Hemstedt of the University English Subject Group used some subtle readings from Kipling to explore a central paradox of his procedure as an artist, namely how he seemed to offer even to the 'common reader' participation in some special or exclusive or esoteric existence—thus making the writer's art itself one of the leading considerations of his fiction.

Dr Sandra Kemp, Lecturer in English at Glasgow University, is about to publish for Macmillan a critical work on Kipling's fiction, as well as a collection of his short stories for Dent, and an edition of *Debits and Credits* for Penguin. Her paper on "Kipling and Women" not only demonstrated the inadequacy of some received opinions about Kipling the misogynist, but also, by showing the variety of his female characterisation, exemplified the richness of his art and the subtle changes which took place in his ideas and writing over the span of his career.

* * *

The two papers presented to the Seminar, and the three papers given at the Day School, will be gathered together in a publication, *Kipling 86*, to be on sale from the University Library in the Autumn term. The fiftieth year since Rudyard Kipling's death is an appropriate time to reconsider some of the intriguing questions and perplexities raised by his brilliant craftsmanship. As the Edwardian Age, the Great War and the Twenties come into sharper historical focus, Kipling's place as an influential writer of immense talent is also becoming clearer. The papers and discussions summarised above began to show his importance, hitherto neglected, in the history of modernism, the strikingly experimental nature (both in subject and style) of much of his writing, as well as his fruitful preoccupation with the art of representation.

In all this, he begins to look like a very modern writer. The knee-jerk reaction to him does not survive a reading of his work. His 'democratic artistry', too, makes him attractive to a modern audience; and there was some exciting indication in discussions at the Day School, that his stories may find their place in the multi-cultural education that our schools must increasingly provide.

UNRECORDED KIPLING [1]

"PREMIERS AT PLAY"

With Introduction and Notes by TOM PINNEY

[Professor Thomas Pinney hardly needs introducing to our readers. His *Kipling's India* is reviewed in this issue, and there is also a note of his participation in the recent Kipling Seminar at Sussex University. Last year, as Guest of Honour at the Society's Annual Luncheon, he spoke about the major task which now engages him—the assembly and editing of the massive corpus of Kipling's letters.

During his research, he has found clues which have led to some items of prose and verse which, on examination, are demonstrably Kipling's, but which have escaped the notice of bibliographers. They are of uneven intrinsic merit: however, with an author of Kipling's importance that is beside the point. The discovery and authentication of any of his hitherto unknown literary fragments *ipso facto* warrants attention. The *Kipling Journal* is the ideal medium for preserving such material and putting it on accessible record, and I am grateful to Professor Pinney for making it available to us. I also once again acknowledge the consistently helpful attitude of the National Trust in approving the publication of Kipling texts in the *Kipling Journal*.

Here, then, is the first of what will be a small series. "Premiers at Play" is an interesting article, rendered more so by Professor Pinney's valuable Introduction and Notes. (Should any student of imperial history be able to elucidate other lurking allusions in Kipling's heavily dated dialogue, he or she should let me know.) The article is strongly characteristic of the year 1897, one which above all signalled the apogee of British imperial optimism, and naval confidence, and willing isolation from continental entanglements. Imperial federation, which the passage of the years would expose as an unattainable fantasy, seemed to some to be almost within reach.—*Ed.*]

INTRODUCTION BY TOM PINNEY

"Premiers at Play" appeared anonymously in the *St. James's Gazette* of London on 8 July 1897. It is identified as Kipling's by a note in Caroline Kipling's diary for 27 June 1897—

*R. sends a 'colonial premier dialogue' to the St. James anonymously.*¹

Whether "Premiers at Play" is the same as the 'colonial premier dialogue' readers must decide for themselves. As for me, the authority of the diary entry and the article together seems quite irresistible.

The *St. James's Gazette*, edited by Sidney Low, was strong in the imperial cause, and Kipling had published in it some of the first things that he wrote after his return to England in 1889.² I suppose that his sending this dialogue anonymously, rather than identifying it as his, expresses the familiar longing of well known authors to know whether their work—especially if it lies outside their usual line—will be accepted on its own merits rather than on the writer's reputation. Trollope's anonymous publication of his continental stories *Nina Balatka* and *Linda Tressel* is an instance. Perhaps Kipling had other reasons; if so, I have no evidence of them.

The occasion of "Premiers at Play" was the extraordinary presence together in England of the premiers of all eleven of the self-governing English colonies;³ they had come to take part in Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee celebration, and in the Colonial Conference that Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies, had called to take advantage of that event. The arrival of the colonial premiers set off an outburst of meetings and ceremonial occasions: they were feted at Liverpool and in London and at points in between. The Lord Mayor, the Royal Colonial Institute, the British Empire League, the London Chamber of Commerce, the St George's Club, the Master of the Rolls, the Empire Trade League—all entertained them. They were sworn in as Privy Councillors and their wives were received by the Queen at Windsor. Chamberlain addressed them as statesman to statesmen, and invited their views as to the future of his "great dream", Imperial Union, at a series of conferences from 24 June to 8 July. He also entertained them at a great reception on 30 June.

"Premiers at Play" was published just at the end of this strenuous and heady programme, and it is no wonder that it begins with a scene of wearied revellers. Kipling himself had attended a lunch with the premiers on 11 June; they were, he wrote at the time, "the kind of men who drink whisky straight and believe in preferential tariffs".⁴

The idea of Imperial Union was very much in the air, and seemed

just then to have a better chance than it had had for many years. The Queen's Jubilee favoured the idea. So too did the recent clash between the United States and England over the question of Venezuelan borders: that quarrel had not only roused the English to a new threat but had helped to drive Kipling away from his Vermont home less than a year earlier. Imperialist sentiment had also been heated by the Jameson Raid of late 1895, and, most of all, by the behaviour of the German Kaiser in the aftermath of the Raid. Wilhelm II, in his notoriously undiplomatic way, had sent a telegram to Kruger of the Transvaal that seemed, in defiance of the English position, to recognise the independence of the Boers. Kipling refers to this deeply resented "affront" in his dialogue.

The inquiry into the Jameson Raid by a parliamentary committee was going on in London even as Kipling was writing "Premiers at Play". Rhodes was to be condemned for his part in the business by the committee, but partisans like Kipling were more than ready to convert the whole affair into evidence for the need to look smartly after the interests of Empire. Indeed the whole of the dialogue called "Premiers at Play" is an early expression of Kipling's belief in the need for a closely federated Empire, a belief that he would proclaim, in season and out, down to the first World War and after. He had yet to meet Milner; the Boer War was still over the horizon; such poems as "The White Man's Burden" were not yet written; and such "imperializing" performances as Kipling's extensive tour of Canada in 1907 were too remote even to be imagined. But the conviction that these later experiences would confirm or express is already clear in "Premiers at Play". Kipling was still smarting from his disastrous encounter with the Yankees, and he was casting about for a new imaginative loyalty. Now, when Jubilee, Empire, Rhodes, colonial premiers, American insolence and a rising German threat all came together, "Premiers at Play" was the result.

"Recessional", Kipling's other contribution to Victoria's Jubilee, was published only nine days after "Premiers at Play" appeared,⁵ and the two items seem to make a strong contrast. "Recessional" intones themes of humility, of human dependence upon the divine will, and of the vanity of earthly vaunting. But "Premiers at Play" says something quite different: brash, jaunty, confident, unashamed of the chances of the "White Man" in wonderfully favourable circumstances, the dialogue exudes the optimistic confidence that no doubt most people were breathing in the atmosphere of Victoria's great Jubilee.⁶

And now that I have said all this, it occurs to me: did Kipling publish "Premiers at Play" anonymously because he did not want it compared with "Recessional"? The poem had not yet been published, but he had it on the stocks and knew that it would be soon before the

public under his own name. Carrington has emphasised what Kipling once wrote, that he had "two sides to his head", and the virtue of that was, neither knew the other, and neither had to apologise for, or explain, what the unknown half might do or say. Perhaps "Recessional" and "Premiers at Play" show us this division. Or perhaps they are not so different after all.

THE DIALOGUE BY RUDYARD KIPLING

PREMIERS AT PLAY

(WITH APOLOGIES TO ALL CONCERNED.)

"When the day's work is over, and the flask goes round and the blue smoke begins to curl up, they grow home-sick, and then they talk. Let us hope that our guests have learned to talk with each other in that way."—*St. James's Gazette*, June 25.

"Since he came to London he had listened patiently to the eloquent description of the greatness and the promise of the Canadian dominions, but he really thought the time had come when he must say a word or two for Australia. . . . When Australian Federation had taken place he warned Sir Wilfrid Laurier that Canada would have to take—he would not say a back seat—but a seat perhaps a little below that great country."—*Mr. G. H. Reid, Premier of New South Wales, at the Fishmongers' Hall*, July 7⁷

Scene: *A smoking-room in the Hotel Cecil. Time: 11.45p.m.*
Characters as indicated.

CANADA (*wearily*): Whew! Who's got a head on him?

OMNES (*more wearily*): We. Beauties!

THE CAPE: 'Bad thing, mixed drinks. Why didn't you fellows stick to those—what was it?—Wallaby—Cassowary—Emu brands⁸ you're so proud of?

AUSTRALASIA (*generally*): We did; but they don't seem to go with Pommery and Chablis and Benedictine and Vanderhum.⁹

CANADA: Let's ring for soda-water. That's non-contentious, anyhow.

NEW ZEALAND (*to Canada*): Talking of gas, you rather stole a march on us, blowing about your being a nation and all that.

CANADA: Well, we are a nation—thanks to the Yanks. You can't be cursed one minute and kissed the next by a mixed lot of Continental samples without feeling your feet. We've been kicked into it, ahead of time (*slowly*), and of course we had the pull of being federated already.¹⁰

NEW SOUTH WALES: Where does the pull come in?

CANADA: You'll see when you get there. Wasn't it you were telling me the other night that they turn you out of your Pullmans—

VICTORIA (*hastily*): Not Pullmans. Separate compartment for each bunk and a corridor down the side. Vastly superior. Come and try 'em.

CANADA: Thanks. I will some day. 'Turn you out, then, at Albury¹¹ to go through your baggage on the Victoria line.

VICTORIA: Suppose we do?

CANADA: Oh, nothing. It's provincial, that's all. More than that—it's parochial.

VICTORIA (*stiffly*): It's business.

NEW SOUTH WALES: Ye—es; but it's small business. Canada's quite right. (*Tells anecdote to prove it, and concludes*) She foaled, you see, our side the line; but they collected duty on the colt three days old, when she came back.

CANADA (*to Victoria*): 'Wonder you didn't gaol the mare for smuggling into the bargain. It beats me what you want inland frontiers for.

THE CAPE (*suggestively*): War?

CANADA (*reminiscently*): Offices?

NEWFOUNDLAND: Perhaps offices don't appeal to 'em down South. We aren't all incorruptible, remember.

WESTRALIA: Oh Lord! After what you told me the other night I should think, even in our undeveloped condition, you could give us points in—

THE CAPE: Wait a bit. 'Strikes me we've all told each other a good many rather curious things since we've met. I move that no confessions made after 8 P.M. count as evidence.

NEW ZEALAND: Pity all courts—and commissions—won't accept that ruling. All right. We won't investigate the bank-books—I mean the anecdotes. Westralia was just giving his opinion on the virtue of Newfoundland, wasn't he?

NEWFOUNDLAND: We may be undeveloped; but when we are opened up there'll be a dashed sight more in us than you'll ever get out of your salted mines, Westralia. Thank God, *I've* never sold water off a camel's hump at a dollar the pint.

WESTRALIA (*indignant*): It was never more than ten bob a hundred gallons, and as for mines, ours aren't rigged in Perth. The robbers are in London. (*Reproachfully to Canada*) You, at least, ought to know that.

CANADA: Meaning British Columbia? Well, evil communications corrupt good manners. They are a trifle over-capitalized. But allowing our mining boom fizzles out, which it won't, the men can fall back on the land. It's good land; and you told me yourself the other night that most of your country—

WESTRALIA: All we want is irrigation. I own we're a bit sandy in spots.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA (*incautiously*): He-ah! He-ah!

WESTRALIA: But not as sandy nor as hot as the main-street of one God-forsaken town I could mention. They call it a capital too!¹²

NEW SOUTH WALES: Be merciful! None of our fresh townships pretend to compete with—Perth.

WESTRALIA: And *I* don't go home and cry every time a tenth-rate last Jubilee Knight doesn't admire *my* harbour.¹³

VICTORIA: Give it him! Nothing like camels and corrugated iron, is there?

WESTRALIA: Better than brick suburbs all empty, and a building boom that leaves you half bankrupt.

NEWFOUNDLAND (*soothingly*): Oh, bankruptcy's an accident. Purely climatic, I assure you.

NEW ZEALAND: Talking of climate, no country's got any future unless she has water and plenty of it. Now, if you've ever seen our Wai—

ALL AUSTRALASIA (*federated pro tem.*): Water or no water, there

never was a Maori yet who didn't cross over to the Continent for his tucker¹⁴ as soon as he could walk. That's why you've had to give the franchise to the women.¹⁵ (*Interruptions, argument, anecdote, and repartee.*)

NEWFOUNDLAND (*to the Cape*): Are they often like this?

THE CAPE: Oh, that's nothing. You should see 'em in the smoking-room of a steamer coming home.

TASMANIA: Looks bad for Federation and—my apples.

CANADA: Not a bit of it. That's the way to begin. Here's the soda-water—warm as usual. (*To waiter*) Now, my friend, we want ice—I-C-E—shaved or cracked or in lumps. What the English don't know about ice would float the Navy. You all take ice in your drinks, don't you? Well, that's one point gained. Better have some whisky in it after you've killed the Maori.

NEW ZEALAND (*emerging from scuffle, ruffled*): All I say is give us twenty years and we'll show you—

WESTRALIA: That's what I've been trying to say for the last five minutes.

CANADA: It's all any of us want.

NEWFOUNDLAND: I should prefer fifty.

THE CAPE: I know something that 'ud do your business in a tenth of the time. Why don't you chaps syndicate a German squadron to bombard your continent for a month. It would be the making of you. You'd federate before you knew what was the matter with you.

QUEENSLAND: Nonsense. No power on earth would dare to touch us. They'd be—er—afraid of rousing the undying hatred of a nascent nation.

CANADA: That may go down with your shearers, but it don't go with us. Look here, what d'you suppose any Power that could skin you with a couple of squadrons would care for your love or hate? They want what you've got, not what you think, my son.

WESTRALIA: I've heard a lot of that alarmist talk, too, since I've been here. In my opinion, it's all rot. We don't have any of it down our way.

NEWFOUNDLAND: Let's see. Spithead's¹⁶ on the road to your place, isn't it?

QUEENSLAND: Oh, they've got to play about with the Navy.

THE CAPE: And why?

QUEENSLAND: European complications, I suppose.

TASMANIA (*austerely*): Dynastic considerations which cannot interest us, and which, nevertheless, expose us to the risk of an unprofitable war.

NEW ZEALAND (*to Tasmania*): I always knew you were half a century behind the times. Dynasties are dead, and the ghosts of 'em have got the funks. It's the democracies that fight; and they'll fight for business.

CANADA: Female franchise don't seem to have injured your mind any. Go ahead, Cape.

THE CAPE: Dynastic skittles! What d'you imagine the men who've been making our troopers drunk for the last three weeks care for dynasties. The Powers aren't after the old horse's hide. It's too tough. They want the young stock to breed from. I don't blame 'em in the least. It's only horse-stealing, and we've got to make it hot for the thief. We've had *our* warning.¹⁷

CANADA (*to Queensland*): Never watched a lower civilization prowling around your fence, have you?¹⁸

QUEENSLAND (*with reflection*): There are a heap of black fellows in the interior still, I believe. They used to give us trouble once. But, see here, you aren't going to persuade me that—that at this time o' day I'm liable to be annexed or anything. Why, damn it all, man! I can't be. I'm White!

CANADA: Two points gained. The present assembly takes ice in its drinks, and is of opinion that it is White. Any dissentients? Carried *nem. con.* Have another whisky and soda. Now, as the Cape (and *he* ought to know) pointed out, the Powers aren't after the first-growth timber. It's too hard to saw and too heavy to haul. What they want is the young stuff—to make into pulp. And I don't blame 'em.

QUEENSLAND: You ought to. It's infernal insolence.



OFF TO SEE THE FLEET: THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD, 26 JUNE 1897

With acknowledgments to *Punch*. This cartoon by John Tenniel appeared in its issue of 26 June 1897, the day before Kipling sent his "Premiers at Play" dialogue to the *St. James's Gazette*. The caption read: "BRITISH LION (taking the Young Lions out to see the Great Naval Review). 'Lor' love yer, my lads, this is the proudest moment of my life!' "

THE CAPE: That's the White Man's way of looking at it. No need to get stuffy.

WESTRALIA: Alarmist—entirely alarmist. Growing nations such as ours are worth con—

CANADA: —siderable loot. That's the long and short of it. Any trouble in the future is likely to be on one or other of our private accounts. Say as a means of averting another civil war.

NEWFOUNDLAND: Say bait and baiting generally.

NEW SOUTH WALES and QUEENSLAND: Say Yellow Man and Kanakas—and the Pacific.

THE CAPE: Say—fits.

NEW ZEALAND: Say '85. But that hadn't anything to do with me. That was India, wasn't it?¹⁹

THE CAPE: Yes, indirectly. Actually it meant putting another man's fleet out of the light.

CANADA: Exactly. A row about the White Man or the White Man's belongings; and the White Man, not being ready for it, suffered all along the line.

THE CAPE: Wait a bit. I haven't finished my lecture. And every ship put out of the water or under the water is so much dead gain to the White Man, ain't it?

VICTORIA: That's sound. That's Protection as I understand it. Shouldn't wonder if it was a working principle.

NEW SOUTH WALES: Include it in your next tariff.

TASMANIA: But the dynastic considerations still exist. If you read history—

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: We're making it, and it doesn't come out of any primers. This is the White Man's dynasty, considering like—

WESTRALIA: That's all darn fine. We're allowed to talk, but we aren't allowed to take a hand.

THE CAPE: That's all you're allowed when there's a game in the smoking-room—until you buy your chips. 'Must pay for a seat on the board. That's what *I'm* going to do.

TASMANIA: Then I can have 'em at Hobart? It amuses our girls.²⁰



CONTRIBUTING TO DEFENCE

With acknowledgments to *Punch*. This cartoon appeared in its issue of 12 June 1897, captioned H.M.S. "AFRIKANDER", with the explanation, "The Cape House of Assembly unanimously adopted the motion in favour of the Colony contributing towards the Imperial Navy". In the background, however, can be seen President Kruger of the Transvaal, disapproving. This was two years before the Boer War.

THE CAPE: *No.* Stick to the general principle Victoria laid down just now. Pay up and put the results where they can do most good. You know where the other fellows keep their boats. Keep our fleet close by and handy. Hit 'em where they live, not where they camp.²¹

CANADA: Same as bee-hunting. Follow the line to the hive . . . and there will be the honey too.

NEW ZEALAND: So far, then, it's pay up all round. I see that much; but who's to look after our pool? (*Viciously*) If we invest in their securities—

THE CAPE: Pardon me: it's our security we're investing in.

NEW ZEALAND: Same thing. We're entitled to a certain amount of control. At least that's what they tell us, about our borrowings.

CANADA: What's the matter with recruiting too, as well as paying? For money and men we'll get our voice in the management, and after that comes Westminster.²² 'Hope to meet you all there.

VICTORIA (*gloomily*): That will throw local politics in the shade rather.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: We shall row. We shall row no end. *How* we shall row!

CANADA: Do us all the good in the world. Now that we've made each other's acquaintance the shots will tell.

TASMANIA: But nobody will take advantage of—er—any recent unguarded confidences, will they?

THE CAPE: You can be quite easy about that. We've all served a democracy.

CANADA: We'll only remember that we've gained three points of fellowship. We all take ice in our drinks; we all admit that we are white; and we have all embraced the principle of coming in to the White Man's—

QUEENSLAND (*explosively*): Jack-pot. What are you laughing at?

THE CAPE: Excellent. That's just what it is. The White Man's jack-pot.

NEWFOUNDLAND: It will be the deuce and all of a jack-pot! 'Wonder who'll open it, and what with?

THE CAPE: Not less than two kings, anyhow. Probably half a dozen.

OMNES: Poor kings!

NOTES BY TOM PINNEY

1. Selections from Caroline Kipling's diary, transcribed by C. E. Carrington: copy, University of Sussex.
2. E.g., "The Comet of a Season", 21 November 1889; "Gallihauk's Pup", 30 November 1889; "The Pit that They Dugged", 14 December 1889.
3. The colonies and their premiers were these:- *Canada*, Sir Wilfrid Laurier; *Newfoundland*, Sir William Whiteway; *New Zealand*, Richard John Seddon; *Victoria*, Sir George Turner; *New South Wales*, G. H. Reid; *Queensland*, Sir Hugh Muir Nelson; *South Australia*, Charles Cameron Kingston; *Western Australia*, John Forrest; *Tasmania*, Sir Edward Braddon; *Cape Colony*, Sir John Gordon Sprigg; *Natal*, Sir Harry Escombe.
4. Letter to Stanley Weyman, early June 1897; MS, Library of Congress.
5. *The Times*, 17 July 1897.
6. Kipling was far more enthusiastic about Imperial Union than the colonial premiers, most of whom had many and long-standing reasons against any such move.
7. The first of these extracts may have been one of Kipling's hints for this article; the second is presumably an editorial addition, since Kipling had sent the article off by 27 June and would be unlikely to suggest additions from a paper published one day before his own article.
8. Emu was the leading brand of Australian wine distributed in England, beginning in 1883.
9. Orange-flavoured liqueur from South Africa.
10. Canadian federation dates from 1867; Australian federation was not achieved until 1901.
11. Albury, New South Wales, at the crossing of the Murray River on the route between Melbourne and Sydney. Kipling presumably had the experience of turning out at Albury when he travelled from Melbourne to Sydney on 13-14 November 1891.
12. No doubt Adelaide; Kipling was there on 25 November 1891.
13. I have not identified the Jubilee Knight.
14. Australian gold digger's slang for "food", "rations", subsistence".

15. In 1893; New Zealand was the first country to do so.
16. Where the great Jubilee Naval Review had been held on 24 June; Kipling was there with his father.
17. German colonial expansion in southern Africa is probably what is meant in general by "*our* warning". The Kaiser's telegram to Kruger after the Jameson Raid may be the particular reference: see Introduction.
18. "Lower civilization" is Kipling's judgment on the United States.
19. Trouble with Russia on the Afghan borders in 1885 led to the mobilisation of two army corps in India and, in England, to talk of war. But this does not seem to account for the following reference to "another man's fleet".
20. By "em" and "it" Tasmania, I suppose, refers to the ships of the fleet.
21. Whether the fleet towards whose maintenance the Australians contributed should be held in Australian waters in time of war, or could be sent wherever needed, was one of the questions between the Australian premiers and Chamberlain.
22. Colonial representation in Parliament was much talked about as part of "Imperial Union".

ANNUAL LUNCHEON, 1986

This year's Annual Luncheon of the Kipling Society, on Wednesday 7 May, was again held in the India and Pakistan banqueting room at the Royal Overseas League, off St James's Street. It was a great success, and a thoroughly enjoyable occasion. The number of members and guests who were present was ninety-four, a tally unmatched for very many years. Those who attended were:-

Mr G. Adair; The Lord Annan; Mr & Mrs R. B. Appleton; Colonel J. R. Archer-Burton; Mr W. A. C. Baker; Sir Gawain Bell; Miss Y. Bellamy; Mr & Mrs B. J. Bolt; Mrs P. Brading; Mr T. D. Bridge; Mr F. H. Brightman; Dr W. N. Brown; Mrs R. I. Charlish; Miss G. Clegg; Revd H. S. Colchester; Miss B. A. Cook; Miss S. Cooper; Mr & Mrs P. Crosland; Mr & Mrs J. Debenham Taylor; Mr D. Davis; Mr B. C. Diamond; The Dowager Lady Egremont; Mr G. J. Ellerton; Mr N. Entract; Miss P. A. Entract; The Lord Ferrier; Mr K. R. Filce; Miss S. Foss; Mr B. H. Garai; Mr M. J. Grainger; Mr T. A. S. Greenwood; Mr P. Haddock; Dr & Mrs F. M. Hall; Miss S. Hanley; The Dowager Lady Hesketh; Miss S. Jacobsen; Sir William Keswick; Miss C. Kipling; Mr M. W. R. Lamb; Mr & Mrs P. H. T. Lewis; Lt-Colonel & Mrs A. W. Lister; Revd Canon

P. C. Magee; Mr J. H. McGivering; Mr & Mrs J. P. Magrath; Mr M. J. Moynihan; Mrs G. H. Newsom; Sir Eric & Lady Norris; Mr R. O'Hagan; Sir Derek Oulton; Mr J. M. Patrick; Mr & Mrs G. C. G. Philo; Sir Charles & Lady Pickthorn; Miss H. A. Pison; Mr & Mrs O. H. Robinson; Sir Michael Scott; Mrs M. N. H. Short; Brigadier J. Slade-Powell; Mr & Mrs F. W. G. Small; Brigadier & Mrs F. E. Stafford; Mr & Mrs F. F. Steele; Sir Michael Stewart; Mr W. P. Thesiger; Mr R. H. J. Thorne; Mr L. W. Tibbott; Miss M. Tyler; Mr M. Wace; Mr & Mrs S. Wade; Mr G. C. & Dr M. Warner; Mr & Mrs G. H. Webb; Miss H. M. Webb; Mrs S. E. L. M. Wilson; Mr M. H. J. Woodman; Mrs V. Wray; Mr J. B. Wright.

Among those who, being unable to attend, conveyed regrets were:-

Lt-Colonel & Mrs A. E. Bagwell Purefoy; Mr & Mrs J. D. M. Blyth; Mr Zafar Choudhuri; Commander M. B. S. Higham; Mr J. Shearman.

Mr B. C. Diamond (Chairman of Council) presided. Canon P. C. Magee said Grace—a little-known and agreeably elaborate one. Later, after the Loyal Toast, Mr Diamond spoke briefly to welcome all present, including a United States member (Miss Matilda Tyler) and some guests of the Society (Sir Michael Scott, Secretary-General of the Royal Commonwealth Society; Miss Shirley Foss, Brown's Hotel; Miss Sarah Cooper, Freeshooter Productions). After a brief summary of the state of the Society he called on Lord Annan, this year's Guest of Honour, to speak.

[*Note.* Noel Annan, who has been a Life Peer since 1965, is a member of the Society and has written and broadcast about Kipling. His article on "Kipling's place in the history of ideas", originally published in *Victorian Studies*, HI, 1959-60, was selected by Andrew Rutherford for inclusion in his compilation, *Kipling's Mind and Art* (Oliver & Boyd, 1964). In literary terms he is best known for an outstanding biography of Leslie Stephen, first published in 1951 and recently republished in a much revised edition.

Lord Annan was educated at Stowe and at King's College, Cambridge. In the War of 1939-45 he rose to senior military rank in intelligence and staff appointments. His subsequent record of academic and public attainments is too long to list in full. He was in turn Provost of King's College, Cambridge, Provost of University College, London, and Vice-Chancellor of London University; he has also variously served on the Committee on the Future of Broadcasting, and been appointed a Trustee of the British Museum, Director of the Royal Opera House, and Chairman of the Trustees of the National Gallery.

The text of his address—enhanced for his listeners by an admirable delivery—is on the following pages.—*Ed.*]

ADDRESS BY LORD ANNAN

Fifty years ago King George V and Rudyard Kipling, born in the same year, died within days of each other. The King was the symbol of what might be called the old British morality, and Kipling was the most celebrated interpreter of that morality. The moment of their death symbolised a great change in the way Englishmen thought and acted, and a Poet Laureate was later to capture that moment when he visualised Kipling's contemporaries staring into the future at the accession of Edward VIII—

Old men who never cheated, never doubted,
Communicated monthly, sit and stare
At the new suburb stretched beyond the run-way
Where a young man lands hatless from the air.¹

For me, there have been four 'ages' of Kipling. The first age, as for many of my generation, was in childhood. My parents were not intellectuals, not even bookish; but in the drawing room, behind the glass doors of the bookcase, were the only two complete editions in the house—Shakespeare and Kipling. I had the familiar upbringing on *Just So Stories*, *The Jungle Books*, "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" and "The Maltese Cat". In the nursery my governess taught me to stand up and recite "Big Steamers". When I went to my prep school the nine-year-olds sat at a table for meals under an illuminated text of "If—".

Indeed the ethos of that school was suffused with the values Kipling treasured. We were taught to revere the Gods of the Copybook Headings. We watched the silent film of the Prince of Wales's tour of the Empire in Africa, and we cheered wildly the film of the action at Zeebrugge.² We were expected, like Stalky & Co., to take any punishment, however painful or unjust, without tears.

Two of the small staff had been naval officers—and none of the boys *ever* won a scholarship to *any* Public School. (On the other hand, we expected to beat most of the other schools at Seaford at games.)

We were taught only one subject well: Latin, by a short, spare, fiery master with a red moustache, the one good teacher in the school. He made us 'construe' *viva voce*, standing up; and one moved up, or more usually down, as one mastered, or failed to master, some fearful passage in *Aeneid* Book II containing a 'Greek Accusative' or some other abstruse figure of speech. Handing up a composition was even more of an ordeal than translating: for in the top two forms, if you made more than one 'false agreement' a term, you were beaten.

Those times come back to me when today I read Kipling's story "Regulus",³ and remember the desperate literal translations one used to produce. Who can forget Beetle, having been told by Mr King to

render him a literal translation, deliberately construing a clause in Horace in the following words?

". . . 'O for the Senate House . . . and manners upset—upside down . . . under a Median King . . . he being a Marsian and an Apulian . . . the soldier of Crassus... forgetful... of the shields, or trophies... and the—his name... and the toga... and eternal Vesta . . . Jove being safe . . . and the Roman city.'... Shall I go on, sir?"

Mr. King winced. "No, thank you. You have indeed given us a translation! May I ask if it conveys any meaning whatever to your so-called mind?"

"Oh, I think so, sir." This with gentle toleration for Horace and all his works.

Only once a year during those long, long terms, did my Latin master tell us to shut our books, while he opened Conington's⁴ translation of the *Aeneid*; and we heard those verses over which we had struggled, transformed into noble English.

Again, I remember Mr King, irritated by the rendering of *scilicet* as 'forsooth', saying to his form:

"Regulus was not a leader-writer for the penny press, nor, for that matter, was Horace. Regulus says: 'The soldier ransomed by gold will come keener for the fight—will he by—by gum!' *That's* the meaning of *scilicet*. It indicates contempt—bitter contempt. 'Forsooth,' forsooth!... Yet there are things in human garments which will tell you that Horace was a flaneur—a man about town. Avoid such beings . . ."

One remembered King's demand for a spirited translation for *atqui sciebat quae sibi barbarus tortor pararet*—

"The whole force of it lies in the *atqui*."

"Although he knew," Winton suggested.

"Stronger than that, I think."

"He who knew well," Malpass interpolated.

"Ye-es. 'Well though he knew.' I don't like Conington's 'Well-witting.' It's Wardour Street."

"Beetle, when you've quite finished dodging the fresh air yonder, give me the meaning of *tendens*—and turn down your collar."

"Me, sir? *Tendens*, sir? Oh! Stretching away in the direction of, sir."

"Idiot! Regulus was not a feature of the landscape. He was a man, self-doomed to death by torture. *Atqui sciebat*—knowing it—having achieved it for his country's sake—can't you hear that *atqui* cut like a knife?—he moved off with some dignity. That is why Horace out of the whole golden Latin tongue chose the one word 'tendens'—which is utterly untranslatable."

The gross injustice of being asked to translate it, converted Beetle into a young Christian martyr, till King buried his nose in his handkerchief again . . .

Then King, with a few brisk remarks about Science [and chlorine], headed them back to Regulus, . . . Horace and Rome and evil-minded commercial Carthage and . . . democracy eternally futile, he explained, in all ages and climes . . . [until] he fetched up, full-voiced, upon—'*Dis te minorent quod geris imperas*' (Thou rulest because thou bearest thyself as lower than the Gods)—making it a text for a discourse on manners, morals, and respect for authority as distinct from bottled gases . . .

Well, that was the end of my first Kipling period. For Stowe was a liberal school: I had the good luck to be taught English always by inspired masters. And very properly, now that I was an adolescent, I was given books which made me question the instinctive beliefs of childhood. In my first term I was given as form books G. K. Chesterton's *Tremendous Trifles* and *Heretics*. There was Chesterton's essay on Kipling written in 1905. Although Chesterton by temperament, politics and cast of mind was far removed from Kipling, I noticed that he did not sneer at him. On the contrary, he asked us to think less conventionally about him, and not to denounce him as a militarist or a patriot. In a typical G.K.C. paradox he praised Kipling as a man who wrote better about bridge-builders and railwaymen than about soldiers, and who could be romantic about steam, and slang. He understood, said Chesterton (writing before *Puck of Pook's Hill*), little about *England* because he was such a genuine cosmopolitan—

For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!⁵

That came from the heart. He was a man who had been the citizen of many communities, who like Ulysses had known many lands.

Chesterton declared that if Kipling *admired* England he did not *love* her, because he had to find reasons for admiring her—

*If England was what England seems,
 An' not the England of our dreams,
 But only putty, brass, an' paint,
 'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er! But she ain't!*⁶

He admired England because she was strong, whereas those who really loved England didn't have to find reasons for doing so ...

Well! Yet, when one remembers how Chesterton was opposed to the Boer War, and favoured Irish Home Rule, one can see what a tribute that was.

And then, in my first year at my father's College, King's, I had another surprise. Whereas in 1890 it had been Kipling—not socialists like Shaw—who had been the hero of undergraduates, forty-five years later he was certainly not. Clever undergraduates then were quoting T. S. Eliot: he was their hero in poetry. In prose, it was D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf who were required reading. The Provost used to be 'At Home' on Sunday evenings, and one sat round in a circle—if he was in a generous mood, sustained by a cup of tea—and he would sometimes break the silence with a monologue.

Kipling had just died, and a gawky mathematician—unpredictable and unsociable as only mathematicians can be—said that he liked Kipling's poetry. Immediately one of the College's leading aesthetes, with a mane of hair, a flowing red tie and a corduroy jacket, in those days *de rigueur* for the unorthodox, displayed his contempt for all Kipling's works. Suddenly Provost Sheppard spoke.⁷ Would one have expected this son of a Baptist, this extravagant Liberal, this frequenter in pre-1918 days of Bloomsbury, to defend Kipling? But he did. He tore the aesthete limb from limb, in a peroration of which Kipling's Mr King would have been proud.

I have noticed all my life that those one least expects to like Kipling praise him. Think of T. S. Eliot at the height of his fame, praising his verse. I remember telling E. M. Forster I had been reading *Kim*, and Forster said that the description of the Grand Trunk Road was the greatest thing any Englishman had ever written about India.

In that second period in my life which lasted until after the Second World War I did not think much about Kipling. The third period happened to coincide with my attempt to unravel a puzzle in my academic work. I had returned to King's, and as there were no posts in British Universities then, or indeed now, in the subject that interested me, the History of Ideas, I had to teach Modern English Political Thought at Cambridge.

In doing so I began to be puzzled, and the puzzle very briefly was this. At the beginning of the century, in Europe, there were a number

of thinkers who accepted that Marx was very right in stating that we act collectively as we do because we are in the grip of certain impersonal forces in history. But they thought Marx was very wrong to hold that there was only one such force—the economic process that forced men into social classes, which in turn was bound to lead to the rich class squeezing the poor ever more savagely, until in the end the poor revolted.

These European thinkers said there was more than one impersonal force at work in history that compelled men to behave as they did. These were the forces of social control—religion, morality, custom, convention. What was more, men did not belong simply to one social class. You belong to a multitude of groups—first and foremost the family; next the school; you belong to a club, an association, a church, a regiment, above all to your profession or craft; and you come up against other groups such as the bureaucracy. You owe allegiance to some of these groups, and some condition your behaviour, and hence the society you live in.

Now, not one of these thinkers was English. (With some minor exceptions what today we call Sociology passed us by.) But perhaps there was—so it seemed to me—one writer who understood that this was so. That was Kipling. So in 1953 I read the *whole* of Kipling, and published something on these lines the following year. What I wrote is of no interest: but the impact of reading Kipling from cover to cover, poetry and prose, was formidable. The affection that I had had for him in my childhood, and that had never vanished, turned into boundless admiration.

But what of his political views? The other day I heard an excellent lecture by the Warden of Nuffield College,⁸ on Kipling's political views—which were, as we might say today, "considerably to the right of Genghis Khan", though it was not until the Boer War and its aftermath that Kipling became an 'ultra'. He regarded Indian claims for Independence as a Brahmin plot; he thought Tariff Reform was the one way to produce full employment and end the class war; he was a last-ditcher in the fight over the Parliament Bill in 1911; he even envisaged the possibility that the Kaiser and his army might have to come to the aid of Ulster, despite all his apprehensions of the German danger! But the Warden, Michael Brock, did not hesitate, when he summed up, to say this was irrelevant.

What matters is not a writer's opinions, but the use his 'daemon' makes of them; and Kipling himself had no doubt that something outside himself took over when he composed his best work. As a man, Kipling was no different from us, the kind of man who gets up in the morning, shaves, reads the morning paper and, foaming with irritation, sits down to write a letter of protest to *The Times*.

But as a writer, he rose above his prejudices. He did indeed believe that society is always on the edge of a precipice; and that if we do not obey the forces of social control—the customs of our society; the conventions of the Club; the rules of our profession—and if we do not honour the sacred, whatever our religion may be, then we place our society and ourselves at peril. That is why in his stories punishment often falls on the unconventional and the eccentric. If the offender is not brought to heel, society will suffer.

If we do not recognise the Law—the obligations men of all ages and of all societies, however different, acknowledge as binding, in other words what an anthropologist would call Culture—we place ourselves outside the pale of civilisation. A great many of Kipling's stories are about indoctrinating the young, teaching men and animals to find their place, especially if they have come up in the world.

But then comes the other side of Kipling: his love of the individuals who make trouble in the world by tweaking the nose of authority. Yes, society is ordered by laws, *but* it is bursting at the seams with the dynamism of the engineer, the technician, the skilled worker: it is untidy, full of rascals, of shrewd men living on a shoestring and ready to exploit any sucker. Kipling did not want a world where the criteria were fairness and security. He took joy in action, because action revitalises society.

It also causes suffering. That too Kipling accepted. One of the lessons Puck teaches Dan is about politics. As Dr Tompkins put it,

we cannot judge men for what they do under duress; nor can we judge the Lord for imposing the duress by which such actions are enforced.⁹

And so I pass to the last phase of my life in which Kipling has spoken to me. He speaks to me now. Kipling was always trying to teach his countrymen. (He lived in an age of teachers: for instance Shaw, Wells, Forster, Chesterton—and that *guru* of café society, Somerset Maugham, who once had the impertinence, in an Introduction to an anthology of Kipling's prose, to patronise him.) Kipling was troubled all his life by what we now call "the condition of England". Where was the country going? What was its future? That, I think, is what *Puck of Pook's Hill* is all about.

The book begins with the Norman stories, in which England is a country riven between Norman and Saxon, always in rebellion. How had civilisation collapsed? The Roman stories tell us. In them, the Wall, the symbol of civilisation, was about to fall, because Rome had lost its genius for government.

Four orders of men appear. The Picts—slaves to necessity, and by nature "Too little to love or to hate"; the craftsmen of England—Hal the artist and Hobden the yeoman; the officers and administrators—Parnesius and Pertinax, for all the world like the I.C.S. officers in India; and the politicians and governors—Maximus and de Aquila.

There are two kinds of power: the sword and money. Both are dangerous, but the last story, about Magna Carta, shows how both the Barons—the ruling class—and the financiers (symbolised by the Jew Kadmiel) were brought under the Law.

Reading that book again today, one senses Kipling's anxieties in 1906. Will the Wall fall again, before the Prussian 'Winged Hats'? Are not the younger rulers—F. E. Smith, and the renegade Winston Churchill who led the attack on Milner and his South African policy—too avid in pursuit of success, too tainted by the ambition of Maximus? Are not the financiers—who know that gold is stronger than the sword—manipulating trade and industry to their own ends? Are not luxury and wealth corrupting the ruling class, and turning their children into "flannelled fools at the wicket"? Is not England rent by class warfare, and threatened with civil war in Ireland?

Kipling's questions haunt us today. He loved machines, and the men who made and ran them. He loved the Big Steamers, without which we would starve. But we have lost our ability to invent, and to run better than other nations, those machines with which our industry conquered the world. Our schools are no longer full of "muddied oafs at the goals", but neither are they full of sharp-eyed Stalkies, entrepreneurs to a man. King, alas, won the argument with Hartopp: even to this day our boys and girls are not taught mathematics and science all the way through school, and we are as a result an innumerate society.

I would not dream for one moment of suggesting that Kipling would ever have approved of any politician: he loathed politicians, and had no understanding of their problems. He despised democracy, and for him the country that was well governed was the country that relied on its governors, always provided—*Dis te minorem*—they respected the Gods, and realised that they were lower than the Gods.

But we today have a Prime Minister who in her virtues and her faults is nearer to Kipling than any Prime Minister has been in this century. Who despises compromise and consensus, and believes in conviction politics. Who reproaches the Foreign Office for having "given away the Empire". Who fought for the Falklands and, having won, did not negotiate magnanimously with her enemies as Churchill would have done but turned the islands into a fortress. Who—unlike Macmillan shedding a tear for brave Durham miners because they

did so well during the War—calls Scargill and his lot "the enemy within the gates". Who blames British Industry—management and unions—for bad productivity and salesmanship. Who wants to reform the tax system, and social benefits, and the European Community. Who wants to revive family life, and simple patriotism. Who has no use for intellectuals, civil servants, the Church of England, and all those who want to alleviate the lot of the poor by State subsidies.

Like all reformers, the Prime Minister runs up against—the English. Kipling knew that. The Normans may rule, but as the old Norman Baron says to his son:

The Saxon is not like us Normans. His manners are not so
polite.
But he never means anything serious till he talks about justice
and right.
When he stands like an ox in the furrow with his sullen set eyes on
your own,
And grumbles, "This isn't fair dealing," my son, leave the Saxon
alone.

You can horsewhip your Gascony archers, or torture your
Picardy spears;
But don't try that game on the Saxon; you'll have the whole
brood round your ears . . .¹⁰

Kipling knew the stubborn refusal of the British to change their ways and reform: he was a pessimist at heart. How would he have seen the last forty years? I think perhaps like this:

Britain, apparently the victor in the War, became unable to adjust to the change in world politics. In the War she had found a leader whose rhetoric enabled her people to display their finest qualities. But she became the victim of this rhetoric. She fondly imagined she had won the War. She had not. America and Russia had won it: Britain had merely in her finest hour not lost it. Even after Suez she went on acting as one of the three Great Powers.

Famed long for her social solidarity, Britain then fell victim to a syndicalism that divided the nation into warring factions. Britain had the most destructive Trade Union movement in Europe. Not only the Trade Unions: every institution seemed to think it a mark of masculinity to fight one's own corner and expose the weakness of central and local government.

Meanwhile the leadership of Europe passed into the hands of

two men who were the saviours of their countries. Germany was in ruins, a pariah among nations: France was divided by the shame of collaboration, and humiliated by defeat and ineffective governments. Those two enemies of our country, Adenauer and de Gaulle, resurrected *their* countries, and gave their fellow-countrymen self-confidence and pride.

As an historian I permit myself an observation. Sadly enough, the humiliation of defeat teaches men better than the vanity of victory how to resurrect and inspire their own dear country.

And now I give you the toast: "Rudyard Kipling".

NOTES BY THE EDITOR

1. This was the third and last verse of "Death of King George v" by John Betjeman. The previous verses ran as follows:—

Spirits of well-shot woodcock, partridge, snipe
Flutter and bear him up the Norfolk sky:
In that red house in a red mahogany book-case
The stamp collection waits with mounts long dry.

The big blue eyes are shut which saw wrong clothing
And favourite fields and coverts from a horse;
Old men in country houses hear clocks ticking
Over thick carpets with a deadened force;

2. This was an elaborate and hazardous raid carried out by the Royal Navy on 22/23 April 1918, culminating in the sinking of blockships across the sea end of the Bruges Canal in Belgium, to deny its harbourage to German submarines. The Admiralty's film of the operation, *Zeebrugge* (1924), had an exceptionally inspiring theme: as John Buchan wrote [*History of the Great War*, vol IV], "for the gallantry of all concerned. . .no words of praise are adequate".
3. In *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917).
4. John Conington (1825-69), Professor of Latin at Oxford, translator of the *Aeneid* (1866).
5. From "For to Admire" (1894).
6. From "The Return" (1903).
7. Sir John Sheppard (1881-1968), Provost of King's College, Cambridge (1933-54).
8. Arrangements are in hand with the Warden, Dr Brock, for his text to be made available for the *Kipling Journal*.
9. From *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*, ch III.
10. From "Norman and Saxon" (1911).

BOOK REVIEWS

[We are pleased to have enlisted Mr Philip Mason, C.I.E., O.B.E., as our principal reviewer in this issue—commenting on two new books that throw important fresh light on Kipling's apprenticeship in the twin crafts of prose and verse. After a career of distinction in the old I.C.S. from 1928 till 1947, Philip Mason returned to Britain to a long and active public life in a variety of appointments bearing on Commonwealth affairs and race relations. Among his many books are *The Founders* and *The Guardians* (a two volume study of the British administrators of India, under the pen-name Philip Woodruff); *A Matter of Honour* (a history of the British/Indian Army); and *Kipling: The Glass, the Shadow and the Fire*.—Ed.]

(1) SOME EARLY PROSE

KIPLING'S INDIA: Uncollected Sketches 1884-1888, by Rudyard Kipling, edited by Thomas Pinney (Macmillan, 1985); hardback; 312 pp; 2 maps; 4 pp of plates + line drawings throughout; ISBN 0-333-384679; £25 (*with at present a £5 reduction for members of the Kipling Society applying through the Secretary*).

This book is a selection from the pieces written by Kipling for the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. Some were unsigned and some pseudonymous and he did not republish them in his lifetime. Until lately, it was difficult to be sure which should be assigned to him, but he kept—not very methodically—scrap-books in which he pasted much of what he had contributed to the *Gazette*. He kept these scrap-books mainly to refute the charge, made by his first unsympathetic editor, Stephen Wheeler, that he was too much interested in his own imaginative work and neglected the routine of the newspaper. But he kept them to himself, and until her death they were jealously guarded by his secretive daughter Elsie, Mrs Bambridge. They are now in the Library of the University of Sussex and, with some other papers, provide over nine hundred new items which can be identified with certainty as Kipling's.

Kipling's own judgment was probably right. *Departmental Ditties* and *Plain Tales from the Hills* are the cream of his early work, and he preferred to leave the milk to the drains of oblivion. In his scholarly and altogether admirable introduction, Professor Pinney agrees that the new material in itself would "never attract our attention". "It is interesting because it is Kipling's," he writes. But he rightly adds that "the effect... is of a vivid and distinct literary identity beginning to emerge through the routine forms of journalism".

André Maurois said of Kipling that "he has a permanent natural contact with the oldest and deepest layer of human consciousness". This is the Kipling who showed himself in *Kaa* and *Mowgli*, in *Puck*, and, as early as *Plain Tales*, in "The House of Suddhoo"; he was closely akin to the Kipling of *Kim*, who delighted in the rich diversity of India. This deeper Kipling is the imaginative artist, the flame, the djinn, the imp in the bottle. But much of Kipling's writing belongs to someone else, the superficial Kipling, the shiny outside of the bottle, reflecting the views of the people he met every day at the Club. As a journalist, he had to write what his public and his proprietors would take—and he was perfectly sincere about it. He felt like that at the time—and indeed most of the time. But now and then the imp in the bottle pops out.

The first interest of these pieces is to see how much is bottle and how much imp, and it is disappointing that there is much more bottle. The Kipling who lets himself be seen in "Suddhoo", "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" or "Beyond the Pale" does not appear very often. Take, for example, the sketch called "A Popular Picnic", a description of a big fair on the outskirts of Lahore. Most of it is written in a key of flippant scorn for everything 'native'—and particularly for poverty and the dirt that goes with poverty. It is written for the tea-party of the Major's wife. But imagination and sympathy creep in when he looks at the children in their best clothes, and he notes with wonder that 'natives' never smack a child. And he is fascinated by the skill of the *Nats*, gypsy acrobats who risk their lives on a slack rope for an incredibly small reward.

There are many foreshadowings, hints of things to come. The night of high fever called "De Profundis" foreshadows the horrors of "At the End of the Passage" and "In the Same Boat"—the recurrent nightmares that run through all his life. There are odd phrases that call up images we are to meet again. "As a dead man's face rises up through dark water" occurs in a flippant piece about the absurdities that arise when type is set from manuscript by a compositor who does not speak English; it reappears in "Boh da Thone"—"As the shape of a corpse simmers up through deep water...". "Many coolies died.

It was the price the Sutlej took for allowing the piers to stand." There, thirty years beforehand, is the principal idea behind the Sussex story, "Friendly Brook" (1917).

It is always a pleasure to chance on the grain of fact or allusion that Kipling was to transmute into imaginative fiction. The "half-obliterated verses" on John Chinn's monument in "The Tomb of His Ancestors" come, for instance, from Sir John Shore's ode to the memory of his cousin, Augustus Cleveland. Here in this collection, in "The Sutlej Bridge"—which incidentally includes some brilliant descriptive writing—we have the background for "The Bridge-Builders" (1893), where the bridge is shifted to the Ganges, and we find, in the conclave of the Hindu gods, some of Kipling's most perceptive and imaginative thought. Again, in "To Meet the Ameer" lies the background to "Her Majesty's Servants", published at the end of *The Jungle Book* (1894).

These are rewarding glimpses for anyone who has studied Kipling or who means to in future. But the title of the collection—*Kipling's India*, perhaps the publisher's suggestion?—gives the impression that it is social history. This it can hardly be called. Everyone who knows anything of the period will already be aware from countless memoirs of the atmosphere that prevailed. He will already have met the irritation, felt by almost every Westerner who has lived in India any length of time and tried to get anything done, at incompetence, at apathy, at work done with no pride in the product:

All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doing things rather more or less

as Kipling wrote in *The Seven Seas*. That irritation is the note most frequently struck in this collection. There is blistering invective at the filthy conditions in which milk is produced in Lahore ("Typhoid at Home") and at the general lack of sanitary arrangements; there is scorn for red tape; impatience with the ignorance of short-term visitors to India—embodied with more polish in "Pagett, M.P." in *Departmental Ditties*—while in "The City of Evil Countenances" a nervous dislike of everything Asian and alien rises to an almost hysterical pitch. "Faces of dogs, swine, weazles and goats, all the more hideous for being set on human bodies..." It was a feeling only too common towards the end of the Victorian period, but usually among fairly recent arrivals or among women, whose contacts with Indians were usually limited. It was part of the exhaustion of the first hot weather, and arose from ignorance, a hypersensitive horror of everything strange. This ebullition appears in a description of Peshawar, where the people spoke Pushtu, quite unknown to Kipling.

Altogether, the Kipling specialist has good cause to be grateful to Professor Pinney—but the general reader is unlikely to spend long on this collection.

There is a 'glossary of Indian and Anglo-Indian words' which contains a number of question-marks, some of which can be easily answered. "Budndming" is a misprint in the *Civil and Military Gazette* for "badnaming". "Badnam" is a Persian noun meaning "evil reputation" which was commonly used in English conversation as a verb, meaning to slander or abuse. "Ziafut" is *ziyafat*, a feast or banquet, and thus a ceremonial gift instead of a feast. (It is hard to find in an Urdu dictionary because it begins with an unusual Arabic letter.) "Gutka" is "ghatka", a short period of time, theoretically 24 minutes. "Arains" are an agricultural caste, often market gardeners. "Durbaies" must mean "Darbaris"—people who would be admitted to a Darbar.

(2) SOME EARLY VERSE

EARLY VERSE BY RUDYARD KIPLING: Unpublished, Un-collected and Rarely Collected Poems edited and introduced by Andrew Rutherford (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1986); hardback; xvii + 497 pp; appendices; 7 illns; ISBN 0-19-812323-X; £19.50.

The editor of this compilation of early verse has cast his net wider than Professor Pinney has for the prose. He says in his Textual Introduction that "readers may take it that they have before them the main corpus of Kipling's verse, apart from items included in the Definitive Edition, up to his début on the London literary scene in 1889". Some of this material has been published before, for example in *Schoolboy Lyrics*, brought out by his mother in India without Rudyard's consent, or in the school magazine of the United Services College; some is from note-books; but none of it is easily accessible to the ordinary reader.

This means that we have here what Kipling himself wanted to write, while the prose collection is what the editors and the owners of the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the *Pioneer* would let him write. The verse is therefore of more interest than the prose to a general reader, and it covers a longer period, in which there was time for

development. Nonetheless, the verdict must be similar to that on the prose collection. There are not many pieces which on literary merit deserve a place in the collections we all know, *Departmental Ditties* and *Barrack-Room Ballads*. There are some accomplished verses in the second part but not much that anyone will learn by heart. Their value is biographical; they tell us a good deal about the young Kipling and the development of his work.

The editor has divided the collection into two parts, "School Years" and "India and After". In both, the fluency, the facility and the volume of the verse is astonishing; Kipling seems to have written verse almost as easily as prose; he never seems at a loss for a rhyme, and his mastery of rhythm is unailing. But taken in so large a dose, the subject-matter becomes a trifle wearisome.

This is particularly so of the schoolboy poems. 'Love' is the commonest subject. Kipling we know was precocious, and we have it on Beresford's authority that at *Westward Ho!* he was regarded as an authority on 'love'. But it does not ring true. It is all derivative. In spite of his boastful confession about "the fishing-girls of Appledore" in a letter to his schoolmaster Mr Crofts ('King' of *Stalky*), he was really an innocent among innocents—though a very imaginative one. Calf-love hurts at the time, but it is still calf-love, and Kipling himself wrote an astringent comment that applies to his infatuation for Flo Garrard: ". . . one of the most convenient things a young man can carry about with him at the beginning of his career is an unrequited attachment. It makes him feel important. . . and blasé and cynical. . ." ("On the Strength of a Likeness", *Plain Tales*). Nonetheless, here, written before he was seventeen, are some strangely mature and moving lines, which must have been addressed to Flo Garrard:

Have you forgotten—long ago in the fall of the autumn—
 In the time of withered leaves and waking tempests,
 In the face of a slowly dying year
 How once, when the tide was running seaward
 And night came to us softly over the flats
 You put your lips to my forehead
 And called me—Have you forgotten it—your poet?

In Part Two, written in India, 'love' soon changes from the Pre-Raphaelite dream-emotion of boyhood, and the usual note is disillusioned and flippant. It is more amusing to read about than calf-love but still not altogether convincing. Instead of a boy pretending to be in love we have a young man pretending to be *blasé*.

But this was the Kipling who within a few years was to write "Without Benefit of Clergy", " 'Mary, Pity Women!' " and "Badalia Herodsfoot", all creations deeply felt.

Both at school and in India, there was a good deal of light, topical verse, usually facetious. But a mock-heroic description of a pillow-fight at school—to take an early example—is of interest mainly as evidence of precocity. Parody is more successful. One of the best of the parodies is of Browning telling the tale of Jack and Jill:

. . . Ferret out

The rotten bucket from the lumber-shed
Weave ropes and splice the handle—off they go
To where the cold spring bubbles up i' the cleft. . .

But the parody is not sustained and concentrated; it lacks the bite of Calverley's "Tale of a Cock and a Bull". Browning was too often a model to be made a butt. In fact, he was Kipling's most frequent model and it would be possible to comment on many of these pieces, "A poem after the manner of Browning", Tennyson being the runner-up. But there are many others, Swinburne, Arnold, Whitman, Lear and Carroll. Like Stevenson, he "played the sedulous ape". He was always experimenting, not only with form, but with the kind of thing he wanted to say, as well as with how to say it. He was searching all the time for himself as well as for his style as a poet.

There was a moment, back in England, when he thought he had 'found his destiny'. He was entranced by London music-halls and wrote to Mrs Hill that "the people of London require a poet of the Music Halls", where the songs were a popular art form conveying "basic and basaltic truths" about human nature. He pictures a crowded house joining rapturously in the refrain, "And that's what the Girl told the Soldier!" That was the origin of *Barrack-Room Ballads*—but of course it was not enough. He could not confine himself to one form or mood. He went on searching and experimenting.

This collection, like that of the prose, has many foreshadowings—such as a rehearsal, in verse, for the story that eventually appeared in *The Second Jungle Book* as "How Fear Came"—and there are occasional splendid lines—poetic contact with the "deepest layers of human consciousness":

The black Egyptian coursers of the sands,
Grey stallions from the North. . .

but "King Solomon's Horses" is not a poem Kipling wished to collect—and he was right.

The true value of this volume however is biographical. There emerges the picture of a youth who thought in tunes and scraps of verse, who wrote letters in verse to his sister and his aunt, who was perpetually moulding words into poems and stories, a craftsman fettling things together. He was conscious of his powers—he often seemed to his elders insufferably cocky and conceited—but at heart he was still a boy looking for affection, for a home, an anchorage. There is insistence on The Family Square—his two parents and his sister—a point Carrington emphasises in his Life. There is a long letter in verse to his father, in the manner of Browning's "Karshish the Physician":

Halim the Potter from the rainy Hills. . .

in which he assumes the part of a potter who is apprentice to his father and acknowledges the debt; there is deep affection and admiration here, and again in "To These People", his tribute in verse to the Hills, who had been such generous friends.

Students of Kipling will want both these books, and will owe much to the editors. They have sent me back to admire the brilliance of *Plain Tales* and *Departmental Ditties*, and made me think with pity and affection of that young man who, in spite of parents and admirers, was so often lonely in India, just a hundred years ago.

There are useful and scholarly footnotes, on the page, of the poetry volume: it is news to me that in Kipling's India a *cavaliere servente* was known as a 'bow-wow'. But on page 249 'tat' cannot here mean 'pony' (Hindi, *tattu*), as it often does in Anglo-Indian slang: it must stand for Hindi *tatta* or *tatti*, a screen of reeds, used here as shelter for melon-beds, a well known hazard for pig-stickers. And on page 438 "*gowlis* thrice convict of *phuka*" means cow-keepers three times convicted under municipal bye-laws of a cruel practice believed to extend lactation.

PHILIP MASON

KIPLING AND FREEMASONRY

[A good deal of ill-informed comment—much of it silly, and some of the most sententious of it from persons associated with Churches—has been uttered about Freemasonry in recent years. Therefore when I heard of the book now reviewed below I decided (as a non-Mason) to look for a commentator who together with other necessary attributes had a real understanding of the Craft. It is with pleasure that I introduce Mr John Hamill, Librarian at Freemasons' Hall and an undoubted authority. He readily agreed to write for the *Journal*, only remarking wryly that Dr

Marie Roberts's very peculiar ideas about the nature and purpose of Freemasonry would need much more space than I could give him, to review and refute them suitably.

I might add—what anyone else can readily ascertain by consulting those best qualified to know—that an interesting and impressive development of the last few years has been the way in which the governing policy of the movement, in the United Grand Lodge of England, having come to recognise that excessive privacy will attract speculation, now favours a much more relaxed and helpful attitude to public curiosity than used to be manifested—*Ed.*]

BRITISH POETS AND SECRET SOCIETIES by Marie Roberts,
University of Manchester (Croom Helm, London, 1986);
hardback; ix+ 181 pp inc bibliography & index; 10 plates;
ISBN 0-7099-2255-8; £17.95.

A little learning can be a very dangerous thing, especially when it comes to assessing the influence membership of, or a fascination with, a Society has on the complex mind of a poet or writer. To do so not only requires a detailed knowledge of the author and his works, but also a detailed knowledge of the Society concerned. On the latter point Dr Roberts, from her bibliography and notes, has read widely but not always wisely. The poets and Societies discussed in her work are Shelley, who was fascinated by, but not a member of, the Bavarian Illuminati; W. B. Yeats, who was a member of the Golden Dawn; Christopher Smart, Burns and Kipling who were—or in the case of Smart are believed to have been—Freemasons.

Here the reviewer must declare an interest. Having been a Freemason for sixteen years, and having been employed in the Library and Museum of the United Grand Lodge of England for fifteen of them, he believes he knows a little about the subject. His, and all other Freemasons', major quarrel with Dr Roberts would be her characterisation of Freemasonry as a Secret Society. It is not and never has been such, and indeed has been exempted by Parliament from all legislation against clandestine organisations. Freemasonry has been very much a part of English life since the formation of the first Grand Lodge in 1717, and its members have always been ready to acknowledge their membership, as Burns and Kipling did in their writings. The fact that Freemasonry over, say, the last forty years became more private and did not seek publicity does not turn it into a Secret Society.

Dr Roberts has also fallen into the quagmire of Masonic symbolism and terminology. With the possible exception of the

square and compasses, generally recognised as a Masonic symbol, much of the symbolism used in Freemasonry is not peculiar to it but has been borrowed and adapted from other sources. The author, like many other non-Masonic and some Masonic writers, has at times read Masonic allusions into pieces which have no Masonic content. This is particularly true of her section on Smart, whose Masonic membership has never been proved, where many of the passages to which she and other commentators have given a Masonic gloss could be given equally valid glosses by reference to symbolism and imagery found in the Old Testament and Christian writings. A simple case of reading false allusion into Kipling occurs when she comments on his poem, "The Widow of Windsor". To state that because Kipling refers to British soldiers as "sons of the Widow", and because that is also a colloquial term in Masonry for Masons since Hiram Abiff the central figure of the third degree was a widow's son, therefore (page 108) his usage "would be instantly intelligible to any Freemason as a veiled reference to the legendary founder of the Craft", is nonsense.

That Kipling was an active Freemason in India but ceased active participation on his return to England, although he joined lodges here, is established fact. That the ideals and principles of Freemasonry appealed to him and had an influence on the development of his own ideas and his writing is undoubted, but how central to his work they were must be open to conjecture. The present writer would hesitate to go as far as Dr Roberts and state that "The importance of Freemasonry to Kipling's life and work can scarcely be over-emphasised. . ."

Dr Roberts raises a number of interesting ideas which could be followed up in more detail, particularly her suggestion that his growing disillusionment, after the Boer War, with Empire as a means of promoting the brotherhood of man turned him to seeing Freemasonry as a means to achieving that end, but most Freemasons would be put off by her rather odd ideas on the nature and purposes of Freemasonry. To refer, as she does on a number of occasions, to Freemasonry as a secret network is to enter the realms of conspiracy theory with its ideas of Freemasonry being a secret government within a government. This comes over particularly in her comments on Freemasonry's part in the development of Empire. Freemasonry had no active part in that development, but being a part of social life of the period was, like much of England's social activities and customs, taken by the colonists, merchants and military to the new parts of the Empire as a normal part of life.

Similarly, her views on the relationship between Freemasonry and religion are rather odd. To state (page 104) that "the Craft's belief-system continued to blanket differing religious convictions through the Deistic concept of the Great Architect of the Universe. . ." is to imply that Freemasonry is attempting to usurp the functions of religion, or even to replace them. As Kipling would know, Freemasonry is neither a religion in itself nor a substitute for it, and the use of honorifics such as Great Architect, or Great Overseer of the Universe, was not evidence of either the existence of a separate Masonic god or of Freemasonry attempting to provide a lowest common denominator god. They are simply used to enable men of differing religions to meet together, and open their meeting in prayer together, without giving offence to a particular religion. To the Christian the Grand Architect is God; to a Jew, Sikh, Hindu or Muslim he is the God of his religion. The statements (in discussing Kipling's "My new-cut ashlar. . .") that God is "known in Masonic circles as The Master. The leader of the lodge, called by the same name, was therefore a representative of the deity", are false, and the latter would be totally repugnant to anyone who is, or has been, Master of a lodge.

There is much else that could be commented on—the claim that the concept of monarchy is central to Masonic mythology, statements on the nature of Freemasonry in India during Kipling's time, factual inaccuracies of Masonic history—but space is limited. Dr Roberts has made a brave stab at a very complex subject, but was perhaps overwhelmed by the amount of background material available on Freemasonry, much of it conflicting and some of it heavily biased against the subject. As a result, unfortunately, any non-Mason coming to this book for light on Kipling and Freemasonry would derive a very odd impression.

JOHN HAMILL

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN TRANSITION, 1880-1920, special Kipling issues. As we went to press we received a copy of Numbers 1 and 2 of Volume 29 of *ELT* (the well known publication of the English Department of Arizona State University). These two numbers of that periodical comprise over 200 pages, mostly devoted to about 15 new critical articles on Kipling by various writers, many of whom are well known in this field. For further particulars, or to order copies, write to the Editor, *ELT*, English Department, A.S.U., Tempe, AZ 85287, U.S.A.

POOR OLD CASTORLEY

by E. N. HOULTON

[Mr Houlton, a longstanding member of this Society—and an enthusiastic reader of Kipling for nearly three quarters of a century—was several times a contributor to the *Journal* in the 1970s. After graduating in English and History at Durham he became a teacher, and until his retirement in 1968 he was for over twenty years Headmaster of West Hartlepool Grammar School.

"Dayspring Mishandled" is a very strange short story, stark and pessimistic in its tone, enigmatic in its allusiveness. It has the makings of a full scale play or novel, and the compression of the plot is one of the causes of its obscurity. Mr Houlton's shrewd observations on the tale are a useful supplement to existing criticism. Where he extends his comments into the area of its author's own life and experience, and analogies between Kipling and "Castorley", he perhaps becomes more controversial—which has prompted me to add a personal gloss of my own in a footnote.—*Ed.*]

The first of the *Plain Tales* (1888) is a tragic love story, and so is the first story in the last collection, *Limits and Renewals* (1932). In the years between are a number of grim tales—"Mrs. Bathurst", "The Wish House", "A Madonna of the Trenches", for instance—from which you may learn that to love somebody is one of the most dangerous things you can do.

"Dayspring Mishandled" (1928, collected in *Limits and Renewals*), is a kind of condensed novel in Kipling's 'late manner'—the life stories of a number of people who suffer dreadful unhappiness because three men love the same girl. The one she marries is "unworthy" and leaves her; she becomes ill, and dies slowly. One of the men she rejected, Manallace, remains unmarried, and cares for her till her death; then he designs an elaborate revenge—not, as you might expect, against the husband who ran away, but against the third man, Castorley.

Castorley had resented being rejected; he married another woman, who has come to hate and despise him as bitterly as he hates and fears her. The story now concerns the three—Manallace, Castorley and Castorley's wife. She is the most evil person I can remember in the whole of Kipling's work.

The tale is told with rather unreasonable reticence: perhaps there has been some 'raking-out'. You are not told the girl's name. She is referred to, over and over, as "Vidal Benzaquen's mother" (nine

times, no less, by the Narrator and twice by Manallace): Vidal, you learn from a footnote, was a character in a story of 1912.¹ One can understand Manallace's being unable to speak the name of the girl whom he loved with such pain; but this cannot apply to the Narrator. The girl never appears in the story: all you are told is that two men, at least, are quite mad about her. One of them, Castorley, thinks about her as he is dying—

Please would we let him go out, just to speak to—he named her; he named her by her 'little' name out of the old Neminaka days?

Was she one of those by whom he had feared to be "compromised"? Perhaps—she did have a daughter on the music hall stage!— but the first thing Castorley had done when he came into money was to dash out and propose to her.

Most of all, I should like to know what Castorley has *done*, to be pursued with such fury. In a sanctimonious letter he excused himself from contributing to the girl's medical treatment: well, plenty of our best people are mean about money, and I know a few who would not even have replied to the appeal. He "said something" about her to Manallace during an air raid: the Narrator learns what it was, but we never do. If we shall "give account" for "every idle word", even those spoken during an air raid, let us hope the Almighty is kinder than Manallace—and than the Narrator too, who thinks Manallace is justified.

Castorley seems born to be disliked—largely for his misfortunes, as usually happens. It is not his fault that his parents named him Alured, or that his surname makes you think of castor oil, or even, really, that he is "mannered" and "bellied" and "flatulent". If these are crimes, God help the wicked. Still, he *is* a nasty man, jealous, spiteful and self-seeking, besides being a silly ass. He knows that nobody loves him: with his dying breath he is still complaining that Graydon would not have lent *him* the two pounds he lent Manallace, a lifetime ago. When he no longer has to write for a living (and no one congratulates him) he decides to be a literary expert and a critic. As critic, he "scalps" his old associates, especially Manallace, as their books come out: as expert, he must "specialise", and "Chaucer was the prey". He

set about to make himself Supreme Pontiff on Chaucer by methods not far removed from the employment of poison-gas.

Manallace doesn't seem to mind being scalped: he calls on Castorley regularly, and humbly listens to him "mincing and mouthing" for hours about Chaucer and related matters.



MANALLACE AND HIS BREW

One of three pictures by C. E. Brock, R.I., illustrating the first edition of "Dayspring Mishandled", in the *Strand* magazine for July 1928. This one depicts the occasion when the Narrator, still quite unaware of his friend Manallace's convoluted scheme of revenge on the hated Castorley, finds him "in his toolshed-scellery, boiling a brew of slimy barks which were, if mixed with oak-galls, vitriol and wine, to become an ink-powder"—to help in forging a "Chaucer" manuscript.

Somebody in America finds a piece of old vellum, with writing which seems to be medieval, and which could be a fragment of a hitherto unknown *Canterbury Tale*. The world looks to Castorley. He has no doubts. The manuscript fits all his pet theories; he identifies the scribe, and makes 'expert' and 'scientific' tests of the ink and the glue. The poem, he pronounces at the top of his voice, can only be Chaucer's: the "freshness, the fun", the "plangency", all "stamps it from Dan's mint".² This is the way Castorleys always talk, and "plangent" is his very-own word. The find must be genuine, because Castorley gets a knighthood for saying so.

It is not, of course. It is a forgery by Manallace. He intends in due time to show the world what a fraud and an ass Castorley is, and so kill him. The Narrator knows, and so does someone else—a contingency for which Manallace has not provided—Castorley's wife.

She knows Manallace has not been calling twice a week for years for the pleasure of Castorley's company. She must know about their ancient grudge: she knows all that Castorley does or says: "she can hear a man think". She keeps on needling—isn't it wonderful how the find confirms all Castorley's theories? about the scribe Mentzel, and his pen, and his spelling, and the formula for medieval ink? She as good as tells Manallace she knows—

"She said she thought that even Sir Alured did not realise the full extent of his obligations to you."

And she knows that if Castorley learns the truth it will kill him.

Manallace perceives, in time, that this is what she wants: "I'm expected to kill him". It takes him weeks to find out *why* ("she's so infernally plain..."). She is having an affair with Castorley's doctor, and means to marry him when Castorley is dead ("she wants to make it a sort of joke between us").

And why not? She is only encouraging Manallace in what he has been preparing, "lovingly and leisurely", for years. But he tells the Narrator, "I'm not going to have him killed". The revenge is "off". If he goes ahead now, he is no longer the sword of justice, he is the woman's murder weapon—and there is much more to it.

Was the revenge ever really "on"? To be sure, he has talked about it for years, but to unpack one's heart with words is one thing, cold-blooded murder is quite another: there is a good deal of Hamlet in Manallace. Murder is not in character: the man is not built that way. Manallace is an exceptionally kind man: he gave his whole life to the woman who had rejected him (and who still longed for someone else, as she died in his arms—"her eyes ... always looked for the husband



SHE SHOOK HER FINGER AT HIM

Another Brock illustration in the magazine version of "Dayspring Mishandled". Here is Manallace, uncomfortably confronted by Lady Castorley (*Costerley* in that text: one of many small variations from the version in *Limits and Renewals*). She is described as "unappetizing, ash-coloured.. .with one side of her face out of drawing". Mr Houlton, in the accompanying article, calls her Kipling's most evil character.

She has just told Manallace that her sick husband (whom she secretly wants finished off, in which she has identified Manallace as a potential accomplice) must be given his head over the book he is writing (in which he is mistakenly authenticating the Chaucer spoof), even though " 'you know ever so much better how his book should be arranged than he does himself' She shook her finger at him playfully. 'You don't think you do; but remember, he tells me everything that you tell him.'"

who had left her"). Could such a man torture anybody to death, even Castorley? I do not believe it. He might have, just possibly, if Lady Castorley had only held her tongue: the wicked, as Churchill said, are not always clever. As it is, she has shown him the ugliness of hatred and treachery—in herself and in him. She has shown him that his old enemy is the victim of a vile marriage—as the girl was. Can he now add to the poor devil's misery? He cannot go against his nature, which is to help a lame dog—even an evil and thankless dog.

So he sets himself, with infinite resource and sagacity, and with angelic patience, to thwart and deceive the woman, and to blandish, coax, procrastinate, cheat—he has had years of practice—and lie. So Castorley dies believing he will be forever famous. Manallace's inspiration and ingenuity have gone to inflate the reputation of a great fraud. Well, it occupied his mind:

" . . .for pain of the soul there is, outside God's Grace, but one drug; and that is a man's craft, learning, or other helpful motion of his own mind."³

It must have been fun. He has outwitted all the world's "experts". I think he is happier now it is over than he has been for many a long day.

The verses which follow the story—

*That which is marred at birth Time shall not mend,
Nor water out of bitter well make clean;
All evil thing returneth at the end,
Or else way walketh in our blood unseen. . .*

are "modernised" from Manallace's "Chaucer", and supply the title. In them Gertrude laments that if her father marries her to the wrong man her life will be spoilt—as the lives of several people in the story are spoilt.

It is not so easy to see the point of the epigraph, which comes from a story written by Charles Nodier in 1832, in which a young man finds himself in "le jardin des lunatiques à Glasgow" and is haunted by the sinister plant, the Mandragore, which sings repeatedly the little song quoted by Kipling—

C'est moi, c'est moi, c'est moi!
Je suis la Mandragore!
La fille des beaux jours qui s'éveille à l'aurore—
Et qui chante pour toi!

It is of course the Mandrake, which screams when uprooted, and which can be an anodyne, or drive you mad, or kill you. To try to explain why Kipling thought this had a bearing on his own story would require more space, and much more knowledge, than I have, and anyway Dr Tompkins has given the best interpretation we are likely to get. The Mandragore, she writes, is a dangerous narcotic, like hatred. Revenge is

the narcotic that Manallace finds for his empty and aching life. Since its origin is in the 'dayspring' and good days of his youth, it is indeed 'la fille des beaux jours'... It cradles him in delusions for a while... Revengeful hatred ... can empty the mind of other pains, but it is more often deadly than sanative to the mind that entertains it.⁴

By God's mercy, with the woman as instrument, Manallace is saved; his old cruel hatred changes into something like love—into compassion at least.

* * *

Obviously there is a good deal of Kipling in Manallace. Like Manallace, Kipling lived with the memory of a lost girl—"the daughter that was all to him",⁵ and there was his son. He must often, let us hope, have "sunk himself past all recollections"⁶ in his craft, as Manallace did. Like Manallace, he wrote to please himself and his readers, and ignored the critics—many of whom ignored or insulted *him*. He disliked critics, "literary" persons, and seekers after "honours": he disliked—hated—Castorley as much as Manallace did: he created Castorley out of the depths of his dislike.

He was interested in medieval manuscripts: in "The Eye of Allah" he *made* one, illuminated in such detail that I imagine an artist could reproduce it. Like Manallace he played with parchments, inks, quills and colours. He was a skilful parodist: he imitated Chaucer among others. He wrote, rather too often, about fiendish and ingenious revenges, but it was all words: as far as I know he never injured anybody. He could have designed and executed Manallace's jest—he *did* design it, of course—and I am pretty sure he would have stopped where Manallace stopped.

* * *

Sadly, I am afraid there is something of Kipling in Castorley also. Both suffered mysterious inward pains, which doctors could not cure or even diagnose, and both endured uncomfortable marriages. Good, brave, competent Carrie was largely different from Castorley's

woman; but Kipling's marriage *was* uncomfortable. When I first read "Dayspring Mishandled" in 1932 (seven shillings and sixpence was a lot of money then!) I was struck by the extraordinary bitterness of certain passages:

"She doesn't believe a word I say. She told me she never has since before we were married. . ."

[Castorley] fell into the hideous, helpless panic of the sick—those worse than captives who lie at the judgment and mercy of the hale for every office and hope. He wanted to go away. Would we help him to pack his Gladstone? Or, if that would attract too much attention in certain quarters, help him to dress and go out?

I knew next to nothing then about Kipling's life, and nothing at all about his marriage. Since, I have read Carrington and Birkenhead. Elsie Kipling, in Carrington's Epilogue, writes:

My mother introduced into everything she did. . . a sense of strain and worry amounting sometimes to hysteria. . . while her uncertain moods kept us apprehensively on the alert for possible storms.⁷

She insists on her father's "utter loyalty" and her mother's "immense and never-failing courage", but when she married in 1924

something like despair filled him as he looked forward to life at 'Bateman's' without his only remaining child. . .

This is quite dreadful: the wretched man was terrified of being alone with his wife.

Birkenhead tells more, at second hand of course. Everybody knows how Kipling said he could not leave Carrie because she would have to find the train and buy the ticket; other stories are really painful—how for instance he sometimes had to post letters himself,

as Caroline would look at his letters and cross-question him as to whom they were for. . .

Caroline's threats of self-violence terrified Kipling, and the terror made him even more submissive. All this, coupled with the constant physical pain [like Castorley's], reduced him to a terrible condition. . .⁸

the "hideous, helpless panic of the sick", in fact.

It can hardly be accidental that the first story in this collection is "Dayspring Mishandled", and the last is "Uncovenanted Mercies", the story of a man and a woman whose love has brought them to Hell, and of whom it is said:

"If So-and-so shall meet So-and-so, their state at the last shall be such as even Evil itself shall pity."

Poor Old Castorley; poor old Kipling.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

1. That story was "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat" (*A Diversity of Creatures*). Incidentally 'Benzaquen' (in "Dayspring Mishandled") is a misspelling, eventually corrected (to 'Benzaguen') in the Sussex edition.
2. I hope it is not pedagogical to remark that Chaucer's name was Geoffrey, not Daniel. "Dan" is Don, Dominus, Master, a title of honour, and Chaucer is traditionally called "Dan Chaucer", e.g. by Spenser. Castorley of course is showing off.
3. From "The Eye of Allah" (*Debits and Credits*).
4. J. M. S. Tompkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (Methuen, 1959), ch. 5. It is a privilege to record one's debt to a great scholar and interpreter of Kipling. I must also thank Dr Rachel Killick of the University of Leeds, who kindly went to great trouble to give me much information about Nodier.
5. From "Morrow Down".
6. From "The Eye of Allah".
7. C. E. Carrington's *Rudyard Kipling* (3rd edn, Macmillan, 1978), p 592.
8. Lord Birkenhead's *Rudyard Kipling* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1978), p 325.

EDITOR'S SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES

I personally feel that Mr Houlton's analogy between the Kiplings' real life marriage and the Castorleys' fictional one, though worth making, is of limited application: the Kiplings' relationship, unlike the one in the story, was one of mutual devotion and fidelity. There is ample evidence, of course, including her daughter's account, that Caroline Kipling could be over-protective, possessive and difficult, which bore heavily on her husband especially when he, or she, was ill. However I do not believe, from what I have heard from those who knew Kipling well, that it was a marriage for which, in any continual sense, he would have felt he deserved pity.

The Birkenhead biography, though a useful and readable book by a writer of

distinction, is marked by tendentiousness and inaccuracy. On this topic I doubt its reliability. There are few fields in which selective illustration, gleaned at second hand after the event, can be more misleading than in other people's marriages: Birkenhead's desire to prove Kipling unhappy seems excessive. (A small example: where Birkenhead, to illustrate Caroline's social isolation of her husband, writes that "the only telephone in the house was situated in her bedroom" (p 323), he makes two important mistakes, since (a) Bateman's had no telephone in Kipling's lifetime, and (b) the couple shared a bedroom.)

As for Kipling's too often quoted comment to Lady Milner, "Even if I wanted to run away from Carrie I couldn't do it, because she would have to look out the train and book the ticket," so far from demonstrating what Birkenhead (p 146) ludicrously calls "childish reliance" on his wife, it merely reminds those of us whose throwaway remarks are *not* liable to be preserved for posterity like flies in amber, how lucky we are. I can imagine the same comment being lightly made by many a contented husband with an efficient wife: I might certainly make it myself.

KIPLING'S ROTTINGDEAN GARDEN

from a note by J. H. MCGIVERING, and from press reports

Readers of this *Journal* (June to December 1981), or of the national press, which has occasionally noted the subject, may recall a brouhaha over the walled garden of The Elms, Rottingdean, Kipling's house from 1897 to 1902. A developer had planned to erect seven houses in the garden: this would have effectively wrecked an attractive site at the heart of Rottingdean's Green, itself a far from adequate open space in a nowadays very congested village.

However, the strenuous efforts of the Rottingdean Preservation Society—the R.P.S.—which opposed the scheme with vigour and later generously collected money to buy the garden for public use, coupled with the consistent good sense of the Local Authority, defeated the developer in a hard-contested process, and made possible an excellent alternative.

On 23 April the garden, newly beautified and suitably laid out for public access, was opened by the Mayor of Brighton (Councillor Cristofoli, one of our members), who on behalf of the Borough formally accepted the gift of the land from Mr L. H. Sloggett, Chairman of the R.P.S. (The Elms itself—the house—is outside these transactions, so the garden is now approached through a wrought-iron gate, presented at the same time by the widow of Sir Harold Evans, a former R.P.S. Chairman.) The Kipling Society, which had supported the R.P.S. in this campaign now brought to a triumphant conclusion, was represented at the very satisfying ceremony of transfer, by Mr J. H. McGivering, our former Meetings Secretary, now living in Rottingdean.

THE SOCIETY'S FINANCES

THE KIPLING SOCIETY'S 1985 YEAR END ACCOUNTS

A Report by T. S. BITTLESTON, Treasurer

After last year's bumper figures for income and surplus, the Accounts for 1985 (pages 72-73) may seem a little disappointing: however I set out below some reasons for this result.

Owing to the fall of the pound against the dollar in 1984, we were able that year to receive more than 'value from money' from our American membership. As the pound stabilised however, this benefit has been lost: consequently *subscription* income declined.

Compared with 1984, our *donations* income has declined considerably. This has only partly been offset by an improved return from our *investments* (which for the most part was coming from deposit account interest as opposed to stock and share dividends). This income should increase in 1986 (as we purchased further stocks late last year, mainly in Scottish Mortgage & Trust and 'Investing in Success' Equities).

Turning to *costs*, members will note a significant overall increase caused by the additional expense of producing a much larger *Journal*—although this increase has been partly offset by a welcome reduction in our overall *administrative* costs. We expect to reduce this overhead still further in 1986 by investment in office automation, which will allow better control of subscription payments and obviate any need for an Assistant Secretary—whom we no longer employ.

Covenant payments are being taken up during 1986, which will significantly increase our revenue. In some cases, as certain covenanters will realise, this will represent a few years' repayments now due to us: reimbursement was delayed while we negotiated for receipt of this income without the necessity for form R185 (an arrangement permitted to certain charitable categories), but we were not successful in this, and those documents have now been circulated for signature.

With improved income from our revised subscription rates, I expect 1986 to be one of our better years, but I hope this will not deter members from remembering the Society as a deserving and grateful beneficiary of donations. Further, I would remind all U.K. members that to covenant their subscription payments is a most effective and painless way of increasing our revenue.

KIPLING SOCIETY
INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT
YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 1985

	1985 £	1984 £
INCOME		
Subscriptions (see Note 2)	6,457	6,853
Profit on sale of publications	243	653
Investment income	1,114	376
Increase in value of investments	549	—
Advertising	565	972
Donations	431	1,248
Other income	—	247
	9,359	10,349
 EXPENDITURE		
Printing and despatch of <i>Kipling Journal</i>	6,081	4,255
Office—rent and insurance	1,233	1,127
—other overheads	2,015	1,516
Decrease in value of investments	—	289
Honorarium to Editor for expenses	100	200
Wages	100	985
	9,529	8,372
 (DEFICIT)/SURPLUS FOR YEAR	 (£170)	 £1,977

NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS: ACCOUNTING POLICIES

1. *Income* (with the exception of the subscriptions, which are accounted for on a cash basis) and *expenditure* are accounted for on an accruals basis.
2. The Society has submitted claims totalling £590 to the Inland Revenue, for reclaim of income tax deducted from subscriptions made under *covenant*. This sum will be reflected in the accounts when received.
3. *Fixed assets*—the *Library* is stated at valuation at 31 December 1980.
—the *office equipment* is depreciated in equal annual instalments over five years.
4. *Investments* are stated at market value.

KIPLING SOCIETY

BALANCE SHEET

31 DECEMBER 1985

	1985		1984	
	£	£	£	£
FIXED ASSETS (see Note 3)				
Library		15,601		15,601
Office equipment—cost	785		1,511	
—depreciation	(591)		(1,161)	
		194		350
INVESTMENTS				
Listed securities (see Note 4)		5,161		1,640
CURRENT ASSETS				
Bank balances	2,181		7,174	
Debtors and prepayments	1,594		85	
	3,775		7,259	
CURRENT LIABILITIES				
Creditors	1,382		1,331	
NET CURRENT ASSETS		2,393		5,928
		£23,349		£23,519
Financed by Income and Expenditure Account				
Balance on 1 January		23,519		21,542
(Deficit)/Surplus for year		(170)		1,977
BALANCE ON 31 DECEMBER		£23,349		£23,519

31 May 1986

N. L. Entract (Secretary) and T. S. Bittleston (Treasurer)

REPORT OF THE AUDITOR

I have audited the financial statements on pages [72] and [73]. My audit was conducted in accordance with approved Auditing Standards.

In my opinion the financial statements, which have been prepared under the historical cost convention except for the revaluation of certain assets, give a true and fair view of the state of the Society's affairs at 31 December 1985 and of its deficit for the year then ended.

B. S. Connolly (Chartered Accountant)

31 May 1986

27 Harrowdene Gardens, Teddington, Middlesex TW11 0DH

SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome to the Society the following new, or rejoined, members:

Mrs P. b. Allen-Mersh (*Suffolk*); The Hon. Mr Justice Asche (*Victoria, Australia*); Ms E. W. Barr (*Maryland, U.S.A.*); Mr & Mrs R. W. Barton (*Virginia, U.S.A.*); Mr R. J. Clarke (*Victoria, Australia*); Mr A. Clegg (*Surrey*); Mr R. J. Cristofoli (*Sussex*); Mr R. Davidson (*Melbourne, Australia*); Mr R. del Valle (*Michigan, U.S.A.*); Mr M. W. Edwards (*Washington DC, U.S.A.*); Mrs P. Forsythe (*Surrey*); M Pierre Gauchet (*France*); Mr J. Jones (*West Midlands*); Miss Ermina Karim (*Illinois, U.S.A.*); Mr H. L. Kirk (*New York, U.S.A.*); Miss Marghanita Laski (*London*); Dr Richard Leakey (*Kenya*); Dr & Mrs N. J. Manno (*Illinois, U.S.A.*); Mrs C. D. Martin (*Illinois, U.S.A.*); Memphis State University (*Tennessee, U.S.A.*); Dr B. J. Moore-Gilbert (*London*); Mr A. M. Neu (*New York, U.S.A.*); Mr H. R. Preston (*Maryland, U.S.A.*); Rockford College Library (*Illinois, U.S.A.*); Mr J. Smeeton (*Victoria, Australia*); Mr P. H. Suter (*Massachusetts, U.S.A.*); Mrs S. E. L. M. Wilson (*Sussex*); Mr M. H. J. Woodman (*Surrey*).

CANADA AND U.S.A. SECRETARIATS

Warm thanks to Mr and Mrs G. D. Fleming, of Ottawa, who since 1982, as part of a move towards greater devolution from London, have been kind enough to handle magazine distribution and subscription collection for most Canadian members—not including the small localised Branch which has existed since 1935 in Victoria, British Columbia. Now, as a streamlining of effort and an economy of finance (more obviously rational with Rockford College, Illinois, in the person of Professor Enamul Karim, providing the Secretariat function for U.S. members) it has been mutually agreed that the role of the Flemings in Ottawa should be transferred to the much larger-scale operation at Rockford. Professor Karim becomes in effect the Secretary for North America, in which capacity he has already been in touch with many Canadian members.

A regional arrangement keeps the Society's expenses down, and with them members' subscriptions. There can be economies in postage, also in banks' exchange charges on foreign-currency cheques; also a reduction in the heavy work-load of the Society's London office, and greater accessibility between members abroad and the Secretariat that deals with them. In the case of some members in North America, who for good past reasons receive the *Journal* and correspondence via our London office, the Secretary will be seeing if it will suit them to join Professor Karim's list.

THE MELBOURNE BRANCH

At the recent Annual General Meeting of the Society's Melbourne Branch, the election of office-bearers took place, resulting in some significant changes. Mrs Ivy Morton, for many years a mainstay of the Branch and a factor in its continuity and survival, made way for Mrs Rosalind Kennedy, who was elected President and as such deserves our

warmest good wishes. Mr D. P. Wallace was re-elected Treasurer, and Mr Walter Walker became Secretary in place of Mrs Kennedy.

As we stated in the Membership News in our last issue, impressive and encouraging evidence comes in, of the lively condition of our Melbourne Branch—well organised social events, generous donations for the *Kipling Journal*, and above all a series of really good speakers addressing Branch meetings. Our congratulations go to all concerned.

OBITUARY: MR T. E. CRESSWELL, M.C.

It is with regret that we record the death, in his ninety-fifth year, of one of our Vice-Presidents, Mr Ted Cresswell. Though he joined the Society relatively recently, in 1965, he was for some years a frequent attender at its meetings, where he gained the respect and affection of all who knew him. By 1966 he was on the Council, and from 1969 to 1971 he was its Chairman: he was appointed a Vice-President in 1977. He featured occasionally in the *Journal*, e.g. in December 1965 on a point of naval history. He was also a contributor to the *Readers' Guide*, e.g. with a helpful article on Hadrian's Wall and the Roman army in volume VI, page 2724. Lately he was much crippled by arthritis, and though mentally alert was in recent years sadly prevented by physical disability from attending functions of the Society.

A KIPLING EXHIBITION IN CONNECTICUT

Miss Matilda Tyler, of New Haven, Connecticut, asks for a note in the *Journal*, to inform American fellow-members of an impending exhibition of some of her personal collection of material relating to Kipling. As part of the Yale Collectors' Series, it will be at the Beinecke Library, New Haven, from "around Labor Day" until late November 1986.

KIPLING COMMEMORATION IN ILLINOIS

The events organised by Professor. Enamul Karim at Rockford College, Illinois, on 24-25 April, (as forecast in our last two issues) to commemorate the 50th anniversary of Kipling's death, duly took place, though Sir Angus Wilson was unfortunately prevented by illness from attending. An outline report will be in our next issue.

GIFT TO THE SOCIETY'S FORMER SECRETARY

When John Shearman retired from the Secretaryship in 1985, members subscribed to have his set of the *Kipling Journal* bound, in appreciation for his eight years hard work. He now reports that fifteen handsomely bound volumes are complete, and he thanks those who contributed. He also sends thanks to all who made his Secretaryship so "vivid and enlightening".

A NOTE ON THE KIPLING SOCIETY

Head Office at 18 Northumberland Avenue, London WC2N 5BJ

This literary and historical society is for anyone interested in Rudyard Kipling's prose and verse, life and times. His published writings, in 35 volumes, are by any standard remarkable. His life (1865-1936) was very eventful. The period through which he lived and about which he wrote with such vigour was one of huge and dramatic change.

As a non-profit-making cultural organisation run on an essentially unpaid footing to provide a service, the Society has the status of a Registered Charity in Britain. Its management and principal activities are in England, but it has branches or secretariat arrangements in Australia, Canada and the U.S.A. About a third of its members, including scores of universities, colleges and libraries, are in North America.

Founded in 1927, the Society has attracted many notable literary and academic figures, including of course the leading authorities in the field of Kipling studies; but it also caters for an unspecialised public of general readers, from whom its wider membership is drawn. Its managing focus is the Secretary in London, Norman Entract. He and other office-holders arrange various activities, including regular talks and discussions in London, and an Annual Luncheon; answer enquiries from correspondents; and maintain a specialised Library for reference and research.

The quarterly *Kipling Journal* is sent free to all members. On various pages in each issue, information on the Society's functions is provided. More can be obtained from Norman Entract or branch Secretaries. Applications for membership are most welcome: the Society and *Journal* depend heavily on such support.

MINIMUM ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES	<i>Britain</i>	<i>Overseas</i>
Individual Member	£12	£14
Junior Member (<i>up to age 24</i>)	£5	£5
Corporate Member	£20	£20

LITERARY AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE *KIPLING JOURNAL*

The *Kipling Journal* is essentially the Kipling Society's publication, and though the Editor selects its contents with an eye to merit, originality and an interesting range of topics, he will always allot some space to the Society's business, including at least a few of the addresses delivered at the Society's meetings, if they are short enough.

Independent literary contributions, however, are very welcome. If we cannot print them at once we may be able to place them in a later issue. Like other literary societies, we do not pay for articles: authors gain the satisfaction of publication in a periodical of authority and repute, recognised as the only one in the world specialising in this subject.

We have at present much more publishable material than we can print, and have to defer or decline some items of interest. However this is healthy. We would like *more*, to improve our variety and quality. *It should invariably be sent to the Editor.*

Articles submitted should be fairly brief. Our average page carries only 400 words of text. A 4000-word article, however good, may be hard to place. We impose no limit, but must remind contributors of a factor which inevitably influences selection.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed: unless told otherwise, we reserve the normal right to shorten. *Book Reviews*, usually invited, may be volunteered: a range of 200 to 800 words is suggested. We will gratefully accept, even if we cannot quickly use, relevant and reproducible *illustrations, news cuttings, book excerpts, catalogue data* and other *miscellanea* which might enhance the *Journal's* interest. Kipling touched the literary and practical world at so many points that our terms of reference are broad.

Advertisements. We welcome *regularly placed* advertisements which are compatible with the style of the *Journal*: for current rates, please enquire of the Editor.

The Editor's address is *Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ.*



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