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There is much to interest members of the Kipling Society, and there are not infrequently items directly related to Kipling's writings. We have recently published an article by George Webb on *The Irish Guards in the Great War*; another by Peter Lewis on *The War in the Mountains*, Kipling's evocative impression of the Italian front in 1917; and two reviews of new collections of Kipling.

The annual subscription for 1991 is £40 — but for members of the Kipling Society a special rate, £36. Enquiries and remittances to *The AQ & DJ*, 1 West Street, Tavistock PL19 8DS, Devon, England.

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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS IN 1992

Wednesday 12 February at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at Brown's Hotel (Dover & Albemarle Streets, London W1), **Mr Nicholas Freeling** on *Kipling as Crime Writer*. Mr Freeling is himself a crime writer, and the creator of TV's 'Inspector van der Valk'.

Wednesday 25 March, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., the second annual **Bateman's Day School** (jointly with Sussex University and the National Trust). The subject: *Kipling at Home and Abroad*. The Society's speakers to include **Mrs Lisa Lewis, Dr Gillian Sheehan, Mrs Meryl Macdonald Bendle**, and **Messrs George Webb, John Pateman** and **Michael Smith**. (Particulars from Mr Smith – tel 0273 303719.)

Wednesday 22 April at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at Brown's Hotel, **Mr Donald Mackenzie** on *Kipling and Northernness*. Mr Mackenzie is editor of the forthcoming World's Classics edition of the 'Puck' books.

Wednesday 6 May at 12.30 for 1 p.m. at the Royal Overseas League (Park Place, off St James's Street, London SW1) the Society's **Annual Luncheon**. The Guest of Honour will be **Mr G.C. Morris**. [Members in Britain will receive further information, and an application form, with this *Journal* and the next.]

Wednesday 22 July at 5.30 for 6 p.m. at Brown's Hotel, our Secretary for North America, **Professor Enamul Karim** on *Archetypes in Kipling's "Kim"*.

Thanks to all who have completed fresh banker's orders and covenants so quickly.



THE END OF "THE RED ONE"

A dropping kite whistled shrilly overhead, as Gisborne snapped out the empty shells, and wiped his face.

"And if thou art not a *shikarri*, where didst thou learn thy knowledge of the tiger-folk?" said he. "No tracker could have done better."

"I hate all tigers," said Mowgli curtly . . .

[A drawing by Stuart Tresilian for "In the Rukh", in *All the Mowgli Stories* (Macmillan, 1933). An article at page 35 in this issue discusses that story.]

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"C'ETAIT DARZEE, L'OISEAU-TAILLEUR, ET SA FEMME"

A drawing by Roger Reboussin for "Rikki-tikki-tavi" in *Le Livre de la Jungle* (translated by Fabulet and d'Humières, 11th edn., Librairie Delagrave, Paris, 1930). The mongoose, new to the house and garden of his future exploits, is on the ground questioning the two tailor-birds lamenting on a thorn-bush.

"Qu'est-ce que vous avez?" demanda Rikki-tikki.

"Nous sommes très malheureux," dit Darzee . . .

EDITORIAL

PETER BELLAMY: 8 SEPTEMBER 1944 to 24 SEPTEMBER 1991

We must sadly announce the untimely death of Peter Bellamy, one of our Vice-Presidents; our sympathy goes to his widow and relatives.

He was a very individual professional singer, well known in his adopted *genre* of English traditional music; he had an assured voice, a rich talent for composition, a mastery of folk-singing technique, and a deep knowledge of Kipling. Out of this blend of capabilities he created – among much else – a notable speciality: he set a great variety of Kipling's verse to music, sang it *con brio* to audiences in Britain and abroad, and produced delightful recordings. (See the list facing page 56: an advertisement from last year, which remains valid.)

His confident singing style, and skill with his accompanying instrument, were grounded on hard preparatory work, an accurate memory and perfect pitch. He often subtly sensed an unspoken implication in the text – a common element in Kipling – and deftly conveyed it. No one who heard his rendition of a Barrack-room Ballad, or anything else by Kipling, would quickly forget it. For the newcomer to Kipling, it was a revelation. Even an *aficionado* would discover unlooked-for enhancements: much of Kipling's verse, written with rhythmic tunes in mind, gains in effect when sung.

He was no mere Kipling specialist: that was one feature in a catholic repertoire. His long, laudatory obituaries in *The Times*, the *Independent*, the *Guardian* and the *Telegraph* leave no doubt of his stature as a stylist, vocalist and composer: but he paid a price for it. His very integrity and artistic independence led latterly to increasing alienation from others in his field. He deplored the politicisation of traditional folk music, hijacked and spoilt, he felt, by trendy left-wingers: they for their part regarded him with envious spite, almost as an outcast – which personally wounded him and professionally frustrated him.

I am glad I knew Peter Bellamy; I admired his abilities and liked his engaging personality. His versatile interpretations of Kipling, across a broad range of sensitively rendered verse, still linger in the mind – whether the galloping metre of "The Ballad of Minepit Shaw", or the capstan's evocative lilt in "Anchor Song", or the soldier's lament for a comrade in "Follow Me 'Ome" –

An' because it was so, why, o' course 'e went an' died,
Which is just what the best men do . . .

THE REDEMPTION THEME IN *LIMITS AND RENEWALS*

TWO DIFFERENT PATHS

by JOHN COATES

[Dr John Coates, a lecturer in English Literature at Hull University, has for many years been a member of the Kipling Society and an occasional contributor to the *Kipling Journal*. Among his articles have been "Failure and Success of Civilisation in *Puck of Pook's Hill*" (September 1980), "'Proofs of Holy Writ': Kipling's Valedictory Statement on Art" (September 1987), and a review of Craig Raine's *A Choice of Kipling's Prose* (December 1987). In July 1988 he delivered at one of our meetings at Brown's Hotel a memorable lecture on "Historical Themes in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*". He also contributed an important article ("Thor and Tyr: Sacrifice, Necessary Suffering and the Battle against Disorder in *Rewards and Fairies*") to the special Kipling issue (Volume 29 [1], 1986) of the U.S. periodical, *English Literature in Transition: 1880-1920*.

Like all those best qualified to write about Kipling, Dr Coates has a wide range of literary interests. He has published articles on Shakespeare, Lamb and Coleridge, but his main field is Victorian and Edwardian literature and he has written about Thackeray, Browning, Trollope, Bulwer-Lytton, Wilkie Collins and Walter Pater, among others. His book, *Chesterton and the Edwardian Cultural Crisis*, appeared in 1984.

I am pleased now to present his thoughtful study of certain significant aspects of Kipling's final collection of stories, *Limits and Renewals* (1932). I originally hoped to print it several years ago – that it has had to wait so long is eloquent testimony to the bulk of publishable material that comes in, which would require a much larger magazine to accommodate — but Dr Coates's article is worth waiting for.

He traces in various stories within *Limits and Renewals* two different paths (as he terms them in his sub-title above) to redemption. In generalised terms, one of these is by learning the truth by investigation, usually as part of an in-group of friends or associates; the other is by the sacrificial Christian route to salvation. The first path is exemplified in certain stories in the volume – e.g. "Fairy-kist" and "Unprofessional" (and can be traced in "The Woman in His Life", "The Tender Achilles", "The Miracle of Saint Jubanus" and even, Dr Coates suggests, in "Dayspring Mishandled"); the second path is implicit in Kipling's two vivid depictions of St Paul, especially the account of the Apostle's values that comes over in "The Manner of Men".

It is not suggested that Dr Coates's theme provides a key that precisely fits each story in *Limits and Renewals*: it certainly does not. What it does do is cast a helpful illumination on several intricate, opaque but rewarding stories – and their supporting verses – in a book which more than any other illustrates the complexity and subtlety of Kipling's later writings. — *Ed.*]

"The Manner of Men" is an unusual story – a somewhat unexpected and intriguing variant on those themes prevalent in Kipling's late collection – *Limits and Renewals*. Although it raises topics and deals with areas of interest found throughout the collection, it deals with them in a way radically different from the other stories; one which suggests a considerable effort of moral and imaginative sympathy. That Kipling should write well of types of feeling, of kinds of loyalty or intellectual predilections, which he *shared*, is scarcely surprising. "The Manner of Men", however, is among other things an exploration of a sensibility to which Kipling was not naturally attracted, an intellectual climate for which he felt no instinctive liking. To write well, and with justice, about a cast of mind which he did not share – one in some ways emotionally unattractive, and subversive of codes of behaviour he endorsed and intellectual currents he thought valuable and timely – is a mark of moral as well as intellectual distinction.

It is of course no secret that *Limits and Renewals* offers several aspects of a subject variously called "healing", "forgiveness", "renewal" or "redemption". In the attention given to Kipling's late phase, much has been made of the sophistication of these stories, of their skilful omissions and weight of inferential material, and especially of a current of gentle humanity in them. Together with other stories of the later period, they provide a ready answer to accusations of crudity or cruelty made by critics of Kipling who have not read them.

Without denying the stories this value and importance, it is possible to see most of them as a continuation and development of interests and sympathies shown earlier. The attitude to healing and redemption had greatly gained in poignance and urgency because of the effect of 1914-1918 on the individual mind and on a whole civilisation. But the technique of healing is basically one in which Kipling – as "The House Surgeon" [1909, *Actions and Reactions*] suggests — had long been interested; the codes and standards those which he had long been evolving.

Two elements are emphasised in the acts of redemption studied in *Limits and Renewals*: the power of the rational mind working to uncover the source of guilt, fear or neurosis, and *esprit de corps*.

The latter is nothing new in Kipling's work; nor is the fact, often remarked on, that it is not exclusively or even predominantly military. Here, however, it is bound up, in interesting and suggestive ways, with acts of research into the past, probing to discover and exorcise some secret or some trauma. Beyond this however, it has other implications. There are suggestions here that the *esprit de corps* is that of a band of researchers, enlightened sensitive men who confront the darkness. Their confidence rests on more than rationality, on more even than the comradeship of those who have learned and suffered together. It reposes ultimately on a simple, almost forgotten truth, from which the techniques flow, which underlies the attitudes and responses of the healers. Beyond their other bonds is one of shared knowledge. They possess an important secret, a clue to health and sanity in a dark, disordered world.

Kipling perhaps comes nearest to an explicit statement of what the secret is in the poem "The Threshold", which follows the story "Unprofessional". The 'threshold' in the poem is that of the knowledge, now on the verge of rediscovery, which was possessed by the pre-Socratic philosophers but was strangled at its birth. Briefly, "The Threshold" offers a sketch of man's intellectual development. Men in their caves pictured the gods in an attempt to control and propitiate them by 'sympathetic magic' –

*In their deepest caverns of limestone
They pictured the Gods of Food —
The Horse, the Elk, and the Bison
That the hunting might be good;
With the Gods of Death and Terror —
The Mammoth, Tiger, and Bear,
And the pictures moved in the torchlight
To show that the gods were there!¹*

For all their hold upon the imagination, these were the phantasms of a self-induced fear. The darkness was broken, briefly, by

*Crystal-eyed Sages of Ionia
Who said, 'These tales are lies. . .'*

These philosophers, the poem suggests, rejected a multiplicity of powers, gods and demons –

*But each to be wooed by worship
And won by sacrifice.*

On the contrary, all things were one substance, animated and differentiated by "*one Breath*". The universe is "*one Matter*", "*Eternal, changeless, unseen*" and above all "*single*" until "*the Breath shall bid it bring forth*" — that is, shall call into existence the forms that we perceive.

No philosopher, Kipling gives nevertheless a sense of the *emotional* appeal of a teaching which has undoubted parallels in the views of Thales or Heraclitus [both of the Ionian school]. Its principal attraction is a freeing from fear. Although Ionia is "Holy", the poem's emphasis is on *gnosis* – on a salvation to be obtained through knowledge, rather than through worship and sacrifice.

The arbitrary and mysterious are dispelled after the perception of an essential unity in the material world and in the spirit which animates it. Life, though complex in its manifestations, may be grasped by the intellect. However elaborate, it is a pattern, not an enigma. Once the connections are perceived, the oneness of spirit and oneness of matter open ways in which ills of body and mind may be cured.

"*Truth*", the poem declares, "*died at the Gate of Knowledge*" on the verge of fruition, stifled by "*anxious priests and wizards*" – the mystagogues of Egypt and Babylon who "*re-blinded the waking land*" and offered the shadows of superstition in place of the substance of understanding., "*The Threshold*" concludes by suggesting that, nevertheless, the aspirations of Ionia are once more about to be fulfilled.

The multiplicity of Kipling's imaginative reconstructions, and his sheer success in entering into so many minds and worlds, caution the reader from too prompt an identification of the writer with any single statement he makes. In the context of *Limits and Renewals* "*The Threshold*" carries, despite this necessary caution, an unusual conviction.

It relates, most directly, to the story "Unprofessional" which it follows, but its spirit is found in various degrees in the other tales in the collection. There is a direction in them, a prevailing tendency, of sane investigation, and a comradeship in shedding light in dark corners.

"Unprofessional" is a study of a theory of synchronicity – the notion of the connection of the material world with "tides", rhythms in what is a unitary, homogeneous cosmos. Although once dimly suggested in astrology, these are in no way occult. As Harries, one of the close-knit group of ex-soldier investigators, remarks,

"They mean keeping one's eyes open and – logging the exact times that things happen."²

Minute observation will reveal, eventually,

"on what system this dam' dynamo of our universe is wound",³

disentangling the main rhythm from chance variations. Medical research has been "hung up" by "this rigid thinking game", enmeshed in its own techniques and preconceptions. But this sterility may be remedied by the single imperative, "*Watch.*" If the right approach is made, fresh and unprejudiced, above all sharp-eyed, some clue will be found. Arduous, at times boring, though the routine work of observation and correlation may be, success is certain, given the certain existence of a humanly comprehensible pattern. To the question,

"What do you suppose is the good of Research?"

"God knows," Loftie replied . . . "Only – only it looks – sometimes – as if He were going to tell."

"That's all we want," Harries coaxed. "Keep your eye on Him, and if He seems inclined to split about anything, put it down."⁴

This little exchange faintly suggests one of the most attractive features of the story. Along with the feel for the intellectual endeavour of the research, and a relish for the diverting ingenuity with which the researchers overcome obstacles and sidestep the "fated" death of their patient, "Unprofessional" evokes the bond between the healers themselves. It is a friendship

tried and proved beneath glaring and hostile moons in No Man's Land.⁵

Their shared experience of war has stripped them "to the Ultimate Atom" before each other "pretty often". They need no camouflage. The warmth of the relationship is conveyed by their freedom over

money, their use of nicknames for each other, their seclusion in the converted school "in a suburb without too many trams" – the site of their enquiries and experiments.

The secret of the rhythms or "tides" lies in determining the moment when cancerous tissue in a woman is most likely to be successfully operable. The operation succeeds and Mrs Berners, their housekeeper, is saved. The pull of the grave, the disposition to suicide which follows her escape from her "fated end", is cheated in her case by a circumstantial accusation of dishonesty. Her indignation at the outrageous injustice of this diverts her mind, in a wildly funny scene, from its death wish.

The underlying 'optimism' of "Unprofessional" requires little emphasis. Death itself may be only a phenomenon local to our planet. Deeper tides may run, "external to this swab of culture we call our world." Darker perhaps even than death are other causes of suffering, at the "threshold" of which the story ends – half-wistful, half-resolute.

One of the ex-officers-cum-scientists, Loftie, had married the "unstable" daughter of one of his earlier landladies – a source of an obscurely-hinted but intense distress. When Frost – their "valet-plumber", the "ex-captain of a turret" – who plans to marry Mrs Berners, learns that her operation will prevent her having children, it is to Loftie he turns. Both have had their "knock", an experience of alcoholism, perhaps mental illness in their wives, since Frost's first had "disgraced" him and died in an asylum.

The final vignette of the story somehow expresses its essential tone and values. It ends with the two men shaking hands, in their shared memory of grief, and Loftie's sympathy at the news he has to give. Frost's reaction is a curious half-expressed refusal to despair:

"Pity! There ought to be some way of pulling 'em through it — somehow – oughtn't there?"

A handshake, and the tentative affirmation of power through knowledge; comradeship and enlightenment; these are what the final image is intended to leave on the mind. And then follows, in an appropriately named poem, an evocation of a lost wisdom, cherished by a few and about to re-emerge.

The *explicitly* Masonic element in Kipling's mostly later work is not apt to be specially interesting, even if it is entirely comprehensible, to the non-Freemason. Nevertheless, it is possible to recognise the nature of its appeal to a part of Kipling's mind, from a story such as

"Unprofessional" which is coloured by kindred ideals.

What I am suggesting is the coherence and consistency of a prevailing religious attitude in *Limits and Renewals* — an ideal to which those of Freemasonry, as commonly understood, are the best-known approximation in the real world. Needless to say, neither in life nor as Kipling presents them in fiction are they ignoble or unsympathetic ideals: it is simply that, like any definite programme, they exclude as well as encompass.

It is the sharp awareness of what they exclude, of what spirit wars against them, which makes "The Manner of Men" so interesting in the context of *Limits and Renewals*. It is possibly the odd one out in a collection dominated by the ideals of comradeship, and enlightenment of the *corps d'élite* finding salvation through knowledge for themselves and others.

Of course, the ideal is not as fully and openly stated in all the stories as it is in "Unprofessional". Elsewhere it is implied or understood, rather than developed at length. Its submerged presence is most easily seen in the way in which acts of healing involve the discovery of a secret, and the use of some fairly simple thing from the physical world, to conjure and control the psychological forces, to bring them back into their true courses. Renewal depends on *knowing*, and on utilising the interaction of body and mind. The knowledge is predominantly the preserve of "officers" — of men in some kind of "male bond", to use a handy piece of sociologists' jargon.

In the overtly Masonic tale "Fairy-kist", the opposition of knowledge to superstition, the unravelling of mystery through the rational enquiring minds of the masculine group working in warm accord, again informs the atmosphere. What is interesting, incidentally, about the "Fraternity for the Perpetuation of Gratitude towards Lesser Lights" — virtually a Lodge — is an underlying religious attitude, noted early in the story. *Bon-viveurs*, old friends in an atmosphere of comfort and ease, very much men of the world, they are also gatherers of wisdom. It is a wisdom available from many sources, even the humble 'Lesser Lights' the society celebrates, and its teaching gives a calm assurance about the nature of life and death: the passage from one to the other is natural and without mystery.

"Corpses are foul things," Lemming mused aloud. "I wonder what sort of a corpse I shall make."

"You'll never know," the gentle, silver-haired Burges replied. "You won't even know you're dead till you look in the glass and see no reflection. An old woman told me that once at Barnet



FINDING THE BODY OF ELLEN MARSH

William Lemming's "pig-man", Griffiths, "on a wet Sunday dawn in October", finding the corpse "lying on the bank of a deep cutting" at Channet's Ash. The misleadingly significant fern-trowel can just be seen on the left. [One of the striking illustrations by C.E. Brock, R.I. (1870-1938) – see also pages 19 and 21 – for "Fairy-Kist" as published in the *Strand* magazine, February 1928.]

Horse Fair – and I can't have been more than seven at the time."
We were quiet for a few minutes, while the altar of the Lesser Lights, which is also our cigar-lighter, came into use.⁷

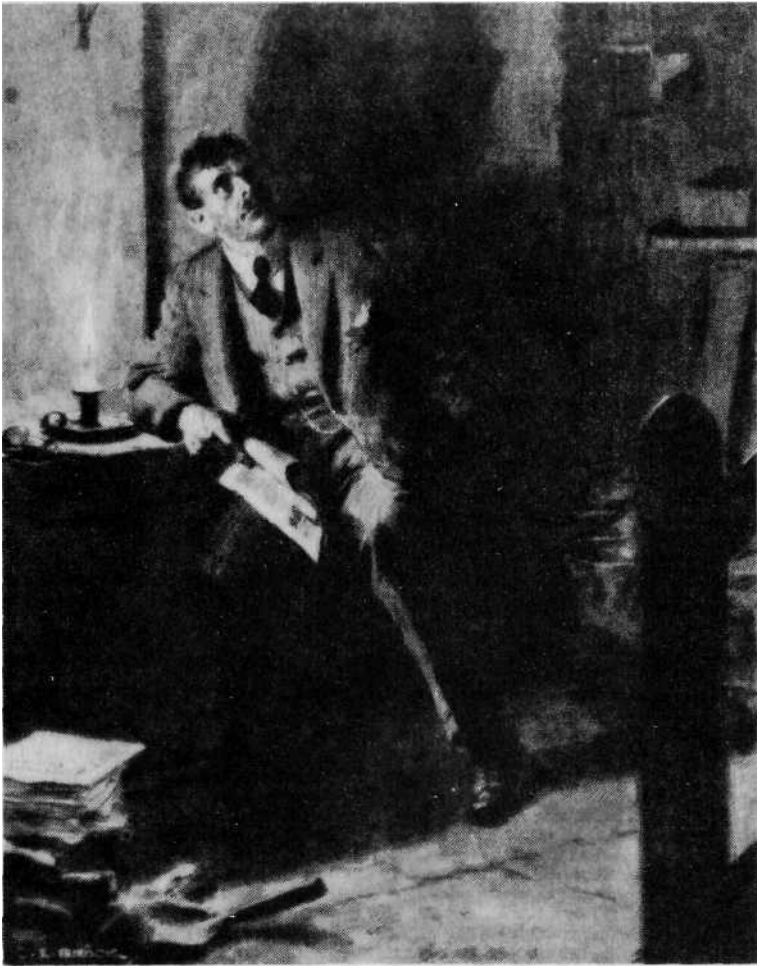
This passage is worth quoting at length for its evocation of the ambience, but also of the aims of the brotherhood of truth-seekers. Intellectually the act of *gnosis* grants freedom from fear. There is nothing dreadful and unknown, or at least nothing unknowable. The transition between life and death is easy because the universe is one, homogeneous.

This truth, like other truths, has a thousand humble witnesses – the 'Lesser Lights' – testifying to its naturalness, its universality, the way in which it accommodates itself to the intellect: whenever it is heard it is remembered. Somehow the altar-flame cigar-lighter adds just the right touch, implying an easy movement between reverence for gifts and the familiarity of the fraternal group with its shared comforts. The truth may be precious, but those who recognise it can afford to relax in the certainty of their knowledge.

"Fairy-Kist" tells nominally of the solution of a murder-mystery, but the moral weight of the story seems to fall mainly on its act of illumination – the lifting of superstitious fear, sense of fatality and dread of mental illness. It is a revelation of the rationality of things. Skilfully the narrator suggests the way in which suspicion focuses around Henry Wollin. His physical appearance ("wide as a bull between the eyes – no beauty"); his evidently having been "a very sick man"; above all, the sheer persuasiveness of his West Country housekeeper whose quaint suggestion, in attempting to defend him, that he had been "kissed by the fairies", in fact driven "off his head" as a result of his war experiences, confirms Keede's own medical views:

"she had one of those slow, hypnotic voices, like cream from a jug. Everything she said squared with my own theories up to date. Wollin was on the break of life, and, given wounds, gas, and gangrene just at that crisis, why anything – Jack the Ripperism or religious mania – might come uppermost. . ."⁸

Superstition and science seem to meet and support each other in condemning or condoning Wollin: both are wide of the mark. The girl Ellen's death was caused, in fact, by a glancing blow from a girder in a badly loaded contractor's lorry. Wollin's presence shortly after with the apparent murder weapon, a fern-trowel, is indeed due to a compulsion – not an urge to kill people but to plant flowers about the



"WHAT A MONTH! THINK OF IT!"

Another illustration from "Fairy-kist". The innocent Wollin, expecting arrest, on strongly circumstantial evidence, for a murder he had not committed.

As Keede recounted it later, Wollin "went down into his own cellar, he said, and waited there, with his revolver, ready to blow his brains out when the warrant came . . . A cellar and a candle, a file of gardening papers, and a loaded revolver for company! . . . He said no jury on earth would have believed his explanation of his movements." Moreover he had left, "with the girl's body, the very sort of weapon [the fern-trowel] that might have caused her death"; and he had "read about the trowel in the papers".

countryside "for such as have no gardens". His obsession is the result not of mental illness, his own fancies, or some fatality, but of the effects of gas, coupled with a nurse's reading to him, while he was half-delirious, of *Mary's Meadow*, a children's book by Juliana Horatia Ewing.

The point about these bizarre explanations is their rationality. There are no demons, whether of fairyland or modern science: there is a plan, not necessarily accommodated to the narrator's preconceptions, but present nevertheless.

One curious element in this scheme is the value placed on gardening. McKnight, one of the investigators, is, like Wollin, a passionate gardener, and recognises on the suspect's wall four prints of the "apostolic succession" of "the Four Great British Botanists". For him, the book *Mary's Meadow* has a deep personal significance, containing, like the gipsy woman's words on death, some deep hidden meaning:

"The best, the kindest, the sweetest, the most eenocent tale ever the soul of woman gied birth to. I may sell tapioca for a living in the suburbs, but I know *that...*"

He pulled the draw-chains of all the nine burners round the Altar of the Lesser Lights before we had time to put it to the vote.⁹

Juliana Horatia Ewing's story is evidently a part of the corpus of traditions known to the few. What is being stressed seems to be the value of arcane knowledge, esoteric, handed down within a small circle.

As in "Unprofessional", there is a definite and coherent religious framework, the same emphasis on *intellectual* roads to salvation. Indeed, here the point is reinforced since, as well as knowledge being rewarded, ignorance is punished. The information which saves Wollin's sanity destroys that of Jimmy Tigner, Ellen's last boy-friend: he is a "believing soul", who lives with his mother, but simplicity of that kind has no value in the tale's scheme of things.

In "Fairy-kist" is found, too, that central valuing of the bond of comradeship. The investigation, like the research in "Unprofessional", must be team-work –

"Most men and nearly all women commit murder single-handed; but no man likes to go man-hunting alone."¹⁰

It is perhaps unnecessary to show in detail that these are the values of the other stories in the collection that deal with redemption –



KEEDE AND LEMMING IN WOLLIN'S STUDY

While "fairy-kist" Wollin lurks in his cellar, his housekeeper lets the two investigators into his study. Here Lemming, connoisseur of prints, admires "the Four Great British Botanists", while Keede's eye falls on "a cupboard, half open, full of tools, and on top of 'em a quite new fern-trowel". (Wollin, it later appeared, had "bought another with some crazy notion of putting the Law off the track. That's what hangs murderers.")

"The Woman in His Life", "The Miracle of Saint Jubanus" and above all "The Tender Achilles". They have certain obvious points of similarity. In each case incipient mental disturbance is averted by a simple physical expedient.

In the first, a real dog, as a pet, is used to exorcise a phantom dog haunting a shell-shocked ex-soldier, now an overworked businessman – causing him, in rescuing it, to re-live and work out the underground horrors which caused his obsessions.

In the second, a young French ex-soldier, "blasted, withered, dumb", toys endlessly with

"a little photograph – one of those accursed Kodak pictures, of a young man in a trench, dancing languorously with a skeleton. It was the nail of his obsession . . ." ¹¹

He is restored by a wilder dance – two acolytes and the village atheist, caught upon the spokes of an umbrella, sliding and slithering about the floor of the church.

In the third, Wilkett suffers from hysterical guilt, brought on by overwork, at having through inefficiency caused the death of "a certain number of men" in a wartime hospital for self-inflicted wounds. His guilt stems, it is clear, from obsessive perfectionism and morbid vanity. He is subjected to just such an operation as those he performed, is told that the diagnosis was a mistake, and, being obliged to re-live the experience, sees it from another perspective.

In all these cases, as in "Unprofessional" and "Fairy-kist", there is an assumption of the close relationship, the oneness of the material, and the psychological or spiritual; an assumption that what is wrong is intellectually definable; and that it can be dispersed by an act of 'sympathetic magic' – ritual re-enactment of whatever originally caused it. The real problem seems to be that of gaining correct information: but in each case a specific answer exists.

In suggesting the 'philosophic schema' behind these acts of renewal, there is a risk of making them seem superficial, or at least over-simple. This is not the impression they make. In none of them is the fact of suffering – involving in each case nervous disorder or actual breakdown – glossed over or minimised. The problems are not easily solved; but they are *problems*, not a malaise or fate, and they are *solved*, not just endured; and throughout, it is the élite brotherhood of warm friends and co-workers who solve them.



IN "DREDD'S DARK BOOKSHOP OF FIFTEEN ROOMS"

An illustration by CE. Brock for "Dayspring Mishandled" (*Strand* magazine, July 1928: a smaller sketch on the opposite page of the magazine shows Dredd talking to a customer in the next room, oblivious to what is going on here).

Manallace, in pursuance of his complex intrigue against Castorley, is slipping an old *Vulgate* into "a case of cheap black-letter stuff" being packed by Dredd's for a foreign buyer. Into its broken binding, in simulation of an earlier repair job, he has inserted his Chaucer forgery, elaborately concocted to be found – to deceive the experts and humiliate the overweening Castorley.

Kipling's imagination seems gripped by what is – however relaxed and un-pompous – a spiritual aristocracy. As presented, it is an attractive, intelligent and humane ideal, but it represents a definite choice among spiritual values and approaches. *Gnosis*, while not incompatible with Christian *salvation*, does represent a very different emphasis: in which contrition and humility in the theological sense (as distinct from good manners) have no necessary role to play.

In this connection it may seem odd to regard "The Manner of Men" as the challenging exception rather than the dark, mysterious and deeply affecting "Dayspring Mishandled". So much has been and could be written about the latter that any suggestion about its meaning must be provisional. It does seem fairly clear, however, that in all the hints, inferences and weighted silences of the story there is one to which a special value should be given: one might almost venture to call it the 'solution' of the tale since it is the root of the matter – the precise moment when "dayspring" was "mishandled" for Castorley, and as a result for Manallace. As Castorley was dying "his pain broke through all the drugs", and

a full, high, affected voice, unheard for a generation, accompanied, as it seemed, the clamour of a beast in agony, saying: "I wish to God someone would stop that old swine howling down there! *I c a n ' t* . . . I was going to tell you fellows that it would be a dam' long time before Graydon advanced *me* two quid."¹²

Deeper than the quest for power through scholarship, deeper than the element of sexual jealousy and revenge, at a lower level even than these in his personality, lies his sense of exclusion from the comradely bond — in a specific scene from years before, which he recalls in every detail. What is suggested is that the exclusion may be antecedent to, may even be the cause of, his deterioration. It is true he had "gifts of waking dislike", but it is the early rejection by the Syndicate which confirms and entrenches him in the prison of his isolation: he is despicable, possibly, because he is despised.

In working with him on the forged Chaucer, Manallace establishes — in however bizarre, convoluted and secretly treacherous a fashion — the bond which had earlier been refused. Once it is made, the victim becomes the 'comrade' — however deformed the relationship — and it is impossible to destroy him.

In "Dayspring Mishandled" the two leading preoccupations of Kipling's philosophy of redemption — knowledge of the significant facts, and the fraternal bond of co-workers — are essential to

unravelling the problem of evil. It is a dark story, full of the feeling of how badly twisted a man's nature can become; but if the last revelation of the dying Castorley is the essential clue, even here the framework is rational. A solution is propounded. Redemption is possible through two connected means: learning a secret, and belonging to an exclusive group.



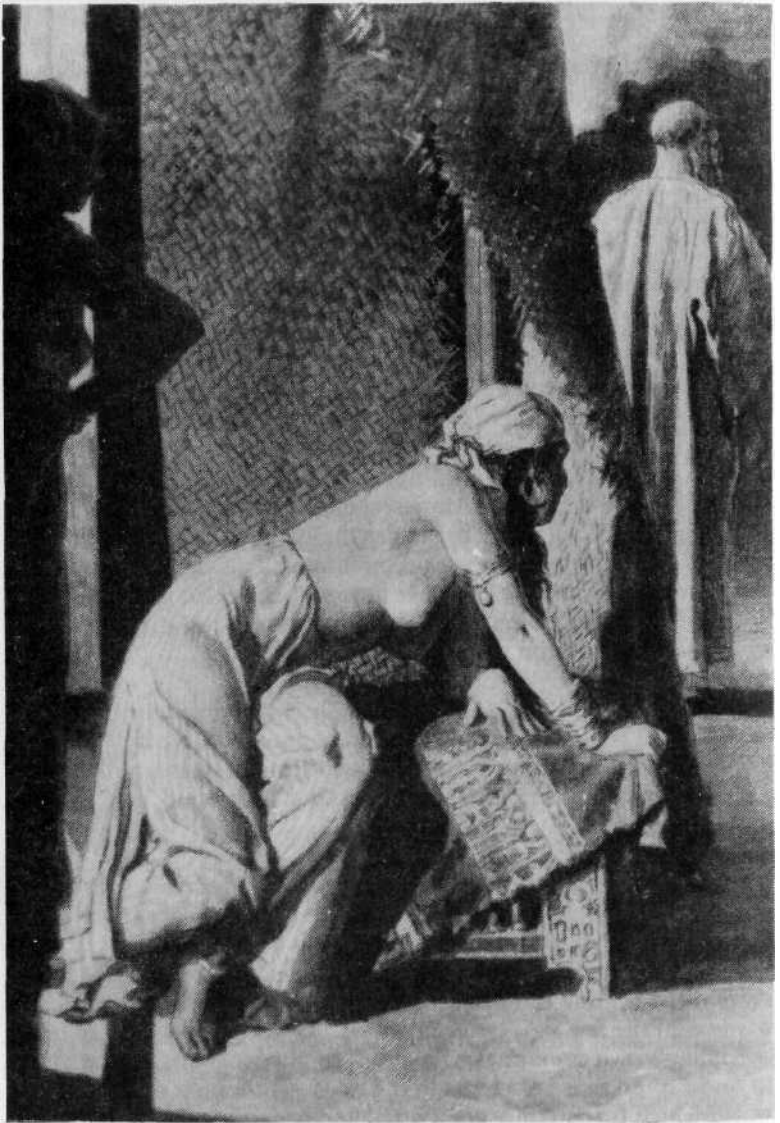
This slight sketch of Kipling's particular 'religious' approach to the curative or regenerative theme in his later work may explain a subject which dominates two tales in *Limits and Renewals* which form, as it were, a joint exploration of the religious crisis which produced the rise of Christianity. Both, significantly, concentrate on the figure of St Paul. It is easy to see why Kipling, given the view of redemption and suffering found in the other stories, should find Paul disturbing and at times repellent. Paul might be seen as the leading figure in the replacement of *gnosis* by sacrifice; salvation through knowledge by salvation through repentance; the exclusive group of educated initiates by the mass of humble believers, slaves and women. As a fairly recent historical study of him remarks:

What, in 1976, may seem the most fascinating and topical aspect of Paul is his recognition of *total change*. Not for him the easy assumption, prevalent in the Greco-Roman world, that all is a matter of historical traditions and background and age-old development.¹³

A process of learning could never really involve "total change" in the Pauline sense. Moreover, what Kipling seems to envisage in the other stories nowhere involves recognition of guilt or unworthiness. It is not primarily an emotional need, but the satisfaction of an intellectual search, the finding of the missing piece in the puzzle, or the arcane wisdom of the few.

Kipling's own emotional sympathies equipped him particularly well to understand those elements in the religious thought of the ancient world which Christianity combatted and superseded – Gnosticism, the Mysteries, above all what is generally acknowledged to be one of his finest pieces of historical reconstruction, the cult of Mithras. The worship of the god of light triumphant over darkness, the god of the brotherhood of soldiers, is one which in intellect and feeling Kipling could comprehend and recreate in *Puck of Pook's Hill* — and by implication in "The Church that was at Antioch".

By consequence, the spirit which attacks the exclusive secret



THE BACK ALLEY IN ANTIOCH

The composite picture on this page and opposite is by the well-known artist Chevalier Fortunino Matania, R.I. (1881-1963), who drew it to illustrate the murderous climax of "The Church that was at Antioch" in the *London Magazine*, August 1929. The women above are his idea of the "light ladies" who "leaned out of windows and laughed" as Peter, Paul and Valens passed.



WHERE VALENS WAS KNIFED

Valens's Cilician assailant has vanished. One of the lictors – who had they not been decoyed away could have protected Valens – is behind with a torch, still unaware of the assault, searching for the "impudent little Jew boy" who had distracted them with a politically provocative tune on his bagpipe. Peter stands opposite, while Paul, above, kneels beside the mortally wounded man.

tradition reserved for the inner circle – and attacks the ideal of a search for *enlightenment* rather than a giving up of heart and mind – was bound to be for Kipling, as it was in the ancient world, profoundly unsettling. The two Paul stories in *Limits and Renewals* touch on the leading feature of the assault the new faith made in emotional and moral terms on the religious disciplines and frameworks of the Mediterranean lands in the first century.

In "The Manner of Men" and "The Church that was at Antioch" Paul is examined as the prime enemy of tradition and the inherited wisdom of the select group – the adjuncts of salvation through knowledge. Like Browning in the "Epistle of Karshish, the Arab Physician", Kipling is intrigued by what is an immense revolution in feeling rather than an intellectual discovery. Karshish has heard of men returning from the dead, but is disquieted by the intimation that "the All-Great" might be "the All-Loving too". Christianity, in Kipling's two Paul stories, is not the intellectual discovery of a secret. Valens in "The Church that was an Antioch" declares of the new sect that

"There isn't a ceremony or symbol they haven't stolen from the Mithras ritual."¹⁴

But the point emphasised in Kipling's portrait of St Paul is that singled out in Michael Grant's study –

a massive urge to break down barriers between one human being and another.¹⁵

He is represented as a great spiritual populariser, a broadcaster of what was always known but kept secret, a man direct in his emotional appeals to everyone he meets, a breaker-down of reserves and reticences. All things to all men, he at once draws Valens out about route-marches,

and, before he knew, Valens was reeling off his mileage on mountain-roads every step of which Paulus seemed to have trod.¹⁶

A genius with a touch of vulgarity, Paul invades those private worlds, inner wheels, circles of the initiated brotherhoods, in which the élite seek enlightenment –

He turned on Valens with a smile that half-captured the boy's

heart. "Now – as a Roman and a Police-officer – what think you of us Christians?"¹⁷

"Half-captured" is exactly right to express the combination of a powerful charm with the faint disquiet which Paul's directness, and lack of inhibition and good taste, provoke. He draws Valens out about the love of Mithras, leaving him "a little ashamed of having spoken of his faith" – and leaving his colleague Peter "dumb". His style is characteristically imperative: he "insists", and demands "in a hardish voice", rather than "says". He speaks with an embarrassing freedom of his own religious conversion, buttonholing his hearers with "Listen a minute".

Kipling's picture of Paul in "The Church that was at Antioch" is a delicately comic picture of the kind of man who would, or could, bring salvation within the reach of the masses. It leaves no doubt of the nature of the change in sensibility and religious feeling which was overtaking the Greco-Roman world. Kipling's own attitude to it is ambivalent. Ethically and in abstract, Paul's teachings are not new; and the kinship with the Mithraic arcana recognised by Valens is admitted by Paul himself. What is new is the violent emotional directness which Paul infuses into the teachings, and his universalism of appeal.

In fact, there is more than a touch of admiration in Kipling's portrait of him. He is a force to be reckoned with. Far more articulate than the genuine mystic Peter with his intellectual confusions and hesitations, Paul will conquer the world for the new Faith. It is only when, presumptuously, he proposes to baptise the dying Valens that he is rebuked by his fellow-Apostle.

Kipling states one side of his view of the phenomenon of Paul in "The Disciple", the poem which follows "The Church that was at Antioch". Here the verdict is unfavourable: the disciple – such as Paul, presumably – is one who

. . . shall change the Charter,
 Who shall split the Trust –
 Amplify distinctions,
 Rationalise the Claim,
 Preaching that the Master
 Would have done the same.¹⁸

The gravamen of the charge seems to be one of popularisation, the opening-out of secret wisdom and its accommodation to a 'mass market'. "Split the Trust" may suggest divulging a tradition, or

breaking a bond of fellowship: yet, from another angle this must be the price of founding a religion for the world and not just for the élite.

In "The Manner of Men", it is exactly this other angle of vision on Paul that we get. The story is at pains to establish, first of all, the patterning of relationships, the ways of feeling, which he disrupts and throws into doubt. When it is recognised that these established modes are those in which Kipling feels most at home, then his imaginative magnanimity can be recognised: he is questioning what he loves.

The young Spanish captain arriving at Marseilles and the elderly hook-nosed Sidonian Port Inspector, Quabil, engage in a short altercation about the way the Spaniard's boat is loaded, the state of the cargo, and the lifting of the planking round the hatch. Both are trying to put each other down in a competitive banter based on knowledge of the craft of the sea. Irritated, the captain declares that Quabil is an outsider, a landsman squatting over his brazier, in fact one of the race of outsiders, a Jew. Quabil's answer is simply to prove that he belongs to the Inner Group, with its inherited wisdom and skills:

As he lifted his hand the falling sleeve showed the broad gold armlet with the triple vertical gouges which is only worn by master mariners who have used all three seas – Middle, Western and Eastern.¹⁹

The sailors – Baeticus the Spaniard, Quabil the Phoenician and Sulinor the Dacian (whom we meet next) – belong to an exclusive brotherhood; despising Jews of course but also their Roman masters whose real power extends only to the shoreline, and whose fleet is manned by foreigners. They share common experiences, of sea dangers and imperial bureaucracy.

Most significantly however, the brotherhood of sailors, like the Mithraic cult or the Masons, has teachings about life and death, contained in a "Wet Prayer" for those drowning, to reconcile them to "the bride-bed of Death" –

"With us of the River," Sulinor volunteered, "we say: 'I sleep; presently I row again'."

"Ah! At our end of the world we cry: 'Gods, judge me not as a God, but a man whom the Ocean has broken'." Baeticus looked at Quabil, who answered, raising his cup: "We Sidonians say, 'Mother of Carthage, I return my oar!' But it all comes to one in the end."²⁰

What is suggested here is a view of life fundamentally at one with that achieved by other élite groups of wisdom-seekers in the later stories. Life and death form a homogeneous substance, a pattern contained and explained in the tradition; and a right passage through that pattern depends on knowledge. One draws confidence, and presumably peace of mind, from the disciplines of the inward-turned exclusive group. It may "all come to one in the end", but in this present life the particular rites and formulae dividing the élite from the generality are essential and must be preserved.

This is the view which St Paul challenges in "The Manner of Men", as he did in the real first-century world. He shares with the Paul of "The Church that was at Antioch" an emotional directness and flexibility, partly attractive, at times slightly repellent:

"And he was worth talking to, Red," said Sulinor.

"You thought so; but he had the woman's trick of taking the tone and colour of whoever he talked to."²¹

In his time on board ship with Sulinor and Quabil in the journey to Rome, Paul produces a different reaction in the two men. Quabil is overtly hostile, racially averse as a Sidonian to a Jew, suspicious of one whom he takes to be a magician, but keen-sighted enough to recognise that Paul is in some way emotionally a threat. The Phoenician's reserve and bitterness stem presumably, at least in part, from a further cause, the death of the son who resembled Baeticus, a year before the voyage with Paul, and of which the reader is only told at the end of the tale – a characteristically subtle late-Kipling narrative touch, reserving information which throws the material already presented into a different light.

The bereaved and fearful Quabil is in no condition to accept any kind of direct approach or appeal from Paul – a fact that the apostle tactfully recognises –

"When he saw that trying to – er – cheer me made me angry, he dropped it. 'Like a woman again.'²²

He turns instead to Sulinor, with whom he has long conversations about "Kings and Cities and Gods and Caesar". Quabil recognises that there is a motive for these beyond simple friendliness –

"Hadn't you wit to see he never wanted you for yourself, but to get something out of you?" Quabil snapped.²³

What Paul does get out of the Dacian ex-pirate is his terrible fear of "the Beasts" – of death in the arena, to which he is liable – a thought to which he many times reverts. Sulinor is in fact on the run, anxious to avoid too close enquiry into his past. His fear of that particular death stems from a terrible childhood experience which has scarred him physically and mentally.

Kipling seems to be suggesting that both Quabil and Sulinor have undertaken the perilous Mediterranean winter voyage – rarely made in the ancient world – nominally for good financial inducement from Caesar, but really to escape from private grief and private fear. Much of Kipling's art here, as elsewhere in his later work, lies in avoiding the explicit. What I feel clinches this interpretation is the fact which Sulinor confesses: *rationally*, there was a chance of escape from the storm, but their hope and confidence simply (and presumably symptomatically) gave out –

"We were doomed men all. You said it, Red."

"Only when I was at my emptiest. Otherwise I *knew* that with any luck I could have fetched Sicily! But I broke – we broke. Yes, we got ready – you too – for the Wet Prayer."²⁴

Mircea Eliade has described most suggestively in *The Myth of the Eternal Return* the significance of Christianity in disrupting the cyclic conception of time being like a snake with its tail in its mouth, returning upon itself – a pattern prevalent in the ancient world. Instead, the new religion showed that things happen once for all; action is decisive, not determined or fated; it is possible to make a new beginning.

Kipling's imagination, perhaps against his natural sympathies, seizes on the spirit of the unexpected disruptive force coming from outside, breaking up the cyclical, pre-determined, patterned conceptions of life —

" *he* clawed his way up the ladders and said: 'No need to call on what isn't there. My God sends me sure word that I shall see Caesar.'²⁵

The claim is impudent and outrageous, made by one who does not know the received wisdom of the enclosed group; it negates the traditional ritual. Perhaps Kipling means to imply in Baeticus's comment on the chorus of Arlesian girls singing a ship out of Marseilles harbour ("And you'd think they meant it"), that these traditions are fatigued, have lost their inner meaning.

The miracle announced by the outsider happens, and not a life is lost. Paul confirms the moral as well as physical rescue of the two men by eating appropriately chosen food with each in turn – salt fish for the Semite, pork for the Gentile. He confirms to first one, then the other, his certainty of their eventual safety.

The result of the shipwreck and complete destruction of the *Eirene* is not, for Quabil and Sulinor, a prolongation of their old life but the creation of a new one. Quabil leaves the sea and becomes a Port Inspector at Marseilles, far away from Lebanon where his son was drowned. By the time he meets Baeticus his grief has faded enough for him to be able to speak freely of how the young Spaniard reminds him of the child he has lost.

Paul's effect on Sulinor is even more decisive: he advises him to avoid Caesar's law by becoming one of its instruments:

"by taking service, you will be free from the fear that has ridden you all your life."²⁶

Paul's ultimate attitude, revealed at the end of "The Manner of Men", to the ritual formulae, patterns of behaviour and group codes which his new message is superseding, is subversive and unintentionally insulting:

"'You are not canvas I can cut to advantage at present. But if you serve Caesar you will be obeying at least some sort of law.' He talked as though I were a barbarian. Weak as I was, I could have snapped his back with my bare hands."²⁷

Paul is quite content to grant the code its use, and work within it if this happens to be convenient – as he serves each man the appropriate food. In the end however, his Evangel, miraculous, seemingly irrational, renders the past obsolete.

Kipling's story is a remarkable intuitive picture of a crisis in religious history, the movement from *gnosis* for the few to salvation for the many; an explosion which wrecked all established patterns within which men had found their place in this and other worlds – traditional rites and rituals such as those he elsewhere celebrated. The new message destroys all the expectations of appropriate behaviour.

Sulinor, a little affected by the wine they are drinking, recalls Paul's extraordinary paradoxes. He is a 'philosopher' who does not seek truth calmly, but in ordeals and suffering: a man going willingly to see

Caesar on an important errand, who willingly performs a degrading office –

"And he – he had washed me clean after dysentery!"

"Mother of Carthage, you never told me that!" said Quabil.

"Nor should I now, had the wine been weaker."²⁸

Kipling's success in portraying the heroism and moral dignity of salvation through knowledge is matched by his success in capturing this very different and perhaps ultimately more powerful and mysterious new salvation.

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KIPLING AND FORESTRY IN INDIA

by B.E. SMYTHIES

[Mr Smythies, a member of the Society, made a double appearance in our issue of June 1991, with a useful note about the musical settings of "Mandalay", and a charming letter illustrating the sagacity and versatility of elephants. In the following article he provides some insight into the extent of Kipling's likely interest in, and knowledge of, forestry in India.

Mr Smythies's own family were in the Forest Department in India and Burma for three generations, from 1873 to 1948: he himself, after serving in Burma till independence, worked for the Forest Department in Sarawak from 1949 to 1964. Incidentally, while in Burma he compiled with P.F. Garthwaite what has become a classic book on *The Birds of Burma*; in his Sarawak years he produced *The Birds of Borneo*.

In this article he touches on the likely location of the forest area described in Kipling's "In the Rukh" (the story about the adult Mowgli which, it is important and surprising to remember, preceded all the more famous stories about the boy Mowgli). Incidentally, only after submitting the article for publication did Mr Smythies become aware of a piece in our issue of September 1983 entitled "Mowgli's Jungle", by the late Roger Lancelyn Green. By way of afterthought, therefore, he asks that the attention of interested readers be drawn to that detailed and entertaining piece of earlier literary investigation.

However, on the location of Gisborne's *Rukh*, he differs from Roger Green, who had suggested that it lay over 100 miles south of the Changamanga Reserve, itself some 50 miles south-west of Lahore. In Mr Smythies's view, this is impossible because there is no *sal* forest in the plains of the Punjab: you have to go 100 miles or more *east* of Lahore, to the Himalayan sub-montane belt, to find *sal* trees, which Kipling mentions in the story.

On the more solid question of the science and practice of forestry in India, Kipling did provide several indications, in "In the Rukh", of what he supposed forest officials tried to do: Mr Smythies sets these suppositions in due perspective.

He also looks into a particular detail, the identification of "Muller", vividly described by Kipling as "the gigantic German who was the head of the Woods and Forests of all India, Head Ranger from Burma to Bombay" – a character endowed with great depths of perception and memorable quirks of manner (it was he who described Worcestershire] Sauce as "a gondiment and not a fluid"). This identification, though inconclusive, leads to a tribute to the pioneers who established the policies of the great Forest Department of India during the heyday of the Raj. – *Ed.*]

We know that systematic botany was one of Kipling's hobbies [Carrington's biography, 1st edn, 1955, pp 421, 480]. The presence to this day among the books in his study at Bateman's of Schlich's five-volume *Manual of Forestry* suggests an interest in forestry, also.

In *Many Inventions* [May 1893] Kipling included one story about the Forest Department in India, "In the Rukh". Stebbing [2:618] defines *rukh* as waste land in the Punjab, i.e. land in the plains covered with scrub jungle yielding a little fuel and fodder for villagers. One of these areas, the *Rukh Changa Manga* on the Bari Doab Canal 44 miles south-west of Lahore, was taken over by the Forest Department in 1866 to establish irrigated plantations for the supply of fuel to the Punjab Railway for their wood-burning locomotives. Initially *Dalbergia sissoo*, *Zizyphus jujuba* and *Acacia arabica* were planted; later some other species including *Prosopis spicigera*, mulberry (*Morus alba*) and various eucalypts were tried; the area eventually covered some 20 square miles.

Living and working in Lahore, Kipling probably visited the Changa Manga plantations, which he mentions in the story; and among the duties of the Forest Department he includes "supplying wood fuel for wood-burning locos on the railways", and "calculating the profit of the plantations to five places of decimals". Kipling extended the meaning of the word *rukh* to include Gisborne's forest in the *sal* belt, hence the definition in the Supplement to the *Oxford English Dictionary* as a Hindi word meaning a forest or forest reserve; that does not precisely convey the original Punjab meaning, and it is doubtful whether the word was ever used outside the Punjab.

This was the first Mowgli story to be published, and it introduces him as an adult who is roaming about the forest with four wolf companions, having been told by the wolf pack who brought him up that he is a man and can no longer live with them, but must return to his own species.

Mowgli appears to "Gisborne of the Woods and Forests", astonishes him with his woodcraft, and is eventually recruited as a Forest Guard. Who was Gisborne? A.F. Minchin (in the same year as my father in the Forestry School at Oxford) discusses this question in the *Readers' Guide to Rudyard Kipling* [vol 7, p 2975] but comes to no conclusion. Kipling discussed forestry with Statter Carr and Gisborne Smith, and perhaps other forest officers, but his character Gisborne, like most characters in fiction, is probably based on more than one original.

The story opens with the sentence: –

Of the wheels of public service that turn under the Indian



ON GISBORNE'S VERANDAH

[Another illustration (see pages 6 & 41) by Tresilian for "In the Rukh". Here, on the evening after stalking "the Red One", Mowgli has his second encounter with Gisborne – the latter formally attired because "it had been his custom, to preserve his self-respect in his isolation, to dress for dinner".]

"What news is there in the *rukhi*? Hast thou found another tiger?"

"The nilghai are changing their feeding-ground against the new moon, as is their custom. The pig are feeding near the Kanye river now, because they will not feed with the nilghai, and one of their sows has been killed by a leopard in the long grass at the water-head. I do not know any more."

Government, there is none more important than the Department of Woods and Forests.

(There was a department of that name in South Africa, and in Britain before the Forestry Commission was constituted in 1919, but never in India, where it was always the Forest Department.) The rest of the paragraph sets out the duties of the Department. In addition to those mentioned above, these included:- the "reboisement of all India"; fixing shifting sand dunes; looking after "all the timber in the State forests of the Himalayas"; experimenting with "battalions of foreign trees", e.g. blue gums; keeping clean the "fire-lines" round forest reserves; and looking after "the huge teak forests of Upper Burma".

The last item is odd. These forests only came under British administration after the annexation of Upper Burma in 1885; there is no mention of the teak forests of Lower Burma, annexed in 1853, although the largest and most valuable single block of teak in the country, in the Pegu Yomas between the Irrawaddy and Sittang rivers, had been managed for some thirty years on the lines laid down by Brandis [see below]. The item about blue gums may refer to the plantations of *Eucalyptus globulus* from Tasmania on the Nilgiri plateau from 1843 onwards, or to the eucalypts tried on an experimental scale in northern India [Brandis, 1876].

Can Kipling, who prided himself on his knowledge of professional matters, really have been ignorant of the policy of the Forest Department, which was to establish a permanent forest estate (not only in the Himalayas) and manage it to produce the maximum revenue compatible with sustained yield?

When India was administered by the East India Company prior to 1857, the Public Works Department was responsible for the forests, and appointed men (civil servants, army officers, engineers, even a doctor) with no training in forest science to take charge of the forests. Their sole duty was to obtain as much revenue as possible for the Company.

After the Indian Mutiny of 1857 the Crown (i.e. the Secretary of State for India) took over the areas previously administered by the Company. In 1862 the German scientist Brandis, who had completed a six-year survey of the teak forest of Lower Burma, was offered the post of Forest Adviser to the Government of India. He carried out surveys province by province and submitted proposals for sustained-yield management, which were accepted by the Government.

Sustained-yield management is a simple concept. Find out how much marketable timber there is in the forest by enumeration surveys,

determine how fast the trees grow (by a combination of ring-counts on large numbers of stumps, and periodic re-measurements of numbered standing trees so that the girth-increment of each can be determined directly), then remove from the forest each year as much mature timber as nature can grow in a year, no more and no less. If mature timber is *not* removed it eventually dies and rots.

Thus the yield of timber carries on for ever, and under good management can even be increased somewhat. It is like a bank deposit – keep the capital intact and use only the interest, but aim for as much interest as possible. The job of the silviculturist is to assist nature to replace trees removed, with a fresh crop grown from natural seedlings (man-made plantations are much more expensive) – the system under which the oak and beech forests of Normandy have been regenerated successfully ever since the time of Louis XIV.

The operations year by year in a forest reserve are controlled by a Working Plan, a printed document often running to hundreds of pages, and the field work involved, and the subsequent paperwork in the office, may take a year or more.

All forest produce taken out of a Government forest for sale was charged a royalty (tax). The revenue so obtained not only paid for the cost of the Department but in most provinces yielded a large surplus to swell the Government's coffers. Forest Revenue was usually second in importance only to the Land Revenue, a tax on all crops which it was one of the principal duties of the Indian Civil Service to assess and collect – through an army of surveyors who made and kept up to date large-scale cadastral maps of all cultivation. Kipling states that the forest officers "are always hampered by lack of funds". This was only because the Finance Department diverted much of the Forest Revenue to other Government projects (buildings, roads, canals, etc) instead of allowing it to be spent on forestry.

The Inspector-General (Muller) tells Mowgli that his duties as a Forest Guard will be:- to drive the villagers' goats away if there is no grazing permit; to keep down the boar and nilghai; to tell Gisborne Sahib how and where tigers move, and what game there is; and to give sure warning of all fires.

A Forest Guard's main duty was to enforce the forest laws (Government Forest Act, No VII of 1865), and to ensure that there was no unauthorised removal of forest produce from forest reserves. The duties listed by Kipling are trivial, except the last. The clearing and maintenance of fire-lines was an expensive business; they were cleared to protect valuable timber (especially the highly inflammable pine and deodar forests of the Himalayas) from destruction, not primarily to

provide emergency grazing for village cattle as Kipling implies, though this was a secondary benefit. Since 1947, much greater emphasis has been placed on fuel and fodder reserves for villages in the plains, because of increasing pressure of population on forest resources.

Who was Muller? There were three German Inspectors-General of Forests: Brandis (1864-1883), Schlich (1883-1885) and Ribbentrop (1885-1900). The *Readers' Guide* [vol 7, pp 2973-9] suggests that Muller was based on Ribbentrop, a thick-set man, though not a giant. Moreover it states that Ribbentrop had attended a ceremony in Lahore on 23 December 1883, when Kipling had made a presentation to a lady; and that Ribbentrop was very fond of Worcester Sauce.

The later Professor Herbert Hesmer, in his biography of Brandis, gives reasons for identifying Muller with Brandis. Against this suggestion is the fact that Brandis wrote – and probably spoke, his first wife being English – excellent English, not the sort of guttural Germanic English that Muller speaks in the story. It is unlikely that Kipling, who landed in Bombay on 18 October 1882, ever met Brandis, who sailed thence on retirement on 26 January 1883. Here again, Muller is probably a character based on aspects of both Brandis and Ribbentrop.

Where was Gisborne's forest? The *Readers' Guide* suggests somewhere in the Doon, i.e. in the *sal* belt in the western part of Uttar Pradesh. The objection to this is that Mowgli as a child was brought up by the Seonee (Seoni) wolf pack in the drainage of the Wainganga River – a real place and a real river in the south of the Central Provinces (now Madhya Pradesh). When Mowgli was expelled by the wolf pack, he (a jungle-dweller) and his four wolf companions could hardly have migrated the 750 miles northwards across the densely populated Indo-Gangetic plain, to reach the Doon. The nearest *sal* forest to Seoni is in the Maikal range, 120 miles east, and Mowgli could have reached that without difficulty; but it is at least 500 miles from the Changa Manga plantations which Muller was supposed to be inspecting on the same tour.

The only clues given by Kipling are that the forest is in the *sal* belt, and that the Kanye River runs through it. Neither this river nor the Lena falls are mentioned in any of the gazetteers of place-names of India and Pakistan in the map-room of the Royal Geographical Society, and unless this river can be identified the problem of Gisborne's forest remains insoluble.

How did it come about that the first three Inspectors-General of



IN MULLER'S CAMP

[After what Muller called "a very bad dinner" – actually "the most civilised meal Gisborne had eaten for months", which "ended with coffee and cognac" – Mowgli appeared, "crowned with his wreath of white flowers and walking with a half-peeled branch . . . mistrustful of the fire-light and ready to fly back to the thicket on the least alarm".]

"Hush! Here is Faunus himself come to see der Insbektor-General. Himmel, he is der god! Look!"

"That's a friend of mine," said Gisborne. "He's looking for me . . ."

Forests in India were all Germans? Brandis (1824-1907) was a botanist by training, and a lecturer at the university of Bonn. But (like Ko-ko in *The Mikado*) he was wafted

*By a set of curious chances. ..
To a height that few can scale.*

In 1851 Henry Havelock (later Major-General Havelock of Indian Mutiny fame) visited Bonn with his family while on two years sick leave in Europe, and became friendly with the Brandis family. On returning to India he left his wife, his sister-in-law Rachel and his young children in Bonn. Rachel was the widow of the Danish botanist J.O. Voigt, and on his death had seen through the press his manuscripts of the plants of the Calcutta and Serampore Botanic Gardens.

With similar interests, Brandis and Rachel took to each other and were married at Hove, Sussex, on 25 January 1854. When Brandis indicated that he would like to study the flora of India, Rachel's brother Clark Marshman, working as a missionary in Serampore, wrote to the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, to enquire whether there was any suitable vacancy.

It so happened that the first Superintendent of Forests in Pegu, Dr McClelland, had recently resigned after a disagreement with the Government over policy, so Lord Dalhousie offered the post to Brandis. For the next six years Brandis surveyed the teak forests of Lower Burma and prepared working plans for them. He was then summoned to India, where he carried out similar surveys in the forests of Oudh and the Central Provinces. On 1 April 1864 his post was renamed 'Inspector-General of Forests', a post that he retained until his retirement on 23 January 1883.

His first great achievement was to stop the destruction of the forests of India and Burma and to bring them under scientific sustained-yield management, often against fierce opposition from logging firms out to make a quick profit from the forests.

His second achievement was to persuade the Government to set up an India-wide Forest Service: the notification setting out the grades, pay scales, conditions of service, etc, came into effect on 1 March 1869 and he set about recruitment and training of staff to fill it.

As an interim measure, he obtained the Government's approval to appoint two trained forest officers from Germany as his assistants. He selected Dr Wilhelm (afterwards Sir William) Schlich and Berthold Ribbentrop, and they were appointed on 16 February 1867.

On 28 February 1867 seven candidates were selected in England, jointly by Brandis and the Civil Service Commissioners, for training. Until 1885 there was no school of forestry in the United Kingdom.

Brandis therefore arranged for five to be sent to the French Forest School at Nancy (hence Kipling's reference in the story to stabilising shifting sand dunes "after the rules of Nancy", and to "the naughty French songs learned at Nancy"), and two went to Hanover in Germany.

The experiment was a success, and training of British candidates for the Indian Forest Service continued in France and Germany until 1884: my grandfather was in the second or third batch to go to Nancy, though the only French song he ever sang to me was the Marseillaise.

Dr Schlich succeeded Brandis as Inspector-General in 1883, but two years later he was transferred to England to start a forestry school for Indian Forest Service probationers, which Brandis had arranged to be accommodated at the Royal Indian Engineering College at Cooper's Hill, near Windsor. Ribbentrop replaced him as Inspector-General.

It was at Cooper's Hill that Schlich wrote his *Manual of Forestry*, referred to earlier as being in the study at Bateman's: volume 1 was published in 1889, and the other four volumes at intervals later. It ran to at least four editions, and parts of it were still standard texts when I joined the course in 1931 – the school moved to Oxford University in 1905.

In 1863, on his first visit to Dehra Dun, Brandis decided it was the ideal location for a central school for training forest rangers; and it eventually opened there on 1 June 1879 – my grandfather being Instructor/Director there for twelve years of his service. By 1900 the Forest Department was employing over 10,000 subordinate officers, of whom 437 were forest rangers.

After leaving India, Brandis devoted much time and effort to the development of scientific forestry in the U.S.A. He seems never to have visited America, but he met a number of prominent American foresters and botanists on their visits to Europe and carried on a voluminous correspondence with them, earning the title of "Father of American Forestry".

His many botanical publications culminated in his magnum opus, *Indian Trees* (1906), which took him six years to write at Kew, where he had the advice and encouragement of the director, Sir Joseph Hooker, whose monumental *Flora of British India* was already in print.

On 23 December 1902 he wrote to his former assistant A. Smythies, enclosing a copy of his printed letter to a distinguished Indian Forest Service colleague, J.S. Gamble, C.I.E., F.R.S., F.L.S., which includes the following:—

Scientific honours have no great value for me . . . What I value is

the consciousness that during my Indian career I have accomplished something which, unless a retrograde policy is adopted, will materially add to the comfort and well-being of the 300 millions who inhabit the British Indian Empire, and that I have accomplished this against powerful and persistent opposition, of which those who have followed me have only a very imperfect conception.

That he is held in high esteem in India to this day is shown by the celebrations in Dehra Dun on 11 July 1986 to mark the centenary of the Brandis Memorial prize, initiated from part of the subscriptions made by officers of the Forest Department as a testimonial when he retired. The ceremony was attended by 300 guests, including a number of forest scientists from overseas.

Among the forest officers of the old British Empire, who sweated their guts out to conserve for future generations the forests committed to their care, Sir Dietrich Brandis, K.C.I.E., F.R.S., must be reckoned the greatest.

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BOOK REVIEW AND NOTICE

INDEX OF ENGLISH LITERARY MANUSCRIPTS: Volume IV, 1800-1900; Part 2, Hardy to Lamb, ed. Barbara Rosenbaum (Mansell, London & New York, 1990), xxxii + 730 pp; 9 × 11 inches; ISBN 0 7201 1660 0; hardback £225 or \$450.

[The publication of this costly but magnificent book was briefly noted at page 59 in our issue of September 1991, with promise of a fuller review to follow. That review, below, has now been kindly contributed by Mrs L.A.F. Lewis, the Society's Meetings Secretary, herself a leading authority on Kipling's texts. — *Ed.*]

Some ten years ago, finding that, contrary to previously received opinion, Kipling's manuscripts existed in quantity and were (as Ms Rosenbaum puts it) *terra inexplorata*, I resolved to seek them out and catalogue them. Later I heard there was another worker in the field; we met and decided we were not in competition – she is a professional bibliographer, while I am an amateur whose real interest is to read old favourites as they came from the writer's hand. My sole qualification (but sometimes a useful one¹) is an ability to recognise Kipling texts without the book. Now Ms Rosenbaum has completed her task, while mine remains half-finished; and the Editor suggests I might review her. Let me then make *namaste*, murmur "*achcha*", and begin.

This is part of a monumental (in every sense) series that expands geometrically as it advances. The eighteenth century took two slim volumes; for the nineteenth, half the alphabet has already filled two fat ones; and the twentieth will no doubt be longer still. Volume IV, Part 2, covers Hardy, Hazlitt, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Keats, Kipling and Charles Lamb. As the compiler tells in her preface, Housman, Leigh Hunt and Charles Kingsley were originally to have been listed, but some irreplaceable notes were stolen (I believe in her car).

Luckily she was able to reconstitute her work on the six authors included here. And – at least in bulk – the greatest of these is Kipling: not just pre-1900 work but everything up to his death is included, taking one third of the whole book.

In her introductory notes to this section, she explains how formidable a task its assembly has been, and what difficulties will face the

scholar who now wishes to use Kipling's MSS. He was enormously prolific. He and his wife bound his manuscripts, and presented them to institutions all round the world – in England, Scotland, France, Canada, Australia. Others, given to friends and later sold, are in various collections across the United States. Because of the restrictions he placed on his gifts, no one mentioned them until after his daughter died, and they are still entangled in red tape and copyrights.

One of the best things Ms Rosenbaum does is to quote the relevant passages from the letters of donation, since some of these are more restrictive than others. But even where just "collation" is forbidden, as opposed to "collation" and "reproduction", librarians are left looking nervously at one another, waiting for someone else to take the first step. I am told that Tennyson put even stronger restrictions on his MSS, but it took only one firm decision to break them loose. Foxy old Kipling, by dividing responsibility, has made the thing more difficult.

Some important early MSS are missing and will probably never be found: *Plain Tales from the Hills* and the tales in the Railway Library series², *Departmental Ditties* and most of the earlier Barrack-Room Ballads. If three generations of wealthy collectors have failed to unearth these, it seems likely that the Indian termites ate them long ago. *The Naulahka* may yet emerge from the only known uncatalogued Kipling archive – the papers held by descendants of the Balestier family.

Some of the late texts are also missing: *Thy Servant a Dog*, about half of *Limits and Renewals*, *Souvenirs of France*, *Something of Myself*. Possibly, since Kipling letters of this period were often typed, he was typing his works as well, and they were destroyed under Mrs Kipling's general *ukase* against amended typescripts. The collection at Durham University Library, almost all that is left from 1922-1935, appears to have been scrambled together after the writer's death, when his uncompleted "notions" were burnt by the widow. Among other inconsistencies, it includes a piece entitled "Red Dog," listed in the table of contents as the story from *The Second Jungle Book*; which is in fact an unpublished political (not "poetical" as the Index calls it) satire.

Many of the juvenile verses did survive and are listed here in detail. One quibble about these: I do not believe that a notebook in the Berg Collection (New York Public Library), entitled "Words Wise and Otherwise", was really given to Kipling by his calf-love Florence Garrard. The inscription may read, "To my dear Boy with all good wishes for Xmas & New Year Florence 1880"; but this is written in a hand that looks far too old for the teenager she was. A pencil note beneath adds, "Teddie Finch Swapped for Indian stamps one torn with Kip, Ted". Wouldn't the Florence of the inscription be some

friend or relation of "Ted", the book's original owner? But in calling it Flo's gift to Kipling, Ms Rosenbaum is only quoting what earlier, and most eminent, scholars have said.

Her Index is bought by major academic libraries; and thanks to the review copy, our own Library will also have it. All serious Kipling scholars will find it a blessing. She has described the major collections, and then meticulously listed all known MSS, verse and prose, in alphabetical order by title, with the place where each can be found. One might cavil that, among so much material, Kipling's many delightful drawings are not listed. And, as the compiler herself points out, even the most thorough catalogue cannot yet be complete, for minor MSS still surface in the salerooms.

Much good bibliographical work can be done – and has been done – by amateurs, especially with so important, yet little studied, a writer; but there comes a point when only the real thing will do. And Ms Rosenbaum has supplied it.

LISA LEWIS

1. The *Kipling Journal* of September 1981, at p 45, identifies a previously miscatalogued item.
2. Collected as *Soldiers Three and other Stories* and *Wee Willie Winkie and other Stories* (Macmillan); scattered in Scribner's volumes I to VI.

BOOK NOTICE

THE JUNGLE BOOK by Rudyard Kipling, 1894 (re-published by Pavilion Books, 1991, in association with the National Trust); 128 pp; many illustrations by Gregory Alexander; ISBN 1 85145 5035; hardback £10.99.

This handsome, reasonably priced book deserves notice for its pictures. They are in strong contrast (in conception, style and impact) to the Lockwood Kipling drawings of a century ago. Their unusual style is hard to describe – very vivid colour; bold, rather simple line; some details reflecting conventions of Mogul art; others the formalism of carpet or tapestry design. A good present.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

[I am glad to receive letters intended for publication. However, since more are received than can in practice be printed, I must be selective, and reserve – unless expressly told otherwise — the usual right to shorten a letter. In some cases it may be possible for the text, and/or enclosures, to be summarised under "Points from Other Letters". – Ed.]

PLAGUE-STONES [3]

From Mr K.C. Bradley, 6 Cadogan Court, Christchurch Road, Bournemouth, Dorset BH13NT

Dear Sir,

There is a plague-stone [see *Kipling Journal*, September 1991, page 65] in the Vernon Park Museum at Stockport. The curator tells me that the stone had originally been in the market-place.

Kipling's grandfather, the Reverend George Macdonald, was the minister at the Methodist Stockport Sunday School, which was the largest Sunday School in the world.

Yours faithfully
K.C. BRADLEY

LIFE IMITATING ART

From Mrs T. Schreiber, 44 The Green, Ewell, Surrey KT17 3JJ

Dear Sir,

I would like to suggest that there are similarities between Rudyard Kipling's story "Baa Baa, Black Sheep" [*Wee Willie Winkie*] written in 1888, and the story of "Hansel and Gretel" as recorded by the brothers Grimm in the early nineteenth century.

In both cases the brother and sister had foreknowledge of their parents' intention without full understanding. Punch and Judy are seen to have been abandoned and, like Hansel and Gretel, they try to return to their parents.

The return having failed, the Witch/Woman becomes effective. Punch, like Hansel, is separated from his little sister, is confined and ill-treated. Judy, like Gretel, stays with the oppressor, doing what she can to help her brother. Both pairs of siblings escape, returning to

their families, who are happy to see them.

It is interesting that Kipling should have used what is probably an old and primitive formula. What do your readers think of the comparison?

Yours sincerely
TRIXIE SCHREIBER

VICE VERSA

From Major T. C. Thornton, 24 Abbey Croft, Pershore, Worcestershire WR10 1JQ

Dear Sir,

A friend of mine, Mr Ron Bateman, has just moved into a new house. He decided to call it "Kiplings".

Yours faithfully
T.C. THORNTON

POINTS FROM OTHER LETTERS

FOXED

From Miss Matilda Tyler, 134 Everit Street, New Haven, Connecticut 06511, U.S.A.

Miss Tyler draws our attention to a revealing prefatory note with which the American editor of *Collier's Weekly* evidently thought it prudent to introduce Kipling's "Little Foxes" (a story about the Gihon Hunt in the Sudan, collected in *Actions and Reactions*) when it first appeared in that magazine in the U.S.A. on 27 March 1909.

"In the United States where fox-hunting is confined to two or three small districts, it is difficult to understand the extent to which the sport exists today in England, Ireland and Scotland. There are no less than 159 foxhound packs in England and Wales, containing 6,040 couples of hounds; in Scotland 10 packs with 353 couples; and in Ireland 24 packs of 884 couples. In these three countries 50,000 men and women follow the hounds every

week of the hunting season, which lasts for about five months. According to a recent estimate there is over \$78,000,000 invested in the sport in Great Britain and over \$43,000,000 is spent annually."

FORTY TALES

From Mr G.L. Wallace, 9 Hathaway Close, Luton, Bedfordshire LU4 0HU

Mr Wallace writes helpfully to correct us on a point of detail. In our last issue, at page 68, we had stated that an American edition of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, pirated and much altered by J.S. Ogilvie of New York in 1890, entitled *Forty Tales from the Hills*, was *not* listed in the Stewart/Yeats bibliography of Kipling. In fact, as Mr Wallace points out, it *is* listed, at page 625.

THE ENGLISH OF THE PRAYER BOOK

From Mr A.A. Turner, 5 Foxlands Drive, Penn, Wolverhampton WV4 5NB

Mr Turner is a member both of our Society and of the Prayer Book Society, which exists to encourage the use, in the Church of England, of the traditional *Book of Common Prayer*. After reading Kipling's "'Proofs of Holy Writ'" in the light of the article on that story in our issue of December 1989, he wondered if some of our members, whether concerned with the Church or with the usage of English, might care to join the Prayer Book Society – details from its Secretary, c/o St James Garlickhythe, Garlick Hill, London EC4V 2AL.

KIPLING AND HAGGARD

From Mr M. Jones, Brown's Hotel, Dover Street, London W1A 4SW

Mr Jones writes to ask for clarification of whatever was or was not agreed – before and after Sir Rider Haggard's death in 1925 – about the posthumous editing of Haggard's private diaries.

He refers to an old review by Nigel Dennis in the *Sunday Telegraph*

of 1 June 1980, of *The Private Diaries of Sir Henry Rider Haggard*, edited by D.S. Higgins (Cassell, 1980). Dennis had written:

Such a character demanded a proper introduction to his diaries – a long and thorough study, not the skimpy little thing that Mr Higgins has provided. Kipling, who was fascinated by the bits of the diaries that Haggard read to him, begged to supply it – and to edit the whole work for publication after Haggard's death. Mr Higgins doesn't choose to tell us why Lady Haggard refused to allow this – which is what appears to have happened.

NAULAKHA AND THE LANDMARK TRUST

From Mr G.C. Morris, 5 Merton Street, Cambridge CB3 9JD

Mr Christopher Morris sends us an interesting cutting from the Autumn 1991 *Newsletter* of the Landmark Trust. (The Trust is an admirable and increasingly well known organisation founded 26 years ago by Sir John Smith, C.B.E. It describes itself as "a charity which rescues buildings in distress, and then tries to revive them and give them a new life". In pursuance of this practical ideal it has acquired dozens of properties, mostly in Britain and usually possessed of some architectural, historical or other significance; these are restored and adapted to be accessible to interested people as holiday accommodation.)

The cutting in question carries the good news that Naulakha – the house near Brattleboro, Vermont, which Kipling designed in 1892, occupied till 1896 and memorably described in *Something of Myself*, has been acquired by the Trust. This will be a relief to all who have visited that remarkable building in recent years and been saddened by its emptiness and desolation. "Ninety feet was the length of it, and thirty the width, on a high foundation of solid mortared rocks which gave us an airy and a skunk-proof basement. The rest was wood, shingled, roof and sides, with dull green hand-split shingles, and the windows were lavish and wide . . . These experiences gave us both a life-long taste for playing with timber, stone, concrete and such delightful things . . ." However, the time came when he could no longer stay there: "So far as I was concerned, I felt the atmosphere was to some extent hostile."

The Trust also has been in direct touch with us, at an earlier stage when the acquisition of Naulakha was under negotiation; and we hope to be able to publish in a later issue more information about its proposals for the house.

JUST SO IN IMMUNOLOGY

From Mr F. H. Brightman, 59 Rosendale Road, London SE21 8DY

Mr Brightman sends us, with comments, a book review from *Nature* of 8 November 1990. The reviewer is Frances Brodsky, a scientist at California University, San Francisco. The book is *Immunology* by Jan Klein (Blackwell, 1990). The connection with Kipling is a recurrent fancy in the reviewer's mind – but a telling one.

She starts by citing Elisabeth Choi's foreword to a U.S. edition of *Just So Stories* (Weathervane, New York, 1978): "They fulfill the child's insatiable demand to know the how and why of everything. Kipling looks through the eyes of a child to view the world with naivete and wonder." She then says the textbook under review is written from a similar viewpoint, and effectively so. She cites one of many section headings in the 'Just So' style: "How immunoglobulins came to their name".

Likewise, in a typical passage on lymphocyte development, Klein had written that "haimopoietic stem cells are like passengers in a sleeping compartment of the Orient Express. While things happen at a fast pace all around, they rest peacefully, snuggled into the pillows of stromal cells. As the train jolts, jerks and sways along the track, now and then a sleeper wakes, relieves himself and then goes back to sleep again ...". Some readers, she grants, will find the approach condescending or distracting: for her, albeit a fellow-specialist, it has lightened a dense subject and "made the book amusing to read" throughout its 508 pages.

Popularisation of serious academic material is apt to be controversial: but at least Kipling was not writing a textbook.

MEMBERSHIP NEWS

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome to the Society the following new members:

Mr P.F. Bolwell (*Sussex*); Mrs M.M. Furlong (*London*); Mr C. Hammersley (*Birmingham*); Mr David Hoffman (*Illinois, U.S.A.*); Mrs Julia Montanjees (*Hertfordshire*); Miss S. Saxena (*Kanpur, India*); Miss Camilla Seaward (*London*); Mr Mark C. Stedman (*Isle of Wight*).

OBITUARY NOTE: THE REVD DR ARTHUR REGINALD ANKERS, M.A.

We have heard with regret of the death of Dr Arthur Ankers on 18 August 1991, aged 82. He was a much respected Methodist Minister, and in the second World War a Chaplain with the Royal Air Force.

We recall him as a knowledgeable member of our Society, who on two occasions lectured at discussion meetings; he was also for some years a Steward at Bateman's. He was of scholarly bent, and spent long hours to good effect in the Kipling archives at the University of Sussex — one outcome being his distinctly useful biography of John Lockwood Kipling, *The Pater* (Hawthorns/Pond View books, 1988). His own Yorkshire roots, and long-standing family association with the Methodist Church, gave him valuable insights into Lockwood Kipling's background, and these come over in the book.

Kipling studies apart, Dr Ankers was in his modest way an impressive personality: for one of our members who knew him well (John McGivering, who contributed to this note), he "was one of those rare men who made one feel better for having known him".

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The 64th Annual General Meeting of the Kipling Society was held on 9 October 1991 at the Naval & Military Club, Piccadilly. The Chairman of Council (Mrs Ann Parry) having expressed regret for inability to be present, the chair was taken by the Treasurer (Mr P.H.T. Lewis). Thirty members attended, including the Society's President (Dr M.G. Brock). Apologies had been received from Mr A.L. Brend, Mr J.R. Comyn, Mrs G.H. Newsom and Mr E.R. Wood.

A full record of the proceedings was kept by the Secretary: the following is an outline of salient points.

The deaths during the past year of Sir Angus Wilson (a former President), Mr Peter Bellamy (a Vice-President) and Mr Spencer Maurice (a Council Member) were reported; the Society had been represented at the funeral and/or memorial service of each.

The retirement from Council, by rotation, of the Deputy Chairman (Mr A.L. Brend) was noted, and appreciation was expressed for his contribution to the Society — including provision of its accommodation address in Pall Mall. Other Council vacancies were noted — consequent upon the death in February 1991 of Mr Maurice, and the impending translation of Mrs Trixie Schreiber from an elected position to a functional appointment as Honorary Librarian (*vice* Mr Donald Simpson, whose role of Library Consultant *ad interim* was ending now that the Library had been re-located with City University).

The following were elected to be members of Council:- Mr F.H. Brightman, Mr S.J. Clayton, Miss Elizabeth Deacon and Mr M.J. Grainger. [Mr Brightman, at a

later brief meeting of Council members, was appointed Deputy Chairman.] The Meetings Secretary, the Treasurer, the Legal Adviser, the Journal Editor and the Secretary were re-elected *en bloc*; Mrs Schreiber was elected Honorary Librarian; the Auditor (Dr Georges Selim) was re-appointed.

Reports were received from the Secretary, the Treasurer, the Meetings Secretary, the Journal Editor and the Librarian. The Secretary described the closure of the Society's London office and the transfer of its contents and functions [the postal address is as shown on page 4, but the Secretary works principally from home]; also the re-location of the Library; and he stressed the need for more members, to improve the financial viability of the Society.

The Treasurer presented the Society's financial state [the audited accounts for 1990, with his accompanying comments, will be published in the *Kipling Journal*]; he hoped it would be possible to sustain for several years the new subscription rate of £20 [which had been unanimously approved at the special General Meeting on 17 July, *vide* page 74 of our September 1991 issue].

The Meetings Secretary described recent meetings and outlined plans for forthcoming ones [as reflected on page 5]. The Editor spoke of the continuing inward flow of material for consideration; though its bulk far exceeded the Society's financial capacity to publish, it was encouraging, and ensured a reasonable standard of quality and variety in the magazine.

The Librarian described the new location of the Library: it was well housed, and she was receiving every assistance from the University Librarian at City University. She had talked to him about the possibility of improving the condition and accessibility of the Society's collection – on two levels: (a) some minor and cosmetic improvements to its appearance, durability and security [which it was agreed that relatively minor expenditure could effect]; and (b) its chronic defect, that it lacked a cataloguing system in any way commensurate with its importance.

There ensued some discussion of (b), the point being that to catalogue the collection worthily on professional lines was an operation unlikely to be accomplished free on a voluntary basis: it would cost some thousands of pounds – well beyond the Society's means. It was therefore suggested that the Society might, with City University support, prepare a formal case for subvention by a charitable trust. The President agreed this was a worthwhile line to pursue: he would himself look into certain possibilities, and keep Council informed.

The formal business of the meeting being concluded, members stayed to listen to a tape of the original sound recording of Rudyard Kipling's "Speech to Canadian Authors" – delivered at Claridge's Hotel, London, in July 1933, at a Royal Society of Literature event in honour of the Canadian Authors' Association. The text was relatively unfamiliar [it is only conveniently found in the rare Sussex and Burwash editions of *A Book of Words*], and the recording of the voice was of good quality and great interest, with its soft but precise and unhesitating articulation.

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The *Kipling Journal*, as the house magazine of the Kipling Society, is sent quarterly to all members. Its significant contributions to learning since its foundation in 1927 have earned it a high reputation. It has been able to publish many important items by Kipling not readily found elsewhere, and an immense quantity of valuable historical, literary and bibliographical commentary, in various shapes, by authorities in their field. In the academic study of Kipling, no serious scholar overlooks the *Journal's* wealth of data, which is soon to be comprehensively re-indexed. Over two hundred libraries and English Faculties, in a dozen countries, receive it as corporate members of the Society.

However, though scholarly in general tendency, the *Journal* is not an austere academic production. It aims to entertain as well as to inform. This is both necessary and easy. Necessary because the Society's membership is at least as representative of the ordinary reader as of the university researcher. Easy because there exists an inexhaustible reservoir of engrossing material – by virtue of the tremendous volume and variety of Kipling's writings, the scope of his travels, acquaintance and correspondence, the diversity of his interests and influence, the scale of the events that he witnessed, the exceptional fame that he attracted in his lifetime, and the fascinated attention that he continues to attract.

The Editor is glad to receive, from members and non-members alike, articles or letters bearing on the life and works of Kipling. The range of potential interest is great, from erudite correspondence and scholarly literary criticism to such miscellanea as may justify attention, e.g. reports of new books or films; press cuttings; sales catalogues; unfamiliar photographs; fresh light on people or places that Kipling wrote about; and of course unpublished letters by Kipling himself, particularly ones of any biographical significance.

Authors of prospective articles should know that length may be crucial, because the volume of material coming in steadily exceeds the space available. A page holds under 500 words, so articles of 5000 words, often requiring preface, notes and illustrations, may be hard to accommodate quickly. Even short pieces usually have to wait. Naturally, as with other literary societies, contributors are not paid; their reward is the appearance of their work in a periodical of repute.

The Secretary of the Society arranges distribution of the *Kipling Journal*, and holds a very attractive stock of back numbers for sale. However items submitted for publication should be addressed to The Editor, Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ, England.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). When it was founded in 1927 by J.H.C. Brooking and a few enthusiasts, it met with predictable disapproval from Kipling himself; but it quickly gained, and thereafter retained, a substantial membership. It remains today one of the most active and enduring of the many literary and historical societies in Britain. Being the only one in the world that focuses specifically on Kipling and his place in English Literature, it also attracts members from many other countries, who duly receive the quarterly *Kipling Journal* (which is the subject of a note on the previous page).

As a non-profit-making cultural organisation, run by volunteers to provide a service to the public as well as to its members, the Kipling Society is a Registered Charity in Britain. Its activities are controlled by its Council, but routine management is in the hands of the Secretary. However, its large membership in North America is mainly co-ordinated from Rockford College, Illinois, and there is an active branch in Melbourne, Australia.

For fuller particulars of its organisation, and a list of impending meetings, see pages 4 and 5 of this issue. The Society's main London activities fall into four categories. *First*, maintaining a specialised Library which scholars may consult; *second*, answering enquiries from the public (e.g. schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request; *third*, arranging a regular programme of lectures, and an Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker; *fourth*, publishing the *Kipling Journal*.

Kipling, in his day a phenomenally popular writer, appeals still to a wide range of 'common readers' attracted by his remarkable prose and verse style, his singular ability to evoke atmosphere, and his sheer skill in narrative. These unacademic readers, as well as professional scholars of English literature, will find much to interest them in the Society and its *Journal*. New members are made welcome. Particulars of membership may be obtained by writing to the Secretary, Kipling Society, 2nd floor, Schomberg House, 80/82 Pall Mall, London SW1Y 5HE

The annual subscription rate, approved at a General Meeting in 1991 and effective from 1992, is £20 – for both individual and corporate members, whether in Britain or abroad. This remains the 'minimum' rate: many members very helpfully contribute more.

PETER BELLAMY

All seventy-seven of Peter Bellamy's acclaimed arrangements of the songs of Rudyard Kipling are now available on cassette.

PUCK'S SONGS

The songs on this double-LP length collection first appeared on the records *Oak, Ash and Thorn* (1970) and *Merlin's Isle of Gramarye* (1972).

Frankie's Trade; Poor Honest Men; Cold Iron; Sir Richard's Song; The Looking-Glass; A Tree Song (Oak, Ash and Thorn); King Henry VII and the Shipwrights; Brookland Road; A Three-Part Song; The Ballad of Minepit Shaw; Our Fathers of Old; Philadelphia; Puck's Song; A Smuggler's Song; The Run of the Downs; Eddi's Service; The Queen's Men; The Bee-Boy's Song; Harp Song of the Dane Women; Song of the Men's Side; An Astrologer's Song (The Heavens Above Us); Prophets at Home; A Carol (Who Shall Judge the Lord?); A St. Helena Lullaby; The Way Through the Woods; A Truthful Song (The Bricklayer and the Shipwright); Song of the Red War Boat.

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Recorded 1990 £7.50.

KEEP ON KIPLING (1982)

A Pilgrim's Way; Cuckoo Song; Blue Roses; Ford o' Kabul River; The Land; Dayspring Mishandled; Roll Down to Rio; The Liner She's a Lady; Anchor Song; Mine Sweepers; My Lady's Law; The Coiner; My Boy Jack; Follow Me 'Ome; Cities and Thrones and Powers.

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Recorded 1986. £6.50.

Prices include post & packaging in the UK.

Available from Jenny Bellamy, 16 Agnes St, Keighley, West Yorks BD20 6AE.

