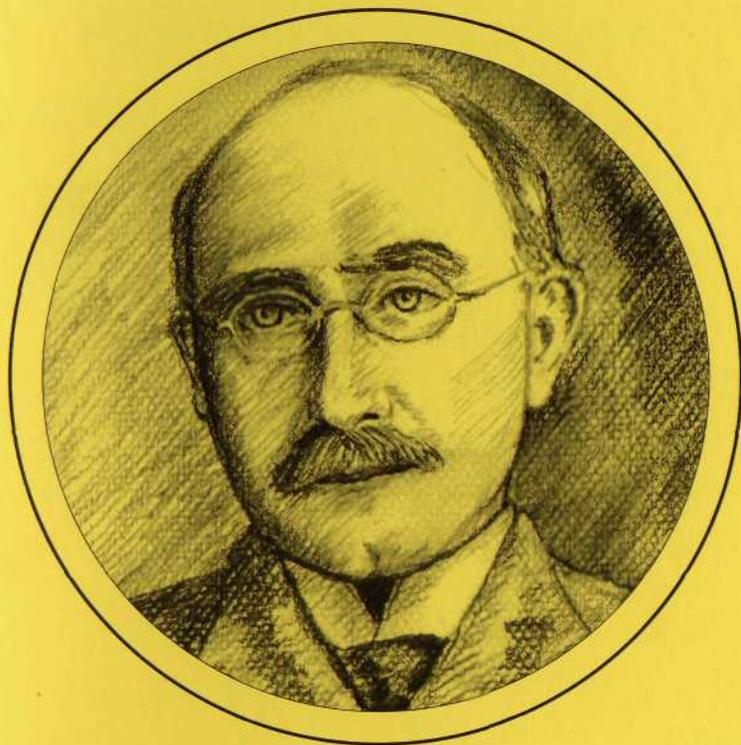


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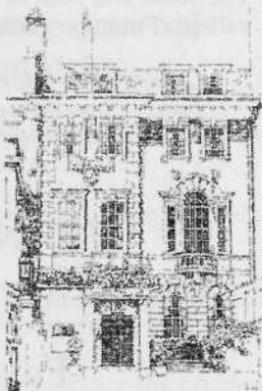
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 11 April 2001 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. in St Andrew's Hall at the Royal Over-Seas League, Park Place, off St James's Street, London SW1, **Jan Morris**, author of a brilliant trilogy on the British Empire, (*Heaven's Command*, *Pax Britannica* and *Farewell the Trumpets*), on "Kipling's Empire".

Wednesday 2 May 2001, at 12.30 for 1.00 p.m. at the Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's **Annual Luncheon**, Guest Speaker, **Adam Nicolson**. Admission by ticket. (Contact the Secretary. **Deadline** for booking **Monday 23rd April**.)

Thursday 21 June 2001. Day at **Bateman's**. [See Notices on page 58]

Wednesday 11 July 2001, at 4.30 p.m., the Society's **Annual General Meeting**, preceded at 4 p.m. by Tea, and followed by **Professor Hugh Brogan's** talk on "Who is Kipling's Narrator?"

Wednesday to Friday, 5 to 7 September 2001, The *Kim* Centenary Conference at Cambridge, organised by **Dr Jeffery Lewins**, Kipling Fellow, Magdalene College, Cambridge. One feature will be a lecture at 6 p.m. on 6 September by the poet **Craig Raine**. Fuller details: see December *Journal* 2000 p. 43.

Wednesday 12 September 2001 at 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Picture Room at the Athenaeum Club, 107 Pall Mall, London SW1, **Professor Sir Colin St John Wilson**, on "The Question of Tradition".

Wednesday 14 November 2001, at 5.30 for 6 p.m. in the Mountbatten Room at the Royal Over-Seas League, **Judith Flanders**, on "Kipling and the Arts: A family tradition."



PURUN BHAGAT AND HIS FRIENDS AT KALI'S SHRINE
[For a fuller explanation see page 8]

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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A NOTE ON THE ILLUSTRATION AT PAGE 6

This picture by Stuart Tresilian is from a 1955 edition of *The Jungle Books* published by World Books, London, by arrangement with Macmillan. It illustrates a beautiful story from *The Second Jungle Book*, "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat", which tells how Sir Puran Dass, who had been the outstandingly westernised and brilliantly accomplished Prime Minister of a Maharajah's state in north-western India, on retirement "did a thing no Englishman would have dreamed of doing". He withdrew from the material world, to adopt the austere contemplative life of "a Sunnyasi – a houseless, wandering mendicant".

He eventually settled as a hermit, high in the Himalayan foothills, where a secluded and deserted shrine to Kali, situated at the head of a pass, served as shelter. There he spent exclusively the last years of his life, meditating in solitude – though he established a close relationship with animals, and food to fill his begging-bowl was gladly sent up to him by people of the nearest village, who revered him as holy man.

The climax of the story came one night, after a long season of endlessly drenching rain, when Purun Bhagat, alerted by the inarticulate terror of the animals, realised that a massive landslide was imminent, and the village lay in its path. He decided at once to hurry down to warn the villagers. "He was no longer a holy man, but Sir Purun Dass, K.C.I.E., Prime Minister of no small State, a man accustomed to command, going out to save life." He got there just in time, but the effort killed him.

The grateful villagers built a temple in his honour. "But they do not know that the saint of their worship is the late Sir Purun Dass, K.C.I.E., D.C.L., Ph.D., etc., once Prime Minister of the progressive and enlightened State of Mohiniwala, and honorary or corresponding member of more learned and scientific societies than will ever do any good in this world or the next."

The picture shows *langurs* (monkeys), a *barasingh* (the big red deer of Kashmir), and Sona, a Himalayan black bear with "the V-shaped white mark under his chin". The fields of the village can just be glimpsed, "laid out like a map at [the Bhagat's] feet".

G.W.

EDITORIAL

Readers will note that apart from a new image of Kipling, the cover is, in other respects, the same, and has the blessing of George Webb, our former Editor. Among other things, we discussed portraiture. I told him I aim to capture the quintessential person in a good light. By this I meant that the subject must be seen in his or her prime. In my portrait of George Webb, (last Journal), I tried to convey what I described as "the broad brow of high intellect, which 'Captain Courageously' manned the helm of our Flagship." This was meant to make George wince. But it was said in the shadow of his erudition and the vastness of his contribution . . . And so to Kipling. We have been companions for so long that my attitude towards him is one of fierce loyalty. There are no saints this side of heaven – not even, or should I say, especially among those who make 'goodness' their profession; and no one can be consistently 'politically correct' without a measure of hypocrisy. A patronising attitude towards others, or a rallying to a cause, is itself a condescension. V.S. Naipaul once said that he hated all causes, because causes corrupt. I see what he meant. Kipling was an honest man and, in the context of his time, showed a singular concern for fairness, justice and duty. There can be nothing against a loyalty which springs from an admiration of such qualities, nor anything against people with a sense of mission, as long as they make allowances and occasionally remove their blinkers. The spreading of sweetness and light is achieved only through empathy. Thus the image of Kipling had to straddle his rare youthful genius and the maturity of the brilliant short stories. My cover portrait of Kipling ignores bereavement, bitterness, and the toll of old age and comes from around the time he was writing *The History of the Irish Guards*. I did tell Sir George Engle and others, of the hurt I felt when told that the Kipling of the medallion reminded some people of Alf Garnett and others of Gandhi. I rejected the first and wondered what Kipling would make of the second.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

Kipling was intrigued by the Eastern concept of *Guru/Chela* master/disciple – which he brilliantly captured in *Kim*. He understood, intuitively, the salutary purposes of atonement and discipline through discipleship and saw the benefit of obedience to "the Law". If the West had this once in the age of apprenticeship, it lost track of it in its vague sorties into conflicting philosophies. It is not for nothing that the Old Masters are numbered among the immortals. They established schools and studios of excellence . . . And so, when a golden era comes to an

end, with regrets and tugging nostalgia, it is fitting, even healthy to be aware of a sense of loss, Those who joined the Society in the last twenty years, and have taken the high quality of the Kipling Journal for granted, ought to know that quality is never accidental. Like the perfect vase it speaks of the potter... George Webb has placed the Journal on a wheel of excellence and made the example of quality easier for his successor to follow. Twenty years is a foundation on which to build.

KIPLING AND WORLD WAR I

The awaited response of some members to the Rev H.D. Potter's article in the December 2000 *Journal*, had been anticipated and to a large extent covered by George Webb's brilliant introduction to it. We are a broadminded lot in the Kipling Society, and how much better to promote Kipling than by listening, gauging and countering – and when necessary, correcting and refuting – the opposition.

Hindsight is a cruel thing. Cruel because ingratitude is blind and deeply hurtful. However misguided past actions appear to us now, clearly it was not how it was seen at the time, and who are we to say that we would have acted differently in the circumstances. We have been warned, by the most tender of all authorities, not to judge lest we be judged with the same harshness with which we have judged. The selfless sacrifice of those who laid down their lives for friends and for the nobility of the cause they believed in, deserves reverence if for no other reason than because it was all for love. Those who glibly condemn the incompetence of the "old" and the naïve enthusiasm of the "young" of World War I, forget this single important fact: World War I introduced a new style of warfare for which military strategists were universally unprepared. Some new lessons were learnt in the Boer War, but cavalry, used then to some good effect, was disastrously employed in Europe. More significantly, the carnage that could be caused by a single machine gun had not been fully calculated; and generally modern warfare was outside the experience of the tactician on the battlefield. The tank was invented by Britain in sheer desperation to counter the growing and devastating technological innovations of offensive weapons; and the great man behind it, Churchill, was, like Kipling, also a prophet. We have it from Biblical authority that prophets are not honoured in their own country. This is underlined by the fact that both men command the respect and gratitude of the wider world today.

TO THE NEW EDITOR

From Mr G. H. Webb, Weavers, Danes Hill, Woking, Surrey GU22 7HQ

Dear Sir,

The Editorship of the Journal has now had quite an airing, notably in the last issue (December 2000), in which I fear there was more emphasis on what were generously referred to as my past achievements as Editor than on the Society's good fortune in acquiring your services as my successor. That is indeed a promising prospect. Moreover, the one misgiving on the part of your colleagues on the Society's Council, that you might find the dual task of being both Secretary and Editor unduly heavy – has been allayed by your wife Jane's very handsome offer to stand in as Secretary.

At the Society's London meeting on 14 February the mood was accordingly optimistic, and the Chairman, Sir George Engle, in the course of making a splendid presentation to me, spoke in up-beat terms about my twenty years as Editor. The hard fact is, of course, that I was lucky, first in having as my focal theme a writer as complex as Kipling, who provides an inexhaustible reservoir of fascinating topics, and whose sheer literary merit (now becoming less prejudiced by hostile association with an Empire that has faded into history) is at last finding a stable place in educated public esteem. I was lucky too in our readers, who are lively and positive, supplying an indispensable flow of publishable matter, ranging from highbrow scholarship to lowbrow entertainment.

This range of brows reflects the unique variety of Kipling's output. His immense early popularity, and his highly mannered style, give him an assured place in literature, and continue to repay critical scrutiny while, viewed overall, the rise and fall of his many-sided influence warrants at least a footnote in the history of his time.

For any Editor of our *Journal*, this is a boon – and also a challenge. In aiming to display Kipling's genius as a writer, and his entitlement to a place in Valhalla, we should not permit any sense of post-imperial 'guilt', let alone Kipling's lack of 'political correctness', to stop us from enjoying his consummate artistry, and drawing it to the notice of our readers. The *Journal* – as I know you fully agree – needs to *entertain*.

Sir George had this need in mind when he quoted from Horace's *Ars Poetica*:

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci
lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

[He has won every vote, who has blended profit and pleasure,
at once delighting and instructing the reader.]

This accords with Kipling's emphatic refrain in "The Fabulists: 1914-18":

Unless men please they are not heard at all.

I cannot think of any praise of my stint as Editor which I could more highly value. I also feel richly rewarded by the gifts from fellow-members which Sir George bestowed on me, to wit a case of delectable pink champagne, and a book which I was known to lack, the bulky and costly volume 4 (1911-1919) of Tom Pinney's *Letters of Rudyard Kipling*.

I am extremely grateful to all who subscribed to these gifts, and to Sir George for his kind words. It may be a character defect, but I confess I never find it difficult to accept rewards and compliments greater than I deserve, and here is a case in point. It reminds me of an episode in Surtee's *Hillingdon Hall*, when the irrepressible Jorrocks (a favourite of Kipling's) responds bluntly to an excessively flattering speech by the Marquis of Bray:

"My Lord Markis. . . you have served me out a considerable deal of butter and applause which I feels considerably your debtor for. . . It's a deal plisanter to be praised nor abused, and I'm sure I may say I'm always ready for praise because I thinks I deserves it; I feels extremely grateful for all the fine things the Markis has said on me. I'm sure he thinks what he says . . ."

With every good wish,

Yours sincerely
GEORGE WEBB

**CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARDS THE GEORGE WEBB FUND
LAST DATE 30th APRIL 2001**

On behalf of the Council of the Kipling Society may I thank the membership for their kind and generous response to this fund. As Mr Webb himself has acknowledged, a presentation was made at the Meeting of 14 February 2001. A final cash presentation will be made at the Annual General Meeting on 11th July 2001.

MCANDREW AND SOCIAL CLASS

by ALASTAIR WILSON

[Commander Wilson, whose occasional contributions to the *Journal* are always welcome, is a retired Royal Navy officer, now much involved with the administration of the historic naval 'heritage' of Portsmouth, including H.M.S. *Victory*; the early Ironclad, H.M.S. *Warrior*, and the Tudor warship, *Mary Rose*. A lifelong reader of Kipling (and now a member of the Kipling Society's Council), he here reflects on an interesting but not often considered aspect of one of Kipling's outstanding achievements, the great narrative poem, "McAndrew's Hymn". – *Ed.*]

I have always thought that "McAndrew's Hymn" was one of the finest pieces of Kipling's verse. I would love to see it turned into a television 'short', with the speaker in an old-fashioned engine-room – it could still be done, but not for much longer, since there are very few suitable ships around. So I am always interested in what modern writers make of the poem.

In chapter 14 of Harry Ricketts's recent biography of Kipling, *The Unforgiving Minute* (London, Chatto & Windus, 1999), he writes that "Speaker, idiom and milieu were calculatedly working-class in 'McAndrew's Hymn.'" It is dangerous to pontificate on the English or British class system (if it *is* a system), but I suggest that Mr Ricketts is wrong on all three counts – or certainly on two of them.

Of course, it all depends on how you define 'working-class', and I am not going to attempt it. I would suggest that to a large extent 'class' has always been a very personal definition: older British members will remember the TV sketch with John Cleese, Ronnie Barker and Ronnie Corbett – "I am upper-class, and I look down on him because . . ." But I feel it not unreasonable to assume that 'working-class' can be equated to 'lower-class', (though this is dangerous ground, and I think we should leave it there).

I do not believe that McAndrew – at the time of his soliloquy – would have considered himself – or been considered by others – as 'working-class'. True, he "started as a boiler-whelp", but in the 1850s that was how virtually every ship's engineer, Merchant Navy or Royal Navy, started. From whatever background you came, if you wanted to become an engineer, you went to work for one of the big engineering firms (Napiers on the Clyde; Maudslays in London, to quote but two), and you started at the bottom. Whether you had a formal apprenticeship or not, you worked your way up, learning your trade – and yes, it was a 'trade', which in class terms set you back a peg or two. Then in due course, if you found favour with the management, you went to sea with

a set of engines which you had helped to build, and so set your foot on the first rung of the ladder. You were, initially anyway, an artisan, a skilled man, and as such not a member of the working-class. You might have been, in today's terms, 'blue-collared', but you were definitely lower middle-class by status, whatever your birth might have been.

By the time McAndrew was "the auld Fleet Engineer", he had become a professional man. He might have been – could have been – a member of a professional body, the Institute of Marine Engineers, for he was an inventor – of "my deefereential valve-gear." Engineers, and especially marine engineers, in mid- and late-Victorian Britain, were hard to classify in social terms. There were a few of definitely gentle birth, like that Crampton whose steam road train worked on the Grand Trunk Road in the 1870s. Most, however, were by birth from the middle class – clergymen's sons, industrialists' sons, and so on. Perhaps, though, there is a clue in the poem itself, in that "Ye'll hear Sir Kenneth say: 'Good mornn, McAndrew! Back again? And how's your bilge today?' " You addressed your equals (or the working-class) by their name alone: those in between were 'Mister'. It would seem that "our Viscount loon" saw McAndrew as one of the latter, when he said: "Mister McAndrew, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?" But on the board, Sir Kenneth clearly treated McAndrew as an equal, which he would not have done had he seen him as working-class. And McAndrew was not badly paid; he was earning close to £400 a year, when a working-class man was unlikely to earn more than £100 at the utmost, and the great majority were paid less than £50.

As for the idiom, it is Scots, though not aggressively so: had Kipling wished to show off his knowledge, I have little doubt he could have larded McAndrew's speech with many more words which one will only find in specialist Scottish dictionaries.¹ But he didn't. McAndrew is articulate in a way which would be unlikely in an uneducated lower-class man. He had read his Bible and Burns – in which order, I wonder? Most importantly, we forget that in the pre-wireless era, local dialects and accents were far more common than they are today (though it never ceases to surprise me, how little penetration 'standard BBC has achieved). After all, we are told that Sir Walter Scott had a very broad accent.² So I do not believe that the idiom can be justly called lower-class.

Finally, the milieu. It is fair to say that most of those who worked for McAndrew would have been classified as working-class, and if those who worked there serve to classify the milieu, then the engine-room and stokehold were working-class. But McAndrew, although a 'hands

on' man, was a manager; and his milieu – one might almost say the aura that accompanied him – was not really working-class.

So, all in all, I think Mr Ricketts misjudges McAndrew as seen by Kipling. It is perfectly possible that McAndrew's roots were working-class, though I would suggest the probability was about 30%. But despite "God bless the Squire and his relations, and keep us in our proper stations", I believe that the English / British class system has always been flexible, with people moving up . . . and down ('Gentlemen-rankers'); and taking 1893 when the verse was published, as the true date, by that time McAndrew was definitely middle-class; something of a rough diamond perhaps, but had he had a wife, I have no doubt she would have had a "new black-and-gold piano" in her parlour, like Mrs McPhee³ – an almost infallible sign of middle-class-ness.

EDITOR'S NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Kipling took great pains, when writing "McAndrew's Hymn", to achieve authenticity and consistency in the speaker's accent and vocabulary. He was successful, and Conan Doyle, who was treated to a reading of the poem when he visited the Kiplings in Vermont, was astonished by Kipling's skill in projecting, and then sustaining, his old Scotsman's lengthy and complex soliloquy.
2. Perhaps more surprising than the example of Sir Walter Scott is that of Lord Curzon, who evidently retained all his life startling traces of a harsh regional accent acquired in boyhood, not much modified by Eton, Oxford and his glittering career that followed.
3. Janet McPhee was the wife of the Chief Engineer of the SS *Breslau* in " 'Bread upon the Waters' " (*The Day's Work*). Her delight over their award of £25,000 for a salvage operation, enabling them to buy the piano and much else, is engagingly described. Her husband also features in " 'Brugglesmith' " (*Many Inventions*).

KIPLING'S CHILDREN OF DEATH

by WILLIAM B. DILLINGHAM

[Kipling was contemplating marriage when he wrote "The Children of the Zodiac", a short story collected in *Many Inventions*. The story has been too lightly dismissed, but Professor Dillingham's article will go a long way towards convincing readers that it deserves serious attention.

The timeless theme of gods and immortals visiting humanity and seeing in love and death and longing an irresistible attraction, is one which once again seems increasingly to occupy the minds of creative thinkers. In 1987, Wim Wenders, wrote and directed his celebrated German film *Wings of Desire*. Just over a decade later an American version of the film was made. But the recent flow of sci-fi films depicting robots and aliens being educated into "feelings" is common enough to suggest that Kipling was there before the best of us.

Bill Dillingham is Charles Howard Candler Professor, Emeritus, Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia, USA. He took his Doctorate in Philosophy from the university of Pennsylvania. Most of his scholarly career has been devoted to American writers. He has written numerous articles, a book on Frank Norris, the writer and Naturalist, four books on Herman Melville – the last as recent as 1996 – and an anthology of the "Humour of the Old Southwest". With a colleague he wrote a student textbook on practical English which went into several editions and sold two million copies. He is a Fulbright Scholar and has won, among other awards, a Guggenheim Fellowship. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and the Baptist Church. A late-comer to Rudyard Kipling, Bill felt, to quote him, "like Keats looking into Chapman's Homer," and is engaged in writing a book on Kipling's vision of the heroic life. – *Ed.*]

Written when Kipling was only twenty-five, "The Children of the Zodiac" (1891) appears to be the work of a much older man, for it embodies his extensive thoughts on the end of life. Although this strange story is central to an understanding of Kipling and is astonishingly original in both conception and execution, it has found few admirers. Contemporary reviewers judged it harshly. George Saintsbury, for example, liked it least among the stories collected in *Many Inventions* (1893), though he was generally sympathetic toward Kipling. Andrew Lang praised several other stories in the collection, but he complained that "the fun of 'The Children of the Zodiac' I fail to see."¹ Writing in the *Academy*, Percy Addleshaw called it (along with two other stories) "quite the worst things Mr. Kipling ever wrote" and judged it as "very bad."² Though generally more charitable, modern commentators have nevertheless been put off by what they

perceive as the obstinacy of obscurity, what seems Kipling's wilful muddying of the waters. R. E. Harbord expresses the opinion of many when he writes that "The Children of the Zodiac" is both "difficult" (which of course it is, especially for a work of this early stage in Kipling's career) and "disappointing."³ Charles Carrington complains that "no satisfactory explanation" of the work "has been offered by any commentator."⁴ Contributing several tentative insights, Philip Mason nevertheless admits that when as a youth he first read the story, "I did not understand it at all," and he confesses that "I am not sure that I wholly understand it now."⁵ The most obvious sign of modern disapproval, however, is neglect. Though often mentioned in one context or the other, it seldom receives more attention than a few sentences. If many Kipling enthusiasts appear indifferent to "The Children of the Zodiac," it is probably because of its reputation as an oddball story, the seeming offspring of an inexplicable temporary eccentricity and consequently pretty much undecipherable.

Not the least puzzling aspect of the work is its genre. Some commentators refer to it broadly as a "prose allegory." Several consider it a "fable," while others describe it as a "parable."⁶ Although the terms *allegory*, *fable* and *parable* all designate works that have in common the principal ingredient of symbolism, these genres, strictly speaking, are somewhat different from each other in scope, authorial intent, and method of execution. Furthermore, "The Children of the Zodiac" is not a comfortable fit with any one of them although it possesses attributes characteristic of each of them. From the very first sentence of the story onward, the narrative voice does not seem engaged in creating an allegory, a fable, or a parable but in the telling of a myth: "Thousands of years ago, when men were greater than they are to-day, the Children of the Zodiac lived in the world" (p.362).⁷ This initial sentence embodies several of the familiar characteristics of myth, notably the specifying of a period in the remote past, a time far different from the present; the presentation of extraordinary beings, in this instance of supernatural origin; and the suggestion of an extraordinary event, their coming to dwell among humankind and their subsequent transformation.

The story upon which Kipling's quasi myth, as it probably should be called, is based, is that of the fall of Adam and Eve, who were created deathless but who by sinning (and thus by exhibiting a characteristic of humanity) fell from immortality into mortality. At one point in "The Children of the Zodiac," Kipling writes that "Leo had known all the sorrow that a man could know, including the full knowledge of his own fall who had once been a God" (p.382). Versions of the fall greatly

fascinated Kipling as evidenced not only by this work but by later stories like "How Fear Came" (1894) and "The Enemies to Each Other" (1924). The latter appeared in its initial magazine publications under the title of "A New Version of What Happened in the Garden of Eden." Kipling's "new version" of the myth was that of the *felix culpa*, the fortunate fall, which is also the thematic framework for "The Children of the Zodiac." If like "The Enemies to Each Other," "The Children of the Zodiac" is a new version of the fall, it also presents a new version of the zodiac. Kipling divides the figures between "Children," who cease to be immortal, and the, unchanging cosmic hit men of Fate, the "Houses." The Children are designated as "the Ram, the Bull, the Lion, the Twins, and the Girl," and the Houses as "the Scorpion, the Balance, the Crab, the Fishes, the Goat, and the Waterman" (p.362). For some reason, a few critics have claimed, as does J. M. S. Tompkins, that Kipling "omits the Goat" in his listing, but that clearly is not the case.⁸ He does omit the Archer (Sagittarius) from the initially enumerated Houses but thereafter refers to him repeatedly as one of the executioners.

In Kipling's rendition of the *felix culpa*, no blame is attached to the Children for their having to face death. They do not become mortal because of some momentous and irreparable misstep (Kipling could not work up much enthusiasm for the doctrine of original sin.) What happens to them is decreed not by God, who is conspicuously absent from the story, but by a totally unknowable and indifferent Fate. And what does happen to them is starkly terrible. After believing themselves deathless for thousands of years and seeing countless generations of human beings pass away, they realize that they, too, must die. That one's death is a certainty is painful enough a realization for ordinary beings, but to those who have lived for thousands of years, it is unspeakably repugnant. "The Children of the Zodiac," however, is not just about the awful fear that death spawns but also about the paradoxical role of death as the mother of all that we consider best and most noble in our humanity. In the agonizing discovery of their mortality, the Children acquire new knowledge and experience that actually lifts them above their former selves, making them appear larger in stature as mortals than they were as immortals. In this sense the fall of Leo and his companions is fortunate because they come to know that life is precious not in spite of the everpresent shadow of death but because of it. As mortals they are plagued with the fear of death, but at the same time they gain enlightenment about death's role in life.

"The Children of the Zodiac" is a product of the same period and

frame of mind as "Letters on Leave, I" (1890), where Kipling is appalled that many of the people he observed in London seemed "divorced from the knowledge or fear of death."⁹ He may well have derived this distinction between the fear of death and the knowledge of death from Walt Whitman, whose work he read with great enthusiasm. In writing "The Children of the Zodiac," Kipling attempted to reconcile himself to the reality of death just as Whitman did in composing his most famous poem, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd." The speaker in Whitman's work, deeply disturbed over the assassination of his hero, Abraham Lincoln, walks into the dark recesses of a swamp accompanied on the one side by the terrible "thought of death" and on the other by "the knowledge of death." A central purpose of "The Children of the Zodiac" is to identify, as did Whitman, two responses to death, to explore through the methods of myth not only the fear of death, that which makes for humankind's worst nightmare, but also the knowledge that without death life would scarcely be worth living. The two strands intertwine and run with coequal strength through the story until the end, when the somewhat brighter hue of the latter momentarily predominates. It is a dark victory, however, for optimism is not the prevailing tone. Although the acquisition of what Kipling calls "the knowledge of death" provides the opportunity for enlightenment and ennoblement, it offers no real hope of peace, happiness, or eternal reward. At best it can serve as an antidote to the poison of fear by making the reality of mortality tolerable through comparing it to its alternative, which is made to appear somewhat empty if not ignoble. What Leo and Virgo learn sustains them, to be sure, but a note of unrelenting melancholy pervades the story.

Fear of death is not treated in "The Children of the Zodiac" as craven, hysterical, or even unreasonable. Indeed, only a fool or a child does not recognize the dread inevitability of death. In "Letters on Leave, I," Kipling commented that those who do not think about death "appear to be like children in that respect."¹⁰ Unquestionably, one of the reasons he used "Children" in his title is that maturation is an essential element in his quasi myth of former immortals who never pondered death until forced to by the realisation of their own fall into mortality, at which time they mature from the childhood of innocence into the adulthood of fear and knowledge. Before their fall, they are juvenile swingers on the stars, enjoying the kind of carefree existence that Emerson described in "The Adirondacs," a poem from which Kipling probably derived the title for his story. "We seemed," writes Emerson, "the dwellers of the Zodiac." *Children* fit Kipling's purpose better than *dwellers*, but otherwise he must have liked Emerson's

phrasing (as he often did) and the idea behind it.

The Children begin to be afraid even before they know why. That is, they are afraid of the Houses without realizing the reason, and "even when they first stepped down upon the earth and knew that they were immortal Gods, they carried this fear with them" (p.362). As they observe men and women in the grip of the fear of death, they are at first puzzled because they understand no concept except that of infinity. An elderly man comes to them with the body of his wife, who has been "killed," as he puts it, by one of the Houses, and he declares himself ready "for the end of things." However when that end is about to come, when the arrow of the Archer whistles through the air, he runs and cries in anguish: "Let me live a little longer – only a little longer!" (p.365). Nevertheless, the arrow strikes him and he dies. Leo is bewildered, but Virgo says: "I think I feel what he felt" (p.366). This episode marks the beginning of the Children's initiation into the dread of extinction. As Leo visits the Bull, the Ram, and the Twins, he finds that they have already learned of their loss of immortality and that their fear of death has become the context for their decisions and their behaviour. Not until Leo confronts the House responsible for executing his own doom, however, does he experience the full impact of his new status. Kipling's horror of the disease that he considered his "family's complaint" is reflected in his depiction of the Crab, which "lies so still that you might think he was asleep if you did not see the ceaseless play and winnowing motion of the feathery branches round his mouth. That movement never ceases. It is like the eating of a smothered fire into rotten timber in that it is noiseless and without haste" (p.370). The half-darkness of Cancer's lair is eerie, lit just enough to allow Leo "a glimpse of that vast blue-black back and the motionless eyes. Now and again he thought that he heard some one sobbing, but the noise was very faint" (p.370). Leo's interview with the Crab results in his awakening to the certainty of his death and that of Virgo. He to be taken by cancer of the throat (a recurrent fear of Kipling's) and she by cancer of the breast. He, therefore, now knows the torment of death's hovering shadow because he is cursed not only with the certainty of his own demise but also of that of the one he loves.

"The Children of the Zodiac" repeatedly raises by implication and then addresses two key questions, one of which is "What does the realization that one's death is a certainty have to do with how one behaves?" At first Leo cannot understand the connection. He observes the Bull engaged in behaviour that for a god is shocking, that is, allowing himself to be used by a farmer to plow furrows. Astounded and outraged, Leo instructs his brother to "gore that insolent [farmer]

to death. .. and for the sake of our family honour come out of the mire" (p.367). The Bull replies that he cannot, for his House, the Scorpion, has revealed to him that he must someday die. Leo's puzzlement at this response is evident as he asks, "What has that to do with this disgraceful exhibition?" The Bull's answer is "Everything." Consciousness of death has become the determiner of his behaviour. Subsequently Leo encounters the Ram, who is also acting in an ungodlike manner, submitting himself to human beings who pet, feed, and familiarly admire him. "Break up that crowd and come away, my brother," demands Leo, but the Ram refuses: "The Archer told me that on some day of which I had no knowledge he would send a dart through me, and that I should die in very great pain." Baffled as he was before by such an explanation, Leo asks the same question that he put to the Bull: "What has that to do with this?" He receives the same answer: "Everything in the world" (p.368). Then he finds that the realization of death has likewise altered the behaviour of the Twins, who no longer "play on the banks of the Milky Way" but now unselfishly play the role of foundlings to a woman yearning for children.

Leo's questions, and the answers he receives, relate to the issue of how best to deal with the fear of death. The Bull, the Ram, and the Twins react to the realization of their mortality by doing something that they do not want to do. About their strange new behaviour, Leo asks each of them, "Do you like [doing] this?" They all answer with an emphatic "No." The Bull does not like plowing the field; the Ram does not like subjecting his fine fleece to the hands of yokels; the Twins do not like acting like foundlings. They all do what they do because it is their way of defying the fear of death, which demands total self-concern and the indignity of cringing and whining. They devote themselves to a form of work not that they like best but that they feel they can do best, and they perform it not with slipshod indifference but with all the discipline and skill that they can command. They become useful, and they do their work well no matter how trivial or unworthy it may seem in the eyes of the world. They do not thereby defeat death, which ultimately defeats them, but through an act of will they refuse to allow the fear of death to have its way with them by turning them into a "breed of little mean men, whimpering and flinching and howling because the Houses killed them and theirs, who wished to live forever without any pain" (pp.386-87). Thus even in the valley of the shadow of death, a minor personal triumph is possible as evidenced by the words of the Bull after the Scorpion has put its fatal poison in him. "Go and look at the fields I ploughed," he says to Leo. "The furrows are

straight. I forgot that I was a God, but I drew the plough perfectly straight, for all that" (p.383).

Such is the creed that Leo gradually comes to understand and embrace after he observes the reactions of the Bull, the Ram, and the Twins to the fear of death and then learns of his and Virgo's own destiny. Through his characterization of Leo, Kipling insists that death is the mother of art, for it is not until Leo knows that he will surely die that he is capable of assuming his life's work, that of poet-singer. As he begins to make up songs, he realises that "this was a thing he could never have done had he not met the Crab face to face" (pp. 37&77). And it is not until the fear of dying threatens to consume him that he realises that the creative act can serve as a counterpoise to it, for art is humanity's rebel outcry against mortality. When at the request of the Bull, Leo initially begins to sing, he does so only halfheartedly: "At first he dragged the song along unwillingly, and then the song dragged him, and his voice rolled across the fields" (p. 375). In Leo's developing artistry, Kipling projects the discovery of his own "daemon," a mysterious creative force that sometimes took over while he was composing and supplied his work with a power that even he did not understand. Significantly, Kipling links the appearance of Leo's daemon to his newly acquired preoccupation with mortality and suggests that without this intense new dread (deriving from his having "met the Crab face to face"), the daemon of creativity would not have emerged. As Leo grows in his art and learns to use the details of his observations, he increasingly seems a Kipling self-portrait: "He remembered facts concerning cultivators and bullocks and rice-fields that he had not particularly noticed before. . . and he strung them all together, growing more interested as he sang, and he told the cultivator much more about himself and his work than the cultivator knew" (p.377). Like Kipling, Leo travels often, and like his creator, he learns that although he will receive much praise, he cannot expect much understanding. One member of his audience says to him: "Now yours must be a very pleasant life. . . sitting as you do on a dyke all day and singing just what comes into your head" (p.377). Overhearing this comment, the Bull says to Leo: "That's all the thanks you will ever get from men, brother" (p. 377). Also like Kipling, Leo first yearns for approval, enjoys it, experiences despair and forgets from time to time what he is singing for as he contemplates giving up his work, finds new energy and purpose, feels quarrelsome toward certain competitors but ends by thinking of them as "brothers" and by realizing that the world cannot have too many singers.

Although some of Leo's songs evoke laughter and other bring tears,

his consistent purpose is to combat in his listeners the fear of death. Above all, "he taught that what comes or does not come, we must not be afraid" (p.387). He does not mean that they must not be afraid because there is nothing to be afraid of – undoubtedly there is – but because fear will cripple them and prevent their behaving as they should. Leo does not take pleasure in his work any more than did the Bull, the Ram, and the Twins. In fact, at times he detests it, but he persists because his is a mission undertaken for the purpose of bringing an important truth to the attention of others rather than a programme of joyful self-fulfillment. The necessity and the nobility of self-sacrifice, one of the major themes of Kipling's work, reverberates throughout "The Children of the Zodiac." In fact, here as elsewhere Kipling's concepts of work and of sacrifice are practically synonymous. So Leo sings on through discouragement, adverse as well as favourable criticism, and personal tragedy – the death of his beloved Virgo. Now and then he sees that he has succeeded in converting a man to the code of behaviour of the fallen Children. As one of his 'longtime listeners faces death, Leo asks him if he is afraid. "I am a man, not a God," said the man. 'I should have run away but for your songs. My work is done, and I die without making a show of my fear'" (p. 385). Leo's strongest motivation is also Kipling's, namely, to sing of the importance of work, sacrifice, and courage so as to establish a creed by which they and those like them can live and die, at which time they will not lose control and in abject indignity try to escape death but "die without making a show" of their fear.

A second question posed by "The Children of the Zodiac" is "What is a 'god'?" The issue is forced to the surface by Kipling's seemingly inconsistent use of the term as applied to the Children. Indeed, he seems to stack the deck so that his readers will puzzle over what he means by *god*. The overall situation seems clear enough: the Children have lost their godhood by having to die. Yet what the narrator and the characters actually say challenges that assumption. When at the time of his death the Bull exclaims that "I forgot that I was a God," does he mean that he forgot that he once was a god or that he forgot that he is still a god? Ambiguity likewise marks the narrator's description of a song of Leo's, the "Song of the Bull who had been a God and forgotten the fact" (p.383). Several such passages comment on the Children's "forgetting" their godhood. Late in the story, Leo sets out "to look for his brothers, to remind them that they too were Gods" (p.382). One could assume that the author means that the Children tend to forget what they were before their fall as they devote themselves to their new work, and Leo wishes to remind them. But why would he want to do

that since at this point in the story he no longer expects them to behave as they did when they were gods? Reminding them now that they were once immortal would serve no good purpose. A more likely motive would be his wish to stress to them not what they once were but what they are now. Does this therefore mean that they are still gods? The confusion spreads as Leo speaks to Virgo upon learning that she has cancer and is dying: "'Surely we were Gods once,' he cried. 'Surely we are Gods still,' said the Girl" (p.380). They are gods still? How so? Leo promises her that after she is dead he will continue to "remember that we are Gods" (p.381). Yet in the very next paragraph the narrator comments: "It is very hard even for a child of the Zodiac who has forgotten his Godhead, to see his wife dying slowly, and to know that he cannot help her" (p.381). When his own time comes, Leo wishes to live longer but seeing that it is impossible, he speaks these final words: "But I am a God too, and I am not afraid" (p. 386). His claim is not that he *was* a god but that he *is* a god.

Kipling's wavering between the idea that the Children have lost their godhood and the notion that they have not lost it after all is neither careless and inept plotting nor the manifestation of a perverse desire to cause hair-pulling confusion. Rather, it is designed to force a reconsideration of the term *god* so as to include not one but two types. In other words, by ceasing to be one kind of god, the Children have become another kind. Kipling's intent is to define sharply the profound differences between the two. By virtue of their never having to face death, the traditional sort of gods cannot possibly understand human beings. An immeasurable gulf separates them. Yet humankind pitifully insists upon imagining a rapport that does not exist. The Children were formerly gods of this sort. When they came to dwell on earth, people "came to them with prayers and long stories of wrong, while the Children of the Zodiac listened and could not understand" (pp. 362-63). Totally incapable at this stage of understanding the plight of humanity, the Children are coolly indifferent. In response to human cries for help, the Bull "would lower his huge head and answer: 'What is that to me?'" The Twins "could not understand why the water ran out of people's eyes," and Leo, together with the Girl, "wondered even more than the Twins why people shouted 'Ha! ha! ha!' for no cause" (p.363). Occasionally, men and women who pray to them and bring them gifts become disenchanted when their supplications continue to be ignored but generally they persist in their fantasy, as Kipling would have it, of a benevolent and loving God interceding on behalf of his children. Most of them will not accept the truth that they live and die in an indifferent universe, alone and on their own. If there were gods who

never had to experience death, Kipling appears to suggest, they would find nothing in humanity to evoke their understanding or compassion, for "the Immortals know nothing worth laughter or tears" (p.374).

The profound difference between gods of this variety and human beings is the subject of a poem that Kipling furnished as introductory to "The Children of the Zodiac" when it was first published in *Harper's Weekly*. "The Gods in London" depicts the coming of "High Gods" to earth for a day and then their return to Olympus, themselves no wiser about humankind and human beings no better off.

In the hush of an April dawning, when the streets were velvety still,
The High Gods quitted Olympus, and relighted on Ludgate Hill;
The asphodel sprang from the asphalt, the amaranth opened her eyes,
And the smoke of the City of London went up to the stainless skies.
"Now whom shall I kiss?" said Venus, and "What can I kill?" said Jove,
And "Look at the Bridge," said Vulcan, and "Smut's on my wings!"
said Love.

Then

The High Gods veiled their glories to walk with the children of men.

*

In the hush of an April twilight, to the roar of the Holborn train,
The High Gods sprang from the pavement and went to their place
again;
And I heard, tho' none had tolled it, as a great portcullis falls,
In the rear of their wheeling legions, the boom of the bell of
St. Paul's.

Upon the visit of Olympian gods to grimy London, flowers bloom and the smoke disappears, but as the immortals in disguise walk the streets of mortality, they remain casual, aloof, and indifferent to the human condition because they cannot understand it as long as they are gods. Their questions about what they should do reflect no compassion for humanity but merely their self-absorption and their ennui. They remain on earth for a single day, and upon their departure, the speaker hears the sounds again of the human multitudes – the roar of their daily activities and the tolling of the bell for their mortality. He realises in a moment of revelation that what separates them from gods is like an impenetrable iron-grated barrier, a "great portcullis" that falls between them, a central idea in "The Children of the Zodiac."

With the inclusion of "The Children of the Zodiac" in *Many Inventions* and in later volumes, Kipling discarded "The Gods in London" and prefaced his work with a stanza from Emerson's poem "Give All to Love," which he originally quoted in the final paragraph of the story.

Though thou love her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dim the day,
Stealing grace from all alive,
 Heartily know
When half Gods go
The Gods arrive.

The narrator of "The Children of the Zodiac" indicates that these words of Emerson's were actually written by Leo as a tribute to Virgo: "He had carved on the Girl's tombstone the last verse of the Song of the Girl, which stands at the head of this story. One of the children of men, coming thousands of years later, rubbed away the lichen, read the lines, and applied them to a trouble other than the one Leo meant" (p. 387). The "trouble" that Emerson directed himself to was desertion by a lover, which is not the concern of Leo, as the narrator of the story makes clear. However, what captured Kipling's interest was Emerson's distinction between kinds of gods, between what he calls "half Gods" and "Gods." Emerson meant that even romantic love, as fine as it is, is a "half God" compared to self-trust, that most reliable of passions buttressed by the recognition that the divine dwells within each person. By using Emerson's lines, Kipling wanted to suggest a different meaning, that if people could live forever, which clearly they cannot, they could not know what it is that makes life worth living, and thus though immortal, they would still be merely half-gods. Only by the loss of immortality (their half-god state) could they become true gods, mortal gods, so to speak. The Children of the Zodiac become more admirable or "godly" after they know that they must die. They manifest a paradox that Kipling derived from Emerson's lines that it is more godly to be a mortal hero than to be an immortal god.

The role of death in this transformation is suggested by a conversation that Virgo has with Leo: "'We must try to be cheerful, I think,' said the Girl. 'We know the very worst that can happen to us, but we do not know the best that love can bring us. We have a great deal to be glad of.' 'The certainty of death?' said Leo. 'All the children of men have that certainty also; yet they laughed long before we ever knew how to laugh. We must learn to laugh, Leo'" (p. 373). The "certainty of death" is the mother not only of love, art, and laughter but also of sorrow, compassion, sacrifice, work, and courage – all foreign to the concept of immortality.

The Children of the Zodiac are the children of death because "Zodiac" and "death" become synonymous. After the fall of the Children, the zodiac consists only of the agents of death, the Houses. More significantly, however, they are the children of death because death is in a sense responsible for their new life as heroic guides and examples for humankind, gods of the Kipling creed.

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2. Reprinted in *Kipling: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Roger Lancelyn Green (New York: Barnes & Noble, 1971), pp. 9-10.
3. *The Readers' Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Work* (privately printed, 1965), III, 1272.
4. *The Life of Rudyard Kipling* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1956), p. 364.
5. *Kipling: The Glass, the Shadow and the Fire* (New York: Harper & Row, 1975), pp. 111-112.
6. See, for example, Lloyd H. Chandler, *A Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling* (New York: Grolier Club, 1930), p. 42; Harbord, III, 1272; J. M. S. Tompkins, *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* (London: Methuen, 1959), p. 171; Bonamy Dobree, *Rudyard Kipling: Realist and Fabulist* (London: Oxford University Press, 1967), p. 147; Angus Wilson, *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling: His Life and Works* (New York: Viking, 1978), pp. 8, 336; and Carrington, p. 585. Hilton Brown avoids these labels for another one when he calls "The Children of the Zodiac" the first of Kipling's obscurities." *Rudyard Kipling: A New Appreciation* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1945), p. 165.
7. Page references to "The Children of the Zodiac" throughout this article are to volume 5 of the Outward Bound edition of *The Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling* (New York: Scribner's, 1899).
8. Tompkins, p. 172. See also Harbord, III, 1273.
9. *Abaft the Funnel* (New York: Doubleday, Page, 1909), p. 202.
10. *Ibid.*

Obituary

CANON ALAN COLDWELLS

Members will be sad to learn of the untimely death of Alan Coldwells who, on so many occasions, has given a thoughtful, apposite and uplifting Grace before the Annual Luncheon. He will be remembered for his warm outgoing personality as well as for his Kipling scholarship.

KIPLING'S VIEW OF 'SOCIETY'

by NOEL ANNAN

[Lord Annan died in February 2000, and we placed an obituary notice at pages 9-10 of our issue of March 2000, for he was a Vice-President of the Kipling Society. Kipling had always interested him, and he had published in the 1960s some persuasive pieces on Kipling's political stance, and significance in 'the history of ideas' (a context in which Annan always wrote with exceptional authority).

In 1990 he published a very remarkable book, *Our Age : Portrait of a Generation* (London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson). It was a masterful study of the principal political and cultural factors that had influenced Annan and his (loosely defined) British contemporaries, colouring the kind of civilised values that they believed in or worked for. It is a persuasive and original book, written with *panache* and offering a coherent overview of a complex world.

In chapter 2 of *Our Age*, Annan had expressed some discerning observations about Kipling, and we recently asked his widow's permission to extract and quote them in the *Kipling Journal*. She readily allowed this, and we are grateful. – *Ed.*]

The passage begins with the late-nineteenth-century threat to the supremacy of Britain.

"The steel production of the United States and Germany was overtaking that of Britain; and the Boer War had revealed Britain's inefficiency as a world power. Conrad heard the tumult beneath the surface of that thin crust men called civilisation – the anarchist world of the secret agent or of Henry James's Hyacinth Robinson. But there was one writer in particular who was aware how thin the crust was, and who redefined the gentlemanly ethos, and it was often through his eyes that *Our Age* was told to admire it. That was Kipling.

Kipling wanted his generation to recall how much the gentleman owed to society. He valued the independence of the individual – as an artist how could he not? But the individual left on his own, isolated and lonely, disintegrated. Particularly in India, where men and their wives died young, where to take one's work seriously could end in madness because government, unlike in England, never achieved results.

What prevented such a society from going over the precipice? Kipling answered: religion, law, custom, convention, morality – the forces of social control – which imposed upon individuals certain rules which they broke at their peril. Conventions enabled men to retain their self-respect and even to live together under appalling circumstances. Those who break the conventions must be punished. Numbers of

Kipling's stories contain scenes in which the individualist, the eccentric, the man who offends against the trivial rules of the club, are tarred and feathered with gleeful brutality. If the offender is not brought to heel, society will suffer. It is not worth spending much effort, Kipling thought, debating whether the customs, morality and religion of the place you live in are right or wrong. His contemporary, the anthropologist James Frazer, was informing the learned public that religion and magic were a kind of primitive science, which would vanish as scientific knowledge spread; but for Kipling, as for Max Weber, religion was a social fact.

These forces of social control, Kipling admitted, were harsh. The harshness could be alleviated by belonging to in-groups. These in-groups protect the individual, give him privacy, identity and self-confidence. They are the family, the school and the craft or profession you follow. These in-groups, too, teach us our place. We all need a course of indoctrination to find our place, and, if we have come up in the world, to be taught it. But when the individual has proved himself in his in-group, and so long as he is not in the strict sense of the word an eccentric, then the more daring his behaviour and the more abundant his action, the greater is the addition of joy in the world. Stalky was the prototype of this socialised individualism. He acted beyond the formal law of school or army regulations. And possessed the gift of seeing himself from the outside in relation to society. In Kipling's world, action revitalized man. That was the obverse of the suffering it caused. And suffering was inevitable. Political action is often not a choice between good and evil but between lesser and greater evil.

Social realities interested Kipling. The liberal pictures man as choosing goals to pursue, and asks whether or not he is free to pursue them. Kipling thought that men and women were forced to accept those goals which their group or clan in society chose for them, and only when they had accepted these constraints were they free to exercise their individuality and take it for a trot. He is not unlike Durkheim, who saw the individual as a bolt which might snap if the nut of society held it too tightly, or by being too loose allowed it to vibrate. Excessive integration in the officer caste in the army could be as dangerous as imperfect integration.

Brought up in a society untouched for generations by civil wars, or revolution or economic disaster, Kipling's English contemporaries were never compelled to consider why society still hangs together. But in India Kipling was forced to consider it. He believed that man achieves happiness when he comprehends where he himself fits into

the scheme of things. He has to realise that spring cannot for ever be spring, and that winter succeeds autumn. Since men continue to nurse illusions, they must be taught the terms on which they are allowed to rise. Subject the upstart, therefore to a course of indoctrination to bring his ambition within bounds and turn his children into gentlemen. Whereas for most of the greatest writers society, with its rules, conventions, customs, morality and taboos surrounding the sacred, is the enemy, and their characters in fiction are depicted as locked in heroic combat with them, for Kipling they are a *donnée* with which man has to come to terms or perish.

Kipling therefore defined a gentleman differently from Trollope. His gentleman has come down in the world, is harsher, more meagre, with fewer graces and more limitations. The gentleman has now become the manager, the colonial administrator, the engineer and the skilled worker. You feel his gentleman is more beleaguered. He is threatened from above by the politicians, threatened from below by the lower orders who now have the vote, and threatened by the new barbarians in Europe. In the fable of England he wrote for his children, Kipling scanned the future with anxious eyes. Would the wall of British civilisation fall again before the democratic hordes of little men and the barbarians, the Prussian Winged Hats? Were not the younger rulers like Churchill tainted by the same ambition that made Roman generals overthrow the emperor? Were not the financiers manipulating trade and industry to their own ends? Were not luxury and wealth corrupting the ruling class and turning their children into flannelled fools at the wicket? What would be England's fate – an England rent by class warfare and in a few years' time to be meditating civil war in Ireland? Other writers were also scanning the future. *Heartbreak House*, *Howard's End* and *Puck of Pook's Hill* are meditations of a socialist, a liberal and a conservative, troubled by England's destiny."

JOINT SUBSCRIPTION RATES

When two members of the same address share a single copy of the *Journal*, the annual membership fee by cheque is now £32, but still only £30 by Standing Order. (see also page 56).

KIPLING IN JAPAN

by YOSHIAKI KUWANO

[Yoshiaki Kuwano was born in 1964 near Osaka, where his father, a retired general, was stationed. He was educated at GAKUSHUIN – a private school in Tokyo, once solely for the education of children of the Japanese Imperial family. Members of the Imperial Household are still educated there. The present Emperor was there with John Lennon's wife, Yoko Ono.

Professor Kuwano studied literature and for his M.A. wrote a dissertation on the novels of Ernest Hemingway. In 1999 he came to London to study Kipling at the Institute of English Studies, London University. Although a great traveller, this was to be his first experience of living away from Japan for any great length of time.

Among his literary achievements are translations of encyclopedias and dictionaries on Witchcraft, American Pop Culture, Classical, Biblical, and Literary Allusions; and *Cold Heaven*, a novel by Brian Moore. He is keen on the history of ideas, especially Western mysticism and secret societies.

Professor Kuwano has been lecturing for 10 years, is an associate Professor at Ryutsu Keizai University near Tokyo, and Secretary of The Kipling Society in Japan, which he and Professor Hashimoto established four years ago. (Professor Hashimoto's translations of nine Kipling's short stories were reviewed by Sir Hugh Cortazzi in the *Journal* of March 1996. In 1988, Sir Hugh, a former British Ambassador to Tokyo and a leading Western authority on Japanese history, language and culture, had edited, with George Webb, *Kipling's Japan*.)

Professor Kuwano is aware that stereotypical images of Japan exist in the minds of many people. These are a mix of past and present images such as: Samurai, Kamikazi, Sony, Toyota, Honda, even Geisha. The last he has never come across. And in turn he is also aware of British stereotypes: the country of gentlemen in tail-coats and football hooligans. As a child he thought that the UK was represented by Queen – both Her Majesty and the rock band – by 007, the "Changing of the Guards", Highland bagpipes, Sir Edward Elgar, English gardens, tea, Jaguar, Rolls-Royce, Bentley, cricket, but above all *The Monty Python's Flying Circus*. Professor Kuwano referred to Michael Palin's BBC travel series and of Palin's 1989 visit to Japan, where in a department store in Tokyo, Palin was surprised by the extreme politeness of the staff in every department and the way they lined up at the top of their respective escalators to bow.¹ He had bought two pairs of trousers, and wrote: "Both trousers needed taking up, and the assistant apologised that this might take half-an-hour!". That is the kind of country, Professor Kuwano said, he comes from. Here is an edited version of the script of his talk to the Society on 16 February 2000. – Ed.]

One of keywords in my talk tonight is a 100 years. As you know, Kipling visited Japan in 1889, a 100 years before Michael Palin. He

revisited Japan with his wife in 1892, and wrote about Japan. But Kipling is the superior writer, even though he may not match Palin as a comedian.

Some of you may have heard of Shinkansen – the Bullet train – which has been said to symbolise Japanese revival following its devastation at the end of 1945. It was built for the Tokyo Olympic Games held in 1964, the year I was born, and almost exactly a 100 years after Kipling's birth. The Japanese railway system was modelled after the British system. Generally, it is very convenient and comfortable, sometimes more so than its model. In his letters from Japan, Kipling refers to the Japanese railway at that time: "the result has been a railway that any nation might take off their hats to".² And a remark by a fellow-traveller on his way from Nagoya to Yokohama goes:

Yes, the Japanese are building railways all over the island. What I mean to say is that the companies are started and financed by Japs, and they make 'em pay. I can't quite tell you where the money comes from, but it's all to be found in the country. Japan is neither rich nor poor but just comfortable.³

This point, about money, I am going to mention in connection with the New Oriental Bank, which suspended payment and cause damage to Kipling while he was in Japan.

LETTERS FROM JAPAN

A passage from "The Man Who Would Be King" goes as follows:

One Saturday night it was my pleasant duty to put the paper to bed alone. A King or courtier or a courtesan or a Community was going to die or get a new Constitution, or do something that was important on the other side of the world, and the paper was to be held open till the latest possible minute in order to catch the telegram.⁴

The Man Who Would Be King, one of my favourite Kipling stories, was written by 1888, before Kipling's first visit to Japan (1889). Incidentally, at that time, Japan was due for a new Constitution in February 1889, and which was granted by the Emperor two months before his landing. Kipling mentions the Constitution frequently in his

letters, which give a vivid description of what Japan was like at that time. They are collected with some editing in *From Sea to Sea*. As a Japanese student of Kipling, I am indebted to a wonderful book called *Kipling's Japan*, which you may know and perhaps have read. Whenever reference to the letter number or quotations are made, it is to and from this reliable text. The letters from Japan are a fresh insight for a Japanese of my age, because much in them no longer exists.

Kipling first visited Japan with Professor and Mrs Hill. This visit was comparatively longer than the second one, and the schedule was very ambitious. What strikes me most about these 1889 letters of travel is that, along with beautiful scenery and people and the rigorous travel time-table, Kipling did not fail to observe the modernisation and westernisation of Japan. And if the keyword to his first visit was 'Constitution', the keyword to the second visit was 'Treaty Revision.'

TWO SYMBOLIC THINGS OF KIPLING'S SECOND VISIT

The two symbolic things in Kipling's second visit are indirectly connected with the development of Japan. In his third letter of 1892, he wrote about his fears of an earthquake. And that very day, his Bank suddenly crashed, suspending payments. His loss was nearly 2,000 pounds. He had to shorten the honeymoon and abandon the second prospected visit to R. L. Stevenson in Samoa. This was a great blow to him. As Carrington puts it: "Never again did he take ship east of Suez."⁵ The crash of New Oriental Bank Corporation leads me to the relationship between its forerunner, which till 1884 was called the Oriental Bank, and the modernisation of Japan. A Japanese leader of this time, Count Okuma, wrote in his autobiography as follows:

Once the Oriental Bank had saved a critical condition [i.e. a threat of French invasion], our government was grateful to its friendly attitude, and the relation between the bank and the government became so close that whenever we had to ask for foreign help, the Oriental bank was the only agent: laying a railway, raising foreign loans, building the Mint Bureau, etc.⁶

Until the establishment of the Bank of Japan in 1882, the Oriental Bank Corporation had fulfilled this important mission for the Japanese government. The modernisation of Japan in such a short term was only possible with the help of Kipling's bank. The Japanese government could not help the New Oriental Bank, but unlike Kipling, the

government was not damaged, and did not have to change plans. This, I feel, symbolises the shift of Japan to the new stage of modernisation and economic development.

Kipling's wife's grandfather, Judge Erastus Peshine Smith "was well remembered as legal adviser to the Mikado who broke down barriers that had closed Japan against the world."⁷ Judge Erastus Peshine Smith served between 1871 and 1876 as the first consultant on International Law whom the Japanese Foreign Ministry employed at the very high salary of 10,000 dollars a year – to advise on treaty revision.⁸

The United States at that time persuaded the Japanese leaders to adopt the American model. It was the American Henry C. Carey, the worlds greatest, and most successful, living economist of that time, and Carey's representative, E. Peshine Smith, who led these and related efforts to spread the U.S. industrial model into Europe and Asia. And he was the very person who advised Japan in this movement for "Treaty Revision":

Between 1854 and 1869 the USA and many European countries entered into treaty relations with Japan. There were three main diplomatic consequences, briefly: (a) opening of the Treaty Ports; (b) extra-territoriality, i.e. exemption of their nationals from Japanese court jurisdiction; (c) lowered duties on trade goods entering Japan. By the 1870s, there was strong Japanese pressure for revision of these treaties, including abrogation of the clauses that were offensive to Japanese self-respect with their implication that Japan and her legal institutions were uncivilised. As early as 1876 the USA nearly, but not quite, arrived at a revision. Again, in 1889 several countries including the USA made substantial progress towards revision...⁹

When this first attempt by the Americans was made, Judge Peshine Smith, Carrie's grandfather, was in Japan and giving advice to the leaders of Japanese government. The crash of the new Oriental Bank and advice from Judge Peshine Smith, are of interest to a Japanese when he or she reads both Kipling and the Japanese history of this time.

A COMPARISON WITH HEARN

As a Japanese, I would like to try a brief comparative study between Kipling's letters from Japan and a series of reports on Japan by an English-speaking sojourner, who was in Japan at the same time. His name was Lafcadio Hearn. Unlike Kipling, Hearn decided to live in

Japan, and eventually had a great influence on the education of English literature in Japan. He was also a great admirer of Kipling. Perhaps Hearn, known on Japan by his adopted name Koizumi Yakumo is, in Japan, the more famous of the two. He came to Japan as a correspondent to *Harpers*, in 1890, and was deeply fascinated by the scenic beauty of good old Japan. His love of Japan was not satisfied with just living there, but he married a Japanese, adopted Japanese dress, and became a naturalized Japanese citizen, though he never mastered the language.

Although both Kipling and Hearn began as journalists, they differ in their attitude towards understanding Japan. Hearn tried to understand Japan by crossing the cultural border. Kipling, on the other hand, observed and thought about Japan as a 'globe-trotter'. When I read Kipling's early stories: "Lispeth", "Beyond the Pale" or "The Mark of the Beast", I feel he is writing in the difference of cultures. When writing about cultural differences, a writer tends to describe one superior than the other, or so argue critics in post-colonial studies, as say, Edward Said. I think Kipling is purely interested in the "difference" itself. I think this makes his letters from Japan very readable. In his first letter, in 1889, Kipling describes a Japanese custom officer thus: "Had our stay been longer, I would have wept over him because he was a hybrid – partly French, partly German, and partly American – a tribute to civilisation."¹⁰ This was his first impression. I feel, after that, although he was impressed by the scenic beauty of old Japan, he never failed to observe Japanese people and society. Hearn, on the other hand, was more impressed by the old Japan itself, and its suffering under "westernisation". He crossed the cultural border, but it was not by transcending the conflict between his "self and hybrid-Japan", but by creating a pastoral, mystical Utopia, decorated with images of Buddha.

I humbly admire Kipling's point of view as a globe-trotter. I also admire the great effort of Sir Hugh Cortazzi and Mr George Webb, to make his writings so very readable, with explanatory footnotes. Sadly, we haven't got a Japanese translation of *Kipling's Japan* yet. Mrs Webb told me that a translation is being made, but unfortunately I do not know the translator. I would like to be of assistance.

OYAYOI-GAIKOKUJIN (Foreign Employee)

In "Our Overseas Men" 1892, Letter Two, Kipling wrote as follows:

Tourists and you who travel the world over, be very gentle to the men of the Overseas Clubs. Remember that, unlike yourselves,

they have not come here for the good of their health, and that the return ticket in your wallet may possibly a little colour your views of their land.¹¹

Many Westerners at that time found living in Japan incredibly inconvenient. They were merchants, diplomats and servicemen. Among them, there were a group of people who are called by Japanese 'Oyatoi-Gaikokujin', or foreign employee. Carrie's grandfather, Judge Peshine Smith, was among them. With their help and advice, the new Japanese government undertook a programme of rapid modernisation and westernisation to equip Japan with military and economic strength to resist the imperialist ambitions of Western powers of that time. So successful was this programme that Japan itself, far from becoming a victim of imperialists, joined their ranks. The traditional Japanese schoolboys wore uniforms based on the Prussian Hussar, while the schoolgirls' dress were based on the British sailor uniforms with big sailor collars worn with pleated skirts. This reflects Japanese military history. In organising a modern army, Japanese leaders adopted the Prussian way, as is the case with the Meiji constitution, and the navy was modelled after the Royal Navy.¹² Even curry, one of the nation's favourites, is said to have been introduced by Royal Navy or by infantry men to Japanese forces, and not directly from India. As is often the case, we transformed curry into mild Japanese style, which goes well with sticky Japanese rice.

In his eleventh letter, 1889, Kipling made fun of Japanese infantry and cavalry. Traditionally my ancestors were officers of the Imperial Horse Guards, sadly, it might have been some of my ancestors who were "having a picnic... circling right and left by sections, trying to do something with a troop", on "thirteen-hand" ponies.¹³

It is possible that in 1892 Kipling anticipated "the most unpleasant possibilities"¹⁴ if Japan and some other countries rushed into war. Two years after his second visit, the small infantry and the cavalry on ponies, together with the Imperial Navy trained by the Royal Navy, defeated China (Chino-Japanese War, 1894-5). The Anglo-Japanese Alliance was signed in 1902, and Japan beat Russia in 1904. Japan at this time seems as if she was walking on air. Proud of her Westernised Railway, Navy, Postal system, Lighthouses etc., she felt herself to be one among the great powers. Incidentally, it is often said that Japanese are not good at speaking English. But we are better at reading and listening. Kipling describes a man in the streets in Japan in his 1889 Letter 11:

Perfectly dressed Englishmen to the outer eye, but dumb. The country must be full of their likes. 'Good gracious! Here is Japan going to run its own civilisation without learning a language in which you can say "Damn satisfactory". I must inquire this.'¹⁵

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN JAPAN

The main reason for acquiring English, from the Japanese point of view, was to gain knowledge. The introduction of English literature into Japan and the development of English studies were established chiefly by the British "foreign employee". Of the three who established the tradition, two were British and one was Japanese. They are Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904), Soseki Natsume (1867-1916) and Edmund Charles Blunden (1896-1974). This is a one thousand yen (less than five sterling pound) bank note. On it is Soseki Natsume. As he is on a bank note he has to be famous. He was sent to the University of London by the Japanese Ministry of Education to study English and English Literature. He stayed in London from 1900 to 1903 as a visiting researcher, like myself, 100 years ago. (Though I envy his three years' stay in London, as mine will have been just one year.) How did Natsume see London 100 years ago? Of course, this was his first stay in a foreign country, and his diary shows how he felt the atmosphere of the *fin-de-siècle*. He wrote in October 1900: "I was at a loss since I do not know the paths. Besides, I was embarrassed by the crowds of people welcoming the soldiers came back from South Africa".¹⁶ Later in January 1901 he wrote: "The Empress passed away at six thirty last night at Osborne. Flags are hoisted at half-mast. All the town is mourning. I, a foreign subject, also wear a black-necktie to show my respectful sympathy. 'The new century has opened rather inauspiciously,' said the shopman from whom I bought a pair of black gloves this morning."¹⁷ But a far more interesting entry in his diary is his impression of Britain:

Britons think they are the strongest nation in the world. Frenchmen, too, think they are the strongest. Germans think so, too. They are becoming unaware of the history of the past. Rome fell. Greece fell, too. Shall not Britain, France and Germany of today fall someday? Japan has comparatively satisfiable history in the past. She is having a comparatively satisfiable present. What should be the future for her? Do not become complacent. Do not give up. Do not utter any complaints, like an ox. Work hard as a hen. Be humble and do not boast. Think seriously. Speak sincerely

Act honestly. The seeds you sow today will appear as the future you will get eventually...¹⁸

Although he does not say so, you can easily feel an echo of "Recessional" in this account. It is quite probable that he read it, or saw it on the wall of his landlord's sitting room.

The Anglo-Japanese alliance in 1902 was, to Natsume's eyes, "like a marriage between the rich and the poor. The poor was beside herself with joy. As a nation she was among the powers of the world at last." Here, Natsume maintained his composure and felt somewhat uneasy about the future of the rich; that is, the British Empire.¹⁹

As I said, many Japanese were beside themselves with joy on their mainland. But to Natsume, who read and knew much about the Boer War could not be with them in spirit. Kipling was rallying the British Empire to face up to the crisis of World War I. "Unless they please they are not heard at all..."²⁰ wrote Kipling in the "Fabulists" (1914-1918). Natsume knew what Kipling meant. Later, he was appointed a professor of English literature at Tokyo Imperial University. His lectures were said to be very formal and not amusing, and much to the disappointment of Ministry of Education, he soon resigned the post and became a very successful novelist. His predecessor at Tokyo Imperial University was Lafcadio Hearn. His lectures, chiefly on English Romantics, avoided interpretation and other methods of literary criticism. But he encouraged students to be immersed in the world of literature. Among contemporary writers, he valued Kipling highly. For example, he wrote to a friend that he was surprised by Kipling's "The Buddha at Kamakura", for that is exactly what he had wanted to express, but he could not. In a lecture 'On Composition', he praises Kipling thus:

There is of course the extraordinary genius of Kipling, who keeps aloof from all conventions, and has made new styles of his own in almost every department of pure literature. But there is no other to place beside him, and he probably owes his development quite as much to the fact that he was born in India as to his really astonishing talent. And this brings me to the last section of the lecture – the subject of language. One fact of Kipling's work, and not the least striking fact, is the astonishing use which he has made of the language of the people. Although a consummate master of serious and dignified style when he pleases to be, he never hesitates to his purpose better.²¹

In a lecture on "Modern English Criticism", he praises Kipling's short story technique and his art of the ballad:

And perhaps among the now living poets of genius the best imitator of fairy poem or ballads is Rudyard Kipling. Whenever Kipling writes a poem or ballad, however, he usually has a larger purpose than at first appears, and his "Last Rhyme of True Thomas" deserves mentioning here, not simply because of its wonderful excellence as weird poetry, but because it expresses the nobility and the power of the poet as a teacher and an artist. It was written when there was some discussion about calling Kipling to the laureateship, which you know was given to Alfred Austen, a very low fourth or fifth class poet. It then occurred to Kipling to express his thought about that matter in the form of a ballad. A king comes to make a knight of "True Thomas", the famous hero of many old Scotch ballads. But Thomas laughs at the offer of such honour. He takes his fairy harp and sings, and the king weeps. He plays again, and the king laughs. A third time he plays, and the king wants to go to war; a fourth time he plays, and the king becomes humble and gentle like a little child. Then says Thomas, "I can make you do whatever I wish, can make you laugh or weep or rage at my will; is it not ridiculous for you to talk about making me a knight?" I need scarcely explain the excellent irony concealed behind these quaint verses. Were they not written in dialect, I should like to quote them.²²

This lecture by Hearn was given in a classroom of a Japanese university almost 100 years ago. Now to Edmund Blunden: he taught in Japan in Pre-War 1920s and in the late 1940s. I think his preference in literature was very important, because the old system and curriculum at universities were totally abolished by Douglas MacArthur's GHQ, and in addition, the words "Empire", "Imperial", "patriotic" or "military" became a kind of taboo in Japan. As you know, Blunden was not favourable to Kipling. A review on Kipling's *The Irish Guards in the First World War* (1923) clearly shows this.²³ Andrew Lycett's gives an account of this:

However, the poet Edmund Blunden, who later took on Rudyard's role as literary adviser to the War Grave Commission, dissented in the *Nation and Athenaeum*, arguing it was too dispassionate: "Mr Kipling appears not perfectly to understand the pandemonium and nerve-strain of war".²⁴

Harry Ricketts, in his *The Unforgiving Minute* analyses that "Impatient with yet another non-combatant's account – perhaps especially from someone famous for his soldier writing – Blunden was determined to put the combatant point of view. Only those who had been there in the trenches would ever know, or could hope to express, what it had really been like."²⁵ Tonie and Valmai Holt feel that Blunden seems to resent anyone writing about the War who had not personally experienced its "appalling misery". Kipling did not belong to that large, but exclusive, club of war veterans.²⁶ In 1941, Blunden published a study on Thomas Hardy, (London Macmillan 1941) and quotes a review by John Baily, which appeared in *The Bookman*, to support his favourable evaluation of Hardy:

"The only possible contemporary rivals to the peasants of Wessex [in Hardy's works] are perhaps Mr. Kipling's private soldiers. However little we know of the barrack-room, we are for the moment as sure of them as we are of Gabriel Oak. But does not the actuality in them overweight the poetry? Are they not little too much of their own generation? Will they be as alive a hundred years hence as they are now? But Gabriel Oak will; he belongs to all generations, and is above all accident of time and place."²⁷

In Edmund Blunden's time Japanese universities were being schooled into liberal point of view. Japan has a long history of centralisation of power. Educational system in Japan, too, was highly centralised. From the time of Imperial universities, it had been a government monopoly to translate, or review foreign literature. As we have seen, Lafcadio Hearn gave lectures mainly on Romantics. Natsume, his successor, on Romantics and on 18th Century literature. Contemporary literature had been ignored at Japanese universities till the Blunden regime, and he was not wholly sympathetic to Kipling. In addition, anti-military feelings are strong among academics and the liberals. This is has long been the case, particularly after World War Two. Prejudice against Kipling has been strong. Possibly through the influence of men like Lionel Trilling or Edmund Wilson in the 1950s. His works are considered to be imperialistic, jingoistic and reactionary and, therefore, not worth reading or studying.

So, in conclusion, may I say that the prospects for Kipling's popularity in Japan, at present, are gloomy; and these are some of the reasons:

Firstly, Kipling's works, especially his wonderful ballads and poems, are extremely difficult to translate. The Japanese language has only five vowels. Please look at the top of the handout. It reads Rudyard Kipling; pronounced in Japanese as Ra-do-ya-a-do Ki-pu-ri-n-gu. There is no

distinction between L and R, and in a sentence, the verb comes at the end. These problems could be overcome, but there is a general lack of knowledge of Kipling's terms of reference, that are essential to understand his works. After World War II and demilitarisation, most Japanese could not tell you which is bigger, a regiment or a company? Also, Japan is not a Christian country so, for example, you have to put a long footnote when you translate the last sentence in "The Gardener". There has been no secret society like Freemasonry in Japan. It makes it very hard, almost impossible to translate the nuance of some words in Kipling, without putting long footnotes. But recently, attention has been focused on Kipling in the field of Post-Colonial studies, both favourably and unfavourably. Some Japanese scholars have become interested in Kipling while they were reading Edward Said's *Orientalism or Culture and Imperialism*. Some are favourable to Kipling. It is also a help, to those who can read English in Japan, that Penguin Books or Oxford University Press publish Kipling's major works. The Kipling Society of Japan, too, is fairly active in promoting Kipling. Not all the members love Kipling, but at least we all are interested in Kipling. There are about 30 academic members in our society. Some of my fellow scholars in the society have great knowledge of Tibetan Buddhism and have read *Kim*. Some specialise in Indian history and are interested in the aim of crossing the cultural borders. Some are even studying Kipling from the point of view of Gender studies. I, myself, took to studying Kipling by an initial interest in his style of writing and his art. But recently, especially during this stay in London, I find myself being drawn into this country's history and life-style through Kipling's works. At present I am preparing a paper on "As Easy as ABC" (1912)²⁸ The more Kipling I read, the more I am interested in his life and the problem of the coexistence of different cultures; and, of course, British and Japanese history. I would like to do more papers on Kipling, in order to encourage more brilliant scholars to read Kipling's original text, and to translate his works, in order to introduce him to the Japanese general reading public.

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IMAGES FROM THE EYES OF THE DEAD

by GEORGE ENGLE

At the climax of "At the End of the Passage" (written in 1890 and included in *Life's Handicap* (1891) Hummil, an assistant railway engineer, is found dead in bed one Sunday morning by Dr Spurstow and two other friends. The body is lying on its back, hands clinched (sic) by the side "in the staring eyes was written terror beyond the expression of any pen." A week earlier he has told Spurstow that he dreams of "a blind face that cries and can't wipe its eyes, a blind face that chases me down corridors" and that "if I'm caught I die, – I die!" Spurstow detects some grey blurs in the dead man's pupils, takes photographs of them with his Kodak camera, and retires to the bathroom to develop them. After a few minutes the others hear him smashing the camera, and he emerges, very white indeed and with shaking hands, saying in answer to Mottram's question: "it was impossible of course. You needn't look, Mottram. I've torn up the films. There was nothing there. It was impossible." "That," says Lowndes, very distinctly, "is a damned lie."

Where, if he did not invent it himself, did Kipling get the idea of recovering an image from dead eyes? A possible source is a tale by the French writer Villiers de Lisle Adam (1838-89) entitled "Claire Lenoir", which first appeared in the *Revue des Lettres et des Arts* in 1867 and was republished in 1887 as one of the tales in Villiers's *Tribulat Bonhomet*. The eponymous narrator is, like Kipling's Spurstow, a doctor. During a sea-voyage Henry Clifton, a young naval officer, reveals to Bonhomet that he has had an affair with a married woman, Claire Lenoir, whom Bonhomet soon after visits at her home in Saint-Malo. In long conversations between Claire, her husband Cesaire and the doctor, Bonhomet's down-to-earth common sense is countered by Claire's Christian spirituality and Cesaire's belief in the occult, which leads him to claim that a dead man's will-power can manifest itself to the living by means of his "sidereal body". Soon after this, Cesaire dies suddenly.

A year later Bonbomet learns that Henry Clifton has been decapitated by pirates in Oceania: and he is present when Claire dying but still lucid, cries out that she sees her dead husband painstakingly sharpening a knife. She dies, falling back on the pillow with horribly clenched hands, her eyes wide open and staring. "What she saw must clearly have been so frightful that she could not muster the strength to scream" says the doctor, On examining her pupils with a magnifying glass he

seems to detect some shadowy specks below the surface, and decides to examine them with an ophthalmoscope – through which he is appalled to see an Oceanic pirate, with the contorted features of Cesaire Lenoir grasping a bloody knife in one hand and, with the other, holding up by the hair the bleeding head of Henry Clifton.

It seems at least possible, and perhaps probable, that Kipling took from Villiers the idea of recovering from the eyes of a dead man an image of the last thing seen by them. The dates of writing and publication of the two stories fit; and they are significantly similar in a number of respects. Moreover it is recognised that Villiers's earlier tales – "Contes Cruels" and "Nouveaux Contes Cards" (1883) – owe a great deal to Edgar Allan Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* (progressively translated into French by Baudelaire from 1850 onwards) to which Kipling likewise owed a heavy debt.¹ What more likely than that Kipling's was also read Villiers, including Claire Lenoir?

1. See Professor Burton R. Pollin's article "Poe and Kipling: A 'Heavy Debt' Acknowledged" (*Kipling Journal*, March 1980, pp.13 ff.)

NEW MEMBERS

A warm welcome to:

Mr Jeremy Beaty (*Mississauga, Ontario, Canada*); Mr Ray Beck (*Spratton, Northampton*); Ms Carol Biederstadt (*Tokyo, Japan*); Mr Keith Bonny (*Upminster, Essex*); Mr Ben Clayson (*Orpington, Kent*); Mr Richard De Ste Croix (*London, NW8*); Mr John Hardie (*Red Deer, Alberta, Canada*); Mr J.A.D. Heal (*Ashted, Surrey*); Mr Timothy E. Heath (*Warsaw, Indiana, USA*); Ms Joanne Holmes (*London, NW6*); Mrs V. James (*Wolverhampton, West Midlands*); Mr Philip Lawrence (*Mt. Kisco, New York, USA*); Mr Michael Macnamara (*Sutton, New South Wales, Australia*); Mr David J. Mitchell (*Acharacle, Argyll*); Mr Adam Nicolson (*Brightling, East Sussex*); Mr Robert Pettigrew (*Stanton-by-Bridge, Derbyshire*); Rev. H.D. Potter (*London, SE 12*); Mr James E. Rivard (*Buffalo, New York, USA*); Mr Robert Skovgard (*Dayton, Ohio, USA*); Ms L.G.S. Silke (*Cambria, California, USA*); Mr Royston P. Slade (*Verwood, Dorset*); Dr Myron Smith (*Greeley, Colorado, USA*); Mrs Mary Thompson (*Sierra Madre, California, USA*) and Mr David Willis (*Sandy, Utah, USA*).

Listed by Roger Ayers, Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, SP1 3SB, England.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY ON-LINE

by JOHN RADCLIFFE
ELECTRONIC EDITOR

Since we launched our web-site at www.kipling.org.uk in February 1999 we have had over 90,000 visitors. We have always seen the site as both a service to members and a window on the Society for anyone else with an interest in RK's life and writings; and it seems to be serving both purposes well. Some 200 people a day are currently visiting the site. About half the members of the Society are now on-line and able to use the members-only pages, and over 200 people from many different parts of the world have written in to express an interest in becoming members, of whom a good many have joined us. We update the site from week to week, posting news of the Society, keeping the on-line Journal Index up to date, adding more of RK's poems, putting up quotations for users to identify, and adding new articles on a variety of subjects. In response we get a steady stream of comments and enquiries.

One on-line service that is of particular interest to an active minority of our users is the Rudyard Kipling discussion forum, which uses the well established academic 'mailbase' system. (This service is, incidentally, not provided by the Society, but by the University of Newcastle.) If you send an email to the list, all the 90 or so members will receive it, and if anyone else sends one, you will receive it. It is a simple informal system for corresponding with other Kipling enthusiasts anywhere in the world.

Recent discussions have been lively and various. Jeremy Beaty, writing in February from Mississauga Ontario, who is a descendent of Frank Beaty – a contemporary of RK's during his years on the *Civil and Military Gazette* – asked for help in researching his life. *"Ever since I was a young boy"* he wrote, *"the family account was that Francis Montague Algernon Beaty was the model for Kim. From a very young age, F.M.A.B. had the gift of speaking all the dialects and disguising himself to impersonate Indians. One story was how he became a gharry wallah one evening and drove his brother and wife to a formal black-tie function. Next day he fed back to a flabbergasted brother his word-by-word conversation to his wife the night before. Francis Henry Beaty (father of F.M.A.B. would take Rudyard to his haunts in Lahore."* Michael Jefferson commented that: *"My father (who was on the staff of the Quetta Staff College) knew Frank Beaty. Whilst I can't help in the*

matter of researching the Beaty family genealogy, I can certainly confirm a road was named after him in Quetta —it ran between the Fort Arsenal and Samungli past the RAF Lines. Beaty was closely contemporaneous with RK. My father always felt Beaty was a model for Strickland rather than Kim —but he acknowledged it was a highly speculative guess. " Meanwhile Ken Frazer had pointed out that the issues of the CMG covering Kipling's time are to be found in the British Library Indian and Oriental Section, Euston Road, London.

Another interesting discussion was launched in February by Michael Healy, when he quoted George Orwell's remark that RK was 'a good bad poet'. JW, making the elusive distinction between RK's 'poetry' and 'verse' (suggested by T S Eliot in 'A Choice of Kipling's Verse') offered the thought that: *"poetry deals in universals, and in a heightened form of language which may or may not be regular in metre or rhyme scheme. Verse deals with less elevated subjects, or does so in a less subtle form and style . . . in my view, therefore, Kipling was a matchless master of verse who occasionally rose to the quality of poetry. He would have done so more often if he could have restrained his besetting sin of overegging the detail, being too knowing. I think that this is what led to the accusation of vulgarity, though again such accusations had other sources than aesthetic disapproval. "* Fred Lerner, with his special interest in science fiction, picked up this last point, arguing that 'being too knowing' was a deliberate technique, designed to give verisimilitude to settings unfamiliar to the majority of RK's readers. Max Rives, who is working on a series of translations of the tales into French, asked for a definition of 'vulgar' as applied to the distinction between poetry and verse, and George Engle commented that: *"Kipling's verse, as distinct from his poetry may be termed vulgar in the sense of appealing to the vast majority of ordinary persons, and in particular to the common people of his day. "*

These are just a few of the recent exchanges on the mailbase forum. We will continue to offer further extracts in this column. To join the mailbase list you simply send an email to jiscmail@jiscmail.ac.uk with the following message, signed with your name on the same line and no other text: **Join Rudyard-kipling** You can find the archive of past mailbase discussions at <http://www.jiscmail.ac.uk/lists.rudyard-kipling.html>

THIS QUARTER 70 YEARS AGO

[The first *Kipling Journal* was published in March 1927 and, since then, this quarterly magazine has appeared without a break. Members who wish to dip into this treasury of unparalleled Kiplingiana have access to our Library at London's City University, an index to the *Journals*, at a price, and at a much smaller financial outlay, the opportunity to possess back numbers of the *Journal*. (See last page) "This Quarter 70 Years Ago" will be a regular feature in future *Journals*. Here is a gem from April 1931, *Journal* Number 17. It is a report quoting passages from Mr J C Stobart's BBC broadcast to schools as part of a "series on children in books". – *Ed.*]

Talking about *Stalky & Co* and *Kim* as belonging to "that class called The Romance of Adventure", Mr Stobart said:

"The author is Mr Rudyard Kipling who is still living and writing fine English, though his most famous and popular work was produced thirty or forty or more years ago. He began writing as a newspaper man in India. He was especially interested in the deeds of the British Army, and his cleverest short stories are mostly about soldiers and sailors. Manliness was his favourite quality, and he was especially keen on the idea that everybody ought to love his job and do it to the very best of his powers. He was fond of choosing out-of-the-way-jobs like the work of the camel corps, or the screw-guns, or the outpost men on the N.W. Frontier of India, or the mounted police in Canada, or the stokers in battleships, or the engineers on liners. In picturing such people for us Kipling seems to have had the art of getting right inside their skins and making them seem alive and real. All great writers have this gift, and Kipling certainly had it, whether we like him or not. I think you ought to know that some people don't like him. They think he is one-sided, and that the manly spirit he praises so highly is a little hard and unfeeling. However, as to that you must judge for yourselves when you are older. . .

"*Stalky & Co*" are three boys at a boarding school, "*Stalky*". . . is the leader of the party; "*Beetle*" a studious fellow in spectacles; and "*M'Turk*", a wild Irishman of the Northern or Ulster variety. These three live together in Number Five study. . . a lawless lot. . . they prefer to spend half-holidays in a cubby-hole on the hill, and read and smoke, and break every other law they can think of breaking. . ."

[But read on, and letters please, about this and back numbers. – *Ed.*]



MICHAEL SMITH, former Secretary of the Kipling Society who retired at the last A.G.M.

MICHAEL SMITH

[It feels as if I have known Michael Smith for a long time. That this is not the case is the measure of the man. When I took over from him as Secretary he gave generously of his time, even when the pressing demand on it was the very reason why he had to resign as Secretary. Instead he, somehow, found time to entertain me and with clarity and patience made the task of taking over an easy one. I believe in those very actions he showed his loyalty and concern for the future of the Society. Whenever we meet, his bonhomie, brimming over in a smile as welcoming as a glass of cold lager on a hot summer's day, is always spontaneously there to greet me.- Ed.]

Michael Smith was educated at Reading School, and after service as a photographer in the R.A.F., took an Honours Degree in Geography and a Diploma in Education at Reading University. Later, he taught, at the Royal Pakistan Air Force cadet college on the Punjab-Kashmir border, at The King's School, Peterborough, and Seaford College, Petworth. He then became involved with teacher training at Brighton College of Education where, at various times, he was responsible for the Postgraduate Certificate in Education, and as Head of the areas of Curriculum Studies and of Teaching Studies. He also initiated and developed a student exchange scheme with universities in the U.S.A.

After retiring Michael Smith lectured for the Centre for Continuing Education in the University of Sussex. He speaks to historical, literary, preservation and geological societies, U3A and the National Trust. He has broadcast frequently and appeared in a number of TV programmes. Michael is the author of many books and learning programmes, among them: *Essentials of Modern Geology*, *Rudyard Kipling – The Rottingdean Years*, *Sussex Cavalcade*, *Prehistoric Animals and Fossils*, *Rural Landscapes and Invertebrate Fossils*. At present he is preparing a Rottingdean anthology and a major work on Kipling's Sussex. He writes also for the *Kipling Journal* and for the Kipling Society's web-site which provide background material for the world-wide interest in Kipling.

Michael was, for many years, Chairman of Governors of a local primary school – by coincidence, Rudyard Kipling's school at Woodingdean – and was Chairman of the Rottingdean Whiteway Centre. He was also President of the Village Fair Committee and Chairman of the Kipling Society; and he has been closely involved with The Grange Museum run by the Rottingdean Preservation Society, where there are special areas devoted to Kipling and Burne-Jones. His wife, Audrey, and he, have travelled widely and they have an extensive collection of slides and prints of places of scenic and historical interest. Michael Smith offers lectures on a range of topics, which are illustrated with his slides and appropriate, artefact, books, manuscripts, specimens and maps. To discuss fee, synopsis, content, and for a full list of lectures, contact him at: Tree Cottage, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton BN2 6LB or by telephoning: (01273) 303719.

TWO BOOK REVIEWS

[A] *Rudyard Kipling* EDITED by DANIEL KARLIN

by F.A. UNDERWOOD

[Mr Alan Underwood, author of an article, "Foxhunting with Kipling" at pages 41-50 in our issue of June 2000, has now at our request reviewed a recent major anthology of Kipling's prose and verse in the Oxford Authors series. It is *Rudyard Kipling*, edited and introduced by Professor Daniel Karlin (Oxford University Press, 1999), xli + 699 pp; ISBN 0-19-254201-X (hardback, £40); 0-19-282299-3 (paperback, £13.99). – Ed.]

Those who are passionate about a particular author are usually disappointed when a new anthology of his or her works omits favourite items or includes certain others. However, Professor Daniel Karlin has at least one satisfied reader. He has assembled an admirable, thick volume containing selections from almost all the books of short stories, and verse chosen from the Definitive Edition of 1940.

Very wisely, for reasons given in the Preface, he has made no attempt to cover *Kim* and the other novels, nor the volumes of linked stories (the *Jungle Books*, *Stalky & Co.*, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, and *Rewards and Fairies*). I do wonder, however, whether room could have been found for a non-Mowgli story such as "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat" (*Second Jungle Book*).

The selection of verse contains few surprises, but is certainly representative. We are even allowed a few items from *Departmental Ditties*, the contents of which were dismissed as 'juvenilia' by T.S. Eliot. In these politically correct days it is good to see "The Betrothed" included ("And a woman is only a woman, but a good Cigar is a Smoke.")

As the editor says in his Preface, it is probably true that "a complete and magnificent volume" could be compiled from what he has left out, but my personal reaction as a devotee of Kipling for almost sixty years is almost total agreement with his choice of key items – from "The Man who would be King" [collected in *Wee Willie Winkie*] via "They" and "Mrs. Bathurst" [*Traffics and Discoveries*] to "Dayspring Mishandled" [*Limits and Renewals*]; plus minor items from "The Story of Muhammad Din" [*Plain Tales from the Hills*] to "The Bull that Thought" [*Debits and Credits*]. Quite rightly, the verses written to complement so many of the later stories have been retained.

It was pleasing to find some of the blunter, humorous stories such as "My Sunday at Home" [*The Day's Work*], "The Bonds of Discipline" [*Traffics and Discoveries*], and above all "Brugglesmith" [*Many*

Inventions]. I have a fond memory of first reading the last-named as a schoolboy and being reduced to tears of laughter – an impact only equalled by that of James Thurber's "The Night the Bed Fell".

There is an excellent introduction, a chronology and over 100 pages of notes, all of which would be very useful to the student, or newcomer to Kipling. The notes seem to be accurate enough for the Rector of Huckley himself, although I fancy that the editor does not understand the process of kippering – referred to in the poem "McAndrew's Hymn". I would certainly agree with him in thinking that the balance of evidence points to the second tramp in "Mrs. Bathurst" being a man. The use of the term "mate" by a railway engineer would always imply either a fellow-worker or, as in this case, a male friend or companion, rather than a woman.

[B] *Echo of a Distant Drum* by Maurice Willoughby, January 2001, The Book Guild Ltd., 25 High Street, Lewes, East Sussex BN7 2LU Tel: (01273) 472534, at £16.95.

by MICHAEL SMITH

Although this new book is not specifically related to Rudyard Kipling, it is of interest to all who wish to know more of what life was like in the Raj. Subtitled "The Last Generation of Empire" it covers the last few decades, before Partition, seen through the eyes of a child growing up, as Kipling did, pampered by an *ayah*, adored by servants, indulged beyond reason, and describing a day-to-day life-style which shows how little life had changed in the intervening years. Willoughby's return to army service in the North West Frontier also gives an excellent backdrop to skirmishes amid the dry, boulder-strewn scenery of Khyber and Kohat. A brisk, compelling read, the book is refreshingly uninhibited, ignoring as it does, "political correctness". Maurice Willoughby returned to England for schooling, and after prep school, was fittingly at Haileybury, and so by extension, an old boy of U.S.C. His pithy comments about family and friends of long ago may well have them whirling like Dervishes in their graves. No comparisons are drawn with Kipling's experiences, but he does use one or two aptly chosen quotes. Old India hands will warm to the book and those who know India through Kipling's writing will find it fascinating and delightfully amusing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(I will do my best to maintain the individual style of letters for publication, but reserve the right to edit or summarise them. Where an observation is brief, it will appear under "Points from Other Letters. – *Ed.*)

RUDYARD KIPLING AND THE FIRST WORLD WAR

[In his introduction to the Revd. M.D. Potter's "Rudyard Kipling and the First World War", George Webb, our former Editor, described the article as thought-provoking. Indeed, the article was bound to create a stir within the membership, and it was very much what the author had anticipated.

More than anything else, Kipling deplored complacency, because no virtue is immune to the cancer of complacency. So, where Mr. Potter has caused a stir, he has done the Society some service. But where he castigates Kipling, I am among the ranks of those who strongly disagree with his opinions. As Meetings Secretary I invited him to address the Society and I have no regrets. On such occasions entertainment is defined not only by what is said but how it was said; and those who heard Mr Potter have to agree that he had style and oratory. Clearly, the Society is wide-awake and I am glad to publish the following letters. Incidentally, Mr Potter has joined the Society. – *Ed.*]

From Professor Hugh Brogan, 14 Park Road, Wivenhoe, Essex, CO7

Dear Sir,

I will make two points on Mr Potter's article in the December 2000 Journal. First, it was easy for him to establish that Kipling's chauvinism got out of hand in his private life, during World War I, and that his anti-Teutonic and anti-Semitic expressions were unsavoury and unseemly. But Kipling was above all a writer and a public man and should be judged by us (whatever God may do) as such. If Mr Potter read all that Kipling published on the subject of the war, he will find a much less – I almost wrote, an infinitely less-hysterical writer. He will find a poet, storyteller, historian and journalist, who usually kept his head, and still has much to teach us. Much of his writings are deeply compassionate and moving, and the challenge is for us to understand how these two sides of his record – the private and almost crazed and the public and wise coexist. It's a mystery on which Mr Potter's assertive certainties throw no light. Second, from a public point of view, it is important that Mr Potter's simplistic view of history be contradicted. He takes the writings of Vera Brittain as gospel and, in my opinion, misuses them. It's simply not true that "Old Men's Lies" caused the First World War. It would be truer, and more interesting, to say that they caused the Second. At any rate, the lies about German atrocities made it very difficult for people to believe the true stories about the Nazis that began

to emerge in the thirties. Furthermore, if the lessons of the First War were as simple and obvious as Mr Potter believes them to be, why did the Second happen at all? I remind Mr Potter that all the major belligerents of the Second World War had, ten years previously, signed the Kellogg-Briand Pact renouncing war as an instrument of policy. Vera Brittain and her sort contributed nobly to the second ruin of civilisation by mounting a vigorous pacifist campaign that Britain's enemies concluded the country would never fight again, and laid their plans accordingly. The discovery by the European masses that war is hell, (as any serious acquaintance with military history would have taught them long before the need to dig trenches), did not affect everyone the same way. Corporal Hitler's inferences were different from those of Vera Brittain. There is more to be said for Kipling's views than Mr Potter allows; especially when we remember that, unlike writers today, he did not have the advantage of hindsight.

Yours sincerely
HUGH BROGAN

From Commander Alastair Wilson, Salthill Road, Fishbourne, Chichester, West Sussex

Dear Sir,

It is hard at this distance of time to know what informed the attitudes of our forebears. So Mr. Potter is fair to describe his talk as a "subjective commentary" and, as he has documented his comments in a scholarly way, there are reasonable grounds for his castigation of Kipling's actions and attitudes during and after the war. But though our former editor's introduction strikes the right balance, I write because I find the closing part of Mr Potter's article—where he says "I have in mind a picture; Kipling looking remarkably like 'Alf Garnett'. .." etc., distasteful and reprehensible as any comment he attributes to Kipling. As a piece of 'spin', it is the stuff of tabloid journalism. There is little evidence to support this extreme picture. In *Rudyard Kipling to Rider Haggard — The Record of a Friendship*, edited by Morton Cohen, Haggard's diary entry for May 22nd 1918 reads: "What did we talk of? So many things that it is difficult to summarise them. Chiefly they had to do with the soul and the fate of man"

I deplore his use of the word 'obscene'. My dictionary has several definitions, among them: indecent, lewd, repulsive, loathsome, and in legal terms, "tending to deprave or corrupt". Mr Potter was probably using the word in the colloquial sense of "highly offensive" or "morally repugnant". He surely could not accuse them of being lewd in their conversation or trying to deprave one another. And to whom, *at that time*, would their imaginary conversation have been offensive or

repugnant? Or in what way absurd, inappropriate or silly? We know now that Einstein was a brilliant scientist, but in, say, 1922 that view was not universal. And Sassoon's verse, (which I admire), could not, in many eyes, condone his dereliction of duty.

All war is morally repugnant, though the concept of a 'just war' exists, I believe, in Christian and Islamic theologies. For Kipling's generation, here and elsewhere, the war was the result of overweening ambition of German politicians (an over-simplification but, *au fond*, justified). And, could Britain have kept out of a European war and reneged on its obligation to Belgium? Once in a war, then it makes no sense to fight half-heartedly. To most people in this country, at that time, the 'Hun' was 'unspeakable'. Such events as the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, cast a long shadow. We should not apply today's morality to our forefathers' thoughts, or in passing judgement on imagined conversations of the past. Let Kipling be judged by his works and actions after the war, and if he was unforgiving of the German nation, who, in view of later events, is to say he was wrong? The war poets did not only express the folly and horror of war. In 1914 one wrote; "Now, God be thanked/Who has matched us with His hour". I'll concede, with a grin, Kipling's physical likeness to Alf Garnett but not the analogy. Nor do I condone anti-Semitism. But Kipling and Haggard were men of their times. We have Palestine to remind ourselves of the tribal nature of humanity.

Yours sincerely
ALASTAIR WILSON

From Mrs Josephine Leeper, 43 Lammas Lane, Esher, Surrey KT10 8PE

[In the opening paragraph of her moving letter, Mrs Leeper echoes some of the points made by Professor Hugh Brogan and underlines Britain's obligation to Belgium. She felt that Mr Potter's theme was "that the pride, obduracy and callousness of the old led to the death of the young in their millions", when in fact the enthusiasm of the young was sincere and contagious. The spirit of Rupert Brooke came first. Disillusionment, the horror and pity of War, followed later. Mrs Leeper continues...]

Dear Sir

Admittedly the conduct of the War was incompetent and wasteful of lives – though I know of no military historian who has decided how it should have been conducted. Siegfried Sassoon bravely issues a statement to say that "the War is being deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it" and that "the objects which actuated us would now be attainable by negotiation", but it is difficult to see who had the power to end the war or if President Woodrow Wilson could have mediated a satisfactory solution. If we had not supported the

gallant French counter-offensive at the Battle of the Marne in 1914 and France had been defeated, what would the result have been? One has only to consider the situation of Europe from 1940-45 to gauge the horror.

I am one of a dwindling generation who can just remember World War I and who experienced the futile Munich Agreement, the bombing of London, the loneliness and anxiety following my husband's posting overseas; and I had friends who perished at Auschwitz. The wastefulness of war is madness but I still believe that the calculated cruelty, the boastful pleasure in humiliating others and the callous indifference to the deaths of millions which dominated Europe from 1940-45 was worse. I am proud of the fact that, in both 1914 and 1939, Britain went to war, not to gain any advantage for herself, but to try and save other countries from this uncivilised tyranny. As Kipling wrote in *Rewards and Fairies*: What else could we have done?

Yours sincerely
JOSEPHINE LEEPER

From Michael Jefferson, e-mail address: m.jefferson@FREENET.CO.UK

Dear Sir,

The work of RK has been used as a platform to disseminate subjective and somewhat questionable political, racial and pacifist opinions. The mocking tones of the Rev Potter's comment on the 'Boys Own' account of RK's correspondence offends me deeply.

My father fought and was wounded in the 1914-18 war, and his letters to my grandfather are similar in content to the letters quoted by Mr Potter, who enjoys the full freedom of his living to the sacrifices of young men like John Kipling and of those in later conflicts serving in the armed forces. RK was not alone nor the leader in the contemporary hatred of the Germans. Vera Brittain's brother who emotionally questioned the balance between victory and the "little pile of sodden rags" should perhaps have been transported in time and re-written his observations at the gates of the charnel houses of Bergen-Belsen.

Mr Potter's conjured 'picture' of RK disturbs me; a scholarly address, on one of the greatest literary figures of our time, should surely not descend to the level of comparing him with Alf Garnett. This address has as much rational place in the *Journal* as bacon sandwiches at a Bar Mitzvah.

Yours sincerely
MICHAEL JEFFERSON

[In a second e-mail message to me, Mr Jefferson confessed to "being partisan when it comes to RK. I am aware of his weaknesses and his strengths; but overall I relish and admire the great legacy of his works".]

POINTS FROM LETTERS

MUSICAL SETTINGS OF KIPLING VERSE

From Brian JH Mattinson, 6 Herisson Close, Pickering, North Yorkshire, YO18 7HB

In the June 1984 issue of the *Kipling Journal* George Webb, [then Editor] saw the need for some "public-spirited, accurate-minded and research-inclined person" to compile a definitive and up-to-date catalogue of this subject. Brian Mattinson is doing this. His first draft includes over 500 songs from some 220 different composers – a significant increase on the 167 settings noted by the late B E Smythies in the *Kipling Journal* June 1991. Compare, he says 'my 19 settings of "Mandalay" to his 13, my 49 for "Recessional" to his 39', and so on. 'May I appeal to members for help in making this catalogue as complete and as accurate as possible? People/institutions will have private collections, and musical settings are being written all the time. Let me record these, before they are forgotten, and in turn I would be happy to provide contributors with a copy of my list. Comments are welcome. David Alan Richards, the Society's North American Representative, who is preparing a new Kipling bibliography, has been most helpful. I want my list to provide the basis for a comprehensive appendix.'

SKETCHES BY KIP

From John McGivering, 32 Cheltenham Place, Brighton, BN1 4AB

According to page 6 of the December 2000 Journal, the Kipling sketches were preserved by one Samuel Chapin. John cannot help noting that Kipling used the name "Chapin" for the hero and heroine of Kipling's short story, "An Habitation Enforced".

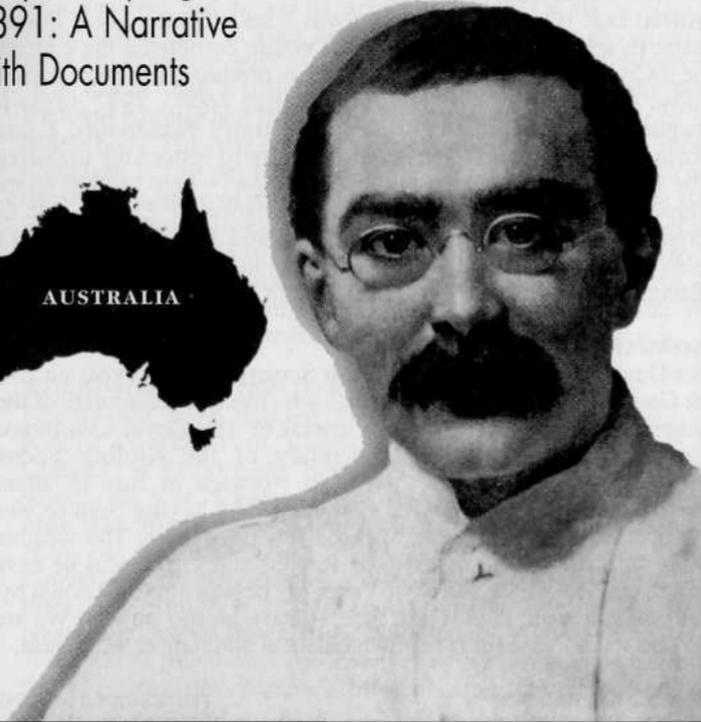
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Kipling Down Under

Rudyard Kipling's Visit to Australia,
1891: A Narrative
with Documents



ROSALIND KENNEDY AND THOMAS PINNEY

The record of the newly-famous Rudyard Kipling's two weeks in Australia, 1891, recovered from contemporary and other sources – what he thought/said to his hosts, where he went, how he was treated and what the Australians thought of him – presented from interviews and articles of the time, with notes and introductions . . .

Available: on the web: www.xlibris.com or www.amazon.co.uk

by telephone U.S.: **1-888-4274**

from a local book shop able to place a web order

NOTICES & NEWS

ERRATUM

The telephone number of our librarian is 020 7359 2404 and not as shown in the December 2000 Journal, at the end of page 49.

A NOTE FROM GEORGE GABB

Alfred D.F. (George) Gabb who was born in Kirkee, near Poona, and went to schools in Bangalore and Deolali, completed his education to be a Civil Engineer in England. He has produced a slim paperback for those with memories of The Raj. Entitled *1600 – 1947 Anglo-Indian Legacy: A brief guide to British Raj History, Nationality, Education, Railways & Irrigation*, the book does a lot to restore the importance of the forgotten contribution the Anglo-Indians – here used in its modern sense of the term – made towards the fabric of Empire. Mr Gabb's engineering career took him to Ghana and Pakistan. Priced at £7.00 plus p&p, copies are available from the author at Church Farm Bungalow, Overton, York, YO30 1YL or Tel: 01904 470076.

NORMAN ENTRACT

Sir David Thorne, a member of our Society, died last year on 23 April, St George's Day. Norman Entract – who has fond memories of the time when Sir David was Director-General of The Royal Commonwealth Society and Norman was Secretary of the Kipling Society in Northumberland Avenue – went to Norwich in July to attend the memorial service at Norwich Cathedral. Not having been to Norwich before, Norman planned to spend a few days there. The weather was beautiful, and on the first day he walked miles. But, alas he never got to the service, for that very first evening he was knocked down by a car and spent a week in hospital, there to have plastic surgery. We are glad to know that Norman is his own cheerful and dapper self again.

DAY AT BATEMAN'S**THURSDAY 21st JUNE 2001**

The National Trust has kindly agreed to allow the Society to visit Bateman's. There is ample car parking and a train service to Etchingham. Members are asked to arrive between 11 to 11.30 a.m. Lunch will be provided and the day will end at 4.30 p.m. During the visit there will be guided tours, (Pook's Hill one possibility), with appropriate readings from Kipling by members. The theme is 'Kipling the Traveller'. Volunteers to read, please contact Dr J D Lewins, the co-ordinator. His address and telephone are given below.

Access by car: ½ mile south of Burwash (A265) approached by road leading south by west end of village or north from Woods Corner (B2096).

Taxi from Etchingham: Phone 07974 004739.

As the party is limited to **50**, applications on a first come first served basis. The **fee is £12.50. This includes lunch.** Menu will be a selection of cold meats and quiche, followed by a selection of puddings.

Cheques for tickets to: Dr J D Lewins, Kipling Fellow, Magdalene College, Cambridge CB3 0AG.

Michael Smith, who suggested the theme for readings, offers the following:

ACCOMMODATION IN BURWASH

"Church House", close to the War Memorial, which bears John Kipling's name, and opposite the Parish Church of St. Bartholomew, provides bed and breakfast accommodation for those who wish to spend a few days in Puck country. It is an elegant Georgian building with an attractive garden and beautifully appointed bedrooms. The "Raj Room" has a delightful mural, painted by Graham Sendall, of Rudyard Kipling and the scene of a tiger-shoot, and a pair of antique 4 poster beds. The cost of accommodation in the double bedrooms, with breakfast, is £40 per bedroom per night, and there is a 10% reduction for stays of three or more nights. Further details from Mrs Rosemary Sendall, Church House, High Street, Burwash, Nr Etchingham, East Sussex TN19 7EH. Telephone: (01435) 883282 or e-mail: churchbb@dircon.co.uk. The house is the perfect setting for any pilgrimage to Bateman's, Sissinghurst of Vita Sackville-West and Christopher Lloyd's Great Dixter are also within easy reach.

WORDSWORTH EDITION OF KIPLING

Wordsworth have updated their list to twelve paperback titles of Kipling's works: six in "Classics" at £1.50 each, and six in "Children's Classics" at £1.00 each. Besides anthologies of his poetry and short stories, the four "Classics" titles are; *Captains Courageous*, *Kim*, *The Man Who Would be King and Other Stories*, and *Plain Tales from the Hills*. *The Jungle Book*, *Just So Stories*, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Rewards and Fairies*, *Second Jungle Book*, *Stalky & Co.* are the "Children's Classics" titles. The edition is not annotated, but the printing is excellent on reasonable quality paper. Also, available under "Reference" is *Hobson Jobson: The Anglo-Indian Dictionary* – an etymological box of delights for all interested in Kipling's India. Kipling himself reviewed it in the *Civil and Military Gazette* on 15th April, 1886.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND RIDER HAGGARD

Maureen Long of the Rider Haggard Society has produced a charming little booklet: *The Kessingland Connection in the Life and Works of Rudyard Kipling*. Delightfully illustrated with her own photographs and archive material, mostly in colour, of localities in Sussex and Suffolk associated with them. It also contains a facsimile of a drawing made by Kipling of one of Haggard's characters, "Murgh". The background to the writing of Kipling's poems "*The Dykes*" and "*A-Rovin*" are explored, as is the influence of Haggard's *Nada the Lily* on *The Jungle Book*. The cost, including postage within the U.K. is likely to be in the region of £3. It may be ordered from the author at 52 London Road, Kessingland, Lowestoft, Suffolk NR33 7PW.

ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society exists for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). It is today one of the most active and enduring literary societies in Britain and, as it is the only one which focuses on Kipling and his place in English Literature, it attracts a world-wide membership. Further details from the Society's web-site (see page 4) and membership particulars from the **Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wilts SP1 3SB.**

A Registered Charity and a voluntary, non-profit-making organisation, the Society's activities are controlled by its Council and run by the Secretary and honorary officials. These activities include; *first* maintaining a specialised Library in the City University, London; *second*, answering enquiries from the public (schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request; *third*, arranging a regular programme of lectures, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker; *fourth*, publishing the ***Kipling Journal***.

The *Journal* aims to entertain as well as inform. It is the quarterly magazine of the Kipling Society and is sent to subscribing members all over the world. This includes libraries, English Faculties, and 'Journal – only' members. Since 1927, the *Journal* has published important items by Kipling, not readily found elsewhere, and a fund of valuable historical information and literary comment by authorities in their field. By not being austere academic, the *Journal* is representative of Kipling himself, whose own diverse interests and versatile talent covered the full range of literary writing – travel, correspondence, prose and verse. No serious scholar of Kipling overlooks the *Journal*. To buy a comprehensive index of the entire run since 1927, apply to; **The Librarian, Kipling Society, 13 Canonbury Road, London N1 2DF, England.** Back numbers of the *Journal* can also be bought. Write to; **Mr Michael Smith, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton BN2 6LB, England.**

The Editor publishes membership news, Society events, and the texts of talks given by invited speakers. In addition, he is glad to receive letters and articles from readers. These may be edited and publication is not guaranteed. Letters of crisp comment, under 1000 words, and articles between 1000 – 4000 are especially welcome. Write to: **The Editor, *Kipling Journal*, 6 Clifton Road, London W9 1SS, England.**

