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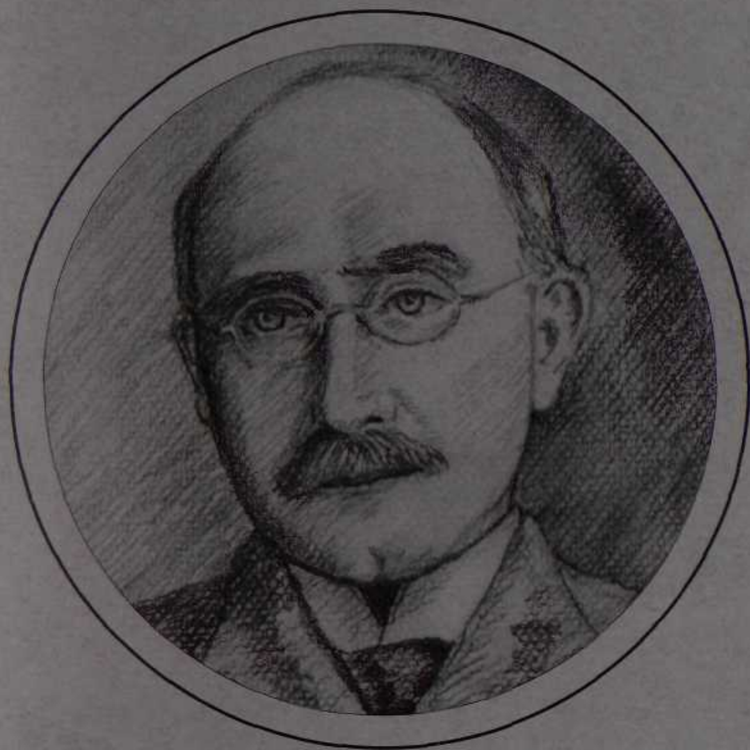

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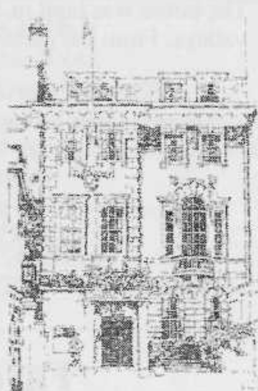

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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 13 February 2002, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, the Royal Over-Seas League, **Licia Calvi,** on "Kipling's Heritage: A Hypermedia Study of the Rudyard Kipling/Hugo Pratt Relationship".

Wednesday 10 April 2002, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, the Royal Over-Seas League, **Peter Havholm,** on "Politics, Fiction, & Kipling's 'Late Manner'".

Wednesday 26 June 2002, 12.30 for 1 p.m., in the Hall of India & Pakistan, at the Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's **Annual Luncheon.** The Guest Speaker, **The Rt Revd and Rt Hon Richard Chartres DD FSA, The Bishop of London,** will include in his talk "Kipling and Westward Ho!", For details and advance booking for tickets: see enclosed flyer.

Wednesday 10 July 2002, after the Society's **Annual General Meeting,** at 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, the Royal Over-Seas League, **Harry Ricketts** on "Kipling the Lost Poetic Parodist". [A.G.M. details will follow]

Wednesday 11 September 2002, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, the Royal Over-Seas League, **Dr Elizabeth Buettner.** Details to be announced.

December 2001 JANE KESKAR & JEFFERY LEWINS

BOOTS (AN ABERDEEN TERRIER) IN CONSULTATION WITH
HIS FRIEND TAGS (THE FOX)

Drawn by G.L. Stampa for Kipling's story "The Great Play Hunt".
[See the explanatory comment on page 8.]

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Cover portrait by Sharad Keskar

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A NOTE ABOUT THE PICTURE ON PAGE 6

"The Great Play Hunt" was collected in 1930 with other 'dog stories' in *Thy Servant a Dog* – re-issued in 1938 with more material, in a standard Macmillan edition, as *'Thy Servant a Dog' & Other Dog Stories.* "The Great Play Hunt" is about a mock hunt, over an estate probably identifiable as Lord Bathurst's near Cirencester, carried out for fun – but in style – by two Aberdeen terriers (Boots and Slippers) and two friends – a stalwart foxhound (Ravager), who had been nearly blinded when struck by a car, and a veteran fox (Tags), often hunted and now lame, but never caught.

The story, narrated by Boots, refers in detail to the layout of the Park, and the tactics of the chase, for the Hunt was planned as an instructive treat for Digby, the seven-year-old son of the house. An occasion soon offers, while Digby is riding in the park with Moore, Kennel Huntsman to the real pack. Tags cheekily breaks cover nearby, to catch the boy's eye. Digby rises to the challenge and with Moore's support responds as a Master should, to improvise a prompt pursuit. The story becomes complex, but Digby's keenness and the animals' connivance make the Hunt memorable. Moore later recounts how, as "whip to one lame fox, one blind 'ound, two lap-dogs, and a baby", he had had "the ran of me life".

The story, praised by Alan Underwood in "Foxhunting with Kipling" (June 2000 *Journal,* pages 47-49) shows an ageing Kipling's unimpaired ability to absorb and use details of an unfamiliar subject. But Boots's weird vocabulary and chaotic syntax put some readers off: a full moon is 'Shiny Plate', a car 'Kennel that Moves', and so on. He speaks very broken English (though fortunately, as narrator, he records the heard remarks of *humans* without difficulty). I do not myself find his 'pidgin' tiresome. If Kipling felt it was a logical mode for domestic dogs and their friends to employ in a 'dog story', I agree. They say what they see and hear, and lack the critical intelligence to look for nuances. By contrast, in *The Jungle Book,* the animals are fluently assured, and we sense no anomaly when a bear or a snake addresses serious themes in perfect English. But *The Jungle Book* has stature as great myth, and can draw on a loftier strain of language.

But Boots and Slippers, unlike Kaa and Hathi (though even they will concede the lordship of the Jungle to the teenage Mowgli), are subordinate to humans, in a permanently ancillary status. Kitchen Cat is woundingly right to taunt Boots about the abject spiritual dependence of dogs on their owner's approval.

Boots realises his inadequacy when, in "Toby Dog" (the next story in the book) Ravager, "my true friend. . . always good to me", dies. Poor devoted Boots, bewildered by the finality of death, breaks down: "Please, I am very little small mis'ble dog!. . . I do not understand!" This is not the stuff of mythology: it is nearer to realism. G.H.W.

EDITORIAL

The Cambridge Conference, (marking the centenary of the publication of Kim, and so brilliantly organised by our Meetings Secretary, Dr Jeffery Lewins,) promises to occupy the minds of Kipling lovers for years to come. Among other things it took me back to the Grand Trunk Road on which I have travelled in every kind of transport you can imagine – and that includes the bullock cart and Shanks's pony – but most enjoyably in an army jeep. There, I have eaten off roadside stalls, amid the sights and sounds of teeming humanity – to say nothing of the flies – and, with the means of a knotted handkerchief, protected my hair from the dust stirred by dilapidated lorries, many bearing the vividly painted message: "God is Great".

Kipling's spiritual road, is a real road; and a road much travelled, linking and unifying, as it runs, an India that was once divided. I thought of the people who built that road and those who conceived it. I don't suppose altruism was foremost on their minds – for commercial motivations and political expediencies would have impinged upon their vision – but ulterior as some of their motives were, they would also have been inspired by the grand sweep of it all.

What, indeed, had the British done for India! First, and in all fairness this must be noted, there was no India before the British became a paramount influence in the sub-continent. India was the creation of the British. Before that, warring states, which actively sought their intervention, offered them a chessboard on which to play games and achieve gains. After all, there is, as a modern thinker would say, no such thing as a free lunch. But now, all that is history. However, it is a moot point to ask if there ever would have been an India without the British. Certainly because of them, Gujaratis, Rajputs, Punjabis, Bengalis, and the Tamils accept the fact that they are Indians. Yet, when Indians meet, they still reach out to each other across divides. And as they regard each other you may detect, in one pair of eyes as much as in the other, a soft, subtle questioning. Are you from the north or the south; from the east or west? Are your gods my gods? Your foods my food? Your language my language? Is your caste such I ought to pass by you on the other side? None of these will be made audible; and so is born a spiritual tolerance that is a distancing philosophy. . .

As for the Grand Trunk Road, alive with the ascent and descent of mankind, on it time, like a broken down clock, stands still. In the heat and the crush, there is only very sweet, hot tea for comfort, while an infinite river catches the sun. The 'wheel of life' moves relentlessly; and the centre is still. . . while in "The Recall" and in the stillness of *Kim,* Kipling weaves an incantation, trying to "make plain the

meaning" and hoping that through the

Scent of smoke in the evening,
Smell of smoke in the night—
The hours, the days and the seasons,
Order their souls aright,. . .

LEST WE FORGET

The universal shock and horror of 11 September 2001 cannot go unrecorded. Our American members must know that we stand by them and share in their sorrow. Patrick Hall, our Chairman, immediately wrote to the Ambassador of the United States in London, expressing the Society's condolences and received the following reply:

On behalf of the Embassy community and my fellow Americans, I want to thank you and your organization for your kind message of comfort and support following the September 11th terrorist attacks on the United States. During this tragic time, we have been moved by the outpouring of sympathy from all corners of the United Kingdom.

Now we must all face together the challenge of fighting terrorism. Your kind message will strengthen our resolve as we undertake – along with UK and many other governments – this daunting task. As President Bush said, "Terrorist attacks can shake the foundations of our biggest buildings, but they cannot touch the foundation of America."

Acting in unison, we will bring peace and security to the world. Thank you again for your kind words. signed: William S. Farish

Whatever rationale there is to the contrary, I believe that nothing can justify such large scale murder and destruction. Arguably it could be said that America has just cause, in the cause of justice, to pursue the course they have undertaken. Personally I believe that the dead are never silent – although as a universal sentiment that thought gives assent and meaning to Remembrance Sunday. Now the eloquent voices of the four thousand must be heard amid the tears and sufferings of the bereaved; and the actions, courage and magnanimity of the rescuers, who gave their lives to snatch the dying from the very jaws of death, poignantly suggest that inaction is a mean and disproportionate response, if not downright cowardly. But while I express here a personal opinion, I do not suggest it is infallible. To have an emotion is to be involved, and I feel certain that Kipling too would not have allowed such a momentous tragedy to go unobserved.

Then hold your head up all the more
This tide,
And every tide . . .

TALEBAN AND THE GREAT GAME
REFLECTIONS ON KIPLING AND AFGHANISTAN

by ANDREW LYCETT

[A slightly shorter version of this article, by Andrew Lycett, who needs no introduction to readers of Kipling, appeared in the *Sunday Times,* 30 September 2001. – *Ed]*

A scrimmage in a Border station—
A canter down some dark defile-
Two thousands pounds of education
Drops to a ten-rupee jezail—
The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's pride,
Shot like a rabbit in a ride!

In 1886 the precocious twenty year old Anglo-Indian journalist Rudyard Kipling was working as a journalist on the *Civil and Military Gazette,* the leading English language newspaper in Lahore (now in Pakistan). Wishing to extend his range into fiction and poetry, he looked around for inspiration. An obvious subject was the succession of wars being fought by the British, particularly in Afghanistan and along the North West Frontier, in order to protect their Indian empire. The martial qualities of impoverished Afghans pitted against courageous British Tommies fighting in a foreign land for 'The Widow at Windsor' (the title of one of his verses) became a favourite theme.

"Arithmetic on the Frontier", from which the opening lines are taken, was a typically acerbic young man's comment on the costs of waging war against

. . .any Kurrum Valley scamp
Who knows no word of moods and tenses,
But, being blessed with perfect sight,
Picks off our messmates left and right.

With home-bred hordes the hillsides teem,
The troopships bring us one by one,
At vast expense of time and steam,
To slay Afridis where they run. . .

President Bush might have been echoing Kipling when he pronounced, he was not going to fire a $2 million missile at a $10 empty tent and hit a camel in the butt. But he is not known for his bookishness.

Tony Blair is a different. Like all good British Prime Ministers looking for politically-minded literary mentors, he has recently

discovered his Kipling. Margaret Thatcher commandeered the Indian-born author as an Ur-Eurosceptic, urging continentals to leave the Saxon alone. Blair has, reportedly, extricated Kipling's masterly novel *Kim* from his Chequers library. There he will find India's border conflicts examined in a wider context – that of the Great Game, played out by Britain and Russia for control of Central Asia in the nineteenth century. Kipling is a lively, not totally reliable commentator on this struggle. As an imperialist, he was acutely aware of its geopolitical dimensions, particularly its implications for Western civilisation in an area of competing religions.

Then, as now, Afghanistan was the central bone of contention. Britain saw any Russian designs on that mountainous kingdom as a threat to the often jittery post-Mutiny Raj. When, as a sixteen year old, Kipling returned to India in 1882, after school in England, Britain had just triumphed in the Second Afghan War (1878-80). But the issue remained as live as ever.

The *casus belli* had been the brutal murder of the British envoy in Kabul, Sir Louis Cavagnari. The British experienced several setbacks, as at the Battle of Maiwand, before prevailing under General Sir Frederick Roberts (later Kipling's friend) whose uncompromising style of leadership led to reports of atrocities in the British press and to changes in both government (from Disraeli's Conservatives to Gladstone's Liberals) and in viceroy (Lytton making way for the more pliant Ripon).

Few British residents in the sub-continent were happy about these Westminster-inspired moves – least of all those in Lahore, the mainly Moslem capital of the Punjab, India's most recently acquired province. Closest to the volatile north west frontier, it was run on militaristic lines and strongly identified with the forward policy of extending Raj borders into the Hindu Kush.

In this environment the teen-age Kipling cut his political teeth. The daily machinations of the Great Game – made more threatening, by proximity to events – was the stuff of his journalism, while the related peoples, particularly the Afghanis, fed his rampant imagination.

Within eighteen months Kipling was already making such a mark with his articles that he was invited to visit an Afghan nobleman still under house arrest. The Afghani offered the young reporter a large sum of money to lobby for his release. When Kipling refused, his host muttered that all Englishmen were fools and upped his bribe to include a beautiful Kashmiri girl and, his *piece de resistance,* seven beautiful horses. Though fearful for his life, Kipling relished the local colour and also gained insight into an Afghan's sense of priorities.

His enthusiasm was dulled the following year when he was sent on

his first major out-of-town assignment – covering the crucial summit in Rawalpindi between the new Viceroy Lord Dufferin and the generally pro-British Afghan, emir Abdur Rahman, who needed diplomatic schmoozing. When Kipling climbed the Khyber pass to witness the emir's arrival, he claimed he was shot at. Although impressed by the Afghan ruler's motley entourage, he was alarmed, in the frontier town of Peshawar, by the hostility of the Pathans, Afreedees, Logas, Kohistanis, Turkomans, and a hundred other varieties of the turbulent Afghan race who gathered in the vast human menagerie near the City Gate and spat at him.

He soon drew on these experiences in his poetic and fictional output. But while Kipling's Russians remained the cold, calculating villains of the Great Game, his Afghans, with their diverse ethnicity, took on a romantic role in his imagination as an impulsive, noble warrior people. One of Kipling's best-known stories, "The Man who would be King", first published in 1888 and later filmed starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine, tells of a ne'er-do-well couple's incursion into Kafiristan, a remote mountainous region of north-east Afghanistan. Kipling's narrator helps plan their journey, suggesting they turn off to the right at Jagdallak, east of Kabul. But they have already been there with Robert's army. In Kafiristan they are welcomed as god-like incarnations of Alexander the Great, while their military knowledge helps extend their temporal power as kings. One goes, carrying turquoise as currency, into Ghorband country to buy those hand-made Martini rifles, that come out of the Amir's workshops at Kabul, from one of the Amir's Herati regiments that would have sold the very teeth out of their mouths for turquoises. But the couple fail to keep to the rules of their mission (no sex with locals, for example). So their kingdom falls apart, allowing the fast maturing Kipling to suggest a favourite theme – the undesirability of mavericks in an imperialist mission which can only succeed if it keeps strictly to its task and accepted guidelines.

Another story from this time, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft", provides a graphic account of a tense frontier battle against Afghans half-maddened with drugs and wholly mad with religious fanaticism, while "Dray Wara Yow Dee" portrays an Afghan horse dealer, drawing on an article Kipling had written a couple of years earlier, and anticipating Mahbub Ali in *Kim, a.* big burly Afghan, his beard dyed scarlet with lime.

Though successful in India, the ambitious Kipling left the sub-continent in 1889 to seek greater fame in London. Feeling homesick and out of sympathy with the prevailing aestheticism there, he drew deeper on conversations he had with British soldiers at Mian Mir

cantonment outside Lahore and with General Roberts in Simla. His hugely popular *Barrack-Room Ballads* that year included not just his famous poem about the hanging of Danny Deever, but also "Ford o' Kabul River" and "The Young British Soldier," with its rousing last verse:

> When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
> And the women come out to cut up what remains,
> Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
> An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.

His related border ballads expanded romantically on the Afghans. "The Ballad of the King's Mercy" tells of the cruel justice meted out by the Afghan king, Abdur Rahman who, when questioned, responded:

> . . . "I rule the Afghan race.
> "My path is mine – see thou to thine. To-night upon thy bed
> "Think who there be in Kabul now that clamour for thy head."

"The Ballad of East and West" contains the well-known lines:

> *Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,*
> *Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;*

These are often quoted to prove Kipling was a racist. Few recall the next couplet:

> *But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,*
> *When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from*
> *the ends of the earth!*

And fewer still know the full poem – about an Afghan border thief who enters a British Colonel's stable and steals his favourite mare. The Colonel's son rides in pursuit, showing no fear when he enters a pass with trigger happy Afghans in the rocks on both sides. When the two men eventually stop, the thief is impressed by the Briton's bravery, saying he could have had him shot at any time. In admiration he offers his own son as a hostage to accompany the Colonel's son home. Kipling's message is that even fierce opponents can recognise each other's qualities.

Kipling often noted approvingly Afghans' resolute Islamic faith. Like many colonials, he preferred Moslems (people of the book) to Hindus (whose religion he found confusing). However, he was wary about

religion's influence in India. In his intriguing story "On the City Wall", set in a prostitute's multi-cultural salon in Lahore, Wali Dad is an educated Moslem familiar with English literature. But when a religious festival turns into a communal riot between Moslems and Hindus, Wali Dad becomes hysterical – Kipling's pessimistic view that even sophisticated Moslems cannot escape the irrationality of their fundamental faiths.

By the time he wrote Kim in 1901 he had reached a more benign compromise where secular and religious co-exist, albeit in the shadow of the Great Game. As Kipling never ignored (which is why he remains so interesting), Britain still had to carry out its imperial duty, in a situation not too different from the United States confronting the Taleban today.

[All the lines quoted are from the poems of Kipling, and will be found in *The Definitive Edition of Rudyard Kipling Verse,* Hodder and Stoughton, London 1940. – *Ed.]*

O RARE JAN MORRIS

The daily round, the common task, of any Honorary Secretary of the Kipling Society, is occasionally compensated by the joys of serendipity. Diving into the sea of files she inherited from me, Jane Keskar, fished out a pearl. It is a letter dated 15 June 1978 from John Shearman to Jan Morris. At the time of writing John was Secretary, having just taken over from Lt-Colonel Bob Bagwell Purefoy (who had retired after twenty years in that office) and was to remain Secretary for another seven years. In his letter, to Jan Morris, he wrote (and I quote parts of the letter):

"We met (you and I) in Baghdad in those strange troubled 1958 days when the bodies of Faisal and, after a day or two, Nuri, were the objects of public disdain and derision.

"This note is just to say that I have bought a copy of *Farewell the Trumpets,* to complete my collection of the *Pax Brit.Trilogy* [sic]. So far (I only got it this morning) I have only dared to crack it open and lick my lips in anticipation. [. . .]

"Thank you, thank you, thank you (that's three thank-yous) for this Trilogy." [- *Ed.]*

RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI AS BEOWULF

by BARD C. COSMAN

[Bard C. Cosman, MD., M.P.H., F.A.C.S., is a surgeon. He heads the Halasz General Surgery Section at the VA San Diego Healthcare System, in California, and is Associate Professor of Clinical Surgery at the University of California, San Diego, U.S.A. He enjoys reading to his three young sons: Benjamin, Rafael, and Gilead. He lives in San Diego. E-mail: bcosman@vapop.ucsd.edu

In this article Professor Cosman suggests that Kipling's "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" bears strong narrative similarities to the Heorot episode in the Anglo-Saxon epic *Beowulf.* First, a male monster is defeated in a building the hero has come to defend, then a more terrible female monster drags the hero down to her lair. Presumed dead by the watchers above, he kills her and emerges to a hero's welcome. These are Nordic folklore elements, (there is a similar episode in *Grettissaga),* but in Kipling's story they are plotted in the same order as in *Beowulf,* and with similar detail. It is interesting to consider why Kipling might have chosen to follow this pattern in one of his most popular and successful stories for children. A review and discussion of these correspondences follows. – *Ed]*

"Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," published in 1894 as part of *The Jungle Book,* is possibly Kipling's most popular short story. The tale of the young mongoose's war against the cobras is often anthologised in collections of animal stories, and it is the most common Kipling story in spoken-word collections. A survey of the University of California Library's collection reveals editions in ten languages, including Gujarati.

The story begins when rain washes the young mongoose, Rikki-tikki, out of his parents' burrow, thus adhering to a convention in children's stories in which the adventure starts when the child-hero is separated from his or her family. Nursed back to health by a boy and his parents, Rikki-tikki becomes partly domesticated. He saves the boy by killing a small poisonous snake and then destroys the cobras Nag and Nagaina, and their clutch of eggs. The epic nature of the conflict between Rikki-tikki and the cobras is emphasised by the story's introductory paragraph: "This is the story of the great war that Rikki-tikki-tavi fought single-handed...." Clearly, if one would search for an antecedent of Kipling's tale, one must look to an heroic or historical epic.

At first glance, the *Beowulf* saga bears little resemblance to any of Kipling's work, much less his stories for children. In brief outline, the story tells of the Danish king Hrothgar, who builds a great mead-hall called Heorot, which is then haunted by the man-eating demon Grendel. Beowulf, a Geatish warrior, sails to Denmark to help Hrothgar, and in single, unarmed combat tears off Grendel's arm. Grendel flees to his marshy home and dies. There is initial rejoicing,

but a murderous visit to Heorot by Grendel's mother, also a man-eater, makes Beowulf dive into the haunted marsh in pursuit. He kills her after a struggle that is harder than his fight with Grendel. Seeing blood in the water, the Danes on the shore give him up for lost, but he eventually emerges to a hero's welcome. He returns to Geatland, and the epic continues with his kingship and eventual death after a fight with a Fire-Drake (dragon). The essentially pre-Christian narrative is laced with early-Christian commentary.

When conventions of children's literature are worked on this story, it starts to seem more familiar. Let the hero be a foundling, people the landscape with talking animals, delete all Christian homilies, end the story with the hero's victory; and now the Beowulf/Grendel story resembles "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi". There are parallels in the detail as well as in the general outline. Like Beowulf, Rikki-tikki is a stranger in the bungalow or meadhall that he will risk his life defending. In both stories this enhances the nobility of the hero's undertaking: he is not simply fighting for home or family, but he is doing the more heroic deed of defending those in need, and thus society as a whole. Rikki's nobility stems partly from the fact that he defends human beings, rather than fellow mongooses, against the poisonous snakes, just as Beowulf is more of a hero because he is helping Danes, not Geats. But help is not given indiscriminately. Like Beowulf, who is repaying an old favour done for his father by Hrothgar, Rikki-tikki performs his heroic deeds in recompense for the human family's caring for him when he was washed out of the nest.

Beowulf wins his fight with Grendel by holding him in a death-grip. He "seized Grendel so tightly that his fingers cracked. . . The monster. . . was in a deadly grip"[1] They grapple violently before it is clear that Beowulf has prevailed. Likewise, when Rikki-tikki attacks Nag, he bites the cobra's head and holds on for a wild ride, which ends with the snake's death (assisted by a shotgun blast from the human father). Each hero conquers his enemy by holding on and not letting go.

No proper court lacks a bard or tale-singer, and Heorot has its "clear-voiced scop"[2] who sings tales of heroic exploits. Hrothgar's unnamed bard begins "to recite the saga of Beowulf immediately after Beowulf kills Grendel,[3] thinking incorrectly that no more monsters will emerge from the mere. Likewise, the bungalow garden has Darzee, the tailor-bird, who sings "a song of triumph" for Rikki-tikki just after he kills Nag.[4] This is also premature, for Nagaina is still alive and bent on revenge.

Once Rikki-tikki has killed Nag, he must then face the female cobra, a more formidable enemy: "Now I have Nagaina to settle with, and she will be worse than five Nags. . ."[5] This is in keeping with Kipling's

famous dictum that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male".[6] The vision of the extra fighting strength of a woman "warring as for spouse and child"[7] is not just the fancy of one poem, but rather a central element in Kipling's view of women. It is also found elsewhere in "Mowgli's Brothers," *[The Jungle Book],* when Mowgli's adoptive parents defy Shere Khan. Mother Wolf is the fiercer of the two. Her name Raksha, given for emphasis at that point in the story, means 'demon,' while her milder mate is only called Father Wolf. And when in "Tiger! Tiger!" Shere Khan faces the buffalo stampede, "the tiger knew that. . .it was better to meet the bulls than the cows with their calves"[8]

In "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," Nagaina garners more sympathy from the reader than the merely evil Nag. She is fighting to avenge her husband and protect her babies, a fact that Rikki-tikki exploits as he (unheroically) kills all but one of the young cobras in their eggs and holds the remaining one hostage. But in order to defend the bungalow garden and the human family, Rikki-tikki must implacably destroy all cobras, and it is fitting that the final battle be against the generative core of 'cobradom', namely the female in her den.

In the Beowulf story, Grendel's mother's onslaught is initially described as "less fearful than Grendel's, as the fighting strength of a warrior woman is less than an armed man's. . ."[9] But in her fight with Beowulf under the marsh, she proves more rather than less difficult for him to grapple with: ". . .she clutched at him. Then the strongest of warriors faltered in spirit, so that he stumbled and fell".[10] Beowulf did not falter at all during his fight with Grendel, so in the actual fight (disclaimers about women's strength aside) the female of the Grendel species proves more deadly than the male. And, as in "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," the female gets more sympathy from the reader than the bloodthirsty male, as she fights Beowulf for a Nordically honorable cause, "to avenge her only child".[11]

Striking parallels between the two stories include the settings in which the heroes vanquish the monsters. In *Beowulf,* the fight with Grendel occurs in Heorot, and, with Grendel's mother, in her hall under the mere. In "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," the fight with Nag occurs in the bungalow, which corresponds to Heorot, and, the final fight with Nagaina, in her hole, underground. Significantly, Rikki-tikki is pulled underground by Nagaina: ". . .his little white teeth were clenched on her tail, and he went down with her. . .He held on savagely. . ."[12] In *Beowulf,* Grendel's mother grabs the hero and draws him down to her underwater hall: she "took the warrior in her fearful grip. . .[and] bore the mail-clad warrior to her dwelling".[13] Both stories include the arresting image of the she-monster dragging the hero down to her lair

for the climactic battle.

The sexual overtones of this scene are fascinating and beyond the scope of this discussion. (One wonders if Beowulf's subsequent sterility is somehow linked to this violation of the taboo against killing a woman.) Near the end of the epic, old Beowulf laments that he has no son, but his fight with the Fire-Drake, in which the thane who stands by him becomes his heir, can be viewed as a necessary way of picking a successor. Kipling does not discuss Rikki-tikki's future in any detail, but it is hard to see the instinctively ruthless mongoose fitting either model of fatherhood that the story provides: the largely impotent human father or the foolish Darzee.

In *Beowulf,* the Danish warriors who have been waiting for Beowulf at the shore of the mere see the "waves boiling with blood" and decide that "the water witch had destroyed him".[14] They return sadly to Heorot, and Beowulf emerges victorious from the mere only after they have left. In "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," the same pattern holds, although all the watchers at the edge of the mere are rolled into the person of the tailor-bird, who gives his benefactor up for lost and sings Rikki's "death-song".[15] A public lament at the death of a hero is a standard feature of Nordic saga, and that function in *Beowulf* is performed by "a Geatish woman with hair unbound".[16]

When he has finished off the two monsters, Beowulf adheres to Nordic tradition by publicly confirming his initial boast that he would do so. Rikki-tikki does the same after his victories. To the human parents, he says "All the cobras are dead; and if they weren't, I'm here".[17] So too, Beowulf makes the same, formulaic assurance in his speech to Hrothgar: "Now I give you my word, Hrothgar. . . that you and your retainers may sleep in Heorot without fear: None of your people, old or young, need fear violence from the same quarter as before."[18]

After the triumphant return to Heorot, Beowulf is warned by the avuncular Hrothgar to "avoid pride",[19] and we later learn that he is successful in doing so, leading an exemplary life as king, protector, and benefactor of his people. The trap of pride also lies open for Rikki-tikki after his successful campaign against the cobras, and we learn in the final paragraph of the story that he too enjoyed continued success through humility and vigilance: "Rikki-tikki had a right to be proud of himself; but he did not grow too proud, and he kept that garden as a mongoose should keep it. . . till never a cobra dared show its head inside the walls."[20]

Although Kipling does not merely retell the Anglo-Saxon epic for children, the parallels between "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" and *Beowulf* are too many and too close for coincidence. One may reasonably ask whether Kipling was familiar with *Beowulf.* The answer is almost assuredly yes.

He had an abiding interest in English history and literature. By 1894, the year *The Jungle Book* was published, *Beowulf* was firmly established as the most complete Anglo-Saxon epic and a seminal work of English literature, notwithstanding its Scandinavian setting.

From contemporary records we know that Kipling was familiar with Norse saga and had at least *The Saga of Burnt Njal* read to him as a youth; and Kipling's writings include several poems and stories that refer to England's Danish or Viking heritage and contain Nordic themes. Searching for Nordic elements in *The Jungle Book(s),* aside from "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," one is struck by the primitive, heroic aspects of the Mowgli stories. For example, there is the emphasis on revenge in "Letting in the Jungle" and "Red Dog"; the latter reads like any of a number of saga fragments that describe a band of heroes repelling or destroying a raiding party. The foundling who fights his way to fame and leadership, exemplified by Scyld Scefing, the founder of the Scylding (Danish) dynasty in *Beowulf,* is another familiar Nordic element that appears in "Mowgli's Brothers." In the harsh, virile, pagan jungle society in which Mowgli thrives, the title 'wolf is high praise, just as it is in the world of *Beowulf* — the name means 'battle-wolf.'

While we do not know that Kipling read *Beowulf,* it would be almost unthinkable for a late 19th Century student of English literature not to have done so. Interest in *Beowulf* proliferated then, and editions appeared at an accelerating pace as it was rediscovered, defined as the wellspring of English poetry, and translated into modern languages. The number of editions and translations peaked around the turn of the century, and it is interesting to view "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" as part of that movement. For *Beowulfs* perceived importance in the history of English literature, as viewed from 1894, one may look at any of the surveys published during the years immediately preceding. An 1892 textbook of literary history, for example, describes it as "the earliest upwelling of the broad river of English poetry".[21] In an 1890 manual for English teachers, Meiklejohn flatly (and incorrectly) states "The *Beowulf* is the oldest poem in the English language".[22] By the 1907 publication of the *Cambridge History of English Literature, Beowulf* had been canonized as "by far the most important product of the national epos".[23]

This process started when Thorkelin published *Beowulf* in Anglo-Saxon and Latin in 1815; and several Anglo-Saxon editions appeared – in Germany[24], England[25], and the United States[26] – all served to stimulate academic and popular interest in *Beowulf* These spawned further translations into Danish, English, French, German, Italian, Latin, and Swedish.[27] The multiple Anglo-Saxon editions and the short intervals between them suggest the degree of contemporary interest.

Pre-1894 modern-English translations of *Beowulf* were fragmentary ones by Turner and Conybeare; and full renderings by Kemble, Wackerbarth, Arnold, Lumsden and Thorpe [see bibliography] were all published in London. The American translation by Garnett[28] had its first edition in 1882, its second in 1885, and reprinted in 1890, 1891 and 1892. Another American translation was Hall's[29], published first in 1892 and reprinted the next year. Both went through several subsequent editions and printings. Again, accelerating public interest over the latter half of the century is indicated by the proliferation of competing translations and editions.

One may reasonably dismiss the original Anglo-Saxon as a source, as there is no evidence that Kipling could read that language. His works, replete with references to the non-English languages he *did* know, have no Anglo-Saxon vocabulary in them. However, as we have seen, there were at least six English translations available while Kipling was writing *The Jungle Book.* As Kipling was on both sides of the Atlantic during the early 1890s, he may have seen any of the British or American editions. Each edition tells an identical story, as they are based on a single manuscript.

Similar to the Grendel story in *Beowulf* is a section of the 13th or 14th Century Icelandic *Grettissaga.* This was written after *Beowulf* but is not derivative of it, as *Beowulf* was not known in Iceland in medieval times.[30] Rather, it draws on the same Nordic folklore traditions, presenting at one point a sequence very similar to the Beowulf/Grendel story. The hero Grettir arrives at Sandhaugar, where monsters have carried off men from a mead hall. Grettir waits by night, then grapples with a she-troll. She drags him to the edge of a gorge, where he slices off her arm. She flees to her home below the waterfall and dies. Grettir visits the cave below the waterfall, finds a male troll, and kills him. Seeing blood in the water, Grettir's companion gives him up for dead, but the hero eventually emerges.[31]

Grettissaga was translated into English in the 19th Century and could also be found on both sides of the Atlantic. Magnússon and Morris's translation, which appeared in London in 1869, had a second edition the same year; and Sabine Baring-Gould's abridged translation for boys was published in New York in the 1880s and in London in 1890. Thus Kipling could have had access to this story as well during the writing of "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi." But *Grettissaga* is a less likely source for Kipling than *Beowulf.* While the former was one of several Icelandic sagas available in English, the latter was front-and-centre on the English literary scene. The story in question is more prominent in *Beowulf* than in *Grettissaga* – the Grendel narrative makes up more than half of the Anglo-Saxon work, whereas the Sandhaugar episode is

just three out of the Icelandic saga's 93 chapters. Finally, the correspondence of detail is lacking. For example, in *Grettissaga* the female monster is killed first; she does not drag the hero to her lair; there is no clear relation between her and the male giant; and the destruction of the two monsters does not usher in a time of peace presided over by the vigilant hero. Rather, Grettir the Outlaw leaves Sandhaugar to continue his long and ultimately unsuccessful flight from the forces of order. *Grettissaga* treats a different kind of hero from Beowulf and Rikki-tikki, supporting the contention that Kipling uses elements of general Nordic lore but follows *Beowulf* closely.

"Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" follows the story of Beowulf, Grendel, and Grendel's mother, but it leaves out the final third of the epic, in which the ageing king Beowulf kills the Fire-Drake and dies of his wounds; and it has no Christian elements. Are these weaknesses in the parallel between the stories, or are the omissions customary and expected? I will argue the latter. First, it is a tenet of children's writing not to kill the hero and to have young readers accept Rikki's death, even after a lifetime as 'king' of the bungalow garden, would be difficult for even Kipling to pull off. To cite a counterexample first: Kipling *does* kill the hero in another *The Jungle Book* story – "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat." Here the eponymous hero, (who, like Rikki and other Kipling heroes, spans East and West), dies heroically using the faculties he gained in both worlds. Purun Bhagat defies convention by presenting a whole life instead of a learning-growing episode, and perhaps because of this does not succeed quite so well as a children's story. (It is routinely passed over in adaptations, redactions, and abridgements of The *Jungle Book(s),* of which the popular core is always the Mowgli stories, "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi," and perhaps "Toomai of the Elephants."

Most critics, before 1894, agreed that *Beowulf* was not a seamless whole, but rather could be divided into two parts, with a clear break between the Heorot and Fire-Drake episodes. Turner[32] provides a translation and synopsis of the Heorot story, then dismisses the rest: "The poem proceeds to describe Beowulf's return to Higelac. He engages in some further adventures, which are not of equal interest with the former". Coppée[33] asserts that "at a later day, new cantos were added, which, following the fortunes of the hero, record at length that he was killed by a dragon". Ten Brink (whose history of English literature was translated from German in 1883) writes of the "two principal events of the Beowa myth" as two separate acts in the drama, and notes that "the action lacks the requisite unity" for comparison to other national epics.[34] Brooke calls *Beowulf* "two narratives concerning two remarkable events in a hero's life, each of which might be considered apart".[35]

By the time of the first *Cambridge History of English Literature*

(1907), it was accepted that *Beowulf* consisted of "originally separate lays," with the Heorot monsters episode as one major segment, and "the fight with the dragon. . . certainly quite distinct".[36] In Andrew Lang's 1912 history of English literature, which draws heavily on the Cambridge compilation, he describes the *Beowulf* "story. . . or rather the stories, for there are several". Thus *Beowulf* was viewed as at least two stories, both before and after 1894. For many readers, the more powerful of the two narratives is the defence of Heorot against Grendel and his mother. Thus it is not surprising that adaptations of *Beowulf* often present the Grendel story and leave out the Fire-Drake. Prominent recent examples are John Gardner's *Grendel,* and Michael Crichton's *Eaters of the Dead* – the former ends with Grendel's death, the latter with the death of Grendel's mother. The D C Comics adaptation of Beowulf also features Grendel and Grendel's mother but no Fire-Drake.[37] Of course, not killing off the hero is an even more basic tenet of open-ended serial works than it is of children's fiction in general: as one reader of the serial *Beowulf* wrote, "please don't have him fight any 'fire-breathing' dragons; that would be unethical!"[38] Comic-book constraints aside, it remains compelling that *Beowulf's* popularisers routinely choose to delete the Fire-Drake episode and Beowulf's death, just as Kipling did. When both parts of *Beowulf* are presented in adaptations, they are often given separate titles, as in the abridgement by Robert Creed[39], who divides the epic into "Beowulf and the Grendel Kind" and "Beowulf and the Dragon." *Beowulf's* easy divisibility into two parts is further illustrated by two recent children's versions that present *only* the Fire-Drake episode. In Brad Turner's *Beowulf's Downfall* (1992) and Tessa Potter's *Beowulf and the Dragon* (1996), the authors ignore the defence of Heorot completely, perhaps because that story cannot be told without graphic violence and horror, which many (but not all) authors of children's literature avoid as inappropriate for juvenile consumption. For example, in the D C Comics version of the defence of Heorot, the editor admits "if we kept to the original. . . the comic books would be unbelievably gory. . . our visual interpretation must be toned down somewhat".[40] These tales of Beowulf against the dragon stand as coherent wholes, even though they never mention Hrothgar or the Grendel Kind.

Most critics view the Christian homilies, interspersed in the canonical text of *Beowulf,* as later additions to a fundamentally pre-Christian epic. Lang believed that "the Christian parts of it.. .must have been put in by someone who rewrote it after the Anglo-Saxons were converted"[41], and Chadwick felt that the text "seems to point... to a heathen work which has undergone revision by Christian minstrels".[42] No 19th or 20th Century adaptation preserves the Christian elements

and it is not surprising that "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" does not do so either. Contemporary criticism asserted that the heart of the *Beowulf* epic was the Heorot story, and subsequent adaptations are largely in agreement. Children's literature conventions, which Kipling largely follows in The *Jungle Book(s),* support the presentation of a young hero's early victories rather than his eventual demise. And *Beowulf's* thin Christian overlay is routinely stripped away by critics, editors, and popularisers alike.

Clearly there are other works and circumstances that influenced the content and structure of "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi". Set in the Allahabad bungalow of Alec and Edmonia Hill, (where Kipling boarded in 1888-89), it is a quintessentially Anglo-Indian story. Like many other Kipling works, it depicts a meeting of East and West that involves co-operation rather than conflict, domestication rather than oppression. Seeing how closely the plot follows the Grendel story, it becomes apparent that the story contains allusions to classics of both cultures, which fits in with Kipling's hopeful, colonial world view. The *Panchatantra,* one of the handful of best-known classical Indian compilations, and one which was certainly known to the Kipling family, contains two stories that point to the mongoose's enmity for snakes, and its potential as a loyal domestic animal. In a story called by Ryder "A Remedy Worse than the Disease," a heron asks a crab to advise him how to get rid of a snake that has killed the heron's chicks.[43] Seeing a way to remove its predator, the heron, the crab – under the guise of giving sound advice – tells the heron to attract a mongoose, which kills the snake but also all the herons. This is echoed in Kipling's story, in which Darzee, the tailor-bird, is recruited by Rikki-tikki to hunt Nag. "One of our babies fell out of the nest yesterday, and Nag ate him." To preserve the happy ending and to make Rikki-tikki the protector of the bungalow garden, including its birds, Kipling leaves the reader with the false impression that mongooses eat only snakes. Another story from the *Panchatantra,* called "The Loyal Mungoose" by Ryder, features a loyal mongoose and a fatal mistake. A mongoose, part of a Brahmin's household and left to guard a child, kills a dangerous black cobra. But the Brahmin's wife kills the blood-spattered mongoose, thinking it has harmed her child when in fact it has saved the child's life. In "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi", the mongoose saves the child (Teddy) from a "big black cobra" (Nag). But Kipling avoids tragedy by having the adults recognise explicitly that the mongoose is protecting them and their child.

John Lockwood Kipling, Rudyard's father, published *Beast and Man in India,* his compilation of observations and folklore, in 1904, ten years after *The Jungle Book.* However, the material it contains was collected over four decades in India, including the time when the elder

Kipling had tutelary influence over his son. Thus Lockwood's observations about mongooses may be viewed as a possible source for, rather than derivative of, the virtually identical statements in "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi". Compare the elder Kipling with the younger: "One of the unalterably fixed beliefs in the native mind is that the mongoose knows a remedy for snakebite – a plant which nobody has seen nor can identify, but which, when eaten, is an antidote so sure that the mere breath of the animal suffices to paralyse the snake.. .The mongoose has only its quickness of attack and its thick fur for safeguard.. ."[46] "If you read the old books of natural history, you will find they say that when the mongoose fights the snake and happens to get bitten, he runs off and eats some herb that cures him. That is not true. The victory is only a matter of quickness of eye and quickness of foot. . . "[47] Lockwood also mentions that mongooses are tameable: "Few wild animals take so readily to domestic life as the Indian mongoose, who has been known to domesticate himself among friendly people. . .[48] Compare this with, in "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi": " 'Good gracious,' said Teddy's mother, 'and that's a wild creature! I suppose he's so tame because we've been kind to him.' " 'All mongooses are like that,' said her husband."[49].

Clearly "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi" emanates as well from the Kiplings' knowledge of Indian culture, and these elements are more than just an Indian overlay on *Beowulf* By mixing English and Indian lore in one successful story, Kipling does a characteristic service to the seminal epic of his native culture.

In conclusion, it is a manifestation of Kipling's peculiar genius that he should create a children's classic, "Rikki-tikki-tavi," using the elements of the dark, severe, martial epic overlain with early Christian homiletics that is *Beowulf.* By recasting to an animal world, resetting the story to an Indian bungalow, and deleting the Christian material and the Fire-Drake episode, Kipling crafted a compelling tale, whose outlines are still those of the core *Beowulf* story. This in turn reflects Nordic folklore elements, exemplified by a similar episode in *Grettissaga.* One suspects that it was not Kipling's intention to make *Beowulf* (or Nordic folklore) accessible to children, but rather to use the tried-and-true *Beowulf* elements to ensure a good yarn. The congruence between the two stories further illustrates the point, so often demonstrated in children's literature, that the best stories are often the oldest ones.

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MORE FOXHUNTING WITH KIPLING

by EA. UNDERWOOD

[Mr Alan Underwood's earlier article, "Foxhunting with Kipling", was published in the *Journal* for June 2000, and interested many readers, who will be glad to find this supplement on the same subject. The writer, a member of our Society since 1944, is profoundly well-informed about hunting – now of course a politically and ecologically controversial topic – and for eleven years was Secretary to the Berkeley Hunt. – *Ed.]*

Following the appearance of my article on Kipling and foxhunting in the June 2000 *Journal,* Professor Thomas Pinney [Editor of *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling]* suggested that I might find something of interest in *Letters from Rudyard Kipling to Guy Paget, 1919-1936,* a rare book which had been specified on its appearance in 1936 as "privately printed, and not for sale".

Actually, knowning that Major Paget was a foxhunting man and a writer on the sport, I had asked for the book many years previously, at the British Museum Reading Room, but had been brought an imperfect copy, containing only the last five or six letters (out of a total of 35), with little mention of hunting, except for references to one or two of Paget's books, such as one called *Rum 'Uns to Follow.*

Letter 35, trivial as it was, did have an interest of its own, being dated 11 January 1936 from Brown's Hotel, London, and posted at 7.30 p.m. on the night that Kipling was finally taken ill there. It must therefore be, if not the last letter he wrote, at least one of the last.

More recently, thanks to the help of Mr Michael Smith [then Secretary of the Kipling Society], I have been able to see photocopies of letters mentioning hunting and Kipling items on the subject, from the copy (No 10/12) sent to Mrs Kipling, now with the Kipling Papers at the University of Sussex.

The letters are short, not of great literary importance, and as a rule jocular in tone, although Kipling showed much concern when Paget's son was reported to have taken a very bad fall out hunting; and there is a poignant note in a letter of December 1932: "We've been 'keeping Christmas' by ourselves with some ghosts. Not cheery."

Many of the letters referred critically to Paget's books, and urged him to stick to foxhunting, and to avoid historical subjects such as his *The Rose of London,* a biography of Jane Shore, mistress of Edward IV.

There is less about foxhunting than I had hoped, but some of the letters do relate to Kipling's attitude to it, and to items mentioned in my article. Referring to one of Paget's books on hunting, Kipling wrote, "It's a study of a wholly barbaric society (to my mind) and will be an exhibit, in later years, of a dead world – same as Roman gladiator shows. . . "

Even that is as far as he went, and the general tone is of amused fascination with the strange subject, for he was "always keen on new worlds". Again, regarding someone who had made, for another of Paget's books, a map which omitted roads:

"RS. I duly note that 'Foxhunters do not consider roads'. Then, who the deuce have I been watching in red coats these many years?"

It is particularly unfortunate that a letter, probably from 1930, is missing because it contained some questions which Kipling asked about foxhunting. Paget had apparently answered them, but replied in a "bantering letter that I thought he scorned such childish sport, and invited him to have a hunt up here." Kipling responded in part:

Beshrew you – and we go to! When did I ever pour scorn on the Foxhunter? In "Little Foxes" *[Actions and Reactions]*? Or anywhere else? You've mistook the author.

And I had more fun doing that small book than I've had in a long while.

A man of the name of Surtees (if you've ever heard of him) wrote all there was to be written about the foxhunter a few years ago. *I* described the hunt from the real business end of it.

All the same, you don't catch me outside a hot hysterical piece of catsmeat with leather trimmings ! It's vulgar.

"That small book" must be *Thy Servant a Dog.* [Its first edition, of three stories, "told by Boots, edited by Rudyard Kipling", appeared in December 1930. Later editions contained additional material.]

The most detailed information on the items mentioned in my article is in the correspondence on Kipling's poem, "Fox-Hunting, 1933, (The Fox Meditates)".

First reference to it is in a letter to Paget dated 29 September 1932:

You might let me know *precisely* (for purposes of my own) where Rankesboro' Gorse lies. In the Cottesmore country – or how? And nearest to what north-going road? Failing that, give me the most notorious cover in the Quorn country. *This is urgent.* I want to do a meditation, from the days of Samson and his 'little foxes', by C.J. Fox: reviewing the centuries.

It is not clear why such exact locations were required for the verses, because the geography as eventually used is not very detailed. Incidentally, the notoriety of the Whig politician, Charles James Fox (1749-1806), led to his name being associated with the animal, so that 'Charlie' is even now a slang term for a fox.

Kipling's next letter relating to the poem (undated, but noted by Paget as October 1932) has an early version of the first verse. Note, by the way, the instruction to return the draft with marginal comments –

> Please vet: verse as under, for accuracy (It is the opening to "The Meditation of C.J. Fox") and return with marginal remarks:
>
> When Samson set my brush on fire
> To spoil the Timnites' barley,
> I set my mask for Leicestershire,
> And left Philistia early.
> Through Gath and Rankesboro' Gorse I fled
> And took the Coplow Road, Sir;
> And was a Gentleman in Red
> When all the Quorn wore woad, Sir.
>
> Is that geographically correct? I notice in your splendid book you talk of "The Coplow", and I specially like the idea of the Quorn in woad.

In his reply, Paget suggested "made my point" for "set my mask", commenting that "the latter smacks rather of the local journal", and line 3 was altered accordingly. The other change, from "Gaul" to "Gath" in line 5, was felt to be a decided improvement, for some reason I cannot understand.

In connection with the joke about woad, Paget asked Kipling if he knew that the facing on the evening dress for members of the Quorn was blue. Kipling replied that he did – and I wonder how he acquired that obscure piece of information: I understand that not even the Quorn know the reason for the choice of colour.

Paget kept the letter with the autograph draft verse, in spite of the instruction to return it, but escaped with a rebuke as "an impenitent burglar" for this breach of the well-known rules of the Kipling establishment.

Citing these letters, Charles Carrington in chapter 2 of his biography of Kipling [Macmillan, 1955] stated that Captain Holloway in Southsea ("Uncle Harry" in the story "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" – collected in *Wee Willie Winkie and Other Stories),* had introduced the very young Kipling to 'Jorrocks' – a term used at one time to cover all of the Surtees's books; but I find no evidence for this.

Kipling did, however ask Paget in January 1932 about "some verses half-remembered from childhood". The reference was to "Tar Wood" by Egerton Warburton, celebrating a famous run in 1845 with the Heythrop Hunt. The best that can be said for this is that it is not as bad

as most of such efforts written in the nineteenth century.

Kipling had evidently received a copy about a year later, when he wrote:

> I am much in your debt for the Tarwood Run. I used to know it almost by heart when I was seven at the outside, from that "Holloway" who "shivered timbers as he went". Odd, isn't it? Whole couplets of it came back as I read.

It is certainly 'odd', that a seafaring man should be able to recite such verses, but Captain Holloway / "Uncle Harry" came from Oxfordshire, the scene of the run, and had a brother who became a General and was knighted; and others who were professional men. His was a different background from that of his wife, "Aunty Rosa". [See Andrew Lycett, *Rudyard Kipling,* Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1999, page 34.]

In the letters to Paget there is some discussion of Henry Hall Dixon, a country journalist and author who died in 1870, and had written as 'The Druid'. Kipling, towards the end of his life, seems to have come to prefer 'The Druid' to Surtees, and in the 1930s wrote enthusiastically about him to John Bennion Booth (1880-1961), a prolific writer on country sports [see Booth's *The Days We Knew* (T. Warner Laurie, 1943)].

Kipling wrote to Paget, about 'The Druid' : "He beats Surtees hollow in information and the elementary decencies. *And* what a mine of anecdote!" And elsewhere, "To my mind, in atmosphere and 'innardness', he beats Surtees hollow. Surtees gives you much, but never a decent, or even decentish, character. Druid is a Master, and urbane (that's a good word!), and used to decent folk."

There spoke the inveterate seeker after information and stories, so well described by many who met Kipling; but I fear that most readers would turn to Surtees for entertainment, rather than to 'The Druid', who is now even more neglected than in the 1930s.

As for the "decencies", Kipling was reverting to the view of many of the gentry in Victorian times, that Surtees could only write about bad characters, and was perhaps a traitor to his own class. His final judgment was that "the deuce of Surtees, as I see it, is that he ain't a caricaturist. He's a Selectionist. The stuff was all there at the epoch," [Kipling here cited Samuel Warren's popular novel of 1840-1, *Ten Thousand a Year,* a sensational story of greed and imposture]; and Surtees "confined himself to, and rejoiced in, the worst of it. That's vice – sheer vice!"

My conclusion is that the extracts quoted from the letters to Paget, and from various lesser allusions to foxhunting, support the view which I formed from Kipling's published work and expressed in my article last year. He was by no means against it, and he had a rather amused regard for the sport.

OUR NEW PRESIDENT

In 1947, a young subaltern and Acting Adjutant of his Anti-Aircraft Regiment, periodically moved among the ruins of the Roman city of Leptis Magna, in what is now Libya, conducting visiting senior officers round the site. This young cicerone and Latin scholar must have relished the task but may also have wondered, how he happened to be there in the first place.

George Lawrence Jose Engle, for that was the young man's name, was born in 1926 and was educated, first at Charterhouse – where he was to be head of school and editor of the school magazine – and later, as a Marjoribanks scholar at Christ Church, Oxford. He joined the Royal Artillery in 1945, was commissioned 2/Lt two years later, and after serving in the RA for three years, returned to Christ Church, where he read Classical Mods and Greats, gaining a 1st Class Honours in each, and became Secretary of the Oxford University English Club. George then obtained a Dixon postgraduate scholarship to read the philosophy of science, and gave some tutorials in philosophy. A year later, with a Cholmeley Scholarship to Lincoln's Inn, he read for the Bar, spending three months of that year (1952 – 1953) in a solicitor's office. Having been called to the Bar, for the next four years George was in practice at the Chancery Bar, also lecturing in philosophy and English literature, and teaching Latin part-time at the Lycée Français.

In 1957 he joined the Parliamentary Counsel Office as a legislative draftsman. The Office (responsible for drafting Government Bills, which when passed by Parliament become Acts) is staffed by lawyers who are also civil servants. Between 1965 and 1967 George was seconded as First Parliamentary Counsel to the Federation of Nigeria and drafted the Decree amending the Constitution following the military *coup* at the end of 1965. Promoted to Parliamentary Counsel in 1970 he was, in the three years following, with the Law Commission as their senior Counsel, working mainly on a proposed, but eventually abandoned, codification of the law contract. His next appointment, in 1981, as First Parliamentary Counsel was equivalent to Permanent Secretary, and from 1983 to his retirement in 1986, he was President of the newly formed Commonwealth Association of Legislative Counsel, during which time, he was elected a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn.

In 1976, George was honoured with a C.B., and was appointed K.C.B. and Q.C. in 1983. Since 1987, Sir George Engle has been a legislative drafting consultant and a lecturer on drafting and statutory interpretation. In 1991 he became Course Director, U.N.D.P. course in Legal Drafting, Harare, Zimbabwe; and also a Member of the Hansard Society Commission on the Legislative Process. Sir George has been

**SIR GEORGE ENGLE K.C.B., Q.C.
OUR NEW PRESIDENT**

a prominent and active member of the Kipling Society, most recently as Chairman. When Dr Michael Brock stepped down as President of the Society, Sir George was unanimously elected as our new President in July this year. He is fluent in French and has several literary publications to his credit, apart from his writings on law and legislative drafting. Among those literary contributions are articles in *Ideas* 1955; a chapter in *O Rare Hoffnung* 1960; and entries on Bram Stoker, Dracula, J.S. Le Fanu, and Uncle Silas in the 1985 edition of *The Oxford Companion to English Literature.*

Sir George is married and has three daughters. He and Lady Engle spend summer holidays at their house in France – Kipling's beloved country.

* * * *

THIS QUARTER 70 YEARS AGO

From the *Kipling Journal* December 1931:

We are indebted to Miss Leonora A. Winn of Simla for the photograph which is produced this quarter as frontispiece. Miss Winn writes [about the photograph]: "The famous Zam Zamma gun, called also the Bhangian-wala-Tope, cast in Lahore in 1757, is made of a mixture of copper and brass obtained by 'Jazia', a capitation tax levied by the Mahommedans on the infidels. A metal vase was taken from each Hindu house in Lahore. Ahmed Shah used it in the famous battle of Paniput in 1761, and then from 1773 to 1802 it was in the Bhangi Fort, Amritsar. It came to be regarded as a talisman of supremacy, and Ranjit Singh employed it in his campaigns of Daska, Kasur, Sujanpur, Wazirabad, and Multan. Many regard it as an incarnation of Mahadeo, one of the principal Hindu Divinities. The following inscription in Persian is cut round the muzzle or mouth of the gun:-

> By order of the Emperor Durri Dowsan Shah Wali Khan the Wazir made this gun, named Zam Zamma, the capturer of strongholds. The work of Shah Nazir.

Zamma is literally 'Hummer' or 'Applauder,' but the word also means a lion's roar. An inscription in English on the forepart of the gun runs: 'Zam Zamma, or Bhangian-wala-Tope, made in Lahore in 1761 A.D. or 1174 A.H.'"

A QUESTION OF ART: KIPLING'S NARRATOR

by HUGH BROGAN

[Professor Hugh Brogan is both a prominent and familiar figure in the Society, and his erudite contributions towards the study and understanding of Kipling's works are outstanding and keenly awaited. Apart from his opening remarks and the occasional aside addressed to his audience, this is the text of Professor Brogan's talk to the Kipling Society after the A.G.M. on 11 July 2001. – *Ed]*

By my unscientific count, Rudyard Kipling published at least 250 short stories;[1] of these 75 or so profess to be recounted by the same narrator – that is to say, nearly a third of the total. These narrator-tales include some of the author's very best work; and in a great many, particularly the later ones, it is clearly part of Kipling's design that we should recognise the narrator as someone we have met before. I may be stating the obvious, but palpable as these facts are, they are very little discussed, let alone emphasised, in works of criticism or biography. Angus Wilson alludes to the narrator several times, acutely, but, as it were, with his attention elsewhere; Philip Mason is intelligent and accurate but, brief (I have in mind his introductions to the R. S. Surtees Society's facsimiles of the Railway Library series, published between 1986 and 1988) and they are typical.[2] It is as if the critics have decided that the matter is too trivial to be worth more than a moment's consideration. Perhaps they are right, but my purpose is to ask if they are not wrong. It seems to me that a writer of Kipling's genius and professional skill does not employ such a device so frequently without solid reasons. He expects us to notice. So, failure to consider this feature may mean that we are failing to respond, consciously at any rate, to an important aspect of Kipling's art, or at least his craft. I hope to throw a little light on the subject.

The advantages of first-person narratives, obvious to writers in Kipling's era as they are today, have been recognised since men and women began to tell each other tales. They need not be listed here, since I imagine that we all have a clear idea of what they may be, and anyway many of them will emerge as we consider what Kipling did with the device. His narrator is one of the most conspicuous details of his work (as Max Beerbohm implied in his deadly Christmas Garland parody, 'P.C, X, 3611). The tales in which this narrator – I shall call him "R.K." – is used form an unbroken thread from *Plain Tales* to *Limits and Renewals.* The conceit was especially congenial to him. Perhaps we should begin by asking why? and how? What is he up to?

R.K. has many traits in common with his author, but Kipling does not go in for confessional writing, such as we find in *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*. We know, or can learn, many things about R.K., but on the whole they are external (which perhaps makes the unique moment of deep feeling in '"They"' all the more powerful). We know he was once a journalist in India, and for long retained a professional interest in newspapers. He went to school at "the College", where he acquired the nickname, "Beetle".[3] Later on he was a beekeeper and a motorist, employing a chauffeur (called an engineer) named Leggatt. At various points in his life he fraternised with private soldiers, petty officers, lighthouse keepers and shopkeepers. He read detective stories and throughout his life was a notable doglover. He was a freemason and a devoted admirer of R.L. Stevenson; widely and deeply versed in English and French literature; and especially in the Authorised Version of the Bible. These and many other traits are plainly displayed in story after story; the characterisation is meticulous, giving readers the sense, or the illusion, of a real individual, who bears a strong resemblance to somebody else; nevertheless, he cannot be shown to be Rudyard Kipling. Too much about him is invented, and too much about Kipling (for example, Mrs. Kipling) is left out. R.K. is one of his author's characters, like Mulvaney and Mrs. Hauksbee. Any authorial self-revelation is decidedly oblique, even when intentional. So why did Kipling go to such lengths to establish R.K. as the one permanent figure in the endlessly shifting cast of his dramas?

We will not find the right answer if we assume that what Philip Mason inelegantly calls "the I-person," reached his full development immediately; as Mason also points out, in his early years "the young Kipling was far from sure of himself, he was searching for a voice of his own and themes of his own."[4] He experimented. In several of the *Plain Tales* "I" does not exist except as an almost perfunctory contrivance for lending a certain authenticity and vivacity to an otherwise bald and insufficiently convincing narrative –I may instance "Three and – an Extra" and "His Wedded Wife" and, though the convention is there more elaborate, "The Other Man". A close reader of the *Tales* will, I think, detect no less than three narrative voices: first, that of the author, Kipling himself the master of the show, the inventor and shaper of every piece, whether using first-person narrative or not – perhaps he is present less as a voice than a mind; second, that of the pert journalist, much given to what can only be called editorialising ("Some people say that there is no romance in India. Those people are wrong. Our lives hold quite as much romance as is good for us. Sometimes more.")[5]; third, the budding R.K. Another example of experimentation, or rather of how far Kipling had to travel, is

Departmental Ditties. There, despite the fact that nothing was further from the light heart of the versifier than any notion of self-portrayal, a very normal young man gives himself away perpetually by his evident preoccupation with girls, flirting and broken loves: all the usual demons and anxieties of his time of life. The first person singular is used repeatedly, but R.K. does not appear (I should add that he scarcely figures in the later verse either). Still more interesting is the journalism so splendidly selected and edited by Professor Pinney, in which Kipling, disciplined both by his editors and the inescapable requirements of newspaper reporting, seems much more mature than in the other writings of his apprenticeship, though less dazzling. Finally there are his letters, in which he writes as an unguarded friendly human being – his family's "Ruddy".[6] This mass of diverse material seems to suggest that his art might have developed along any of several lines (here I should emphasise that I am entirely investigating a question of art); and for all his amazing precocity Kipling himself was for some time unclear about exactly what he was doing, even after R.K. had begun to emerge. Thus, the original edition of *In Black and White* opens with an amusing "Introduction", allegedly written by "Kadir Baksh, Khitmatgar", R.K.'s servant,[7] that amounts to a satirical portrait of young Rudyard Kipling and his relations with his native servants; and the book ends with a "Dedication" to his father (written, for some reason, in cod-Renaissance English – not, I judge, very competently) which might have been calculated to obliterate all distinctions between author and narrator. (Like the "Introduction", the "Dedication" was dropped from the English edition of *In Black and White.)* Fortunately, we are able to look at all these experiments in the light of the completed *oeuvre* and, disregarding all detours and dead ends, sketch R.K.'s birth and growth.

I ask you to regard what follows as a purely preliminary chronicle. It is in the nature of scholarly investigations that the further you pursue them the more questions arise; and my current enquiry would be much more authoritative if I had had the time or the opportunity to establish in exactly what order Kipling's "R.K." stories were written, or at any rate published. Without such precision I risk making mistakes; but so far as my present knowledge goes I believe the matter to stand thus:

Kipling's earliest works in fiction were fundamentally shaped by the format in which they appeared: that is, as 'turnovers' on the front page of the *Civil and Military Gazette.* This is well-known, and I need not dwell on the fact, or go into details, except for one point: every turnover was an account of some aspect of contemporary India a slice of life, in fact – and had to grab the readers' attention and then compel their belief; for as long as it took to get from page one to page two. So

it was natural, indeed necessary, for Kipling to discard any delicate literary ambitions. "The pace of my office-work was 'too good to inquire' " he said years later, "and its nature – that I should realise all sorts and conditions of men and make others realise them – gave me no time to 'realise' myself'[8] His business was to grab attention, like one of the *Bandar-log,* and if this meant being vulgar, noisy and shameless, no matter. He needed to build up a committed public of readers – for himself or for the newspaper or both –and one way of doing it was by becoming an instantly recognisable voice. The technique is used by columnists in every British paper today, even the starchiest; nor was it uniquely Kipling's in his own time – back in London Bernard Shaw was beginning to do the same thing, banging his drum as "Corno di Bassetto" and "G.B.S." What is still amazing about Kipling is the variety in virtuosity of his performances. Nothing came amiss, whether verse ("Your poetry is very good, sir, just coming proper length today. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper.")[9], farce, melodrama, ghost-story, love story, Anglo-Indian anecdote, glimpse of native life or – I come to the point at last – fake reporting. Kipling found this last trick particularly congenial, no doubt because it so closely resembled the actual reporting and sub-editing which took up most of his working days.

This practice was launched and rehearsed in the stories about the *Soldiers Three.* Kipling was fascinated by the life in India of "that very strong man, T. Atkins",[10] and it made admirable, indeed unique copy, and his alone. He passed many hours in the company of both officers and men, and wrote many stories of both; but whereas his readers – initially, remember, the civilian and military functionaries of British India, and their families – needed no introduction to colonels and subalterns, their knowledge of private soldiers was minimal. So Kipling fictionalised his friends in the ranks as Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd: he fictionalise himself as R.K., the soldiers' middle-class friend and audience, and their faithful reporter to the world.

It started, then, as no more than a convenient way of presenting the material; but Kipling soon discovered its other advantages. The standard pattern of a *Soldiers Three* tale gives us, first, the circumstances which stimulate one of the comrades – usually Mulvaney – into reminiscence (this scene-setting gets more elaborate as the series proceeds); and, second, the resultant monologue. In other words, R.K. is the narrator of a narrator. Here, I think, Kipling started something entirely new and all his own. The speakers of the monologues did not have to be soldiers, and in their utterance they could convey all that was in them, as well as relating the comic or tragic incidents of their lives. And the monologues could illustrate or

imply the largest possible issues – the destiny of British India, for example. I think it unlikely that he saw the possibilities all at once, but he was an admirer of Robert Browning: it was not long before he did. And through these performances he could, after all, realise himself. He summed it all up in "L'Envoi" to the Railway Library edition of *Soldiers Three:*

> Lo, I have wrought in common clay
> Rude figures of a rough-hewn race,
> Since pearls strew not the market-place
> In this my town of banishment,
> Where with the shifting dust I play,
> And eat the bread of discontent.
>
> Yet is there life in that I make.
> O Thou who knowest, turn and see –
> As Thou hast power over me
> So have I power over these,
> Because I wrought them for thy sake,
> And breathed in them mine agonies.[11]

There can be no disputing the importance of this development: by this means Kipling discovered that nineteenth-century long forms – whether the three-volume novel or the slimmer tales of Stevenson and Henry James – were no longer obligatory. Others were making the same discovery at the same time – the rise of cheap magazines made it inescapable; but only Kipling proved to have the taste and the talents to squeeze the utmost significance out of the short story form, and only he felt driven to make it his principal mode of expression. It required rigorous compression, richness of implication, and a workmanship which drew out the pre-Raphaelite in him. Curious that it was chronicling Mulvaney which led him to this realisation!

Narration-within-narration was not his only experiment in these early years. He wrote monologues for native Indians, dialogues for Anglo-Indians ("The Story of the Gadsbys" and some others), comparatively straightforward third-person tales, and pieces such as "The City of Dreadful Night" which are hard to classify. But on the whole the double-narration evoked his best work.

When he saw fit he could dispense with R.K. "On Greenhow Hill", for instance, one of his best soldier-stories, is framed in the third person: when Learoyd unburdens himself; it is solely to Mulvaney and Ortheris. This pattern was to be repeated many times in the years to come. But R.K. was also to reappear, again and again.

Let me emphasise what Kipling was *not* doing. He was not turning his private life and feelings into literature. He said so himself; though he did not expect to be believed:

A much-discerning Public hold
The Singer generally sings
Of personal and private things,
And prints and sells his past for gold.

Whatever I may here disclaim,
The very clever folk I sing to
Will most indubitably cling to
Their pet delusion, just the same.[12]

Very occasionally something slipped in, as it was perhaps bound to do, and to anyone with some knowledge of Kipling's career it is easy to see that career's circumstances behind each phase of the stories – for instance, when he left India and moved to London, stories began to appear which were set in that town; and American ones, when he moved to Vermont. But these are inconsequential details; the main statement stands, and Kipling was always so obsessionally concerned to protect his privacy that it is not surprising. Nor does he create a fully-realised narrator like Huckleberry Finn or even Nick Carraway (of *The Great Gatsby)* although Maxwell Perkins's comments to Scott Fitzgerald about the latter almost apply to Kipling:

> You adopted exactly the right method of telling it, that of employing a narrator who is more of a spectator than an actor: this puts the reader upon a point of observation on a higher level than that on which the characters stand and at a distance that gives perspective. In no other way could your irony have been so immensely effective, nor the reader have been enabled so strongly to feel at times the strangeness of 'human circumstances in a vast heedless universe.. .'[13]

R.K. is indeed one of the "recessive narrators", alluded to by Susan Sontag in a recent *New Yorker,* but he is not, like some she mentions (or like the narrator of *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu)* a voyeur and a snoop: he does not peep through keyholes.[14] Rather, he is like Shakespeare's Puck: "I'll be auditor; an actor too, perhaps, if I see cause," although his actions are seldom startling: the most powerful of them being, perhaps, the moment when he grips Mulvaney's hand in silent sympathy after hearing of the courtship of Dinah Shadd – which may also make us think of the infinitely sad and beautiful instant in

" 'They' " when his own hand is kissed by the child-ghost. R.K. earns his keep, I think. At any rate, many of Kipling's acknowledged masterpieces – "On the City Wall", "The Man who would be King", "The Finest Story in the World", to name but three more – involve him.

It would be worthwhile to take one of these tales and analyse it closely to see exactly what R.K. does for it, but there are more important matters to raise. Granting that the R.K. stories are mostly successful, I must return to the question of why Kipling used his narrator so often. It is not as if R.K. were the only possible contrivance. As we have seen, even the Soldiers Three can occasionally do without him. In the Puck stories he is replaced, as auditor, by Dan and Una; Puck himself takes on his other function, as scene-setter and impresario. R.K. is Kipling's favourite *persona* but why were there so few others? Why, for instance, did Kipling never assume the mask of a woman? I shall suggest two answers.

The first is technical. By endowing his narrator with many of his own literary gifts, as well as his opinions and some of his private circumstances, Kipling was able to enrich and vary his art and carry forward the craft of the short story to heights not previously attained in English. He discovered, for instance, that if his narrator became a participant-witness as well as an auditor, the strict demarcation between frame and monologue could be broken down. R.K. is the auditor in "The Man who would be King," but he also takes a hand in the action and is finally, the only surviving witness of it. " 'They' " turns out to be his story, not the blind woman's, and he is a frill, if minor participant in, "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat". As a simple matter of literary economy, Kipling can have seen no reason to abandon such a wonderfully productive invention.

My second answer, if correct, strikes deeper. Kipling, we may say, was above all interested, as a writer, in voices. The variety of them in his pages is extraordinary, and although not all of them convince, most of them do, and at moments they make a music which is unique in English literature:

> 'They was cruel enough to feed him up in the temple, because they said he was more of a God than old Daniel that was a man. Then they turned him out on the snow, and told him to go home, and Peachey came home in about a year, begging along the roads quite safe; for Daniel Dravot he walked before and said: "Come along Peachey. It's a big thing we're doing." The mountains they danced at night, and the mountain they tried to fall on Peachey's head, but Dan he held up his hand, and Peachey came along bent double. He never let go of Dan's hand, and he never let go of Dan's head. They gave it to him

> as a present in the temple, to remind him not to come again, and though the crown was pure gold, and Peachey was starving, never would Peachey sell the same. You knew Dravot, Sir! You knew Right Worshipful Brother Dravot! Look at him now!'
>
> He fumbled in the mass of rags round his bent waist; brought out a black horsehair bag embroidered with silver thread, and shook therefrom on my table – the dried, withered head of Daniel Dravot![15]

As Peachey speaks we are aware of the listening narrator, we see and hear with his senses, and as we share his experience the incredible becomes irresistibly credible. But Peachey is only one of scores of voices made audible to us by R.K.

It is tempting to invoke Browning's dramatic monologues again and say merely that Kipling was doing something similar, for so he was, and he learned a lot from Browning – we all remember "McAndrew's Hymn." But I think, though I cannot prove it, that as his power, knowledge and sense of his opportunities grew, an even greater poet than Browning was his exemplar. Reminiscing, in *Something of Myself,* about his prentice days as a writer at school, he tells us how he had discovered that

> ... there had been a man called Dante who, living in a small Italian town at general issue with his neighbours, had invented for most of them lively torments in a nine-ringed Hell, where he exhibited them to after-ages. C – said, 'He must have made himself infernally unpopular'[...] I bought a fat, American cloth-bound note-book and set to work on an *Inferno,* into which I put, under appropriate torture, all my friends and most of the masters'.[16]

This of course reminds us of the scene in *Stalky & Co.,* where Mr. King excoriates Beetle for writing scurrilous verse about him, and Beetle wonders whether King has seen the one in which he goes to Hell and tells the Devil that he is a Balliol man.[17] (But there the Dantesque connection seems slight). This is indeed a frivolous introduction of *The Divine Comedy,* but consider: at the very least it proves that young Kipling, for whatever reason, made a close study of the *Inferno.* By the time he was making *Plain Tales* ready he had discovered his literary mission: to explore the world about him and put his own stamp on it; nor was this simply an artist's egoism, "what do they know of England who only England know?" He had discovered much about India that the English needed to know, and he was determined to pass it on. The problem was that of ordering and interpreting the vast heap of materials available to him. Experiment alone may not have been enough to find

a method: we remember his long and in the end unsuccessful attempt to finish his novel, *Mother Maturin.* And there is one reference in his writings which does give some grounds for concluding that, eventually, it was Dante who showed him his way. "To be Filed for Reference" can hardly be accounted an artistic success, but in it Kipling is trying to explain something to himself; *if* not to his readers; in the figure of Mclntosh Jellaludin he was confronting his doppel-gänger, as well as encouraging himself to go on with *Mother Maturin;* and at one point Mclntosh told him

> . . .that I was the only rational being in the Inferno into which he had descended – a Virgil in the Shades, he said – and that, in return for my tobacco, he would, before he died, give me the materials of a new Inferno that should make me greater than Dante. Then he fell asleep on a horse-blanket. . ,[18]

Kipling here, it seems to me, is tantalising his readers and frightening himself with the scale of his ambition, but later on, to a great extent, he achieved it. Is it too much to see, in Kim and the Lama, exploring the plains and the hills together, an echo of Virgil and Dante exploring Hell? And am I mistaken in hearing a Dantesque note in the last sentence of "The Courting of Dinah Shadd"? *(Life's Handicap)*

> When I woke I saw Mulvaney, the night-dew gemming his moustache, leaning on his rifle at picket, lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know not what vultures tearing his liver.

RK has heard Mulvaney's confession; in *Inferno* XV Dante listens to the rather less sympathetic outpouring of Brunetto Latini, who before long has to return to his perpetual torment of running over burning sand, whereupon the poet comments:

> Then he turned back, and seemed like one of those who at Verona run for the green cloth through the open field; and he seemed of them like one of those who win, not the defeated.

At any rate it cannot be denied that by the time Kipling wrote "To be Filed for Reference", a huge landscape had become apparent to him (largely because of his work for the *Civil and Military Gazette).* He had discovered that if he put himself into his stories, or at least a passable imitation of himself; he could pull his material into a comprehensible shape, as a novelist does – only he was not a novelist, and did not need to become one. Readers would recognise his name on a story, and the

voice of the teller, and would even spot cross-references to stories in which R.K. did not appear. The tumult of the landscape would be ordered for the reader: Kipling constituted himself its Baedeker. He would be both Virgil and Dante. As the voices of the dead had spoken to the two poets in their long journey, the voices of his people spoke to R.K. He is the witness and the setter of scenes. It is he who tells us what particular circle of the world we are visiting, and what it is like, and repeats what the people have said to him. In this he is Dante. But he also explains the world, its laws and its structure, and in this he is Virgil (Beatrice does not appear). He is, and is not, Rudyard Kipling, as the narrator of *The Divine Comedy* is, and is not, Dante Aligheri. They are both essential to their creators' deepest purposes, and I suggest that, therefore, we will learn a great deal about Kipling's purposes if we take a long and careful look at his *alter ego* – a longer, more careful look.

To our great benefit Kipling's biographers have slighted his appeal to question nothing save the books he left behind. But I now think that if at last we attend to that appeal, and question the books along the lines I have suggested, we will learn far more about the artist in him, his truest self; than we ever will from exponents of the 'higher cannibalism'; and what we learn will enhance our lives by bringing before us the living greatness of genius. In short, Kipling's writing is indeed intensely personal, though in no commonplace sense; and I think I have shown, if I have done nothing else, that R.K., his narrator, has the key of the door.

NOTES

1. It is difficult to establish the exact number, partly because of the vagaries of publication and re-publication; partly because of the problems of definition (how much of the journalism in "Abaft the Funnel", for example, should be classed with Kipling's fiction?); and because of partial anomalies such as the *Jungle Books,* which are more than collections of short stories and less than one-thread romances.

2. See, for example, Angus Wilson, *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling,* Pimlico,1994, pp.60-62.

3. "Slaves of the Lamp" part II in *Stalky & Co;* "The Honours of War" *A Diversity of Creatures.*

4. Philip Mason, Foreword to *Soldiers Three* (Nunney, Somerset: R.S. Surtees Society facsimile edition, 1986), Unpaginated; foreword to *The Phantom Rickshaw* (Nunney: R.S. Surtees Society, 1988), Unpaginated.

5. "Miss Youghal's Sais," *Plain Tales From the Hills* (Macmillan, pocket edition, 1953) p.27.

6. Thomas Pinney, (ed.), *Kipling's India: uncollected sketches 1884-88* Macmillan, 1986); Thomas Pinney (ed.), the *Letters of Rudyard Kipling,* volume 1:1872-89 Macmillan, 1990).

7. See also "My Own True Ghost Story" in *The Phantom Rickshaw*

8. Thomas Pinney (ed.), *Something Of Myself* and other autobiographical writing (Cambridge University Press, 1990), p.41.

9. "My First Book," ibid., p. 174.

10. Dedication to Soldiers Three.

11. "A Dedication" to *Soldiers Three,* and *Definitive Edition ofRudyard Kipling's Verse:* Hodder and Stoughton, 1949 ed.) p.637.

12. "La Nuit Blanche," Ibid., p. 28

13. Quoted in *New York Review ofBooks,* 21 December 2000.

14. Susan Sontag, "Where The Stress Falls," *New Yorker, 18-25 June 2001.*

15. "The Man who would be King," *The Phantom Rickshaw,* p. 103.

16. *Something OfMyself,* op. cit., p.22.

17. *The Complete Stalky & Co.* (London: Macmillan, 1929) p.76.

18. *Plain Tales,* p.330.

SUBSCRIPTIONS – A REMINDER

Members who pay annually by cheque are requested to note that the Kipling Journal address labels carry the month in which their subscriptions fall due. Help us to keep costs down by checking your address label and send your subscriptions in that month. This will save posting reminders. This applies also to members in the U.S.A. and Canada, who are asked to accept the address label reminder in lieu of an annual invoice. Subscriptions – still £22 (plus £7 for airmail) or $35US (plus $10 airmail) – should be sent to: **The Membership Secretary, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, SP1 3SB, England.**

THE KIPLING SOCIETY ON LINE

A Report by *JOHN RADCLIFFE, ON LINE EDITOR, November 2001*

We have continued to develop the Society's web-site at www.kipling.org.uk and the number of users keeps growing. By the end of October there had been over 140,000 visitors to the site since we launched in February 1999, and every day some 250 people were using it. Over 300 members and would-be members now have password access to the "Members' Only" pages. Recent coverage on the news pages includes: three cartoons of RK recently found by Michael Smith; a rare photo of RK at the unveiling of the Etchingham War Memorial; three books – *The Hated Wife* by Adam Nicolson, A *Circle of Sisters* by Judith Flanders, and *Kipling and his First Publisher* by Thomas Pinney and David Richards; the first day cover of a new set of stamps for the centenary in 2002 of the *Just So Stories;* and "Forgotten Futures", a role-play game based on "The Night Mail" and "As Easy as ABC".

There continues to be lively interest in the quotations and poems which we feature every week. We keep the on line Index to back numbers of the *KJ* up-to-date, as each issue comes out; and this is regularly used by scholars and students. Recent additions to the Kipling File include an article by Professor Steven Smith on "A.W. Yeats, Kipling Collector and Bibliographer"; updated versions of Brian Mattinson's massive summary of the musical settings of RK's verse; and Alastair Wilson's "Kipling and the Language of the Sea".

There are now over 110 members of the Mailbase discussion group, and a vigorous dialogue continues from day to day via email. Recent topics have included: the plan for putting up a plaque on the wall of Lorne Lodge in Southsea; the subject of a painting, thought by the owner to represent RK, but shown conclusively – through physiognomical ratios – not to be him; the singing of "Recessional" in British schools in times gone by; the precise meaning of a Latin dedication found written on the fly leaf of an old copy of the Jungle Book; translations into French of Kipling's tales – a new volume has been published in France, and Max Rives has made a number of unpublished translations; the publication in March 2002 of a new book on RK by David Gilmour; RK's connections with the Royal College of Surgeons; and background books which are helpful in reading *'Kim',* including *The Quest for Kim* by Peter Hopkirk, and the (out of print) *Macmillan Master Guide for 'Kim',* by Leonee Ormond. Also, following the events of September 11th, it was noted that many newspapers used quotations from RK, including "Ford o' Kabul River", "The Man who would be King", "The Drums of the Fore and

Aft", and "The White Man's Burden".
[If you are using email, it is easy to join the mailbase. Simply send a message to:

jiscmail @jiscmail.ac.uk

with the following message,

Join Rudyard-kipling

signed with your name on the same line and no other text.
[Most people who have joined the Mailbase have found it interesting and rewarding.]

NEW MEMBERS

A warm welcome to:

Mr M.F. Aragüç, *(Ataturk University, Turkey);*
Professor E.D. Boehmer, *(Oxford, Oxon.);*
Mr I. Cheeseman, *(Niantic, CT, USA);*
Mr R. Coldicutt, *(Featherston, New Zealand);*
Mr W. Dower, *(Dundee, Scotland);*
Mrs A.E. Elder-Townsend, *(Cranbrook, Kent);*
Professor PL. Havholm, *(London, Nl);*
Dr D. Kerr, *(University ofHong Kong, China);*
Mr J. K. Komatsi, *(University of Ghana, Accra, Ghana);*
CF. Montgomery Jr., *(Philadelphia, PA, USA);*
Dr Janet Montefiore, *(University ofKent, Canterbury, Kent);*
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Mr R.S. Parker, *(Brentwood, Essex);*
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Mr P.J. Saunders, *(Woking, Surrey);*
Prof. Dr R. Silkü, *(Ege University, Izmir, Turkey);*
Mr J. Statler, *(Aurora, OH, USA);*
The Hon. Deborah Stuart, *(Forest Row, Sussex);*
J.M. Tasker, *(King's Lynn, Norfolk);*
Mrs Elizabeth Travis, *(London, NW8).*

Listed by Lt-Colonel Roger Ayers, Deputy Chairman and Membership Secretary.
See also p. 45.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CARRIE KIPLING AND GEORGE BAMBRIDGE

From Miles Huntington-Whiteley, 6 Matheson Road, London W14 8SW

Dear Sir,

The September 2001 *Kipling Journal* review of the book *The Hated Wife: Carrie Kipling* was very apposite, especially with regard to Adam Nicolson's disparaging physical character-profiles of Carrie Kipling and George Bambridge,

From the "Acknowledgements" in Mr Nicolson's little book, it would appear that none of RK's living relatives was invited to contribute personal reminiscences of the Kiplings. Had the author done so, he would have learnt the much more positive quality of his subject in that Carrie was a kind and loving figure towards her husband's younger cousins and was always happy for them to visit Bateman's.

He would also have tempered his tasteless caricature of George Bambridge which was neither directly relevant to the biography nor factually true at the time of his marriage to Elsie. Furthermore, to describe him as "stupid" was an unfortunate word to have used for a man who was as astute in the collection of fine art as he was in his grasp of what the running of a large house and estate entailed – both of which he himself most capably and personally supervised.

Yours faithfully

MILES HUNTINGTON-WHITELEY

THE SEVEN SEAS

From Lt-Colonel Roger Ayers, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, SP3 3SB

Dear Sir,

Two titles by Rudyard Kipling, *The Seven Seas* and *The Seven Seas and Other Verses,* both published by Methuen in 1896, are, in fact identical. I believe that this is because the book approached publication with some indecision about its title. There is clear evidence that *The Seven Seas and Other Verses* was used on the first bindings to be printed but that RK then pruned it to *The Seven Seas.* This title was used on the rest of the first edition and subsequent editions.

I have never seen *The Seven Seas and Other Verses* on any later edition but, if any exist, and if anyone has seen such an edition, I would be pleased to know of it.

Yours faithfully

ROGER AYERS

MUSICAL SETTINGS OF KIPLING VERSE "THE LONG TRAIL"

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

Dear Sir,

Since my last letter in the March 2001 *Journal,* I have developed my list of musical settings of Kipling verse – now expertly displayed on the Society web-site by our On Line Editor. I have had helpful comments from members and welcome more.

The range of 250 composers and the variety of 540 settings listed, vividly bring home Kipling's astonishing diversity, and urges me to recall the pleasure I have had in reviewing in the *Journal* Charles Koechlin's exciting "Jungle Book" cycle (December 1994); the selection of verse sung by Peter Horridge and Ann Surtees at Brown's Hotel (June 1995); and Howard Blake's setting of "If—" (December 1999). Now I share my enjoyment of a private recording, in York Minster in March 1998, of music by Andrew Carter. His song-cycle "Horizons" (OUP 1998) includes a sensitive setting for mixed chorus and orchestra of "The Long Trail". Andrew says: "In choosing from the vast wealth of sea poetry my instinct was to avoid the epic narrative and the countless shipwrecks and heartache. As my title suggests, I wanted to raise my eyes from the pavement." Of the seven poets he chooses, he says, "Masefield and rumbustious Rudyard entice us to far distant shores". In "The Long Trail", the male voices lure us straight aboard with the "off-shore wind" whistling in the rigging. The 'chorus' repeats the invitation. We "Fly forward", only showing impatience because "We're steaming all too slow". Driven on by exhilarating fanfare as "the trumpet-orchids blow", hushed voices repeat the opening before thrilling again to the cymbal "crash on the bows" and "drum of the racing screw". There's thunder in the air, perhaps a fog-horn, and the music suddenly rises and falls "As she lifts and 'scends". Triumphant dispelling of doubts give way to an enticing calm on "the trail that is always new". The music enhances our awareness of words.

Phyllis Tate also set this poem for solo voice with piano accompaniment in 1975, but the voyage is restless rather than tumultuous. It too ends softly. It is the third song in the composer's "Scenes from Kipling", the others being " 'My New-Cut Ashlar' " and "The Absent-Minded Beggar"; the MS came to me through the Society.

I am seeking more settings, old and especially new, which show the power and spread of Kipling's writing and enhance the appreciation of it.

Yours faithfully
BRIAN MATTINSON

STILL ON THE MUSICAL THEME…

From Mr Desmond Irvine, 81 Folly Park, Clapham, Bedford, MK41 6AH

Dear Sir,

Enclosed, a copy of "The Absent-Minded Beggar". The music [sheet] belonged to my beautiful wife, Nora Swanlake, who died sometime ago. On the back are the words of "The Admiral's Broom" which became a song of Peter Dawson.

Yours faithfully
DESMOND IRVINE

[Mr Irvine's invaluable gift has now been given to the Society's Library and, as a token of our thanks, I print Fred E Weatherby's words of "The Admiral's Broom", to which Mr Irvine drew my attention. – *Ed.]*

Van Tromp was an Admiral brave and bold,
The Dutchman's pride was he,
And he cried, "I'll reign on the rolling main,
As I do on the Zuyder Zee!"
And as he paced his quarter deck
And looked o'er the misty tide,
He saw old England like a speck,
And he shook his fist and cried:
"I've a Broom at the mast!" said he,
For the Broom is the sign for me,
That the world may know,
Wherever I go,
I'll sweep the mighty sea!

Now Blake was an Admiral true as gold,
And he walked by the English sea,
And when he was told of that Dutchman bold
A merry laugh laughed he.
He cried, "Ho! ho! and away we'll go,
Come aboard, merry men, with me,
And we'll drive this Dutchman down below
To the bottom of his Zuyder Zee!
I've a Whip at the fore," said he,
"For a Whip is a sign for me,
That the world may know,
Wherever we go ,
We ride and we rule the sea!"

[Mr Irvine is an octogenarian with clear memories. Kipling is chief among his favourite poets. – *Ed.]*

RECITATION OF KIPLING POEMS

From Michael Jefferson, 21 Hollow Lane, Hayling Island, Hants, PO11 9AA

Dear Sir,

When I read my favourite Kipling poems, I invariably hear them in the voices of the great personalities I have known. For example, it is the 'prow nosed' craggy features of Finlay Currie that roll the lines of "McAndrew's Hymn"; and while Sir Ralph Richardson intones "The Ballard of East and West", Sir Richard Burton's lends deep music to "The Coiner". As for "Gunga Din"? Well, who else but R.S.M. Brittain of the Brigade of Guards. . . Some years ago I heard Sir Alec Guiness recite Kipling's "We and They". It was delightful. I always knew Sir Alec would bring vigour and life to anything from the superb and subtle *Departmental Ditties,* particularly a cadent recitation of "The Post that Fitted".

Guinness, a charming and modest man enjoyed reading Kipling but mistakenly, in my opinion, stated that he didn't think he was "much good at it vocally".

Yours faithfully

MICHAEL JEFFERSON

[Reproduced below is a facsimile of the note Sir Alec Guinness wrote to Mr Jefferson. – *Ed.*]

ALEC GUINNESS 12 IV 2000

Dear Mr. Jefferson

Thank you for birthday greetings.

I enjoy reading Kipling's verse to myself but don't think I'm much good at it vocally.

Yours sincerely,

Alec Guinness.

REPITITION-WORK AND RICHNESS IN KIPLING

From Michael Healy, 23 Coleridge Court, Milton Road, Harpenden, Herts AL5 5LD

Dear Sir

I have read with great interest Professor Karlin's articles in the last two issues of the Journal [September and December 1999]. Besides the small-scale repetitions, Kipling in his later work sometimes repeated on a larger scale, writing two linked stories, often one in a fairly light vein followed by another with a more serious content. For instance, the exuberant "With the Night Mail" followed by the bleak pessimism of "As Easy As ABC". Another is "On the Gate" with its dark-hued sequel "Uncovenanted Mercies". Still another pair, both in *Limits and Renewals,* are the two St Paul stories – "The Church that was at Antioch" and "The Manner of Men". This pair is especially interesting since, though separated by 100 pages or so, they exhibit different attitudes to the saint; and the accompanying poems reinforce the difference. "The Disciple" – to be read with care by anyone proposing to represent Kipling's own views – giving place to the sympathetic resignation of "At His Execution". As with Professor Karlin's examples, there is repetition but not sameness.

Yours faithfully
MICHAEL HEALY

A CHILD'S MEMORY OF KIPLING

From Elizabeth Lawrence, Frying Pan, Chideock, Bridport, Dorset, DT6 6JS

Dear Sir,

It is no exaggeration to say that Kipling has coloured my life in a way I cannot put into words and which would perhaps surprise him. The opening lines of "Puck's Song" from *Puck of Pook's Hill:* "See you the dimpled track that runs, / All hollow through the wheat?" spread a magic through all my discovery of the history of England that has endured through more than seventy years. At its heart were the hidden oak woods of Sussex and the secret places that I thought I alone had found.

She is not any common Earth,
Water or wood or air. . .

This was Kipling's gift to me, which is beyond any value. As a writer myself I can think of nothing more rewarding than to have left such a legacy to a child.

Your faithfully
ELIZABETH LAWRENCE

NEWS AND NOTICES

CENTENARY OF THE JUST SO STORIES

On 15 January 2002 the Post Office is to issue a set of 10 first class stamps to commemorate the centenary of the publication of the *Just So Stories.* To celebrate the event, The Grange at Rottingdean is hosting an art exhibition of work, on a *Just So* theme, of children from five local primary schools – including the Rudyard Kipling School in Woodingdean. The exhibition, runs from **10 – 29 January.** You are cordially invited to the reception **at 11 a.m. on Tuesday 15 January,** when the **First Day Cover** by **Covercraft** will be launched. The Kipling Society will be represented and the children prize-winners given covers. There will be readings for local children and their parents and, notes about the stories, for teachers. Children will have *Just So* outlines for colouring.

The **first day cover** may be seen on the Society's web-site. The beautiful stamps capture the spirit of the stories, and the Cover has "Rottingdean" franked on it, together with "The Kipling Society 75th Anniversary", the Ganesh roundel and the facsimile of Kipling's signature. The central picture, reproduced with the permission of A.P. Watt, shows the elephant child reaching for bananas. The "Art A Rebus" is also included. To order one or more copies of the edition – limited to 500 – please contact: **Michael Smith** on **01273 303719; e-mail brownleaf@btinternet.com** or write to him. His address: **Tree Cottage, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton BN2 6LB.** The full price per cover is **£10.95,** but there is a discount of **£2.45** for orders placed before **31 December 2001.**

[Michael Smith writes: some of the *Just So* tales were collected and prepared for publication when the Kipling family were living at The Elms in Rottingdean, and so it is appropriate that the first day cover in question should bear the village name as the franking mark. Sadly Josephine Kipling, for whom the stories were originally written, did not live to see them published, as she died during a visit to the U.S.A. in 1899 when she was just over six years old. Her sister and brother. Elsie and John, happily continued to enjoy them. Her cousin and best friend Angela, later the writer Angela Thirkell, who used to stay with her Burne-Jones grandparents at nearby North End House, wrote most movingly of the children listening enthralled to "Uncle Ruddy's deep unhesitating voice" and "inimitable cadence, and emphasis of certain words, and an exaggeration of certain phrases, which made his telling unforgettable".]

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL – Purcell Room Lectures 2002

The National Trust is sponsoring a series of 10 lectures on Monday evenings between **4 February and 25 March 2002. On 18 March at 6 p.m.,** Michael Smith will speak on **"Rudyard Kipling's Very Own House".** Tickets at **£7.50** from the Festival Hall Box Office, from **16 November, between 9.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Tel: 020 7960 4242.**

"THE TWO-SIDED MAN: RUDYARD KIPLING IN INDIA"

This is the title of the lecture that **David Gilmour** will give on **Wednesday 13 March 2002** at **7.30** for **8.00 p.m.** at **10 St James's Square, London SW1.** David Gilmour, author of *Curzon* and the forthcoming *The Long Recessional: The Imperial Life of Rudyard Kipling,* will illustrate the contrasting views on India of Kipling, who was both an imperialist and a romantic. The evening is in aid of **SEVA MANDIR,** which works with some 500 poor villages around Udaipur in Rajasthan, India, to improve their condition and renew their natural resources, depleted by the worse drought in one hundred years. **Tickets: £45 per person,** includes drinks and Indian buffet. **Tel: Giulia Marsan, Adminstrator, The Friends of Seva Mandir: 020 7235 7897.**

THE JUST SO S ONG BOOK – CD

Music by Edward German; verse by Rudyard Kipling; Andrew Wickens, baritone; Stephen Farmer, piano; sleeve notes by Jeffery Lewins; and cover design by Shelagh Lewins.

This CD has twelve memorable songs, and lovers of Sir Edward German's music will be delighted. The joy, which cannot be captured by description, is in the listening. Yet this CD can be yours for as little £10 if you purchase it directly from Dr J.D. Lewins on the occasion of a Society Meeting. Otherwise, it is for sale at £12.50 including p&p in the UK – add £1 for posting abroad. Write to: Dr J.D. Lewins, Magdalene College, Cambs CB3 0AG; tel. 01223 332100; fax. 01223 363637; email: jdl@eng.cam.ac.uk

ASSISTANT TO THE TREASURER

Your Treasurer is looking for someone to assist him in some routine tasks required of him by the Society. A knowledge of bookkeeping is not essential; however, access to a word-processor is, and communication by email would be an advantage as would residence in the South East. The time commitment is unlikely to be more than a couple of hours a week on average. Anyone interested should contact the Treasurer either by 'phone on (020) 7834 9132 or e-mail: rudolph@bissolotti.u-net.com

VIEWS AND REVIEWS

DIARY OF A MAN WHO KIPLING KNEW

H. Rider Haggard's *Diary of an African Journey (1914)* published in 2001 by Hurst & Company, London (ISBN 1-85065-468-9), 345 pages including photographs, maps, notes, appendices, and an index; edited with an Introduction by Stephen Coan. Hardback, £20. **Members of the Kipling Society, £16 incl. p&p.** Tel: 020 7240 2666 or Fax 020 7240 2667 or email: hurst@atlas.co.uk

"Surely this is the most wonderful journey I ever made in all my life of journeying, in the whole world there can be nothing like it, nothing at all." (p.266) This is near the end of Rider Haggard's *Diary of an African Journey,* but if you start at the beginning, ("Saturday, 7 February 1914"), long before you get to this page, you will already have had an intimate introduction to Africa and its people – particularly the Zulus: their ethos and their musical language – all of it carefully recorded by one referred to by the Zulus, as *Lundanda in'Niand'okatweni,* which means "The tall man who walks along the ridges or on the mountains".

Rider Haggard was bom in 1856 almost ten years before Kipling; and died in 1925, a little over ten years before Kipling did. But those decades may explain the difference between the two men. Kipling broke new ground in literature, which was to mark a unique departure from the nineteenth century and deeply influence writers like Ernest Hemingway. Haggard remained an idealist, and that idealism, paradoxically, was to blunt his imperialism. But then, he may never have been an imperialist. After all, there is clear evidence of his having written *King Solomon's Mines* as the result of a bet with his brother, to prove he too had the imagination that could match Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treaure Island.* Then again, there is in Haggard's writings, and most surely in his *Diary,* elements of melancholy and stoicism, (stoicism was always a strong component in the ethos of the Victorian Public School), tempered with a sympathetic understanding of African history and customs; and implied criticisms of the ways of "civilised" nations. Haggard was in a good position to do this, having, from the age of nineteen, lived in Africa and worked closely with Africans for four years.

The Victorian Age was an age of romance, even chivalry. Painters and poets were inspired by the Arthurian legends and the cult of the hero was steeped in Mediaeval iconography as well as Greco-Roman imagery. (Consider the works of Burne-Jones, Tennyson, Lord Leighton, Alma-Tadema, Watts and many others. Victorians, even in the midst of their imperialist ambitions – much of which was fired with an evangelical fervour – set out with a desire to make the world a better place, and England as "congenial" a spot as Camelot. They lived below the 'shadow' of their dreams, in a 'gothic' England that was impressed

by Norse and Germanic sagas; and the music to go with it). Thus, it should come as no surprise that a 'mysterious and dark' Africa fired Haggard's early literary imagination. Indeed, he was always impressed by primitive grandeur, even savagery, and may have, subconsciously, juxtaposed all that alongside the "fashionable" ideas of Victorian England. But while he may have enchanted his youthful readers in 1885 with *King Solomon's Mines* – a book which lent to the British presence in Africa, excitement and adventure – his *African Journey* in 1914, (though tinged with a sentimental desire to revisit past haunts and old friends, among them the model for Umslopogaas), was undertaken by a man who was by now a public servant and one who had grown to despise speculators. Surprisingly, his thinking on agricultural policy was almost socialist in goals of *realpolitik.* In 1912 he had been awarded a knighthood and, as a farmer and lawyer, he now directed his efforts to the concerns and welfare of Africa. In 1895 he stood for Parliament but failed, by a very few votes, to be elected. He felt frustrated and later, recalling this defeat, wrote: "what place is there in politics for a man like myself who has the most earnest sympathies with the poor and who desires to advance their lot in every reasonable way. . ." The *Diary* reveals the changed opinions and beliefs of the older man and, more importantly and interestingly, provides a mirror to post Boer War South Africa. But it is not the sort of book to quote from or highlight purple passages. As a document it discloses personal empathy and commitment with a charming spontaneity. The whole must be read for this valid assessment of the diarist in day to day situations of times and places, that build up to a collection of "undoctored incident[s]".

Rider Haggard very much wanted Kipling to see his diaries and be his literary executor. This was not to be. But less than two months before his [Haggard's] death he dictated a 14-page letter to Rudyard Kipling in which he attempted to make an assessment of his life's work. The letter is quoted at some length in the Introduction. The two men were good friends and occasionally shared plots and thoughts; and the belief that life should transcend writing: "that there are higher aims in life than the weaving of stories well or ill. . ." p.22.

RUDYARD KIPLING *OEUVRES* VOLUME IV; Édition publiée sous la direction de Pierre & Coustillas avec, pour ce volume, la collaboration de Jean-Paul Hulin, Daniel Nury, Jean Raimond et Judith van Heerswynghels; ***Bibliothèque de in Pléïade NRF Gallimard,*** 1460 pages, on bible-paper, elegantly printed and leather bound, FF.440

by PIERRE GAUCHET

Rudyard Kipling loved France and the French in return loved Kipling. But the works of Kipling with which the French are familiar are The

Jungle Books and *Plain Tales from the Hills.* And so, in the opening lines of his introduction to this volume of Kipling's works, translated into French, Professor Pierre Coustillas, the editor, lists the contents, and informs his readers that in this, the fourth and last volume of Kipling's works, readers will find much that is little known in France. It is for this reason that the introduction, editorial notes and bibliography take up nearly a quarter of this book which is as elegantly and lovingly bound as a family bible. This last volume of translated works appropriately contains "France at War" (1915), *A Diversity of Creatures* (1917), *Debits and Credits* (1926) *Limits and Renewals* (1932), *Souvenirs of France* (1933) and *Something of Myself* (1938). There are also four appendices, one of which includes "My First Book". Long introductions and comprehensive notes are a usual feature at *La Bibliothèque de la Pléïade,* and readers will find these of great value and interest.

Kipling's later writings pose an increasing challenge to his translators, and this fact is readily admitted, with several examples of the difficulties the translators faced. These the reader may happily overlook and still derive immense pleasure and literary value. But to get closer to what Kipling meant, one must follow the editor's annotations and notes. Careful and detailed attention has been given to these notes, and much of this was essential. To cite one obvious example: Kipling's autobiography, *Something of Myself* has always posed a problem to his biographers. The comprehensive analysis of this study is to be found in the notice following its translation. As time goes by, the letters, and the documents that were not destroyed by Carrie and Mrs Bambridge, Kipling's daughter Elsie, prove beyond doubt that it takes time to write an authentic history of a life. I am impressed by the amount of research and hard work that has gone into producing this remarkable book. I hope it will create an enthusiastic response among French readers and encourage them not only to read Post-Armageddon Kipling, but also to join the Kipling Society.

Professor Coustillas was Guest Speaker at our Annual Luncheon of 1994; and he and his colleagues thank the Kipling Society and acknowledge the assistance provided by the *Kipling Journal.*

RUDYARD KIPLING SELECTED POETRY, a paperback Penguin Classics reprint, published by Penguin Books, December 2001. It is edited with an introduction by Craig Raine, with notes, and an index of titles and first lines; 318 pages and priced at £7.99.

Not long ago Paul Johnson named Kipling as one of "four inexplicable geniuses of English literature" along with Chaucer, Shakespeare and Dickens. Now Craig Raine, possibly one of Kipling's foremost

advocates today, rests the case of his defence in a brilliant and erudite introduction to his selection of Kipling poetry. The day has come (and God be thanked, for it has been a long time coming) for Kipling to take his unique place among the great writers of English Literature. Craig Raine's essay is so good that it would be impudent, even imprudent, of me not to use as much of his own words as I possibly can. Let me begin with a quote that remarkably and independently coincides with Paul Johnson's statement. "It will be some time. . . before the taint attached to wide popularity leaves Kipling, as, at last, it has left Dickens – another writer of genius belittled for decades by our cultural custodians." Referring to Kipling's originality in his "discovery for literature of the underdog" Craig Raine adds that "dialect is Kipling's greatest contribution to modern literature – prose and poetry – and he is the most accomplished practitioner since Burns." Some outstanding examples follow this statement and one which underlines the fact that Kipling's poetry "has a strong stomach" and "hardly ever looks away".

' 'Is carcase past rebellion, but 'is eyes inquirin' why'.

"Reading Kipling's poetry now is to realise how far ahead of his time his writing was." Taking up the challenge of whether Kipling was a poet or mere versifier, Craig Raine convincingly, and with numerous examples proves the former; and, not using the easy way out, takes up the case for "If –". He concludes: "As single-sentence poems go, it is one of the longest, and it possesses all the poetry of the lovingly deferred finale of Dvorak's Cello Concerto. The form tells as much as the substance – and is, indisputably, poetry of a high order."

As for the *Selected Poetry,* the text is from the *Definitive Edition* with five additional poems from *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling* edited by Andrew Rutherford.

TWO 'NOT TO BE MISSED' PAPERS EDITED BY JEFFREY LEWINS

(i) The Ramsay-Mrs Kipling Letters", Magdalene College Paper No.25, edited by J.D. Lewins, August 2001. Price £3 includes postage and packaging.

This is the correspondence between Carrie Kipling and A.B. Ramsay, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Carrie, as Rudyard's widow made 3 generous gifts to the College: a bound volume of 26 manuscript poems; the Strang portrait of Kipling (which now hangs in the College Hall); and the funding of a Kipling Fellowship in 1932. Eight principal letters – four each from Carrie and A.B. Ramsay – provide the main interest of this occasional paper. The letters are reproduced both in transcripts and facsimiles and carefully annotated with notes and supplementary information from other letters, diaries, and Mrs Kipling's will (1938). The complexities that follow Mrs Bambridge's

interventions, negotiations, and her will – which led to Magdalene College bargaining away a lucrative inheritance – makes compact and riveting reading, and lends the letters their historical significance.

(ii) The Kipling's onetime Governess; Sylvia Thompson's Memoir, Magdalene College occasional paper No.26, edited by Jeffery D. Lewins. Price £3 includes postage and packing.

It was only last year that Judith, Dr J.D. Lewin's wife, was advised by Professor John Steven (Emeritus Professorial Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge) that he, and his wife Charlotte, possessed the diary of Sylvia Thompson, who had worked for the Kiplings. This diary, which is more a memoir than a diary, had been written in the house of Charlotte's father, and had been sent to her by an unnamed relative of Sylvia Thompson after her death. In 1932 Kipling had been made an Honorary Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge. He died in 1936.

Charlotte Stevens has kindly donated the diary to Magdalene College and Dr Lewins has worked from the original, although it was a photocopy of the memoir, given to him by Dr Richard Luckett, Pepys Librarian of the College, which set him on a trail of inquiry and led him to edit this Paper.

Sylvia Thompson, according to her autobiographical "Memoir", met Carrie Kipling on occasions, when she was staying with the Burne-Jones, and soon Mrs Kipling was to employ her to care for Elsie and John at The Elms in Rottingdean. The Memoir then gives a fascinating cameo account of the Kiplings' trip and stay in South Africa, which began when they set sail from Southampton on 8 December 1900. Quite clearly "Tilly", as the children called her, found Rudyard Kipling "thoughtful and courteous". Not so Carrie, whom she found bossy, distant and forbidding. She even imagined that Carrie showed signs of jealousy – Sylvia being in her early twenties and attractive. But she may well have read too much into Carrie's conduct towards her, which was reasonably that of an employer towards an employee. Carrie, the ever practical, was very conscious of people keeping to their proper stations. Seen in the best light, Carrie was being responsible. However, Sylvia Thompson's Memoir corroborates the universally accepted assessment of Carrie character.

Both these occasional papers are gems and provide Kipling scholars and enthusiasts with references and notes that open up a treasure house of information. SK

ABOUT THE KIPLING SOCIETY

The Kipling Society is for anyone interested in the prose and verse, and the life and times, of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936). It is one of the most active and enduring literary societies in Britain and, as the only one which focuses on Kipling and his place in English Literature, attracts a world-wide membership. (Details from the Society's web-site (see page 4) and membership forms from the **Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, Wilts SP1 3SB.** The forms quote the minimum annual subscription rates. Some members contribute a little more.)

The Society is a Registered Charity and a voluntary, non-profit-making organisation. Its activities, which are controlled by a Council and run by the Secretary and honorary officials, include:

- maintaining a specialised Library in City University, London,
- answering enquiries from the public (schools, publishers, writers and the media), and providing speakers on request,
- arranging a regular programme of lectures, and a formal Annual Luncheon with a Guest Speaker,
- and publishing the *Kipling Journal,* every quarter.

The Journal of the Society aims to entertain and inform. It is sent to subscribing paying members all over the world free of charge. This includes libraries, English Faculties, and '*Journal* – only' members. Since 1927, the *Journal* has published important items by Kipling, not readily found elsewhere, valuable historical information, and literary comment by authorities in their field. By not being wholly academic, the Journal is representative of Kipling, whose own diverse interests and versatile talent covered a wide range of literary writing – letters, travel, prose and verse. For the serious scholar of Kipling, who cannot afford to overlook the *Journal,* a comprehensive index of the entire run since 1927 is available. Apply to: **The Librarian, Kipling Society, 13 Canonbury Road, London Nl 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 of the *Kipling Journal* publishes membership news, Society events, and the texts of talks given by invited speakers. In addition, he is happy 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.**

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