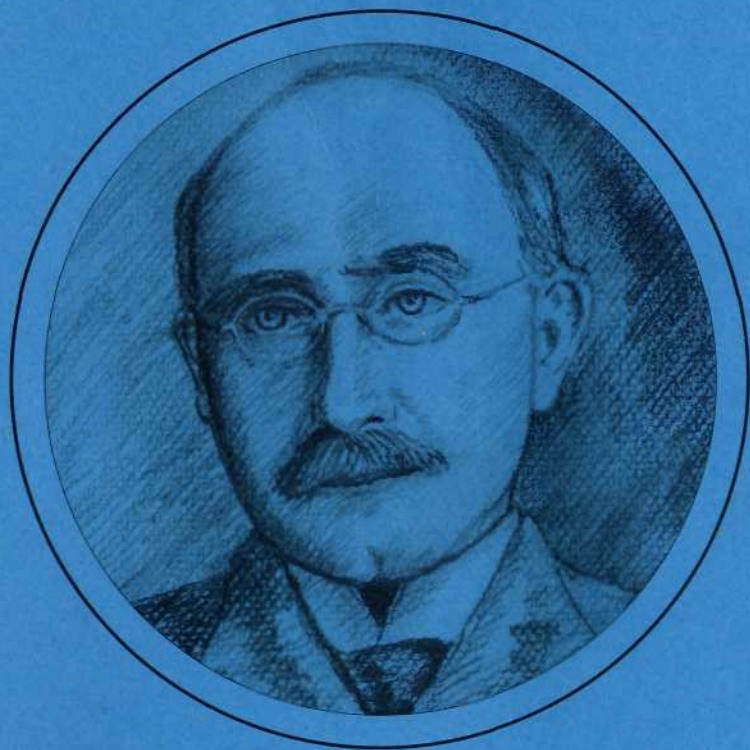


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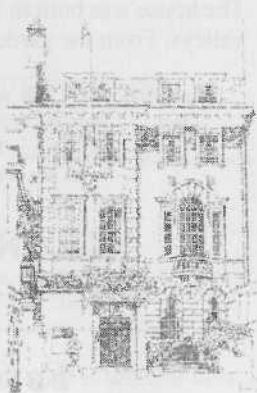
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"KIM"

"A small station passed on the way from Bombay to Delhi... to complete the picture, a boy who might have been Kim himself was squatting under the name board."

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATION

In November 1902, Leonard Raven-Hill, who had illustrated the magazine version and the US edition of *Stalky & Co.* in 1899, travelled to India on the SS *Egypt* to attend the Coronation Durbar of King Edward VII. At the time he was on the staff of *Punch*, where he worked as the junior political cartoonist to Bernard Partridge. Prior to working for *Punch*, Raven-Hill had been the Art Editor of *Pick-Me-Up*, a popular, humorous magazine which, according to Holbrook Jackson in *The Eighteen Nineties*: "possessed a staff of black-and-white draughtsmen of unequalled ability and sometimes rare genius", naming Raven-Hill amongst them. Raven-Hill's skill in this medium can be seen in his sketches of his trip to India, which were published in May 1903 as *Raven-Hill's Indian Sketchbook* by W. Thacker & Co. These sketches are of people and places on his journey and the great range of colourful characters attending or supporting the Durbar at Delhi. Rudyard Kipling's *Kim* had been published only a year before this journey and Raven-Hill was obviously struck, not only by the coincidence of the station name, but by the appearance of the boy on the platform. The boy squats in that position which Kipling must have had in mind when he wrote that Kim, in his drummer boy's uniform, mechanically squatted down beside the letter writer, "squatted as only the natives can, – in spite of the abominable clinging trousers." The figure in the sketch not only looks as Kim might have looked – without the trousers — but also appears to exhibit the same suspicion of strange white men as did the 'Little Friend of All the World'. In addition to the 51 illustrations that he provided to accompany the magazine version of *Stalky & Co.*, Raven-Hill had produced six illustrations to Kipling's poem "M.I." and five more for "A Sahib's War", both in the *Windsor Magazine* in 1901. In 1911 he provided illustrations to accompany the short story "The Honours of War" (later collected in *A Diversity of Creatures*) for the same magazine. When *The Complete Stalky & Co.*, was published by Macmillan in 1929, it included seventeen of Raven-Hill's illustrations, mostly from his original work in 1899 but some were re-drawn, one being the three boys smoking in 'The Pleasant Isle of Aves', which was also used in colour on the dust wrapper. His last work connected with Kipling was a coloured drawing of him entitled 'The Singer of Empire' which appeared as No. 9 in the series "People in *Punch*" on 26th June 1935. Leonard Raven-Hill died at Ryde, Isle of Wight, on 31st March 1942.

SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 10 July 2002, 4.30 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's **A.G.M.** A cash bar will serve drinks at 5.30 p.m., before **Harry Ricketts'** talk on "Kipling the Lost Poetic Parodist", at 6 p.m.

An excellent afternoon tea – sandwiches, scones and cakes – will be served in the Wrench Room, from 4 p.m. Tea, at a reduced cost from last year, is £6.50 per head and is for those who order in advance. Book by telephoning the Secretary from now to Monday 8 July 2002. [No tickets will be issued.]

Wednesday 11 September 2002, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Dr Elizabeth Buettner** on "The Kipling Paradigm: British Childhoods in Late Imperial India."

Wednesday 13 November 2002, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Mrs Meryl Macdonald Bendle** on "Kipling and the Motoring Diaries".

Wednesday 12 February 2003, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Professor Nora Crook** on "Kipling's Pictorial Daemon: Kipling and the Arts".

THE KIPLING JOURNAL

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Cover portrait by Sharad Keskar

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EDITORIAL

THE LAST EMPRESS OF INDIA

The nation mourned the passing of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. It did more than that. It also celebrated a unique life well lived, and one indelibly etched upon the public's affectionate memory. The nation had taken its cue, and queued with solemn good humour and deep reverence. Grief and celebration met at the still point that marked the end of a journey that will remain a moment to cherish and remember.

It is right that we too should record that moment in the nation's illustrious history, even though the time for many words has passed. Much has been said and there will always be room to say more, but now is the time to take account of the legacy of a life lived to its full, with dedication and courage and without pretentious economy, but in the style and glamour that was the just due of the last Empress of the greatest Empire the world has ever known. Among the many tributes paid to her was one which said: "she may have walked with kings, but did not lose Kipling's [sic] the common touch." Indeed, she did not! Through all her splendid innings – an unbeaten 101 – the Queen Mother personified those qualities Kipling valued and – with the work ethic – encouraged: strength, courage, and duty. To them she added her special brand of grandeur and unique charm – attributes that Kipling saw no need to isolate. He knew that they could be by-products of natures endowed with that most magnificent of all virtues, fortitude; and fortitude the Queen Mum had in full measure.

She was 26 when the Kipling Society was founded – a beautiful woman who had captured the heart of a Prince – and, within the next decade, destined to be at the very helm of the nation's affairs: through war and peace. With her passing we have sensed, in a traditionally British and a matchlessly ceremonial way, the end of an epoch. Sadness was counterpoised with a need to admire and pay homage; and in the hiatus, the bid to clutch as much of English earthiness, became the stuff of history and legend.

The cartoonist, Peter Brookes, captured the dichotomy of the nation, both with humour and "respect". He depicted the fleeting decades of the twentieth century as two processions: "History" and "(Her) story"; national decadence and regal dignity, *pari passu*. Alas! we cannot

dodge the sad truth of the fact that in many areas we have seen a decline and fall in standards of social behaviour, so hurtful to those who made sacrifices and were resolute in the face of hardship:

*Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By sitting: – "Oh, how beautiful!" and sitting in the shade. . .*

"Grief is the price we pay for love". That was the closing sentence of Her Majesty, the Queen's message to the American people on 11 September 2001; and for Kipling, who knew loss and grief only too well, and whose idea of love was tempered by Wesleyan values, love's true vocation was to be found in discipline, dedication, service, duty and patriotism: qualities which alone bring the strength and balm of consolation. Like Kipling, the Queen Mother was on the side of the "sons of Martha". There was no more genuine moment in her life than the one in which she said: "It has been a joy and a privilege to serve this dear land".

Now, indeed, is a time to resurrect good news! For we have had the good fortune to witness – in the words of George Eliot – a "sweet presence of a good diffused". The Archbishop of Canterbury, quoting those words in his sermon at the funeral service of the Queen Mother, went on to say that she had a "dignity that rested not on the splendid trappings of royalty, but in a sense of a nobility of service."

Back to Kipling, and back to the cartoonist: decadence is not a way of life, it is something we allow to happen if we lose the will to hold on; and its enabling vision:

*Take not that vision from my ken –
Oh, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed.
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need!*

One permanent symbol of the Empress of India is the Koh-I-Noor diamond. That "Mountain of Light" was said to be unlucky for men but lucky for women. . .and we have seen the legend proved. . .

KIPLING'S BURMA

A Literary and Historical Review [Part II]

By GEORGE WEBB

[In our last issue (March 2002) we published the first half of a lecture given in London in 1983 at a meeting of the Royal Society for Asian Affairs by George Webb, then Editor of the *Kipling Journal*.

Part I of his text outlined the colourful eighteenth and nineteenth century history of the Burmese kingdom of Ava, and its chronically uncomfortable relations with (in particular) one powerful neighbour, British India. These had twice led to war (1824 and 1852) before the unacceptable excesses of hopeless King Theebaw provoked, in 1885, the decisive Third Burmese War. That campaign, initially a dash by a flotilla of great paddle steamers up the Irrawaddy to Mandalay, degenerated into endless, exacting, hazardous counter-insurgency work on the ground.

However, seemingly interminable guerrilla operations to 'mop up' the lightly armed but highly mobile *dacoits* did eventually bring the whole country under the effective governance of India, as well as under the fascinated and romantic scrutiny of young Kipling in Lahore and later in Allahabad.

Part II is basically a notion of what he made of it. – *Ed.*]

The Second Burmese War in 1852 was sparked by trivial incidents in Rangoon, specifically complaints by two British sea captains of extortions by the Burmese authorities. War might have been avoided, but the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, believed the security of Britain's position in India made it essential to react unequivocally to conspicuous affronts. His firm reaction was to despatch warships to Rangoon to demand reparations. This was open to the criticism of being too preemptory, particularly when Commodore Lambert exceeded his instructions: his acts of blockade and bombardment, whether provoked or not, brought about the war. In England, Cobden wrote a scathing pamphlet: "How Wars are Got Up in India". However Dalhousie's view, approved by London and probably realistic, was that war with Ava, albeit unsought, had become so inevitable that the eventual *casus belli* hardly mattered.

1852 was a little too early for "Burma telegrams". The first successful submarine cable, linking Dover and Calais, had only just been laid. Professor Wilson, bringing out a classic history of the First Burmese War in May, did not know that the Second had broken out a few weeks earlier. He had ended his book with a sober reference to a probable further war with Ava, but expressed confidence in "the application of the powers of steam", and "reasonable certainty that, should a contest be unavoidable, it will be brought to a speedy and honourable termination without any disproportionate sacrifice of life or treasure."⁹

He was right. This time the logistics were well handled. In an expeditionary force of 8000, confronting 30,000 Burmese troops, battle casualties were under 400, and mortality from disease – though this included the naval commander, Jane Austen's brother – was below the Indian peacetime average. Against mainly slight opposition the occupation of Pegu went steadily ahead; but after annexation it took three more years to mop up a proliferation of *dacoits*, ranging from a few real resistance leaders to gangs of bandits whose brutality antagonised the countryside they battered on. This foreshadowed the aftermath of the next conflict. However in 1852 a third war did not seem necessary, and Dalhousie, though authorised to occupy all Burma, forbore to do so, trusting that by the loss of Pegu Ava would be boxed in and neutralised.

To some extent he was right. The next war was thirty-three years away, and for twenty-five the omens were not bad. Pegu, administered on Indian lines with imported sepoys, police, clerks and manual labourers, developed into a great exporter of rice. Rangoon grew into a world-class port, especially after the Suez Canal was opened in 1869. The telegraph cable arrived in 1870; B.I. steamers called regularly from 1871; by 1877 a railway ran up to Prome. From this infrastructure for prosperity Upper Burma also benefited. British firms had concessions there, and by the 1870s the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company was plying from Rangoon to Mandalay. (Kipling's "old Flotilla", which never recovered from the Second World War, deserves a word of requiem. It became one of the world's greatest fleets, with six hundred vessels. The sight of a 300-foot leviathan, with lighters lashed alongside, ploughing at speed along the great rivers was one of the unforgettable spectacles of Asia.)

That the kings of Ava would permit such economic penetration was not to be assumed, but a fortunate coup in 1853 replaced Pagan by his brother. Mindon, who moved his capital from inauspicious Ava to Mandalay, was a great king, the wisest of his line, a moderate and peace-loving statesman who like his Siamese contemporary Mongkut though with less eventual luck, did much to awaken his country to the modern age. But though he maintained magnanimous relations with Britain, causes of friction grew in step with British influence, and even Mindon could not always remove them. He could not bring himself to acknowledge by treaty the loss of Pegu. He could not abolish the system of royal monopolies which vitiated free trade with India. He could not relax the rigid etiquette under which even the British Resident had to kneel shoeless in his presence – from which stemmed the emotive "Shoe-Question" which soured our diplomatic relations.

The British too cherished their illusions. One was that a route

through Burma to China waited to be opened up, and that since the French were consolidating in Tongking haste was essential, to beat them to the markets of China – haste too, to forestall the Americans, whose transcontinental railway, completed in the same year as the Suez Canal, would surely facilitate their trade across the Pacific. British fears of French designs on Burma itself had some foundation. After France's defeat in 1870 a vocal imperialist lobby was pressing for compensating glories in any vacuum overseas. In Britain there was therefore some support for pre-emptive annexation of Upper Burma, which could then, it was supposed, conveniently enough be made into another Indian province. The distinctiveness and tenacity of traditional institutions in the Burmese heartland was just not recognised.

Mindon died in 1878, with no clear successor. Court intrigue now propelled to the throne a minor prince, the nonentity Theebaw, a shallow-brained alcoholic youth, dominated by his ignorant, greedy and vicious wife Soopaya-Lat, already his evil genius and soon to be a byword. In 1879, invoking historical precedents for eliminating rivals, he had eighty members of the royal family massacred: to avoid the shedding of royal blood, these were clubbed or strangled, and thrown dead and alive into a trench which was then covered over and trampled by elephants. Theebaw and his court were surprised and resentful at the horror this aroused abroad, in the day of the electric telegraph. The atrocities went on, and as Upper Burma slid into anarchy and brigandage, powerful appeals came from commercial interests, humanitarians and missionaries, for urgent British intervention.

The British Government, however, heavily committed in 1879 in Afghanistan and Zululand, was extremely reluctant to take on Upper Burma as well, and only did so in 1885 after French greed and duplicity had forced the pace. Jules Ferry, France's actively imperialist Prime Minister, had entered upon an injudicious intrigue with the Burmese. In January 1885 he gave a misleading assurance to Salisbury that a new Franco-Burmese commercial treaty contained no military or political clauses, while he was actually promoting secret agreements on sensitive issues including armament supplies. Such a blatant threat to British interests in Burma would have provided adequate grounds for an Anglo-French war, but by the time the facts leaked out in July, Ferry's forward policy had gone wrong in China and Madagascar and brought about his fall. The new French government was challenged by Britain and backed down. Theebaw was left exposed and vulnerable.

He chose this unsuitable moment to display intransigence in a legal dispute with a major British firm. The time was ripe. Dufferin despatched an ultimatum. Meanwhile he prepared an expeditionary force in Lower Burma: 9000 fighting men, 3000 followers, 67 guns, 24

machine-guns. The ultimatum was offensively rejected. War followed. The great paddle-steamers, crowded with troops, thrashed up-river. Before they could reach Mandalay it surrendered. Burmese resistance had crumbled. . . It might have been true of Theebaw's ill-led soldiery, as Lady Dufferin unfeelingly confided to her diary, that "they cannot stand fixed bayonets for a second"¹⁰, but they now melted away with their small-arms to infest the country as *dacoits*. Theebaw had left no acceptable princes of the blood alive, so he was quietly exiled. His kingdom was annexed, on 1 January 1886.

This, then, was "Kipling's Burma". The Third Burmese War provided the kind of drama that would feature later in his prose and verse. As it happened, the first officer casualty of the war was someone he had known and admired at school, Lieutenant Dury, Indian Army, killed in the capture of Minhla Fort, one of the positions on the Irrawaddy that the Burmese hoped would somehow block an advance on Mandalay. In a sharp action, infantry stormed the fort while the ships gave covering fire. Eight years later, in a magazine article about his old school, Kipling was to describe Dury's death:

The best boy of them all – who could have become anything – was wounded in the thigh as he was leading his men up the ramp of a fortress. All he said was, "Put me up against that tree and take my men on". . .when his men came back he was dead.¹¹

Fifty years later Dury's grave at Minhla was still identifiable. It may be so today.

The pacification of the new province went on busily through 1886 but Kipling's only published comment was in December, in the humorous verses already quoted. He had not yet discovered his soldier medium. His first Mulvaney story had not yet appeared. Also his best descriptions would always come direct from life, or from accounts by participants in similar events, and 1886 was too soon for him to meet many men already back from Upper Burma.

However, in April 1887 came "The Taking of Lungtungpen". It was the second Mulvaney story, and the one Burmese episode in *Plain Tales*, and was allegedly based on a true event, when some British troops stripped and swam a river to reach a dacoit stronghold, whereupon, entering it naked they effectively surprised it. Parts of this neat and mildly hilarious tale, displaying the casual chauvinism of the nineteenth century private who narrates it, read oddly, even brutally, today, but its flavour is not without authenticity. Mulvaney, invalided back with dysentery, describes the work of a platoon on outpost duty:

thrying to catch *dacoits*. An' such double-ended divils I niver knew! Tis only a dah [knife] an' a Snider that makes a *dacoit*. Widout thim, he's a peaceful cultivator, an' felony for to shoot. . .

Eventually a prisoner, "persuaded" with a cleaning-rod, tells them of a bandit-ridden village, and after a night march and a swim in the dark they force a ludicrous entry:

whether they tuk us, all white an' wet, for a new breed av divil, or a new kind av *dacoit*, I don't know. They ran as though we was both. . .

Mulvaney clearly distinguishes between the *dacoits*, whom they slaughter without compunction, and the inoffensive and readily reconcilable villagers: "we spint the rest av the day carryin' the Lift'nint on our showlthers round the town, an' playin' wid the Burmese babies – fat little, brown little divils, as pretty as picturs. . ."

In real life, the facts about pacification would seldom be so clear-cut, but Kipling seems to have found difficulty in being quite logical about *dacoits*. The worst were barbarous terrorists, whose elimination was a prerequisite of peace. Others, perhaps, were an endemic breed of picturesque ruffian, who certainly shared in the national charm of character. This dichotomy, and Kipling's own blend of romance and realism, makes for some inconsistency of treatment. In January 1888, by now transferred to the *Pioneer* at Allahabad, he wrote "The Grave of the Hundred Head"¹², a grim poem which does not conceal the ruthless undertones of a counter-insurgency campaign now in its third bitter year.

A Snider squibbed in the jungle –
 Somebody laughed and fled,
 And the men of the First Shikaris
 Picked up their subaltern dead,
 With a big blue mark in his forehead
 And the back blown out of his head.

The other verses describe, approvingly, the terrible mass reprisal exacted from a rebel village by the Indian troops avenging their British officer's death.

Nine months later, in "The Ballad of Boh Da Thone",¹³ two hundred and twenty lines of ingenious light verse, the touch is gentler, and the undignified end of a brigand chief is handled with generosity and humour, although there is no fudging the ultimate right and wrong:

He shot at the strong and he slashed at the weak
From the Salween scrub to the Chindwin teak:

He crucified noble, he scarified mean,
He filled old ladies with kerosine:

While over the water the papers cried,
"The patriot fights for his countryside!"

But little they cared for the Native Press,
The worn white soldiers in khaki dress,

Who tramped through the jungle and camped in the byre,
Who died in the swamp and were tombed in the mire. . .

A similar attitude to the war recurs much later in Kipling's fullest prose description of campaigning in Burma. This is in "A Conference of the Powers"¹⁴, a short story published in 1891 after Kipling's return to England. The atrocities committed by *dacoit* gangs are still mentioned, but the captured *dacoit* leader is given a wry dignity, like the loser in a protracted sporting event: indeed, the young officer is made to give his account of the pacification in the tiresome inarticulate argot of the public schools. It is difficult now to judge the authenticity of this, but the nonchalant understatement is very British, and the frivolous narration may well be appropriate, given that by 1891 the fighting was mostly over, and the crueler memories had faded, and the scene is set in London, where Kipling was twenty-five and on a pinnacle of sudden fame.

His last full year in India, 1888, had been his most productive, with one hundred and sixty pieces of published work, including "The Man who would be King" and much of his finest work. None of it was more moving than "Georgie Porgie"¹⁵ – its title a corruption from Burmese – the story of a District Officer who insensitively abandons the adoring Burmese girl he has lived with in Upper Burma, and breaks her heart. The tragedy is that her very devotion precipitates and heightens the disaster. In his praise of Burmese girls in this story Kipling was, as always, unequivocal:

No race, men say who know, produces such good wives and heads
of households as the Burmese.. .When all our troops are back from
Burma there will be a proverb in their mouths, "As thrifty as a
Burmese wife". . .English ladies will wonder what it means.

Years later, in "The Ladies"¹⁶, Kipling's time-expired soldier remembers a Burmese girl:

Funny an' yellow an' faithful –
 Doll in a teacup she were,
 But we lived on the square, like a true-married pair,
 An' I learned about women from 'er!

By then, Kipling had been to Rangoon and seen Burmese girls for himself, "and when I saw them I understood much that I had heard about – about our army in Flanders, let us say."¹⁷ He went there as a steamer passenger in transit. It was March 1889, and, still unknown outside India, he was abandoning the editorial slog of a newspaper to make his fortune by his pen elsewhere. He embarked at Calcutta, for Japan and America, and his first call was Rangoon. From there, and at every stage of his journey, he wrote for the *Pioneer* long accounts of what he saw. These were eventually collected in *From Sea to Sea*, twenty pages of which constitute his delightful travel sketches of Rangoon and Moulmein. On leaving Calcutta his mood had been one of exhausted relief:

A glorious idleness has taken entire possession of me. . .all India dropped out of sight yesterday, and the rocking pilot-brig. . .bore my last message to the prison that I quit. We have reached blue water – crushed sapphire – and a little breeze is bellying the awning. Three flying-fish were sighted this morning. . .The only real things in the world are crystal seas, clean-swept decks, soft rugs, warm sunshine, the smell of salt. . .

Eventually they steamed up-river towards Rangoon, still out of sight:

as we gave the staggering rice-boats the go-by, I reflected that I was looking upon the River of the Lost Footsteps – the road that so many, many men of my acquaintance had travelled, never to return. . .They had gone up the river in the very steamers that were nosing the yellow flood and they had died since 1885. At my elbow stood one of the workers in New Burma. . .and he told tales of interminable chases after evasive *dacoits*. . .and of deaths in the wilderness as noble as they were sad.

Then, a golden mystery upheaved itself on the horizon. . .a shape that was neither Muslim dome nor Hindu temple spire. . .the golden dome said: "This is Burma, and it will be quite unlike any land you know about."

He stayed at Jordan's Hotel, which he condemned for bad board and bad lodging. But he dined at the Pegu Club, and enjoyed that, and met men who gave him vivid yet understated accounts of the war, accounts which must have subsequently coloured "A Conference of the Powers". He even found someone who had been with Dury at the taking of Minhla Fort. The Club was

full of men on their way up or down, and the conversation was but an echo of the murmur of conquest far away to the north.

He took a *ticca-gharri*, and marvelled at the people and colours in Rangoon –

all men were agreed in saying that under no circumstances will the Burman exert himself in the paths of honest industry. Now, if a bountiful Providence had clothed you in a purple, green, amber or puce petticoat, had thrown a rose-pink scarf-turban over your head, and had put you in a pleasant damp country where rice grew of itself and fish came up to be caught. . .would you work? . . .When I die I will be a Burman, with twenty yards of real King's Silk, that has been made in Mandalay, about my body. . .I will always walk about with a pretty almond-coloured girl who shall laugh and jest. . .as a young maiden ought. She shall not pull a sari over her head when a man looks at her and glare suggestively from behind it, nor. . .tramp behind me when I walk, for these are the customs of India.

He was on his way up the stairway to the platform of the Shwe-Dagon pagoda, wondering "how such a people could produce the *dacoit* of the newspaper", when he was shaken to meet a man passing by, whose features looked startlingly sinister and cruel. Kipling wrote a detailed description of the face, and felt it was of a man who "could crucify on occasion". It was the only jarring note he found in Burma. Otherwise the attractiveness of the people overwhelmed him. Immediately after the disconcerting *dacoit*-figure had swaggered past,

a brown baby came by in its mother's arms and laughed, wherefore I much desired to shake hands with it, and grinned to that effect. The mother held out the tiny soft pud and laughed, and the baby laughed, and we all laughed together, because that seemed to be the custom of the country, and returned down the now dark corridor where the lamps of the stall-keepers were twinkling and scores of people were helping us to laugh. . .I had not actually entered the Shway Dagon, but I felt just as happy as though I had.

After Rangoon his next call was at Moulmein:

As the steamer came up the river we were aware of first one elephant and then another hard at work in timber-yards that faced the shore. A few narrow-minded folk with binoculars said that there were *mahouts* upon their backs, but. . . I prefer to believe in what I saw – a sleepy town, just one house thick, scattered along a lovely stream and inhabited by slow, solemn elephants, building stockades for their own diversion.

Ashore, much impressed by the surrounding greenness and beauty, he climbed to a large white pagoda on a hill –

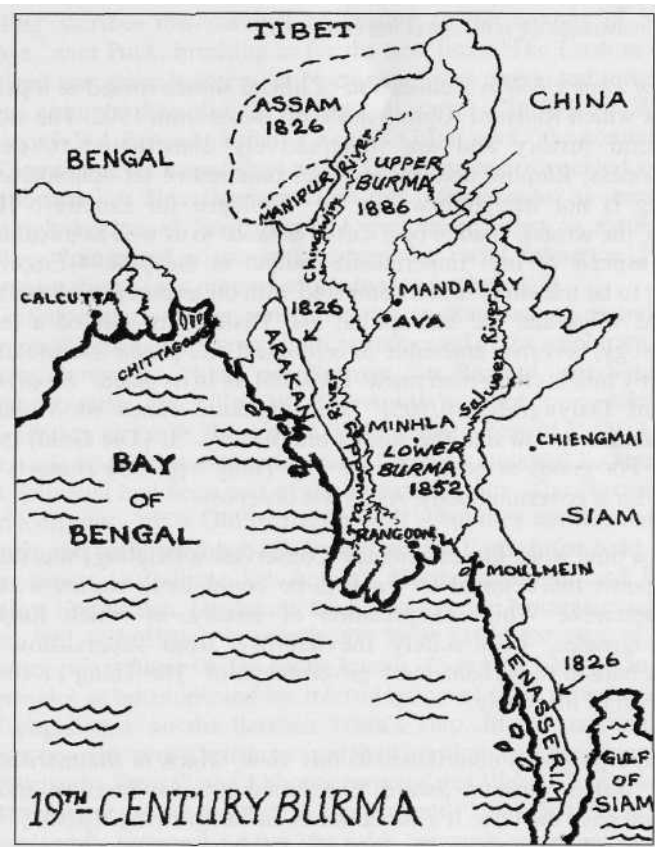
I should better remember what that pagoda was like had I not fallen deeply and irrevocably in love with a Burmese girl at the foot of the first flight of steps. Only the fact of the steamer starting next noon prevented me from staying at Moulmein forever. . . Leaving this far too lovely maiden I went up the steps.. . The hillside.. . was ablaze with pagodas – from a gorgeous golden and vermilion beauty to a delicate grey stone one just completed. . . Far above my head there was a faint tinkle as of golden bells, and a talking of the breezes in the tops of the toddy palms . . . I climbed higher. . . till I reached a place of great peace dotted with Burmese images. Here women now and again paid reverence. They bowed their heads and their lips moved because they were praying. I had an umbrella – a black one – in my hand, deck-shoes upon my feet, and a helmet upon my head. I did not pray – I swore at myself for being a Globetrotter, and wished that I had enough Burmese to explain to these ladies that I was sorry. . .

Kipling sailed on his way, and never saw Burma again. But a year later, lonely in lodgings off the Strand, and missing the sunlit world he had left behind him, he published "Mandalay"¹⁸, the most famous of his poems and one of the best-known in the English language. Its theme was a former soldier's longing recollections – of dawn watched from a troopship's deck in the Bay of Bengal, of the pathway to war and romance that he calls 'the road to Mandalay', and of a girl he fell in love with at a pagoda in Moulmein. It was a lament for the East in general, but for Burma in particular. Those verses, strangely potent in their evocation, their rhythm, their regret, leapt into instant prominence, where they have since remained, as the most haunting lines ever written in English about that cleaner, greener land.



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Dates show the progressive annexation of the kingdom of Ava.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAND: *Puck of Pook's Hill*

By PETER BRAMWELL

[Peter Bramwell is studying for an MA in Children's Literature by distance learning with the University of Surrey, Roehampton. He is an Open University Associate Lecturer and an occasional contributor to Sunderland University's MA in Education: Children's Literature. In his view, *Puck of Pook's Hill* subsumes English History under a larger mythological narrative which, he says, can be interpreted through such literary discourses as paganism and folklore. "While *Puck of Pook's Hill* rues the decline of 'Old Things', it also records, revivifies and reinvents them in and through the figure of Puck."

The page numbers included in the article refer to *Puck of Pook's Hill*, Macmillan's Pocket, 1927.

Other references are at the end of this essay — *Ed.*]

Puck of Pook's Hill is a collection of linked stories rooted in a part of Sussex which Rudyard Kipling made his home from 1902. The stories transcend history and are imaginatively constructed to define Englishness, Empire, and the qualities required of its upholders. Yet Kipling is not straightforwardly an "apologist for Empire". These stories, [he wrote], "had to be a sort of balance to as well as a seal upon some aspects of my 'Imperialistic' output in the past."¹ Empire is shown to be transitory when compared with the endurance of the land, the old ways and the old spirits; and History, as part of a larger mythology, becomes amenable to ecological and pagan interpretation. "Link by link is chain-mail made. I will tell all in its place." So says Sir Richard Dalyngridge. [p. 105] The enigmatic runes of Weland's damascened sword link the stories into history. "It [The Gold] is not given/ For goods or gear,/ But for The Thing". [p. 135] *Thing* is Old Norse for a governing body. As Lycett observes:

at a time when this reactionary Conservative [Kipling] was railing against the betrayal of Empire, he could write stories with an alternative Whig interpretation of history, in which England progresses, with stately inevitability, from superstition and barbarism to parliamentary government, or 'The Thing', a central myth of its people.²

Weland's prophecy contributes to this view, which is summarised by Puck: "Weland gave the Sword! The Sword gave the Treasure, and the Treasure gave the Law. It's as natural as an oak growing." [p.303] From a mythic origin, each epoch surpasses the last in the development of

governance, and it is as organic as "oak growing". *Pook's Hill*, though not mentioned by Bate, is an example of what he calls "history-through-topography."³ English history is given in microcosm through a small area of the Sussex countryside. The opening poem, "Puck's Song", introduces in a catechism (question-and-answer) themes of topography-as-and-outlasting-history and England's magical status: "She is not any common Earth. . .But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye". Kipling makes of Sussex what previous chorographers made of Kent. According to Michael Drayton (1612) Kent resisted the Normans:

Not suffering forraine Lawes should thy free Customes bind,
Then onely show'dst thy selfe of th' ancient *Saxon* kind.⁴

Kipling ascribes this survival of custom to the Saxons of Sussex: " 'Aye,' said Puck, breaking in for the first time. 'The Custom of Old England was there before your Norman knights came, and it outlasted them, though they fought against it cruel.'" [p.50] In William Lombarde's *A Perambulation of Kent* (1570) it says, "the communaltie of Kent was never vanquished by the Conquerour, but yeilded itself by composition."⁵ This "composition", or assimilation, is central to Kipling's notion of Englishness. Lycett asserts that in *Pook's Hill* Kipling "presented a strong argument for racial tolerance. English history is shown as a process of gradual assimilation."⁶

Kipling creates names and (hi)stories to demonstrate assimilation. Norman Richard and Saxon Hugh are educated at the same monastery. De Aquila asserts, "I am not Norman, Sir Richard, nor Saxon, Sir Hugh. English am I." [p.119] De Aquila's name is a history of assimilation in itself: "Engerrard of the Eagle – Engenulf De Aquila". The eagle (*aquila*) was the standard of Rome's imperial legions; Gaul and Britannia had been part of the Roman Empire. The Normans had Norse origins – *ulf* is Old Norse for wolf – but they assimilated to the French and their language (*De*). –ard is Old English for bold, brave. *Eng-* seems to indicate De Aquila's Germanic origin and English destiny. For all this, De Aquila is still part of the Norman conquering class, and assimilation is merely the most expedient way of ruling: "(Better ride a horse on the bit he knows, *I* say)." [p.106] Assimilation of peoples is accompanied by intermingling of their faiths. Christian and pagan mix on the heathen Witta's ship. In "Dymchurch Flit", fairies co-exist with Christians until the Dissolution of the Monasteries. In "Weland's Sword", the Abbot accommodates Weland in his theology and endorses the work ethic in the process, " 'We will hang up the Smith's tools before the Altar,' he said, 'because, whatever the Smith of the Gods may have been in the old days, we know that he worked

honestly for his living and made gifts to Mother Church.' "[p.27]

"A Song of Mithras" is syncretic – accommodating different beliefs: "Many roads Thou hast fashioned: all of them lead to the Light!" Parnesius and Pertinax are brought together by initiation into the mystery religion of Mithraism, and Kipling's own Freemasonry surely underlies references to Degrees and Words. Lycett believes that "The prevalence of Masonic imagery in the *Puck* stories adds a dimension to Rudyard's conviction that a soundly working community. . .needs its secret societies, with accepted rituals and ideals."⁷ It is worth noting that the Lahore Lodge Kipling joined at the age of twenty was a multi-faith brotherhood: "Here I met Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs, members of the Araya and Brahma Samaj, and a Jew tyler, who was priest and butcher to his little community in the city."⁸ Birkenhead notes Kipling's "passion for the closed circle of intimates, the inner ring with an exclusive knowledge. It is not surprising that he became an ardent Mason."⁹ This accords with the close friendships within male ruling élites which are constantly affirmed in *Pook's Hill*. There is the one between Richard and Hugh, but the defining one is between Pertinax (pertinacious as his name suggests) and Parnesius, who says, "Pertinax and I are one", and asserts, ". . . there is no gift like friendship. Remember this' – Parnesius turned to Dan – 'when you become a young man. For your fate will turn on the first true friend you make.' 'He means,' said Puck, grinning, 'that if you try to make yourself a decent chap when you're young, you'll make rather decent friends when you grow up. If you're a beast, you'll have beastly friends. Listen to the Pious Parnesius on Friendship!' " [p.176] Puck's tone is mischievous here, indulging in schoolboy slang ("decent chap", "rather decent friends", "beastly friends") and teasing, "Pious Parnesius". Yet carefully constructed syntactic balances and semantic contrasts (decent/beastly, young/grow up) make a serious underlying point. Kipling's self-consciously oblique didacticism is apparent here, as in "Mowgli's Brothers", where Mowgli "does not know that he is learning any lessons".

"Land and governance belong by right to young men", says Sir Richard. [p.108] Dan, a son of Empire, based on Kipling's son John and representing a young male implied reader, is offered a number of role models. There are De Aquila (Norman) and Witta (Viking). Both are brave and crafty. Of De Aquila, Sir Richard says, "there was never bolder nor craftier, nor more hardy knight born." He "loved" Witta (compare OE *wita*, mod.E *wit*) "for his great boldness, his cunning, his skill, and, beyond all, for his simplicity." Then there is Parnesius. He is "one of a good few thousands who have never seen Rome except in a picture. My people have lived at Vectis for generations." There are

strong parallels between him, a Romano-Briton, and Kipling the Anglo-Indian. Both are very attached to the colonial lands of their birth and conscious of their duty to empire. "The Wall is manned by every breed and race in the Empire", but Parnesius is conscientious where others are slack. Previously he has complained of "foreign auxiliaries – as unwashed and unshaved a mob of mixed barbarians as ever scrubbed a breastplate." [p. 154]

The ideology justifying Empire as a *mission civilatrice* becomes conspicuous; such "barbarians" must be led by a brotherhood of men with the blood of the *patria* in them. The implication is that those of other races and classes *need* to be ruled. Indeed, in "The Treasure and the Law", democracy is rejected: "the People are tenfold more cruel than Kings." [p.292] "Better one King than a thousand butchers." [p.293] Magna Carta is seen as the climax and defining moment of English history, inscribing an aristocratic warrior ruling class, which both upholds and checks the sovereign. And so through Parnesius Kipling demonstrates the primacy and cost of the warrior leader's individual conscience, "your notion of justice was more to you than the favour of the Emperor of Rome" chides Maximus. [p.159] Yet Parnesius, and Pertinax – who says "We're the last sweepings of the Empire – the men without hope." [p. 184] – defend what they know to be a divided and declining Empire, remaining loyal to an empty construct. Dan and the young men of England must, by implication, do the same for the British Empire. Poems such as "Cities and Thrones and Powers" and "A Tree Song" show more openly than the prose stories the transitory vainglory of human civilisation and empire. Kipling seems to accept that to be an apologist for empire requires "bold countenance,/ And knowledge small" and with " 'See how our works endure' " echoes Shelley's irony in "Ozymandias". In "Puck's Song" comes the verse:

See you our pastures wide and lone,
Where the red oxen browse?
O there was a City thronged and known,
Ere London boasted a house!

A similar perspective is given in *The Jungle Book* with the Lost City in "Kaa's Hunting"; it also appears in *The Wind in the Willows*, when Badger tells Mole, "on the spot where the Wild Wood waves now. . . there was a city. . . People come – they stay for a while, they flourish, they build – and they go. It is their way. But we remain."¹⁰

With the land endure Old Hobden and Puck. Hobden, an exemplar of how rural England's "working people became credited with superior

wisdom, founded upon generations of living in close contact with nature and inheriting a cumulative hidden knowledge"¹¹ appeases "Pharisees", as he calls fairies, and expresses an evasive, understated belief: "I ain't sayin' nothin', because I've heard naught, an' I've seen naught. But if you was to say there was more things after dark in the shaws than men, or fur, or feather, or fin, I dunno as I'd go far about to call you a liar." [p.265] What is more, it is possible that Hobden is one of the Old Things himself. Puck mentions an old Hobden he knew "a year or two before the Conquest", but hastily corrects himself, "I've known the family, father and son, so long that I get confused sometimes. Hob of the Dene was my Hobden's name. . ."[p. 19] And Hob is another name for a fairy. Similarly, in Tudor times Widow Whitgift was a wise woman, "the Mother", [p.270] almost a Goddess figure, to the fairies at least. The current Hobden's late wife was also a Whitgift and a wise woman who "read the signs and sinnifications" [p.263] Above all, Puck endures with the land, and is the supreme example of syncretism in the book. The starting point of *Pook's Hill*, in Kipling's life, as in the first story, "Weland's Sword", is son and daughter acting out parts of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which identifies Puck with Robin Goodfellow. Parnesius addresses Puck as "Faun" and links him with Pan, "Do you remember, O Faun. . .the little altar I built to the Sylvan Pan by the pine-forest beyond the brook?" [p. 178] It is apparent that Puck and Robin and Tom Shoemsmith (or is that Uncle Tom Cobbley?!) are all one. Perhaps the name Shoemsmith suggests that Puck has also absorbed Weland. Puck functions in *Pook's Hill* as Pan did more widely in literature and society in this period. That he absorbs and supplants Pan is significant in terms of Kipling's patriotism, and of the literary discourses of paganism of the time. Pan as a classical deity was palatable in a way that "barbaric" non-European or old English spirits were not. Hutton¹² thinks this fits with the privileging of Roman over Anglo-Saxon and Eastern paganism in *Pook's Hill*, but this glosses over two crucial points. Firstly, Mithraism, which he rightly says is "treated with real sympathy", is an Eastern cult. Secondly, Puck, the presiding spirit of the book, is native to England. Wordsworth, Bate says "sought the foundations of true patriotism and found them in localism"¹³. This would also apply to Kipling, who grounds his patriotism in a parcel of Sussex land and its autochthonous spirit, but puts intolerable strain on localism by extrapolating it to nation-state and empire.

In the works of Langland and Spenser,¹⁴ Puck is a fearsome character, but Shakespeare's Puck is only a "trickster" and "a helpful domestic brownie". In the nineteenth century his lore is mainly localised to Sussex, appropriately for Kipling's sense of place. His

Puck is more benevolent though still a trickster, a guiser, and much more than a "domestic brownie". This Puck is not like other fairies, and upturns Una's, and by implication the reader's, expectations about fairies in general and himself in particular. Una anticipates a fairy tale ending: "And, of course, the sons were both quite cured?" but Puck contradicts, "No-o. That would have been out o' Nature." [p.274] Unlike other Old Things, Puck is immune to superstitious wardings: "'Some of us. . . couldn't abide Salt, or Horse-shoes over a door, or Mountain-ash berries, or Running Water, or Cold Iron, or the sound of Church Bells. But I'm Puck!' " [p.9] Puck goes on to ask rhetorically, "Can you wonder that the People of the Hills don't care to be confused with that painty-winged, wand-waving, sugar-and-shake-your-head set of impostors?" [p.14] Thus through Puck, so often the voice of the implied author, Kipling rejects the diminutive and sentimental fairies served up for children, such as Tinker Bell in *Peter Pan*, first performed in 1904.

Throughout *Pook's Hill* there is a variety of examples and explanations of the "thinning" of gods, magic and fairies; and of belief in them. Una says that she lost her childhood faith by reading Richard Corbett's "Farewell, Rewards and Fairies". She nevertheless is more sensitive and credulous than Dan: she shudders at the old magic; and running water is to her "like the shadows talking". [p.70] There is a strand in the mythology of the book which to an extent associates the Old Religion with femaleness, as well as irrationality, primitivism and rusticity. This cluster of qualities is one side of a stereotyped opposition between feminine paganism and patriarchal Christianity – the former being privileged by modern paganism.

After Una and Dan have unconsciously summoned Puck through a Fairy Ring, one of the first things he says to them is, "Unluckily the Hills are empty now, and all the People of the Hills are gone. I'm the only one left. I'm Puck, the oldest Old Thing in England." [p.8] This is explained later in "Dymchurch Flit", where Tom Shoemith (Puck) reports the fairies saying, "Fair or foul, we must flit out o' this, for Merry England's done with, an' we're reckoned among the Images." The fairies intend to go to Catholic "France, where yet awhile folks hadn't tore down the Images." [pp.267-268] Like Corbett's poem, this is a rueful version of "the Protestant myth that fairy-beliefs were an invention of the Catholic Middle Ages" which "was grossly unfair, not only because fairy-beliefs were older than Roman Catholicism, but because the medieval Church itself had been hostile to fairy mythology".¹⁵ In "Dymchurch Flit", the people are distracted by burning each other, so that they stop noticing fairies, and, crucially, lose good will, "for Goodwill among Flesh an' Blood is meat an' drink to

'em [fairies], an' ill-will is poison." [p.267] The fairies cannot act until they are noticed and are given good will, by Widow Whitgift. Weland is under a similar prohibition in "Weland's Sword", and is not liberated by the farmer's forced "Thank you" but by Hugh's sincere and spontaneous well-wishing.

One reason for decline in belief is the Gods' own pride and vanity. Some fairies "began as Gods ... insisted on being Gods, and having temples, and altars, and priests, and sacrifices of their own." Weland was one of these. His image was "a big, black wooden thing with amber beads around his neck. . .and his sacrifices were simply scandalous." [pp.17-18] This is a very clear instance of one of the nineteenth/early twentieth century languages of paganism. In this language, "pagans are people who bow down to idols, offer up blood sacrifices, and represent the religious aspect of human savagery and ignorance."¹⁶ In fact, as I think I have shown, other discourses of paganism – syncretic, folkloric – are more typical of *Pook's Hill*. In any case, the people cannot live with Weland's demands, and his sacrifices degenerate into "a dolls' tea-party!" Unlike other Old Things, he follows the work ethic, and so he shoes horses until he is released by well-wishing. His most significant action is not as a proud God but as a humble fairy. He forges the sword which prophesies and sets in train the book's cause-and-effect version of history.

Regarding Roman Gods, Parnesius's father tells him, "Rome has forsaken her Gods, and must be punished. The great war with the Painted People broke out in the very year the temples of our Gods were destroyed." The implication is that Eastern cults have enfeebled the Empire, but Parnesius is a Mithraist, and as narrator comments ironically, "to listen to him you would have thought Eternal Rome herself was on the edge of destruction, just because a few people had become a little large-minded." [p.153] His attitude fits with the syncretism and assimilation I have discussed earlier. "The Knights of the Joyous Venture" shows how the inexplicable other is put down to sorcery. The Chinaman is called a devil, because his more advanced technology, a compass, is regarded as magic. Then Sir Richard complains, " 'Were our Devils only nest-building apes? Is there no sorcery left in the world?' " [p.99] The reader, along with Una and Dan, enjoys filling in the gaps in Sir Richard's and Witta's knowledge, providing rational explanations. And Puck, in the tradition of Molesworth's Cuckoo and Nesbit's Psammead, spells out the lesson: " 'That is the sorcery of books.. I warned thee they were wise children. All people can be wise by reading of books.' " [p.100] Books are indeed magical, you can lose yourself in them and enter another world. But the sorcery here is of disenchantment, though perhaps the implication is that rationalism as "sorcery" is no more than an alternative, self-confirming paradigm.

For Carpenter much of "Golden Age" children's literature questions and seeks alternatives to conventional Christianity. Charles Kingsley "was fumbling towards the creation of some kind of alternative religion"¹⁷; J M Barrie "was attempting to replace conventional religion with something of his own devising which would summon up religious feelings".¹⁸ Carpenter never mentions *Pook's Hill*, though surely it is central to a phenomenon which Hutton describes as "a struggle to adapt or reject Christianity, by mixing in or substituting concepts associated with ancient paganism".¹⁹

For this reader at least, the edifices of British history and empire in *Pook's Hill* are flimsy, and are questioned and deconstructed by themselves and by a more inclusive and coherent mythology of the land and the spirit. The sorcery of Kipling's book is that while it rues the decline of the Old Things, it also records, revivifies and reinvents them in and through the figure of Puck.

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BLUE ROSES AND GREEN CARNATIONS:

Correspondences in the works of Rudyard Kipling and Oscar Wilde

By D. C. ROSE

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In this paper I shall look chiefly at three textual interactions between Kipling and Wilde, and juxtapose those aspects of the two men that may be less known, or which shed new light. Paris will be the locus of interaction – Wilde of course is still there – and a pivotal figure must be Kipling's translator, the vicomte Robert d'Humières, director of the Théâtre des Arts. He is not mentioned at all by Richard Ellmann [Wilde's biographer] although Wilde mentions dining with him in May 1898; and he was one of the few who called to pay his respects when Wilde lay dead in the Hôtel d'Alsace. His play, *La Belle au Bois Dormant*, was performed with sets by Kipling's uncle Burne-Jones. He also wrote a scenario for a stage work about Salome. This version, *La Tragédie de Salomé* with music by Florent Schmitt, was the one danced by Loïe Fuller at the Théâtre des Arts in 1907, and by Karsavina in 1913. (Kipling was to use a severed head with shocking effect in "The Man who would be King".) The fact that he should have been drawn to both Kipling and Wilde suggests the possibility of affinities that are hardly established so far – after all, both men wrote to a very different aesthetic: Kipling's realism was for Wilde mere vulgarity.

Kipling first visited Paris in 1878 with his father (John Lockwood Kipling) who was working on the Indian Pavilion at the International Expo of that year. He let Rudyard loose in the city. "It was an education in itself; [Kipling writes] and set my life-long love for France. Also, he saw to it that I should learn to read French at least for my own amusement, and gave me Jules Verne to begin with. French as an accomplishment was not well-seen at English schools in my time, and knowledge of it connoted leanings towards immorality."¹ (As Lady Bracknell said: "French songs I cannot possibly allow. People always seem to think that they are improper.") A visit to the Salon brought Kipling before the picture by Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret of Des Grieux kneeling by the body of Manon Lescaut. Later, this resurfaced in *The Light That Failed*, as a sort of inverted, metaglobalised

phantasmagoria on Manon. The spluttering polysyllables, rare in Kipling, may indicate his uneasiness with so intellectual a proposition as that his unconscious should have nurtured a work grounded in a French painting and novel. (The name des Grieux appears in the erotic novel *Teleny*, ascribed at least in part to Wilde.) Kipling also fell under the influence of the novels of Gyp de Martel. This 1878 visit induced Kipling to relocate Paris as other site in very radical fashion:

I hold it truth with him who sung
Unpublished melodies,
Who wakes in Paris, being young,
O' summer, wakes in Paradise.²

Wilde might have agreed, but his placing of sensation over reason, symbol over fact, drove him away from Kipling. "I object to know all about cod fishing", he said of *Captains Courageous*. The two lines of Kipling that Wilde praised: "And the dawn comes up like thunder" and "He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest", can hardly be said to have reached the acme of poetic diction, even in Kipling's demotic. Was Wilde being dismissive? That he appears to have regarded the lines as metaphors when they are similes suggests a rather cavalier approach.

English pragmatism has always distrusted ideas; and the men of the 1890s were no exception. Even Kipling, who took English indifference to the arts as a moral imperative and elevated anti-intellectualism into a code of laws, wrote of the English that their starvation in their estimates is sometimes too marked. How does this affect French estimates of Kipling, and how does this place Kipling within the cohort of those who bridged the Channel: Swinburne, Stevenson, Wilde, George Moore, Edmund Gosse, John Payne, Whistler, and Henry James?

We find Kipling, Wilde and even Lord Alfred Douglas appearing in the pages of *La Revue Blanche*, that "mouthpiece of an up to the minute, even slightly snobbish, intelligentsia", but as far as I can make out, Kipling's engagement with Paris has been little regarded by his English biographers. We are told by André Maurois that between 1900 and 1920 Kipling appealed to the rising generation in France as few French writers were able to do.³ Though, unlike Wilde, Kipling never aspired to be accepted as a French man of letters. His favourite French authors were Rabelais and Maupassant, and he admired Pierre Loti. Again, one wonders why Kipling's English biographers make so little of this.

At one stage, Wilde rejected symbolism, but his attempts at realism

are less than satisfactory. Compare the gothic elements in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* with how Kipling conveys horror in a matter of fact way. Given Kipling's subjects, Wilde's prose would no doubt have out-purpled the sunset, yet, exposed to Kipling, Wilde repaid Kipling's early imitations of him with a rather *de haut en bas* review of *Plain Tales from the Hills*. This is often thought to be a successful thrust at Kipling, but, for all its careful ambiguities, it illustrates a failure of sensibility by Wilde:

He who would stir us now by fiction must either give us an entirely new background or reveal to us the soul of man in its innermost workings. The first is for the moment being done for us by Mr Rudyard Kipling. [Wilde was clearly reserving the second for himself.] As one turns over the pages of his *Plain Tales from the Hills*, one feels as if one were seated under a palm-tree, reading life by superb flashes of vulgarity. The bright colours of the bazaars dazzle one's eyes. The jaded, second-rate Anglo-Indians are in exquisite incongruity with their surroundings. The mere lack of style in the story-teller gives an odd journalistic realism to what he tell us. From the point of view of literature, Mr Kipling is a genius who drops his aspirates. From the point of view of life, he is a reporter who knows vulgarity better than anyone who has ever known it. Dickens knew its clothes [*and its comedy*]. Mr Kipling knows its essence [*and its seriousness*]. He is our first authority on the second-rate, [*and has seen marvellous things through keyholes, and his backgrounds are real works of art.*]⁴

The insistence on vulgarity rebounds on Wilde, when one recollects his dictum that all vulgarity is crime; and it is surprising to find that Carrington regarded the passage as a shrewd and subtle criticism. Realism was not Oscar Wilde's forte. It could hardly be expected of him to admire a man who went "straight for the common and the characteristic". But his observations are telling. Whether a reader likes Kipling's style or not, the statement that in Kipling's early stories there was a "mere lack of style" reads strangely until it is remembered that by "style" Wilde meant high-falutin. Paradoxically, both realism and its aesthetic writing, were regarded as decadent. Kipling and Wilde had their critics. Lord Lytton, who admired *Dorian Gray*, made an interesting comparison between Kipling and the short stories of Olive Schreiner.

I read them just after reading a story of R. Kipling (to me exasperatingly unpleasant) called "Badalia Herodsfoot", which, I

am told, is much praised; and although I fully recognise the conspicuous cleverness of all I have read of Kipling's writings, I could not help feeling that I would infinitely rather have written the least of these little fictions of Miss Schreiner than all his productions put together.⁵

Admittedly, Lytton had just had a malignant tumour removed and may not have been well inclined towards realism, but, when at the instance of Ian Hamilton, Kipling sent "The Mark of the Beast" to Andrew Lang for publication, Lang told Hamilton's brother "I would gladly give Ian a fiver if he had never been the means of my reading this poisonous stuff, which has left an extremely disagreeable impression on my mind." Lang, adopting a contemporary perception, suggested that the story would be better received in France. W. A. Young, writing in 1911, carefully suggested that "The Mark of the Beast" was somewhat marred by a scrupulous adherence to loathsome detail. A rather more prosaic version of the critical reception of *Dorian Gray*.

Wilde's *Dorian Gray* and Kipling's *The Light That Failed*, together, have a history that brings out the differences between the two men. Lippincott's Monthly Magazine, which had published *Dorian Gray* in June 1890, first published *The Light* in January 1891 – a book which Kipling's biographers are much inclined to deride (not without justification) although it received great acclaim at the time. *Dorian Gray* was immediately attacked and not given due measure till Wilde's biographers came to assess it. *The Light* came out as a book, in a radically different version, in March 1891. It was reprinted in April and again in July and December; as also in 1892, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900; and forever after. *Dorian Gray* came out as a book in April 1891 (also in a different version), was reprinted in October 1895, but not again in England during Wilde's lifetime. Ross omitted it from the first run of thirteen volumes of the 1908 Collected Edition. Its part in establishing Wilde's general reputation until recently is, therefore, surprisingly small – *De Profundis* had reached its thirty-first impression by 1915, and by 1917 John Lane alone had three different editions of *Salome* and two of *The Sphinx* in print. The review of *The Light That Failed* by Lionel Johnson, offers an interesting insight. It seems to attack Wilde and his view of Kipling:

Whatever else be true of Mr Kipling, it is the first truth about him that he has power: not a clever trick, nor a happy knack, nor a flashy style, but real intrinsic power. The reader of contemporary books, driven mad by distracting affectations, the contemptible pettiness of so much modern work, feels his whole heart go out to a writer with mind and muscle, not only nerves and sentiment.⁶

Yet it is a curious that *The Light*, as dramatised for the London stage in 1903, has vanished completely even from the amateur repertoire, while *Dorian Gray* has been adapted by writers as diverse as Jean Cocteau and John Osborne; produced as a play in Vienna in 1906, in Detroit in 1910, in London in 1913, in Dublin in 1945, in Belfast in 1989, in Buda-Pesth [sic] in 1990 and many times in many versions since – not least a Dutch *Photograph of Dorian Gray* in the summer of 2001. *The Light* was filmed at least three times, but *Dorian Gray* has been filmed thirteen times and turned into both a musical and an opera. We now regard *Dorian Gray* as an important work, and the adverse criticism it attracted as inept, but in its day it was a publishing failure and certainly Wilde never again considered a novel as a vehicle for his ideas.

A closer scrutiny begins with Dick Helder, played in the original stage version by Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, himself an art student and a portrait painter. Helder is emphatically not an aesthete; as a literary creation he seems to owe much to the high spirited artists, of whom Kipling's uncle Poynter was one, described a few years later in du Maurier's *Trilby*. Helder's name is worth considering, although analysing Kipling's naming project does not yield many results. Without wishing to make anything of Dick, Helder was part of the common knowledge of the intelligentsia. The Germanic root, held, signifies hero, of course, and there is a Dick Helder in Laurence Oliphant's *Piccadilly*. It is in a house on the river Helder that Sebastian van Storck dies in Pater's *Imaginary Portraits*. The Rue du Helder is off the boulevard des Italiens in Paris – it was in a hotel in the Rue du Helder that Flaubert broke with Louise Colet, and Wilde stayed in a hotel there when he left Berneval on his way to Italy (20th September 1897). At the Café du Helder Gyp de Mattel's *Tout à l'Égout* was produced on 10th January 1889, and Whistler stayed at the Hôtel du Helder in June 1891. The Helder is also referred to as "a well-known night-house". On another tack, Louise Michel, released from exile in New Caledonia, in 1886, sailed to London on a Dutch ship, the John Helder. All this helps locate *The Light* in the prevailing *mentalité*. There are other points of contact with *Dorian Gray* and indeed with Zola's *L'Œuvre* of 1885. In *L'Œuvre*, Claude Lantier, 'blind with rage' at his inability to realise his great conception, attacks the nude that is central to his landscape. The model, Lantier's wife Christine, has come to loathe her painted image as her rival for Lantier's love. When Lantier strikes the painting, she becomes aware of a pang of joy with the release of all her pent-up rancour. His fist had smashed clean through her rival's breast, ripped it open and left a great, gaping wound. She was killed at last! Realising that his gesture amounted to murder,

Claude stood transfixed, glaring at the hole he had made in the painted bosom and out of which the life-blood of his work was draining away. Later, when Lantier has renewed his work, Christine bursts out: "I can stand it no longer! I'm going to tell you what it is that's been choking the life out of me ever since I met you. . . It's this painting, your painting! It's killing me."⁷

This picture is the masterpiece of the book's title – as Hallward's portrait of Gray is his masterwork, and as Helder's "Melancholia" is central to the plot of *The Light*. Helder paints the piece while going blind, sustaining himself with whisky, which leaves him "a drawn, lined, shrunken, haggard wreck – unshaven, blue-white about the nostrils, stooping in the shoulders, and peering under his eyebrows nervously." His sight fails soon after the picture is finished and his model, who hates Helder, "emptied half a bottle of turpentine on a duster, and began to scrub the face of the Melancholia viciously . . . She took a palette-knife and scraped, following each stroke with the wet duster. In five minutes the picture was a formless, scarred muddle of colours." In Kipling we have a picture that is destroying its artist, in Wilde we have a picture that destroys its model; and in Zola we have a picture that destroys both artist and model. Moreover, I think we might see a link between Helder as hall door, and Hallward as hall ward. Also, Christine Lantier's maiden name was Hallgrain: the liminal and the seminal meet; and what are we to make of Jerome K. Jerome's eponymous hero in his play *The Rise of Dick Halward*? Bernard Shaw saw its central theme as a crude re-working of the relationship between the Chilterns in *An Ideal Husband*.

"Melancholia", the picture that Dick is painting, is the head of a full-lipped, hollow-eyed woman who laughed out of the canvas . . . "Dick, there's a sort of murderous, viperine suggestion in the poise of the head that I don't understand," said Torpenhow. "Every man who has any sorrow of his own," said Dick, "shall see his trouble there" – a phrase worthy of Wilde – and uses, for the one and only time in the book, the exclamation: "By the Lord Harry!" (Torpenhow is Helder's good angel, as Lord Henry Wotton – Lord Harry – is Dorian Gray's.) Warning against attaching any meaning to this phrase, Roger Lancelyn Green says that "it was a common expression much used in the nineties, and may be found easily in the works of Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle and many other writers of the period."⁸ But that fails to explain why Kipling (or Helder) chooses it from the repertory of similar exclamations available to him; nor does Lancelyn Green make a link with *Dorian Gray*. The only example I have found in Conan Doyle is an exclamation by Sherlock Holmes when referring to Baron Adalbert Gruner, significantly an aesthete, who collects rare china. In 1881, in

Stevenson's *The Body Snatcher*, Fettes cries out "by the Lord Harry! but you'll make a man of me" In both instances we see an interweaving of the concepts signified by Kipling's use of it, and its link to Lord Henry Wotton, who made a sort of man of Dorian Gray.

Torpenhow's description of the picture as "viperine" also embeds the picture in a web of referents. Bastien-Lepage's portrait of Sarah Bernhardt has been described as "venomous". As an example of art imitating art, something of this seems to have been caught by Kipling's cousin, Philip Burne-Jones, in his painting of Mrs Patrick Campbell, "The Vampire" (1897), to which Kipling wrote the verses. These appear to belong as much to *The Light* and the relationship between Helder and Maisie as to that between Phil Burne-Jones and Mrs Pat. Oddly, "The Vampire" was linked to Wilde when it was published in the same volume as *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* by the Manhattan Book Company, New York 1908.

After 1902, readers of both *Dorian Gray* and *The Light* would note it was in that year that M.A. Vroubel, "the most versatile artist Russia has yet produced" and "a queer, tormented visionary", locked himself into the gallery where the fourth World of Art exhibition was about to open. "All night he remained in the gallery, with a bottle of champagne for company, repainting his huge canvas of the "Demon". On the morning of the private view he was found, a gibbering incoherent being. He remained in an asylum for two years. Here too one must refer to "El Patio Azul", a short story by the Catalan writer Santiago Rusiñol, wherein the flowers fade in a portrait of a woman, and she herself fades with them. Rusiñol was educated in Paris and further research may even bring him to the Rue Helder.

In another manifestation of decadent aesthetic language, where the sound was privileged over the content, Edmund Gosse recalled Remy de Gourmont's praise for the beauty of words like omphax, myrbolan, cyclamor, sanguisorbe "irrespective of meaning". This is hardly a form that most would associate with Kipling, but again I believe him to have been erroneously embedded in the convention that spills across from the aesthetes, muddling with china and etchings and fans, to the army man: "Set up, and trimmed and taut". Consider Conan Doyle again and counterpoise him with Joris-Karl Huysmans. Doyle's character Raffles Haw shares the aesthetic tastes of Dorian Gray, collecting a hoard of rubies, emeralds, diamonds, beryls, amethysts, onyxes, cat's-eyes, opals, agates, cornelians, lapis lazuli, bloodstones, corals, pearls and amber; Gray collected chrysoberyls, cymophanes, peridots, topazes, carbuncles, spinels, amethysts, emeralds, sunstones, moonstones and opals. Huysmans's Des Esseintes in *À Rebours* rejects diamonds as vulgar, topazes as petit bourgeois, amethysts as debased, pearls as

banal, coral as odious; for his purpose (the covering of his pet tortoise) he wanted "asparagus-green chrysoberyls, leek-green peridots, olive-green olivines. . . almandine and uvarovite . . . Ceylon cat's-eyes, cymophanes, sapphirines. The highly-charged writing reaches its height in Herod's naming of his treasures in *Salomé*, a demonstration of what is achieved when there is method devoid of self-restraint.

In a coffer of nacre I have three wondrous turquoises. He who wears them on his forehead can imagine things which are not, and he who carries them in his hand can make women sterile. These are great treasures above all price. They are treasures without price. But this is not all. In an ebony coffer I have two cups of amber, that are like apples of gold. If an enemy pour poison into these cups, they become like apples of silver. In a coffer encrusted with amber I have sandals encrusted with glass. I have mantles that have been brought from the land of the Seres, and bracelets decked about with carbuncles and with jade that comes from the city of Euphrates.⁹

Wilde here links the language of *The Song of Solomon* to aesthetic description, and this re-appears in Kipling's enumerated lists of jewels in "The King's Ankus".

. . . jewelled elephant-howdahs of embossed silver, studded with plates of hammered gold, and adorned with carbuncles and turquoises. There were palanquins and litters for carrying queens, framed and braced with silver and enamel, with jade-handled poles and amber curtain rings; there were golden candlesticks hung with pierced emeralds; there were studded images, silver with jewelled eyes; there were coats of mail, gold inlaid on steel, and fringed with seed pearls; there were helmets, crested and beaded with pigeon's-blood rubies; there were shields of lacquer, of tortoise-shell and rhinoceros-hide, strapped wand bossed with red gold and set with diamonds; there were sheaves of diamond hilted swords; there were golden sacrificial bowls and portable altars of a shape that never sees the light of day; there were jade cups and bracelets; there were belts of square-cut diamonds and rubies, and wooden boxes of uncut star-sapphires, opals, cat's-eyes, rubies, diamonds, emeralds and garnets.¹⁰

We recall Dorian Gray's reading from Gautier's *Émaux et Camées* about "rose-red ibises, and white vultures with gilded claws, and

crocodiles with small beryl eyes; and of the Swallow's evocations of Egypt in "The Happy Prince"; while Mrs Cheveley's diamond snake brooch and the emerald snake ring that the King of Bohemia gives to Sherlock Holmes might both have been part of this hoard.

This desire to pile name upon resonant name, especially if the names are in any way outré, was very much a convention of aesthetic writing. The resonance of the name is important: "It is a sad truth, but we have lost the faculty of giving lovely names to things." says Lord Henry Wotton. Wilde liked to test the sound of names, a trait shared with Verlaine, described by Havelock Ellis as "mouthing some strange new word over and over again on his tongue". This is very Wilde, for it turns words into passwords. Naomi Lewis perceptively observed: "One clue to the Wildēan gift is that he never took words or phrases for granted. It is words, after all, that make and end secrets, laws, loves and wars and give us the real adventures of the mind."¹¹ Kipling would agree.

Wilde's aestheticism in *Salomé* owes a lot to Symbolism. We catch echoes of the displays of the fashionable emporia of Paris – much of *Salomé* was written in Paris. "The carpets were covered with carpets from Smyrna. On four sides were hung door-curtains from Kerman and Syria, striped with green, yellow and vermilion; from Diarbekir, rough to the touch, like shepherds cloaks; and still more carpets which could be used as hangings, from Ispahan, Teheran and Kermanshah; from Schoumaka and Madras, a strange blossoming of peonies and palms, imagination running riot in a dream garden." And this is Zola's description of "Au Bonheur des Dames", explicitly running together exotic description and commerce and then linking them into the fantasy dream garden – that of Herod's "white peacocks, my beautiful white peacocks, that walk in the garden between the myrtles and the tall cypress trees". The store's linen department is "an endless array of white: the white of madapollam, nainsook, muslin and tarlatan. Here, commodification and aestheticism are Siamese twins. "Imagination running riot in a dream garden": flowers, of which Des Esseintes was *excessively* fond, also formed part of the aesthetic and symbolist vocabulary. Here we meet Kipling's

Alexanders and Marigold
 Eyebright, Orris, and Elecampan
 Basil, Rocket, Valerian, Rue
 (Almost singing themselves they run)
 Vervain, Dittany, Call-me-to you —
 Cowslip, Melilot, Rose of the Sun. . .¹²

And Kipling shares with Wilde's aestheticism. Rennell Rodd remembered finding Wilde "one morning engaged upon one of the longer poems in that volume [*Poems*, 1881], with a botanical work in front of him from which he was selecting the names of flowers, most pleasing to the ear, to plant in his garden of verse."¹³

Examining Kipling's naming project yields few results, but I shall conclude by briefly suggesting one. As is well known, Kipling had once contemplated a major work on India: *Mother Maturin*. According to Carrington, the book was to be his masterpiece. For years he worked at it, accumulating material, but it never crystallized. All we have of it is its appearance in a story called "To Be Filed for Reference" (1888) published in *Plain Tales from the Hills* (1890) and ascribed to the broken "poor white" known as McIntosh Jellaludin, formerly a Fellow of an Oxford College, whose dying words are "Not Guilty, my Lord!" Now, Maturin was the name of Wilde's great-uncle, Charles Robert Maturin, author of *Melmoth the Wanderer*. This was reprinted in 1892 with a biographical introduction in which "the editors wish to record their best thanks to Mr Oscar Wilde and Lady Wilde (Speranza) for several details with regard to Maturin's life. Lady Wilde was also very well-known for her translation of J.W. Meinhold's novel *Sidonia von Bork*. Patrick Bridgewater has written that "No other German novel has enjoyed the particular kind of artistic *succès d'estime* which this now forgotten Gothic romance enjoyed in its day. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, acquired a passion for it, referred to and quoted from it; and pressed the book on his friends. Burne-Jones painted *Sidonia* and later gave a copy of the book to the young Kipling – just as Wilde gave a copy of *The Jungle Book* to his own younger son. It is the one book from his childhood reading that Kipling thought to mention by title in his fragment of autobiography."¹⁴

Von Bork was also the name Conan Doyle gave to the German official in the Holmes story "His Last Bow", and just as Kipling nods towards Charles Maturin, so Doyle nods towards *Melmoth the Wanderer*. In Doyle's "A Point of Contact", that other wanderer, Odysseus, on his way to Troy put into Tyre to refit after a storm, at one point stands on the terrace of the temple of Melmoth overlooking Sidon, thus making the link (at the very least by inference) between *Melmoth the Wanderer* and *Sidonia von Bork*. The Bible refers to a king of Tyre called Hiram, and Hiram is the first name of the American ambassador in "The Canterville Ghost", Hiram Otis – Otis being a variant of "oútis" (nobody), the name given as his own by Odysseus to Polyphemus, which in turn means shape-changer – the characteristic of the Canterville ghost himself.

Such affinities can be found in Wilde, Kipling, Conan Doyle and other contemporary writers. Indeed, I hope to publish an elaboration of this. But for now, let me say, that I find in them, to use Joan Navarre's phrase, "a dance of signification" which reveals Kipling the writer, as a man who is far more complex than he would have us believe.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

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5. *Personal and Literary Letters of Robert First Earl of Lytton*, Longmans, 1906, Vol.II p.386.
6. Roger Lancelyn Green, *op.cit.*, p.88.
7. Émile Zola: *L'Oeuvre*, 1886. Translated as "The Masterpiece" by Thomas Walton, revised by Richard Pearson, Oxford World Classics, OUP 1999 p.402.
8. Roger Lancelyn Green, *op.cit.*, p.32.
9. Kipling like Wilde studied the jewels in the South Kensington Museum – cf Angus Wilson, *The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling*, Secker & Warburg, 1977 p.38; Wilde claimed that at one stage he visited the Museum every Saturday night when it stayed open late.
10. Rudyard Kipling, *The Second Jungle Book*, Macmillan 1895. [The passage has been abbreviated.]
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The Irish Sword: The Journal of the Military History Society of Ireland

In Vol.XXII, No.88 (Winter 2000) issue of the above Journal will be found an excellent article entitled "From *Soldiers Three* to *The Irish Guards in the Great War*: Rudyard Kipling and the Irish soldier, 1887-1922" by Terence Denman. Comments from readers, who are fortunate to have read this article, would be welcomed. – *Ed.*

THIS QUARTER 75 YEARS AGO

THE FIRST KIPLING SOCIETY LUNCHEON

The first public function arranged for the Society was a luncheon held at Princes Restaurant on 22 June 1927. [75 years later the Society's Annual Luncheon is being held on 26 June 2002, at the Royal Overseas League.] Major-General (as he then was) L.C. Dunsterville, our first President, none other than Stalky, of Kipling's *Stalky and Co.*, was accompanied by his wife. They received members and their friends at 12.30 p.m., and half an hour later a hundred and twenty sat down to luncheon. [Numbers that we are very likely to have this June.] The guests (*Journal* No.2 lists some of their names) were an illustrious bunch, among whom was M'Turk.

After the President had given "The King", Sir Harry Brittain, M.P., proposed the toast of Rudyard Kipling. He said, among other things, that he laid claim to Kipling as a fellow Yorkshireman: "in North Yorkshire there is a village spelt KIPLIN which lost its final G some 300 years ago." He went on to add: "Kipling owes nothing to wealth but he does to heredity, for he chose his father and mother well, and what might not the world have missed if he had not chosen India as his starting point?" And he gave a lasting piece of advice to posterity. "Kipling is such a many sided man it is difficult to know which side to tackle in a short address. Books have been written in which criticism has been sprayed over with suggested faults of his. . .Sufficient for us of the Kipling Society that this all-round man of genius has enough points to praise to let disparagement go by. . .Kipling can say a tremendous lot in a little space and gets right down to bedrock. He is one of the greatest interpreters our language has ever had. He is the outstanding interpreter of. . .the jungle. . .an obvious lover of animals as he is of children. . .supreme as the interpreter of the British Soldier. . ."

He then told the story of how during the Boer War, on a troop train loaded with wounded men and during a long journey, Kipling, who happened to be on that train, "cheered up our soldiers. . .and wrote for them 600 letters home. To one he gave his dressing gown, and it was from him I heard the story."

IMPERIALISM, RACISM & "THE GOD OF SMALL THINGS"

By SHAMSUL ISLAM

[Dr Shamsul Islam is a well known Kipling Scholar and critic. His publications include *Kipling's Law* (1975) and *Chronicles of the Raj* (1979). Both are regarded as major contributions to Kipling studies. Originally from Pakistan, where he was Chairman in the English Department of Punjab University, Lahore, Dr Islam migrated to Canada 25 years ago. At present, he is a professor of English at Vanier College, Montreal; and his areas of interest, apart from Kipling, are, post-colonialism, immigrant experience and Commonwealth literature. The following text is a version of a paper delivered last September, at the Kim Centenary Kipling Conference, at Magdalene and Trinity College, Cambridge. – Ed.]

Edward Said, in his ground-breaking work, *Orientalism and Culture and Imperialism*, makes a convincing case for the existence of a close parallel between the trajectories of Western literary discourse and colonialism. In this context, he says a great deal about Kipling and Kipling's contribution to the mythology of the Raj or Empire.

I have no quarrel with Said on this, and I fully recognise the primary place of Kipling in the dissemination of the imperial idea – my own work on Kipling testifies to this. The English consciousness about India and the Raj is linked with Kipling, and while it brought him tremendous popularity, he paid dearly for his championship of the Empire. Generally, Kipling was dismissed by the academy as a jingo imperialist, an outright racist, and a writer whose ideas were outmoded and politically incorrect. Till now this perception has, more or less, remained unchanged.

While not denying that Kipling was a conservative and an imperialist, I would like to redefine these terms as they apply to him by arguing that Kipling is a complex writer who cannot be pigeon-holed in simplistic categories. He himself confesses, in one of his well-known poems, Allah "gave me two/Separate sides to my head."¹ Thus, the Kipling who trumpets the divine right of the Anglo-Saxons to rule and civilise the world; and who can dismiss some people as "lesser breeds without the law" is counterbalanced by the Kipling who can accept natives as equals, who can express genuine love for India, and who can be a fierce critic of his compatriots and of the Empire. The "bad" Kipling is thus counterbalanced by the "good" Kipling. In fact, what emerges in the end is Kipling the realist; a Kipling who can only worship "the God of Things as They Are."

These contradictions in Kipling are further complicated by his elliptical and modernist style that relies heavily on the use of what Benita Parry identifies as *parataxis* – a trope that "organises

incommensurable discourse in ways that obscure and conceal the antagonism of their ideas."² If one examines Kipling's writings with this perspective, one cannot help noticing a paradox underlying some of his blatantly imperial and racist assertions. We note that despite the confidence of his assertions, Kipling sometimes shows a surprising ambivalence and anxiety about the power, purpose and justification of the Empire, and this ambivalence extends to his so-called racism.

I will examine a few of Kipling's Indian tales to prove my position and begin with "Without Benefit of Clergy" (*Life's Handicap*, 1891), a story that is rather rare in the Kipling canon for its subject matter is romantic love, not politics. It is a surprisingly modern story in its sensibility as it focuses on the plight of two lovers, an Englishman and an Indian girl, struggling to survive in a hostile universe. What is more surprising is not simply that Kipling treats this subject with great sensitivity, but that it is Ameera, the Indian girl, who proves to be superior to her English lover in important aspects. The story leaves us to wonder to what extent Kipling can be accused of being a racist.

For many critics the story works in circles within circles. Barriers, boundaries and segregation place the lovers in a relationship that is doomed from the start.³ On the one hand we have the regimented and sterile world of the Anglo-Indians with their strict codes and rules that are designed to keep them in the artificial safety of their hierarchy-ridden jobs, their white-washed bungalows in the Civil Lines or their racially-segregated red-brick clubs. On the other hand, the Anglo-Indian society does not permit any normal interaction between the English, and the Indians who are mostly seen as inferior. From this limiting world, we move to the highly fulfilling private world of the Indian where Holden has built his love-nest by secretly marrying a beautiful sixteen year old Muslim girl named Ameera. The richness of this world comes out in the colour, grace, poetry and song that define it. Kipling dignifies their relationship by the fact that Holden marries Ameera. Holden does not take her as a mistress, which he could have easily done, for Ameera comes from a very poor background.⁴ There is no question about the value the story places on the deep love Holden and Ameera share despite vast disparities of race, age, religion, education and social standing.

This is apparent from the very beginning when the story opens with a pregnant Ameera hoping that the birth of their child will cement the bond. She still has some doubts whether Holden might be attracted to 'the *mem-log* – the white women of thy own blood. – ' Holden reassures her in a poetic way: ' I have seen fire-balloons by the hundred. I have seen the moon, and – then I saw no more fire-balloons.' "⁵ Some critics question the equal nature of this relationship

on the basis of the language of self-abnegation that Ameera uses during her conversation with her husband. However, Ameera's use of such language (like "my king" or "lord of my life" for her husband) is quite appropriate to her cultural conventions and, in fact, her speech is directly translated by Kipling from Urdu.

Another interesting point worth noting is that Holden marries Ameera according to Islamic rites. Now Islamic law forbids the marriage of a Muslim woman to a non-Muslim, so this means that Holden became a Muslim. One may argue that he might have done so as a mere formality in order to marry Ameera, and Kipling does tell us that initially Holden entered into this marriage contract with "a light heart." However, everything else in the story points to the contrary. When their son Tota is born, Ameera follows the Muslim custom of saying the *azaan* in the child's ears (equivalent of baptism), and Holden celebrates the Muslim custom of *aqeeqa* by slaughtering two goats and saying the appropriate Islamic prayer as he cuts the throat: "Almighty! In place of this my son I offer life for life, blood for blood, head for head, bone for bone, hair for hair, skin for skin." How could he have known the Arabic verses by heart if had not been serious about following Islam and its rituals? We have his trusted servant Pir Khan's word for it as he exhorts his master to strike and recite the verses: "The Protector of the Poor knows the fitting words to be said."⁶

Despite his love and commitment to Ameera, Holden is not courageous enough to openly rebel against the narrow-minded Anglo-Indian society. So he leads a double life. He keeps Ameera in the walled city protected by his servant Pir Khan while he has his bachelor's bungalow in the civil lines. This may sound a perfect solution, but it is not. Holden has to pay a heavy price for this double life. Often he has to keep away from Ameera, though separation from her is like "exile", and it is in her arms alone that Holden can find perfect happiness. Now the important question is whether Kipling approves of this arrangement or not. Given Kipling's reputation for exhorting one to keep to one's caste, colour, race and creed, the natural expectation would be to see him give Holden some credit for at least keeping up the appearances and not letting down his compatriots openly. But this is not the case. "The drawbacks of a double life are manifold," Kipling wryly comments as he examines the predicament in which Holden finds himself, and through it one sees Kipling's disapproval of Holden for not being man enough to accept the reality or "the God of Things as They Are." What is more indicative of Kipling's disapproval is that because of this double life, Holden's work suffers – he cannot perform his duty efficiently. And, as we all know, it is work alone that is presented by Kipling as the main justification for

the British Raj. By neglecting his duties, Holden is letting down the entire Raj. Seen from this perspective, there cannot be a more severe denunciation of a British civil servant in India.

Apart from the hide-bound Anglo-Indian society, the other hostile force that not only Ameera and Holden but everybody living in India, whether native or English, have to face is India itself. India is seen not as a country, but as a mysterious separate entity embodying powers of darkness which defy comprehension and present a challenge to the forces of light and order, often represented by the Raj. This is a recurrent theme in Kipling's works. In this story, too, the goddess India manifests its evil character first through the "autumnal seasonal fever" that takes away Tota. This tragedy could not be averted despite all the rituals and prayers to both the Prophet and Beebee Miriam (Virgin Mary). Later the cruel goddess India strikes the impoverished land with black cholera and snatches away even Ameera from Holden's arms. At the end, the heavy rains wash away the very house in which Ameera and Holden had their little paradise. The story ends on an utterly nihilistic note.

The difficult questions raised in the story come not from Holden, the supposedly superior being, but from his Indian child-bride Ameera. It is she who comes to understand and finally accept the realities which Holden does not have the courage to face. As Elliot L. Gilbert aptly observes, it is Ameera who is constantly discussing with Holden the nature of this inexplicable world and the difficulty of coming to terms with it.⁷ Even when she prays to God to protect her son, she is sceptical: " 'Will my prayers be heard?' " she asks. Holden gives a conventional answer: " 'How can I say? God is very good.' 'Of that I am not sure,' " she retorts.⁸ Based on her experience all she can say is that the gods, if they exist at all, are indifferent or hostile to man. " 'It was because we loved Tota that he died. The jealousy of God was upon us... I have hung up a large black jar before our window to turn the evil eye from us, and we must make no protestations of delight, but go softly underneath the stars, lest God find us out.' "⁹

In the end, she is sure that the only reality is this bank and shoal of time, that love must be experienced here and now, that God is only a figment of our imagination, and that one must live one's life intensely if one is to have any sense of fulfilment. This is why she refuses to run away to the safety of the hills with the Englishwomen to escape heat and cholera that is raging in the town. She has nothing but contempt for the *mem-log* for abandoning their men, " 'let there be no more foolish talk of going away. Where thou art, I am. It is enough,' " she tells Holden emphatically. She then embraces him and puts a hand on his mouth. (Kipling goes on to say: "There are not many happinesses so complete as those that are snatched under the shadow of the sword."¹⁰)

Earlier, she has trouble understanding why *memsahibs* do not marry before they are practically "old women." Her unambiguous understanding of the law of "the God of Things as They Are", her courage and commitment to love are what come out so effectively at the end. As she dies in Holden's arms, instead of affirming the Muslim creed "I bear witness that there is no God but Allah and Mohammad is His messenger", she declares " 'I bear witness – I bear witness'. . . 'that there is no God but – thee, beloved!' " ¹¹

There is nobody like Ameera in Kipling's works, either Indian or Anglo-Indian. Kipling's story, as Baur aptly observes, does not "patronise or infantilise the Indian; rather Ameera teaches Holden the sanctity of inner life, the hollowness of the outer."¹² The story clearly establishes that Kipling has no problem in acknowledging the equality or even the superiority of some natives over the English.

I now turn to Kipling's imperialism and how sometimes he shows a surprising doubt or ambivalence about it despite his strong espousal of the Empire. "The Man who would be King" (a story that has been rightly called "a parable of empire", and one often read as an affirmation of Kipling's idealistic concept of empire – since it requires the empire-builder to remain true to the imperial ideals or face the loss of empire), can be seen as a parody of empire, in which Kipling is questioning imperialism and its readily-accepted assumptions about the white man's right and duty to rule and civilise the under-developed world. This story is at once a validation and disparagement of the Empire. Here Peachy and Dan, two English vagabonds, dream of founding a kingdom in remote Kafiristan. They are driven by a romantic lust for absolute power and not by an ideal of service and sacrifice. Thanks to the divisions between the native tribes and the Englishmen's superior firearms, the two adventurers are able to conquer this kingdom. Dan's ambitions, however, grow bigger. Not satisfied with absolute sovereignty, he declares himself and Peachy as gods and embarks on a programme of nation and empire building. The whole myth about their being gods crumbles when Dan's demands for a wife lead to the disclosure of their humanity and downfall. Dan is killed while Peachy returns to Kipling in Lahore to tell his tale of the rise and fall of their empire in Kafiristan.

The ironic parallels between what happens in the story and the Raj are unmistakable. In fact, Kipling confirms this parallel when during the native uprising against them, Peachy comments: ". . . but there is no accounting for natives. This business is our Fifty-Seven"¹³ – a clear reference to the Mutiny. There is an uncanny resemblance between the state of India at the time of the arrival of the East India Company and the state of Kafiristan when Dan and Peachy land there. The warring tribes of Kafiristan parallel the warring princes of India at the time of

the decline of Moghul power. This situation delights Dan and Peachy for like the British in India, they will be able to follow the policy of 'divide and rule.' "The more tribes the more they'll fight, and the better for us," Dravot observes.¹⁴ Isn't Kipling questioning the very legitimacy of the Raj? The same crude impulse to power motivates both the British in India and Dan or Peachy in Kafiristan. The sahibs in India who pose as little tin gods are no better than Dan and Peachy. The distinction between legitimate and illegitimate white supremacy is a fraud. Read from this angle, Kipling's story seems to be subverting rather than endorsing the Empire.

Now consider that other Indian tale, "On the City Wall".¹⁵ It is an overtly political story with a clear imperial agenda. This complex story is set in Lahore, capital of the Punjab, which had been annexed to the Raj in 1849 against fierce Sikh resistance. In the Kuka Rising of 1871, the Sikhs made a last ditch effort to throw out the British, but the rebellion was crushed and Ram Singh, the rebel leader, was exiled to Burma where he died in 1885. The story is written against this political backdrop – although Kipling changes a few details to suit his particular needs – and the plot revolves around Indian nationalists' conspiracy to free Khem Singh, their old Sikh rebel leader who is now brought back from Burma and is imprisoned in the Lahore Fort called Fort Amara in the story. They are hoping to use Khem Singh to lead another rebellion against the British. Thanks to the disturbance created by a nasty Hindu-Muslim riot, brilliantly described by Kipling, the rescue mission succeeds. However, the rebellion fails because India has changed since the Mutiny. The young generation of Indians is quite happy with the Raj and it refuses to rally behind the old Sikh warrior. In the end, Khem Singh gives himself up to the British authorities and returns to his prison in the Lahore Fort.

Wali Dad, the young Westernised Indian Muslim, is of central importance in the story. Both he and Lalun, the dancing girl of Lahore, whom he loves, are part of the Indian resistance. Kipling himself, as narrator, is also an admirer of Lalun and at her salon one often finds both Kipling and Wali Dad engaged in an interesting discussion of the Raj and the nature of Indian aspirations. Ironically, despite his so-called agnosticism, Wali Dad is carried away by his deeply ingrained religious fervour and fails to do his part in the conspiracy to free the Sikh rebel leader. In fact, it is Lalun who remains in command of the situation and she uses an unwitting Kipling to rescue Khem Singh.

The obvious theme or rather themes of this complex story can be summarised as follows: a) The nationalists' dream of an independent India is just a dream because nationalists have become irrelevant in modern India, b) The younger generation of Indians has no desire to revolt against the British because it appreciates the good government

and other opportunities provided by the Raj and c) India will never stand alone, because Indians, even young educated and Westernised Indians cannot be trusted for they are too easily swayed by religious or racial bias. Hence, India will always need the Raj to maintain law and order and provide an impartial government.

Despite such a strong case for the Raj and the inability of the Indians to govern their own country, the story reveals some interesting contradictions and doubts. Take for instance the brilliantly sketched riot scene that is based on a real Lahore riot that Kipling reported on for his newspaper *The Civil & Military Gazette*. Here Kipling puts a great emphasis on the ability of a handful of British officers to put down hordes of rioting natives and he is not shy of using violence to control violence. In fact, the British garrison in Fort Amara is simply dying for their chance to shoot the natives or bombard the whole city, if the situation cannot be brought under control by police. In the end order is restored, but what kind of order? This is the peace forced at gun point: "Parties of five or six British soldiers, joining arms, swept down the side-gullies, their rifles on their backs, stamping, with shouting and song, upon the toes of Hindu and Mussulman."¹⁶ Yes, the rioting is contained for the time being, but the story prompts the question how long can the British enforce this fragile peace? Moreover, peace under curfew or martial law is certainly not a pretty picture. This image of British imperialism in India, as Hubel puts it, is "one of the most chilling" in all of Anglo-Indian literature.¹⁷

Let us leave aside the internal Hindu-Muslim tension and consider the larger issue of the stability or permanence of British Raj or "the Supreme Government" which Kipling claims is "above all and below all and behind all." While it is true that in the story Khem Singh's rebellion fizzles out, Kipling, in the end, surprisingly contradicts his own thesis about the omnipotence of the Raj. On his voluntary return to the Fort Asmara, Khem Singh meets Kipling, thanks him for his help in his rescue when Kipling became the unwitting *vizier* of Lalun and then goes on to tell him: "Now there is a man in Fort Ooltagarh whom a bold man could with ease help to escape. This is the position of the Fort as I draw it on the sand – "¹⁸ Clearly Kipling is saying that the British may vanquish one Khem Singh, but there are always others who will keep on challenging the Raj. The Raj, after all, is not as stable or invincible as he seemed to suggest earlier in the story.

It is also worth noting that although Kipling firmly denies any possibility for the independence of India, given the unsuitability of Indians to govern themselves and the high level of their satisfaction with the Raj, he shows a surprising sympathy with the Indian nationalists and their cause however hopeless it might be. Khem Singh,

the old Sikh rebel, is treated with great respect. Similarly, Kipling shows a deep understanding for the dilemma that Wali Dad is in. Wali Dad personifies the difficult situation young, educated and Westernized Indians faced at the time. Their English education alienated them from their own tradition or culture and yet their collaboration with the British leads to humiliation – they are denied their rightful place in their own country. Kipling's highest admiration is reserved for Lalun, the dancing girl of Lahore, who holds the real power in the story. A charming and mysterious woman who knows everything, she manipulates the narrator [Kipling] into becoming an unwitting instrument of a seditious conspiracy. There is no question that Lalun personifies the mysterious India which entices the English, but nobody is going to win her. Despite his cockiness about the power of the British Raj at the beginning of the story, Kipling has to acknowledge the reversal of power at the end when he [the narrator] became a mere pawn in her hands. This strange reversal of power positions in the story, attests to an ambivalence on his part about the nature of Indian sedition or Indian nationalism. Clearly, Kipling is a complex writer with all kinds of contradictions, conflicts, anxieties and doubts.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Rudyard Kipling, *Kim*, Macmillan Pocket, 1908, verse heading VIII, p.186.
2. Benita Parry, "The Content and Discontent of Kipling's Imperialism", *New Formations* 6, 1988, 58.
3. For example see J.M.S. Tompkins' *The Art of Rudyard Kipling*, Methuen, London 1959, and Helen Pike Baur's *Rudyard Kipling: A Study of the Short Fiction*, New York, 1994.
4. Here may be noted that Holden explains the money he paid to Ameera's mother was for dowry arrangements. In Pathan marriage customs, the bridegroom is responsible for the dowry that the bride brings to the marriage. Presumably Ameera is a Pathan girl, though Kipling does not say so.
5. Rudyard Kipling, *Life's Handicap*, Macmillan, London 1891, p. 131.
6. *ib.*, p. 137
7. Eliot L. Gilbert, *The Good Kipling*, Ohio 1970, p.32.
8. Kipling, *Life's Handicap*, *op.cit.*, p. 141.
9. *ib.* p.149. 10. *ib.*,p.153. 11. *ib.*,p.155. 12. ... Baur, *op.cit.*, p.49.
13. Rudyard Kipling, *Wee Willie Winkie and Other Stories*, Macmillan, London 1899, p.245.
14. *ib.*,p.214.
15. Rudyard Kipling, coll., *Soldiers Three & Other Stories*, Macmillan Pocket, 1951.
16. *ib.*, p.352.
17. Teresa Hubel, *Whose India?* London 1996, p.41.
18. Kipling, *Soldiers Three*, *op.cit.*, p.355.

. . . AND SOMETHING MORE

By BILL ALEXANDER

[Bill Alexander read history at Oxford in the 1940s. In 1950 he joined the Ministry of Food as an Assistant Principal – there was still rationing – and served in various departments until the 1980s. In the 1990s he read Middle East and Indian History as a mature part-time student at the School of Oriental and African Studies.

As with Kipling, India looms importantly in Bill Alexander's background. His father, grandfather and great grandfather all served in the Indian Army; and he himself served in the British army in India and Burma in 1946 – 7. This makes him, as he puts it, "(just!) fourth generation 'British Raj'."

In the course of many years reading Kipling and books about Kipling, it occurred to Bill Alexander that it might be interesting to write a few stories purporting to bridge the gaps in our knowledge of Kipling's private life. The result was five stories, supposedly told by Kipling himself, in a "strange" encounter with the author. I have chosen to publish one story, which in its quiet civility is clearly penned by one who loves Kipling and Kipling's beloved Sussex. – *Ed.*]

Not long after we had moved to Sussex, I bought a bicycle to explore the countryside in which we found ourselves. It was an elixir. I felt an immediate peace on my very first trip through the winding wooded lanes. There had been little traffic and I was able to admire the hedgerows, sniff the breezes and enjoy the birdsong undisturbed. Gazing up and watching the scudding clouds in the bluest of skies, I felt a sense of well-being. But just when I thought the day was altogether perfect, disaster struck. A large car rounded the corner and bore down the middle of the road. Soon I was flung into a ditch with a buckled front wheel. Instead of stopping, the car shot past with an insouciant wave from the driver. I stared dumbfounded but recovered in time to note down his registration number.

I regarded my broken bike with despair. It was only mid morning, yet the day's outing seemed to be pretty well wrecked. But I was determined to explore, if not on a bike then on foot. I threw the machine into the hedge and started walking. Soon I saw a footpath leading away to the left along the bank of a swift stream. A kingfisher flashed ahead of me and wood pigeons flapped and called. Primroses, bluebells and wild garlic were at my feet. The sun was warmer now that the keen wind I felt while biking was broken by the leafy coppices. I soon forgot my unhappy accident and hummed and whistled my way along.

I must have followed the stream for nearly an hour. Then climbing a stile I dropped down into what looked like the outer edges of a large country garden. It was an area that was allowed to grow wild. There was a bench of tree trunks and on it sat an elderly man. He was dressed

rather formally in an old tweed suit, a stiff white collar, and on his head he wore a rough grey trilby.

"May I join you, Sir?" (It seemed right to address him as 'Sir'.)

"You may indeed, young man." His voice was high, clipped, but friendly. "You look as though you've had a good walk?" His clear blue eyes studied me behind steel-rimmed spectacles.

"I should really be bicycling," I said, and told him of my latest mishap. "But he won't escape. I've got his number and I'll trace him and take him to court if it's the last thing I do."

"I was knocked off my bike once," said the man with a delightful chuckle. "And I took the man to court, but it didn't do me much good."

"Why? It was his fault, I suppose?"

"It was a long time ago, in America. I had moved house with my American wife – we were not long married – and I was bicycling home along a narrow road when I met a carriage and pair driven by my brother-in-law. Well, instead of making room for me, he drove me into a ditch."

"Why on earth..." I began, but the old man anticipated me. "He hated me. He was a drunkard and a scrounger, who borrowed money from my wife and me in return for odd jobs he said he would do for us; and did them badly. Men like that bite the hand..." he paused.

I waited. Then I asked: "But what about his running you off the road?"

"Good sense deserts us in moments of deep provocation. I called him a drunken beggar; and told him I would take him to court and see him jailed if necessary."

"I know exactly how you must have felt, Sir." I said evenly.

"Yes. But I had made a mistake; and it was too late to do anything about it. If I could've withdrawn what I said in the heat of the moment, believe me, I would have gladly done so. He laughed defiantly and dared me do my worst. He threatened to kill me when he got out of jail. So I had no option but to see it through."

"Did you win in court?"

"I did win. But he made me look a fool. The local folk misunderstood our English ways and imagined we were snobs. So they were on his side, and at times the whole court was in uproar at my expense."

"I think you were unfairly treated."

He shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly.

"But," I continued, "didn't it all blow over after a time?"

"I didn't wait to see. I left the country determined never to return. . . But I did; just once more. That is another story, and a terrible tragedy." He looked away and stared in the distance. I said nothing. Something in his expression silenced me.

"So, young man," he said with the sudden effort of one turning away from his own thoughts. "One careless mistake can start a chain of disasters. I would strongly advise you against going to court. Time heals."

I let him return to his thoughts and we sat silently for a few minutes. Then he lit a cigar and rose to his feet. "I must be getting home." He pointed with his walking stick. "My house is just there." Through the budding trees I discerned a weathered, mellow, Jacobean house. "You ought to come and see it sometime. They've opened it to visitors in the last few years. It doesn't cost much." He moved off silently through the trees and was soon out of sight.

I went back the way I had come, collected my bike, and found I could wheel it without much difficulty. When I reached the village pub, I rested it against the wall and went in for a beer and a sandwich. The bar was nearly empty, but in one corner I could see the landlord talking to a portly man with a black leather case in his hand. Somehow he looked familiar. I went to a window seat and settled down. Inexplicably, I found myself thinking about the accident. I wasn't entirely placated by the old man's warning, and I had almost decided to report the matter to the police, when I suddenly realised that the portly man had joined me. "May I?" He said and without waiting for an answer sat opposite me. "I owe you an apology. I saw you coming in, and I know you are the owner of that bike outside. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm one of the local doctors round here, and when I put you into the ditch I was answering an emergency call. It really was a matter of life and death, I'm afraid. I couldn't possibly have stopped. But I'm glad to have been able to meet you and make amends. Here's my card, and I will see to it that all your repairs are paid to the full." He offered his hand with a coaxing smile. I found it impossible to refuse. We had a drink together and parted amicably.

How right the old man was! I wondered about him and wished I had asked the doctor about him. I was about to make inquiries with the landlord when my eye caught sight of a photograph over the bar. There was no mistaking the face. It was that of the old man without doubt. The caption read: "Rudyard Kipling 1865 – 1936."

BOOK REVIEW

By GEORGE WEBB

THE LONG RECESSIONAL: The Imperial Life of Rudyard Kipling, by David Gilmour, John Murray (London 2002); 351 pp, incl. full notes and references, bibliography, 2 maps, 10 pp of illustrations. Hardback £22.50. For members of the Kipling Society: £20.

The last three years have seen a surprising but heartening surge of new books on Kipling – notably three biographies (by Harry Ricketts, Meryl Macdonald Bendle and Andrew Lycett) all reviewed in the *Journal*. They initially prompted the fear that supply was outstripping demand, and that the market would fail to sustain so much possibly repetitious material. The same thought must have struck David Gilmour, for he stresses that this latest biography, the fourth to appear, is a study of Kipling's imperialism, rather than of his purely literary attainments, family connections and private life.

The claim is fully justified. This very interesting and attractively presented book is primarily concerned, from start to finish, with a scrutiny of Kipling's politics; and although 'Imperial Life' is not a very explicit term, the book represents a significant variation from most previous approaches.

Actually, the shift is of emphasis rather than of substance. Kipling's imperialism can hardly fail to be an inherent, if not prominent, factor in any considered study of what he stood for and wrote about.

Gilmour is well qualified, as a very successful biographer of Kipling's imposing contemporary, Lord Curzon, to appreciate the highly charged political ambience in Kipling's India during the late 1880s. He provides convincing evidence of the way that Kipling's sensibility and curiosity about the condition of the Raj developed, from personal admiration for the dedicated I.C.S. officers in the field, to a wider and deeper commitment to the whole scope of Britain's association with India, which he saw as a unique example of idealism and civilising mission put into practical application.

Kipling left India in 1889 and travelled to England via Singapore, China, Japan and North America, a journey which broadened his experience and intensified his political commitment, bringing his imperialism to full flower. By the mid-1890s he was gladly acknowledged as the laureate of the British Empire, a status he would retain until he died. Gilmour quotes from a poem of 1893, "The Song of the Dead":

Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the Soul which is not man's soul was lent us to lead. . .

and comments that this marked the debut of Kipling as imperial visionary (it was a benevolent world-view that he adopted and linked to Pax Britannica. It was reminiscent of Tacitus's noble vision of the Roman Empire: *immensa Romanae pacis majestas.*)

The Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 marked the apogee of her empire, and in a real sense of Kipling's career as its bard. He would still command influence, and his literary genius was unimpaired, but his popularity gradually waned from this point, and he found himself cast as Cassandra, foretelling the future to an indifferent public.

His prophecies were often truly prescient – on the evil consequences of permitting the Afrikaner to dominate South Africa; or on the Kaiser's reckless antics that helped provoke the First World War; or Hitler's relentless posturing that brought about the Second.

These and many other features of Kipling's political life are well described by Gilmour, in a book replete with detail and impressively cross-referenced with the great corpus of Kipling's works and letters. The expert reader will observe that Gilmour's case is convincingly sourced, while the common reader will find that Kipling's views were often less predictable than might be expected. On venereal disease, which afflicted an appalling proportion of the British Army in India, he was surprisingly liberal and practical, advocating the establishment of licensed brothels for the troops.

On other topics he was less tolerant, and it is painful to read his violent rantings about Ulster, or his persistently unforgiving view of Winston Churchill, whom he likened, as a party turncoat, to a "political prostitute" whom it would be "impossible to cure from whoring".

Churchill was apparently unaware of Kipling's disapproval, and was certainly very far from reciprocating it. We may speculate whether Kipling would, uncharacteristically, have changed his mind, if he had lived long enough to see Churchill rising above party politics to inspire and lead the nation to victory in a war which both of them had feared and foretold.

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Editor was fortunate to have seen an early proof-copy of David Gilmour's book, and immediately liked it. He was, therefore, astonished to read Mr Jad Adams's review of it in *The Times*. Instead of enlightening the reading public of its merits, the reviewer mostly chose to castigate Kipling. The Editor protested, and *The Times*, even-handedly, published his letter on 5 March 2002. The letter, as published, is reproduced in full for those members who may have missed it.

Sir, Your punning headline "Kipling's exceedingly bad verse is the white man's burden" (Books, T2, February 27) is in poor taste. It refers to a man whose contribution to the English language is second only to the Bible and Shakespeare. From his review of David Gilmour's *The Long Recession: The Imperial Life of Rudyard Kipling* (John Murray, 2002) I learnt more about Jad Adams's prejudices than of a book with which I have no quarrel.

Kipling wrote over a thousand poems and, like all poets who are prolific, one gets a mix of verse that is good, bad and indifferent. In his best poems, of which there are many, Kipling redeems himself; and it is a pity that Mr Adams did not refer to the one which links with the book's title. It was written for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, at the height of imperialistic sentiments, and Kipling strikes a warning note and offers, "lest we forget", a sobering vision of the end of Empire.

Why, in an age of imperialists, should Kipling be singled out and castigated for being a man of his time? Yours faithfully etc.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2001

The 74th Annual General Meeting of the Kipling Society with Sir George Engle in the Chair, was held on 11 July 2001, Royal Over-Seas League, London. It was well attended.

[1] **The Chairman** opened the meeting, welcomed members, and thanked the Officers for all their hard work, which resulted in another good year for the Society, with healthy membership figures and finances. He commented on the game of musical chairs that followed from the retirement of Michael Smith and George Webb, for family and health reasons, and hoped that the day's election of Sharad and Jane Keskar and Jeffery Lewins would put things right for the coming year and many years to come. He announced the retirement, after 13 years, of our distinguished and much loved President, Dr Michael Brock, at the age of 81. Thus one of the Meeting's tasks was to elect a new President. He added, that the size and quality of the *Journal* had been maintained and that the new Editor, whose talents included the gift of sympathetic portraiture, had produced a new and less forbidding likeness of Our Man for the front cover. Referring to the Library he said that it was unscathed when another part of the City University complex was damaged by fire; and that our assiduous Librarian had lost no time in so informing our members via the Internet. About our web-site, he said that it had grown richer and more comprehensive and, spider-like, invites visitors to walk into our parlour and become members. That web-site now included Alastair Wilson's very informative naval glossary and Brian Martinson's musicography of settings of Kipling's poems. The Kipling Forum, itself, continued as a place to air views and queries relating to Kipling.

[2] **The Minutes** of the last A.G.M. (summarised on Pages 44-46 of the December 2000 *Journal*) were taken as read, approved and signed by the Chairman. There were no matters arising.

[3] **Election of Council Members.** Miss Anne Harcombe and Mr John Walker were elected to replace Mr Norman Entract and Dr Linda Hall who had completed their term of office.

[4] **Election of Officers** [who serve as ex-officio Members of the Council]. The following honorary Officers were elected/re-elected: **Secretary** (Mrs Jane Keskar); **Membership Secretary** (Lt-Colonel R.C. Ayers); **Meetings Secretary** (Dr Jeffery Lewins); **Treasurer** (Mr R.A. Bissolotti); **Librarian** (Mr John Slater); **On Line Editor** (Mr John Radcliffe); **Editor of the Journal** (Mr Sharad Keskar).

[5] **Appointments.** Professor Georges Selim (**Independent Financial Examiner**) and Sir Derek Oulton, (**Legal Adviser**) were confirmed in their appointments.

[6] **Election of President.** The Deputy Chairman took the Chair and Sir George Engle was elected as President.

[7] **Election of Vice-Presidents.** Mr J.W.M. Smith and Mr George Webb were elected as Vice-Presidents.

[8] **Presentation to George Webb.** A CD-Rom of The Oxford English Dictionary was presented to George Webb, who spoke movingly of his past twenty years as Editor, and of his intention to remain actively involved with the Society.

[9] **The Secretary's Report.** Mr Keskar said that the year had been eventful, and that the Annual Luncheon was a resounding success. The day at Bateman's was remarkable for both its weather and Dr Lewin's impeccable organisation. The Secretary confirmed that he had taken on the Editorship from George Webb, with whom he had been working closely and to whom he paid a fulsome tribute.

[10] **Membership Secretary's Report.** Colonel Ayers said that the current membership was 672 of which 530 were individual paying members, 8 Life members, 1 honorary member, 5 Ex-Officio/Advertisers, and 125 Journal-only members. He explained that the figure of 68 new members was balanced by deaths, resignations, and defaulters; and added that the numbers of those paying by Standing Order had crept up to 281. About 10% of those paying by cheque were in arrears but he hoped that reminders on *Journal* address labels would trigger some to pay without further reminders.

He proposed that, in future, subscriptions should be raised to £22 for those who pay by cash and for Journal-only members, but remain at £20 for those who pay by Standing Order; and for overseas members it should be \$35 by Surface mail, and \$45 by Airmail. He suggested that these changes will need be printed in the September *Journal*, to give subscribers adequate notice.

[11] **Treasurer.** After stating that one of his objectives since becoming Treasurer in 1996 had finally been achieved, in that the Financial Statements had been published in the Journal before the holding of the A.G.M., (thereby giving members the opportunity of studying the statements before they were discussed at the A.G.M.), the Treasurer invited questions. But, before a host of hands could be raised, he pointed out that there was a typographical error in the published accounts under Income. The figures shown against Overseas Branches should be struck out as they were already included under Subscription income. After answering a couple of questions on the Accounts, he moved on to the subject of the recruiting for an assistant, as he was experiencing difficulty in keeping up to date with the work on the Society's affairs. The three pre-requisites for this position were:

- i) Contactable by telephone,
- ii) Have access to a word processor,
- iii) Be aware that Receipts are recorded on the left hand page and Payments on the right hand page!

Ideally and in time, the Assistant Treasurer should be able to take over most of the work currently undertaken by the Treasurer. It was, therefore, his intention to publish a job description in the next issue of the Journal.

He reminded members that the Annual Subscription (for UK subscribers) had not been increased for at least 7 years and this was, in no small part, due to members, who covenanted their subscriptions and, due to a recent change in legislation, had Gift Aided their subscriptions. He invited any member, paying UK income tax, who was present and who had not Gift Aided their subscriptions, to do so after the meeting, by completing one of the forms to be found on the table at the back of the Hall.

[12] **Meetings Secretary.** Dr Jeffery Lewins reported that a full and successful programme of meetings were held in 2000 thanks to the then Meetings Secretary, Sharad Keskar. Particular highlights during the year were Professor Kuwano's talk on Kipling in Japan and Judith Flanders on the distinguished Macdonald Sisters. Also of considerable interest was an account by our On Line Editor about the Society's web site and the showing of a TV film about Kipling, made in France. During the current year we have had a further film, an animated Mowgli, and the well attended and highly regarded talk by Jan Morris. A visit to Bateman's, by courtesy of the National Trust, was enjoyed by some 32 members on a memorable sunny day.

The programme for the rest of the year includes an addition to our routine of the first Eileen Stammers-Smith Memorial lecture, to be given by the poet and critic Craig Raine. Admission to this event on the 6 September would be free but members were asked to let the Meetings Secretary know in advance, so that he could send them an admission card and directions to the Lecture Hall.

Dr Lewins was happy to announce a full programme in place for the coming year and expressed his gratitude to all those who had helped identify speakers as well as the speakers themselves.

[13] **Librarian.** The Librarian reported on the state of the Library since the recent fire had partially destroyed the City University. Fortunately, the Library and its contents were unharmed, but the Library is currently being used by the University for exams. This meant that access for members was difficult. Members should contact the Librarian, who may be able to arrange visits between exams.

[14] **Editor.** Sharad Keskar reported that he had been fortunate to spend many fruitful afternoons with George Webb, and was watered and fed into the bargain. Jo Webb's hospitality knew no bounds. That also applied to Audrey Smith. In fact, since Michael Smith resigned he had put on weight! The December 2000 issue had been produced together with George Webb and Mr Keskar had since edited the March and June issues. He went on to say that the image of Kipling as a bespectacled old man with a walrus moustache was here to stay, but the fact that, at the height of his fame, he was a young man was often forgotten. The Editor wanted to strike a balance and above all to soften, if he cannot erase, the unfair "Alf Garnett" image, and so the cover design had changed. He hastened to add that the change had the approval and blessing of George Webb, who, everyone would be happy to hear, would continue to make regular literary contributions to the Journal. He ended with a very personal thank you, and acknowledgement of his deep gratitude to George Webb.

[15] **On Line Editor.** John Radcliffe reported a year of steady progress for the Society's web-site. Of the nearly 120,000 visitors to the site since its launch in February 1999, there were 70,000 in the past year. (We had some 120 visitors a night in mid-summer, and two or three times as many during the winter.) The site attracted a steady flow of correspondence, and there have been some 80 applicants for membership in the past year via the site, of whom about half have joined. Content has developed in various ways over the year. We have continued to offer weekly quotations, together with poems which may be of interest to members and other users. The Journal Index and Library Catalogue have been regularly updated. We have also used the site to present various pieces of work by members, including Brian Mattinson's account of RK's musical settings; Alastair Wilson's glossary of naval terms, and Liz Breuilly's work on RK's use of the Bible. Following interest from various members in 'Proofs of Holy Writ', we have secured permission from the National Trust to publish this uncollected story on the site, within 'The Kipling File'.

There are now 300 people (members or would-be members) enabled for access to the members-only site, and over a 100 people registered for the mailbase discussion group. This continues to generate lively discussions, comment and debate.

THE KIPLING SOCIETY – FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31/12/01 is on pp. 58-59.

SOCIETY NEWS

A CELEBRATION OF KIPLING'S WORDS

Bateman's held a week of activities designed to bring to National Trust visitors an essence of Kipling's life and work. The Society was invited to present, on Sunday 12 May, a programme of readings from Kipling's verse and prose, which would serve to illustrate each major episode of his life. Michael Smith planned the programme, chose the readings, introduced each of them and the readers, who were John Walker, John Radcliffe and Sharad Keskar from the Society; and Elaine Eardley and Norman Cuddeford from Rottingdean. A marquee and sound system had been set up near the oasts and many in an attentive audience, who were free to move in and out at will, not only stayed the full course of the morning session, but also joined us again for the session after lunch. They were given printed programmes, which listed titles and sources of readings that ranged from Kipling's childhood in India and Southsea, through "Seven Years Hard" back in India, to Vermont and return to his beloved county of Sussex. Many in the audience – during the afternoon session extra chairs had to be provided – were struck by Kipling's versatility and literary style. All in all this successful "first" for Bateman's promoted and publicised Kipling, the Society; and the Trust; and the Trust were grateful for our contribution. This was the Trust's second vote of thanks to the Society this year. Earlier, on Monday 18 March 2002, at 6 p.m. in the Purcell Room of London's South Bank complex, and as part of the National Trust Lecture Series, Michael Smith gave an illustrated talk on "Rudyard Kipling's 'very own house' ". It was a *tour de force*.

FENCHURCH LODGE

The Editor was delighted to hear from Geoffrey Siphthorp, a member of our Society, of a meeting, last year, at Fenchurch Lodge, at which his brother was present. The Guest Speaker was the Worshipful Brother John Webb, whose talk on "Rudyard Kipling: Freemason and Poet" was, by all accounts, fascinating and informative.

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE RE LIBRARY ACCESS

At the time of writing (20 May) exams are restricting access to the Library until 17 June. It is not yet known whether the restrictions will continue after that date.

Telephone numbers at City University have been changed. Those wishing to make reservations should ring 020-7040-8986 (Sharon Louca), 020-7040-8162 (Liz Harris) or, failing them the University's main switchboard at 020-7040-5060.

John Slater. Hon.Librarian, 020-7359-2404, jssaki@aol.com

KIPLING SOCIETY

YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2001

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

	2001		2000	
	£	£	£	£
INCOME				
Subscriptions	14,662		13,966	
Bank interest	2,503		1,627	
Other Income (2)	71		1,350	
Profit on sale of COIF units			1,211	
		17,236		18,154
EXPENDITURE				
Print and despatch of <i>Journal</i>	12,842		12,515	
Lectures and meetings	2,201		817	
Library	217		142	
Administration (3)	2,926		2,741	
Website	712		564	
Bank Charges	101		118	
Depreciation (4)	265		230	
		19,264		17,127
(Deficit)/Surplus for year		<u>(£2,028)</u>		<u>£1,027</u>

NOTES TO THE ACCOUNTS

1. These accounts are prepared on the accrual basis.
2. Includes miscellaneous sums from advertising, sale of journals and copying
3. The Society employs no paid staff and has no permanent office. All overheads, professional fees and running expenses are allocated to the heading of 'Administration'.
4. Fixed assets are depreciated over 5 years at 20% per annum pro rata, except the library bookcases which are depreciated at 10% pro rata.
5. Payments including reimbursement of expenses were made during the year to Trustees: G W Webb £200; R C Ayres £239; J F Slater £177; Mrs. J M Keskar £573; S D J Keskar £778; R A Bissolotti £13.

KIPLING SOCIETY

YEAR ENDED 31 DECEMBER 2001

BALANCE SHEET

	2001		2000	
	£	£	£	£
FIXED ASSETS				
Library, including additions		14,562		14,555
Office Equipment – cost/additions	9,271		8,497	
Depreciation	<u>(7,409)</u>	<u>1,862</u>	<u>(7,144)</u>	<u>1,353</u>
		16,424		15,908
CURRENT ASSETS				
Cash at Bank	54,433		49,349	
Debtors	<u>1,414</u>		<u>1,561</u>	
	55,847		50,910	
CURRENT LIABILITIES				
Creditors	<u>(4,293)</u>		<u>(3,812)</u>	
NET CURRENT ASSETS		51,554		47,098
Net Assets		<u>67,978</u>		<u>£63,006</u>
RESERVES				
Balance at 1 January		48,006		46,979
Legacy		22,000		15,000
(Deficit) Surplus for year		<u>(2,028)</u>		<u>1,027</u>
Balance at 31 December		<u>£67,978</u>		<u>£63,006</u>

SIGNATORIES

Note: The signatories were *R.A. Bissolotti* (Honorary Treasurer) and *Mrs J.M. Keskar* (Honorary Secretary).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE KIPLING COLLECTION – CAPE TOWN REVISITED

From Bryan Diamond, Flat 2 80 Fitzjohn's Avenue, London NW3 5LS

Cape Town is a beautiful city; dominated by Table Mountain, which can be seen from all its suburbs. Kipling visited it on several occasions from 1891-1908 and he includes Cape Town in his "The Song of the Cities" (1893). The stanza refers to Lion's Head – a spur of the Mountain. But of particular interest to members of the Kipling Society will surely be the Kipling Collection, which is housed in the Special Collections Department of the University of Cape Town.

In 1990, George Webb, then Editor of the *Kipling Journal*, visited the University and was so impressed by the Collection that he invited Mrs Sue Ogetrop (who, as librarian at that time, was responsible for its supervision) to write about it. Her article was published in the June 1993 issue of the *Journal*. She described the Collection as "one of the largest and most complete collections of published Kipling material in existence."

The collection was assembled by J.S.I. McGregor (1887-1969). In 1959 he donated it to the University. The present holdings are described in the website (www.lib.uct.ac.za/Rarebks/rarecollection.htm#kipling). During a visit to the city last December, my wife and I were shown the Collection by the present Librarian Mrs Tanya Barben – some members will have heard her talk at the *Kim* Centenary Conference in Cambridge last September. The collection is nicely housed in a pleasant separate room (this was a condition of the gift) with glass-fronted bookcases. She kindly put out some rarities for our inspection, including first editions of *Departmental Ditties*, Railway Library stories, and the portfolio of Detmold *Jungle Book* illustrations (1903). There was the full set of the Sussex edition; and in addition to the extensive number of works by and about Kipling presented by McGregor, the University continues to purchase new critical works and significant new editions. We were also able to see some of the 31 books of newspaper and magazine cuttings which are a valuable and unique part of the Collection. They are indexed on cards and could be a useful subject of study by anyone with time to spend there. We had a brief look at another part of the Special Collections namely Children's books, with a good number of *Alice* editions (some illustrated editions were donated by McGregor).

During our drives around the city we passed the grand Mount Nelson Hotel where Kipling stayed in early 1900. In December 1900 the

Kipling family moved into The Woolsack, the house built by Cecil Rhodes on his estate and where he allowed RK and family to stay. (The family came out to the Cape every English winter, until April 1908.) The house – on an adjacent campus to the library, became University property in the 1970s and is now the recreational centre for a senior students' residence that has been built around it – was closed to visitors. As it is surrounded by railings and trees I could see little else but its gables and, because of the surrounding buildings, sadly, it has lost its original rural setting.

We also drove up the mountainside to the impressive Rhodes Memorial, with the bust; and the verse from Kipling's "The Burial". According to Birkenhead, Kipling venerated Rhodes and was deeply stricken by his death and composed verses before his funeral. It was moving to stand by the memorial and look over the fine view.

Yours faithfully
BRYAN DIAMOND

KIPLING BOYCOTT

From Mr Shamus O.D. Wade, 37 Davis Road, Acton, London W3 7SE.

Dear Sir,

In N.T.P. Murphy's splendid *One Man's London*, [Hutchinson, 1989] I came across this gem on page 256. At No. 14 in the Royal Opera Arcade (built by John Nash) was the barber's shop which enjoyed the patronage of the great Pall Mall clubs. "The writer James Bone remembered walking in one day to find four dukes occupying the chairs and the Archbishop of Canterbury waiting his turn. Kipling used it regularly till the day he saw Ramsay Macdonald, the first labour Prime Minister, in his favourite chair. This annoyed Kipling so much he never entered the place again."

Yours faithfully
SHAMUS WADE

MARY POSTGATE

From Mr Ken Frazer, 3 Roseacres, Sawbridgeworth, Herts

Dear Sir,

In 1959 my wife and I were walking with a friend down a main road in Dusseldorf. The friend, who was idly swinging her car keys, let go of

them. They sailed through the air, through an iron grating and fell on a pile of coke. We were on our knees, and as we stared at them helplessly I heard a woman say: "*Ein kinder hat gefallen*". She meant "*kind*". Mary Postgate may have committed the same solecism; or perhaps Kipling did. He does misquote. He misquotes from Hans Breitmann's ride at the beginning of "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney"; and his good German Muller misquotes Swinburne in "In the Rukh".

Incidentally, we retrieved the keys, helped by two stalwart R.A.S.C. drivers, and with the aid of some silver paper from a packet of cigarettes.

Yours faithfully
KEN FRAZER

CARRIE KIPLING

From Sir George Engle, 32 Wood Lane, Highgate, London N6 5UB

Dear Sir,

In his fascinating "The Ramsay – Mrs Kipling Letters" (Magdalene College Occasional Paper No.25) Dr Lewins, after mentioning on page 2 certain provisions of Mrs Kipling's final will (made as a widow in 1938) writes: "Some flavour of Mrs Kipling's nature comes through the provisions for bequests to her servants:

AND I DECLARE that the legacies given by sub-clauses (b), (e) and (f) hereof are conditional upon the legatee being in my service at the date of my death and not then being under notice to leave whether given or received."

But a provision so worded was common form for legacies to servants between the wars, as can be seen from the leading textbook (Hayes & Jarman's *Forms of Wills* 16th ed., 1933, still current in 1938) which Mrs Kipling's solicitor would certainly have followed. The precedent on p. 193 reads:

I BEQUEATHE. . . To my servant [name] if he shall be in my service till my death and not under notice to leave whether given or received. . .£ – . To each of the domestic servants who shall be in my service at my death and not under notice to leave whether given or received except the said [name] a sum equal to one year's wages.

Furthermore the inclusion of the words "and not be under notice to leave whether given or received" in the precedent for a legacy to a named – and therefore presumably trusted – servant indicates that they

are merely precautionary, and throw no light on the nature of the testator.

Poor Carrie has had such a bad press over the years, culminating in Adam Nicolson's unsympathetic *The Hated Wife*, that it seems only fair to rebut this small but unjust slur.

Yours faithfully
GEORGE ENGLE

GRACE M. GAZELEY

From Miss Verlie Gazeley, 11 Wargrave Road, South Harrow, Middx. HA2 8LL

Dear Sir,

My mother, Grace Gazeley has been an admirer of Rudyard Kipling since childhood, and I believe this appreciation was passed down to her from her mother. Both my mother and grandmother were gifted storytellers, and I was the lucky recipient of their delightful fantasies at bed-time, by an open fire. I now realise that they were partly inspired by Kipling's writings, such as *Rewards and Fairies* and *Puck of Pook's Hill*. My mother's love of Kipling was constant, and she was always ready to rebut any criticisms of him. When in later life she had the opportunity to do a mature teacher training course at Wall Hall College near Aldenham, English was her main subject, and she chose to write a dissertation on "Kipling and his Sussex". I believe it was very well received. During her research for this work she visited Bateman's and fell in love with it. I too visited the estate a couple of years ago, while in Saltdean in East Sussex, and fell under its spell. My mother was rather unwell at the time but it cheered her up to see my enthusiasm for a place she so dearly loved.

Sadly, my mother died of heart failure last November. She was eighty-five. It was while I was in the throes of clearing her home that I discovered the *Kipling Journals* from 1966-1981. I knew that she had written about Kipling for her English course work all those years ago, so I've decided to bequeath the *Journals* and her essay to the Kipling Society.* She will be thrilled about this. I know it was what she wanted.

Yours faithfully
VERLIE GAZELEY

* The Editor intends to publish an edited version of this essay in the December 2002 issue of the Journal, in memory of Grace Gazeley; and will then hand it over to the Kipling Library.

NEW MEMBERS

Mr Brian E. Allison (*Littlehampton, West Sussex*)
Mr Robert Avery (*Daventry, Northants*)
Mr Derek L. Bradley (*Morley, West Yorkshire*)
Dr Eric P. Cohen (*Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin, USA*)
Mr William Crawford (*New York, New York, USA*)
Mr Jose Maria De Paz (*Barcelona, Spain*)
Mr Hugh Duff (*Redhill, Surrey*)
Mr Beverley Elliott (*Kendal, Cumbria*)
Miss Elizabeth Fenley (*London, W7*)
M. Bertrand Halff (*Paris, France*)
Dr Shamsul Islam (*Montreal, Quebec, Canada*)
Dr Robin James (*London, E5*)
Mr Jonathan Jones (*Farnham, Surrey*)
Mr Miguel Loran (*Barcelona, Spain*)
Mr Randy Lynch (*Chicago, Illinois, USA*)
Mr Andrew McCarthy (*London, SE22*)
Mr John Oakes (*Reading, Berkshire*)
Mr and Mrs Julian Pegler (*London, SW3*)
Mr J.M. Raisman (*London, W4*)
Mr Colin Walmsley (*King's Lynn, Norfolk*)
Mr Michael Yoder (*Fullerton, California, USA*)

IMPORTANT NOTICE

SUBSCRIPTIONS – ROUTINE REMINDERS

For those individual members who pay annually by cheque or cash, each *Kipling Journal* address label carries a routine reminder of the month in which a particular subscription falls due. It would be greatly appreciated if such members would check their address label and send their subscription in that month. Your co-operation in this matter will make it unnecessary to send further reminders and thus keep costs to a minimum.

Send your subscriptions – still £22 (plus £7 for airmail) or \$35US (plus \$10 airmail) – **to:**

The Membership Secretary, 295 Castle Road, Salisbury, SP1 3SB, England.

UK members can save us the need for sending reminders, and themselves the task of checking them, by paying by Bank Standing Order, a form for which is available from the Membership Secretary.

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 N1 2DF, England**. Back numbers of the *Journal* can also be bought. Write to; **Mr Michael Smith, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton BN2 6LB, England**.

The Editor 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**.

