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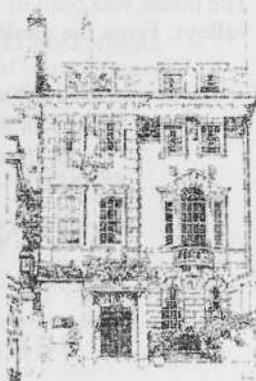
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SECRETARY'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

SOME FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Wednesday 10 September 2008, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Jan Montefiore**, of Kent University, "From the Cave-Woman's First Singing Magic to the Scout's Bacon and Eggs: Food, Cookery and Gender in Kipling's Tales".

Wednesday 12 November 2008, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Tim Connell**, of City University, "Kipling and Saki Compared".

Wednesday 11 February 2009, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, **Peter Havholm**, of Wooster College, Ohio, "Why the Academic Discussion of Kipling is not Academic".

Wednesday 8 April 2009, 5.30 for 6 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, Speaker to be announced.

Wednesday 6 May 2009, 12.30 for 1.00 p.m. in the Hall of India and Pakistan, Royal Over-Seas League, **Professor Richard Holmes** will be our Guest Speaker at the Society's Annual Luncheon.

Wednesday 8 July 2009, 4.30 p.m., in the Mountbatten Room, Royal Over-Seas League, the Society's A.G.M. after which (5.30 for 6 p.m.), **Bart Moore-Gilbert**, of Goldsmith's College on "Something of Myself: Kipling and Autobiography".

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EDITORIAL

CHANGE OF MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

Members will have seen from the flyer enclosed with the June issue of the *Journal* that Roger Ayers has now retired from the position of Hon Membership Secretary and that John Lambert has taken over this role. However, I feel that we should record this in something less ephemeral than a flyer. Lt-Col Roger Ayers was elected to this post at the 1998 A.G.M., a position which had been in abeyance for 18 years. He joined the Society in 1985 and has steadily taken on more and more work for us – as well as applying his database skills to organising the membership work, he was Chairman of Council for 2003-2005, is a frequent contributor to the *Journal*, and is the annotator of the *Barrack-Room Ballads* for the New Readers' Guide. He is also the source of all answers to questions on arms and the army for the NRG., however esoteric.

On behalf of us all, I thank Roger for all his efforts on our behalf, and welcome his successor John Lambert, wishing both of them continuing success in their various endeavours.

ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS, KEW – MARIANNE NORTH GALLERY

I recently re-visited the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, but for the first time went into the Marianne North Gallery. Marianne North (1831-1890) who was born and lived in Hastings, not far from Bateman's, was a painter and traveller who only started on her world-wide travels in 1871. Eventually, in 1878-9, she visited India, and amongst the paintings displayed in the gallery I noticed several that are relevant to Kipling's reports of his tour of Rajputana, almost 10 years later, which he collected in *Letters of Marque*. Amongst the many paintings of plants, there are several views with the following titles (Miss North's spellings; the numbers identify the paintings): a street in Ajmere and the Gate of the Daghar Mosque (797); Jain Tower and Temple at Chittore (272); Bridge of Chittore in Rajpootana (322); Elephant Gate and Neem Tree at Chittore (806).

Nor does it end there. In the group from South America, there is a painting of the *Victoria Regia* lily (001) and one the palms in the Rio de Janeiro Jardim Botânico (626) which Kipling described in *Letters from Brazil*.

Because of the way that the paintings are hung in the gallery, in accordance with Miss North's directions, it is not easy to see all of them. However, the Kew website displays them, and makes it easy to get a good view of them. They can be found at:

<http://www.kew.org/mng/gallery/country.shtml>

THE EYES OF ASIA

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ESSAY

By ANURAG JAIN

[Anurag Jain is a PhD research student at the University of London (Queen Mary). His project is entitled ' "When Art Put on Khaki and Went into Action!": Ford, Kipling, Conan Doyle, Wells and British Propaganda of the First World War.' He gave an excellent paper at the 2007 University of Kent Kipling Conference entitled "Behind Asian Eyes: Kipling's Indian Soldiers and British Propaganda of the First World War" after which we invited him to write something for the NRG on *The Eyes of Asia*. This is the result, which can also be found in the Readers' Guide on our website. — Ed.]

The Eyes of Asia appeared in the American *Saturday Evening Post* in six parts over the month of May and the beginning of June and was published in book form by Doubleday in the United States in 1918.¹ Though three of the stories appeared in the *Morning Post* in London, there was no English book publication till they were collected in Kipling's posthumous Sussex edition.² The book consists of four stories that read as letters home from non-British soldiers, which take place in 1915 and 1916. "A Retired Gentleman" and "The Fumes of the Heart" are both fictionalised letters written from the perspective of wounded Indian soldiers, a Rajput and a Sikh, to their families. The second is cast as a dictated letter from a Sikh soldier to his brother and has dramatic asides and digressions from the injured soldier punctuating the text. As for the remaining two stories, "The Private Account" is presented as a scene showing an Afghan family reading and responding to a letter from their son on the Western Front, and the final story, "A Trooper of Horse", takes the form of a letter from an unwounded Muslim soldier in France to his mother.

According to Lord Birkenhead's notes made from Carrie Kipling's (now destroyed) diary, on 19 June 1916, Major Sidney Goldman of the Intelligence Department brought Brigadier General Cockerill to meet Kipling to discuss 'how best to give intelligence to neutrals at home'.³ Shortly thereafter, on 26 June, it is noted that Kipling 'starts work on some Indian letters from men who have been at the front'. The notes from the diary explain that the framework of the book came from censored Indian soldier's letters that he had received from Sir Dunlop Smith. Kipling's correspondence confirms this. On 9 June 1916, for example, he wrote Smith that he was glad that some work was finally being done on Indian soldiers but that he would not be able to write an introduction to any such pamphlet himself, because he was too busy. The letter finds Kipling then thanking Smith for the Censor's reports

on letters from members of the British Indian army active in the war, calling them a 'complete revelation' and asking for more of them.⁴ As Kipling further explained he wanted to make 'some sort of article out of them', assuring Smith that he would not give his sources away. Though it is not clear if Smith was allowed to circulate these reports, it does seem evident that the materials were sensitive enough that Kipling would have had ample reason to anticipate his correspondent's possible fear about his revealing his sources.

As for the more specific nature of these sources, Indian soldiers' letters were initially censored on grounds of preventing the dissemination of 'seditious literature', whether from the enemy or the 'Indian Revolutionary Party'.⁵ After being dictated to a scribe, as was most often the case (and as per the process Kipling dramatizes in "The Fumes of the Heart"), soldiers' letters were then, according to David Omissi, censored at two levels. The first was at the regimental level and the second was at the more centralized military level. As noted, this was initially to prevent seditious literature from coming into regiments, but was later extended to prevent bad news from leaking out as well.⁶ An internal report by the Head Censor of Indian Mails, Captain E.B. Howell, reveals part of the government's thinking behind these policies:

If the men had been allowed to write freely, they might conceivably have given information of military value to the enemy and they certainly would have terrified their relatives, and so cause considerable political danger, by exaggerated *or even accurate*, accounts of the suffering which they were required to endure (emphasis mine).⁷

In other words, without restrictions on writing, troops not only might inadvertently give information to the enemy, but they also might portray the events of the war with a tone of realism that could have caused a slump in morale. Somewhat paradoxically, there was minimal interference with the outgoing letters, according to Omissi, because deletions were 'more likely to excite the fearful imagination of their recipients than letters which had not been tampered with'.⁸ Moreover it was assumed, Omissi notes, that the stories that came from injured soldiers would enflame the 'oriental' imagination more than what could be said in any letter.

Yet even despite this often 'minimal' interference with outgoing letters from the battlefield, as mentioned, censorship was eventually extended from 'inward' mail to letters 'written by Indian sick and wounded in the hospitals in England, where the men had leisure to write and unlimited notepaper' as well.⁹ In addition to controlling access to more accurate information about life on the warfront, according to another internal report, Indian Mail Censorship helped draw certain

issues of morale to the attention of government authorities including the question of pay, remittances, rations, clothing, and restrictions from certain activities enforced in the hospital. Censoring the letters offered a cross-section of 'the current sentiments and opinions both of the troops in the field and of their circle of correspondents in India and elsewhere' and thus gave the government a means of gauging opinion and morale and learning about what was happening in the trenches.¹⁰ The report ends with the note that the extracts from the Indian correspondence are of historical and psychological value and if ever permitted to be published, would make 'a very entertaining book'.¹¹ The entertaining aspects of the letters contrast with the complaints and the anger that some soldiers expressed when commenting on the war. In approaching these materials, Kipling looked at the 'entertaining' aspects of the letters and was able to expand them into four narratives.

Kipling had first hand experience with Indian soldiers and wrote about them in *The New Army in Training*. According to Carrington's notes from Carrie's diary he was also familiar with the Indian wounded having visited some of them in Brighton (see entry for 23 January 1915).¹² When, over a year and a half later, Kipling had finished his first drafts of the composites of the letters, he sent them to Smith on 10 [13?] July 1916. In total, this initial output (the original manuscript version of which has been lost) resulted in three sketches: (1) of a Sikh landowner, (2) a young 'sweep of a Pathan without morals', and (3) a 'Raffish native officer'. Intriguingly, Kipling explained to Smith that he found the censored extracts from the soldiers' letters that emphasised the prosperity of England and France, together with their focus on education, to be most remarkable: 'What they mean by "education" is, I think, capacity to use and profit by the material of the civilization they have seen—such as churches, ploughs, washing tubs and so on.'¹³

From these letters Kipling imagined hundreds of thousands of men 'who have gone abroad and discovered the nakedness of their own land—as well as the gravity of war then waged in earnest by Sahib-log.' For Kipling two events were especially important. The first of these was the clearing of the officer's horse manure by Flemish ('Phlahamahnds') farmers and the second was an artillery officer's lust for a green tent. He referred to them as 'literal facts' in his letter to Smith, and they both eventually appear in the story "Fumes of the Heart".¹⁴ He also makes reference in "A Retired Gentleman" (in passages redacted from the text of the original letters) to stories that he heard from Smith himself. While Kipling admitted that he took 'large liberties with the material' in creating these sketches, he simultaneously insisted that much of what he borrowed was only tenuously related to his fictional versions, given the way they amplified 'what I thought I saw between the letters.' Kipling explains how the censored letters influenced his stories thus further

establishing his connection to government propaganda; but he also demonstrates how he adapted his source material to his own projections of what he thought he might have seen in the letters.

Wary of exposing Smith to any trouble, Kipling assured him that there was nothing in his fictionalised accounts that the India Office should have reason to object to and promised to return the censored letters to him as soon as possible. On 6 October 1916, Kipling thanked Smith for another batch of the letters and explained that he was trying to 'get together a whole collection of letters giving points of view, from all parts of the Empire, of quite humble folk.' Though this project never materialised, by November 1918, Kipling was in a position to forward a copy of *The Eyes of Asia* to Smith. Despite the author's distaste for small books, he published the book because of popular demand in America: 'the thing seems to have really done useful work, over there.' Fittingly, Kipling closed this correspondence with Smith by giving thanks to him, claiming that '[i]t's to the censored letters that I owe it.'

Appealing to Smith's knowledge of India in the 10 [13?] July letter, Kipling asked Smith to confirm that the materials were believable, requesting that 'if you find any error in caste or mental outlook in the characters give me a hint.'¹⁵ In creating these four stories, thus, Kipling had to negotiate several tasks at once, being sure to maintain the secrecy of his sources, minimising potential offence to the India Office, and still creating characters that were believable and accurate in terms of their 'mental outlook.'

NOTES

1. The stories were published in a slightly different order: "The Fumes of the Heart", 19 May 1917; "The Private Account", 26 May 1917; "A Retired Gentleman", 2 June 1917; "A Trooper of Horse", 9 June 1917.
2. *The Morning Post* published them in a six part series. "The Fumes of the Heart", 10 May and 14 May 1917; "A Retired Gentleman" 17 May and 21 May 1917; "A Trooper of Horse", 24 May and 29 May.
3. Sussex Kipling Archive, Ad.40, p.70.
4. Thomas Pinney, editor. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling Volume 4: 1911-19* (Basingstoke, 1999), p.374-5.
5. E.B. Howell, Captain Head Censor, Indian Mails, "Report on Twelve Months' Working of the Indian Mail Censorship", quoted in David Omissi (editor), *Indian Voices of the Great War. Soldier's Letters, 1914-18* (London: Macmillan 1999), pp.369-72.
6. Omissi, "Introduction", pp.5-6.
7. *ibid.*, p.370.
8. *ibid.*, pp.7-8.
9. *ibid.*, p.370.
10. Omissi, p.371.
11. *ibid.*, p.372.
12. "Extracts from the Private Diaries of Carrie Kipling", Sussex Kipling Arch., 1/11.
13. Sussex Kipling Archive, Ad. 1.
14. *The Eyes of Asia*, pp.34 & 43-5.
15. Sussex Kipling Archive, Ad. 1.

THE TRAGEDY OF RUDYARD KIPLING

By FRED LERNER

[Fred Lerner is a long-term member of the Society, one of whose other interests is Science Fiction and Fantasy. His work has appeared regularly in the *Journal* and he is the author of the overview article in the NRG on "Rudyard Kipling considered as a Science Fiction Writer".

Mr Lerner also produces *LOFGEORNOST*, a newsheet for private distribution through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and this article first appeared there in No.86 for February 2007. I am very grateful to him for giving me permission to reprint his article. —Ed.]

SEEK NOT TO QUESTION OTHER THAN THE BOOKS I LEAVE BEHIND.

That was the burden of "The Appeal", the short poem that concludes the *Definitive Edition of Rudyard Kipling's Verse*. Kipling would have hated Thomas Pinney's six-volume edition of *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, published between 1990 and 2004 by the University of Iowa Press. And were I properly obedient to my favourite writer's last wish, I would have refrained from reading the 1,888 letters that Professor Pinney has selected and annotated. But I did not refrain, eagerly invading the privacy of that most private of men, the better to understand the experiences and opinions that helped to shape the extraordinarily diverse body of prose and verse that Rudyard Kipling left behind.

How can I so flagrantly disregard the desire of a writer whose work has so enriched my life? How can I justify this intrusion into his private correspondence? And, more importantly, did what I learned from reading his letters repay the time I spent with them and the trespass I committed?

Had Kipling written merely to entertain his readers, his private life would be none of their business. Had he written to instruct as well as to entertain, while remaining within the confines of the printed page, he would still be entitled to his privacy. But the artist who seeks political power, whether overtly or covertly, assumes the role of the public man, and any medium in which he advances his quest becomes fair game for the historian.

As a schoolboy poet Rudyard Kipling extolled the theory and practice of empire, and until his dying day he maintained that enthusiasm in his published writing and in his private correspondence. In the last two decades of his life he drew upon the influence that his immense popularity with the reading public had given him, and worked both in public and in private to shape the editorial policies of newspapers and

the pronouncements of Tory politicians. The very man who spoke of 'power without responsibility' as 'the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages' himself worked steadfastly to achieve that power.

In the course of that pursuit, Rudyard Kipling came to discard the liberal sentiments that informed his youthful vision of empire. He became a reactionary and a racist and a vicious anti-Semite; only the French ('the most marvellous nation on the planet') and a few of his fellow Englishmen found favour in his sight. And yet, to the end of his life, he continued to write some of the finest prose and verse ever produced in English. Many biographers have tried to explain his life and work, but it is from his own letters that one must discover the origins and the denouement of the tragedy of Rudyard Kipling.

When Rudyard Kipling returned to India in 1882, he was ready to appreciate its diversity of peoples and cultures. He had been born there sixteen years before, and as a child spoke the Bombay vernacular in preference to English. At the United Services College in the Devonshire resort of Westward Ho!, headmaster Cormell Price had introduced him to a wide range of literary influences: Hakluyt's *Voyages*, Russian novels, The *Rubaiyat* ('a poem not yet come to its own'), and a panorama of English verse. As a journalist on the *Civil and Military Gazette* Kipling was exposed to aspects of Indian life that lay beyond the orbit of most of his fellow Anglo-Indians – and he revelled in it. In the stories later collected in *Plain Tales from the Hills* and *In Black and White*, he cast a satirical eye on his countrymen while writing lovingly about the peoples native to the land.

'I am deeply interested in the queer ways and works of the people of the land', he told a fellow-journalist in 1886. But he was under no illusions of Utopia. 'When you write "native" who do you mean?' he asked a cousin in England: 'The Mahommedan who hates the Hindu; the Hindu who hates the Mahommedan; the Sikh who loathes both; or the semi-anglicized product of our Indian colleges who is hated and despised by Sikh, Hindu, and Mahommedan.'

His feeling for the land and people of India outlasted Kipling's time in that country. Even after moving to London in pursuit of a literary career, travelling around the world, living in America for several years, and returning to settle for good in England, he retained a powerful connection to the land of his birth. Nowhere is this more evident than in *Kim*, which he completed in 1900 while living in the seaside village of Rottingdean.

Kim is many things: a spy story, a quest novel, a bildungsroman; but above all, it is a love letter to India, a celebration of the sounds and smells and colours of the subcontinent. Kimball O'Hara, the Little

Friend of All the World, is Irish by ancestry and Indian by adoption. A master of disguise, he can pass for a Hindu or a Muslim, and he adapts with perfect ease to the life of a Buddhist lama's *chela*. 'I am now that holy man's disciple; and we go a pilgrimage together—to Benares, he says. He is quite mad, and I am tired of Lahore city. I wish new air and water.' And off they go along the Grand Trunk Road.

As Kim enters upon the Great Game as a spy for the British Raj, he is inducted into a fellowship that embraces all of India's races and creeds and vocations. A Pathan horse-trader invokes 'God's curse on all unbelievers!' – and is willing to risk his life for a Bengali Hindu. Colonel Creighton, who supervises the exploits of this varied crew, respects his subordinates and their cultural traditions. And their universalism is shared by Kipling the narrator, who condemns the Anglican chaplain who

looked at [the lama] with the triple-ringed uninterest of the creed that lumps nine-tenths of the world under the title of 'heathen'.

Soon after his arrival in India, Kipling joined a Masonic lodge, and was an ardent Freemason for the rest of his life. He celebrated in verse the diversity of his lodge in Lahore:

We'd Bola Nath, Accountant,
An' Saul the Aden Jew,
An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman
Of the Survey Office too;
There was Babu Chuckerbutty,
An' Amir Singh the Sikh,
An' Castro from the fittin'-sheds,
The Roman Catholick!

India proved too small a canvas for Kipling's art. His tales and verses were immensely popular in Britain, and throughout the English-speaking world. Upon his arrival in London he was received into the highest literary circles, and through his literary connections he met and impulsively married an American woman, Caroline Balestier. They built a house in her native Vermont, where the Kiplings planned to reside permanently; but life in Brattleboro became untenable after a run-in with Carrie's scapegrace brother produced lawsuits and publicity. This, together with the death of their six-year-old daughter, soured Kipling on America. The Kiplings removed to England, eventually settling in an ancient house in a Sussex valley where they spent the rest of their lives between extensive travels.

Was it his disastrous experience in America that changed Kipling into an intolerant chauvinist, or was it his wife's snobbery, as some biographers have alleged? Was Kipling unprepared for the public adulation that preceded him to London and to America – and for the way that adulation became transmuted into demands on his privacy?

Even as he found admittance into the highest literary circles in England, Kipling maintained that interest in the world's work and sympathy for those who performed it that set him apart from most of his contemporaries. But over the years his sympathies shifted from those who actually did the work to those who planned and supervised and got rich from their endeavours. And as Kipling increasingly absorbed the values of the English establishment, as he became accustomed to the prerogatives of fame, he lost much of his appreciation for the Diversity of Creatures that populated God's Creation.

If anything can be blamed for Kipling's disavowal of his early universalism, it must be World War I. He saw it coming long before the Guns of August were heard, and stridently lamented England's unpreparedness for the looming conflict. Once the war began he saw it as an unambiguous battle for the preservation of civilisation:

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war.
The Hun is at the gate!

Anyone who failed to share this view was to Kipling's mind part of the problem. The Americans, who did not understand the relevance of this European conflict to their own security; the Irish, who felt no reason to prefer British imperialism to the German variety; and the Jews, whose German and Austrian compatriots had been better treated by their governments than their pogrom-ridden co-religionists in the Russian Empire – all these were shirkers, or worse.

He blamed 'the German and German-Semitic elements of the population' for the reluctance of America to enter the war. A decade later he had not forgiven 'the unhumorous race that told us what we ought to have done in Gehenna, while they looked over the rim of it.'

There is no way to ignore Kipling's disdain for Jews. 'Israel is a race to leave alone,' he intoned in his valedictory memoir, *Something of Myself*. 'It abets disorder.' One example of this was 'one Einstein, nominally a Swiss, certainly a Hebrew, who (the thing is so inevitable that it makes one laugh) comes forward, scientifically to show that, under certain conditions Space itself is warped and the instruments that

measure it are warped also . . .' When Lord Montagu, the Secretary of State for India, advocated in his *Report on Indian Constitutional Reform* the transfer of limited powers from the Governor-General to provincial governments, Kipling refused to believe 'that this particular Yid wants to save the British Empire. Racially, he does not care for it any more than Caiphas cared for Pilate: and psychologically he can't comprehend it.'

I had often wondered what Kipling was about in his comic masterpiece "The Village that Voted the Earth was Flat". In that story a London music-hall proprietor, caught in a rural speed trap, is gratuitously insulted by an anti-Semitic magistrate ('He told me,' he said suddenly, 'that my home address was Jerusalem. You heard that?'), and extracts a vindictive revenge on him and his village. A letter to his sometime collaborator, the Oxford historian C.R.L. Fletcher, makes it clear that the story was not meant to show disapproval for the victim's bigotry, but rather to prove that 'You can't defeat the Jew—or the pimp.'

And yet Kipling's attitude toward Jews and Judaism was not entirely negative. At the beginning of the war he wrote to a journalistic colleague, 'The strain on you must be awful but there is the ancient text of the Rabbi (I think t'was Hillel or Ben Meir) to console one with. It says, substantially, that the worst that men and women meet in this world is just men and women and their actions. The old boy was a bit of a free thinker like so many of the old Rabbis were at heart.' And, writing to a Jewish historian who asked about his description of Jewish life in mediaeval England, he had noted that 'They, after all, ran the fabric of such civilization as existed at the time. . .'

The derogatory comments about "Hebrews" and "Yids" in Kipling's letters are too numerous to mention. He was no fonder of "Micks" and "Dagos", and Dutchmen and Welshmen and Greeks came in for the occasional barb. And in one letter, after observing that 'the last disabilities on Dissenters were removed in 1867 or thereabouts,' he complained that 'those disabilities are now transferred to England and 42 years . . . have seen the justification of our ancestors' prudence'. Strange words from a man descended on both sides from Methodist ministers.

'As you are perfectly aware,' he told Theodore Roosevelt in April 1918, 'civilization's great enemy is the Papacy. Not the R.C. religion of course but the secular political Head, unaltered in essence since the beginning. In Canada, in Australia, and above all in Ireland, every place where there is allegiance paid to the Papacy, there is steady, unflinching and unscrupulous opposition to all that may help to win the war.'

But his true hatred was directed toward the Germans. The wartime Kipling spoke of them in terms that we are accustomed to associating with Nazi language about Jews: '. . . the one thing we *must* get into our thick heads is that wherever the German—man or woman—gets a suitable culture to thrive in, he or she means death and loss to civilized people, precisely as germs of any disease suffered to multiply mean death or loss to mankind'. To another correspondent he wrote, 'The Hun is outside any humanity we have had any experience of. Our concern with him is precisely the same as our concern with the germs of any malignant disease.'

He urged his American publisher, Frank Doubleday, and the editors of British newspapers to deny the very humanity of Germans, suggesting that 'the word hun be set up *lower case always*—never capitalized: and in referring to the animal it be spoken of and written as neuter—not "he" "his" "whom" etc. but it, its and which.' He forgot himself a month later, when he described with approval the 'small riot' that ensued when 'a party of Huns—dog and three dry bitches—occupied a boarding house' at Newquay. (Two weeks later, quite without irony, Kipling asked Sir Herbert Baker whether an anecdote the latter proposed to include in his biography of Cecil Rhodes 'is a sound thing to release in a world still populated by little people who hate?') But by that point it would not have occurred to Kipling that Germans fell under the category of 'people'.)

Whether in Ireland or in India, 'a certain amount of the Home Rule Movement must be part of Hun-propaganda'. But Kipling's opposition to Irish and Indian self-government predated the war. In 1912 he sided with the Ulster Covenanters, who threatened armed revolt should Ireland be granted Home Rule:

We know the wars prepared
On every peaceful home,
We know the hells declared
For such as serve not Rome—

Home rule in India, he warned, 'will mean more oppression and a firmer riveting of caste privilege on the necks of the people' – and besides, 'Russia and Ireland are helping actively in the fomentation of "disorder".' This was in 1933, when someone other than the Huns had to be held responsible for the empire's troubles. (But Kipling's hatred had not abated. 'Personally, I am delighted with Herr Hitler. It confirms my theory that if we only trust and believe the Boche when he thinks aloud, he will save us.' Alas, too few of his contemporaries shared his apprehensions.)

Kipling's early letters are full of his delight in the world. At twenty-three he boasted that in Montana 'I'm moving among the lordliest scenery in a wilderness of Indians, cow punchers, herds of horses wandering loose over the prairie, pink and blue cliffs, cascades, tunnels and snow clad mountains that would make your very camera's mouth water with envy. Each day I meet some new character madder than the last.' Four years later in Vermont he found 'sunshine and a mind at ease, peace and my own time for my own work and the real earth within the reach of my hand, whenever I tire of messing with ink'.

But in the postwar years the epistolary Kipling became something of a bore. He sent frequent suggestions to H.A. Gwynne, the editor of the arch-conservative *Morning Post*, as to how the paper might advance their mutual political goals. 'I want a list in the M.P. of all the heads of the Unions on the T.U.C. and the extent to which each of them were affiliated with Moscow.' 'Can't you start an awkward correspondence in your letter columns of folk who draw parallels between the Soviet and our Govt, and who want to know how close the relationship really is.' Professor Pinney's annotations often read 'I do not find that any of these suggestions was taken up'.

And when his daughter Elsie married and left home, his frequent letters to her were full of dinner parties and country houses and grand hotels. 'Another plunge into the gay life in town this week. We went up to lunch . . . with the Duchess of Montrose, and I sat next to that Miss Graham the Duke's sister, who is the home Lady in Waiting to the Duchess of York.' At a 'dinner at the Salisburys to meet the K[ing] and Q[ueen] . . . there was Lady Helen Brockhurst and the Duchess of Portland and Lady Dabernon and Lady Middleton and Lady Cranbrook . . .' Professor Pinney suggests that all this was more for Elsie's benefit than her father's; she had married an aspiring diplomatist, whose advancement much depended upon social connections. But it's a far cry from the young writer who hung around in music halls and consorted with physicians and soldiers and engineers.

It's a one-sided conversation that we see Kipling had the habit of burning the letters that he received, so we seldom know what his correspondents had written to him. But Professor Pinney's footnotes explain many things, for he has been assiduous in tracking down senders' copies of letters to Kipling where these have been preserved, and in searching through old newspapers and magazines to track down material that might have provoked a Kipling letter, or been influenced by one. Professor Pinney's annotations do a splendid job of identifying the people to or about whom Kipling is writing, and the incidents or utterances upon which he comments. And he is not ashamed to admit

when he has been unable to track down an explanation that a reader might reasonably expect.

The tragedy of Rudyard Kipling is that he not only outlived two of his three children, but also he outlived himself – that earlier younger Kipling who found in Allah's Diversity of Creatures something to be praised rather than an unfortunate error in Creatorial judgment. The irony is that he failed to take the advice that he offered to the world at large in what has become the most popular poem in the English language. 'If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, / Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,.. .' The young Anglo-Indian whose greatest gift was an intense curiosity about the world and all its peoples, whose greatest emotion was gratitude to '... Allah Who gave me two / Separate sides to my head', grew over the years into a man whose lengthening walks with Kings indeed lost him the common touch.

None of this touches upon my admiration for *The Books He Left Behind*. If reading 2,864 pages of his letters diminishes my regard for Rudyard Kipling as a person, that is the penalty I have earned for disregarding his explicit wishes. But I am not entirely disillusioned. I have gained something valuable from the experience: not only a greater understanding of the man who gave me more pleasure than any other of the world's writers, but also a greater understanding of the contradictions that add depth to our experience and enjoyment of this world and the Diversity of Creatures within it.

ERRATUM

In the article in the June 2008 *Journal*, No.327, p.49, line 17 by Shamus O.D. Wade, the reference to "the *Scotsman* of 1902" should have read "*The Scots Magazine* of 2002". We do apologise for this error. – *Ed.*

ANNUAL LUNCHEON 2008

The Kipling Society's Annual Luncheon was held on Wednesday 7 May at the Royal Over-Seas League, London. The Guest Speaker was Rear-Admiral Guy Liardet. At his table were our President, Sir George Engle, Lady Irene Engle, Cdr Alastair Wilson (our Chairman), Mrs Jenny Liardet, Captain James Laybourne, Mrs D. Laybourne and Mr John Radcliffe.

Apologies were received from those who, unfortunately, were unable to attend: Charles Allen, Mrs Leslie Ayers, Dr Michael Brock and Mrs Brock, Major and Mrs Holt, Mr E. Magan, Mr Frank Noah, Sir Derek Oulton and Michael and Audrey Smith. The occasion was a great success and was attended by some 87 guests including:

Admiral P.C. Abbot, Lt-Col R.C. Ayers, Mr Derek Balls, Mrs H.A. Barton, Mr P.A. Bedding, Major K. Bonny, Mrs D. Bonny, Mr P.W. Brock, Mr B. Bourie, Ms B. Caseley Dickson, Mr J.R. Carter, Sir John Chapple, Lady Anabelle Chapple, Mr M.H. Couchman, Mrs S. Couchman, Mr I. J. Cowan, Mr A. Corbett, Mr G. Cremonesi, Ms A.J. Eddleston, Mr R.W. Fenwick, Ms E. Francis, Mrs H. Gray, Ms A. Golding, Miss A. Harcombe, Dr Mary Hamer, Dr T.A. Heathcote, Mrs M.M. Heathcote, Mr R. Jarman, Mrs J. Kay-Robinson, Mr R.C. Kernick, Mrs E. Kernick, Mr W.H.B. Key, Mrs C.A. Key, Mr S. Keskar, Mrs J. Keskar, Mrs K. Klein, Mr H. Lack, Mrs T. Lack, Dr J.D. Lewins, Mrs J. Lewins, Mrs M. Magan, Mr D.R. Major, Mr J. Manley, Mr C.J. Marchant Smith, Mrs D. Marchant Smith, Mr D.E. Markham, Mrs R.A. Markham, Mr C.R.W. Mitchell, Mrs J.A. Mitchell, Mrs W.H. Morgan-Fenwick, Ms S. Monton, Mr A.D. Munsey, Air Vice-Marshal Barry Newton, Mrs C.L. Newton, Mrs R. Nwume, Mr D. Ogilvy, Mrs F. Ogilvy, Professor L. Ormond, Mr David Page, Mr R.S. Parker, Mr G.F.C. Plowden, Mrs R.P. Plowden, Mr J. Raisman, Mrs E.A. Raisman, Mrs N. Reid, Ms D. Shindler, Col G.T. Spate, Mrs P.J. Spate, Mrs E. Travis, Mr H. Travis, Mr C. Yorke, Dr F.A. Underwood, Mr S.D. Wade, Mrs F.M. Wade, Mr John Walker, Mr R.H. Whatmoor, Mr G. Weekes, Ms E.C. Welby, and Mr E. Wilson.

After the meal, Alastair Wilson, our Chairman, gave a brief report on the Society's activities since our last Luncheon. He particularly thanked Roger Ayers for all his work as Membership Secretary and expressed our appreciation to John Lambert for taking on this office. He also announced that the University of Sussex had succeeded in their purchase of the Baldwin Letters to which fund we had contributed. He then introduced the Speaker, his old friend Rear-Admiral Guy Liardet.

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS ON RELIGION IN KIPLING'S ASIA

By REAR-ADMIRAL GUY F. LIARDET, C.B., C.B.E., B.A.(Hons.)

It is a great pleasure and honour to be asked to address this important annual event. I have often wondered in past months what my qualifications to follow in so many illustrious footsteps might be – I have boiled it down to the fact that Alistair Wilson and I went to the same preparatory school and as seafaring folk we both have this deep and unrequited passion for Mrs Bathurst!

It's true that I'm a sixth generation military man and that four of my five direct ancestors served in India. I hope you will accept a bit of self-indulgent family history here – a plain tale of the Raj, if you like.

Major Frederick was a Bombay marine who fought at the Battle of the Glorious First of June 1794. His brother, Midshipman Lionel, perished of the experience aboard Lord Howe's flagship, the *Queen Charlotte*. Frederick died of dysentery at the taking of Java from the Dutch in 1811.

His son Charles commanded the 14th Native Madras Infantry and won Queen Victoria's China Medal.

His son Henry was a Commander in the East India Company navy, his Indian General Service medal has the 'Persia' and 'Pegu' clasps. He retired as senior pilot and harbourmaster of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board.

Henry's brother, Colonel Charles Aylmer, served on the staff of the Madras Army and, from 1887, when Kipling was perambulating from Lahore to Allahabad, was President of the club at Ootacamund, known locally as the Snooty Ooty club. We visited his grave last year and noted that his wife Henrietta "stayed on" twenty-six years after his death.

Henry's son, my grandfather, Major-General Sir Claude, won his D.S.O. as an artillery officer in the First World War and was the founding commandant of the Royal Air Force Regiment in the second.

My father operated Rolls Royce armoured cars on the North West Frontier Province in the early thirties, based at Peshawar. A distinguished war record in tanks included command of a battalion during the Gazala battles and as GSO1 to General Alec Gatehouse's 10th Armoured Division at the battles of Alam Haifa and El Alamein, winning the D.S.O. during the Italian campaign. He retired as deputy master general of the ordnance and Colonel Commandant of the Royal Tank Regiment.

I was born in Poona and being raised on the Truby King baby management system bellowed hungrily all the way to Southampton. My

mother introduced me to the works of Rudyard Kipling at an early age and I have been an enthusiast ever since.

My wife Jenny and I have made six more or less prolonged visits to India in the last decade, however avoiding the rains and the hot weathers. We read the newspapers avidly and watch the telly, hoping that Sachin Tendulkar can keep the Australian bowling under control. I guess we have read most of the prominent British writers on India and many Indian ones – from such as Vikram Seth and Rohinton Mistry to the many novels that our long-term friend and travel agent Mr Balasubramanyan of Namaste Tours, Delhi, keeps educating us with – so now we have reached that important plateau of enlightenment that tells us we actually know very little about the sub-continent and its people.

However, I do have a photograph of a young good-looking lieutenant sitting on the trail of Zam Zammah in Lahore — I did not try and straddle the barrel for fear of the Lahore Department of Antiquities. More recently on one of our railway journeys we passed through Marwar Junction – I kept a sharp eye open for a big man with a red beard, a great swell, sleeping like a gentleman with all his luggage around him in a second class compartment, so that I might tell him that Peachey had gone south for the week. But he didn't show.

I propose to make some personal observations about religion in Kipling's Asia. Many here will recall Charles Allen's brilliant discourse on virtually the same subject last November and will have read his most recent book. I do hope he will feel that imitation is the Sincerest form of flattery.

I will start with a well-known poem. . .

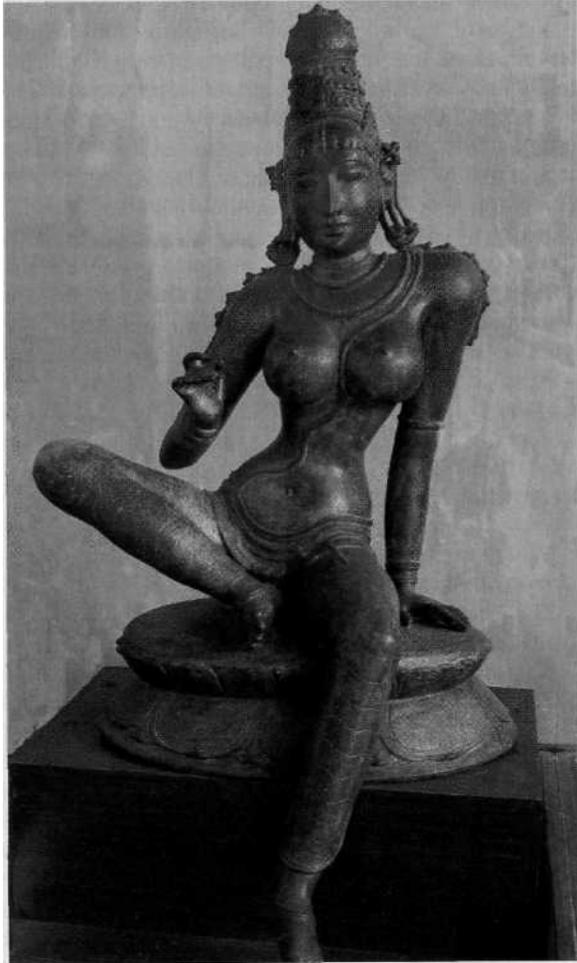
Look, you have cast out Love! What gods are these
 You bid me please?
 The Three in One, The One in Three? Not so!
 To mine own Gods I go.
 It may be they shall give me greater ease
 Than your cold Christ and tangled Trinities.

The Convert.

Many here will recognise this as the heading to the short story "Lispeth" about the missionary-raised hill woman betrayed by the Sahib who had promised to marry her. The Shamlegh woman in *Kim* also has this identity cut and pasted onto her.

There's a significant plural there – 'gods' – that shows she's a Hindu. I'll have a quick skim through the major Hindu gods and goddesses of the innumerable pantheon on my way towards talking about *love* – a factor that Kipling correctly identified as differentiating

Hinduism. One can understand Kipling's general repugnance towards Hinduism – superficially a polytheistic idolatry, the idols blackened by libations of *ghi*, their beauty often shrouded in what look like tea-towels, a scattering of faded and rotting marigolds – strongly expressed at the back-end of "The Smith Administration" with a revolting description of how the narrow stinking lanes of Benares and the disposal of a Thing on a burning *ghat* affects the sensibilities of a delicate English bride.



STATUE OF PARVATI

First in the pantheon is Bramah — who created all that we see around us. As everything is a temple to Bramah he has only one clearly recognised temple in all India — a small gorgeously decorated place at Pushkar where they have the camel fair. The next aspect of the one Godhead is Vishnu the Preserver and his ten avatars. Then Shiva the Destroyer. Then there's Devi, the core form of every goddess amongst whose avatars is the consort of Vishnu — Lakshmi the goddess of wealth, and Kali the terrifying black-faced goddess who wears a necklace of human skulls — the *doyenne* of Calcutta. Durga is no less to be feared and placated. Then there's Parvati, consort of Shiva and it is her upon whom I wish to dwell.

Jenny and I were inspired to again visit Tamil Nadu and Kerala last year by the magnificent exhibition of sublimely beautiful Chola bronzes at the Royal Academy. There and at the museums of Chennai and Tanjavor could and can be seen statues of Parvati demonstrating how the male eye is reputedly drawn most powerfully by the ratio of hip to waist dimensions, the *contreppasto dehanché* pose as well as the magnificent rounded breasts, the serene smile, the negligently relaxed arm — a masterpiece of eleventh century lost-wax casting and, if I can put it this way without offending people and in the context of the point I am making, markedly different from representations of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

This classic female shape features in strongly erotic contexts, particularly gymnastically on the famous Khajuraho temples built by the Chandela kings in the tenth to eleventh centuries, fortunately covered in jungle during Muslim invasions and rediscovered by a British army engineer, T.S. Burt in 1838. Similar less extravagant celebrations can be found at Kanchipuram, Mahabalipuram, Konark, Bhubaneswar and elsewhere — there is sometimes a mischievous intent as in one of the lower friezes at Khajuraho where a group of women is expressing shock and amazement at, further along, a demonstration of how a horse can be a man's best friend.

So Kipling was right about love and this uncomplicated, uninhibited Hindu celebration of our humanity.

Having visited the deserted city of Amber — still as extraordinary as it was in his day — Kipling goes to Jaipur and a temple to whom he calls 'Mahadeo'. The phrase 'the brazen bull was hung with flowers' reveals the truth — this is actually a temple to Shiva Mahadeva — the Mahabharata enumerates 108 names of Shiva of which this is alphabetically the 46th and means 'the Greatest God' — we are more familiar with Shiva Nataraja 'the lord of the dance' whose dance shook the Cosmos, ringed by his aureole of flame, standing on the demon of ignorance and having the spirit of the Ganges in his dreadlocks. The Nandi

bull is the vehicle of Shiva and always sits on the axis of his temples looking towards the shrine; whisper to Shiva in his ear and your prayer will be forwarded to the proper authority.



SCULPTURE FROM KHAJURAHO

'Mahadeo' also crops up in that tender little poem *Shiv and the Grasshopper*, in which, unless I misread its full stops, seems to make Mahadeo the son of Shiva and Parvati and erroneously describes Shiva not Vishnu as 'the Preserver' instead of 'the Destroyer'. Actually, their two sons are Ganesh and Kartikkeya who is also known as Murugan in Tamil Nadu and Subramanya in the very far south.

Kipling's critics sometimes remark an aspiration to shock his readers and he surely does – largely concentrated in *Life's Handicap*, we recall how Imray returned suddenly through the ceiling cloth; what was at "The End of the Passage"; "Bertrand and Bimi"; "Reingelder and the German Flag" and why the poor maid Bisesa had her hands cut off. "The Mark of the Beast" is very much in this genre – the raffish ex-pat Fleete stubs his cigar out on the effigy at the temple to Hanuman the monkey-god. Why did Kipling choose Hanuman who is a popular and friendly deity, soldier, faithful guardian, credited in the Ramayana with recovering Rama's wife Sita from demons in Ceylon and so forth? I think Kipling felt that this horror story stands up better with a spooky non-human temple deity – the temple's revenge takes the form of a silver man, a leper white as snow, featureless, deprived of speech, who lays a curse on Fleete which seems to be a mix of hydrophobia and lycanthropy. Certainly this 'priest' wasn't a Brahmin!

I notice that Kipling flinches a little at his own desecration by getting Strickland to say: 'He is not one of the regular priests of the temple'.

The curse is lifted after Kipling and Strickland torture the silver man with fishing twine and red-hot shotgun barrels.

The whole incident is not very Hindu, I have to say.

Finally, let's look at the famous story "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney" where Private Mulvaney gets drunk and finds himself in one of many palanquins with all the princesses of Rajputana inside a temple. How to escape? He sees a portrait of the god Krishna, and believing that he's a likeness, wraps himself in the palanquin's rich upholstery and leaves, giving several ladies an unforgettable religious experience. I'm afraid this doesn't stand up at all – Mulvaney would have been heavily moustached if not whiskered. Krishna is always clean-shaven. As a baby his milk was poisoned by the wicked fairy – Krishna did not die but turned a bright blue and is always shown painted that colour.

Krishna is the eighth of Vishnu's avatars, a popular figure, given to dancing and playing the flute, who had a mischievous childhood and when grown up was notorious for his relationships with milkmaids or *gopis*, stealing their clothes from the river bank then climbing a nearby tree and so forth. There's a mural in the Matancherry Palace at Cochin

showing Krishna using his six hands and two feet to engage in foreplay with eight happy *gopis*.

But there's another side to Krishna who is often given a position of rare prominence in the pantheon – we have little time here fully to discuss the Hindu *philosophy* that goes back a thousand years before Christianity and parallels the *mythology* we have heard so much about here today. Rather unworthily, Kipling ignores this component of Hinduism – indeed at the ruined fortress of Chitor he sits and gloomily meditates 'on the unholiness of Hindu art and what power a shadow-land of lewd monstrosities had upon those who believed in it'. Much tourist-friendly stone paving has today, I'm afraid, anaesthetised the sinister atmosphere of the bubbling Gau Mukh or 'Cow's Mouth' fountain and its *shivalingam* at Chitor that so frightened Kipling.

However – we have seen a large bas-relief mural in the baggage collection area of Chennai international airport depicting the mythic warrior Arjuna in his chariot. His charioteer happens to be the god Krishna. It's a scene at the commencement of the great Mahabaratha battle in the dense and lengthy philosophical treatise of the Bhagavad Gita. Krishna deals with Arjuna's – *and our* – moral misgivings in foot-high letters of brass; "DO YOUR DUTY AND EXPECT NOTHING FROM IT". Note 'and' not 'but' – the second half is equally a philosophical directive. The talented journalist James Cameron in his book *An Indian Summer* says, 'Arjuna is presented as a sort of athletic staff officer, neither intellectual nor wholly foolish – it is as though a Sandhurst battalion commander should have discovered that his jeep is being driven by St Francis of Assisi'.

After a discussion of the nature of action and its results, whether good or bad and whether indifference produces moral anarchy, after all this bleak doctrine, the *easiest* thing is love. But of whom? 'Why', says Krishna, 'of me. *I am all there is.*' (There's an echo of chapter 13 of Paul's *Letter to the Romans*, in there somewhere).

Moving now to Buddhism. The major figure here is of course Kim's Lama who provides a convincing and touching portrait of a holy man on a pilgrimage, believing that desire is the cause of suffering and obeying the tenets of the Buddha's Eightfold Path:

- right belief
- right speech

- which reminds me that when we visited the multi-faith Bramah Kumaris Spiritual University at Mount Abu in southern Rajasthan (4,500 branches in 70 countries, lecture hall seats 3,000) we received

the three-hour course as we couldn't stay for three months and came away with this simple mantra "Speak Softly. Speak Sweetly. Speak Less". Nearly every talking head on telly could benefit from that!

Then

- right resolve
- right behaviour
- right occupation
- right effort
- right contemplation
- right concentration

and who is true to the humble, quietist approach to enlightenment, even believing that his love for Kim is an obstacle. Charles Allen's penetrating analysis of the curiously enigmatic end to *Kim* leaves Kim poised between the Great Game or an enlightened Buddhist future with the lama – he's going to have to confess his deception in using the lama in the interests of the Great Game. Kim did not, for example, reveal how he was able to forecast the 'war' when consequently the lama proudly awarded him the sobriquet 'Friend of the Stars'.

Jenny and I have visited one of the four objects of his pilgrimage, the vast brick *stupa* at Sarnath near Varanasi, the site of the First Sermon, where many russet-complexioned Nepalese pilgrim families were picnicking on the grass of the deer park

He's a Red Hat lama of the 'Old Translation' or more conservative school as against the Yellow Hat or 'New Translation'. Three of the four major schools of Tibetan Buddhism are Red Hat. While visiting the Rumtek monastery in Sikkim, built by worldwide donations as a replica of the 11th century Tsurphu monastery in Tibet which was completely destroyed by the Chinese during the Cultural Revolution, a young monk from Bhutan, half way through his sixteen years apprenticeship, made us aware of the situation confronting His Holiness the 17th Karmapa, Trinlay Thaye Dorje, otherwise known as the Black Hat Lama, one of the most senior and revered figures of the Kharma Kagyu sect of Mahayana Buddhism who, even in exile, is not allowed to take up his seat by the Government of India for fear of alienating the Chinese. His Holiness runs a website and a blog.

In West Bengal we also visited two of the several large, white-domed and ornate shrines or Peace Pagodas built by the Japanese Nichiren Shoshu branch of Buddhism. When I mentioned Kipling's poem "Kamakura" to our son-in-law, Dr Robert Heath, international marketing consultant and Nichiren Shoshu Buddhist, he said, 'I'm sure that's one of ours'. And sure enough, when one explores the history of

the 13th century monk Nichiren Daishonin we find that he studied at Kamakura, becoming convinced of the pre-eminence of the Lotus Sutra and adopting the mantra "*namu myoho rengo kyo*" – which means something like: "I dedicate myself to the mystic and manifest law of cause and effect" – a mantra from which Mahatma Gandhi himself reputedly derived benefit and which, with her personal little drum, Jenny practised in a prayer hall at Darjeeling.

So perhaps Kipling's poem that begins '*Oh ye who tread the Narrow Way / By Tophet Flare to Judgement Day, / Be gentle when 'the heathen' pray / To Buddha at Kamakura*' – should suffer some amendment – '*Om mane padme hum*' in the ninth verse is clearly wrong and I'm sure Buddhists don't pray 'to Buddha' who is not an intercessionary god – although the images assuredly help 'right contemplation'. Interesting that in his "The Edge of the East" in *Letters of Travel* Kipling complained of tourists writing their names on the great idol during his visit to Kamakura even in the late nineteenth century.

Turning to Judaism, the sad tale of "Jews in Shushan" is rather exactly paralleled by the Pardesi synagogue in Cochin with its wonderful blue Chinese floor tiles but where, between the two visits we have made there, their number fell below that needed to run a synagogue.

Moving from there to Islam, which is not strictly an Indian religion as it was, like Christianity, imposed from outside. Charles Allen has explained that Kipling had an admiration for this Abrahamic and disciplined religion with its communal ceremonial. However he makes Mahbub Ali drink overmuch perfumed brandy 'against the Law of the Prophet' but in aid of the Great Game. I can't recall that Mahbub ever unrolled a prayer mat. There's not the space here to mention all the instances where Islam appears, but clearly Kipling has a firm grasp of the doctrine. In "The Smith Administration" in *From Sea to Sea* Corklers' *coachwan* 'was notoriously a wealthy man, and so far a bad Mussulman in that he lent money at interest'. The interesting story "In Flood Time" has this Muslim lover who's the wrong side of the river and who fancies a Hindu widow and who says, 'Both Shiah and Sunnis say that a Mussulman may not marry one of the idolaters . . . [but] there is neither Shiah nor Sunni, forbidden nor idolater, in Love'.

Kipling admired the Sikhs for their martial skills – but the highly decorated old soldier in *Kim* is clearly *not* a Sikh as the battles he talks about fighting on the British side are Ferozeshah and Sobraon, 1846 in the First Sikh War and the near-disaster – for the British – or more properly the East India Company – of Chillianwala, January 1849, in

the Second Sikh War and he continued loyal to the Crown during the Mutiny 1857. Sikhs did not take part in the Mutiny and helped to suppress it. A gripping account of the desperate battles of the First Sikh War can be found in the late George MacDonald Fraser's novel *Flashman and the Mountain of Light* where amongst various historical adventurers one meets Doctor Josiah Harlan, a Kipling template for the role of Daniel Dravot, "The Man who would be King".

The Punjabi cavalry rissaldar in "A Sahibs' War" in South Africa is clearly fiercely loyal to Kurban Sahib in what he calls 'a fool's war from first to last' and nothing like the Khyber. In *A Diversity of Creatures* the tale "In the Presence" correctly mentions Guru Har Gobind as the sixth of the great Sikh Gurus. The tenth and last Guru, Gobind Singh, who held the senior post 1675-1708, turned his followers into a casteless community and was the founder of the militarily efficient Khalsa, 'the Pure', the Sikh army originally raised against persecution by Muslims. Sikhs have always been equally open to both men and women, and Kipling says 'theoretically, all Sikhs are equal. Practically there are differences'. When we visited the Muslim Friday Mosque in Delhi we were guided away as a 'service' was about to start, the place was crowded with men, the women were almost entirely absent but a few seemed to congregate at the back, well away from the imam. Conversely, at the magnificent Sikh Gurdwara Bangla Sahib we were shown round by a woman, wife of a subadar-major fighting in Kashmir, were allowed to attend a reading from the Sikh holy book, the Guru Granth Sahib and given some sweetened rice pudding from the charitable kitchen below the gurdwara that is always open to all denominations.

Kipling does not say much about Jainism, an ancient religion sometimes thought to go back as far as the Indus Valley or Harappan civilisation and which responds to the 24 Tirthankaras who taught the path of ascetic self-control, rationality and compassion. The last Tirthankara, Mahavir, died in the 6th century BC. It will be recalled that Kim's lama lived for three years with Jains in the so-called Temple of the Tirthankaras while Kim was being educated and there is a clue that Kipling knew the inside of a typical Jain temple when he describes his 'cool marble cell' though I very much doubt that the Jains knew the place particularly as 'the Temple of the Tirthankaras' as all their temples are such. Kipling did not describe the *digambara* or 'sky-clad' sect who seek to be without possessions — but Jains are good businessmen and it may be that you will meet a Jain completely naked except for his briefcase. We have visited Jain temples in Calcutta — a marvel of coloured and reflective glass — and at Mount Abu and Ranakpur — there

the carved marble decoration is absolutely stunning. At Ranakpur we met the chief priest, a most impressive personality, and our driver Rajendera Singh – a Hindu – all Sikhs are Singhs but not all Singhs are Sikhs – bent swiftly down and touched his feet, shortly afterwards intimating that a donation towards the fabric would be well received. The chief priest intrigued us by saying; 'When I need to re-charge my batteries I visit my guru Shin Gideon in Montreux, Switzerland'.

Sadly, we do not have time fully to consider the Zoroastrian Parsees. The recent and catastrophic collapse of the vulture population has deprived them of their Towers of Silence and their burial method. However, in their honour, though Kipling says, 'you have not heard it' I'm sure you have and – all together now – we will now proceed to recite the following *sloka*:

Them that takes cakes
Which the Parsee-man bakes
Makes dreadful mistakes.

And there is a great deal more in that than you would think.

Namaste!

**VOTE OF THANKS BY THE SOCIETY'S PRESIDENT
SIR GEORGE ENGLE, K.C.B., Q.C.**

Our speaker's fascinating talk has shown him to be a polymath of polymaths.

He has said of his wife and himself that they have learnt so much about the sub-continent on their travels that they have reached a plateau of enlightenment that tells them that they actually know nothing. Well, if they know nothing, all I can say is that most readers of Kipling's Asian stories, including most of us here today, would completely fail any test of enlightenment.

The Rear-Admiral has made the various religions come to life for us, not in the dry manner of a guidebook but through a succession of illuminating personal observations. For me, what his talk has highlighted is that an understanding of the different religions provides an added dimension to the works of Kipling that an unsuspecting reader might overlook.

On behalf of the Society and everyone present here today, I would like to thank the Admiral and his wife for coming and sharing their experiences with us in such an enjoyable way.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S VISIT TO DALHOUSIE

By JANE CALEB

[Mrs Caleb, the wife of the former Bishop of Delhi, Maqbul Caleb, has lived in India since 1961, and they have a family home in Dalhousie. A graduate in Classics of London University and a former teacher in Bangalore, she is at present involved in the setting-up of a projected museum in Dalhousie (and would be interested in photographs or ideas for the museum; her address is Mehbqob Villa, Dalhousie, India 176304.) This article is based on her contribution to a schools project at the Dalhousie Library on well-known visitors to the town.

I am very grateful to Richard Maidment for making the arrangements with Mrs Caleb for me to publish this article. —Ed.]

In 1884 Rudyard Kipling came to Dalhousie to spend a month's holiday with his parents and sister Trixie; he was eighteen years old at the time and already at work in Lahore. His father, Lockwood Kipling, who was in charge of the museum there had got his son a job at the *Civil and Military Gazette* almost as soon as he came back to India after his schooling in England. There was no "Gap Year" for him! In India it is considered the father's responsibility to find work for his son and we have to admire Lockwood Kipling's choice of job for his son. As a journalist Kipling *had* to keep on writing – in a letter to his aunt he said that he was writing poems at the rate of 'one gem per diem'.¹ Of course, printing his work was free and Kipling added: '*Moral*. Be a journalist and you can publish as you please.'²

The summer in Lahore had been unbearably hot and as Trixie, aged sixteen, had become ill, her mother decided to take her to the hills. The nearest hill station was Dalhousie (at 6,500 feet) and Mrs Kipling hired a house called Maryville. Dalhousie was much smaller and less expensive than Simla which the Kipling children would have preferred – Rudyard and Trixie called it "Dullhouses"! However, while working through the heat of June on the plains he wrote, 'Our great consolation through it all is to hear of the Mother at Dalhousie talking of velvets and plush and wood fires far away in the hills.'³ It was August by the time Rudyard joined the family and his relief is apparent. By August the monsoon would really have set in. He wrote to his aunt again, 'Dalhousie is one of the loveliest places on earth—it is also one of the rainiest and from the social point of view one of the dullest; but we four have been very happy.'⁴

The house, Maryville, that the Kiplings had hired is above the main Mall, Thandi Sadak. There is a steep road up to the house which goes past Circuit House (the official Rest House built for judges on circuit). Maryville is on the north-facing side of Dalhousie and looks out across

the Bathri Valley to the Pir Panjal range, which separates Himachal Pradesh from Jammu and Kashmir state. These mountains opposite Maryville are covered with snow for most of the year and look most dramatic but by August most of the snow is washed away and the monsoon clouds cover them. The house is now called Kripa Niwas and is owned by a Sikh trust that serves the poor. It is kept locked for much of the year, so it is difficult to take photos of the inside.



There is not much of a garden round the house and a few yards from the front there is a sheer drop to the Mall below. That summer Kipling had been writing letters to a Miss Coxen as if they had been written by his horse, Joe; in September he wrote that the horse had died falling from his stable to the road below: 'He fell out of his stable one night ... rolled over the khud and broke his back.'⁵ Kipling blamed his *syce*. (In 2005 a friend who lived in Almanzil, near Maryville, told me that a similar accident had happened to a pony near him. It certainly is a steep slope.)

The Kipling family remembered the holiday in Dalhousie as the time when they read R.L. Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, which had just been published. Much later in life, Trixie described how her father had read the book at a stretch, even bringing it to the table at dinner time, while the rest of the family sat in silence awaiting their turn!⁶ Besides reading books and writing poetry the family enjoyed walks. There is a detailed description of a morning spent near a mountain stream with his sister where 'we danced on stepping stones; picked flowers and sailed boats of bark down the current' and watched a mother lizard burying her eggs. 'The mist in front of us rose like a wall and we seemed to be at the end of the world. All around us the mountain

streams were thundering down to the plains'. Kipling calls the stream "The Rubicon" – 'a mountain stream cutting across a two foot road over huge boulders of granite and down into the valley below three thousand good feet.'⁷ I imagine that he is describing the place that is now called Panch Pulla (Five Bridges), a favourite picnic spot three kilometres from the G.P.O. Just as the Rubicon formed the boundary of the jurisdiction of ancient Rome, so the stream Kipling visited marked the boundary of the British municipality of Dalhousie; beyond that lay the Indian territory of the Rajah of Chamba.

A little way off the same road that leads down to Kipling's "Rubicon" there was the Dyer Meakin Brewery that produced the local beer. On the plains with no refrigerators it was impossible to have a cold drink in summer, and that was something that young Kipling looked forward to in Dalhousie: '... it is my *business* to drink bottled beer... and to write poems'.⁸ The brewery is now a ruin, but one chimney still stands. It has become a quarry from which local people take stones to repair their houses.

Rudyard Kipling's assessment of Dalhousie still stands today – a beautiful place but socially not exciting. It was built as a hill station for Lahore (now in Pakistan) and as people cannot easily cross the international border between India and Pakistan it does not get as crowded as other Indian hill stations do. The hillside where Maryville stands is quiet and there is a heritage guest house, Silverton, above it, favoured by embassy people. Dalhousie can still be recommended as a place to read, write, walk and get out of the heat, but I wouldn't recommend coming in August. If you do, then you can expect to get as drenched as Lieutenant Golightly did in *Plain Tales from the Hills*

NOTES

1. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Vol. 1* ed. T. Pinney. (Macmillan, 1990). To Edith Macdonald, Maryville, 14 August [1884].
2. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Vol. 1* ed. T. Pinney. To Edith Macdonald, Lahore, 28 April 1884.
3. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Vol. 1* ed. T. Pinney. To Edith Macdonald, 2–7 June [1884].
4. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Vol. 1* ed. T. Pinney. (Macmillan, 1990). To Edith Macdonald, Maryville, 14 August [1884].
5. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Vol. 1* ed. T. Pinney. To Miss Coxen, Lahore, 2 September 1884.
6. From a talk to the Robert Louis Stevenson Society by Mrs Alice Fleming reported in the *Kipling Journal* No.63, October 1942.
7. *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling, Vol. 1* ed. T. Pinney. To Edith Macdonald, Maryville, 14 August [1884].
8. *ibid.*

"MOURNING AND REJOICING AT OLD ST. PAUL'S"

A Report by RUDYARD KIPLING

Ed. by PROF THOMAS PINNEY

The unreprinted article of this title appeared in the *Montreal Gazette* and other Canadian newspapers on 14 May 1915. In the *Gazette* it was headlined as "Rudyard Kipling's Word Painting of Simple Memorial Service for Fallen Canadians"; it was signed as well, yet so far it has not been noted by any of Kipling's bibliographers. I have no idea why this should be so, but so it is. The manuscript of the article is at Dalhousie University, the gift of Kipling's daughter, Mrs. Bambridge, on the occasion of the opening of the Kipling Room in the University library. A copy of the published article is pasted in one of the scrap-books that Kipling kept of his own writings now among the Kipling papers at the University of Sussex (KP 28/7). Perhaps it has been overlooked just because it has been so plainly visible.

The service that is the subject of the article took place on 10 May 1915. On the day before, Kipling wrote to refuse an invitation, explaining that "the memorial service to the Canadian dead will be held at St Paul's tomorrow evening and it is imperative that I should be present" (*Letters*, vol.4, p.302). Probably he had undertaken to write the article at the request of the Canadian authorities in London; in ordinary times Kipling was always reluctant to write to order, but things were different during the war: almost everything he produced then he wrote in response to some official request. On 13 May Sir George Perley, the Canadian High Commissioner, wrote to Kipling to thank him for the article, evidently sent to Perley before publication, and to say that it would be given to all the Canadian papers (KP 22/1). Two days later the article was published but made so little stir that it has never been recorded, much less republished. We remedy that defect now. A few typographical errors (e.g., "On" for "One") have been silently corrected.

Thomas Pinney

* * *

Mourning and Rejoicing at Old St. Paul's¹

They pass, O God and all
Our grief, our tears,
Achieve not their recall

Nor reach their ears.
Our lamentations leave
But one thing sure.
They perish and we grieve,
And we endure.²

Yesterday evening the Dominion of Canada came for an hour to St. Paul's Cathedral to mourn over and to rejoice in her dead: and the English whose kin have fallen in the same fields came reverently and proudly with her. The soul-searching simplicity of the gathering was beyond any words. There was no parade nor preparation except the Union and Dominion flags hung above the altar. The doors were set open in the bright light of a May evening, and the people entered as members of one family grieving together. Some few had waited in their seats since the close of the afternoon service, a couple of hours before. The great cathedral settling into shadow at the day's end took no count of them, nor of the quiet-footed thousands that followed.

At first the crowd lined the streets outside and watched the officers and men in khaki and the women in black arriving in the cabs and buses; then they themselves entered, in little knots and detachments—soldiers of all arms and civilians of all trades—as though they had been held back till then by the natural desire to give precedence to the nearer mourners, the flow increased and the cathedral took them all.

The Canadian officers and men were gathered in the choir, a blur of khaki facing the red and gold of the band. With them were their women in black, many meeting for the first time since their childhood; and wounded men in blue hospital dress, and behind and around all these from end to end and side to side of the vast space were the multitude of the people of London.

A woman asked, timidly, if a ticket were required. "No, why should it be?" was the answer, and she and her child in black went forward with the rest—the nameless folk concerned in the war. She had her tale to tell her acquaintance of the moment. It concerned a nephew in a regiment and the child, staring towards the flags, was His child, you see.

Came to See Canadians.

Another woman had a son also at the front and "doing well so far," and wished for a closer view of the Canadians on the ground that her boy had fought alongside them.

"You can't. They are all sitting up in the choir," some one said, half-reprovingly.

"Of course. I know that," the mother replied. "I only wanted to see 'em all together."

The confidences were exchanged along the benches between the further pillars or up and down the aisles as the people quietly, always quietly, looked for a place. Now and then a nurse in charge of wounded, who have great gifts for getting lost, made a little stir as she shepherded her flock, or a knot of soldiers moved aside, as drilled men know how to move, that some women might have a better view.

But the people in the nave spoke, for the most part, of Canada; of their own relatives there in remote townships and what sort of folk these Canadians were who had endured so much, beginning with the Salisbury camps.³ The words were as simple and neighborly as ever one would hear at a village funeral—with little descriptive touches of Canadians who had made purchases in their shops or whom they had met in trains, how they spoke and how they looked at the time. So do people recall the last words and gestures of their own dead suddenly taken from life. The daylight faded.

There was one startling interlude when the great west door was opened wide against the last of the evening glow and a vista of silver-grey buildings and the Lord Mayor's procession came up the nave in a river of scarlet and gold. The black and khaki swallowed him and all his gorgeous attendants and the memorial service began with a hymn that all knew and none had realized till that hour; one could hear the feeling thrill through the voices and the music at the words—

And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope.
 Zion in her anguish
 With Babylon must cope.⁴

Knelt on Stones to Pray.

Then the Psalms with every known and unconsidered word alive and blood-red: the anthem there called for a moment a peace that has to be won: the lesson: and "the saints of God."⁵ It was dark by then and a great space near the west door behind the last of the benches had filled with men, close-pressed, standing together in silence. They knelt on the stones at the prayers, and shoulder-badges glimmered, for many of them were soldiers on evening passes. They, too, knew the hymns well enough to sing without the help of the leaflets.

"One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow,
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now."⁶

At how many individual gravesides have these words been sung, by every creed and denomination throughout all our lands? While the hymn lasted each soul there could mourn its own losses in the days when a single death was great grief, and we were used to talk ignorantly of overwhelming woe.

Then the Bishop of London⁷ spoke to Canada, as a man who had seen the business of war and knew the souls of men. The voice came very clearly from the area under the dome where the light was full on the set faces of the uniformed men and the women and girls in black. They sat stonily, for of what avail are tears today? Occasionally some man back from the front nodded his head or bit his lip as the preacher named some comrade or commander dead; and once or twice a nurse put out a steadying hand towards a wounded man. The obscure mass in the nave and the standing crowd behind them scarcely moved.

We knelt for the last hymn, "Now the Labourer's Task Is O'er,"⁸ and it was then that the cathedral of our race, which is so old in grief, came into its own and possessed us. All the years that had gone before had prepared it for this—that it should see a new people baptized by blood into the strict fellowship of the civilized nations now at war with heathendom; that it should witness the burial of a world irrecoverably discarded and the birth of a new. The still air and the silence precluded the change, and when the "Dead March in Saul"⁹ wailed against death and triumphed over the grave, the mystery and the wonder of the change accomplished itself as simply as the greatest things must.

A woman leaned towards her companion and whispered: "Things can never be the same again." It is the phrase we often use as we turned away from the open grave, and presently our little affairs reclaim us. But in this case it held the new significance equally for her, and the others who had come in to think and to pray over their own losses: for the stray soldiers of the British regiments all about her: and for the Canadians themselves, where they sat in the full light and endured all that "Last Post" means when one hears it out of its hour. People moved out slowly after the National Anthems had been sung, for everyone was among friends; and there were wounded to be sorted out also, very white and exhausted, and trying to deny it.

And when the tawny lines of the Dominion broke up and filed outward there were many greetings and questions between those who had not met since Valcartier¹⁰ or some hospital in France or England. Sometimes a word or message could be given to a woman that would fill her heart with a glory that showed in her wet eyes even as the blow was dealt. The men having paid their tribute had already begun to put their grief behind them and to discuss new preparations. Before she realized the grossness of this evil that threatens the world, Canada had

sent a division against it. Her answer to the shattering of that division was the dispatch of an army corps. How could she do less, they implied, if she wished to live with mankind, or what is more important, with herself? It was as simple as life or death, or the pride that sits rightly on the men and nations that are acquitting themselves honorably at Armageddon.

Rudyard Kipling.

NOTES

1. The article in the Montreal *Gazette* is datelined "Ottawa, May 13" and is introduced by the following sentences: "Rudyard Kipling's graphic account of the Canadian soldiers' memorial service in London this week has been cabled to the Government. The text is as follows."
2. One of Kipling's many translations of Horace, this one of *Odes*, I, xxiv; its appearance here is an unrecorded first publication. It was later included in "Selections from the Freer Verse Horace" in the *Magdalene College Magazine*, June 1932, but was never collected.
3. Kipling described this first contingent of Canadian soldiers being trained at Salisbury in "Canadians in Camp," originally published in the *Daily Telegraph*, 19 December 1914, and collected in *The New Army in Training*, 1915.
4. "Brief Life Is Here Our Portion", by Bernard of Cluny; among the *Hymns Ancient and Modern* of the Anglican church.
5. "Saints of God", by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874. This rather obscure sentence was perhaps garbled in the transmission.
6. "Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above", by Charles Wesley, 1759.
7. Arthur Winnington-Ingram (1858-1946), Bishop of London, 1901-39. He toured the western front in 1915 and thus had "seen the business of war". He was a fierce supporter of the Allied cause, encouraged his clergy to volunteer, and was regarded by some as a "jingoist" preacher.
8. Funeral hymn by John Ellerton, 1871.
9. By Handel, 1738.
10. Canadian training camp, north of Quebec City.

KIPLING'S WORKS – WHITEWOLF CHANGE OF WEBSITE

I have been notified that the website on which almost all of Kipling's works are available has recently changed to:

<http://ghostwolf.dyndns.Org/words/authors/K/KiplingRudyard/>

Ed.

KIPLING'S "THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN" AND ITS AFTERLIVES

By PATRICK BRANTLINGER

[This article by Prof Patrick Brantlinger of the Department of English, Indiana University, first appeared in *English Literature in Transition 1880-1920*, Vol.50, No.2, 2007 as part of the celebration of its 50th year of publication. I am extremely grateful to Prof Robert Langenfeld, Editor of *ELT* for permission to reprint it. – Ed.]

"The White Man's Burden has been sung. Who will sing the Brown Man's?"
- Mark Twain, "The Stupendous Procession"

In November 1898, Rudyard Kipling sent his poem "The White Man's Burden" to his friend Theodore Roosevelt, who had just been elected Governor of New York.¹ Kipling's aim was to encourage the American government to take over the Philippines, one of the territorial prizes of the Spanish-American War, and rule it with the same energy, honor, and beneficence that, he believed, characterized British rule over the nonwhite populations of India and Africa. In September he had written to Roosevelt: "Now go in and put all the weight of your influence into hanging on permanently to the whole Philippines. America has gone and stuck a pickaxe into the foundations of a rotten house and she is morally bound to build the house over again from the foundations or have it fall about her ears".²

"The White Man's Burden" repeated this advice, adding a more abstract message about the white race's superiority and responsibility to the Filipinos and the other nonwhite peoples of the world. Sending Kipling's verses on to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Roosevelt opined that it was "poor poetry", but that it made "good sense from the expansion standpoint". Lodge responded that it was "better poetry than you say", while apparently agreeing about its "standpoint".³ Only later, in February 1899, was the poem published simultaneously in the London *Times* and *McClure's Magazine* in the U.S.⁴

Few poems have been more frequently cited, criticized, and satirized than "The White Man's Burden". It has served as a lightning rod for both the supporters and the opponents of imperialism, as well as of racism and white supremacy. After reviewing the main context of Kipling's poem America's colonization of the Philippines I examine some of the uses to which "The White Man's Burden" has been put from 1898 to the present. As Henry Labouchère's 1899 poem "The Brown Man's Burden" attests, parodies and citations began to appear almost immediately. "The Black Man's Burden" was the title of many

parodies and more serious poems in the African-American press. While the Philippines was still an American colony, Edmund Morel's 1920 book *The Black Man's Burden* stood Kipling's message on its head by arguing the case against empire, and other works with similar titles criticized racism in the U.S. between the World Wars.

Until recently, most works that invoke Kipling's poem have been parodic or critical in some fashion. But in response to America's "new imperialism" in Iraq, Afghanistan, and elsewhere, there have been a number of attempts to refurbish Kipling and "The White Man's Burden". Thus, for the title of his prizewinning book, *The Savage Wars of Peace* (2002), Max Boot chose a line from the poem, which he cites more fully and with explicit approval in the text itself. Though Boot and other current proponents of American imperialism deny or ignore this obvious fact, Kipling's poem strongly suggests that imperialism and racism are inseparable. "Whatever the avowed justification", writes Peter Keating, "there can be no doubt that the poem is profoundly racist in sentiment".⁵ Perhaps with Kipling in mind (she cites him later in the empire portion of her famous study of totalitarianism), Hannah Arendt writes that imperialism "would have necessitated the invention of racism as the only possible . . . excuse for its deeds, even if no race-thinking had ever existed in the civilized world".⁶ Unless one wears a white blindfold while reading it, Kipling's "The White Man's Burden" makes the question of the relationship between imperialism and racism inescapable.

§ § §

Whether or not Kipling's poem had any influence on public opinion, it is unlikely that it affected what the United States government decided to do about the Philippines. Kipling may have flattered himself that Roosevelt in particular listened to his advice. But Roosevelt was pushing for war with Spain well before 1898; as leader of the "Rough Riders", he had helped win the Battle of San Juan Hill in Cuba (1 July 1898); and by then he was already advocating the annexation of the Philippines.⁷ Though President McKinley was waffly about colonizing the archipelago – he confessed that, before the Spanish-American War, he didn't even know where the Philippines were⁸ – Roosevelt, Lodge, and many other American politicians were already of "the expansionist point of view".

The doctrine of "Manifest Destiny" arose at the time of the war with Mexico in 1846-1848, which led to the additions of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, and California to the U.S., and in the 1890s it seemed logical to many Americans to keep right on expanding into the Pacific

and beyond. "Manifest Destiny" was often also expressed in terms of race — it was the destiny of the white, Anglo-Saxon race to conquer and civilize the American West and perhaps the entire uncivilized world.⁹ After the Civil War, along with social Darwinism the idea that Anglo-Saxons around the world formed a unity in racial dominance suggested to many a reuniting, at least informally, of the British Empire with the United States, and this also is at least implicit in Kipling's poem. "Kipling hoped that the growing strength of the United States could be harnessed to the existing British Empire", writes Christopher Hitchens, and "Race was the natural cement. . . ." ¹⁰

In *The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling*, Ann Parry claims that "the response of the US public" to the aftermath of the Spanish-American War "was to reject imperialist adventures as alien to their political traditions",¹¹ but that notion is belied by the actions of the government and opinions in the mainstream press. Though an anti-imperialist minority, which included such prominent figures as Mark Twain, William James, Jane Addams, Samuel Gompers, and Andrew Carnegie, spoke out against the American seizure of the Philippines, it was never more than that — a minority.¹² The black press, too, was generally anti-imperialist, often siding with the dark "races" of the world, including the Filipinos, against white colonization.¹³ (In the late 1890s African-Americans were conflicted, however, because it was the Republican party — the party of Lincoln — that was pro-empire, while the Democratic party was still remembered for its pro-slavery stance.) There was also an isolationist position whose advocates argued that precisely because Filipinos did not belong to the white race the U.S. had no business taking over their territory and trying to civilize them: unlike Texas or California, the Philippines never could or should be turned into a state. That view was influenced by the fantasy of the "Yellow Peril", triggered by the migration of Chinese goldminers and railway workers into the West. But the war fever aroused by the conflict with Spain, the euphoria over the easy victories against its forces, the argument that if the United States didn't take over the islands then some other imperialist power would do so, and the general belief that anything Britain, France, or other nations could do America could do better overwhelmed both anti-imperialism and isolationism.

The "splendid little war", as Secretary of State John Hay called it, ended in 1899 with easy, total victory over Spain, but it was followed by the Philippine-American War. The Filipinos were already engaged in a revolution against Spanish rule, and once American forces took over Manila the revolutionaries discovered that they had to fight on — this time against their new colonial overlords. After Admiral Dewey defeated the Spanish fleet in Manila harbor in 1898, the U.S.

could have allowed the Filipino revolutionaries, led by Emilio Aguinaldo, to establish the republic that they had already proclaimed. Privately McKinley said: "If old Dewey had just sailed away when he smashed that Spanish fleet, what a lot of trouble he would have saved us".¹⁴ Instead, for a variety of reasons – strategic, economic, racist – the U.S. Army arrived to take control of Manila, with the collaboration of the defeated Spaniards themselves. Aguinaldo and his forces were shut out from their capital city, and were inevitably thrust into the long conflict that ended in their defeat and the re-colonization of the Philippines by the U.S.

A prelude both to World War II and to the Vietnam War, combat in the Philippines meant that American troops for the first time found themselves fighting in Asia. It proved to be a far longer, bloodier struggle than the one against Spain. Though Roosevelt claimed in 1902 that American forces had defeated the "Tagalog insurrection", as he insisted on calling it, the warfare didn't end then. He and other American officials labeled the post-1902 fighting "banditry" instead of either war or "insurrection",¹⁵ but on Luzon some conflict continued until at least 1911,¹⁶ and anti-imperialist resistance persisted even beyond that date in Mindanao and the other southern islands – indeed, down to the present. The Moro National Liberation Front is only the latest version of what has been called a "perpetual insurgency".¹⁷ U.S. troops are right now trying – this time with the good wishes of Philippines President Gloria Arroyo – to track down and capture or exterminate the supposedly Al-Qaeda-linked members of the Abu Sayyaf group, which on 14 February 2005 detonated bombs in the cities of Davao, General Santos, and Manila, killing at least twelve people and wounding many more.

During the Philippine-American War, on Luzon alone as many as one million Filipinos may have been killed either in combat or as "collateral damage".¹⁸ General J. Franklin Bell put the figure at 616,000, still enormous.¹⁹ The official body count for American troops was 4,234 dead and buried in the Philippines; "scarcely any bodies were ever brought home", though "hundreds more later died in America of service-related diseases, 2,818 had been wounded, and the dollar cost came to six hundred million".²⁰ What Kipling made of the bloody American conquest of the Philippines is unclear. He wrote "The White Man's Burden" before the fighting turned into a major guerilla war, and besides he became much more concerned about the Anglo-Boer War.

As the fighting extended through the archipelago, however, plenty of evidence emerged that might have turned Kipling against what the American army was doing, as it did Mark Twain, for example, whose "To the Person Sitting in Darkness" is only the best known of his

critiques of U.S. empire building.²¹ "The devastation and hundreds of thousands of casualties wrought by American efforts to crush the so-called insurgency", writes Michael Adas, ". . . made a mockery of . . . Kipling's celebration of the Americans as the latest of the Anglo-Saxon peoples to take up the 'white man's burden'." ²² Filipino POWs were frequently tortured or murdered; the "water cure" – or as it is now called by the Pentagon, "water boarding" – was a standard practice.²³ After the Balangiga massacre of U.S. soldiers by Filipino insurgents, the orders were to turn the entire island of Samar into a "howling wilderness" by killing everyone capable of bearing arms, including women and children aged ten years and up.²⁴ Far more Filipinos were killed than wounded, reversing the normal pattern of warfare.²⁵ What McKinley told Congress about the brutality of the Spanish troops trying to crush the anti-colonial rebellion in Cuba applies just as well to the American troops in the Philippines: "It was not civilized warfare. . . It was extermination. The only peace it could beget was that of the wilderness and the grave".²⁶

Torture and other brutal practices were rationalized by claims that the Filipinos were savages who fought like savages. Many of the American officers and troops had fought in the Indian wars in the West, and a lot of them behaved as if the only good Filipino was a dead one.²⁷ White soldiers called their Filipino adversaries "googoo" and "niggers", but the Spaniards had called them "Indios", and comparisons between Filipinos and Native Americans cropped up everywhere in the press.²⁸ The Filipinos were erroneously said to be divided into eighty-four separate "tribes", and "tribal" peoples were supposedly unfit for self-government. Newly elevated to the presidency after McKinley's assassination, Roosevelt told Congress on 3 December 1901 that "Encouragement . . . to [the Filipino] insurrectos stands on the same footing as encouragement to hostile Indians in the days when we still had Indian wars".²⁹ Elsewhere he compared Aguinaldo to Sitting Bull.³⁰ In his 1901 book *The Philippines: The War and the People*, Albert Robinson declared that the Filipino "presents a strong resemblance to the American red man".³¹ Furthermore, "Some tribes [of Filipinos] may be friendly, but it is quite probable that the hatchet will be buried in a very shallow place and very near at hand. Much will depend upon the vigor displayed by the nation and the missionary societies in efforts to civilize and Christianize them. The process will not prove locally popular".³² Robinson was right that "the process" did not prove "locally popular". But civilizing and Christianizing was difficult in part because, as the 1903 census indicated, the vast majority of Filipinos were already civilized and Christianized, albeit Roman Catholic rather than Protestant.

Kipling did not trouble himself any more than did McKinley, Roosevelt, or Robinson about what the Filipinos were actually like. As far as he was concerned, they were a "new-caught, sullen" people, "half devil and half child", and like "natives" elsewhere in need of the strong hand and tutelage of the white man. Whether he was disturbed by or even aware of press reports regarding torture, concentration camps, and massacres of Filipino civilians by American troops is unknown. But his friendships with Roosevelt and later with William Cameron Forbes, who served as governor of the Philippines from 1909 to 1913, ensured that he viewed the results in a positive light. He no doubt commiserated when Roosevelt wrote to him on 1 November 1904 about those who opposed American policy in the Philippines: "Thus, in dealing with the Philippines I have first the jack fools who seriously think that any group of pirates and head-hunters needs nothing but independence in order that it may be turned forth-into into a dark-hued New England town meeting, and then the entirely practical creatures who join with these extremists because I do not intend that the islands shall be exploited for corrupt purposes".³³ And David Gilmour writes that Forbes convinced Kipling that American "imperialism was flourishing in the Pacific".³⁴ In turn, Kipling assured Forbes that it was a "glorious experience" to see the progress British rule was making in Egypt and the Sudan. Kipling added: "My fear (not that it's any of my business but we're all white men together) is that some fool Democratic spasm may land your people with a full-blooded modern constitution. . . May Allah preserve your land [the Philippines] from this fate and enable you to continue your works in peace".³⁵

It was not exactly "some fool Democratic spasm" but Woodrow Wilson who in 1913 removed Forbes from the governorship of the Philippines – abruptly and unfairly, according to Kipling. In *Something of Myself*, Kipling says of Forbes:

There was an ex-Governor of the Philippines, who had slaved his soul out for years to pull his charge into some sort of shape and—on a turn of the political wheel at Washington—had been dismissed at literally less notice than he would have dared to give a native orderly. I remember not a few men whose work and hope had been snatched from under their noses, and my sympathy was very real. His account of Filipino political "leaders," writing and shouting all day for "independence" and running round to him after dark to be assured that there was no chance of the dread boon being granted—"because then we shall most probably all be killed"—was cheerily familiar.³⁶

Both Roosevelt and, more obviously, Forbes exemplified one of Kipling's primary fantasies throughout his fiction and poetry, that of the white colonial administrator whose labors receive little or no thanks from those he serves, both at home and abroad:

Take up the White Man's burden—
 And reap his old reward:
 The blame of those ye better,
 The hate of those ye guard—
 The cry of hosts ye humour
 (Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—
 "Why brought ye us from bondage,
 "Our loved Egyptian night?"³⁷

It isn't clear why Kipling qualified "night" with the adjective "Egyptian" instead of Filipino, Asiatic, or Oriental, but he clearly did regard 1898, in large measure because of the Spanish-American War, "a grand year for the White Man". Besides "The White Man's Burden", earlier in the year Kipling had penned "The Song of the White Men", extolling the good that "the White Men" do "When they go to clean a land":

Oh, well for the world when the White Men tread
 Their highway side by side! . . .

Oh, well for the world when the White Men join
 To prove their faith again!

At last the (white) Americans were beginning to see the light and to do as Britain had been doing for centuries. "Thank God" the Americans, Kipling wrote, were "on the threshold of the White Man's work, the business of introducing a sane and orderly administration into the dark places of the earth".³⁸

§ § §

The idea that the majority of Filipinos were savages, "half devil and half child", in need of civilizing by the United States or some other branch of the white race, is an obvious instance of the standard justification for imperial expansion used from the Renaissance to the present situation of "nation-building" in Afghanistan and Iraq. Kipling may or may not have believed in some version of biological essentialism, according to which the white race was innately superior to all others.

But he clearly believed that the white race was charged with the responsibility of civilizing – or trying to civilize – all of the dark, supposedly backward races of the world. "Throughout his life", writes John McBratney, "Kipling believed that white men . . . had for a time a special — in some moments, providential – responsibility as latter-day Romans to uphold the law and keep the peace throughout the world".³⁹ Roosevelt and other American "expansionists" such as Senator Albert Beveridge obviously agreed.

Many, however, found Kipling's preaching to Americans, and particularly "The White Man's Burden", offensive. In *Black Americans and the White Man's Burden*, Willard Gatewood writes: "Dozens of poems entitled 'The Black Man's Burden' appeared in the months immediately following the publication of Kipling's work".⁴⁰ Gatewood quotes as an example these verses by H. T. Johnson, "a well-known black clergyman and editor of the influential *Christian Recorder*":

Pile on the Black Man's Burden.
 'Tis nearest at your door;
 Why heed long bleeding Cuba,
 Or dark Hawaii's shore?
 Hail ye your fearless armies,
 Which menace feeble folks
 Who fight with clubs and arrows
 And brook your rifle's smoke. . .⁴¹

Gatewood also notes that there was even an organization, the Black Man's Burden Association, founded by J. H. Magee late in 1899 to advocate for rights for Blacks at home and Filipinos and other "brown people" abroad.⁴²

J. Dallas Bowser's "Take Up the Black Man's Burden", which was published in the 8 April 1899 issue of *The Colored American*, recognizes that racism at home and imperialism abroad are inseparable, but is less a mocking of Kipling's poem than an expression of the theme of "black uplift" or self-improvement:

Take up the Black Man's burden,
 "Send forth the best ye breed"
 To serve as types of progress,
 To teach, to pray, to plead. . .⁴³

As Booker T. Washington was advising them to do, African-Americans, according to Bowser, should shoulder their own "burden" for the betterment of the world.⁴⁴ A month earlier, however, *The*

Colored American had published a poem under the pseudonym "X-Ray", "Charity Begins at Home", that more directly confronts both white racism and Kipling's poem:

To h— with the "White Man's Burden!"
 To h— with Kipling's verse!
 The Black Man demands our attention:
 His condition is growing worse.
 Why lose sleep over his burden?
 All mortals have their share,
 The black man's growing hardships
 Are more than he can bear.⁴⁵

This barb is closer than Bowser's verses to the editorial position of *The Colored American*, which on 18 March 1899 declared: "With all due respect for the alleged genius of one Rudyard Kipling, his latest conglomeration of rot about the 'white man's burden' makes us very, very tired. It has ever been the dark races who have borne the world's burdens. . .".⁴⁶

It is not always clear that the parodists of "The White Man's Burden" were critiquing either its politics or its racism; they were sometimes just mocking the effrontery of an Englishman presuming to advise America about how to conduct its business. There were also parodies with such titles as "The Poor Man's Burden" and even "The Old Maid's Burden".⁴⁷ American labor leader George E. McNeill, champion of the eight-hour day, published "The Poor Man's Burden" in 1903; the poor were of all races. And E. A. Brininstool's feminist barb "The White Woman's Burden" appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* on 6 March 1899; it reads in part:

Ring off on the "White Man's Burden",
 And talk of a woman's right;
 Tell of the jawing she has to stand
 From early morn till night.
 If the "white man's" burden is heavy,
 What do you think 't would be,
 If he had to cook and dig and scrub,
 And never from work be free?

William Jennings Bryan, who had taken a "devious" stance toward McKinley's Philippines policy during the election campaign of 1899,⁴⁸ entitled the Independence Day speech he gave in London on 4 July 1906 "The White Man's Burden". Though he was unhappy about

the colonization of the Philippines by the U.S., Bryan nonetheless agreed that "the white man" had a "burden" or responsibility to civilize the colonized.⁴⁹ If America was going to have an empire, then it had better be a humane one, Bryan contended: "There is a white man's burden—a burden which the white man should not shirk even if he could. . .".⁵⁰ However, the very idea of "the white man's burden" was anathema to those who found it impossible to reconcile the American ideal of liberty with any version of either imperialism or racism. The gist of most of the early parodies is distinctly anti-imperialist, as in this bit of newspaper doggerel: "We've taken up the white man's burden of ebony and brown; / Now will you tell us, Rudyard, how we may put it down?"⁵¹

In 1907, leading African-American intellectual W E. B. Du Bois entered the lists with a poem entitled "The Burden of Black Women". Therein, the "dark daughter of the lotus leaves that watch the Southern sea" grieves because ". . . the Burden of white men bore her back, / and the white world stifled her sighs. . .". "The White World's vermin and filth", writes Du Bois, include

. . . conquerors of unarmed men;
Shameless breeders of bastards
Drunk with the greed of gold.
Baiting their blood-stained hooks
With cant for the souls of the simple,
Bearing the White Man's Burden
Of Liquor and Lust and Lies!

Matters will not change until "the Black Christ be born!"

Then shall the burden of manhood
Be it yellow or black or white,
And Poverty, Justice and Sorrow—
The Humble and Simple and Strong
Shall sing with the Sons of Morning
And Daughters of Evensong.⁵²

Besides Kipling's poem, perhaps Du Bois was also recollecting the African-American spiritual, in which the oppressed – indeed, all humanity – look forward to a time when we can lay our burdens down.

Kipling also had his British anti-imperialist critics and parodists. Wilfred Scawen Blunt declared that the true "white man's burden" was "the burden of his cash", and Richard Le Gallienne seemed to echo Robert Buchanan's earlier "Voice of the Hooligan", which was mainly

an attack on Kipling's schoolboy novel *Stalky & Co.*, by declaring that "The White Man's Burden" expressed "the Englishman as brute".⁵³ In the journal *Truth*, radical M.P. Henry Labouchère published "The Brown Man's Burden", a parody that is simultaneously anti-imperialist and anti-racist. It was republished in the 25 February 1899 issue of the *Literary Digest*, side by side with Kipling's poem and with still another parody by Ernest H. Crosby. The first stanza of Labouchère's parody reads:

Pile on the brown man's burden
 To gratify your greed;
 Go, clear away the "niggers"
 Who progress would impede;
 Be very stern, for truly
 'Tis useless to be mild
 With new-caught, sullen peoples
 Half devil and half child.

Later on (stanza 5), Labouchère writes:

Pile on the brown man's burden,
 Nor do not deem it hard
 If you should earn the rancor
 Of those ye yearn to guard.
 The screaming of your Eagle
 Will drown the victim's sob—
 Go on through fire and slaughter.
 There's dollars in the job.⁵⁴

Kipling's poem continued to be echoed, mocked, and critiqued during and after World War I. Roger Tracy published his "satirical forecast", *The White Man's Burden*, in 1915, while William Paton gave a "public service" lecture using the same title in 1939. Edmund Morel's 1920 *The Black Man's Burden* begins: "The bard of a modern Imperialism has sung of the White Man's burden", which Morel interprets musically: "The notes strike the granite surface of racial pride and fling back echoes which reverberate through the corridors of history, exultant. . .",⁵⁵ But "what of that other burden", he goes on to ask, that of the black man? Morel's book is an expose "of the atrocious wrongs which the white peoples have inflicted upon the black" particularly in Africa.⁵⁶ Morel had been a leader in the campaign to expose atrocities in the Congo, and had published such earlier works as *King Leopold's Rule in Africa* and *Red Rubber*. In *The Black Man's Burden*, Morel

offers a history of European imperialism in various parts of Africa, from the earliest days of the slave trade to the devastating effects of industrial, capitalist exploitation:

But what the partial occupation of his soil by the white man has failed to do; what the mapping out of European "spheres of influence" has failed to do; what the maxim [gun] and the rifle, the slave gang, labour in the bowels of the earth and the lash, have failed to do; what imported measles, smallpox and syphilis have failed to do; what even the oversea slave trade failed to do, the power of modern capitalistic exploitation, assisted by modern engines of destruction, may yet succeed in accomplishing.⁵⁷

Imperialist exploitation, Morel goes on to argue, may accomplish the destruction of the entire continent of Africa, including the total extinction of its inhabitants – not a completely fanciful prognostication, in light of the near extinctions of indigenous peoples in the Americas and Australia.⁵⁸

Besides Willard Gatewood's 1975 *Black Americans and the White Man's Burden*, other works critical of racism in America that have made use of Kipling and his famous or infamous title include B. F. Riley's *The White Man's Burden: A Discussion of the Interracial Question with Special Reference to the Responsibility of the White Race to the Negro Problem* (1910), Louis R. Harlan's "Booker T. Washington and the 'White Man's Burden'" (1966), Matthew Holden's *The White Man's Burden* (1973), and Winthrop Jordan's *White Man's Burden: Historical Origins of Racism in the United States* (1974), the latter a condensed version of Jordan's magisterial 1968 study, *White Over Black: American Attitudes toward the Negro, 1550–1812*.⁵⁹ More recently, a film entitled *White Man's Burden* (1995), directed by Desmond Nakano and starring John Travolta and Harry Belafonte, critiques both white racism and classism in the U.S. by reversing the standard roles of race and class domination. Travolta plays a downtrodden white worker, and Belafonte his wealthy, overbearing boss. Reviewing the film for *Rolling Stone*, Peter Travers calls it a "noble experiment" that, however, "only fitfully hits home".⁶⁰

In contrast to the many parodic and critical treatments of Kipling's poem, there were a few early responses to it that accepted its message with evident approval. These include American novelist Thomas Dixon's *The Leopard's Spots* (1902), which is subtitled *A Romance of the White Man's Burden*. Dixon also penned *The Clansman* (1905), and it is on these two novels, together with the play based on the second one, that D. W. Griffith based his racist cinematic masterpiece, *The*

Birth of a Nation (1915), which was originally entitled *The Clansman*. In Dixon's novels and Griffith's film, the K.K.K. "is glorified for its work in bringing order from the chaos that followed" the Civil War.⁶¹ Though some bad white men who claim to be K.K.K. members terrorize and occasionally lynch Blacks in Dixon's stories and Griffith's movie, the true Klansmen are heroic fighters for justice and a chivalric version of white supremacy. Dixon's and Griffith's K.K.K. heroes, shouldering "the white man's burden" in South Carolina rather than India or the Philippines, aren't-much different from Kipling's heroic but underappreciated colonial administrators.

§ § §

Since 9/11, writes Geoffrey Wheatcroft, "Kipling has resurfaced, and not just because of his lines about fighting on the Afghan plains".⁶² "The White Man's Burden" in particular is being invoked by the defenders of America's "new imperialism" in Iraq and elsewhere. In *Pox Americana: Exposing the American Empire*, the editors write:

Today's imperialists see Kipling's poem mainly as an attempt to stiffen the spine of the U.S. ruling class of his day in preparation for what he called "the savage wars of peace". And it is precisely in this way that they now allude to the "white man's burden" in relation to the twenty-first century. Thus for the *Economist* magazine the question is simply whether the United States is prepared to shoulder the white man's burden across the Middle East.⁶³

They have Max Boot's *The Savage Wars of Peace* in mind as one prominent instance of American neoimperialism. Boot believes that the U.S. military succeeded in the Philippines, in contrast to its later failure in Vietnam, and that the record of American colonial rule in the archipelago, though a bit marred by racial arrogance, was generally constructive.⁶⁴ "Benevolent assimilation" was, McKinley announced, the policy the U.S. would pursue in the Philippines, and Boot thinks it actually did so. But like (white) "colonialists everywhere", Boot claims, the U.S. administrators of the Philippines "received scant thanks", a phenomenon that leads to one of his several quotations from Kipling:⁶⁵

Take up the White man's burden—
And reap his old reward:
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard.

For both Boot and Kipling, these lines express an interesting reversal of blaming the victim: there is nothing like conquest and empire, it seems, for making imperialists feel sorry for themselves.

What America did in the Philippines, Boot claims, is pretty much what it should be doing in Iraq. So, too, Michael Ignatieff believes that the invasion and occupation of Iraq will follow the pattern of the Philippines from 1898 to 1946.⁶⁶ Like Boot, Ignatieff thinks the resemblance is a salutary one, because (he believes) America's impact on the Philippines was largely positive. But the U.S. can do even better in Iraq:

America's empire is not like empires of times past, built on colonies, conquest and the white man's burden. We are no longer in the era of the United Fruit Company, when American corporations needed Marines to secure their investments overseas. The 21st century imperium is a new invention in the annals of political science, an empire lite, a global hegemony whose grace notes are free markets, human rights and democracy.⁶⁷

The main difference between Boot and Ignatieff appears to be that the former is happy with the idea of "the white man's burden", while the latter attributes it to an earlier, unlitte and perhaps unenlightened version of empire. Like Boot rather than Ignatieff, Robert Kaplan has no trouble embracing Kipling. In his review of Kaplan's *Imperial Grunts: The American Military on the Ground*, Andrew Bacevich points out that its author is "bullish" on America's new global empire: "The events of September 11, 2001, inaugurated what Kaplan calls America's 'Second Expeditionary Era' the first had begun with the expansionist surge of 1898 – in which US forces once again sally forth to take up 'the white man's burden,' a phrase that he employs without irony or apology".⁶⁸ Kaplan praises historian Francis Parkman and western painter Frederic Remington as the "Kiplings" of "American imperialism".⁶⁹ And he believes that Kipling got it right in regard to the Philippines, India, and Afghanistan.⁷⁰

Among neoimperialist admirers of Kipling, Niall Ferguson is more circumspect than either Kaplan or Boot when it comes to citing Kipling and "The White Man's Burden". In *Empire: The Rise and Demise of the British World Order and the Lessons for Global Power*, his highly favorable survey of the mighty British Empire, Ferguson notes many of its destructive aspects, but insists that it grew increasingly humane, that it promoted democracy, and that ultimately more good than evil came from it.⁷¹ The "lessons" it holds for the new American empire are also, he thinks, good ones, although he believes Americans may not have

sufficient pluck or Britishness or something-or-other to be very good imperialists. He doesn't quite say that America should now "Take up the white man's burden", as Kipling advised the U.S. to do during the Spanish-American War: "No one would dare", he writes, "use such politically incorrect language today".⁷² Obviously he is tempted to use that language, but doesn't for fear of being accused of the racism that Kipling and other British imperialists expressed. In any event, Ferguson argues that "just like the British Empire before it, the American Empire unfailingly acts in the name of liberty, even when its own self-interest is manifestly uppermost".⁷³ Given America's record of subverting democratically elected governments such as Allende's in Chile while supporting dictators such as Pinochet – or for that matter, Saddam Hussein in the 1980s – the notion that it "unfailingly acts in the name of liberty" is either naive or disingenuous. I agree with Harry Harootunian, who in *The Empire's New Clothes* writes that Ferguson's pontificating – his "lessons" for America – are "sophomoric",⁷⁴ as was Kipling's earlier advice to the U.S. about the Philippines.

According to Max Boot: "The majority of Filipinos became reconciled to U.S. rule or at least not violently opposed to it, and they were granted increasing autonomy by Washington, far ahead of any comparable movement in European colonies".⁷⁵ This is just the way President Bush and his supporters want to interpret the record of America's colonization of the Philippines, with an eye to how they would like things to go in Afghanistan and Iraq (and no doubt elsewhere). In *The Folly of Empire*, John Judis notes that on 18 October 2003, while paying a brief visit to Manila, Bush praised the United States for transforming the Philippines into "the first democratic nation in Asia": "America is proud of its part in the great story of the Filipino people. Together our soldiers liberated the Philippines from colonial rule. Together we rescued the islands from invasion and occupation".⁷⁶ And now, according to Bush, America is doing the same favor of bringing liberation and democracy to Iraq.

While it has often been held that America liberated and brought democracy to the Philippines, the actual record is rather different. Instead of freeing that nation from colonialism, "our soldiers" turned it into an American colony. I have already described the prolonged, bloody quagmire that is nowadays called the Philippine-American War. In its aftermath, the new colonial masters of the islands worked hard to Americanize the Filipinos – short of giving them any genuine power. Though the United States granted the Philippines independence in 1946, the American military presence meant that there would be no serious challenge to America's ultimate authority after that date. The rulers of the Philippines have continued to come from the privileged

elite who, so long as they support U.S. policies, are supported in return. In 1941, the Huk (or Hukbalahap) rebellion began as an uprising against Japanese rule; after the war, it continued as an anticolonial, communist insurgency, like the Vietminh in Indochina. The U.S. did everything it could to suppress the Huks, until the movement ran out of steam in the 1950s. But, as noted earlier, other forms of rebellion have continued, in large measure because democracy in the Philippines has never been more than a "veneer". That is the term employed by John Judis, who writes: beneath the "veneer . . . a handful of families, allied to American investors and addicted to payoffs and kickbacks, [have] controlled Philippine land, economy, and society. The tenuous system broke down in 1973 when Ferdinand Marcos had himself declared president for life. Marcos was finally overthrown in 1986, but even today Philippine democracy is more dream than reality".⁷⁷

In one of his columns for the *New York Times*, a piece entitled "The White Man's Burden", economist Paul Krugman notes that Bush and other neoconservatives who regard America's conquest and colonization of the Philippines as a model for what will hopefully transpire in Iraq might learn something if they paid attention to history. No evidence exists, Krugman says, to suggest that "control of the Philippines made us stronger" in strategic terms. And "the economic doctrines that were used to justify Western empire-building during the late 19th century . . . turned out to be nonsense. Almost without exception, the cost of acquiring and defending a colonial empire greatly exceeded even a generous accounting of its benefits".⁷⁸ The moral that Bush and other neoconservatives draw from the example of the Philippines, Krugman contends — namely, that the invasion and occupation of Iraq will be good for the Iraqis and good for us — is a mirage. Calling "The White Man's Burden" "the perfect epitaph for the Bush administration", blogger Sharon Jumper adds: "Bush is such a neanderthal, however, that were he to read the poem, he would likely think it laudatory of his current policies".⁷⁹

NOTES

1. Early in the 1890s, Kipling had met various up-and-coming conservative politicians, including John Hay, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Theodore Roosevelt. Part of this circle was Henry Adams, who along with his brother Brooks may have influenced Kipling. In 1900 Brooks published *America's Economic Supremacy*, which argues that "the United States must shortly bear the burden England has borne, must assume the responsibilities and perform the tasks which have within human memory fallen to the share of England, and must be equipped accordingly" (Andrew Hagiioannu, *The Man who would be Kipling: The Colonial Fiction and the Frontiers of Exile* [New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2003], p.69). Kipling may or may not have felt that

- America was already assuming the role of imperial leadership that had heretofore belonged to England, but the message of "The White Man's Burden" is unmistakable: America should do so, at least in the Philippines.
2. Rudyard Kipling, *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*. Thomas Pinney, ed. (London: Macmillan, 1990), vol.2, p.350.
 3. *Selections from the Correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, 1884-1918*, Henry Cabot Lodge and Charles Redmond, eds. (New York: Da Capo Press, 1971), vol.1, pp.384-85.
 4. Peter Keating, *Kipling the Poet* (London: Secker and Warburg, 1994), p.119.
 5. *ibid.*, p.120.
 6. Hannah Arendt, *Imperialism*. Part 2 of *The Origins of Totalitarianism* (1951; New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1968), pp.63-64.
 7. Theodore Roosevelt, *Letters and Speeches*, Louis Auchinloss, ed. (New York: Library of America, 2004), p.123. Also see John B. Judis, *The Folly of Empire: What George Bush Could Learn from Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson* (New York: Scribner, 2004), p.60.
 8. H. Wayne Morgan, *William McKinley and His America* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1963), pp.387-88.
 9. See Reginald Horsman, *Race and Manifest Destiny: The Origins of American Racial Anglo-Saxonism* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1981).
 10. Christopher Hitchens, *Blood, Class and Empire: The Enduring Anglo-American Relationship* (New York: Nation Books, 2004), p.72.
 11. Ann Parry, *The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling* (Buckingham. UK: Open University Press, 1992), p.87.
 12. The "platform" of the American Anti-Imperialist League, October 1899, reads in part: "We condemn the policy of the present national administration in the Philippines. It seeks to extinguish the spirit of 1776 in those islands. We deplore the sacrifice of our soldiers and sailors. . . We denounce the slaughter of the Filipinos as a needless horror. We protest against the extension of American sovereignty by Spanish methods" (*Against the Beast: A Documentary History of American Opposition to Empire*. John Nichols, ed. [New York: Nation Books, 2004], p.117).
 13. See George P. Marks, *The Black Press Views American Imperialism (1898-1900)* (New York: Arno Press, 1971) and Willard Gatewood, *Black Americans and the White Man's Burden, 1898-1903* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1975).
 14. Quoted in Morgan, p.388.
 15. Theodore Roosevelt, *Presidential Addresses and State Papers* (New York: Review of Reviews, n.d.), vol.2, p.571.
 16. William J. Pomeroy, *American Neo-Colonialism: Its Emergence in the Philippines and Asia* (New York: International Publishers, 1970), p.97.
 17. Andrew Bacevich, "White Man's Burden", *The Nation*, 261:9 (16 August 2005), p.38.
 18. Luzviminda Francisco, "The First Vietnam: U.S.-Philippine War of 1899", *Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars*. 5.4 (December 1973), p.8.
 19. Arguing that Bell and other Americans may have had reason to exaggerate the number of Filipino deaths as a sign of military effectiveness, Richard Slotkin offers "estimates based . . . on army records . . . [of] between 16,000 and 20,000 rebels killed in action and . . . an additional 200,000 civilian deaths. . . ." See Richard Slotkin,

- Gunfighter Nation: The Myth of the Frontier in Twentieth-Century America* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1998), p.119.
20. Leon Wolff, *Little Brown Brother: How the United States Purchased and Pacified the Philippine Islands at the Century's Turn* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1961), p.360.
 21. Mark Twain, *Mark Twain's Weapons of Satire: Anti-Imperialist Writings on the Philippine-American War*, Jim Zwick, ed. (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1992), pp.22-39.
 22. Michael Adas, "Improving on the Civilizing Mission?: Assumptions of United States Exceptionalism in the Colonization of the Philippines", *The New American Empire: A 21st Century Teach-in on U.S. Foreign Policy*, Lloyd C. Gardner and Marilyn Young, eds. (New York: The New Press, 2005), p.155.
 23. In current discourse about the use of torture for interrogating alleged terrorists, the "water cure" is called "water boarding".
 24. Slotkin, pp.117-19.
 25. Moorfield Storey and Marcial P. Lichauco, *The Conquest of the Philippines by the United States. 1898 1925* (New York: G. P. Putnam, 1926), p.126.
 26. Quoted in Storey, p.139.
 27. Russell Roth, *Muddy Glory: America's 'Indian Wars' in the Philippines 1899-1935* (W. Hanover, MA: Christopher Publishing House, 1981), p.11 and *passim*. Stuart Creighton Miller, *"Benevolent Assimilation": The American Conquest of the Philippines. 1899-1903* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1982), p.180.
 28. Slotkin, pp.109-110.
 29. Theodore Roosevelt, *Presidential Addresses and State Papers*, vol.2, p.571.
 30. Theodore Roosevelt, *Letters and Speeches*, p.247.
 31. Albert G. Robinson, *The Philippines: The War and the People* (New York: McClure, Phillips, 1901), p.229.
 32. *ibid.*, p.235.
 33. Roosevelt, *Letters and Speeches*, p.357.
 34. David Gilmour, *The Long Recessional: The Imperial Life of Rudyard Kipling* (New York: Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, 2002), p.252. Also see Stanley Karnow, *In Our Image: America's Empire in the Philippines* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1990). On Forbes, see Peter Stanley, "William Cameron Forbes: Proconsul in the Philippines", *Pacific Historical Review*, 35 (1968), pp.285-301.
 35. Quoted in Gilmour, p.240.
 36. Rudyard Kipling, *Something of Myself*, Thomas Pinney, ed. (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), p.114.
 37. Rudyard Kipling, *Complete Verse: Definitive Edition* (New York: Doubleday, 1899), p.322.
 38. Quoted in Gilmour, pp. 125-26.
 39. John McBratney, *Imperial Subjects, Imperial Space: Rudyard Kipling's Fiction of the Native-Born* (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 2002), p.22. Gatewood, p.184. Quoted in Gatewood, p.184. *ibid.*
- J. Dallas Bowser, "Take Up the Black Man's Burden", *The Colored American*, 8 April 1899 (boondocksnet.com).

44. Louis R. Harlan writes that Washington "so thoroughly subscribed to the 'White Man's Burden' of leadership and authority that, in seeming forgetfulness that he was Negro, he actually took up the burden himself." See Harlan, "Booker T. Washington and the 'White Man's Burden' ", *American Historical Review*, 71:2 (January 1966), p.442.
45. X-Ray, "Charity Begins at Home", *The Colored American*, 8 April 1899 (boondocksnet.com).
46. Nichols, ed., *Against the Beast: A Documentary History of American Opposition to Empire*, p.118.
47. Jim Zwick's anti-imperialism website reproduces sixty-six parodies, cartoons, speeches, and articles responding to Kipling's poem between 1899 and 1915. The website is www.boondocksnet.com. Unless otherwise noted, I have quoted from the texts of early parodies reproduced on it. In *The Long Recessional*, David Gilmour writes: "newspapers from the *Buffalo Express* to the *Iowa State Register* compet[ed] to publish parodies with titles such as 'The Black Man's Burden', 'The Poor Man's Burden', 'The White Woman's Burden' and even 'The Old Maid's Burden' " (*p.m.*).
48. Sidney Lens, *The Forging of the American Empire* (Chicago: Haymarket Books, 2003), p.185.
49. That was, indeed, the view of the first American officials to govern the Philippines, which include Forbes, William Howard Taft, and such "humanitarian imperialists" as David Prescott Barrows. Thus, though Barrows considered the Filipinos to be "civilized", they were at such a low level of civilization that they could not be trusted with self-government. Before going to the Philippines, Barrows had taken an interest in the ethnography of American Indians in California, and he held that the Filipinos were inferior to those Native Americans "who had developed extensive tribal organization and even confederacies" (Clymer, pp.502-503). As Kenton Clymer notes, humanitarian imperialism and the idea of "the white man's burden" in some measure ran counter to the social Darwinism that Barrows and many others also accepted (p.507). See Clymer, "Humanitarian Imperialism: David Prescott Barrows and the White Man's Burden in the Philippines", *Pacific Historical Review*, 45 (1976). For Taft, see Oscar M. Alfonso, "Taft's Early Views on the Filipinos", *Solidarity*, 4 (June 1969), pp.52-58.
50. Zwick, www.boondocksnet.com.
51. Quoted in Morgan, p.434.
52. W. E. B. Du Bois, "The Burden of Black Women", *W. E. B. Du Bois: A Reader* (New York: Henry Holt, 1995), pp.291-93.
53. Quoted in Gilmour, pp.131-32.
54. Henry Labouchère, "The Brown Man's Burden", *Literary Digest*, 18:8 (25 February 1899), p.219.
55. E. D. Morel, *The Black Man 's Burden* (New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1920), p.3.
56. *ibid.*, p.vi.
57. *ibid.*, p.7.
58. In 1992, Africanist Basil Davidson published another expose about the effects of European imperialism on Africa, under the same title as Morel's book, *The Black Man's Burden*; Davidson's subtitle is *Africa and the Curse of the Nation-State* (New York: Three Rivers Press, 1992). And there are also Boris Asoian's 1988 *Apartheid*,

"*The White Man's Burden*" (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1988) and William Easterly's 2006 *The White Man's Burden: Why the West's Efforts to Aid the Rest Have Done So Much Ill and So Little Good* (New York: Penguin, 2006). A critique of capitalist imperialism similar to Morel's is expressed in an anonymous parody, "The Black Man's Burden", that appeared in the *Public* on 21 March 1903. As reproduced on Jim Zwick's website, its final stanza reads: "Foster-sons of the Empire, wards of the baked Karoo, / This is the law the Mother makes and her sword shall prove it true: / 'Wherever the red gold glitters, wherever the diamond shines, / Take up the black man's burden and labour in the mines.' "

59. See also Ruth Smith, *The White Man's Burden: A Personal Statement* (New York: Vanguard Press, 1946), Kurt Loeb's 1992 *White Man's Burden* (Toronto: Lugus Productions, 1992), and Paul Theroux's two-act play *White Man's Burden* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 1987).
60. Peter Travers, "White Man's Burden", *Rolling Stone*, 723 (14 December 1995), p.92.
61. Raymond A. Cook, *Thomas Dixon* (New York: Twayne, 1974), pp.68-69.
62. Geoffrey Wheatcroft, "A White Man's Burden: Rudyard Kipling's Pathos and Prescience", *Harper's Magazine*, 305:1828 (September 2002), p.5.
63. John Bellamy Foster and Robert McChesney, eds. *Pox Americana: Exposing the American Empire* (New York: Monthly Review Press, 2004), p.20.
64. Max Boot, *The Savage Wars of Peace: Small Wars and the Rise of American Power* (New York: Basic Books, 2002), pp. 126-28.
65. *ibid.*, p.345.
66. Foster and McChesney, *Pox Americana*, p.18.
67. Michael Ignatieff, "The American Empire: The Burden", *New York Times Magazine*, 152:52354 (5 January 2003), p.23.
68. Bacevich, p.2.
69. Robert D. Kaplan, *Imperial Grunts: The American Military on the Ground* (New York: Random House, 2005), pp.9-10.
70. *ibid.*, pp. 175-95. Still another text that quotes "The White Man's Burden" in support of American imperialism is Ernest W. Lefever, *America's Imperial Burden: Is the Past Prologue?* (Boulder: Westview Press, 1999), p.22.
71. Niall Ferguson, *Empire: The Rise and Demise of the British World Order and the Lessons for Global Power* (New York: Basic Books, 2004), p.304.
72. *ibid.*, p.316.
73. *ibid.*
74. Harry Harootunian, *The Empire's New Clothes: Paradigm Lost, and Regained* (Chicago: Prickly Paradigm Press, 2004), p.107.
75. Boot, p.125.
76. Quoted in Judis, p.1.
77. Judis, p.2.
78. Paul Krugman, "The White Man's Burden", *The Great Unraveling: Losing Our Way in the New Century* (New York: W. W. Norton, 2004), p.389.
79. Sharon Jumper, "Powell, Wisdom, and the White Man's Burden", *Daily Kos*, 7 January 2006 (<http://www.dailykos.com>). Accessed 27 January 2006.

BOOK REVIEWS

By THE EDITOR

RUDYARD KIPLING'S UNCOLLECTED SPEECHES: A *Second Book of Words* ed. Thomas Pinney, published by ELT Press, English Dept., PO Box 26170, University of North Carolina, Greensboro, NC 27402-6170, April 2008 (ISBN: 978-0-7944318-24-9, hardback, \$55 / £30), xii + 148 pages including illustrations, Checklist of Kipling's Speeches, Speeches written by Kipling for the Royal Family, and Index. UK agent: Colin Smythe Ltd, P.O. Box 6, Gerrards Cross, Buckinghamshire SL9 8XA.

Once again we must thank Prof Pinney for making available Kipling material of which most of us were completely unaware. The results of his meticulous researches presented in this *Second Book of Words* now give us a further 48 speeches to add to the 31 which Kipling himself made available in his 1928 collection, *A Book of Words*. All that are thought to be missing from these two books are the seven collected in the Sussex Edition and about 25 for which no texts have been found.

For each speech, Prof Pinney has provided a headnote describing the occasion, the audience and the source of the text. They span the years from 1884 to 1935, with audience numbers ranging from about 40 up to 10,000. When Kipling refers to the occasion in a letter, then this is noted as well, whilst the Rees extracts from Mrs Kipling's diaries also yield confirmatory evidence.

The texts of many of the speeches are taken from newspaper reports of the event, frequently from *The Times*, rather than from Kipling's own scripts. The audience's interjections such as (Cheers), (Laughter), and (Loud applause) give the reader a sense of inclusion in the occasion and demonstrate just how much Kipling throughout his life was in tune with his audiences, whether at a Club dinner, a political meeting, a recruiting drive, an academic event, or some other the occasion.

The speeches also show that Kipling was happy to "recycle" his ideas. At a banquet of the Automobile Club of South Africa in March 1905, he tried out the motto "Transportation is Civilisation" to cries of "hear, hear" — Mrs Kipling had noted on 11 August 1904 that Kipling was working on "With the Night Mail" eventually published in November 1905. On another occasion (22 May 1922) speaking to the Associated Franco-British Societies, he repeated the anecdotal letter from an Indian soldier to his mother that was first included in "The Fumes of the Heart" in May 1917, and again in his speech at La Bassée in October 1927.

The checklist of speeches, which includes descriptions of those for which no text has yet been found, and the Appendix of speeches written for Members of the Royal Family round out this excellent publication, which I am sure members will find as interesting as I do.

KIPLING'S SUSSEX by Michael Smith, published by Brownleaf, May 2008 (ISBN: 978-0-9515107-1-1, hardback, £18 including £3 UK p+p), xii + 236 pages including illustrations, eight Appendices, Bibliography, and Index. Available from Michael Smith, Tree Cottage, 2 Brownleaf Road, Brighton BN2 6LB, by email at brownleaf@talktalk.net, or by phone on 01273 303719.

Michael Smith, a Vice-President of our Society, is not surprisingly a Kipling enthusiast. Perhaps less well known is that he is an enthusiast for Sussex and also for geology. These are all combined in this book which is not a biography but an exploration of the influence of Sussex on Kipling and his work. Unfortunately his enthusiasm has allowed many flaws to slip past him and, whilst they are mainly typographical, you will need to ignore them in order to enjoy this book to the full.

The first chapter, "Before Sussex", deals briefly with the lives of the Kiplings up to 1897 when they left Rock House in Devon to settle in Rottingdean. It is then followed by one on the Sussex landscape, its geological formation, and the various geographical entities that resulted. I found this both interesting and enlightening with quotations from "Sussex" and "The Run of the Downs" at appropriate points.

We now come to the Kiplings' Sussex life starting with a long chapter on their stay in Rottingdean which includes many anecdotes about the village and its inhabitants. This and all the subsequent chapters have apposite selections from Kipling's works interwoven throughout the text. There is the "Pioneer Motorist" who was thus able to see more of the Sussex landscape than would otherwise have been possible and which made the sojourn at Bateman's practicable. The chapter on Bateman's and their life there describes this very well, as well as the house and estate. I think that here, as elsewhere in the book, C.E. Carrington's notes from Mrs Kipling's Diaries have been fleshed out very effectively with material from *Something of Myself* and possibly the "Visitor's Book" as well.

The chapter on the "Sussex Stories" carries a short precis of each of the stories together with Mr Smith's best shot at identifying the actual places in Sussex described by Kipling in his fiction. After this we are returned to the Kiplings' lives, the loss of John at Loos, and Kipling's work on the war and for the War Graves Commission. The final chapter returns to the theme of motoring, this time concentrating on travels outside Sussex.

The eight Appendices contain much useful information; a Glossary of Sussex dialect words, the texts of two Sussex stories only collected in the Sussex Edition, a selection of verses, and a chronology for the Sussex years listing key events.

There are more than 40 photographs and illustrations, the majority being colour photographs taken in Sussex. Thus, despite the proviso, this is a book that can definitely add to ones knowledge of the Kipling oeuvre.

MEMBERSHIP NOTES

NEW MEMBERS

Capt B. Lexton-Edwards (*London, W9*)
Ms Gill Gibbins (*Tadworth, Surrey*)
Dr J.F. Boshier (*Ottawa, Ontario, Canada*)
Mr L.E. Wright (*Natural Bridge, Virginia, U.S.A.*)
Ms H. Talbot (*Droitwich, Worcestershire*)

STANDING ORDERS

There are still some members whose revised Standing Order mandates for the new subscription rate have not yet been received. They have now been sent a reminder with a second copy of the form, which they are asked to return without delay to Roger Ayers at the address given on the form in order that he may complete the process.

CHANGE OF MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

Roger Ayers, who has been our Membership Secretary for almost ten years is handing over to John Lambert, who has been a member for the same length of time. Membership correspondence should therefore be sent to the following address:

Mr John Lambert
31 Brookside
Billericay
Essex
CM11 1DT
United Kingdom

John's e-mail address is john.lambertl@btinternet.com

SUBSCRIPTION REMINDERS

Members are reminded that all up to date membership rates are printed on the back cover of the *Journal*.

John Lambert, Membership Secretary

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

KIPLING SAHIB BY CHARLES ALLEN

*From: Mrs Josephine Leeper, Rothney, 19 Beaconsfield Road, Claygate,
Surrey KT10 0PN*

Dear Sir,

I have just finished reading Charles Allen's *Kipling Sahib* which you reviewed in the *March Journal* (No.325) and I agree with you that it is well worth reading. He gives us a lot of interesting information about Anglo-Indian life and the problems of government in the 1880s, and also details of Kipling's life which show him from different angles and give a fuller view of his personality.

However I fully endorse your remark "There is one statement made with which I disagree – that by 1900 and the completion of *Kim*, 'his extraordinary powers of imagination were already on the wane'." Such a prolific writer as Kipling was bound to produce a number of stories below par and several which, to my mind, are downright bad, but in his later stages he wrote many stories which are quite as well crafted as his earlier ones and some which excel all except *Kim*, which we can all accept as "one of the greatest novels in the language" (Kingsley Amis).

I find the themes, which Henry James called 'engines and screws' intolerably dull, and also "The Army of a Dream" and "With the Night Mail". I also dislike Kipling's humorous tales and descriptions of men overcome with laughter.

However this still leaves more stories of a higher quality than most authors have ever written and among these run a thread of episodes and situations where Kipling shows a deep perception of human feeling and of compassion which make them quite outstanding.

This thread goes far back in Kipling's writings; one finds it first in "On Greenhow Hill" and "Without Benefit of Clergy" but then in the 'Middle Period', which is often condemned as Imperialist, there are such sensitive stories as "They" and "The House Surgeon", and in the World War I period "Friendly Brook" and "Mary Postgate" (although that is grim as well as compassionate). *Debits and Credits* contains some of his best stories, which reflect the world slowly healing itself after the horrors of the War. Outstanding among these are "On the Gate", "The Wish House" and "The Gardener" whilst Kipling's final collection has two stories which show his true belief in forgiveness and compassion – "The Church that was at Antioch" and "Dayspring Mishandled".

I have enjoyed Charles Allen's *Kipling Sahib* immensely and think it is a splendid book, but I wish he writes of Kipling's first 15 years'

work as the brilliant beginning of a lifetime of great literature, instead of as a period of genius followed by a sad decline.

Yours sincerely
JOSEPHINE LEEPER

'SCUMFISH'

From: Dr Philip Holberton, 1645 Hickeys Creek Road, Willawarrin, NSW 2440, Australia.

Dear Sir,

In Scott's *Heart of Midlothian* the heroine has to stay in a tobacconist's shop, and finds that "a'thing is sae poisoned wi' snuff, that I am like to be scumfished whiles." The meaning is pretty obvious and the glossary confirms it means suffocated. The Oxford English Dictionary agrees, and gives the variant spelling "Scumfish."

But in "The Road Song of the Bandar-Log" Kipling says:

Then join our leaping lines that Scumfish through the pines,

There the word clearly does not mean "to suffocate, stifle, choke.". In the context of the poem it gives an impression of gaiety and thoughtlessness, with perhaps a hint of "skirmish". But did Kipling invent this use of the word? Can any of your readers provide an official definition, or an example of any other writer using it in this sense?

Yours faithfully,
PHILIP HOLBERTON

[In 1987-88 there was a series of references to 'Scumfish' and its meaning in the *Journal*. A recent summary of this correspondence is included in Dr F.A. Underwood's notes to *The Jungle Book* for the Readers' Guide on our website. Many of the suggestions are in line with those of Dr Holberton and result from a query by Lord Ferrier in 1987, who asked: 'What... is the derivation and meaning of the expressive but strange word, "Scumfish"?'.

George Webb, the Editor of the *Kipling Journal* at that time, reported in the 1988 issue on a conversation that he had with Lord Ferrier on the following lines:

My own guess, which is simply that Kipling liked the sound of the word and thought it expressive in describing the way monkeys swing and rush through treetops, was strengthened by a conversation I had with Lord Ferrier after he had written the letter above. Had I, he asked, ever heard monkeys scurrying through leafy trees overhead? (Yes, often.) Did I recall that although they might well be invisible from below, they could be identified at once by the highly characteristic noise of their movement through the foliage – a smoothly scurrying, skimming, brushing sound? (Certainly, though I had not thought of it for years, I now remembered clearly.) Was 'Scumfish' not a very adequate piece of onomatopoeia for this? (Yes: why not?)"

Any further suggestions will be very welcome. – Ed.]

**ABAFT THE FUNNEL AND 'CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS' (Journal No.325,
Mar 2008)**

*From: Mr Gerald V. Coles, 2 Highview Rise, PO Box 317, Metung, Victoria 3904,
Australia*

Dear Sir,

Despite the mention of this in the Notes on "Of Those Called", of the works collected therein, it does not appear, at least in my 1909 Dodge (U.S.) edition, whereas "It" does.

That mention occurs at a time when, part-way through one of my periodic readings through the whole Kipling oeuvre (as I possess it in the Macmillan "standard editions"), I was feeling moved to seek the feelings of others on *Abaft the Funnel*, which had only entered my life in my Eighties when *From Sea to Sea* (1899) and *Letters of Travel* (1920) had been read and cherished at least 50 years previously, and is of items collected – or covered by – the periods concerned in both of these.

In fact, that *Abaft the Funnel* never appeared in the everyday Macmillan editions, is not mentioned in *Something of Myself* and is not indexed in the Carrington 1955 biography, comes as no surprise to me; my own response to *Abaft the Funnel*, although all the material therein is claimed to have appeared from Kipling's hand, is that it is a collection of work he would not have wished to perpetuate, so out of character does much of it generally appear (unlike "Of Those Called").

What do other Society members feel?

It was very interesting to see '*Captains Courageous*' not only reported as being contained in a list of Chinese translation-editions of Kipling, but review-quoted therein. The setting is one which we might hardly expect to be of wide interest in China and – as is indeed stated in the Review – must perhaps be largely attributed to the "one child" family policy of present-day China.

In fact it is of interest too because '*Captains Courageous*' being – in this member's eyes – one of Kipling's greatest works, it is one which we seem to find relatively little reference to in commentaries and reviews of his output, by comparison with much of the rest. A current re-reading actually in progress when the *Journal* arrived very much stimulated these remarks!

Sincerely,
G.V. COLES

THE INDIAN RAILWAY LIBRARY

From: Dr F.A. Underwood, The Coplow, 44 Station Road, Winterbourne Down,
Bristol BS36 1EN

Dear Sir,

As one who spent too much time in his younger days comparing the texts of early editions of Kipling's books I feel obliged to correct Mr Jad Adams on the first English editions of the Indian Railway Library (*Journal*, No.325, March 2008, p.11). In fact almost the opposite of Mr Adams' conjecture occurred and the books were reset and printed in Scotland for both the English market and for the subsequent printings for the Indian.

Two or three editions of each of the six books had been printed at the Pioneer Press in Allahabad, and at least one at the R.S. Press, with varying degrees of revision, and presumably copies of the latest were sent to the publishers in England: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington Ltd. As a start, according to the Livingston bibliography, they ordered the Aberdeen University Press to print 7,000 copies for England and 3,000 for India of each book on dates between 20 December 1889 and 30 July 1890. The front cover designs for the former were slightly reduced to make room for the publisher's name and address and in some copies the details of an American publisher were also added. The title pages of the English *Soldiers Three* had only the London publisher's name but the others had both the London and the Allahad publishers (A.H. Wheeler & Co.), whilst the early printings for India had only the Allahabad publisher.

The bibliographers imply that the texts of the printings for England and India are identical but this is not true (F.A. Underwood, *Journal* Nos.209 & 210, Mar, Jun 1979). The texts of *Soldiers Three* are more or less identical but there were probably enough differences to necessitate the use of two sets of plates for the others. In general, however, the variations were so small that line or page arrangements were not upset. As would be expected from comparing other early editions, the differences as such were that the printings for India have more Anglo-Indian phrases than those for England so that more of the flavour of the Indian editions is retained (F.A. Underwood, *Journal* No.172, Dec 1969). To cite two small examples, "*Kalajuggah*" in the printings for India was replaced by "corner" for England and "*Peg lao, khimatgar*" by "Get me a wiskey peg (*sic*), boy." Did Kipling make the changes himself?

Yours faithfully
F.A. UNDERWOOD

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS COLLECTIONS

From: Ms Dehra D. Wynn, Rare Book Team, Special Materials Cataloging Division,
Library of Congress, 101 Independence Avenue S.E., Washington, DC 20540-4376, U.S.A.

Dear Sir

The Library of Congress has recently updated the information about its four major Kipling collections on the Rare Book and Special Collections Division website at the link below:

<http://www.loc.gov/rr/rarebook/coll/134.html>

It is intended that eventually there should be a link on the above web page to the "Checklist of Rudyard Kipling Letters in Library of Congress Collections" which lists ca. 750 letters from Kipling arranged alphabetically by recipient in the various Kipling collections in both the Rare Book and Special Collections Division and the Manuscript Division at the Library of Congress. Those letters that have been published in Thomas Pinney's *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling* are noted with an asterisk. The small fraction of the letters that I provided as a handout at the Kent Conference paper only covered what had been identified in the Manuscript Division [*Kipling Journal* No.326, April 2008, pp.22-31]; the Rare Book and Special Collections Division have the major collections created by H. Dunscombe Colt, William M. Carpenter and Lloyd H. Chandler that contain the lion's share of the Kipling correspondence at the Library.

In addition to this checklist of letters from Kipling on the RBSCD webpage, there is additional correspondence of interest from others beside Rudyard Kipling. I draw your attention to a couple of records in particular:

Carpenter Kipling Collection miscellaneous letters:

<http://lccn.loc.gov/2007581629>

Colt Kipling Collection letters (4 volume bound set organized by H. Dunscombe Colt):

<http://lccn.loc.gov/2007583957>

Colt Kipling Collection miscellaneous letters:

<http://lccn.loc.gov/2008570856>

Also, my colleague Tom Bishop prepared the online catalog record for the L.H. Chandler's Kipling special edition (known as The Chandler/Kipling notebooks) which also includes a cache of Rudyard Kipling and other correspondence. <http://lccn.loc.gov/2008570803>

Yours sincerely,
DEBRA D. WYNN

WONDER AND AWE

From: Prof Peter L Havholm, Dept of English, The College of Wooster, Wooster, OH 44691-2363, U.S.A.

Dear Sir,

Perhaps every writer has felt misunderstood by reviewers. I am no exception, and there are several remarks in Kate Macdonald's review of my *Politics and Awe in Rudyard Kipling's Fiction* (*Kipling Journal* No. 327, June 2008, pp. 50-52) that make me wince. However, my main concern is that she doesn't see where the "awe" comes in.

I have used the word in the sense defined by the *OED* as "the feeling of solemn and reverential wonder, tinged with latent fear, inspired by what is terribly sublime and majestic in nature, e.g. thunder, a storm at sea", but in general have preferred to use the word "wonder" as its synonym. From page 90 of my book, in the chapter "For to Admire", there is an extended discussion of where the wonder (or awe) comes in, beginning:

Rudyard Kipling developed by the time he was twenty a way of telling stories that burnished romance, melodrama, realist fiction and comedy alike with a sheen of wonder

The rest of the book shows how Kipling's brilliance in evoking wonder and awe shaped his fiction, from "The Gate of the Hundred Sorrows" through "Teem".

It is important to note that understanding is not the issue and approval is. I show that responding emotionally to a story as its author wishes *requires* approval. If you do not approve of the lama, you might see him as Bennett does, "with the triple-ringed uninterest of the creed that lumps nine-tenths of the world under the title of 'heathen.'" Conversely, if you do not *agree* that Bengali intellectuals are unfit to govern, you will not enjoy Tallantire's victories in "The Head of the District." Without approval there can be no response.

"Awe at the effort" in Dr Macdonald's final sentence seems to suggest that careful discussion of the human response to stories is not useful because we all know how it works. But we don't. There have been competing understandings at least since Aristotle responded to his teacher Plato in the *Poetics*, in 350 BCE, and such discussion continues. The enjoyment of such intellectual debate by members of the Kipling Society helps to explain its longevity, as I shall argue in my talk to the Society in February 2009.

Yours faithfully
PETER HAVHOLM

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 and membership forms from the **Membership Secretary, Kipling Society, 31 Brookside, Billericay, Essex CM11 1DT**. 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, Northampton Square, London EC1V 0HB**,
- 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,
- running the web-site at **www.kipling.org.uk** for members of the Society and anyone else around the world with an interest in the life and work of Rudyard Kipling,
- 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 online to members or in our Library. Apply to: **The Librarian, Kipling Society, 72 Millbank, Headcorn, Ashford, Kent TN27 9RG, England or email to jwawalker@gmail.com**

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, 32 Merton Road, Harrow HA2 OAB, England or email to davpag@yahoo.co.uk**

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